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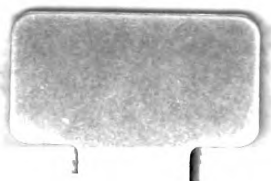
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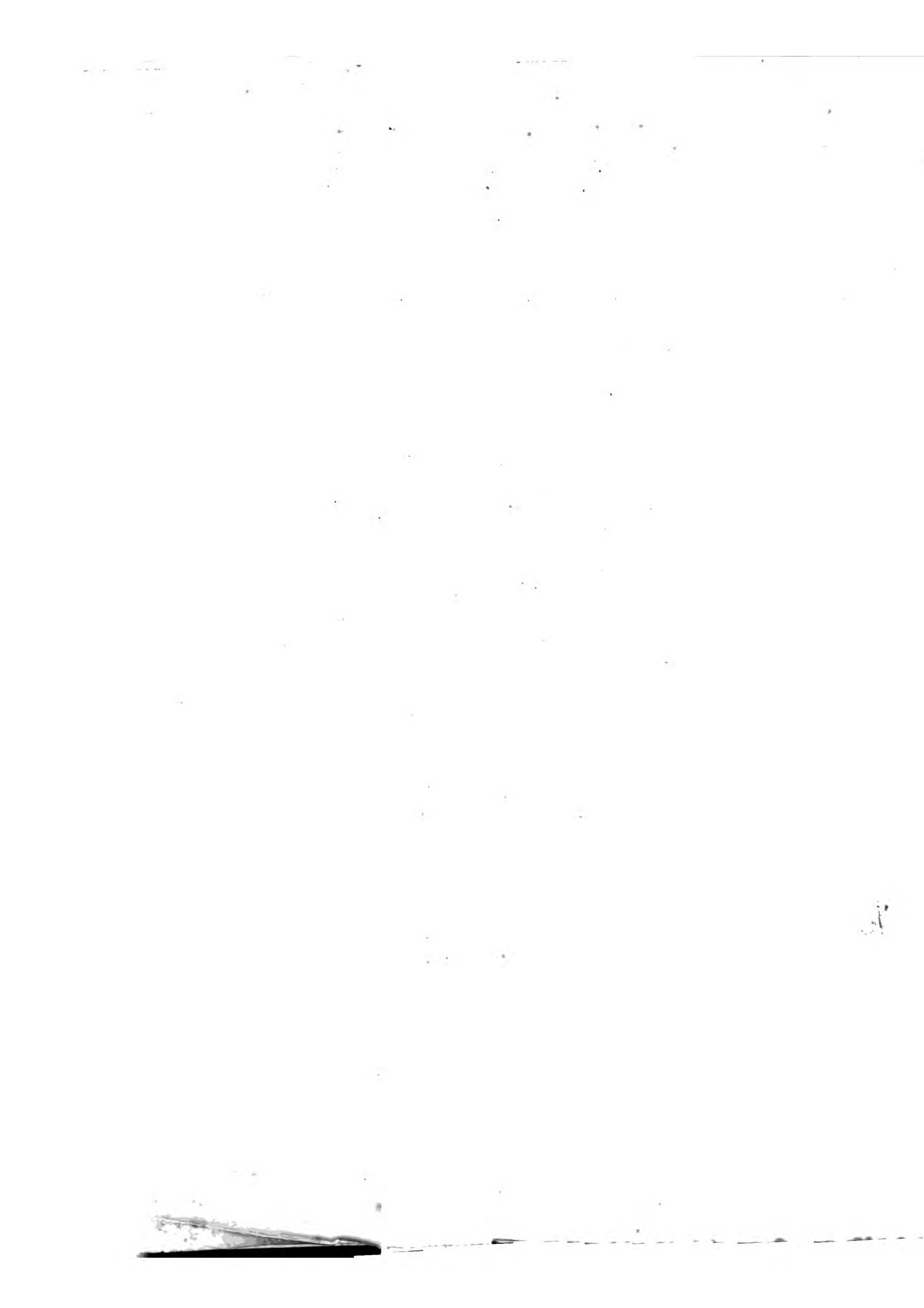














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PART I.

To be completed in Twenty Parts, forming Two splendid Volumes.

PRICE ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE.

# CLASSES OF THE CAPITAL.

A

## SKETCH BOOK

OF

# LONDON LIFE,

FROM

## TINTED STUDIES,

BY

WILLIAM LEE.



CHAPTER I.—LONDON CARMEN.

PRINTED IN IMITATION OF THE ORIGINALS, BY

CHARLES KNIGHT'S

PATENT COLOUR PRINTING MACHINE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY HENRY HOOPER, PALL MALL, EAST;

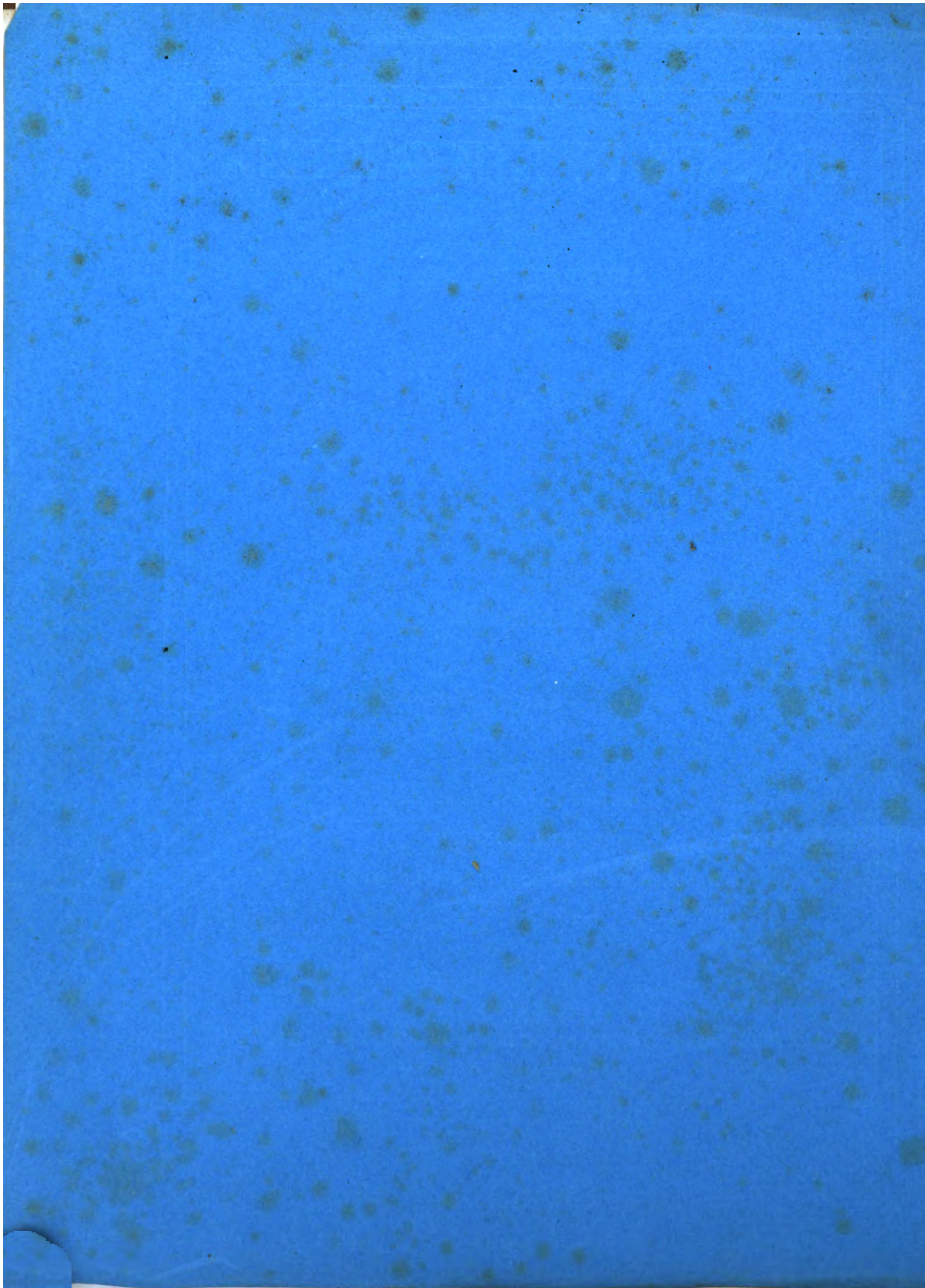
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Printed by W. J. Sears, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

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## A SKETCH BOOK OF LONDON LIFE.

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### INTRODUCTION.

Wonderful things have been done in our day by COMPARATIVE ANATOMY. The immortal CUVIER built it on certain great organic principles; and now the whole animal creation can be scientifically classed, and any one individual may be identified, and referred to its order, and suitably placed in the great system of nature.

We enter upon the LIFE OF LONDON in the spirit of Comparative Anatomy. Nay, we go beyond the Comparative Anatomist. He, by the aid of a *beak* and a *claw*, can build a skeleton, and clothe it with flesh. But we mean to do something more than merely exhibit a HEAD and a TOE. We place the MAN OF LONDON fairly on his legs before our readers; speechless he stands, yet does he gaze upon us "like a thing of life." By the MAN OF LONDON, we do not mean exclusively the creature known in popular phraseology as the COCKNEY. The Cockney is, indeed, *sui generis*, a creature peculiar, distinct, and marked: but the *pure* Cockney, like the Capercailzie, has nearly disappeared from our British Fauna, and is now rarely to be found, even in his accustomed haunts. Our LONDON MAN includes the Cockney, but it includes something more. We take a wide and comprehensive range; and in the living beings who animate London Streets, and London Buildings, we find a variety as wonderful as the Naturalist finds in creation. LONDON MAN constitutes a genus, but it is full of specific varieties; and in the markings of the delicate transitions of all these specific varieties will the skill of the artist be tested.

Proceeding upon the scientific principle, we arrange our LONDON MAN into groups or families, and exhibit them in their natural alliances. The discriminating observer, who can travel from "Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren," may marvel, for instance, wherein consists the finer shades and gradations that divide



our LONDON CARMEN from one another. Not so wonders the Comparative Anatomist. His eye, "in a fine phrenzy rolling," ascends from earth to heaven, and descends from heaven to earth, and even pierces "the waters that are under the earth." He can pick up a bone, a tooth, or even a pebbly fragment, and building a substantial, yet an airy world upon these, beholds the void air swarming with floating creatures, hears the earth resounding with the tread of huge beings, and discerns the seas teeming with enormous and innumerable life. To us LONDON is such a creation. Its streets, with their vehicles; the river, with its vessels; the crowded court with its character; the private dwelling, and the public place, pour forth multiform shapes, the same, yet how different. Not only do we gaze, and admire, but we contemplate, and we *draw*: we draw, but it is not a long bow; for, from the judge who sits in awful ermine, to the carman whose whip appears

"In air high-towering, with a boorish pomp,"

we discern living traits of life, which it is our object to convey to our readers in all their vividness and reality.

We proceed, then, in the descriptive spirit of science, to exhibit our first natural group or family of the LONDON MAN. Closely allied as they are, the attentive reader will at once perceive their specific distinctions; and we therefore proceed to delineate this open-air division of the MAN OF LONDON, under the general head of LONDON CARMEN, of which the leading and characteristic specimens are

THE WAREHOUSE CARMAN.  
THE BREWER'S DRAYMAN.  
THE COAL WAGGON DRIVER.  
THE DUST CARMAN.



## I.—THE WAREHOUSE CARMAN.

“ Honour to whom honour is due :” the WAREHOUSE CARMAN is the aristocrat of his tribe. Amongst the many “ Companies ” embedded in the CORPORATION OF LONDON, and which have come down to us from the infancy of our commerce, the COMPANY OF THE CARMEN stands pre-eminent, as being the only one that still preserves itself pure, by being composed exclusively of actual *professors* of its *mystery*. Foremost, then, amongst the Carmen stands the WAREHOUSE CARMAN, a man who considers that his profession honours him, as much as he honours it; and therefore he never falls below his business. The WAREHOUSE CARMAN is a proud man; his master may be Lord Mayor, and his horses look as if they had dined at the Mansion House, and had eaten turtle soup. At first sight, you may think that in no respect does he differ from any other specimen of “ whip-cord; ” he wears a “ shovel ” hat, is covered with a coarse over-all, and is buttoned to the knee. But look in the man’s face! See what a stern and thoughtful gravity reigns over his countenance: he carries weight, and feels his solidity. He is no “ joker of jokes,” like your volatile DUSTMAN, whose fun and frolic rise from him as light and airy as the particles in which he deals. No!—if the WAREHOUSE CARMAN emits a sarcasm, it seems to come from the profundity of a mind, stored not with rubbish or lumber, but, like his master’s warehouse, packed with precious bales and boxes. The importance of his calling has stamped his whole frame; and if he cannot say that “ grace is in all his steps,” there is at least a heavy dignity in every action, and a quiet self-assurance even in the curve of his little finger.

The WAREHOUSE CARMAN is to be found in all those narrow streets and lanes of the busy “ City,” where the foot passenger runs enormous risks, of being either jammed up against the wall by a wheel of surpassing breadth, or else tortured to death by the sight of a creaking crane, swinging a groaning burden over his devoted head. There stands the WAREHOUSE CARMAN, quiet, sedate, and watchful; and there, too, are his “ corporation ” horses, the companions of his toil. These horses are his fellow-servants and his friends; biped and quadrupeds look as if they had gone to school together, and had shared in sweet sympathy all the pleasures and troubles of life. But why talk of troubles to the WAREHOUSE CARMAN? He has

been in the same establishment, man and boy, for forty years; he remembers his master a Common Councilman, then he remembers him as Sheriff, and then he recollects his election as Alderman of the Ward, and proudly does he remember the glorious hospitality with which he kept his state as "King of the City." John touches his hat to his master, Sir John; but Sir John touches his heart to John, and master respects the man. It is an even chance that they are both of the same mind in politics and civic affairs, and record their votes together. But that arises from no servility in John; he knows his rights, and "knowing dares maintain them." How full and rich is the tone in which Sir John calls "John!"—how warmly affectionate and respectful is the reply—"Yes, Sir!"

The WAREHOUSE CARMAN is emphatically a *freeman*, and he feels it. See him on a Sunday! The dinner is brought from the baker's; children neatly dressed, and wife in matronly pride, are round the table: he has earned the goodly meal, and as he eats it declares that he "does'nt care nothing for no man!" There is no cold bravado in this; it is the honest expression of independence. After dinner, a brother "whip" drops in, according to promise, to "smoke his pipe," and share in a pot of "half-and-half," of which he pays his share, and would be insulted if he were not permitted. "John" and "Bill" talk of the times before London Docks were built, when the Allied Sovereigns dined at Guildhall, and when drays were driven across the Thames during the "great frost;" they can't understand the meaning of the Bankruptcy Court, and vote upstart establishments a nuisance; and thus puffing and talking, they spend a tranquil hour, and exhibit the WAREHOUSE CARMAN in the full enjoyment of that "leisure with respect," whereof the Latin is *otium cum dignitate*.













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## II.—THE BREWER'S DRAYMAN.

The BREWER'S DRAYMAN ranks next to the WAREHOUSE CARMAN in gravity and serious consideration. But the stern severity which reigns in the countenance of the one is tempered by a bland expression in the other. The WAREHOUSE CARMAN carries the weight of a great establishment on his shoulders, but the BREWER'S DRAYMAN only carries beer. That, however, is not enough to account for the specific difference. It is the atmosphere which is breathed by the BREWER'S DRAYMAN that imparts the mild serenity to a grave face; he drinks unadulterated "two-year old," and his spirit is kindly. You can but guess that the WAREHOUSE CARMAN is the master of a household, for his thoughts are as much with his warehouse as his home: but you are sure that the BREWER'S DRAYMAN is the father of a large family.

The BREWER'S DRAYMAN is to be found in all parts of the "great Metropolis." Sometimes you may detect him sitting side-saddle-wise on a huge brute, dragging after it a small wheel-less thing, on which is perched a very little barrel of beer. But the genuine BREWER'S DRAYMAN always looks as if he were ashamed of such a transaction as this. The barrel seems below him, as his elephant of a horse stalks onwards: while skittish beasts in gig or cart are very apt to take offence at the insult offered to their kind: for indeed to yoke a huge brewer's horse to a small concern without wheels, seems about as degrading as to harness men to a hackney coach. The BREWER'S DRAYMAN is therefore seen in his true light before a "licensed victualler's" door, dropping into the cellars vast hogsheads, full of that precious malt liquor, so dear to the people of London. And here let us remind the reader, that it is a sin to use the word "*water*" in a Brewery. Every liquid is "liquor;" the water tanks are "liquor" tanks; and we believe that rainy weather is "liquorish" weather.

From one single London Brewery, there are, on an average, no less than *a thousand barrels of beer* sent out daily; and at least one hundred and fifty fat sleek horses are employed in this labour. To be sure this Brewery is the largest in the world—Barclay, Perkins, & Co.; but London and its suburbs abound with Breweries, large and small. A visit to the Brewery of Barclay, Perkins, & Co. is indeed a

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### III.—THE COAL CARMAN.

The COAL CARMAN, *alias*, the COALHEAVER! Does not his slouching gait and knowing eye at once proclaim that we have entered another region, and breathe a different atmosphere? Independently as people may live in London, the great body of the middle classes are peculiarly within range of public opinion, and have much of their conduct controlled by the recollection of characters to sustain. The Warehouse Carman and the Brewer's Drayman belong to the outer circle of that middle class world; they walk in the light of responsibility. But the very high and the very low are your true independents: and who so independent as our COAL CARMAN? He is amenable to no law of opinion but that which prevails amongst his brethren; and whether he empties a sack of coals, drains a pot of porter, or drinks a glass of gin, he, in his own expressive phrase, "cocks his eye," smokes his pipe, and "does'nt care a fig for nobody."

But we are wrong in saying that the COALHEAVERS are beyond public opinion. Once a week the whole black and begrimed fraternity join in an universal demonstration, a triumphant testimony of respect. Every Sunday every COALHEAVER in the Metropolis draws on *white stockings*; and every Monday you may see them wandering uneasily about, the "lily white" of their brawny legs gartered with streaks of black: their looks testifying, that they find it difficult to settle down snugly into the dingyness of their own world of Coalheaverism, until they have fairly effaced the recollection of that other world, in honour of which they arrayed themselves in hebdomadal white.

The stranger who wishes to obtain a distant view of the region peculiar to the COALHEAVERS, may sail on the Thames, and mark its margin blackened by coal barges, moored at coal wharfs; or wandering through the "great artery" of London, he will see the men, their horses, and their waggons, suddenly emerging from "steep descents," and coming out into the open day of Fleet Street or the Strand. But he who wishes to hear the bittern boom must go down to the marsh; and he who wishes to study the COALHEAVERS in their native abodes, must go down to those seemingly out-of-the-way public houses, where they spend their spare money and their spare time, and drench themselves with beer. Here these "grim associates"

rough it altogether ; either splitting jokes as rough and indigestible as the landing planks of their coal barges, or else shouting lustily for a song, "with a jolly *Coal-box* to it," i. e. with a roaring chorus.

The **COAL CARMAN** is rarely to be found in the public streets, unless in his official capacity, with his waggon. When he takes a leisurely stroll, he selects the little bye-streets, where he can scramble along, without the annoyance of a crowd or of observation. His walk is peculiar; like a ship without ballast, he seems not to take the ground firmly, without a sack of coals on his shoulders. Yet, let no man be deceived by this appearance, and rashly venture a collision with a **COALHEAVER**. His walk may be shuffling, but his tread is secure ; and though his hands are thrust in his pockets, and his pipe in his mouth, he breasts the human tide with all the sturdiness of one who knows where he is going.

It is difficult to guess what the **COALHEAVER** is, when away from his coal wharf, his coal waggon, and his beer shop. In fact, it is impossible to view him abstractedly. He is essentially a "black diamond;" a man whose whole being's "end and aim" is to carry coals, drink beer, and smoke his pipe. Yet there are times when he is to be found away from his native soil, like a whale in an estuary. Once a party of Coalheavers were detected in St. Paul's Cathedral, and were keenly watched. They looked around with a seeming awe, as if they were not sure what to make of the interior of a structure, whose vast exterior towered over them daily. At last one whispered to the other, "My eyes, Tom, what lots o' **COALS** this here place would hold !"





by sundry acts of parliament; and the more cinders they can find in the dust, so much the better for themselves, and the worse for the housekeeper.

Come, let us gather round our cheerful hearth; how brightly the fire burns! we are consuming, first, the natural value of the coal as fuel; second, we are consuming the labour of the miner; third, we are consuming the expense of shipping it; fourth, we are consuming that which creates coal-ships, coal-sailors, coal-captains, coal-merchants, coal-dues, coal-heavers, coal-wharfs, and coal-waggons; and so away all is going, steam and smoke up the chimney, and ashes into the grate-pit. Marvellous ashes!—these, the last remnant of all this wonderful combination of human labour, are calling into existence another race, and giving life and activity to other groups of humanity. Marvellous ashes, indeed! they breathe life into our Dustmen, froth up their foaming tankards, fill their pipes, feed their wives and babies, and mark their faces with that broad and characteristic drollery, that peculiar aspect, a compound of grinning whimsicality and broad good-humour, for which the London Dustmen are famed far beyond the sound of even the big bell of St. Paul's. Who says that there is such a thing as annihilation? Let him come to London, and take a lesson from our Dustmen. They will show him a cinder amongst their ashes which has escaped over the careless kitchen maid's sifter, and then they will tell him that a few more such cinders will not only bake, but buy their Sunday's dinner. Annihilation, indeed! the trades of London discarded it, long before science disproved it.

Though these Dustmen have their regular wages from the parish contractors, they cannot get rid of an old idea, that they are performing an essential favour to each house they deliver; and so they never scruple to hint to Betty, that as she has taken the trouble to call them, she may as well give their compliments to "Missus," and they hope the "lady" will "jest" be good enough to give them a pot of porter among three. At Christmas, too, they go their rounds; and though one may be able to refuse fiddlers, pipers, lamplighters, and errand boys, who could refuse the Dustmen? "Ve are the reglar Dustmen, as has done the work o' this here parish for twenty year and more." Who could resist the appeal, especially when the "reglar Dustmen" stand in your presence? But it is in their favourite tap-room, that Dustmen in all their glory may be seen; pipes, and jokes, and mirth, are all jingling together; and when they strike up the chorus of the Dustman's song, you cannot but feel, that

"Even in their ashes live their wonted fires."





## CLASSES OF THE CAPITAL.

PART II.—To be published on the 1st of November, will contain the LONDON COACHMEN.

PART III.—1st of December, LIMBS OF THE LAW.

PART IV.—1st of January, REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SOVEREIGN.



## NEW ART.

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Messrs. STEPHEN SLY & Co. have the pleasure to announce, that they have become the Proprietors of

### MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S ROYAL LETTER'S PATENT

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### “CLASSES OF THE CAPITAL,”

and other forthcoming Works of a more elaborate character, in exemplification and proof of their statements. In these sketches of London Life, the broad clear tint, the massive shadow, the explanatory touch, even the accidental scrumbling—the very playfulness of the brush are distinctly portrayed, and may be traced and studied with as much clearness as in the originals themselves. The capabilities of this process are indeed most extensive and important:—from Raffaele to Cruikshank, from the Dutch School to the School of Design, there is no class of drawings and sketches—no vigorous “first thoughts” of the great masters, no drolleries or “moralities of the humourist, no graphic memoranda of the tourist, or composition of the ornamental designer, which it may not imitate in a style of unexampled accuracy, purity, and power.

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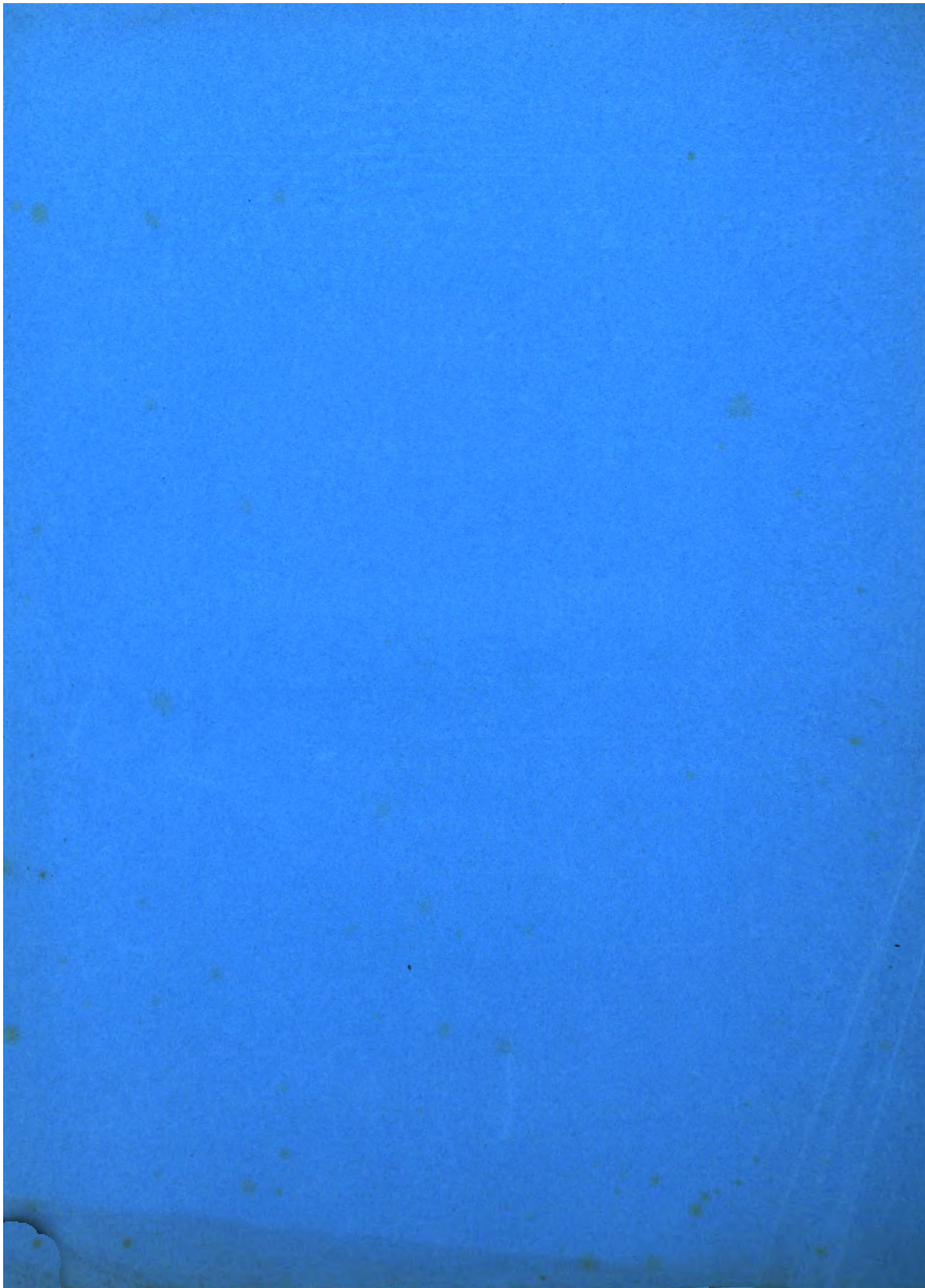
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LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY HENRY HOOPER, PALL MALL, EAST;

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## CHAPTER II.

### LONDON COACHMEN.

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#### I. THE QUEEN'S STATE COACHMAN.

Our first specimen of "LONDON COACHMEN" cannot be taken as the representative of a *Class*. He is unique—solitary and singular; the only "true and original" STATE COACHMAN in the empire. To be sure, in addition to the STATE COACH of the SOVEREIGN, as the first personage in the land, we have the State Coach of the SPEAKER of the House of Commons, as the first COMMONER of the kingdom, and the State Coach of the LORD MAYOR of London, as the first Citizen of the first city in the world. But the Coachman of the two latter illustrious individuals have other duties besides the driving of their State Coaches, whereas our ROYAL STATE COACHMAN is literally a State Coachman, whose sole business is to hold the reins on those great days and great occasions, when the SOVEREIGN goes forth in official procession.

The present ROYAL STATE COACHMAN is an old man, who has long been a conspicuous object on the stage of public affairs. At his own especial wish, he is still permitted to drive the eight cream-coloured horses, who know no other duty than that of being the honoured instruments of drawing the State Coach. Aged though he be, (nearly eighty, we understand), our ROYAL STATE COACHMAN cannot brook the idea of laying down the reins. One can sympathise with his feelings. He has driven the SOVEREIGN so long, that, like Sir Robert Walpole, he would be miserable were he to retire from office. The salary of the State Coachman is stated to be five hundred pounds per annum.

Times are changed indeed since ladies were usually mounted on pillions behind their lords, and even Queen Elizabeth rode behind her Chamberlain. We would stare to see QUEEN VICTORIA going down to Parliament, mounted behind a lord or even the PRINCE himself, and we would be apt to think it no very grand feature in a pageant. But whether being shut up in a State Coach is an improvement, must



be left to critics on outside shows. The State Coach carries us back to the times when coaches were still lumbering machines ; when *coach* and *couch* were still synonymous, and retained traces of their common origin ; when men rode on horse-back, and regarded a four-wheeled vehicle as fit only for baggage, or at least, but an improved *litter*, for the carriage of the sick and the effeminate. We might, indeed, easily raise a disquisition on the antiquity of the use of chariots for war and solemn show or royal state ; go back to old Egypt, and Homer, to Greece and Rome : but our business is not with the past, but the present. A *carriage* is peculiarly "the outward and visible sign" of our modern civilization—a notable token of social distinction and difference. Whatever may have been the feelings of man with relation to locomotion during that poetic time,

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

or whatever notions may have been associated with the chivalric time, when a gentleman, ever in the saddle, would have felt himself insulted had he been thrust into a coach : certain it is, that without a carriage no man can now be considered as standing within the "charmed circle" of wealth and station. The truth may be felt with ludicrous power, on some grand gala day, such as that of a COURT DRAWING ROOM. Carriage after carriage rolls onwards, coachmen and footmen in all the glory of livery, and the very carriages shining in all the elegance of modern taste and refinement. Lo, some unfortunate hackney coach is driven up, carrying "presentables" at Court, who have no carriage at command—not even the carriage of some good-natured friend. Such a downfall there is immediately in one's notions ! You never, till that moment, feel so intensely the value and importance of a carriage.

But we are forgetting our ROYAL STATE COACHMAN. There he is, sitting at the very top of the tree of his profession. He looks like a man who feels that he has a "vested interest" in his seat ; in his long official lifetime he has been used to a slow and solemn pace, and would be apt to scorn a smart whip who would undertake to drive four-in-hand round a drawing-room without damaging the furniture. Can we wonder that he feels himself a "man of mark" in a procession ? George the Third once asked a Courtier if he had obtained a good view of a royal procession to St. Paul's. He had. "Then," replied the King, "you had the advantage of me, for I saw only the coachman and the horses !"





## II. THE GENTLEMAN'S COACHMAN.

If we take a "Carriage" to be a peculiar indication of our modern civilization, then unquestionably LONDON is the head quarters of modern civilization. No where else is carriage building carried to such a point of minute perfection. The application of skill, and the subdivision of labour applied to the manufacture, are very great—a fact which may be proved by the bare enumeration of the artists and workmen employed. Of artists, there are draughtsmen, designers, and herald-painters; of skilled labourers, there are body-makers, carriage-makers, carvers, smiths, trimmers, painters, brace and harness-makers, spring-makers, and others; and through the agency of other tradesmen, the London carriage-maker employs lamp-makers, blind-makers, wheel-wrights, trunk-makers, joiners, turners, lace-makers, curriers, japanners, ivory-workers, platers, chasers, embroiderers, cloth-workers, silk-weavers, glass-makers, screw, nail, and lock-makers, metal-workers, generally, carpet-weavers, floor-cloth-makers, water-proof cloth-makers, cotton-workers, tanners, morocco-dressers, hemp and flax-workers, glue-makers, colour and varnish-makers, and others who do not work exclusively for carriage-builders.

But our business is not with carriage builders, but with carriage drivers. Colonel Sykes considered, that "the support of each private carriage, including horses, servant, liveries, duty, wear and tear, costs above £250. per annum." At this rate, a man with an income annually of £1000, might keep his carriage: though, in the language of the Stock Exchange, it would leave a narrow "margin" for operations. The very great number, however, who either reside occasionally or permanently in London, whose incomes exceed annually the sum we have mentioned, give an ample opportunity to the private COACHMAN for the exercise of his calling.

The PRIVATE COACHMAN belongs to a class widely diffused, and largely diversified, from the multifarious functionary who drives the family vehicle and waits at the family table, to the lordly "director" of a lordly machine, who would scorn to clean down his own horses. In a nobleman's establishment, where every thing is maintained on a magnificent scale, the COACHMAN is one of the most important and comfortable of the numerous retinue of servants. He presides over a little establishment of his own; his horses and coach, as well as the stables, are all tended by

“ helps ;” the COACHMAN’S business is solely to drive his vehicle. No wonder, therefore, that he waxes fat, and looks forth from his elevated position with an aspect of stolid gravity. It may easily be seen, that he claims a blood-relationship with the ROYAL STATE COACHMAN, and would not consider his merits overrated were he promoted to the post himself. Be this as it may, he is very comfortable where he is : eighty pounds a year, with a luxurious life and warm livery, are not bad compensations for driving a coach occasionally in fair weather.

The “ West end” is, of course, the locality of the GENTLEMAN’S COACHMAN when “ in town.” Sometimes he may drive into “ the City,” but it is straight to the Bank or the India House. He knows nothing of the sinuosities of the huge metropolis, and regards, with a combination of contempt and wonder, the dexterity of a cabriolet driver or a hackney coachman in threading with ease the manifold “ needles’-eyes” that occur in our crowded streets. But he is at home in the squares ; he is familiar with Regent Street ; and he wheels his carriage with aristocratic coolness through the gateway into Hyde Park. On Court days, too, he shines amongst his fellows ; and though sometimes at the Opera-House his blood is apt to warm when a saucy policeman orders him to move on, he recollects that he has a character to maintain, checks the wrath of Tom the Footman, and drawing up to receive his charge, rolls homewards, the most dignified of liverymen.





### III. THE SHORT STAGE COACHMAN.

In the SHORT STAGE COACHMAN we are introduced to one who is emphatically, a representation of LONDON COACHMEN, one of London's own. He has, of late years, been much supplanted by the omnibus driver ; or rather, changing with the changing times, he has merged the one character in the other. The individual we present to our readers, however, is homogeneous ; he is no admixture of the two characters, but distinctly a SHORT STAGE COACHMAN—one of that marked species, now going out, who congregated at the FLOWER POT in Bishopsgate Street, or the WHITE HORSE, Piccadilly. At such noted places as those we have named, the SHORT STAGES running short distances from the metropolis were and are still to be found ; and though the multiplicity of omnibuses may now render the Londoner comparatively careless as to time, being generally sure of a conveyance at all hours, whether going east, west, north, or south ; still, the SHORT STAGES, starting at set times, are far from being superseded, nor is the SHORT STAGE COACHMAN, with his peculiar "Jehu" aspect, yet put out of countenance by the more modernised omnibus driver.

From a calculation made with care by the writer some little time ago, it was estimated that there were then 850 SHORT STAGES and OMNIBUSES licensed to run through the streets of London, and to short distances from it. These ply between the different extremities of the metropolis, taking the leading thoroughfares ; or they run to subordinate villages and districts, eight, twelve, or sixteen miles distant from the centre of the City. Some made two, four, and six journies daily ; others eight, ten, and twelve. Allowing them, on an average, eight journies each, the number of vehicles would give 6,800 journies daily ; and calculating that on each journey, there were ten passengers carried (a moderate average, taking into account the frequent changes of passengers on some of the routes), we have no less than 68,000 persons daily availing themselves of these conveyances. The fares of such as run short distances from town, vary from one to two shillings, but those that run on certain great thoroughfares through London charge only sixpence. Supposing each passenger to pay, on an average ninepence, for each journey, we have £2,550., or £3. to each SHORT STAGE and omnibus, daily ; an expenditure amounting to three quarters of a million annually. But excluding omnibuses which ply *in* and



*through* London, we have about 600 SHORT STAGES, going distances varying from eight to sixteen miles, of which about 400, at least, are permanently running; and if they carry, on an average, nine passengers each, there may be 3600 (say 4000) individuals daily entering and leaving London by SHORT STAGES. This, of course, has nothing to do with the very great number entering and leaving London daily by private vehicles, or other modes of conveyance.

The artist has indicated the compound character of the SHORT STAGE COACHMAN by two circumstances—the rose in his button-hole and the glass of hot gin in his hand. Here we have a rough emblem of a suburban carrier of Cockneys—one whose standing joke for a quarter of a century has been, that he can carry peas to Hammersmith and “Turn-em” green (Turnham Green). Perhaps, on the whole, he is a superior character to the mere omnibus driver. The latter is too often excited by liquor and competition, and dashes along the crowded thoroughfares, to the great risk of all in his way: but the SHORT STAGE COACHMAN is less reckless, though not less partial to “a drop.” His “customers” are not unfrequently well known to him; he can calculate on this old gentleman or that old lady going into town at least once or twice a week, and sometimes has “regulars,” for whom he reserves seats daily; and being therefore not only known but *knowing*, he has a motive for care as well as civility and attention, which frequently fails to reach the mind of the more indiscriminate omnibus driver, or his companion the “conductor.” But in weighing the faults of these men, we must not forget that not a few of them are exceedingly civil in their demeanour, nor omit to take into account their defective education, which is wholly of an external nature, scarcely ever leading them to *reflect*, while the inducements to drinking, arising from their out-door life, or the changes of the atmosphere, and the temptations of small sums of money rapidly passing through their hands, cannot be without their influence on their characters.





#### IV. THE HACKNEY COACHMAN.

It is a current belief—and it is so stated in our London histories—that the term *Hackney* Carriage was derived from the suburban village of Hackney. This place, which is now almost as much a part of the metropolis as Islington, was amongst the earliest of the rural retreats of the London Merchants, and horses for hire to “ride to Hackney,” used to stand in the City. When carriages came into use, the term, it is said, passed to hired carriages. Another etymology, however, is thus given.

*Haquenée* means, in French, a strong little horse, one, like our cobs or galloways, easy to mount, and to manage, and which were usually let out on hire before carriages came into use. When the great and wealthy began to have equipages, the owners of *haquenées* found out that two or three persons could be accommodated as well as one, by attaching the animals to rude vehicles, and making them beasts of draught. These new vehicles were called *coches-à-haquenée*, hackney coaches, a term which has remained with us, though in France it was superseded by *fiacre*.

Coaches let for hire were first established in England in 1625. They did not stand in the streets but at the principal inns. In 1637, upwards of two centuries ago, there were, in London and Westminster, fifty Hackney Coaches, and, until after the commencement of the present century, Hackney Coaches and Sedan Chairs were the only public conveyances in use in the streets of the Metropolis. In 1820 Cabriolets, an importation from Paris, made their appearance; their novelty caused them to be quite a “rage,” and though unsafe conveyances, they were not superseded by better constructed vehicles until about the year 1837.

In 1826 the number of hackney coaches and cabriolets in the Metropolis was 1150, paying a duty of £2. per lunar month for each, which produced, including fines, £29,392. In 1827 and 1828 the number was exactly 1200; and in 1829 and 1830 the number was 1265, producing a yearly duty of £32,000. Omnibuses were introduced in 1830, ten years after cabriolets; and though they have interfered with hackney coaches, they have also materially—we might say prodigiously—increased the number who avail themselves of other locomotives, than that natural mode of conveyance, which is “vulgarly” known in London as the “Marrowbone Stage.”

But notwithstanding the increase of omnibuses, hackney coaches have also greatly increased, there being upwards of 1700 licensed in the metropolis. From their numbers, the competition is great, and their earnings precarious, and often small in amount. The proprietors of hackney coaches require from a guinea to twenty-five shillings a day from the drivers, a sum not always earned, though to it has to be added their own remuneration.

There is a well-known engraving, "The Disputed Fare," which exhibits the Hackney Coachman in a light by which he is best known. But the HACKNEY COACHMEN of London are not all extortioners. Every one who has been in the habit of employing them has met with rudeness, incivility, and especially attempts to overcharge, accompanied by insulting and bullying language. But he has also met with civility, with deference, and with thankfulness for fair fares; and when it is considered that in London one may "call a coach" at any hour, and that the HACKNEY COACHMAN waits the call, not only during the throng of the busy day, but also during, not the "silent" but the less stirring "watches of the night," we must not rashly join in a sweeping condemnation of our Hackney Coachmen.

Once we met such a HACKNEY COACHMAN as we here present to the reader. It was a fine spring morning; and it was Sunday. Having employed him occasionally, his person was recognised, and he was greeted with "Hilloa, John, not out with the old coach to-day? Why, all London will be out of doors!" With a quiet expression, he replied, "No, Sir, I never goes out of a Sunday, and I don't think I'm a bit the worse of it." Here was a *man*—one who acted on his convictions of what he considered to be right, and resisted the doing of what he considered to be wrong, even under the force of a pecuniary temptation. Such a man would never disgrace his *badge*.







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