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LONDON PEOPLE

BY

CHARLES BENNETT.

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LONDON PEOPLE:

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

THE JURY.

LONDON PEOPLE:

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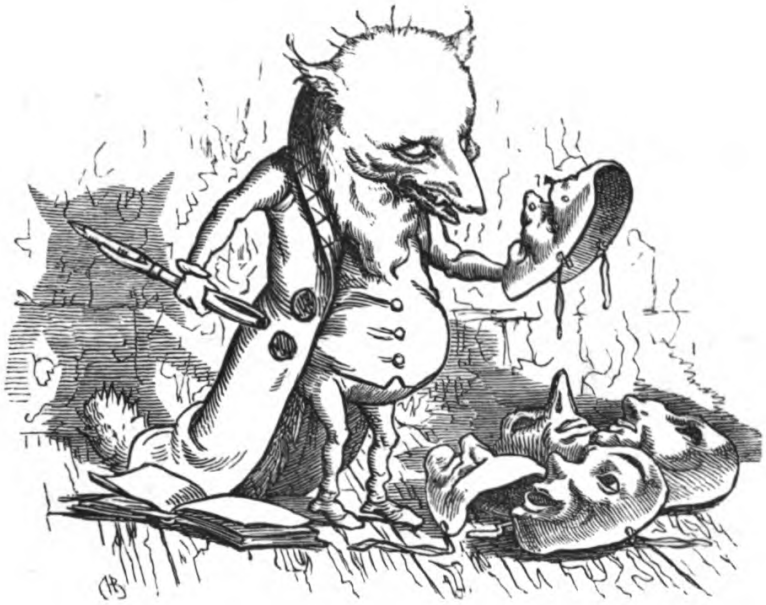

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

M.DCCC.LXIII.

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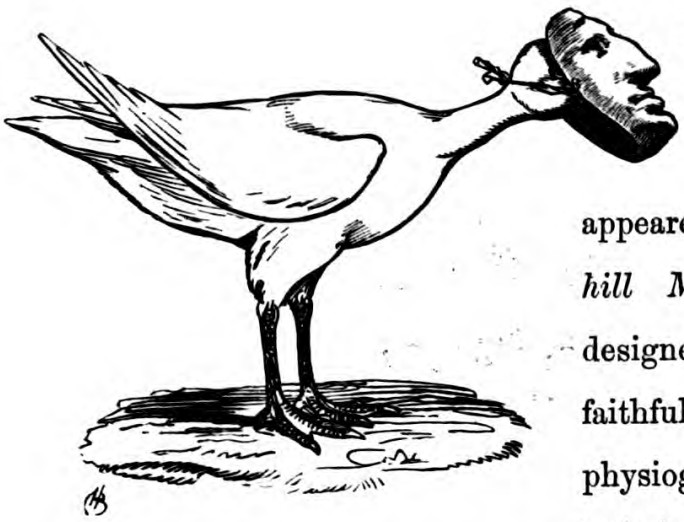
PREFACE.



THE following Sketches, most of which have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, were designed to exhibit faithful delineations of physiognomies characteristic of different classes of LONDON PEOPLE as they appear, not aiming at humorous exaggeration on the one hand or at ideal grace on the other. The faces and figures were drawn from life in every instance, and under circumstances when the prevailing aspect and character of the persons selected were strongly brought out; my aim being to indicate the impress

of habits and society upon the countenance of individuals who might be taken as types of the class they belong to.

How far I have succeeded, it is for others to judge; for myself I can only say that I have endeavoured to depict living realities of character and expression; and if in seeking the real by using my pencil "Up a Court" I have presented a specimen or two of ugliness, moral as well as physical, I can only plead that to omit the lowest class of people would be to sacrifice stern truth to fastidious taste.

To Mr. John Hollingshead I am indebted for the descriptive letter-press of "The Excursion Train," "At the Play," and "Covent Garden Market."

CHARLES BENNETT.

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AT WESTMINSTER.

HIS is Westminster Hall. You know it at once. To your left is one door for Parliament; to your right are seven, for the lawyers. If you peep into the first of these legal entrances, you will probably see the cake-woman; and if the court is sitting you will certainly find an eager knot of grey-bearded, spectacled, wigged, and gowned barristers, engaged on "three-corners," Bath buns, and pennyworths of plum gingerbread. Passing through this reminiscence of school-days, you will bewilder yourself among a series of doors that shut one upon another. You will possibly avoid the cross-cutting and divergent passages, and, with the help of a sad policeman, lifting a heavy crimson curtain, you will take off

your hat, and find yourself in a court of justice. The first thing you look for is a "place," which you find high up in the back seats; and when this has been climbed into, with more or less noise, you find yourself facing the bench. By the bench, of course I mean the judges. They are peculiar. Their dress is rather startling at first, till you get used to it; but it is nothing to their caps, which are represented by a little black spot on the top of the wig, and, therefore, may be said to out-muffin the muffin cap of the Bluecoat boy. You may, perhaps, imagine that a remorseful, or, perhaps, shame-faced feeling on the part of the last invented judge has led to his contenting himself with a mere white spot. But be this as it may, from reasons of either dress or feature, our judges do not quite look like ordinary human beings; at all events, the casual observer is sure to deny them that privilege. One likens a celebrated dispenser of justice to a benevolent and intellectual gorilla; another believes that all judges give one some dim idea of a blinking, dozy kind of barn owl; a third suggests good old ladies—motherly persons, given to advice and management, and the having of their own way; while one more daring has even compared the celebrated and, as I said before, "newly invented" summer-up, to a jolly apple-cheeked old maid, sitting in judgment upon her married sisters. Perhaps it is not until these humourists see them as judges in their own cause that they discover them to be neither blind, weak, nor old-womanish.

THE JUDGE.

THE COUNSEL.

But between the back seats and the bench, look for the bar, and if you don't exactly see the bar, you will the counsel, which is the same thing. Possibly you may hear them—for they are given to talking; to each other, if they have no better resource; but to the jury, or at all events to the judge, if they can find an occasion: some who, curiously enough, have round noses, round eyes, round mouths, and double chins, are sonorous, emphatic, and what we will call portwiney: others are ponderous, slow, chest-speaking men, but these are mostly tall, lank, and coarse-haired, with terrible noses—long, from the bridge downward, and blunt at the point; some, again, of the sharp, acid, suspicious sort—shriek a great deal; while there are a few—great men these—who are so confidential and communicative, that they seem (using a colloquial phrase) to talk to the jury "like a father."

Among the counsel who having nothing to say either for self or client, and who (as I suppose, consequently) amuse themselves with a great deal of light-porter's work, in carrying fat bags full of important papers; there are many who make a great show of extracting valuable precedents from thick calf-bound law books, and having neither briefs to study nor motions to make, engage themselves in inditing the obscurest directions for further thick volumes, on the smallest slips of paper procurable, which slips—folded into the semblance of pipe-lights—they, at the hazard of turning illegal summer-saults, pass on to the short usher with the bald head.

But do not, for one moment, imagine that when you have looked at the judges and the counsel and taken in the general aspect and bearings of the court, that you have at all exhausted its points of interest; on the contrary, the "interest" is all to come. You wish to know what is going on—is it debt or slander? breach of promise or breach of contract? and curiously enough, it is generally the latter. Contracts of all sorts, that are supposed to form a kind of barrier against law, and which, at all events, are held as safeguards or talismans, are mostly the direct road to that monosyllabic mantrap; some people never think of breaking a contract so long as it is merely implied, but reduced to black and white they want to tear a hole in it directly,—indeed, in the sense in which it has been said that all mischief is caused by woman, you will find that every action at law has a "document" lying at the bottom of it—from promissory notes up to architects' estimates, this will always hold good.

Well, having seen both Bench and Bar, and wishing to understand what they are both engaged in, let us suppose a case. We will say that an obstinate man, one Bullhead, has his action against a plausible man, one Floater. Now the unconvincible Bullhead, who thinks that he has never yet been taken in, has somehow at various times, and upon the flimsiest of all possible pretences, handed over to said Floater sums of money to the amount of—say two hundred

THE PLAINTIFF.

THE DEFENDANT.

pounds: between the possible inconvenience of losing so large a sum of money and the wish to show that his wisdom is equal to his obstinacy, he has brought the little dispute out of his own frying-pan into the judicial fire.

There he stands, or rather leans in the witness-box, carefully checking off his short answers with his forefinger on the sleeve of his coat, and screwing his face on one side, as if to concentrate all his intellect into the left eye that is so widely open; he looks very untractable, with his stumpy brows knitted closely over his thick stumpy nose; but what chance can he possibly have against such a cool hand as the defendant, Floater, Esq., with his very white stick-up hair bearing witness to his respectability, and his very black lay-down eyebrows covering the unbarnacled portion of those side-glancing eyes? How gently his jewelled fingers are laid on the edge of the witness-box! how shockingly informal the "document"—of whatever sort—proves to be during his examination—what a respectable man he is! Three letters after his name. Do you think he would have trusted himself in such a lion's den as this if he were not assured of getting the best of it? Oh, no! this is the sort of thing—either in court or out of court—that he lives on, and lives very well too. Barring anxieties and worries, which all are liable to—with the exception of constant flitting, which, to some people, is a mere matter of health, put on one side a few visits to the Queen's Bench, and this is a highly prosperous man! He

has his spring lamb out of its due season; asparagus; five suits of clothes and three servants; he has managed somehow to rear a large family, and, what is more, to dispose of them in various ways; he will, most probably, fail in accumulating money, may, perhaps, die in extreme poverty—there is no knowing; but as he is not a miser, as he began life without a farthing, and as, moreover, he is an easy-going sort of philosopher in his way, he may content himself to the last; and contentment, as we know, is a very hard thing to compass after all.

Of course, and as usual, the jury hardly know what to make of it; the stout foreman inclines to the plaintiff in despite of law; but he is evidently puzzled all the same; the thin man with the bridgy nose, the cold man with the round head, and the argumentative juryman with the mutton-chop whisker, all look at it, as they say, "legally," and decide in favour of the defendant. The jocular "party," with the curly red hair and the two tufts of chin-growing beard, treats it all as good fun, and is ready to give his verdict for the defendant too, because, as he says:—"He is such a jolly old humbug, you know," which mode of settlement, however, is not looked upon as sufficient by his two neighbours, to whom it is a much more serious matter. One of these is trying to make up his mind, a feat he has never yet successfully accomplished, so I suppose that as usual it will be made up for him by somebody else; as for the other, after three hours' reflection

he has really come to a decision, but, unfortunately, it is entirely opposed to everything that the judge will tell them in his summing-up, and of course they will all be led by his lordship.

My lord is neither a mumbling nor a short-tempered judge; he will take them in hand kindly, explain away both counsel for plaintiff and for defendant, and read them a great deal of his notes, which are a thousandfold clearer, fuller, and more accurate than the reporter's "flimsy," although during the trial he has been distinctly seen to write four long letters, has gone twice to sleep, and has made seven recondite legal jokes, including the famous ever-recurring and side-splitting innuendo of calling upon the usher to cry silence, or "Sss-h," whenever the somewhat indistinctly speaking junior for the plaintiff rises—there will be no withstanding his clear-headedness.

As you would imagine, these jurors have been in turn led away by the opposing counsel. For the plaintiff; they were made to admire the consummate common sense and discretion of the plaintiff, Bullhead, who having diluted his ordinary keenness with that admirable faith in human nature, which is the keystone of all commercial transactions in this arcadian world, has for the first time in his life found his confidence misplaced by the conduct of the defendant. Said the advocate: Far be it from him to call Floater, Esq., M.Q.S., by any derogatory appellations; he was not a swindler, he was not a rogue, he was not a wolf in sheep's clothing, he was

perhaps the victim of a misconception or a want of memory, but a very honourable man all the same—an opinion which the jury would endorse by giving full damages to his discreet and sensible client.

But, said the counsel for the defendant—a foxy man with reddish hair, angular eyes, and a mouth that seems to have a hole punched in each end of it: He would not call Mr. Bullhead a villain of the deepest die, he would not say that he had laid a plot to blast the happiness of the domestic health of his unfortunate, his scrupulously respectable, and, he would add, his distinguished client; no, not he—far from it, he would suppose that an obtuseness of intellect on the part of the, at all events, short-tempered plaintiff, had led him to imagine, and so forth. And by the way, notice how these foxy counsel do cuddle themselves up, how they look askance, and wriggle about to show their honesty and straightforwardness,—for indeed I suppose we must admit that they are honest and straightforward from their point of view, although they do shake their heads at his lordship whenever a particularly damaging statement is put forward by the opposite side, and although they do paint black with a grey tint, and find a few spots upon the purest white. Thank goodness, they have the attorneys to throw the blame upon when there happens to be any, and the attorneys sitting under the bar, and putting their heads together, have, I suppose, shoulders broad enough to bear it.

THE ATTORNEYS.

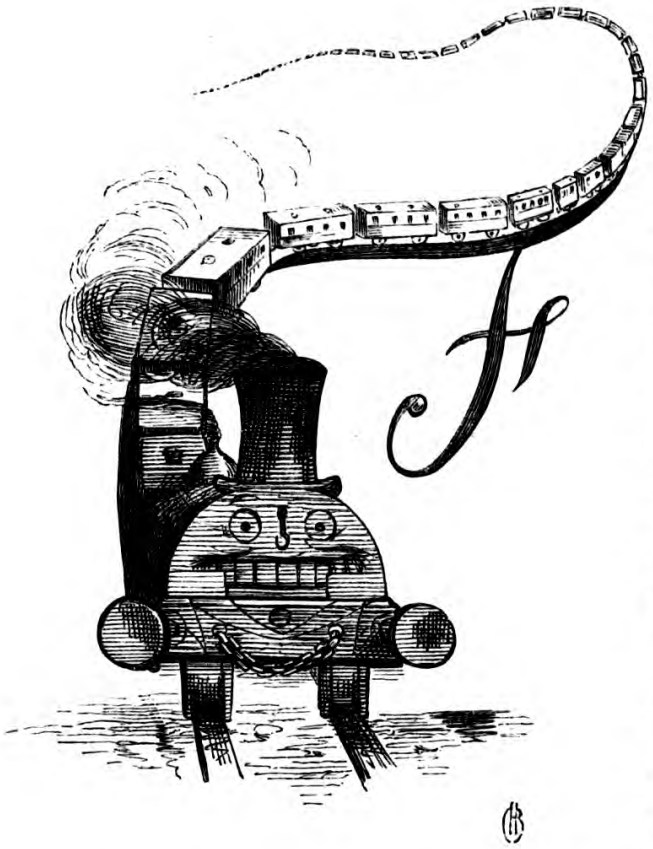
These two do not look ingenuous: here is the smooth and the rough. The rough one never seems to believe a word that is said to him, while the smooth one appears to take in everything. The one, half shutting his eyes, draws his face down and his forehead up, into all the fifty lines of unbelief, while Smoothman drags his cheeks into such a lovely smiling look of faith in everything you have to propose, that you really begin to wonder how that underhung jaw and knitted brow came into the same company. Well, there is not very much to choose between—if Diogenes is given to sharp practice, Smoothman is a very bulldog for holding on wherever he gets his teeth in; and for twisting a grievance into court, for sublimating an action into a verdict, and a verdict into bills of costs, I think they are equally to be trusted.

So we will say that this trial has gone against the angry plaintiff; that it is one more feather in the cap of Foxy, Q.C., and money in the purse to Floater, M.Q.S.; that the jury are aware of having supported the glory of the English nation and the majesty of the law; that the learned judge, disrobed and unwigged, is no longer a good old lady, but a distinguished gentleman; and the ushers having cried Ssss-h all the day, which seems to be their responsible and arduous and only duty, are going home to dinner, leaving the reporters to pack up and follow.

One word about the "Press" before we part. Just one

word to note the elderly press-man, who is of a shrewd, parroty appearance, and who has sat in court so many years reporting, that his grey hair has at last taken the form, colour, and texture of a judge's wig: his aspect is severe; he seems to have imbibed the spirit of that justice which he has passed his life in recording.

THE EXCURSION TRAIN.



FROM the moment when we turn our backs on the half-way house, toil over the hill, and descend into the valley of old age, we are astonished to find how space and bulk seem to have diminished. The street which we remember in our youth so broad and imposing has shrunk into a close alley; the river has become a ditch, the square a hen-walk, and the stately mansion which we once looked upon with awe, a dwarfed hut which we now feel bound to despise.

Our views seem to grow wider as we grow older, our desires less simple, and we wonder how we could ever have been happy while so cabined, cribbed, and confined. We laugh at the humble pleasures of our grandfathers, and are ready to welcome any toy that is startling and new. We throw ourselves into the arms of competing railway companies, because they can give us excitement, novelty, and change. As the rocking-horse is to the infant, as the pony or the flying swing is to the youth, so is the excursion train to the man. He enters it for a few pence, and swifter than the genii bore Aladdin from city to city, he is carried from town to country, or from country to town. Clerk, shopman, servant, costermonger or sweep, can cling to the long tail of the fiery steed, and ride rough-shod over the laws of time and space. What kings have sighed for, what poets have dreamed of, what martyrs may have been burnt for predicting the coming of, is now as common as blackberries and threepenny ale. The magic Bronze Horse is now snorting at every man's door. He is a fine animal, if only properly managed, and may be driven by a child; but woe upon you, if you let him break the reins. He has battered down stone walls; hurled hundreds over precipices; devoured thousands of stage coaches, stage-coachmen, Thames' watermen, whistling waggoners, country carriers, and Gravesend hoys. This is one side of the account. On the other side he has joined mother to son, husband to wife, brother to sister, friend to friend. He has cheapened food,

and fire, and clothing for rich and poor; he has made many a death-bed happy, and many a wedding-party glad; he has improved Richard Turpin, and all his followers, off the face of the earth, and has even taught the slouching gipsy that there is a cheaper way of travelling than going on the tramp.

We are now all fond of excursion trains, more or less. At first, we regarded them with aversion; we then approached them timidly; we were lifted on to them by friends and teachers; we trotted them out slowly, holding our breath, and by degrees we saw that we could keep our seat, and yet glide past mountains, hedges, and trees. We then applied the spur, and were shot through dark tunnels on to the sea-shore, in a whirlwind of thunder and white steam. Familiarity breeds contempt. We learned to despise short distances, and twenty miles an hour. We asked for more. Our tastes grew artificial, as our palate was destroyed by highly-seasoned food. We deserted our old pleasures and our old friends. Our withered tea-gardens on the borders of the city beckoned to us in vain, and looked at us reproachfully as we hurried past on our mad steed. Our old taverns pined for our presence; our fishing-punts, on the London rivers, rotted with neglect; the backwoods of Hornsey were no longer haunted by our footsteps, and the slopes of Hampstead became a desert. We pushed forward, farther and farther still, into the bowels of the earth. Like the wild huntsman, in the German ballad, we

glared upon passers-by, and straightway they became infected with the same restless activity. The whole town was inspired to move. Barbers, potboys, and milkmen disappeared for a few hours, and came back with strange stories of mountains, lakes, and caverns. Our boys were no longer content to read of inland wonders; they saved up their stray money, and went to the "Devil's Hole," and the "Dropping Well of Knaresborough." Children taunted each other in the street with the distances they had travelled, sitting upon the laps of their mothers, as if in a dream. Surly cathedral cities were hustled by cockney crowds and Stonehenge was turned into a cool summer-house for Bethnal Green gipsy-parties. All this, and more, has been done within the last twenty years, and in an age which is too wise to believe in miracles!

Let us peep inside one of these excursion trains, going to Dover and back for half-a-crown, and take a few portraits of the travellers as they sit in a row.

The magic bronze horse has slackened his speed, and the long tail of carriages is dragging along at the rate of a mile an hour. The young commercial traveller in the corner soon grows weary of a few minutes' delay, even though it may save him from a damaging collision, for he has been born in an age of high-pressure speed, and has fed upon express trains almost from his cradle. He has been spending the Sunday in town amongst his friends, and is now going down to join his samples by a cheap Monday's excursion train. His gaping

A MILE AN HOUR.

has a sympathetic effect upon the female a little farther up on the same side, and they both yawn in unison.

The second traveller, nursing his hat with a painful expression of face, has fixed his eyes on an advertising placard stuck on the roof of the carriage. This placard gives a picture of a man suffering from violent tic douloureux, and tells the passengers where they may apply for an infallible remedy. This mode of advertising is dismal but effective, and as the traveller gives an unconscious imitation of the picture with his agonized face, he inwardly resolves to become a customer for the remedy.

The next passenger, with the bald head and the drawn-down cheeks, is one of those deceptive men whom you meet with in every society. He looks like a banker, a manager of an insurance company, or a lecturer upon political economy. You suppose him to be a perfect cyclopædia of exact information—a man who has no end of statistics in his shiny head, and you assume that his taciturnity is the result of deep thought on some of the great problems of existence. You will be surprised to learn that he lives upon the severity of his appearance, and is nothing more than a head-waiter at a sea-side tavern.

The sour-looking old gentleman, twiddling his thumbs at the farther end of the carriage, whose broad hat nearly shuts out our view of the drifting shower, has no business in a train of pleasure. He has joined the company at a side station on the

road, and is going to get out at another side station to dun some poor tenants for back rent. This may be a very necessary thing to do, but a holiday train is hardly the proper vehicle to help him to do it.

The pace changes, and the magic bronze horse is tearing along at the rate of a mile a minute.

The old gentleman in another carriage leans on his umbrella, and blinks as he feels his cheeks buffeted by the fresh air, laden as it is with the scent of new hay. The young woman next to him, who is running down on a flying visit to her mother, nurses her plump boy, and tells him to look out for grandma over the hills. The cheerful passenger at her side draws his face into a hundred wrinkles as he watches the trees, stations, and churches whirling past the window; the fat gentleman laughs, and shakes like a jelly, as he proves the speed by his substantial watch; and the Jewish-looking gentleman in the corner settles down into a self-satisfied smirk, as he feels that he is getting the fullest value for his half-crown ticket.

In another carriage we are amused by the agreeable man. He knows the name of every station we pass, how far it is from London, and what it is famous for. He has travelled a good deal on railways, and is full of anecdotes. He advises some of the passengers where to go for a comfortable dinner when they get to Dover, and tells them all the points worth seeing in that ancient town. He pulls up the window to

A MILE A MINUTE

THE AGREEABLE MAN.

THE AGREEABLE MAN.

THE DISAGREEABLE MAN.

oblige the ladies, and is particular in asking how high he shall fix it. He carries a number of travelling appliances with him, some of the most ingenious kind, and is never without a pocket corkscrew. He even carries a shoehorn enclosed in a leather case, a folding cap in a pouch, and a few sweet lozenges to please the children. He is always ready to listen to a story or to make a joke, and to take advantage of anything he may meet with on the journey.

"Everybody's sauce?" we may hear him say, as he draws attention to a well-known advertising placard. "I never heard of such impudence! We may stand some people's sauce—people we have a respect for—but I don't think we can stand everybody's sauce. What do you say, sir?"

This last remark is purposely addressed to the disagreeable man, who sits with his good-humoured wife opposite, and who has been sulking ever since the train started. The disagreeable man is not happy in his mind. He objects to excursion trains, and yet he uses them. He cannot imagine why so many people go to Dover—he cannot see anything in Dover himself, but chalk and soldiers; certainly nothing to run after at such a pace. He thinks every town much finer than the one he is going to; every day much pleasanter than the one he is travelling on; and every carriage much more comfortable than the one he is sitting in. He cannot think that hard benches are half so snug as the old stage-

coaches, or that being shut up in a close varnished compartment is equal to riding on the box-seat. His round-faced pleasant wife tries to persuade him that everything is for the best, but he is not open to conviction. Poor fellow! he merits some little compassion as he sits in an excursion train, for he is a broken-down proprietor of a stage-coach run off the road by a branch line of railway.

As we draw near our journey's end we peep into another carriage, and find there a most obtrusive traveller. We can give him no better title than the cheap swell, because he is a Frankenstein raised by the cheap tailor. He looks like a living advertisement for "popular" dress and jewellery; for coloured shirts with Greek names; for the latest style of cheap coat, and the latest extravagance in cheap trowsers. He is like a picture taken out of a certain handbook of East-end fashion, and usually labelled "in this style, forty-two and six." He smokes a bad, rank, cheap cigar, in preference to an honest pipe, and smokes it regardless of ladies or fellow-passengers. He lives for appearance, for external show, for seeming what he is not, and comes to the country chiefly to astonish villagers with his town manners. He firmly believes that he will marry an heiress of unbounded wealth, who will dote upon his turned-up nose and tobacco-scented hair. Under this impression he will show himself on the parade when he gets to Dover, with his hooked stick in his teeth, and his shoes fresh-polished by a boy at the

THE CHEAP SWELL.

G

THE TWO BOTTLES.

station. He leans out of the carriage-window, as soon as the train arrives within sight of the sea, as if the prospect was intended for him and no other passenger.

Facing this cheap swell are two females, one young and the other middle-aged, who may be distinguished by the title of the two bottles. They are mother and daughter; but while the old lady is stout, flushed, vulgar, and not above carrying the meat and beer-bottle, the youngest wears tight kid gloves, an Eugenie hair front, and refreshes herself now and then with a sniff of eau-de-Cologne. The old lady has given her daughter a showy education, with a view of making her a "better woman than her mother," and has only produced a piece of affected gentility,—almost as repulsive as the cheap swell—who thinks herself too good for her company.

These are only a few of the commonplace passengers—amiable and unamiable, grateful and ungrateful—who ride on the magic bronze horse, day after day, and are so crammed with wonders that they think nothing of it. They hear wild stories of railway accidents, of sleepy pointsmen holding Archimedean levers, who have power to hurl thousands into the arms of death. Like the soldier, however, who strides fearlessly into the battle, they are sustained by a belief that no harm will befall *them*. The commonest traveller, like the commonest fighting hero, believes that he possesses a charmed life. Without any scientific appreciation of the law

of averages, any knowledge drawn from broad statistics, that the risk of railway travelling is so small as to be hardly worth thinking about, he trusts himself, his wife, and children on the fiery steed, and sleeps soundly while it cuts through the whirlwind and defies the storm. He rides by many ruins of the past, and sometimes over many ruins of the present. The road he is on, with its trim stations, and its straight iron rails, may not be very picturesque, nor very suggestive of decay, but yet it is often as worm-eaten as the most crumbling abbey. It may have been built by sanguine capitalists, and may put on an appearance of thriving business, but a keen-eyed observer may often detect how sapless it is, and see its withered shareholders standing at the gate. The excursion train, however, has small pity for these rich beggars, and passes them with disdain. It turns its back upon those who have given it the breath of life, and obeys only one law—the law of competition. It has often been accused of crunching unfortunate travellers, but its food more often consists of railway shareholders. When it once breaks loose from wholesome guidance it devours the most promising dividends, tears up houses and lands, and turns its pathway into a howling wilderness.

AT THE PLAY.

GROPING lately amongst some dusty papers, trying to find a lost report upon British Tariffs to help me in some very dry statistical work, I came across an old flimsy play-bill that had rested in strange company for more than twenty years. Its bed had been a tape-tied, docketed abstract of many blue-books, while, over its frail body were piled some of the heaviest poor-law statistics that ever a political economist had to read.

This old play-bill was very yellow and very tattered, and I took it tenderly from the dark book-case cavern in which it had been imprisoned so long. As I looked at it with a feeling of mournful pleasure, it seemed to me to resemble

the skull of that dead jester which Hamlet preached over amongst the graves. It called up the memory of more than one honest fellow of infinite jest, whose quips and cranks were never to be heard again. It spoke to me with a delightful candour about names and dates which few brief chronicles of the time ever possess. I looked at its bare, simple record, and was able to trace wrinkled age still plastered up into a caricature of youth; bad tragedy, which had somehow transformed itself into good comedy; and well-paid pretension, ashamed of its low origin. An old play-bill is a witness that cannot lie, and it often tells us these blunt stories of popular favourites. Some actors are proud of such proofs of their early struggles, while others buy them up, like authors gathering in an early volume of milky poems, or a book which they may have sent out with a mistaken dedication. It is not every man who has risen, we will say, to a manager's throne, who likes to see a printed list of names in which he figures as a make-shift actor, sent on between the pieces to sing a song, while his more important brethren are dressing for leading parts. It is not every man who prides himself upon being an aristocrat in private life, as well as an artist in public, who likes it to be known that he was once the main prop of a surburban saloon, which struggled to give adulterated plays, without the legal sanction of a licence. It is not every lady who likes to see a record nearly a quarter of a century old, in which she was then

represented a little older than she wishes to be thought now. It is not every ornament of the stage who wishes it to be known that he was made, not born, and had to work his way upwards through a long apprenticeship of drudgery.

The old play-bill which I held in my hand was also not without its lessons to me. It told me that I, too, was mortal, like the rest. I saw in it a reflection of my gray hair and my wrinkled face. It dragged me away from the present into the past, and opened the doors of enchanted palaces once more, that had been closed to me too long. I was carried back to the time when the coarsest puppet appeared to me as an angel without strings; when giants spoke to me as living, breathing ogres, and not as padded supers upon stilts; and when the vilest daubs of scenery, with a few gingerbread trappings, were accepted with joy and thankfulness as fairy-land. I had not then tasted the bitter apple of the tree of knowledge; I knew of no blank side to the medal; I had not peeped behind the scenes. The villain, in ringlets, struck terror to my heart; the heroine, in white, seemed to me all beauty and all goodness; the aged father, in a tow wig, who could not pay his rent, and who would not give up possession of his cottage, appeared to me as an injured martyr; the comic man and maid-servant, with the song of "When a Little Farm we keep," made me throw my sweetstuff to them, as a reward for their faithfulness to their old master; and even the

footman, in faded plush, who came on to sweep the stage, or to take off a chair, appeared to me as a gorgeous being of another world.

My independent theatrical experiences began very early—perhaps before I had touched my ninth year. I possessed a knack of persuading those who had charge of me to let me have my own way, and a power of making them believe that I should not abuse their confidence. The result was, that I was let out of a back-door when the whole household thought I was in bed, and allowed to feast myself, unguided, in the theatrical orchard, between the hours of six and nine P.M. My promise to return home by the latter hour was never broken, and whatever may be thought of the loose manner in which I was brought up, I learnt some sterling lessons in punctuality and respect for promises from this, which I have never forgotten in after life.

The funds for my youthful wanderings in search of the sublime and beautiful were obtained from an old money-box—the nursery bank of deposit for sixpences given me by uncles and aunts. We all know how money can be drawn from such a prison-house. A knife is thrust through the mouth of the box; the box is tilted until a sixpence or a shilling is caught upon the broad blade; and then the knife is drawn gently out with its precious load, as bakings are drawn from an oven.

With the money obtained in this way—my own rightful

property—I crept out of that dear old back-door amongst the fowls, the unwashed coaches, and the stables, trotted along the hard roads to my favourite play-house, and took my place with the crowd at the gallery entrance. The company was rough, but good-natured, and I soon made friends with some of the older visitors. When the black door opened at last, with a rattling of chains, at least so it then appeared to me, I was carried off my legs up the worn stone steps, past the dark, greasy walls, and under the flickering gas-jets, until I was jammed against the watch-box of the surly money-taker. I always felt a tightness of the chest at this point, but even then I pitied the man who had to receive my sixpence. He seemed to me to be buried in a living tomb, with no escape from suffocation. As far as I can recollect, he was stout and full-blooded, which made his chance worse, and his temper was not good, which only added to his danger. My thin sixpence, with tight grasping in my pocket, had almost become a part of my hand, and it seemed to me an age before I could detach it, pay it into the small hole, and snatch my tin ticket in exchange. During this time a number of taller visitors had bought their passes over my head, and I heard their heavy tramp on the stairs as they rushed to secure their seats. At last I crept under the arms of the crowd, struggled past the check-taker at the swing-door, and the orange-woman with bills, and tumbled over the chipped forms into my glittering

paradise. The gust of escaped gas and old orange-peel which welcomed me at the door was never forgotten. When I smell anything like it now, whether in chapel, lecture-hall, or law court, it always suggests a theatre; and visions of old actors, old green curtains, and old orchestras rise up before me, which I cannot drive away.

When I first entered my first gallery, I found men and boys lying at full length on the front seats, shouting out for their lost companions, and displaying the selfishness of human nature in the most violent manner. When, however, the excitement had subsided, and the whole jelly-like mass had settled down into something like order, a little play was given to more generous feelings. As an unprotected youngster I had nothing to complain of. I was invited into a good seat that I had not earned, was allowed to read the hard names in the playbill as payment for this kindness, and might have been well-fed with mutton-pies and beer for nothing if I had felt hungry. Much liquor was consumed, and no wonder, considering the heat of the place; but in spite of many bodily discomforts, the gallery folks, especially in the front row, contrived to get more enjoyment for their sixpences than most of the box visitors did for their half-crowns. When I thought that my time was nearly up, I tore myself away from the scene of enchantment on the stage, and asked an old gentleman at the back of the gallery (old gentlemen go to galleries, sometimes, like Charles Lamb

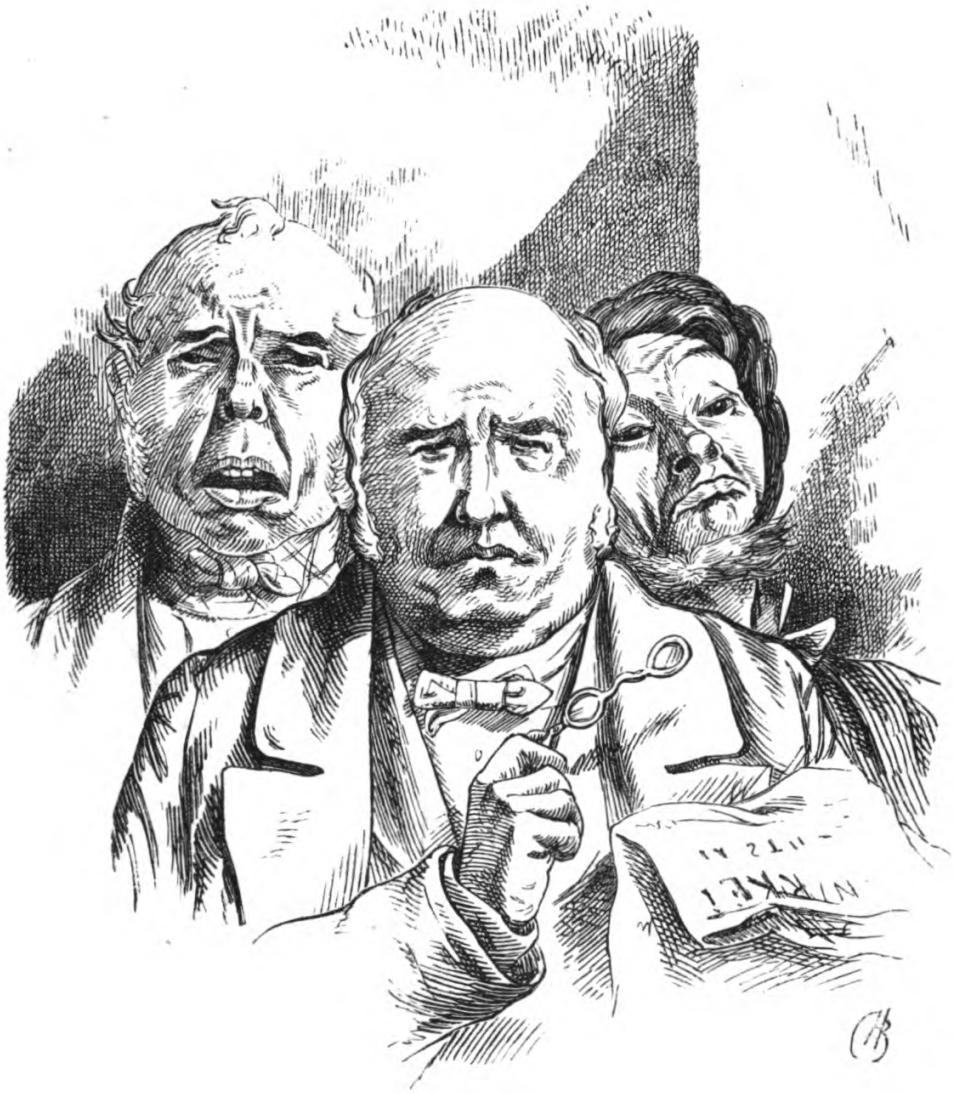
THE GALLERY.

and his sister) what the hour was by his watch. His answer warned me to be off, and punctuality in my first engagement obtained me permission to go again.

In this way I visited my favourite theatre many times, and saw its fortune flickering like a candle in a high wind. It guttered down at last and finally went out, but not without a severe struggle. Its prices were lowered one half, all through the house; and instead of crowding into the gallery, as I once did, for sixpence, I walked coolly into the pit like a young gentleman. Its old company went away, one by one, and one by one a new company arrived to supply their places. The old company were sterling actors of force and dignity, who kept themselves to themselves, as actors should do; the new company were mostly poor, ragged makeshifts, collected from the Theatre Royal, Salisbury Plain, and such-like dramatic nurseries. In proportion as they knew little of their business, or had no real calling for it, so did they hang about the front of the house, making friends of the audience, and touting for customers at their frequent benefits. By degrees the drama got more and more neglected. The check-takers also grew careless; and often when money was most wanted behind the scenes there was nobody to take it before them. You could sometimes walk in and out along the half-lighted passages unquestioned. Apologies for shortcomings were always being made by the unfortunate manager. One night the band—

the devoted band—which had dwindled down like the celebrated something at the battle of something else—summoned spirit enough to strike, before they were starved into abject submission, and the play was, therefore, scrambled through without music. Wrong scenes were often pushed on by rebellious scene-shifters with an air that told you to come and alter them yourself, if you were not satisfied. The theatre was often closed for two or three days, "for repairs," and opened again suddenly—unannounced—looking more dirty than ever. At last the drama was given up, and a mixed entertainment was invented, consisting chiefly of a song, an experiment with laughing gas, another song, a clog-hornpipe, a recitation, a little tumbling, and some imitations of popular actors. I kept faithful to the old house through all its changes, in a spirit which I had probably caught from the domestic dramas, and never once broke my compact to be home as the clock struck nine.

With this experience of the inside of a play-house, gained, so to speak, underground, I was much amused to hear one day that a family friend meant to give me a treat. He was a schoolmaster by profession, but not my schoolmaster, and though he objected to theatres upon principle (I never knew exactly what he meant by that), he saw no harm in going to a play-house during Passion-week to hear an astronomical lecture, illustrated by an Orrery. That was what he called amusement and instruction combined; so



PASSION WEEK AT THE PLAY.

off we started, with the full family sanction, to the appointed theatre.

Those only who have been to a playhouse under these circumstances can realize the effect which such a lecture has upon a cheerful, brilliant building. The empty orchestra was like a chilling tank of cold water, the silent stage, half filled with a few tables and the lecturer's apparatus, was like a deserted shop; while the bare benches and the gaping boxes made the few people in the pit huddle together for warmth. They were mostly country people, who probably thought they were seeing an ordinary play, or persons who came to perform a solemn duty by learning something about the "solar system." If their faces were any guide to their feelings, they looked bewildered and unhappy, with the exception of one individual, who seemed to despise the wonders of the universe.

This was the entertainment—amusing and instructing—which my guide had brought me to for a treat. My insolvent theatre, in its most degraded period, was never as dull as this. When the lecturer came on with a jaunty air, and began to patronize, without clearly explaining, the Infinite, I thought I knew his voice and manner, although he was disguised in very clerical evening dress. His style of playing with the Orrery—an apparatus, by the way, which was most creaking and unmanageable—was so like that of a juggler handling the cups and balls, that I watched him still closer,

instead of picking my cap to pieces, as I, at first, felt inclined to do, and soon traced in him the broken-down manager of my insolvent theatre. I was about to impart my knowledge, with youthful confidence, to my guide, when we were interrupted by a discontented mariner, who had drifted into this unhappy port in search of amusement.

"Hi, mate," he said, loudly, to my severe companion, after a number of preparatory grunts, "when's the broad-sword combat goin' to begin?"

My severe companion knew nothing aboat broad-sword combats, though I did, and he treated the question with swelling contempt. The sailor, baffled in this quarter, addressed himself at once to the lecturer, and loudly demanded his money back, when he was told that he would see no play. I need scarcely say that I secretly sympathized with the sailor. He looked round the house, to make sure that he was in a theatre, and then loudly shouted for the British Drama. He was coaxed out, at last, by one of the door-keepers; and the lecturer, probably glad of an excuse to hurry through his lecture, professed to be so disturbed by the interruption, that he could hardly tell the sun from the moon.

As we were going home a little earlier than we should otherwise have done, my severe guide mourned over the instruction we had been deprived of by a rude boor; and, in a moment of weakness, anxious to show my knowledge, I told him

TRAGEDY.

COMEDY AND FARCE.

the story of my stolen visits to the play, and my recognition of an old hack entertainer in the lecturer. My youthful confidence was abused; my story was carried home, no doubt with a good intention, and I was tried by a full family court-martial. As I showed no particularly leprous stains, and had kept my character for punctuality in returning from my evening wanderings, I and those who had helped me were fully pardoned. It was held, however, that as I had seen nothing but the lowest dramatic models, my taste was possibly corrupted; and to remedy this, I was to be put through a course of legitimate play-going. From this happy moment I went the whole round of the leading theatres. I was taken to huge temples where tragedy held undisputed sway, and where misguided country visitors were often made as unhappy by the dagger and the bowl, as those other country visitors had been by the Orrery and the astronomical lecturer.

I was taken to smaller theatres, where comedy and farce were served out with no niggardly hand, and where the whole roaring, swaying audience only presented two kinds of faces—one laughing at the piece of humour just caught, the other getting ready to laugh at the joke to come.

From this feast of merriment I passed to another small, and far less gorgeous, playhouse—to the Theatre Royal, Purgatory, in fact, where no one could sit, or see, or breathe, or hear, in comfort; where every man's knee was against

every man's back; where hats and little boys were crushed; but where every one crowded to be entranced with high melodrama. No one thought of the cramp, the draught, or the heat, while the longest but most interesting of stories was being worked out on the stage, with incidents that made the pit visitors gape with terror.

From melodrama and its excitement, which sent me home with flushed cheeks and staring eyes, I was taken to the opera, where everything was placid, refined, and handled with kid gloves.

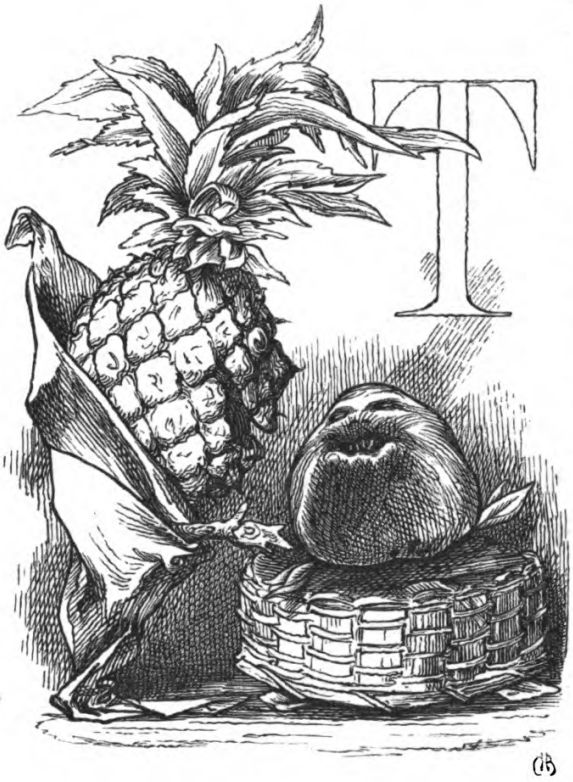
It was long before I took kindly to this last theatrical feast, although tempted by the sugared melodies of the immortal *Barber of Seville.*

Musing over my old play-bill, surrounded by hard facts, I was reminded that life has an imaginative side, which it is wise to nourish. It is not well that little children should be crammed with play-going, as I was in my youth, until they find they have exhausted a refining pleasure in the hour when they most require it. Let them go in liberally measured moderation to all play-houses,—houses of pantomime and burlesque, of comedy and farce, of opera, melodrama, and play, of tragedy with Hamlet *à la* Tom Sayers, or Hamlet *à la mode;* let them go to all. It is part of the education of life. No harm, but much good will come from it; let them go to all.

MELODRAMA.

THE OPERA.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET.



THE two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other, a fringe of houses studden in every part with anecdote and history, a colonnade often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle, a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentment of many actors long since silent—who scowl or smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers: a something in the air which breathes of old books, old pictures, old painters, and old authors; a place beyond all other places one

would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight; a crystal palace—the representative of the present—which peeps in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past; a withered bank that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk; a squat building, with a hundred columns and chapel-looking fronts, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other on the footways;—such is Covent Garden Market with some of its surrounding features.

In speaking of many open town neighbourhoods like this, it is the fashion to call them the lungs of London. Covent Garden, however, is something more than this; it is one of the most pleasant, most necessary, and most important feeders of the metropolitan stomach. We cannot do without the greasy shambles of Newgate Street, the sloppy square of Billingsgate, and the fluffy recesses of Leadenhall; but Covent Garden is the only food market in London which has ever been chosen as a favourite lounging-place. Some of that old-fashioned popularity still clings to it which it had when it was a grand square, or piazza, two centuries ago, long after the time when it was a monastic garden attached to the

Convent of Westminster. A few squatting hucksters, who were driven by local changes from the sides into the centre, first gave a trading stamp to the place, and this character it has never lost. It is the oldest and largest existing vegetable market in London; founded by that rule of touch which can alone create a great market, and without which joint-stock corporations and Acts of Parliament, when they build such places, only pave the way for bankruptcy and shame.

If any student of life wishes to learn a substantial lesson in the law of supply and demand, he had better rise before daybreak on any Saturday morning, and spend a few early hours in Covent Garden Market. In summer or winter, spring or autumn, there is always plenty to be seen; but as he belongs to a class who are supposed to be in bed, and whose presence is resented like that of a master in the kitchen, he had better keep his eyes wide open and stand out of the way.

He will see a toiling, pushing crowd, at least fourteen hundred strong, consisting of about five hundred unlicensed porters, basket-women, carters, and hangers-on; five hundred more of the regular ticket porters, holding badges issued by Mr. Gardiner, the Duke of Bedford's market-manager, and three or four hundred market-gardeners and salesmen. He will see a mountain range of cabbages, dug into by active labourers, and toppled over on to the pavement; columns of baskets, piled one upon another, moving rapidly on men's heads through the swaying mass; long files and solid squares

of carts and waggons, without horses—the tired animals being housed in adjoining stables; knots of men eagerly settling prices under the broad-shaded gas lamps; and dense forests of baskets and packing-cases, full of apples and potatoes, which it seems impossible to pierce. At every point he will meet with confusion and excitement; will hear the rumbling murmur of a thousand shouting voices; and will see few men who are not perspiring like a Turkish bather. His attention will most probably be arrested by some burly agriculturist, mopping his scanty hair with a fiery-coloured pocket-handkerchief—a model of the producer—a tiller of the fruitful earth—who stands in smiling happiness amongst the riches which he has succeeded in bringing to the market.

The growth of London has pushed this market-gardener gradually into the country; and now, instead of sending up his produce by his own waggons, he trusts it to the railway, and is often thrown into a market-fever by a late delivery. To compensate him, however, for the altered state of the times, he often sells his crops like a merchant upon 'Change, without the trouble of bringing more than a few hand-samples in his pockets. He is nearly seventy years of age, but looks scarcely fifty, and can remember the time when there were ten thousand acres of ground within four miles of Charing Cross under cultivation for vegetables, besides about three thousand acres planted with fruit to supply the London consumption.

THE PRODUCER.

A WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTOR.

He has lived to see the Deptford and Bermondsey gardens curtailed; the Hoxton and Hackney gardens covered with houses; the Essex plantations pushed farther off; and the Brompton and Kensington nurseries—the home of vegetables for centuries—dug up and sown with International Exhibition temples, and Italian gardens that will never grow a pea or send a single cauliflower to market. He has lived to see Guernsey and Jersey, Cornwall, the Scilly Islands, Holland, Belgium, and Portugal, with many other more distant places, competing with the remote outskirts of London bricks and mortar; and has been staggered by seeing the market supplied with choice early pease from such an unexpected quarter as French Algeria.

Our visitor may next turn his eyes in another direction, and see a representative of the new order of things—in the person of a ducal-looking wholesale distributor, an enterprising salesman.

It seems as if this ornament of the market, in introducing the auction style of business in conducting his sales, has caught something of the spirit which animated a late neighbour, the celebrated Mr. George Robins. He never attempts to rival that florid style of eloquence which flourished so successfully for many years under the now dismal colonnade; he never ventures to allude to the clatter of the nightingales, and the dreadful litter of the rose-leaves on the acres of vegetation which he disposes of in the course of the year;

but this may only be for want of encouragement amongst his rather uncultivated audience.

Immediately facing him, in the surrounding crowd, are a group of retail distributors: the laughing first-class greengrocer, from a back street in Mayfair, who comes down to the market in a sporting dog-cart; the second-class greengrocer, from Kennington or Holloway; and the third-class distributors, who are known as costermongers.

The second-class distributor is trying the higgling of the market, and is offering all the money in his pocket for a basket of apples; while the two costermongers are engaged in working out an intricate calculation about a compound bid by a peculiar process known as pantomimic arithmetic. These last two men are still the representatives of a class who number between three thousand and four thousand; who borrow their market money, their barrows, and their baskets from small capitalists at enormous interest and rents, and yet who contrive to buy one-tenth of the whole produce which comes to this important market. The quantities of such produce sold here annually in favourable seasons may be now stated at between eight and nine hundred thousand pottles of strawberries, forty-seven or forty-eight millions of cabbages, two millions and a half of cauliflowers, between three and four hundred thousand bushels of pease, nearly a million of lettuces, and six hundred thousand bushels of onions. The annual amount of money paid for vegetables and fruit in this

THE RETAIL DISTRIBUTORS.

THE MARKET PORTER.

market is now nearly four millions sterling, notwithstanding the produce intercepted on its road; for Covent Garden still largely supplies Spitalfields, Farringdon, the Borough, and a host of inferior markets. Its expenses for sweeping away rubbish alone amount to 600*l.* a year. The costermongers, of course, only buy the inferior vegetables and fruits—the third-class and damaged qualities, and when they cannot deal to advantage in this produce, they trot off to Billingsgate, for a late speculation in fish.

The working distributor—the market porter—is a labourer whose services, either with or without a badge, are in constant requisition. He fetches and carries: he tugs sacks of potatoes from groaning waggons, and carries them into the body of the market to their appointed salesman; and, when sold, he carries them away again to carts more or less rickety, for the purchasing greengrocers. Unlike many intellectual impostors who strut about for years without being found out, he really gets his living by the hardest head-work. He believes that he can walk under anything which can be lifted on his head and shoulders, and has no fear of slipping on a piece of cabbage-leaf or orange-peel, and being crushed under his load. Some years ago when the Kentish planters used to send their produce by water to the Strand wharves, he used to toil up the steep river-side incline from the "Fox-under-the-Hill," with something like two hundredweight upon his back, and trot down again with the money he received to

spend it in drink. The humane clerk of the market, however, long before the Kentish planters forsook the barges for the luggage-trains, put a stop to this heavy horse-like work, though he had no power to improve the habits of the men. Most of them are Irishmen, some few are Jews, and many are costermongers who have failed in their little speculations. They are handy labourers at moving anything in the shape of furniture, and will crawl up a staircase with a heavy piano on their backs like some strange elastic reptile whom nothing can squeeze flat. They have a strong taste for sporting in its lowest forms; are often the owners of square-headed bull-terriers, and are sometimes backed for small prize-fights and small running-matches. The day when "Jones of Covent Garden" has to fight or run "Jones of Billingsgate" is one on which the market labour is a little more roughly performed than usual.

The female counterpart to this Atlas-of-all-work is another working distributor—the old basket-woman.

She carries lighter weights on her battered bonnet than the market-porters, and protects her head with a stuffed circular pad, which looks like a dirty chaplet. She is thin and weather-beaten, is cheerful at her work, and looks forward, perhaps, to keep a small apple-stall when she grows too stiff for labour. Sometimes she starts in what she considers the full vigour of her career (about the age of sixty) as the owner of an early breakfast-stall, where she serves out

THE BASKET-WOMAN

thick coffee and dark bread-and-butter to cabmen, carters, and porters. At these stalls the coffee has one merit — it is always scalding hot; and in the intervals of blowing it cool, the talk (in cold weather) always turns upon chilblains. All these night-workers lead a hard life, always dreaming of better days, and their cheerfulness and patience form one of those holy miracles which we see but cannot explain.

When our visitor has tired himself out amongst the labourers (for it is very fatiguing for idle people to look at work), he may wish for a change; and we may recommend a stroll, much later in the day, amongst the flowers, fruits, and society of the middle avenue. Here he will find himself in a land where the seasons seem to be without force; where strawberries as large as pincushions are companions of the brownest nuts, and where yellow oranges, in baskets like Panama hats, are nestling by the side of rosy cherries. The whole world is ransacked to furnish this museum of luxuries, and even China contributes her dried fruits under the name of lychees. The snow may lie thickly outside, but the flowers always blossom within, and the "litter of rose-leaves" (to use Mr. Robins' immortal phrase again) is ceaseless in the little bowers where the nosegays are prepared for weddings. Wonderful stories are told of troops of girls who earn an easy living in putting together these love-offerings; and of little fragrant shops, half full of flower-pots and pineapples, where enormous fortunes are made, and where a hundred nimble-

fingered persons are employed shelling pease during the height of the season.

When our lounger has tried in vain to outstare the dark-eyed Jewesses who watch him from behind a breastwork of seed-bags and account-books in little inner counting-houses; when he has mourned with those who buy chaplets at the herbalist's, and smiled with those who purchase wedding-presents at the florist's; when he is weary of watching the carriages which draw up at the end of the avenue—some of them filled with children who look like chirping canaries in a cage—he may possibly catch a glimpse of himself in a mirror, as he is cheapening a basket of peaches, and may recognize a picture of that all-devouring, never-to-be-satisfied monster whose demand is the creator of all this ever-flowing supply.

THE CONSUMER.

UP A COURT.

ANGEL COURT is a narrow passage, not very easy of access, which makes a bold attempt to run through from Vere Street, Clare Market, into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and is only frustrated by the dead wall which forms the back of a large house in that legal domain. Its entrance is adorned with an iron gate, in bad condition, and breast high—a melancholy piece of iron-work, which neither keeps the dogs

out nor the children in, and can scarcely be said to lend an air of exclusiveness to the choky opening (cut right through a house) which it obstructs; its purpose, indeed, would seem to be a parochial mystery. It invariably produces a fit of exasperation in the irritable breast of Mr. Pegler, who has twice petitioned the St. Clement Danes' Vestry for its removal; but it forms a constant source of amusement to the native children, who not only use it as a swing, but—regardless of the invalid, not to say wounded, aspect, which its rusty, gaping hinges expose—find delight in the screech, as of pain, which it is in the habit of giving when moved, and vary the direction in which it is tortured, until they produce a perfect gamut of lamentation.

The other day, after safely making the passage of Clare Market, I plucked up courage, passed this feeble portcullis, and found myself in company with a wondering herd of the aforesaid children, between two rows of high-shouldered, thin, closely-fitting tenements. There were a baker's dozen of them; but number thirteen was wanting, a duplicate number nine taking its place. They were all what we must very inaptly call "private houses," with one exception; number six was a milk-shop.

My curiosity having carried me into further scrutiny, I noticed that all the houses were in bad repair; the fronts wanted pointing, the coping-stones were broken, the majority of the window-sashes were obstinately askew, those zigzag

cracks significant of rickety walls abounded, and the proprietors seemed to have expended their rents on nothing but chimney-pots: in those articles they had been somewhat profuse, having indulged their fancy in a variety of sorts and sizes—square, round, short, "Tallboys," cowls and other curiously ugly shapes. As if in an ineffectual attempt to hide the dilapidated walls, the tenants had thrown out a kind of rash of shabby notice-boards, square, triangular, V-shaped and round, with one oval of light blue having a composition border a great deal the worse for wear. The inscriptions were terse and explicit, though the letters wore a straggling, staggering, dissipated aspect: "MANGLING done here;" "CARPETS BEAT;" "WORKING BOOKBINDER;" "TAILOR—gentlemen's own materials made up;" "SHOEMAKER—repairs neatly executed;" and included a "MONTHLY NURSE," of course. The houses were of that description so often ornamented with a miniature five-barred gate and palings painted green at the first-floor window, a large and dangerous-looking collection of flower-pots at the second, and a clothes-pole protruding from the third; the doors are always ajar, and the door-posts rounded off with much leaning; lodgers are always looking out of the windows, and a baby tied in its chair is amusing itself by looking out; while a whole family of small children in the second floor may be seen performing the two first acts of the "Seven Ages" upon the table, which they have dragged up to the window that it may furnish them

with audience and proscenium; there is a man smoking his pipe out of the third floor, as might be expected; and pigeons, peeping demurely from their skeleton houses on the roof, are arranging their next flight among themselves.

The pavement is uneven and broken, one paving-stone in the farther corner leaning edgewise against the dead wall, as if the pavior, having a doubt on his mind, had left in that undecided state and never come back. Gratings admit gleams of light to the kitchens; that of the house up in the corner having bars so wide apart as to be a terror to the little children, who get their legs down and feet twisted once a week, on the average; but one, the most respectable house, No. 4, has no grating, but real railings and an open "airey;" a distinction also enjoyed by the milk-shop. This last is adorned with a wooden half-door of lattice-work, a model of a cow in ominous chalk, a large nettle geranium, and a cracked notice glass, between two dusty, moss-covered baskets. A cat is always asleep in a corner of the window, and there is an empty and unfurnished appearance inside; even the solitary milk-can seeming to stand on the counter as if by accident.

But although I had counted the houses and the inscriptions, the gratings and the milk-shop, I did not attempt to count the children—they were too many for me: I could only notice that every little girl who was not nursing a baby was either engaged upon crochet-work, or else fetching the beer.

PEGLER.

The little boys, playing at "high-barbaree," in which game only sharp running and a quick eye for a hiding-place were required, got on amicably enough; but those urchins who indulged in "fly the garter" were always quarrelling about the mystery of "tucking in the twopenny" or the art of "laying a back;" while the gamesters who hazarded buttons or marbles, generally wound up by accusing each other of "ranking" or cheating, prefacing their charge by the sarcastic remark of "Oh, yes, I daresay."

Of the residents in this court, I fortunately found a ready and eloquent biographer in the person of Mr. Pegler, who commenced with an autobiographical sketch of his own career.

"Name's Pegler—Samuel Pegler, landlord of this house I'm leaning against. How did I get it? I'll tell you. I was a young chap at the time, finishing myself, as it were; working with an older shopmate, and not working more than I could help, you may be bound; a little rackety, perhaps, and fonder of getting a bit of goose than of putting in the best of work; with an eye to the main chance, all the same. And although often finding myself, late at night, in at Tom Cribb's parlour, and once laid up for three months after going to Vauxhall in an old coat I had put on wet after sponging up to make it look new, yet managing one winter (when a new fashion in wrap-rascals gave me a chance of putting by a few pounds) to set up for myself by taking

these very parlours in which I now live. And I'm bothered if I didn't take a wife as well: never mind about her, though, she is gone now, and a better woman never broke bread. I had one son by her, who's a man now: but that's nothing to do with the house.

"As I said before, I took these two rooms, and I rented them of that old man you saw me shoulder off just now. He was landlord then—held the lease of this and the next, in which (No. 4 I mean) he carried on the trade of a cork-cutter. He was a highly respectable man, and quite the cock of the walk, I assure you. Many's the time I've heard him:—'Pegler, the overseer said to me yesterday;' or, 'I met one of the churchwardens this morning;' but neither churchwardens nor overseers have much to say to him now, unless it is about the small allowance he gets from the parish. However, matters were as I say, and I had been his tenant for a year or two, when, finding out by means of a little cross-questioning and such like, that his lease was just upon out, as business was increasing, and no children a-coming as yet, I thought I might as well have a try for it myself; for although old Croucher (that's his name) had held it for twenty-one years, he didn't live in it, and I did: and what's more, it was a good letting house, and in pretty tidy repair; so off I trotted to the old lady who owns the court, without even tipping the wink to Croucher, as you may suppose.

"'Well, my man,' said she. She's a very good sort of a woman—a widow—her name's Quelch, and her husband was a retired publican. She's got a nice little house up at Islington. 'Well, my man,' said she, 'and what can I do for you?'

"I soon let out what I wanted, and didn't forget to put it in rather strong about the bad repair into which Croucher had let the house run.

"'And,' I finished, 'I'm a bit of a hand at painting, and so on, and the walls of the house are very sound; so, if you'll get your bricklayer to run up a fourth story on the top of the other three, and just see to the lath and plaster, I'll paint and paper it, and put the sashes in myself, paying you a few pounds a year more into the bargain.'

"This seemed to tickle the old lady, so she said she would think about it; and when she called a day or two after to look into the dilapidations,—she is rather sharp, you know,—and saw what a handy little place I had cut and contrived my parlours into—a turn-up bedstead let into a recess, looking like a cupboard, a shopboard that let down against the wall when I wasn't at work on it, and a dozen other little notions that I am rather good at—she made up her mind in my favour, which was a bit of goose for me.

"Lord! how old Croucher did stomp and swear, to be sure, when he heard of it; he abused me up hill and down dale: but I didn't care for that. When he put his bony little fist into my face one morning,

"'Put it back into your pocket again,' said I; 'I should be sorry to hit a man so much under my own size.'

"Of course, he made out a long story against me, and some of the neighbours, especially the old women, took his part. What did it matter? I had as much right to try for the lease as he had, especially as I was already a tenant; and, what was more, I had got it. Mrs. Quelch ran up the fourth story for me. You see it still shows a little, and makes the house rather tall; but it is none the worse for that, that I know of; and here I've been ever since. It always lets; I hardly ever have a room empty, and get my rent very well, considering. Some of them owe me a good deal, but I keep them up to the mark pretty sharp altogether, although there are some rum people in the house just now.

"Now my third-floor back, that wooden-legged man who has just gone in with a broom, he sweeps a crossing, and yet the lodgers call him 'mister.' Why, I don't know: he's rather independent, and can read and write a bit: I suppose it's because he don't get into debt, nor swear, nor drink, like the rest of them; but at all events they say *Mr.* Britton, and I never heard him called by his Christian name since here he's been. He was well-to-do before he got married, but a few months after that happened he fell down an open cellar-flap, and broke his leg: poor chap, when he came out of the hospital, he had lost his means

MR. BRITTON.

of living, whatever it was, and the pawnbroker soon left him nothing but his crutch and wooden leg; while, as if to add to his misery, his wife brought him a little girl.

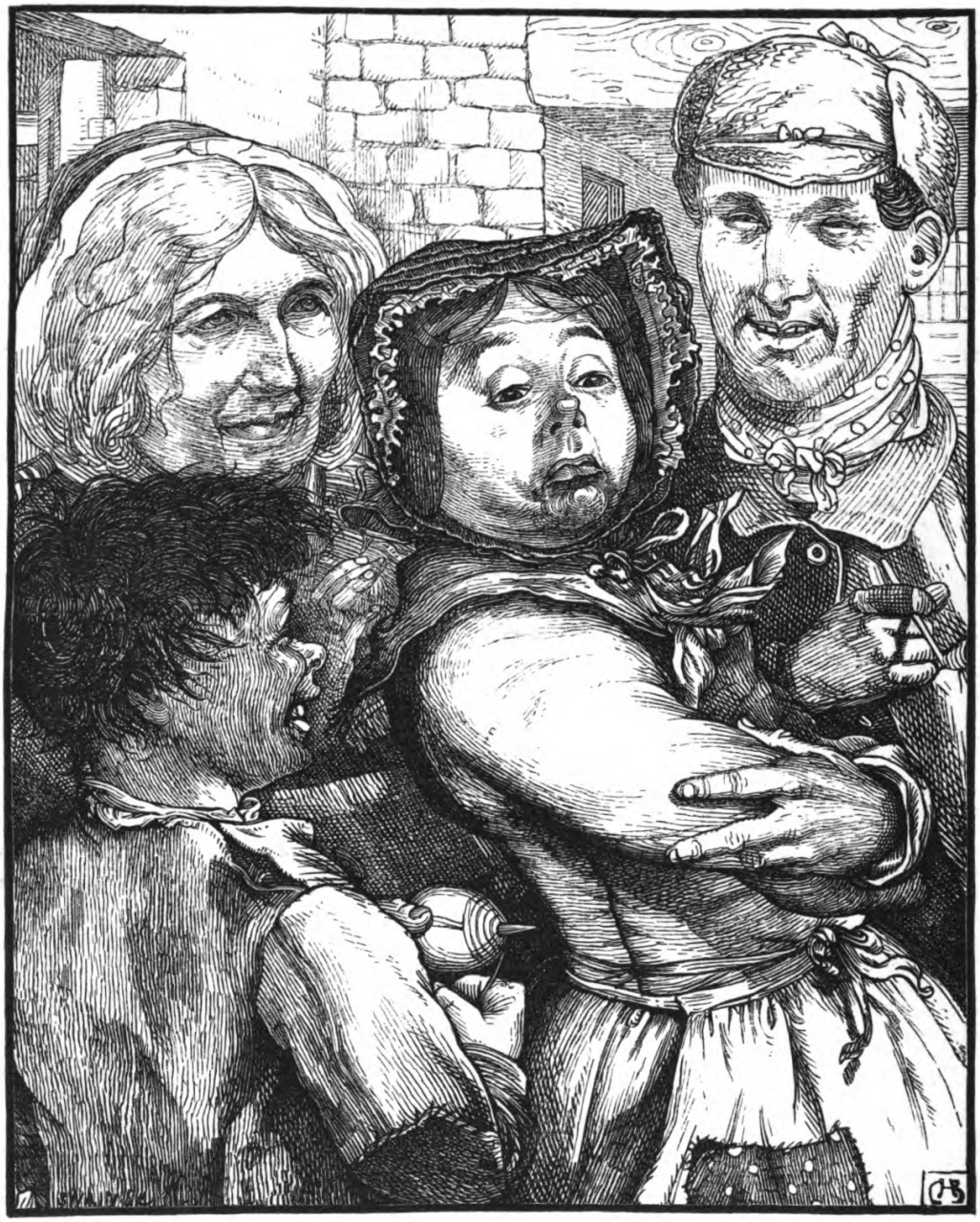
"But he had real pluck, you see, and so much of it, that he shouldered a broom the very next morning, and hobbled off to a handy crossing: not a birch-broom, mind you—that was where he drew the line; no, he got him a regular bass broom—scavenger's, you know, with a handle as long as himself—and that brought him in a living. I don't think it is a very good one: he pays me regularly enough; but for all that, and although they keep themselves and their poor child as clean and tidy as possible, I can see with half an eye what a desperate struggle they have to make both ends meet. I caught sight of him last night, on the stairs, showing threepence ha'penny to the old night cabman, as his day's earnings, and I daresay his wife was waiting patiently enough in the room above.

"Poor chap, how he does go on at his customers, as he calls them, when they neglect to give him his regular penny. It's very funny, but when a gentleman gives him a copper, for some days running, he seems to think he is selling him a walk over his clean stones, and ought to be paid for it; and so he ought, I think, for he's not a beggar: only it does sound curious to hear him talk like a tradesman. But what I admire about the man, more than his independ-

ence, is the way he looks after that child of his, a poor little object: she got what they call the rickets, and nothing will do her good but plenty of fresh air.

"Now, we're rather close in this court, you see, and poor Jane, the mother, so far broke her constitution in her confinement, that it is as much as she can do to try a little in the shirt line, now and then; as for carrying the child about, she managed it twice, and the first time turned deadly sick, and had to hold on by the railings; the second, she fainted clean away in the streets, with the poor child crying on her breast as she lay stretched on the pavement; so, as that wouldn't answer, what did my man do? Why, he scraped and saved through the long winter, till he got together seven and sixpence, with which he bought a little wicker-work perambulator, and, you may believe me or not as you please, but every fine morning he gets up at four o'clock, washes and dresses the child, wheels her out round the fields, or even into the park, to give her a blow of fresh air, but always getting back in time just to swallow a bit of breakfast, and catch his gentlemen before they go to office. And you may say as you like, but I respect a man, whatever his station, who has so much good feeling about him.

"Mind, I don't mean to say that good-heartedness is scarce down here; there's plenty of it about, though it is mixed up in general with something not quite so pretty to look at. I've known a good-natured boy to rob his father,



OLD SALLY.

and few people ever came across a girl that went wrong who wasn't as kind-hearted as Christmas. I've a lodger down in my kitchen, the mangle-woman Sally; she's an oddity: a more kindly disposed person never lived; she'd go without the gown on her back to do any one a service, and yet she's such a slanderous, underhand backbiter, she'd make mischief through a brick wall. She was born in this court; her father was a moulder, and worked at a foundry hard by. He had a large family, and was very strict with them in his way; but not being much at home, and the mother an out-and-out bad one, the children all went wrong, more or less, except this Sally, and she's such a simple soul that nobody could beat any harm into her. She used to lollop about the court, ready to nurse anybody's baby, or run of anybody's errands, always very dirty and neglected, fond of singing songs and dancing, in her half-silly way, and a first-rate hand at taking anybody off. So she grew up, every one looking upon her as a sort of natural, when one day, being then about four-and-twenty, she took herself off, and nobody knew where to. Search was made, but to no purpose, till after awhile Sally was quite forgotten. But lo and behold ye! about fifteen or sixteen years after, when father and mother, and sister and brother, were all dead or gone away, back she comes with a strapping boy of her own, and money enough to buy the goodwill of the mangle downstairs, which was to let. Nobody could make head or tail of the rigmarole she told them, but everybody

admired her bold, open-eyed son, as merry as a cricket, and as strong as a horse, who could help her turn the mangle, quiet all the squalling children by magic, make new toys for the urchins, keep a dog and a canary, and yet find time somehow to work at the boot-closing with little Clams, who pigs on in the third-floor front, with a wife and seven children. The mangle-woman was called Sally again, although most of her old friends had moved. She was just the same as ever—as dirty, as silly, and as fond of doing anything for anybody; she knows all the popular songs before anybody else; she even gives us a dance when she is unusually merry; and, when very cross, imitations of her enemies. Indeed, as scarcely a week passes but somebody or the other offends her, we get to look upon her as a regular exhibition: and to see her acting—if you knew the people—would make you die a-laughing, that it would; but she works double-tides at her mangle all the same, and the only object of her life seems the hoarding of money for her son. She is always hiding it away in a magpie sort of a manner, inside the mangle, up the chimney, on the top of the house, and once in the back kitchen, our wash'us in fact.

"But talk of Sally's acting, we had a performer till the other day; Fagg's wife, a regular good one. Let any one say anything against *her*, that she knew of, and she'd fly into the court the first time she saw them there, hair streaming down, eyes a-sparkling, and such a tongue: she even quarrelled

with me once, and because I knew better than to bandy words with such a termagant,

"'Stand out of my way, feller,' said she; 'you're not fit to be my doormat!'

"That was her dignified style, you know; she had a very foul tongue in general, and especially to the women. Nobody liked her, unless it was Sally, and she always spoke ill of her behind her back.

"But behind their backs or to their faces Fagg's wife spoke evil of everybody. Before she married Fagg she had been shopwoman at an eel-pie establishment in Drury Lane, and was a fine strapping girl enough, with a bright eye, a neat instep, and a good head of hair. We none of us liked her, but I saw what she was the first word she uttered. She didn't care a button for Fagg, and why she ever married him I can't think: whether she was tired of serving in the shop, or had been put out by some of her beaux—she had a good many; or whether she thought he was a good easy fool who would let her have all her own way, I can't tell; but for one reason or another, perhaps for no reason at all, she married him on his small earnings, but bargained for a first floor. He, poor fellow, was just one of those chaps who try to conceal their weakness behind their coats; he dressed very neatly, called people by their name on first acquaintance, and said, 'Good morning,' at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"'I'm assistant at an 'osier's, in the Strand,' said he

to me, when he took my first-floor front, the week before the wedding-day. Assistant! He was light porter, with a very good character, sixteen shillings a week, and sleeping in the house—to be raised to one pound one on the occasion of his marriage, and living out, which didn't bring him much comfort; for his wife was always away visiting when she should have been making the kettle boil, and never seemed to stop at home, indeed, unless she was in a bad temper.

"Altogether, from the very first, she led him a pretty life. What with her gadding out, her extravagance, and bad temper, he had quite enough to put up with, I can tell you. However, he did put up with it, and a great deal more, and only seemed the fonder of her after all—fetched her water up of a morning, before he went to shop, even scrubbed her floor and blackleaded her grate for her; but, of course, the more he did the more he might do, and I think the best thing that happened to him during his married life was the accident of slapping her face, when she had stopped out till two one morning, and was abusing him for having searched after her. This famous slap was not a very hard one, as I happen to know, for I heard it; but it was sufficient to send her first into a screaming fit, then into old Sally's kitchen, and after, at the mangle-woman's suggestion, to Bow Street, for a warrant. Of course Mr. Henry didn't give much credence to the wife's story, the more especially as we went in a

MR. CORNISH.

body from the court to speak up for the poor fellow; but the magistrate did just give him a word of advice.

"'Young man,' said he, 'you have been to blame; not for assaulting your wife—that has been contradicted by your witness—but for the foolish manner in which you have allowed her to have her own way; now, go home: you are discharged. If you can be as firm as you have been kind, you may live to thank me for a piece of good advice; and as for you,' to the wife, 'if I see you here again, I'm afraid it won't be in the witness-box, so go away with your husband, and make amends to him while there's time.'

"Which was not bad preaching, if it could have been practised. I am afraid, poor fellow, if he had his bad bargain again, he would not know what to do with her; but after Mr. Henry's sermon she bowed her head, walked out into Bow Street, and called a cab.

"'Drive me a sixpenny mile away from this lot,' said she, and jumped into the shoful. We all laughed but Fagg, and he, I think, was nearer crying.

"Now there's Cornish: he's another of those hen-pecked husbands, a little, mild, fair-skinned chap, with as many wrinkles in his face as there are days in the year: he works hard at his trade, which is what a good many do; but he also works hard at home, which most people don't care about. I don't think it's because he is fond of it; indeed, I fancy he is naturally an idle sort of happy-go-lucky, but he is

very proud of his wife and her abilities, and what's more, very much afraid of her: she keeps a hard hand over him, although, funnily enough, in younger days he was very jealous of her, used to watch her about and come suddenly upon her at unexpected times in the day, would look fiercely at big men whom he suspected, and altogether made a fool of himself. But one evening Maria gave him a good hiding with the hearth-broom, to his evident delight; it seemed to establish his faith in her honour, and now at the word of command he blacks the boots in the wash'us, does odd carpentering about the place, turns the meat of a Sunday morning, and takes his wife out for a walk after dinner: he's a good little man, very kind to the little Clamses, though he hasn't much will of his own."

MRS. CORNISH.

IN THE SQUARE.

ELGRAVIA — the region where Aristocracy, Wealth, and Official Dignity cluster round the skirts of Royalty — the heart of Belgravia, with its stucco-fronted squares, its pillared porticoes, and grim gardens, is the chosen abode of the blue blood of England's Nobility, and the mauve blood of Gentility and Success. Its denizens are not by any means idle, but ever ready for any work that can be done with gloves on. But this does not interfere with the promptings of the passions; emotion, indeed, among the ladies is somewhat emphasized: Devotion is written with a large D, and Self-denial is a metaphysical principle. People with such an inborn love of synonyms use so many different words for similar things, that they have at last a perfect grammar of emotion; while refinement—not redundancy—

of intellect so splits up the right thing into the rightest of right places, that a nod becomes better than a wink. They have a curious eclecticism that knows everything worth knowing, even to a certain dim idea of poverty as of the going without money, not often, indeed, as the going without food—knowing the hollow cheek as the result of worry, remorse, or disease, but not as the outcome of hunger: which indeed, is considered a desirable thing to attain, being indicative of appetite.

If not exactly the salt of the world, to them comes in its first strength and out-burst genius and power; for not yet is it given for originality to appeal first-hand to what is called the "people." These, too, are our natural lawgivers; not as members of Parliament merely, but as chasteners and refiners of all our social and domestic instincts.

Write up boldly for group the first—"These are Gentlemen." How curiously it looks, written; it is as unsatisfactory as the key to a riddle-book. We all ask, What is a gentleman? and unconsciously say, A gentleman is one who never tells: he keeps the secret; and it is the only test. Negatively you feel when you are in his presence; but the moment a man makes the effort to become a gentleman, that instant he ceases to be one at all. The very confession to himself gives an emphasis and unreality to all his actions; and it is in this sense that the ploughman may be a gentleman equally with the prince.

OLD GENTLEMEN.

These are elderly gentlemen, members of the Carlton of course; for it is somehow natural to connect them with conservatism. We don't care much more for an old Reformer, than for an old bridegroom. No—no: these presentments of mine have got over such youthful ardours long ago.

There is a perilous bridge to the Roman nose that starts out full from the forehead, as if it were a weapon with which to cleave a foe. It is supported by drooping eyelids that proclaim the disdain they affect to conceal, the whole surmounting a dominant mouth with underhung jaw, which vents assertions, but never thoughts; speaks seldom, but always orders; the whiskers grow so near to the side of the mouth that they seem to drag it down into its arrogant curve. Such a face of necessity belongs to a tall, broad, domineering man, whose coat is buttoned, like a door always shut; who sits in the seat of honour, occupying the foreground of the picture, as usual, and as of course. He believes in everything that is essential to his own comfort and dignity; he is a "horsy" man, and a king at "table;" but he is also of a domestic turn, in what he is pleased to call a "patriarchal" sense, being taskmaster to a certain number of highly educated serfs, whom he dignifies by the name of his "family." I believe he can be familiar—ay, even jovial—to his dependants, under certain restrictions of *Ko-too;* but woe betide the unhappy rebel who should dare to hold his own: he is cast out for ever. To do our proud man justice,

his character has a brighter side, and if he makes every one do as he bids them, on the other hand everything he does himself is straightway and at once accomplished. He, I imagine, is of all others the man desiderated in the old emblems where Occasion is represented "bald behind;" he doubtless would have seized her by the forelock at once, if he had not first knocked her down.

But another Roman bridge stands before us of a different sort. It belongs to what may well be called a convex face, convex nose, eye-sockets and lips, with a close mouth to hold the dignity in, hard whisky hair that brushes every way and never makes a fair parting. Pre-eminently dignified is the owner; he comes from an almost royal family, has compiled a very long and exhaustive history of something somewhere, was intimately connected with Metternich, and is so looked up to in the House, that it is, he believes, only the exercise of self-denial that keeps him out of the cabinet. I wonder if a doubt ever crosses his mind, not anent his lineage or his reading, but in regard to his understanding? He has such a stuffy choked-up way of viewing things, as if he had a bad cold in his perception, that we can hardly imagine so powerful a conceit existing in company with such a primitive cerebellum.

This next nose, however, is no Roman; it is that of a satyr, blunt, and drawn down upon the upper lip, and it belongs to the inventor of a soup, to an epicure, and dinner-giver: his

loose lips, when fairly open and at work, seem more like the mouth of a meal-sack than that of a man; his eyes are ever weeping as if for new dishes; his cheeks are pouches; he is very well washed and brushed, and he holds his eyeglass like a spoon. But if the gourmand's nose was too flat, our connoisseur's is the reverse: it sticks out like a sign to an old curiosity-shop, while the powerful eyes bleared with much looking, the antique curl over the forehead, and the parchment face, folded like an old deed, keep it very good company. These professors of taste, if not very pleasant people to know, are just the people to meet; the one at his own table, the other in the midst of his collection.

What a wonderful difference there is still between the town and the country gentleman. We are, perhaps, too apt to forget that it still exists; but it does, and I think of the two the countryman has the best of it. Your town-made man is so dogmatic—he knows a little about so many things, he lives so far beyond his income, he is so certain to patronize the things that are patronized, and to neglect the things that are neglected, while he pretends to an energetic opinion of his own — that we are apt to get a little tired of him; while the country gentleman, with his ruddy face and hearty laugh, is something fresh and pleasant to gaze upon. True, he is still a stickler for "old things bygone," but he is daringly speculative on some points; and although his hair has grown thin, after the fashion of his grandfather, from a too constant

smoothing with the palm of the hand, and notwithstanding that his whiskers are shaved off in a line with the corners of his mouth, as was the custom sixty years ago, he has some ideas of his own about cattle-feeding, drainage, and the proper use of the plough, that would astonish even Mr. Thorley and Alderman Mechi.

But turn to the young swells, also club-men, and their real points of strength don't at all strike you. Instead of the nerve and sinew which is there, and well looked after too, you see the Right Hon. Sardanapalus Alcibiades, or at least the younger son, Mr. Boots. Every man seems like the improvident fellow who sold three of his lumbar vertebræ, and was never able to sit upright afterwards; they all lounge, and all seem so much ashamed of their limbs, that they hide them with consummate art in "peg-top" trousers and baggy coat-sleeves. The dejected way in which the elaborate whiskers hang down is as if each particular hair had committed suicide, while the head of hair itself is so carefully parted down the middle and bunched up on each side that it seems ready to be torn off in two double handfuls, if ever the languid owner wakes up to despair. Their code of behaviour at its extreme never supposes a man to be quite awake; it expurgates all the *s's* in ordinary conversation, and regards the "aw haw" as being somehow the safeguard of civilization. There is a certain quiet way of doing things among many; but unfortunately a large minority have an

YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

equally quiet way of leaving things undone: these are generally the ladies' men, by the way.

Now the man sitting on the chair is not one of those to be trusted: he tells you he is, though, and especially does he tell the female sex; but you must not believe him any more for that. He is talking to a young officer who is turning his back to us with an elegant *abandon*, and listening to the man at the back who shows his teeth, and is one of the male gossips: for although everybody is well bred, and in good keeping, so to speak—although there is no violent contrast, no loud language, no turbid thought—there is a good deal of out-and-out scandal. Notwithstanding whiskers, teeth, and all, he spends half his life collecting personal anecdotes, and the other half in turning them into slander. But he is good-natured enough sometimes, and has been known to travel to Paris and back twice within a week to help a friend out of an awkward scrape: full particulars of which, of course, he retailed afterwards with great glee. The one behind him smoking the cigar is of a different stamp. He is not intellectual, he can't read books, nor is he fond of scandal, except as a listener; but he likes good tobacco in both forms. He is an officer in the line; he went out to India during the late war, fought well, but did not like the climate; so having taken a town, he came home again, being satisfied, like most of them, with having done something skilfully,

which is a peculiarity of theirs:—they either shoot at long ranges, play billiards, climb mountains, or play on the piano or on Aunt Sally better than anybody else. I don't mean to say these are our best men, but our best hardly belong to Belgravia; they are either fighting, diplomatizing, ciphering, or saving the nation; in some way or the other taking the inevitable glove off. For the real swell, when he has tilted his hat on to his nose, and applied three fingers to his neck ribbon or scarf, as may be, believes that it is his duty not to toil, but to set the world a great example, by going to many parties, by imagining that he leads the fashion, and by getting married, perhaps: if he is ever fortunate enough to meet with a lady sufficiently rich, handsome, and accomplished for his fastidious taste. Nor is he afraid of owning the barrenness of his ambition. The man who is going out in the background pulling on his gloves, assured me that *he* was the originator of the thin umbrella.

But I am afraid to speak of the young ladies. Whether it be a well-balanced figure, with large, but heavy eyes, determined to achieve a great position and working hard in many ways to compass her ambition; or a charming young girl, appearing to be intellectual, a great novel-reader, a believer in poetasters, who wrote poetry herself and does not think much of it, and is sure to make a good wife some day; or a lazy, ringleted, charming, good-tempered, good-natured,

IN THE NURSERY.

and rather stupid angel, who has the most bewildering acuteness of instinct; or the gentle lady, sweet-tempered and charitable, checking her natural impulse with the prudence of pure refinement, doing her duty nobly, yet scarcely knowing that she does it, and able, let us say, to be anything but angry; or the fast girl, with a high sense of position and a great love of ease, looking for a good rich husband, but at the same time sentimental enough to wish for a real lover; or the lady with the turned-up nose, full of spirit, passion, and fun, too fond of poetry and love-stories, and ashamed at being excited to tears by the least emotion whatever;—I leave them with a feeling of disheartened failure, trusting, after all, to the reader's imagination; for if I admired them less, I believe I could draw them better.

And the children, brought up in their secluded nurseries, are not much easier to depict. Perhaps their nurses or governesses may understand them; but they have such queer notions about things, and such a scared way of looking at strangers, that they are rather puzzling to male humanity. They sometimes seem to me more like fairies than human beings. Never what we call vulgar, they are very, very often passionate —excepting when we see them kindly and self-possessed, like the little girl in the chair, the result of a kind mother vigilantly overlooking the nurse.

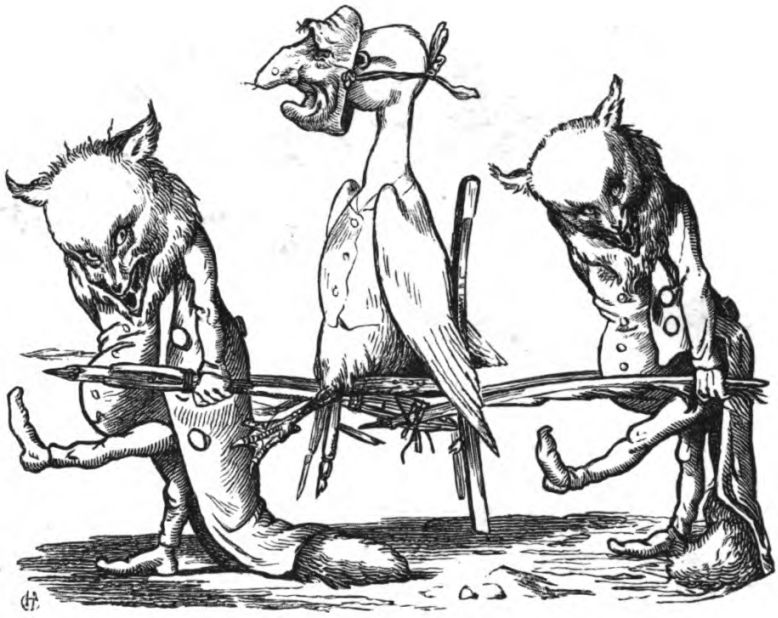
But the kind mother does not always overlook the nurse

—indeed, cannot, in many instances; for servants at a certain altitude will not readily submit to overlooking: they know their place and privileges.

I think sometimes that the worst evils in the train of riches are servants. What with the quiet impudence and supercilious civility of footman, the cringeing of the ready-willed and as ready-witted lady's-maid, the hot temper of the cook, the dignity of the butler, and the perhaps drunkenness of the coachman, with the general results of a particular regard for mere personal appearance, I really thank Providence sometimes for not having sent me a hundred thousand pounds. Perhaps, as I have not fallen across such a large sum yet, and as my slender household does not give me much trouble, I am not a good judge; but if I have not found the money, I have met the flunkey, and, to tell the truth, I don't like him. He may be a very good servant, but he seems to have lost, or to have had taken out of him, some quality of self-respect, or nerve of manliness, that sends him away sipping cordials on the sly, while his brother, the ploughman, is getting muddled on honest beer. For how is it possible for any human being habitually to wear a face of impassible vacuity, to assume an air of formal subserviency, to seem to resent no insult, to appear imperturbably calm, and be seemingly all alacrity at all times, and further to bear with equanimity the gaudy badge of servitude, without taking secret revenge upon society which dooms him to such a fate?

IN THE KITCHEN.

When the flabby cheek contracts about the mouth, as if it were about to whistle without wind—when the two eyebrows form a gable—when the flour and the lard get on to the hair instead of into the pie-dish—I take it that man is only suited for the place he fills. The plush has subdued his soul to the quality of the Servants' Hall.



LONDON.
PRINTED BY SMITH, ELDER AND CO.,
LITTLE GREEN ARBOUR COURT, OLD BAILEY, E.C.