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REAL LIFE IN  
LONDON

BY  
PIERCE EGAN

VOL. I

WITH 34 COLOURED  
PLATES BY  
ALKEN AND  
ROWLANDSON

*Methuen and Co., London*

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# REAL LIFE IN LONDON

OR, THE RAMBLES AND ADVENTURES OF BOB TALLYHO, ESQ.,  
AND HIS COUSIN, THE HON. TOM DASHALL,  
THROUGH THE METROPOLIS;  
EXHIBITING A LIVING PICTURE OF FASHIONABLE  
CHARACTERS,  
MANNERS, AND AMUSEMENTS IN HIGH AND LOW  
LIFE **By an AMATEUR [Pierce Egan]** "Tis pleasant through  
the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."  
—Cowper

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EMBELLISHED AND ILLUSTRATED WITH A SERIES OF  
COLOURED PRINTS, DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED  
BY MESSRS. HEATH, AIKEN, DIGHTON,  
ROWLANDSON, ETC.

VOLUME I

A NEW EDITION

METHUEN & CO.  
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COLOURED PRINTS, DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY MESSRS.  
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**Part 1** A NEW EDITION METHUEN & CO. LONDON NOTE This  
Issue, first published in 1905, is founded on the Edition

FRONTISPIECE.

Vcl. I



*Designed by H. Alken, Esq.*

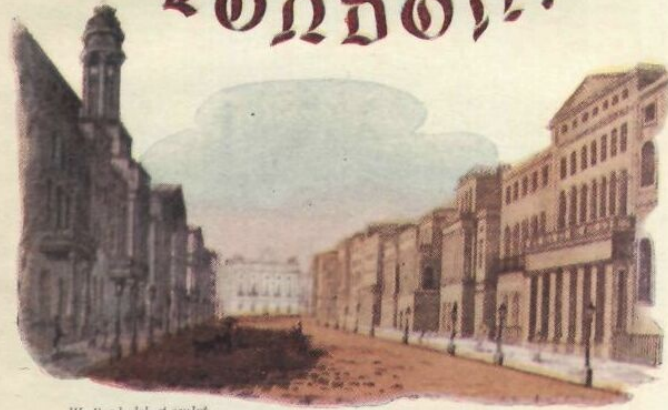
THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS  
presented to Public Exhibition, throughout  
REAL LIFE IN LONDON.

REAL

LIFE

IN

LONDON.



*W. Rea, del. et sculpt.*

*View of Regent Street from Waterloo Place*

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## COLOR PLATES

[Click on any image to enlarge it to full size.]



*DRIVING HORSE. From and Plot in search of the Antiquary*



HYDE PARK, Tom and his Cousins' backing amongst the Blacks in BOSTON BAY.



EPHRAIM RACES, Showing that how to drive is not the best way.

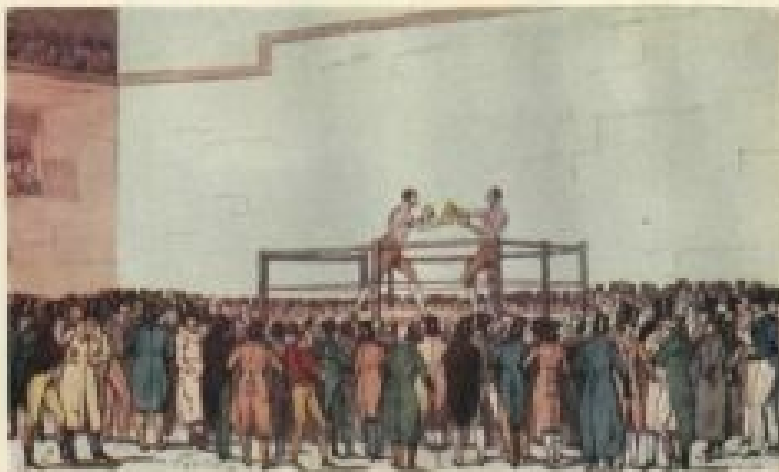


SEVEN RACES, Tom & Bob taking a peep at REAL CHARACTER in the Street they



Designed by Wm. Wood

*TOM & BOB, in Memphis, Memphis and Washington being that of the Black leaders  
members for Young Men's Christian and National Board*



Painted by Wm. Wood

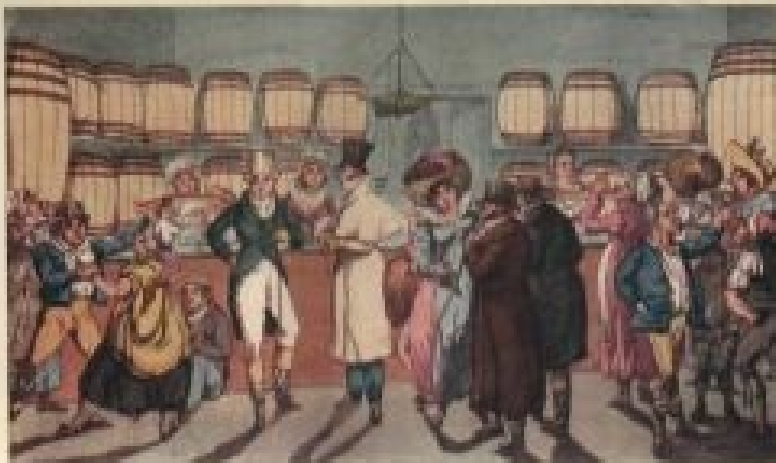
*FIVEA COUNT Tom & Bob's bulging back off among the others*



*THE KINGS LEVER, Tom & Bob grasping their Country at the Expense of their pocket*



THE RACE *Carrying a Charley Popping*



BLACK MARKET *Tom & Dick buying Suspicious Goods*



THE GREAT BALL *Charles & the Countess, Dick & the Lady, or Henry & the Baroness*



ALWAYS *Tom & Dick, springing their game in a Fancy Dance Ball*





TATTERSALLS. Tom and Bob looking out for a good one among the deep ones



HARVEY SCOTT.



TOM & BOB among the Cattle, Horses and Dogging that race



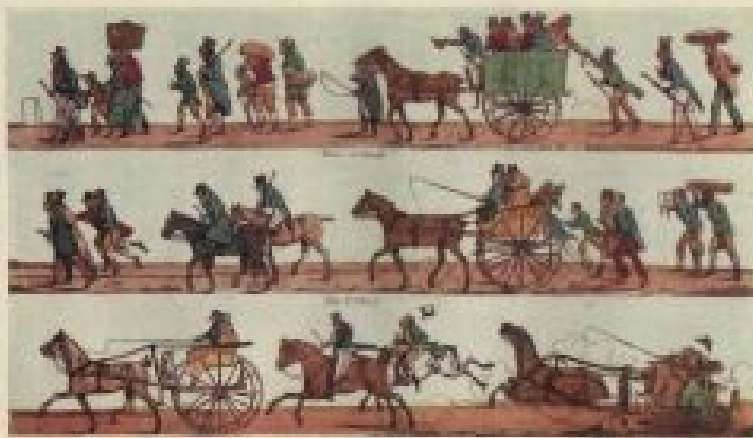
YARROWFORD HORSELEY HOUSE. Tom & Bob among the Cattle fair



TIM & BOB taking a stroll down Daisy Lane & for the Money



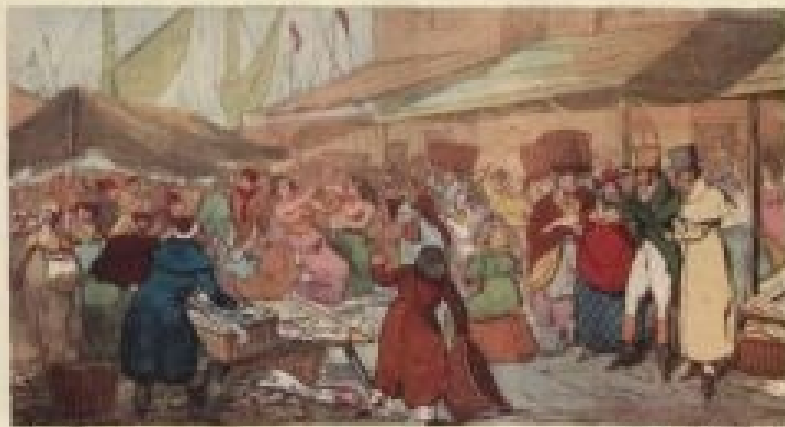
ST EDWARD'S DAY, PRESENTATION AT THE LECTER.



- 1. Man on Horse
- 2. Man on Horse
- 3. Man on Horse

ROAD TO A FIGHT. Part 1.

- 4. Man on Horse
- 5. Man on Horse
- 6. Man on Horse



BILLINGSGATE Two K. P. B. taking a Survey after our Rights of Access



ARCOY BAKES. *Tom & Bob winning the day with fine achievement*



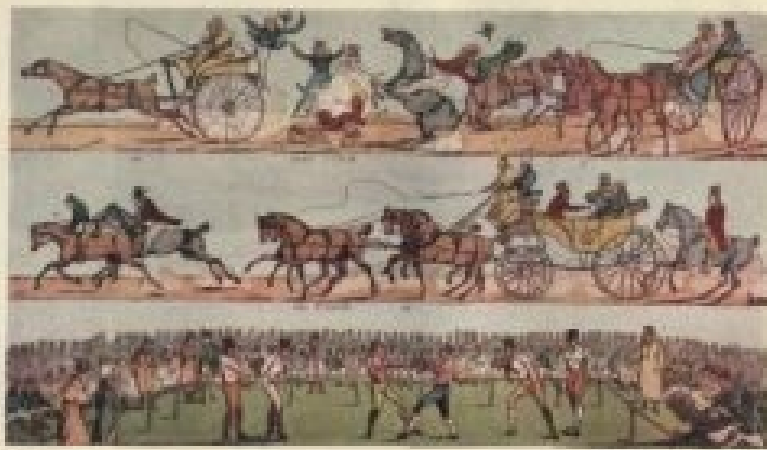
POLITICAL DINNER. *Tom & Bob taking a lesson in the Constitution of our country*



TOM & BOB. *at a grand ball*



THE COUNTRY SQUIRE taking a part of CHARLEY'S TELLS THE WESTMINSTER. *Under the performance of the old school*



- 1. Starting line.
- 2. Start of race.
- 3. All right.

ROAD TO A FIGHT, Plate 7.

- 4. Start of race in the spirit.
- 5. First and last stage of the race.
- 6. The day.



A PRIVATE TURN-UP, in the Drawing Room of a Noble Marquis.



MASQUERADE. Tom and Bob, keeping it up in real character!



ROLL A FEW THINGS. Bob holding what was found in the carriage.



---

## Contents

[LIST OF THE PLATES](#)

[REAL LIFE IN LONDON](#)

[CHAPTER I](#)

[CHAPTER II](#)

[CHAPTER III](#)

[CHAPTER IV](#)

[CHAPTER V](#)

[CHAPTER VI](#)

[CHAPTER VII](#)

[CHAPTER VIII](#)

[CHAPTER IX](#)

[CHAPTER X](#)

[CHAPTER XI](#)  
[CHAPTER XII](#)  
[CHAPTER XIII](#)  
[CHAPTER XIV](#)  
[CHAPTER XV](#)  
[CHAPTER XVI](#)  
[CHAPTER XVII](#)  
[CHAPTER XVIII](#)  
[CHAPTER XIX](#)  
[CHAPTER XX](#)  
[CHAPTER XXI](#)  
[CHAPTER XXII](#)  
[CHAPTER XXIII](#)  
[CHAPTER XXIV](#)  
[CHAPTER XXV](#)  
[CHAPTER XXVI](#)  
[CHAPTER XXVII](#)

**VOLUME II.**

[CHAPTER I](#)  
[CHAPTER II](#)  
[CHAPTER III](#)  
[CHAPTER IV](#)  
[CHAPTER V](#)  
[CHAPTER VI](#)  
[CHAPTER VII](#)  
[CHAPTER VIII](#)  
[CHAPTER IX](#)  
[CHAPTER X](#)  
[CHAPTER XI](#)  
[CHAPTER XII](#)  
[CHAPTER XIII](#)  
[CHAPTER XIV](#)  
[CHAPTER XV](#)  
[CHAPTER XVI](#)  
[CHAPTER XVII](#)  
[CHAPTER XVIII](#)  
[CHAPTER XIX](#)  
[CHAPTER XX](#)  
[CHAPTER XXI](#)  
[CHAPTER XXII](#)  
[CHAPTER XXIII](#)  
[CHAPTER XXIV](#)  
[CHAPTER XXV](#)  
[CHAPTER XXVI](#)  
[CHAPTER XXVII](#)

[CHAPTER XXVIII](#)

[CHAPTER XXIX](#)

[CHAPTER XXX](#)

[CHAPTER XXXI](#)

[CHAPTER XXXII](#)

[CHAPTER XXXIII](#)

[CHAPTER XXXIV](#)

---

## List of Illustrations

[Titlepage1](#)

[Frontispiece](#)

[Titlepage](#)

[Page16 Hyde-park](#)

[Page44 Epsom Racers](#)

[Page71 Fives Court](#)

[Page79 The Kings Levee](#)

[Page92 Catching a Charley Napping](#)

[Page130 Drury Lane Theatre](#)

[Page138 Tom and Bob at Drury Lane](#)

[Page160 Tattersall's](#)

[Page196 A Modern Hell](#)

[Page240 Somerset House](#)

[Page286 Road to a Fight](#)

[Page298 Real Life at Billingsgate](#)

[Page385 Political Dinner](#)

[Page387 The Country Squire](#)

[Page390 Grand Coronation Dinner](#)

[Page398 Road to a Fight](#)

[Page402 A Private Turn-up](#)

[Page410 Masquerade](#)

## VOLUME II.

[Page10 British Museum](#)

[Page46 King's Bench](#)

[Page62 Public House](#)

[Page130 Blue Ruin Shop](#)

[Page148 Almacks](#)

[Page196 Easter Hunt](#)

[Page200 Donkey Cart Race](#)

[Page250.jpg Drury Lane](#)

[Page233.jpg St. George's Day](#)

[Page349 Ascot Races](#)

[Page386 at a Party](#)

CONTENTS:

Chapter I.

*Seduction from rural simplicity, page 2. Pleasures of the table, 3. Overpowering oratory, 4. A warm dispute, 5. Amicable arrangement, 6.*

Chapter II.

*Philosophical reflections, 7. A great master, 8. Modern jehuism, 9. A coach race, 10. A wood-nymph, 11. Improvements of the age, 12. An amateur of fashion, 13. Theatrical criticism, 14. Reflections, 15.*

Chapter III.

*Hyde Park, and its various characters, 16. Sir F—s B—tt, 22. Delightful reverie, 23.*

Chapter IV.

*Fresh game sprung, 24. Lord C—e, alias Coal-hole George, 25. Rot at Carlton Palace, 28. Once-a-week man, 29. Sunday promenader, 30. How to raise the wind, 31. Lord Cripplegate and his Cupid, 32. Live fish, 33. Delicacy, 34. A breathless visitor, 35.*

Chapter V.

*A fashionable introduction, 36. A sparkling subject, 37. The true spur to genius, 38. An agreeable surprise, 39. A serious subject, 40. A pleasant fellow, 41. Lively gossip, 42. Living in style, 43. Modern good breeding, 45. Going to see "you know who," 46.*

Chapter VI.

*Early morning amusements, 47. Frightening to death, 48. Improvements of the age, 49. Preparing for a swell, 50. The acmé of barberism, 51. A fine specimen of the art, 52. Duels by Cupid and Apollo, 53. Fashionable news continued, 54. Low niggardly notions, 55. Scenes from Barber-Ross-a, 56. A snip of the superfine, 59. The enraged Managers, 60. Cutting out, and cutting up, 61. The whipstitch mercury, 62. All in the wrong again, 63. A Venus de Medicis, 64. Delicacy alarmed, 65.*

Chapter VII.

*Preparing for a ramble, 66. A man of the town, 67. Bond Street, 68. A hanger on, 70. A man of science, 71. Dandyism, 72. Dandy heroism, 74. Inebriety reprov'd, 75. My uncle's card, 76. St. James's Palace, 77. Pall Mall-Waterloo Place, etc., 79. An Irish Paddy, 80. Incorrigible prigs, 81. A hue and cry, 82. A capture, 83. A wake, with an Irish howl, 84. Vocabulary of the new school, 85. Additional company, 87.*

Chapter VIII.

*Public Office, Bow Street, 88. Irish generosity, 89. A bit of gig, 90. "I loves fun," 91. A row with the Charleys, 92. Judicial sagacity, 93. Watch-house scenes, 94. A rummish piece of business, 95. The Brown Bear well baited, 96. Somerset House, 97. An importunate customer, 99. Peregrinations proposed, 100.*

Chapter IX.

*The Bonassus, 101. A Knight of the New Order, 102. Medical quacks, 103. Medical (not Tailors') Boards, 105. Superlative modesty, 106. Hard pulling and blowing, 107. Knightly medicals, 108. Buffers and Duffers, 109. Extremes of fortune, 110. Signs of the Times, 111. Expensive spree, 112. The young Cit, 113. All in confusion, 115. Losses and crosses, 116. Rum customers, 117. A genteel hop, 118. Max and music, 119. Amateurs and actors, 120. A well-known character, 121. Championship, 122. A grand spectacle, 123. Adulterations, 124. More important discoveries, 125. Wonders of cast-iron and steam, 126. Shops of the new school, 127. Irish paper-hanging, 128.*

Chapter X.

*Heterogeneous mass, 129. Attractions of the theatre, 130.*



Tragedy talk, 131. Authors and actors, 132. Chancery injunctions, 133. Olympic music, 134. Dandy larks and sprees, 135. The Theatre, 136. Its splendid establishment, 137. Nymphs of the saloon, 138. Torments of love and gout, 139. Prostitution, 140. A shameful business, 141. Be gone, dull care, 142. Convenient refreshment, 143. A lushy cove, 144. The sleeper awake, 145. All on lire, 146. A short parley, 147.

#### Chapter XI.

Fire, confusion and alarm, 148. Snuffy tabbies and boosy kids, 149. A cooler for hot disputes, 150. An overturned Charley, 151. Resurrection rigs, 152. Studies from life, 154. An agreeable situation, 155. A nocturnal visit to a lady, 156. Sharp's the word, 157. Frolicsome fellows, 158. Retirement, 159.

#### Chapter XII.

Tattersall's, 160. Friendly dealings, 161. Laudable company, 162. The Sportsman's exchange, 163. An unlimited order, 164. How to ease heavy pockets, 165. Body-snatchers and Bum-traps, 166. The Sharps and the Flats, 167. A secret expedition, 168. A pleasant rencontre, 169. Accommodating friends, 170. The female banker, 171. A buck of the first cut, 172. A highly finished youth, 173. An addition to the party, 174.

#### Chapter XIII.

A promenade, 175. Something the matter, 176. Quizzical hits, 177. London friendship, 178. Fashion versus Reason, 179. Dinners of the Ton, 180. Brilliant mob of a ball-room, 181. What can the matter be? 182. Something-A-Miss, 183.

#### Chapter XIV.

The centre of attraction, 185. The circulating library, 186. Library wit, 187. Fitting on the cap, 188. Breaking up, 189. Gaming, 190. Hells-Greeks-Black-legs, 191. How to become a Greek, 192. Valuable instructions, 193. Gambling-house à la Française, 194. Visitors' cards, 195. Opening scene, 196. List of Nocturnal Hells, 197. Rouge et Noir Tables, 198. Noon-day Hells, 199. Hell broke up, and the devil to pay, 200. A story, 202. Swindling Jews, 205. Ups and downs, 206. High fellows, 207. Mingled company, 208. Severe studies, 209.

#### Chapter XV.

Newspaper recreations, 210. Value of Newspapers, 211. Power of imagination, 212. Rich bill of fare, 213. Proposed Review of the Arts, 214. Demireps and Cyprians, 215. Dashing characters, 216. Female accommodations, 217. Rump and dozen, 218. Maggot race for a hundred, 219. Prime gig, larks and sprees, 220. Female jockeyship, 221. Delicate amusements for the fair sex, 222. Female life in London, 224. Ciphers in society, 225. Ciphers of all sorts, 226. Hydraulics, 227. Watery humours, 228. General street engagement, 229. Harmony restored, 230.

#### Chapter XVI.

The double disappointment, 231. Heading made easy, 232. Exhibition of Engravings, 233. How to cut a dash, 235. Dashing attitude, costume, etc., 236. A Dasher-Street-walking, etc., 237. Dancing—"all the go," 238. Exhibition, Somerset House, 239. Royal Academy, Somerset House, 240. The Sister Arts, 241. Character-Caricature, etc., 242. Moral tendency of the Arts, 243. Fresh game sprung, 244. Law and Lawyers, 245. Law qualifications, 247. Benchers, 248. Temple Libraries-Church, 249. St. Dunstan's Bell-thumpers, 250. Political Cobbler, 251. Coffee-houses, 252. Metropolitan accommodations, 253. Chop-house delights and recreations, 254. Daffy's Elixir, Blue Ruin, etc., 256. The Queen's gin-shop, 257.

#### Chapter XVII.

Globe Coffee-house, 258. A humorous sort of fellow, 259. A Punster, 260. Signals and Signs, 261. Disconcerted Professors, 262. A learned Butcher, 263. A successful stratagem, 264. A misconception, 265. A picture of London, 266. All in high glee, 268.

#### Chapter XVIII.

A Slap at Slop, 269. A Nondescript, 270. Romanis, 271. Bow steeple-Sir Chris. Wren, 272. The Temple of Apollo, 273. Caricatures, 274. Rich stores of literature, 275. Pulpit oratory, 276. Seven reasons, 277. Street impostors and impositions, 278. Impudent beggars, 280. Wise men of the East, 281. A Royal Visitor and Courtier reproved, 282. Confusion of tongues, 284. Smoking and drinking, 285.

*Knights of the Round Table, 286. The joys of milling, 287. Noses and nosegays, 288. A Bumpkin in town, 289. Piggish propensities, 290. Joys of the bowl, 291.*

*Chapter XIX.*

*Jolly boys, 292. Dark-house Lane, 293. A breeze sprung up, 294. Business done in a crack, 295. Billingsgate, 296. Refinements in language, 297. Real Life at Billingsgate, 298. The Female Fancy, 299. The Custom House, Long Room, etc., 300. Greeting mine host, 302. A valuable customer, 303. A public character, 304.*

*Chapter xx.*

*The Tower of London, 305. Confusion of titles, 306. Interior of the Trinity House, 307. Rag Fair commerce, 308. Itinerant Jews and Depredators, 309. Lamentable state of the Jews, 310. Duke's Place and Synagogue, 311. Portuguese Jews, 312. Bank of England, 313. An eccentric character, 314. Lamentable effects of forgery, 315. Singular alteration of mind, 316. Imaginary wealth, 317. Joint Stock Companies, 318. Auction Mart-Courtois, 319. Irresistible arguments, 320. Wealth without pride, 321. Royal Exchange, 322. A prophecy fulfilled, 323. Lloyd's-Gresham Lecture, etc., 324. The essential requisite, 325. Egress by storm, 326.*

*Chapter XXI.*

*Incident "ad infinitum," 327. A distressed Poet, 328. Interesting calculations, 329. Ingenuity in puffing, 330. Blacking maker's Lauréat, 331. Miseries of literary pursuits, 332. Suttling house, Horse Guards, 333. Merits of two heroes, 334. Hibernian eloquence, 335. A pertinacious Disputant, 336. Peace restored-Horse Guards, 337. Old habits-The Miller's horse, 338. Covent Garden-Modern Drury, 339. A more than Herculean labour, 340. Police Office scene, 341. Bartholomew Fair, 342. A Knight of the Needle, 343. Variance of opinion, 344. A visit to the Poet, 345. Produce of literary pursuits, 346. Quantum versus Quality, 347. Publishing by subscription, 348. Wealth and ignorance, 349. Mutual gratification, 350.*

*Chapter XXII.*

*Symptoms of alarm, 351. Parties missing, 352. A strange world, 353. Wanted, and must come, 354. Expectation alive, 355. A cure for melancholy, 356. Real Life a game, 357. The game over, 358. Money-dropping arts, 359. Dividing a prize, 360. The Holy Alliance broke up, 361. New method of Hat catching, 362. Dispatching a customer, 363. Laconic colloquy, 364. Barkers, 365. A mistake corrected, 366. Pawnbrokers, 367. The biter bit, 368. Miseries of prostitution, 369. Wardrobe accommodations, 370. New species of depredation, 371.*

*Chapter XXIII.*

*The Lock-up House, 372. Real Life with John Doe, etc., 373. Every thing done by proxy, 374. Lottery of marriage, 375. Sharp-shooting and skirmishing, 376. A fancy sketch, 377. The universal talisman, 378. Living within bounds, 379. How to live for ten years, 380. An accommodating host, 381. Life in a lock-up house, 382.*

*Chapter XXIV.*

*A successful election, 383. Patriotic intentions, 384. Political dinner, 385. Another bear-garden, 386. Charley's theatre, 387. Bear-baiting sports, 388. The coronation, 389. Coronation splendour, 390.*

*Chapter XXV.*

*Fancy sports, 392. Road to a fight, 393. New sentimental journey, 394. Travelling chaff, 395. Humours of the road, 396. Lads of the fancy, 397. Centre of attraction, 398. A force march, 399. Getting to work, 400. True game, 401. The sublime and beautiful, 402. All's well-good night, 403.*

*Chapter XXVI.*

*Promenading reflections, 404. Anticipation, 405. Preliminary observations, 406. Characters in masquerade, 407. Irish sympathy, 408. Whimsicalities of character, 409. Masquerade characters, 410. The watchman, 411. New characters, 412. The sport alive, 413. Multifarious amusements, 414. Doctors disagree, 415. Israelitish honesty, 416.*

*Chapter XXVII.*

*Ideal enjoyments, 417. A glance at new objects, 418. Street-walking nuisances, 419. Cries of London-Mud-larks, etc., 420. The Monument, 421. London Stone, 422. General Post-Office, 423. Preparations for returning, 424. So endeth the*

## REAL LIFE IN LONDON

### CHAPTER I

*Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;  
How sweet with a bottle and song to refresh,  
And lose the fatigues of the day.  
With sport, wit, and wine, fickle fortune defy,  
Dull 'wisdom all happiness sours;  
Since Life is no more than a passage at best,  
Let's strew the way over with flowers.*

"THEY order these things better in London," replied the Hon. Tom Dashall, to an old weather-beaten [1] sportsman, who would fain have made a convert of our London *Sprig of Fashion* to the sports and delights of rural life. The party were regaling themselves after the dangers and fatigues of a very hard day's fox-chace; and, while the sparkling glass circulated, each, anxious to impress on the minds of the company the value of the exploits and amusements in which he felt most delight, became more animated and boisterous in his oratory—forgetting that excellent regulation which forms an article in some of the rules and orders of our "*Free and Easies*" in London, "that no more than three gentlemen shall be allowed to speak at the same time." The whole party, consisting of fourteen, like a pack in full cry, had, with the kind assistance of the "rosy god," become at the same moment most animated, not to say vociferous, orators. The young squire, Bob Tally ho, (as he was called) of Belville Hall, who had recently come into possession of this fine and extensive domain, was far from feeling indifferent to the pleasures of a sporting life, and, in the chace, had even acquired the reputation of being a "keen sportsman:" but the regular intercourse which took place between him and his cousin, the Hon. Tom Dashall, of Bond Street notoriety, had in some measure led to an indecision [2] of character, and often when perusing the lively and fascinating descriptions which the latter drew of the passing scenes in the gay metropolis, Bob would break out into an involuntary exclamation of—"Curse me, but after all, this only is Real Life;"—while, for the moment, horses, dogs, and gun, with the whole paraphernalia of sporting, were annihilated. Indeed, to do justice to his elegant and highly-finished friend, these pictures were the production of a master-hand, and might have made a dangerous impression on minds more stoical and determined than that of Bob's. The opera, theatres, fashionable pursuits, characters, objects, &c. all became in succession the subjects of his pen; and if lively description, blended with irresistible humour and sarcastic wit, possessed any power of seduction, these certainly belonged to Bob's honourable friend and relative, as an epistolary correspondent. The following Stanzas were often recited by him with great feeling and animation:—

*Parent of Pleasure and of many a groan,  
I should be loath to part with thee, I own,  
Dear Life!  
To tell the truth, I'd rather lose a wife,  
Should Heav'n e'er deem me worthy of possessing  
That best, that most invaluable blessing.  
I thank thee, that thou brought'st me into being;  
The things of this our world are well worth seeing;  
And let me add, moreover, well worth feeling;  
Then what the Devil would people have?  
These gloomy hunters of the grave,  
For ever sighing, groaning, canting, kneeling.  
Some wish they never had been born, how odd!  
To see the handy works of God,  
In sun and moon, and starry sky;  
Though last, not least, to see sweet Woman's charms,—  
Nay, more, to clasp them in our arms,  
And pour the soul in love's delicious sigh,  
Is well worth coming for, I'm sure,  
Supposing that thou gav'st us nothing more.  
Yet, thus surrounded, Life, dear Life, I'm thine,  
And, could I always call thee mine,  
I would not quickly bid this world farewell;  
But whether here, or long or short my stay,  
I'll keep in mind for ev'ry day  
An old French motto, "Vive la bagatelle!"  
Misfortunes are this lottery-world's sad blanks;  
Presents, in my opinion, not worth thanks.  
The pleasures are the twenty thousand prizes,  
Which nothing but a downright ass despises.*

It was not, however, the mere representations of Bob's friend, with which, (in consequence of the important result,) we commenced our chapter, that produced the powerful effect of fixing the wavering mind of Bob—No, it was the air—the manner—the *je ne sais quoi*, by which these representations were accompanied: the curled lip of contempt, and the eye, measuring as he spoke, from top to toe, his companions, with the cool elegant sang froid and self-possession displayed in his own person and manner, which became a *fiat* with Bob, and which effected the object so long courted by his cousin.

After the manner of Yorick (though, by the bye, no sentimentalist) Bob thus reasoned with himself:—"If an acquaintance with London is to give a man these airs of superiority—this ascendancy—elegance of manners, and command of enjoyments—why, London for me; and if pleasure is the game in view, there will I instantly pursue the sport."

The song and toast, in unison with the sparkling glass, followed each other in rapid succession. During which, our elegant London visitor favoured the company with the following effusion, sung in a style equal to (though unaccompanied with the affected airs and self-importance of) a first-rate professor:— [3]

SONG.

*If to form and distinction, in town you would bow,  
Let appearance of wealth be your care:  
If your friends see you live, not a creature cares how,  
The question will only be, Where?  
A circus, a polygon, crescent, or place,  
With ideas of magnificence tally;  
Squares are common, streets queer, but a lane's a disgrace;  
And we've no such thing as an alley.  
A first floor's pretty well, and a parlour so so;  
But, pray, who can give themselves airs,  
Or mix with high folks, if so vulgarly low  
To live up in a two pair of stairs?  
The garret, excuse me, I mean attic floor,  
(That's the name, and it's right you should know it,)  
Would he tenantless often; but genius will soar,  
And it does very well for a poet.*

These amusements of the table were succeeded by a most stormy and lengthened debate, (to use a parliamentary phrase) during which, Bob's London friend had with daring heroism opposed the whole of the party, in supporting the superiority of Life in London over every pleasure the country could afford. After copious libations to Bacchus, whose influence at length effected what oratory had in vain essayed, and silenced these contending and jarring elements, "grey-eyed Morn" peeped intrusively amid the jovial crew, and Somnus, (with the cart before the horse) stepping softly on tip-toe after his companion, led, if not by, at least accompanied with, the music of the nose, each to his snoring pillow. [4]

—"Glorious resolve!" exclaimed Tom, as soon as his friend had next morning intimated his intention,—"nobly resolved indeed!—"What! shall he whom Nature has formed to shine in the dance and sparkle in the ring—to fascinate the fair—lead and control the fashions—attract the gaze and admiration of the surrounding crowd!—shall he pass a life, or rather a torpid existence, amid country bumpkins and Johnny-raws? Forbid it all ye powers that rule with despotic sway where Life alone is to be found,—forbid it cards—dice—balls—fashion, and ye gay et coteras,—forbid"——"Pon my soul," interrupted Bob, "you have frightened me to death! I thought you were beginning an Epic,—a thing I abominate of all others. I had rather at any time follow the pack on a foundered horse than read ten lines of Homer; so, my dear fellow, descend for God's sake from the Heroics."

*Calmly let me, at least, begin Life's chapter,  
Not panting for a hurricane of rapture;  
Calm let me step—not riotous and jumping:  
With due decorum, let my heart  
Try to perform a sober part,  
Not at the ribs be ever bumping—bumping.  
Rapture's a charger—often breaks his girt,  
Runs off", and flings his rider in the dirt.*

"However, it shall be so: adieu, my dear little roan filly,—Snow-ball, good by,—my new patent double-barrelled percussion—ah, I give you all up!—Order the tandem, my dear Tom, whenever you please; whisk me up to the fairy scenes you have so often and admirably described; and, above all things, take me as an humble and docile pupil under your august auspices and tuition." Says Tom, "thou reasonest well." [5]

The rapidity with which great characters execute their determinations has been often remarked by authors. The dashing tandem, with its beautiful high-bred bits of blood, accompanied by two grooms on horseback in splendid liveries, stood at the lodge-gate, and our heroes had only to bid adieu to relatives and friends, and commence their rapid career.

Before we start on this long journey of one hundred and eighty miles, with the celerity which is unavoidable in modern travelling, it may be prudent to ascertain that our readers are still in company, and that we all start fairly together; otherwise, there is but little probability of our ever meeting again on the journey;—so now to satisfy queries, remarks, and animadversions.

"Why, Sir, I must say it is a new way of introducing a story, and appears to me very irregular.—What! tumble your hero neck and heels into the midst of a drunken fox-hunting party, and then carry him off from his paternal estate, without even noticing his ancestors, relatives, friends, connexions, or prospects—without any description of romantic scenery on the estate—without so much as an allusion to the female who first kindled in his breast the tender passion, or a detail of those incidents with which it is usually connected!—a strange, very strange way indeed this of commencing."

"My dear Sir, I agree with you as to the deviation from customary rules: but allow me to ask,—is not one common object—amusement, all we have in view? Suppose then, by way of illustration, you were desirous of arriving at a given place or object, to which there were several roads, and having traversed one of these till

the monotony of the scene had rendered every object upon it dull and wearisome, would you quarrel with the traveller who pointed out another road, merely because it was a new one? Considering the impatience of our young friends, the one to return to scenes in which alone he can live, and the other to realize ideal dreams of happiness, painted in all the glowing tints that a warm imagination and youthful fancy can pourtray, it will be impossible longer to continue the argument. Let me, therefore, entreat you to cut it short—accompany us in our rapid pursuit after Life in London; nor risk for the sake of a little peevish criticism, the cruel reflection, that by a refusal, you would, probably, be in *at the death* of the Author—by Starvation.” [6]

## CHAPTER II

*“The panting steed the hero's empire feel,  
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,  
And as he guides it through th' admiring throng,  
With what an air he holds the reins, and smacks the silken thong!”*

ORDINARY minds, in viewing distant objects, first see the obstacles that intervene, magnify the difficulty of surmounting them, and sit down in despair. The man of genius with his mind's-eye pointed steadfastly, like the needle towards the pole, on the object of his ambition, meets and conquers every difficulty in detail, and the mass dissolves before him as the mountain snow yields, drop by drop, to the progressive but invincible operation of the solar beam. Our honourable friend was well aware that a perfect knowledge of the art of driving, and the character of a “*first-rate whip*,” were objects worthy his ambition; and that, to hold four-in-hand—turn a corner in style—handle the reins in form—take a fly off the tip of his leader's ear—square the elbows, and keep the wrists pliant, were matters as essential to the formation of a man of fashion as *dice or milling*: it was a principle he had long laid down and strictly adhered to, that whatever tended to the completion of that character, should be acquired to the very acmé of perfection, without regard to ulterior consequences, or minor pursuits.

In an early stage, therefore, of his fashionable course of studies, the whip became an object of careful solicitude; and after some private tuition, he first exhibited his prowess about twice a week, on the box of a Windsor stage, tipping coachy a crown for the indulgence and improvement it afforded. Few could boast of being more fortunate during a noviciate: two overturns only occurred in the whole course of practice, and except the trifling accident of an old lady being killed, a shoulder or two dislocated, and about half a dozen legs and arms broken, belonging to people who were not at all known in high life, nothing worthy of notice [8] may be said to have happened on these occasions. 'Tis true, some ill-natured remarks appeared in one of the public papers, on the “conduct of coachmen entrusting the reins to young practitioners, and thus endangering the lives of his majesty's subjects;” but these passed off like other philanthropic suggestions of the day, unheeded and forgotten.

The next advance of our hero was an important step. The mail-coach is considered the school; its driver, the great master of the art—the *Phidias* of the statuary—the *Claude* of the landscape-painter. To approach him without preparatory instruction and study, would be like an attempt to copy the former without a knowledge of anatomy, or the latter, while ignorant of perspective. The standard of excellence—the model of perfection, all that the highest ambition can attain, is to approach as near as possible the original; to attempt a deviation, would be to *bolt out of the course, snap the curb, and run riot*. Sensible of the importance of his character, accustomed to hold the reins of arbitrary power; and seated where will is law, the mail-whip carries in his appearance all that may be expected from his elevated situation. Stern and sedate in his manner, and given to taciturnity, he speaks sententiously, or in monosyllables. If he passes on the road even an humble follower of the profession, with four tidy ones in hand, he views him with ineffable contempt, and would consider it an irreparable disgrace to appear conscious of the proximity. Should it be a country gentleman of large property and influence, and he held the reins, and handled the whip with a knowledge of the art, so to “get over the ground,” coachy might, perhaps, notice him “*en passant*,” by a slight and familiar nod; but it is only the peer, or man of first-rate sporting celebrity, that is honoured with any thing like a familiar mark of approbation and acquaintance; and these, justly appreciating the proud distinction, feel higher gratification by it than any thing the monarch could bestow: it is an inclination of the head, not forward, in the manner of a nod, but towards the off shoulder, accompanied with a certain jerk and elevation from the opposite side. But here neither pen nor pencil can depict; it belongs to him alone whose individual powers can nightly keep the house in a roar, to catch the living manner and present it to the eye. [9]

*“—A merrier man*

*Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withall:  
His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
For every object that the one doth catch  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.”*

And now, gentle reader, if the epithet means any thing, you cannot but feel disposed to good humour and indulgence: Instead of rattling you off, as was proposed at our last interview, and whirling you at the rate of twelve miles an hour, exhausted with fatigue, and half *dead* in pursuit of *Life*, we have proceeded gently along the road, amusing ourselves by the way, rather with drawing than driving. 'Tis high time, however, we made some little progress in our journey: “Come Bob, take the reins—push on—keep moving—touch up the leader into a hand-gallop—give Snarler his head—that's it my tight one, keep out of the ruts—mind your quartering—not a gig, buggy, tandem, or tilbury, have we yet seen on the road—what an infernal place for a human being to inhabit!—curse me if I had not as lief emigrate to the back settlements of America: one might

find some novelty and amusement there—I'd have the woods cleared—cut out some turnpike-roads, and, like Palmer, start the first mail"—"Stop, Tom, don't set off yet to the Illinois—here's something ahead, but what the devil it is I can't guess—why it's a barge on wheels, and drove four-in-hand."—"Ha, ha—barge indeed, Bob, you seem to know as much about coaches as Snarler does of Back-gammon: I suppose you never see any thing in this quarter but the old heavy Bridgewater—why we have half a dozen new launches every week, and as great a variety of names, shape, size, and colour, as there are ships in the navy—we have the heavy coach, light coach, Caterpillar, and Mail—the Balloon, Comet, Fly, Dart, Regulator, Telegraph, Courier, Times, High-flyer, Hope, with as many others as would fill a list as long as my tandem-whip. What you now see is one of the *new patent safety-coaches*—you can't have an overturn if you're ever so disposed for a spree. The old city cormorants, after a gorge of mock-turtle, turn into them for a journey, and drop off in a nap, with as much confidence of security to their neck and limbs as if they had mounted a rocking-horse, or drop't into an arm-chair."—"Ah! come, the scene improves, and becomes a little like Life—here's a dasher making up to the Safety—why its—no, impossible—can't be—gad it is tho'—the Dart, by all that's good! and drove by Hell-fire Dick!—there's a fellow would do honour to any box—drove the Cambridge Fly three months—pass'd every thing on the road, and because he overturned in three or four hard matches, the stupid rascals of proprietors moved him off the ground. Joe Spinum, who's at Corpus Christi, matched Dick once for 50, when he carried five inside and thirteen at top, besides heavy luggage, against the other Cambridge—never was a prettier race seen at Newmarket—Dick must have beat hollow, but a d—d fat alderman who was inside, and felt alarmed at the velocity of the vehicle, moved to the other end of the seat: this destroyed the equilibrium—over they went, into a four-feet ditch, and Joe lost his match. However, he had the satisfaction of hearing afterwards, that the old cormorant who occasioned his loss, had nearly burst himself by the concussion."

"See, see!—Dick's got up to, and wants to give the Safety the go by—gad, its a race—go it Dick—now Safety—d—d good cattle both—lay it in to 'em Dick—leaders neck and neck—pretty race by G—! Ah, its of no use Safety—Dick wont stand it—a dead beat—there she goes—all up—over by Jove—"—"I can't see for that tree—what do you say Tom, is the race over?"—"Race, ah! and the coach too—knew Dick would beat him—would have betted the long odds the moment I saw it was him."

The tandem had by this time reached the race-course, and the disaster which Tom had hardly thought worth noticing in his lively description of the sport, sure enough had befallen the *new 'patent Safety*, which was about mid way between an upright and a side position, supported by the high and very strong quickset-hedge against which it hath fallen. Our heroes dismounted, left Flip at the leader's head, and with Ned, the other groom, proceeded to offer their services. Whilst engaged in extricating the horses, which had become entangled in their harness, and were kicking and plunging, their attention was arrested by the screams and outrageous vociferations of a very fat, middle-aged woman, who had been jerked from her seat on the box to one not quite so smooth—the top of the hedge, which, with the assistance of an old alder tree, supported the coach. Tom found it impossible to resist the violent impulse to risibility which the ludicrous appearance of the old lady excited, and as no serious injury was sustained, determined to enjoy the fun.

*"If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,  
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,  
Nor left the game till he had run it down."*

Approaching her with all the gravity of countenance he was master of—"Madam," says he, "are we to consider you as one of the Sylvan Deities who preside over these scenes, or connected in any way with the vehicle?"—"Vehicle, indeed, you *hunhuman-brutes*, instead of assisting a poor distressed female who has been chuck'd from top of that there *safety-thing*, as they calls it, into such a dangerous *position*, you must be chuckling and grinning, must you? I only wish my husband, Mr. Giblet, was here, he should soon wring your necks, and pluck some of your fine feathers for you, and make you look as foolish as a peacock without his tail." Mrs. Giblet's ire at length having subsided, she was handed down in safety on *terra firma*, and our heroes transferred their assistance to the other passengers. The violence of the concussion had burst open the coach-door on one side, and a London *Dandy*, of the exquisite genus, lay in danger of being pressed to a jelly beneath the weight of an infirm and very stout old farmer, whom they had pick'd up on the road; and it was impossible to get at, so as to afford relief to the sufferers, till the coach was raised in a perpendicular position. The farmer was no sooner on his legs, than clapping his hand with anxious concern into an immense large pocket, he discovered that a bottle of brandy it contained was crack'd, and the contents beginning to escape: "I ax pardon, young gentleman," says he, seizing a hat that the latter held with great care in his hand, and applying it to catch the liquor—"I ax pardon for making so free, but I see the hat is a little out of order, and can't be much hurt; and its a pity to waste the liquor, such a price as it is now-a-days."—"Sir, what do you mean, shouldn't have thought of your taking such liberties indeed, but makes good the old saying—impudence and ignorance go together: my hat out of order, hey! I'd have you to know, Sir, that *that there* hat was bought of Lloyd, in Newgate-street, {1} only last Thursday, and cost eighteen shillings; and if you look at the book in his *vindow* on hats, dedicated to the head, you'll find that this here hat is a real exquisite; so much for what you know about hats, my old fellow—I burst my stays all to pieces in saving it from being squeezed out of shape, and now this old brute has made a brandy-bottle of it."—"Oh! oh! my young Miss in disguise," replied the farmer, "I thought I smelt a rat when the Captain left the coach, under pretence of walking up the hill—what, I suppose you are bound for Gretna, both of you, hev young Lady?"

Every thing appertaining to the coach being now righted, our young friends left the company to adjust their quarrels and pursue their journey at discretion, anxious to reach the next town as expeditiously as possible, where they purposed sleeping for the night. They mounted the tandem, smack went the whip, and in a few minutes the stage-coach and its motley group had disappeared.

Having reached their destination, and passed the night comfortably, they next morning determined to kill an hour or two in the town; and were taking a stroll arm in arm, when perceiving by a playbill, that an amateur of fashion from the theatres royal, Drury Lane and Haymarket, was just *come in*, and would shortly *come out*,

*1 It would be injustice to great talents, not to notice,*

*among other important discoveries and improvements of the age, the labours of Lloyd, who has classified and arranged whatever relates to that necessary article of personal elegance, the Hat. He has given the world a volume on the subject of Hats, dedicated to their great patron, the Head, in which all the endless varieties of shape, dependent before on mere whim and caprice, are reduced to fixed principles, and designated after the great characters by which each particular fashion was first introduced. The advantages to gentlemen residing in the country must be incalculable: they have only to refer to the engravings in Mr. Lloyd's work, where every possible variety is clearly defined, and to order such as may suit the rank or character in life they either possess, or wish to assume. The following enumeration comprises a few of the latest fashions:—The Wellington—The Regent—The Caroline—The Bashful—The Dandy—The Shallow—The Exquisite—The Marquis—The New Dash—The Clericus—The Tally-ho—The Noble Lord—The Taedum—The Bang-up—The Irresistible—The Bon Ton—The Paris Beau—The Baronet—The Eccentric—The Bit of Blood, &c.*

in a favourite character, they immediately directed their steps towards a barn, with the hope of witnessing [13] a rehearsal. Chance introduced them to the country manager, and Tom having asked several questions about this candidate, was assured by Mr. Mist:

“Oh! he is a gentleman-performer, and very useful to us managers, for he not only finds his own dresses and properties, but 'struts and frets his hour on the stage without any emoluments. His aversion to salary recommended him to the lessee of Drury-lane theatre, though his services had been previously rejected by the sub-committee.”

“Can it be that game-cock, the gay Lothario,” said Tom, “who sports an immensity of diamonds?”—

Of Coates's frolics he of course well knew, Rare pastime for the ragamuffin crew! Who welcome with the crowing of a cock, This hero of the buskin and sock.

“Oh! no,” rejoined Mr. Mist, “that cock don't crow now: this gentleman, I assure you, has been at a theatrical school; he was instructed by the person who made Master Bettv a young Roscius.”

Tom shook his head, as if he doubted the abilities of this instructed actor. To be a performer, he thought as arduous as to be a poet; and if *poeta nascitur, non fit*—consequently an actor must have natural abilities.

“And pray what character did this gentleman enact at Drury-lane Theatre?”

“Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,” answered Mr. Mist—“Shakespeare is his favourite author.”

“And what said the critics—'to be, or not to be'—I suppose he repeated the character?”

“Oh! Sir, it was stated in the play-bill, that he met with great applause, and he was announced for the character again; but, as the Free List was not suspended, and our amateur dreaded some hostility from that quarter, he performed the character by proxy, and repeated it at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.”

“Then the gentlemen of the Free List,” remarked Bob, “are free and easy?”

“Yes—yes—they laugh and cough whenever they please: indeed, they are generally excluded whenever a full house is expected, as *ready money* is an object to the poor manager of Drury-lane Theatre. The British [14] Press, however, is always excepted.”

“The British press!—Oh! you mean the newspapers,” exclaimed Tom—“then I dare say they were very favourable to this Amateur of Fashion?”

“No—not very—indeed; they don't join the manager in his puffs, notwithstanding his marked civility to them: one said he was a methodist preacher, and sermonized the character—another assimilated him to a school-boy saying his lesson—in short, they were very ill-natured—but hush—here he is—walk in, gentlemen, and you shall hear him rehearse some of King Richard”—

“King Richard!” What ambition! thought Bob to himself—“late a Prince, and now—a king!”

“I assure you,” continued Mr. Mist, “that all his readings are new; but according to my humble observation, his action does not always suit the word—for when he exclaims—' may Hell make crook'd my mind,' he looks up to Heaven”—

“Looks up to Heaven!” exclaimed Tom; “then this London star makes a solecism with his eyes.”

Our heroes now went into the barn, and took a private corner, when they remained invisible. Their patience was soon exhausted, and Bob and his honourable cousin were both on the fidgets, when the representative of King Richard exclaimed—

“Give me a horse——”

“—Whip!” added Tom with stunning vociferation, before King Richard could bind up his wounds. The amateur started, and betrayed consummate embarrassment, as if the horsewhip had actually made its entrance. Tom and his companion stole away, and left the astounded monarch with the words—“twas all a dream.”

*While returning to the inn, our heroes mutually commented on the ambition and folly of those amateurs of fashion, who not only sacrifice time and property, but absolutely take abundant pains to render themselves ridiculous. “Certainly,” says Tom, “this cacoethes ludendi has made fools of several: this infatuated youth though not possessed of a single requisite for the stage, no doubt flatters himself he is a second Kean; and, regardless of his birth and family, he will continue his strolling life*

*Till the broad shame comes staring in his face,  
And critics hoot the blockhead as he struts.”*

Having now reached the inn, and finding every thing adjusted for their procedure, our heroes mounted their vehicle, and went in full gallop for Real Life in London.

### CHAPTER III

*"Round, round, and round-about, they whiz, they fly,  
With eager worrying, whirling here and there,  
They know, nor whence, nor whither, where, nor why.  
In utter hurry-scurry, going, coming,  
Maddening the summer air with ceaseless humming."*

OUR travellers now approached at a rapid rate, the desideratim of their eager hopes and wishes: to one all [16] was novel, wonderful, and fascinating; to the other, it was the welcome return to an old and beloved friend, the separation from whom had but increased the ardour of attachment.—“We, now,” says Dashall, “are approaching Hyde-Park, and being Sunday, a scene will at once burst upon you, far surpassing in reality any thing I have been able to pourtray, notwithstanding the flattering compliments you have so often paid to my talents for description.”



They had scarcely entered the Park-gate, when Lady Jane Townley's carriage crossed them, and Tom immediately approached it, to pay his respects to an old acquaintance. Her lady-ship congratulated him on his return to town, lamented the serious loss the *beau-monde* had sustained by his absence, and smiling archly at his young friend, was happy to find he had not returned empty-handed, but with a recruit, whose appearance promised a valuable accession to their select circle. “You would not have seen me here,” continued her ladyship, “but I vow and protest it is utterly impossible to make a prisoner of one's self, such a day as this, merely because it is Sunday—for my own part, I wish there was no such thing as a Sunday in the whole year—there's no knowing what to do with one's self. When fine, it draws out as many insects as a hot sun and a shower of rain can produce in the middle of June. The vulgar plebeians flock so, that you can scarcely get into your barouche without being hustled by the men-milliners, linen-drapers, and shop-boys, who have been [17] serving you all the previous part of the week; and wet, or dry, there's no bearing it. For my part, I am *ennuyée*, beyond measure, on that day, and find no little difficulty in getting through it without a fit of the horrors.

“What a legion of counter-coxcombs!” exclaimed she, as we passed Grosvenor-gate. “Upon the plunder of the till, or by overcharging some particular article sold on the previous day, it is easy for these *once-a-week* beaux to hire a tilbury, and an awkward groom in a pepper and salt, or drab coat, like the *incog.* of the royal family, to mix with their betters and sport their persons in the drive of fashion: some of the monsters, too, have the impudence of bowing to ladies whom they do not know, merely to give them an air, or pass off their customers for their acquaintance: its very distressing. There!” continued she, “there goes my plumassier, with gilt spurs like a field-officer, and riding as importantly as if he were one of the Lords of the Treasury; or—ah! there, again, is my banker's clerk, so stiff and so laced up, that he might pass for an Egyptian mummy—the self-importance of these puppies is insufferable! What impudence! he has picked up some groom out of place, with a cockade in his hat, by way of imposing on the world for a *beau militaire*. What will the world come to! I really have not common patience with these creatures. I have long since left off going to the play on a Saturday night, because, independently of my preference for the Opera, these insects from Cornhill or Whitechapel, shut up their shops, cheat their masters, and commence their airs of importance about nine o'clock. Then again you have the same party crowding the Park on a Sunday; but on the following day, return, like school boys, to their work, and you see them with their pen behind their ear, calculating how to make up for their late extravagances, pestering you with lies, and urging you to buy twice as much as you want, then officiously offering their arm at your carriage-door.”

Capt. Bergamotte at this moment came up to the carriage, perfumed like a milliner, his colour much heightened by some vegetable dye, and resolved neither to “blush unseen,” nor “waste his sweetness on the



desert air." Two false teeth in front, shamed the others a little in their ivory polish, and his breath savoured of myrrh like a heathen sacrifice, or the incense burned in one of their temples. He thrust his horse's head into [18] the carriage, rather abruptly and indecorously, (as one not accustomed to the haut-ton might suppose) but it gave no offence. He smiled affectedly, adjusted his hat, pulled a lock of hair across his forehead, with a view of shewing the whiteness of the latter, and next, that the glossiness of the former must have owed its lustre to at least two hours brushing, arranging, and perfuming; used his quizzing-glass, and took snuff with a flourish. Lady Townley condescended to caress the horse, and to display her lovely white arm ungloved, with which she patted the horse's neck, and drew a hundred admiring eyes.

The exquisite all this time brushed the animal gently with a highly-scented silk handkerchief, after which he displayed a cambric one, and went through a thousand little playful airs and affectations, which Bob thought would have suited a fine lady better than a lieutenant in his Majesty's brigade of guards. Applying the lines of an inimitable satire, (*The Age of Frivolity*) to the figure before him, he concluded:

*"That gaudy dress and decorations gay,  
The tinsel-trappings of a vain array.  
The spruce trimm'd jacket, and the waving plume,  
The powder'd head emitting soft perfume;  
These may make fops, but never can impart  
The soldier's hardy frame, or daring heart;  
May in Hyde-Park present a splendid train,  
But are not weapons for a dread campaign;  
May please the fair, who like a tawdry beau,  
But are not fit to check an active foe;  
Such heroes may acquire sufficient skill  
To march erect, and labour through a drill;  
In some sham-fight may manfully hold out,  
But must not hope an enemy to rout."*

Although he talked a great deal, the whole amount of his discourse was to inform her Ladyship that (*Stillette*) meaning his horse, (who in truth appeared to possess more fire and spirit than his rider could either boast of or command,) had cost him only 700 guineas, and was *prime blood*; that the horse his groom rode, was *nothing but a good one, and had run at the Craven*—that he had been prodigiously fortunate that season on the turf—that he was a bold rider, and could not bear himself without a fine high spirited animal—and, that being engaged to dine at three places that day, he was desperately at a loss to know how he should [19] act; but that if her Ladyship dined at any one of the three, he would certainly join that party, and *cut* the other two.

At this moment, a mad-brained ruffian of quality, with a splendid equipage, came driving by with four in hand, and exclaimed as he flew past, in an affected tone,—“All! Tom, my dear fellow,—why where the devil have you hid yourself of late?” The speed of his cattle prevented the possibility of reply. “Although you see him in such excellent trim,” observed Tom to Lady Jane, “though his cattle and equipage are so well appointed, would you suppose, it, he has but just made his appearance from the Bench after *white-washing*? But he is a noble spirited fellow,” remarked the exquisite, “drives the best horses, and is one of the first whips in town; always gallant and gay, full of life and good humour; and, I am happy to say, he has now a dozen of as fine horses as any in Christendom, *bien entendu*, kept in my name.” After this explanation of the characters of his friend and his horses, he kissed his hand to her Ladyship, and was out of sight in an instant, “Adieu, adieu, thou dear, delightful sprig of fashion!” said Lady Jane, as he left the side of the carriage.—“Fashion and folly,” said Tom, half whispering, and recalling to his mind the following lines:—

*"Oh! Fashion, to thy wiles, thy votaries owe  
Unnumber'd pangs of sharp domestic woe.  
What broken tradesmen and abandon'd wives  
Curse thy delusion through their wretched lives;  
What pale-faced spinsters vent on thee their rage,  
And youths decrepid e're they come of age."*

His moralizing reverie was however interrupted by her Ladyship, who perceiving a group of females decked in the extreme of Parisian fashions, “there,” said she, “there is all that taffeta, feathers, flowers, and lace can do; and yet you see by their loud talking, their being unattended by a servant, and by the bit of straw adhering to the pettycoat of one of them, that they come all the way from Fish Street Hill, or the Borough, in a hackney-coach, and are now trying to play off the airs of women of fashion.”

Mrs. Marvellous now drew up close to the party. “My dear Lady Jane,” said she, “I am positively suffocated with dust, and sickened with vulgarity; but to be sure we have every thing in London here, from the House of [20] Peers to Waterloo House. I must tell you about the trial, and Lady Barbara's mortification, and about poor Mr. R.'s being arrested, and the midnight flight to the Continent of our poor friend W—.”

With this brief, but at the same time comprehensive introduction, she lacerated the reputation of almost all her acquaintance, and excited great attention from the party, which had been joined by several during her truly interesting intelligence. Every other topic in a moment gave way to this delightful amusement, and each with volubility contributed his or her share to the general stock of slander.

Scandal is at all times the *sauce piquante* that *currys* incident in every situation; and where is the fashionable circle that can sit down to table without made dishes?—Character is the good old-fashioned roast beef of the table, which no one touches but to mangle and destroy.

*"Lord! who'd have thought our cousin D  
Could think of marrying Mrs. E.  
True I don't like such things to tell;  
But, faith, I pity Mrs. L,  
And was I her, the bride to vex,  
I would engage with Mrs. X.  
But they do say that Charlotte U,  
With Fanny M, and we know who,*

*Occasioned all, for you must know  
They set their caps at Mr. O.  
And as he courted Mrs. E,  
They thought, if she'd have cousin D,  
That things might be by Colonel A  
Just brought about in their own way."*

Our heroes now took leave, and proceeded through the Park. "Who is that fat, fair, and forty-looking dame, in the landau?" says Bob.—"Your description shews," rejoined his friend, "you are but a novice in the world of fashion—you are deceived, that lady is as much made up as a wax-doll. She has been such as she now appears to be for these last five and twenty years; her figure as you see, rather en-bon point, is friendly to the ravages of time, and every lineament of age is artfully filled up by an expert fille de chambre, whose time has been employed at the toilette of a celebrated devotee in Paris. She drives through the Park as a matter of course, merely to furnish an opportunity for saying that she has been there: but the more important business of the morning will be transacted at her boudoir, in the King's Road, where every luxury is provided to influence the [21] senses; and where, by daily appointment, she is expected to meet a sturdy gallant. She is a perfect Messalina in her enjoyments; but her rank in society protects her from sustaining any injury by her sentimental wanderings.

"Do you see that tall handsome man on horseback, who has just taken off his hat to her, he is a knight of the ... ribbon; and a well-known flutterer among the ladies, as well as a vast composer of pretty little nothings."—"Indeed! and pray, cousin, do you see that lady of quality, just driving in at the gate in a superb yellow vis-à-vis,—as you seem to know every body, who is she?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" replied Tom, almost bursting with laughter, yet endeavouring to conceal it, "that Lady of Quality, as you are inclined to think her, a very few years since, was nothing more than a pot-girl to a publican in Marj'-le-bone; but an old debauchee (upon the look out for defenceless beauty) admiring the fineness of her form, the brilliancy of her eye, and the symmetry of her features, became the possessor of her person, and took her into keeping, as one of the indispensable appendages of fashionable life, after a month's ablution at Margate, where he gave her masters of every description. Her understanding was ready, and at his death, which happened, luckily for her, before satiety had extinguished appetite, she was left with an annuity of twelve hundred pounds—improved beauty—superficial accomplishments—and an immoderate share of caprice, insolence, and vanity. As a proof of this, I must tell you that at an elegant entertainment lately given by this dashing cyprian, she demolished a desert service of glass and china that cost five hundred guineas, in a fit of passionate ill-humour; and when her paramour intreated her to be more composed, she became indignant—called for her writing-desk in a rage—committed a settlement of four hundred a year, which he had made but a short time previously, to the flames, and asked him, with a self-important air, whether he dared to suppose that *paltry* parchment gave him an authority to direct her actions?"

"And what said the lover to this severe remonstrance?"

"Say,—why he very sensibly made her a low bow, thanked her for her kindness, in releasing him from his bond, and took his leave of her, determined to return no more."

"Turn to the right," says Tom, "and yonder you will see on horseback, that staunch patriot, and friend of the [22] people, Sir—, of whom you must have heard so much."

"He has just come out of the K—B—, having completed last week the term of imprisonment, to which he was sentenced for a libel on Government, contained in his address to his constituents on the subject of the memorable Manchester Meeting."

"Ah! indeed, and is that the red-hot patriot?—well, I must say I have often regretted he should have gone to such extremes in one or two instances, although I ever admired his general character for firmness, manly intrepidity, and disinterested conduct."

"You are right, Bob, perfectly right; but you know, 'to err is human, to forgive divine,' and however he may err, he does so from principle. In his private character, as father, husband, friend, and polished gentleman, he has very few equals—no superior.

"He is a branch of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, and can trace his ancestors without interruption, from the days of William the Conqueror. His political career has been eventful, and perhaps has cost him more, both in pocket and person, than any Member of Parliament now existing. He took his seat in the House of Commons at an early age, and first rendered himself popular by his strenuous opposition to a bill purporting to regulate the publication of newspapers.

"The next object of his determined reprehension, was the Cold-Bath-Fields Prison, and the treatment of the unfortunates therein confined. The uniformly bold and energetic language made use of by the honourable Baronet upon that occasion, breathed the true spirit of British liberty. He reprobated the unconstitutional measure of erecting what he termed a *Bastille* in the very heart of a free country, as one that could neither have its foundation in national policy, nor eventually be productive of private good. He remarked that prisons, at which private punishments, cruel as they were illegal, were exercised, at the mercy of an unprincipled gaoler—cells in which human beings were exposed to the horrors of heart-sickening solitude, and depressed in spirit by their restriction to a scanty and exclusive allowance of bread and water, were not only incompatible with the spirit of the constitution, but were likely to prove injurious to the spirit of the people of [23] this happy country; for as Goldsmith admirably remarks,

*"Princes and Lords may nourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them as a breath hath made,  
But a bold peasantry their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied."*

"And if this be not tyranny" continued the philanthropic orator, "it is impossible to define the term. I promise you here that I will persevere to the last in unmasking this wanton abuse of justice and humanity." His invincible fortitude in favour of the people, has rendered him a distinguished favourite among them: and

though by some he is termed a visionary, an enthusiast, and a tool of party, his adherence to the rights of the subject, and his perseverance to uphold the principles of the constitution, are deserving the admiration of every Englishman; and although his fortune is princely, and has been at his command ever since an early age, he has never had his name registered among the fashionable gamesters at the clubs in St. James's-street, Newmarket, or elsewhere. He labours in the vineyard of utility rather than in the more luxuriant garden of folly; and, according to general conception, may emphatically be called an honest man. "But come," said Tom, "it is time for us to move homeward—the company are drawing off I see, we must shape our course towards Piccadilly."

They dashed through the Park, not however without being saluted by many of his fashionable friends, who rejoiced to see that the Honourable Tom Dashall was again to be numbered among the votaries of Real Life in London; while the young squire, whose visionary orbs appeared to be in perpetual motion, dazzled with the splendid equipages of the moving panorama, was absorbed in reflections somewhat similar to the following:

*"No spot on earth to me is half so fair  
As Hyde-Park Corner, or St. James's Square;  
And Happiness has surely fix'd her seat  
In Palace Yard, Pall Mall, or Downing Street:  
Are hills, and dales, and valleys half so gay  
As bright St. James's on a levee day?  
What fierce ecstatic transports fire my soul,  
To hear the drivers swear, the coaches roll;  
The Courtier's compliment, the Ladies' clack,  
The satins rustle, and the whalebone crack!"*

## CHAPTER IV

*"Together let us beat this ample field  
Try what the open, what the covert yield:  
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore  
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;  
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise."*

IT was half past five when the Hon. Tom Dashall, and his enraptured cousin, reached the habitation of the [24] former, who had taken care to dispatch a groom, apprizing Mrs. Watson, the house-keeper, of his intention to be at home by half past six to dinner; consequently all was prepared for their reception. The style of elegance in which Tom appeared to move, struck Tallyho at once with delight and astonishment, as they entered the drawing-room; which was superbly and tastefully fitted up, and commanded a cheerful view of Piccadilly. "Welcome, my dear Bob!" said Tom to his cousin, "to all the delights of Town—come, tell me what you think of its first appearance, only remember you commence your studies of Life in London on a dull day; to-morrow you will have more enlivening prospects before you." "Why in truth," replied Bob, "the rapidity of attraction is such, as at present to leave no distinct impressions on my mind; all appears like enchantment, and I am completely bewildered in a labyrinth of wonders, to which there appears to be no end; but under your kind guidance and tuition I may prove myself an apt scholar, in unravelling its intricacies." By this time they had approached the window.

"Aye, aye," says Dashall, "we shall not be long, I see, without some object to exercise your mind upon, and dispel the horrors.

*"Oh for that Muse of fire, whose burning pen  
Records the God-like deeds of valiant men!  
Then might our humble, yet aspiring verse,  
Our matchless hero's matchless deeds rehearse."*

Bob was surprised at this sudden exclamation of his cousin, and from the introduction naturally expected [25] something extraordinary, though he looked around him without discovering his object.

*"That," continued Tom, "is a Peer"—pointing to a gig just turning the corner, "of whom it may be said:*

*To many a jovial club that Peer was known,  
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone,  
Choice spirit, grave freemason, buck and blood,  
Would crowd his stories and bon mots to hear,  
And none a disappointment e'er need fear  
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood."*

"It is Lord C—, who was formerly well known as the celebrated Major H—, the companion of the now most distinguished personage in the British dominions! and who not long since became possessed of his lordly honours. Some particulars of him are worth knowing. He was early introduced into life, and often kept both good and bad company, associating with men and women of every description and of every rank, from the highest to the lowest—from St. James's to St. Giles's, in palaces and night-cellars—from the drawing-room to the dust-cart. He can drink, swear, tell stories, cudgel, box, and smoke with any one; having by his intercourse with society fitted himself for all companies. His education has been more practical than theoretical, though he was brought up at Eton, where, notwithstanding he made considerable progress in his studies, he took such an aversion to Greek that he never would learn it. Previous to his arrival at his present

title, he used to be called Honest George, and so unalterable is his nature, that to this hour he likes it, and it fits him better than his title. But he has often been sadly put to his shifts under various circumstances: he was a courtier, but was too honest for that; he tried gaming, but he was too honest for that; he got into prison, and might have wiped off, but he was too honest for that; he got into the coal trade, but he found it a black business, and he was too honest for that. At drawing the long bow, so much perhaps cannot be said—but that you know is habit, not principle; his courage is undoubted, having fought three duels before he was twenty years of age.

Being disappointed in his hope of promotion in the army, he resolved, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, to quit the guards, and solicited an appointment in one of the Hessian corps, at that time raising for [26] the British service in America, where the war of the revolution was then commencing, and obtained from the Landgrave of Hesse a captain's commission in his corps of Jagers.

Previous to his departure for America, finding he had involved himself in difficulties by a profuse expenditure, too extensive for his income, and an indulgence in the pleasures of the turf to a very great extent, he felt himself under the necessity of mortgaging an estate of about 11,000L. per annum, left him by his aunt, and which proved unequal to the liquidation of his debts. He remained in America till the end of the war, where he distinguished himself for bravery, and suffered much with the yellow fever. On his return, he obtained an introduction to the Prince of Wales, who by that time had lunched into public life, and became one of the jovial characters whom he selected for his associates; and many are the amusing anecdotes related of him. The Prince conferred on him the appointment of equerry, with a salary of 300L. a year; this, however, he lost on the retrenchments that were afterwards made in the household of His Royal Highness. He continued, however, to be one of his constant companions, and while in his favour they were accustomed to practice strange vagaries. The Major was always a wag, ripe and ready for a *spree or a lark*.

*"To him a frolic was a high delight,  
A frolic he would hunt for, day and night,  
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown."*

At one time, when the favourite's finances were rather low, and the *mopusses ran taper*, it was remarked among the 60 vivants of the party, that the Major had not for some time given them an invitation. This, however, he promised to do, and fixed the day—the Prince having engaged to make one. Upon this occasion he took lodgings in Tottenham-court Road—went to a wine-merchant—promised to introduce him to the royal presence, upon his engaging to find wine for the party, which was readily acceded to; and a dinner of three courses was served up. Three such courses, perhaps, were never before seen; when the company were seated, two large dishes appeared; one was placed at the top of the table, and one at the bottom; all was anxious expectation: the covers being removed, exhibited to view, a baked shoulder of mutton at top, and [27] baked potatoes at the bottom. They all looked around with astonishment, but, knowing the general eccentricity of their host, they readily fell into his humour, and partook of his fare; not doubting but the second course would make ample amends for the first. The wine was good, and the Major apologized for his accommodations, being, as he said, a family sort of man, and the dinner, though somewhat uncommon, was not such an one as is described by Goldsmith:

*"At the top, a fried liver and bacon were seen;  
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;  
At the sides there were spinach and pudding made hot;  
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not."*

At length the second course appeared; when lo and behold, another baked shoulder of mutton and baked potatoes! Surprise followed surprise—but

*"Another and another still succeeds."*

The third course consisted of the same fare, clearly proving that he had in his catering studied quantity more than variety; however, they enjoyed the joke, eat as much as they pleased, laughed heartily at the dinner, and after bumpering till a late hour, took their departure: it is said, however, that he introduced the wine-merchant to his Highness, who afterwards profited by his orders. {1}

*I This remarkable dinner reminds us of a laughable caricature which made its appearance some time ago upon the marriage of a Jew attorney, in Jewry-street, Aldgate, to the daughter of a well-known fishmonger, of St. Peter's-alley, Cornhill, when a certain Baronet, Alderman, Colonel, and then Lord Mayor, opened the ball at the London Tavern, as the partner of the bride; a circumstance which excited considerable curiosity and surprise at the time. We know the worthy Baronet had been a hunter for a seat in Parliament, but what he could be hunting among the children of Israel is, perhaps, not so easily ascertained. We, however, are not speaking of the character, but the caricature, which represented the bride, not resting on Abraham's bosom, but seated on his knee, surrounded by their guests at the marriage-feast; while to a panel just behind them, appears to be affixed a bill of fare, which runs thus:*

*First course, Fish!*

*Second course, Fish!!*

*Third course, Fish!!!*

*Perhaps the idea of the artist originated in the anecdote above recorded.*

It is reported that the Prince gave him a commission, under an express promise that when he could not [28] shew it, he was no longer to enjoy his royal favour. This commission was afterwards lost by the improvident possessor, and going to call on the donor one morning, who espying him on his way, he threw up the sash and called out, "Well, George, commission or no commission?" "No commission, by G—, your Highness?" was the reply.

"Then you cannot enter here," rejoined the prince, closing the window and the connection at the same time.

"His Lordship now resides in the Regent's Park, and may almost nightly be seen at a public-house in the neighbourhood, where he takes his grog and smokes his pipe, amusing the company around him with anecdotes of his former days; we may, perhaps, fall in with him some night in our travels, and you will find him a very amusing and sometimes very sensible sort of fellow, till he gets his grog on board, when he can be as boisterous and blustering as a coal-heaver or a bully. His present fortune is impaired by his former imprudence, but he still mingles with the sporting world, and a short time back had his pocket picked, at a *milling* match, of a valuable gold repeater. He has favoured the world with several literary productions, among which are Memoirs of his own Life, embellished with a view of the author, suspended from (to use the phrase of a late celebrated auctioneer) a *hanging wood*; and a very elaborate treatise on the Art of Rat-catching. In the advertisement of the latter work, the author engages it will enable the reader to "clear any house of these noxious vermin, however much infested, excepting only a certain great House in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's, Westminster." {1}

*I It appears by the newspapers, that the foundation of a certain great house in Pall Mall is rotten, and giving-way. The cause is not stated; but as it cannot arise from being top-heavy, we may presume that the rats have been at work there. Query, would not an early application of the Major's recipe have remedied the evil, and prevented the necessity of a removal of a very heavy body, which of course, must be attended with a very heavy expense? 'Tis a pity an old friend should have been overlooked on such an occasion.*

"Do you," said Tom, pointing to a person on the other side of the way, "see that young man, walking with a [29] half-smothered air of indifference, affecting to whistle as he walks, and twirling his stick? He is a *once-a-week man*, or, in other words, a *Sunday promenader*—Harry Hairbrain was born of a good family, and, at the decease of his father, became possessed of ten thousand pounds, which he sported with more zeal than discretion, so much so, that having been introduced to the gaming table by a pretended friend, and fluctuated between poverty and affluence for four years, he found himself considerably in debt, and was compelled to seek refuge in an obscure lodging, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Kilburn, in order to avoid the *traps*; for, as he observes, he has been among the *Greeks and pigeons*, who have completely *rook'd* him, and now want to crow over him: he has been at hide and seek for the last two months, and, depending on the death of a rich old maiden aunt who has no other heir, he eventually hopes to '*diddle 'em*.'"

This narrative of Hairbrain was like Hebrew ta Tallyho, who requested his interesting cousin, as he found himself at *falt*, to *try back*, and put him on the *right scent*.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Tom, "we must find a new London vocabulary, I see, before we shall be able to converse intelligibly; but as you are now solely under my tuition, I will endeavour to throw a little light upon the subject.

"Your *once-a-week man*, or *Sunday promenader*, is one who confines himself, to avoid confinement, lodging in remote quarters in the vicinity of the Metropolis, within a mile or two of the Bridges, Oxford Street, or Hyde-Park Corner, and is constrained to waste six uncomfortable and useless days in the week, in order to secure the enjoyment of the seventh, when he fearlessly ventures forth, to recruit his ideas—to give a little variety to the sombre picture of life, unmolested, to transact his business, or to call on some old friend, and keep up those relations with the world which would otherwise be completely neglected or broken.

"Among characters of this description, may frequently be recognised the remnant of fashion, and, perhaps, the impression of nobility not wholly destroyed by adversity and seclusion—the air and manners of a man who has outlived his century, with an assumption of *sans souci* pourtrayed in his agreeable smile, murmur'd [30] through a low whistle of 'Begone dull care,' or 'No more by sorrow chased, my heart,' or played off by the flourishing of a whip, or the rapping of a boot that has a spur attached to it, which perhaps has not crossed a horse for many months; and occasionally by a judicious glance at another man's carriage, horses, or appointments, which indicates taste, and the former possession of such valuable things. These form a part of the votaries of Real Life in London. This however," said he (observing his cousin in mute attention) "is but a gloomy part of the scene; vet, perhaps, not altogether uninteresting or unprofitable."

"I can assure you," replied Tallyho, "I am delighted with the accurate knowledge you appear to have of society in general, while I regret the situation of the actors in scenes so glowingly described, and am only astonished at the appearance of such persons."

"You must not be astonished at appearances," rejoined Dashall, "for appearance is every thing in London; and I must particularly warn you not to found your judgment upon it. There is an old adage, which says 'To be poor, and seem poor, is the Devil all over.' Why, if you meet one of these *Sunday-men*, he will accost you with urbanity and affected cheerfulness, endeavouring to inspire you with an idea that he is one of the happiest of mortals; while, perhaps, the worm of sorrow is secretly gnawing his heart, and preying upon his constitution. Honourable sentiment, struggling with untoward circumstances, is destroying his vitals; not having the courage to pollute his character by a jail-delivery, or to condescend to *white-washing*, or some low bankrupt trick, to extricate himself from difficulty, in order to stand upright again.

"A *once-a-week man*, or *Sunday promenader*, frequently takes his way through bye streets and short cuts, through courts and alleys, as it were between retirement and a desire to see what is going on in the scenes of his former splendour, to take a sly peep at that world from which he seems to be excluded."

"And for all such men," replied Bob, "expelled from high and from good society, (even though I were compelled to allow by their own imprudence and folly) I should always like to have a spare hundred, to send [31]

them in an anonymous cover."

"You are right," rejoined Tom, catching him ardently by the hand, "the sentiment does honour to your head and heart; for to such men, in general, is attached a heart-broken wife, withering by their side in the shade, as the leaves and the blossom cling together at all seasons, in sickness or in health, in affluence or in poverty, until the storm beats too roughly on them, and prematurely destroys the weakest. But I must warn you not to let your liberality get the better of your discretion, for there are active and artful spirits abroad, and even these necessities and miseries are made a handle for deception, to entrap the unwary; and you yet have much to learn—Puff lived two years on sickness and misfortune, by advertisements in the newspapers."

"How?" enquired Bob.

"You shall have it in his own words," said Dashall.

*"I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time! Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! then Sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all both times! I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs! That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about col-called on you, a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend. I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption! I was then reduced to—no—then, I became a widow with six helpless children—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital!"*

"Astonishing!" cried Bob, "and are such things possible?"

"A month's residence in the metropolis," said Dashall, "will satisfy your enquiries. One ingenious villain, a short time back, had artifice enough to defraud the public, at different periods of his life, of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, and actually carried on his fraudulent schemes to the last moment of his existence, for he defrauded Jack Ketch of his fee by hanging himself in his cell after condemnation." {1} [32]

Just as a tilbury was passing, "Observe," said Tom, "the driver of that tilbury is the celebrated Lord Cripplegate with his usual equipage—his blue cloak with a scarlet lining, hanging loosely over the vehicle, gives an air of importance to his appearance, and he is always attended by that boy, who has been denominated his cupid; he is a nobleman by birth, a gentleman by courtesy, and a gamester by profession. He exhausted a large estate upon *odd and even, sevens the main, &c.* till having lost sight of the *main chance*, he found it necessary to curtail his establishment and enliven his prospects, by exchanging a first floor for a second, without an opportunity of ascertaining whether or not these alterations were best suited to his high notions or exalted taste; from which in a short time he was induced, either by inclination or necessity, to take a small lodging in an obscure street, and to sport a gig and one horse, instead of a curricle and pair; though in former times he used to drive four in hand, and was acknowledged to be an excellent whip. He still, however, possessed money enough to collect together a large quantity of halfpence, which in his hours of relaxation he managed to turn to good account, by the following stratagem:—He distributed his halfpence on the floor of his little parlour in straight lines, and ascertained how many it would require to cover it; having thus prepared himself, he invited some wealthy spendthrifts (with whom he still had the power of associating) to sup with him, and he welcomed them to his habitation with much cordiality. The glass circulated freely, and each recounted his gaming or amorous adventures till a late hour, when the effects of the bottle becoming visible, he proposed, as a momentary suggestion, to name how many halfpence laid side by side would carpet the floor; and offered to lay a large

*1 Charles Price, the well-known impostor, whose extensive forgeries on the Bank of England rendered him notorious, may serve as a practical illustration of Puff, for he, at several periods of his life, carried on his system of fraud by advertisements, and by personating the character of a clergyman collecting subscriptions under various pretences. His whole life is marked with determined and systematic depravity. He hanged himself in Tothil-fields Bridewell, where he was confined, at the age of fifty-five.*

wager, that he would guess the nearest. Done! done! was echoed round the room. Every one made a deposit of 100L. and every one made a guess equally certain of success; and his lordship declaring he had a large lot of halfpence by him, though, perhaps, not enough, the experiment was to be tried immediately—'twas an excellent hit! The room was cleared, to it they went, the halfpence were arranged rank and file in military order, when it appeared that his lordship had certainly guessed (as well he might) nearest to the number: the consequence was, an immediate alteration of his lordship's residence and appearance: he got one step in the world by it, he gave up his second-hand gig for one warranted new; and a change in his vehicle may pretty generally be considered as the barometer of his pocket. [33]

"Do you mark, he is learing at that pretty girl on the other side of the way? he is fond of the wenches, and has been a true votary of fashion. Perhaps there is not a more perfect model of Real Life in London than might be furnished from the memoirs of his lordship! He is rather a good looking man, as he sits, and prides himself on being a striking likeness of his present majesty; but, unfortunately, has a lameness which impedes him in the ardour of his pursuit of game, although it must be acknowledged he has been a game one in his time. The boy you see with him is reported to be his own son, who is now employed by him as an assistant in all his amorous adventures."

"His own son!" exclaimed Bob.

"Aye, and (if so) a merrily begotten one, I'll be bound for it," continued Tom; "such things will happen, and his lordship has kept a very pretty assortment of servant girls. But the introduction of this youth to public notice was somewhat curious. It is said, that having a large party of *bon vivants* to dine with him, on sitting down to table, and taking the cover off one of the dishes, a plump and smiling infant appeared. A sweet little *Cupid* by

—! (exclaimed his lordship) I'll be his father!—I'll

take care of him!—call Rose, and tell her to look out for a nurse for him. Thus taking upon himself the character of parent and protector as well as parson. Young *Cupid* was christened in libations of claret, and furnished a fund of amusement for the evening. How young Cupid came there, I believe has not yet been [34] satisfactorily ascertained:

*Who seeks a friend, should come disposed  
T' exhibit, in full bloom disclosed,  
The graces and the beauties  
That form the character he seeks;  
For 'tis an union that bespeaks  
Reciprocated duties.*

And thus it has proved with *Cupid*, himself the offspring of an illicit amour, is now constantly engaged in promoting others.

"His lordship had three brothers, *Billingsgate! Hellgate!* and *Newgate!* whose names are adorned with a similarity of perfections in the Temple of Fame; but they are consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, and we will not rake up the ashes of the dead." {1}

At this moment a loud knocking was heard at the door, and Mr. Sparkle was ushered into the drawing-room, which he entered, as it were, with a hop, step, and jump, and had Tom Dashall by the hand almost before they could turn round to see who it was.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Sparkle, almost out of breath, "where have you been to? Time has been standing still since your departure!—there has been a complete void in nature—how do you do?—I beg pardon, (turning to Bob) you will excuse my rapture at meeting my old friend, whom I have lost so long, that I have almost lost myself—egad, I have run myself out of breath—cursed unlucky I was not in the Park this morning to see you first, but I have just heard all about you from Lady Jane, and lost no time in paying my respects—what are you going to do with yourself?"

*1 There was a delicate propriety in this conduct of the Hon. Tom Dashall which cannot but be admired; for although they were alone, and speaking to each other in perfect confidence, it was always his desire to avoid as much as possible making bad worse; he had a heart to feel, as well as a head to think; and would rather lend a hand to raise a fellow-creature from the mud than walk deliberately over him; besides, he foresaw other opportunities would arise in which, from circumstances, he would almost be compelled to draw his Cousin's attention again to the persons in question, and he was always unwilling to ex-haust a subject of an interesting nature without sonic leading occurrence to warrant it.*

At this moment dinner was announced. "Come," said Tom, "let us refresh a bit, and after dinner I will tell [35] you all about it. We are travellers, you know, and feel a little fatigued. *Allons, allons.*" And so saying, he led the way to the dinner-room.

"Nothing could be more *apropos*," said Sparkle, "for although I have two engagements beforehand, and have promised a visit to you know who in the evening, they appear like icicles that must melt before the sun of your re-appearance: so I am your's." And to it they went. Tom always kept a liberal table, and gave his friends a hearty welcome. But here it will be necessary, while they are regaling themselves, to make our readers a little acquainted with Charles Sparkle, Esq.; for which purpose we must request his patience till the next chapter.

## CHAPTER V

*"Place me, thou great Supreme, in that blest state,  
Unknown to those the silly world call Great,  
Where all my wants may be with ease supply'd,  
Yet nought superfluous to pamper pride."*

IT will be seen in the previous chapter, that the formal ceremony of a fashionable introduction, such as [36] —"Mr. Sparkle, my friend Mr. Robert Tallyho, of Belville Hall; Mr. Tallyho, Mr. Charles Sparkle," was altogether omitted; indeed, the abrupt entrance of the latter rendered it utterly impossible, for although Sparkle was really a well-bred man, he had heard from Lady Jane of Tom's arrival with his young friend from the country. *Etiquette* between themselves, was at all times completely unnecessary, an air of gaiety and freedom, as the friend of Dashall, was introduction enough to Bob, and consequently this point of good breeding was wholly unnoticed by all the party; but we are not yet sufficiently acquainted with our readers to expect a similar mode of proceeding will be overlooked; we shall therefore lose no time in giving our promised account of Mr. Sparkle, and beg to introduce him accordingly.

Mr. Reader, Mr. Sparkle; Mr. Sparkle, Mr. Reader.

Hold, Sir, what are you about? You have bewildered yourself with etiquette, and seem to know as little

about *Life in London* as the novice you have already introduced—By the way, that introduction was one of the most extraordinary I ever met with; this may be equally so for ought I know; and I really begin to suspect you are an extraordinary fellow yourself. How can you introduce me, of whom you know nothing?

Egad, I believe you have me there—"a palpable hit, my Lord," (or my Lady, for I certainly cannot say which;) I was getting myself into an awkward dilemma, but I hate suspicion—

*"Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind."*

Methinks I see a frown, but I meant no offence, and if you throw down my book in a rage, you will perhaps [37] not only remain ignorant of Mr. Sparkle, but, what is more important, of those other numerous fashionable characters in high and low life—of those manners—incidents—amusements—follies—vices, &c. which, combined together, form the true picture of Real Life in the Metropolis.

*"He who hath trod th' intricate maze,  
Exploring every devious way,  
Can best direct th' enquiring gaze,  
And all the varied scenes display."*

Mr. Author, you are a strange Rambler.

Admitted, Sir, or Ma'am, I am a Rambler, who, with your permission, would willingly not be impeded in my progress, and under such expectations I shall proceed.

Charles Sparkle was the son and only child of a Right Hon. Member of Parliament, now no more, whose mother dying soon after his birth, was left destitute of that maternal kindness and solicitude which frequently has so much influence in forming the character of the future man.

His father, a man of eccentric turn of mind, being appointed soon afterwards to a diplomatic situation abroad, left the care of his son's education to an elderly friend of his, who held a situation of some importance under the then existing government, with an injunction to conceal from the boy the knowledge of his real parent, and to bring him up as his own child.

This important trust was executed with tenderness and fidelity; the boy grew in strength, and ripened in intelligence, and being accustomed to consider his protector as his parent, the father, upon returning to England, determined not to undeceive him, until he should arrive at years of discretion; and with this view Mr. Orford was instructed at a proper age to send him to Oxford.

Charles, however had contracted before this period, habits and acquaintances in London, that were completely in opposition to the dictates and inclinations of his supposed father. He became passionately fond of literary amusements, music, and drawing, which served to occupy his morning hours: but his evenings were devoted to the company of vitiated associates, who did not fail to exercise their influence over his youthful passions, and he frequently engaged himself in unlucky and improvident adventures, which involved him in pecuniary difficulties far beyond his stipulated income. These circumstances were no sooner made known to the supposed parent, than they excited his displeasure, and being carried to an unpardonable extent, he was, at the age of eighteen, literally banished the house of his protector, and compelled to take an obscure lodging in the vicinity of London; the rent of which was paid for him, and a scanty allowance of one guinea sent to him regularly every Saturday night. Thus secluded from his old associates, it will not be wondered at that he contrived to form new ones, and having purchased an old harpsicord, turned the musical instruction he had received to occasional account; he also wrote some political pamphlets which were well received. But this solitary and dependent life was wholly unsuited to the gaiety in which he had hitherto moved. It had, however, the effect of drawing forth talent, which perhaps would never, but for this circumstance, have been discovered; for [38]

*"Many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*

His writings, &c. under the name of Oribrd, were recognised by the real father, as the productions of a promising son: at his instigation, and upon a promise of reform, he was again restored to his former home, and shortly after entered as a gentleman commoner of St. Mary's, Oxford; but not till he had, by some means or other, made the discovery that Orford was not his real name. Congenial spirits are naturally fond of associating, and it was here that he first became acquainted with the Hon. Tom Dashall: they were constant companions and mutual assistants to each other, in all their exercises as well as all their vagaries; so as to cement a friendship and interest in each other's fate, up to the moment of which we are now speaking.

Orford, however, was at that time more impetuous and less discreet in the pursuit of his pleasures than his honourable friend, and after obtaining the distinction of Bachelor of Arts, was in consequence of his imprudence and irregularities, after frequently hair-breadth escapes, expelled the college. This circumstance, [39] however, appeared of little consequence to him. He hired a gig at Oxford, promising to return in a few days, and came up to London, but had not effrontery enough to venture into the presence of his reputed father. On arrival in town, he put up at an inn in the Borough, where he resided till all the money he had was exhausted, and till, as he emphatically observes, he had actually eaten his horse and chaise.

In the mean time, the people at Oxford found he was expelled; and as he had not returned according to appointment, he was pursued, and eventually found: they had no doubt of obtaining their demand from his friends, and he was arrested at the suit of the lender; which was immediately followed by a retainer from the inn-keeper where he had resided in town. Application was made to Mr. Orford for his liberation, without effect; in consequence of which he became a resident in the rules of the King's Bench, as his friends conceived by this means his habits would be corrected and his future conduct be amended, his real father still keeping in the back ground.



While in this confinement, he again resorted to the produce of his pen and his talent for musical composition, and his friend Tom, at the first vacation, did not fail to visit him. During this time, in the shape of donation, from Mr. Orford he received occasional supplies more than equal to his necessities, though not to his wishes. While here, he fished out some further clue to the real parent, who visited him in disguise during his confinement as a friend of Mr. Orford: still, however, he had no chance of liberation, till, being one day called on by Mr. Orford, he was informed he was at perfect liberty to leave his present abode, and was directed to go with him immediately; a coach was called, and he heard the direction given to drive to Bedford Square, where they arrived just time enough to learn that the Right Hon. S. S. had breathed his last, after a lingering illness.

Upon alighting from the coach, and receiving this information, they were ushered into the drawing-room, and presently joined by a clergyman who had been the chaplain of the deceased, who acquainted our adventurer of the death of his parent—that by will he was entitled to 10,000L. per annum, and a handsome [40] estate in Wiltshire. This sudden reverse of fortune to Sparkle—the change from confinement to liberty, from indigence to affluence—awakened sensations more easily to be conceived than described. He wept, (perhaps the first tears of sincerity in his life; ) his heart was subdued by an overwhelming flood of affection for that unknown being, whom he now found had been his constant guardian angel, alternately taking Orford and the reverend Divine by the hand, and hiding his head in the bosom of his reputed father. At length they led him to the room in which were the remains of his lamented parent.

There are perhaps few circumstances better calculated to impress awe on the youthful mind than the contemplation of those features in death which have been respected and revered while living. Such respect had ever been entertained by Charles Sparkle for the supposed friend of Mr. Orford, from whom he had several times received the most kind and affectionate advice; and his sensations upon discovering that friend to be no other than his own father, may be more easily conceived than described—he was at once exalted and humbled, delighted and afflicted. He threw himself in an agony of feeling by the bed-side, fell on his knees, in which he was joined by the clergyman and Orford, where he remained some time.

After the first paroxysms of grief had subsided, young Sparkle, who had already felt the strongest impression that could possibly be made on a naturally good heart, gave orders for the funeral of his deceased father, and then proceeded to make other arrangements suitable to the character he was hereafter to sustain through life, went down to Wiltshire, and took possession of his estate, where for a time he secluded himself, and devoted his attention to the perusal of the best authors in the English, French, and Italian language, under the superintendence of the reverend Divine, who had been a resident for many years with his father.

But a life in the country could not long have superior charms for a young man who had already seen much to admire, as well as much to avoid, in the metropolis. The combination however of theoretical information he had derived from books, as well as the practical observations he had made during his residence in London, fitted him at once for the gayest and most distinguished circles of metropolitan society. He therefore [41] arranged with Mr. Orford, who had formerly acted as his parent, to continue with him in the capacity of steward, and for the last two years of his life had been almost a constant resident at "Long's Hotel", in Bond Street, not choosing to have the charge of an establishment in town; and the early friendship and attachment which had been cultivated at Oxford being again renewed, appeared to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.

Sparkle had still a large portion of that vivacity for which he was so remarkable in his younger days. His motives and intentions were at all times good, and if he indulged himself in the pursuits of frolic and fun, it was never at the expence of creating an unpleasant feeling to an honest or honourable mind. His fortune was ample. He had a hand to give, and a heart to forgive; no "malice or hatred were there to be found:" but of these qualifications, and the exercise of them, sufficient traits will be given in the ensuing pages. No man was better *up* to the rigs of the town; no one better *down* to the manoeuvres of the *flats*, and *sharps*. He had mingled with life in all companies; he was at once an elegant and interesting companion; his views were extensive upon all subjects; his conversation lively, and his manners polished.

Such, gentle reader, is the brief sketch of Charles Sparkle, the esteemed friend of the Hon. Tom Dashall, and with such recommendations it will not be wondered at if he should become also the friend of Tally-ho; for, although living in the height of fashionable splendour, his mind was at all times in consonance with the lines which precede this chapter; yet none could be more ready to lend a hand in any pleasant party in pursuit of a bit of *gig*. *A mill at Moulsey Hurst—a badger-bait, or bear-bait—a main at the Cock-pit—a smock-race*—or a scamper to the Tipping hunt, ultimately claimed his attention; while upon all occasions he was an acute observer of life and character.

*"His years but young, but his experience old,  
His heart unmellow'd, though his judgment ripe,  
And in a word, (for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that we now bestow)  
He is complete in conduct and in mind,  
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman."*

But dinner is over, and we must now accompany our triumvirate to the drawing-room, where we find them [42] seated with bottles, glasses, &c. determined to make a quiet evening after the fatigues of the journey, and with a view to prepare themselves for the more arduous, and to Tally-ho more interesting, pursuits in the new world, for such he almost considered London.

"Yes," said Sparkle, addressing himself to Bob, with whom a little previous conversation had almost rendered him familiar, "London is a world within itself; it is, indeed, the only place to see life—it is the *"multum in parvo,"* as the old song says,

*"Would you see the world in little,  
Ye curious here repair;"*

it is the acmé of perfection, the *"summum bonum"* of style—indeed, there is a certain affectation of style

from the highest to the lowest individual."

"You are a merry and stylish fellow," said Tom; we should have been hipp'd without you, there is a fund of amusement in you at all times."

"You are a bit of a wag," replied Sparkle, "but I am up to your gossip, and can serve you out in your own style."

"Every body," says Tallyho, "appears to live in style."

"Yes," continued Sparkle, "*living in style* is one of the most essential requisites for a residence in London; but I'll give you my idea of living in style, which, by many, is literally nothing more than keeping up appearances at other people's expence: for instance, a Duchess conceives it to consist in taking her breakfast at three o'clock in the afternoon—dining at eight—playing at Faro till four the next morning—supping at five, and going to bed at six—and to eat green peas and peaches in January—in making a half-curtsey at the creed, and a whole one to a scoundrel—in giving fifty guineas to an exotic capon for a pit-ticket—and treating the deserved claims of a parental actor with contempt—to lisp for the mere purpose of appearing singular, and to seem completely ignorant of the Mosaic law—to be in the reverse of extremes—to laugh when she could weep, and weep when she could dance and be merry—to leave her compliment cards with her acquaintance, whom at the same moment she wishes she may never see again—to speak of the community with marked [43] disrespect, and to consider the sacrament a bore!"

"Admirable!" said Tom.

"Wonderful, indeed!" exclaimed Tallyho.

"Aye, aye, London is full of wonders—there is a general and insatiate appetite for the marvellous; but let us proceed: Now we'll take the reverse of the picture. The Duke thinks he does things in style, by paying his debts of honour contracted at the gaming-table, and but very few honourable debts—by being harsh and severe to a private supplicant, while he is publicly a liberal subscriber to a person he never saw—by leaving his vis-a-vis at the door of a well-known courtesan, in order to have the credit of an intrigue—in making use of an optical glass for personal inspection, though he can ascertain the horizon without any—by being or seeming to be, every thing that is in opposition to nature and virtue—in counting the lines in the Red Book, and carefully watching the importation of *figurantes* from the Continent—in roundly declaring that a man of fashion is a being of a superior order, and ought to be amenable only to himself—in jumbling ethics and physics together, so as to make them destroy each other—in walking arm in arm with a sneering jockey—talking loudly any thing but sense—and in burning long letters without once looking at their contents;... and so much for my Lord Duke."

"Go along Bob!" exclaimed Tom.

Tallyho conceiving himself addressed by this, looked up with an air of surprise and enquiry, which excited the risibility of Dashall and Sparkle, till it was explained to him as a common phrase in London, with which he would soon become more familiar. Sparkle continued.

"The gay young Peerling, who is scarcely entitled to the honours and immunities of manhood, is satisfied he is *doing things in style*, by raising large sums of money on *post-obit* bonds, at the very moderate premium of 40 per cent.—in *queering* the clergyman at his father's table, and leaving the marks of his finger and thumb on the article of matrimony in his aunt's prayer-book—in kicking up a row at the theatre, when he knows he has some roaring bullies at his elbow, though humble and dastardly when alone—in keeping a dashing *impure*, who publicly squanders away his money, and privately laughs at his follies—in buying a phaeton as high as a two pair of stairs window, and a dozen of spanking bays at Tattersall's, and in dashing through St. [44] James's Street, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Hyde Park, thus accompanied and accoutred, amidst the contumelies of the coxcombs and the sighs of the worthy. And these are pictures of high life, of which the originals are to be seen daily.

"The haberdasher of Cheapside, whose father, by adherence to the most rigid economy, had amassed a competence, and who transmitted his property, without his prudence, to his darling son, is determined to shew his spirit, by buying a *bit of blood*, keeping his gig, his girl, and a thatched cottage on the skirts of Epping Forest, or Sydenham Common; but as keeping a girl and a gig would be a nothing unless all the world were *up to it*, he regularly drives her to all the boxing-matches, the Epping hunt, and all the races at Barnet, Epsom, Egham, and Ascot Heath, where he places himself in one of the most conspicuous situations; and as he knows his racing, &c. must eventually distinguish his name in the Gazette with a whereas! he rejoices in the progress and acceleration of his own ruin, and, placing his arms akimbo, he laughs, sings, swears, swaggers, and vociferates—"What d'ye think o' that now,—is'nt this doing it in stile, eh?"

"Prime of life to go it, where's a place like London? Four in hand to-day, the next you may be undone."



EPSOM RACES, *Showing But how to drive a Tandem.*

"Well, Sir, the mercer's wife, from Watling Street, thinks living in style is evinced by going once a year to a masquerade at the new Museodeum, or Argyle Rooms; having her daughters taught French, dancing, and music—dancing a minuet at Prewterers' Hall, or Mr. Wilson's {1} annual benefit—in getting a good situation in the green boxes—going to Hampstead or Copenhagen House in a glass coach on a Sunday—having card-parties at home

*1 Mr. Wilson's flaming bills of "Dancing at the Old Bailey," which are so profusely stuck up about the city, are said to have occasioned several awkward jokes and blunders; among others related, is that of a great unintellectual Yorkshire booby, who, after staring at the bills with his mouth open, and his saucer eyes nearly starting out of his head with astonishment, exclaimed, "Dang the buttons on't, I zee'd urn dangling all of a row last Wednesday at t' Ould Bailey, but didn't know as how they call'd that danzing,—by gum there be no understanding these here Lunnun folk!"*

during Lent, declaring she never drinks any thing else but the *most bestest* gunpowder tea, that she has a [45] most *screwciating* cold, and that the country air is always *salubrus*, and sure to do her good.

"So much for living in style, and good breeding."

*"That's your true breeding—that's your sort my boys—  
Fun, fire, and pathos—metre, mirth, and noise;  
To make you die with laughter, or the hiccups,  
Tickle your favourites, or smash your tea-cups."*

"By the way, in former times the term *good-breeding* meant a combination of all that was amiable and excellent; and a well-bred person would shrink from an action or expression that could possibly wound the feelings of another; its foundation was laid in truth, and its supporting pillars were justice and integrity, sensibility and philanthropy; but

*"In this gay age—in Taste's enlighten'd times,  
When Fashion sanctifies the basest crimes;  
E'en not to swear and game were impolite,  
Since he who sins in style must sure be right."*

A well-bred person must learn to smile when he is angry, and to laugh even when he is vexed to the very soul.

"It would be the height of *mauvaise honte* for a wellbred person to blush upon any occasions whatever; no young lady blushes after eleven years of age; to study the expression of the countenance of others, in order to govern your own, is indispensably necessary.

"In former times, no well-bred person would have uttered a falsehood; but now such ideas are completely exploded, and such conduct would now be termed a *bore*. My Lord Portly remarks, 'It is a cold day.' 'Yes, my Lord, it is a very cold day,' replies Major Punt. In two minutes after, meeting Lord Lounge, who observes he thinks the weather very warm—'Yes, very warm, my Lord,' is the reply—thus contradicting himself almost in the same breath. It would be perfectly inconsistent in a well-bred man to think, for fear of being absent. When he enters or leaves a drawing-room, he should round his shoulders, drop his head, and imitate a clown or a coachman. This has the effect of the best *ruse de guerre*—for it serves to astonish the ladies, when they afterwards discover, by the familiarity of his address, and his unrestrained manners, what a well-bred man he [46] is; for he will address every fair one in the room in the most enchanting terms, except her to whom in the same party he had previously paid the most particular attention; and on her he will contrive to turn his back for the whole evening, and if he is a man of fashion, he will thus cause triumph to the other ladies, and save the neglected fair one from envious and slanderous whisperings."

"An admirable picture of living in style, and good breeding, indeed!" cried Tom. "The game is in view and well worth pursuit; so hark forward! hark forward! my boys."

Sparkle, now recollecting his engagement—with "you know who" as he significantly observed in the last Chapter, withdrew, after promising to take a stroll by way of killing an hour or two with them in the morning;

and Tom and his Cousin soon after retired to rest—

*"Perchance to sleep, perchance to dream."*

## CHAPTER VI

*"The alarm was so strong,  
So loud and so long,  
'Twas surely some robber, or sprite,  
Who without any doubt  
Was prowling about  
To fill ev'ry heart with affright."*

THE smiles of a May morning, bedecked with the splendid rays of a rising sun, awakened Tallyho about five [47] o'clock, and being accustomed to rise early in the country, he left the downy couch of soft repose, and sought his way down stairs. Not a sound of any kind was to be heard in the house, but the rattling of the carts and the coaches in the streets, with the deep-toned accompaniment of a dustman's bell, and an occasional *ab libitum* of "Clothes—clothes sale," gave Bob an idea that all the world was moving. However he could find nobody up; he walked into the drawing-room, amused himself for some time by looking out of the window, indulging his observations and remarks, without knowing what to make of the moving mass of incongruities which met his eye, and wondering what time the servants of the house would wake: he tried the street-door, but found it locked, bolted, and chained; and if he had known where to have found his friend Tom, he would have aroused him with *the View halloo*.

"It is strange," thought he to himself, "all the world seems abroad, and yet not a soul stirring here!" Then checking the current of his reflections, "But this," said he, "is Life in London. Egad! I must not make a noise, because it will not be *good breeding*." In this way he sauntered about the house for near two hours, till at last espying his portmanteau, which had been left in the passage by the servants the previous evening—"I'll carry this up stairs," said he, "by way of amusement;" and carelessly shouldering the portmanteau, he was walking deliberately up stairs, when his ears were suddenly attracted by a loud cry of "Murder, murder, [48] thieves, murder!" and the violent ringing of a bell. Alarmed at these extraordinary sounds, which appeared to be near him at a moment when he conceived no soul was stirring, he dropped his portmanteau over the banisters, which fell, (demolishing in its way an elegant Grecian patent lamp with glass shades, drops, &c.) into the passage below with a hideous crash, while the cry of Murder, thieves, murder, was repeated by many voices, and rendered him almost immoveable. In the next moment, the butler, the cook, the groom, and indeed every person in the house, appeared on the stair-case, some almost in a state of nudity, and shrinking from each other's gaze, and all armed with such weapons as chance had thrown in their way, to attack the supposed depredator.

Among the rest, fortunately for Tallyho, (who stood balancing himself against the banisters in a state of indecision whether he should ascend or descend) Tom Dashall in his night-gown burst out of his room in alarm at the noise, with a brace of pistols, one in his hand in the very act of cocking it, and the other placed in convenient readiness under his left arm. "Why, what the devil is the matter?" vociferated he, and at that moment his eye caught the agitated figure of his Cousin Bob, on the half-landing place below him. At the sound of his well-known voice, the innocent and unsuspecting cause of this confusion and alarm looked up at his friend, as if half afraid and half ashamed of the occurrence, and stammered out, "Where is the thief?—Who is murdered?—I'll swear there is something broke somewhere—tell me which way to go!" Tom looked around him at the group of half-clad nymphs and swains, (who were now huddling together, conceiving their security lay in combination, and finding all eyes were placed with astonishment and wonder on Bob) began to see through what had happened, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; which relieved the frightened damsels, but so confounded poor Tallyho, that he scarcely knew whether he was standing on his head or his heels. "Why," said Tom, addressing himself to his Cousin, "you will get yourself murdered if you go wandering about people's houses at the dead of the night in this manner—are you asleep or awake?—who have you made an assignation with—or where are you going to—what are you up to, Master Bobby, eh?— [49] These tricks won't do here!"

*"Is't Love's unhallow'd flame invites to roam,  
And bids you from your pillow creep?  
Or say, why thus disturb my peaceful home,  
Like Macbeth, who doth murder sleep."*

Tallyho was unable to reply: he looked down over the banister—he looked up at the risible features of Tom Dashall, who was almost bursting at the ludicrous situation in which he found his friend and his servants. "Come," said Tom, "there are no thieves—all's right"—to the servants, "you may quiet your minds and go to business. Bob, I'll be down with you presently." Upon this, the stair-case was cleared in an instant of all but the unfortunate Tallyho; and peace appeared to be restored in the family, but not to Bob's mind, conceiving he had committed a gross violation of good breeding, and shewn but a bad specimen of his aptitude to become a learner of London manners. It must be confessed, it was rather an awkward commencement; however, in a few minutes, recovering himself from the fright, he crawled gently down the stairs, and took a survey of the devastation he had made—cursed the lamp, d—d the portmanteau—then snatching it from the ruin before him, and again placing his luggage on his shoulder, he quietly walked up stairs to his bed-room.

It is much to be lamented in this wonderful age of discovery and continual improvement, that our philosophers have not yet found out a mode of supplying the place of glass (as almost every thing else) with

cast-iron. The substitution of gas for oil has long been talked of, as one of national importance, even so much so, that one man, whose ideas were as brilliant as his own experiments, has endeavoured to shew that its produce would in a short time pay off the national debt!{1}

"A consummation devoutly to be wished;" and experience has taught the world at large there is nothing impossible, nor is there any one in existence more credulous than honest John Bull. But we are

*1 Mr. Winsor, the original lecturer on the powers of gas, in Pall Mall.*

digressing from the adventure of the lamp, however it was occasioned, by clearly proving it was not a [50] *patent safety-lamp*: and that among the luxuries of the Hon. Tom Dashall's habitation, gas had not yet been introduced, will speedily be discovered.

Upon arriving in his bed-room, wondering within himself how he should repair the blundering mistake, of which he had so unluckily been the unwilling and unconscious author, he found himself in a new dilemma, as the receptacle of the oil had fallen with the lamp, and plentifully bedewed the portmanteau with its contents, so that he had now transferred the savoury fluid to his coat, waistcoat, cravat, and shirt. What was to be done in such a case? He could not make his appearance in that state; but his mortifications were not yet at an end

*"Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arise."*

The key of his portmanteau was missing; he rummaged all his pockets in vain—he turned them inside out—it was not here—it was not there; enraged at the multiplicity of disappointments to which he was subjected, he cut open the leathern carriage of his wardrobe with a penknife; undressed, and re-dressed himself; by which time it was half-past eight o'clock. His Cousin Tom, who had hurried down according to promise, had in the mean time been making enquiry after him, and now entered the room, singing,

*"And all with attention would eagerly mark:  
When he cheer'd up the pack—Hark! to Rockwood hark! hark!"*

At the sight of Dashall, he recovered himself from his embarrassment, and descended with him to the breakfast-parlour.

"Did you send to Robinson's?" enquired Tom of one of the servants, as they entered the room. "Yes, Sir," was the reply; "and Weston's too?" continued he; being answered in the affirmative, "then let us have breakfast directly." Then turning to Bob, "Sparkle," said he, "promised to be with us about eleven, for the purpose of taking a stroll; in the mean time we must dress and make ready."—"Dress," said Bob, "Egad! I have dressed and made ready twice already this morning." He then recounted the adventures above [51] recorded; at which Dashall repeatedly burst into fits of immoderate laughter. Breakfast being over, a person from Mr. Robinson's was announced, and ushered into the room.

A more prepossessing appearance had scarcely met Bob's eye—a tall, elegant young man, dressed in black, cut in the extreme of fashion, whose features bespoke intelligence, and whose air and manner were indicative of a something which to him was quite new. He arose upon his entrance, and made a formal bow; which was returned by the youth. "Good morning, gentlemen."—"Good morning, Mr. R—," said Tom, mentioning a name celebrated by

Pope in the following lines:

*"But all my praises, why should lords engross?  
Bise, honest Muse, and sing the man of Boss."*

"I am happy to have the honour of seeing you in town again, Sir! The fashionables are mustering very strong, and the prospect of the approaching coronation appears to be very attractive." During this time he was occupied in opening a leathern case, which contained combs, brushes, &c.; then taking off his coat, he appeared in a jacket with an apron, which, like a fashionable *pinafore* of the present day, nearly concealed his person, from his chin to his toes. "Yes," replied Dashall, "the coronation is a subject of deep importance just now in the circles of fashion," seating himself in his chair, in readiness for the operator,{1} who, Bob now discovered, was no other than the *Peruquier*.

*1 The progress of taste and refinement is visible in all situations, and the language of putting has become so well understood by all ranks of society, that it is made use of by the most humble and obscure tradesmen of the metropolis. One remarkable instance ought not to be omitted here. In a narrow dirty street, leading from the Temple towards Blackfriars, over a small triangular-fronted shop, scarcely big enough to hold three persons at a time, the eye of the passing traveller is greeted with the following welcome information, painted in large and legible characters, the letters being each nearly a foot in size:—*

*HAIR CUT AND MODERNIZED!!!*

*This is the true "Multum in parvo"—a combination of the "Utile et dulce," the very acme of perfection. Surely, after this, to Robinson, Vickery, Boss, and Cryer, we may say—"Ye lesser stars, hide your diminished heads."*

*The art of puffing may be further illustrated by the following specimen of the Sublime, which is inserted here for the information of such persons as, residing in the country, have had no opportunity of seeing the original. "R— makes gentlemen's and ladies' perukes on an entire*

*new system; which for lightness, taste, and ease, are superior to any other in Europe. He has exerted the genius and abilities of the first artists to complete his exhibition of ornamental hair, in all its luxuriant varieties, where the elegance of nature and convenience of art are so blended, as at once to rival and ameliorate each other. Here his fair patrons may uninterruptedly examine the effects of artificial tresses, or toupees of all complexions, and, in a trial on themselves, blend the different tints with their own!"*

*The strife for pre-eminence in this art is not however confined to this country; for we find an instance recorded in an American newspaper, which may perhaps be equally amusing and acceptable:—*

*"A. C. D. La vigne, having heard of the envious expressions uttered by certain common barbers, miserable chin-scrapers, and frizulary quacks, tending to depreciate that superiority which genius is entitled to, and talents will invariably command, hereby puts them and their vulgar arts at defiance; and, scorning to hold parley with such sneakingimps, proposes to any gentleman to defend and maintain, at his shop, the head quarters of fashion, No. 6, South Gay Street, against all persons whomsoever, his title to supremacy in curlery, wiggyery, and razory, to the amount of one hundred dollars and upwards. As hostile as he is to that low style of puffery adopted by a certain adventurer, 'yclept Higgins, Lavigne cannot avoid declaring, in the face of the world, that his education has been scientific; that after having finished his studies at Paris, he took the tour of the universe, having had the rare fortune of regulating the heads of Catherine the Second, and the Grand Turk; the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of China; the Mamelukes of Egypt, and the Dey of Algiers; together with all the ladies of their respective Courts. He has visited the Cape of Good Hope, India, Java, Madagascar, Tartary, and Kamschatka, whence he reached the United States by the way of Cape Horn. In England he had previously tarried, where he delivered Lectures on Heads in great style. He has at last settled in Baltimore, determined to devote the remainder of his days to the high profession to which his des-tiny has called him; inviting all the literati, the lovers of the arts and sciences, to visit him at his laboratory of beauty, where he has separate rooms for accommodating ladies and gentlemen, who desire to adorn their heads with hairudition. "Can France, England—nay, the world itself, produce such another specimen of puffing and barberism?"*

"And pray," continued Tom, "what is there new in the haut ton? Has there been any thing of importance to [53] attract attention since my absence? "Nothing very particular," was the reply—"all very dull and flat. Rumour however, as usual, has not been inactive; two or three trifling faux pas, and—oh!—yes—two duels—one in the literary world: two authors, who, after attacking each other with the quill, chose to decide their quarrel with the pistol, and poor Scot lost his life! But how should authors understand such things? The other has made a great noise in the world—You like the Corinthian cut, I believe, Sir?"

"I believe so too," said Tom—"but don't you cut the duel so short—who were the parties?"

"Oh! aye, why one, Sir, was a celebrated leader of ton, no other than Lord Shampêtre, and the other Mr. Webb, a gentleman well known: it was a sort of family affair. His lordship's gallantry and courage, however, were put to the test, and the result bids fair to increase his popularity. The cause was nothing very extraordinary, but the effect had nearly proved fatal to his Lordship."

"What, was he wounded?" enquired Tom.

"It was thought so at first," replied the *Peruquier*, "but it was afterwards discovered that his Lordship had only fainted at the report of his opponent's pistol."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Tom, "then it was a bloodless battle—but I should like to know more of the particulars."

"Hold your head a little more this way, Sir, if you please—that will do, I thank you, Sir;—why, it appears, that in attempting to fulfil an assignation with Mr. Webb's wife, the husband, who had got scent of the appointment, as to place and time, lustily cudgelled the dandy Lord Whiskerphiz, and rescued his own brows from certain other fashionable appendages, for which he had no relish. His Lordship's whiskers were injured, by which circumstance some people might conceive his features and appearance must have been improved, however that was not his opinion; his bones were sore, and his mind (that is to say, as the public supposed) hurt. The subject became a general theme of conversation, a Commoner had thrashed a Lord!—flesh and blood could not bear it—but then such flesh and blood could as little bear the thought of a duel—Lord Polly was made the bearer of a challenge—a meeting took place, and at the first fire his Lordship fell. A fine subject for the caricaturists, and they have not failed to make a good use of it. The fire of his Lordship's features was so completely obscured by his whiskers and mustachios, that it was immediately concluded the [54] shot had proved mortal, till Lord Polly (who had taken refuge for safety behind a neighbouring tree) advancing, drew a bottle from his pocket, which, upon application to his nose, had the desired effect of restoring the half-dead duellist to life and light. The Seconds interfered, and succeeded in bringing the matter to a conclusion, and preventing the expected dissolution of Shampetre, who, report says, has determined not to place himself in such a perilous situation again. The fright caused him a severe illness, from which he has scarcely yet recovered sufficiently to appear in public—I believe that will do, Sir; will you look in the glass—can I make any alteration?"

"Perhaps not in your story," replied Tom; "and as to my head, so as you do not make it like the one you have been speaking of, I rely solely on your taste and judgment."

The Peruquier made his bow—"Sir, your politeness is well known!" then turning to Tallyho, "Will you allow me the honour of officiating for you, Sir?"

"Certainly," replied Bob, who by this time had seen the alteration made in his Cousin's appearance, as well as been delighted with the account of the duel, at which they all laughed during the narration—and immediately prepared for action, while Dashall continued his enquiries as to the fashionable occurrences during his absence.

"There have been some other circumstances, of minor importance," continued the Peruquier—"it is said that a certain Lord, of high military character, has lost considerable sums of money, and seriously impaired his fortune—Lord — and a friend are completely ruined at hazard—there was a most excellent mill at Moulsey Hurst on Thursday last, between the Gas-light man, who appears to be a game chicken, and a prime hammerer—he can give and take with any man—and Oliver—Gas beat him hollow, it was all Lombard-street to a china orange. The Masked Festival on the 18th is a subject of considerable attraction, and wigs of every nature, style, and fashion, are in high request for the occasion—The Bob, the Tye, the Natural Scratch, the Full Bottom, the Queue, the Curl, the Clerical, the Narcissus, the Auricula, the Capital, the Corinthian, the Roman, the Spanish, the French, the Dutch—oh! we are full of business just now. Speaking of the art, by the by, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred a very short time back, and which shows such a striking [55] contrast between the low-bred citizens, and the True Blues of the West!—have the kindness to hold your head a little on one side, Sir, if you please—a little more towards the light, if you please—that will do excellently—why you'll look quite another thing!—From the country, I presume?" "You are right," said Bob, "but I don't want a wig just yet."

"Shall be happy to fit you upon all occasions—masquerade, ball, or supper, Sir: you may perhaps wish to go out, as we say in the West, in coy.—happy to receive your commands at any time, prompt attention and dispatch."

"Zounds! you are clipping the wig too close," said Tom, impatient to hear the story, "and if you go on at this rate, you won't leave us even the *tail* (tale)."

"Right, Sir, I take—'and thereby hangs a tale.' The observation is in point, *verbum sat*, as the latinist would say. Well, Sir, as I was saying, a citizen, with a design to outdo his neighbours, called at one of the first shops in London a very short time since, and gave particular orders to have his *pericranium* fitted with a wig of the true royal cut. The dimensions of his upper story were taken—the order executed to the very letter of the instructions—it fitted like wax—it was nature—nay it soared beyond nature—it was the perfection of art—the very acmé of science! Conception was outdone, and there is no power in language to describe it. He was delighted; his wife was charmed with the idea of a new husband, and he with his new wig; but

*"Now comes the pleasant joke of all,  
?Tis when too close attack'd we fall."*

The account was produced—would you believe it, he refused to have it—he objected to the price."

"The devil take it!" said Tom, "object to pay for the acme of perfection; this unnaturally natural wig would have fetched any money among the collectors of curiosities."

"What was the price?" enquired Bob.

"Trifling, Sir, very trifling, to an artist 'of the first water,' as a jeweller would say by his diamonds—only thirty guineas!!!"

"Thirty guineas!" exclaimed Bob, starting from his seat, and almost overturning the *modernizer* of his head.

Then, recollecting Sparkle's account of Living in Style, and Good Breeding, falling gently into his seat [56] again.

"Did I hurt you, Sir?" exclaimed the Peruquier.

Dashall bit his lip, and smiled at the surprise of his Cousin, which was now so visibly depicted in his countenance.

"Not at all," replied Tallyho.

"In two minutes more, Sir, your head will be a grace to; Bond Street or St. James's; it cuts well, and looks well; and if you will allow me to attend you once a month, it will continue so."

Tom hummed a tune, and looked out of the window; the other two were silent till Bob was released. Tom *tip'd the blunt*, and the interesting young man made his congé, and departed.

"A very interesting and amusing sort of person," said Bob.

"Yes," replied Tom, "he is a walking volume of information: he knows something of every thing, and almost of every body. He has been in better circumstances, and seen a great deal of life; his history is somewhat remarkable, and some particulars, not generally known, have excited a considerable portion of interest in his fate among those who are acquainted with them. He is the son, before marriage, of a respectable and worthy tradesman, a celebrated vender of bear's grease, {1} lately deceased, who

*1 The infallibility of this specimen cannot possibly be doubted, after reading the following*

*Advertisement:*

*"Bear's grease has virtues, many, great and rare;  
To hair decay'd, life, health, and vigour giving;*

*?Tis sold by—, fam'd for cutting hair,*

*At —.——— living.*

*Who then would lose a head of hair for trying?  
A thousand tongues are heard 'I won't,' replying;*

*T—r no doubt with bear's grease can supply*

*A thousand more, when they're dispos'd to buy.*

*No deception!—Seven Bears publicly exhibited in seven months, and not an agent on the globe's surface.—Sold upon oath, from 1L. to 10s. 6d. The smallest child will direct to —, near the church—a real Bear over the door, where a good peruke is charged 1L.. 10s. equal to those produced by Mr. T., at B—ss's, for 2L. 12s. 6d.—Scalp 10s. 6d. and 6d. only for hair-cutting—never refusing one shilling.*

*N. B. Bear's-grease effects wonders for the knees &c. of horses."*

resided in the vicinity of Cornhill, and was for many years brought up under his roof as his nephew; in [57] which situation, the elegance of his person, the vivacity of his disposition, and the general information he acquired, became subjects of attraction. His education was respectable for his situation, and his allowance liberal. His father however marrying a young lady of some property, and he, 'gay, light, and airy,' falling into bad hands, found his finances not sufficient to support the company he kept, and by these means involved himself in pecuniary difficulties, which, however, (if report say true) were more than once or twice averted by the indulgent parent. In the course of time, the family was increased by two sons, but he continued the flower of the flock. At length it was intended by his father to retire, in part, from business, and leave its management to this young man, and another who had been many years in his service, and whose successful endeavours in promoting his interest were well deserving his consideration; and the writings for this purpose were actually drawn up. Previous however to their execution, he was dispatched to Edinburgh, to superintend an extensive concern of his father's in that city, where, meeting with an amiable young lady with some expectations, he married without the consent of his parent, a circumstance which drew down upon him the good man's displeasure.

"Not at all dismayed at this, he almost immediately left his father's shop, and set up business for himself in the same neighbourhood, where he continued for two or three years, living, as it was supposed, upon the produce of his matrimonial connexion. At length, however, it was discovered that he was insolvent, and bankruptcy became the consequence. Here he remained till affairs were arranged, and then returned to London with his wife and two children.

"In the mean time, the legitimate family of his father had become useful in the business, and acquainted with his former indiscretions, which, consequently, were not likely to be obliterated from the old gentleman's recollection. Without money and without prospect, he arrived in London, where, for some unliquidated debt, he was arrested and became a resident in the King's Bench, from which he was liberated by the Insolvent Debtor's Act. Emancipated from this, he took small shops, or rather rooms, in various parts of the city, vainly endeavouring to support the character he had formerly maintained. These however proved abortive. Appeals [58] to his father were found fruitless, and he has consequently, after a series of vicissitudes, been compelled to act as a journeyman.

In the career of his youth, he distinguished himself as a dashing, high-spirited fellow. He was selected as fuedel man to a regiment of Volunteers, and made himself conspicuous at the celebrated O. P. row, at the opening of Covent Garden Theatre, on which occasion he attracted the notice of the Caricaturists, {1} and was generally known in the circles of High Life, by his attendance on the first families on behalf of his father.

But perhaps the most remarkable circumstance took place at his deceased parent's funeral. Being so reduced at that time as to have no power even of providing the necessary apparel to manifest the respect, gratitude, and affection, he had ever entertained for the author of his being; and as a natural son has no legal claims upon his father, so naturally nothing was left for him; he applied by letter to the legitimates for a suit of mourning, and permission to attend the remains of their common father to the last receptacle of mortality, which being peremptorily refused, he raised a subscription, obtained clothing, with a gown and hatband, and, as the melancholy procession was moving to the parish church, which was but a few yards distance, he rushed from his hiding-place, stationed himself immediately in the front of the other attendants upon the occasion, and actually accompanied the corpse as chief mourner, having previously concerted with his own mother to be upon the spot. When the body was deposited in the vault, he took her by the hand, led her down the steps, and gave some directions to the bearers as to the situation of the coffin, while the other mourners, panic-struck at the extraordinary circumstances in which they found themselves, turned about and walked in mournful silence back, ruminating on the past with amazement, and full of conjecture for the future.

*1 A caricature of a similar nature to the one alluded to by Dashall in this description, was certainly exhibited at the time of the memorable O. P. row, which exhibited a young man of genteel appearance in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, addressing the audience. It had inscribed at the bottom of it,*

*Is this Barber-Ross-a?*

*in allusion (no doubt) to the tragedy of Barbarossa.*

"It was an extraordinary situation for all parties," said Bob; "but hold, who have we here?—Egad! there is [59] an elegant carriage drawn up to the door; some Lord, or Nobleman, I'll be bound for it—We can't be seen in this deshabelle, I shall make my escape." And saying this, he was hastening out of the room.

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed Tom, "you need not be so speedy in your flight. This is one of the fashionable requisites of London, with whom you must also become acquainted; there is no such thing as doing without them—dress and address are indispensables. This is no other than one of the decorators."

"Decorators!" continued Bob, not exactly comprehending him.

"Monsieur le Tailleur—'Tin Mr. W—, from Cork Street, come to exhibit his Spring patterns, and turn us



out with the new cut—so pray remain where you are.”

“Tailor—decorator,” said Bob—“Egad! the idea is almost as ridiculous as the representation of the taylor riding to Brentford.”

By this time the door was opened, and Mr. W. entered, making his bow with the precision of a dancing-master, and was followed by a servant with pattern-books, the other apparatus of his trade. The first salutations over, large pattern-books were displayed upon the table, exhibiting to view a variety of fancy-coloured cloths, and measures taken accordingly. During which time, Tom, as on the former occasion, continued his enquiries relative to the occurrences in the fashionable world.

“Rather tame, Sir, at present: the Queen's unexpected visit to the two theatres was for a time a matter of surprise—the backwardness of Drury Lane managers to produce 'God Save the King,' has been construed into disloyalty to the Sovereign—and a laughable circumstance took place on his going to the same house a few nights back, which has already been made the subject of much merriment, both in conversation and caricature. It appears that Mr. Gloss'em, who is a *shining character* in the theatrical world, at least among the minors of the metropolis; and whose father was for many years a wax-chandler in the neighbourhood of Soho, holds a situation as clerk of the cheque to the Gentlemen Pensioners of his Majesty's household, as well as that of Major Domo, manager and proprietor of a certain theatre, not half a mile from Waterloo Bridge.

A part of his duty in the former capacity is to attend occasionally upon the person of the King, as one of the [60] appendages of Royalty; in which *character* he appeared on the night in question. The servants of the attendants who were in waiting for their masters, had a room appropriated to their use. One of these latter gentry, no other than Gloss'em's servant, being anxious to have as near a view of the sacred person of his Majesty as his employer, had placed himself in a good situation at the door, in order to witness his departure, when a Mr. Winpebble, of mismanaging notoriety, and also a ponderous puff, assuming managerial authority, espying him, desired the police-officers and guards in attendance to turn out the lamp-lighter's boy, pointing to Gloss'em's servant. This, it seems, was no sooner said than done, at the point of the bayonet. Some little scuffle ensued—His Majesty and suite departed—Hold up your arm, Sir.”

“But did the matter end there?” enquired Dashall.

“O dear, no—not exactly.”

“Because if it did,” continued Tom, “in my opinion, it began with a wax taper, and ended in the smoke of a farthing rushlight. You have made it appear to be a gas-receiver without supplies.”

“I beg pardon,” said Mr. W.; “the pipes are full, but the gas is not yet turned on.”

This created a laugh, and Mr. W. proceeded:—

“The next day, the servant having informed his Master of the treatment he had received, a gentleman was dispatched from Gloss'em to Winpebble, to demand an apology: which being refused, the former, with a large horsewhip under his arm, accosted the latter, and handsomely belaboured his shoulders with lusty stripes. That, you see, Sir, sets the gas all in a blaze.—That will do, Sir.—Now, Sir, at your service,” addressing himself to Tallyho.

“Yes,” said Tom, “the taper's alight again now; and pray what was the consequence?”

“Winpebble called for assistance, which was soon obtained, and away they went to Bow-street. Manager Taper, and Manager Vapour—the one blazing with fire, and the other exhausted with thrashing;—'twas a laughing scene. Manager Strutt, and Manager Butt, were strutting and butting each other. The magistrate [61] heard the case, and recommended peace and quietness between them, by an amicable adjustment. The irritated minds of the now two enraged managers could not be brought to consent to this. Gloss'em declared the piece should be repeated, having been received with the most rapturous applause. Winpebble roundly swore that the piece was ill got up, badly represented, and damn'd to all intents and purposes—that the author had more strength than wit—and though not a friend to injunctions himself, he moved for an injunction against Gloss'em; who was at length something like the renowned John Astley with his imitator Rees:

“This great John Astley, and this little Tommy Rees, Were both bound over to keep the King's Peas.”

Gloss'em was bound to keep the peace, and compelled to find security in the sum of twenty pounds. Thus ended the farce of *The Enraged Managers—Drury Lane in a Blaze, or Bow Street bewildered.*”

“Ha! ha! ha! an animated sort of vehicle for public amusement truly,” said Tom, “and of course produced with new scenery, music, dresses, and decorations; forming a combination of attractions superior to any ever exhibited at any theatre—egad! it would make a most excellent scene in a new pantomime.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” said Mr. W. “true, Sir, true; and the duel of Lord Shampetre would have also its due portion of effect; but as his Lordship is a good customer of mine, you must excuse any remarks on that circumstance.”

“We have already heard of his Lordship's undaunted courage and firmness, as well as the correctness of his aim.”

“He! he! he!” chuckled W.; “then I fancy your information is not very correct, for it appears his lordship displayed a want of every one of those qualities that you impute to him; however, I venture to hope no unpleasant measures will result from the occurrence, as I made the very pantaloons he wore upon the occasion. It seems he is considerably *cut up*; but you must know that, previous to the duel, I was consulted upon the best mode of securing his sacred person from the effects of a bullet: I recommended a very high waistband lined with whale-bone, and well padded with horse-hair, to serve as a breast-plate, and calculated at once to produce warmth, and resist penetration. The pantaloons were accordingly made, thickly overlaid [62] with extremely rich and expensive gold lace, and considered to be stiff enough for any thing—aye, even to keep his Lordship erect. But what do you suppose was the effect of all my care? I should not like to make a common talk of it, but so it certainly was: his Lordship had no objection to the whalebone, buckram, &c. outside of him, but was fearful that if his antagonist's fire should be well-directed, his tender body might be additionally hurt by the splinters of the whalebone being carried along with it, and actually proposed to take them off before the dreadful hour of appointment came on. In this however he was fortunately overruled by

his Second, who, by the by, was but a goose in the affair, and managed it altogether very badly, except in the instance of being prompt with the smelling-bottle, which certainly was well-timed; and it would have been a hissing hot business, but for the judicious interference of the other Second."

A loud laugh succeeded this additional piece of information relative to the *affair of honour*; and Snip having finished his measurement, colours were fixed upon, and he departed, promising to be punctual in the delivery of the new habiliments on the next day.

"I am now convinced," said Bob, "of the great importance and utility of a London tradesman, and the speed of their execution is wonderful!"

"Yes," replied Tom, "it is only to be equalled by the avidity with which they obtain information, and the rapidity with which they circulate it—why, in another half hour your personal appearance, the cut of your country coat, your complexion and character, as far as so short an interview would allow for obtaining it, will be known to all his customers—they are generally quick and acute discerners. But come, we must be making ready for our walk, it is now half-past ten o'clock—Sparkle will be here presently. It is time to be dressing, as I mean to have a complete ramble during the day, take a chop somewhere on the road, and in the evening, my boy, we'll take a peep into the theatre. Lord Byron's tragedy of Marino Faliero is to be performed to-night, and I can, I think, promise you a treat of the highest kind."

Tallyho, who had no idea of dressing again, having already been obliged to dress twice, seemed a little surprised at the proposition, but supposing it to be the custom of London, nodded assent, and proceeded to [63] the dressing-room. As he walked up stairs he could not help casting his visual orbs over the banisters, just to take a bird's eye view of the scene of his morning disasters, of which, to his great astonishment and surprise, not a vestige remained—a new lamp had been procured, which seemed to have arisen like a phoenix from its ashes, and the stone passage and stairs appeared as he termed it, "as white as a cauliflower." At the sight of all this, he was gratified and delighted, for he expected to find a heap of ruins to reproach him. He skipped, or rather vaulted up the stairs, three or four at a stride, with all the gaiety of a race-horse when first brought to the starting-post. The rapid movements of a Life in London at once astonished and enraptured him; nor did he delay his steps, or his delight, until he had reached the topmost story, when bursting open the door, he marched boldly into the room. Here again he was at fault; a female shriek assailed his ear, which stopped his course, and looking around him, he could not find from whence the voice proceeded. "Good God!" continued the same voice, "what can be the meaning of this intrusion?—Begone, rash man." In the mean time, Tom, who was in a room just under the one into which he had unfortunately made so sudden an entrance, appeared at the door.

"What the devil is the matter now?" said Tom; when spying his cousin in the centre of the room, without seeming to know whether to return or remain, he could not restrain his laughter. Tallyho looked up, like one in a dream—then down—then casting his eyes around him, he perceived in the corner, peeping out from the bed-curtains in which she had endeavoured to hide her almost naked person, the head of the old Housekeeper. The picture was moving, and at the same time laughable. The confusion of Bob—the fright of the Housekeeper, and the laughter of Tom, were subjects for the pencil of a Hogarth!

"So," said Tom, "you are for springing game in all parts of the house, and at all times too. How came you here?"—"Not by my appointment, Sir," replied the old lady, who still remained rolled up in the curtain. "I never did such a thing in all my born days: I'm an honest woman, and mean to remain so. I never was so ashamed in all my life."

"I believe the house is enchanted," cried Bob; "d— me, I never seem to step without being on a barrel of [64] gunpowder, ready to ignite with the touch of my foot. I have made some cursed blunder again, and don't seem to know where I am."

"Come, come," said Dashall, "that won't do—I'm sure you had some design upon my Housekeeper, who you hear by her own account is a good woman, and won't listen to your advances."

By this time the servants had arrived at the door, and were alternately peeping in, wondering to see the two gentlemen in such a situation, and secretly giggling and enjoying the embarrassment of the old woman, whose wig lay on the table, and who was displaying her bald pate and shrivelled features from the bed-curtains, enveloped in fringe and tassels, which only served to render them still more ludicrous.

Bob affected to laugh; said it was very odd—he could not account for it at all—stammered out something like an apology—begg'd pardon—it was—a mistake—he really took it for his own room—he never was so bewildered in his life—was very sorry he should cause so much alarm—but really had no sort of intention whatever.

"Well," said Dashall, "the best reparation you can now make for your intrusion is a speedy retreat. Time is escaping, so come along;" and taking him by the arm, they walked down the stairs together, and then proceeded to re-fit without further obstruction, in order to be ready for Sparkle, who was expected every minute.

The first day of Bob's residence in London had already been productive of some curious adventures, in which he, unfortunately as he considered, had sustained the principal character—a character not altogether suitable to his inclinations or wishes, though productive of much merriment to his ever gay and sprightly Cousin, who had witnessed the embarrassment of his pupil upon his first entrance into Life with ungovernable laughter. It was to him excellent sport, while it furnished a good subject of speculation and conversation among the servants below, but was not so well relished by the affrighted old house-keeper. Indeed, the abrupt entrance of a man into her bed-chamber had so deranged her ideas, that she was longer than usual in decking her person previous to her re-appearance. The tender frame of the old lady had been [65] subjected to serious agitations at the bare idea of such a visit, and the probable imputations that might in consequence be thrown upon her sacred and unspotted character; nor could she for some time recover her usual serenity.

Such was the situation of the parties at the moment we are now describing; but as our Heroes are preparing for an extensive, actual survey of men, manners, and tilings, we shall for the present leave them in peace and quietness, while we proceed to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VII

*What shows! and what sights! what a round of delights  
You'll meet in the gay scene of London;  
How charming to view" amusements still new,  
Twenty others you'll find soon as one's done.  
At the gay scene at Court—Peers and gentry resort,  
In pleasure you'll never miss one day:  
There's the Opera treat, the parade in Bond Street,  
And the crowd in Hyde Park on a Sunday.*

TOM, whose wardrobe was extensive, found no difficulty, and lost no time in preparing for the promenade; [66] while, on the other hand, Tallyho was perplexed to know how to tog himself out in a way suitable to make his appearance in the gay world of fashion. Dashall had therefore rapidly equipped himself, when, perceiving it was half-past eleven, he was the more perplexed to account for the absence of Sparkle; for although it was an early hour, yet, upon such an occasion as that of initiating a new recruit, it was very extraordinary that he should not have been prompt. However, he entered Tallyho's room, and found him looking out of the window in a posture of ruminatation, probably revolving in his mind the events of the morning.

"Come," said Tom, as he entered, "'tis time to be on the move, and if Sparkle don't show in a few minutes, we'll set sail and call in upon him at Long's, in Bond Street. Perhaps he is not well, or something prevents his appearance—we'll make it in our way, and we have a fine day before us."

"I am at your service," replied Bob, who could not help viewing the elegance of his Cousin's appearance: the style of his dress, and the neatness with which his garments fitted him, were all subjects of admiration, and formed so strong a contrast with his own as almost to excite envy. He had however attired himself in a way that befits a fashionable country gentleman: a green coat, white waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and boots, over which a pair of leggings appeared, which extended below the calf of the leg and half up the thigh, [67] surmounted with a *Lily Shallow*. Such was the costume in which he was destined to show off; and thus equipped, after a few minutes they emerged from the house in Piccadilly on the proposed ramble, and proceeded towards Bond Street.

The first object that took their particular attention was the Burlington Arcade. "Come," said Tom, "we may as well go this way," and immediately they passed the man in the gold-laced hat, who guards the entrance to prevent the admission of boys and improper persons. The display of the shops, with the sun shining through the windows above, afforded much for observation, and attracted Bob from side to side—to look, to wonder and admire. But Tom, who was intent upon finding his friend Sparkle, urged the necessity of moving onward with more celerity, lest he should be gone out, and consequently kept drawing his Cousin forward. "Another and a better opportunity will be afforded for explanation than the present, and as speed is the order of the day, I hope you will not prove disorderly; we shall soon reach Long's, and when we have Sparkle with us, we have one of the most intelligent and entertaining fellows in the world. He is a sort of index to every thing, and every body; his knowledge of life and character, together with a facetiousness of whim and manner, which he has in delineating them, are what we call in London—*Prime and bang up to the mark*. There is scarcely a Lane, Court, Alley, or Street, in the Metropolis, but what he knows, from the remotest corners of Rag-Fair, to the open and elegant Squares of the West, even to Hyde Park Corner. Memory, mirth, and magic, seem at all times to animate his tongue, and, as the Song says,

*"He is the hoy for bewitching 'em,  
Whether good-humour'd or coy."*

Indeed, he is the admiration of all who know him; wit, whim, frolic, and fun, are constant companions with him, and I really believe, in a dungeon or a palace, he would always appear the same."

By this time they had reached Bond Street, in their way to which, each step they had taken, the streets and avenues of every description appeared to Bob to be crowded to an excess; the mingling cries which were vociferated around them produced in his mind uncommon sensations. The rattling of the carriages, the [68] brilliance of the shops, and the continual hum of the passengers, contributed to heighten the scene.

"Bond Street," said Dashall, "is not one of the most elegant streets in the vicinity of London, but is the resort of the most fashionable people, and from about two o'clock till five, it is all bustle—all life—every species of fashionable vehicle is to be seen dashing along in gay and gallant pride. From two to five are the fashionable shopping-hours, for which purpose the first families resort to this well-known street—others, to shew their equipage, make an assignation, or kill a little time; which is as much a business with some, as is the more careful endeavours of others to seize him in his flight, and make the most of his presence. The throng is already increasing; the variety, richness, and gaiety of the shops in this street, will always be attractive, and make it a popular rendezvous of both sexes. It will shortly be as crowded as Rag Fair, or the Royal Exchange; and the magic splendour has very peculiar properties.

"It makes the tradesman forget—while he is cheating a lovely and smiling Duchess—that in all probability her ladyship is endeavouring to cheat him. It makes the gay and airy, the furbelowed and painted lady of the town, forget that she must pay a visit to her uncle, {1} in order to raise the wind before she can make her appearance at the theatre at half-price. It makes the dashing prisoner forget, that while "he is sporting his figure in the bang-up style of appearance, he is only taking his ride on a day-rule from the King's Bench. It makes the Lord who drives four-in-hand forget his losses of the night before at some of the fashionable gaming-houses. It makes one adventurer forget that the clothes in which he expects to obtain respect and attention, are more than likely to be paid for in Newgate; another for a time forgets that *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* have expelled him from his

*1 My Uncle is a very convenient and accommodating sort of friend, who lives at the sign of the Three Balls, indicative of his willingness to lend money upon good security, for the payment of enormous interest. The original meaning of the sign has puzzled the curious and antiquarians, and the only probable meaning they can discover is, that it implies the chances are two to one against any property being redeemed after being once committed to the keeping of this tender hearted and affectionate relative.*

lodgings; and a third that all his worldly possessions are not equal to the purchase of a dinner. It is an *ignis* [69] *fatuus*—a sort of magic lantern replete with delusive appearances—of momentary duration—an escape to the regions of noise, tumult, vanity, and frivolity, where the realities of Life, the circumstances and the situation of the observer, are not suffered to intrude.

“But to be seen in this street at a certain hour, is one of the essentials to the existence of *haut-ton*—it is the point of attraction for greetings in splendid equipages, from the haughty bend or familiar nod of arrogance, to the humble bow of servility. Here mimicry without money assumes the consequential air of independence: while modest merit creeps along unheeded through the glittering crowd. Here all the senses are tantalized with profusion, and the eye is dazzled with temptation, for no other reason than because it is the constant business of a fashionable life—not to live in, but out of self, to imitate the luxuries of the affluent without a tithe of their income, and to sacrifice morality at the altar of notoriety.”

“Your description of this celebrated street, of which I have heard so much,” said Tallyho, “is truly lively.”

“But it is strictly true,” continued Tom.

They had now arrived at Long's, and found a barouche and four waiting at the door. Upon entering, the first person they met was Lord Cripplegate, whom they passed, and proceeded to the coffee-room; in one of the boxes of which Tom immediately directed his Cousin's attention to a well-dressed young man, who was reading the newspaper, and sipping his coffee—“Take notice of him,” said Tom.

Bob looked at him for a moment, marked his features, and his dress, which was in the extreme of fashion; while Tom, turning to one of the Waiters, enquired for his friend Sparkle.

“He has not been here since yesterday morning!” said the Waiter.

“I have been waiting for him these two hours!” exclaimed the young Sprig of Fashion, laying down the newspaper almost at the same moment, “and must wait till he comes—Ah! Mr. Dashall, how d'ye do?—very glad to see you—left all well in the country, I hope!—Mr. Sparkle was to have met me this morning at eleven precisely, I should judge he is gone into the country.”

“It must have been late last night, then,” said Dashall, “for he left us about half-past ten, and promised also [70] to meet us again this morning at eleven; I can't think what can have become of him—but come,” said he, taking Bob by the arm, “we must keep moving—Good morning—good morning.” And thus saying, walked directly out of the house, turning to the right again towards Piccadilly.

“There is a remark made, I think by Goldsmith,” said Tom, “that one half of the world don't know how the other half lives; and the man I spoke to in the coffee-room, whose name I am unacquainted with, though his person is recognized by almost every body, while his true character, residence, and means of subsistence, remain completely in obscurity, from what I have seen of him, I judge is what may be termed a *hanger on*.”

“A hanger on,” said Bob—“what can that mean? I took him for a man of property and high birth—but I saw you take so little notice of him.”

“Ah! my good fellow, I have already cautioned you not to be duped by appearances. A *hanger on* is a sort of sycophant, or toad-eater, and, in the coffee-houses and hotels of London, many such are to be found—men who can *spin out a long yarn*, tell a tough story, and tip you a *rum chant*—who invite themselves by a freedom of address bordering on impudence to the tables and the parties of persons they know, by pretending to call in by mere accident, just at the appointed time: by assuming great confidence, great haste, little appetite, and much business; but, at the same time, requiring but little pressure to forego them all for the pleasure of the company present. What he can have to do with Sparkle I am at a loss to conceive; but he is an insinuating and an intriguing sort of fellow, whom I by no means like, so I cut him.”

Bob did not exactly understand the meaning of the word cut, and therefore begged his Cousin to explain.

“The cut,” said Tom, “is a fashionable word for getting rid, by rude or any means, of any person whose company is not agreeable. The art of *cutting* is reduced to a system in London; and an explanatory treatise has been written on the subject for the edification of the natives.{1} But I am so bewildered to think what can have detained Sparkle, and deprived us of his company, that I scarcely know how to think for a moment on any other subject at present.”

*1 Vide a small volume entitled “The Cutter.”*

“It is somewhat strange!” cried Bob, “that he was not with you this morning.”

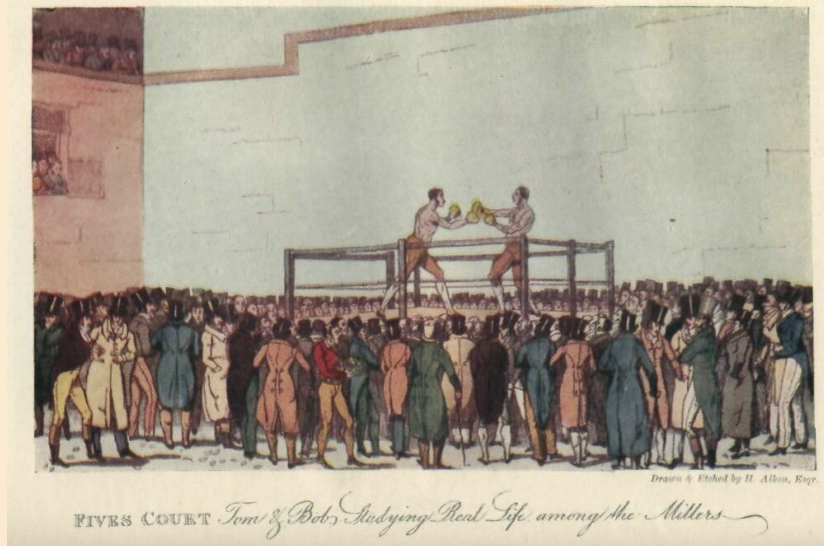
[71]

“There is some mystery in it,” said Tom, “which time alone can unravel; but however, we will not be deprived of our intended ramble.” At this moment they entered Piccadilly, and were crossing the road in their way to St. James's Street, when Dashall nodded to a gentleman passing by on the opposite side, and received a sort of half bow in return. “That,” said Tom, “is a curious fellow, and a devilish clever fellow too—for although he has but one arm, he is a man of science.”

“In what way?” enquired Bob.

“He is a pugilist,” said Tom—“one of those courageous gentlemen who can queer the daylights, tap the claret, prevent telling fibs, and pop the noddle into chancery; and a devilish good hand he is, I can assure you, among those who

*—“can combat with ferocious strife,  
And beat an eye out, or thump out a life;  
Can bang the ribs in, or bruise out the brains,*



"Having but one arm, of course he is unable to figure in the ring—though he attends the mills, and is a constant visitor at the Fives Court exhibitions, and generally appears *a la Belcher*. He prides himself upon flooring a novice, and hits devilish hard with the glove. I have had some lessons from this amateur of the old English science, and felt the force of his fist; but it is a very customary thing to commence in a friendly way, till the knowing one finds an opportunity which he cannot resist, of shewing the superiority he possesses. So it was with Harry and me, when he put on his glove. I use the singular number, because he has but one hand whereon to place a glove withal. Come, said he, it shall only be a little innocent spar. I also put on a glove, for it would not be fair to attack a one-armed man with two, and no one ought to take the odds in combat. To it we went, and I shewed *first blood*, for he tapped *the claret* in no time.

"Neat *milling* we had, what with *clouts on the nob*, Home hits in the *bread-basket*, clicks in the *gob*, And plumps in the *daylights*, a prettier treat Between two *Johnny Raws* 'tis not easy to meet."

"I profited however by Harry's lessons, and after a short time was enabled to return the compliment with [72] interest, by sewing up one of his *glimmers*.

"This is St. James's Street," continued he, as they turned the corner rather short; in doing which, somewhat animated by the description he had just been giving, Tom's foot caught the toe of a gentleman, who was mincing along the pathway with all the care and precision of a dancing-master, which had the effect of bringing him to the ground in an instant as effectually as a blow from one of the fancy. Tom, who had no intention of giving offence wantonly, apologized for the misfortune, by—"I beg pardon, Sir," while Bob, who perceived the poor creature was unable to rise again, and apprehending some broken bones, assisted him to regain his erect position. The poor animal, or nondescript, yclept Dandy, however had only been prevented the exercise of its limbs by the stiffness of certain appendages, without which its person could not be complete—the *stays*, lined with whalebone, were the obstacles to its rising. Being however placed in its natural position, he began in an affected blustering tone of voice to complain that it was d—d odd a gentleman could not walk along the streets without being incommoded by puppies—pulled out his quizzing glass, and surveyed our heroes from head to foot—then taking from his pocket a smelling bottle, which, by application to the nose, appeared to revive him, Tom declared he was sorry for the accident, had no intention, and hoped he was not hurt. This, however, did not appear to satisfy the offended Dandy, who turned upon his heel muttering to himself the necessity there was of preventing drunken fellows from rambling the streets to the annoyance of sober and genteel people in the day-time.

Dashall, who overheard the substance of his ejaculation, broke from the arm of Bob, and stepping after him without ceremony, by a sudden wheel placed himself in the front of him, so as to impede his progress a second time; a circumstance which filled Mr. Fribble with additional alarm, and his agitation became visibly depicted on his countenance.

"What do you mean?" cried Dashall, with indignation, taking the imputation of drunkenness at that early hour in dudgeon. "Who, and what are you, Sir?{1} Explain instantly, or by the honour of a gentleman, I'll [73] chastise this insolence."

1 "What are you?" is a formidable question to a dandy of the present day, for

"Dandy's a gender of the doubtful kind;  
A something, nothing, not to be defined;  
?Twould puzzle worlds its sex to ascertain,  
So very empty, and so very vain."

It is a fact that the following examination of three of these non-descripts took place at Bow Street a very short time back, in consequence of a nocturnal fracas. The report was thus given:

"Three young sprigs of fashion, in full dress, somewhat damaged and discoloured by a night's lodging in the cell of a watch-house, were yesterday brought before Mr. Birnie, charged with disorderly conduct in the streets, and with beating a watchman named Lloyd.

"Lloyd stated that his beat was near the Piazza, and at a very late hour on Thursday night, the three defendants came through Covent Garden, singing, and conducting themselves in the most riotous manner possible. They were running, and were followed by three others, all in a most uproarious state of intoxication, and he thought proper to stop them; upon which he was floored san-ceremonie, and when he recovered his legs, he was again struck, and called 'a b—y Charley,' and other ungenteel names. He called for the assistance of some of his brethren, and the defendants were with some trouble taken to the watch-house. They were very jolly on the way, and when lodged in durance, amused themselves with abusing the Constable of the night, and took especial care that no one within hearing of the watch-house should get a wink of sleep for the remainder of the night.

Mr. Birnie.—"Well young gentleman, what have you to say to this?" The one who undertook to be spokesman, threw himself in the most familiar manner possible across the table, and having fixed himself perfectly at his ease, he said, "The fact was, they had been dining at a tavern, and were rather drunk, and on their way through the Piazza, they endeavoured by running away to give the slip to their three companions, who were still worse than themselves. The others, however called out Stop thief! and the watchman stopped them; whereat they naturally felt irritated, and certainly gave the watchman a bit of a thrashing."

Mr. Birnie.—"How was he to know you were not the thieves? He did quite right to stop you, and I am very glad he has brought you here—Pray, Sir, what are you?" Defendant.—"I am nothing, Sir." Mr. Birnie (to another).—"And what are you?" Defendant.—"Why, Sir, I am—I am, Sir, nothing." Mr. Birnie.—"Well, this is very fine. Pray, Sir, (turning to the third, who stood twirling his hat) will you do me the favour to tell what you are?"

This gentleman answered in the same way. "I am, as my friends observed, nothing."

Mr. Birnie.—"Well, gentlemen, I must endeavour to make something of you. Here, gaoler, let them be locked up, and I shall not part with them until I have some better account of their occupations."

We have heard it asserted, that Nine tailors make a man. How many Dandies, professing to be Nothing, may be required to accomplish the proposed intention of making Something, may (perhaps by this time) be discovered by the worthy Magistrate. We however suspect he has had severe work of it.

"Leave me alone," exclaimed the almost petrified Dandy.

[74]

"Not till you have given me the satisfaction I have a right to demand," cried Tom. "I insist upon an explanation and apology—or demand your card—who are you, Sir? That's my address," instantly handing him a card. "I am not to be played with, nor will I suffer your escape, after the insulting manner in which you have spoken, with impunity."

Though not prepared for such a rencontre, the Dandy, who now perceived the inflexible temper of Tom's mind—and a crowd of people gathering round him—determined at least to put on as much of the character of a man as possible, and fumbled in his pocket for a card; at length finding one, he slipped it into Tom's hand. "Oh, Sir," said he, "if that's the case, I'm your man, *demmee*,—how, when, or where you please, ?pon honor." Then beckoning to a hackney coach, he hobbled to the door, and was pushed in by coachee, who, immediately mounted the box and flourishing his whip, soon rescued him from his perilous situation, and the jeers of the surrounding multitude.

Tom, who in the bustle of the crowd had slipped the card of his antagonist into his pocket, now took Bob's arm, and they pursued their way down St. James's Street, and could not help laughing at the affair: but Tallyho, who had a great aversion to duelling, and was thinking of the consequences, bit his lips, and expressed his sorrow at what had occurred; he ascribed the hasty imputation of drunkenness to the irritating effects of the poor creature's accident, and expressed his hope that his cousin would take no further notice of it. Tom, however, on the other hand, ridiculed Bob's fears—told him it was a point of honour not to suffer an [75] insult in the street from any man—nor would he—besides, the charge of drunkenness from such a thing as that, is not to be borne. "D—n it, man, drunkenness in the early part of the day is a thing I abhor, it is at all times what I would avoid if possible, but at night there may be many apologies for it; nay in some cases even to avoid it is impossible. The pleasures of society are enhanced by it—the joys of love are increased by the circulation of the glass—harmony, conviviality and friendship are produced by it—though I am no advocate for inebriety, and detest the idea of the beast—

*"Who clouds his reason by the light of day,  
And falls to drink, an early and an easy prey."*

"Well," said Bob, "I cannot help thinking this poor fellow, who has already betrayed his fears, will be inclined to make any apology for his rudeness to-morrow."

"If he does not," said Tom, "I'll wing him, to a certainty—a jackanapes—a puppy—a man-milliner; perhaps a thing of shreds and patches—he shall not go unpunished, I promise you; so come along, we will just step in here, and I'll dispatch this business at once: I'll write a challenge, and then it will be off my hands." And so saying, they entered a Coffee-house, where, calling for pen, ink and paper, Tom immediately began his

epistle, shrewdly hinting to his Cousin, that he expected he would act as his Second. "It will be a fine opportunity for introducing your name to the gay world—the newspapers will record your name as a man of ton. Let us see now how it will appear:—On — last, the Honourable Tom Dashall, attended by his Cousin, Robert Tallyho, Esq. of Belleville Hall, met—ah, by the bye, let us see who he is," here he felt in his pocket for the card.

Bob, however, declared his wish to decline obtaining popularity by being present upon such an occasion, and suggested the idea of his calling upon the offender, and endeavouring to effect an amicable arrangement between them.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tom with surprise, as he drew the card from his pocket, and threw it on the table—"Ha, ha, ha,—look at that."

Tallyho looked at the card without understanding it. "What does it mean?" said he.

"Mean," replied Tom, "why it is a Pawnbroker's duplicate for a Hunting Watch, deposited with his uncle this morning in St. Martin's Lane, for two pounds—laughable enough—well, you may dismiss your fears for the present; but I'll try if I can't find my man by this means—if he is worth finding—at all events we have found a watch."

Bob now joined in the laugh, and, having satisfied the Waiter, they sallied forth again.

Just as they left the Coffee-house, "Do you see that Gentleman in the blue great coat, arm in arm with another? that is no other than the ——. You would scarcely conceive, by his present appearance, that he has commanded armies, and led them on to victory; and that having retired under the shade of his laurels, he is withering them away, leaf by leaf, by attendance at the *hells*<sup>1</sup> of the metropolis; his unconquerable spirit still actuating him in his hours of relaxation. It is said that the immense sum awarded to him for his prowess in war, has been so materially reduced by his inordinate passion for play, that although he appears at Court, and is a favourite, the demon Poverty stares him in the face. But this is a vile world, and half one hears is not to be believed. He is certainly extravagant, fond of women, and fond of wine; but all these foibles are overshadowed with so much glory as scarcely to remain perceptible. Here is the Palace," said Tom, directing his Cousin's attention to the bottom of the street.

Bob was evidently struck at this piece of information, as he could discover no mark of grandeur in its appearance to entitle it to the dignity of a royal residence.

"It is true," said Tom, "the outside appearance is not much in its favour; but it is venerable for its antiquity, and for its being till lately the place at which the Kings of this happy Island have held their Courts. On the site of that palace originally stood an hospital, founded before the conquest, for fourteen leprous females, to whom eight brethren were afterwards added, to assist in the performance of divine service."

"Very necessary," said Bob, "and yet scarcely sufficient."

*1 Hells—The abode or resort of black-legs or gamblers, where they assemble to commit their depredations on the unwary. But of these we shall have occasion to enlarge elsewhere.*

"You seem to quiz this Palace, and are inclined to indulge your wit upon old age. In 1532, it was surrendered to Henry viii. and he erected the present Palace, and enclosed St. James's Park, to serve as a place of amusement and exercise, both to this Palace and Whitehall. But it does not appear to have been the Court of the English Sovereigns, during their residence in town, till the reign of Queen Ann, from which time it has been uniformly used as such.

"It is built of brick; and that part which contains the state apartments, being only one story high, gives it a regular appearance outside. The State-rooms are commodious and handsome, although there is nothing very superb or grand in the decorations or furniture.

"The entrance to these rooms is by a stair-case which opens into the principal court, which you now see. At the top of the stair-case are two rooms; one on the left, called the Queen's, and the other the King's Guard-room, leading to the State-apartments. Immediately beyond the King's Guard-room is the Presence-chamber, which contains a canopy, and is hung with tapestry; and which is now used as a passage to the principal rooms.

"There is a suite of five rooms opening into each other successively, fronting the Park. The Presence-chamber opens into the centre room, which is denominated the Privy-chamber, in which is a canopy of flowered-crimson velvet, generally made use of for the King to receive the Quakers.

"On the right are two drawing-rooms, one within the other. At the upper end of the further one, is a throne with a splendid canopy, on which the Kings have been accustomed to receive certain addresses. This is called the Grand Drawing-room, and is used by the King and Queen on certain state occasions, the nearer room being appropriated as a kind of ante-chamber, in which the nobility, &c. are permitted to remain while their Majesties are present in the further room, and is furnished with stools, sofas, &c. for the purpose. There are two levee-rooms on the left of the privy-chamber, on entering from the King's guard-room and presence-chamber, the nearer one serving as an ante-chamber to the other. They were all of them, formerly, meanly furnished, but at the time of the marriage of our present King, they were elegantly fitted up. The walls are now covered with tapestry, very beautiful, and of rich colours—tapestry which, although it was made for Charles II. had never been used, having by some accident lain unnoticed in a chest, till it was discovered a short time before the marriage of the Prince.

"The canopy of the throne was made for the late-Queen's birth-day, the first which happened after the union of Great Britain and Ireland. It is made of crimson velvet, with very broad gold lace, embroidered with crowns set with fine and rich pearls. The shamrock, emblematical of the Irish nation, forms a part of the decorations of the British crown, and is executed with great taste and accuracy.

"The grand drawing-room contains a large, magnificent chandelier of silver, gilt, but I believe it has not been lighted for some years; and in the grand levee-room is a very noble bed, the furniture of which is of Spitalfields manufacture, in crimson velvet. It was first put up with the tapestry, on the marriage of the

present King, then Prince of Wales.

"It is upon the whole an irregular building, chiefly consisting of several courts and alleys, which lead into the Park. This, however, is the age of improvement, and it is said that the Palace will shortly be pulled down, and in the front of St. James's Street a magnificent triumphal arch is to be erected, to commemorate the glorious victories of the late war, and to form a grand entrance to the Park.

"The Duke of York, the Duke of Clarence, the King's servants, and many other dignified persons, live in the Stable-yard."

"In the Stable-yard!" said Bob, "dignified persons reside in a Stable-yard, you astonish me!"

"It is quite true," said Tom, "and remember it is the Stable-yard of a King."

"I forgot that circumstance," said Bob, "and that circumstances alter cases. But whose carriage is this driving with so much rapidity?"

"That is His Highness the Duke of York, most likely going to pay a visit to his royal brother, the King, who resides in a Palace a little further on: which will be in our way, for it is yet too early to see much in the Park: so let us proceed, I am anxious to make some inquiry about my antagonist, and therefore mean to take St. Martin's Lane as we go along."

With this they pursued their way along Pall Mall. The rapidity of Tom's movements however afforded little opportunity for observation or remark, till they arrived opposite Carlton House, when he called his Cousin's [79] attention to the elegance of the new streets opposite to it.

"That," said he, "is Waterloo Place, which, as well as the memorable battle after which it is named, has already cost the nation an immense sum of money, and must cost much more before the proposed improvements are completed: it is however, the most elegant street in London. The want of uniformity of the buildings has a striking effect, and gives it the appearance of a number of palaces. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were no such places as Pall Mall, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, nor any of the streets or fine squares in this part of the town. That building at the farther end is now the British Fire-office, and has a pleasing effect at this distance. The cupola on the left belongs to a chapel, the interior of which for elegant simplicity is unrivalled. To the left of the centre building is a Circus, and a serpentine street, not yet finished, which runs to Swallow Street, and thence directly to Oxford Road, where another circus is forming, and is intended to communicate with Portland Place; by which means a line of street, composed of all new buildings, will be completed. Of this dull looking place (turning to Carlton House) although it is the town-residence of our King, I shall say nothing at present, as I intend devoting a morning, along with you, to its inspection. The exterior has not the most lively appearance, but the interior is magnificent."—During this conversation they had kept moving gently on.



Bob was charmed with the view down Waterloo Place.

"That," said his Cousin, pointing to the Arcade at the opposite corner of Pall Mall, "is the Italian Opera-house, which has recently assumed its present superb appearance, and may be ranked among the finest buildings in London. It is devoted to the performance of Italian operas and French ballets, is generally open from December to July, and is attended by the most distinguished and fashionable persons. The improvements in this part are great. That church, which you see in the distance over the tops of the houses, is St. Martin's in the fields."

"In the fields," inquired Bob; "what then, are we come to the end of the town?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Tom—"the end—no, no,—I was going to say there is no end to it—no, we have not [80] reached any thing like the centre."

"*Blood an owns, boderation and blarney,*" (said an Irishman, at that moment passing them with a hod of mortar on his shoulder, towards the new buildings, and leaving an ornamental patch as he went along on Bob's shoulder) "but I'll be a'ter *tipping turnups*{1} to any b—dy rogue that's tip to saying—*Black's the white of the blue part of Pat Murphy's eye;* and for that there matter," dropping the hod of mortar almost on their toes at the same time, and turning round to Bob—"By the powers! I ax the Jontleman's pardon—tho' he's not the first Jontleman that has carried mortar—where is that *big, bully-faced blackguard* that I'm looking after?" During this he brushed the mortar off Tallyho's coat with a snap of his fingers, regardless of where or on whom he distributed it.

The offender, it seemed, had taken flight while Pat was apologizing, and was no where to be found.

"Why what's the matter?" inquired Tom; "you seem in a passion."



"Och! not in the least bit, your honour! I'm only in a d—d rage. By the mug of my mother—arn't it a great shame that a Jontleman of Ireland can't walk the streets of London without having *poratees and butter-milk* throw'd in his gums?"—Hitching up the waistband of his breeches—"It won't do at all at all for Pat: its a reflection on my own native land, where—

*"Is hospitality,  
All reality,  
No formality  
There you ever see;  
The free and easy  
Would so amaze ye,  
You'd think us all crazy,  
For dull we never be."*

These lines sung with an Irish accent, to the tune of "Morgan Rattler," accompanied with a snapping of his fingers, and concluded with a something in imitation of

*1 Tipping Turnups—This is a phrase made use of among the priggish fraternity, to signify a turn-up—which is to knock down.*

an Irish jilt, were altogether so truly characteristic of the nation to which he belonged, as to afford our [81] Heroes considerable amusement. Tom threw him a half-crown, which he picked up with more haste than he had thrown down the mortar in his rage.

"Long life and good luck to the Jontleman!" said Pat. "Sure enough, I won't be after drinking health and success to your Honour's pretty picture, and the devil pitch into his own cabin the fellow that would be after picking a hole or clapping a dirty patch on the coat of St. Patrick—whiskey for ever, your Honour, huzza—

*"A drop of good whiskey  
Would make a man frisky."*

By this time a crowd was gathering round them, and Tom cautioned Bob in a whisper to beware of his pockets. This piece of advice however came too late, for his *blue bird's eye wipe*{1} had taken flight.

"What," said Bob, "is this done in open day?" "Are you all right and tight elsewhere?" said Tom—"if you are, toddle on and say nothing about it.—Open day!" continued he, "aye, the system of *frigging*{2}

*1 Blue bird's eye wipe—A blue pocket handkerchief with white spots.*

*2 A cant term for all sorts of thieving. The Life of the celebrated George Barrington, of Old Bailey notoriety, is admirably illustrative of this art; which by a more recent development of Hardy Vaux, appears to be almost reduced to a system, notwithstanding the wholesomeness of our laws and the vigilance of our police in their administration. However incredible it may appear, such is the force of habit and association, the latter, notwithstanding he was detected and transported, contrived to continue his depredations during his captivity, returned, at the expiration of his term, to his native land and his old pursuits, was transported a second time, suffered floggings and imprisonments, without correcting what cannot but be termed the vicious propensities of his nature. He generally spent his mornings in visiting the shops of jewellers, watch-makers, pawnbrokers, &c. depending upon his address and appearance, and determining to make the whole circuit of the metropolis and not to omit a single shop in either of those branches. This scheme he actually executed so fully, that he believes he did not leave ten untried in London; for he made a point of commencing early every day, and went regularly through it, taking both sides of the way. His practice on entering a shop was to request to look at gold seals, chains, brooches, rings, or any other small articles of value, and while examining them, and looking the shopkeeper in the face, he contrived by sleight of hand to conceal two or three, sometimes more, as opportunities offered, in the sleeve of his coat, which was purposely made wide. In this practice he succeeded to a very great extent, and in the course of his career was never once detected in the fact, though on two or three occasions so much suspicion arose that he was obliged to exert all his effrontery, and to use very high language, in order, as the cant phrase is, to bounce the tradesman out of it; his fashionable appearance, and affected anger at his insinuations, always had the effect of inducing an apology; and in many such cases he has actually carried away the spoil, notwithstanding what passed between them, and even gone so far as to visit the same shop again a second and a third time with as good success as at first. This, with his nightly attendance at the Theatres and places of public resort, where he picked pockets of watches, snuff-boxes, &c. was for a length of time the sole business of his life. He was however secured, after secreting himself for a time, convicted, and is now transported for life—as he conceives, sold by another celebrated Prig, whose real name was Bill White, but better known by the title of Conky Beau.*

will be acted on sometimes by the very party you are speaking to—the expertness with which it is done is [82] almost beyond belief."

Bob having ascertained that his handkerchief was the extent of his loss, they pursued their way towards Charing Cross.

"A line of street is intended," continued Tom, "to be made from the Opera House to terminate with that church; and here is the King's Mews, which is now turned into barracks."

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" was at this moment vociferated in their ears by a variety of voices, and turning round, they perceived a well-dressed man at full speed, followed pretty closely by a concourse of people. In a moment the whole neighbourhood appeared to be in alarm. The up-stairs windows were crowded with females—the tradesmen were at their shop-doors—the passengers were huddled together in groups, inquiring of each other—"What is the matter?—who is it?—which is him?—what has he done?" while the pursuers were increasing in numbers as they went. The bustle of the scene was new to Bob—Charing Cross and its vicinity was all in motion.

"Come," said Tom, "let us see the end of this—they are sure to nab{1} my gentleman before he gets much

*1 Nabbed or nibbled—Secured or taken.*

farther, so let us brush{1} on." Then pulling his Cousin by the arm, they moved forward to the scene of [83] action.

As they approached St. Martin's Lane, the gathering of the crowd, which was now immense, indicated to Tom a capture.

"Button up," said he, "and let us see what's the matter."

"Arrah be easy" cried a voice which they instantly recognized to be no other than Pat Murphy's. "I'll hold you, my dear, till the night after Doomsday, though I can't tell what day of the year that is. Where's the man wid the gould-laced skull-cap? Sure enough I tought I'd be up wi' you, and so now you see I'm down upon you."

At this moment a Street-keeper made way through the crowd, and Tom and Bob keeping close in his rear, came directly up to the principal performers in this interesting scene, and found honest Pat Murphy holding the man by his collar, while he was twisting and writhing to get released from the strong and determined grasp of the athletic Hibernian.

Pat no sooner saw our Heroes, than he burst out with a lusty "Arroo! arroo! there's the sweet-looking jontleman that's been robbed by a dirty spalpeen that's not worth the tail of a rotten red-herring. I'll give charge of dis here pick'd bladebone of a dead donkey that walks about in God's own daylight, dirting his fingers wid what don't belong to him at all at all. So sure as the devil's in his own house, and that's London, you've had your pocket pick'd, my darling, and that's news well worth hearing"—addressing himself to Dashall.

By this harangue it was pretty clearly understood that Murphy had been in pursuit of the pickpocket, and Tom immediately gave charge.

The man, however, continued to declare he was not the right person—"That, so help him G—d, the Irishman had got the wrong bull by the tail—that he was a b—dy snitch{2} and that he would sarve him out{3}—that he wished

*1 Brush—Be off.*

*2 Snitch—A term made use of by the light-fingered tribe, to signify an informer, by whom they have been impeached or betrayed—So a person who turns king's evidence against his accomplices is called a Snitch.*

*3 Serve him out—To punish, or be revenged upon any person for any real or supposed injury.*

he might meet him out of St. Giles's, and he would wake{ 1 } him with an Irish howl."

[84]

*1 Wake with an Irish howl—An Irish Wake, which is no unfrequent occurrence in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's and Saffron Hill, is one of the most comically serious ceremonies which can well be conceived, and certainly baffles all powers of description. It is, however, considered indispensable to wake the body of a deceased native of the sister kingdom, which is, by a sort of mock lying in state, to which all the friends, relatives, and fellow countrymen and women, of the dead person, are indiscriminately admitted; and among the low Irish this duty is frequently performed in a cellar, upon which occasions the motley group of assembled Hibernians would form a subject for the pencil of the most able satirist.*

*Upon one of these occasions, when Murtoch Mulrooney, who had suffered the sentence of the law by the common hangman, for a footpad robbery, an Englishman was induced by a friend of the deceased to accompany him, and has left on record the following account of his entertainment:—*

*"When we had descended (says he) about a dozen steps, we found ourselves in a subterraneous region, but fortunately not uninhabited. On the right sat three old bawds, drinking whiskey and smoking tobacco out of pipes about two inches long, (by which means, I conceive, their noses had become red,) and swearing and blasting between each puff. I was immediately saluted by one of the most sober of the ladies, and invited to take a glass of the enlivening nectar, and led to the bed exactly opposite the door, where Murtoch was laid out, and begged to pray for the repose of his precious shoul. This, however, I declined, alleging that as the*

parsons were paid for praying, it was their proper business. At this moment a coarse female voice exclaimed, in a sort of yell or Irish howl, 'Arrah! by Jasus, and why did you die, honey?—Sure enough it was not for the want of milk, meal, or tatoes.'

"In a remote corner of the room, or rather cellar, sat three draymen, five of his majesty's body guards, four sailors, six haymakers, eight chairmen, and six evidence makers, together with three bailiffs' followers, who came by turns to view the body, and take a drop of the cratur to drink repose to the shoul of their countryman; and to complete the group, they were at-tended by the journeyman Jack Ketch. The noise and confusion were almost stupefying—there were praying—swearing—crying—howling—smoking—and drinking.

"At the head of the bed where the remains of Murtoch were laid, was the picture of the Virgin Mary on one side, and that of St. Patrick on the other; and at the feet was depicted the devil and some of his angels, with the blood running down their backs, from the flagellations which they had received from the disciples of Ketigern. Whether the blue devils were flying around or not, I could not exactly discover, but the whiskey and blue ruin were evidently powerful in their effects.

"One was swearing—a second counting his beads—a third descanting on the good qualities of his departed friend, and about to try those of the whiskey—a fourth evacuating that load with which he had already overloaded himself—a fifth, declaring he could carry a fare, hear mass, knock down a member of parliament, murder a peace officer, and after all receive a pension: and while the priest was making an assignation with a sprightly female sprig of Shelalah, another was jonteelly picking his pocket. I had seen enough, and having no desire to continue in such company, made my escape with as much speed as I could from this animated group of persons, assembled as they were upon so solemn an occasion."

With conversation of this kind, the party were amused up St. Martin's lane, and on the remainder of the [85] road to Bow-street, followed by many persons, some of whom pretended to have seen a part of the proceedings, and promised to give their evidence before the magistrate, who was then sitting.

On arriving in Bow Street, they entered the Brown Bear,{1} a public-house, much frequented by the officers, and in which is a strong-room for the safe custody of prisoners, where they were shewn into a dark back-parlour, as they termed it, and the officer proceeded to search the man in custody, when lo and behold! the handkerchief was not to be found about him.

Pat d—d the devil and all his works—swore "by the fiery furnace of Beelzebub, and that's the devil's own bed-chamber, that was the man that nibbled the Jontleman's *dive*,{2} and must have *ding'd away the wipe*, {3} or else what should he *bolt*{4} for?—that he was up to the *rum slum*,{5}

1 A former landlord of the house facetiously christened it the Russian Hotel, and had the words painted under the sign of Bruin.

2 Nibbled the Jontleman's *dive*—Picked the gentleman's pocket.

3 *Ding'd away the wipe*—Passed away the handkerchief to another, to escape detection. This is a very common practice in London: two or three in a party will be near, without appearing to have the least knowledge of, or connexion with each other, and the moment a depredation is committed by one, he transfers the property to one of his pals, by whom it is conveyed perhaps to the third, who decamps with it to some receiver, who will immediately advance money upon it; while, if any suspicion should fall upon the first, the second will perhaps busy himself in his endeavours to secure the offender, well knowing no proof of possession can be brought against him.

4 *Bolt*—Run away; try to make an escape.

5 *Rum slum*—Gammon—queer talk or action, in which some fraudulent intentions are discoverable or suspected.

and down upon the *kiddies*{1}—and sure enough you're *boned*,{2} my dear boy."

[86]

Some of the officers came in, and appeared to know the prisoner well, as if they had been acquainted with each other upon former official business; but as the lost property was not found upon him, it was the general opinion that nothing could be done, and the accused began to exercise his wit upon Murphy, which roused Pat's blood:

"For the least thing, you know, makes an Irishman roar."

At length, upon charging him with having been caught *blue-pigeon flying*,{3} Pat gave him the lie in his teeth—swore he'd fight him for all the *blunt*{4} he had about him, "which to be sure," said he, "is but a sweet pretty half-a-crown, and be d—d to you—good luck to it! Here goes," throwing the half-crown upon the floor, which the prisoner attempted to pick up, but was prevented by Pat's stamping his foot upon it, while he was *doffing his jacket*,{5} exclaiming—

"Arrah, be after putting your dirty fingers in your pocket, and don't spoil the King's picture by touching it—devil burn me, but I'll *mill your mug to muffin dust*{6} before I'll give up that beautiful looking bit; so tip us your mauley,{7} and no more blarney."

1 *Down upon the Kiddies*—To understand the arts and manouvres of thieves and sharpers.

2 *Boned*—Taken or secured.

s *Blue pigeon flying*—The practice of stealing lead from houses, churches, or other buildings. A species of depredation very prevalent in London and its vicinity, and which is but too much encouraged by the readiness with which it can be disposed of to the plumbers in general.

4 *Blunt*—A flash term for money.

5 *Doffing his Jacket*—Taking off his jacket.

6 *Mill your mug to muffin dust*—The peculiarity of the Irish character for overstrained metaphor, may perhaps, in some degree, account for the Hibernian's idea of beating his head to flour, though he was afterwards inclined to commence his operations in the true style and character of the prize ring, where

"Men shake hands before they box, Then give each other plaguy knocks, With all the love and kindness of a brother."

7 *Tip us your mauley*—Give me your hand. Honour is so sacred a thing with the Irish, that the rapid transition from a violent expression to the point of honour, is no uncommon thing amongst them; and in this instance it is quite clear that although he meant to mill the mug of his opponent to muffin dust, he had a notion of the thing, and intended to do it in an honourable way.

During this conversation, the spectators, who were numerous, were employed in endeavouring to pacify the [87] indignant Hibernian, who by this time had buffid it, or, in other words, *peeled in prime twig*{1} for a regular *turn to*{2} All was noise and confusion, when a new group of persons entered the room—another capture had been made, and another charge given. It was however with some difficulty that honest Pat Murphy was prevailed upon to remain a little quiet, while one of the officers beckoned Dashall out of the room, and gave him to understand that the man in custody, just brought in, was a well-known *pal*{3} of the one first suspected, though they took not the least notice of each other upon meeting. In the mean time, another officer in the room had been searching the person of the last captured, from whose bosom he drew the identical handkerchief of Bob; and the Irishman recollected seeing him in the crowd opposite the Opera House.

This cleared up the mystery in some degree, though the two culprits affected a total ignorance of each other. The property of the person who had given the last charge was also discovered, and it was deemed absolutely necessary to take them before the Magistrate. But as some new incidents will arise on their introduction to the office, we shall reserve them for the next Chapter.

1 *Buff'd it, or peeled in prime twig*—Stripped to the skin in good order. The expressions are well known, and frequently in use, among the sporting characters and lovers of the fancy.

2 *Turn to, or set to*—The commencement of a battle.

3 *Pal*—A partner or confederate.

## CHAPTER VIII

Houses, churches, mixt together,  
Streets unpleasant in all weather;  
Prisons, palaces contiguous,  
Gates, a bridge—the Thames irriguous;  
Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,  
Showy outsides, insides empty;  
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,  
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;  
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,  
Lords of laundresses afraid;  
Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men,  
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;  
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,  
Noble, simple, all conditions;  
Worth beneath a thread-bare cover,  
Villainy bedaubed all over;  
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,  
Prudes, and such as never pray;  
Handsome, ugly, noisy still,  
Some that will not, some that will;  
Many a beau without a shilling,

Many a widow not unwilling;  
Many a bargain, if you strike it:-  
This is London—How d'ye like it?

ON entering the Public Office, Bow-street, we must leave our readers to guess at the surprise and [88] astonishment with which the Hon. Tom Dashall and his Cousin beheld their lost friend, Charles Sparkle, who it appeared had been kindly accommodated with a lodging gratis in a neighbouring watch-house, not, as it may readily be supposed, exactly suitable to his taste or inclination. Nor was wonder less excited in the mind of Sparkle at this unexpected meeting, as unlooked for as it was fortunate to all parties. There was however no opportunity at the present moment for an explanation, as the worthy Magistrate immediately proceeded to an investigation of the case just brought before him, upon which there was no difficulty in deciding. The charge was made, the handkerchief sworn to, and the men, who were well known as old hands upon the town, [89] committed for trial. The most remarkable feature in the examination being the evidence of Pat Murphy, who by this time had recollected that the man who was taken with the property about his person, was the very identical aggressor who had offended him while the hod of mortar was on his shoulder, before the conversation commenced between himself and Tom opposite the Opera-house.

“Sure enough, your Honour,” said he, “its a true bill. I'm an Irishman, and I don't care who knows it—I don't fight under false colours, but love the land of potatoes, and honour St. Patrick. That there man with the *blue toggery*{1} tipp'd me a bit of blarney, what did not suit my stomach. I dropp'd my load, which he took for an order to quit, and so *mizzled*{2} out of my way, or by the big bull of Ballynafad, I'd have powdered his wig with brick-dust, and bothered his bread-basket with a little human kindness in the shape of an Irishman's fist; and then that there other dirty end of a shelalah, while the Jontleman—long life to your Honour, (bowing to Tom Dashall)—was houlding a bit of conversation with Pat Murphy, *grabb'd*{3} his pocket-handkerchief, and was after shewing a leg,{4} when a little boy that kept his oglers upon 'em, let me into the secret, and let the cat out of the bag by bawling—Stop thief! He darted off like a cow at the sound of the bagpipes, and I boulted a'ter him like a good'un; so when I came up to him, Down you go, says I, and down he was; and that's all I know about the matter.”

As the prisoners were being taken out of court, the Hibernian followed them. “Arrah,” said he, “my lads, as I have procured you a lodging for nothing, here's the half-a-crown, what the good-looking Jontleman gave me; it may sarve you in time of need, so take it along with you, perhaps you may want it more than I do; and if you know the pleasure of spending money that is honestly come by, it may teach you a lesson that may keep you out of the clutches of Jock Ketch, and save

1 *Blue toggery*—*Toggery* is a flash term for clothing in general, but is made use of to describe a blue coat.

2 *Mizzled*—Ran away.

3 *Grabb'd*—Took, or stole.

4 *Shewing a leg*—or, as it is sometimes called, giving leg-bail—making the best use of legs to escape detection.

you from dying in a horse's night-cap{1}—there, be off wid you.”

The Hon. Tom Dashall, who had carefully watched the proceedings of Pat, could not help moralizing upon this last act of the Irishman, and the advice which accompanied it. “Here,” said he to himself, “is a genuine display of national character. Here is the heat, the fire, the effervescence, blended with the generosity and open-heartedness, so much boasted of by the sons of Erin, and so much eulogized by travellers who have visited the Emerald Isle.” And slipping a sovereign into his hand, after the execution of a bond to prosecute the offenders, each of them taking an arm of Sparkle, they passed down Bow-street, conversing on the occurrences in which they had been engaged, of which the extraordinary appearance of Sparkle was the most prominent and interesting.

“How in the name of wonder came you in such a scrape?” said Tom.

“Innocently enough, I can assure you,” replied Sparkle—“with my usual luck—a bit of gig, a lark, and a turn up.{2}

“... 'Twas waxing rather late,  
And reeling bucks the street began to scour,  
While guardian watchmen, with a tottering gait,  
Cried every thing quite clear, except the hour.”

1 *Horse's night-cap*—A halter.

2 A bit of gig—a lark—a turn up—are terms made use of to signify a bit of fun of any kind, though the latter more generally means a fight. Among the bucks and bloods of the Metropolis, a bit of fun or a lark, as they term it, ending in a milling match, a night's lodging in the watch-house, and a composition with the Charleys in the morning, to avoid exposure before the Magistrate, is a proof of high spirit—a prime delight, and serves in many cases to stamp a man's character. Some, however, who have not courage enough to brave a street-row and its consequences, are fond of fun of other kinds, heedless of the consequences to others. “Go it, my boys,” says one of the latter description, “keep it up, huzza! I loves fun—for I made such a fool of my father last April day:—but what do you think I did now, eh?—Ha! ha! ha!—I will tell you what makes me laugh so: we were keeping it up in prime twig, faith, so about four o'clock in the morning I went down into the kitchen, and there was Dick the waiter snoring like a pig before a blazing fire—done up, for the fellow can't keep it up as we jolly boys do: So thinks I, I'll have you, my boy—and what does I do, but I

[90]

goes softly and takes the tongs, and gets a red hot coal as big as my head, and plumpt it upon the fellow's foot and run away, because I loves fun, you know: So it has lamed him, and that makes me laugh so—Ha! ha! ha!—it was what I call better than your rappartees and your bobinâtes. I'll tell you more too: you must know I was in high tip-top spirits, faith, so I stole a dog from a blind man—for I do loves fun: so then the blind man cried for his dog, and that made me laugh heartily: So says I to the blind man—Hallo, Master, what a you a'ter, what is you up to? does you want your dog?—Yes, Sir, says he. Now only you mark what I said to the blind man—Then go and look for him, old chap, says I—Ha! ha! ha!—that's your sort, my boy, keep it up, keep it up, d— me. That's the worst of it, I always turn sick when I think of a Parson—I always do; and my brother he is a parson too, and he hates to hear any body swear: so you know I always swear like a trooper when I am near him, on purpose to roast him. I went to dine with him one day last week, and there was my sisters, and two or three more of what you call your modest women; but I sent 'em all from the table, and then laugh'd at 'em, for I loves fun, and that was fun alive 0. And so there was nobody in the room but my brother and me, and I begun to swear most sweetly: I never swore so well in all my life—I swore all my new oaths; it would have done you good to have heard me swear; till at last my brother looked frightened, and d— me that was good fun. At last, he lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and calls out 0 tempora, 0 mores! But I was not to be done so. Oh! oh! Brother, says I, what you think to frighten me by calling all your family about you; but I don't care for you, nor your family neither—so stow it—I'll mill the whole troop—Only bring your Tempora and Mores here, that's all—let us have fair play, I'll tip 'em the Gas in a flash of lightning—I'll box 'em for five pounds, d— me: here, where's Tempora and Mores, where are they? My eyes, how he did stare when he see me ready for a set to—I never laugh'd so in my life—he made but two steps out of the room, and left me master of the field. What d'ye think of that for a lark, eh?—Keep it up—keep it up, d— me, says I—so I sets down to the table, drank as much as I could—then I mix'd the heel-taps all in one bottle, and broke all the empty ones—then bid adieu to Tempora and Mores, and rolled home in a hackney-coach in prime and plummy order, d— me.”

“Coming along Piccadilly last night after leaving you, I was overtaken at the corner of Rupert-street by our old college-companion Harry Hartwell, pursuing his way to the Hummums, where it seems he has taken up his abode. Harry, you remember, never was exactly one of us; he studies too much, and pores everlastingly over musty old volumes of Law Cases, Blackstone's Commentaries, and other black books, to qualify himself for the black art, and as fit and proper person to appear at the Bar. The length of time that had elapsed since our last meeting was sufficient inducement for us to crack a bottle together; so taking his arm, we proceeded [92] to the place of destination, where we sat talking over past times, and indulging our humour till half-past one o'clock, when I sallied forth on my return to Long's, having altogether abandoned my original intention of calling in Golden-square. At the corner of Leicester-square, my ears were assailed with a little of the night music—the rattles were in full chorus, and the Charleys, in prime twig, {1} were mustering from all quarters.



TOM & BOB *Catching a Charley Napping.*

“The street was all alive, and I made my way through the crowd to the immediate scene of action, which was rendered peculiarly interesting by the discovery of a dainty bit of female beauty shewing fight with half a dozen watchmen, in order to extricate herself from the grasp of these guardians of our peace. She was evidently under the influence of the Bacchanalian god, which invigorated her arm, without imparting discretion to her head, and she laid about her with such dexterity, that the old files {2} were fearful of losing their prey; but the odds were fearfully against her, and never did I feel my indignation more aroused, than when I beheld a sturdy ruffian aim a desperate blow at her head with his rattle, which in all probability, had it taken the intended effect, would have sent her in search of that peace in the other world, of which she was experiencing so little in this. It was not possible for me to stand by, an idle spectator of the destruction of a female who appeared to have no defender, whatever might be the nature of the offence alleged or committed.

I therefore warded off the blow with my left arm, and with my right gave him a well-planted blow on the conk, {3} which sent him piping into the kennel. In a moment I was surrounded and charged with a violent assault upon the charley,{4} and interfering with the guardians of the night in the execution of their duty. A complete diversion took place from the original object of their fury, and in the bustle to secure me, the unfortunate girl made her escape, where to, or how, heaven

1 *Prime twig*—Any thing accomplished in good order, or with dexterity: a person well dressed, or in high spirits, is considered to be in prime twig.

2 *Old Jiles*—A person who has had a long course of experience in the arts of fraud, so as to become an adept in the manouvres of the town, is termed a deep file—a rum file, or an old file.

3 *Conk*—The nose.

4 *Charley*—A watchman.

only knows. Upon finding this, I made no resistance, but marched boldly along with the scouts{1} to St. [93] Martin's watch-house, where we arrived just as a hackney coach drew up to the door.

“Take her in, d—n her eyes, she shall *stump up the rubbish*{2} before I leave her, or give me the address of her *flash covey*,{3} and so here goes.” By this time we had entered the watch-house, where I perceived the awful representative of justice seated in an arm chair, with a good blazing fire, smoking his pipe in consequential ease. A crowd of Charleys, with broken lanterns, broken heads, and other symptoms of a row, together with several casual spectators, had gained admittance, when Jarvis entered, declaring—By G—he wouldn't be choused by any wh—re or cull in Christendom, and he would make 'em come down pretty handsomely, or he'd know the reason why: “And so please your Worship, Sir”—then turning round, “hallo,” said he, “Sam, what's becom'd of that there voman—eh—vhat, you've been playing booty eh, and let her escape.” The man to whom this was intended to be addressed did not appear to be present, as no reply was made. However, the case was briefly explained.

“But, by G—, I von't put any thing in Sam's vay again,” cried Jarvey.{4} For my own part, as I knew nothing of the occurrences adverted to, I was as much in the dark as if I had gone home without interruption. The representations of the Charleys proved decisive against me—in vain I urged the cause of humanity, and the necessity I felt of protecting a defenceless female from the violence of accumulating numbers, and that I had done no more than every man ought to have done upon such an occasion. *Old puff and swill*, the lord of the night, declared that I must have acted with malice afore-thought—that I was a pal in the concern, and that I had been instrumental in the design of effecting a rescue; and, after a very short deliberation, he concluded that I must be a notorious rascal, and desired me to make up my mind to remain with him for the remainder of the night. Not relishing this, I proposed to send for bail, assuring him of my

1 *Scouts*—Watchmen.

3 *Stump up the rubbish*—Meaning she (or he) shall pay, or find money.

3 *Flash covey*—A fancy man, partner or protector

4 *Jarvey*—A coachman.

attendance in the morning; but was informed it could not be accepted of, as it was clearly made out against [94] me that I had committed a violent breach of the peace, and nothing at that time could be produced that would prove satisfactory. Under these circumstances, and partly induced by a desire to avoid being troublesome in other quarters, I submitted to a restraint which it appeared I could not very well avoid, and, taking my seat in an arm-chair by the fire-side, I soon fell fast asleep, from which I was only aroused by the occasional entrances and exits of the guardians, until between four and five o'clock, when a sort of general muster of the Charleys took place, and each one depositing his nightly paraphernalia, proceeded to his own habitation. Finding the liberation of others from their duties would not have the effect of emancipating me from my confinement, which was likely to be prolonged to eleven, or perhaps twelve o'clock, I began to feel my situation as a truly uncomfortable one, when I was informed by the watch-house keeper, who resides upon the spot, that he was going to *turn in*,{1} that there was fire enough to last till his wife turn'd out, which would be about six o'clock, and, as I had the appearance of a gentleman, if there was any thing I wanted, she would endeavour to make herself useful in obtaining it. “But Lord,” said he, “there is no such thing as believing any body now-a-days—there was such sets out, and such manouvers, that nobody knew nothing of nobody.”

“I am obliged to you, my friend,” said I, “for this piece of information, and in order that you may understand something of the person you are speaking to beyond the mere exterior view, here is half-a-crown for your communication.”

“Why, Sir,” said he, laying on at the same moment a shovel of coals, “this here makes out what I said—Don't you see, said I, that 'are Gentleman is a gentleman every inch of him, says I—as don't want nothing at all no more nor what is right, and if so be as how he's got himself in a bit of a hobble, I knows very well as how he's got the tip{2} in his pocket, and does'nt want for spirit to pull it out—Perhaps you might like some breakfast, sir?”

1 *Turn in*—Going to bed. This is a term most in use among seafaring men.

2 *Tip* is synonymous with blunt, and means money.

“Why yes,” said I—for I began to feel a little inclined that way.

“O my wife, Sir,” said he, “will do all you want, when she rouses herself.”

"I suppose," continued I, "you frequently have occasion to accommodate persons in similar situations?"

"Lord bless you! yes, sir, and a strange set of rum customers we have too sometimes—why it was but a few nights ago we had 'em stowed here as thick as three in a bed. We had 'em all upon the *hop*{1}—you never see'd such fun in all your life, and this here place was as full of curiosities as Pidcock's at Exeter Change, or Bartlemy-fair—Show 'em up here, all alive alive O!"

"Indeed!" said I, feeling a little inquisitive on the subject; "and how did this happen?"

"Why it was a *rummish* piece of business altogether. There was a large party of dancing fashionables all met together for a little jig in St. Martin's lane, and a very pretty medley there was of them. The fiddlers wagg'd their elbows, and the lads and lasses their trotters, till about one o'clock, when, just as they were in the midst of a quadrille, in burst the officers, and quickly changed the tune. The appearance of these gentlemen had an instantaneous effect upon all parties present: the cause of their visit was explained, and the whole squad taken into custody, to give an account of themselves, and was brought here in hackney-coaches. The delicate Miss and her assiduous partner, who, a short time before had been all spirits and animation, were now sunk in gloomy reflections upon the awkwardness of their situation; and many of our inhabitants would have fainted when they were informed they would have to appear before the Magistrate in the morning, but for the well-timed introduction of a little drap of the *cratur*, which an Irish lady ax'd me to fetch for her. But the best of the fun was, that in the group we had a Lord and a Parson! For the dignity of the one, and the honour of the other, they were admitted to bail—Lord have mercy upon us! said the Parson—Amen, said the Lord; and this had the desired effect upon the Constable of the night, for he let them off on the sly, you understand: But my eyes what work there was in the morning! sixteen Jarveys, full of live lumber,

1 *Hop—A dance.*

were taken to Bow-street, in a nice pickle you may be sure, dancing-pumps and silk-stockings, after setting [96] in the watch-house all night, and surrounded by lots of people that hooted and howled, as the procession passed along, in good style. They were safely landed at the Brown Bear, from which they were handed over in groups to be examined by the Magistrate, when the men were discharged upon giving satisfactory accounts, and the women after some questions being put to them. You see all this took place because they were dancing in an unlicensed room. It was altogether a laughable set-out as ever you see'd—the Dandys and the Dandyettes—the Exquisites—the Shopmen—the Ladies' maid and the Prentice Boys—my Lord and his Reverence—mingled up higgledy-piggledy, pigs in the straw, with Bow-street Officers, Runners and Watchmen—Ladies squalling and fainting, Men swearing and almost fighting. It would have been a pleasure to have kick'd up a row that night, a purpose to get admission—you would have been highly amused, I'll assure you—good morning, Sir." And thus saying, he turned the lock upon me, and left me to my meditations. In about a couple of hours the old woman made her appearance, and prepared me some coffee; and at eleven o'clock came the Constable of the night, to accompany me before the Magistrate.

"Aware that the circumstances were rather against me, and that I had no right to interfere in other persons' business or quarrels, I consulted him upon the best mode of making up the matter; for although I had really done no more than becomes a man in protecting a female, I had certainly infringed upon the law, in effecting the escape of a person in custody, and consequently was liable to the penalty or penalties in such cases made and provided. On our arrival at the Brown Bear, I was met by a genteel-looking man, who delivered me a letter, and immediately disappeared. Upon breaking the seal, I found its contents as follows:

Dear Sir, Although unknown to me, I have learned enough of your character to pronounce you a trump, a prime cock, and nothing but a good one. I am detained by John Doe and Richard Roe with their d—d *fieri facias*, or I should be with you. However, I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in requesting you will make use of the enclosed for the purpose of shaking yourself out of the hands of the scouts and their pals. We shall [97] have some opportunities of meeting, when I will explain: in the mean time, believe me I am

Your's truly,

Tom.

"With this advice, so consonant with my own opinion, I immediately complied; and having satisfied the broken-headed Charley, and paid all expences incurred, I was induced to walk into the office merely to give a look around me, when by a lucky chance I saw you enter. And thus you have a full, true, and particular account of the peregrinations of your humble servant."

Listening with close attention to this narrative of Sparkle's, all other subjects had escaped observation, till they found themselves in the Strand.

"Whither are we bound?" inquired Sparkle.

"On a voyage of discoveries," replied Dashall, "and we just wanted you to act as pilot."

"What place is this?" inquired Bob.

"That," continued Sparkle, "is Somerset-house. It is a fine old building; it stands on the banks of the Thames, raised on piers and arches, and is now appropriated to various public offices, and houses belonging to the various offices of the Government."

"The terrace, which lies on the river, is very fine, and may be well viewed from Waterloo Bridge. The front in the Strand, you perceive, has a noble aspect, being composed of a rustic basement, supporting a Corinthian order of columns crowned with an attic in the centre, and at the extremities with a balustrade. The south front, which looks into the court, is very elegant in its composition.

"The basement consists of nine large arches; and three in the centre open, forming the principal entrance; and three at each end, filled with windows of the Doric order, are adorned with pilasters, entablatures, and pediments. On the key-stones of the nine arches are carved, in alto relievo, nine colossal masks, representing the Ocean, and the eight main Rivers of England, viz. *Thames, Humber, Mersey, Dee, Medway, Tweed, Tyne, and Severn*, with appropriate emblems to denote their various characters.

"Over the basement the Corinthian order consists of ten columns upon pedestals, having their regular entablature. It comprehends two floors, and the attic in the centre of the front extends over three



intercolonnations, and is divided into three parts by four colossal statues placed on the columns of the [98] order. It terminates with a group consisting of the arms of the British empire, supported on one side by the Genius of England, and by Fame, sounding the trumpet, on the other. These three open arches in the front form the principal entrance to the whole of the structure, and lead to an elegant vestibule decorated with Doric columns.

"The terrace, which fronts the Thames, is spacious, and commands a beautiful view of part of the river, including Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Westminster Bridges. It is reared on a grand rustic basement, having thirty-two spacious arches. The arcade thus formed is judiciously relieved by projections ornamented with rusticated columns, and the effect of the whole of the terrace from the water is truly grand and noble. There is however, at present, no admission for the public to it; but, in all probability, it will be open to all when the edifice is completed, which would form one of the finest promenades in the world, and prove to be one of the first luxuries of the metropolis.

"That statue in the centre is a representation of our late King, George the Third, with the Thames at his feet, pouring wealth and plenty from a large Cornucopia. It is executed by Bacon, and has his characteristic cast of expression. It is in a most ludicrous situation, being placed behind, and on the brink of a deep area.

"In the vestibule are the rooms of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquarians, and the Royal Academy of Arts, all in a very grand and beautiful style. Over the door of the Royal Academy is a bust of Michael Angelo; and over the door leading to the Royal Society and Society of Antiquarians, you will find the bust of Sir Isaac Newton.

"The Government-offices, to which this building is devoted, are objects of great astonishment to strangers, being at once commodious and elegant, and worthy the wealth of the nation to which they belong. The hall of the Navy office is a fine room with two fronts, one facing the terrace and river, and the other facing the court. On the right is the Stamp-office: it consists of a multitude of apartments: the room in which the stamping is executed is very interesting to the curious. On the left you see the Pay-office of the Navy.

"The principal thing to attract notice in this edifice is the solidity and completeness of the workmanship in [99] the masonry, and indeed in every other part."

After taking a rather prolonged view of this elegant edifice, they again sallied forth into the Strand, mingling with all the noise and bustle of a crowded street, where by turns were to be discovered, justling each other, parsons, lawyers, apothecaries, projectors, excisemen, organists, picture-sellers, bear and monkey-leaders, fiddlers and bailiffs. The barber and the chimney-sweeper were however always observed to be careful in avoiding the touch of each other, as if contamination must be the inevitable consequence.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed a tall and well-dressed person, who dragged the Honourable Tom Dashall on one side—"you are the very person I wanted—I'm very glad to see you in town again—but I have not a moment to spare—the blood-hounds are in pursuit—this term will be ended in two days, then comes the long vacation—liberty without hiring a horse—you understand—was devilishly afraid of being nabb'd just now—should have been dished if I had—lend me five shillings—come, make haste."

"Five shillings, Diddler, when am I to be paid? you remember—'When I grow rich' was the reply."

"Know—yes, I know all about it—but no matter, I'm not going to settle accounts just now, so don't detain me, I hate Debtor and Creditor. Fine sport to-morrow, eh—shall be at the Ring—in cog.—take no notice—disguised as a Quaker—Obadiah Lankloaks—d—d large beaver hat, and hide my physog.—Lend me what silver you have, and be quick about it, for I can't stay—thank you, you're a d—a good fellow, Tom, a trump—shall now pop into a hack, and drive into another county—thank ye—good day—by by."

During this harangue, while Tost was counting his silver, the ingenious Mr. Diddler seized all he had, and whipping it speedily into his pocket, in a few minutes was out of his sight.

Sparkle observing Dashall looking earnestly after Diddler, approached, and giving him a lusty slap on the shoulder—"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed he, "what are you done again?"

"I suppose so," said Dashall; "confound the fellow, he is always borrowing: I never met him in my life but he [100] had some immediate necessity or other to require a loan of a little temporary supply, as he calls it."

"I wonder," said Sparkle, "that you are so ready to lend, after such frequent experience—how much does he owe you?"

"Heaven only knows," continued Tom, "for I do not keep account against him, I must even trust to his honour—so it is useless to stand here losing our time—Come, let us forward."

"With all my heart," said Sparkle, "and with permission I propose a visit to the Bonassus, a peep at St. Paul's, and a chop at Dolly's."

This proposition being highly approved of, they continued their walk along the Strand, towards Temple Bar, and in a few minutes were attracted by the appearance of men dressed in the garb of the Yeomen of the Guards, who appeared active in the distribution of hand-bills, and surrounded a house on the front of which appeared a long string of high and distinguished names, as patrons and patronesses of the celebrated animal called the Bonassus. Crossing the road in their approach to the door, Tallyho could not help admiring the simple elegance of a shop-front belonging to a grocer, whose name is Peck.

"Very handsome and tasty, indeed," replied Sparkle; "that combination of marble and brass has a light and elegant effect: it has no appearance of being laboured at. The inhabitant of the house I believe is a foreigner, I think an Italian; but London boasts of some of the most elegant shops in the world." And by this time they entered the opposite house.

## CHAPTER IX

*"In London my life is a ring of delight,  
In frolics I keep up the day and the night;  
I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps later,  
I rattle the bell, and I roar up the Waiter;  
'Your Honour,' says he, and he makes me a leg;  
He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;  
For tea in a morning's a slop I renounce,  
So I down with a glass of good right cherry-bounce.  
With-swearing, tearing-ranting, jaunting-slashing,  
smashing-smacking, cracking-rumbling, tumbling  
-laughing, quaffing-smoking, joking-swaggering,  
Staggering:  
So thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so mellow,  
This, this is the life of a frolicsome fellow."*

UPON entering the house, and depositing their shilling each to view this newly discovered animal from the [101] Apalachian mountains of America, and being supplied with immense long bills descriptive of his form and powers—"Come along (said Sparkle,) let us have a look at the most wonderful production of nature—only seventeen months old, five feet ten inches high, and one of the most fashionable fellows in the metropolis."

"It should seem so," said Tallyho, "by the long list of friends and visitors that are detailed in the commencement of the bill of fare."

"Perhaps," said Tom, "there are more Bon asses than one."

"Very likely (continued Sparkle;) but let me tell you the allusion in this case does not apply, for this animal has nothing of the donkey about him, and makes no noise, as you will infer from the following lines in the Bill:

*"As the Bonassus does not roar,  
His fame is widely known,  
For no dumb animal before  
Has made such noise in town."*

At this moment the barking of a dog assailed their ears, and suspended the conversation. Passing onward to [102] the den of the Bonassus, they found a dark-featured gentleman of middling stature, with his hair, whiskers, and ears, so bewhitened with powder as to form a complete contrast with his complexion and a black silk handkerchief which he wore round his neck, holding a large brown-coloured dog by the collar, in order to prevent annoyance to the visitors.

"D—n the dog, (exclaimed he) although he is the best tempered creature in the world, he don't seem to like the appearance of the Bonassus"—and espying Sparkle, "Ha, my dear fellow! how are you?—I have not seen you for a long while."

"Why, Sir D—n—ll, I am happy to say I never was better in my life—allow me to introduce you to my two friends, the Hon. Mr. Dashall, and Robert Tallyho—Sir D—n—ll Harlequin."

The mutual accompaniments of such an introduction having passed among them, the Knight, who was upon the moment of departure as they entered, expressed his approbation of the animal he had been viewing, and, lugging his puppy by one hand, and his cudgel in the other, wished them a good morning.

"There is an eccentric man of Title," continued Sparkle.

"I should judge," said Bob, "there was a considerable portion of eccentricity about him, by his appearance. Is he a Baronet?"

"A Baronet," (replied Sparkle) "no, no, he is no other than a *Quack Doctor*." {1}

*1 Of all the subjects that afford opportunities for the satiric pen in the Metropolis, perhaps there is none more abundant or prolific than that of Quackery. Dr. Johnson observes, that "cheats can seldom stand long against laughter." But if a judgment is really to be formed from existing facts, it may be supposed that times are so materially changed since the residence of that able writer in this sublunary sphere, that the reverse of the position may with greater propriety be asserted. For such is the prevailing practice of the present day, that, according to the opinion of thousands, there is nothing to be done without a vast deal more of profession and pretence than actual power, and he who is the best able to bear laughing at, is the most likely to realize the hopes he entertains of obtaining celebrity, and of having his labours crowned with success. Nothing can be more evident than this in the Medical profession, though there are successful Quacks of all kinds, and in all situations, to be found in London. This may truly be called the age of Quackery, from the abundance of impostors of every kind that prey upon society; and such as cannot or will not think for themselves, ought to be guarded in a publication of this nature, against the fraudulent acts of those persons who make it their business and profit to deteriorate the health, morals, and amusements of the public. But, in the present instance, we are speaking of the Medical Quack only, than which perhaps there is none more remarkable.*

*The race of Bossys, Brodrums, Solomons, Perkins, Chamants, &c. is filled by others of equal notoriety, and no doubt of equal utility. The Cerfs, the Curries, the Lamerts, the Ruspinis, the Coopers, and Munroes, are all equally entitled to public approbation, particularly if we may credit the letters from the various persons who authenticate the miraculous cures they have performed in the most inveterate, we hail almost said, the most impossible, cases. If those*

persons are really in existence (and who can doubt it?) they certainly have occasion to be thankful for their escapes, and we congratulate them; for in our estimation Quack Doctors seem to consider the human frame merely as a subject for experiments, which if successful will secure the reputation of the practitioner. The acquisition of fame and fortune is, in the estimation of these philosophers, cheaply purchased by sacrificing the lives of a few of the vulgar, to whom they prescribe gratis; and the slavish obedience of some patients to the Doctor, is really astonishing. It is said that a convalescent at Bath wrote to his Physician in London, to know whether he might eat sauce with his pork; but we have not been able to discover whether he expected an answer gratis; that would perhaps have been an experiment not altogether grateful to the Doctor's feelings.

The practice of advertising and billing the town has become so common, that a man scarcely opens a coal-shed, or a potatoe-stall, without giving due notice of it in the newspapers, and distributing hand-bills; and frequently with great success. But our Doctors, who make no show of their commodities, have no mode of making themselves known without it. Hence the quantity of bills thrust into the hand of the passenger through the streets of London, which divulge the almost incredible performances of their publishers. A high-sounding name, such as The Chevalier de diamant, the Chevalier de Ruspini, or The Medical Board, well bored behind and before, are perhaps more necessary, with a few paper puffs—as “palpable hits, my Lord,” than either skill or practice, to obtain notice and secure fame.

The Chevalier de Chamant, who was originally a box-maker, and a man of genius, considering box-making a plebeian occupation, was for deducing a logical position, not exactly perhaps by fair argument, but at all events through the teeth, and was determined, although he could not, like Dr. Pangloss, mend the cacology of his friends, at least to give them an opportunity for plenty of jaw-work. With this laudable object in view, he obtained a patent for making artificial teeth of mineral paste; and in his advertisements condescended not to prove their utility as substitutes for the real teeth, when decayed or wanting, (this was beneath his notice, and would have been a piece of mere plebeian Quackery unworthy of his great genius,) but absolutely assured the world that his mineral teeth were infinitely superior to any production of nature, both for mastication and beauty! How this was relished we know not; but he declared (and he certainly ought to know) that none but silly and timid persons would hesitate for one moment to have their teeth drawn, and substitute his minerals: and it is wonderful to relate, that although his charges were enormous, and the operation (as may be supposed) not the most pleasant, yet people could not resist the ingenious Chevalier's fascinating and drawing puffs; in consequence of which he soon became possessed of a large surplus of capital, with which he determined to speculate in the Funds.

For this purpose he employed old Tom Bish, the Stockbroker, to purchase stock for the amount; but owing to a sudden fluctuation in the market, a considerable depreciation took place between the time of purchase and that of payment; a circumstance which made the Chevalier grin and show his teeth: Determining however, not to become a victim to the fangs of Bulls and Bears, but rather to dive like a duck, he declared the bargain was not legal, and that he would not be bound by it. Bish upon this occasion proved a hard-mouthed customer to the man of teeth, and was not a quiet subject to be drawn, but brought an action against the mineral monger, and recovered the debt. Tom's counsel, in stating the case, observed, that the Defendant would find the law could bite sharper and hold tighter than any teeth he could make; and so it turned out.

The Chevalier de R-sp-ni is another character who has cut no small figure in this line, but has recently made his appearance in the Gazette, not exactly on so happy an occasion as such a circumstance would be to his brother chip, Dr. D-n-ll, now (we suppose) Sir Francis—though perhaps equally entitled to the honour of knighthood. The Chevalier has for some years looked Royalty in the face by residing opposite Carlton House, and taken every precaution to let the public know that such an important public character was there to be found, by displaying his name as conspicuously as possible on brass plates, &c. so that the visitors to Carlton House could hardly fail to notice him as the second greatest Character of that great neighbourhood. But what could induce so great a man to sport his figure in the Gazette, is as unaccountable as the means by which he obtained such happy celebrity. Had it occurred immediately after the war, it might have been concluded without much stretch of imagination, that the Chevalier, who prides himself on his intimacy with all the great men of the day, had, through the friendship of the Duke of Wellington, made a contract for the teeth and jaw-bones of all who fell at the battle of Waterloo, and that by bringing to market so

great a stock at one time, the article had fallen in value, and left the speculating Chevalier so great a loser as to cause his bankruptcy. Whether such is the real cause or not, it is difficult to ascertain what could induce the Chevalier to descend from his dealings with the head to dabble with lower commodities.

Among other modes of obtaining notoriety, usually resorted to by Empirics, the Chevalier used to job a very genteel carriage and pair, but his management was so excellent, that the expenses of his equipage were very trifling; for as it was not intended to run, but merely to stand at the door like a barker at a broker's shop, or a direction-post, he had the loan on very moderate terms, the job-master taking into account that the wind of the cattle was not likely to be injured, or the wheels rattled to pieces by velocity, or smashed by any violent concussion.

The Chevalier had a Son, who unfortunately was not endowed by nature with so much ambition or information as his father; for, frequently when the carriage has been standing at the door, he has been seen drinking gin most cordially with Coachee, without once thinking of the evils of example, or recollecting that he was one of the family. Papa used to be very angry on these occasions, because, as he said, it was letting people know that Coachee was only hired as a job, and not as a family domestic.

For the great benefit and advantage of the community, Medical Boards have recently been announced in various parts of the Metropolis, where, according to the assertions of the Principals, in their advertisements, every disease incident to human nature is treated by men of skilful practice; and among these truly useful establishments, those of Drs. Cooper, Munro, and Co. of Charlotte house, Blackfriars, and Woodstock-house, Oxford-road, are not the least conspicuous. Who these worthies are, it is perhaps difficult to ascertain. One thing however is certain, that Sir F—s C—e D—n—ll, M.D. is announced as Treasurer, therefore there can be no doubt but that all is fair above board, for

"Brutus is an honourable man,  
So are they all—all honourable men."

And where so much skill derived from experience is exercised, it cannot be doubted but great and important benefits may result to a liberal and enlightened people. Of the establishment itself we are informed by a friend, that having occasion to call on the Treasurer, upon some business, the door was opened by a copper-coloured servant, a good-looking young Indian—not a fuscus Hydaspes, but a serving man of good appearance, who ushered him up stairs, and introduced him to the front room on the first floor, where all was quackery, bronze and brass, an electrical machine, images, pictures and diplomas framed and glazed, and a table covered with books and papers. In a short time, a person of very imposing appearance entered the room, with his hair profusely powdered, and his person, from his chin to his toes, enveloped in a sort of plaid roquelaure, who, apologizing for the absence of the Doctor, began to assure him of his being in the entire confidence of the Board, and in all probability would have proceeded to the operation of feeling the pulse in a very short time, had not the visitor discovered in the features of this disciple of Esculapius a person he had known in former times. 'Why, good God!' cried he, 'is that you?—What have you done with the Magic-lantern, and the Lecture on Heads?—am I right, or am I in fairy-land?' calling him by his name. It was in vain to hesitate, it was impossible to escape, the discovery was complete. It was plain however that the dealer in magical delusions had not altogether given up the art of legerdemain, which, perhaps, he finds the most profitable of the two.

Of the worthy Knight himself, (and perhaps the Coopers and Munros have been consumed by the electrical fluid of their own Board) much might be said. He is the inventor of a life-preserver, with which it may be fairly presumed he has effected valuable services to his country by the preservation of Royalty, as a proof of deserving the honour he has obtained. He is patriotic and independent, masonic and benevolent, a great admirer of fancy horses and fancy ladies, a curer of incurables, and has recently published one of the most extraordinary Memoirs that has ever been laid before the public, embellished with two portraits: which of the two is most interesting must be left to the discrimination of those who view them. It must however be acknowledged, that after reading the following extract, ingratitude is not yet eradicated from our nature, since, notwithstanding he has obtained the dignified appellation of Sir Francis, the Gazette says, that "in future no improper person shall be admitted to the honour of knighthood, in consequence of two surreptitious presentations lately"—the one an M.D. the other F.R.C. Surgeons, particularly if it

were possible that this Gentleman may be one of the persons alluded to. For, what says the Memoir?

*"The utility of Sir Francis's invention being thus fully established, and its ingenuity universally admired, it excited the interest of the first characters among the nobility, and an introduction to Court was repeatedly offered to Sir Francis on this account. After a previous communication with one of the Royal Family, and also with the Secretary of State, on the 14th June last, he had the honour of being presented to His Majesty, who, justly appreciating the merit of the discovery, was pleased to confer upon him the honour of knighthood.*

*"Thus it is pleasing, in the distribution of honours by the hand of the Sovereign, to mark where they are conferred on real merit. This is the true intention of their origin; but it has been too often departed from, and they have been given where no other title existed than being the friend of those who had influence to gain the Royal ear. From the above statement, it will be seen this honour was conferred on Sir Francis by his Majesty for an invention, which has saved since its discovery the lives of many hundreds, and which may be considered as having given the original idea to the similar inventions that have been attempted since that time. Its utility and importance we have also seen acknowledged and rewarded by the two leading Societies in this country, and perhaps in Europe, viz. the Royal Humane, and the Society of Arts. The Sovereign therefore was only recognizing merit which had been previously established; and the honour of knighthood, to the credit of the individual, was conferred by his Majesty in the most liberal and handsome manner, without any other influence being used by Sir Francis than simply preferring the claim."*

*Thus the subject of Knighthood is to be nursed; and as the Doctor and the Nurse are generally to be recognized together, no one can read this part of the Memoir without exclaiming—Well done, Nussey. But why not Gazetted, after this liberal and hand-some manner of being rewarded? or why an allusion to two surreptitious presentations, the names of which two persons, so pointedly omitted, cannot well be misunderstood? This is but doing things by halves, though no such an observation can be applied to the proceedings of Charlotte-house, where Cooper, Munro, and Co. (being well explained) means two or three persons, viz. a black, a white man, and a mahogany-coloured Knight—a barber by trade, and a skinner by company—a dealer in mercurials—a puff by practice and an advertiser well versed in all the arts of his prototype—a practitioner in panygyric—the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive—and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. Whether this will apply to Sir Charles Althis or not, is perhaps not so easy to ascertain; but as birds of a feather like to flock together, so these medical Knights in misfortune deserve to be noticed in the same column, although the one is said to be a Shaver, and the other a Quaker. It seems they have both been moved by the same spirit, and both follow (a good way off) the profession of medicine.*

*Among the various improvements of these improving times, for we are still improving, notwithstanding complaint, a learned little Devil, inflated with gas, has suggested a plan for the establishment of a Medical Assurance-office, where person and property might be insured at so much per annum, and the advantages to be derived from such an Institution would be, that instead of the insurance increasing with years, it would grow less and less. How many thousand grateful patients would it relieve annually! but we fear it would be a daily source of sorrow to these knightly medicals, and would by them be considered a devilish hard case.*

But hush, here is other company, and I will give you an account of him as we go along."

They now attended the Keeper, who explained the age, height, weight, species, size, power, and propensities of the animal, and then departed on their road towards Temple Bar,—on passing through which, they were overtaken again by Sir Francis, in a gig drawn by a dun-coloured horse, with his puppy between his legs, and a servant by his side, and immediately renewed the previous conversation.

"There he goes again," said Sparkle, "and a rare fellow he is too."

"I should think so," said Bob; "he must have quacked to some good purpose, to obtain the honour of knighthood."

"Not positively that," continued Sparkle; "for to obtain and to deserve are not synonymous, and, if report[108] say true, there is not much honour attached to his obtaining it.

"—In the modesty of fearful duty,

*I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence:  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
At least speak most to my capacity."*

And, according to my humble conception, he who talks much about himself, or pays others to talk or write about him, is generally most likely to be least deserving of public patronage; for if a man possesses real and evident abilities in any line of profession, the public will not be long in making a discovery of its existence, and the bounty, as is most usually the case, would quickly follow upon the heels of approbation. But many a meritorious man in the Metropolis is pining away his miserable existence, too proud to beg, and too honest to steal, while others, with scarcely more brains than a sparrow, by persevering in a determination to leave no stone unturned to make themselves appear ridiculous, as a first step to popularity; and having once excited attention, even though it is merely to be laughed at by the thinking part of mankind, he finds it no great difficulty to draw the money out of their pockets while their eyes are riveted on a contemplation of his person or conduct. And there are not wanting instances of effrontery that have elevated men of little or no capacity to dignified situations. If report say true, the present Secretary of the Admiralty, who is admirable for his poetry also, was originally a hair-dresser, residing somewhere in Blackfriar's or Westminster-road; but then you must recollect he was a man who knew it was useless to lose a single opportunity; and probably such has been the case with Sir Daniel Harlequin, who, from keeping a small shop in Wapping, making a blaze upon the water about his Life-preserver, marrying a wife with a red face and a full pocket, retired to a small cottage at Mile End, and afterwards establishing a Medical Board, has got himself dubbed a Knight. To be sure he has had a deal of puffing and blowing work to get through in his progress, which probably accounts for his black looks, not a little increased by the quantity of powder he wears. But what have we here?" finding the bustle of the streets considerably increased after passing Temple Bar.

"Some political Bookseller or other, in all probability," said Tom—"I'll step forward and see." And in passing through the numerous body of persons that crowded on every side, the whole party was separated. Bob, who had hung a little back while his two friends rushed forward, was lingering near the corner of the Temple: he was beckoned by a man across the way, to whom he immediately went.

"Do you happen to want a piece of fine India silk handkerchiefs, Sir? I have some in my pocket that I can recommend and sell cheap—for money must be had; but only keep it to yourself, because they are smuggled goods, of the best quality and richest pattern." During this opening speech, he was endeavouring to draw Tallyho under the archway of Bell-yard, when Sparkle espying him, ran across to him, and taking him by the arm—"Come along (said he;) and if you don't take yourself off instantly, I'll put you in custody," shaking his stick at the other.

All this was like Hebrew to Bob, who, for his part, really conceived the poor fellow, as he termed him, might be in want of money, and compelled to dispose of his article for subsistence.

"Ha, ha, ha," cried Sparkle, "I see you know nothing about them: these are the locusts of the town." At this moment they were joined by the Hon. Tom Dashall.

"Egad!" continued Sparkle, "I just saved your Cousin from being trepanned, and sent for a soldier."

Tallyho appeared all amazement.

"What," cried Tom, "in the wars of Venus then, I suppose I know he has a fancy for astronomy, and probably he was desirous of taking a peep into Shire-lane, where he might easily find the Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars."

"Ha! ha! ha!" replied Sparkle, "not exactly so; but I rescued him from the hands of a Buffer,{1} who would

*1 Buffers miscalled Duffers—Persons who adopt a species of swindling which is rather difficult of detection, though it is daily practised in London. The term Buffer takes its derivation from a custom which at one time prevailed of carrying Bandanas, sarsnets, French stockings, and silk of various kinds, next the shirts of the sellers; so that upon making a sale, they were obliged to undress in order to come at the goods, or in other words, to strip to the skin, or buff it; by which means they obtained the title of Buffers. This trade (if it may be so termed) is carried on in a genteel manner. The parties go about from house to house, and attend public-houses, inns, and fairs, pretending to sell smuggled goods, such as those already mentioned; and by offering their goods for sale, they are enabled by practice to discover the proper objects for their arts.*

*Buffers, or Duffers, who are not rogues in the strict sense of the word, only offer to sell their goods to the best advantage, and by this means evade the detection of the police, but are equally subversive or destructive of common honesty under a cloak or disguise; for if they can persuade any person that the article offered is actually better or cheaper than any other person's, they are doing no more than every tradesman does; but then as they pay no rent or taxes to the State, the principal objection to them lies in the mode of operation, and an overstrained recommendation of their goods, which are always, according to their account, of the most superior quality; and they have a peculiar facility of discovering the novice or the silly, to whom walking up with a serious countenance and interesting air, they broach the pleasing intelligence, that they have on sale an excellent article well worth their attention, giving a caution at the same time, that honour and secrecy must be implicitly observed, or it may lead to unpleasantness to both parties. By these means persons from the country are frequently enticed into public-houses to look at their goods; and if they do not succeed in one way, they are almost sure in another, by having an accomplice, who will not fail to praise the articles for sale, and propose some gambling scheme, by which the party is plundered of his money by passing forged Bank-notes, base silver or copper, in the course of their dealings.*

doubtless have fleeced him in good style, if he could only have induced him to attend to his story." [110]

"The mob you see collected there," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "is attracted by two circumstances—Money's new Coronation Crop, just lunched—and a broken image of a Highlander, at the door of a snuff-shop; each of them truly important and interesting of course, the elevation of one man, and the destruction of another. The poor Scotchman seems dreadfully bruised, and I suppose is now under the Doctor's hands, for he has two or three plasters on his face."

"Yes," continued Sparkle, "he has been out on a spree, {1} had a bit of a turn-up, and been knock'd down."

Upon hearing this conversation, Tallyho could not help inquiring into the particulars.

"Why the facts are simply as follows," continued

*1 Spree—A bit of fun, or a frolicsome lark.*

Sparkle—"in London, as you perceive, tradesmen are in the habit of exhibiting signs of the business of [111] profession in which they are engaged. The Pawnbroker decorates his door with three gold balls—the Barber, in some places, (though it is a practice almost out of date) hangs out a long pole—the Gold-beater, an arm with a hammer in the act of striking—the Chemist, a head of Glauber, or Esculapius—the Tobacconist, a roll of tobacco, and of late it has become customary for these venders of pulverised atoms called snuff, to station a wooden figure of a Highlander, in the act of taking a pinch of Hardham's, or High-dried, as a sort of inviting introduction to their counters; and a few nights back, a Scotchman, returning from his enjoyments at a neighbouring tavern, stopped to have a little friendly chat with this gentleman's Highlander, and by some means or other, I suppose, a quarrel ensued, upon which the animated young Scotchman took advantage of his countryman—flooded him, broke both his arms, and otherwise did him considerable bodily injury, the effects of which are still visible; and Johnny Bull, who is fond of a little gape-seed, is endeavouring to console him under his sufferings."

"Very kind of him, indeed," replied Bob.

"At any rate," said Tom, "the Tobacconist will have occasion to be grateful to the Highlander {1} for some portion of his popularity."

*1 It is matter of astonishment to some, but not less true, that many tradesmen in the Metropolis have to ascribe both fame and fortune to adventitious circumstances. It is said that Hardham, of Fleet Street, had to thank the celebrated Comedian, Foote, who, in one of his popular characters, introducing his snuffbox, offered a pinch to the person he was in conversation with on the stage, who spoke well of it, and inquired where he obtained it?—"Why, at Hardham's, to be sure." And to this apparently trifling circumstance, Hardham was indebted for his fortune.*

*The importance of a Highlander to a snuff-shop will appear by a perusal of the following fact:—*

*A very respectable young man, a Clerk in the office of an eminent Solicitor, was recently brought before Mr. Alderman Atkins, upon the charge of being disorderly. The prisoner, it seemed, on his return home from a social party, where he had been sacrificing rather too freely to the jolly god, was struck with the appearance of a showy wooden figure of a Highlander, at the door of Mr. Micklan's snuff-shop, No. 12, Fleet Street. The young Attorney, who is himself a Scotchman, must needs claim acquaintance with his countryman. He chucked him familiarly under the chin, called him a very pretty fellow, and, in the vehemence of his affection, embraced him with so much violence, as to force him from his station. Mr. Micklan ran to the assistance of his servant, and in the scuffle the unfortunate Highlander had both his arms dislocated, the frill that adorned his neck damaged, besides other personal injuries, which his living countryman not being in the humour to atone for, Mr. Micklan gave him in charge to the watchman. Before the Magistrate in the morning, the young man appeared heartily sick of his folly, and perfectly willing to make every reparation, but complained of the excessive demand, which he stated to be no less than thirteen guineas. Mr. Micklan produced the remains of the unfortunate Highlander, who excited a compound fracture of both arms, with a mutilation of three or four fingers, and such other bodily wounds, as to render his perfect recovery, so as to resume his functions at Mr. Micklan's door, altogether hopeless. The Highlander, the complainant stated, cost him thirteen guineas, and was entirely new. The sum might seem large for the young gentleman to pay for such a frolic, but it would not compensate him for the injury he should sustain by the absence of the figure; for, however strange it might appear, he did not hesitate to say, that without it he should not have more than half his business. Since he had stationed it at his door, he had taken on an average thirty shillings a day more than he had done previous to exhibiting his attractions.*

*There being no proof of a breach of the peace, Mr. Alderman Atkins advised the gentleman to settle the matter upon the best terms he could. They withdrew together, and on their return the complainant reported that the gentleman had agreed to take the figure, and furnish him with a new one.*

*Mr. Alderman Atkins, in discharging the prisoner,*

*recommended to him to get the figure repaired, and make a niche for him in his office, where, by using it as a proper memorial, it would probably save him more than it cost him.*

*The broken figure has since been exhibited in his old station, and excited considerable notice; but we apprehend he is not yet able to afford all the attractions of his occupation, for he has formerly been seen inviting his friends to a pinch of snuff gratis, by holding a box actually containing that recreating powder in his hand, in the most obliging and condescending manner—a mark of politeness and good breeding well worthy of respectful attention.*

“Come,” said Sparkle, “we are now in one of the principal thoroughfares of the Metropolis, Fleet Street, of which you have already heard much, and is at all times thronged with multitudes of active and industrious persons, in pursuit of their various avocations, like a hive of bees, and keeping up, like them, a ceaseless hum. Nor is it less a scene of Real Life worth viewing, than the more refined haunts of the noble, the rich, and the great, many of whom leave their splendid habitations in the West in the morning, to attend the money-getting, commercial men of the City, and transact their business.—The dashing young spendthrift, to borrow[113] at any interest; and the more prudent, to buy or to sell. The plodding tradesman, the ingenious mechanic, are exhausting their time in endeavours to realize property, perhaps to be left for the benefit of a Son, who as ardently sets about, after his Father's decease, to get rid of it—nay, perhaps, pants for an opportunity of doing this before he can take possession; for the young Citizen, having lived just long enough to conceive himself superior to his father, in violation of filial duty and natural authority, affects an aversion to every thing that is not novel, expensive, and singular. He is a lad of high spirit; he calls the city a poor dull prison, in which he cannot bear to be confined; and though he may not intend to mount his nag, stiffens his cravat, whistles a sonata, to which his whip applied to the boot forms an accompaniment; while his spurs wage war with the flounces of a fashionably-dressed belle, or come occasionally in painful contact with the full-stretched stockings of a gouty old gentleman; by all which he fancies he is keeping” up the dignity and importance of his character. He does not slip the white kid glove from his hand without convincing the spectator that; his hand is the whiter skin; nor twist his fingers for the introduction of a pinch of Maccaba, without displaying to the best advantage his beautifully chased ring and elegantly painted snuff-box lid; nor can the hour of the day be ascertained without discovering his engine-turned repeater, and hearing its fascinating music: then the fanciful chain, the precious stones in golden robes, and last of all, the family pride described in true heraldic taste and naïveté. Of Peter Pindar's opinion, that

*“Care to our coffin adds a nail,  
But every grin so merry draws one out,”*

he thinks it an admirable piece of politeness and true breeding to give correct specimens of the turkey or the goose in the serious scenes of a dramatic representation, or while witnessing her Ladyship's confusion in a crowd of carriages combating for precedence in order to obtain an early appearance at Court. Reading he considers quite a bore, but attends the reading-room, which he enters, not to know what is worth reading and add a little knowledge to his slender stock from the labours and experience of men of letters—no, but to quiz[114] the cognoscenti, and throw the incense over its learned atmosphere from his strongly perfumed cambric handkerchief, which also implies what is most in use for the indulgence of one of the five senses. When he enters a coffee-room, it is not for the purpose of meeting an old friend, and to enjoy with him a little rational conversation over his viands, but to ask for every newspaper, and throw them aside without looking at them—to call the Waiter loudly by his name, and shew his authority—to contradict an unknown speaker who is in debate with others, and declare, upon the honour of a gentleman and the veracity of a scholar, that Pope never understood Greek, nor translated Homer with tolerable justice. He considers it a high privilege to meet a celebrated pugilist at an appointed place, to floor him for a quid,{1} a fall, and a high delight to talk of it afterwards for the edification of his friends—to pick up a Cyprian at mid-day—to stare modest women out of countenance—to bluster at a hackney-coachman—or to upset a waterman in the river, in order to gain the fame of a Leander, and prove himself a Hero.

“He rejects all his father's proposed arrangements for his domestic comforts and matrimonial alliance. He wanders in his own capricious fancy, like a fly in summer, over the fields of feminine beauty and loveliness; yet he declares there is so much versatility and instability about the fair sex, that they are unworthy his professions of regard; and, perhaps, in his whole composition, there is nothing deserving of serious notice but his good-nature. Thus you have a short sketch of a young Citizen.”

“Upon my word, friend Sparkle, you are an admirable delineator of Society,” said Dashall.

“My drawings are made from nature,” continued Sparkle.

“Aye, and very naturally executed too,” replied Tom. Having kept walking on towards St. Paul's, they were by this time near the end of Shoe Lane, at the corner of which sat an elderly woman with a basket of mackerel for sale; and as they approached they saw several persons rush from thence into the main street in evident alarm.

“Come up, d——n your eyes,” said an ill-favoured fellow with an immense cudgel in his fist, driving an ass laden

*1 Quid—A. Guinea.*

with brick-dust, with which he was belabouring him most unmercifully. The poor beast, with an endeavour[115] to escape if possible the cudgelling which awaited him, made a sudden turn round the post, rubbing his side against it as he went along, and thereby relieving himself of his load, which he safely deposited, with a cloud of brick-dust that almost blinded the old woman and those who were near her, in the basket of fish. Neddy then made the best of his way towards Fleet-market, and an over-drove bullock, which had terrified many persons, issued almost at the same moment from Shoe Lane, and took the direction for Temple-bar. The



whistling, the hooting, the hallooing, and the running of the drovers in pursuit—men, women, and children, scampering to get out of the way of the infuriated beast—the noise and rattling of carriages, the lamentations of the poor fish-fag, and the vociferations of the donkey-driver to recover his neddy—together with a combination of undistinguishable sounds from a variety of voices, crying their articles for sale, or announcing their several occupations—formed a contrast of characters, situations, and circumstances, not easily to be described. Here, a poor half-starved and almost frightened-to-death brat of a Chimney-sweeper, in haste to escape, had run against a lady whose garments were as white as snow—there, a Barber had run against a Parson, and falling along with him, had dropped a pot of pomatum from his apron-pocket on the reverend gentleman's eye, and left a mark in perfect unison with the colour of his garments before the disaster, but which were now of a piebald nature, neither black nor white. A barrow of nuts, overturned in one place, afforded fine amusement for the scrambling boys and girls—a Jew old clothes-man swore upon his conscience he had losht the pest pargain vhat he ever had offered to him in all his lifetime, by dem tam'd bears of bull-drivers—a Sailor called him a gallows *half-hung ould crimp*, {1} d—d his

*1 Crimp—Kidnappers, Trappers, or Procurers of men for the Merchant Service; and the East-India company contract with them for a supply of sailors to navigate their ships out and home. These are for the most part Jews, who have made advances to the sailors of money, clothes, victuals, and lodgings, generally to a very small amount, taking care to charge an enormous price for every article. The poor fellows, by these means, are placed under a sort of espionage, if not close confinement, till the ship is ready to receive them; and then they are conducted on board at Gravesend by the Crimp and his assistants, and a receipt taken for them.*

*In this process there is nothing very reprehensible—the men want births, and have no money—the Crimp keeps a lodging-house, and wishes to be certain of his man: he therefore takes him into the house, and after a very small supply of cash, the grand do, is to persuade him to buy watches, buckles, hats, and jackets, to be paid for on his receiving his advance previous to sailing. By this means and the introduction of grog, the most barefaced and unblushing robberies have been committed.*

*With the same view of fleecing the unwary poor fellows, who*

*“... at sea earn their money like horses,  
To squander it idly like asses on shore,”*

*they watch their arrival after the voyage, and advance small sums of money upon their tickets, or perhaps buy them out and out, getting rid at the same time of watches, jewellery, and such stuff, at more than treble their real value. Not only is this the case in London, but at all the out-ports it is practised to a very great extent, particularly in war time.*

*Happy would it be for poor Jack were this all; he is sometimes brought in indebted to the Crimp to a large nominal amount, by what is called a long-shore attorney, or more appropriately, a black shark, and thrown into jail!!! There he lies until his body is wanted, and then the incarcerator négociâtes with him for his liberty, to be permitted to enter on board again.*

eyes if he was not glad of it, and, with a sling of his arm, deposited an enormous quid he had in his mouth [116] directly in the chaps of the Israelite, then joined the throng in pursuit; while the Jew, endeavouring to call Stop thief, took more of the second-hand quid than agreed with the delicacy of his stomach, and commenced a vomit, ejaculating with woful lamentations, that he had lost his bag mit all his propertish.

The old mackarel-woman, seeing her fish covered with brick-dust, set off in pursuit of the limping donkey-driver, and catching him by the neck, swore he should pay her for the fish, and brought him back to the scene of action; but, in the mean time, the Street-keeper had seized and carried off the basket with all its contents—misfortune upon misfortune!

“D—n your ass, and you too,” said the Fish-woman, “if you doesn't pay me for my fish, I'll *quod* {1} you—that there's all vat I ar got to say.”

“Here's a bit of b—dy gammon—don't you see as how I am lost both my ass and his cargo, and if you von't leave

*1 Quod—A Jail—to quod a person is to send him to jail.*

me alone, and give me my bags again, I'll sarve you out—there now, that's all—bl—st me! fair play's a [117] jewel—let go my hair, and don't kick up no rows about it—see vhat a mob you're a making here—can't you sell your mackarel ready sauced, and let me go ater Neddy?”

“Vhat, you thinks you are a *flat-catching*, {1} do you, Limping Billy—but eh, who has run away with my basket offish?”

“Ha, ha, ha,” cried Limping Billy, bursting into a horse-laugh at the additional distress of the old woman, in which he was joined by many of the surrounding spectators; and which so enraged her, that she let go her hold, and bursting through the crowd with an irresistible strength, increased almost to the fury of madness by her additional loss, she ran some paces distance in search of, not only her stock in trade, but her shop, shop-board, and working-tools; while the donkey-driver boisterously vociferated after her—“Here they are six a shilling, live mackarel O.”

This taunt of the brick-dust merchant was too much to be borne, and brought her back again with a determination to chastise him, which she did in a summary way, by knocking him backwards into the kennel. Billy was not pleased at this unexpected salute, called her a drunken —, and endeavoured to get out of her way—"for," said he, "I know she is a b—dy rum customer when she gets lushy." {2} At this moment, a sturdy youth, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, was seen at a short distance riding the runaway-ass back again. Billy perceiving this, became a little more reconciled to his rough usage—swore he never would strike a voman, so help him G—d, for that he was a man every inch of him; and as for Mother Mapps, he'd be d—nd-if he wouldn't treat her with all the pleasure of life; and now he had got his own ass, he would go along with her for to find her mackarel. Then shaking a cloud of brick-dust from the dry parts of his apparel, with sundry portions of mud from those parts which had most easily reached the kennel, he took the bridle of his donkey, and bidding her come along, they toddled {3} together to a gin-shop in Shoe Lane.

1 *Flat-catching*—Is an expression of very common use, and seems almost to explain itself, being the act of taking advantage of any person who appears ignorant and unsuspecting.

2 *Lushy-Drunk*.

3 *Toddle*—To toddle is to walk slowly, either from infirmity or choice—"Come, let us toddle," is a very familiar phrase, signifying let us be going.

Desirous of seeing an end to this bit of gig—"Come along," said Sparkle, "they'll all be in prime twig [118] presently, and we shall have some fun.

*"I'm the boy for a bit of a bobbery,  
Nabbing a lantern, or milling a pane;  
A jolly good lark is not murder or robbery,  
Let us be ready and nimble."*

Hark, (said he) there's a fiddle-scraper in the house—here goes;" and immediately they entered.

They had no occasion to repent of their movements; for in one corner of the tap-room sat Billy Waters, a well-known character about town, a Black Man with a wooden leg was fiddling to a Slaughterman from Fleet-market, in wooden shoes, who, deck'd with all the paraphernalia of his occupation, a greasy jacket and night-cap, an apron besmeared with mud, blood, and grease, nearly an inch thick, and a leathern girdle, from which was suspended a case to hold his knives, and his sleeves tuck'd up as if he had but just left the slaughter-house, was dancing in the centre to the infinite amusement of the company, which consisted of an old woman with periwinkles and crabs for sale in a basket—a porter with his knot upon the table—a dustman with his broad-flapped hat, and his bell by his side—an Irish hodman—and two poor girls, who appeared to be greatly taken with the black fiddler, whose head was decorated with an oil-skinned cock'd hat, and a profusion of many coloured feathers: on the other side of the room sat a young man of shabby-genteel appearance, reading the newspaper with close attention, and purring forth volumes of smoke. Limping Billy and Mother Mapps were immediately known, and room was made for their accommodation, while the fiddler's elbow and the slaughterman's wooden shoes were kept in motion.

*Max* {1} was the order of the day, and the *sluicery* {2} in good request. Mother Mapps was made easy by being informed the Street-keeper had her valuables in charge, which Limping Billy promised he would redeem. "Bring us a

1 *Max*—A very common term for gin.

2 *Sluicery*—A gin-shop or public-house: so denominated from the lower orders of society sluicing their throats as it were with gin, and probably derived from the old song entitled "The Christening of Little Joey," formerly sung by Jemmy Dodd, of facetious memory.

*"And when they had sluiced their gobs  
With striving to excel wit,  
The lads began to hang their nobs,\**

\* *Nobs*—Heads.

\*\* *Frows*—Originally a Dutch word, meaning wives, or girls.

\*\*\* *Velvet*—The tongue.

noggin of *white tape*, {1} and fill me a pipe," said he—"d—n my eyes, I knowed as how it vou'd be all right [119] enough, I never gets in no rows whatever without getting myself out again—come, *ould chap*, {2} *vet your vistle, and tip it us rum—go it my kiddy, that are's just vat I likes.*"

"Vat's the reason I an't to have a pipe?" said Mother Mapps.

"Lord bless your heart," said the Donkey-driver, "if I did'nt forget you, never trust me—here, Landlord, a pipe for this here Lady."

"Which way did the bull run?" said the Irishman.

"Bl—st me if I know," replied Limping Billy, "for I was a looking out for my own ass—let's have the Sprig of Shelalah, *ould Blackymoor*—come, tune up."

The old woman being supplied with a pipe, and the fiddler having rosined his nerves with a glass of *blue ruin* {3} to it they went, some singing, some whistling, and others drumming with their hands upon the table; while Tom, Bob, and Sparkle, taking a seat at the other side of the room, ordered a glass of brandy and water each, and enjoyed the merriment of the scene before them, perhaps more than those actually engaged in it. Bob was alive to every movement and every character, for it was new, and truly interesting: and kept growing

more so, for in a few minutes Limping Billy and Mother Mapps joined the Slaughterman in the dance, when nothing could be more grotesque and amusing. Their pipes in their mouths—clapping of hands and snapping of fingers, formed a curious accompaniment to the squeaking of the fiddle—the broad grin of the Dustman, and the preposterous laugh of the

*1 White Tape—Also a common term for gin, particularly among the Ladies.*

*2 Ould Chap, or Ould Boy—Familiar terms of address among flash lads, being a sort of contraction of old acquaintance, or old friend.*

*3 Blue Ruin—Gin.*

Irishman at the reelers in the centre, heightened the picture—more gin—more music, and more tobacco[120] soon ad a visible effect upon the party, and reeling became unavoidable. The young man reading the paper, found it impossible to understand what he was perusing, and having finished his pipe and his pint, made his exit, appearing to have no relish for the entertainment, and perhaps heartily cursing both the cause and the effect. Still, however, the party was not reduced in number, for as one went out another came in.

This new customer was a young-looking man, bearing a large board on a high pole, announcing the residence of a Bug-destroyer in the Strand. His appearance was grotesque in the extreme, and could only be equalled by the eccentricities of his manners and conversation. He was dressed in a brown coat, close buttoned, over which he had a red camlet or stuff surtout, apparently the off-cast of some theatrical performer, but with a determination to appear fashionable; for

*"Folks might as well be dead—nay buried too,  
As not to dress and act as others do."*

He wore mustachios, a pair of green spectacles, and his whole figure was surmounted with a fur-cap. Taking a seat directly opposite our party at the same table—"Bring me a pint," said he; and then deliberately searching his pockets, he produced a short pipe and some tobacco, with which he filled it—"You see," said he, "I am obliged to smoke according to the Doctor's orders, for an asthma—so I always smokes three pipes a day, that's my allowance; but I can eat more than any man in the room, and can dance, sing, and act—nothing conies amiss to me, all the players takes their characters from me."

After this introduction—"You are a clever fellow, I'll be bound for it," said Dashall.

"O yes, I acts Richard the Third sometimes—sometimes Macbeth and Tom Thumb. I have played before Mr. Kean: then I acted Richard the Third—"Give me a horse! "(starting into the middle of the room)—"no, stop, not so—let me see, let me see, how is it?—ah, this is the way—Give me a horse—Oh! Oh! Oh!—then you know I dies."—And down he fell on the floor, which created a general roar of laughter; while Billy Waters struck up[121] "See the conquering Hero conies!" to the inexpressible delight of all around him—their feet and hands all going at the same time.

Mother Mapps dropp'd her pipe, and d—d the weed, it made her sick, she said.

Limping Billy was also evidently in *queer-street*.

"Come," said Sparkle, "won't you have a drop more?"

"Thank ye, Sir," was the reply; and Sparkle, intent upon having his gig out, ordered a fresh supply, which soon revived the fallen hero of Bosworth-field, and Richard was himself again.

"Now," said he, "I'll sing you a song," and immediately commenced as follows:—

*"My name's Hookey Walker, I'm known very well,  
In acting and eating I others excel;  
The player-folks all take their patterns from me,  
And a nice pattern too!—Don't you see? don't you see?  
Oh! [glancing at his fingers] It will do—it will do.*

*At Chippenham born, I was left quite forlorn,  
When my father was dead and my mother was gone;  
So I came up to London, a nice little he,  
And a nice pattern too!—Don't you see? don't you see?  
Oh! it will do—it will do.*

*A courting I went to a girl in our court,  
She laugh'd at my figure, and made me her sport;  
I was cut to the soul,—so said I on my knee,  
I'm a victim of love!—Don't you see? don't you see?  
Oh! it won't do—it won't do.*

*Now all day I march to and fro in the street,  
And a candle sometimes on my journey I eat;  
So I'll set you a pattern, if you'll but agree,  
And a nice pattern too! you shall see—you shall see.  
Oh! it will do—it will do."*

This Song, which he declared was all *made out of his own head*, was sung with grotesque action and ridiculous grimace, intended no doubt in imitation of Mr. Wilkinson in his inimitable performance of this strange piece of whimsicality. The dancing party was knock'd up and were lobbing their *lollys*, {1} half asleep and half awake, on the table, bowing as it were to the magnanimous influence

*1 Lobbing their lollys—Laying their heads.*

of *Old Tom*. {1} The Dustman and the Irishman laugh'd heartily; and Das hall, Tallyho, and Sparkle, could {122} not resist the impulse to risibility when they contemplated the group before them. The Bug-destroyer *munched* {2} a candle and *sluiced* {3} his greasy *chops* {4} with *Jacky* {5} almost as fast as they could supply

him with it, when Sparkle perceiving the boy was still at the door with the runaway ass,

“Come,” said he, “we’ll start ‘em off home in high style—here, you Mr. Bugman, can you ride?”

“Ride, aye to be sure I can, any of Mr. Astley’s horses as well as the Champion of England,”{6} was the reply.

*1 Old Tom—It is customary in public-houses and gin-shops in London and its vicinity to exhibit a cask inscribed with large letters—OLD TOM, intended to indicate the best gin in the house.*

*2 Munched—Eat.*

*3 Sluiced—Washed. See Sluicery.*

*4 Chops—The mouth.*

*5 Jacky—A vulgar term for gin.*

*6 Any person would almost suspect that Hookey had been reading the newspapers by this allusion; but that certainly could not be the case, for, spurning all education in early life, this representative of the immortal bard—this character of characters from Shakespeare, could neither read nor write, but made all he acted, as he said, from his own head: however, it may fairly be presumed, that in the course of his travels during the day he had heard something of the Champion intended to appear at the approaching Coronation, of whom the following account has recently been circulated through the daily press, and, with his usual consistency, conceived his own innate abilities equal to those which might be acquired by Mr. Dymocke, though his claims were not equally honourable or advantageous.*

*Mr. Dymocke, the nephew of the gentleman (who is a Clergyman) entitled by hereditary right to do the service of the Champion to his Majesty, is still in hopes he may be permitted to act under his Uncle’s nomination, although he wants a few months of being of age. A petition is before the King on the subject; and Mr. Dymocke, by constant practice at Astley’s Hiding-school, is endeavouring to qualify himself for the due fulfilment of the office. On Thursday he went through his exercise in a heavy suit of armour with great celerity. The horse which will be rode by the Champion has been selected from Mr. Astley’s troop. It is a fine animal, pieballed black and white, and is regularly exercised in the part he will have to perform.*

“Walk in—walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, just going to begin—come, Mr. Merryman, all ready—Ladies and Gentlemen, please to observe, this here horse is not that there horse.”

“So we laugh at John Bull a little.”

“Come, then,” continued Sparkle, “another glass—half-a-crown to ride to the bottom of the lane and up[123] Holboru-hill on that donkey at the door, and you shall be our Champion.”

“A bargain—a bargain,” said the assumed Hookey Walker, rubbing the tallow from his *gills*.{1}

“Here goes then,” said Sparkle; then slipping half-a-crown into the boy’s hand, desiring him to run as far as the Traveller-office, in Fleet-street, and get him a newspaper, promising to take care of his ass till his return. The lad nibbled the bait, and was off in a *pig’s whisper*{2} Sparkle called to Tom and Bob, and putting them up to his scheme, Hookey was quickly mounted, while Dashed and his Cousin, assisted by the Hibernian and Dust-ho, succeeded in getting Mother Mapps out, who was placed in the front of the Champion, astride, with her face towards him and Limping Billy, who though *beat to a stand still*,{3} was after some difficulty lifted up behind. Hookey was then supplied with his board, the pole of which he placed on his foot, in the manner of a spear or lance. Then giving the Irishman and the Dustman some silver, to act as Supporters or Esquires, one on each side, they proceeded along Shoe-lane, preceded by Billy Waters flourishing his wooden-leg and feathers, and fiddling as he went—the Irishman roaring out with Stentorian lungs,

*“Sure won’t you hear  
What roaring cheer  
Was spread at Paddy’s wedding O,  
And how so gay  
They spent the day,  
From the churching to the bedding O.  
First book in hand came Father Quipes,  
With the Bride’s dadda, the Bailey O,  
While all the way to church the pipes  
Struck up a jilt so gaily O.*

“*Kim ap*—be after sitting fast in the front there, old Mapps, or you’ll make a mud-lark of yourself.” The Dustman rang his bell; and thus accompanied with an immense assemblage of boys, girls, men, women, and

*1 Gills—The mouth.*

*2 Pig’s Whisper—A very common term for speed.*

*3 Beat to a dead stand still—Means completely unable to assist himself.*

children, collected from all the courts and alleys in the neighbourhood, joining in a chorus of shouts that[124] rent the air, poor Balaam continued to bear his load; while our party, after watching them till nearly out of sight, passed down Harp-alley into Fleet-market,” and turning to the right, very soon regained Fleet-Street,

laughing heartily at the bull's cookery of mackarel buttered with brick-dust, and very well satisfied with their spree.

Engaged in conversation upon this adventure, they found nothing of interest' or amusement to attract their notice till they arrived at the warehouse of the London Genuine Tea Company, except merely remarking the grand appearance of St. Paul's, from that situation.

"Genuine tea" said Bob; "what can that mean—Is tea any thing but tea?"

"To be sure it is," said Sparkle, "or has been—*anything* but tea,"{1} strongly marking the latter part of the

*1 Tea and Coffee—The adulteration of articles of human food is a practice of the most nefarious description, and cannot be too strongly deprecated, although it has been carried to an alarming extent. There is scarcely an article of ordinary consumption but has been unlawfully adulterated, and in many cases rendered injurious by the infamous and fraudulent practice of interested persons. Bread, which is considered to be the staff of life, and beer and ale the universal beverage of the people of this country, are known to be frequently mixed with drugs of the most pernicious quality. Gin, that favourite and heart-inspiring cordial of the lower orders of society, that it may have the grip, or the appearance of being particularly strong, is frequently adulterated with the decoction of long pepper, or a small quantity of aqua-fortis, a deadly poison. Sugar has been known to be mixed with sand; and tobacco, for the public-houses, undergoes a process for making it strong and intoxicating; but the recent discovery of the nefarious practice of adulterating tea and coffee, articles of the most universal and extensive consumption, deserves particular reprehension.*

*Tea has been adulterated by the introduction of dried sloe leaves; the practice is not very new, but its extensive adoption, and the deleterious properties ascribed to them by physicians, have been, at length, successfully exposed by the conviction of many of the venders, so, it is hoped, as to prevent a repetition of the crime. The sloe leaf, though a spurious commodity when sold as tea, might afford a harmless vegetable infusion, and be recommended to the poor and frugal as a cheap succedaneum for the Chinese vegetable. The establishment of the Genuine Tea Company on Ludgate-hill originated in the recent discoveries, promising to sell nothing but the Unadulterated Tea, and it is sincerely to be hoped has done some good.*

sentence as he spoke it: "horse-beans have been converted to coffee, and sloe-leaves have been[125] transformed into tea; hog's lard has been manufactured for butter; an ingenious gentleman wishes to persuade us *Periwinkles*{1} are young Lobsters; and another has proposed to extract sugar, and some say brandy, out of pea-shells! London is the mart for inventions and discoveries of all kinds, and every one of its inhabitants appears to have studied something of the art of Legerdemain, to catch the eye and deceive the senses."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Bob.

"Not more wonderful than true," continued Sparkle; "invention is always on the stretch in London. Here we have cast-iron Bridges{2}—a cast-iron Sugar-house—

*1 Sparkle appears to have been rather sceptical on the subject of Periwinkles being young Lobsters, though the opinion is not very new. A gentleman, whose indefatigable research appears to be deserving of encouragement and support, has recently issued the following advertisement, inviting the curious and the learned to inspect the result of his discoveries, which seems, at least, to warrant something more than conjecture.*

*"J. Cleghorne having in his possession some specimens which prove, in his opinion, a circumstance before suggested, but treated by the scientific as a vulgar error, any known naturalist willing to view them, by noticing by letter, within a week, may have J. C. attend with his specimens. The subject is a curious change in the formation of Lobsters from various species of the Winkle, the Winkle being considered the larva;*

*The only advantage J. C. desires from the communication is, the credit of advancing his proofs, and the stimulating further enquiry.—A line addressed to J. Cleghorne, Architectural Engraver, No. 19, Chapman-street, Black-road, Islington, will have immediate attention."*

*It is sincerely to be hoped that proper notice will be taken of this advertisement, for in times of general scarcity like the present, such a discovery might be turned to great national advantage, by the establishment of proper depots for the cultivation of lobsters, as we have preserves for game, &c.*

*2 Cast-iron has become an object of general utility. The Southwark or New London Bridge consists of three arches, the centre of which is a span of 240 feet, and the other two 210 feet each; the Vauxhall Bridge consists of nine arches, over a width of 809 feet; and it is a fact, that a Sugar-house is*

*building with cast-iron floors, window-frames, and rafters, to prevent fire. Cast-iron holds fire and resists fire; but it is probable that all its properties and powers are not yet discovered, and that we may some day or other witness the ascension of a cast-iron balloon inflated with steam!*

coaches running, and barges, packets, and sailing-boats navigated, by Steam{1}—St. Paul's, as you[126] perceive, without its ball—smoke burning itself, and money burning men's consciences.”

“Well done, Sparkle!” cried Tom; “your ideas seem to flow like gas, touch but the valve and off you go; and you are equally diffusive, for you throw a light upon all subjects.”

Bob was now suddenly attracted by a full view of himself and his friends at the further end of Everington's{2}

*1 Steam—Here is a subject that evaporates as we approach; it soars beyond finite comprehension, and appears to be inexhaustible—every thing is done by it—machinery of every kind is set in motion by it—a newspaper of the most extensive circulation in the kingdom is printed by it, and the paper supplied sheet by sheet to receive the impression. Tobacco is manufactured, and sausage-meat cut, by steam—nay, a celebrated Vender of the latter article had asserted, that his machinery was in such a state of progressive improvement, that he had little doubt before long of making it supply the demands of his customers, and thereby save the expense of a Shopman; but, it is much to be regretted, his apparatus made sausage-meat of him before the accomplishment of his project.*

*Considering the increasing, and by some Philosophers almost overwhelming population of the country at the present moment, it is certainly an alarming circumstance, that when employment is so much required, mechanical science should so completely supersede it to the injury of thousands, independent of the many who have lost their lives by the blowing up of steam-engines. It is a malady however which must be left to our political economists, who will doubtless at the same time determine which would prove the most effectual remedy—the recommendation of Mr. Malthus to condemn the lower orders to celibacy—the Jack Tars to a good war—or the Ministers to emigration.*

*2 If an estimate of the wealth or poverty of the nation were to lie formed from the appearance of the houses in the Metropolis, no one could be induced to believe that the latter had any existence among us. The splendour and taste of our streets is indescribable, and the vast improvements in the West are equally indicative of the former.*

*The enormous increase of rents for Shops, particularly in the leading thoroughfares of London, may in a great measure be attributed to the Linen-drapers. The usual method practised by some of these gentry, is to take a shop in the first-rate situation, pull down the old front, and erect a new one, regardless of expense, a good outside being considered the first and indispensable requisite. This is often effected, either upon credit with a builder, or, if they have a capital of a few hundreds, it is all exhausted in external decorations. Goods are obtained upon credit, and customers procured by puffing advertisements, and exciting astonishment at the splendid appearance of the front. Thus the concern is generally carried on till the credit obtained has expired, and the wonder and novelty of the concern has evaporated; when the stock is sold off at 30 per cent, under prime cost for the benefit of the creditors! This is so common an occurrence, that it is scarcely possible to walk through London any day in the year, without being attracted by numerous Linen-drapers' shops, whose windows are decorated with bills, indicating that they are actually selling off under prime cost, as the premises must be cleared in a few days.*

*The most elegant Shop of this description in the Metropolis is supposed to be one not a hundred miles from Ludgate-hill, the front and fitting up of which alone is said to have cost several thousand pounds. The interior is nearly all of looking-glass, with gilt mouldings; even the ceiling is looking-glass, from which is appended splendid cut-glass chandeliers, which when lighted give to the whole the brilliance of enchantment; however it is not very easy to form an idea of what is sold, for, with the exception of a shawl or two carelessly thrown into the window, there is nothing to be seen, (the stock being all concealed in drawers, cupboards, &c. ) except the decorations and the Dandy Shopmen, who parade up and down in a state of ecstasy at the reflection of their own pretty persons from every part of the premises!*

*This concealment of the stock has occasioned some laughable occurrences. It is said that a gentleman from the country accidentally passing, took it for a looking-glass manufactory, and went in to inquire the price of a glass. The Shopmen gathered round him with evident surprise, assured him of his mistake, and directed him to go to*

*Blades, {1} lower down the Hill. The Countryman was not disconcerted, but, after surveying them somewhat minutely, informed them it was glass he wanted, not cutlery; but as for blades, he thought there were enow there for one street, at least.*

*Another is said to have been so pleased with a row of grotesque Indian-China jars, which embellish one side of the entrance, and which he mistook for pots de chambre, that after returning home and consulting his rib, he sent an order per post for one of the most elegant pattern to be forwarded to him!*

*There is a similar Shop to this, though on a smaller scale, to be seen in a great leading thoroughfare at the West end of the Town; the owner of which, from his swarthy complexion and extravagant mode of dress, has been denominated The Black Prince, a name by which he is well known in his own neighbourhood, and among the gentlemen of the cloth. This dandy gentleman, who affects the dress and air of a military officer, has the egregious vanity to boast that the numerous families of rank and fashion who frequent his shop, are principally attracted to view his elegant person, and seems to consider that upon this principally depends the success of his trade.*

*1 A large Glass-manufacturer.*

128—shop, and without observing the other persons about him, saw himself surrounded with spectators, unconscious of being in their company. He look'd up—he look'd down—he gazed around him, and all was inconceivable light. Tom's allusion to the gas flashed upon him in a moment—"What—what is this?" said he—"where, in the name of wonder, am I?" A flash of lightning could not have operated more suddenly upon him. "Why," said Sparkle, "don't you see?"

"You are not here, for you are there,"

pointing to his reflection, in the looking-glass.

"Egad," said Bob, under evident surprise, and perhaps not without some apprehension they were playing tricks with him—"I wish you would explain—is this a Drawing-room, or is it the *Phantasmagoria* we have heard so much of in the country?"

"No, no, it is not the Phantasmagoria, but it forms a part of metropolitan magic, which you shall be better acquainted with before we part. That is no other than a Linen-draper's shop, '*papered*,' as an Irishman one day remarked, 'vvid nothing at all at all but looking-glass, my dear '—one of the most superb things of the kind that perhaps ever was seen—But come, I perceive it is getting late, let us proceed directly to Dolly's, take our chop, then a *rattler*, {1} and hey for the Spell." {2}

Bob appeared almost to be spell-bound at the moment, and, as they moved onward, could not help casting "One longing, lingering look behind."

*1 Rattler—A coach.*

*2 Spell—The Play-house; so denominated from its variety of attractions, both before and behind the curtain.*

## CHAPTER X

*"What various swains our motley walls contain!  
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick-lane;  
Bankers from Paper-buildings here resort,  
Bankrupts from Golden-square and Riches-court;  
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,  
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water-lane;  
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,  
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;  
Boys, who long linger at the gallery-door,  
With pence twice live, they want but twopence more,  
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,  
And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.  
Critics we boast, who ne'er their malice baulk,  
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk;  
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,  
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;  
Jews from St. Mary-Axe, for jobs so wary,  
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;  
And Bucks with pockets empty as their pate,  
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait.  
Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?  
Who's that calls "Silence" with such leathern lungs?  
He, who, in quest of quiet, "Silence" hoots,  
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes."*

IN a few minutes they entered Dolly's, from whence, after partaking of a cheerful repast and an exhilarating glass of wine, a coach conveyed them to Drury-lane. ',

"Now," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "I shall introduce you to a new scene in Real Life, well worth your close observation. We have already taken a promiscuous ramble from the West towards the East, and it has afforded some amusement; but our stock is abundant, and many objects of curiosity are still in view."

"Yes, yes," continued Sparkle, "every day produces novelty; for although London itself is always the same, the inhabitants assume various forms, as inclination or necessity may induce or compel. The Charioteer of to-day, dashing along with four in hand, may be an inhabitant of the King's-bench to-morrow, and—but here we are, and Marino Faliero is the order of the night. The character of its author is so well known, as to require no observation; but you will be introduced to a great variety of other characters, both in High and Low Life, of an interesting nature."

By this time they had alighted, and were entering the House. The rapid succession of carriages arriving with the company, the splendour of the equipages, the general elegance of the dresses, and the blazing of the lamps, alternately became objects of attraction to Bob, whose eyes were kept in constant motion—while "A Bill of the Play for Covent Garden or Drury Lane," still resounded in their ears.



BLUE RUIN. Tom & Bob fasting Thompson's Best.

On arriving at the Box-lobby, Tom, who was well known, was immediately shewn into the centre box with great politeness by the Box-keeper, the second scene of the Tragedy being just over. The appearance of the House was a delicious treat to Bob, whose visual orbs wandered more among the delighted and delightful faces which surrounded him, than to the plot or the progress of the performances before him. It was a scene of splendour of which he had not the least conception; and Sparkle perceiving the principal objects of attraction, could not resist the impulse to deliver, in a sort of half-whisper, the following lines:—

*"When Woman's soft smile all our senses bewilders,  
And gilds while it carves her dear form on the heart,  
What need has new Drury of carvers and gilders?  
With nature so bounteous, why call upon art?"*

*1 The Box-keeper to a public Theatre has many duties to perform to the public, his employer, and himself; but, perhaps, in order to be strictly correct, we ought to have reversed the order in which we have noticed them, since of the three, the latter appears to be the most important, (at least) in his consideration; for he takes care before the commencement of the performance to place one of his automaton figures on the second row of every box, which commands a good view of the House, who are merely intended to sit with their hats off, and to signify that the two first seats are taken, till the conclusion of the second act; and so in point of fact they are taken by himself, for the accommodation of such friends as he is quite aware are willing to accommodate him with a quid pro quo.*

*How well would our Actors attend to their duties,  
Our House save in oil, and our Authors in wit,*

*In lieu of yon lamps, if a row of young Beauties  
Glanc'd light from their eyes between us and the Pit.*

*The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge  
By Woman were pluck'd, and she still wears the prize,*

*To tempt us in Theatre, Senate, or College—  
I mean the Love-apples that bloom in the eyes.*

*There too is the lash which, all statutes controlling,  
Still governs the slaves that are made by the Fair,*

*For Man is the pupil who, while her eye's rolling,  
Is lifted to rapture, or sunk in despair."*

Tallyho eagerly listened to his friend's recitation of lines so consonant with his own enraptured feelings while his Cousin Dashall was holding a conversation in dumb-show with some person at a distance, who was presently recognized by Sparkle to be Mrs. G—den, a well-known frequenter of the House.

"Come," said he, "I see how it is with Tom—you may rely upon it he will not stop long where he is, there is other game in view—he has but little taste for Tragedy fiction, the Realities of Life are the objects of his



regard.

"Tis a fine Tragedy," continued he, addressing himself to Tom.

"Yes—yes," replied the other, "I dare say it is, but, upon my soul, I know nothing about it—that is—I have seen it before, and I mean to read it."

"Bless my heart!" said a fat lady in a back seat, "what a noise them 'are gentlemen does make—they talk so loud there 'ant no such thing as seeing what is said—I wonder they don't make these here boxes more bigger, for I declare I'm so scrouged I'm all in a—Fanny, did you bring the rumperella for fear it should rain as we goes home?"

"Hush, Mother," said a plump-faced little girl, who sat along side of her—"don't talk so loud, or otherwise every body will hear you instead of the Performers, and that would be quite preposterous."

"Don't call me *posterous* Miss; because you have been to school, and learnt some *edification*, you thinks you are to do as you please with me."

*1 Mrs. G—den, a dashing Cyprian of the first order, well known in the House, a fine, well-made woman, always ready for a lark, and generally well togged.*

This interesting conversation was interrupted by loud vociferations of Bravo, Bravo, from all parts of the House, as the drop-scene fell upon the conclusion of the second act. The clapping of hands, the whistling and noise that ensued for a few minutes, appeared to astonish Tallyho. "I don't much like my seat," said Dashall. "No," said Sparkle, "I did not much expect you would remain long—you are a mighty ambitious sort of fellow, and I perceive you have a desire to be exalted."

"I confess the situation, is too confined," replied Tom—"come, it is excessively warm here, let us take a turn and catch a little air."

The House was crowded in every part; for the announcement of a new Tragedy from the pen of Lord Byron, particularly under the circumstances of its introduction to the Stage, against the expressed inclination of its Author, the

*1 At an early hour on the evening this Tragedy was first produced at Drury Lane, Hand-bills were plentifully distributed through the Theatre, of which the following is a copy:*

*"The public are respectfully informed, that the representation of Lord Byron's Tragedy, The Doge of Venice, this evening, takes place in defiance of the injunction from the Lord Chancellor, which was not applied for until the remonstrance of the Publisher, at the earnest desire of the noble Author, had failed in protecting that Drama from its intrusion on the Stage, for which it was never intended."*

*This announcement had the effect of exciting public expectation beyond its usual pitch upon such occasions. The circumstances were somewhat new in the history of the Drama: the question being, whether a published Play could be legally brought on the Stage without the consent, or rather we should say, in defiance of the Author. "We are not aware whether this question has been absolutely decided, but this we do know, that the Piece was performed several nights, and underwent all the puffing of the adventurous Manager, as well as all the severity of the Critics. The newspapers of the day were filled with histories and observations upon it. No subject engrossed the conversation of the polite and play-going part of the community but Lord Byron, The Doge of Venice, and Mr. Elliston. They were all bepraised and beplastered—exalted and debased—acquitted and condemned; but it was generally allowed on all hands, that the printed Tragedy contained many striking beauties, notwithstanding its alleged resemblance to Venice Preserved. We are, however, speaking of the acted Tragedy, and the magnanimous Manager, who with such promptitude produced it in an altered shape; and having already alluded to the theatrical puffing so constantly resorted to upon all occasions, we shall drop the curtain upon the subject, after merely remarking, that the Times of the same day has been known to contain the Manager's puff, declaring the piece to have been received with rapturous applause, in direct opposition to the Editor's critique, which as unequivocally pronounced its complete failure!*

will of its publisher, and the injunction{1} of the Lord Chancellor, were attractions of no ordinary nature{133} and

*1 Injunction—The word injunction implies a great deal, and has in its sound so much of the terrific, as in many instances to paralyze exertion on the part of the supposed offending person or persons. It has been made the instrument of artful, designing, and malicious persons, aided by pettifogging or pretended attorneys, to obtain money for themselves and clients by way of compromise; and in numerous instances it is well known that fear has been construed into actual guilt. Injunctions are become so common, that even penny printsellers have lately issued threats, and promised actual proceedings, against the venders of articles said to be copies from their original drawings, and even carried it so far as to withhold (kind souls!) the execution of their promises, upon the payment of a 5L. from those who were*

easily to be duped, having no inclination to encounter the glorious uncertainty of the law, or no time to spare for litigation. We have recently been furnished with a curious case which occurred in Utopia, where it appears by our informant, that the laws hold great similarity with our own. A certain house of considerable respectability had imported a large quantity of Welsh cheese, which were packed in wooden boxes, and offered them for sale (a great rarity in Eutopia) as double Gloucester.

It is said that two of a trade seldom agree; how far the adage may apply to Eutopia, will be seen in the sequel. A tradesman, residing in the next street, a short time after, received an importation from Gloucester, of the favourite double production of that place, packed in a similar way, and (as was very natural for a tradesman to do, at least we know it is so here,) the latter immediately began to vend his cheese as the real Double Gloucester. This was an offence beyond bearing. The High Court of Equity was moved, similar we suppose to our High Court of Chancery, to suppress the sale of the latter; but as no proof of deception could be produced, it was not granted. This only increased the flame already excited in the breasts of the first importers; every effort was made use of to find a good and sufficient excuse to petition the Court again, and at length they found out one of the craft to swear, that as the real Gloucester had been imported in boxes of a similar shape, make, and wood, it was quite evident that the possessor must have bought similar cheeses, and was imposing on the public to their great disadvantage, notwithstanding they could not find a similarity either of taste, smell, or appearance. In the mean time the real Gloucester cheese became a general favourite with the inhabit-ants of Utopia, and upon this, though slender ground, the innocent tradesman was served with a process, enjoining him not to do that, which, poor man, he never intended to do; and besides if he had, the people of that country were not such ignoramuses as to be so deceived; it was merely to restrain him from selling his own real double Gloucester as their Welsh cheeses, purporting, as they did, to be double Gloucester, or of mixing them together (than which nothing could be further from his thoughts,) and charging him at the same time with having sold his cheeses under their name. But the most curious part of the business was, the real cheeseman brought the investigation before the Court, cheeses in boxes were produced, and evidence was brought forward, when, as the charges alleged could not be substantiated, the restraint was removed, and the three importers of Welsh cheese hung their heads, and retired in dudgeon.

the Hon. Tom availed himself of the circumstance to leave the Box, though the truth was, there were other[134] attractions of a more enlivening cast in his view.

“Come,” said he, “we shall have a better opportunity of seeing the House, and its decorations, by getting nearer to the curtain; besides, Ave shall have a bird's-eye view of the company in all quarters, from the seat of the Gods to the Pit.”

The influx of company, (it being the time of half-price), and the rush and confusion which took place in all parts at this moment, were indescribable. Jumping over boxes and obtaining seats by any means, regardless of politeness or even of decorum—Bucks and Bloods warm from the pleasures of the bottle—dashing Belles and flaming Beaux, squabbling and almost fighting—rendered the amusements before the curtain of a momentary interest, which appeared to obliterate the recollection of what they had previously witnessed. In the mean time, the Gods in the Gallery issued forth an abundant variety of discordant sounds, from their elevated situation. Growling of bears, grunting of hogs, braying of donkeys, gobbling of turkeys, hissing of geese, the catcall, and the loud shrill whistle, were heard in one mingling concatenation of excellent imitation and undistinguished variety: During which, Tom led the way to the upper Boxes, where upon arriving, he was evidently disappointed at not meeting the party who had been seen occupying a seat on the left side of the House, besides having sacrificed a front seat, to be now compelled to take one at the very back part of a side Box, an exchange by no means advantageous for a view of the performance. However, this was compensated in some degree by a more extensive prospect round the House; and his eyes were seen moving in all directions, without seeming to know where to fix, while Sparkle and Bob were attracted by a fight in the Gallery, between a Soldier and a Gentleman's Servant in livery, for some supposed insult offered to the[135] companion of the latter, and which promised serious results from the repeated vociferations of those around them, of “Throw 'em over—throw 'em over;” while the gifts of the Gods were plentifully showered down upon the inhabitants of the lower regions in the shape of orange-peelings, apples, &c. The drawing up of the curtain however seemed to have some little effect upon the audience, and in a moment the Babel of tongues was changed into a pretty general cry of “Down—down in the front—hats off—silence, &c. which at length subsided in every quarter but the Gallery, where still some mutterings and murmurings were at intervals to be heard.

“—one fiddle will  
Produce a tiny flourish still.”

Sparkle could neither see nor hear the performance—Tom was wholly engaged in observing the company, and Bob alternately straining his neck to get a view of the Stage, and then towards the noisy inhabitants of the upper regions. “We dined at the Hummums,” said a finicking little Gentleman just below him—“Bill, and I, and Harry—drank claret like fishes—Harry was half-sprung—fell out with a Parson about chopping logic; you

know Harry's father was a butcher, and used to chopping, so it was all prime—the Parson would'n't be convinced, though Harry knock'd down his argument with his knuckles on the table, almost hard enough to split it—it was a bang-up lark—Harry got in a passion, doff'd his toggery, and was going to show fight—so then the Parson sneak'd off—Such a bit of gig."

"Silence there, behind."

"So then," continued the Dandy, "we went to the Billiard-rooms, in Fleet Street, played three games, diddled the Flats, bilk'd the Marker, and bolted—I say, when did you see Dolly?"{1}

*1 To the frequenters of Drury-lane Theatre, who occasionally lounge away a little of their time between the acts in sipping soda-water, negus, &c. the party here alluded to cannot but be well known—we mean particularly the laughing-boys and the lads of the village. We are aware that fictitious names are assumed or given to the Ladies of Saloon notoriety, originating in particular circum-stances, and we have reason to believe that Dolly K—lly has been so denominated from the propensity she almost invariably manifests of painting, as remarked particularly by one of the parties in conversation.*

"Last night," replied the other—"she'll be here presently—d—nd fine girl, arn't she?" [136]

"Very well," said the first; "a nice plump face, but then she paints so d—n—bly, I hate your painted Dollys, give me natural flesh and blood—Polly H—ward for me."

"Gallows Tom{1} will speak to you in plain terms if you trespass there, my boy; you know he has out-general'd the Captain in that quarter, and came off victorious, so—"

"Come," said Sparkle, "let us adjourn into the Saloon, for, Heaven knows, it is useless staying here." And taking their arms, they immediately left the Box.

"The theatre," continued he, "is a sort of enchanted island, where nothing appears as it really is, nor what it should be. In London, it is a sort of time-killer, or exchange of looks and smiles. It is frequented by persons of all degrees and qualities whatsoever. Here Lords come to laugh and be laughed at—Knights to learn the amorous smirk and a-la-mode grin, the newest fashion in the cut of his garments, the twist of his body, and the adjustment of his phiz.

"This House{2} was built upon a grand and extensive scale, designed and executed under the inspection of Mr. Benj. Wyatt, the architect, whose skill was powerfully and liberally aided by an intelligent and public spirited Committee, of which the late Mr. Whitbread was the Chairman. It is altogether a master-piece of art, and an ornament to the Metropolis. You perceive the interior is truly delightful, and the exterior presents the idea of solidity and security: it affords sitting room for 2810 persons, that is, 1200 in the Boxes, 850 in the Pit, 480

*1 It appears that the adoption of fictitious names is not wholly confined to the female visitors of these regions of fashion and folly. Gallows Tom is a character well known, and is a sort of general friend, at all times full of fun, fire, and spirit. We have not been able to discover whether he holds any official situation under government, though it is generally believed he is safely anchored under the croum, a staunch friend to the British constitution—probably more so than to his own. And we should judge from what is to be inferred from the conversation overheard, that he is the acknowledged friend of Miss H—d. Capt. T—pe is supposed to hold a Commission in the Navy, a gay and gallant frequenter of the Saloon, and, till a short time back, the chere ami of Miss H—d.*

*2 The building of this Theatre was completed for 112,000L. Including lamps, furniture, &c. 125,000L.; and including scent ry, wardrobe, properties, &c. 150,000L.*

in the Lower Gallery, and 280 in the Upper Gallery. The talents of the celebrated Mr. Kean (who has [137] recently left us for the shores of the Atlantic) first blazed forth to astonish the world beneath this roof. Old Drury immortalized the name of Garrick, and has also established the fame of Mr. Kean; and the House at the present moment has to boast of a combination of histrionic{1} talent, rich and excellent."

"Come along, come along," said Tom, interrupting him, "leave these explanations for another opportunity—here is the Saloon. Now for a peep at old particulars. There is no seeing nor hearing the Play—I have no inclination for histories, I am just alive for a bit of gig."

On entering the Saloon, Bob was additionally gratified at viewing the splendour of its decorations. The arched ceiling, the two massy Corinthian columns of *vera antique*, and the ten corresponding pilasters on each side, struck him as particularly beautiful, and he was for some moments lost in contemplation, while his friends Sparkle and Tom were in immediate request to receive the congratulations of their acquaintance.

"Where the d—l have you been to?" was the first question addressed to Dashall—"rusticating, I suppose, to the serious loss of all polished society."

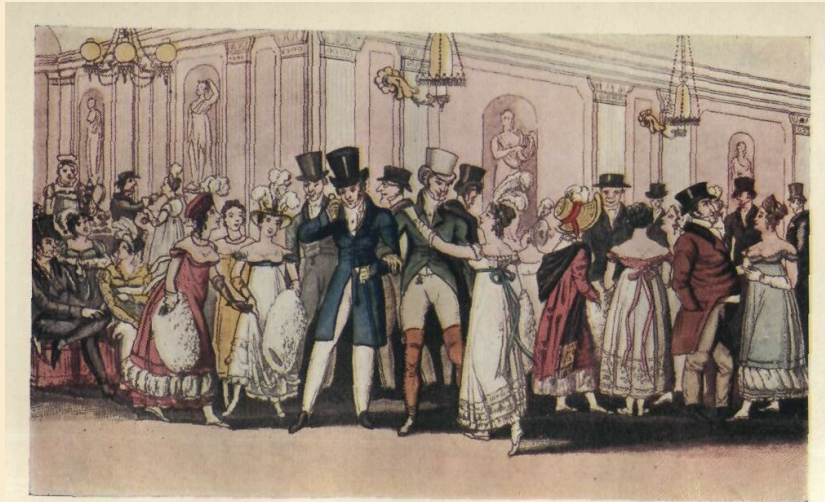
"You are right in the first part of your reply," said Tom; "but, as I conceive, not exactly so in the inference you draw from it."

"Modesty, by Jove! well done Dashall, this travelling appears to improve your manners wonderfully; and I dare say if you had staid away another month, your old friends would not have known you."

This created a laugh among the party, which roused Bob from his reverie, who, turning round rather hastily, trod with considerable force upon the gouty toe of an old debauchee in spectacles, who, in the height of ecstasy, was at that moment entering into a treaty of amity with a pretty rosy-faced little girl, and chucking her under the

1 The names of Elliston, Pope, Johnston, Powell, Dowton, Munden, Holland, Wallack, Knight, T. Cooke, Oxberry, Smith, Bromley, &c. are to be found on the male list of Performers, and it is sincerely to be hoped that of Mr. Kean will not long be absent. The females are, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Glover, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Sparks, Miss Wilson, Miss Byrne, Miss Cubitt, &c.

chin, as a sort of preliminary, to be succeeded by a ratification; for in all probability gratification was out of [138] the question. However this might be, the pain occasioned by the sudden movement of Tallyho, who had not yet learned to trip it lightly along the *mutton walk*, {1} induced the sufferer to roar out most lustily, a circumstance which immediately attracted the attention of every one in the room, and in a moment they were surrounded by a group of lads and lasses.



*The Hon. Mr. Tom Dashall, & his Cousin Bob, in the Lobby at Drury Lane Theatre*

“Upon my soul, Sir,” stammer'd out Bob, “I beg your pardon, I—I—did not mean—”

“Oh! oh! oh!” continued the gouty Amoroso. Mother K——p{2} came running like lightning with a glass of water; the frail sisterhood were laughing, nodding, whispering, and winking at each other; while St——ns,{3} who pick'd up the spectacles the unfortunate victim of the gout had dropp'd, swore that fellow in the green coat and white hat ought to be sent to some dancing-school, to learn to step without kicking people's shins.

Another declared he was a Johnny-raw,{4} just catch'd, and what could be expected.

Tom, who, however, kept himself alive to the passing occurrences, stepping up to Bob, was immediately recognized by all around him, and passing a significant wink, declared it was an accident, and begged to assist the Old Buck to a seat, which being accomplished, he declared he had not had his shoe on for a week, but as he found himself able to walk, he could not resist the temptation of taking a look around him.

Over a bottle of wine the unpleasant impressions made by this unfortunate occurrence appeared to be removed. In the mean time, Tom received a hundred congratulations and salutations; while Sparkle, after a glass or two, was missing.

Dashall informed the friends around him, that his Cousin was a pupil of his, and begged to introduce him

1 *Mutton Walk*—A flash term recently adopted to denominate the Saloon.

2 A well known fruit-woman, who is in constant attendance, well acquainted with the girls and their protectors, and ready upon all occasions to give or convey information for the benefit of both parties.

3 *St——ns*—A very pretty round-faced young lady-bird, of rather small figure, inclining to be lusty.

4 *Johnny Raw*—A country bumpkin.

as a future visitor to this gay scene. This had an instantaneous effect upon the trading fair ones, who began [139] immediately to throw out their lures. One declared he had a sweet pretty brooch; another, that she knew he was a trump by the cut of his jib; a third, that he look'd like a gentleman, for she liked the make of his mug; a fourth, that his hat was a very pretty shaped one, although it was of a radical colour; and while Tom and the ladybird{1} were soothing the pains of the grey-headed wanton, Bob was as busily employed in handing about the contents of the bottle. A second and a third succeeded, and it was not a little astonishing to him that every bottle improved his appearance; for, though not one of his admirers remained long with him, yet the absence of one only brought another, equally attracted by his look and manner: every one declared he was really a gentleman in every respect, and in the course of their short parley, did not fail to slip a card into his hand. By this time he began to grow chatty, and was enabled to rally in turn the observations they made. He swore he lov'd them all round, and once or twice hummed over,

*“Dear creatures, we can't do without them,  
They're all that is sweet and seducing to man,  
Looking, sighing about, and about them,  
We doat on them—do for them, all that we can.”*

The play being over, brought a considerable influx of company into the Saloon. The regular covies paired

off with their covesses, and the moving panorama of elegance and fashion presented a scene that was truly delightful to Bob.

The Ladybird, who had been so attentive to the gouty customer, now wished him a good night, for, said she, "There is my friend,<sup>{2}</sup> and so I am off." This seemed only to increase the agony of his already agonized toe, notwithstanding which he presently toddled off, and was seen no more for the evening.

"What's become of Sparkle," enquired Tom. "Stole away," was the reply.

"Tipp'd us the double, has he," said Dashall. "Well, what think you of Drury-lane?"

*1 Lady-bird-A dashing Cyprian.*

*2 The term friend is in constant use among accessible ladies, and signifies their protector or keeper.*

"'Tis a very delightful tragedy indeed, but performed in the most comical manner I ever witnessed in my<sup>[140]</sup> life."

"Pshaw!" said Bob, "very few indeed, except the critics and the plebs, come here to look at the play; they come to see and be seen."

"Egad then," said Bob, "a great many have been gratified to-night, and perhaps I have been highly honoured, for every person that has passed me has complimented me with a stare."

"Which of course you did not fail to return?"

"Certainly not; and upon my soul you have a choice show of fruit here."

"Yes," continued Tom, "London is a sort of hot-house, where fruit is forced into ripeness by the fostering and liberal sun of Folly, sooner than it would be, if left to its natural growth. Here however, you observe nothing but joyful and animated features, while perhaps the vulture of misery is gnawing at the heart. I could give you histories of several of these unfortunates,<sup>{1}</sup>

*1 A life of prostitution is a life fraught with too many miseries to be collected in any moderate compass. The mode in which they are treated, by parties who live upon the produce of their infamy, the rude and boisterous, nay, often brutal manner in which they are used by those with whom they occasionally associate, and the horrible reflections of their own minds, are too frequently and too fatally attempted to be obliterated by recourse to the Bacchanalian fount. Reason becomes obscured, and all decency and propriety abandoned. Passion rules predominantly until it extinguishes itself, and leaves the wretched victim of early delusion, vitiated both in body and mind, to drag on a miserable existence, without character, without friends, and almost without hope. There is unfortunately, however, no occasion for the exercise of imagination on this subject. The annals of our police occurrences, furnish too many examples of actual circumstances, deeply to be deplored; and we have selected one of a most atrocious kind which recently took place, and is recorded as follows:-*

*Prostitution.*

*"An unfortunate girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, and of the most interesting and handsome person, but whose attire indicated extreme poverty and distress, applied to the sitting magistrate, Richard Bimie, Esq. under the following circum-stances:-It appeared from the statement, that she had for the last three weeks been living at a house of ill fame in Exeter-street, Strand, kept by a man named James Locke: this wretch had exacted the enormous sum of three guineas per week for her board and lodging, and in consequence of her not being able to pay the sum due for the last week, he threatened to strip her of her cloaths, and turn her naked into the street. This threat he deferred executing until yesterday morning (having in the mean time kept her locked up in a dark room, without any covering whatever,) when in lieu of her cloaths, he gave her the tattered and loathsome garments she then appeared in, which were barely sufficient to preserve common decency, and then brutally turned her into the street. Being thus plunged into the most abject wretchedness, without money or friends, to whom she could apply in her present situation, her bodily strength exhausted by the dissipated life she had led, and rendered more so by a long abstinence from food; her spirits broken and overcome by the bitter and humiliating reflection, that her own guilty conduct debarred her from flying to the fostering arms of affectionate parents, whom she had loaded with disgrace and misery; and the now inevitable exposure of her infamy, it was some time ere her wandering senses were sufficiently composed to determine what course she should pursue in the present emergency, when she thought she could not do better than have recourse to the justice of her country against the villain Lock, who had so basely treated her; and after extreme pain and difficulty, she succeeded in dragging her enfeebled limbs to the Office. During the detail of the foregoing particulars, she seemed overwhelmed with shame and remorse, and at times sobbed so violently as to render her voice inarticulate. Her piteous case excited the attention and sympathy of all present; and it was much to the general satisfaction that Mr. Bimie ordered Humphries, one of the conductors of the Patrol, to fetch Lock to the Office. On being brought there,*

*the necessary proceedings were gone into for the purpose of indicting the house as a common brothel.*

*"It was afterwards discovered that this unhappy girl was of the most respectable parents, and for the last six years had been residing with her Aunt. About three months ago, some difference having arisen between them, she absconded, taking with her only a few shillings, and the clothes she then wore. The first night of her remaining from home she went to Drury-lane Theatre, and was there pick'd up by a genteel woman dressed in black, who having learned her situation, enticed her to a house in Hart-street, Covent-garden, where the ruin of the poor girl was finally effected. It was not until she had immersed herself in vice and folly that she reflected on her situation, and it was then too late to retract; and after suffering unheard of miseries, was, in the short space of three months, reduced to her present state of wretchedness.*

*"The worthy Magistrate ordered that proper care should be taken of the girl, which was readily undertaken on the part of the parish.*

*"The Prisoner set up a defence, in which he said, a friend of the girl's owed him 14L. and that he detained her clothes for it—but was stopped by Mr. Bimie.*

*"He at first treated the matter very lightly; but on perceiving the determination on the part of the parish to proceed, he offered to give up the things. This however he was not allowed to do."*

(who are exercising all their arts to entrap customers) apparently full of life and vivacity, who perhaps dare not approach their homes without the produce of their successful blandishments. But this is not a place for[142] moralizing—a truce to Old Care and the Blue Devils—Come on, my boy, let us take a turn in the Lobby—

*"Banish sorrow, grieves a folly;  
Saturn, bend thy wrinkled brow;  
Get thee hence, dull Melancholy,  
Mirth and wine invite us now.*

*Love displays his mine of treasure,  
Comus brings us mirth and song!;  
Follow, follow, follow pleasure,  
Let us join the jovial throng."*

Upon this they adjourned to the Lobby, where a repetition of similar circumstances took place, with only this difference, that Tally ho having already been seen in the Saloon, and now introduced, leaning upon the arm of his Cousin, the enticing goddesses of pleasure hung around them at every step, every one anxious to be foremost in their assiduities to catch the new-comer's smile; and the odds were almost a cornucopia to a cabbage-net that Bob would be hook'd.

Tom was still evidently disappointed, and after pacing the Lobby once or twice, and whispering Bob to make his observations the subject of future inquiry, they returned to the Saloon, where Sparkle met them almost out of breath, declaring he had been hunting them in all parts of the House for the last half hour.

Tom laugh'd heartily at this, and complimented Sparkle on the ingenuity with which he managed his affairs. "But I see how it is," said he, "and I naturally suppose you are engaged."

"'Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind,' and I perceive clearly that you are only disappointed that you are not engaged—where are all your *golden*{1} dreams now?"

"Pshaw! there is no such thing as speaking to you," said Tom, rather peevisly, "without feeling a lash like a cart-whip."

*1 This was a touch of the satirical which it appears did not exactly suit the taste of Dashall, as it applied to the Ladybird who had attracted his attention on entering the house.*

"Merely in return," continued Sparkle, "for the genteel, not to say gentle manner, in which you handle the[143] horse-whip."

"There is something very mulish in all this," said Bob, interrupting the conversation, "I don't understand it."

"Nor I neither," said Tom, leaving the arm of his Cousin, and stepping forward.

This hasty dismissal of the subject under debate had been occasioned by the appearance of a Lady, whose arm Tom immediately took upon leaving that of his cousin, a circumstance which seemed to restore harmony to all parties. Tallyho and Sparkle soon joined them, and after a few turns for the purpose of seeing, and being seen, it was proposed to adjourn to the Oyster-shop directly opposite the front of the Theatre; and with that view they in a short time departed, but not without an addition of two other ladies, selected from the numerous frequenters of the Saloon, most of whom appeared to be well known both to Tom and Sparkle.

The appearance of the outside was very pleasing—the brilliance of the lights—the neat and cleanly style in which its contents were displayed seemed inviting to appetite, and in a very short time a cheerful repast was served up; while the room was progressively filling with company, and Mother P—was kept in constant activity.

Bob was highly gratified with the company, and the manner in which they were entertained.

A vast crowd of dashing young Beaux and elegantly dressed Belles, calling about them for oysters, lobsters,

salmon, shrimps, bread and butter, soda-water, ginger-beer, &c. kept up a sort of running accompaniment to the general conversation in which they were engaged; when the mirth and hilarity of the room was for a moment delayed upon the appearance of a dashing Blade, who seemed as he entered to say to himself,

“Plebeians, avaunt! I have altered my plan, Metamorphosed completely, behold a Fine Man! That is, throughout town I am grown quite the rage, The meteor of fashion, the Buck of the age.”

He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and seemed desirous of imparting the idea of his great importance to all around him: he had a light-coloured great-coat with immense mother o' pearl buttons and double capes, Buff or Petersham breeches, and coat of *sky-blue*,<sup>{1}</sup> his hat cocked on one side, and stout<sup>[144]</sup> ground-ashen stick in his hand. It was plain to be seen that the juice of the grape had been operative upon the upper story, as he reeled to the further end of the room, and, calling the attendant, desired her to bring him a bottle of soda-water, for he was *lushy*,<sup>{2}</sup> by G—d; then throwing himself into a box, which he alone occupied, he stretched himself at length on the seat, and seemed as if he would go to sleep.

“That (said Sparkle) is a distinguished Member of the Tilbury Club, and is denominated a Ruffian, a kind of character that gains ground, as to numbers, over the Exquisite, but he is very different in polish.

*1 A partiality to these coloured habits is undoubtedly intended to impress upon the minds of plebeian beholders an exalted idea of their own consequence, or to prove, perhaps, that their conceptions are as superior to common ones as the sky is to the earth.*

*2 The variety of denominations that have at different times been given to drunkenness forms an admirable specimen of ingenuity well worthy of remark. The derivation of Lushy, we believe, is from a very common expression, that a drunken man votes for Lushington; but perhaps it would be rather difficult to discover the origin of many terms made use of to express a jolly good fellow, and no flincher under the effects of good fellowship. It is said—that he is drunk, intoxicated, fuddled, muddled, flustered, rocky, reely, tipsy, merry, half-boosy, top-heavy, chuck-full, cup-sprung, pot-valiant, maudlin, a little how came you so, groggy, jolly, rather mightitity, in drink, in his cups, high, in uubibus, under the table, slew'd, cut, merry, queer, quisby, sew'd up, over-taken, elevated, cast away, concerned, half-coek'd, exhilarated, on a merry pin, a little in the suds, in a quandary, wing'd as wise as Solomon.*

It is also said, that he has business on both sides of the way, got his little hat on, bung'd his eye, been in the sun, got a spur in his head, (this is frequently used by brother Jockeys to each other) got a crumb in his beard, had a little, had enough, got more than he can carry, been among the Philistines, lost his legs, been in a storm, got his night-cap on, got his skin full, had a cup too much, had his cold tea, a red eye, got his dose, a pinch of snuff in his wig, overdone it, taken draps, taking a lunar, sugar in his eye, had his wig oil'd, that he is diddled, dish'd and done up.

He clips the King's English, sees double, reels, heels a little, heels and sets, shews his hob-nails, looks as if he couldn't help it, takes an observation, chases geese, loves a drap, and cannot sport a right line, can't walk a chalk.

He is as drunk as a piper, drunk as an owl, drunk as David's sow, drunk as a lord, fuddled as an ape, merry as a grig, happy as a king.

“In the higher circles, a Ruffian is one of the many mushroom-productions which the sun of prosperity<sup>[145]</sup> brings to life. Stout in general is his appearance, but Dame Nature has done little for him, and Fortune has spoilt even that little. To resemble his groom and his coachman is his highest ambition. He is a perfect horseman, a perfect whip, but takes care never to be a perfect gentleman. His principal accomplishments are sporting, swaggering, milling, drawing, and greeking.<sup>{1}</sup> He takes the ribands in his hands, mounts his box, with Missus by his side—“All right, ya hip, my hearties”—drives his empty mail with four prime tits—cuts out a Johnny-raw—shakes his head, and lolls out his tongue at him; and if he don't break his own neck, gets safe home after his morning's drive.

“He is always accompanied by a brace at least of dogs in his morning visits; and it is not easy to determine on these occasions which is the most troublesome animal of the two, the biped or the quadruped.”

This description caused a laugh among the Ladybirds, who thought it vastly amusing, while it was also listened to with great attention by Tallyho.

The Hon. Tom Dashall in the mean time was in close conversation with his mott<sup>{2}</sup> in the corner of the Box, and was getting, as Sparkle observed, “rather nutty<sup>{3}</sup> in that quarter of the globe.”

The laugh which concluded Sparkle's account of the Tilbury-club man roused him from his sleep, and also attracted the attention of Tom and his inamorata.

“D—n my eyes,” said the fancy cove, as he rubbed open his peepers,<sup>{4}</sup> “am I awake or asleep?—what a h—ll of a light there is!”

*1 Greeking—An epithet generally applied to gambling and gamblers, among the polished hells of society, principally to be found in and near St. James's: but of this more hereafter.*

*2 Mott—A blowen, or woman of the town. We know not from whom or whence the word originated, but we recollect some lines of an old song in which the term is made use of, viz.*

*“When first I saw this flaming Mutt,  
?Twas at the sign of the Pewter Pot;  
We call'd for some Purl, and we had it hot,  
With Gin and Bitters too.”*

3 *Nutty-Amorous.*

4 *An elegant and expressive term for the eyes.*

This was followed immediately by the rattling of an engine with two torches, accompanied by an immense[146] concourse of people following it at full speed past the window.

"It is well lit, by Jove," said the sleeper awake, "where ever it is;" and with that he tipp'd the *slavey*{1}1 a tanner,{2} and mizzled.

The noise and confusion outside of the House completely put a stop to all harmony and comfort within.

"It must be near us," said Tom.

"It is Covent Garden Theatre, in my opinion," said Sparkle.

Bob said nothing, but kept looking about him in a sort of wild surprise.

"However," said Tom, "wherever it is, we must go and have a peep."

"You are a very gallant fellow, truly," said one of the bewitchers—"I thought—"

"And so did I," said Tom—"but 'rest the babe—the time it shall come'—never mind, we won't be disappointed; but here, (said he) as I belong to the Tip and Toddle Club, I don't mean to disgrace my calling, by forgetting my duty." And slipping a something into her hand, her note was immediately changed into,

"Well, I always thought you was a trump, and I likes a man that behaves like a gentleman."

Something of the same kind was going on between the other two, which proved completely satisfactory.

"So then, Mr. Author, it seems you have raised a fire to stew the oysters, and leave your Readers to feast upon the blaze."

"Hold for a moment, and be not so testy, and for your satisfaction I can solemnly promise, that if the oysters are stewed, you shall have good and sufficient notice of the moment they are to be on table—But, bless my heart, how the fire rages!—I can neither spare time nor wind to parley a moment longer—Tom and Bob have already started off with the velocity of a race-horse, and if I lose them, I should cut but a poor figure with my Readers afterward.

"Pray, Sir, can you tell me where the fire is?" 'Really, Sir, I don't know, but I am told it is somewhere by Whitechapel.'

1 *Slaveys-Servants of either sex.*

2 *Tanner-A flash term for a sixpence.*

"Could you inform me Madam, whereabouts the fire is?"

[147]

'Westminster Road, Sir, as I am informed.' "Westminster, and Whitechapel—some little difference of opinion I find as usual—however, I have just caught sight of Tom, and he's sure to be on the right scent; so adieu, Mr. Reader, for the present, and have no doubt but I shall soon be able to throw further light on the subject."

## CHAPTER XI

*"Some folks in the streets, by the Lord, made me stare,  
So comical, droll, is the dress that they wear,  
For the Gentlemen's waists are atop of their backs,  
And their large cassock trowsers they tit just like sacks.  
Then the Ladies—their dresses are equally queer,  
They wear such large bonnets, no face can appear:  
It puts me in mind, now don't think I'm a joker,  
Of a coal-scuttle stuck on the head of a poker.  
In their bonnets they wear of green leaves such a power,  
It puts me in mind of a great cauliflower;  
And their legs, I am sure, must be ready to freeze,  
For they wear all their petticoats up to their knees.  
They carry large bags full of trinkets and lockets,  
?Cause the fashion is now not to wear any pockets;  
"While to keep off the flies, and to hide from beholders,  
A large cabbage-net is thrown over their shoulders."*

IN a moment all was consternation, confusion, and alarm. The brilliant light that illuminated the[148] surrounding buildings presented a scene of dazzling splendour, mingled with sensations of horror not easily to be described. The rattling of engines, the flashing of torches, and the shouting of thousands, by whom they were followed and surrounded, all combined to give lively interest to the circumstance.

It was quickly ascertained that the dreadful conflagration had taken place at an extensive Timber-yard, within a very short distance of the Theatres, situated as it were nearly in the centre, between Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Men, women, and children, were seen running in all directions; and report, with his ten thousand tongues, here found an opportunity for the exercise of them all; assertion and denial followed each other in rapid succession, while the flames continued to increase. Our party being thus abruptly disturbed in their anticipated enjoyments, bade adieu to their *Doxies*,{1}

1 *Doxies—A flash term frequently made use of to denominate ladies of easy virtue.*



and rushed forward to the spot, where they witnessed the devouring ravages of the yet unquenched[149] element, consuming with resistless force all that came in its way.

"Button up," said Tom, "and let us keep together, for upon these occasions,

"The Scamps,{1} the Pads,{2} the Divers,{3} are all upon the lay."{4}

The Flash Molishers,{5} in the vicinity of Drury Lane, were out in parties, and it was reasonable to suppose, that where there was so much heat, considerable thirst must also prevail; consequently the Sluiceries were all in high request, every one of those in the neighbourhood being able to boast of overflowing Houses, without any imputation upon their veracity. We say nothing of elegant genteel, or enlightened audiences, so frequently introduced in the Bills from other houses in the neighbourhood; even the door-ways were block'd up with the collectors and imparters of information. Prognostications as to how and where it began, how it would end, and the property that would be consumed, were to be met at every corner—Snuffy Tabbies, and Boosy Kids, some giving way to jocularity, and others indulging in lamentations.

"Hot, hot, hot, all hot," said a Black man, as he pushed in and out among the crowd; with "Hoot awa', the de'il tak your soul, mon, don't you think we are all hot enough?—gin ye bring more hot here I'll crack your croon—I've been roasting alive for the last half hoor, an' want to be ganging, but I can't get out."

"Hot, hot, hot, all hot, Ladies and Gentlemen," said the dingy dealer in delicacies, and almost as soon disappeared among the crowd, where he found better opportunities for vending his rarities.

"Lumps of pudding," said Tom, jerking Tallyho by the arm, "what do you think of a slice? here's accommodation for you—all hot, ready dress'd, and well done."

"Egad!" said Bob, "I think we shall be well done ourselves presently."

"Keep your hands out of my pockets, you lousy beggar,"

*1 Scamps—Highwaymen.*

*2 Pads—Foot-pads.*

*3 Divers—Pickpockets.*

*4 The Lay—Upon the look-out for opportunities for the exercise of their profession.*

*5 Flash Molishers—a term given to low Prostitutes.*

said a tall man standing near them, "or b—— me if I don't mill you." [150]

"You mill me, vhy you don't know how to go about it, Mr. Bully Brag, and I doesn't care half a farden for you—you go for to say as how I—"

"Take that, then," said the other, and gave him a floorer; but he was prevented from falling by those around him.

The salute was returned in good earnest, and a random sort of fight ensued. The accompaniments of this exhibition were the shrieks of the women, and the shouts of the partisans of each of the Bruisers—the cries of "Go it, little one—stick to it—tip it him—sarve him out—ring, ring—give 'em room—foul, foul—fair, fair," &c." At this moment the Firemen, who had been actively engaged in endeavours to subdue the devouring flames, obtained a supply of water: the engines were set to work, and the Foreman directed the pipe so as to throw the water completely into the mob which had collected round them. This had the desired effect of putting an end to the squabble, and dispersing a large portion of the multitude, at least to some distance, so as to leave good and sufficient room for their operations.

"The Devil take it," cried Sparkle, "I am drench'd."

"Ditto repeated," said Tom.

"Curse the fellow," cried Bob, "I am sopp'd."

"Never mind," continued Tom,

*. . . "By fellowship in woe,  
Scarce half our pain we know."*

"Since we are all in it, there is no laughing allowed."

In a short time, the water flowed through the street in torrents; the pumping of the engines, and the calls of the Firemen, were all the noises that could be heard, except now and then the arrival of additional assistance.

Bob watched minutely the skill and activity of those robust and hardy men, who were seen in all directions upon the tops of houses, &c. near the calamitous scene, giving information to those below; and he was astonished to see the rapidity with which they effected their object.

Having ascertained as far as they could the extent of the damage, and that no lives were lost, Tom proposed a move, and Sparkle gladly seconded the motion—"for," said he, "I am so wet, though I cannot complain of being cold, that I think I resemble the fat man who seemed something like two single gentlemen roll'd into[151] one,' and 'who after half a year's baking declared he had been so cursed hot, he was sure he'd caught cold;' so come along."

"Past twelve o'clock," said a Charley, about three parts sprung, and who appeared to have more light in his head than he could shew from his lantern.

"Stop thief, stop thief," was vociferated behind them; and the night music, the rattles, were in immediate use in several quarters—a rush of the crowd almost knock'd Bob off his pins, and he would certainly have fell to the ground, but his nob{1} came with so much force against the bread-basket{2} of the groggy guardian of the night, that he was turn'd keel upwards,{3} and rolled with his lantern, staff, and rattle, into the overflowing kennel; a circumstance which perhaps had really no bad effect, for in all probability it brought the sober senses of the Charley a little more into action than the juice of the juniper had previously allowed. He was dragged from his birth, and his coat, which was of the blanket kind, brought with it a plentiful supply

of the moistening fluid, being literally sous'd from head to foot.

Bob fished for the *darkey*{4}—the *musical instrument*{5}—and the post of honour, alias the *supporter of peace*;<sup>6</sup> but he was not yet complete, for he had dropped his *canister-cap*,<sup>7</sup> which was at length found by a flash molisher, and drawn from the pool, full of water, who appeared to know him, and swore he was one of the best fellows on any of the beats round about; and that they had got hold of a Fire-prigger,<sup>8</sup> and bundled<sup>9</sup> him off to St. Giles's watch-house, because he was bolting with a *bag of togs*.

1 *Nob*—The head.

2 *Bread-basket*—The stomach.

3 *Keel upwards*—Originally a sea phrase, and most in use among sailors, &c.

4 *Darkey*—Generally made use of to signify a dark lantern.

5 *Musical instrument*—a rattle.

6 *Post of honour, or supporter of his peace*—Stick, or cudgel.

7 *"Canister-cap*—& hat.

8 *Fire-prigger*—No beast of prey can be more noxious to society or destitute of feeling than those who plunder the unfortunate sufferers under that dreadful and destructive calamity, fire. The tiger who leaps on the unguarded passenger will fly from the fire, and the traveller shall be protected by it; while these wretches, who attend on fires, and rob the unfortunate sufferers under pretence of coming to give assistance, and assuming the style and manner of neighbours, take advantage of distress and confusion. Such wretches have a more eminent claim to the detestation of society, than almost any other of those who prey upon it.

9 *Bundled*—Took, or conveyed.

The feeble old scout shook his dripping wardrobe, d—d the water and the boosy kid that wallof'd him intq[152] it, but without appearing to know which was him; till Bob stepped up, and passing some silver into his mawley, told him he hoped he was not hurt. And our party then, moved on in the direction for Russel-street, Covent-garden, when Sparkle again mentioned his wet condition, and particularly recommended a glass of Cogniac by way of preventive from taking cold. "A good motion well made (said Tom;) and here we are just by the Harp, where we can be fitted to a shaving; so come along."

Having taken this, as Sparkle observed, very necessary precaution, they pursued their way towards Piccadilly, taking their route under the Piazzas of Covent-garden, and thence up James-street into Long-acre, where they were amused by a circumstance of no very uncommon kind in London, but perfectly new to Tallyho. Two Charleys had in close custody a sturdy young man (who was surrounded by several others,) and was taking him to the neighbouring watch-house "What is the matter?" said Tom.

"Oh, 'tis only a little bit of a dead body-snatcher," said one of the guardians. "He has been up to the resurrection rig.{1} Here," continued he, "I've got the bone-basket,"

1 *Resurrection rig*—This subject, though a grave one, has been treated by many with a degree of comicality calculated to excite considerable risibility. A late well known humorist has related the following anecdote:

Some young men, who had been out upon the spree, returning home pretty well primed after drinking plentifully, found themselves so dry as they passed a public house where they were well known, they could not resist the desire they had of calling on their old friend, and taking a glass of brandy with him by way of finish, as they termed it; and finding the door open, though it was late, were tempted to walk in. But their old friend was out of temper. "What is the matter?"—"Matter enough," replied Boniface; "here have I got an old fool of a fellow occupying my parlour dead drunk, and what the devil to do with him I don't know. He can neither walk nor speak."

"Oh," said one of the party, who knew that a resurrection Doctor resided in the next street, "I'll remove that nuisance, if that's all you have to complain of; only lend me a sack, and I'll sell him."

A sack was produced, and the Bacchanalian, who almost appeared void of animation, was without much difficulty thrust into it. "Give me a lift," said the frolicsome blade, and away he went with the load. On arriving at the doctor's door, he pulled the night bell, when the Assistant made his appearance, not un-accustomed to this sort of nocturnal visitant.

holding up a bag, "and it was taken off his shoulder as he went along Mercer-street, so he can't say nothing[153] at all.

"I have brought you a subject—all right."

"Come in. What is it, a man or a woman?"

"A man."

"Down with him—that corner. D——n it, I was fast asleep.

"Call for the sack in the morning, will you, for I want to get to bed."

"With all my heart."

Then going to a drawer, and bringing the customary fee, "Here, (said he) be quick and be off." This was exactly what the other wanted; and having secured the rubbish, the door was shut upon him. This, however, was no sooner done, than the Boosy Kid in the sack, feeling a sudden internal turn of the contents of his stomach, which brought with it a heaving, fell, from the upright situation in which he had been placed, on the floor. This so alarmed the young Doctor, that he ran with all speed after the vender, and just coming up to him at the corner of the street.

"Why, (said he) you have left me a living man!"

"Never mind, (replied the other;) kill him when you want him." And making good use of his heels he quickly disappeared.

A Comedian of some celebrity, but who is now too old for theatrical service, relates a circumstance which occurred to him upon his first arrival in town:—

Having entered into an engagement to appear upon the boards of one of the London Theatres, he sought the metropolis some short time before the opening of the House; and conceiving it necessary to his profession to study life—real life as it is,—he was accustomed to mingle promiscuously in almost all society. With this view he frequently entered the tap rooms of the lowest public houses, to enjoy his pipe and his pint, keeping the main object always in view—

"To catch the manners living as they rise."

Calling one evening at one of these houses, not far from Drury Lane, he found some strapping fellows engaged in conversation, interlarded with much flash and low slang; but decently dressed, he mingled in a sort of general dialogue with them on the state of the weather, politics, &c. After sitting some time in their company, and particularly noticing their persons and apparent character—

*"Come, Bill, it is time to be off, it is getting rather darkish." "Ah, very well (replied the other,) let us have another quart, and then I am your man for a bit of a lark."*

*By this time they had learned that the Comedian was but newly arrived in town; and he on the other hand was desirous of seeing what they meant to be up to. After another quart they were about to move, when, said one to the other, "As we are only going to have a stroll and a bit of fun, perhaps that there young man would like to join us."*

*"Ah, what say you, Sir? have you any objection? but perhaps you have business on hand and are engaged—"*

*"No, I have nothing particular to do," was the reply. "Very well, then if you like to go with us, we shall be glad of your company."*

*"Well (said he,) I don't care if I do spend an hour with you." And with that they sallied forth.*

*After rambling about for some time in the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road, shewing him some of the Squares, &c. describing the names of streets, squares, and buildings, they approached St. Giles's, and leading him under a gateway, "Stop, (said one) we must call upon Jack, you know, for old acquaintance sake," and gave a loud knock at the door; which being opened without a word, they all walked in, and the door was instantly lock'd. He was now introduced to a man of squalid appearance, with whom they all shook hands: the mode of introduction was not however of so satisfactory a description as had been expected, being very laconic, and conveyed in the following language:—"We have got him."*

*"Yes, yes, it is all right—come, Jack, serve us out some grog, and then to business."*

*The poor Comedian in the mean time was left in the utmost anxiety and surprise to form an opinion of his situation; for as he had heard something about trepanning, pressing, &c. he could not help entertaining serious suspicion that he should either be com-pelled to serve as a soldier or a sailor; and as he had no intention "to gain a name in arms," they were neither of them suitable to his inclinations.*

*"Come," (said one) walk up stairs and sit down—Jack, bring the lush —and up stairs they went.*

*Upon entering a gloomy room, somewhat large, with only a small candle, he had not much opportunity of discovering what sort of a place it was, though it looked wretched enough. The grog was brought—"Here's all round the grave-stone, (said one)—come, drink away, my hearty—don't be alarm'd, we are rum fellows, and we'll put you up to a rig or two—we are got a rum covey in the corner there, and you must lend us a hand to get rid of him:" then, holding up the light, what was the surprise of the poor Comedian to espy a dead body of a man—"You can help us to get him away, and by G—you shall, too, it's of no use to flinch now."*

*A circumstance of this kind was new to him, so that his perplexity was only increased by the discovery; but he*

plainly perceived by the last declaration, that having engaged in the business, it would be of no use to leave it half done: he therefore remained silent upon the subject, drank his grog, when Jack came up stairs to say the cart was ready.

"Lend a hand, (said one of them) let us get our load down stairs—come, my Master, turn to with a good heart, all's right."

With this the body was conveyed down stairs.

At the back of the house was a small yard separated from a neighbouring street by a wall—a signal was given by some one on the other side which was understood by those within—it was approaching nine o'clock, and a dark night—"Come, (said one of them,) mount you to the top of the wall, and ding the covey over to the carcass-carter." This being complied with, the dead body was handed up to him, which was no sooner done than the Carman outside, perceiving the Watchman approach—"It von't do," said he, and giving a whistle, drove his cart with an assumed air of carelessness away; while the poor Comedian, who had a new character to support, in which he did not conceive himself well up, {1} was holding the dead man on his lap with the legs projecting over the wall; it was a situation of the utmost delicacy and there was no time to recast the part, he was therefore, obliged to blunder through it as well as he could; the perspiration of the living man fell plentifully on the features of the dead as the Charley approached in a position to pass directly under him. Those inside had sought the shelter of the house, telling him to remain quiet till the old Scout was gone by. Now although he was not fully acquainted with the consequences of discovery, he was willing and anxious to avoid them: he therefore took the advice, and scarcely moved or breathed—"Past nine o'clock," said the Watchman, as he passed under the legs of the dead body without looking up, though he was within an inch of having his castor brushed off by them. Being thus relieved, he was happy to see the cart return; he handed over the unpleasant burthen, and as quick as possible afterwards descended from his elevated situation into the street, determining at all hazards to see the result of this to him extraordinary adventure; with this view he followed the cart at a short distance, keeping his eye upon it as he went along; and in one of the streets leading to Long Acre, he perceived a man endeavouring to look into the back part of the cart, but was diverted from his object by one of the men who had introduced him to the house, while another of the confederates snatched the body from the cart, and ran with all speed down another street in an opposite direction. This movement had attracted the notice of the Watchman, who, being prompt in his movements, had sprung his rattle. Upon this, and feeling himself too heavily laden to secure his retreat, the fellow with the dead man perceiving the gate of an area open, dropped his burthen down the steps, slam'd the gate after him, and continued to fly, but was stopped at the end of the street; in the mean time the Charley in pursuit had knock'd at the door of the house where the stolen goods (as he supposed) were deposited.

1 A cant phrase for money.

It was kept by an old maiden lady, who, upon discovering the dead body of a man upon her premises, had fainted in the Watchman's arms. The detection of the running Resurrectionist was followed by a walk to the watch-house, where his companions endeavoured to make it appear that they had all been dining at Wandsworth together, that he was not the person against whom the hue and cry had been raised. But old Snoosey{l} said it wouldn't do, and he was therefore detained to appear before the Magistrate in the morning. The Comedian, who had minutely watched their proceedings, took care to be at Bow-street in good time; where he found upon the affidavits of two of his comrades, who swore they had dined together at Wandsworth, their pal was liberated.

1 The Constable of the night.

Bob could not very well understand what was the meaning of this lingo; he was perfectly at a loss to comprehend the terms of deadbody snatching and the resurrection rig. The crowd increased as they went along; and as they did not exactly relish their company, Sparkle led them across the way, and then proceeded to explain.

"Why," said Sparkle, "the custom of dead-body snatching has become very common in London, and in many cases appears to be winked at by the Magistrates; for although it is considered a felony in law, it is also acknowledged in some degree to be necessary for the Surgeons, in order to have an opportunity of obtaining practical information. It is however, at the same time, a source of no slight distress to the parents and friends of the parties who are dragg'd from the peaceful security of the tomb. The *Resurrection-men* are generally well rewarded for their labours by the Surgeons who employ them to procure subjects; they are for the most part fellows who never stick at trifles, but make a decent livelihood by moving off, if they can, not only the bodies, but coffins, shrouds, &c. and are always upon the look-out wherever there is a funeral—nay, there

have been instances in which the bodies have been dug from their graves within a few hours after being deposited there."

"It is a shameful practice," said Bob, "and ought not to be tolerated, however; nor can I conceive how, with the apparent vigilance of the Police, it can be carried on."

"Nothing more easy," said Sparkle, "where the plan is well laid. These fellows, when they hear a passing-bell toll, skulk about the parish from ale-house to ale-house, till they can learn a proper account of what the deceased died of, what condition the body is in, &c. with which account they go to a *Resurrection Doctor*, who agrees for a price, which is mostly five guineas, for the body of a man, and then bargain with an Undertaker for the shroud, coffin, &c. which, perhaps with a little alteration, may serve to run through the whole family."

"And is it possible," said Bob, "that there are persons who will enter into such bargains?"

"No doubt of it; nay, there was an instance of a man really selling his own body to a Surgeon, to be appropriated to his own purposes when dead, for a certain weekly sum secured to him while living; but in robbing the church-yards there are always many engaged in the rig—for notice is generally given that the body will be removed in the night, to which the Sexton is made privy, and receives the information with as much ease as he did to have it brought—his price being a guinea for the use of the *grubbing irons*, adjusting the grave, &c. This system is generally carried on in little country church-yards within a few miles of London. A hackney-coach or a cart is ready to receive the stolen property, and there cannot be a doubt but many of these depredations are attended with success, the parties escaping with their prey undetected—nay, I know of an instance that occurred a short time back, of a young man who was buried at Wesley's Chapel, on which occasion one of the mourners, a little more wary than the rest, could not help observing two or three rough fellows in the ground during the ceremony, which aroused his suspicion that they intended after interment to have the body of his departed friend; this idea became so strongly rooted in his mind, that he imparted his suspicions to the remainder of those who had followed him: himself and another therefore determined if possible to satisfy themselves upon the point, by returning in the dusk of the evening to reconnoitre. They accordingly proceeded to the spot, but the gates being shut, one of them climbed to the top of the wall, where he discovered the very parties, he had before noticed, in the act of wrenching open the coffin. Here they are, said he, hard at it, as I expected. But before he and his friend could get over the wall, the villains effected their escape, leaving behind them a capacious sack and all the implements of their infernal trade. They secured the body, had it conveyed home again, and in a few days re-buried it in a place of greater security[157]

Bob was surprised at this description of the *Resurrection-rig*, but was quickly drawn from his contemplation of the depravity of human nature, and what he could not help thinking the dirty employments of life, by a shouting apparently from several voices as they passed the end of St. Martin's Lane: it came from about eight persons, who appeared to be journeymen mechanics, with pipes in their mouths, some of them rather *rorytorious*, {2} who, as they approached, broke altogether into the following

SONG. {3}

*"I'm a frolicsome young fellow, I live at my ease,  
I work when I like, and I play when I please;  
I'm frolicsome, good-natured—I'm happy and free,  
And I care not a jot what the world thinks of me.*

*With my bottle and glass some hours I pass,  
Sometimes with my friend, and sometimes with my lass:  
I'm frolicsome, good-natur'd—I'm happy and free,  
And I don't care one jot what the world thinks of me.*

*By the cares of the nation I'll ne'er be perplex'd,  
I'm always good-natur'd, e'en though I am vex'd;  
I'm frolicsome, good-humour'd—I'm happy and free,  
And I don't care one d—n what the world thinks of me.*

1 A circumstance very similar to the one here narrated by Sparkle actually occurred, and can be well authenticated.

2 Rorytorious—Noisy.

3 This song is not introduced for the elegance of its composition, but as the Author has actually heard it in the streets at the flight of night or the peep of day, sung in full chorus, as plain as the fumes of the pipes and the hiccups would allow the choristers at those hours to articulate; and as it is probably the effusion of some Shopmate in unison with the sentiments of many, it forms part of Real Life deserving of being recorded in this Work.

Particular trades have particular songs suitable to the employment in which they are engaged, which while at work the whole of the parties will join in. In Spitalfields, Bethnal-green, &c. principally inhabited by weavers, it is no uncommon thing to hear twenty or thirty girls singing, with their shuttles going—*The Death of Barbary Allen—There was an old Astrologer—Mary's Dream, or Death and the Lady; and we remember a Watch-maker who never objected to hear his boys sing; but although he was himself a loyal subject, he declared he could not bear God Save the King; and upon being ask'd his reason—Why, said he, it is too slow—for as the time goes, so the fingers move—Give us Drops of Brandy, or Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself—then I shall have some work done.*

This Song, which was repeated three or four times, was continued till their arrival at Newport-market[159]

where the Songsters divided: our party pursued their way through Coventry-street, and arrived without further adventure or interruption safely at home. Sparkle bade them adieu, and proceeded to Bond-street; and Tom and Bob sought the repose of the pillow.

It is said that "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," and it cannot but be allowed that the *Yo heave ho*, of our Sailors, or the sound of a fiddle, contribute much to the speed of weighing anchor.

It is an indisputable fact that there are few causes which more decidedly form, or at least there are few evidences which more clearly indicate, the true character of a nation, than its Songs and Ballads. It has been observed by the learned Selden, that you may see which way the wind sets by throwing a straw up into the air, when you cannot make the same discovery by tossing up a stone or other weighty substance. Thus it is with Songs and Ballads, respecting the state of public feeling, when productions of a more elaborate nature fail in their elucidations: so much so that it is related of a great Statesman, who was fully convinced of the truth of the observation, that he said, "Give me the making of the national Ballads, and I care not who frames your Laws." Every day's experience tends to prove the power which the *sphere-born* Sisters of harmony, voice, and verse, have over the human mind. "I would rather," says Mr. Sheridan, "have written Glover's song of 'Hosier's Ghost' than the Annals of Tacitus."

[160]

## CHAPTER XII

*O what a town, what a wonderful Metropolis!  
Sure such a town as this was never seen;  
Mayor, common councilmen, citizens and populace,  
Wand'ring from Poplar to Turnham Green.*

*Chapels, churches, synagogues, distilleries and county banks—  
Poets, Jews and gentlemen, apothecaries, mountebanks—  
There's Bethlem Hospital, and there the Picture Gallery;  
And there's Sadler's Wells, and there the Court of Chancery.*

*O such a town, such a wonderful Metropolis,  
Sure such a town as this was never seen!  
O such a town, and such a heap of carriages,  
Sure such a motley group was never seen;  
Such a swarm of young and old, of buryings and marriages,  
All the world seems occupied in ceaseless din.*

*There's the Bench, and there's the Bank—now only take a peep at her—  
And there's Rag Fair, and there the East-London Theatre—  
There's St. James's all so fine, St. Giles's all in tattery,  
Where fun and frolic dance the rig from Saturday to Saturday.  
O what a town, what a wonderful Metropolis,  
Sure such a town as this was never seen!*

A SHORT time after this day's ramble, the Hon. Tom Dash all and his friend Tallyho paid a visit to the celebrated Tattersall's.



*TATTERSALLS. Tom and Bob, looking out for a good one, among the deep ones.*

"This," said Tom, "is a great scene of action at times, and you will upon some occasions find as much business done here as there is on 'Change; the dealings however are not so fair, though the profits are larger; and if you observe the characters and the visages of the visitants, it will be found it is most frequently attended by Turf-Jews and Greeks. {1} Any man indeed who dabbles in horse-dealing, must, like a gamester, be either a rook or a pigeon; {2} for horse-dealing is a species of gambling, in which as many

*1 Turf-Jews and Greeks—Gamblers at races, trotting-matches, &c.*

*2 Rooks and Pigeons are frequenters of gaming-houses: the former signifying the successful adventurer, and the latter the unfortunate dupe.*

depredations are committed upon the property of the unwary as in any other, and every one engaged in it [161] thinks it a meritorious act to dupe his chapman. Even noblemen and gentlemen, who in other transactions of

life are honest, will make no scruple of cheating you in horse-dealing: nor is this to be wondered at when we consider that the Lord and the Baronet take lessons from their grooms, jockeys, or coachmen, and the nearer approach they can make to the appearance and manners of their tutors, the fitter the pupils for turf-men, or gentlemen dealers; for the school in which they learn is of such a description that dereliction of principle is by no means surprising—fleecing each other is an every-day practice—every one looks upon his fellow as a bite, and young men of fashion learn how to buy and sell, from old whips, jockeys, or rum ostlers, whose practices have put them up to every thing, and by such ruffian preceptors are frequently taught to make three quarters or seventy-five per cent, profit, which is called turning an honest penny. This, though frequently practised at country fairs, &c. by horse-jobbers, &c. is here executed with all the dexterity and art imaginable: for instance, you have a distressed friend whom you know must sell; you commiserate his situation, and very kindly find all manner of faults with his horse, and buy it for half its value—you also know a Green-horn and an extravagant fellow, to whom you sell it for twice its value, and that is the neat thing. Again, if you have a horse you wish to dispose of, the same school will afford you instruction how to make the most of him, that is to say, to conceal his vices and defects, and by proper attention to put him into condition, to alter his whole appearance by hogging, cropping, and docking—by patching up his broken knees—blowing gun-powder in his dim eyes—bishoping, blistering, &c. so as to turn him out in good twig, scarcely to be known by those who have frequently seen and noticed him: besides which, at the time of sale one of these gentry will aid and assist your views by pointing out his recommendations in some such observations as the following:

?There's a horse truly good and well made.

?There's the appearance of a fine woman! broad breast, round hips, and long neck.

?There's the countenance, intrepidity, and fire of a lion.

?There's the eye, joint, and nostril of an ox.

'There's the nose, gentleness, and patience of a lamb.

[162]

?There's the strength, constancy, and foot of a mule.

?There's the hair, head, and leg of a deer.

?There's the throat, neck, and hearing of a wolf.

?There's the ear, brush, and trot of a fox.

?There's the memory, sight, and turning of a serpent.

?There's the running, suppleness, and innocence of the hare.

“And if a horse sold for sound wind, limb, and eyesight, with all the gentleness of a lamb, that a child might ride him with safety, should afterwards break the purchaser's neck, the seller has nothing to do with it, provided he has received the *bit*,<sup>{1}</sup> but laughs at the *do*.<sup>{2}</sup> Nay, they will sometimes sell a horse, warranted to go as steady as ever a horse went in harness, to a friend, assuring him at the same time that he has not a fault of any kind—that he is good as ever shoved a head through a horse-collar; and if he should afterwards rear up in the gig, and overturn the driver into a ditch, shatter the concern to pieces, spill Ma'am, and kill both her and the child of promise, the conscientious Horse-dealer has nothing to do with all this: How could he help it? he sold the horse for a good horse, and a good horse he was. This is all in the way of fair dealing. Again, if a horse is sold as sound, and he prove broken-winded, lame, or otherwise, not worth one fortieth part of the purchase-money, still it is only a piece of jockeyship—a fair manouvre, affording opportunities of merriment.”

“A very laudable sort of company,” said Bob.

“It is rather a mixed one,” replied Tom—“it is indeed a complete mixture of all conditions, ranks, and orders of society. But let us take a peep at some of them. Do you observe that stout fellow yonder, with a stick in his hand? he has been a *Daisy-kicker*, and, by his arts and contrivances having saved a little money, is now a regular dealer, and may generally be seen here on selling days.”

“Daisy-kicker,” said Bob, “I don't comprehend the term.”

“Then I will explain,” was the reply. “Daisy-kickers are Ostlers belonging to large inns, who are known to each other by that title, and you may frequently hear them

<sup>1</sup> *Bit*—A cant term for money.

<sup>2</sup> *Do*—Any successful endeavour to over-reach another is by these gentlemen call'd a do, meaning—so and so has been done.

ask—When did you sell your Daisy-kicker or Grogham?—for these terms are made use of among themselves[163] as cant for a horse. Do you also observe, he is now in close conversation with a person who he expects will become a purchaser.”

“And who is he?”

“He is no other than a common informer, though in high life; keeps his carriage, horses, and servants—lives in the first style—he is shortly to be made a Consul of, and perhaps an Ambassador afterwards. The first is to all intents and purposes a Lord of Trade, and his Excellency nothing more than a titled spy, in the same way as a Bailiff is a follower of the law, and a man out of livery a Knight's companion or a Nobleman's gentleman.”

Their attention was at this moment attracted by the appearance of two persons dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, upon meeting just by them, caught eagerly hold of each other's hand, and they overheard the following—‘Why, Bill, how am you, my hearty?—where have you been *trotting your galloper*?—what is your arter?—how's Harry and Ben?—haven't seen you this blue moon.’<sup>{1}</sup>

?All tidy,' was the reply; 'Ben is getting better, and is going to sport a new curricle, which is now building for him in Long Acre, as soon as he is recovered.'

?Why what the devil's the matter with him, eh?'

?Nothing of any consequence, only he got mill'd a night or two ago about his blowen—he had one of his ribs

broke, sprained his right wrist, and sports a *painted peeper*{2} upon the occasion, that's all.'

?Why you know he's no *bad cock* at the Fancy, and won't put up with any gammon.'

?No, but he was lushy, and so he got queer'd—But I say, have you sold your bay?'

?No, d——n me, I can't get my price.'

?Why, what is it you axes?'{3}

?Only a hundred and thirty—got by Agamemnon. Lord, it's no price at all—cheap as dirt—But I say, Bill,

*1 Blue moon—This is usually intended to imply a long time.*

*2 Painted peeper—A black eye.*

*3 Axes—Among the swell lads, and those who affect the characters of knowing coveys, there is a common practice of endeavouring to coin new words and new modes of expression, evidently intended to be thought wit; and this affectation frequently has the effect of creating a laugh.*

how do you come on with your grey, and the pie-bald poney?'

[164]

?All right and regular, my boy; matched the poney for a light curricle, and I swapped{1} the grey for an entire horse—such a rum one—when will you come and take a peep at him?—all bone, fine shape and action, figure beyond compare—I made a rare good chop of it.'

?I'm glad to hear it; I'll make a survey, and take a ride with you the first leisure day; but I'm full of business, no time to spare—I say, are, you a dealer?'

?No, no, it won't do, I lost too much at the Derby—besides, I must go and drive my Girl out—*Avait, that's the time of day*,{2} my boys—so good by—But if you should be able to pick up a brace of clever pointers, a prime spaniel, or a greyhound to match Smut, I'm your man—buy for me, and all's right—price, you know, is out of the question, I must have them if they are to be got, so look out—bid and buy; but mind, nothing but prime will do for me—that's the time of day, you know, d——n me—so good by—I'm off.' And away he went.

"Some great sporting character, I suppose," said Bob—"plenty of money."

"No such thing," said Tom, drawing him on one side—"you will hardly believe that Bill is nothing more than a Shopman to a Linen-draper, recently discharged for malpractices; and the other has been a Waiter at a Tavern, but is now out of place; and they are both upon the sharp look-out to *gammon the flats*. The former obtains his present livelihood by gambling—spends the most of his time in playing cards with *greenhorns*, always to be picked up at low flash houses, at fairs, races, milling-matches, &c. and is also in the holy keeping of the cast-off mistress of a nobleman whose family he was formerly in as a *valet-de-chambre*. The other pretends to teach sparring in the City, and occasionally has a benefit in the Minorities, Duke's Place, and the Fives Court."

"They talk it well, however," said Bob.

*1 Swapp'd—Exchanged.*

*2 That's the time of day—That's your sort—that's the barber—keep moving—what am you arter—what am you up to—there never was such times—that's the Dandy—Go along Bob, &c. are ex-pressions that are frequently made use of by the people of the Metropolis; and indeed fashion seems almost to have as much to do with our language as with our dress or manners.*

"Words are but wind, many a proud word comes off a weak stomach," was the reply; "and you may almost[165] expect not to hear a word of truth in this place, which may be termed The Sporting Repository—it is the grand mart for horses and for other fashionable animals—for expensive asses, and all sorts of sporting-dogs, town-puppies, and second-hand vehicles. Here bets are made for races and fights—matches are made up here—bargains are struck, and engagements entered into, with as much form, regularity, and importance, as the progress of parliamentary proceedings—points of doubt upon all occasions of jockeyship are decided here; and no man of fashion can be received into what is termed polished society, without a knowledge of this place and some of the visitors. The proceedings however are generally so managed, that the ostlers, the jockeys, the grooms, and the dealers, come best off, from a superiority of knowledge and presumed judgment—they have a method of patching up deep matches to *diddle the dupes*, and to introduce *throws over, doubles, double doubles*, to ease the heavy pockets of their burdens. The system of puffing is also as much in use here as among the Lottery-office Keepers, the Quack Doctors, or the Auctioneers; and the Knowing ones, by an understanding amongst each other, sell their cattle almost for what they please, if it so happens they are not immediately in want of the *ready*,{1} which, by the way, is an article too frequently in request—and here honest poverty is often obliged to sell at any rate, while the rich black-leg takes care only to sell to a good advantage, making a point at the same time not only to make the most of his cattle, but also of his friend or acquaintance."

"Liberal and patriotic-minded men!" said Bob; "it is a noble Society, and well worthy of cultivation."

"It is fashionable Society, at least," continued Tom, "and deserving of observation, for it is fraught with instruction."

"I think so, indeed," was the reply; "but I really begin to suspect that I shall scarcely have confidence to venture out alone, for there does not appear to be any part of your wonderful Metropolis but what is infested with some kind of shark or other."

"It is but too true, and it is therefore the more necessary to make yourself acquainted with them; it is rather a long lesson, but really deserving of being learnt. You

*1 The ready—Money.*

perceive what sort of company you are now in, as far as may be judged from their appearances; but they[166]



are not to be trusted, for I doubt not but you would form erroneous conclusions from such premises. The company that assembles here is generally composed of a great variety of characters—the Idler, the Swindler, the Dandy, the Exquisite, the full-pursed young Peer, the needy Sharper, the gaudy Pauper, and the aspiring School-boy, anxious to be thought a dealer and a judge of the article before him—looking at a horse with an air of importance and assumed intelligence, bidding with a trembling voice and palpitating heart, lest it should be knock'd down to him. Do you see that dashing fellow nearly opposite to us, in the green frock-coat, top-boots, and spurs?—do you mark how he nourishes his whip, and how familiar he seems to be with the knowing old covey in brown?”

“Yes; I suppose he is a dealer.”

“You are right, he is a dealer, but it is in man's flesh, not horse flesh: he is a *Bum trap*{1} in search of some friend

*1 Bum trap—A term pretty generally in use to denominate a Bailiff or his follower—they are also called Body-snatchers. The ways and means made use of by these gentry to make their captions are innumerable: they visit all places, assume all characters, and try all stratagems, to secure their friends, in order that they may have an opportunity of obliging them, which they have a happy facility in doing, provided the party can bleed free.\* Among others, the following are curious facts:*

*A Gentleman, who laboured under some peculiar difficulties, found it desirable for the sake of his health to retire into the country, where he secluded himself pretty closely from the vigilant anxieties of his friends, who were in search of him and had made several fruitless attempts to obtain an interview. The Traps having ascertained the place of his retreat, from which it appeared that nothing but stratagem could draw him, a knowing old snatch determined to effect his purpose, and succeeded in the following manner:*

*One day as the Gentleman came to his window, he discovered a man, seemingly in great agitation, passing and re-passing; at length, however, he stopped suddenly, and with a great deal of attention fixed his eyes upon a tree which stood nearly opposite to the window. In a few minutes he returned to it, pulled out a book, in which he read for a few minutes, and then drew forth a rope from his pocket, with which he suspended himself from the tree. The Gentleman, eager to save the life of a fellow-creature, ran out and cut him down. This was scarcely accomplished, before he found the man whom he had rescued (as he thought) from death, slapp'd him on the shoulder, informed him that he was his prisoner, and in return robbed him of his liberty!*

*Another of these gentry assumed the character of a poor cripple, and stationed himself as a beggar, sweeping the crossing near the habitation of his shy cock, who, conceiving himself safe after three days voluntary imprisonment, was seized by the supposed Beggar, who threw away his broom to secure his man.*

*Yet, notwithstanding the many artifices to which this profession is obliged to conform itself, it must be acknowledged there are many of them who have hearts that would do honour to more exalted situations; especially when we reflect, that in general, whatever illiberality or invective may be cast upon them, they rarely if at all oppress those who are in their custody, and that they frequently endeavour to compromise for the Debtor, or at least recommend the Creditor to accept of those terms which can be complied with.*

*\* Bleed free—*

or other, with a writ in his pocket. These fellows have some protean qualities about them, and, as occasion[167] requires, assume all shapes for the purpose of taking care of their customers; they are however a sort of necessary evil. The old one in brown is a well-known dealer, a deep old file, and knows every one around him—he is up to the sharps, down upon the flats, and not to be done. But in looking round you may perceive men booted and spurred, who perhaps never crossed a horse, and some with whips in their hands who deserve it on their backs—they hum lively airs, whistle and strut about with their quizzing-glasses in their hands, playing a tattoo upon their boots, and shewing themselves off with as many airs as if they were real actors engaged in the farce, that is to say, the buyers and sellers; when in truth they are nothing but loungers in search of employment, who may perhaps have to count the trees in the Park for a dinner without satisfying the cravings of nature, dining as it is termed with Duke Humphrey—others, perhaps, who have arrived in safety, are almost afraid to venture into the streets again, lest they should encounter those foes to liberty, John Doe and Richard Roe.”

?If I do, may I be——' The remainder of the sentence was lost, by the speaker removing in conversation with another, when Tom turn'd round.

“O,” said Tom, “I thought I knew who it was—that is one of the greatest reprobates in conversation that I ever met with.”

“And who is he?”

“Why, I'll give you a brief sketch of him,” continued Dashall: “It is said, and I fancy pretty well known, tha[168] he has retired upon a small property, how acquired or accumulated I cannot say; but he has married a Bar-

maid of very beautiful features and elegant form: having been brought up to the bar, she is not unaccustomed to confinement; but he has made her an absolute prisoner, for he shuts her up as closely as if she were in a monastery—he never dines at home, and she is left in complete solitude. He thinks his game all safe, but she has sometimes escaped the vigilance of her gaoler, and has been seen at places distant from home. {1}

*1 It is related of this gentleman, whose severity and vigilance were so harshly spoken of, that one day at table, a dashing young Military Officer, who, while he was circulating the bottle, was boasting among his dissipated friends of his dexterity in conducting the wars of Venus, that he had a short time back met one of the most lovely creatures he ever saw, in the King's Road; but he had learned that her husband so strictly confined and watched her, that there was no possibility of his being admitted to her at any hour.*

*"Behave handsome, and I'll put you in possession of a gun that shall bring the game down in spite of locks, bolts and bars, or even the vigilance of the eyes of Argus himself."*

*"How? d—me if I don't stand a ten pound note."*

*"How! why easy enough; I've a plan that cannot but succeed—down with the cash, and I'll put you up to the scheme."*

*No sooner said than done, and he pocketed the ten pound note.*

*"Now," said the hoary old sinner, little suspecting that he was to be the dupe of his own artifice: "You get the husband invited out to dinner, have him well ply'd with wine by your friends: You assume the dress of a Postman—give a thundering rap at her door, which always denotes either the arrival of some important visitor or official communication; and when you can see her, flatter, lie, and swear that her company is necessary to your existence—that life is a burden without her—tell her, you know her husband is engaged, and can't come—that he is dining out with some jolly lads, and can't possibly be home for some hours—fall at her feet, and say that, having obtained the interview, you will not leave her. Your friends in the mean time must be engaged in making him as drunk as a piper. That's the way to do it, and if you execute it as well as it is plann'd, the day's your own."*

*"Bravo, bravo!" echoed from every one present.*

*It was a high thing—the breach thus made, the horn-work was soon to be carried, and there could be no doubt of a safe lodgement in the covert-way.*

*The gay Militaire met his inamorata shortly afterwards in Chelsea-fields, and after obtaining from her sundry particulars of inquiry, as to the name of her husband, &c. he acquainted her with his plan. The preliminaries were agreed upon, and it was deter-mined that the maid-servant, who was stationed as a spy upon her at all times, should be dispatched to some house in the neighbour-hood to procure change, while the man of letters was to be let in and concealed; and upon her return it was to be stated that the Postman was in a hurry, could not wait, and was to call again. This done, he was to make his escape by a rope-ladder from the window as soon as the old one should be heard upon the stairs, which it of course was presumed would be at a late hour, when he was drunk.*

*The train having been thus laid, Old Vigilance dined out, and expected to meet the Colonel; but being disappointed, and suspicious at all times, for*

*"Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind,"*

*The utmost endeavours of the party to make him drunk proved ineffectual; he was restless and uncomfortable, and he could not help fancying by the visible efforts to do him up, that some mischief was brewing, or some hoax was about to be played off. He had his master-key in his pocket, and retired early.*

*His Lady, whose plan had succeeded admirably at home, was fearful of having the door bolted till after twelve, lest the servant's suspicions should be aroused. In the mean time, the son of Mars considered all safe, and entertained no expectation of the old Gentleman's return till a very late hour. When lo and behold, to the great surprise and annoyance of the lovers, he gently opened the street door, and fearful of awaking his faithful charmer out of her first slumber, he ascended the stairs unshod. His phosphoric matches shortly threw a light upon the subject, and he entered the apartment; when, what was the surprise and astonishment of the whole party at the discovery of their situation!*

*The old Gentleman swore, stormed, and bullied, declaring he*

would have satisfaction! that he would commence a civil suit! The Military Hero told him it would be too civil by half, and was in fact more than he expected;—reminded him of the ten pounds he had received as agency for promoting his amours;—informed him he had performed the character recommended by him most admirably. The old man was almost choked with rage; but perceiving he had spread a snare for himself, was compelled to hear and forbear, while the lover bolted, wishing him a good night, and singing, "Locks, bolts, and bars, I defy you," as an admirable lesson in return for the blustering manner in which he had received information of the success of his own scheme.

"Mr. C— on the opposite side is a Money-procurer or lender, a very accommodating sort of person, who négociâtes meetings and engagements between young borrowers, who care not what they pay for money, and old lenders, who care not who suffers, so they can obtain enormous interest for their loans. He is a venerable looking man, and is known to most of the young Bloods who visit here. His father was a German Cook in a certain kitchen. He set up for a Gentleman at his father's death, and was taken particular notice of by Lord G —, and indeed by all the turf. He lived a gay and fashionable life, soon run out his fortune, and is now [170] pensioned by a female whom he formerly supported. He is an excellent judge of a horse and horse-racing, upon which subjects his advice is frequently given. He is a very useful person among the generality of gentry who frequent this place of public resort. At the same time it ought to be observed, that among the various characters which infest and injure society, perhaps there are few more practised in guilt, fraud, and deceit, than the Money-lenders.

"They advertise to procure large sums of money to assist those under pecuniary embarrassment. They generally reside in obscure situations, and are to be found by anonymous signatures, such as A. B. I. R. D. V. &c. They chiefly prey upon young men of property, who have lost their money at play, horse-racing, betting, &c. or other expensive amusements, and are obliged to raise more upon any terms until their rents or incomes become payable: or such as have fortunes in prospect, as being heirs apparent to estates, but who require assistance in the mean time.

"These men avail themselves of the credit, or the ultimate responsibility of the giddy and thoughtless young spendthrift in his eager pursuit of criminal pleasures, and under the influence of those allurements, which the various places of fashionable resort hold out; and seldom fail to obtain from them securities and obligations for large sums; upon the credit of which they are enabled, perhaps at usurious interest, to borrow money or discount bills, and thus supply their unfortunate customers upon the most extravagant terms.

"There are others, who having some capital, advance money upon bonds, title-deeds, and other specialties, or tipon the bond of the parties having property in reversion. By these and other devices, large sums of money are most unwarrantably and illegally wrested from the dissipated and the thoughtless; and misery and distress are perhaps entailed upon them as long as they live, or they are driven by the prospect of utter ruin to acts of desperation or the commission of crimes.

"It generally happens upon application to the advertising party, that he, like Moses in *The School for Scandal*, is not really in possession of any money himself, but then he knows where and how to procure it from a very unconscionable dog, who may, perhaps, not be satisfied with the security offered; yet, if you have [171] Bills at any reasonable date, he could get them discounted. If you should suffer yourself to be trick'd out of any Bills, he will contrive, in some way or other, to negotiate them—not, as he professes, for you, but for himself and his colleagues; and, very likely, after you have been at the additional expense of commencing a suit at law against them, they have disappeared, and are in the King's Bench or the Fleet, waiting there to defraud you of every hope and expectation, by obtaining their liberty through the White-washing Act.

"These gentry are for the most part Attorneys or Pettifoggers, or closely connected with such; and notwithstanding all legal provisions to preclude them from exacting large sums, either for their agency and introduction, or for the bonds which they draw, yet they contrive to bring themselves home, and escape detection, by some such means as the following:

"They pretend that it is necessary to have a deed drawn up to explain the uses of the Annuity-bond, which the grantor of the money, who is some usurious villain, immediately acknowledges and accedes to; for

"The bond that signs the mortgage pays the shot; so that an Act which is fraught with the best purposes for the protection of the honest, but unfortunate, is in this manner subjected to the grossest chicanery of pettifoggers and pretenders, and the vilest evasions of quirking low villains of the law.

"There is also another species of money-lender, not inaptly termed the Female Banker. These accommodate Barrow-women and others, who sell fruit, vegetables, &c. in the public streets, with five shillings a day (the usual diurnal stock in such cases;) for the use of which for twelve hours they obtain the moderate premium of sixpence when the money is returned in the evening, receiving at this rate about seven pounds ten shillings per year for every five pounds they can so employ. It is however very difficult to convince the borrowers of the correctness of this calculation, and of the serious loss to which they subject themselves by a continuation of the system, since it is evident that this improvident and dissolute class of people have no other idea than that of making the day and the way alike long. Their profits (often considerably augmented by dealing in base [172] money as well as the articles which they sell) seldom last over the day; for they never fail to have a luxurious dinner and a hot supper, with a plentiful supply of gin and porter: looking in general no farther than to keep the whole original stock with the sixpence interest, which is paid over to the female Banker in the evening, and a new loan obtained on the following morning to go to market, and to be disposed of in the same way.

"In contemplating this curious system of banking, or money lending (trifling as it may appear,) it is almost impossible not to be forcibly struck with the immense profits that are derived from it. It is only necessary for one of these sharpers to possess a capital of seventy shillings, or three pounds ten shillings, with fourteen steady and regular customers, in order to realize an income of one hundred guineas per year! So true it is, that one half of the world do not know how the other half live; for there are thousands who cannot have the least conception of the existence of such facts.

"Here comes a *Buck of the first cut*, one who pretends to know every thing and every body, but thinks of nobody but himself, and of that self in reality knows nothing.

Captain P—is acknowledged by all his acquaintance to be one of the best fellows in the world, and to beat every one at slang, but U—y and A—se. He is the terror of the Charleys, and of the poor unfortunate roofless nightly wanderers in the streets. You perceive his long white hair, and by no means engaging features. Yet he has vanity enough to think himself handsome, and that he is taken notice of on that account; when the attractions he presents are really such as excite wonder and surprise, mingled with disgust; yet he contemplates his figure in the looking-glass with self satisfaction, and asks the frail ones, with a tremulous voice, if, so help them—he is not a good-looking fellow and they, knowing their customer, of course do not fail to reply in the affirmative.

"He is a well known leg, and is no doubt present on this occasion to bet upon the ensuing Epsom races; by the bye his losses have been very considerable in that way. He has also at all times been a dupe to the sex. It is said that Susan B—, a dashing Cyprian, eased his purse of a £500 bill, and whilst he was dancing in pursuit of her, she was dancing to the tune of a Fife; a clear proof she had an ear for music as well as an eye to business. But I believe it was played in a different Key to what he expected; whether it was a minor Key or not I cannot exactly say. [173]

"At a ball or assembly he conceives himself quite at home, satisfied that he is the admiration of the whole of the company present; and were he to give an account of himself, it would most likely be in substance nearly as follows:

"When I enter the room, what a whisp'ring is heard; My rivals, astonish'd, scarce utter a word; "How charming! (cry all; ) how enchanting a fellow! How neat are those small-clothes, how killingly yellow. Not for worlds would I honour these plebs with a smile, Tho' bursting with pride and delight all the while; So I turn to my cronies (a much honour'd few,); Crying, "S—z—m, how goes it?—Ah, Duchess, how do? Ton my life, yonder's B—uf, and Br—ke, and A—g—le, S—ff—d, W—tm—1—d, L—n, and old codger C—ri—le." Now tho', from this style of address, it appears That these folks I have known for at least fifty years, The fact is, my friends, that I scarcely know one, A mere "façon de parler," the way of the ton. What tho' they dislike it, I answer my ends, Country gentlemen stare, and depose them my friends.

But my beautiful taste (as indeed you will guess) Is manifest most in my toilet and dress; My neckcloth of course forms my principal care, For by that we criterions of elegance swear, And costs me each morning some hours of flurry, To make it appear to be tied in a hurry. My boot-tops, those unerring marks of a blade, With Champagne are polish'd, and peach marmalade; And a violet coat, closely copied from B—ng, With a cluster of seals, and a large diamond ring; And troisièmes of buckskin, bewitchingly large, Give the finishing stroke to the "*parfait ouvrage*."

During this animated description of the gay personage alluded to, Bob had listened with the most undeviating attention, keeping his eye all the time on this extravagant piece of elegance and fashion, but could not help bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter at its conclusion. In the mean time the crowd of visitors had continued to increase; all appeared to be bustle and confusion; small parties were seen in groups communicating together in different places, and every face appeared to be animated by hopes or fears. Dashall was exchanging familiar nods and winks with those whom he knew; but as their object was not to buy, they paid but little attention to the sales of the day, rather contenting themselves with a view of the human cattle by which they were surrounded, when they were pleasingly surprised to observe their friend Sparkle enter, booted and spurred. [174]

"Just the thing! (said Sparkle,) I had some suspicion of finding you here. Are you buyers? Does your Cousin want a horse, an ass, or a filly?"

Tom smiled; "Always upon the ramble, eh, Sparkle. Why ask such questions? You know we are well horsed; but I suppose if the truth was known, you are *prad* sellers; if so, shew your article, and name your price."

"Apropos," said Sparkle; "Here is a friend of mine, to whom I must introduce you, so say no more about articles and prices—I have an article in view above all price—excuse me." And with this he made his way among the tribe of Jockeys, Sharpers, and Blacklegs, and in a minute returned, bringing with him a well-dressed young man, whose manners and appearance indicated the Gentleman, and whose company was considered by Tom and his Cousin as a valuable acquisition.

"Mr. Richard Mortimer," said Sparkle, as he introduced his friend—"the Hon. Mr. Dashall, and Mr. Robert Tallyho."

After the mutual interchanges of politeness which naturally succeeded this introduction—"Come," said Sparkle, "we are horsed, and our nags waiting—we are for a ride, which way do you bend your course?"

"A lucky meeting," replied Tom; "for we are upon the same scent; I expect my curricle at Hyde-Park Corner in ten minutes, and have no particular line of destination."

"Good," said Sparkle; "then we may hope to have your company; and how disposed for the evening?"

"Even as chance may direct."

"Good, again—all right—then as you are neither buyers nor sellers, let us employ the remaining ten minutes in looking around us—there is nothing to attract here—Epsom Races are all the talk, and all of business that is doing—come along, let us walk through the Park—let the horses meet us at Kensington Gate, and then for a twist among the briars and brambles."

This was readily agreed to: orders were given to the servants, and the party proceeded towards the Park. [175]

## CHAPTER XIII

*What is Bon Ton? Oh d— me (cries a Buck,  
Half drunk, ) ask me, my dear, and you're in luck:  
Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the Watch,  
Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a catch.  
Keep it up, keep it up! d— me, take your swing—  
Bon Ton is Life, my boy! Bon Ton's the thing!  
"Ah, I loves Life and all the joys it yields—  
(Says Madam Fussock, warm from Spitalfields; )  
Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,  
And riding out in one-horse shay o' Sunday;  
?Tis drinking tea on summer afternoons  
At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons;  
?Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks and pattens,  
To dance cowtillions all in silks and satins."  
"Vulgar! (cries Miss) observe in higher Life  
The feather'd spinster and three feather'd wife;  
The Club's Bon Ton—Bon Ton's a constant trade  
Of rout, festino, ball and masquerade;  
?Tis plays and puppet shows—'tis something new—  
?Tis losing thousands every night at loo;  
Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason;  
?Tis stiff French stays, and fruit when out of season,  
A rose, when half a guinea is the price;  
A set of bays scarce bigger than six mice;  
To visit friends you never wish to see—  
Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree;  
Old dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd and curl'd—  
This is Bon Ton, and this we call the World!*

AS they passed through the gate, Tom observed it was rather too early to expect much company. "Never mind," said Sparkle, "we are company enough among ourselves; the morning is fine, the curricule not arrived, and we shall find plenty of conversation, if we do not discover interesting character, to diversify our promenade. Travelling spoils conversation, unless you are squeezed like an Egyptian mummy into a stage or a mail-coach; and perhaps in that case you may meet with animals who have voices, without possessing the power of intellect to direct them to any useful or agreeable purpose."

Tallyho, who was at all times delighted with Sparkle's descriptions of society and manners, appeared [176] pleased with the proposition.

"Your absence from town," continued Sparkle, addressing himself to Dashall, "has prevented my introduction of Mr. Mortimer before, though you have heard me mention his Sister. They are now inhabitants of our own sphere of action, and I trust we shall all become better known to each other."

This piece of information appeared to be truly acceptable to all parties. Young Mortimer was a good-looking and well made young man; his features were animated and intelligent; his manners polished, though not quite so unrestrained as those which are to be acquired by an acquaintance with metropolitan associations.

"I am happy," said he, "to be introduced to any friends of your's, and shall be proud to number them among mine."

"You may," replied Sparkle, "with great safety place them on your list; though you know I have already made it appear to you that friendship is a term more generally made use of than understood in London—

*"For what is Friendship but a name,  
A charm which lulls to sleep,  
A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep?*

*And Love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest;  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest."*

"These sentiments are excellently expressed," said Tom, pinching him by the arm—"and I suppose in perfect consonance with your own?"

Sparkle felt 'the rebuke, look'd down, and seem'd confused; but in a moment recovering himself,

"Not exactly so," replied he; "but then you know, and I don't mind confessing it among friends, though you are aware it is very unfashionable to acknowledge the existence of any thing of the kind, I am a pupil of nature."

"You seem to be in a serious humour all at once," said young Mortimer.

"Can't help it," continued Sparkle—"for,

*"Let them all say what they will,  
Nature will be nature still."*

[177]

"And that usurper, or I should rather say, would be usurper, Fashion, is in no way in alliance with our natures. I remember the old Duchess of Marlborough used to say 'That to love some persons very much, and to see often those we love, is the greatest happiness I can enjoy;' but it appears almost impossible for any person in London to secure such an enjoyment, and I can't help feeling it."

By the look and manner with which this last sentiment was uttered, Tom plainly discovered there was a something labouring at his heart which prompted it. "Moralizing!" said he. "Ah, Charley, you are a happy fellow. I never yet knew one who could so rapidly change '*from grave to gay, from lively to severe*; and for the benefit of our friends, I can't help thinking you could further elucidate the very subject you have so feelingly introduced."

"You are a quiz" said Sparkle; "but there is one thing to be said, I know you, and have no great objection to your hits now and then, provided they are not knock down blows."

"But," said Mortimer, "what has this to do with friendship and love? I thought you were going to give something like a London definition of the terms."

"Why," said Sparkle, "in London it is equally difficult to get to love any body very much, or often to meet those that we love. There are such numbers of acquaintances, such a constant succession of engagements of one sort or other, such a round of delights, that the town resembles Vauxhall, where the nearest and dearest friends may walk round and round all night without once meeting: for instance, at dinner you should see a person whose manners and conversation are agreeable and pleasing to you; you may wish in vain to become more intimate, for the chance is, that you will not meet so as to converse a second time for many months; for no one can tell when the dice-box of society may turn up the same numbers again. I do not mean to infer that you may not barely see the same features again; it is possible that you may catch a glimpse of them on the opposite side of Pall Mall or Bond-street, or see them near to you at a crowded rout, without a possibility of [178] approaching.

"It is from this cause, that those who live in London are so totally indifferent to each other; the waves follow so quick, that every vacancy is immediately filled up, and the want is not perceived. The well-bred civility of modern times, and the example of some 'very popular people,' it is true, have introduced a shaking of hands, a pretended warmth, a dissembled cordiality, into the manners of the cold and warm, alike the dear friend and the acquaintance of yesterday. Consequently we continually hear such conversation as the following:—'Ah, how d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you! How is Mrs. M——?'

'She's very well, thank you.' 'Has she any increase in family?' 'Any increase! why I've only been married three months. I see you are talking of my former wife: bless you, she has been dead these three years.'—Or, 'Ah, my dear friend, how d'ye do? You have been out of town some time; where have you been? In Norfolk?' 'No, I have been two years in India.'"

This description of a friendly salutation appeared to interest and amuse both Talltho and Mortimer. Tom laughed, shrugg'd up his shoulders, acknowledged the picture was too true, and Sparkle continued.

"And thus it is, that, ignorant of one another's interests and occupations, the generality of friendships of London contain nothing more tender than a visiting card: nor are they much better, indeed they are much worse, if you renounce the world, and determine to live only with your relations and nearest connexions; for if you go to see them at one o'clock, they are not stirring; at two, the room is full of different acquaintances, who talk over the occurrences of the last night's ball, and, of course, are paid more attention to than yourself; at three, they are out shopping; at four, they are in this place dashing among the Pinks, from which they do not return till seven, then they are dressing; at eight, they are dining with two dozen friends; at nine and ten the same; at eleven, they are dressing for the ball; and at twelve, when you are retiring to rest, they are gone into society for the evening: so that you are left in solitude; you soon begin again to try the world—and we will endeavour to discover what it produces.

"The first inconvenience of a London Life is the late hour of a fashionable dinner. To pass the day in fasting [179] and then sit down to a great dinner at eight o'clock, is entirely against the first dictates of common sense and common stomachs. But what is to be done? he who rails against the fashion of the times will be considered a most unfashionable dog, and perhaps I have already said more than sufficient to entitle me to that appellation."

"Don't turn *King's Evidence* against yourself," said Tom; "for, if you plead guilty in this happy country, you must be tried by your Peers."

"Nay," said Mortimer, "while fashion and reason appear to be in such direct opposition to each other, I must confess their merits deserve to be impartially tried; though I cannot, for one moment, doubt but the latter must ultimately prevail with the generality, however her dictates may be disregarded by the votaries of the former."

"You are a good one at a ramble" said Tom, "and not a bad one in a spree, but I cannot help thinking you are rambling out of your road; you seem to have lost the thread of your subject, and, having been disappointed with love and friendship, you are just going to sit down to dinner."

"Pardon me," replied Sparkle, "I was proceeding naturally, and not fashionably, to my subject; but I know you are so great an admirer of the latter, that you care but little about the former."

"Hit for hit," said Tom; "but go on—you are certainly growing old, Sparkle; at all events, you appear very grave this morning, and if you continue in this humour long, I shall expect you are about taking Orders."

"There is a time for all things, but the time for that has not yet arrived."

"Well, then, proceed without sermonizing."

"I don't like to be interrupted," replied Sparkle; "and there is yet much to be said on the subject. I find there are many difficulties to encounter in contending with the fashionable customs. Some learned persons have endeavoured to support the practice of late dinners by precedent, and quoted the Roman supper; but it ought to be recollected that those suppers were at three o'clock in the afternoon, and should be a subject of contempt, instead of imitation, in Grosvenor Square. Women, however, are not quite so irrational as men, in [180] London, for they generally sit down to a substantial lunch about three or four; if men would do the same, the meal at eight might be relieved of many of its weighty dishes, and conversation would be a gainer by it; for it must be allowed on all hands, that conversation suffers great interruption from the manner in which fashionable dinners are managed. First, the host and hostess (or her unfortunate coadjutor) are employed during three parts of the dinner in doing the work of servants, helping fish, or carving venison to twenty hungry guests, to the total loss of the host's powers of amusement, and the entire disfigurement of the fair hostess's face. Again, much time is lost by the attention every one is obliged to pay, in order to find out (which, by the way, he cannot do if he is short-sighted) what dishes are at the extreme end of the table; and if a guest is desirous of a glass of wine, he must peep through the Apollos and Cupids of the plateau, in order to find some one to take it with; otherwise he is compelled to wait till some one asks him, which will probably happen in succession; so that after having had no wine for half an hour, he will have to swallow five glasses in five minutes. Convenience teaches, that the best manner of enjoying society at dinner, is to leave every thing to the servants that servants can do; so that no farther trouble may be experienced than to accept the dishes

that are presented, and to drink at your own time the wines which are handed round. A fashionable dinner, on the contrary, seems to presume beforehand on the silence, dulness, and insipidity of the guests, and to have provided little interruptions, like the jerks which the Chaplain gives to the Archbishop to prevent his going to sleep during a sermon."

"Accurate descriptions, as usual," said Tom, "and highly amusing."

Tallyho and Mortimer were intent upon hearing the remainder of Sparkle's account, though they occasionally joined in the laugh, and observed that Sparkle seemed to be in a very sentimental mood. As they continued to walk on, he resumed—

"Well then, some time after dinner comes the hour for the ball, or rout; but this is sooner said than done: it often requires as much time to go from St. James's Square to Cleveland Row, as to go from London to Hounslow.

It would require volumes to describe the disappointment which occurs on arriving in the brilliant mob of a ball-room. Sometimes, as it has been before said, a friend is seen squeezed like yourself, at the other end of the room, without a possibility of your communicating, except by signs; and as the whole arrangement of the society is regulated by mechanical pressure, you may happen to be pushed against those to whom you do not wish to speak, whether bores, slight acquaintances, or determined enemies. Confined by the crowd, stifled by the heat, dazzled by the light, all powers of intellect are obscured; wit loses its point, and sagacity its observation; indeed, the limbs are so crushed, and the tongue so parched, that, except particularly undressed ladies, all are in the case of the traveller, Mr. Clarke, when he says, that in the plains of Syria some might blame him for not making moral reflections on the state of the country; but that he must own that the heat quite deprived him of all power of thought. Hence it is, that the conversation you hear around you is generally nothing more than—"Have you been here long?—Have you been at Mrs. H—'s?—Are you going to Lady D—'s?"—Hence too,

Madam de Staël said very justly to an Englishman, "Dans vos routes le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit." But even if there are persons of a constitution robust enough to talk, they dare not do so, when twenty heads are forced into the compass of one square foot; nay, even if, to your great delight, you see a person to whom you have much to say, and by fair means or foul, elbows and toes, knees and shoulders, have got near him, he often dismisses you with shaking you by the hand, and saying—My dear Mr.— how do you do? and then continues a conversation with a person whose ear is three inches nearer. At one o'clock, however, the crowd diminishes; and if you are not tired by the five or six hours of playing at company, which you have already had, you may be very comfortable for the rest of the evening. This however is the round of fashionable company. But I begin to be tired even of the description."

"A very luminous and comprehensive view of fashionable society however," said Tom, "sketched by a natural hand in glowing colours, though not exactly in the usual style. I shall not venture to assert whether the subjects are well chosen, but the figures are well grouped, and display considerable ability and lively imagination in the painter, though a little confused."

"It appears to be a study from nature," said Mortimer.

"At least," continued Sparkle, "it is a study from Real Life, and delineates the London manners; for although I have been a mingler in the gaieties and varieties of a London Life, I have always held the same opinions with respect to the propriety of the manners and customs adopted, and have endeavoured to read as I ran; and it cannot be denied, that, in the eye of fashion, nothing can be more amiable than to deviate, or at least to affect a deviation, from nature, for to speak or act according to her dictates, would be considered vulgar and common-place in the last degree; to hear a story and not express an emotion you do not feel, perfectly rude and unmannerly, and among the ladies particularly. To move and think as the heart feels inclined, are offences against politeness that no person can ever in honour or delicacy forgive."

"Come, come," said Tom, "don't you be so hard on the blessings of Life—

*"For who, that knows the thrilling touch  
Which Woman's love can give,  
Would wish to live for aught so much,  
As bid those beauties live?"*

*"For what is life, which all so prize,  
And all who live approve,  
Without the fire of Woman's eyes,  
To bid man live and love?"*

Sparkle affected to laugh, appeared confused, and look'd down for a few moments, and they walk'd on in silence.

"I perceive," said Tom, "how the matter stands—well, I shall not be a tormentor—but remember I expect an introduction to the fair enslaver. I thought you 'defy'd the mighty conqueror of hearts,' and resolved to be free."

"Resolutions, as well as promises, are easily made," said Sparkle, "but not always so easily accomplished or performed—nor are you always accurate in your conceptions of circumstances; but no matter, your voyages are always made in search of discoveries, and, in spite of your resolutions, you may perchance be entrapp'd. But no more of this; I perceive your raillery is directed to me, and I hope you enjoy it."

"Faith," replied Tom, "you know I always enjoy your company, but I don't recollect to have found you in so prising a humour before—Pray, which way are you directing your counsel?"

During the latter part of this conversation, Bob and young Mortimer were employed in admiring the fine piece of water which presented itself to their notice in the Serpentine River.

"Merely for a ride," was the reply; "any way you please, to pass away the time."

"Mighty cavalier, truly," said Tom; "but come, here we are at Kensington, let us mount, and away."

"Remember, I expect you and Mr. Tallyho to accompany me in the evening to a family-party. I have already

stated my intention, and you are both expected."

"Upon these terms then, I am your man, and I think I may answer for my Cousin."

By this time they were at the gate, where, finding the curricle and the nags all in readiness, Sparkle and Mortimer were soon horsed, and Tom and Bob seated in the curricle. They proceeded to Richmond, taking surveys of the scenery on the road, and discoursing on the usual topics of such a journey, which being foreign to the professed intention of this work, are omitted. Suffice it to say they returned refreshed from the excursion, and parted with a promise to meet again at nine o'clock, in Grosvenor Square.

"Egad!" said Dashall, as they entered the diningroom, "there is something very mysterious in all this. Sparkle has hitherto been the life and soul of society: he seems to be deeply smitten with this young Lady, Miss Mortimer, and promises fairly, by his manner, to prove a deserter from our standard, and to enlist under the banners of Hymen."

"Not unlikely," replied Tallyho, "if what we are told be true—that it is what we must all come to."

"Be that as it may, it ought not to interfere with our pursuits, Real Life in London, though, to be sure, the Ladies, dear creatures, ought not to be forgotten: they are so nearly and dearly interwoven with our existence, that, without them, Life would be insupportable."

After dinner, they prepared for the evening party, and made their appearance in Grosvenor Square at the appointed hour. But as this will introduce new characters to the Reader, we shall defer our account of them till the next Chapter.

## CHAPTER XIV

*Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,  
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the thorn;  
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,  
When no beam in your eye, lights up peace in the breast;  
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,  
Till the sweet lip of Woman assuages the smart;  
'Tis her's o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,  
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;  
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,  
From Woman receives both refinement and zest;  
And adorn'd by the bays, or enwreath'd with the willow,  
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.*

ARRIVED at Grosvenor Square, they found the party consisted of Colonel B—, his son and daughter, Miss Mortimer, and her brother, Mr. Sparkle, Mr. Merrywell, and Lady Lovelace. The first salutations of introduction being over, there was time to observe the company, among whom, Miss Mortimer appeared to be the principal magnet of attraction. The old Colonel was proud to see the friends of Mr. Sparkle, and had previously given a hearty welcome to Mr. Merrywell, as the friend of his nephew, the young Mortimer. Sparkle now appeared the gayest of the gay, and had been amusing the company with some of his liveliest descriptions of character and manners, that are to be witnessed in the metropolis. While Merrywell, who did not seem to be pleased with the particular attentions he paid to Miss Mortimer, was in close conversation with her brother.

Tom could not but acknowledge that it was scarcely possible to see Miss Mortimer, without feelings of a nature which he had scarcely experienced before. The elegant neatness of her dress was calculated to display the beauty of her form, and the vivid flashes of a dark eye were so many irresistible attacks upon the heart; a sweet voice, and smiling countenance, appeared to throw a radiance around the room, and illuminate the visages of the whole party, while Lady Lovelace and Maria B— served as a contrast to heighten that effect which they envied and reprov'd. While tea was preparing, after which it was proposed to take a rubber at cards, a sort of general conversation took place: the preparations for the Coronation, the new novels of the day, and the amusements of the theatre, were canvassed in turn; and speaking of the writings of Sir Walter Scott, as the presumed author of the celebrated Scotch novels, Lady Lovelace declared she found it impossible to procure the last published from the library, notwithstanding her name has been long on the list, so much was it in request.

Sparkle replied, "That he had purchased the Novel, and would willingly lend it to the Ladies. As for the Libraries," continued he, "they are good places of accommodation, but it is impossible to please every one, either there or any where else; they are however very amusing at times, and as a proof of it, I strolled the other morning to a Circulating Library, for the express purpose of lounging away an hour in digesting the politics and news of the day; but the curious scenes to which I was witness during this short period, so distracted my attention, that, despite of the grave subjects on which I was meditating, I could not resist lending an attentive ear to all that passed around me. There was something of originality in the countenance of the Master of the Library which struck me forcibly; and the whimsical answers which he made to his numerous subscribers, and the yet more whimsical tone in which they were pronounced, more than once provoked a smile. The first person who attracted my notice was a fine showy looking woman, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with a bloom upon her cheek, which might have emulated that of the rose, with this exception, that it wanted the charm of nature. Putting a list into the hands of the Bookseller, she inquired if he had any of the productions the names of which were there transcribed. Glancing his eye over the paper, he replied (with an archness which not a little disconcerted her, and which probably occasioned her abrupt disappearance, "The Fine Lady, Madam, is seldom or ever at home; but *Family Secrets* we are always ready to let out." 'Characters of Eminent Men' growled out a little vulgar consequential Citizen, whose countenance bore the stamp of that insufferable dulness that might almost tempt one to imagine him incapable of comprehending the meaning of the words which he pronounced with an air of so much self-importance;



'*Characters of Eminent Men*, 195,' repeated the Snarler, in the same tone, 'I much fear if we can boast a quarter of that number, eh! Mr. Margin?' "I fear not, Sir," replied Margin; "but such as we have are very much at your service." 'Better be in the service of the nation than in mine, by far,' said the little purse-proud gentleman, shrugging his shoulders very significantly. "Shall I send it for you, Sir?" said Margin, without noticing the last remark. 'By no means, by no means; the volume is not so large, it won't encumber me much; I believe I shall find it small enough to put in my pocket,' pursued the little great man, grinning at the shrewdness of his own observations, and stalking out with as much self-complacency as he had stalked in. I knew the man well, and could not help laughing at the lofty airs he assumed, at the manner in which he affected to decry all his countrymen without mercy, at his unwillingness to acknowledge any talent amongst them, though he himself was a man of that plodding description who neither ever had done, nor ever could do any thing to entitle him to claim distinction of any sort. The young Coxcomb who next entered, was a direct contrast to the last applicant, both in person and manner. Approaching with a fashionable contortion, he stretched out his lady-like hand, and in the most languid and affected tone imaginable, inquired for *The Idler*. "That, Sir," said Margin, "is amongst the works we have unhappily lost, but you will be sure to meet with it at any of the fashionable libraries in the neighbourhood of Bond Street or St. James's." The young Fop had just sense enough to perceive that the shaft was aimed at him, but not enough to relish the joke, or correct the follies which provoked it, and turned abruptly on his heel. He was met at the door by a sentimental boarding-school Miss, who came flying into the shop in defiance of her governess, and inquired, in a very pathetic tone, for *The Constant Lover*. "That, I am afraid," said Margin, "is not amongst our collection." 'Dear me,' lisped the young Lady, with an air of chagrin, 'that's very provoking, I thought that was what every one had.' "Give me leave to assure you, Ma'am, that you are quite mistaken. I fancy you will find that it is not to be met with all over London."

An old Gentleman of the old school, whose clothes were decidedly the cut of the last century, and whose [188] stiff and formal manners were precisely of the same date with his habiliments, next came hobbling in. Poring through his spectacles over the catalogue which lay upon the counter, the first thing which caught his eye, was *An Essay upon Old Maids*. "Tom, Tom," said the complaisant Librarian, calling to a lad at the other end of the shop, "reach down the Old Maids for the gentleman. They won't appear to advantage, I'm afraid, a little dusty or damaged, with having laid so long upon the shelf," he added, with a simper, which was not lost upon any one present. A melancholy looking man, in whose countenance meekness and insipidity were alike plainly depicted, now came forward, inquiring, in an under, and what might almost be designated an alarmed tone of voice, for *The Impertinent Wife*; a female, who hung upon his arm, interrupted him by entreating, or rather insisting in no very gentle tone, 'that he would ask for something better worth having.' Margin, affecting only to hear the former speaker, immediately produced the book in question, and observed, with much naivete, "that the Impertinent Wife was sure to be in the way at all hours," at the same time not omitting to recommend *Discipline* as "a better work." A young man, whom I knew to be one of the greatest fortune hunters about town, with an air of consummate assurance, put out his hand for *Disinterested Marriage*. "That's a thing quite out of date—never thought of now, Sir," said Margin, who knew him as well as myself; "Allow me to recommend something of more recent date, something more sought after in the fashionable world, *Splendid Misery*, Sir, or—"The young man heard no more: spite of his impudence, he was so abashed by the reply, that he made a hasty retreat. The last person whom I thought it worth my while to notice, was a tall, meagre looking man, whom I recollected to have seen pointed out to me as a wit, and a genius of the first order. His wit was, however, of that dangerous sort which caused his company to be rather shunned than courted; and it was very evident, from his appearance, that he had not had the wit to work himself into the good graces of those who might have had it in their power to befriend him. Though he spoke in a very low tone, I soon found that he was inquiring for *Plain Sense*. On Margin's replying, with much nonchalance, that [189] *Plain Sense* had of late become very rare, finding himself disappointed in his first application, his next aim was *Patronage*. "That, Sir, (said the wary bookseller) is so much sought after, that I really cannot promise it to you at present; but if, as I conclude, you merely want something to beguile a leisure hour or two, probably *The Discontented Man* will answer the purpose very well."

To this description of Sparkle, the whole company listened with attention and delight, frequently interrupting him with bursts of laughter. Tea was handed round, and then cards introduced. Young Mortimer and Merrywell seemed to take but little interest in the play, and evidently discovered their anxiety to be liberated, having some other object in view. Mortimer felt no great portion of pleasure in passing his time with his uncle, the Colonel, nor with his sister, Lady Lovelace, who was a perfect model of London affectation; besides, his friend Mr. Merrywell, who was to him what Tom Dashall and Sparkle had been to Tallyho, had made an engagement to introduce him to some of his dashing acquaintances in the West. Nods and winks were interchanged between them, and could not but be noticed by Tom and Bob, though Sparkle was so intent upon the amusements of the moment, and the company of the lovely Caroline, as to appear immovable.

Mr. Merrywell at length stated that he must be compelled to quit the party. Young Mortimer also apologized; for as he and his friend were engaged for an early excursion in the morning, he should take a bed at his habitation, in order to be fully prepared. This was the first step to breaking up the party.

Merrywell called Sparkle on one side, saying he had something of importance to communicate. It was twelve o'clock, and the gentlemen, after taking a formal leave of the ladies and the Colonel, and a promise on the part of Sparkle to meet them again the next morning at twelve, to escort them to the Exhibition, left the house.

"I am really happy," said Merrywell to Sparkle as they passed the door, "to have had the honour of this introduction, and shall have much pleasure in becoming better acquainted with Mr. Sparkle, who, though personally unknown to me, his name and fame are familiar.

Mr. Mortimer and myself are going to take a review of the neighbourhood of St. James's, probably to shake [190] an elbow."

"Excellent," said Tom; "here is a fine opportunity for Mr. Tallyho to take a like survey, and, if agreeable, we will join the party. Though I am by no means a friend to gaming, I conceive it necessary that every person

should see the haunts of its votaries, and the arts they make use of, in order to avoid them."

"You are right, and therefore let us have a peep at them." With this they walk'd on, listening with attention to the following lines, which were recited by Sparkle:

*"Behold yon group, fast fix'd at break of day,  
Whose haggard looks a sleepless night betray,  
With stern attention, silent and profound,  
The mystic table closely they surround;  
Their eager eyes with eager motions join,  
As men who meditate some vast design:  
Sure, these are Statesmen, met for public good,  
For some among them boast of noble blood:  
Or are they traitors, holding close debate  
On desp'rate means to overthrow the State?  
For there are men among them whose domains  
And goods and chattels lie within their brains.  
No, these are students of the blackest art  
That can corrupt the morals or the heart;  
Yet are they oft in fashion's ranks preferred,  
And men of honour, if you take their word.  
But they can plunder, pillage, and devour,  
More than poor robbers, at the midnight hour;  
Lay deeper schemes to manage lucky hits,  
Than artful swindlers, living by their wits.  
Like cunning fowlers, spread th' alluring snare,  
And glory when they pluck a pigeon bare.  
These are our gamesters, who have basely made  
The cards and dice their study and their trade."*{1}

*1 Gaming is generally understood to have been invented by the Lydians, when they were under the pressure of a great famine. To divert themselves from dwelling on their sufferings, they contrived the balls, tables, &c. and, in order to bear their calamity the better, were accustomed to play for the whole day together, without interruption, that they might not be rack'd with the thought of food, which they could not obtain. It is not a little extraordinary that this invention, which was originally intended as a remedy for hunger, is now a very common cause of that very evil.*

"True," said Merry well, as Sparkle concluded, though he did not like the satire upon his own favourite[191] pursuit; "those delineations are correct, and the versification good, as far as it applies to the worst species of the gaminghouse."

"O," said Tom, "then pray, Sir, which is the worst?"

"Nonsense," said Sparkle, "there is neither worse nor best; these Hells are all alike. *Sharks, Greeks, Gamblers, Knowing Ones, Black-legs, and Levanters*, are to be met with at them all, and *they meet to bite one another's heads off*."

"An admirable description, truly, of the company you are about to introduce us to, Gentlemen," said Tallyho.

"I don't understand Greeks, Hells, and Black-legs," said Mortimer, "and should like an explanation."

"With all my heart," replied Sparkle—"Hell is the general title now given to any well-known gaming-house, and really appears to be well chosen; for all the miseries that can fall to the lot of human nature, are to be found in those receptacles of idleness, duplicity, and villany. Gaming is an estate to which all the world has a pretence, though few espouse it who are willing to secure either their estates or reputations: and these Hells may fairly be considered as so many half-way houses to the Fleet or King's Bench Prisons, or some more desperate end. The love of play is the most incurable of insanities: robbery, suicide, and the extensive ruin of whole families, have been known to proceed from this unfortunate and fatal propensity.

"*Greeks, Gamblers, Knowing Ones, and Black-legs*, are synonymous terms, applied to the frequenters of the modern Hells, or Gaming-houses, and may be distinguished from the rest of society by the following peculiarities in pursuits and manners.

"The *Greeks* of the present day, though they may not lay claim to, or boast of all the attributes of the *Greeks* of antiquity, must certainly be allowed to possess that quality for which the latter were ever so celebrated, namely, *cunning and wariness*: for although no modern Greek can be said to have any resemblance to Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, or Nestor, in point of courage, strength, fidelity, or wisdom, he may nevertheless boast of being a close copier of the equally renowned chief of Ithaca. You will find him in most societies, habited like a gentleman; his clothes are of the newest fashion, and his manners of the highest[192] polish, with every appearance of candour and honour; while he subsists by unfair play at dice, cards, and billiards, deceiving and defrauding all those with whom he may engage; disregarding the professions of friendship and intimacy, which are continually falling from his lips.

"To become a good *Greek* (which, by the way, is a contradiction) it will be found necessary to follow these instructions:

"In the first place, lie should be able to command his temper; he should speak but little, and when he does mingle in conversation, he should most decidedly deprecate play, as a source of the greatest evil that can prey upon society, and elucidate its tendencies by striking examples which are well known to himself, and which are so forcibly impressed upon his recollection, that he is determined never to play deep again, but has no objection to a sociable and friendly game now and then, just to pass the time away a little agreeably. By this means he may readily mark down his man, and the game once in view, he should not appear too eager in the pursuit of it, but take good care, as the proverb says, to give a sprat, in order to catch a herring. This should be done by allowing some temporary success, before he make a final hit.

"There is perhaps no art which requires so much of continual practice as that of *Greekery*. It is therefore

necessary, that the professor should frequently exercise himself in private with cards and dice, in order that his digits may be trained to a proper degree of agility, upon which the success of his art principally depends. He should also be accustomed to work with some younger man than himself, who, having once been a pigeon, is become a naute, that is enlightened and will not peach—consequently, he serves as an excellent decoy to others.

“To ascertain the property of the pigeon he intends to pluck, is another essential requisite; and when this important information is obtained, (which should be before he commences operations) he should affect the utmost liberality as to time, &c. and make a show of extending every honourable facility to his opponent, even by offers of pecuniary assistance; by which means, (if he should be fortunate enough to have it accepted) he may probably, by good management, obtain a legal security from him, and thus be enabled to fasten on his[193] prey whenever he pleases.

“The title of a military man, such as Captain, is very useful to the Greek, as it introduces him well to society, and if he has once held a commission in the army, so much the better. If not, it can be assumed, so that if any unpleasant regimental peculation should be introduced, he may place his hand on the left side of his breast, declare he is astonished and alarmed at the calumnious spirit of the times, shake his head, and interlard his conversation with common-place ejaculations; such as the following—Indeed—No—Why I know Harry very well—he's a bit of a blood—can it be possible—I should not have thought it—bless my heart—exactly so—good God—a devilish good joke tho'—that's very true, says I—so says he, &c. &c.

“A Greek should be a man of some personal courage, never shrink from a row, nor be afraid to fight a duel. He should be able to bully, bluster, swagger and swear, as occasion may require; nay, in desperate cases, such as peaching, &c. he should not object even to assassination. He should invite large parties to dine with him frequently, and have a particular sort of wine for particular companies. He should likewise be able to swallow a tolerable quantity of the juice of the grape himself, as well as know how to appear as if he were drinking, when he is merely passing the bottle, and so manage it passing, as to seem drunk at proper times. When good opportunities present themselves for the exercise of his art, and when a hit is really to be made, he should positively refuse to suffer play of any kind in his house, alleging that he has seen enough of it, and cut the concern. This serves to increase the desire for it in others. On any decisive occasion, when a train is known to be well laid, he should appear to be drunk before any one of the party; in which case he should take care beforehand to instruct his decoy to pluck the pigeon, while he, as a supposed observer, is betting with some one in the company, (of course an accomplice) and is also a loser.

“Greeks, who know each other, are enabled to convey information by means of private signals, without uttering a word, and consequently without detection. At whist, or other games on the cards, fingers are admirable conveyancers of intelligence, and by dexterous performers are so managed, as to defy the closest[194] scrutiny, so as to have the natural appearance of pliancy, while, among the *knowing ones*, their movements are actually deciding the fate of a rubber.”

“Egad!” said Mortimer, “you seem to understand the business so well, I wonder you don't open shop.”

“My knowledge,” continued Sparkle, “is but theoretical. I cannot boast of much practical information, for it is long since I shook the lucky castor.”

“O, then, you are discontented because you have no luck.”

“Not so,” said Sparkle, “for I never play very deep, so that, win or lose, I can never suffer much; but I am willing to give information to others, and with that view I have detailed the nature of the houses and the general character of their frequenters, according to my own conception of them. The *Levanter* is a *Black-leg*, who lives by the *broads*{1} and the *turf*{2} and is accustomed to work as it were by *telegraph*{3} with his pal; and if you take the broads in hand in their company, you are sure to be work'd, either by glazing, that is, putting you in the front of a looking-glass, by which means your hand is discovered by your antagonist, or by private signals from the pal. On the turf he will pick up some nobleman or gentleman, who he knows is not *up to the rig*—bet him fifty or a hundred on a horse—pull out his pocket-book—set down the name, and promise to be at the stand when the race is over; but takes care to be seen no more, unless he is the winner, which he easily ascertains by the direction his pal takes immediately on the arrival of the horses. But hold, we must dismiss the present subject of contemplation, for here we are at the very scene of action, and now for ocular demonstration.”

No. 40, now 32, Pall Mall, was the place of destination, a house well known, said, in Koubel's time, to be more *à la Française*, and of course more of a gambling-house, than any other of the same description in London. The former were good judges of their business, and did things in prime order; but, if report say true, the new Establishment

1 *Broads*—A cant term for cards.

2 *Turf*—A cant term for horse-racing.

3 *Telegraph*—To work the telegraph, is to impart information by secret signs and motions, previously concerted between the parties.

has completely eclipsed their precursors: it is now conducted wholly by aliens—by Frenchmen!!! who are[195] said to have realized 80,000L. within a very short space of time; and that a certain nobleman, whose name is not Dormouse, has serious reason to remember that he has been a visitor.

*These concerns are considered of so much importance, and are found to be so very productive, that regular co-partnerships are entered into, the business is conducted almost with the precision of a mercantile establishment; all kinds of characters embark in these speculations, and rapid fortunes are to be made by them; this alone ought to deter young men from play, since it sufficiently indicates how much the chances are in favour of the tables. But many high and noble names resort to them.*

*There's N-g-nts proud Lord, who, to angle for pelf,*

Will soon find the secret of diddling himself;  
There's Herbert, who lately, as knowing one's tell,  
Won a tight seven hundred at a House in Pall Mall.

Captain D—v—s, who now is a chick of the game,  
For altho' in high feather, the odds will soon tame;  
And the Marquis of Bl—ndf—rd, who touch'd 'em up rare  
For a thousand in Bennet Street (all on the square);  
There's Li—d and C—m—ck, who'd a marine to be,  
For none drills a guinea more ably than he;  
There's a certain rum Baronet, every one knows,  
Who on Saturday nights to the Two Sevens<sup>{1}</sup> goes,

With J— and Cl—, Billy W— and two more,  
So drunk, that they keep merry hell in a roar.  
Long D—ll—n, their C—rt—r, a son of a gun;  
Bill B—, the Doctor, that figure of fun;

Bankers, Dealers and Demireps, Cuckolds in droves,  
A T—l—r, a T—nf—Id, a Cr—kf—Id, and CI—ves;  
A H—rtf—rd, a Y—rm—th, of frail ones ten score;  
X—ft—e, S—br—gt and E—ll—s, and still many more."

"Come along," said Merrywell, "let us see what they are made of; are either of you known? for Cerberus, who keeps the door, is d—d particular, in consequence of some rows they have recently had, and the devil is careful to pick his customers."

"To pluck them, you mean," said Tom; "but perhaps you are in possession of the pass-word—if so, lead on."

*1 The Two Sevens—A nick-name for the well-known house,  
No. 77, Jermyn Street.*

Tallyho had already heard so much about Hells, Gambling-houses, and Subscription-houses, that he was all[196] anxiety for an interior view, and the same feeling animated Mortimer. As they were about to enter, they were not a little surprised to find that houses which are spoken of so publicly, have in general the appearance of private dwellings, with the exception that the hall-door is left ajar during the hours usually devoted to play, like those of trap-cages, to catch the passing pigeons, and to obviate the delay which might be occasioned by the necessity of knocking—a delay which might expose the customers to the glances of an unsuspecting creditor—a confiding father, or a starving wife; and, as Merrywell observed, "It was to be understood that the entrance was well guarded, and that no gentleman could be permitted to risk or lose his money, without an introduction." A very necessary precaution to obviate the danger of being surprised by the officers of the law; but that rule is too easily to be broken, for any gentleman whom the door-keeper has sufficient reason to think is not an Officer of Justice, finds the avenues to these labyrinths too ready for his admission.



On passing the outer-door, they found themselves impeded by a second, and a third, and each door constructed with a small spy-hole, exhibiting the ball of a ruffian's eye, intently gazing on and examining their figures. It is necessary to observe, that if the visitor is known to be a fair pigeon, or an old crow, he is at once admitted by these gentlemen, and politely bowed up stairs; and as Merrywell appeared to be well known, no obstruction was offered, and they proceeded through the last, which was an iron door, and were shewn directly into the room, which presented a scene of dazzling astonishment.

On entering, they discovered the votaries of gaming around an oblong table, covered with green cloth, and the priests of the ceremony in the centre, one to deal cards and decide events, and another to assist him in collecting the plunder which should follow such decisions. Being engaged in the play, but little notice was taken of the arrival of the party, except by two or three eagle-eyed gentlemen, who, perceiving there were some *New-comes*<sup>{1}</sup>

*1. Newcomes—The name given to any new faces discovered among  
the usual visitants.*

and always keeping business in view, made up to Merrywell, began to be very talkative—was happy to see[197] him—hoped he had been well—and congratulated him on the introduction of his friends—took snuff, and handed the box round with all the appearance of unaffected friendship.

"These," said Tom Dashall to his Cousin, drawing him on one side, "are the Proprietors<sup>{1}</sup> of this concern;

1 In order that the class of men by whom houses of this description are generally kept, and to shew the certainty they have of accumulating riches, as well as to guard the young and inexperienced against being decoyed, it may not be amiss to animadvert upon a few of the most prominent and well known.

No. 7, Pall Mall, is kept by B—l, who has been a public and noted gambler for these forty years, and is generally termed the Father of the Houses. He was at one time a poor man, but now, by his honest earnings, is in possession of some tens of thousands. It is said that he was originally a stable-boy, and, in process of time, arose to be a jobber in horse-flesh, but has at length feathered his nest with pigeons down.

No. 77, St. James's Street, nick-named the Two Sevens, kept by Messrs. T. C. C. T. is a well-known House, where things are conducted with great civility and attention, and the best possible treatment may generally be relied upon, though they are rather sparing of refreshments, and apt to grumble if a customer has a run of good luck. A Prussian Officer, however, not long ago, kick'd up a devil of a row about losing a very large sum of money; but it is scarcely necessary to add it was all in vain, for there was no redress.

The produce of this Bank, (which Paddy B— calls the Devil's Exchequer, whence you can draw neither principal nor interest,) furnishes elegant houses and equipages, both in town and country, and, it is possible, may one day or other send a Member to Parliament, or a General to the field.

No. 10, King Street, St. James's, is conducted by old and young D—s L—r; the father is too old in iniquity to remember his progress from poverty to affluence.

No. 5, King-street, is kept by Mr. A—l; the former residing at No. 3, Leicester-place, the latter No. 3,—Street; and both live in prime style. The former, in his youth, was an errand boy, and he became so willing in doing little jobs, that his employers have paid him most handsomely. The latter gentleman, who may be seen frequently driving a dennet, and looking both sides of the road at once, is a chip of the old block: but as it is not our intention to visit the sins of the sou upon the father, we shall not enter into a minute examination of him.

No. 6, in Bury-street, is only about a year's standing. This table was set up by a broken adventurer, Capt. B—, with Mr. —, a jeweller, and a man whose agents keep a house of ill fame, no way inferior in attribute to his house in Bury-street. They commenced with narrow funds, and now, thank the gulls, are independent.

The next door, No. 7, is held by M—g, a map-seller, living at Charing Cross; Carl—s, formerly an under-strapper at Ben-t's, living at King's Road, Chelsea; H—ll, a tallow-chandler, living at No. 8, Bury-street; and his brother, a brick-layer, residing somewhere off Grosvenor Place. These fellows have carried on their depredations for some time, but now have closed for awhile, being one of the houses against whom a Jew, named Portugal John, and another named the Young Black Diamond, have commenced proceedings, for sums had and received, and by indictment.

No. 28, in the same street, is the property of one O—d, formerly a menial servant, and not long ago a porter to B—l.

These examples shew by incontestible inference, that the keepers of those tables have an advantage, which renders their success certain, while it fleeces the men who attend them. We always have seen these Proprietors in the same unchangeable affluence, driving their equipages, keeping their country houses, &c. &c. while those who play invariably sink into poverty. It has been often-very often remarked, that young men who commence this career of folly and vice, by degrees lose that freshness and fashionable appearance which they at first possessed, and at last are seen wandering about St. James's Park counting the trees, and dining on a gravel hash, for want of more genial fare, in a threadbare coat, half-polished boots, a greasy hat, and a dirty cravat; while the plunderers of their happiness and property are driving by them in luxury, enjoying their pleasure by contrast with their victim, and sneering at his miseries.

Of all the vices which deform this Metropolis (and there are not a few) the most ruinous is that of Rouge et Noir gambling, for that is practised in the day time, and it is a matter of astonishment to think that it has remained undisturbed by the law, and hitherto unnoticed by the Press. At this moment no less than twelve of these Hells are open to the public in the noon-day; and no less than five or six

*profane the Sabbath by their sinful practices. Although London has been, time out of mind, infested with the imps of play, yet it was not until within these last ten or fifteen years that they dared open their dens to the honest light of day. About that period, or a very short time before, Rouge et Noir was imported, amongst other fashionable things, from France; and to this game we are indebted for the practice of gambling in the day-light.*

*It is impossible to put down the vice of Gaming wholly, and not all the various enactments of the legislature against it have succeeded; but that the ruinous and infamous practice of indulging that vice in the midst of crowded day should be suffered, for upwards of sixteen years, in the centre of British society, when it can easily be suppressed, calls forth our wonder, and gives a stronger proof to us that our Societies for the Suppression of Vice, &c. &c. are shadows with a name. When the Hazard tables open, it is at an hour when the respectable and controlled youths of London are within the walls of their homes; few are abroad except the modern man of ton, the rake, the sot, the robber, and the vagabond; and the dangers of gaming on these orders of society is little indeed, when compared with the baneful effects of that vice upon the mercantile youth of London. It is to this class, and to the youth of the middling orders of society, that gaming is destructive, and it is upon these that the Rouge et Noir tables cast the most fatal influence. Young men of this order cannot in general be absent from their families after midnight, the hour when the nocturnal Hells formerly yawned upon their victims; but now the introduction of Rouge et Noir has rendered the abominable track of play a morning and evening's lounge, set forth in all the false glare which the artful proprietors can invent to deceive the thoughtless; and thus it affords opportunities and temptations to such youth almost irresistible.*

*When the glittering of London pleasures first meets the eye of a young man placed upon the road of a mercantile life, or when he enters any of the multifarious departments in the machine of society which always lead the industrious and prudent to honourable emolument, he too frequently misconceives the fashionable gamester's character, and confounds his crimes with elegant accomplishments. The road to pleasure is broad, and the gates of these Hells are open to him at hours when he can be absent, and can indulge his whim without suspicion—for at first he looks upon his new enjoyment but a mere whim, which he can abandon at any moment. But how different is the proof! He goes on—his new made wings carry him through a region of delight, and he believes himself to possess the powers of the eagle—still lighter he ascends, and the solid earth on which he formerly trod in safety, recedes immeasurably from his giddy eye—at length his wings prove wax, they melt before the sun, and the victim of his own folly tumbles into the abyss of destruction.*

*It is no uncommon thing, nay, we will positively declare it to be a very frequent practice of these misled young men, when they have been initiated, and have the temporary command of money belonging to their employers, to go to the Rouge et Noir tables, armed (as they think) with impenetrable armour—a large sum; and, in the hope of profiting to a certain amount, risk that property, the loss of which would be the loss of every thing dear to them in society. They believe, from the greatness of the amount they possess, that they can command a small gain, and not for a moment doubt they will be able to replace or return the money entrusted to their care; but little do they know the fickleness of luck, and less do they suspect the odds and imposing roguery arrayed against them. Their first loss is trifling, but they have to win that back in addition to their expected profits; for this purpose they stake a larger sum, which, if they lose, increases their task, and so on, until the half-frantic victims see no hope but desperation, and their remaining stock is placed upon the chance of a single card. The event closes, and the man who yesterday enjoyed the good opinion of the world, and the esteem and confidence of his friends, to-day becomes the veriest outcast of society! These are common cases, one of which, for example, we will describe as the facts occurred:—In the year 1816, a Clerk, possessing the highest reputation, became a frequenter of a Rouge et Noir table. From the nature of his employment, he had daily the command of large sums, which, for a short time, he risked at play successfully. One day, however, he brought with him his employer's money, to the amount of 1700L. the whole of which, in two days, he lost. We may judge of the unhappy young man's feelings by his subsequent conduct. He wrote a confession of the affair to the man he wronged, retired to a tavern, and blew his brains out!*

*These gaming-tables open at half-past twelve o'clock, continue their orgies until five, and recommence at seven in the evening. How many young men are passing their doors at*

*these hours with the property of others in their pockets!— and what a temptation to risk it! It would seem as if these places were set up as shops designed chiefly for the accommodation of mid-day dealers in ill-fortune, as if levelled directly at those men who cannot or will not spend their nights in gambling; and how the proprietors contrive to escape detection and punishment is surprising, considering that the law affords ample means to put them down.*

they know their customers, and place themselves here to watch the progress of their gains. Their attentions[200] are always directed to the new-comers. Remorseless, avaricious, and happy—unmarked with the lines of care, which contract and deform the faces of their victims, “They smile and smile, and murder while they smile.” They will explain the fairness of the game, and tell you of the great losses they have sustained; but as this is no place for explanation, we must look on and say nothing.”

By this time, Merrywell and Mortimer were mingled in the throng at the table. Sparkle was engaged in conversation with an old acquaintance, a profusion of money was flying about, and a large heap or bank was placed in the centre. All was anxiety, and, for a few moments, no sound was heard, but the awful numbers of the eventful dealer; every countenance was hushed in expectation, and every eye was fixed upon the coming card, which should decide the fate of hundreds. It was an awful moment to every one engaged in the play; but the pause was succeeded with a sort of harlequinade movement, to a scene of confusion and uproar scarcely to be conceived.

The appearance at the door of half a dozen persons armed with pistols, rushing past the guardians, and bearing away all before them, had such an instantaneous effect upon the company, that they all arose, as if[201] were, to receive them, and the leader of the party threw himself suddenly upon the pile of Bank-notes in the centre of the table, with intent to seize the whole bank.

Confusion and dismay were now visibly depicted on every countenance, for some, actuated by desperation at the prospect of ruin, and others by the urgings of avarice, determined to have a scramble for the notes, which they commenced most furiously, each one securing as much as he could to himself. There was tumbling and tossing, and pulling and shoving, mouths stuffed with hundreds, hundreds of mouths that were supperless, and likely to continue so, unless they could now make sure of something. Bank paper was literally going for nothing. However, the pistols being the most powerful, the armed forces succeeded in seizing the greatest share of the stock, and a negative sort of silence was at length restored. The party was materially decreased; for, seeing they were betrayed, every one, after an endeavour to secure a share of the spoil, deemed it necessary to make good his retreat; and among the rest, our party, who had not interfered with the play, or assisted in the entertainment, soon found themselves in the street.

“Egad,” said Sparkle, “I think we are in luck to escape so easily; we might have been compelled to make our appearance at Bow Street to-morrow, an occurrence I would studiously avoid.”

“Well done, old steady,” said Tom; “it is not long, you know, since you was there, after a night's lodging in the neighbourhood.”

“That was under very different circumstances,” continued Sparkle; “in defence of a woman I would risk my life at any time, but I would by no means incur the imputation of being a gambler—it is a character I abhor. I have before said I would never venture into those dens again, to herd with swindlers of all descriptions.”

“They all seem gay fellows, too,” said Bob.

“Yes,” replied Sparkle; “but the character and conduct of a young man has ere now been altered in one night: the evil effects produced by initiation to those Hells are incalculable.”

“Moralizing at midnight,” said Tom; “an excellent title for a volume *sparkling* contemplations.”

“To be written by the Hon. Tom Dashall, or the Merry Devil of Piccadilly,” was the reply. [202]

“Huzza!” said Merrywell, “if this is the case, our time will not be lost in this excursion. Did you hear that Lord — has been compelled to put down his establishment in consequence of his losses at play? pray don't forget to mention that in the work.”

“Tis no new thing,” continued Sparkle, “for Lords of the present day, since I believe there are few of the nobility who are not either Greeks or Pigeons; indeed, the list of visitors to these places contains names of many persons who should set better examples to the humbler classes of the community; for the unfortunate results of this too fatal propensity to parents and society have been severely felt. Among many instances on record, a very interesting one is related of a young Subaltern in a regiment of cavalry, who, by successive losses, was reduced to such a state of distress, as to form the desperate resolution of trying the road. In a moment of agony, he accidentally met with an opportunity which seemed to favour his design, having learned that a certain Baronet, recently returned from India with abundance of wealth, had laid it out on landed estates in England, and that he would on a certain day cross the country with a large sum of money, after collecting his rents.

“He laid his plan for a meeting on a retired spot, and succeeded in stopping the carriage—' Your money or your life,' said he, presenting his pistol with a trembling hand. The Baronet, perceiving there was a sort of gentlemanly air about him which indicated something more than might be calculated on in the character of a highwayman, presented him with his purse, a watch, and a valuable diamond ring, remarking, he could not help conceiving that he was unaccustomed to the trade, and that it was most desirable he should abandon it for ever. The young Officer, though considerably confused and embarrassed by this observation, was not to be disappointed of his booty, returned this property, and demanded the larger sum, which for safety had been concealed in the bottom of the carriage. The manner however in which this was done, only served to confirm the suspicions of the Baronet, which he could not help expressing, as he acknowledged the accuracy of the Highwayman's information, and produced the property, observing, he was sure that circumstances of no[203] common kind could have impelled him to this flagrant breach of the laws. He asked as a favour, that he would grant him an interview at some future period, pledging his honour that he should have no occasion to repent such a singular mark of confidence.

"The Officer replied that he had, and he felt he could with safety trust both his life and his honour in the veracity of Sir —, and appointed a meeting at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, only stipulating, that at such meeting both parties were to be unattended. As the day of meeting approached, the Baronet thought seriously of the solicited rencontre, and after enjoining perfect secrecy on the part of his friend, Col. —, entreated him to be his companion. The Colonel laughed at the idea, that any man who had robbed another should so indiscreetly place his life in his hands, had no conception of his keeping his appointment, and solemnly assured the Baronet that he would in no case divulge who or what he was, that he might become acquainted with.

"The Colonel ridiculed his friend's credulity as they entered the house, and were shewn to a private room. The appointed hour was eight in the evening, and, as the clock of St. Paul's struck, a Gentleman inquiring for Sir — was shewn into the room—wine was ordered, and for an hour a general conversation on the popular topics of the day ensued, when the Gentleman, evidently under deeply impressed feelings of embarrassment and disappointment, in which the Colonel seemed to partake, arose, and politely took his leave.

"Well,' said the Baronet, 'what think you of my Highwayman now 1—am I not right?—is he not a gentleman?'

"And this is the robber, is it, Sir?' said the Colonel—'Be assured he shall swing for it—why, Sir, I know him well, he is a — in my own regiment.'

"Hold,' said the Baronet, 'don't be rash, remember the solemn promise you have given, and do not deceive me—I hold you bound to me, and will not permit you to break your engagement—I have better objects in view than the death of a fellow-creature.'

"He then requested to be informed of the general tenor of the young man's conduct, which he found to be excellent, and that he was an indefatigable officer—'Indeed,' said the Colonel, 'it would give me the greatest pain to lose him—an incomparably affectionate husband and father. He has but one vice, to which may be attributed his destruction, viz. his inordinate passion for gaming; but I cannot feel justified in screening so flagrant an offender—the law must take its course.'

"Moderate your indignation,' said the worthy Baronet, assuming a more serious tone, 'and remember you must be personally answerable to me for any disclosure you may think proper to make; and that inasmuch as you injure him, you must injure me. You have already given him so high a character in every respect but one, that I must interest you further in his behalf, and beg you to assist me in my endeavours to reclaim, instead of punishing him.'

"The Colonel was surprised; but the Baronet was inflexible. In vain he urged that the magnitude of the crime utterly precluded such a proceeding.

"It must be done,' said the Baronet, 'it shall be done. Leave all the consequences to me; he has now left us in extreme, though suppressed agitation—There is no time to lose—fly to save him.'

"The Colonel expressed his readiness to try the experiment.

"Then,' said the Baronet, 'follow him immediately, assure him of my forgiveness, and that if he will pledge his word to forsake this dangerous vice, what he has already obtained he may hold as a gift, and I will add whatever may be necessary to extricate him from any temporary embarrassment.'

"It was an important embassy—life or death was to be decided by it. The Colonel took his departure, certain of finding him at home taking leave of his family, and, reaching his habitation a short time after his arrival, witnessed a scene of misery which, although he had partly anticipated, he could not have conceived. He found him, surrounded by his wife and children, in an agony of desperation and despair.

"When he entered the apartment, the poor culprit, convinced by the presence of his Colonel that all was lost, fell on his knees, and supplicated if possible that his fame, not his life, might be spared for the sake of his afflicted but innocent and injured family. Language has no power to describe the surprise and consternation with which, after a severe lecture, he received the joyful intelligence of which his Colonel was the bearer. He returned with his Commanding Officer to — Square, where he was received by the Baronet as a repentant friend; and has lived to repair his error, and become deservedly distinguished as an ornament to society, civil and religious as well as military."

"That must be truly gratifying to the worthy Baronet,{1}' said Tom.

"No doubt of it," continued Sparkle, "it must be a source of continued pleasure to find his labours have had so beneficial a result, having in all probability saved a whole family from destruction. Surely it may be said, that

*"Among the idiot pranks of Wealth's abuse,  
None seem so monstrous, none have less excuse,  
Than those which throw an heritage away  
Upon the lawless chance of desperate play;  
Nor is there among knaves a wretch more base  
Than he who steals it with a smiling face,  
Who makes diversion to destruction tend,  
And thrives upon the ruin of a friend."*

—"Yet the Greek, like the swindler{1} and the horse jockey,

*1 Swindler—Is a term originally derived from the German, Schwindel, which signifies merely to cheat. It was first introduced as a cant term, and used to signify obtaining of goods, credit, or money, under false pretences. It has since had a legislative adoption, being parliamentary recognised by an Act for the prevention of it. The artifices, schemes, and crimes, resorted to by these gentry, are so numerous, that it would be impossible to describe them all. One mode of practice, however, is not uncommon in London.*

*Three or four swell Jews contrive to hire a large house with*



*some spare rooms, in the City, that are turned into warehouses, in which are a number of casks, boxes, &c. filled with sand; and also a quantity of large sugar-loaves in appearance, which are only clay done up in blue paper, but corded and made up with great nicety.*

*An elegant Counting-house is likewise furnished with books and other apparatus, to deceive the eye and give the appearance of extensive business, great regularity, and large property. The Clerks in attendance are a set of Jews, who are privy to the scheme, and equally ready at fraud as those who profess to be the Principals.*

*A Dining-room elegantly furnished upon the mace,\* receives you*

*\* The Mace—Is a person who carries all the appearance of a great and rich man, with servants, carriages, &c. for the purpose of defrauding tradesmen and others, by all manner of plans most calculated to entrap the parties they intend to dupe.*

*whenever it is necessary to admit of your visits; a Black Servant opens the street-door, and the foot of the staircase presents surtouts, boots, livery-cloths, a large blue coat with a yellow cape, and habiliments in which the opulent! array their servants. With these and similar merchant-like appearances Trade is commenced, and persons dispatched to provincial manufacturing towns, to buy various articles; for the amount of the first purchases, bills are drawn upon the Firm, and even before the goods are pack'd up, and sent according to order, the acceptances are paid, and, by this means, credit is partly established, which, once accomplished, they are in want of large assortments for exportation upon credit, at one, two, and three months. The goods are accordingly chosen and forwarded to their associates in London, where they are immediately disposed of at 20 or 30 per cent, cheaper than the prime cost, and the money realised. The first bills become due, are noted, and protested. The second are presented, but the House has stopped payment, and the Owners are bankrupts. By the time the third month's bills become due, the docket is struck, the Assignees chosen, and there is not sixpence in the pound left for the Creditors. Petitions are ineffectually presented to the Chancellor, for a number of fictitious Creditors, of the same profession and persuasion, over-swear the just ones, and by exceeding them in number and value, the House obtains its certificate, and has again the power of committing similar depredations.*

*Perhaps the most daring and systematic proceeding of this kind was that lately detected in the conspiracy of Mosely Wolfe and his confederates, for which he is now suffering the sentence of the law.*

prides himself on his success, boasts of his being *down as a nail*, and—”

[206]

“*Down as a nail!*” said Bob, “I don't remember hearing that expression before.”

“*Down as a hammer, or Down as a nail*” continued Sparkle, “are cant or slang terms made use of among gamblers, and are synonymous with being up; and it must be confessed that there are many ups and downs amongst them. These flash words are well understood by many a young Greek, who perhaps knows nothing of the Greek Testament, although the use of them has proved in some cases beyond the comprehension of a Judge. Hence the necessity of knowing Life; for if a man gets familiarized with low life, he will necessarily be up, and consequently stand a great chance of being a rising genius. How proper it must be to know how to get a rise upon a fellow, or, in other words, to get him in a line!

“A learned Judge once, examining a queer covy, a flash customer, or a rum fellow, asked him his reason for suspecting the prisoner at the bar of stealing a watch, (which among the lads is scientifically termed nimming a toiler, or nabbing a clicker,) replied as follows:—‘Why, your honour, only because you see as how I was up [207] to him.’—‘How do you mean, what is being up to him?’—‘Why, bless your heart, I was down upon him, and had him bang.’ But still perceiving the learned Gentleman's want of nous, he endeavoured to explain by saying, That he was *up to his gossip*,—that he stagg'd him, for he was not to be done—that he knew the trick, and was up the moment the chap came into the Cock and Hen Club, where he was tucking in his grub and bub.—Had the learned Judge been up himself, much time and trouble might have been saved; and indeed the importance of being down as a nail, to a man of fashion, is almost incalculable; for this reason it is, that men of high spirit think it no derogation from their dignity or rank, to be well acquainted with all the slang of the coachman and stable-boy, all the glossary of the Fancy, and all the mysterious language of the scamps, the pads, the divers, and all upon the lay, which, by an attentive and apt scholar, may easily be procured at a Gaming-house.

“Of Hells in general, it may fairly be asserted, that they are infernally productive; no other line of business can be compared to these money mills, since they are all thriving concerns, the proprietors of which keep their country houses, extensive establishments, dashing equipages; and

*“While they have money they ride it in chaises.  
And look very big upon those that have none.”*

“It certainly is a pity that men do not keep constantly in their recollection, that no calculation of chances can avail them, and that between the après, the limitation of stakes, and other manouvres, the table must

eventually be an immense winner.

"For Greeks stick at nothing to gain their own ends, And they sacrifice all their acquaintance and friends;

*And thus luckless P'—n, to gain what he'd lost,*

Put his faith in a Greek, which he knows to his cost; Join'd a bank, as he thought, when the sly Greeking elf Of a friend soon contriv'd for to break it himself. You credulous pigeons! I would have you beware, Of falling yourselves in a similar snare."

"We ought to consider ourselves greatly obliged," said Merry well, "for the accurate description of characters you have given. But have you heard the report that is now in circulation, that a certain Marquis of [208] high military celebrity, and whose property is, or was, very considerable, has lost almost his last shilling?"

"I," said Sparkle, "am seldom surprised at such rumours, particularly of persons who are known to be players, for they are rich and poor in rapid succession; but if there be any truth in the report, there is a fine example of perseverance before him—for Lord —, after a long run of ill-luck, being refused the loan of an additional rouleau, {1} on account of his score being rather long, left the company in dudgeon, and determining on revenge, actually opened another Hell in opposition to the one he had left, and by that means recovered all his money."

"That was well done," rejoined Tallyho.

"It was rather too much of a trading concern for a Lord," said Tom.

"Not for a gambling Lord," replied Merry well; "for there is in fact nothing beneath a Greek, in the way of play: besides, it was a trying situation, and required some desperate attempt—they care not who they associate with, so they do but bring grist to the mill."

"The confusion of persons and characters at a Gaming-house," said Sparkle, "are almost incredible, all ranks and descriptions are mingled together.

"What confusion of titles and persons we see Amongst Gamesters, who spring out of every degree, From the prince to the pauper; all panting for play, Their fortune, their time, and their life pass away; Just as mingled are Pigeons, for 'tis no rebuke For a Greek to pluck all, from a Groom to a Duke."

"It is too true," said Dashall, "and equally as certain, that there are continually new comers ready and willing to be duped, or at least ready to risk their property, notwithstanding the warnings they have from their more experienced friends."

"And is there no possibility of obtaining fair play?" inquired Bob, "or redress for being pigeon'd, as you term it?"

*1 A Rouleau—Is a packet containing one hundred guineas; but as guineas are not quite so fashionable in the present day as they formerly were, some of these Houses, for the accommodation of their customers, circulate guinea-notes upon their bankers.*

"None," said Sparkle; "for if men will play at bowls, they must expect rubbers; and the system of [209] confederacy is carried on every where, though perhaps with most success in those professed Gambling-houses, which young men of property ought carefully to avoid."

By this time they had reached the end of St. James's Street; it was therefore proposed by Sparkle that they should separate, particularly as it was growing late, or rather early in the morning; and, as they had been in some degree baffled in their attempt to take a minute survey of the proceedings in Pall Mall, they had no decided object in view. Accordingly they parted, Tom and Bob pursuing their way along Piccadilly, while Sparkle, Merrywell, and Mortimer, proceeded down Bond Street.

"I am by no means satisfied," said Tom, "with this evening's ramble, nor exactly pleased to find our friend Sparkle is getting so sentimental."

"He is, at least," said Tallyho, "very communicative and instructive—I should feel less embarrassment at a future visit to one of those places, though, I can assure you, I should carefully avoid the chance of becoming a pigeon; but to know these things is certainly useful."

"We must lay our plans better for the future," said Tom—"example is better than precept; and, as for Sparkle, I strongly suspect he is studying a part in All for Love, or the World well lost. That kind of study is too laborious for me, I can't bear to be fettered; or if it be true that it is what we must all come to, my time is not yet arrived. Though I confess Miss Mortimer has many attractions not to be overlooked by an attentive observer; at the same time I perceive this Mr. Merrywell is equally assiduous to obtain the young lady's favours."

By this time they had arrived at home, where, after partaking of refreshment, they retired to rest. [210]

## CHAPTER XV

*"Cataracts of declamation thunder here,  
There, forests of no meaning spread the page,  
In which all comprehension wanders, lost,  
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there  
With many descants on a nation's woes.  
The rest appears a wilderness of strange,  
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks,  
And lilies for the brows of faded age;  
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,  
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets;*

*Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,  
Sermons and City feasts, and fav'rite airs,  
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,  
And Katerfelto with his hair on end,  
At his own wonders wond'ring for his bread."*

"WELL," said Tom, "it must be confessed that a Newspaper is a most convenient and agreeable companion to the breakfast-table," laying down the *Times* as he spoke: "it is a sort of literary hotch-potch, calculated to afford amusement suited to all tastes, rank-, and degrees; it contains

*"Tales of love and maids mistaken,  
Of battles fought, and captives taken."*

"Then, I presume," said Bob, "you have been gratified and interested in the perusal?"

"It is impossible to look down the columns of a newspaper," replied Tom, "without finding subjects to impart light; and of all the journals of the present day, the *Times* appears to me the best in point of information and conduct; but I spoke of newspapers generally, there is such a mixture of the *utile et dulce*, that the Merchant and the Mechanic, the Peer, the Poet, the Prelate, and the Peasant, are all deeply concerned in its contents. In truth, a newspaper is so true a mark of the caprice of Englishmen, that it may justly be styled their coat of arms. The Turkish Koran is not near so sacred to a rigid Mahometan—a parish dinner to an Overseer—a turtle-feast to an Alderman, or an election to a Freeholder, as a Gazette or Newspaper to an Englishman: by it the motions of the world are watched, and in some degree governed—the arts and sciences protected and promoted—the virtuous supported and stimulated—the vicious reprov'd and corrected—and all informed."

"Consequently," said Bob, "a good Newspaper is really a valuable article."

"Doubtless," continued Tom; "and John Bull—mistake me not, I don't mean the paper which bears that title—I mean the population of England, enjoy a Newspaper, and there are some who could not relish their breakfasts without one; it is a sort of general sauce to every thing, and to the *quid nunc* is indispensable—for if one informs him of a naval armament, he will not fail to toast the Admirals all round in pint bumpers to each, wishes them success, gets drunk with excessive loyalty, and goes with his head full of seventy-fours, sixty-fours, frigates, transports, fire-ships, &c. In its diversified pages, persons of every rank, denomination, and pursuit, may be informed—the Philosopher, the Politician, the Citizen, the Handicraftsman, and the Gossip, are regaled by the novelty of its contents, the minuteness of its details, and the refreshing arrivals of transactions which occupy the attention of human beings at the greatest or nearest distances from us—

*"—a messenger of grief  
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some:  
What is it but a map of life,  
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?"*

It may with propriety be compared to the planetary system: the light which it diffuses round the mental hemisphere, operates according as it is seen, felt, understood, or enjoyed: for instance, the Miser is gladdened by an account of the rise of the stocks—the Mariner is rejoiced, at the safety of his vessel after a thunder-storm—the Manufacturer, to hear of the revival of foreign markets—the Merchant, that his cargo is safely arrived—the Member, that his election is secured—the Father, that his son is walling to return home—the Poet, that his production has been favourably received by the public—the Physician, that a difficult cure is transmitting his fame to posterity—the Actor, that his talents are duly appreciated—the Agriculturist, that grain fetches a good price—the upright man, that his character is defended—the poor man, that beer, meat, bread, and vegetables, are so within his reach that he can assure himself of being able to obtain a good Sunday's dinner.

"Tho' they differ in narrie, all alike, just the same, Morning Chronicle, Times, Advertiser, British Press, Morning Post, of News—what a host We read every day, and grow wiser; The Examiner, Whig—all alive to the gig, While each one his favourite chooses; Star, Traveller, and Sun, to keep up the fun, And tell all the world what the news is."

"Well done," said Bob, "you seem to have them all at your tongue's end, and their general contents in your head; but, for my part, I am struck with surprise to know how it is they find interesting matter enough at all times to fill their columns."

"Nothing more easy," continued Dashall, "especially for a newspaper whose contents are not sanctioned by authority; in which case they are so much the more the receptacle of invention—thence—We hear—it is said—a correspondent remarks—whereas, &c—all which serve to please, surprise, and inform. We hear, can alter a man's face as the weather would a barometer—It is said, can distort another like a fit of the spasm—If, can make some cry—while Suppose, can make others laugh—but a Whereas operates like an electric shock; and though it often runs the extremity of the kingdom in unison with the rest, they altogether form a very agreeable mixture, occasionally interspersed, as opportunity offers, with long extracts from the last published novel, and an account of the prevailing fashions. But domestic occurrences form a very essential part of this folio: thus, a marriage hurts an old maid and mortifies a young one, while it consoles many a poor dejected husband, who is secretly pleased to find another fallen into his case—a death, if of a wife, makes husbands envy the widower, while, perhaps, some one of the women who censure his alleged want of decent sorrow marry him within a month after—in fact, every person is put in motion by a Newspaper.

*"Here various news is found, of love and strife;  
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life;  
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store;  
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;  
Of prodigies and portents seen in air;  
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;  
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,*

"It is a bill of fare, containing all the luxuries as well as necessaries, of life. Politics, for instance, are the roast beef of the times; essays, the plum pudding; and poetry the fritters, confections, custards, and all the *et cetera* of the table, usually denominated trifles. Yet the four winds are not liable to more mutability than the vehicles of these entertainments; for instance, on Monday, it is whispered—on Tuesday, it is rumoured—on Wednesday, it is conjectured—on Thursday, it is probable—on Friday, it is positively asserted—and, on Saturday, it is premature. But notwithstanding this, some how or other, all are eventually pleased; for, as the affections of all are divided among wit, anecdote, poetry, prices of stocks, the arrival of ships, &c. a Newspaper is a repository where every one has his hobby-horse; without it, coffee-houses, &c. would be depopulated, and the country squire, the curate, the exciseman, and the barber, and many others, would lose those golden opportunities of appearing so very wise as they do.

A Newspaper may also be compared to the Seasons. Its information varies on the roll of Time, and much of it passes away as a Winter, giving many a bitter pang of the death of a relative or hopeful lover; it is as a Spring, for, in the time of war and civil commotion, its luminary, the editor, like the morning sun, leads Hope forward to milder days and happier prospects—the smiles of peace; it is the heart's Summer calendar, giving news of marriages and births for heirs and patrons; it is the Autumn of joy, giving accounts of plenty, and guarding the avaricious against the snares of self-love, and offering arguments in favour of humanity. It is more; a Newspaper is one of the most faithful lessons that can be represented to our reflections, for, while it is the interpreter of the general economy of nature, it is a most kind and able instructress to improve[214] ourselves.

What are our lives but as the ephemeral appearance of an advertisement? Our actions but as the actions of a popular contest? Our hopes, fears, exultations, but as the cross readings of diurnal events? And although grief is felt at the perusal of accidents, offences, and crimes, which are necessarily and judiciously given, there is in every good Newspaper an impartial record, an abstract of the times, a vast fund of useful knowledge; and, finally, no person has reason, after perusing it, to rise without being thankful that so useful a medium is offered to his understanding; at least, this is my opinion."

"And now you have favoured me with this opinion," rejoined Tallyho, "will you be kind enough to inform me to what fortunate circumstance I am indebted for it?"

"The question comes very apropos," continued Tom—"for I had nearly forgotten that circumstance, so that you may perhaps be inclined to compare my head to a newspaper, constantly varying from subject to subject; but no matter, a novelty has just struck my eye, which I think will afford us much gratification: it is the announcement of an exhibition of engravings by living artists, under the immediate patronage of his Majesty, recently opened in Soho Square, through the public spirited exertions of Mr. Cooke, a celebrated engraver—And now I think of it, Mortimer and his Sister intend visiting Somerset House—egad! we will make a morning of it in reviewing the Arts—what say you?"

"With all my heart," returned Bob.

"Be it so, then," said Tom—"So-ho, my boy—perhaps we may meet the love-sick youth, poor Sparkle; he has certainly received the wound of the blind urchin—I believe we must pity him—but come, let us prepare, we will lounge away an hour in walking down Bond Street—peep at the wags and the wag-tails, and take Soho Square in our way to Somerset House. I feel myself just in the humour for a bit of gig, and I promise you we will make a night of it."

The preliminaries of their route being thus arranged, in half an hour they were on their road down Bond Street, marking and remarking upon circumstances and subjects as they arose.

"Who is that Lady?" said Bob, seeing Tom bow as a dashing carriage passed them.

"That is a Lady Townley, according to the generally received term."

"A lady of title, as I suspected," said Bob.

"Yes, yes," replied Tom Dashall, "a distinguished personage, I can assure you—one of the most dashing demireps of the present day, basking at this moment in the plenitude of her good fortune. She is however deserving of a better fate: well educated and brought up, she was early initiated into the mysteries and miseries of high life. You seem to wonder at the title I have given her."

"I am astonished again, I confess," replied Bob; "but it appears there is no end to wonders in London—nor can I guess how you so accurately know them."

"Along residence in London affords opportunities for discovery.

"As the French very justly say, that *Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*, and just as, with all the sapience of medicine, there is but a degree betwixt the Doctor and the Student, so, after the first step, there is but a degree betwixt the Demirep and the gazetted Cyprian, who is known by head-mark to every insipid Amateur and Fancier in the town.

"The number of these frail ones is so great, that, if I were to attempt to go through the shades and gradations, the distinctions and titles, from the promiscuous Duchess to the interested Marchande de mode, and from her down to the Wood Nymphs of the English Opera, there would be such a longo ordine génies, that although it is a very interesting subject, well worthy of investigation, it would occupy a considerable portion of time; however, I will give you a slight sketch of some well known and very topping articles. Mrs. B—m, commonly called B—g, Mrs. P—n, and Mrs. H—d, of various life. "The modern Pyrrha, B—g, has a train as long as an eastern monarch, but it is a train of lovers. The Honourable B—C—n, that famous gentleman miller, had the honour at one time (like Cromwell,) of being the Protector of the Republic. The infamous Greek, bully, informer and reprobate W—ce, was her accomplice and paramour at another. Lord V—l boasted her favours at a third period; and she wished to look upon him in a fatherly light; but it[216] would not do. Mr. C. T. S. the nephew of a great naval character, is supposed to have a greater or prior claim

there; but the piebald harlequin is owned not by "Light horse, but by heavy."

"Mr. P—y, however, was so struck with the increased

attractions of this Cyprian, that he offered to be her protector during a confinement which may be alarming to many, but interesting to a few. This was being doubly diligent, and accordingly as it was two to one in his favour, no wonder he succeeded in his suit. The difficulties which Madame laboured under were sufficient to decide her in this youth's favour; and the preference, upon such an occasion, must have been highly flattering to him. On the score of difficulties, Cyprians are quite in fashion; for executions and arrests are very usual in their mansions, and the last comer has the exquisite felicity of relieving them.

"Although this dashing Lady was the daughter of a bathing woman at Brighton, she was not enabled to keep her head above water.

"I must not forget Poll P—n, whose select friends have such cause to be proud of her election. This Diana is not descended from a member of the Rump Parliament, nor from a bum bailiff; but was the daughter of a bumboat woman at Plymouth. She has, however, since that period, commenced business for herself; and that in such a respectable and extensive line, that she counts exactly seven thousand customers! all regularly booked. What a delectable amusement to keep such a register! *Neanmoins*, or *nean plus*, if you like. It is reported that the noble Y— was so delighted with her at the Venetian fête given by Messrs. W—ll—ms and D—h—r—ty, that he gave the Virgin Unmasked several very valuable presents, item, a shawl value one hundred guineas, &c. and was honoured by being put on this Prime Minister of the Court of Love's list—number Seven thousand and one! What a fortunate man!

"Mrs. H—d is lineally descended, not from William the Conqueror, but from W—s the coachman. She lived, for a considerable time, in a mews, and it was thought that it was his love for the *Muses* which attached C— L— so closely to her. She was seduced at a most indelicately juvenile age by a Major M—l, who protected her but a short time, and then deserted her. Then she became what the Cyprians term Lady[217] Townly, till Mr. H—d, a youth with considerable West India property in expectation, married her.

"On this happy occasion, her hymeneal flame burned with so much warmth and purity, that she shared it with a linen-draper, and the circumstance became almost immediately known to the husband! This was a happy presage of future connubial felicity! The very day before this domestic exposure, and the happy vigil of Mr. H—d's happier "*jour des noces*," the darling of the Muses or Mewses, Mr. L— procured Lady H—d's private box for her at one of the theatres, whither she and Mrs. CI—y, the mistress of an officer of that name, repaired in the carriage of the Mews lover, which has become completely "the Demirep or Cyprian's Diligence," and these patterns for the fair sex had poured out such plentiful libations to Bacchus, that her ladyship's box exhibited the effects of their devotions! What a regale for the Princess of Madagascar!

"The guardians, or trustees, of Mr. H—d now withheld his property, and Madame assisted him into the King's Bench, during which time she kept terms with Mr. L— at Oxford. On her return, she got acquainted with a Capt. Cr—ks, whom she contrived soon afterwards to lodge, in the next room to her husband, in the Bench; but to whom she kindly gave the preference in her visits.

"Whether C— L—, W—lk—s the linen-draper, or Capt. C—k, be the most favoured swain, or swine, I venture not to say; but the former has devoted his time, his chariot, and his female acquaintances' boxes in public to her. As a pledge of his love, she helped herself to a loose picture of great value belonging to him, which very nearly fell into the hands of John Doe or Richard Roe, on her husband's account, afterwards. The palm should, however, certainly be given to Mr. L—, as he courted her classically, moralized to her sentimentally, sung psalms and prayed with her fervently, and, on all occasions, treated her like a lady."

"Ha," said a fashionably dressed young man, who approached towards Dashall, "Ha, my dear fellow, how goes it with you? Haven't seen you this month; d—d unlucky circumstance—wanted you very much indeed—glorious sport—*all jolly and bang up*." "Glad to hear it," said Tom,— "sorry you should have experienced any[218] wants on my account."

"Which way are you going? Come along, I'll tell you of such a spree—regular, and nothing but—You must know, a few days ago, sauntering down Bond-street, I overtook Sir G. W. 'Ha! my gay fellow,' said he, 'I thought you were at Bibury; you're the very man I want. My brother Jack has lost a rump and dozen to a young one, and we want to make up a select party, a set of real hardheaded fellows, to share the feast. I have already recruited Sir M. M., the buck Parson, Lord Lavender, and Tom Shuffleton. Then there's yourself, I hope, my brother and I, the young one, and A—'s deputy, the reprobate Curate, whom we will have to make fun of. We dine at half-past seven, at Long's, and there will be some sport, I assure you.'

"I accepted the invitation, and met the company before mentioned. A rump and dozen is always a nominal thing. There was no rump, except Lavender's, which projects like a female's from the bottom of a tight-laced pair of stays; and as for the dozen, I believe we drank nearer three dozen of different expensive wines, which were tasted one after the other with a quickness of succession, which at last left no taste, but a taste for more drink, and for all sorts of wickedness.

"This tasting plan is a very successful trick of tavern keepers, which enables them to carry off half bottles of wine, to swell the reckoning most amazingly, and so to bewilder people as to the qualities of the wine, that any thing, provided it be strong and not acid, will go down at the heel of the evening. It is also a grand manouvre; to intoxicate a Johnny Raw, and to astonish his weak mind with admiration for the founder of the feast. Therefore, the old trick of 'I have got some particularly high-flavoured Burgundy, which Lord Lavender very much approved t'other day;' and, 'Might I, Sir, ask your opinion of a new importation of Sillery?' or, 'My Lord, I have bought all the Nabob's East India Madeira,' &c. was successfully practised.

"Through the first course we were stag-hunting, to a man, and killed the stag just as the second course came on the table. This course was occupied by a great number of long shots of Sir M. M., and by Lavender offering to back himself and the buck Parson against any other two men in England, as to the number of head[219] of game which they would bag from sun-rise to sun-set upon the moors. A foot race, and a dispute as to the odds betted on the second October Meeting, occupied the third course. The desert was enlivened by a list of ladies of all descriptions, whose characters were cut up full as ably as the haunch of venison was carved; and here boasting of success in love was as general as the custom is base. One man of fashion goes by the name

of Kiss and tell.

"After an hour of hard drinking, as though it had been for a wager, a number of very manly, nice little innocent and instructive amusements were resorted to. We had a most excellent maggot race for a hundred; and then a handicap for a future poney race. We had pitching a guinea into a decanter, at which the young one lost considerably. We had a raffle for a gold snuff box, a challenge of fifty against Lord Lavender's Dusseldorf Pipe, and five hundred betted upon the number of shot to be put into a Joe Manton Rifle. We played at *te-to-tum*; and the young one leaped over a handkerchief six feet high for a wager: he performed extremely well at first, but at last Lavender, who betted against him, kept plying him so with wine, and daring him to an inch higher and higher, until at last the young one broke his nose, and lost five hundred guineas by his boyish diversion.

Now we had a fulminating letter introduced as a hoax upon Shuffleton; next, devils and broiled bones; then some blasphemous songs from the Curate, who afterwards fell asleep, and thus furnished an opportunity for having his face blacked. We then got in a band of itinerant musicians; put crackers in their pockets; cut off one fellow's tail; and had a milling match betwixt the baronet in the chair and the stoutest of them, who, having had spirits of wine poured over his head, refused to let the candle be put to it!

Peace being restored, a regular supper appeared; and then a regular set-to at play, where I perceived divers signals thrown out, such as rubbing of foreheads and chins, taking two pinches of snuff and other private telegraphic communications, the result of which was, the young one, just of age, being greeked to a very great amount.

We now sallied forth, like a pack in full cry, with all the loud expression of mirth and riot, and proceeded to old 77, which, being shut up, we swore like troopers, and broke the parlour windows in a rage. We next cut the traces of a hackney coach, and led the horses into a mews, where we tied them up; coachee being asleep inside the whole time. We then proceeded to old *Ham-a-dry-ed*, the bacon man's, called out Fire, and got the old man down to the door in his shirt, when Lavender ran away with his night-cap, and threw it into the water in St. James's Square, whilst the Baronet put it in right and left at his sconce, and told him to hide his d—d ugly masard. This induced him to come out and call the Watch, during which time the buck Parson got into his house, and was very snug with the cook wench until the next evening, when *old fusty mug* went out upon business.

After giving a view holloa! we ran off, with the Charleys in full cry after us, when Sir G. W., who had purposely provided himself with a long cord, gave me one end, and ran to the opposite side of Jermyn Street with the other in his hand, holding it about two feet from the pavement. The old Scouts came up in droves, and we had 'em down in a moment, for every mother's son of the guardians were caught in the trap, and rolled over each other slap into the kennel. Never was such a prime bit of gig! They lay stunn'd with the fall—broken lanterns, staves, rattles, Welsh wigs, night-caps and old hats, were scattered about in abundance, while grunting, growling, and swearing was heard in all directions. One old buck got his jaw-bone broken; another staved in two of his crazy timbers, that is to say, broke a couple of ribs; a third bled from the nose like a pig; a fourth squinted admirably from a pair of painted peepers; their numbers however increasing, we divided our forces and marched in opposite directions; one party sallied along Bond Street, nailed up a snoozy Charley in his box, and bolted with his lantern: the others were not so fortunate, for A—'s deputy cushion thumper, the young one, and the Baronet's brother, got safely lodged in St. James's Watch-house.

"Broad daylight now glar'd upon us—Lavender retired comfortably upon Madame la Comtesse in the Bench; Sir M. M. was found chanting Cannons with some Wood nymphs not an hundred and fifty miles off from Leicester Square; I had the President to carry home on my shoulders, bundled to bed, and there I lay sick for four and twenty hours, when a little inspiring Coniac brought me to my senses again, and now I am ready and ripe for another spree. Stap my vitals if there isn't Lavender—my dear fellow, adieu—remember me to Charley Sparkle when you see him—by, by." And with this he sprung across the road, leaving Bob and his Cousin to comment at leisure upon his folly.

They were however soon aroused from their reflections by perceiving a Groom in livery advancing rapidly towards them, followed by a curricule, moving at the rate of full nine miles per hour.

"Who have we here?" said Bob.

"A character well known," said Tom; "that is Lady L—, a dashing female whip of the first order—mark how she manages her tits—take a peep at her costume and learn while you look."

"More than one steed must Delia's empire feel Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel; And as she guides it through th' admiring throng, With what an air she smacks the silken thong!"

The Lady had a small round riding-hat, of black beaver, and sat in the true attitude of a coachman—wrists pliant, elbows square, she handled her whip in a scientific manner; and had not Tom declared her sex, Bob would hardly have discovered it from her outward appearance. She was approaching them at a brisk trot, greeting her numerous acquaintance as she passed with familiar nods, at each giving her horses an additional touch, and pursing up her lips to accelerate their speed; indeed, she was so intent upon the management of her reins, and her eyes so fixed upon her cattle, that there was no time for more than a sort of sidelong glance of recognition; and every additional smack of the whip seem'd to say, "*Here I come—that's your sort.*" Her whole manner indeed was very similar to what may be witnessed in Stage-coachmen, Hackney-men, and fashionable Ruffians, who appear to think that all merit consists in copying them when they tip a brother whip the go-by, or almost graze the wheel of a Johnny-raw, and turn round with a grin of self-approbation, as much as to say—"What d'ye think of that now, eh f—there's a touch for you—lord, what a flat you must be!"

Bob gazed with wonder and astonishment as she passed.

"How?" said he, "do the ladies of London frequently take the whip?—"

"—Hand of their husbands as well as their horses," replied Tom—"often enough, be assured."

"But how, in the name of wonder, do they learn to drive in this style?"

"Easily enough; inclination and determination will accomplish their objects. Why, among the softer sex, we have female Anatomists—female Students in Natural History—Sculptors, and Mechanics of all descriptions—

Shoe-makers and Match-makers—and why not Charioteers?”

“Nay, I am not asking why; but as it appears rather out of the common way, I confess my ignorance has excited my curiosity on a subject which seems somewhat out of nature.”

“I have before told you, Nature has nothing to do with Real Life in London.”

“And yet,” continued Bob, “we are told, and I cannot help confessing the truth of the assertion, with respect to the ladies, that

*“—Loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorned, adorn'd the most,  
This certainly implies a natural or native grace.”*

“Pshaw,” said Dashall, “that was according to the Old school; such doctrines are completely exploded now-a-days, for Fashion is at variance with Nature in all her walks; hence, driving is considered one of the accomplishments necessary to be acquired by the female sex in high life, by which an estimate of character may be formed: for instance—if a lady take the reins of her husband, her brother, or a lover, it is strongly indicative of assuming the mastery; but should she have no courage or muscular strength, and pays no attention to the art of governing and guiding her cattle, it is plain that she will become no driver, no whip, and may daily run the risk of breaking the necks of herself and friends. If however she should excel in this study, she immediately becomes masculine and severe, and she punishes, when occasion requires, every animal within the reach of her lash—acquires an ungraceful attitude and manner—heats her complexion by over exertion—sacrifices her softness to accomplish her intentions—runs a risk of having hard hands, and perhaps a hard heart: at all events she gains unfeminine habits, and such as are found very difficult to get rid of, and prides herself on being the go, the gaze, the gape, the stare of all who see her.”

“A very admirable, and no doubt equally happy state,” quoth Bob, half interrupting him.

“If she learn the art of driving from the family coachman, it cannot be doubted but such tuition is more than likely to give her additional grace, and to teach her all that is polite; and then the pleasure of such company whilst superintending her studies, must tend to improve her mind; the freedom of these teachers of coachmanship, and the language peculiar to themselves, at first perhaps not altogether agreeable, is gradually worn away by the pride of becoming an accomplished whip—to know how to *turn a corner in style—tickle Snarler in the ear—cut up the yelper—take out a fly's eye in bang-up twig.*”

“Excellent! indeed,” cried Bob, charmed with Dashall's irony, and willing to provoke it farther; “and pray, when this art of driving is thoroughly learned, what does it tend to but a waste of time, a masculine enjoyment, and a loss of feminine character—of that sweet, soft and overpowering submission to and reliance on the other sex, which, whilst it demands our protection and assistance, arouses our dearest sympathies—our best interests—attaches, enraptures, and subdues us?”

“Nonsense,” continued Tom, “you might ask such questions for a month—who cares about these submissions and reliances—protections and sympathies—they are not known, at least it is very unfashionable to acknowledge their existence. Why I have known ladies so infatuated and affected by an inordinate love of charioteering, that it has completely altered them, not only as to dress, but manners and feeling, till at length they have become more at home in the stable than the drawing-room; and some, that are so different when dressed for dinner, that the driving habiliments appear like complete masquerade disguises. Indeed, any thing that is natural is considered quite out of nature; and this affectation is not wholly confined to the higher circles, for in the City even the men and the women seem to have changed places.

*“Man-milliners and mantua-makers swarm  
With clumsy hands to deck the female form—  
With brawny limbs to fit fine ladies' shapes,  
Or measure out their ribbons, lace and tapes;  
Or their rude eye the bosom's swell surveys,  
To cut out corsets or to stitch their stays;  
Or making essences and soft perfume,  
Or paint, to give the pallid cheek fresh bloom;  
Or with hot irons, combs, and frizzling skill,  
On ladies' heads their daily task fulfil;  
Or, deeply versed in culinary arts,  
Are kneading pasty, making pies and tarts;  
Or, clad in motley coat, the footman neat  
Is dangling after Miss with shuffling feet,  
Bearing in state to church her book of pray'r,  
Or the light pocket she disdains to wear;{1}  
Or in a parlour snug, 'the powdered lout  
The tea and bread and butter hands about.  
Where are the women, whose less nervous hands  
Might fit these lighter tasks, which pride demands?  
Some feel the scorn that poverty attends,  
Or pine in meek dépendance on their friends;  
Some patient ply the needle day by day,  
Poor half-paid seamsters, wasting life away;  
Some drudge in menial, dirty, ceaseless toil,  
Bear market loads, or grovelling weed the soil;  
Some walk abroad, a nuisance where they go,  
And snatch from infamy the bread of woe.”*

“It is a strange sort of infatuation, this fashion,” said Bob, “and it is much to be regretted it should operate so much to the injury of the fair—”

“Do you see that young man on the opposite side of the way,” inquired Dashall, (stopping him short) “in nankin breeches and jockey-boots?”

“I do,” replied Tallyho; “and pray who is he?”

"The son of a wealthy Baronet who, with an eye to the main chance in early life, engaged in some mercantile speculations, which proving productive concerns, have elevated him to his present dignity, beyond which it is said he cannot go on account of his having once kept a shop. This son is one of what may be termed the *Ciphers of society*, a sort of useful article, like an 0 in arithmetic, to denominate numbers; one of those characters, if character it may be termed, of which this Metropolis and its vicinity would furnish us with regiments. Indeed, the

1 It is related that a young lady of *haut ton* in Paris was observed to have a tall fellow always following her wherever she went. Her grandmother one day asked her what occasion there was for that man to be always following her; to which she replied—"I must blow my nose, must not I, when I want?" This great genius was actually employed to carry her pocket-handkerchief. general run of Fashionables are little better than[225] Ciphers,—very necessary at times in the House of Commons, to suit the purposes and forward the intentions of the Ministers, by which they obtain *titles* to which they are not *entitled*, and transmit to posterity a race of ennobled boobies. What company, what society does not abound with Ciphers, and oftentimes in such plenty that they are even serviceable to make the society considerable? What could we do to express on paper five hundred without the two ciphers, or being compelled to write eleven letters to explain what is equally well done in three figures? These Ciphers are useful at general meetings upon public questions, though, if they were all collected together in point of intellectual value, they would amount to nought. They are equally important as counters at a card-table, they tell for more than they are worth. Among the City Companies there are many of them to be found: and the Army is not deficient, though great care is generally taken to send the most conspicuous Ciphers on foreign service. Public offices under Government swarm with them; and how many round O's or ciphers may be found among the gentlemen of the long robe, who, as Hudibras observes,

*"—never ope  
Their mouths, but out there flies a trope."*

In the twelve Judges it must be allowed there is no cipher, because they have two figures to support them; but take these two figures away, and the whole wit of mankind may be defied to patch up or recruit the number without having recourse to the race of Ciphers.

"I have known a Cipher make a profound Statesman and a Secretary—nay, an Ambassador; but then it must be confess'd it has been by the timely and prudent application of proper supporters; and it is certain, that Ciphers have more than once shewn themselves significant in high posts and stations, and in more reigns than one. Bounteous nature indulges mankind in a boundless variety of characters as well as features, and has given Ciphers to make up numbers, and very often by such additions renders the few much more significant and conspicuous. The Church has its Ciphers—for a mitre looks as well on a round 0 as on any letter in the alphabet, and the expense to the nation is equally the same; consequently, John Bull has no right[226] to complain.

*"See in Pomposo a polite divine,  
More gay than grave, not half so sound as fine;  
The ladies' parson, proudly skill'd is he,  
To 'tend their toilet and pour out their tea;  
Foremost to lead the dance, or patient sit  
To deal the cards out, or deal out small wit;  
Then oh! in public, what a perfect beau,  
So powder'd and so trimm'd for pulpit show;  
So well equipp'd to tickle ears polite  
With pretty little subjects, short and trite.  
Well cull'd and garbled from the good old store  
Of polish'd sermons often preached before;  
With precious scraps from moral Shakespeare brought.  
To fill up awkward vacancies of thought,  
Or shew how he the orator can play  
Whene'er he meets with some good thing to say,  
Or prove his taste correct, his memory strong,  
Nor let his fifteen minutes seem too long:  
His slumbering mind no knotty point pursues,  
Save when contending for his tithes or dues."*

Thus far, although it must be allowed that ciphers are of use, it is not every cipher that is truly useful. There are Ciphers of indolence, to which some mistaken men give the title of men of fine parts—there are Ciphers of Self-interest, to which others more wrongfully give the name of Patriots—there are Bacchanalian Ciphers, who will not leave the bottle to save the nation, but will continue to guzzle till no one figure in Arithmetic is sufficient to support them—then there are Ciphers of Venus, who will abandon all state affairs to follow a Cyprian, even at the risk of injuring a deserving wife—Military Ciphers, who forsake the pursuit of glory, and distrustful of their own merit or courage, affirm their distrust by a sedulous attendance at the levees of men of power. In short, every man, in my humble opinion, is no other than a Cipher who does not apply his talents to the care of his morals and the benefit of his country."

"You have been ciphering for some time," said Boh, "and I suppose you have now finished your sum."

"I confess," continued Tom, "it has been a puzzling one—for, to make something out of nothing is impossible."

"Not in all cases," said Bob.

"How so?—why you have proved it by your own shewing, that these nothings are to be made something of."

"I perceive," replied Tom, "that your acquaintance with Sparkle is not thrown away upon you; and it argues[227] well, for if you are so ready a pupil at imbibing his lessons, you will soon become a proficient in London manners and conversation; but a Cipher is like a *round robin*, {1} it has neither beginning nor end: its centre is vacancy, its circle ambiguity, and it stands for nothing, unless in certain connections."



They were now proceeding gently along Oxford Street, in pursuit of their way to Soho Square, and met with little worthy of note or remark until they arrived near the end of Newman Street, where a number of workmen were digging up the earth for the purpose of making new-drains. The pathway was railed from the road by scaffolding poles strongly driven into the ground, and securely tied together to prevent interruption from the passengers.—Tom was remarking upon the hardihood and utility of the labourers at the moment when a fountain of water was issuing from a broken pipe, which arose as high as a two pair of stairs window, a circumstance which quickly drew a number of spectators around, and, among the rest, Tom and his Cousin could not resist an inclination to spend a few minutes in viewing the proceedings.

The Irish *jontlemen*, who made two or three ineffectual attempts to stop the breach, alternately got soused by the increased violence of the water, and at every attempt were saluted by the loud laughter of the surrounding multitude.

To feelings naturally warm and irritable, these vociferations of amusement and delight at their defeat, served but to exasperate and enrage; and the Irishmen in strong terms expressed their indignation at the merriment which their abortive attempts appeared to excite: at length, one of the *Paddies* having cut a piece of wood, as he conceived, sufficient to stop the effusion of water, with some degree of adroitness thrust his arm into the foaming fluid, and for a moment appeared to have arrested its progress.

"*Blood-an-owns!* Murphy," cried he, "scoop away the water, and be after handing over the mallet this way." In a moment the spades of his comrades were seen in

*1 Round Rubin—A Letter or Billet, so composed as to have the signatures of many persons in a circle, in order that the reader may not be able to discover which of the party signed first or last.*

action to accomplish his instructions, while one, who was not in a humour to hear the taunts of the crowd[228] very politely scoop'd the water with his hands among the spectators, which created a general desire to avoid his liberal and plentiful besprinklings, and at the same time considerable confusion among men, women, and children, who, in effecting their escape, were seen tumbling and rolling over each other in all directions.

"Be off wid you all, and be d——d to you," said the Hibernian; while those who were fortunate enough to escape the cooling fluid he was so indifferently dispensing, laughed heartily at their less favoured companions.

Bob was for moving onward.

"Hold," said Dash all, "it is two to one but you will see some fun here."

He had scarcely said the word, when a brawny Porter in a fustian jacket, with his knot slung across his shoulder, manifested dislike to the manner in which the Irish *jontleman* was pursuing his amusement.

"D——n your Irish eyes," said he, "don't throw your water here, or I'll lend you my *bunch of fives*." {1}

"Be after being off, there," replied Pat; and, without hesitation, continued his employment.

The Porter was resolute, and upon receiving an additional salute, jumped over the railings, and re-saluted poor Pat with a *muzzier*, {2} which drew his claret in a moment. The Irishman endeavoured to rally, while the crowd cheered the Porter and hooted the Labourer. This was the signal for hostilities. The man who had plugg'd up the broken pipe let go his hold, and the fountain was playing away as briskly as ever—all was confusion, and the neighbourhood in alarm. The workmen, with spades and pick-axes, gathered round their comrade, and there was reason to apprehend serious mischief would occur; one of them hit the Porter with his spade, and several others were prepared to follow his example; while a second, who seem'd a little more blood-thirsty than the rest, raised his pickaxe in a menacing attitude; upon perceiving which, Dashall jump'd over the rail and

*1 Bunch of fives—A flash term for the fist, frequently made use of among the lads of the Fancy, who address each other some-times in a friendly way, with—Ha, Bill, how goes it?—tip us your bunch of fives, my boy.*

*2 Muzzier—A blow on the mouth.*

arrested his arm, or, if the blow had been struck, murder must have ensued. In the mean time, several[229] other persons, following Tom's example, had disarmed the remainder. A fellow-labourer, who had been engaged at a short distance, from the immediate scene of action, attacked the man who had raised the pickaxe, between whom a pugilistic encounter took place, the former swearing, 'By Jasus, they were a set of cowardly rascals, and deserved *quilting*.' {1} The water was flowing copiously—shovels, pickaxes, barrows, lanterns and other implements were strewed around them—the crowd increased—Tom left the combatants (when he conceived no real danger of unfair advantage being taken was to be apprehended) to enjoy their rolling in the mud; while the Porter, who had escaped the vengeance of his opponents, was explaining to those around him, and expostulating with the first aggressor, upon the impropriety of his conduct. The shouts of the multitude at the courageous proceedings of the Porter, and the hootings at the shameful and cowardly manner of defence pursued by the Labourers, roused the blood of the Irishmen, and one again seized a spade to attack a Coal-heaver who espoused the cause of the Porter—a disposition was again manifested to cut down any one who dared to entertain opinions opposite to their own—immediately a shower of mud and stones was directed towards him—the spade was taken away, and the Irishmen armed themselves in a similar way with the largest stones they could find suitable for throwing. In this state of things, the houses and the windows in the neighbourhood were threatened with serious damage. The crowd retreated hallooing, shouting, hissing, and groaning; and in this part of the affray Bob got himself well bespattered with mud. Tom again interfered, and after a few minutes, persuaded the multitude to desist, and the Irishmen to drop their weapons. The Porter made his escape, and the men resumed their work; but, upon Dashall's return to the

*1 Quilting—To quilt a person among the knowing Covies, is to give another a good thrashing; probably, this originated in the idea of warming—as a quilt is a warm companion, so a*

*set-to is equally productive of heat; whether the allusion holds good with respect to comfort, must be left to the decision of those who try it on, (which is to make any attempt or essay where success is doubtful.)*

spot where he had left Tallyho, the latter was not to be found; he was however quickly relieved from[230] suspense.

“Sir,” said a stout man, “the neighbourhood is greatly indebted to your exertions in suppressing a riot from which much mischief was to be apprehended—your friend is close at hand, if you will step this way, you will find him—he is getting his coat brushed at my house, and has sustained no injury.”

“It is a lucky circumstance for him,” said Tom: “and I think myself fortunate upon the same account, for I assure you I was very apprehensive of some serious mischief resulting from the disturbance.” [231]

## CHAPTER XVI

*“Blest be the pencil which from death can save  
The semblance of the virtuous, wise and brave,  
That youth and emulation still may gaze  
On those inspiring forms of ancient days,  
And, from the force of bright example bold,  
Rival their worth, and be what they behold.”*

*“.....I admire,  
None more admires the painter's magic skill,  
Who shews me that which I shall never see,  
Conveys a distant country into mine,  
And throws Italian light on British walls.”*

AS they entered the house, a few doors up Newman Street, Tallyho met them, having divested himself of the mud which had been thrown upon his garments by the indiscriminating hand of an enraged multitude; and after politely thanking the gentleman for his friendly accommodation, they were about to proceed to the place of their original destination; when Dashall, perceiving an elegantly dressed lady on the opposite side of the way, felt, instinctively as it were, for the usual appendage of a modern fashionable, the quizzing-glass; in the performance of this he was subjected to a double disappointment, for his rencontre with the Hibernians had shivered the fragile ornament to atoms in his pocket, and before he could draw forth the useless fragments, the more important object of his attention was beyond the power of his visual orbs.

“It might have been worse,” said he, as he survey'd the broken bauble: “it is a loss which can easily be repaired, and if in losing that, I have prevented more serious mischief, there is at least some consolation. Apropos, here is the very place for supplying the defect without loss of time. Dixon,” {1} continued he, looking at

*1 This gentleman, whose persevering endeavours in his profession entitle him to the patronage of the public, without pretending to second sight, or the powers that are so frequently attributed to the seventh son of a seventh son, has thrown some new lights upon the world. Although he does not pretend to make “Helps to Read,” his establishment at No. 93, Newman Street, Oxford Road, of upwards of thirty years' standing, is deservedly celebrated for glasses suited to all sights, manufactured upon principles derived from long study and practical experience. Indeed, if we are to place any reliance on his Advertisements, he has brought them to a state of perfection never before attained, and not to be surpassed.*

the name over the door—“aye, I remember to have seen his advertisements in the papers, and have no[232] doubt I may be suited here to a *shaving*”

Upon saying this, they entered the house, and found the improver of spectacles and eye-glasses surrounded with the articles of his trade, who, in a moment, recognized Tom as the chief instrument in quelling the tumult, and added his acknowledgments to what had already been offered for his successful exertions, assuring him at the same time, that as he considered sight to be one of the most invaluable blessings “bestowed on mankind, he had for many years devoted the whole of his time and attention to the improvement of glasses—put into his hand a short treatise on the subject, and on the important assistance which may be afforded by a judicious selection of spectacles to naturally imperfect or overstrained eyes. Bob, in the mean time, was amusing himself with reading bills, pamphlets, and newspapers, which lay upon the counter.

Dashall listened with attention to his dissertation on sight, spectacles, focusses, lens, reflection, refraction, &c.; but, as he was not defective in the particular organs alluded to, felt but little interested on the subject; selected what he really wanted, or rather what etiquette required, when, to their great gratification, in came Sparkle. After the first salutations were over, the latter purchased an opera-glass; then, in company with Tom and Bob, proceeded to Oxford Street, and upon learning their destination, determined also to take a peep at the Exhibition.

“Come along,” said Tom, catching hold of his arm, and directing him towards Soho Square. But Sparkle recollecting that he had appointed to meet Miss Mortimer, her Brother, and Merry well, to accompany them to Somerset House, and finding time had escaped with more rapidity than he expected, wished them a good[233] morning, hoped they should meet again in the course of the day, and departed.

"You see," said Tom, "Sparkle is fully engaged in the business of love; Miss Mortimer claims all his attention for the present."

"You appear to be very envious of his enjoyments," replied Bob.

"Not so, indeed," continued Tom; "I am only regretting that other pursuits have estranged him from our company."

On entering the Exhibition at Soho, Tom, whose well-known taste for science and art, and particularly for the productions of the pencil and graver, had already rendered him conspicuous among those who knew him, made the following remarks: "I am really glad," said he, "to find that the eminent engravers of our country have at length adopted a method of bringing at one view before the public, a delineation of the progress made by our artists in a branch so essentially connected with the performance and durability of the Fine Arts. An Exhibition of this kind is well calculated to dispel the vulgar error, that engraving is a servile art in the scale of works of the mind, and mostly consigned to the copyist. An Establishment of this kind has long been wanted, and is deserving of extensive patronage."

Having secured Catalogues, they proceeded immediately to the gratifying scene. {1} The disposition and arrangement

*1 The major part of the 405 subjects and sets of subjects, consisting of about 800 prints, are of moderate size, or small engravings for descriptive or literary publications, &c. They are the lesser diamonds in a valuable collection of jewellery, where there are but few that are not of lucid excellence, and worthy of glistening in the diadem of Apollo, or the cestus of Venus. So indeed they have, for here are many subjects from ancient and modern poetry, and other literature, and from portraits of beautiful women. Among the first class, the exquisitely finishing graver of Mr. Warren gives us many after the designs of Messrs. Westall, Wilkie, Smirke, Cooke, Uwins, and Corbould; as do the lucid gravers of Messrs. Englehart and Rhodes, the nicely executing hands of Messrs. Mitton, Romney, Finden, Robinson, &c. Among the latter class, are Anna Boleyn, &c. by Mr. Scriven, who marks so accurately the character of the objects, and of the Painter he works from, in his well blended dot and stroke; Mrs. Hope, by Dawe; many lovely women, by Mr. Reynolds; a Courtship, by Mr. Warren, from Terburg, in the Marquis of Stafford's Collection; two Mary Queen of Scots, by Messrs. Warren and Cooper.—From pictures of the old and modern Masters, are capital Portraits of celebrated characters of former and present times; of Mrs. Siddons, of Cicero, M. Angelo, Parmigiano, Fenelon, Raleigh, A. Durer, Erasmus, Cromwell, Ben Jonson, Selden, Swift, Gay, Sterne, Garrick, &c. of Byron, Bonaparte, West, Kenible, young Napoleon, of nearly all the English Royal Family, and many of the Nobility.*

*—Of all the charmingly engraved Landscapes of foreign and home Views, and of the Animal pieces, are many from Messrs. W. B. and G. Cooke's recent publications of The Coast of England, &c. of Mr. Hakewell's Italy, Mr. Nash's Paris, Captain Batty's France, &c. Mr. Neale's Vieios, many of Mr. Scott's and Mr. Milton's fine Animal Prints; exquisitely engraved Architecture by Mr. Le Keaux, Mr. Lowry, Mr. G. Cooke, &c. Among the large Prints are the two last of Mr. Holloway's noble set from Raffaello's Cartoons; the Battle of Leipzig, finely executed by Mr. Scott, and containing Portraits of those monstrous assailers of Italy and of the common rights of mankind, the Emperors of Austria and Russia; Jaques from Shakspeare, by Mr. Middiman, Reynolds' Infant Hercules by Mr. Ward, The Bard, by J. Bromley, jun. possessing the energy of the original by the late President Mr. West, and The Poacher detected, by Mr. Lupton, from Mr. Kidd's beautiful picture.*

of the plates, and the company dispersed in various parts of the rooms, were the first objects of attention [234] and the whole appearance was truly pleasing. At one end was to be seen an old Connoisseur examining a most beautiful engraving from an excellent drawing by Clennell {1}—another contemplating the brilliance of Goodall in his beautiful print of the Fountains of Neptune in the Gardens of Versailles. Dash all, who generally took care to see all before him, animate and inanimate, was occasionally

*1 Luke Clennell—This unfortunate artist, a native of Morpeth, in Northumberland, and known to the world as an eminent engraver on wood, as well as a painter of no ordinary talent, has furnished one of those cases of human distress and misery which calls for the sympathy and aid of every friend to forlorn genius. In the midst of a prosperous career, with fortune "both hands full," smiling on every side, munificently treated by the British Institution, employed on an important work by the Earl of Bridgewater (a picture of the Fête given by the City of London to the Allied Sovereigns,) and with no prospect but that delightful one of fame and independence, earned by his own exertions, the most dreadful affliction of life befel him, and insanity rooted where taste and judgment so conspicuously shone. The wretched artist was of necessity separated from his family; his young wife, the mother of his three infants, descended to the grave a broken-hearted victim, leaving the poor orphans destitute. The Print alluded to in this case, representing the Charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo in 1816, was published by subscription*

casting glimpses at the pictures and the sprightly females by which they were surrounded, and drawing his Cousin to such subjects as appeared to be most deserving of attention; among which, the fine effect produced by Mr. W. B. Cooke stood high in his estimation, particularly in his View of Edinburgh from Calton Hill, and Brightling Observatory in Rose Hill—Le Keux, in his Monument, also partook of his encomiums—T. Woolroth's Portraits, particularly that of the Duchess of Kent, claimed attention, and was deservedly admired, as well as a smaller one of Mr. Shalis by the same artist; indeed, the whole appeared to be selected, combined and arranged under the direction of a master, and calculated at once to surprise and delight. After enjoying an hour's lounge in this agreeable company,

"Come," said Dashall, "we will repair to Somerset House, and amuse ourselves with colours.

"Halloo!" said a smart looking young man behind them—"what am you arter?—where is you going to?"

Upon turning round, Dashall discovered it to be the exquisite Mr. Mincingait, who, having just caught a glimpse of him, and not knowing what to do with himself, hung as it were upon the company of Tom and his friend, by way of killing a little time; and was displaying his person and apparel to the greatest advantage as he pick'd his way along the pavement, alternately picking his teeth and twirling his watch-chain. Passing the end of Greek Street, some conversation having taken place upon the dashing Society in which he had spent the previous evening, Tom indulged himself in the following description of *How to Cut a Dash*.

"Dashing society," said he, "is almost every where to be found in London: it is indeed of so much importance among the generality of town residents, that a sacrifice of every thing that is dear and valuable is frequently made to appearance."

"You are a quiz," said Mincingait; "but I don't mind you, so go your length."

"Very well," continued Tom; "then by way of instruction to my friend, I will give my ideas upon the subject, and if perchance you should find any resemblance to yourself in the picture I am about to draw, don't let all the world know it. If you have an inclination to cut a dash, situation and circumstances in life have nothing to do with it; a good bold face and a stock of assurance, are the most essential requisites. With these, you must in the first place fall upon some method to trick a tailor (provided you have not certain qualms that will prevent you) by getting into his debt, for much depends upon exteriors. There is no crime in this, for you pay him if you are able—and good clothes are very necessary for a dash; having them cut after the newest fashion, is also very essential. Sally forth, if on a Sunday morning in quest of a companion with whom you have the night previous (at a tavern or confectioner's) engaged to meet at the corner. After having passed the usual compliments of the morning with him, place yourself in a fashionable attitude, your thumbs thrust in your pantaloon's pockets—the right foot thrown carelessly across the left, resting on the toe, exhibits your line turned ankle, or new boot, and is certainly a very modest attitude—your cravat finically adjusted, and tied sufficiently tight to produce a fine full-blooming countenance: corsets and bag pantaloons are indispensably necessary to accoutre you for the stand. When in this trim, dilate upon the events of the times—know but very little of domestic affairs—expatiate and criticise upon the imperfections or charms of the passing multitude—tell a fine story to some acquaintance who knows but little about you, and, by this means, borrow as much money as will furnish you with a very small bamboo, or very large cudgel; extremes are very indispensable for a good dash.

"It is extremely unbecoming for a gentleman of fashion to pay any regard to that old superstitious ceremony of what is commonly called '*going to church*'—or, at most, of attending more than half a day in the week. To attend public worship more than one hour in seven days must be very fatiguing to a person of genteel habits—besides it would be countenancing an old established custom. In former times, a serious and devout attention to divine service was not thought improper; but should a gentleman of modern manners attend public worship, to discover, according to the law of the polite, what new face of fashion appears, I need not mention the absurdity of decent behaviour.

?What go to meeting, say?—why this the vulgar do, Yes, and it is a custom old as Homer too! Sure, then, we folks of fashion must with this dispense, Or differ in some way from folks of common sense.'

"Melodious, indeed, are the voices of ladies and gentlemen whispering across the pews, politely inquiring after each other's health—the hour at which they got home from their Saturday evening's party—what gallants attended them; and what lasses they saw safe home. How engaging the polite posture of looking on the person next you, or in sound sleep, instead of sacred music, playing loud bass through the nose! But to have proceeded methodically in enumerating the improvements in manners, I ought, first, to have mentioned some of the important advantages of staying from church until the service is half finished. Should you attend at the usual hour of commencing service, you might be supposed guilty of rising in the morning as early as nine or ten o'clock, and by that means be thought shockingly ungenteel—and if seated quietly in the pew, you might possibly remain unnoticed; but, by thundering along the aisle in the midst of prayer or sermon, you are pretty sure to command the attention of the audience, and obtain the honour of being thought by some, to have been engaged in some genteel affair the night before! Besides, it is well known that it is only the vulgar that attend church in proper time.

"When you parade the streets, take off your hat to every gentleman's carriage that passes; you may do the same to any pretty woman—for if she is well bred, (you being smartly dressed) she will return the compliment before she be able to recollect whether your's be a face she has seen somewhere or not; those who see it, will call you a dashing fellow. When a beggar stops you, put your hand in your pocket, and tell him you are very sorry you have no change; this, you know, will be strictly true, and speaking truth is always a commendable quality;—or, if it suits you better, bid him go to the churchwarden—this you may easily do in a dashing way. Never think of following any business or profession,—such conduct is unworthy of a dasher. In the evening, never walk straight along the foot-way, but go in a zigzag direction—this will make some people believe you have been dashing down your bottle of wine after dinner. No dasher goes home sober.

"On making your appearance in the ball-room, put your hat under your arm: you will find an advantage in this, as it will make a stir in the room to make way for you and your hat, and apprize them of your entrance.

After one or two turns around the room, if the sets are all made up, make a stand before one of the mirrors[238]

to adjust your cravat, hair, &c. Be sure to have your hair brushed all over the forehead, which will give you a very ferocious appearance. If you catch a strange damsel's eyes fixed upon you, take it for granted that you are a fascinating fellow, and cut a prodigious dash. As soon as the first set have finished dancing, fix your thumbs as before-mentioned, and make a dash through the gaping crowd in pursuit of a partner; if you are likely to be disappointed in obtaining one with whom you are acquainted, select the smallest child in the room; by that means, you will attract the attention of the ladies, and secure to you the hand of a charming Miss for the next dance. When on the floor with one of those dashing belles, commence a *tête-a-tête* with her, and pay no attention whatever to the figure or steps, but walk as deliberately as the music will admit (not dropping your little chit chat) through the dance, which is considered, undoubtedly, very graceful, and less like a mechanic or dancing-master. The dance finished, march into the bar, and call for a glass of blue-ruin, white-tape, or stark-naked, which is a very fashionable liquor among the 'ton,' and if called on to pay for it, tell the landlord you have left your purse in one of your blues at home; and that you will recollect it at the next ball—this, you know, can be done in a genteel way, and you will be 'all the go.' Return into the room, and either tread upon some gentleman's toes, or give him a slight touch with your elbow: which, if he be inclined to resent, tell him, 'pon lionour,' you did not observe him, or, if inclined to suffer it with impunity—'Get out of the way, fellow, d—n you.'

On your way home, after escorting your fair inamorata to her peaceful abode, make a few calls for the purpose of taking a little more stimulus with some particular friends, and then return home for the night to 'steep your senses in forgetfulness.'

"A very amusing and useful account, truly," said Bob, as his Cousin closed his chapter of instructions How to Cut a Dash.

"It is, at least, a just and true delineation of living character."

"Not without a good portion of caricature," said Mincingait. "You are downright scurrilous, and ought not to be tolerated in civilized society. Sink me, if you are not quite a bore, and not fit company for a Gentleman[239] so I shall wish you a good morning."

Tom and Bob laughed heartily at this declaration of the Dashing Blade, and, wishing him a pleasant walk and a safe return, they separated.

By this time they had arrived at Somerset House: it was near three o'clock, and the Rooms exhibited a brilliant crowd of rank and fashion, which considerably enhanced the value of its other decorations.

"I have already," said Dashall, "given you a general description of this building, and shall therefore confine my present observations wholly to the establishment of the Royal Academy for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, for the cultivation of which London is now much and deservedly distinguished; and to the progressive improvement in which we are indebted to that Exhibition we have already witnessed. This Academy was opened by Royal Charter in 1768; and it consists of forty members, called Royal Academicians, twenty Associates, and six Associate Engravers. The first President was the justly celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds; the second, the highly respected Benjamin West; and the present, is Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"The Academy possesses a fine collection of casts and models, from antique statues, &c. a School of colouring, from pictures of the best masters. Lectures are delivered by the stated Professors in their various branches, to the Students during the winter season; prize medals are given annually for the best academy figures and drawings of buildings; and gold medals for historical composition in painting, sculpture, and designs in Architecture, once in two years; which latter are presented to the successful Artists in full assembly, accompanied with a discourse from the President, calculated to stimulate perseverance and exertion. Students have at all times, (except during the regular vacations,) an opportunity of studying nature from well chosen models, and of drawing from the antique casts.

"This Exhibition is generally opened on the first of May. The number of works of art, consisting of paintings, sculptures, models, proof engravings and drawings, generally exhibited, are upwards of one thousand; and are usually visited by all the gaiety and fashion of the Metropolis, between the hours of two and five o'clock in the day. The rooms are elegant and spacious; and I consider it at all times a place where a shilling may be[240] well spent, and an hour or two well enjoyed.

*"Some spend a life in classing grubs, and try,  
New methods to impale a butterfly;  
Or, bottled up in spirits, keep with care  
A crowd of reptiles—hideously rare;  
While others search the mouldering wrecks of time,  
And drag their stores from dust and rust and slime;  
Coins eat with canker, medals half defac'd,  
And broken tablets, never to be trac'd;  
Worm-eaten trinkets worn away of old,  
And broken pipkins form'd in antique mould;  
Huge limbless statues, busts of heads forgot,  
And paintings representing none knows what;  
Strange legends that to monstrous fables lead,  
And manuscripts that nobody can read;  
The shapeless forms from savage hands that sprung,  
And fragments of rude art, when Art was young.  
This precious lumber, labell'd, shelv'd, and cas'd,  
And with a title of Museum grac'd,  
Shews how a man may time and fortune waste,  
And die a mummy'd connoisseur of taste."*



EXHIBITION SOMERSET HOUSE. *Tom & Bob among the Connoisseurs.*

On entering the rooms, Bob was bewildered with delight; the elegance of the company, the number and excellence of the paintings, were attractions so numerous and splendid, as to leave him no opportunity of decidedly fixing his attention. He was surrounded by all that could enchant the eye and enrapture the imagination. Moving groups of interesting females were parading the rooms with dashing partners at their elbows, pointing out the most beautiful paintings from the catalogues, giving the names of the artists, or describing the subjects. Seated on one of the benches was to be seen the tired Dandy, whose principal inducement to be present at this display of the Arts, was to exhibit his own pretty person, and attract a little of the public gaze by his preposterous habiliments and unmeaning countenance; to fasten upon the first person who came within the sound of his scarcely articulate voice with observing, "It is d—d hot, 'pon honour—can't stand it—very fatiguing—I wonder so many persons are let in at once—there's no such thing as seeing, I declare, where there is such a crowd: I must come again, that's the end of it." On another, was the full-dressed Elegante, with her bonnet in one hand, and her catalogue in the other, apparently intent upon examining the pictures before her, while, in fact, her grand aim was to discover whether she herself was[241] observed. The lounging Blood, who had left his horses at the door, was bustling among the company with his quizzing-glass in his hand, determined, if possible, to have a peep at every female he met, caring as much for the Exhibition itself, as the generality of the visitors cared for him. The Connoisseur was placing his eye occasionally close to the paintings, or removing to short distances, right and left, to catch them in the most judicious lights, and making remarks on his catalogue with a pencil; and Mrs. Roundabout, from Leadenhall, who had brought her son Dicky to see the show, as she called it, declared it was the '*most finest*' sight she ever seed, lifting up her hand and eyes at the same time as Dicky read over the list, and charmed her by reciting the various scraps of poetry inserted in the catalogue to elucidate the subjects. It was altogether a source of inexpressible delight and amusement. Tom, whose taste for the arts qualified him well for the office of guide upon such an occasion, directed the eye of his Cousin to the best and most masterly productions in the collection, and whose attention was more particularly drawn to the pictures (though occasionally devoted to the inspection of a set of well-formed features, or a delicately turned angle,) was much pleased to find Bob so busy in enquiry and observation.

"We have here," said Tom, "a combination of the finest specimens in the art of painting laid open annually for public inspection. Music, Poetry, and Painting, have always been held in high estimation by those who make any pretensions to an improved mind and a refined taste. In this Exhibition the talents of the Artists in their various lines may be fairly estimated, and the two former may almost be said to give life to the latter, in which the three are combined. The Historian, the Poet, and the Philosopher, have their thoughts embodied by the Painter; and the tale so glowingly described in language by the one, is brought full before the eye by the other; while the Portrait-painter hands down, by the vivid touches of his pencil, the features and character of those who by their talents have deservedly signalized themselves in society. The face of nature is displayed in the landscape, and the force of imagination by the judicious selector of scenes from actual life. Hence painting is the fascinating region of enchantment. The pencil is a magic wand; it calls up to view the most[242] extensive and variegated scenery calculated to wake the slumbering mind to thought.

*"—To mark the mighty hand  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,  
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;  
Flings from the sun direct the naming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
And as on earth this grateful change revolves.  
With transport touches all the springs of life."*

"Upon my life!" cried Bob, "we seem to have no need of Sparkle now, for you are endeavouring to imitate him."

"Your observations maybe just, in part," replied Tom; "but I can assure you I have no inclination to continue in the same strain. At the same time, grave subjects, or subjects of the pencil and graver, are deserving of serious consideration, except where the latter are engaged in caricature."

"And that has its utility," said Bob.

"To be sure it has," continued Tom—"over the human mind, wit, humour and ridicule maintain authoritative influence. The ludicrous images which flit before the fancy, aided by eccentric combinations, awaken the risible powers, and throw the soul into irresistible tumults of laughter. Who can refrain from experiencing

risible emotions when he beholds a lively representation of Don Quixote and Sancho Pança—Hudibras and his Ralpho—merry old Falstaff shaking his fat sides, gabbling with Mrs. Quickly, and other grotesque figures to be found in the vast variety of human character? To lash the vices and expose the follies of mankind, is the professed end of this species of painting.

*“Satire has always shone among the rest;  
And is the boldest way, if not the best,  
To tell men freely of their foulest faults.”*

Objects well worthy of attention—like comedy—may degenerate, and become subservient to licentiousness and profligacy; yet the shafts of ridicule judiciously aimed, like a well-directed artillery, do much execution. With what becoming severity does the bold Caricature lay open to public censure the intrigues of subtle Politicians, the chicanery of corrupted Courts, and the flattery of cringing Parasites! Hence satirical books[243] and prints, under temperate regulations, check the dissoluteness of the great. Hogarth's Harlot's and Rake's Progress have contributed to reform the different classes of society—nay, it has even been doubted by some, whether the Sermons of a Tillotson ever dissuaded so efficaciously from lust, cruelty, and intemperance, as the Prints of an Hogarth. Indeed it may with truth be observed, that the art of Painting is one of those innocent and delightful means of pleasure which Providence has kindly offered to brighten the prospects of life: under due restriction, and with proper direction, it may be rendered something more than an elegant mode of pleasing the eye and the imagination; it may become a very powerful auxiliary to virtue.”

“I like your remarks very well,” said Bob; “but there is no such thing as paying proper attention to them at present; besides, you are moralizing again.”

“True,” said Tom, “the subjects involuntarily lead me to moral conclusions—there is a fine picture—Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children, from the pencil of Hilton; in which is united the simplicity of art with allegory, the seriousness of moral instruction and satire with the charms of female and infantine beauty; the graces of form, action, colour and beauty of parts, with those of collective groups; and the propriety and beauty of—”

He was proceeding in this strain, when, turning suddenly as he supposed to Tallyho, he was not a little surprised and confused to find, instead of his Cousin, the beautiful and interesting Miss Mortimer, at his elbow, listening with close attention to his description.

“Miss Mortimer,” continued he—which following immediately in connection with his last sentence, created a buz of laughter from Sparkle, Merrywell, and Mortimer, who were in conversation at a short distance, and considerably increased his confusion.

“Very gallant, indeed,” said Miss Mortimer, “and truly edifying. These studies from nature appear to have peculiar charms for you, but I apprehend your observations were not meant for my ear.”

“I was certainly not aware,” continued he, “how much I was honoured; but perceiving the company you are in, I am not much astonished at the trick, and undoubtedly have a right to feel proud of the attentions that[244] have been paid to my observations.”

By this time the party was increased by the arrival of Col. B—, his daughter Maria, and Lady Lovelace, who, with Sparkle's opera glass in her hand, was alternately looking at the paintings, and gazing at the company. Sparkle, in the mean time, was assiduous in his attentions to Miss Mortimer, whose lively remarks and elegant person excited general admiration.

The first greetings of such an unexpected meeting were followed by an invitation on the part of the Colonel to Tom and Bob to dine with them at half past six.

Tallyho excused himself upon the score of a previous engagement; and a wink conveyed to Tom was instantly understood; he politely declined the honour upon the same ground, evidently perceiving there was more meant than said; and after a few more turns among the company, and a survey of the Pictures, during which they lost the company of young Mortimer and his friend Merry well, (at which the Ladies expressed themselves disappointed) they, with Sparkle, assisted the females into the Colonel's carriage, wished them a good morning, and took their way towards Temple Bar.

“I am at a loss,” said Dashall, “to guess what you meant by a prior engagement; for my part, I confess I had engaged myself with you, and never felt a greater inclination for a ramble in my life.”

“Then,” said Bob, “I'll tell you—Merry well and Mortimer had determined to give the old Colonel and his company the slip; and I have engaged, provided you have no objection, to dine with them at the Globe in Fleet Street, at half past four. They are in high glee, ready and ripe for fun, determined to beat up the eastern quarters of the town.”

“An excellent intention,” continued Tom, “and exactly agreeable to my own inclinations—we'll meet them, and my life on't we shall have a merry evening. It is now four—we will take a walk through the temple, and then to dinner with what appetite we may—so come along. You have heard of the Temple, situated close to the Bar, which takes its name. It is principally occupied by Lawyers, and Law-officers, a useful and important body of men, whose lives are devoted to the study and practice of the law of the land, to keep peace and harmony among the individuals of society, though there are, unfortunately, too many pretenders to legal[245] knowledge, who prey upon the ignorant and live by litigation{1}—such as persons who have

*1 In a recent meeting at the Egyptian Hall, a celebrated Irish Barrister is reported to have said, that 'blasphemy was the only trade that prospered.' The assertion, like many others in the same speech, was certainly a bold one, and one which the gentleman would have found some difficulty in establishing. If, however, the learned gentleman had substituted the word law for blasphemy, he would have been much nearer the truth.*

*Of all the evils with which this country is afflicted, that of an excessive passion for law is the greatest. The sum paid annually in taxes is nothing to that which is spent in*

litigation. Go into our courts of justice, and you will often see sixty or seventy lawyers at a time; follow them home, and you will find that they are residing in the fashionable parts of the town, and living in the most expensive manner. Look at the lists of the two houses of parliament, and you will find lawyers predominate in the House of Commons; and, in the upper house, more peers who owe their origin to the law, than have sprung from the army and navy united. There is scarcely a street of any respectability without an attorney, not to mention the numbers that are congregated in the inns of court. In London alone, we are told, there are nearly three thousand certificated attorneys, and in the country they are numerous in proportion.

While on the subject of lawyers, we shall add a few unconnected anecdotes, which will exhibit the difference between times past and present.

In the Rolls of Parliament for the year 1445, there is a petition from two counties in England, stating that the number of attorneys had lately increased from sixteen to twenty-four, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits. And it was prayed that it might be ordained, that there should only be six attorneys for the county of Norfolk, the same number for Suffolk, and two for the city of Norwich.

The profits of the law have also increased in proportion. We now frequently hear of gentlemen at the bar making ten or fifteen thousand pounds a year by their practice; and a solicitor in one single suit, (the trial of Warren Hastings) is said to have gained no less than thirty-five thousand pounds! How different three centuries ago, when Roper, in his life of Sir Thomas More, informs us, that though he was an advocate of the greatest eminence, and in full business, yet he did not by his profession make above four hundred pounds per annum. There is, however, a common tradition on the other hand, that Sir Edward Coke's gains, at the latter end of this century, equalled those of a modern attorney general; and, by Lord Bacon's works, it appears that he made 6000L. per annum whilst in this office. Brownlow's profits, likewise, one of the prothonotaries during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were 6000L. per annum; and he used to close the profits of the year with a *laus deo*; and when they happened to be extraordinary,—*maxima laus deo*.

There is no person, we believe, who is acquainted with the important duties of the Judges, or the laborious nature of their office, will think that they are too amply remunerated; and it is not a little remarkable, that when law and lawyers have increased so prodigiously, the number of the Judges is still the same. Fortescue, in the dedication of his work, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, to Prince Edward, says that the Judges were not accustomed to sit more than three hours in a day; that is, from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven; they passed the remainder of the day in studying the laws, and reading the Holy Scriptures.

Carte supposes, that the great reason for the lawyers pushing in shoals to become members of Parliament, arose from their desire to receive the wages then paid them by their constituents. By an act of the 5th of Henry IV. lawyers were excluded from Parliament, not from a contempt of the common law itself, but the professors of it, who, at this time, being auditors to men of property, received an annual stipend, *pro connlio impenso et impendendo*, and were treated as retainers. In Madox's *Form. Anglicanæ*, there is a form of a retainer during his life, of John de Thorp, as counsel to the Earl of Westmoreland; and it appears by the Household Book of Algernon, fifth Earl of Northumberland, that, in the beginning of the reign of Henry the Eighth, there was, in that family, a regular establishment for two counsellors and their servants.

A proclamation was issued on the 6th of November, in the twentieth year of the reign of James I. in which the voters for members of Parliament are directed, "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who may seek reputation by stirring needless questions."

A strong prejudice was at this time excited against lawyers. In Ayleyn's *Henry VIII.* (London, 1638,) we have the following philippic against them:—

"A prating lawyer, (one of those which cloud  
That honour'd science,) did their conduct take;  
He talk'd all law, and the tumultuous crowd  
Thought it had been all gospel that he spake.  
At length, these fools their common error saw,  
A lawyer on their side, but not the law."

Pride the drayman used to say, that it would never be well till the lawyers' gowns, like the Scottish colours, were hung up in Westminster Hall.



*From Chaucer's character of the Temple Manciple, it would appear that the great preferment which advocates in this time chiefly aspired to, was to become steward to some great man: he says,—*

*"Of masters he had mo than thryis ten,  
That were of law expert and curious,  
Of which there were a dozen in that house,  
Worthy to ben stuards of house and londe,  
Of any lord that is in Englonde."*

been employed as clerks to Pettifoggers, who obtain permission to sue in their names; and persons whd[246] know no more of law than what they have learned in Abbot's Park,{1} or on board the Fleet,{2} who assume the title of Law Agents or Accountants, and are admirably fitted for Agents in the Insolvent Debtor's Court under the Insolvent Act, to make out Schedules, &c. Being up to all the arts and manouvres practised with success for the liberation of themselves, they are well calculated to become tutors of others, though they generally take care to be well paid for it."

By this time they were entering the Temple. "This," continued Tom, "is an immense range of buildings, stretching from Fleet-street to the river, north and south; and from Lombard-street, Whitefriars, to Essex-street in the Strand, east and west.

"It takes its name from its being founded by the Knights Templars in England. The Templars were crusaders, who, about the year 1118, formed themselves into a military body at Jerusalem, and guarded the roads for the safety of pilgrims. In time the order became very powerful. The Templars in Fleet-street, in the thirteenth century, frequently entertained the King, the Pope's nuncio, foreign ambassadors, and other great personages.

"It is now divided into two societies of students, called the Inner and Middle Temple, and having the name of Inns of Court.

"These societies consist of Benchers, Barristers, Students, and Members. The government is vested in the Benchers. In term time they dine in the hall of the society, which is called keeping commons. To dine a fortnight in each term, is deemed keeping the term; and twelve of these terms qualify a student to be called to year of Henry the Sixth, when Sir Walter Beauchamp, as counsel, supported the claim of precedence of the Earl of Warwick, against the then Earl Marshal, at the bar of the House of Lords. Mr. Roger Hunt appeared in the same capacity for the Earl Marshal, and both advocates, in their exordium, made most humble protestations, entreating the lord against whom they were retained, not to take amiss what they should advance on the part of their own client.

Another point on which the lawyers of the present age differ from their ancestors, is in their prolixity. It was reserved for modern invention to make a trial for high treason last eight days, or to extend a speech to nine hours duration.

*1 Abbot's Park—The King's Bench.*

*2 On board the Fleet—The Fleet Prison.*

"These societies have the following officers and servants: a treasurer, sub-treasurer, steward, chief butler[248] three under-butlers, upper and under cook, a pannierman, a gardener, two porters, two wash-pots, and watchmen.

"The Benchers assume and exercise a power that can scarcely be reconciled to the reason of the thing. They examine students as to their proficiency in the knowledge of the law, and call candidates to the bar, or reject them at pleasure, and without appeal. It is pretty well known that students in some cases eat their way to the bar; in which there can be no great harm, because their clients will take the liberty afterwards of judging how far they have otherwise qualified themselves. But every man that eats in those societies should be called, or the rejection should be founded solely on his ignorance of the law, and should be subject to an appeal to a higher jurisdiction; otherwise the power of the Benchers may be exercised on private or party motives.

"The expence of going through the course of these Societies is not great. In the Inner Temple, a student pays on admission, for the fees of the society, 3L. 6s. 8d. which, with other customary charges, amounts to 4L. 2s. A duty is also paid to the King, which is high. Terms may be kept for about 10s. per week, and, in fact, students may dine at a cheaper rate here than any where beside. The expences in the principal societies of like nature are something more.

"Their kitchens, and dinner-rooms, merit the inspection of strangers, and may be seen on applying to the porter, or cooks, without fee or introduction. Our time is short now, or we would take a peep; you must therefore content yourself with my description.

"The Temple is an irregular building. In Fleet-street are two entrances, one to the Inner, and the other to the Middle Temple. The latter has a front in the manner of Inigo Jones, of brick, ornamented with four large stone pilastres, of the Ionic order, with a pediment. It is too narrow, and being lofty, wants proportion. The passage to which it leads, although designed for carriages, is narrow, inconvenient, and mean.

"The garden of the Inner Temple is not only a most happy situation, but is laid out with great taste, and kept in perfect order. It is chiefly covered with green sward,, which is pleasing to the eye, especially in a city[249] and is most agreeable to walk on. It lies, as you perceive, along the river, is of great extent, and has a spacious gravel walk, or terrace, on the bank of the Thames. It forms a crowded promenade in summer, and at such times is an interesting spot.

"The Middle Temple has a garden, but much smaller,, and not so advantageously situated.

"The hall of the Middle Temple is a spacious and elegant room in its style. Many great feasts have been given in it in old times. It is well worth a visit.

"The Inner Temple hall is comparatively small, but is a fine room. It is ornamented with the portraits of several of the Judges. Before this hall is a broad paved terrace, forming an excellent promenade, when the gardens are not sufficiently dry.

"There are two good libraries belonging to these societies, open to students, and to others on application to the librarian, from ten in the morning till one, and in the afternoon from two till six.

"The Temple church belongs in common to the two societies. The Knights Templars built their church on this site, which was destroyed, and the present edifice was erected by the Knights Hospitallers. It is in the Norman style of architecture, and has three aisles, running east and west, and two cross aisles. At the western end is a spacious round tower, the inside of which forms an elegant and singular entrance into the church, from which it is not separated by close walls, but merely by arches. The whole edifice within has an uncommon and noble aspect. The roof of the church is supported by slight pillars of Sussex marble, and there are three windows at each side, adorned with small pillars of the same marble. The entire floor is of flags of black and white marble; the roof of the tower is supported with six pillars, having an upper and lower range of small arches, except on the eastern side, opening into the church: The length of the church is eighty-three feet; the breadth sixty; and the height thirty-four; the height of the inside of the tower is forty-eight feet, and its diameter on the floor fifty-one.

"In the porch or tower are the tombs of eleven Knights Templars; eight of them have the figures of armed knights on them, three of them being the tombs of so many Earls of Pembroke. The organ of this church is one of the finest in the world.

"The Temple church is open for divine service every day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, and at four in the afternoon. There are four entrances into the Temple, besides those in Fleet-street; and it is a thoroughfare during the day, but the gates are shut at night. The gardens are open to the public in summer. It is a place of much business and constant traffic, I assure you."

"I perceive it," said Bob, "by the number of persons passing and repassing, every one apparently animated and impelled by some business of importance."

"Yes, it is something like a steam-boiler, by which a considerable portion of the engines of the Law are kept in motion. They can alarm and allay according to the pockets of their customers, or the sagacity which they are able to discover in their heads. There are perhaps as many Quacks in this profession as in any other," continued Tom, as they regained Fleet-street; when, perceiving it was half past four o'clock by St. Dunstan's—"But we must now make the best of our way, or we may be cut out of the good things of this *Globe*."

"What are so many persons collected together here for?" enquired Bob.

"Merely to witness a little of ingenious machinery. Keep your eye on the two figures in the front of the church with clubs in their hands."

"I do," said Bob; "but there does not appear to me to be any thing very remarkable about them."

He scarcely uttered the words, when he observed that these figures struck their clubs upon the bells which hung between them to denote the time of day.

"These figures," said Tom, "and the circumstance of giving them motion every fifteen minutes by the movements of the clock, have attracted a great deal of notice, particularly among persons from the country, and at almost every quarter of an hour throughout the day they are honoured with spectators. The church itself is very ancient, and has been recently beautified. The *Bell thumpers*, whose abilities you have just had a specimen of, have been standing there ever since the year 1671."

"It is hard service," said Bob, "and they must certainly deserve a pension from Government more than many of the automatons who are now in the enjoyment of the national bounties." [251]

"You are right enough," said a Translator of Soles, {1} who had overheard Bob's last remark, with a pair of old shoes under his arm; "and d——n me if I would give a pair of *crazy crabshells* {2} without *vamp or whelt for the whole boiling of 'em* {3}-there is not one on 'em worth a bloody jemmy." {4}

Upon hearing this from the political Cobbler, a disturbed sort of shout was uttered by the surrounding spectators, who had rather increased than diminished in number, to hear the observations of the leathern-lung'd Orator; when Tom, giving his Cousin a significant pinch of the arm, impelled him forward, and left them to the enjoyment of their humour.

"Political observations are always bad in the street," said Tom; "it is a subject upon which scarcely any two persons agree distinctly-*Old Wax and Bristles* is about *three sheets in the wind*, {5} and no doubt there are enough to take advantage of any persons stopping at this time of the day." {6}

"What have we here?" said Bob, who observed a concourse of people surrounding the end of Fetter Lane.

"Only a couple more of striking figures," replied Tom, "almost as intelligent as those we have just seen."

1 Translator of Soles—A disciple of St. Crispin, alias a cobbler, who can botch up old shoes, so as to have the appearance of being almost new, and who is principally engaged in his laudable occupation by the second-hand shoe-sellers of Field Lane, Turn Stile, &c. for the purpose of turning an honest penny, i.e. to deceive poor purchasers.

2 Crab-shells—A cant term for shoes.

3 Whole boiling of 'em—The whole kit of 'em, &c. means the whole party.

4 Bloody Jemmy—A cant term for a sheep's head.

5 Three sheets in the wind—A cant phrase intending to explain that a person is more than half drunk.

6 This was a hint well given by Dashall; for, in the present times, it is scarcely possible to be aware of the numerous depredations that are committed in the streets of the

*Metropolis in open day-light; and it is a well-known fact, that Fleet Street, being one of the leading thoroughfares, is at almost all times infested with loose characters of every description, from the well-dressed Sharpers, who hover round the entrances to billiard-tables to mark new comers, and give information to the pals in waiting, somewhere within call, and who are called Macers-to the wily Duffers or Buffers, willing to sell extraordinary bargains, and the Cly-faker, or Pickpocket.*

Bob bustled forward, and looking down the lane, perceived two Watchmen, one on each side the street,[252] bearing poles with black boards inscribed in white letters, "Beware of bad houses," and a lantern hanging to each.

"These," said Tom, "are not decoy ducks, but scare crows, at least they are intended for such; whether their appearance does not operate as much one way as it does the other, is, I believe, a matter of doubt."

"Beware of bad houses," said Bob—"I don't exactly see the object."

"No, perhaps not," continued his Cousin; "but I will tell you: this is a method which the Churchwardens of parishes sometimes take of shaming the *pa-pa* or *fie fie* ladies from their residences, or at least of discovering their visitors; but I am half inclined to think, that nine times out of ten the contrary effect is produced; for these men who are stationed as warnings to avoid, are easily to be blinded by the gay and gallant youths, who have" an inclination to obtain an admission to the fair cyprians; besides which, if the first inhabitants are really induced to quit, the house is quickly occupied by similar game, and the circumstance of the burning out, as it is termed, serves as a direction-post to new visitors; so that no real good is eventually effected—Come, we had better move on—there is nothing more extraordinary here."

"This is Peele's Coffee House," continued he—"a house celebrated for its general good accommodations. Here, as well as at the Chapter Coffee House, in Paternoster Row, all the newspapers are kept filed annually, and may be referred to by application to the Waiters, at the very trifling expense of a cup of coffee or a glass of wine. The Monthly and Quarterly Reviews, and the provincial papers, are also kept for the accommodation of the customers, and constitute an extensive and valuable library; it is the frequent resort of Authors and Critics, who meet to pore over the news of the day, or search the records of past times."

"An excellent way of passing an hour," said Bob, "and a proof of the studied attention which is paid not only to the comforts and convenience of their customers, but also to their instruction."

"You are right," replied Tom; "in London every man has an opportunity of living according to his wishes and the powers of his pocket; he may dive, like Roderick Random, into a cellar, and fill his belly for four pence, or[253] regale himself with the more exquisite delicacies of the London Tavern at a guinea; while the moderate tradesman can be supplied at a chop-house for a couple of shillings; and the mechanic by a call at the shop over the way at the corner of Water Lane,{1} may purchase his half pound of ham or beef, and retire to a public-house to eat it; where he obtains his pint of porter, and in turn has an opportunity of reading the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*. Up this court is a well-known house, the sign of the Old Cheshire Cheese; it has long been established as a chop-house, and provides daily for a considerable number of persons; but similar accommodations are to be found in almost every street in London. Then again, there are cook-shops of a still humbler description where a dinner may be procured at a still more moderate price; so that in this great Metropolis there is accommodation for all ranks and descriptions of persons, who may be served according to the delicacy of their appetites and the state of their finances.

"A Chop-house is productive of all the pleasures in life; it is a combination of the most agreeable and satisfactory amusements: indeed, those who have never had an opportunity of experiencing the true happiness therein to be found, have a large portion of delight and gratification to discover: the heart, the mind and the constitution are to be mended upon crossing its threshold; and description must fall short in its efforts to pourtray its enlivening and invigorating influence; it is, in a word, a little world within itself, absolutely a universe in miniature, possessing a system peculiar to itself, of planets and satellites,

*1 This allusion was made by the Hon. Tom Dashall to the Shop of Mr. Cantis, who was formerly in the employ of Mr. Epps, and whose appearance in opposition to him at Temple Bar a few years back excited a great deal of public attention, and had the effect of reducing the prices of their ham and beef. Mr. Epps generally has from fourteen to twenty Shops, and sometimes more, situated in different parts of the Metropolis, and there is scarcely a street in London where there is not some similar place of accommodation; but Mr. Epps is the most extensive purveyor for the public appetite. At these shops, families may be supplied with any quantity, from an ounce to a pound, of hot boiled beef and ham at moderate prices; while the poor are regaled with a plate of cuttings at a penny or twopence each.*

and fixed stars and revolutions, and its motions are annual, rotatory and diurnal, in all its extensive diversity of waiters, cooks, saucepans, fryingpans, gridirons, salamanders, stoves and smoke-jacks; so that if you wish to know true and uncloying delight, you are now acquainted with where it is to be found. Not all the sages of the ancient or the modern world ever dreamed of a theory half so exquisite, or calculated to afford man a treat so truly delicious.

"Within the doors of a Chop-house are to be found food for both body and soul—mortal and mental appetites—feasting for corporeal cravings and cravings intellectual—nourishment at once for the faculties both of mind and body: there, in fact, the brain may be invigorated, and the mind fed with good things; while the palate is satisfied by devouring a mutton chop, a veal cutlet, or a beef steak; and huge draughts of wisdom may be imbibed while drinking a bottle of soda or a pint of humble porter.

"In this delightful place of amusement and convenience, there is provender for philosophers or fools, stoics or epicureans; contemplation for genius of all denominations; and it embraces every species of science and of art, (having an especial eye to the important art of Cookery;) it encompasses all that is worthy of the

sublimest faculties and capacities of the soul; it is the resort of all that is truly good and glorious on earth, the needy and the noble, the wealthy and the wise. Its high estimation is universally acknowledged; it has the suffrage of the whole world, so much so, that at all times and in all seasons its supremacy is admitted and its influence recognized. The name, the very name alone, is sufficient to excite all that is pleasant to our senses (five or seven, how many soever there may be.) A Chop-house! at that word what delightful prospects are presented to the mind's eye—what a clashing of knives and forks and plates and pewter pots, and rushing of footsteps and murmurings of expectant hosts enter into our delighted ears—what gay scenes of varied beauty, and many natured viands and viscous soups, tarts, puddings and pies, rise before our visual nerves—what fragrant perfumes, sweet scented odours, and grateful gales of delicate dainties stream into our olfactory perceptions,

*“ . . . Like the sweet south  
Upon a bank—a hank of violets, giving  
And taking odour.”*

Its powers are as vast as wonderful and goodly, and extend over all animal and animated nature, biped and quadruped, the earth, the air, and all that therein is. By its high decree, the beast may no longer bask in the noon tide of its nature, the birds must forsake their pure ether, and the piscatory dwellers in the vasty deep may spread no more their finny sails towards their caves of coral. The fruits, the herbs, and the other upgrowings of the habitable world, and all created things, by one wave of the mighty wand are brought together into this their common tomb. It is creative also of the lordliest independence of spirit. It excites the best passions of the heart—it calls into action every kind and generous feeling of our nature—it begets fraternal affection and unanimity and cordiality of soul, and excellent neighbourhood among men—it will correct antipodes, for its ministerial effects will produce a Radical advantage—its component parts go down with the world, and are well digested.”

“Your description,” said Bob, “has already had the effect of awakening appetite, and I feel almost as hungry as if I were just returning from a fox-chace.”

“Then,” continued the Hon. Tom Dashall, “it is not only admirable as a whole, its constituent and individual beauties are as provocative of respect as the mass is of our veneration. From among its innumerable excellencies—I will mention one which deserves to be held in recollection and kept in our contemplation—what is more delightful than a fine beef-steak?—spite of Lexicographers, there is something of harmony even in its name, it seems to be the key-note of our best constructed organs, (organs differing from all others, only because they have no stops,) it circles all that is full, rich and sonorous—I do not mean in its articulated enunciation, but in its internal acceptance—there—there we feel all its strength and diapas, or force and quantity.”

“Admirable arrangements, indeed,” said Bob. “True,” continued Tom; “and all of them comparatively comfortable, according to their gradations and the rank or circumstances of their customers. The Tavern furnishes wines, &c.; the Pot-house, porter, ale, and liquors suitable to the high or low. The sturdy Porter, sweating beneath his load, may here refresh himself with heavy wet;<sup>{1}</sup> the Dustman, or the Chimney-sweep, may sluice

*1 Heavy wet—A well-known appellation for beer, porter, or ale.*

Am ivory<sup>{1}</sup> with the Elixir of Life, now fashionably termed Daffy's.”

[256]

“Daffy's,” said Tallyho—“that is somewhat new to me, I don't recollect hearing it before?”

“Daffy's Elixir,” replied Dashall, “was a celebrated quack medicine, formerly sold by a celebrated Doctor of that name, and recommended by him as a cure for all diseases incident to the human frame. This Gin, Old Tom, and Blue Ruin, are equally recommended in the present day; in consequence of which, some of the learned gentlemen of the sporting' world have given it the title of Daffy's, though this excellent beverage is known by many other names.

“For instance, the Lady of refined sentiments and delicate nerves, feels the necessity of a little cordial refreshment, to brighten the one and enliven the other, and therefore takes it on the sly, under the polite appellation of white wine. The knowing Kids and dashing Swells are for a drap of blue ruin, to keep all things in good twig. The Laundress, who disdains to be termed a dry washer,—dearly loves a dollop <sup>{2}</sup> of Old Tom, because, while she is up to her elbows in suds, and surrounded with steam, she thinks a drap of the old gemman (having no pretensions to a young one) would comfort and strengthen her inside, and consequently swallows the inspiring dram. The travelling Gat-gut Scraper, and the Hurdy-Grinder, think there is music in the sound of max, and can toss off their kevartern to any tune in good time. The Painter considers it desirable to produce effect by mingling his dead white with a little sky blue. The Donkey driver and the Fish-fag are bang-up for a flash of lightning, to illumine their ideas. The Cyprian, whose marchings and counter marchings in search of custom are productive of extreme fatigue, may, in some degree, be said to owe her existence to Jockey; at least she considers him a dear boy, and deserving her best attentions, so long as she has any power. The Link-boys, the Mud-larks, and the Watermen, who hang round public-house doors to feed horses, &c. club up their brads for a kevartern of Stark-naked in three outs. The Sempstress and Straw Bonnet-maker are for a yard of White Tape; and

*1 Sluice the ivory—Is originally derived from sluicery, and means washing, or passing over the teeth.*

*2 Dollop—Is a large or good quantity of any thing: the whole dollop means the whole quantity.*

the Swell Covies and Out and Outers, find nothing so refreshing after a night's spree, when the victualling<sup>{256}</sup> office is out of order, as a little Fuller's-earth, or a dose of Daffy's; so that it may fairly be presumed it is a universal beverage—nay, so much so, that a certain gentleman of City notoriety, though he has not yet obtained a seat in St. Stephen's Chapel, with an ingenuity equal to that of the *Bug-destroyer to the King*,<sup>{1}</sup>

has latterly decorated his house, not a hundred miles from Cripplegate, with the words Wine and Brandy Merchant to her Majesty, in large letters, from which circumstance his depository of the refreshing and invigorating articles of life has obtained the appellation of the Queen's Gin Shop."

Bob laughed heartily at his Cousin's interpretation of Daffy's.

While Tom humm'd, in an under tone, the fag end of a song, by way of conclusion—

*"Why, there's old Mother Jones, of St. Thomas's Street,  
If a jovial companion she chances to meet,  
Away to the gin-shop they fly for some max,  
And for it they'd pawn the last smock from their backs;*

*For the juniper berry,  
It makes their hearts merry,  
With a hey down, down deny,  
Geneva's the liquor of life."*

By this time they were at the Globe; upon entering which, they were greeted by Mortimer and Merry well, who had arrived before them; and dinner being served almost immediately, they were as quickly seated at the table, to partake of an excellent repast.

*I It is a well-known fact, that a person of the name of  
Tiffin announced himself to the world under this very  
seductive title, which, doubtless, had the effect of  
bringing him considerable custom from the loyal subjects of  
his great patron.*

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## CHAPTER XVII

*"Here fashion and folly still go hand in hand,  
With the Blades of the East, and the Bucks of the Strand;  
The Bloods of the Park, and paraders so gay,  
Who are lounging in Bond Street the most of the day—  
Who are foremost in all that is formed for delight,  
At greeking, or wenching, or drinking all night;  
For London is circled with unceasing joys:  
Then, East, West, North and South, let us hunt them, my boys."*

THE entrance to the house had attracted Tallyho's admiration as they proceeded; but the taste and[258] elegance of the Coffee-room, fitted up with brilliant chandeliers, and presenting amidst a blaze of splendour every comfort and accommodation for its visitors, struck him with surprise; in which however he was not suffered to remain long, for Merrywell and Mortimer had laid their plans with some degree of depth and determination to carry into execution the proposed ramble of the evening, and had ordered a private room for the party; besides which, they had invited a friend to join them, who was introduced to Tom and Bob, under the title of Frank Harry. Frank Harry was a humorous sort of fellow, who could tell a tough story, sing a merry song, and was up to snuff, though he frequently got snuffy, singing,

*"The bottle's the Sun of our table,*

*His beams are rosy wine:  
We, planets never are able*

*Without his beams to shine.  
Let mirth and glee abound,*

*You'll soon grow bright*

*With borrow'd light,  
And shine as he goes round."*

He was also a bit of a dabbler at Poetry, a writer of Songs, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.; and having been a long resident in the East, was thought to be a very useful guide on such an excursion, and proved himself a very[259] pleasant sort of companion: he had a dawning pleasantry in his countenance, eradiated by an eye of vivacity, which seemed to indicate there was nothing which gave him so much gratification as a mirth-moving jest.

"What spirits were his, what wit and what whim, Now cracking a joke, and now breaking a limb."

Give him but food for laughter, and he would almost consider himself furnished with food and raiment. There was however a pedantic manner with him at times; an affectation of the clerical in his dress, which, upon the whole, did not appear to be of the newest fashion, or improved by wearing; yet he would not barter one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons, or one laugh for a thousand sighs. If he ever sigh'd at all, it was because he had been serious where he might have laugh'd; if he had ever wept, it was because mankind had not laugh'd more and mourn'd less. He appeared almost to be made up of contrarities, turning at times the most serious subjects into ridicule, and moralizing upon the most ludicrous occurrences of life, never

failing to conclude his observations with some quaint or witty sentiment to excite risibility; seeming at the same time to say,

*"How I love to laugh;  
Never was a weeper;  
Care's a silly calf,  
Joy's my casket keeper."*

During dinner time he kept the table in a roar of laughter, by declaring it was his opinion there was a kind of puppyism in pigs that they should wear tails—calling a great coat, a spencer folio edition with tail-pieces—Hercules, a man-midwife in a small way of business, because he had but twelve labours—assured them he had seen a woman that morning who had swallowed an almanac, which he explained by adding, that her features were so carbuncled, that the red lettered days were visible on her face—that Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi, merely to prove that he was no lame poet—he described Critics as the door-porters to the Temple of Fame, whose business was to see that no persons slipped in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond ones, but was much in doubt whether they always performed their duty honestly—he called the Sun the *Yellow-hair'd Laddie*—and the Prince of Darkness, the *Black Prince*—ask'd what was the difference between a sigh-heaver and a coal-heaver; but obtaining no answer, I will tell you, said he—The coal-heaver has a load at his back, which he can carry—but a sigh-heaver has one at his heart, which he can not carry. He had a whimsical knack of quoting old proverbs, and instead of saying, the Cobbler should stick to his last, he conceived it ought to be, the Cobbler should stick to his wax, because he thought that the more practicable—What is bred in the bone, said he, will not come out with the skewer; and justified his alteration by asserting it must be plain enough to the fat-headed comprehensions of those epicurean persons who have the magpie-propensity of prying into marrow-bones.

Dashall having remarked, in the course of conversation, that *necessity has no law*.

He declared he was sorry for it—it was surely a pity, considering the number of learned Clerks she might give employ to if she had—her Chancellor (continued he) would have no sinecure of it, I judge: hearing the petitions of her poor, broken-fortuned and bankrupt, subjects would take up all his terms, though every term were a year, and every year a term. Thus he united humour with seriousness, and seriousness with humour, to the infinite amusement of those around him.

Merrywell, who was well acquainted with, and knew his humour, took every opportunity of what is called drawing him out, and encouraging his propensity to punning, a species of wit at which he was particularly happy, for puns fell as thick from him as leaves from autumn bowers; and he further entertained them with an account of the intention he had some short time back of petitioning for the office of pun-purveyor to his late Majesty; but that before he could write the last line—"And your petitioner will ever pun" it was bestowed upon a Yeoman of the Guard. Still, however, said he, I have an idea of opening business as a pun-wright in general to his Majesty's subjects, for the sale and diffusion of all that is valuable in that small ware of wit, and intend to advertise—Puns upon all subjects, wholesale, retail, and for exportation. N B. 1. An allowance will be made to Captains and Gentlemen going to the East and West Indies—Hooks, Peakes, Pococks, {1} supplied on

*1 Well-known dramatic authors.*

moderate terms—worn out sentiments and *clap-traps* will be taken in exchange. N B. 2. May be had in a large quantity, in a great deal box, price five acts of sterling comedy per packet, or in small quantities, in court-plaster sized boxes, price one melodrama and an interlude per box. N B. 3. The genuine puns are sealed with a true Munden grin—all others are counterfeits—Long live Apollo, &c. &c.

The cloth being removed, the wine was introduced, and

*"As wine whets the wit, improves its native force,  
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse,"*

Frank Harry became more lively at each glass—"Egad!" said he, "my intention of petitioning to be the king's punster, puts me in mind of a story."

"Can't you sing it?" enquired Merrywell.

"The pipes want clearing out first," was the reply, "and that is a sign I can't sing at present; but signal as it may appear, and I see some telegraphic motions are exchanging, my intention is to shew to you all the doubtful interpretation of signs in general."

"Let's have it then," said Tom; "but, Mr. Chairman, I remember an old Song which concludes with this sentiment—

*"Tis hell upon earth to be wanting of wine."*

"The bottle is out, we must replenish."

The hint was no sooner given, than the defect was remedied; and after another glass,

"King James VI. on his arrival in London, (said he) was waited on by a Spanish Ambassador, a man of some erudition, but who had strangely incorporated with his learning, a whimsical notion, that every country ought to have a school, in which a certain order of men should be taught to interpret signs; and that the most expert in this department ought to be dignified with the title of Professor of Signs. If this plan were adopted, he contended, that most of the difficulties arising from the ambiguity of language, and the imperfect acquaintance which people of one nation had with the tongue of another, would be done away. Signs, he argued, arose from the dictates of nature; and, as they were the same in every country, there could be no danger of their being misunderstood. Full of this project, the Ambassador was lamenting one day before the King, that the nations of Europe were wholly destitute of this grand desideratum; and he strongly recommended the establishment of a college founded upon the simple principles he had suggested. The king,

either to humour this Quixotic foible, or to gratify his own ambition at the expense of truth, observed, in reply, 'Why, Sir, I have a Professor of Signs in one of the northernmost colleges in my dominions; but the distance is, perhaps, six hundred miles, so that it will be impracticable for you to have an interview with him.' Pleased with this unexpected information, the Ambassador exclaimed—'If it had been six hundred leagues, I would go to see him; and I am determined to set out in the course of three or four days.' The King, who now perceived that he had committed himself, endeavoured to divert him from his purpose; but, finding this impossible, he immediately caused letters to be written to the college, stating the case as it really stood, and desired the Professors to get rid of the Ambassador in the best manner they were able, without exposing their Sovereign. Disconcerted at this strange and unexpected message, the Professors scarcely knew how to proceed. They, however, at length, thought to put off their august visitant, by saying, that the Professor of Signs was not at home, and that his return would be very uncertain. Having thus fabricated the story, they made preparations to receive the illustrious stranger, who, keeping his word, in due time reached their abode. On his arrival, being introduced with becoming solemnity, he began to enquire, who among them had the honour of being Professor of Signs? He was told in reply, that neither of them had that exalted honour; but the learned gentleman, after whom he enquired, was gone into the Highlands, that they conceived his stay would be considerable; but that no one among them could even conjecture the period of his return. 'I will wait his coming,' replied the Ambassador, 'if it be twelve months.'

"Finding him thus determined, and fearing, from the journey he had already undertaken that he might be as good as his word, the learned Professors had recourse to another stratagem. To this they found themselves driven, by the apprehension that they must entertain him as long as he chose to tarry; and in case he should unfortunately weary out their patience, the whole affair must terminate in a discovery of the fraud. They[263] knew a Butcher, who had been in the habit of serving the colleges occasionally with meat. This man, they thought, with a little instruction might serve their purpose; he was, however, blind with one eye, but he had much drollery and impudence about him, and very well knew how to conduct any farce to which his abilities were competent.

"On sending for Geordy, (for that was the butcher's name) they communicated to him the tale, and instructing him in the part he was to act, he readily undertook to become Professor of Signs, especially as he was not to speak one word in the Ambassador's presence, on any pretence whatever. Having made these arrangements, it was formally announced to the Ambassador, that the Professor would be in town in the course of a few days, when he might expect a silent interview. Pleased with this information, the learned foreigner thought that he would put his abilities at once to the test, by introducing into his dumb language some subject that should be at once difficult, interesting, and important. When the day of interview arrived, Geordy was cleaned up, decorated with a large bushy wig, and covered over with a singular gown, in every respect becoming his station. He was then seated in a chair of state, in one of their large rooms, while the Ambassador and the trembling Professors waited in an adjoining apartment.

"It was at length announced, that the learned Professor of Signs was ready to receive his Excellency, who, on entering the room, was struck with astonishment at his venerable and dignified appearance. As none of the Professors would presume to enter, to witness the interview, under a pretence of delicacy, (but, in reality, for fear that their presence might have some effect upon the risible muscles of Geordy's countenance) they waited with inconceivable anxiety, the result of this strange adventure, upon which depended their own credit, that of the King, and, in some degree, the honour of the nation.

"As this was an interview of signs, the Ambassador began with Geordy, by holding up one of his fingers; Geordy replied, by holding up two. The Ambassador then held up three; Geordy answered, by clenching his fist, and looking sternly. The Ambassador then took an orange from his pocket, and held it up; Geordy returned the compliment, by taking from his pocket a piece of a barley cake, which he exhibited in a similar[264] manner. The ambassador, satisfied with the vast attainments of the learned Professor, then bowed before him with profound reverence, and retired. On rejoining the agitated Professors, they fearfully began to enquire what his Excellency thought of their learned brother? 'He is a perfect miracle,' replied the Ambassador, 'his worth is not to be purchased by the wealth of half the Indies.' 'May we presume to descend to particulars?' returned the Professors, who now began to think themselves somewhat out of danger. 'Gentlemen,' said the Ambassador, 'when I first entered into his presence, I held up one finger, to denote that there is one God. He then held up two, signifying that the Father should not be divided from the Son. I then held up three, intimating, that I believed in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He then clenched his fist, and, looking sternly at me, signified, that these three are one; and that he would defy me, either to separate them, or to make additions. I then took out an orange from my pocket, and held it up, to show the goodness of God, and to signify that he gives to his creatures not only the necessaries, but even the luxuries of life. Then, to my utter astonishment, this wonderful man took from his pocket a piece of bread, thus assuring me, that this was the staff of life, and was to be preferred to all the luxuries in the world. Being thus satisfied with his proficiency and great attainments in this science, I silently withdrew, to reflect upon what I had witnessed.' "Diverted with the success of their stratagem, the Professors continued to entertain their visitor, until he thought prudent to withdraw. No sooner had he retired, than the opportunity was seized to learn from Geordy, in what manner he had proceeded to give the Ambassador such wonderful satisfaction; they being at a loss to conceive how he could have caught his ideas with so much promptitude, and have replied to them with proportionable readiness. But, that one story might not borrow any features from the other, they concealed from Geordy all they had learned from the Ambassador; and desiring him to begin with his relation, he proceeded in the following manner:—'When the rascal came into the room, after gazing at me a little, what do you think, gentlemen, that he did? He held up one finger, as much as to say, you have only one eye. I then held up two, to let him know that my one eye was as good as both of his. He then held up three, as much as to[265] say, we have only three eyes between us. This was so provoking, that I bent my fist at the scoundrel, and had it not been for your sakes, I should certainly have risen from the chair, pulled off my wig and gown, and taught him how to insult a man, because he had the misfortune to lose one eye. The impudence of the fellow, however, did not stop here; for he then pulled out an orange from his pocket, and held it up, as much as to say, Your poor beggarly country cannot produce this. I then pulled out a piece of good cake, and held it up, giving him to understand, that I did not care a farthing for his trash. Neither do I; and I only regret, that I did

not thrash the scoundrel's hide, that he might remember how he insulted me, and abused my country.' We may learn from hence, that if there are not two ways of telling a story, there are at least two ways of understanding Signs, and also of interpreting them."

This story, which was told with considerable effect by their merry companion, alternately called forth loud bursts of laughter, induced profound silence, and particularly interested and delighted young Mortimer and Tallyho; while Merrywell kept the glass in circulation, insisting on *no day-light*{1} nor *heel-taps*{2} and the lads began to feel themselves all in high feather. Time was passing in fearless enjoyment, and Frank Harry being called on by Merrywell for a song, declared he had no objection to tip 'em a rum chant, provided it was agreed that it should go round.

This proposal was instantly acceded to, a promise made that he should not be at a loss for a good *coal-box*{3} and after a little more rosin, without which, he said, he could not pitch the key-note, he sung the following

[266]

*SONG.*

*Oh, London! dear London! magnanimous City,  
Say where is thy likeness again to be found?*

*Here pleasures abundant, delightful and pretty,  
All whisk us and frisk us in magical round;*

*1 No day-light—That is to leave no space in the glass; or,  
in other words, to take a bumper.*

*2 Heel-taps—To leave no wine at the bottom.*

*3 Coal-box—A very common corruption of chorus.*

*Here we have all that in life can merry be,  
Looking and laughing with friends Hob and Nob,*

*More frolic and fun than there's bloom on the cherry-tree,  
While we can muster a Sovereign Bob.*

(Spoken)—Yes, yes, London is the large world in a small compass: it contains all the comforts and pleasures of human life—"Aye aye, (says a Bumpkin to his more accomplished Kinsman) Ye mun brag o' yer Lunnun fare; if smook, smother, mud, and makeshift be the comforts and pleasures, gie me free air, health and a cottage."—Ha, ha, ha, Hark at the just-catch'd Johnny Rata, (says a bang-up Lad in a lily-shallow and upper toggery) where the devil did you come from? who let you loose upon society? d——e, you ought to be coop'd up at Exeter? Change among the wild beasts, the Kangaroos and Catabaws, and shewn as the eighth wonder of the world! Shew 'em in! Shew 'em in! stir him up with a long pole; the like never seen before; here's the head of an owl with the tail of an ass—all alive, alive O! D——me how the fellow stares; what a marvellous piece of a mop-stick without thrums.—"By gum (says the Bumpkin) you looks more like an ape, and Ise a great mind to gie thee a douse o' the chops."—You'd soon find yourself chop-fallen there, my nabs, (replies his antagonist)—you are not up to the gammon—you must go to College and learn to sing

*Oh, London! dear London! &c.*

*Here the streets are so gay, and the features so smiling,*

*With uproar and noise, bustle, bother, and gig;  
The lasses (dear creatures!) each sorrow beguiling,*

*The Duke and the Dustman, the Peer and the Prig;  
Here is his Lordship from gay Piccadilly,*

*There an ould Clothesman from Rosemary Lane;  
Here is a Dandy in search of a filly,*

*And there is a Blood, ripe for milling a pane.*

(Spoken)—All higgledy-piggledy, pigs in the straw—Lawyers, Lapidaries, Lamplighters, and Lap-dogs—Men-milliners, Money-lenders, and Fancy Millers, Mouse-trap Mongers, and Matchmen, in one eternal round of variety! Paradise is a pail of cold water in comparison with its unparalleled pleasures—and the wishing cap of Fortunatus could not produce a greater abundance of delight—Cat's Meat—Dog's Meat—Here they are all four a penny, hot hot hot, smoking hot, piping hot hot Chelsea Buns—Clothes sale, clothes—Sweep, sweep—while a poor bare-footed Ballad Singer with a hoarse discordant voice at intervals chimes in with

*"They led me like a pilgrim thro' the labyrinth of care,  
You may know me by my sign and the robe that I wear;"*

so that the concatenation of sounds mingling all at once into one undistinguished concert of harmony[267] induces me to add mine to the number, by singing—

*Oh, London! dear London! &c.*

*The Butcher, whose tray meets the dough of the Baker,*

*And bundles his bread-basket out of his hand;  
The Exquisite Lad, and the dingy Flue Faker,{1}*

*And coaches to go that are all on the stand:  
Here you may see the lean sons of Parnassus,*

*The puffing Perfumer, so spruce and so neat;  
While Ladies, who flock to the fam'd Bonassus,*



*Are boning our hearts as we walk thro' the street.*

(Spoken)—“In gude truth,” says a brawney Scotchman, “I’se ne’er see’d sic bonny work in a’ my liefe—there’s nae walking up the streets without being knock’d doon, and nae walking doon the streets without being tripp’d up.”—“Blood-an-oons, (says an Irishman) don’t be after blowing away your breath in blarney, my dear, when you’ll want it presently to cool your barley broth.”—“By a leaf,” cries a Porter with a chest of drawers on his knot, and, passing between them, capsizes both at once, then makes the best of his way on a jog-trot, humming to himself, Ally Croaker, or Hey diddle Ho diddle de; and leaving the fallen heroes to console themselves with broken heads, while some officious friends are carefully placing them on their legs, and genteelly easing their pockets of the possibles; after which they toddle off at leisure, to sing

*Oh, London! dear London! &c.*

*Then for buildings so various, ah, who would conceive it,*

*Unless up to London they’d certainly been?  
?Tis a truth, I aver, tho’ you’d scarcely believe it,*

*That at the Court end not a Court’s to be seen;  
Then for grandeur or style, pray where is the nation*

*For fashion or folly can equal our own?  
Or fit out a fête like the grand Coronation?*

*I defy the whole world, there is certainly none.*

(Spoken)—Talk of sights and sounds—is not there the Parliament House, the King’s Palace, and the Regent’s Bomb—The Horse-guards, the Body-guards, and the Black-guards—The Black-legs, and the Bluestockings—The Horn-blower, and the Flying Pie-man—The Indian Juggler—Punch and Judy—(imitating the well-known Show-man)—The young and the old, the grave and the gay—The modest Maid and the willing Cyprian—The Theatres—The Fives Court and the Court of Chancery—

[268]

*1 Flue Faker—A cant term for Chimney-sweep.*

*The Giants in Guildhall, to be seen by great and small, and,  
what’s more than all, the Coronation Ball—*

*Mirth, fun, frolic, and frivolity,  
To please the folks of quality:*

*For all that can please the eye, the ear, the taste, the touch,  
the smell,*

*Whether bang-up in life, unfriended or undone,*

*No place has such charms as the gay town of London.*

*Oh, Loudon! dear London! &c.*

The quaint peculiarities of the Singer gave indescribable interest to this song, as he altered his voice to give effect to the various cries of the inhabitants, and it was knock’d down with three times three rounds of applause; when Merrywell, being named for the next, sung, accompanied with Dashall and Frank Harry, the following

*GLEE.*

*“Wine, bring me wine—come fill the sparkling glass,  
Brisk let the bottle circulate;  
Name, quickly name each one his fav’rite lass,  
Drive from your brows the clouds of fate:  
Fill the sparkling bumper high,  
Let us drain the bottom dry.*

*Come, thou grape-encircled Boy!  
From thy blissful seats above,  
Crown the present hours with joy,  
Bring me wine and bring me love:  
Fill the sparkling bumper high,  
Let us drain the bottom dry.*

*Bacchus, o’er my yielding lip  
Spread the produce of thy vine;  
Love, thy arrows gently dip,  
Temp’ring them with generous wine:  
Fill the sparkling bumper high,  
Let us drain the bottom dry.”*

In the mean time, the enemy of life was making rapid strides upon them unheeded, till Dashall reminded Merrywell of their intended visit to the East; and that as he expected a large portion of amusement in that quarter, he proposed a move.

They were by this time all well primed—ripe for a rumpus—bang-up for a lark or spree, any where, any how, or with any body; they therefore took leave of their present scene of gaiety.

[269]

## CHAPTER XVIII

*"Wand'ring with listless gait and spirits gay,  
They Eastward next pursued their jocund way;  
With story, joke, smart repartee and pun,  
Their business pleasure, and their object fun."*

IT was a fine moonlight evening, and upon leaving the Globe, they again found themselves in the hurry, bustle, and noise of the world. The glare of the gas-lights, and the rattling of coaches, carts and vehicles of various-descriptions, mingled with

*"The busy hum of men,"*

attracted the attention of their eyes and ears, while the exhilarating juice of the bottle had given a circulation to the blood which enlivened imagination and invigorated fancy. Bob conceived himself in Elysium, and Frank Harry was as frisky as a kitten. The first object that arrested their progress was the house of Mr. Hone, whose political Parodies, and whose trials on their account, have given him so much celebrity. His window at the moment exhibited his recent satirical publication entitled a Slap at Slop and the Bridge Street Gang.{1}

*1 The great wit and humour displayed in this publication have deservedly entitled it to rank high among the jeu desprit productions of this lively age—to describe it were impossible—to enjoy it must be to possess it; but for the information of such of our readers as are remote from the Metropolis, it may perhaps be necessary to give something like a key of explanation to its title. A certain learned Gentleman, formerly the Editor of the Times, said now to be the Conductor of the New Times, who has by his writings rendered himself obnoxious to a numerous class of readers, has been long known by the title of Dr. Slop; in his publication, denominated the mock Times, and the Slop Pail, he has been strenuous in his endeavours to support and uphold a Society said to mis-call themselves The Constitutional Society, but now denominated The Bridge Street Gang; and the publication alluded to, contains humorous and satirical parodies, and sketches of the usual contents of his Slop Pail; with a Life of the learned Doctor, and an account of the origin of the Gang.*

"Here," said Tom, "we are introduced at once into a fine field of observation. The inhabitant of this house[270] defended himself in three different trials for the publication of alleged impious, profane, and scandalous libels on the Catechism, the Litany, and the Creed of St. Athanasius, with a boldness, intrepidity, and perseverance, almost unparalleled, as they followed in immediate succession, without even an allowance of time for bodily rest or mental refreshment."

"Yes," continued Frank Harry, "and gained a verdict on each occasion, notwithstanding the combined efforts of men in power, and those whose constant practice in our Courts of Law, with learning and information at their fingers ends, rendered his enemies fearful antagonists."

"It was a noble struggle," said Tallyho; "I remember we had accounts of it in the country, and we did not fail to express our opinions by subscriptions to remunerate the dauntless defender of the rights and privileges of the British subject."

"*Tip us your flipper*"{1} said Harry—"then I see you are a true bit of the bull breed—one of us, as I may say. Well, now you see the spot of earth he inhabits—zounds, man, in his shop you will find amusement for a month—see here is The House that Jack Built—there is the Queen's Matrimonial Ladder, do you mark?—What think you of these qualifications for a Gentleman?"

"In love, and in liquor, and o'ertopped with debt, With women, with wine, and with duns on the fret."

There you have the Nondescript—

*"A something, a nothing—what none understand,  
Be-mitred, be-crowned, but without heart or hand;  
There's Jack in the Green too, and Noodles, alas!  
Who doodle John Bull of gold, silver, and brass."*

"Come," said Dashall, "you must cut your story short; I know if you begin to preach, we shall have a sermon as long as from here to South America, so allons;" and with this impelling his Cousin forward, they

*1 Tip us your Flipper—your mawley—your daddle, or your thieving hook; are terms made use of as occasions may suit the company in which they are introduced, to signify a desire to shake hands.*

approached towards Saint Paul's, chiefly occupied in conversation on the great merit displayed in the[271] excellent designs of Mr. Cruikshank, which embellish the work they had just been viewing; nor did they discover any thing further worthy of notice, till Bob's ears were suddenly attracted by a noise somewhat like that of a rattle, and turning sharply round to discover from whence it came, was amused with the sight of several small busts of great men, apparently dancing to the music of a weaver's shuttle.{1}

"What the devil do you call this?" said he—"is it an exhibition of wax-work, or a model academy?"

"Neither," replied Dashall; "this is no other than the shop of a well-known dealer in stockings and nightcaps, who takes this ingenious mode of making himself popular, and informing the passengers that

*"Here you may be served with all patterns and sizes,  
From the foot to the head, at moderate prices;"*

with woollens for winter, and cottons for summer—Let us move on, for there generally is a crowd at the door, and there is little doubt but he profits by those who are induced to gaze, as most people do in London, if they can but entrap attention. Romanis is one of those gentlemen who has contrived to make some noise in the world by puffing advertisements, and the circulation of poetical handbills. He formerly kept a very small shop for the sale of hosiery nearly opposite the East-India House, where he supplied the Sailors after receiving their pay for a long voyage, as well as their Doxies, with the articles in which he deals, by obtaining permission to style himself “Hosier to the Rt. Hon. East India Company.” Since which, finding his trade increase and his purse extended, he has extended his patriotic views of clothing the whole population of London by opening shops in various parts, and has at almost all times two or three depositories for

1 Romanis, the eccentric Hosier, generally places a loom near the door of his shops decorated with small busts; some of which being attached to the upper movements of the machinery, and grotesquely attired in patchwork and feathers, bend backwards and forwards with the motion of the works, apparently to salute the spectators, and present to the idea persons dancing; while every passing of the shuttle produces a noise which may be assimilated to that of the Rattlesnake, accompanied with sounds something like those of a dancing-master beating time to his scholars. his stock. At this moment, besides what we have just seen, there[272] is one in Gracechurch Street, and another in Shoreditch, where the passengers are constantly assailed by a little boy, who stands at the door with some bills in his hand, vociferating—Cheap, cheap.”

“Then,” said Bob, “wherever he resides I suppose may really be called Cheapside?”

“With quite as much propriety,” continued Ton, “as the place we are now in; for, as the Irishman says in his song,

*“At a place called Cheapside they sell every thing dear.”*

During this conversation, Mortimer, Merrywell, and Harry were amusing themselves by occasionally addressing the numerous Ladies who were passing, and taking a peep at the shops—giggling with girls, or admiring the taste and elegance displayed in the sale of fashionable and useful articles—justled and impeded every now and then by the throng. Approaching Bow Church, they made a dead stop for a moment.

“What a beautiful steeple!” exclaimed Bob; “I should, though no architect, prefer this to any I have yet seen in London.”

“Your remark,” replied Dashall, “does credit to your taste; it is considered the finest in the Metropolis. St. Paul's displays the grand effort of Sir Christopher Wren; but there are many other fine specimens of his genius to be seen in the City. His Latin Epitaph in St. Paul's may be translated thus: 'If you seek his monument, look around you;' and we may say of this steeple, 'If you wish a pillar to his fame, look up.' The interior of the little church, Walbrook,{1} (St. Stephen's) is likewise considered a

*1 This church is perhaps unrivalled, for the beauty of the architecture of its interior. For harmony of proportion, grace, airiness, variety, and elegance, it is not to be surpassed. It is a small church, built in the form of a cross. The roof is supported by Corinthian columns, so disposed as to raise an idea of grandeur, which the dimensions of the structure do not seem to promise. Over the centre, at which the principal aisles cross, is a dome divided into compartments, the roof being partitioned in a similar manner, and the whole finely decorated. The effect of this building is inexpressibly delightful; the eye at one glance embracing a plan full and distinct, and afterwards are seen a greater number of parts than the spectator was prepared to expect. It is known and admired on the Continent, as a master-piece of art. Over the altar is a fine painting of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, by West.*

*chef d'oeuvre* of the same artist, and serves to display the versatility of his genius.”

[273]

Instead however of looking up, Bob was looking over the way, where a number of people, collected round a bookseller's window, had attracted his attention.

“Apropos,” cried Dashall,—“The Temple of Apollo—we should have overlook'd a fine subject, but for your remark—yonder is Tegg's Evening Book Auction, let us cross and see what's going on. He is a fellow of 'infinite mirth and good humour,' and many an evening have I passed at his Auction, better amused than by a farce at the Theatre.”

They now attempted to cross, but the intervening crowd of carriages, three or four deep, and in a line as far as the eye could reach, for the present opposed an obstacle.

“If I could think of it,” said Sparkle, “I'd give you the Ode on his Birth-day, which I once saw in MS.—it is the *jeu d'esprit* of a very clever young Poet, and who perhaps one of these days may be better known; but poets, like anatomical subjects, are worth but little till dead.”

“And for this reason, I suppose,” says Tom, “their friends and patrons are anxious they should rather be starved than die a natural death.”

“Oh! now I have it—let us remain in the Church-yard a few minutes, while the carriages pass, and you shall hear it.”

[274]

*“Ye hackney-coaches, and ye carts,  
That oft so well perform your parts  
For those who choose to ride,  
Now louder let your music grow—  
Your heated axles fiery glow—  
Whether you travel quick or slow—  
In Cheapside.*

*For know, "ye ragged rascals all,"  
(As H— would in his pulpit bawl  
With cheeks extended wide)  
Know, as you pass the crowded way,  
This is the happy natal day  
Of Him whose books demand your stay  
In Cheapside.*

*?Twas on the bright propitious morn  
When the facetious Tegcy was born,  
Of mirth and fun the pride,  
That Nature said "good Fortune follow,  
Bear him thro' life o'er hill and hollow,  
Give him the Temple of Apollo  
In Cheapside."*

*Then, O ye sons of Literature!  
Shew your regard for Mother Nature,  
Nor let her be denied:  
Hail! hail the man whose happy birth  
May tell the world of mental worth;  
They'll find the best books on the earth  
In Cheapside.*

"Good!" exclaimed Bob; "but we will now endeavour to make our way across, and take a peep at the subject of the Ode."

Finding the auction had not yet commenced, Sparkle proposed adjourning to the Burton Coffee House in the adjacent passage, taking a nip of ale by way of refreshment and exhilaration, and returning in half an hour. This proposition was cordially agreed to by all, except Tallyho, whose attention was engrossed by a large collection of Caricatures which lay exposed in a portfolio on the table beneath the rostrum. The irresistible broad humour of the subjects had taken fast hold of his risible muscles, and in turning them over one after the other, he found it difficult to part with such a rich fund of humour, and still more so to stifle the violent emotion it excited. At length, clapping his hands to his sides, he gave full vent to the impulse in a horse-laugh from a pair of truly Stentorian lungs, and was by main force dragged out by his companions.

While seated in the comfortable enjoyment of their nips of ale, Sparkle, with his usual vivacity, began an elucidation of the subjects they had just left. "The collection of Caricatures," said he, "which is considered the largest in London, are mostly from the pencil of that self-taught artist, the late George Woodward, and display not only a genuine and original style of humour in the design, but a corresponding and appropriate character in the dialogue, or speeches connected with the figures. Like his contemporary in another branch of the art, George Morland, he possessed all the eccentricity and thoughtless improvidence so common and frequently so fatal to genius; and had not his good fortune led him towards Bow Church, he must have suffered severe privations, and perhaps eventually have perished of want. Here, he always found a ready market, and a liberal price for his productions, however rude or hasty the sketch, or whatever might be the subject of them."

"As to books," continued he, "all ages, classes, and appetites, may be here suited. The superficial dabbler<sup>[275]</sup> in, and pretender to every thing, will find collections, selections, beauties, flowers, gems, &c. The man of real knowledge may here purchase the elements, theory, and practice of every art and science, in all the various forms and dimensions, from a single volume, to the Encyclopedia at large. The dandy may meet with plenty of pretty little foolscap volumes, delightfully hot-pressed, and exquisitely embellished; the contents of which will neither fatigue by the quantity, nor require the laborious effort of thought to comprehend. The jolly *bon-vivant* and Bacchanal will find abundance of the latest songs, toasts, and sentiments; and the Would-be-Wit will meet with Joe Miller in such an endless variety of new dresses, shapes, and sizes, that he may fancy he possesses all the collected wit of ages brought down to the present moment. The young Clerical will find sermons adapted to every local circumstance, every rank and situation in society, and may furnish himself with a complete stock in trade of sound orthodox divinity; while the City Epicure may store himself with a complete library on the arts of confectionary, cookery, &c, from Apicius, to the "Glutton's Almanack." The Demagogue may furnish himself with flaming patriotic speeches, ready cut and dried, which he has only to learn by heart against the next Political Dinner, and if he should not 'let the cat out,' by omitting to substitute the name of Londonderry for Cæsar, he may pass off for a second Brutus, and establish an equal claim to oratory with Burke, Pitt, and Fox. The——"

"Auction will be over," interrupted Bob, "before you get half through your descriptive Catalogue of the Books, so finish your nip, and let us be off."

They entered, and found the Orator hard at it, knocking down with all the energy of a Crib, and the sprightly wit of a Sheridan. Puns, bon mots, and repartees, flew about like crackers.

"The next lot, Gentlemen, is the Picture of London,—impossible to possess a more useful book—impossible to say what trouble and expence may be avoided by the possession of this little volume. When your Country Cousins pay you a visit, what a bore, what an expence, to be day after day leading them about—taking them up the Monument—down the Adelphi—round St. Paul's—across the Parks, through the new Streets—along<sup>[276]</sup> the Strand, or over the Docks, the whole of which may be avoided at the expence of a few shillings. You have only to clap into their pocket in the morning this invaluable little article, turn them out for the day, and, if by good luck they should not fall into the hands of sharpers and swindlers, your dear Coz will return safe home at night, with his head full of wonders, and his pockets empty of cash!"

"The d——l," whispered Bob, "he seems to know me, and what scent we are upon."

"Aye," replied his Cousin, "he not only knows you, but he knows that some of your cash will soon be in his pockets, and has therefore made a dead set at you."

"Next lot, Gentlemen, is a work to which my last observation bore some allusion; should your friends, as I then observed, fortunately escape the snares and dangers laid by sharpers and swindlers to entrap the unwary, you may, perchance, see them safe after their day's ramble; but should—aye, Gentlemen, there's the

rub—should they be caught by the numerous traps and snares laid for the Johnny Raw and Greenhorn in this great and wicked metropolis, God knows what may become of them. Now, Gentlemen, we have a remedy for every disease—here is the London Spy or Stranger's Guide through the Metropolis; here all the arts, frauds, delusions, &c. are exposed, and—Tom, give that Gentleman change for his half crown, and deliver Lot 3.—As I was before observing, Gentlemen—Turn out that young rascal who is making such a noise, cracking nuts, that I can't hear the bidding.—Gentlemen, as I before observed, if you will do me the favour of bidding me—

“Good night, Sir,” cried a younker, who had just exploded a detonating cracker, and was making his escape through the crowd.

“The next lot, gentlemen, is the Young Man's best Companion, and as your humble Servant is the author, he begs to decline any panegyric—modesty forbids it—but leaves it entirely with you to appreciate its merits—two shillings—two and six—three shillings—three and six—four, going for four—for you, Sir, at four.”

“Me, Sir! Lord bless you, I never opened my mouth!”

“Perfectly aware of that, Sir, it was quite unnecessary—I could read your intention in your eye—and observed the muscle of the mouth, call'd by anatomists the

*zygomatikus major*, in the act of moving. I should have been dull not to have noticed it—and rude not to have saved you the trouble of speaking: Tom, deliver the Gentleman the lot, and take four shillings.”

“Well, Sir, I certainly feel flattered with your acute and polite attention, and can do no less than profit by it—so hand up the lot—cheap enough, God knows.”

“And pray,” said Dashall to his Cousin as they quitted, “what do you intend doing with all your purchases? why it will require a waggon to remove them.”

“O, I shall send the whole down to Belville Hall: our friends there will be furnished with a rare stock of entertainment during the long winter evenings, and no present I could offer would be half so acceptable.”

“Well,” remarked Mortimer, “you bid away bravely, and frequently in your eagerness advanced on yourself: at some sales you would have paid dearly for this; but here no advantage was taken, the mistake was explained, and the bidding declined in the most fair and honourable manner. I have often made considerable purchases, and never yet had reason to repent, which is saying much; for if I inadvertently bid for, and had a lot knocked down to me, which I afterwards disliked, I always found an acquaintance glad to take it off my hands at the cost, and in several instances have sold or exchanged to considerable advantage. One thing I am sorry we overlooked: a paper entitled, “Seven Reasons,” is generally distributed during the Sale, and more cogent reasons I assure you could not be assigned, both for purchasing and reading in general, had the seven wise men of Greece drawn them up. You may at any time procure a copy, and it will furnish you with an apology for the manner in which you have spent your time and money, for at least one hour, during your abode in London.”

Please, Sir, to buy a ha'porth of matches, said a poor, squalid little child without a shoe to her foot, who was running by the side of Bob—it's the last ha'porth, Sir, and I must sell them before I go home.

This address was uttered in so piteous a tone, that it could not well be passed unheeded.

“Why,” said Tallyho, “as well as Bibles and Schools for all, London seems to have a match for every body.”

“Forty a penny, Spring-radishes,” said a lusty bawling fellow as he passed, in a voice so loud and strong, as to form a complete contrast to the little ragged Petitioner, who held out her handful of matches continuing her solicitations. Bob put his hand in his pocket, and gave her sixpence.

“We shall never get on at this rate,” said Tom; “and I find I must again advise you not to believe all you hear and see. These little ragged run-about are taught by their Parents a species of imposition or deception of which you are not aware, and while perhaps you congratulate yourself with 'the thought of having done a good act, you are only contributing to the idleness and dissipation of a set of hardened beings, who are laughing at your credulity; and I suspect this is a case in point—do you see that woman on the opposite side of the way, and the child giving her the money?”

“I do,” said Tallyho; “that, I suppose, is her mother?”

“Probably,” continued Dashall—“now mark what will follow.”

They stopped a short time, and observed that the Child very soon disposed of her last bunch of matches, as she had termed them, gave the money to the woman, who supplied her in return with another last bunch, to be disposed of in a similar way.

“Is it possible?” said Bob.

“Not only possible, but you see it is actual; it is not however the only species of deceit practised with success in London in a similar way; indeed the trade of match-making has latterly been a good one among those who have been willing to engage in it. Many persons of decent appearance, representing themselves to be tradesmen and mechanics out of employ, have placed themselves at the corners of our streets, and canvassed the outskirts of the town, with green bags, carrying matches, which, by telling a pityful tale, they induce housekeepers and others, who commiserate their situation, to purchase; and, in the evening, are able to figure away in silk stockings with the produce of their labours. There is one man, well known in town, who makes a very good livelihood by bawling in a stentorian voice,

*“Whow whow, will you buy my good matches,  
Whow whow, will you buy my good matches,  
Buy my good matches, come buy'em of me.”*

He is usually dressed in something like an old military great coat, wears spectacles, and walks with a stick. [279]

“And is a match for any body, match him who can,” cried Frank Harry; “But, bless your heart, that's nothing to another set of gentry, who have infested our streets in clean apparel, with a broom in their hands, holding at the same time a hat to receive the contributions of the passengers, whose benevolent donations are drawn forth without inquiry by the appearance of the applicant.”

“It must,” said Tallyho, “arise from the distresses of the times.”

"There may be something in that," said Tom; "but in many instances it has arisen from the depravity of the times—to work upon the well-known benevolent feelings of John Bull; for those who ambulate the public streets of this overgrown and still increasing Metropolis and its principal avenues, are continually pestered with impudent impostors, of both sexes, soliciting charity—men and women, young and old, who get more by their pretended distresses in one day than many industrious and painstaking tradesmen or mechanics do in a week. All the miseries, all the pains of life, with tears that ought to be their honest and invariable signals, can be and are counterfeited—limbs, which enjoy the fair proportion of nature, are distorted, to work upon humanity—fits are feigned and wounds manufactured—rags, and other appearances of the most squalid and abject poverty, are assumed, as the best engines of deceit, to procure riches to the idle and debaucheries to the infamous. Ideal objects of commiseration are undoubtedly to be met with, though rarely to be found. It requires a being hackneyed in the ways of men, or having at least some knowledge of the town, to be able to discriminate the party deserving of benevolence; but

*"A begging they will go will go,  
And a begging they will go."*

The chief cause assigned by some for the innumerable classes of mendicants that infest our streets, is a sort of innate principle of independence and love of liberty. However, it must be apparent that they do not like to work, and to beg they are not ashamed; they are, with very few exceptions, lazy and impudent. And then what is collected from the humane but deluded passengers is of course expended at their festivals in Broad Street[280] St. Giles's, or some other equally elegant and appropriate part of the town, to which we shall at an early period pay a visit. Their impudence is intolerable; for, if refused a contribution, they frequently follow up the denial with the vilest execrations.

*"To make the wretched blest,  
Private charity is best."*

"The common beggar spurns at your laws; indeed many of their arts are so difficult of detection, that they are enabled to escape the vigilance of the police, and with impunity insult those who do not comply with their wishes, seeming almost to say,

*"While I am a beggar I will rail,  
And say there is no sin but to be rich;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say there is no vice but beggary."*

"Begging has become so much a sort of trade, that parents have been known to give their daughters or sons the begging of certain streets in the metropolis as marriage portions; and some years ago some scoundrels were in the practice of visiting the outskirts of the town in sailors' dresses, pretending to be dumb, and producing written papers stating that their tongues had been cut out by the Algerines, by which means they excited compassion, and were enabled to live well."

"No doubt it is a good trade," said Merry well, "and I expected we should have been made better acquainted with its real advantages by Capt. Barclay, of walking and sporting celebrity, who, it was said, had laid a wager of 1000L. that he would walk from London to Edinburgh in the assumed character of a beggar, pay all his expences of living well on the road, and save out of his gains fifty pounds."

"True," said Tom, "but according to the best account that can be obtained, that report is without foundation. The establishment, however, of the Mendicity Society{1}

*1 The frauds and impositions practised upon the public are so numerous, that volumes might be filled by detailing the arts that have been and are resorted to by mendicants; and the records of the Society alluded to would furnish instances that might almost stagger the belief of the most credulous. The life of the infamous Vaux exhibits numerous instances in which he obtained money under genteel professions, by going about with a petition soliciting the aid and assistance of the charitable and humane; and therefore are continually cheats who go from door to door collecting money for distressed families, or for charitable purposes. It is, however, a subject so abundant, and increasing by every day's observation, that we shall for the present dismiss it, as there will be other opportunities in the course of the work for going more copiously into it.*

is calculated to discover much on this subject, and has already brought to light many instances of depravity[281] and deception, well deserving the serious consideration of the public."

As they approached the end of the Poultry,—"This," said Dashall, "is the heart of the first commercial city in the known world. On the right is the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor for the time being."

The moon had by this time almost withdrawn her cheering beams, and there was every appearance, from the gathering clouds, of a shower of rain.

"It is rather a heavy looking building, from what I can see at present," replied Tallyho.

"Egad!" said Tom, "the appearance of every thing at this moment is gloomy, let us cross."

With this, they crossed the road to Debatt's the Pastry Cook's Shop.

"Zounds!" said Tom, casting his eye upon the clock, "it is after ten; I begin to suspect we must alter our course, and defer a view of the east to a more favourable opportunity, and particularly as we are likely to have an accompaniment of water."

"Never mind," said Merrywell, "we can very soon be in very comfortable quarters; besides, a rattler is always to be had or a comfortable lodging to be procured with an obliging bed-fellow—don't you begin to

croak before there is any occasion for it—what has time to do with us?”

“Aye aye,” said Frank Harry, “don't be after damping us before we get wet; this is the land of plenty, and there is no fear of being lost—come along.”

“On the opposite side,” said Tom, addressing his Cousin, “is the Bank of England; it is a building of large extent and immense business; you can now only discern its exterior by the light of the lamps; it is however a place to which we must pay a visit, and take a complete survey upon some future occasion. In the front is the[282] Royal Exchange, the daily resort of the Merchants and Traders of the Metropolis, to transact their various business.”

“Come,” said Merry well, “I find we are all upon the right scent—Frank Harry has promised to introduce us to a house of well known resort in this neighbourhood—we will shelter ourselves under the staple commodity of the country—for the Woolsack and the Woolpack, I apprehend, are synonymous.”

“Well thought of, indeed,” said Dashall; “it is a house where you may at all times be certain of good accommodation and respectable society—besides, I have some acquaintance there of long standing, and may probably meet with them; so have with you, my boys. The Woolpack in Cornhill,” continued he, addressing himself more particularly to Tallyho, “is a house that has been long established, and deservedly celebrated for its general accommodations, partaking as it does of the triple qualifications of tavern, chop-house, and public-house. Below stairs is a commodious room for smoking parties, and is the constant resort of foreigners, {1}

*1 There is an anecdote related, which strongly induces a belief that Christian VII. while in London, visited this house in company with his dissipated companion, Count Holcke, which, as it led to the dismissal of Holcke, and the promotion of the afterwards unfortunate Struensée, and is perhaps not very generally known, we shall give here.*

*One day while in London, Count Holcke and Christian vir. went to a well-known public-house not far from the Bank, which was much frequented by Dutch and Swedish Captains: Here they listened to the conversation of the company, which, as might be expected, was full of expressions of admiration and astonishment at the splendid festivities daily given in honour of Christian VII. Count Holcke, who spoke German in its purity, asked an old Captain what he thought of his King, and if he were not proud of the honours paid to him by the English?—“I think (said the old man dryly) that with such counsellors as Count Holcke, if he escapes destruction it will be a miracle.”—’ Do you know Count Holcke, my friend, (said the disguised courtier) as you speak of him thus familiarly?’—“Only by report (replied the Dane); but every person in Copenhagen pities the young Queen, attributing the coolness which the King shewed towards her, ere he set out on his voyage, to the malicious advice of Holcke.” The confusion of this minion may be easier conceived than described; whilst the King, giving the Skipper a handful of ducats, bade him speak the truth and shame the devil. As soon, however, as the King spoke in Danish, the Skipper knew him, and looking at him with love and reverence, said in a low, subdued tone of voice—“Forgive me, Sire, but I cannot forbear my tears to see you exposed to the temptations of this extensive and wicked Metropolis, under the pilotage of the most dissolute nobleman of Denmark.” Upon which he retired, bowing profoundly to his Sovereign, and casting at Count Holcke a look full of defiance and reproach. Holcke's embarrassment was considerably increased by this, and he was visibly hurt, seeing the King in a manner countenanced the rudeness of the Skipper.*

*This King, who it should seem determined to see Real Life in London, mingled in all societies, participating in their gaieties and follies, and by practices alike injurious to body and soul, abandoned himself to destructive habits, whose rapid progress within a couple of years left nothing but a shattered and debilitated hulk afflicted in the morning of life with all the imbecility of body and mind incidental to extreme old age.*

who are particularly partial to the brown stout, which they can obtain there in higher perfection than in any[283] other house in London. Brokers and others, whose business calls them to the Royal Exchange, are also pretty constant visitors, to meet captains and traders—dispose of different articles of merchandise—engage shipping and bind bargains—it is a sort of under Exchange, where business and refreshment go hand in hand with the news of the day, and the clamour of the moment; beside which, the respectable tradesmen of the neighbourhood meet in an evening to drive dull care away, and converse on promiscuous subjects; it is generally a mixed company, but, being intimately connected with our object of seeing *Real Life in London*, deserves a visit. On the first floor is a good room for dining, where sometimes eighty persons in a day are provided with that necessary meal in a genteel style, and at a moderate price—besides other rooms for private parties. Above these is perhaps one of the handsomest rooms in London, of its size, capable of dining from eighty to a hundred persons. But you will now partake of its accommodations, and mingle with some of its company.”

By this time they had passed the Royal Exchange, and Tom was enlarging upon the new erections lately completed; when all at once,

“Hallo,” said Bob, “what is become of our party?” “All right,” replied his Cousin; “they have given us the slip without slipping from us—I know their movements to a moment, we shall very soon be with them—this way—this way,” said he, drawing Bob into the narrow passage which leads to the back of St. Peter's Church,

Cornhill—"this is the track we must follow."

Tallyho followed in silence till they entered the house, and were greeted by the Landlord at the bar with a bow of welcome; passing quickly to the right, they were saluted with immoderate volumes of smoke, conveying to their olfactory nerves the refreshing fumes of tobacco, and almost taking from them the power of sight, except to observe a bright flame burning in the middle of the room. Tom darted forward, and knowing his way well, was quickly seated by the side of Merrywell, Mortimer, and Harry; while Tallyho was seen by those who were invisible to him', groping his way in the same direction, amidst the laughter of the company, occasionally interlarded with scraps which caught his ear from a gentleman who was at the moment reading some of the comments from the columns of the Courier, in which he made frequent pauses and observations.

"Why, you can't see yourself for smoke," said one; "D——n it how hard you tread," said another. And then[284] a line from the Reader came as follows—"The worthy Alderman fought his battles o'er again—Ha, ha, ha—Who comes here 1 upon my word, Sir, I thought you had lost your way, and tumbled into the Woolpack instead of the Skin-market.—' It is a friend of mine, Sir.'—That's a good joke, upon my soul; not arrived yet, why St. Martin's bells have been ringing all day; perhaps he is only half-seas over—Don't tell me, I know better than that—D——n that paper, it ought to be burnt by—The fish are all poison'd by the Gas-light Company—Six weeks imprisonment for stealing two dogs!—Hides and bark—How's sugars to-day?—Stocks down indeed—Yes, Sir, and bread up—Presto, be gone—What d'ye think of that now, eh?—Gammon, nothing but gammon—On table at four o'clock ready dressed and—Well done, my boy, that's prime."

These sentences were uttered from different parts of the room in almost as great a variety of voices as there must have been subjects of conversation; but as they fell upon the ear of Tallyho without connection, he almost fancied himself transported to the tower of Babel amidst the confusion of tongues.

"Beg pardon," said Tallyho, who by this time had gained a seat by his Cousin, and was gasping like a turtle for air—"I am not used to this travelling in the dark; but I shall be able to see presently."

"See," said Frank Harry, "who the devil wants to see more than their friends around them? and here we are *at home to a peg.*"

"I shall have finished in two minutes, Gentlemen," said the Reader,{1} cocking up a red nose, that shone[285] with resplendent lustre between his spectacles, and then continuing to read on, only listened to by a few of those around him, while a sort of general buz of conversation was indistinctly heard from all quarters.

They were quickly supplied with grog and segars, and Bob, finding himself a little better able to make use of his eyes, was throwing his glances to every part of the room, in order to take a view of the company: and while Tom was congratulated by those who knew him at the *Round Table*—Merrywell and Harry were in close conversation with Mortimer.

At a distant part of the room, one could perceive boxes containing small parties of convivals, smoking and drinking, every one seeming to have some business of importance to claim occasional attention, or engaged in,

"The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." In one corner was a stout swarthy-looking man, with large whiskers and of ferocious appearance, amusing those around him with conjuring tricks, to their great satisfaction and delight; nearly opposite the Reader of the Courier, sat an elderly Gentleman{2} with grey hair, who heard

*1 To those who are in the habit of visiting this room in an evening, the character alluded to here will immediately be familiar. He is a gentleman well known in the neighbourhood as an Auctioneer, and he has a peculiar manner of reading with strong emphasis certain passages, at the end of which he makes long pauses, laughs with inward satisfaction, and not infrequently infuses a degree of pleasantry in others. The Courier is his favourite paper, and if drawn into an argument, he is not to be easily subdued.*

*"At arguing too each person own'd his skill,  
For e'en tho' vanquish'd, he can argue still."*

*2 This gentleman, who is also well known in the room, where he generally smokes his pipe of an evening, is plain and blunt, but affable and communicative in his manners—bold in his assertions, and has proved himself courageous in defending them—asthmatic, and by some termed phlegmatic; but an intelligent and agreeable companion, unless thwarted in his argument—a stanch friend to the late Queen and the constitution of his country, with a desire to have the Constitution, the whole Constitution, and nothing but the Constitution.*

what was passing, but said nothing; he however puffed away large quantities of smoke at every pause of the[286] Reader, and occasionally grinn'd at the contents of the paper, from which. Tallyho readily concluded that he was in direct political opposition to its sentiments.

The acquisition of new company was not lost upon to those who were seated at the round table, and it was not long before the Hon. Tom Dashall was informed that they hoped to have the honour of his Cousin's name as a member; nor were they backward in conveying a similar hint to Frank Harry, who immediately proposed his two friends, Mortimer and Merry well; an example which was followed by Tom's proposing his Cousin.





1. Men of Traffic.  
2. Men of Plunder.  
3. Real lovers of the Sport.

ROAD TO A FIGHT. Plate 1.

4. Bill Gibbons with the bandole.  
5. Real Fancy.  
6. Quare Fancy.

Such respectable introductions could not fail to meet the approbation of the Gentlemen present,—consequently they were unanimously elected Knights of the Round Table, which was almost as quickly supplied by the Waiter with a capacious bowl of punch, and the healths of the newmade Members drank with three times three; when their attention was suddenly drawn to a distant part of the room, where a sprightly Stripling, who was seated by the swarthy Conjuror before mentioned, was singing the following Song:

THE JOYS OF A MILL,  
OR  
A TODDLE TO A FIGHT.

"Now's the time for milling, boys, since all the world's agog  
for it,  
Away to Copthorne, Moulsey Hurst, or Slipperton they go;  
Or grave or gay, they post away, nay pawn their very togs  
for it,  
And determined to be up to all, go down to see the show:  
Giddy pated, hearts elated, cash and courage all to view it,  
Ev'ry one to learn a bit, and tell his neighbours how to do it;  
E'en little Sprites in lily whites, are fibbing it and rushing it,  
Your dashing Swells from Bagnigge Wells, are flooring it and  
flushing it:

Oh! 'tis a sight so gay and so uproarious,  
That all the world is up in arms, and ready for a fight.  
The roads are so clogg'd, that they beggar all description now,  
With lads and lasses, prim'd and grogg'd for bang-up fun and  
glee;  
Here's carts and gigs, and knowing prigs all ready to kick up a row,  
And ev'ry one is anxious to obtain a place to see;  
Here's a noted sprig of life, who sports his tits and clumner too,  
And there is Cribb and Gully, Belcher, Oliver, and Harmer too,  
With Shelton, Bitton, Turner, Hales, and all the lads to go it well,  
Who now and then, to please the Fancy, make opponents know it  
well:

Oh! 'tis a sight, &c.  
But now the fight's begun, and the Combatants are setting to,  
Silence is aloud proclaim'd by voices base and shrill;  
Facing, stopping--fibbing, dropping--claret tapping--betting too--  
Reeling, rapping--physic napping, all to grace the mill;  
Losing, winning--horse-laugh, grinning--mind you do not glance  
away,  
Or somebody may mill your mug, and of your nob in Chancery;  
For nobbs and bobs, and empty fobs, the like no tongue could ever  
tell--  
See, here's the heavy-handed Gas, and there's the mighty Non-  
pareil:

Oh! 'tis a sight, &c.  
Thus milling is the fashion grown, and ev'ry one a closer is;  
With lessons from the lads of fist to turn out quite the thing;  
True science may be learn'd where'er the fam'd Mendoza is,  
And gallantry and bottom too from Scroggins, Martin, Spring;  
For sparring now is all the rage in town, and country places  
too,  
And collar-bones and claret-mugs are often seen at races too;  
While counter-hits, and give and take, as long as strength can  
hold her seat,  
Afford the best amusement in a bit of pugilistic treat:

Oh! 'tis a sight, &c.

While this song was singing, universal silence prevailed, but an uproar of approbation followed, which lasted for some minutes, with a general call of encore, which however soon subsided, and the company was again restored to their former state of conversation; each party appearing distinct, indulged in such observations and remarks as were most suitable or agreeable to themselves.

Bob was highly pleased with this description of a milling match; and as the Singer was sitting near the person who had excited a considerable portion of his attention at intervals in watching his tricks, in some of

which great ingenuity was displayed, he asked his Cousin if he knew him.

"Know him," replied Tom, "to be sure I do; that is no other than Bitton, a well-known pugilist, who frequently exhibits at the Fives-Court; he is a Jew, and employs his time in giving lessons."

"Zounds!" said Mortimer, "he seems to have studied the art of Legerdemain as well as the science of Milling."

"He is an old customer here," said a little Gentleman at the opposite side of the table, drawing from his pocket a box of segars{1}—"Now, Sir," continued he, "if you wish for a treat," addressing himself to Tallyho, "allow me to select you one—there, Sir, is asgar like a nose-gay—I had it from a friend of mine who only arrived yesterday—you don't often meet with such, I assure you."

Bob accepted the offer, and was in the act of lighting it, when Bitton approached toward their end of the room with some cards in his hand, from which Bob began to anticipate he would shew some tricks upon them.

As soon as he came near the table, he had his eye upon the Hon. Tom Dashall, to whom he introduced himself by the presentation of a card, which announced his benefit for the next week at the Fives-Court, when all the prime lads of the ring had promised to exhibit.

"Egad!" said Dashall, "it will be an excellent opportunity—what, will you take a trip that way and see the mighty men of fist?"

"With all my heart," said Tallyho.

"And mine too," exclaimed Mortimer.

It was therefore quickly determined, and each of the party being supplied with a ticket, Bitton canvassed the room for other customers, after which he again retired to his seat.

"Come," said a smartly dressed Gentleman in a white hat, "we have heard a song from the other end of the room, I hope we shall be able to muster one here."

*1 This gentleman, whose dress and appearance indicate something of the Dandy, is a resident in Mark Lane, and usually spends his evening at the Round Table, where he appears to pride himself upon producing the finest segars that can be procured, and generally affords some of his friends an opportunity of proving them deserving the recommendations with which he never fails to present them.*

This proposition was received with applause, and, upon Tom's giving a hint, Frank Harry was called upon—the glasses were filled, a toast was given, and the bowl was dispatched for a replenish; he then sung the following Song, accompanied with voice, manner, and action, well calculated to rivet attention and obtain applause:

*PIGGISH PROPENSITIES,*

*THE BUMPKIN IN TOWN.*

*"A Bumpkin to London one morning in Spring,  
Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai la,  
Took a fat pig to market, his leg in a string,  
Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai la;  
The clown drove him forward, while piggy, good lack!  
Lik'd his old home so well, he still tried to run back—*

(Spoken)—Coome, coome (said the Bumpkin to himself,) Lunnun is the grand mart for every thing; there they have their Auction Marts, their Coffee Marts, and their Linen Marts: and as they are fond of a tid-bit of country pork, I see no reason why they should not have" a Pork and Bacon Mart—so get on (pig grunts,) I am glad to hear you have a voice on the subject, though it seems not quite in tune with my

*Hey derry, ho derry, fal de ral la.*

*It chanc'd on the road they'd a dreadful disaster,  
Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai la;  
The grunter ran back 'twixt the legs of his master,  
Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai la;  
The Bumpkin he came to the ground in a crack,  
And the pig, getting loose, he ran all the way back!*

(Spoken)—Hallo, (said the clown, scrambling up again, and scratching his broken head,) to be sure I have heard of sleight-of-hand, hocus-pocus and sich like; but by gum this here be a new manouvre called sleight of legs; however as no boanes be broken between us, I'll endeavour to make use on 'em once more in following the game in view: so here goes, with a

*Hey derry, ho derry, &c.*

*He set off again with his pig in a rope,*

*Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai la,  
Reach'd London, and now for good sale 'gan to hope  
Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai la;  
But the pig, being beat 'till his bones were quite sore.  
Turning restive, rush'd in at a brandy-shop door.*

(Spoken)—The genteeler and politer part of the world might feel a little inclined to call this piggish behaviour; but certainly after a long and fatiguing journey, nothing can be more refreshing than a *drap of the cratur*; and deeming this the regular mart for the good stuff, in he bolts, leaving his master to sing as long as he pleased—Hey derry, he deny, &c.

*Here three snuffy Tabbies he put to the rout,*

*Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai lft,*

*With three drams to the quartern, that moment serv'd  
out,  
Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai la;  
The pig gave a grunt, and the clown gave a roar,  
When the whole of the party lay flat on the floor!*

(Spoken)—Yes, there they lay all of a lump; and a precious group there was of them: The old women, well prun'd with snuff and twopenny, and bang-up with gin and bitters—the fair ones squalled; the clown growled like a bear with a broken head; the landlord, seeing all that could be seen as they roll'd over each other, stared, like a stuck pig! while this grand chorus of soft and sweet voices from the swinish multitude was accompanied by the pig with his usual grunt, and a

*Hey derry, ho derry, &c.*

*The pig soon arose, and the door open flew,*

*Hey derry, ho derry, fal de ral la,  
When this scrambling group was expos'd to my view,  
Hey deny, ho derry, fal de ral la;  
He set off again, without waiting for Jack,  
And not liking London, ran all the way back!*

(Spoken)—The devil take the pig! (said the Bumpkin) he is more trouble than enough. "The devil take you (said Miss Sukey Snuffle) for you are the greatest hog of the two; I dare say, if the truth was known, you are brothers."—"I declare I never was so exposed in all my life (said Miss Delia Doldrum.) There's my beautiful bloom petticoat, that never was rumpled before in all my life—I'm quite shock'd!"—"Never mind, (said the landlord) nobody cares about it; tho' I confess it was a shocking affair."—"I wish he and his pigs were in the horse-pond (continued she, endeavouring to hide her blushes with her hand)—Oh my—oh my!"—"What?" (said Boniface)—"Oh, my elbow! (squall'd out Miss Emilia Mumble) I am sure I shall never get over it.'"—"Oh yes you will (continued he) rise again, cheer your spirits with another drop of old Tom, and you'll soon be able to sing

*Hey derry, ho derry, &c.*

*By mutual consent the old women all swore,*

*Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai la,  
That the clown was a brute, and his pig was a boar,  
Hey derry, ho derry, fal de rai la;  
He paid for their liquor, but grumbled, good lack,  
Without money or pig to gang all the way back.*

(Spoken)—By gum (said he to himself, as he turn'd from the door) if the Lunneners likes country pork, country pork doant seem to like they; and if this be the success I'm to expect in this mighty great town in search of the Grand Mart, I'll come no more, for I thinks as how its all a flax; therefore I'll make myself contented to set at home in my own chimney corner in the country, and sing

*Hey derry, ho derry, &c.*

This song had attracted the attention of almost every one in the room; there was a spirit and vivacity in the singer, combined with a power of abruptly changing his voice, to give effect to the different passages, and a knowledge of music as well as of character, which gave it an irresistible charm; and the company, who had assembled round him, at the close signified their approbation by a universal shout of applause.

All went on well—songs, toasts and sentiments—punch, puns and witticisms, were handed about in abundance; in the mean time, the room began to wear an appearance of thinness, many of the boxes were completely deserted, and the Knights of the Bound Table were no longer surrounded by their Esquires—still the joys of the bowl were exhilarating, and the conversation agreeable, though at times a little more in a strain of vociferation than had been manifested at the entrance of our party. It was no time to ask questions as to the names and occupations of the persons by whom he was surrounded; and Bob, plainly perceiving Frank Harry was getting into Queer Street, very prudently declined all interrogatories for the present, making, however, a determination within himself to know more of the house and the company.

Mortimer also discovered symptoms of lush-logic, for though he had an inclination to keep up the chaff, his dictionary appeared to be new modelled, and his lingo abridged by repeated clips at his mother tongue, by which he afforded considerable food for laughter.

Perceiving this, Tallyho thought it prudent to give his Cousin a hint, which was immediately taken, and the party broke up.

[292]

## CHAPTER XIX

*"O there are swilling wights in London town  
Term'd jolly dogs—choice spirits—alias swine,  
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,  
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.*

*These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus outrun,  
Dosing with head-aches till the afternoon,  
Lose half men's regular estate of Sun,  
By borrowing too largely of the Moon:*

*And being Bacchi plenus—full of wine—  
Although they have a tolerable notion*

*Of aiming at progressive motion,  
Tis not direct, 'tis rather serpentine."*

UPON leaving the house, it was quickly discovered that Mortimer was at sea without a rudder or compass, but was still enabled to preserve the true line of beauty, which is said to be in a flowing curve; Merry well was magnanimous, Frank Harry moppy, and all of them rather muggy. Harry was going Eastward, and the remainder of the party Westward; it was half-past one in the morning—the weather had cleared up as their brains had been getting foggy.

Tom proposed a rattler.

Frank Harry swore by the Bacchanalian divinity they might ride in the rumble-tumble if they liked, but none of it for him, and began to stammer out

*How sweet in-the-wood-lands  
Wi-ith ii-eet hound-and horn—  
To awaken-shrill-(hiccup)-echo,  
And taste the-(hiccup)-fresh morn.*

During this time, having turned to the right on leaving the Woolpack, instead of the left, they were pursuing their way down Gracechurch Street, in a line with London Bridge, without discovering their mistake; nor were they aware of the situation they were in till they reached the Monument. [293]

"Zounds!" said Tom, "we are all wrong here."

"All right," said Merrywell—"all right, my boys—go it, my kidwhys."

Bob hearing his Cousin's exclamation, began to make enquiries.

"Never mind," said Tom, "we shall get housed presently—I have it—I know the shop—it is but seldom I get out of the way, so come along—I dare say we shall see some more fun yet."

Saying this, he led the way down Thames street and in a short time introduced them to the celebrated house in Dark-House Lane, kept open at all hours of the night for the accommodation of persons coming to market, and going off by the Gravesend boats and packets early in the morning.

On entering this house of nocturnal convenience, a wide field for observation was immediately opened to the mind of Dashall: he was no novice to the varieties of character generally to be found within its walls; and he anticipated an opportunity of imparting considerable information to his Cousin, though somewhat clogg'd by his companions; being known however at the bar, he found no difficulty in providing them with beds: which being accomplished,

"Now," said Tom, "for a new scene in Real Life. Here we are situated at Billingsgate, on the banks of the Thames; in another hour it will be all alive—we will refresh ourselves with coffee, and then look around us; but while it is preparing, we will take a survey of the interior—button up—tie a silk handkerchief round your neck, and we may perhaps escape suspicion of being mere lookers on; by which means we shall be enabled to mingle with the customers in the tap-room, and no doubt you will see some rum ones."

They now entered the tap or general room, which exhibited an appearance beyond the powers of description.

In one corner lay a Sailor fast asleep, having taken so much ballast on board as to prevent the possibility of any longer attending to the log, but with due precaution resting his head on a bundle which he intended to take on board his ship with him in the morning, and apparently well guarded by a female on each side; in another was a weather-beaten Fisherman in a Guernsey frock and a thick woollen night-cap, who, having just [294] arrived with a cargo of fish, was toiling away time till the commencement of the market with a pipe and a pint, by whose side was seated a large Newfoundland dog, whose gravity of countenance formed an excellent contrast with that of a man who was entertaining the Fisherman with a history of his adventures through the day, and who in return was allowed to participate in the repeatedly filled pint—a Waterman in his coat and badge ready for a customer—and two women, each having a shallow basket for the purpose of supplying themselves with fish at the first market for the next day's sale.

"?Going to Gravesend, Gentlemen?" enquired the Waterman, as Tom and Bob took their seats near him.

"No," was the reply.

"Beg pardon, Sir; thought as how you was going down, and mought want a boat, that's all; hope no offence."

"I vas down at the Frying Pan in Brick Lane yesterday, (said the communicative adventurer;) Snivelling Bill and Carrotty Poll was there in rum order—you know Carrotty? Poll? so Poll, (Good health to you) you knows how gallows lushy she gets—veil, as I vas saying, she had had a good day vith her fish, and bang she comes back to Bill—you knows she's rather nutty upon Bill, and according to my thinking they manages things pretty veil together, only you see as how she is too many for him: so, when she comes back, b——tme if Bill vasn't a playing at skittles, and hadn't sold a dab all day; howsomdever he was a vinning the lush, so you know Bill didn't care—but, my eyes! how she did blow him up when she com'd in and see'd him just a going to bowl and tip, she tipp'd him a vollopper right across the snout vhat made the skittles dance again, and bang goes the bowl at her sconce instead of the skittles: it vas lucky for her it did not hit her, for if it had, I'll be d——d if ever she'd a cried Buy my live flounders any more—he vas at play vith Sam Stripe the tailor; so the flea-catcher he jumps in between 'em, and being a piece-botcher, he thought he could be peace-maker, but it vouldn't do, tho' he jump'd about like a parch'd pea in a frying-pan—Poll called him Stitch louse, bid him pick up his needles and be off—Bill wanted to get at Poll, Poll wanted to get at Bill—and between them the poor Tailor got more stripes upon his jacket than there is colours in a harlequin's breeches at Bartlemy Fair—Here's good health to you—it was a bodkin to a but of brandy poor Snip didn't skip out of this here world intd [295] that 'are?"

"And how did they settle it?" enquired the Fisherman.

"?I'll tell you all about it: I never see'd such a b——dy lark in all my life; poor Sam is at all times as thin as a thread-paper, and being but the ninth part of a man, he stood no chance between a man and a voman—Bill

was bleeding at the konk like a half-killed hog, and Carrotty Moll, full of fire and fury, was defending herself with her fish-basket—Billy was a snivelling, Poll a stoearing, and the poor Tailor in a funk—thinks I to myself, this here vont never do—so up I goes to Poll—Poll, says I——' To the devil I pitch you,' says she—only you know I knows Poll veil enough—she tried to sneak it over me, but she found as how I know'd better—Poll, says I, hold your luff—give us no more patter about this here rum rig—I'll give cost price for the fish, and you shall have the money; and while I was bargaining with her, d——n me if Bill and the Tailor wasn't a milling away in good style, till Stripe's wife comes in, gives Snivelling Billy a cross-buttock and bolted off vith her fancy, like as the song says, The devil took the tailor

*"Vith the broad cloth under his arm."*

I never laugh'd so in all my life; I thought I should——'

At this moment a nod from the Landlord informed Tom his coffee was ready, when they were ushered into the parlour.

Bob, who had during the conversation in the other room, (which had occasionally been interrupted by the snores of the sleepy Sailor, the giggling of the Girls who appeared to have him in charge, and a growl from the dog,) been particularly attentive to the narration of this adventure, remarked that there was a peculiarity of dialect introduced, which, to a person coming out of the country, would have been wholly unintelligible.

"Yes," replied Tom, "almost every trade and every calling of which the numerous inhabitants of this overgrown town is composed, has a language of its own, differing as widely from each other as those of provincials. Nor is this less observable in high life, where every one seems at times to aim at rendering himself conspicuous for some extraordinary mode of expression. But come, I perceive the morning is[296] shedding its rays upon us, and we shall be able to take a survey of the more general visitors to this place of extensive utility and resort—already you may hear the rumbling of carts in Thames Street, and the shrill voice of the Fishwives, who are preparing for a day's work, which they will nearly finish before two-thirds of the population leave their pillows. This market, which is principally supplied by fishing smacks and boats coming from the sea up the river Thames, and partly by land carriage from every distance within the limits of England, and part of Wales, is open every morning at day-light, and supplies the retailers for some miles round the Metropolis. The regular shop-keepers come here in carts, to purchase of what is called the Fish Salesman, who stands as it were between the Fisherman who brings his cargo to market and the Retailer; but there are innumerable hawkers of fish through the streets, who come and purchase for themselves at first hand, particularly of mackarel, herrings, sprats, lobsters, shrimps, flounders, soles, &c. and also of cod and salmon when in season, and at a moderate rate, composing an heterogeneous group of persons and characters, not easily to be met with elsewhere." "Then," said Bob, "there is a certainty of high and exalted entertainment;—I should suppose the supply of fish is very considerable."

"The quantity of fish consumed," replied Tom, "in London is comparatively small, fish being excessively dear in general: and this is perhaps the most culpable defect in the supply of the capital, considering that the rivers of Great Britain and the seas round her coast teem with that food.—There are on an average about 2500 cargoes of fish, of 40 tons each, brought to Billingsgate, and about 20,000 tons by land carriage, making a total of about 120,000 tons; and the street venders form a sample of low life in all its situations.

*"—In such indexes, although small  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large."*

And the language you have already heard forms a part of what may be termed Cockneyism."

"Cockneyism," said Bob, with an inquisitiveness in his countenance.

"Yes," continued Tom, "Cockney is universally known to be the contemptuous appellation given to an[297] uneducated native of London, brought into life within the sound of Bow bell—pert and conceited, yet truly ignorant, they generally discover themselves by their mode of speech, notwithstanding they have frequent opportunities of hearing the best language; the cause, I apprehend, is a carelessness of every thing but the accumulation of money, which is considered so important with them—that they seem at all times to be in eager pursuit of it.

*"O Plutus, god of gold! thine aid impart,  
Teach me to catch the money-catching art;  
Or, sly Mercurius! pilfering god of old,  
Thy lesser mysteries at least unfold."*

You will hear these gentry frequently deliver themselves in something like the following manner:

"My eyes, Jim, vat slippy valking 'tis this here morning—I should ave fell'd right down if so be as how I adn't cotch'd ould of a postis—vere does you thinks I ave been? vy all the vay to Vapping Vail, an a top o Tower Hill—I seed a voman pillar'd—such scrouging and squeeging, and peltin vith heggs—ow funny!

"A female Fruit-seller will say to a Lady Oyster-dealer—Law, my dear Mrs. Melton, how ar you this cowl'd morning, Mem.—the streets vil be nice and dirty—vel, for my part, I always likes dry vether—do your usband vork at Foxall still?—I likes to warm my cowl'd nose vith a pinch of your snuff—ow wery obliging—But come, I hear the bustle of Billingsgate, and you shall have a peep at the people. By this time they are all alive."

Bob laughed at his Cousin's specimens of cockney language, and they sallied forth, to make further observations.

It was now a fine morning, the Sun shone with resplendent lustre upon all around them, and danced in playful dimples on the sportive Thames; there was however but little opportunity at the moment for them to contemplate subjects of this sort, their eyes and ears being wholly attracted by the passing and repassing of the persons desirous to sell or supply themselves with fish; Thames Street was almost blocked up with carts,

and the hallooing and bawling of the different drivers, loading or unloading, formed an occasional symphony to the continual hum of those who were moving in all directions to and from the market. [298]

"By yer leaf" said a sturdy built fellow, sweating under a load of fish which appeared to press him almost down—"what the devil do you stand in the way for?"

Bob, in stepping on one side to make room for this man to pass, unfortunately trod upon the toe of an Hibernian lady, who was bearing away a large basket of shrimps alive, and at the same time gave her arm so forcible a jerk with his elbow, as disengaged her hand from the load; by which means the whole cargo was overturned smack into the bosom of a smartly dressed youth in white ducks, who was conducting some Ladies on board one of the Gravesend boats. The confusion that followed is scarcely to be conceived—the agitation of Talt who at hearing the vociferated lamentations of the Irish woman—the spluttering of the disconcerted Dandy—the declaration of the owner of the shrimps, "that so help her God he should pay for her property"—the loud laughter of those around them, who appeared to enjoy the embarrassment of the whole party—and the shrimps hopping and jumping about amid the dirt and slush of the pavement, while the Ladies were hunting those which had fallen into the bosom of their conductor—formed a scene altogether, which, in spite of the confusion of his Cousin, almost convulsed the Hon. Tom Dashall with laughter, and which served but to increase the rancour of the owner of the shrimps, and the poor toe-suffering Irishwoman, the execrations of the Dandy Gentleman and his Ladies, and the miseries of poor Bob; to escape from which, he gave the Hibernian and her employer enough to purchase plaster for the one, and a fresh cargo for the other, and seizing Tom by the arm, dragged him away from the scene of his misfortunes in fishery.



BILLINGSGATE. Tom & Bob taking a Survey, after a Night's Spree

Their progress however was presently impeded by a sudden scream, which appeared to come from a female, and drew together almost all the people on the spot, it seemed as if it had been a preconcerted signal for a general muster, and it was quickly ascertained that fisty-cuffs were the order of the day, by the vociferations of the spectators, and the loud acclamations of "Go it, Poll—pitch it into her—mill her snitcher—veil done, Sail—all pluck—game to the back-bone—peppermint her upper-story, and grapple her knowledge-box—D——n my eyes, but that vas a good one, it has altered her weather-cock and shifted her wind—[299] There's your dairies—stand out of the way—Upon my sole you have overturned all my flounders—D——n you and your dabbs too."

Tom and Bob took up a favourable position for observation at the corner of a fish-stall, where they could quietly witness the combatants, and take a general survey of the proceedings.

"Now," said Tom, "here is a lark for you, a female fight."

"Fine salmon, or cod, Gentlemen," said an elderly woman—"I wish I could tempt you to be customers."

"Well," said Bob, "they are at it in good earnest."

"O yes," said the woman, "we always have it in real earnest, no sham—I wish Poll may sarve her out, for Sall is a d——d saucy b——h at all times."

"And what have they quarrelled about?" inquired Dashall.

"Jealousy, Sir, nothing else; that there man in the night-cap, with the red ruff round his neck, is Sail's fancy man, and he sometimes lets her have a cargo of fish for services done and performed, you understand—and so Sail she comes down this morning, and she finds Poll having a phililoo with him, that's all; but I wish they would go and have it out somewhere else, for it spoils all business—Nance, go and get us a quartern of Jacky, that I may ax these Gentlemen to drink, for its a cold morning, and perhaps they are not used to be up so early."

Tom saw the drift of this in a moment, and taking the hint, supplied the needful to Nance, who was dispatched for the heart-cheering beverage, which they could perceive was in high reputation by those around them. The effluvia of the fish, the fumes of tobacco, and the reviving scent of the gin-bottle, rendered their olfactory salutations truly delightful. Nor could they escape the Fish-wife without becoming participators in the half pint of blue ruin.

"Come," said Tom, "we will now stroll a little further, and take a survey of the street; but first we will give a look here.

"This," said he, "is the Custom House, a splendid building recently erected, in consequence of the old one being demolished by fire in 1814." "It is, indeed," replied Bob, admiring the south front, which is executed in [300] Portland stone.

"Do you observe," continued Tom, "the central compartment, which comprises what is called the Long Room, and which we will visit presently, is quite plain, except the attic, which is elegantly ornamented?—that

alto-relievo contains allegorical representations of the arts and sciences, as connected with and promoting the commerce and industry of the nation—that to the west, a representation of the costume and character of the various nations with whom we hold intercourse in our commercial relations—in the centre, under the large massive dial-plate, are inscribed in large bronze letters the names of the founders and the date of its erection—the figures which support the dial in a recumbent position are emblematical of industry and plenty—that bold projection in the centre, gives a suitable character to the King's warehouse, and forms an appropriate support to the imperial arms upheld by the attributes of Ocean and Commerce."

Bob gazed with admiration and delight on this truly admirable and extensive pile of national architecture; the gentle breeze from the river, the occasional dash of the oar, and the activity which appeared on board the different vessels; together with the view of London Bridge on one side, over which he could perceive pedestrians and vehicles of various kinds passing and repassing, and the Tower on the other, conspired to heighten and give a most imposing effect to the scene.

"The designs," said Tallyho, "are truly creditable to the taste and science of the architect."

"And this Quay in front, is intended to be enlarged by filling up a part of the river; besides which, a new wall and quay are to be formed from the Tower to Billingsgate, and numerous other improvements are projected in the contiguous streets and lanes." "Not before it is necessary," was the reply. "It would be impossible," continued Dashall, "to visit all the apartments this building contains; we will however have a look at the Long Room, and as we proceed I will endeavour to give you some further information. We are now entering the East wing, which is a counterpart of that on the West, having like this a grand stair-case with a double flight of steps, which conduct to a lobby at each end of the long room, lighted by these vertical lantern-lights, the ceilings being perforated in square compartments, and glazed. These lobbies serve to check the great draughts of air which would otherwise flow through the room if it opened directly from the stair-case."

They now entered the Long Room, the imposing appearance of which had its due effect upon Tallyho.

"Bless me!" cried he in a state of ecstasy, "this is a room to boast of indeed."

"Yes," replied his Cousin, "there is not such another room in Europe; it is 190 feet long by 66 wide, and proportionably high, divided into three compartments by these eight massive pillars, from which, as you perceive, spring the three domes, which are so richly ornamented, and ventilated through the centre of each."

"And all of stone?" inquired Bob.

"Not exactly so," was the reply; "the floor (excepting the situation of the officers and clerks) is of stone, but the walls and ceilings are drawn out and tinted in imitation."

"And what are these antique pedestals for, merely ornaments?"

Tom was pleased at this inquiry, and with a smile of satisfaction replied—"No, these pedestals do double duty, and are something like what the rural poet, Goldsmith, describes in his *Deserted Village*—

*"The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."*

These are ornamental during the summer, but useful in the winter; they contain fire-places completely hid from view."

"Fire-places," re-echoed Bob.

"Yes," continued his Cousin; "the smoke, descending, passes through the piers on each side, and by their means a sufficient warmth is at all times kept up in the room."

"That is a capital contrivance," said Tallyho.

"Then, to prevent the possibility of sustaining any serious injury from fire, on the ground, one and two pair stories, the communication is cut off by means of iron doors, which run on wheels in chaise in the centre of the walls, and are moved backward and forward by a windlass; which doors are closed every evening, and would effectually prevent a communication beyond their boundaries. Fire-proof rooms also, as repositories for valuable books and papers, are provided on each floor, where the important documents of the establishment are deposited every evening, and removed in trunks to the respective offices. There are in all 121 rooms devoted to various offices. This however is the principal: here the general business is transacted, particularly for all foreign concerns, both inwards and outwards. The Ship Master first makes the report of the cargo here; the entries of which, either for payment of duties, warehousing, or subsequent exportation, are all passed with the respective officers in this room. The business of the customs is managed by nine Commissioners, whose jurisdiction extends over all parts of England. We will now pass out at the west wing, adjourn to yon Tavern, refresh and refit, and after which a further walk."

"With all my heart," said Tallyho.

"What ho, Master B——," said Dashall, saluting the Landlord as he entered the Tavern—"How does the world wag with you?—send us some soda water—the newspaper—let somebody clean our boots—give us pen, ink and paper, and prepare us some breakfast with all speed, but no fish, mind that."

The Landlord bowed assent to his honourable customer; and by the time they were ready, their orders were complied with.

"Pray," inquired Dashall of the obliging Landlord, who came in to ask if they were supplied with all they wished for, "did you ever recover any thing from that dashing Blade that so obligingly ordered his dinner here?"

"Never got a halfpenny—no no, he was not one of those sort of gentry—nor do I ever wish to see such again in my house."

This was uttered in a tone of discontent, which evidently shewed he had no relish for the conversation.

Dashall could not refrain from laughter; upon perceiving which, the Landlord withdrew with a loud slam of the door, and left his customers to enjoy their mirth.

"What are you laughing at?" cried Bob.

"Why," continued his Cousin,

*"There was, as fame reports, in days of yore,  
At least some fifty years ago, or more,  
A pleasant wight on town—"*

And there are many pleasant fellows now to be met with; but you shall have the tale as I had it: This house[303] has been celebrated for furnishing excellent dinners, and the cookery of fish in particular; consequently it has been the resort of the Bucks, the Bloods, and the dashing Swells of the town, and I myself have been well entertained here. It will therefore not be wondered at that its accommodations should attract the notice of a Sharper whose name and character were well known, but who was in person a total stranger to the unsuspecting Landlord, whom however he did not fail to visit.

Calling one afternoon for the purpose of seeing how the land lay, in high twig, and fashionably dressed, he was supplied with a bottle of sherry, and requested the landlord to take a part with him—praised the wine, talked of the celebrity of his house for fish, and gave an order for a dinner for sixteen friends during the following week. The bait was swallowed,

"For a little flattery is sometimes well."

?But are your wines of the first quality? (inquired the visitor;) for good eating, you know, deserves good drinking, and without that we shall be like fishes out of water.'—' Oh, Sir, no man in London can supply you better than myself (was the reply;) but, if you please, you shall select which you may like best, my stock is extensive and good.' He was consequently invited into the cellar, and tasted from several binns, particularly marking what he chose to conceive the best. Upon returning to the parlour again—' Bless me, (cried he) I have had my pocket pick'd this morning, and lost my handkerchief—can you oblige me with the loan of one for present use? and I will send it back by one of my servants.'

?Certainly, Sir,' was the reply; and the best pocket-handkerchief was quickly produced, with another bottle of wine, the flavour of which he had approved while below. He then wrote a letter, which he said must be dispatched immediately by a Ticket-porter to Albemarle Street, where he must wait for an answer. This being done, he desired a coach to be called—asked the Landlord if he had any silver he could accommodate him with, as he had occasion to go a little further, but would soon return. This being complied with, by the Landlord giving him twenty shillings with the expectation of receiving a pound note in return, he threw[304] himself into the coach, wished his accommodating Host good afternoon, promised to return in less than an hour, but has never shewn his face here since. Poor B——don't like to hear the circumstance mentioned."

"Zounds!" said Tallyho, "somebody was green upon the occasion; I thought people in London were more guarded, and not so easily to be done. And who did he prove to be after all?"

"No other than the well-known Major Semple, whose deceptions of this sort upon the public rendered him so notorious."

Having finished their repast, Tom was for a move; and they took their way along Thames Street in the direction for Tower Hill.

## CHAPTER XX

*"This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes  
That chase one another like waves of the deep,  
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,  
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep;  
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,  
That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;  
And as fast as the rain-drop of pity is shed,  
The goose-plumage of folly can turn it aside;  
But, pledge me the cup! if existence can cloy  
With hearts ever light and heads ever wise,  
Be ours the light grief that is sister to joy,  
And the short brilliant folly that flashes and dies."*

"THE building before us," said Tom, "is the Tower of London, which was formerly a palace inhabited by the various Sovereigns of this country till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Fitzstephens says, it was originally built by Julius Cæsar; but I believe there is no proof of the truth of this assertion, except that one of the towers is to this day called Cæsar's Tower."

"It seems a place of great security," said Bob.

"Yes—William the Conqueror erected a fortress on part of its present site, to overawe the inhabitants of London on his gaining possession of the City, and about twelve years afterwards, in 1078, he erected a larger building than the first, either on the site of the former or near it. This building, repaired or rebuilt by succeeding Princes, is that which is now called the White Tower."

"It appears altogether to be a very extensive building," said Tallyho; "and what have we here? (turning his eyes to the left)—the modern style of those form a curious contrast to that we are now viewing."

"That is called Trinity Square, and the beautiful edifice in the centre is the Trinity House; it is a new building, of stone, having the advantage of rising ground for its site, and of a fine area in the front." "The[306] Trinity House," reiterated Bob, "some ecclesiastical establishment, I presume, from its title?"

"There you are wrong," continued Dashall; "it is a Corporation, which was founded in the year 1515 by



Henry VIII. and consists of a Master, four Wardens, eighteen Elder Brothers, in whom is vested the direction of the Company, and an indefinite number of younger Brothers; for any sea-faring man may be admitted into the Society by that name, but without any part of the controul of its concerns. The elder Brethren are usually selected from the most experienced commanders in the navy and the merchants' service, with a few principal persons of his Majesty's Government."

"But what, in the name of wonder," inquired Bob, "have Sailors to do with the Trinity?"

"As much as other persons," was the reply; "if it is the anchor of hope, as we are taught, they have as great a right to rely upon it as any body else—besides, the names given to houses and places in London have nothing to do with their occupations or situations, any more than the common language of life has to do with nature; else why have we a Waterloo House in the vicinity of St. Giles's for the sale of threads, laces, and tapes—a Fleet for the confinement of prisoners, or the King's Bench devoted to the same purposes, unless it is,

*"That when we have no chairs at home,  
The King (God bless him) grants us then a bench."*

Though London contains a round of delights and conveniences scarcely to be equalled, it is at the same time a combination of incongruities as difficult to be conceived. The denomination of this House has therefore nothing to do with the business to which it is devoted. The body which transacts its concerns is called The Master, Wardens and Assistants, of the Guild, or Fraternity of the most glorious and undivided Trinity, and of St. Clement, in the parish of Deptford, Stroud, in the county of Kent."

"An admirable illustration of your assertion," replied Bob; "and pray may I be allowed, without appearing romantic or unnecessarily inquisitive, to ask what are the objects of the Institution?"

"Certainly. The use of this Corporation is to superintend the general interests of the British shipping, military and commercial. To this end, the powers of the Corporation are very extensive; the principal of which [307] are, to examine the children educated in mathematics in Christ's Hospital—examine the masters of the King's ships—appoint pilots for the Thames—erect light-houses and sea-marks—grant licenses to poor seamen, not free of the City, to row on the Thames—and superintend the deepening and cleansing of the river; they have power to receive donations for charitable purposes, and annually relieve great numbers of poor seamen and seamen's widows and orphans; and as they alone supply outward-bound ships with ballast, on notice of any shoal or obstruction arising in the river Thames, they immediately direct their men and lighters to work on it till it is removed. The profits arising to the Corporation by this useful regulation is very considerable."

During this conversation they had continued to walk towards the Trinity House, and were now close to it.

"Come," continued Dashall, "the interior is worth seeing: there are some fine paintings in it, and the fitting up is altogether of an elegant description."

Upon making application at the door, and the customary payment of a shilling each, they were admitted. The appearance of the Hall, which is grand, though light and elegant, particularly attracted the attention of Tallyho. The double stair-case, which leads to the court-room, was an object of peculiar delight. The beautiful model of the Royal William in the Secretary's Office was much admired; but the Court-room was abundant in gratification. Here they were ushered into a spacious apartment,\*particularly elegant, being unincumbered; the ceiling finished in a superior style, and decorated with paintings of the late King and Queen—James the Second—Lord Sandwich—Lord Howe, and Mr. Pitt. Here Bob wandered from portrait to portrait, examining the features and character of each, and admiring the skill and ability of the artists. At the upper end of the room he was additionally pleased to find a large painting containing a group of about twenty-four of the elder Brethren, representing them at full length, attended by their Secretary, the late Mr. Court. Many of the persons being well remembered by Dashall, were pointed out by him to his Cousin, and brought to his recollection names deservedly celebrated, though now no more. This picture was the gift of the Merchant Brethren in 1794.

Tallyho was much delighted with his survey of this truly elegant building, and the luminous account given by his Cousin of the various persons whose portraits met his eye, or whose names and characters, connected [308] with the establishment, had become celebrated for scientific research or indefatigable industry.

"It will occupy too much time this morning," said Dashall, "to visit the interior of the Tower, as I have dispatched a Ticket-porter to Piccadilly, ordering my curricule to be at Tom's Coffee-house at one; we will therefore defer that pleasure to the next opportunity of being this way. We will however take a look at the Bank and the Exchange, then a trundle into the fresh air for an hour, and return home to dinner; so come along, but we will vary our walk by taking another road back."

With this intention, they now crossed Tower Hill, and turned to the left, along the Minories.

"Here is a place," said Dashall, "well known, and no doubt you have often heard of—Sparrow Corner and Rosemary Lane are better known by the appellation of Rag Fair. It is a general mart for the sale of second-hand clothes, and many a well-looking man in London is indebted to his occasional rambles in this quarter for his appearance. The business of this place is conducted with great regularity, and the dealers and collectors of old clothes meet at a certain hour of the afternoon to make sales and exchanges, so that it is managed almost upon the same plan as the Royal Exchange, only that the dealers here come loaded with their goods, which must undergo inspection before sales can be effected: while the Merchant carries with him merely a sample, or directs his Purchaser to the warehouse where his cargo is deposited. The principal inhabitants of this place are Jews, and they obtain supplies from the numerous itinerant collectors from all quarters of London and its suburbs, whom you must have observed parading the streets from the earliest hour of the morning, crying *Ould clothes—Clothes sale.*"

"It surely can hardly be a trade worth following," said Talltho.

"There are many hundreds daily wandering the streets, however," replied Tom, "in pursuit of cast-off apparel, rags, and metals of different sorts, or at least pretend so. The Jews are altogether a set of traders. I do not mean to confine my observations to them only, because there are persons of other sects employed in

the same kind of business; and perhaps a more dangerous set of cheats could scarcely be pointed at, as their chief business really is to prowl about the houses and stables of people of rank and fortune, in order to hold out temptations to their servants, to pilfer and steal small articles not likely to be missed, which these fellows are willing to purchase at about one-third of their real value. It is supposed that upwards of 15,000 of these depraved itinerants among the Jews are daily employed in journeys of this kind; by which means, through the medium of base money and other fraudulent dealings, many of them acquire property with which they open shops, and then become receivers of stolen property; the losses thus sustained by the public being almost incalculable—

*"For wid coot Gould rings of copper gilt—'tis so he gets his bread,  
Wit his sealing-vax of brick-dust, and his pencils without lead."*

It is estimated that there are from fifteen to twenty thousand Jews in the Metropolis, and about five or six thousand more stationed in the great provincial and seaport towns. In London they have six Synagogues, and in the country places there are at least twenty more. Most of the lower classes of those distinguished by name of German or Dutch Jews, live principally by their wits, and establish a system of mischievous intercourse all over the country, the better to enable them to carry on their fraudulent designs in every way. The pliability of their consciences is truly wonderful—

*"For they never stick at trifles, if there's monies in the way."*

Nay, I remember the time when they used to perambulate our streets openly, professing to purchase base coin, by bawling—"Any bad shilling, any bad shilling." The interference of the Police however has prevented the calling, though perhaps it is impossible to prevent a continuance of the practice any more than they can that of utterance. These men hesitate not to purchase stolen property, or metals of various kinds, as well as other articles pilfered from the Dock-yards, and stolen in the provincial towns, which are brought to the Metropolis to elude detection, and vice versa; in some cases there are contrivances that the buyer and seller shall not even see each other, in order that no advantage may be taken by giving information as to the parties." "Upon my life, the contrivances of London are almost incomprehensible," said Bob, "and might deter many from venturing into it; but this surprises me beyond any thing."

"It is however too lamentably true," continued Tom; "for these people, educated in idleness from the earliest infancy, acquire every debauched and vicious principle which can fit them for the most complicated arts of fraud and deception, to which they seldom fail to add the crime of perjury, whenever it can be useful to shield themselves or their friends from the punishment of the law. Totally without moral education, and very seldom trained to any trade or occupation by which they can earn an honest livelihood by manual labour—their youths excluded from becoming apprentices, and their females from engaging themselves generally as servants, on account of the superstitious adherence to the mere ceremonial of their persuasion, as it respects meat not killed by Jews—nothing can exceed their melancholy condition, both as it regards themselves and society. Thus excluded from the resources which other classes of the community possess, they seem to have no alternative but to resort to those tricks and devices which ingenuity suggests, to enable persons without an honest means of subsistence to live in idleness.

"The richer Jews are in the practice of lending small sums to the poorer classes of their community, in order that they may support themselves by a species of petty traffic; but even this system contributes in no small degree to the commission of crimes, since, in order to render it productive to an extent equal to the wants of families who do not acquire any material aid by manual labour, they are induced to resort to unlawful means of increasing it, by which they become public nuisances. From the orange-boy and the retailer of seals, razors, glass and other wares, in the public streets, or the collector of

*"Old rags, old jags, old bonnets, old bags,"*

to the shop-keeper, dealer in wearing apparel, or in silver and gold, the same principles of conduct too generally prevail.

"The itinerants utter base money, to enable them by selling cheap, to dispose of their goods; while those who are stationary, with very few exceptions, receive and purchase at an under price whatever is brought them, without asking questions; and yet most of their concerns are managed with so much art, that we seldom hear of a Jew being hanged; and it is also a fact, that during the holidays (of which they have many in the course of a year,) or at one of their weddings, you may see the barrow-woman of yesterday decked out in gay and gaudy attire of an expensive nature."

By this time they had reached the top of the minories, and were turning down Houndsditch. "We are now," said Dashall, "close to another place chiefly inhabited by Jews, called Duke's Place, where they have a very elegant Synagogue, which has been visited by Royalty, the present King having, during his Regency, honoured them with a visit, through the introduction of the late Mr. Goldsmid. If it should be a holiday, we will be present at the religious ceremonies of the morning." With this they entered Duke's Place, and were soon within the walls of this Temple of Judaism. In taking a view of it, Bob was much gratified with its splendid decorations, and without being acquainted with their forms, had *doff'd his castor*, but was presently informed by his Cousin that he must keep his hat on. The readers appeared to him to be singers; but the whole of the service being Hebrew, it was of little consequence to him, whether read or sung. He perceived, during the performances of these prayers, which were every now and then joined in by almost every one present, that many of the congregation appeared to be in close conversation, which, however, was taken no notice of by the persons officiating. He was well pleased with the singing of a youth and the accompaniment of a gentleman in a cock'd hat; for although he could not discover that he actually produced words, he produced sounds in many instances bearing a strong similarity to those of a bassoon. The venerable appearance and devotion of the High Priest, who was habited in a robe of white, also attracted his attention; while the frequent bursts of the congregation, joining in the exercises of the morning, in some

instances almost provoked his risibility.

"The religious ceremonies of these people," said Tom, as they left the synagogue, "though somewhat imposing as to form and appearance, do not seem to be strongly interesting, for many of them are engaged during the whole of the service in some species of traffic; buying and

*1 Doff'd his castor—Taken off his hat.*

selling, or estimating the value of goods for sale. They are such determined merchants and dealers, that they cannot forget business even in the house of prayer. We have two sets of them. This is the Dutch Synagogue; but the most ancient is that of the Portuguese, having been established in England ever since the Usurpation. The members of it being mostly wealthy, are extremely attentive to their poor, among whom there is said not to be a single beggar or itinerant; while the Dutch or German Jews get no education at all: even the most affluent of them are said to be generally unable either to read or write the language of the country that gave them birth. They confine themselves to a bastard or vulgar Hebrew, which has little analogy to the original. They observe the particular ritual of the German Synagogue, and also include the Polish, Russian, and Turkish Jews established in London. With the exception of a few wealthy individuals, and as many families who are in trade on the Royal Exchange, they are in general a very indigent class of people. Their community being too poor to afford them adequate relief, they have resorted to the expedient of lending them small sums of money at interest, to trade upon, which is required to be repaid monthly or weekly, as the case may be, otherwise they forfeit all claim to this aid.

"The Portuguese Jews are generally opulent and respectable, and hold no community with the others. They use a different liturgy, and their language is even different. They never intermarry with the Jews of the Dutch Synagogue. They pride themselves on their ancestry, and give their children the best education which can be obtained where they reside. The Brokers upon the Exchange, of the Jewish persuasion, are all or chiefly of the Portuguese Synagogue. Their number is limited to twelve by Act of Parliament, and they pay 1000 guineas each for this privilege."

They had now reached the end of Houndsditch, when, passing through Bishopsgate Church Yard and Broad Street, they were soon at the Bank.

"This building," said Dashall, "covers an extent of several acres of ground, and is completely isolated."

"Its exterior," replied Bob, "is not unsuited to the nature of the establishment, as it certainly conveys an idea of strength and security."

"That's true," continued Tom; "but you may observe a want of uniformity of design and proportion, arising from its having been erected piece-meal, at different periods, and according to different plans, by several architects. This is the principal entrance; and opposite to it is the shortest street in the Metropolis, called Bank Street; it contains but one house. Now we will take a survey of the interior."

They entered the Hall, where Tallyho was much pleased to be instructed as to the methodical way they have of examining notes for a re-issuing or exchanging into coin.

"Here," said Dashall, "are the Drawing-offices for public and private accounts. This room is seventy-nine feet long by forty; and, at the further end, you observe a very fine piece of sculpture: that is a marble Statue of King William III. the founder of the Bank. This national establishment was first incorporated by act of Parliament in 1694. The projector of the scheme was a Mr. James Paterson, a native of Scotland; and the direction of its concerns is vested in a Governor, Deputy-Governor, and twenty-four Directors, elected annually at a general Court of the Proprietors. Thirteen of the Directors, with the Governor, form a Court for the transaction of business. The Bank is open every day from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon, holidays excepted. It is like a little town. The Clerks at present are about 1000 in number, but a reduction is intended. The Rotunda is the most interesting apartment—we will go and have a look at the Money-dealers.

"Here," continued he, as they entered the Rotunda, and mingled among the various persons and sounds that are so well known in that seat of traffic, "from the hours of eleven to three a crowd of eager Money-dealers assemble, and avidity of gain displays itself in ever-varying shapes, at times truly ludicrous to the disinterested observer. You will presently perceive that the justling and crowding of the Jobbers to catch a bargain, frequently exceed in disorder the scrambling at the doors of our theatres for an early admission: and so loud and clamorous at times are the mingled noises of the buyers and sellers, that all distinction of sound is lost in a general uproar."

Of this description, Tallyho had an absolute proof in a few minutes, for the mingling variety of voices appeared to leave no space in time for distinguishing either the sense or the sound of the individual speakers; though it was evident that, notwithstanding the continual hubbub, there was a perfect understanding effected between parties for the sale and transfer of Stock, according to the stipulations bargained for.

"Ha, Mr. M——," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "how do you do?"

"Happy to say well, Sir, thank you," was the reply. "Any commands?—markets are pretty brisk this morning, and we are all alive."

"Pray," said Tallyho, "who is that extraordinary looking Lady with such red lips and cheeks, beneath the garb of sadness?"

"A constant visitor here," replied Mr. M. "I may say a day scarcely passes without her being present."

"She has a curious appearance," said Bob; "her dress is all black from head to foot, and yet her cheeks disclose the ruddy glow of uninterrupted health. Is it that her looks belie her garb, or that her garb belies her looks?"

"Hush," said Mr. M. "let her pass, and I will give you some information relative to her, which, if it does not gratify you, will at least satisfy some of your inquiries. I am half inclined to believe that all is not right in the seat of government with her, (pointing his finger to his head;) and she is therefore rather deserving of pity than an object of censure or ridicule; though I have reason to believe she frequently meets with attacks of the latter, when in search of the sympathy and benefit to be derived from a proper exercise of the former. Her name is Miss W——. Her father was formerly a two-penny postman, who resided at Rockingham Row,

Walworth, and was himself somewhat eccentric in his dress and manners, and it was not at all unusual to meet him in the morning in the garb of his office, though decidedly against his inclination, and to see him on 'Change during 'Change hours, in silk stockings, and in every other way dressed as a Merchant, attending there according to custom and practice; and he managed, by some means or other, to keep up a character of respectability, and to give an accomplished education to the younger branches of this family; so that this lady, though unfortunate in her present circumstances, has been well brought up, and mingled in polished society{315] and, if you were to enter into conversation with her now, you would find her intelligent in the selection of her words and the combination of sentences, to explain to you the most improbable events, and the most unheard of claims that she has upon all the Governments in the known world. This, however, would be done with good temper, unless any thing like an insulting observation should be conceived, or intended to be conveyed."

"And, pray, what is supposed to be the cause of her present manners and appearance?" inquired Bob.

"It is principally attributed," replied Mr M. "to the circumstance of losing a beloved brother, who she now continually declares is only kept from her by the persons who daily visit the Rotunda, with a view to prevent the recovery of the property she lays claim to, and the particulars of which she generally carries in her pocket. That brother however suffered the penalty of the law for a forgery;{1} but this she cannot be induced to believe.

*1 The lamentable effusion of blood which has taken place within the last twenty years, in consequence of forgeries on the Bank of England, has already excited a very considerable portion of public interest and indignation; and it is much to be feared that notwithstanding the very serious expence the Corporation have incurred, with a view to remedy the evil, by rendering the imitation more difficult, the anticipated result is not likely to be obtained. It will hardly be conceived that the Governors have expended as much as one hundred thousand pounds in this laudable undertaking, and, upon producing an impression, we are told it can be imitated by one, who, within three weeks produced a fac-simile, and puzzled the makers of the original note to discover which was the work-manship of their own hands. Nay, even an engraver on wood is said to have produced an excellent imitation in a few hours. It is however sincerely to be hoped that an effectual stop will be eventually put to the possibility of committing this crime, which, we apprehend, nine times out of ten brings the poor, needy, half-starved retailer of paper to the gallows, while the more un-principled wholesale dealer escapes detection.*

*While on the subject of forged notes, we cannot help deprecating the circulation of what are termed flash notes, which, if not originally intended to deceive and defraud, are calculated to accomplish these objects, when in the hands of the artful and designing. We think there is a tradesman in the vicinity of the Bank who presents such of his customers as visits his repository to have their hair cut, &c. with a Hash note, purporting to be for 501.; and we have also reason to believe that more than one attempt has been detected, where the parties have really endeavoured to pass them as valid Bank of England paper. The danger therefore must be evident.*

We have reason to think she is frequently much straitened for want of the necessary supplies for{316] sustenance, and she has temporary relief occasionally from those who knew her family and her former circumstances in life, while she boldly perseveres in the pursuit of fancied property, and the restoration of her brother.

"I have heard her make heavy complaints of the difficulties she has had to encounter, and the privations she has been subjected to; but her own language will best speak the impressions on her mind. Here is a printed letter which was circulated by her some time ago:—

To the worthy Inhabitants of the Parish of St. Mary, Newington, Surrey.

It is with feelings of deep regret I have to deplore the necessity that compels me to adopt a public measure, for the purpose of obtaining my property from those gentlemen that hold it in trust. For a period of ten years I have endured the most cruel and unjustifiable persecution, which has occasioned the premature death of my mother; a considerable loss of property; all my personal effects of apparel and valuables; has exposed me to the most wanton and barbarous attacks, the greatest insults, and the severe and continual deprivation of every common necessary. Having made every appeal for my right, or even a maintenance, without effect, I now take the liberty of adopting the advice of some opulent friends in the parish, and solicit general favour in a loan by subscription for a given time, not doubting the liberal commiseration of many ladies and gentlemen, towards so great a sufferer. As it is not possible to describe the wrongs I have endured, the misery that has been heaped upon me, in so limited a space, I shall be happy to give every explanation upon calling for the result of this entreaty and to those ladies and gentlemen that condescend to favour

S. WHITEHEAD

With their presence, at

The White Hart Inn, Borough.

Besides Bills to an immense amount, accepted by the Dey of Algiers, and payable by his Grand Plenipotentiary.

Various sums in the English and Irish Funds, in the names of various Trustees: in the 3 per cent. Consols—3 per cent. 1726—3 per cent. South Sea Annuities—3 per cent. Old South Sea Annuities—4 per cent. 3 per cent. 5 per cent. Long Annuities.

Besides various Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Estates, Reversions and Annuities, of incalculable

value.

One of the Freehold Estates is that known by the name of Ireland's Row, and the Brewhouse adjacent, Mile End; the Muswell Hill Estate; a large House in Russell Square, tenanted at present by Mr. B——dd!!!

“For the truth of this statement, or the real existence of any property belonging to her, I am not able to vouch. She is well known in all the offices of this great Establishment, is generally peaceable in her conduct, and communicative in her conversation, which at times distinguishes her as a person of good education.”

“Hard is the fortune which your Sex attends, Women, like princes, find few real friends; All who approach them their own ends pursue, Lovers and ministers are seldom true. Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays, And the most trusted guide the most betrays.”

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of a Gentleman, who, taking Mr. M. on one side, Tom and Bob wished him a good morning. They proceeded to view the various offices which branch out from the [318] Rotunda, and which are appropriated to the management of each particular stock, in each of which Bob could not help admiring the happy disposition of every department to facilitate business. The arrangement of the books, and the clerks, under the several letters of the alphabet, he conceived was truly excellent.

“The Corporation of the Bank,” said Dashall, “are prohibited from trading in any sort of goods or merchandize whatsoever; but are to confine the use of their capital to discounting Bills of Exchange, and to the buying and selling of gold and silver bullion; with a permission however to sell such goods as are mortgaged or pawned to them and not redeemed within three months after the expiration of the time for their redemption. Their profits arise from their traffic in bullion; the discounting of Bills of Exchange for Bankers, Merchants, Factors, and Speculators; and the remuneration they receive from Government, for managing the public funds, and for receiving the subscriptions on loans and lotteries. But we may ramble about in these places for a month, and still have novelty in store; and there is a little world underneath the greater part of this extensive building devoted to printing-offices, ware-rooms, &c.”

They had now reached the door which leads into Bartholomew Lane, and, upon descending the steps, and turning to the left, Bob's eyes soon discovered the Auction Mart, “What have we here?” inquired he.

“That,” replied his Cousin, “is a building which may deservedly be rank'd as one of the ornaments of the City; and its arrangements and economy, as well as the beauty of its interior, are well deserving the notice of every stranger. This fine establishment, which serves as a focus for the sale of estates and other property by public auction, is both useful and ornamental; it was built about the time when the spirit of combination was so strong in London. You must know, some years back, every kind of business and trade appeared likely to be carried on by Joint Stock Companies, and the profits divided upon small shares. Many Fire-offices have to date their origin from this source—the Hope, the Eagle, the Atlas, and others. The Golden Lane Brewery was opened upon this principle; some Water Companies were established; till neighbourhood and partnership [319] almost became synonymous; and, I believe, among many other institutions of that kind, the Building before us is one. It contains many handsome rooms and commodious offices; but, as for offices, every street and every alley abounds with them, and, now-a-days, if you want to hire a Cook or a Scullion, you have nothing to do but to send a letter to a Register-office, and you are suited in a twinkling. It was an excellent idea, and I remember the old Buck who used to call himself the founder of establishments of that nature, or rather the first introducer of them to the notice of Englishmen, poor old Courtois.”

John Courtois is said to have been a native of Picardy, where he was born about the year 1737 or 1738. He repaired to this country while yet young, in the character of *valet de chambre* to a gentleman who had picked him up in his travels; and, as he came from one of the poorest of the French provinces, he “took root,” and thrived wonderfully on his transplantation to a richer soil.

On the death of his master, he removed to the neighbourhood of the Strand; and St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, became the scene of his industry and success. At a time when wigs were worn by boys, and a Frenchman was supposed the only person capable of making one fit “for the grande monarque,” he commenced business as a perruquier, and soon acquired both wealth and celebrity. To this he joined another employment, which proved equally lucrative and appropriate, as it subjected both masters and servants to his influence. This was the keeping of a register-office, one of the first known in the Metropolis, whence he drew incalculable advantages. He is also said to have been a dealer in hair, which he imported largely from the continent. And yet, after all, it is difficult to conceive how he could have realized a fortune exceeding 200,000L.! But what may not be achieved by a man who despised no gains, however small, and in his own expressive language, considered farthings as “the seeds of guineas!”

The following appears to be a true description of this very extraordinary man, whom we ourselves have seen more than once:—“Old Courtois was well known for more than half a century in the purlieu of St. Martin's and the Haymarket. His appearance was meagre and squalid, and his clothes, such as they were, were pertinaciously got up in exactly the same cut and fashion, and the colour always either fawn or marone [320] For the last thirty years, the venerable chapeau was uniformly of the same cock. The principal feat, however, in which this fervent votary of Plutus appeared before the public, was his nearly fatal affair with Mary Benson, otherwise Mrs. Maria Theresa Phepoe. In April 1795, this ill-fated-woman projected a rather bungling scheme, in order to frighten her old acquaintance and visitor, Courtois, out of a considerable sum of money. One evening, when she was certain of his calling, she had her apartment prepared for his reception in a species of funereal style—a bier, a black velvet pall, black wax candles lighted, &c. No sooner had the friend entered the room, than the lady, assisted by her maid, pounced on him, forced him into an arm chair, in which he was forcibly held down by the woman, while the hostess, brandishing a case-knife or razor, swore with some violent imprecations, that instant should be his last, if he did not give her an order on his “banker for a large sum of money. The venerable visitor, alarmed at the gloomy preparations and dire threats of the desperate female, asked for pen, ink, and paper; which being immediately produced, he wrote a check on his banker for two thousand pounds. He immediately retired with precipitation, happy to escape without personal injury. The next morning, before its opening, he attended at the Banker's, with some Police-officers; and on Mrs. Phepoe's making her appearance with the check, she was arrested, and subsequently tried at the Old Bailey, on a capital charge, grounded on the above proceedings. However, through the able defence made by

her counsel (the late Mr. Fielding) who took a legal objection to the case as proved, and contended that she never had or obtained any property of Mr. Courtois, on the principle that possession constituted the first badge of ownership, she was only sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment."

"Some years since, the late Lord Gage met Courtois, at the court-room of the East India House, on an election business. "Ah, Courtois!" said his Lordship, "what brings you here?"—"To give my votes, my Lord," was the answer.—"What! are you a proprietor?"—"Most certainly."—"And of more votes than one?"—"Yes, my Lord, I have four!"—"Aye, indeed! why then, before you take the book, pray be kind enough to pin up my curls!" With which modest request the proprietor of four votes, equal to ten thousand pounds, immediately complied!

"M. Courtois married a few years since, and has left several children. On reflecting that his widow's thirds would amount to an immense sum, with his usual prudence he made a handsome settlement on her during his lifetime. As his sons were not of very economical habits, he has bequeathed them small annuities only; and vested the bulk of his fortune in trustees on behalf of his daughters, who are infants.

"Until his death, he invariably adhered to the costume of the age in which he was born. A three-cocked hat, and a plum-coloured coat, both rather the worse for wear, in which we have seen him frequently, invariably designated his person and habits; while a penurious economy, that bid defiance to all vulgar imitation, accompanied him to his grave. His death occurred in 1819, in the 80th or 81st year of his age."

"Such characters," observed Tallyho, "notwithstanding their eccentricity, afford useful lessons to those who, in this giddy and dissipated age, devote a part of their time to thinking."

"No doubt of it," replied Dashall; "they furnish examples of what may be done by perseverance and determination, and almost seem to verify the assertion, that every one may become rich if he pleases. But come, we must move towards Tom's Coffee House, in our way to which we will pass through the Royal Exchange, which lies directly before us. It was originally a brick building, erected by Sir Thomas Gresham in the year 1567, but being destroyed by the fire of London in 1666, the present building of Portland stone was raised in its place, the first stone of which was laid by Charles II. in 1667; in consequence of which his statue has been placed in the centre of its quadrangle, around which the Merchants assemble daily to transact their commercial business.{1}

*1 The merry Monarch was fond of the Citizens, and frequently honoured the Lord Mayor's table with his presence. It is said of him, that, on retiring to his carriage one day after dining with the civic Sovereign, he was followed by the latter, who, with a freedom inspired by the roseate Deity, laid hold of His Majesty by the arm, and insisted that he should not go until he had drunk t'other bottle. The Monarch turned round, and good-humouredly repeating a line from an old song—"The man that is drunk is as great as a king," went back to the company, and doubtless complied with the Lord Mayor's request.*

"It has two principal fronts, one in Cornhill, and the other, which you now see, is at the end of Threadneedle Street; each of which has a piazza, affording a convenient shelter from the sun and rain. It is open as a thoroughfare from eight in the morning till six in the evening; but the hours in which business is chiefly transacted, are from two to five. Its extent is 203 feet by 171."

By this time they had passed the gate, and Bob found himself in a handsome area with a fine piazza carried entirely round, and furnished with seats along the four walks, for Merchants of different nations, who meet, each at their different stations, and was immediately attracted by the appearance of the numerous specimens of art with which it was adorned.

"Do you observe," said his Cousin, "within these piazzas are twenty-eight niches; all vacant but that in which is placed a statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, in the north-west angle; and that in the south-west, which presents a statue of Sir John Barnard, Magistrate of the City, and one of its Representatives in Parliament. Those smaller statues in the niches of the wall of the Quadrangle, in the upper story, are the Kings and Queens of England, beginning with Edward I. on the North side, and ending with his late Majesty on the East. As far as Charles I. they were executed by Gabriel Cibber. The various frames which are placed around under the piazza, contain the names, residences and occupations of Tradesmen, Mechanics and others. The grand front in Cornhill has been under repair lately, and in its appearance, no doubt, is greatly improved. The steeple which is just raised, is a handsome dome, surmounted by the original grasshopper, rendered somewhat celebrated by a prophecy, that certain alterations would take place in men, manners, and times, when the grasshopper on the top of the Exchange should meet the dragon at the top of Bow Church; and strange and extraordinary as it may appear, this very circumstance is said to have taken place, as they have both been seen in the warehouse of some manufacturer, to whom they were consigned for repair; in addition to which, if Crockery's relation of the transmogrifications of England is to be believed, the prophecy is in a considerable degree a whimsical and laughable Burletta, in one act, has recently been produced at the Royal Coburg Theatre, in which Mr. Sloman sings, with admirable comicality, the following Song, alluded to by the Hon. Tom Dashall, to the tune of O, The Roast Beef of Old England.

*"From Hingy I came with my Master, O dear,  
But Lunnun is not like the same place, that's clear;  
It has nigh broke my heart since I have been here!  
O, the old times of Old England,  
O dear, the good English old times.*

*The town is so changed, that I don't know a spot;  
The times are so hard, there's no vork to be got;  
And for porter they charges you tip-pence a pot!  
O, the old times, &c.*

*Then the sides of the houses are stuck full of bills  
About Blacking, Mock-Auctions, and vonderful Fills;*

*But for von vot they cures, a hundred they kills!  
O, the old times, &c.*

*There's the names are all halter'd verewer I goes,  
And the people all laughs at the cut of my close;  
The men are turn'd vomen, the belles are turn'd beaux!  
O, the old times, &c.*

*Ven I vent out to Hingy, if any von died,  
A good vooden coffin they used to provide,  
But hiron vons now keeps the poor vorms houtside!  
O, the old times, &c.*

*There's the Lancaster schools now all over the land,  
Vot teaches the children to scribble on sand—  
And a hugly Bonassus vot lives in the Strand!  
O, the new times, &c.*

*There's a new Life-preserver, vith vich you cant drown;  
And a new kind of Sov'reigns just com'd into town,  
Von is vorth a pound note, and the other a crown!  
O, the new times, &c.*

*The Play-bills have hard vords, vot I cannot speak;  
And the horgans plays nothing but Latin and Greek;  
And it's rain'd every day now for more than a veek!  
O, the new times, &c.*

*There's a man valks on vater and don't vet his feet;  
And a patent steam-kitchen, vot cooks all your meat;  
And Epp's ham and beef shop in every street!  
O, the new times, &c.*

*I valks up and down vith the tears in my hye;  
Vot they vonce call'd a vaggon is now call'd a fly;  
And the boys points their fingers, and calls I—a"Guy!  
O, the old times of Old England,  
O dear, the good English old times."*

There is a stair-case in each front, and one on each side, which lead to a gallery above, running round the whole building, containing the offices of various establishments; but I believe, in the original plan, shops were intended to fill the building to the top. At present, the upper rooms are occupied by Lloyd's celebrated Subscription Coffee-house, for the use of Under-writers and Merchants—by the Royal Exchange Insurance Company, and various offices of individuals. There are also the Gresham Lecture—Rooms, where lectures are read pursuant to the will of the late Sir Thomas Gresham, who bequeathed to the City of London and the Mercers' Company, all the profits arising from these and other premises in Cornhill, in trust to pay salaries to four lecturers in divinity, astronomy, music, and geometry; and three readers in civil law, physic, and rhetoric, who read lectures daily in term time.

"This we may consider the grand mart of the universe! where congregate those sons of Commerce the British Merchants, who, in dauntless extent of enterprise, hold such distinguished pre-eminence!"

Tallyho viewed the scene before him with an inquisitive eye, and was evidently wrapped in surprise at the "busy hum of men," all actuated by one universal object, the acquisition of wealth. The spacious area exhibited a mass of mercantile speculators, numerously grouped, in conversation; under the piazzas appeared a moving multitude in like manner engaged, while the surrounding seats were in similar occupation; Dashall and Bob, of the many hundreds of individuals present, were perhaps the only two led to the place by curiosity alone.

Tallyho, who, on every occasion of "doubtful dilemma," looked to his cousin Dashall for extrication, expressed his surprise at the appearance of a squalid figure, whose lank form, patched habiliments, and unshorn beard, indicated extreme penury; in familiar converse with a gentleman fashionably attired, and of demeanour to infer unquestionable respectability.

"Interest," said Tallyho, "supersedes every other consideration, else these two opposites would not meet."

"Your observation is just," replied his cousin; "the tatterdemallion to whom you allude, is probably less impoverished than penurious; perhaps of miserly habits, and in other respects disqualified for polite society. What then, he is doubtless in ample possession of the essential requisite; and here a monied man only is a good man, and without money no man can be respectable." {1}

Here the continued and deafening noise of a hand-bell, rung by one of the Exchange-keepers underlings, perched on the balcony over the southern gate, interrupted Mr. Dashall's remarks; it was the signal for locking up the gates, and inferring at the same time obedience to the summons with due promptitude and submission, on pain of being detained two hours "in duresse vile."

Sufficient alacrity of egression not having been shown, the Keepers closed the two gates, and at the same time locked the east and western avenues; thus interdicting from egress above three hundred contumacious individuals, including the Hon. Tom Dashall and his Cousin.

A considerable time having now elapsed without any prospect of enlargement, dissatisfaction gained ground apace, and shortly ripened into actual mutiny. The disaffected now proceeded to hold a council of war, and after a few moments deliberation, it was resolved unanimously to storm the avenues! Dashall and

1 Some years ago, a gentleman of extensive property, residing in the country, was desirous of raising, by way of loan on the security of landed estates, the sum of 30,000L. His Solicitor in London, with whom he had corresponded on the subject, summoned him at last to town; a lender was found, who was to meet the Solicitor at a certain time and place appointed, in the neighbourhood of the Exchange. The borrower, on the day and near the hour fixed upon, was in the area of the Royal Exchange, when there crossed over a

wretched looking being, the very personification of misery. The gentleman, unsolicited, gave the poor object a shilling. On going to the appointed rendezvous, how great was his astonishment to find in the person of the wealthy monied man the identical receiver of his bounty!—"Ha, ha," cried he, "you shall not fare the worse for your generosity!" and actually advanced the money on terms much easier than expected. This personage was the celebrated Daniel Dancer.

Tallyho declined taking any part in the enterprise; they took a right view of the affair; they were mere casual visitants, not likely ever again to suffer a similar restraint, while the others were in the daily practice of transacting business on the spot: to them therefore the frequent recurrence of the present disaster might happen—theirs then was the cause, as being most particularly interested.

An attack was made by the prisoners upon the portals opening into Bank Buildings and Sweeting's Kents; but the former having been shattered sometime since on a similar occasion, and subsequently very strongly repaired, it was found impregnable, at least to any immediate exertion of force, and being neither furnished with a park of artillery, nor with the battering ram of the ancients, the little army faced to the right about, enfiladed the area, and took up a new position, in due order of assault, against the door of the avenue leading into Sweeting's Rents. The affair was decided, and without bloodshed; the bars soon bent before the vigour of the assailants; one of these was taken into custody by a Beadle, but rescued, and the attack recommenced with success; when the opposite door was also opened by the Shop-keeper living in that avenue, and the Exchange was finally cleared at four minutes past five o'clock, after above an hour's detention, including the time occupied in storming the avenues.

The triumph of liberty was now complete; the intrepid phalanx disbanded itself; and our Heroes having made the farewell conge to their victorious compeers, proceeded into Cornhill, where, Dashall espying his curriple at the door of Tom's Coffee House, they, after refreshing themselves, took a cheerful country drive over London Bridge, Clapham Common, Wandsworth, &c. from which they returned at six o'clock to dinner, determined to have a night's rest before they proceeded in search of further adventures. [327]

## CHAPTER XXI

*"Happy the man, who void of cares and strife,  
In silken or in leathern purse retains  
A SPLENDID shilling! he nor hears with pain  
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;*

*But I, whom griping penury surrounds,  
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,  
With scanty offal and small acid tiff,  
Wretched repast, my meagre corse sustain!  
Or solitary walk, or dose at home  
In garret vile!"*

TALKING over, at the breakfast-table, the occurrences of the preceding day—"On my conscience!" exclaimed Tallyho, "were the antediluvian age restored, and we daily perambulated the streets of this immense Metropolis during a hundred years to come, I firmly believe that every hour would bring a fresh accession of incident."

"Ad infinitum," answered Dashall; "where happiness is the goal in view, and fifteen hundred thousand competitors start for the prize, the manouvres of all in pursuit of the grand ultimatum must ever exhibit an interesting and boundless variety. London,

*". . . the needy villain's general home,  
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome!"*

where ingenious vice too frequently triumphs over talented worth—where folly riots in the glare of luxury, and merit pines in indigent obscurity.—Allons donc!—another ramble, and chance may probably illustrate my observation."

"Take notice," said the discriminating Dashall to his friend, as they reached the Mall in St. James's Park, "of that solitary knight of the woeful countenance; his thread-bare raiment and dejected aspect, denote disappointment and privation;—ten imperial sovereigns to a plebeian shilling, he is either a retired veteran or a distressed poet." [328]

The object of curiosity, who had now seated himself, appeared to have attained the age of fifty, or more—a bat that had once been black—a scant-skirted blue coat, much the worse for wear—a striped waistcoat—his lank legs and thighs wrapt in a pair of something resembling trowsers, but "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks"—short gaiters—shoes in the last stage of consumption—whiskers of full dimensions—his head encumbered with an unadjusted redundancy-of grey hair: such were the habiliments and figure of this son of adversity!

The two friends now seated themselves on the same bench with the stranger, who, absorbed in reflection, observed not their approach.

The silence of the triumvirate was broken in upon by Tom, who, with his usual suavety of manners, politely addressed himself to the unknown, on the common topic of weather, *et cetera*, without eliciting in reply more than an assenting or dissenting monosyllable, "You have seen some service, Sir?"

"Yes."

"In the army, I presume?"



"No."

"Under Government?"

"Yes."

"In the navy, probably?"

"No."

"I beg your pardon," continued Dashall—"my motives originate not in idle inquisitiveness; if I can be of any service——"

The stranger turned towards him an eye of inquiry. "I ask not from impertinent curiosity," resumed Dashall, "neither would I wish indelicately to obtrude an offer of assistance, perhaps equally unnecessary as unacceptable; yet there are certain mutabilities of life wherein sympathy may be allowed to participate."

"Sir," said the other, with an immediate grateful expansion of mind, and freedom of communication—"I am inexpressibly indebted for the honour of your solicitude, and feel no hesitation in acknowledging that I am a literary writer; but so seldom employed, and, when employed, so inadequately requited, that to me the necessaries of life are frequently inaccessible."

Here Tallyho interrupted the narrator by asking—whence it was that he had adopted a profession so[329] irksome, precarious, and unproductive?

*"Necessity," was the reply. "During a period of eight years, I performed the duties as senior Clerk of an office under Government; four years ago the establishment was broken up, without any provision made for its subordinate dependents; and thus I became one of the twenty thousand distressed beings in London, who rise from bed in the morning, unknowing where to repose at night, and are indebted to chance for a lodging or a dinner!"{1} 1 The following calculation, which is curious in all its parts, cannot fail to interest the reader:—*

*The aggregate Population on the surface of the known habitable Globe is estimated at 1000,000,000 souls. If therefore we reckon with the Ancients, that a generation lasts 30 years, then in that space 1000,000,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently, 91,314 must be dropping into eternity every day, 3800 every hour, or about 63 every minute, and more than one every second. Of these 1000,000,000 souls, 656,000,000 are supposed to be Pagans, 160,000,000 Mahomedans, 9,000,000 Jews, only 175,000,000 are called Christians, and of these only 50,000,000 are Protestants.*

*There are in London 502 places of Worship—one Cathedral, one Abbey, 114 Churches, 132 Chapels and Chapels of Ease, 220 Meet-ings and Chapels for Dissenters, 43 Chapels for Foreigners, and 6 Synagogues for Jews. About 4050 public and private Schools, including Inns of Courts, Colleges, &c. About 8 Societies for Morals; 10 Societies for Learning and Arts; 112 Asylums for Sick and Lame; 13 Dispensaries, and 704 Friendly Societies. Charity distributed £800,000 per annum.*

*There are about 2500 persons committed for trial in one year: The annual depredations amount to about £2,100,000. There are 19 Prisons, and 5204 Alehouses within the bills of Mortality. The amount of Coin counterfeited is £200,000 per annum. Forgeries on the Bank of England in the year £150,000. About 3000 Receivers of Stolen Goods. About 10,000 Servants at all times out of place. Above 20,000 miserable individuals rise every morning without knowing how or by what means they are to be supported during the passing day, or where, in many instances, they are to lodge on the succeeding night.*

*London consumes annually 112,000 bullocks; 800,000 sheep and lambs; 212,000 calves; 210,000 hogs; 60,000 sucking pigs; 7,000,000 gallons of milk, the produce of 9000 cows; 10,000 acres of ground cultivated for vegetables; 4000 acres for fruit; 75,000 quarters of wheat; 700,000 chaldrons of coals; 1,200,500 barrels of ale and porter; 12,146,782 gallons of spirituous liquors and compounds; 35,500 tons of wine; 17,000,000 pounds of butter, 22,100,000 pounds of cheese; 14,500 boat loads of cod.*

"May I ask," said Mr. Dashall, "from what species of literary composition you chiefly derive your[330] subsistence?"

"From puffing—writing rhyming advertisements for certain speculative and successful candidates for public favour, in various avocations; for instance, eulogizing the resplendent brilliancy of Jet or Japan Blacking—the wonderful effects of Tyrian-Dye and Macassar Oil in producing a luxuriant growth and changing the colour of the hair, transforming the thinly scattered and hoary fragments of age to the redundant and auburn tresses of youth—shewing forth that the "Riding Master to his late Majesty upwards of thirty years, and Professor of the Royal Menage of Hanover, sets competition at defiance, and that all who dare presume to rival the late Professor of the Royal Menage of Hanover, are vile unskilful pretenders, ci-devant stable-boys, and totally undeserving the notice of an enlightened and discerning public! In fact, Sir, I am reduced to this occasional humiliating employment, derogatory certainly to the dignity of literature, as averting the approach of famine. I write, for various adventurers, poetical panegyric, and illustrate each subject by incontrovertible facts, with appropriate incident and interesting anecdote."

"And these facts," observed Bob Tallyho, "respectably authenticated?"

"By no means," answered the Poet; "nor is it necessary, nobody takes the trouble of inquiry, and all is left to the discretion of the writer and the fertility of his invention."

"On the same theme, does not there exist," asked Dashall, "a difficulty in giving it the appearance of variety?"

"Certainly; and that difficulty would seem quite insurmountable when I assure you, that I have written for a certain Blacking Manufacturer above two hundred different productions on the subject of his unparalleled Jet, each containing fresh incident, and very probably fresh incident must yet be found for two hundred productions more! But the misfortune is, that every thing is left to my invention, and the remuneration is of a very trifling nature for such mental labour: besides, it has frequently happened that the toil has proved unavailing—the production is rejected—the anticipated half-crown remains in the accumulating coffers of the Blacking-manufacturer, and the Author returns, penniless and despondingly, to his attic, where, if fortune at last befriends him, he probably may breakfast dine and sup, *tria juncta in uno*, at a late hour in the evening!" [331]

"And," exclaimed the feeling Dashall, "this is real Life in London!"

"With me actually so," answered the Poet.

The Blacking-maker's Laureat now offered to the perusal of his sympathising friends the following specimen of his ability in this mode of composition:—

*PUG IN ARMOUR;  
OR,  
THE GARRISON ALARMED.*

*"Whoe'er on the rock of Gibraltar has been,  
A frequent assemblage of monkeys has seen  
Assailing each stranger with volleys of stones,  
As if pre-determin'd to fracture his bones!*

*A Monkey one day took his turn as a scout,  
And gazing his secret position about,  
A boot caught his eye, near the spot that was plac'd,  
By w \* \* \* \*n's jet; Blacking transcendently grac'd;  
And, viewing his shade in its brilliant reflection,  
He cautiously ventured on closer inspection.*

*The gloss on its surface return'd grin for grin,  
Thence seeking his new-found acquaintance within,  
He pok'd in the boot his inquisitive snout,  
Head and shoulders so far, that he could not get out;  
And thus he seem'd cas'd—from his head to his tail,  
In suit of high-burnish'd impregnable mail!*

*Erect on two legs then, with retrograde motion,  
It stalk'd; on the Sentry impressing a notion  
That this hostile figure, of non-descript form,  
The fortress might take by manoeuvre or storm!*

*Now fixing his piece, in wild terror he bawls—  
"A legion of devils are scaling the walls!"  
The guards sallied forth 'mid portentous alarms,  
Signal-guns were discharged, and the drums beat to arms;  
And Governor then, and whole garrison, ran  
To meet the dread foe in this minikin man!*

*"A man-'tis a monkey!" Mirth loudly exclaim'd,  
And peace o'er the garrison then was proclaim'd;  
And Pug was released, the strange incident backing  
The merits, so various, of W\* \* \* \*n's Jet Blacking."*

This trifle, well enough for the purpose, was honoured with approbation.

[332]

The two friends, unwilling to offend the delicacy of the Poet by a premature pecuniary compliment at this early stage of acquaintance, took his address and departed, professing an intention of calling upon him at his lodgings in the evening.

"I would not, were I a bricklayer's labourer," exclaimed Bob, "exchange situations with this unfortunate literary hack—this poor devil of mental toil and precarious result, who depends for scanty subsistence on the caprice of his more fortunate inferiors, whose minds, unexpanded by liberal feeling, and absorbed in the love of self, and the sordid consideration of interest, are callous to the impression of benevolence!—But let us hope that few such cases of genius in adversity occur, even in this widely extended and varied scene of human vicissitude."

"That hope," replied his Cousin, "is founded on

*"The baseless fabric of a vision!"*

There are, at this moment, thousands in London of literary merit, of whom we may truly say,

*"Chill penury repress their noble rage,  
And freeze the genial current of the soul!"*

Men unsustained by the hand of friendship, who pine in unheeded obscurity, suffering the daily privations of life's indispensable requisites, or obtaining a scanty pittance at the will of opulent ignorance, and under the humiliating contumely, as we have just been informed, even of Blacking Manufacturers!

"But here is a man, who, during a period of eight years, held a public situation, the duties of which he performed satisfactorily to the last; and yet, on the abolition of the establishment, while the Principal retires in the full enjoyment of his ample salary, this senior Clerk and his fellows in calamity are cast adrift upon the

world, to live or starve, and in the dearth of employment suitable to their habits and education, the unfortunate outcasts are left to perish, perhaps by the hand of famine in the streets, or that of despondency in a garret; or, what is worse than either, consigned to linger out their remaining wretched days under the "cold reluctant charity" of a parish workhouse. {1}

"When the principal of a Public-office has battered for many years on his liberal salary, and the sole duties required of him have been those of occasionally signing a few official papers, why not discontinue his salary on the abolition of the establishment, and partition it out in pensions to those disbanded Clerks by whose indefatigable exertions the business of the public has been satisfactorily conducted? These allowances, however inadequate to the purpose of substantiating all the comforts, might yet realise the necessaries of life, and, at least, would avert the dread of absolute destitution."

A pause ensued—Dashall continued in silent rumination—a few moments brought our Heroes to the Horse Guards; and as the acquirement "devoutly to be wished" was a general knowledge of metropolitan manners, they proceeded to the observance of Real Life in a Suttling House.

Child's Suttling House at the Horse Guards is the almost exclusive resort of military men, who, availing themselves of the intervals between duty, drop in to enjoy a pipe and pint.

*"To fight their battles o'er again,  
Thrice to conquer all their foes,  
And thrice to slay the slain."*

In the entrance on the left is a small apartment, bearing the dignified inscription, in legible characters on the door, of "The Non-Commissioned Officers' Room." In front of the bar is a larger space, boxed off, and appropriated to the use of the more humble heroical aspirants, the private men; and passing through the bar, looking into Whitehall, is the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, for the reception of the more exalted rank, the golden-laced, three-striped, subordinate commandants, Serjeant-Majors and Serjeants, with the colour-clothed regimental appendants of Paymasters and Adjutants' Clerks, *et cetera*. Into this latter apartment our accomplished friends were ushered with becoming

*I "Swells then thy feeling heart, and streams thine eye  
O'er the deserted being, poor and old,*

*Whom cold reluctant parish-charity  
Consigns to mingle with his kindred mold."  
—Charlotte Smith.*

respect to their superior appearance, at the moment when a warm debate was carrying on as to the respective merits of the deceased Napoleon and the hero of Waterloo.

The advocate of the former seemed unconnected with the army: the adherent to the latter appeared in the gaudy array of a Colour-Serjeant of the Foot Guards, and was decorated with a Waterloo medal, conspicuously suspended by a blue ribbon to the upper button of his jacket; and of this honourable badge the possessor seemed not less vain than if he had been adorned with the insignia of the most noble order of the Garter.

"I contend, and I defy the universe to prove the contrary," exclaimed the pertinacious Serjeant in a tone of authoritative assertion, "that the Duke of Wellington is a greater man than ever did, does, or hereafter may exist!"

"By no means," answered the Civilian. "I admit, so far as a thorough knowledge of military tactics, and a brilliant career of victory constitutes greatness, his grace of Wellington to be a great hero, but certainly not the greatest 'inan that ever did, does, or hereafter may exist!" "Is there a greater man? Did there ever exist a greater?—when and where?" the Serjeant impatiently demanded.

"Buonaparte was a greater," answered the opposing disputant; "because to military renown unparalleled in the annals of ancient or modern history, he added the most consummate knowledge of government; and although his actions might frequently partake of arbitrary sway, (and who is the human being exempted from human frailty) yet he certainly created and sustained, in her most elevated zenith, the splendour of France, till crushed by the union of nations in arms; and if power is the criterion of greatness, who was, is, or ever can be greater than the man, who, emerging from obscurity, raised himself solely by his mental energies to the highest elevation of human glory; and who, this Island excepted, commanded the destinies of all Europe! The most determined of his enemies will not deny, calmly and duly appreciating his merits, that he possessed unrivalled talent; and this fact the hero, whose cause you so vehemently espouse, would, I have no doubt, be the foremost in acknowledging."

In deficiency of argument, the Serjeant resorted to invective; the vociferous disputation reached the next room, and was taken up by the rank and file in a manner not less tumultuous; when an honest native of the "Emerald Isle" good-humouredly terminated the war of words, calling for half a quartern of gin, with which to qualify a pint of Whitbread's entire.

"To the immortal memory of St. Patrick, and long life to him!" exclaimed Patrick O'Shaughnessy. "If there did not exist but them two selves, bad luck to the spalpeen who will say that the Duke and my Lord Londonderry would not be the greatest men in the universe!"

This sally led to a cessation of hostilities, which might have been followed by a definitive treaty of peace, but the dæmon of discord again made its appearance in the tangible shape of a diminutive personage, who, hitherto silently occupying a snug out-of-the-way corner by the fireplace, had escaped observation.

Dashall and his Cousin emerging from the Sanctum Sanctorum, where their presence seemed to have operated as a check on the freedom of discussion, had just seated themselves in the room allotted to the private soldiers, when, in a broad northern accent, the aforesaid taciturn gentleman, selecting the two strangers, who, of all the company, seemed alone worthy the honour of his notice, thus addressed them:

"I crave your pardon, Sirs—but I guess frae your manner that ye are no unacquainted wi' the movements o' high life—do you ken how lang the King means to prolong his abode amang our neebors owre the water, his

hair-brain'd Irish subjects, whose notions o' loyalty hae excited sae many preposterously antic exhibitions by that volatile race O' people?"

"I am not in possession," answered Dashall, "of any information on the subject."

"By the manes of the Priest," exclaimed Mr. O'Shaughnessy, "but the King (God bless him) has visited the land of green Erin, accompanied by the spirit of harmony, and praties without the sauce of butter-milk be his portion, who does not give them both a hearty welcome!—Arrah, what mane you by a preposterous exhibition? By hecky, the warm hearts of the sons and daughters of St. Patrick have exhibited an unsophisticated feeling of loyalty, very opposite indeed to the chilling indifference, not to say worse of it, of those his subjects at home; and as Sir William, the big Baronet of the City, said in the House that gives laws [336] to the land, Why should not his Majesty be cheered up a little?"

This effusion of loyalty was well received, and Dashall and his Cousin cordially united in the general expression of approbation.

"This is a vera weel," said the Northern; "but an overstrained civility wears ay the semblance o' suspicion, and fulsome adulation canna be vera acceptable to the mind o' delicate feeling: for instance, there is my ain country, and a mair ancient or a mair loyal to its legitimate Sovereign there disna exist on the face o' the whole earth; wad the King condescend to honor wi' his presence the palace o' Holyrod House, he wad experience as ardent a manifestation o' fidelity to his person and government in Auld Reekie as that shown him in Dublin, though aiblins no quite sae tumultuous; forbye, it wadna hae been amiss to hae gaen the preference to a nation whare his ancestors held sway during sae many centuries, and whare, in the castle of Edinburgh, is still preserved the sacred regalia, with which it migh no hae been unapropos to hae graced his royal head and hand amidst the gratifying pageantry o' a Scotch coronation. Sure I am that North Britain has never been honored publicly wi' a royal visit.—Whether ony branch o' the present reigning family hae been there incognita they best ken themselves."

"You seem to have forgot," observed Tallyho, "the visit of the Duke of Cumberland to Scotland in the year 1745."

"Begging your pardon for setting you right in that particular," answered the cynic, with a most significant expression of countenance, "that, Sir, was not a visit, but a visitation!"

"Appropriate enough," whispered Dashall to Tallyho.

"Augh, boderation to nice distinctions!" exclaimed O'Shaughnessy; "here, Mister Suttler be after tipping over anoder half quartern of the cratur, wid which to drink success to the royal visitant."

"And that the company may participate in the gratifying expression of attachment to their Sovereign, Landlord," said Dashall, "let the glass go round."

"Testifying our regard for the Sovereign," resumed the Northern, "it canna be understood that we include a' the underlings o' Government. We ought, as in duty bound, to venerate and obey the maister o' the house; bat it is by no means necessary that we should pay a similar respect to his ox and his ass, his man-servant and [337] his maid-servant. May be, had he been at hame on a late occasion o' melancholy solemnity, blood wadna hae been spilt, and mickle dool and sorrow wad hae been avoided."

"We perfectly understand your allusion," said one from the group of Life-guardsmen: "Of us now present there were none implicated in the unfortunate occurrences either of that day or a subsequent one: yet we must not silently hear our comrades traduced—perhaps then it may be as well to drop the subject."

"I canna think o' relinquishing a topic O' discourse," answered the Northern, "replete wi' mickle interest, merely at your suggestion; it may be ye did your duty in obeying the commands, on that lamentable occasion, O' your superior officers, and it is to be hoped that the duty O' the country, towards those with whom originated the mischief, will not be forgotten; there is already on record against the honour O' your corps a vera serious verdick."

Here the Life-guardsmen spontaneously started up; but the immediate interposition of Dashall averted me impending storm; while Tallyho, imitating the generosity of his Cousin, ordered the circulation once more of the bottle, to Unanimity betwixt the military and the people. Harmony thus restored, the two friends took their leave, amidst the grateful acknowledgments of the company, O'Shaughnessy swearing on their departure, that doubtless the two strangers were begot in Ireland, although they might have come over to England to be born! While the pertinacious Northern observed, that appearances were aften deceitful, although, to be sure, the twa friends had vera mickle the manners O' perfectly well-bred gentlemen, and seem'd, forbye, to hae a proper sense o' national honor.

Proceeding into Whitehall, Tallyho much admired the statue-like figures of the mounted sentries in the recesses by the gate of the Horse-guards; the relief had just approached; the precision of retirement of the one party, and advance to its post of the other: the interesting appearance of the appropriately caparisoned and steady demeanour of the horses, and their instinctive knowledge of military duty, excited deservedly prolonged attention,

"One would think," said Tallyho, "that these noble animals are really actuated by reasoning faculties." [338]

"Hereafter," replied Dashall, "you will still more incline to this opinion, when we have an opportunity of being present on a cavalry field-day in Hyde Park, where manoeuvre will appear to have attained its acme of perfection, as much from the wonderful docility of the horse as the discipline of the rider." {1}

"But hold, who have we here?—Our friend Sparkle, gazing about him with an eye of inquisitive incertitude, as if in search of lost property."

As his two friends approached, he seemed bewildered in the labyrinth of conjecture.—"I have lost my horse!" he exclaimed, in answer to the inquiry of Dashall. "Having occasion to stop half an hour at Drummond's, I gave the animal in charge of an Israelite urchin, and now neither are to be seen."

Casting a look down the street, they at last discerned the Jew lad, quickly, yet carefully leading the horse along, with two boys mounted on its back. Thoroughly instructed in the maxim—Get money, honestly if you can, but get it by any means! young Moses had made the most of the present opportunity, by letting out the horse, at a penny a ride, from Charing Cross to the Horse Guards; this, by his own confession, was the

fifteenth trip! Sparkle, highly exasperated, was about to apply the discipline of the whip to the shoulders of the thrifty speculator, when Tallyho, interceding in his behalf, he was released, with a suitable admonition.

*1 Not long since some cavalry horses, deemed "unfit for further service," were sold at Tattersal's. Of one of these a Miller happened to be the purchaser. Subservient now to the ignoble purposes of burthen, the horse one day was led, 'with a sack of flour on his back, to the next market-town; there while the Miller entered a house for a few moments, and the animal quietly waited at the door, a squadron of dragoons drew up in an adjacent street, forming by sound of trumpet; the instant that the Miller's horse heard the well-known signal, it started off with as much celerity as its burthen admitted, and, to the great amusement of the troop, and astonishment of the spectators, took its station in the ranks, dressing in line, with the accustomed precision of an experienced veteran in the service; and it was with considerable difficulty that the Miller, who had now hastened to the spot, could induce the animal to relinquish its military ardour, to which it still appeared to cling with renewed and fond pertinacity!*

Sparkle, mounting his recovered charger, left his pedestrian friends for the present, to continue their excursion; who, proceeding up St. Martin's Lane, and admiring that noble edifice, the Church, reached, without other remarkable occurrence, the quietude of Leicester Square.

Close by is Barker's Panorama, an object of attraction too prominent to be passed without inspection. They now entered, and Tallyho stood mute with delight at the astonishing effect of the perspective; while, as if by the powers of enchantment, he seemed to have been transported into other regions. Amidst scenes of rich sublimity, in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, bounded only by the distant horizon, far remote from the noisy bustle of the Metropolis, he gave full scope to his imagination; and after an hour of pleasing reverie, left the fascinating delusion with evident reluctance.

Emerging once more into the gay world, the two associates, in search of Real Life in London, proceeded through Covent Garden Market, where fruit, flowers, and exotics in profusion, invite alike the eye and the appetite.

Onwards they reached the classic ground of Drury, "Where Catherine Street descends into the Strand."

"I never," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "pass this spot without a feeling of veneration—the scenes of "olden times" rise on my view, and the shades of Garrick, and our late loss, and not less illustrious Sheridan, flit before me! This was then, as now, the seat of Cyprian indulgence—the magnet of sensual attraction, where feminine youth and beauty in their most fascinating and voluptuous forms were let out by the unprincipled procuress, and the shrines of Venus and Apollo invited the votaries of each to nocturnal sacrifice. {1 }

*1 The avenue to the boxes of Drury Lane Theatre was, in the time of Garrick, through Vinegar Yard. In this passage an old spider, better known, perhaps, by the name of a Procuress, had spread her web, alias, opened a Bagnio, and obtained a plentiful living by preying on those who unfortunately or imprudently fell into her clutches. Those who are not unacquainted with haddocks, will understand the loose fish alluded to, who beset her doors, and accosted with smiles or insults every one that passed. It happened that a noble Lord, in his way to the theatre, with his two daughters under his arm, was most grossly attacked by this band of "flaming ministers." He immediately went behind the scenes, and insisted on seeing Mr. Garrick, to whom he represented his case, and so roused the vengeance of the little Manager, that he instantly, full of wrath, betook himself to this unholy Sybil:—*

*"Twin-child of Cacus; Vulcan was their sire, Full offspring both of healthless fume and fire!"*

*Finding her at the mouth of her cavern, he quickly gave vent to his rage in the most buskin'd strain, and concluded by swearing that he would have her ousted. To this assault she was not backward in reply, but soon convinced him that she was much more powerful in abusive language than our Roscius, though he had recourse in his speech to Milton's "hell-born bitch," and other phrases of similar celebrity, whilst she entirely depended on her own natural resources. Those to whom this oratory is not new, have no need of our reporting any of it; and those to whom it is a perfect mystery, boast a "state the more gracious," and are the more happy in their ignorance. None of this rhapsody, however, although teeming with blasphemy and abuse, had any effect on Garrick, and he would have remained unmoved had she not terminated in the following manner, which so excited the laughter of the collected mob, and disconcerted "the soul of Richard," that, without another word to say, he hastily took shelter in the theatre. Putting her arms akimbo, and letting down each side of her mouth with wonderful expression of contempt, she exclaimed—"You whipper snapper! you oust me! You be d---d! My house is as good as your's—aye, and better too. I can come into your's whenever I like, and see the best that you can do for a shilling; but d---me if you, or any body else, shall come into mine for less than a fifteen-penny negus."*

"This street and neighbourhood was wont to exhibit, nightly, a melancholy proof of early infamy. Here[340] might be seen a prolonged succession of juvenile voluptuaries, females, many of them under fourteen years of age, offering themselves to indiscriminate prostitution, in a state verging on absolute nudity, alluring the passengers, by every seductive wile, to the haunts of depravity, from which retreat was seldom effected without pecuniary exaction, and frequently accompanied by personal violence. The nuisance has been partly abated, but entirely to remove it would be a task of more difficult accomplishment than that of cleansing the Augean stable, and would baffle all the labours of Hercules!"

"This fact," observed Tallyho, "throws an indelible stain on metropolitan police."

"Not so," answered his companion, "scarce a day passes without groups of these unfortunates being held before a magistrate, and humanely disposed of in various ways, with the view of preventing a recurrence to vicious habits,—but in vain;—the stain is more attributed to the depraved nature of man, who first seduces, and then casts off to infamy and indigence the unhappy victim of credulity. Many of these wretched girls[341] would, in all probability, gladly have abstained from the career of vice, if, on their first fall, they had experienced the consoling protection of parents or friends;—but, shut out from home,—exiled from humanity,—divested of character, and without resources,—no choice is left, other than mendicity or prostitution!" {1 }

The sombre reflections occasioned by these remarks gradually gave way to those of a more enlivening hue, as the two friends proceeded along the Strand. The various display, at the tradesmen's shop windows, of useful and ornamental articles,—the continued bustle of the street,—the throng of passengers of every description, hurrying on in the activity of business, or more leisurely lounging their way under the impulse of curiosity,—the endless succession of new faces, and frequent occurrence of interesting incident;—these united in forming an inexhaustible fund of amusement and admiration.

*1 "Hatton Garden.—On Saturday, no less than fifteen unfortunate girls, all elegantly attired, were placed at the bar, charged by Cadby, the street-keeper on the Foundling Estate, with loitering about the neighbourhood for their nocturnal purposes. The constable stated, that repeated complaints had been made to him by many of the inhabitants, of the disgraceful practice of vast numbers of frail ones, who resort every night to Brunswick Square. He had been therefore instructed to endeavour to suppress the nuisance. About twelve o'clock on Friday night, while perambulating the district, he found the fifteen prisoners at the bar in Brunswick Square, at their usual pursuits, and all of them were in the act of picking up gentlemen. He procured assistance, and they were taken into custody, and conveyed to the watch-house.*

*None of the prisoners could deny the charge, but expressed great contrition at being under the painful necessity of procuring their subsistence in so disgraceful a manner. They were examined individually, by the magistrates, as to the origin that brought them to disgrace. Some, from their admission, were farmers' daughters, and had been decoyed from their relatives, and brought to London, and subsequently deserted by their seducers. Some were nursery-maids—others, girls seduced from boarding schools. Their tales were truly distressing—some had only been six months in such infamy, others twelve months, and some two years and upwards.*

*The worthy magistrate, with much feeling, admonished them on the evil course they were following, and pointed out the means still left for them to return to the paths of virtue; and on their severally promising never to appear again in that quarter, they were discharged."*

Passing through Temple Bar, "Once more," said Dashall, "we enter the dominions of another Sovereign,—[342] the Monarch of the City,—than whom there is none more tenacious of the rights and immunities of his subjects. Professing a strictly civil government, and consequent hostility to military interference, it does not always happen that the regal sway of the East harmonizes with that of the West, and the limited reign of the former is generally most popular when most in opposition to that of the latter. Several important events have occurred wherein a late patriotic Right Honourable Chief Magistrate has had the opportunity of manifesting a zealous, firm, and determined attachment to the privileges of the community: the good wishes of his fellow-citizens have accompanied his retirement, and his private and public worth will be long held in deserved estimation."

Turning up the Old Bailey, and passing, with no pleasing sensations, that structure in front of which so many human beings expiate their offences with their lives, without, in any degree, the frequency of the dreadful example lessening the perpetration of crime,—"The crowd thickens," exclaimed the 'Squire; and advancing into Smithfield, a new scene opened on the view of the astonished Tallyho. An immense and motley crowd was wedged together in the open space of the market, which was surrounded by booths and shows of every description, while the pavement was rendered nearly impassable by a congregated multitude, attracted by the long line of stalls, exhibiting, in ample redundancy, the gorgeously gilt array of ginger-bread monarchs, savory spice-nuts, toys for children and those of elder growth, and the numerous other *et cetera* of Bartholomew Fair, which at that moment the Lord Mayor of London, with accustomed state and formality, was in the act of proclaiming.

A more dissonant uproar now astounded the ears of Bob than ever issued from the hounds at falt in the field or at variance in the kennel! The prolonged stunning and vociferous acclamation of the mob, accompanied by the deeply sonorous clangor of the gong—the shrill blast of the trumpet—the hoarse-resounding voices of the mountebanks, straining their lungs to the pitch of extremity, through speaking tubes—the screams of women and children, and the universal combination of discord, announced the termination

of the Civic Sovereign's performance in the drama; "the revelry now had began," and all was obstreperous[343] uproar, and "confusion worse confounded."

In the vortex of the vast assemblage, the Hon. Tom Dashall and his Cousin were more closely hemmed in than they probably would have been at the rout of female distinction, where inconvenience is the order of the night, and pressure, to the dread of suffocation, the criterion of rank and fashion. Borne on the confluent tide, retreat was impracticable; alternately then, stationary and advancing with the multitude, as it urged its slow and undulating progress; or paused at the attractions of Wombwell and Gillman's rival menageries—the equestrian shows of Clark and Astley—the theatres of Richardson and Gynge, graced by the promenade of the *dramatis personæ* and lure of female nudity—the young giantess—the dwarfs—and the accomplished lady, who, born without arms, cuts out watch-papers with her toes, and takes your likeness with her teeth!—Amidst these and numerous other seductive impediments to their progress, our pedestrians, resisting alike temptation and invitation, penetrated the mass of spectators, and gained an egress at Long Lane, uninjured in person, and undamaged in property, "save and except" the loss, by Bob, of a shoe, and the rent frock of his honourable Cousin. To repair the one and replace the other was now the predominant consideration. By fortunate proximity to a descendant of St. Crispin, the latter object was speedily effected; but the difficulty of finding, in that neighbourhood, a knight of the thimble, appearing insurmountable, the two friends pursued their course, Dashall drawing under his arm the shattered skirts of his garment, until they reached Playhouse Yard, in Upper Whitecross Street, St. Luke's, to which they had been previously directed, the epitome of Monmouth Street, chiefly inhabited by tailors and old clothes retailers, where purchase and repair are equally available.

Entering a shop occupied by an intelligent Scotch tailor, who, with his son, was busily employed in making up black cloth and kerseymere waistcoats, his spouse, a native of Edinburgh, with a smile of complacency and avidity of utterance that strongly indicated a view to the main chance, put her usual inquiry:

"What is your wull, Gentlemen—what wad you please to want?"

"My good lady," answered Dashall, "we would be glad to accept the services of your husband," exhibiting at[344] same time the rent skirts of his frock. "This accident was sustained in passing, or rather in being squeezed through the Fair; my friend too, experienced a trifling loss; but, as it has been replaced, I believe that he does not require present amendment."

The materials destined to form the black waistcoats were then put aside, while the northern adept in the exercise of the needle proceeded to operate on the fractured garment; and a coat being supplied, *ad interim*, Tom and his friend accepted the "hospitable invitation of the guid wife, and seated themselves with unhesitating sociability.

"And sae ye hae been to the Fair, gentlemen?" "We have, madam," said Dashall, "and unintentionally so; we were not, until on the spot, aware of any such exhibition, and got within its vortex just as the Lord Mayor had licensed, by proclamation, the commencement of this annual scene of idleness, riot and dissipation!"

"Hoot awa, Sir, ye wadna wish to deprive us o' our amusements; poor folks dinna often enjoy pleasure, and why should na they hae a wee bit o' it now and then, as weel as the rich?"

"I know not, my good lady," exclaimed Bon, "that I can altogether assimilate with your's my ideas of pleasure; if it consists in being pressed nearly to death by a promiscuous rabble, in attempts on your pocket, shoes trod off your feet by the formidable iron-cased soles of a drayman's ponderous sandals, to say nothing of the pleasing effect thus produced upon your toes, and in having the coat torn off from your back, I would freely resign to the admirers of such pleasure the full benefit of its enjoyment."

"Accidents wull happen ony where and in ony situation," replied the garrulous wife; "ye may be thankfu', gentlemen, that its nae waur,—and, for the matter o' the rent frock, my guid man wull repair it in sic a way that the disaster wull no be seen, and the coat wull look as weel as ever."

The promise was verified; the reparation was made with equal neatness and celerity; something beyond the required remuneration was given; and Dashall inquiring if the worthy dame of *Auld Reekie* would take a drop of cordial, the friendly offer was accepted, and the glass of good fellowship having been drank, and civilities[345] interchanged, the strangers departed.

They were now in Whitecross Street, where sojourned their acquaintance of the morning, the distressed Poet; and, from the accuracy of description, had no difficulty in ascertaining his place of residence.

It was in a public-house; a convenient lodging for the forlorn being, who, exiled from friendship, and unconnected by any ties of consanguinity, can dress his scanty meal by a gratuitous fire, and where casual generosity may sometimes supply him with a draught of Hanbury's exhilarating beverage.

At the bar, directly facing the street door, the strangers, on inquiring for the Poet by name, were directed by the landlord, with a sarcastical expression of countenance, to "the first floor *down the chimney!*" while the Hostess, whose demeanour perfectly accorded with that of the well-manner'd gentlewoman, politely interfered, and, shewing the parlour, sent a domestic to acquaint her lodger that he was wanted below stairs.

The summons was instantaneously obeyed; but as the parlour precluded the opportunity of private conversation, being partly occupied by clamorous butchers, with whom this street abounds to redundancy, the Poet had no other alternative than that of inviting the respectable visitants to his attic, or, as the Landlord facetiously named the lofty domicile, his first floor down the chimney!

Real Life in London must be seen, to be believed. The Hon. Tom Dashall and his friend Tallyho were reared in the lap of luxury, and never until now formed an adequate conception of the distressing privations attendant on suffering humanity.

With a dejection of spirits evidently occasioned by the humiliating necessity of ushering his polished friends into the wretched asylum of penury, the Poet led the way with tardy reluctance, while his visitors regretted every step of ascent, under the appalling circumstance of giving pain to adversity; yet they felt that to recede would be more indelicate than to advance.

The apartment which they now entered seemed a lumber room, for the reception of superfluous or unserviceable furniture, containing not fewer than eleven decayed and mutilated chairs of varied description;

and the limited space, to make the most of it in a pecuniary point of view, was encroached upon by three[346] uncurtained beds, of most impoverished appearance,—while, exhibiting the ravages of time in divers fractures, the dingy walls and ceiling, retouched by the trowel in many places with a lighter shade of repairing material, bore no unapt resemblance to the Pye-bald Horse in Chiswell-street! Calculating on its utility and probable future use, the builder of the mansion had given to this room the appendage of a chimney, but evidently it had for many years been unconscious of its usual accompaniment, fire. Two windows had originally admitted the light of heaven, but to reduce the duty, one was internally blocked up, while externally uniformity was preserved. A demolished pane of glass in the remaining window, close to which stood a small dilapidated table, gave ingress to a current of air; the convenient household article denominated a clothes-horse, stood against the wall; and several parallel lines of cord were stretched across the room, on which to hang wet linen, a garret being considered of free access to all the house, and the comfort or health of its occupant held in utter derision and contempt!

Here then,—

*"In the worst Inn's worst room, with cobwebs hung,  
The walls of plaster and the floors of dung,"*

entered Dashall and his Cousin Tallyho. The latter familiarly seating himself on the rickety remains of what had once been an arm-chair, but now a cripple, having lost one of its legs, the precarious equilibrium gave way under the unaccustomed shock of the contact, and the 'Squire came to the ground, to his no small surprise, the confusion of the poet, and amusement of Dashall!

With many apologies for the awkwardness of their very humble accommodation, and grateful expression of thanks for the honour conferred upon him, the Poet replaced Tallyho in a firmer seat, and a silence of some few moments ensued, the two friends being at a loss in what manner to explain, and the Poet unwilling to inquire the object of their visit.

Dashall began at last, by observing that in pursuit of the knowledge of Real Life in London, he and his accompanying friend had met with many incidents both ludicrous and interesting; but that in the present instance their visit was rather influenced by sympathy than curiosity, and that where they could be[347] serviceable to the interest of merit in obscurity, they always should be happy in the exercise of a duty so perfectly congenial with their feelings.

Many years had elapsed since the person, to whom these remarks were addressed, had heard the voice of consolation, and its effect was instantaneous; his usual sombre cast of countenance became brightened by the glow of cheerful animation, and he even dwelt on the subject of his unfortunate circumstances with jocularly:

"The elevated proximity of a garret," he observed, "to the sublimer regions, has often been resorted to as the *roost of genius*; and why should I, of the most slender, if any, literary pretensions, complain? And yet my writings, scattered amongst the various fugitive periodical publications of this and our sister island, if collected together, would form a very voluminous compilation."

"I have always understood," said Bob, "that the quality, not the quantum, constituted the fame of an author's productions."

"True, Sir," answered the Poet; "and I meant not the vanity of arrogating to myself any merit from my writings, with reference either to quantum or quality. I alluded to the former, as merely proving the inefficacy of mental labour in realizing the necessaries of life to an author whom celebrity declines acknowledging. Similarly situated, it would appear was the Dutchman mentioned by the late Doctor Walcot,

*"My Broder is te poet, look,  
As all te world must please,  
For he heb wrote, py Got, a book  
So big as all this cheese!"*

"On the other hand, Collins, Hammond, and Gray, wrote each of them but little, yet their names will descend to posterity!—And had Gray, of his poems the *Bard*, and the *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, written only one, and written nothing else, he had required no other or better passport to immortality!" {1}

*1 Of that great and multitudinous writer, Doctor Samuel Johnson, the following anecdote is told: "Being one morning in the library at Buckingham House honoured with the presence of Royalty, the King, his late Majesty, inquired why he, (Mr. Johnson) did not continue to write. "May it please your Majesty," answered the Doctor, "I think I have written enough."—"I should have thought so too," his Majesty replied, "if, Doctor Johnson, you had not written so well."*

In this opinion the visitants, who were both well conversant with our native literature, readily acquiesced. [348]

"Have you never," asked Dashall, "thought of publishing a volume by subscription?"

"I meditated such intention," answered the Poet, "not long ago; drew up the necessary Prospectus, with a specimen of the Poetry, and perambulated the Metropolis in search of patronage. In some few instances I was successful, and, though limited the number, yet the high respectability of my few Subscribers gave me inexpressible satisfaction; several of our nobility honoured me with their names, and others, my patrons, were of the very first class of literature. Nevertheless, I encountered much contumelious reception; and after an irksome and unavailing perseverance of a month's continuance, I was at last compelled to relinquish all hope of success.

"Having then on my list the name of a very worthy Alderman who lately filled the Civic Chair with honour to himself and advantage to his fellow-citizens, I submitted my prospectus in an evil hour to another Alderman, a baronet, of this here and that there notoriety!



"Waiting in his Banking-house the result of my application, he condescended to stalk forth from the holy of holies, his inner room, with the lofty demeanour of conscious importance, when, in the presence of his Clerks and others, doubtless to their great edification and amusement, the following colloquy ensued, bearing in his hand my unlucky Prospectus, with a respectful epistle which had accompanied it:—

"Are you the writer," he asked in a majestic tone, "of this here letter?"

"I am, Sir W\*\*\*\*m, unfortunately!"

"Then," he continued, "you may take them there papers back again, I have no time to read Prospectuses, and so Mister Poet my compliments, and good morning to you!!!"

"These literally were his words; and such was the astounding effect they produced on my mind, that, although I had meant to have passed through the Royal Exchange, I yet, in the depth of my reverie, wandered I knew not where, and, before recovering my recollection, found myself in the centre of London Bridge!"

The detail of this fact, so characteristic of rude, ungentlemanly manners, and the barbarian ignorance of [349] this great man of little soul, excited against him, with Dashall and his friend, a mingled feeling of ridicule, contempt and reprobation!

"Real Life in London still!" exclaimed Talltho; "intellect and indigence in a garret, and wealth and ignorance in a banking-house!—I would at least have given him, in deficiency of other means, the wholesome castigation of reproof."

"I did," said the Poet, "stung to the quick by such unmerited contumely, I retired to my attic, and produced a philippic named the Recantation: I cannot accommodate you at present with a copy of the Poem, but the concluding stanzas I can repeat from memory:—

*"C\*\*\*\*s, thy house in Lombard Street  
Affords thee still employment meet,  
Thy consequence retaining;  
For there thy Partners and thy Clerks  
Must listen to thy sage remarks,  
Subservient, uncomplaining.*

*And rob'd in Aldermanic gown,  
With look and language all thy own,  
Thou mak'st thy hearers stare,  
When this here cause, so wisely tried,  
Thou put'st with self-applause aside,  
To wisely try that there.*

*Nor can thy brother Cits forget  
When thou at civic banquet sate,  
And ask'd of Heaven a boon,  
A toast is call'd, on thee all eyes  
Intent, when peals of laughter rise—  
A speedy peace and soon!*

*Nor yet orthography nor grammar,  
Vain effort on thy pate to hammer,  
Impregnable that fort is!  
Witness thy toast again,—Three Cs;  
For who would think that thou by these  
Meant Cox, and King, and Curtis  
C\*\*\*\*s, though scant thy sense, yet Heaven  
To thee the better boon hast given  
Or wealth—then sense despise,  
And deem not Fate's decrees amiss,  
For still "where ignorance is bliss  
?Tis folly to be wise!"*

"Bravo!" exclaimed Dashall; "re-issue your Prospectus, my friend, and we will accelerate, with our best [350] interest and influence, the publication of your volume. Let it be dedicated to the Hon. Tom Dashall and his Cousin Bob Tallyho. In the meanwhile, accept this trifle, as a complimentary *douceur* uniformly given on such occasions; and, amidst the varied scenes of Real Life in London, I shall frequently recur to the present as the most gratifying to my feelings."

*"By this the sun was out of sight,  
And darker gloamin brought the night."*

The benevolent associates now departed, pleased with the occurrences of the day, and, more than all, with the last, wherein the opportunity was afforded them of extending consolation and relief to genius in adversity!

[351]

## CHAPTER XXII

*....."Mark!  
He who would cut the knot that does entwine  
And link two loving hearts in unison,  
May have man's form; but at his birth, be sure on't,  
Some devil thrust sweet nature's hand aside  
Ere she had pour'd her balm within his breast,  
To warm his gross and earthly mould with pity.*

.....I know what 'tis  
When worldly knaves step in with silver beards,  
To poison bliss, and pluck young souls asunder."

TOM and his Cousin were surprised the next morning by a visit from Mr. Mortimer and his friend Merrywell, whose dismal features and long visages plainly indicated some unpleasant disaster, and Tom began to fear blame would be attached to them for leaving his party at Darkhouse Lane.

"Pray," said Merrywell, "can you tell me where to find your friend Sparkle?"

"Indeed," replied Dashall, a little relieved by this question, "I am not Sparkle's keeper; but pray be seated—what is the matter, is it a duel, do you want a second?—I know he is a good shot."

"This levity, Sir," said Mortimer, "is not to be borne. The honour of a respectable family is at stake, and must be satisfied. No doubt you, as his very oldest friend, know where he is; and I desire you will immediately inform me, or——"

"Sir," said Dashall, who was as averse as unused to be desired by any person—"do you know whom you address, and that I am in my own house? if you do, you have certainly discarded all propriety of conduct and language before you cross'd the threshold."

"Gentlemen," said Merrywell, "perhaps some explanation is really necessary here. My friend Mortimer speaks under agonized feelings, for which, I am sure, your good sense will make every allowance. Miss Mortimer——"

"Miss Mortimer," exclaimed Dashall, rising from his seat, "you interest me strongly, say, what of Miss[352] Mortimer?"

"Alas," said Mortimer, evidently endeavouring to suppress emotions which appeared to agitate his whole frame, and absorb every mental faculty, "we are unable to account for her absence, and strongly suspect she is in company with your friend Sparkle—can you give us any information relative to either of them?"

Dashall assured them he knew nothing of the fugitives, but that he would certainly make every inquiry in his power, if possible to find out Sparkle. Upon which they departed, though not without hinting they expected Tom had the power of making a search more effectually than either Mortimer or Merrywell.

"Egad!" said Tom to Tallyho, "this absence of Sparkle means something more than I can at present conceive; and it appears that we must now venture forth in search of our guide. I hope he has taken a good direction himself."

"Mortimer appears hurt," continued Bob, "and I can scarcely wonder at it."

"It is a trifle in high life now-a-days," replied Dashall, "and my life for it we shall obtain some clue to his mode of operation before the day is out. Love is a species of madness, and oftentimes induces extraordinary movements. I have discovered its existence in his breast for some time past, and if he is really with the lady, I wonder myself that he has not given some sort of intimation; though I know he is very cautious in laying his plans, and very tenacious of admitting too many persons to know his intentions, for fear of some indiscreet friend unintentionally frustrating his designs."

"I apprehend we shall have a wild-goose chase of it," rejoined Bob.

"It serves however," continued Tom, "to diversify our peregrinations; and if it is his pleasure to be in love, we will endeavour to chase pleasure in pursuit of the Lover, and if guided by honourable motives, which I cannot doubt, we will wish him all the success he can wish himself, only regretting that we are deprived of his agreeable company.

*"Still free as air the active mind will rove,  
And search out proper objects for its love;  
But that once fix'd, 'tis past the pow'r of art  
To chase the dear idea from the heart.  
'Tis liberty of choice that sweetens life,  
Makes the glad husband and the happy wife."*

"But come, let us forth and see how the land lies; many persons obtain all their notoriety from an[353] elopement; it makes a noise in the world, and even though frequently announced in our newspapers under fictitious titles, the parties soon become known and are recollected ever after; and some even acquire fame by the insertion of a paragraph announcing an elopement, in which they insinuate that themselves are parties; so that an elopement in high life may be considered as one of the sure roads to popularity."

"But not always a safe one," replied Bob.

"Life is full of casualties," rejoined Dashall, "and you are by this time fully aware that it requires something almost beyond human foresight to continue in the line of safety, while you are in pursuit of Real Life in London. Though it may fairly be said, 'That all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely passengers,' still they have their inside and their outside places, and each man in his time meets with strange adventures. It may also very properly be termed a Camera Obscura, reflecting not merely trees, sign-posts, houses, &c. but the human heart in all its folds, its feelings, its passions, and its motives. In it you may perceive conceit flirting its fan—arrogance adjusting its cravat—pedantry perverting its dictionary—vacuity humming a tune—vanity humming his neighbour—cunning shutting his eyes while listening to a pedagogue—and credulity opening his eyes and ears, willing and anxious to be deceived and duped."

"It is a strange world, indeed," said Tallyho; "and of all that I have ever heard or seen, this London of your's is the most extraordinary part."

"Yes,—"

*"This world is a well-cover'd table,  
Where guests are promiscuously set;  
We all eat as long as we're able,  
And scramble for what we can get—"*

*"The world is all nonsense and noise,  
Fantoccini, or Ombres Chinoises,  
Mere pantomime mummery  
Puppet-show flummery;  
A magical lantern, confounding the sight;*

*Like players or puppets, we move  
On the wires of ambition and love;  
Poets write wittily,  
Maidens look prettily,  
?Till death drops the curtain  
—all's over—good night!"*

By this time they were at Long's, where, upon inquiry, all trace of Sparkle had been lost for two days. All was mystery and surprise, not so much that he should be absent, as that his servant could give no account of him, which was rather extraordinary. Tom ascertained, however, that no suspicion appeared to have been excited as to Miss Mortimer, and, with commendable discretion, avoided expressing a word which could create such an idea, merely observing, that most likely he had taken an unexpected trip into the country, and would be heard of before the day was out.

On leaving Long's however they were met again by Mortimer in breathless anxiety, evidently labouring under some new calamity.

"I am glad I have found you," said he, addressing himself to Dashall; "for I am left in this d——d wilderness of a place without a friend to speak to."

"How," inquired Ton, "what the d——l is the matter with you?"

"Why, you must know that Merry well is gone—"

"Gone—where to?"

"To—to—zounds, I've forgot the name of the people; but two genteel looking fellows just now very genteely told him he was wanted, and must come."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and he told me to find you out, and let you know that he must become a bencher; and, without more todo, walked away with his new friends, leaving me forlorn enough. My Sister run away, my Uncle run after her—Sparkle absent, and Merrywell—"

"In the hands of the Nab-men—I see it all clear enough; and you have given a very concise, but comprehensive picture of your own situation; but don't despair, man, you will yet find all right, be assured; put yourself under my guidance, let the world wag as it will; it is useless to torment yourself with things you cannot prevent or cure.

"The right end of life is to live and be jolly."

Mortimer scarcely knew how to relish this advice, and seemed to doubt within himself whether it was [355] meant satirically or feelingly, till Dashall whispered in his ear a caution not to betray the circumstances that had transpired, for his Sister's sake. "But," continued he, "I never suffer these things, which are by no means uncommon in London, to interfere with my pursuits, though we are all somewhat at a loss. However, as the post is in by this time, some news may be expected, and we will call at home before we proceed any further.—Where do you think the Colonel is gone to?"

"Heaven only knows," replied Mortimer; "the whole family is in an uproar of surmise and alarm,—what may be the end of it I know not."

"A pretty breeze Master Sparkle has kick'd up, indeed," continued Tom; "but I have for some time noticed an alteration in him. He always was a gay trump, and whenever I find him seriously inclined, I suspect some mischief brewing; for rapid transitions always wear portentous appearances, and your serious files are generally sly dogs. My life for it they have stolen a march upon your Uncle, queered some country Parson, and are by this time snugly stowed away in the harbour of matrimony. As for Merrywell, I dare be sworn his friends will take care of him."

Expectation was on tiptoe as Dashall broke the seal of a letter that was handed to him on arrival at home. Mortimer was on the fidget, and Tallyho straining his neck upon the full stretch of anxiety to hear the news, when Dashall burst into a laugh, but in which neither of the others could join in consequence of not knowing the cause of it. In a few minutes however the mystery was in some degree explained.

"Here," said Tom, "is news—extraordinary news—an official dispatch from head-quarters, but without any information as to where the tents are pitched. It is but a short epistle." He then read aloud,

"Dear Dashall,

"Please inform the Mortimer family and friends that all's well.

Your's truly,

C. Sparkle."

Then handing the laconic epistle to Mortimer—"I trust," said he, "you will now be a little more at ease."

Mortimer eagerly examined the letter for the postmark, but was not able to make out from whence it came. [356]

"I confess," said he, "I am better satisfied than I was, but am yet at a loss to judge of the motives which have induced them to pursue so strange a course."

"The motive," cried Tom, "that may be easily explained; and I doubt not but you will find, although it may at present appear a little mysterious, Sparkle will be fully able to shew cause and produce effect. He is however a man of honour and of property, and most likely we may by this time congratulate you upon the change of your Sister's name. What a blaze it will make, and she will now most certainly become a sparkling subject. Hang it, man, don't look so dull upon a bright occasion.

*"To prove pleasure but pain, some have hit on a project,  
We're duller the merrier we grow,  
Exactly the same unaccountable logic  
That talks of cold fire and warm snow.*

*For me, born by nature  
For humour and satire,  
I sing and I roar and I quaff;  
Each muscle I twist it,  
I cannot resist it,  
A finger held up makes me laugh.*

*For since pleasure's joy's parent, and joy begets mirth,  
Should the subtlest casuist or sophist on earth  
Contradict me, I'd call him an ass and a calf,  
And boldly insist once for all,  
That the only criterion of pleasure's to laugh,  
And sing tol de rol, loi de rol lol."*

This mirth of Dash all's did not seem to be in consonance with the feelings of Mortimer, who hastily took his departure.

"Come," said Tom to his Cousin, "having gained some information respecting one friend, we will now take a stroll through Temple Bar, and have a peep at Merrywell; he may perhaps want assistance in his present situation, though I will answer for it he is in a place of perfect security."

"How," said Bob—"what do you mean?"

"Mean, why the traps have nibbled him. He is arrested, and gone to a lock-up shop, a place of mere accommodation for gentlemen to take up their abode, for the purpose of arranging their affairs, and where[357] they can uninterruptedly make up their minds whether to give bail, put in appearance and defend the suit, or take a trip to Abbott's Priory; become a three months' student in the college of art, and undergo the fashionable ceremony of white-washing."

"I begin to understand you now," said Bob, "and the only difference between our two friends is, that one has willingly put on a chain for life—"

"And the other may in all probability (continued Tom,) have to chaff his time away with a chum—perhaps not quite so agreeable, though it really is possible to be very comfortable, if a man can reconcile himself to the loss of liberty, even in "durance vile."

By this time they were walking leisurely along Piccadilly,

*"And marching without any cumbersome load,  
They mark'd every singular sight on the road."*

"Who is that meagre looking man and waddling woman, who just passed us?" inquired Tallyho.

"An old Bencher," was the reply; "there you see all that is left of a man of *haut ton*, one who has moved in the highest circles; but alas! bad company and bad play have reduced him to what he now is. He has cut up and turn'd down very well among the usurers and attornies; but it is impossible to say of him, as of his sirloin of a wife (for she cannot be called a rib, or at all events a spare rib) that there is any thing like cut and come again. The poor worn-out Exquisite tack'd himself to his Lady, to enable him to wipe out a long score, and she determined on taking him for better for worse, after a little rural felicity in a walk to have her fortune told by a gipsy at Norwood. He is now crippled in pocket and person, and wholly dependent upon bounty for the chance of prolonging a miserable existence. His game is up. But what is life but a game, at which every one is willing to play? one wins and another loses: why there have been as many moves among titled persons, Kings, Queens, Bishops, Lords and Knights, within the last century, as there are in a game at chess. Pawns have been taken and restored in all classes, from the Sovereign, who pawns or loses his crown, to the Lady whose reputation is in pawn, and becomes at last not worth half a crown. Shuffling, cutting, dealing out and dealing[358] in, double dealing and double faces, have long been the order of the day. Some men's cards are all trumps, whilst others have *carte blanche*; some honours count, whilst others stand for nothing. For instance, did not the little man who cast up his final accounts a short time back at St. Helena, like a Corsican conjurer, shuffle and cut about among kings and queens, knaves and asses, (aces I mean) dealing out honours when he liked, and taking trumps as he thought fit?—did he not deal and take up again almost as he pleased, having generally an honour in his sleeve to be played at command, or *un roi dans le marche*; by which cheating, it was scarcely possible for any one to get fair play with him, till, flushed by success, and not knowing how to bear his prosperity, he played too desperately and too long? The tables were turned upon him, and his enemies cheated him, first of his liberty, and ultimately of his life."

At this moment Tallyho, who was listening in close attention to his Cousin, struck his foot against a brown paper parcel which rolled before him.—"Hallo!" exclaimed he, "what have we here?—somebody has dropped a prize."

"It is mine, Sir," said an old woman, dropping them a curtsey with a smile which shone through her features, though thickly begrimed with snuff.

"A bite," said Tom.

"I dropp'd it from my pocket, Sir, just now."

"And pray," inquired Tom, "what does it contain?" picking it up.

"Snuff, Sir," was the reply; "a kind, good-hearted Gentleman gave it to me—God bless him, and bless your Honour too!" with an additional smile, and a still lower curtsey.

Upon examining the paper, which had been broken by the kick, Tom perceived, that by some magic or other, the old woman's snuff had become sugar.

"Zounds!" said he, "they have played some trick upon you, and given you brimstone instead of snuff, or else

you are throwing dust in our eyes.”

The parcel, which contained a sample of sugar, was carefully rolled up again and tied, then dropped to be found by any body else who chose to stoop for it.

“This,” said Dashall, “does not turn out to be what I first expected; for the practices of ring and money[359] dropping{1} have, at various times, been carried on with great success, and to the serious injury of the unsuspecting. The persons who generally apply themselves to this species of cheating are no other than gamblers who ingeniously contrive, by dropping a purse or a ring, to draw in some customer with a view to induce him to play; and notwithstanding their arts have frequently been exposed, we every now and then hear of some flat being done by these sharps, and indeed there are constantly customers in London to be had one way or another.”

“Then you had an idea that that parcel was a bait of this kind,” rejoined Bob.

“I did,” replied his Cousin; “but it appears to be a legitimate letter from some industrious mechanic to his friend, and is a curious specimen of epistolary correspondence; and you perceive there was a person ready to claim it, which conspired rather to confirm my suspicions, being a little in the style of the gentry I have alluded to. They vary their mode of proceeding according to situation and circumstance. Your money-dropper contrives to find his own property, as if by chance. He picks up the purse with an exclamation of 'Hallo! what have we here?—Zounds! if here is not a prize—I'm in rare luck to-day—Ha, ha, ha, let's have a peep at it—it feels heavy, and no doubt is worth having.' While he is examining its contents, up comes his confederate, who claims a share on account of having been present at the finding. 'Nay, nay,' replies the finder, 'you are not in it. This Gentleman is the only person that was near me—was not you, Sir? 'By this means the novice is induced to assent, or perhaps assert his prior claim. The finder declares,

*1 The practice of ring-dropping is not wholly confined to London, as the following paragraph from the Glasgow Courier, a very short time ago, will sufficiently prove:—'On Monday afternoon, when three Highland women, who had been employed at a distance from home in the harvest, were returning to their habitations, they were accosted by a fellow who had walked out a short way with them, 'till he picked up a pair of ear-rings and a key for a watch. The fellow politely informed the females that they should have half the value of the articles, as they were in his company when they were found. While they were examining them, another fellow came up, who declared at once they were gold, and worth at least thirty shillings. After some conversation, the women were induced to give fifteen shillings for the articles, and came and offered them to a watch-maker for sale, when they learned to their mortification that they were not worth eighteen pence!'*

that sooner than have any dispute about it, he will divide the contents in three parts; recommends an[360] adjournment to a public-house in the neighbourhood, to wet the business and drink over their good luck. This being consented to, the leading points are accomplished. The purse of course is found to contain counterfeit money—Flash-screens or Fleet-notes,{1} and the division cannot well be made without change can be procured. Now comes the touch-stone. The Countryman, for such they generally contrive to inveigle, is perhaps in cash, having sold his hay, or his cattle, tells them he can give change; which being understood, the draught-board, cards, or la bagatelle, are introduced, and as the job is a good one, they can afford to sport some of their newly-acquired wealth in this way. They drink and play, and fill their grog again. The Countryman bets; if he loses, he is called upon to pay; if he wins, 'tis added to what is coming to him out of the purse.

“If, after an experiment or two, they find he has but little money, or fight shy, they bolt, that is, brush off in quick time, leaving him to answer for the reckoning. But if he is what they term well-breeched, and full of cash, they stick to him until he is cleaned out,{2} make him drunk, and, if he turns restive, they mill him. If he should be an easy cove,{3} he perhaps give them change for their flash notes, or counterfeit coin, and they leave him as soon as possible, highly pleased with his fancied success, while they laugh in their sleeves at the dupe of their artifice.”

“And is it possible?” inquired Tallyho—

*“Can such things be, and overcome us  
Like a summer's cloud?”*

“Not without our special wonder,” continued Dashall; “but such things have been practised. Then again, your ring-droppers, or practisers of the fawney rig, are more cunning in their manoeuvres to turn their wares into the ready blunt.{4} The pretending to find a ring being one of the meanest and least profitable exercises of their ingenuity, it forms a part of their art to find articles of much more

*1 Flash-screens or Fleet-notes—Forged notes.*

*2 Cleaned out—Having lost all your money.*

*3 Easy cove—One whom there is no difficulty in gulling.*

*4 Ready blunt—Cash in hand.*

value, such as rich jewelry, broaches, ear-rings, necklaces set with diamonds, pearls, &c. sometimes made[361] into a paper parcel, at others in a small neat red morocco case, in which is stuck a bill of parcels, giving a high-flown description of the articles, and with an extravagant price. Proceeding nearly in the same way as the money-droppers with the dupe, the finder proposes, as he is rather short of *steeven*,{1} to *swap*{2} his share for a comparatively small part of the value stated in the bill of parcels: and if he succeeds in obtaining one-tenth of that amount in hard cash, his triumph is complete; for, upon examination, the diamonds turn out

to be nothing but paste—the pearls, fishes' eyes—and the gold is merely polished brass gilt, and altogether of no value. But this cannot be discovered beforehand, because the *bilk*{3} is in a hurry, can't spare time to go to a shop to have the articles valued, but assures his intended victim, that, as they found together, he should like to *smack the bit*, {4 } without *blowing the gap*, {5} and so help him G—d, the thing wants no *buttering up*, {6} because he is willing to give his share for such a trifle.”

1 *Steeven*—A flash term for money.

2 *Swap*—To make an exchange, to barter one article for another.

3 A swindler or cheat.

4 *Smack the bit*—To share the booty.

5 *Blowing the gap*—Making any thing known.

6 *Buttering up*—Praising or flattering.

This conversation was suddenly interrupted by a violent crash just behind them, as they passed Drury Lane Theatre in their way through Bussel Court; and Bob, upon turning to ascertain from whence such portentous sounds proceeded, discovered that he had brought all the Potentates of the Holy Alliance to his feet. The Alexanders, the Caesars, the Buonapartes, Shakespeares, Addisons and Popes, lay strewed upon the pavement, in one undistinguished heap, while a poor Italian lad with tears in his eyes gazed with indescribable anxiety on the shapeless ruin—' Vat shall me do?—dat man knock him down—all brokt—you pay—Oh! mine Godt, vat shall do! ' This appeal was made to Dashall and Tallyho, the latter of whom the poor Italian seemed to fix upon as the author of his misfortune in upsetting his board of plaster images; and although he was perfectly unconscious of the accident, the appeal of the vender of great personages had its desired effect upon them both; and finding themselves quickly surrounded by spectators, they gave him some[362] silver, and then pursued their way.

“These men,” said Dashall, “are generally an industrious and hard-living people; they walk many miles in the course of a day to find sale for their images, which they will rather sell at any price than carry back with them at night; and it is really wonderful how they can make a living by their traffic.”

“Ha, ha, ha,” said a coarse spoken fellow following—“how the Jarman Duck diddled the Dandies just now—did you twig how he queered the coves out of seven bob for what was not worth *thrums*. {1} The *Yelper* {2} did his duty well, and finger'd the *white wool* {3} in good style. I'm d——d if he was not up to slum, and he whiddied their wattles with the velvet, and floored the town toddlers easy enough.”

“How do you mean?” said his companion.

“Why you know that foreign blade is an ould tyke about this quarter, and makes a good deal of money—many a *twelver* {4} does he get by buying up broken images of persons who sell them by wholesale, and he of course gets them for little or nothing: then what does he do but dresses out his board, to give them the best appearance he can, and toddles into the streets, *touting* {5} for a good customer. The first genteel bit of flash he meets that he thinks will dub up the possibles, {6} he dashes down the board, breaks all the broken heads, and appeals in a pitiful way for remuneration for his loss; so that nine times out of ten he gets some Johnny-raw or other to stump up the rubbish.”

“Zounds!” said Dashall, “these fellows are smoking us; and, in the midst of my instructions to guard you against the abuses of the Metropolis, we have ourselves become the dupes of an impostor.”

1 *Thrums*—A flash term for threepence.

2 *The Yelper*—A common term given to a poor fellow subject, who makes very pitiful lamentations on the most trifling accidents.

3 *White wool*—Silver.

4 *Twelver*—A shilling.

5 *Touting*—Is to be upon the sharp look out.

6 *To dub up the possibles*—To stand the nonsense—are nearly synonymous, and mean—will pay up any demand rather than be detained.

“Well,” said Tallyho, “it is no more than a practical illustration of your own observation, that it is scarcely[363] possible for any person to be at all times secure from the arts and contrivances of your ingenious friends the Londoners; though I confess I was little in expectation of finding you, as an old practitioner, so easily let in.”

“It is not much to be wondered at,” continued Tom, “for here we are in the midst of the very persons whose occupations, if such they may be termed, ought most to be avoided; for Covent Garden, and Drury Lane, with their neighbourhoods, are at all times infested with swindlers, sharpers, whores, thieves, and depredators of all descriptions, for ever on the look out. It is not long since a man was thrown from a two-pair of stairs window in Charles Street, {1} which is just by, having been decoyed into a house of ill fame by a Cyprian, and this in a situation within sight of the very Police Office itself in Bow Street!”

“Huzza! ha, ha, ha, there he goes,” vociferated by a variety of voices, now called their attention, and put an end to their conversation; and the appearance of a large concourse of people running up Drury Lane, engrossed their notice as they approached the other end of Russel Court.

On coming up with the crowd, they found the cause of the vast assemblage of persons to be no other than a Quaker {2} decorated with a tri-coloured cockade, who was

1 A circumstance of a truly alarming and distressing nature, to which Dashall alluded in this place, was recently made

known to the public in the daily journals, and which should serve as a lesson to similar adventurers.

It appeared that a young man had been induced to enter a house of ill fame in Charles Street, Covent Garden, by one of its cyprian inmates, to whom he gave some money in order for her to provide them with supper; that, upon her return, he desired to have the difference between what he had given and what she had expended returned to him, which being peremptorily refused, he determined to leave the house. On descending the stair-case for which purpose, he was met by some men, with whom he had a violent struggle to escape; they beat and bruised him most unmercifully, and afterwards threw him from a two-pair of stairs window into the street, where he was found by the Watchman with his skull fractured, and in a state of insensibility. We believe all attempts have hitherto proved fruitless to bring the actual perpetrator or perpetrators of this diabolical deed to punishment.

2 Bow-street.—Thursday morning an eccentric personage, who has for some time been seen about the streets of the Metropolis in the habit of a Quaker, and wearing the tri-coloured cockade in his broad white hat, made his appearance at the door of this office, and presenting a large packet to one of the officers, desired him, in a tone of authority, to lay it instantly before the Magistrate. The Magistrate (G. R. Minshull, Esq.) having perused this singular paper, inquired for the person who brought it; and in the next moment a young man, in the garb of a Quaker, with a broad-brimmed, peaceful-looking, drab-coloured beaver on his head, surmounted by a furious tri-coloured cockade, was brought before him. This strange anomalous personage having placed himself very carefully directly in front of the bench, smiled complacently upon his Worship, and the following laconic colloquy ensued forthwith:—

Magistrate—Did you bring this letter?

Quaker—Thou hast said it.

Magistrate—What is your object in bringing it?

Quaker—Merely to let thee know what is going on in the world—and, moreover, being informed that if I came to thy office, I should be taken into custody, I was desirous to ascertain whether that information was true.

Magistrate—Then I certainly shall not gratify you by ordering you into custody.

Quaker—Thou wilt do as seemeth right in thy eyes. I assure thee I have no inclination to occupy thy time longer than is profitable to us, and therefore I will retire whenever thou shalt signify that my stay is unpleasant to thee.

Magistrate—Why do you wear your hat?—are you a Quaker?

Quaker—Thou sayest it—but that is not my sole motive for wearing it. To be plain with thee, I wear it because I chose to do so. Canst thee tell me of any law which compels me to take it off?

Magistrate—I'll tell you what, friend, I would seriously recommend you to retire from this place as speedily as possible.

Quaker—I take thy advice—farewell.

Thus ended this comical conversation, and the eccentric friend immediately departed in peace.

The brother of the above person attended at the office on Saturday, and stated that the Quaker is insane, that he was proprietor of an extensive farm near Ryegate, in Surrey, for some years; but that in May last his bodily health being impaired, he was confined for some time, and on his recovery it was found that his intellects were affected, and he was put under restraint, but recovered. Some time since he absconded from Ryegate, and his friends were unable to discover him, until they saw the account of his eccentricities in the newspapers. Mr. Squire was desirous, if he made his appearance again at the office, he should be detained. The Magistrate, as a cause for the detention of the Quaker, swore the brother to these facts. About three o'clock the Quaker walked up Bow-street, when an officer conducted him to the presence of the Magistrate, who detained him, and at seven o'clock delivered him into the care of his brother.

very quietly walking with a Police Officer, and exhibiting a caricature of himself mounted on a velocipede[365] and riding over corruption, &c. It was soon ascertained that he had accepted an invitation from one of the Magistrates of Bow Street to pay him a visit, as he had done the day before, and was at that moment going before him.

"I apprehend he is a little cracked," said Tom; "but however that may be, he is a very harmless sort of person. But come, we have other game in view, and our way lies in a different direction to his."

"Clothes, Sir, any clothes to-day?" said an importunate young fellow at the corner of one of the courts, who at the same time almost obstructed their passage.

Making their way as quickly as they could from this very pressing personage, who invited them to walk in.

"This," said Tom, "is what we generally call a *Barker*. I believe the title originated with the Brokers in Moor-fields, where men of this description parade in the fronts of their employers' houses, incessantly pressing the passengers to walk in and buy household furniture, as they do clothes in Rosemary Lane, Seven Dials, Field Lane, Houndsditch, and several other parts of the town. Ladies' dresses also used to be barked in Cranbourn Alley and the neighbourhood of Leicester Fields; however, the nuisance has latterly in some measure abated. The Shop-women in that part content themselves now-a-days by merely inviting strangers to look at their goods; but Barkers are still to be found, stationed at the doors of Mock Auctions, who induce company to assemble, by bawling "Walk in, the auction is now on," or "Just going to begin." Of these mock auctions, there have been many opened of an evening, under the imposing glare of brilliant gas lights, which throws an unusual degree of lustre upon the articles put up for sale. It is not however very difficult to distinguish them from the real ones, notwithstanding they assume all the exterior appearances of genuineness, even up to advertisements in the newspapers, purporting to be held in the house of a person lately gone away under embarrassed circumstances, or deceased. They are denominated Mock Auctions, because no real intention exists on the part of the sellers to dispose of their articles under a certain price previously fixed upon, which, although it may not be high, is invariably more than they are actually worth: besides which, they may be easily discovered by the anxiety they evince to show the goods to strangers at

the moment they enter, never failing to bestow over-strained panegyrics upon every lot they put up, and asking repeatedly—"What shall we say for this article? a better cannot be produced;" and promising, if not approved of when purchased, to change it. The Auctioneer has a language suited to all companies, and, according to his view of a customer, can occasionally jest, bully, or perplex him into a purchase.—"The goods must be sold at what they will fetch;" and he declares (notwithstanding among his confederates, who stand by as bidders, they are run up beyond the real value, in order to catch a flat,) that "the present bidding can never have paid the manufacturer for his labour."

In such places, various articles of silver, plate, glass and household furniture are exposed to sale, but generally made up of damaged materials, and slight workmanship of little intrinsic value, for the self-same purpose as the Razor-seller states—

*"Friend, (cried the Razor-man) I'm no knave;  
As for the razors you have bought,  
Upon my soul! I never thought  
That they would shave."*

*"Not shave!" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,  
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;  
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries.  
"Made! (quoth the fellow with a smile) to sell."*

Passing the end of White Horse Yard—"Here," continued Tom, "in this yard and the various courts and alleys which lead into it, reside numerous Girls in the very lowest state of prostitution; and it is dangerous even in the day time to pass their habitations, at all events very dangerous to enter any one of them. Do you see the crowd of squalid, half-clad and half-starved creatures that surround the old woman at the corner?—Observe, that young thing without a stocking is stealing along with a bottle in one hand and a gown in the other; she is going to put the latter *up the spout*{1} with her

*1 Up the spout, or up the five—Are synonymous in their import, and mean the act of pledging property with a Pawnbroker for the loan of money—most probably derived from the practice of having a long spout, which reaches from the top of the house of the Pawn-broker (where the goods are deposited for safety till redeemed or sold) to the shop, where they are first received; through which a small bag is dropped upon the ringing of a bell, which conveys the tickets or duplicates to a person above stairs, who, upon finding them, (unless too bulky) saves himself the trouble and loss of time of coming down stairs, by more readily conveying them down the spout.*

accommodating *Uncle*,{1} in order to obtain a little of the enlivening juice of the juniper to fill the former." [367]

*1 Uncle, sometimes called the Ferrit, or the Flint-Cant terms for Pawnbroker, though many of these gentlemen now assume the more reputable appellation of Silversmiths. They are willing to lend money upon all sorts of articles of household furniture, linen, plate, wearing apparel, jewellery, &c. with a certainty of making a very handsome profit upon the money so circulated.*

*There are in this Metropolis upwards of two hundred and thirty Pawnbrokers, and in some cases they are a useful and serviceable class of people; and although doubtless many of them are honest and reputable persons, there are still among them a class of sharpers and swindlers, who obtain licences to carry on the business, and bring disgrace upon the respectable part of the profession. Every species of fraud which can add to the distresses of those who are compelled to raise temporary supplies of money is resorted to, and for which purpose there are abundance of opportunities. In many instances however the utility of these persons, in*



preventing a serious sacrifice of property, cannot be denied; for, by advancing to tradesmen and mechanics temporary loans upon articles of value at a period of necessity, an opportunity of redeeming them is afforded, when by their industrious exertions their circumstances are improved. Many of them however are receivers of stolen goods, and, under cover of their licence, do much harm to the public. Indeed, the very easy mode of raising money by means of the Pawnbrokers, operates as an inducement, or at least an encouragement, to every species of vice. The fraudulent tradesman by their means is enabled to raise money on the goods of his creditors, the servant to pledge the property of his employer, and the idle or profligate mechanic to deposit his working tools, or his work in an unfinished state. Many persons in London are in the habit of pawning their apparel from Monday morning till Saturday night, when they are redeemed, in order to make a decent appearance on the next day. In low neighbourhoods, and among loose girls, much business is done by Pawnbrokers to good advantage; and considerable emolument is derived from women of the town. The articles they offer to pledge are generally of the most costly nature, and the pilferings of the night are usually placed in the hands of an Uncle the next morning; and the wary money-lenders, fully acquainted with their necessities, just lend what they please; by which means they derive a wonderful profit, from the almost certainty of these articles never being redeemed.

The secrecy with which a Pawnbroker's business is conducted, though very proper for the protection of the honest and well-meaning part of the population, to shield them from an exposure which might perhaps prove fatal to their business or credit, admits of great room for fraud on the part of the Money-lender; more particularly as it respects the interest allowed upon the pawns. Many persons are willing to pay any charge made, rather than expose their necessities by appearing before a Magistrate, and acknowledging they have been concerned in such transactions.

Persons who are in the constant habit of pawning are generally known by the Pawnbrokers, in most instances governed by their will, and compelled to take and pay just what they please. Again, much injury arises from the want of care in the Pawnbroker to require a proper account, from the Pledgers, of the manner in which the goods offered have been obtained, as duplicates are commonly given upon fictitious names and residences.

Notwithstanding the care and attention usually paid to the examination of the articles received as pledges, these gentlemen are sometimes to be duped by their customers. We remember an instance of an elderly man, who was in the habit of bringing a Dutch clock frequently to a Pawnbroker to raise the wind, and for safety, generally left it in a large canvass bag, till he became so regular a customer, that his clock and bag were often left without inspection; and as it was seldom deposited for long together, it was placed in some handy nook of the shop in order to lie ready for redemption. This system having been carried on for some time, no suspicion was entertained of the old man. Upon one occasion however the Pawnbroker's olfactory nerves were saluted with a smell of a most unsavoury nature, for which he could by no means account—day after day passed, and no discovery was made, till at length he determined to overhaul every article in his shop, and if possible discover the source of a nuisance which appeared rather to increase than abate: in doing which, to his utter astonishment, he found the old man's Dutch clock transformed into a sheep's head, enclosed in a small box similar in shape and size to that of the clock. It will scarcely be necessary to add, that, being in the heat of summer, the sheep's head when turned out was in a putrid state, and as green as grass. The Pawnbroker declared the old gentleman's works were out of repair, that he himself was out of tune, and eventually pledged himself never to be so taken in again. After all, however, it must be acknowledged that my Uncle is a very accommodating man.

"My Uncle's the man, I've oft said it before,  
Who is ready and willing to open his door;  
Tho' some on the question may harbour a doubt,  
He's a mill to grind money, which I call a spout.  
Derry down.

He has three golden balls which hang over his door,  
Which clearly denote that my Uncle's not poor;  
He has money to lend, and he's always so kind,  
He will lend it to such as leave something behind.  
Derry down.

If to music inclin'd, there's no man can so soon  
Set the hooks of your gamut to excellent tune;  
All his tickets are prizes most carefully book'd,  
And your notes must be good, or you're presently hook'd.  
Derry down.

*Shirts, shoes, and flat-irons, hats, towels, and ruffs,  
To him are the same as rich satins or stuffs;  
From the pillows you lay on, chairs, tables, or sacks,  
He'll take all you have, to the togs on your backs.  
Derry down.*

*Then ye who are needy, repair to your friend,  
Who is ready and willing your fortunes to mend;  
He's a purse full of rhino, and that's quite enough,  
Tho' short in his speech, he can shell out short stuff.  
Derry down.*

*What a blessing it is, in this place of renown  
To know that we have such an Uncle in town;  
In all cases, degrees, in all places and stations,  
?'Tis a good thing to know we've such friendly relations.  
Derry down.*

"Surely," said Tallyho, "no person could possibly be inveigled by her charms?"

"They are not very blooming just now," answered his Cousin—"you do not see her in a right light. It is impossible to contemplate the cases of these poor creatures without dropping a tear of pity. Originally seduced from a state of innocence, and eventually abandoned by their seducers, as well as their well-disposed parents or friends, they are left at an early age at large upon the world; loathed and avoided by those who formerly held them in estimation, what are they to do?—It is said by Shakespeare, that

"Sin will pluck on sin."

They seem to have no alternative, but that of continuing in the practice which they once too fatally begun, in which the major part of them end a short life of debauchery and wretchedness.

"Exposed to the rude insults of the inebriated and the vulgar—the impositions of brutal officers and watchmen—to the chilling blasts of the night during the most inclement weather, in thin apparel, partly in compliance with the fashion of the day, but more frequently from the

Pawnbroker's shop rendering their necessary garments inaccessible, diseases (where their unhappy vocation does not produce them) are thus generated.

"Many are the gradations from the highest degree of prostitution down to the trulls that parade the streets by day, and one or two more steps still include those who keep out all night. Some of the miserable inhabitants of this quarter are night-birds, who seldom leave their beds during the day, except to refresh themselves with a drop of Old Tom; but as the evening approaches, their business commences, when you will see them decked out like fine ladies, for there are *coves of cases*,<sup>{1}</sup> and others in the vicinity of the Theatres, who live by letting out dresses for the evening, where they may be accommodated from a *comesa*<sup>{2}</sup> to a richly embroidered full-dress court suit, under the care of spies, who are upon the look-out that they don't brush off with the stock. Others, again, are boarded and lodged by the owners of houses of ill-fame, kept as dirty and as ragged as beggars all day, but who,

"Dress'd out at night, cut a figure."

It however not unfrequently happens to those unhappy Girls who have not been successful in their pursuits, and do not bring home with them the wages of their prostitution, that they are sent to bed without supper, and sometimes get a good beating into the bargain; besides which, the Mistress of the house takes care to search them immediately after they are left by their gallants, by which means they are deprived of every shilling."

Approaching the City, they espied a crowd of persons assembled together round the door of Money the perfumer. Upon inquiring, a species of depreciation was exposed, which had not yet come under their view.

It appeared that a note, purporting to come from a gentleman at the Tavistock Hotel, desiring Mr. Money to wait on him to take measure of his cranium for a fashionable peruke, had drawn him from home, and that during his absence, a lad, in breathless haste, as if dispatched by the principal, entered the shop, stating that Sir. Money wanted a wig which was in the window, with some combs and hair-brushes, for the Gentleman's inspection, and also a pot of his Circassian cream. The bait took, the articles

<sup>1</sup> *Coves of cases*—Keepers of houses of ill fame.

<sup>2</sup> *Camesa*—A shirt or shift.

were packed up, and the wily cheat had made good his retreat before the return of the coiffeur, who was not pleased with being seduced from his home by a hoaxing letter, and less satisfied to find that his property was diminished in his absence by the successful artifices of a designing villain. This tale having got wind in the neighbourhood, persons were flocking round him to advise as to the mode of pursuit, and many were entertaining each other by relations of a similar nature; but our heroes having their friend Merrywell in view (or rather his interest) made the best of their way to the Lock-up-house.

## CHAPTER XXIII

*"The world its trite opinion holds of those  
That in a world apart these bars enclose;  
And thus methinks some sage, whose wisdom frames  
Old saws anew, complacently exclaims,  
Debt is like death—it levels all degrees;  
Their prey with death's fell grasp the bailiffs seize."*

ON entering the Lock-up House, Bob felt a few uneasy sensations at hearing the key turned. The leary Bum-trap ushered the Gemmen up stairs, while Tallyho was endeavouring to compose his agitated spirits, and reconcile himself to the prospect before him, which, at the moment, was not of the most cheering nature.

"What, my gay fellow," said Merry well, "glad to see you—was just going to scribble a line to inform you of my disaster. Zounds! you look as melancholy as the first line of an humble petition, or the author of a new piece the day after its damnation."

"In truth," replied Bob, "this is no place to inspire a man with high spirits."

"That's as it may be," rejoined Merry well; "a man with money in his pocket may see as much Real Life in London within these walls as those who ramble at large through the mazes of what is termed liberty."

"But," continued Tom, "it must be admitted that the views are more limited."

"By no means," was the reply. "Here a man is at perfect liberty to contemplate and cogitate without fear of being agitated. Here he may trace over past recollections, and enjoy future anticipations free from the noise and bustle of crowded streets, or the fatigue of attending fashionable routs, balls, and assemblies. Besides which, it forms so important a part of Life in London, that few without a residence in a place of this kind can imagine its utility. It invigorates genius, concentrates ingenuity, and stimulates invention."

"Hey dey!" said Tallyho, looking out of the window, and perceiving a dashing tandem draw up to the door[373]—"who have we here? some high company, no doubt."

"Yes, you are right; that man in the great coat, who manages his cattle with such dexterity, is no other than the king of the castle. He is the major domo, or, in other words, the Bailiff himself. That short, stout-looking man in boots and buckskins, is his assistant, vulgarly called his Bum. {1} The other is a Gentleman desirous of lodging in a genteel neighbourhood, and is recommended by them to take up his residence here."

"What," inquired Bob, "do Bailiffs drive gigs and tandems?"

"To be sure they do," was the reply; "formerly they were low-bred fellows, who would undertake any dirty business for a maintenance, as you will see them represented in the old prints and caricatures, muffled up in Îreat coats, and carrying bludgeons; but, in present Real life, you will find them quite the reverse, unless they find it necessary to assume a disguise in order to nibble a queer cove who proves shy of their company'; but among Gentlemen, none are so stylish, and at the same time so accommodating—you are served with the process in a private and elegant way, and if not convenient to come to an immediate arrangement, a gig is ready in the highest taste, to convey you from your habitation to your place of retirement, and you may pass through the most crowded streets of the city, and recognise your friends, without fear of suspicion. Upon some occasions, they will also carry their politeness so far as to inform an individual he will be wanted on such a day, and must come—a circumstance which has the effect of preventing any person from knowing the period of departure, or the place of destination; consequently, the arrested party is gone out of town for a few days, and the matter all blows over without any injury sustained. This is the third time since I have been in the house that the tandem has started from the door, and returned with a new importation."

By this time, the gig having been discharged of its cargo, was reascended by the Master and his man, and bowl'd off again in gay style for the further accommodation of fashionable friends, whose society was in such high

*1 See Bum-trap), page 166.*

estimation, that no excuse or denial could avail, and who being so urgently wanted, must come. [374]

"'Tis a happy age we live in," said Merry well; "the improvements are evident enough; every thing is done with so much facility and gentility, that even the race of bailiffs are transformed from frightful and ferocious-looking persons to the most dashing, polite and accommodating characters in the world. He however, like others, must have his assistant, and occasional substitute.

"A man in this happy era is really of no use whatever to himself. It is a principle on which every body, that is any body, acts, that no one should do any thing for himself, if he can procure another to do it for him. Accordingly, there is hardly the most simple performance in nature for the more easy execution of which an operator or machine of some kind' or other is not employed or invented; and a man who has had the misfortune to lose, or chuses not to use any of his limbs or senses, may meet with people ready to perform all their functions for him, from paring his nails and cutting his corns, to forming an opinion. No man cleans his own teeth who can afford to pay a dentist; and hundreds get their livelihood by shaving the chins and combing the hair of their neighbours, though many, it must be admitted, comb their neighbour's locks for nothing. The powers of man and the elements of nature even are set aside, the use of limbs and air being both superseded by steam; in short, every thing is done by proxy—death not excepted, for we are told that our soldiers and sailors die for us. Marriage in certain ranks is on this footing. A prince marries by proxy, and sometimes lives for ever after as if he thought all the obligations of wedlock were to be performed in a similar manner. A nobleman, it is true, will here take the trouble to officiate in the first instance in person; but there are plenty of cases to shew that nothing is further from his noble mind than the idea of continuing his slavery, while others can be found to take the labour off his hands. So numerous are the royal roads to every desideratum, and so averse is every true gentleman from doing any thing for himself, that it is to be dreaded lest it should grow impolite to chew one's own victuals; and we are aware that there are great numbers who, not getting their share of Heaven's provision, may be said to submit to have their food eat for them."

Tallyho laugh'd, and Dashall signified his assent to the whimsical observations of Merrywell, by a shrug of [375] the shoulders and an approving smile.

"Apropos," said Merrywell—"what is the news of our friend Sparkle?"

"O, (replied Tom) he is for trying a chance in the Lottery of Life, and has perhaps by this time gained the prize of Matrimony: {1} but what part of the globe he inhabits it is impossible for me to say—however, he is with Miss Mortimer probably on the road to Gretna."

"Success to his enterprise," continued Merrywell; "and if they are destined to travel through life together, may they have thumping luck and pretty children. Marriage to some is a bitter cup of continued misery—may

the reverse be his lot."

"Amen," responded Dashall.

"By the way," said Merrywell, "I hope you will favour me with your company for the afternoon, and I doubt not we shall start some game within these walls well worthy of pursuit; and as I intend to remove to more commodious apartments within a day or two, I shall certainly expect to have a visit from you during my abode in the county of Surrey."

"Going to College?" inquired Tom.

"Yes; I am off upon a sporting excursion for a month or two, and I have an idea of making it yield both pleasure and profit. An occasional residence in Abbot's Park is one of the necessary measures for the completion of a Real Life in London education. It is a fashionable retreat absolutely necessary, and therefore I have voluntarily determined upon it. What rare advice a young man may pick up in the precincts of the Fleet and

1 It has often been said figuratively, that marriage is a lottery; but we do not recollect to have met with a practical illustration of the truth of the simile before the following, which is a free translation of an Advertisement in the Louisiana Gazette:—

*"A young man of good figure and disposition, unable though desirous to procure a Wife without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient to obtain the object of his wishes:—He offers himself as the prize of a Lottery to all Widows and Virgins under 32: the number of tickets to be 600 at 50 dollars each; but one number to be drawn from the wheel, the fortunate proprietor of which is to be entitled to himself and the 30,000 dollars."—New York, America.*

the King's Bench! He may soon learn the art of sharp-shooting and skirmishing."

[376]

"And pray," says Tallyho, "what do you term skirmishing?"

"I will tell you," was the reply. "When you have got as deeply in debt every where as you can, you may still remain on the town as a Sunday-man for a brace of years, and with good management perhaps longer. Next you may toddle off to Scotland for another twelvemonth, and live in the sanctuary of Holyrood House, after seeing the North, where writs will not arrive in time to touch you. When tired of this, and in debt even in the sanctuary, and when you have worn out all your friends by borrowing of them to support you in style there, you can brush off on a Sunday to the Isle of Man, where you are sure to meet a parcel of blades who will be glad of your company if you are but a pleasant fellow. Here you may live awhile upon them, and get in debt (if you can, for the Manx-men have very little faith,) in the Island. From this, you must lastly effect your escape in an open boat, and make your appearance in London as a new face. Here you will find some flats of your acquaintance very glad to see you, even if you are indebted to them, from the pleasures of recollection accruing from past scenes of jollity and merriment. You must be sure to amuse them with a good tale of a law-suit, or the declining health of a rich old Uncle, from either of which you are certain of deriving a second fortune. Now manage to get arrested, and you will find some, who believe your story, ready to bail you. You can then put off these actions for two years more, and afterwards make a virtue of surrendering yourself in order to relieve your friends, who of course will begin to be alarmed, and feel so grateful for this supposed mark of propriety, that they will support you for a while in prison, until you get white-washed. In all this experience, and with such a long list of acquaintances, it will be hard if some will not give you a lift at getting over your difficulties. Then you start again as a nominal Land-surveyor, Money-scrivener, Horse-dealer, or as a Sleeping-partner in some mercantile concern—such, for instance, as coals, wine, &c. Your popularity and extensive acquaintance will get your Partner a number of customers, and then if you don't succeed, you have only to become a Bankrupt, secure your certificate, and start free again in some other line. Then there are[377] other good chances, for a man may marry once or twice. Old or sickly women are best suited for the purpose, and their fortunes will help you for a year or two at least, if only a thousand or two pounds. Lastly, make up a purse» laugh at the flats, and finish on the Continent."

"Very animated description indeed," cried Dashall, "and salutary advice, truly."

"Too good to be lost," continued Merrywell.

"And yet rather too frequently acted on, it is to be feared."

"Probably so—"

"But mark me, this is fancy's sketch," and may perhaps appear a little too highly coloured; but if you remain with me, we will clip deeper into the reality of the subject by a little information from the official personage himself, who holds dominion over these premises; and we may perhaps also find some agreeable and intelligent company in his house."

This proposition being agreed to, and directions given accordingly by Merrywell to prepare dinner, our party gave loose to opinions of life, observations on men and mariners, exactly as they presented themselves to the imagination of each speaker, and Merrywell evidently proved himself a close observer of character.

"Places like this," said he, "are generally inhabited by the profligate of fashion, the ingenious artist, or the plodding mechanic. The first is one who cares not who suffers, so he obtains a discharge from his incumbrances: having figured away for some time in the labyrinths of folly and extravagance, till finding the needful run taper, he yields to John Doe and Richard Roe as a matter of course, passes through his degrees in the study of the laws by retiring to the Fleet or King's Bench, and returns to the world with a clean face, and an increased stock of information to continue his career. The second are men who have heads to contrive and hands to execute improvements in scientific pursuits, probably exhausting their time, their health, and their property, in the completion of their projects, but who are impeded in their progress, and compelled to finish their intentions in durance vile, by the rapacity of their creditors. And the last are persons subjected to all the casualties of trade and the arts of the former, and unable to meet the peremptory demands of those they are[378] indebted to; but they seldom inhabit these places long, unless they can pay well for their accommodations. Money is therefore as useful in a lock-up-house or a prison as in any other situation of life.

"Money, with the generality of people, is every thing; it is the universal Talisman; there is magic in its very name. It ameliorates all the miserable circumstances of life, and the sound of it may almost be termed life itself. It is the balm, the comfort, and the restorative. It must indeed be truly mortifying to the opulent, to observe that the attachment of their dependents, and even the apparent esteem of their friends, arises from the respect paid to riches. The vulgar herd bow with reverence and respect before the wealthy; but it is in fact the money, and not the individual, which they worship. Doubtless, a philosophic Tallow-chandler would hasten from the contemplation of the starry heavens to vend a farthing rushlight; and it therefore cannot be wondered at that the Sheriffs-officer, who serves you with a writ because you have not money enough to discharge the just demands against you, should determine at least to get as much as he can out of you, and, when he finds your resources exhausted, that he should remove you to the common receptacle of debtors; which however cannot be done to your own satisfaction without some money; for if you wish a particular place of residence, or the most trifling accommodation, there are fees to pay, even on entering a prison."

"In that case then," said Tallyho, "a man is actually obliged to pay for going to a prison."

"Precisely so, unless he is willing to mingle with the very lowest order of society. But come, we will walk into the Coffee-room, and take a view of the inmates."

Upon entering this, which was a small dark room, they heard a great number of voices, and in one corner found several of the prisoners surrounding a Bagatelle-board, and playing for porter, ale, &c; in another corner was a young man in close conversation with an Attorney; and a little further distant, was a hard-featured man taking instructions from the Turnkey how to act. Here was a poor Player, who declared he would take the benefit of the Act, and afterwards take a benefit at the Theatre to reestablish himself. There a Poet racking his imagination, and roving amidst the flowers of fancy, giving a few touches by way of finish to an Ode to Liberty, with the produce of which he indulged himself in a hope of obtaining the subject of his Muse. The conversation was of a mingled nature. The vociferations of the Bagatelle-players—the whispers of the Attorney and his Client—and the declarations of the prisoner to the Turnkey, "That he would be d——d if he did not sarve 'em out, and floor the whole boiling of them," were now and then interrupted by the notes of a violin playing the most lively airs in an animated and tasteful style. The Performer however was not visible, but appeared to be so near, that Merrywell, who was a great lover of music, beckoned his friends to follow him. They now entered a small yard at the back of the house, the usual promenade of those who resided in it, and found the Musician seated on one of the benches, which were continued nearly round the yard, and which of itself formed a panorama of rural scenery. Here was the bubbling cascade and the lofty fountain—there the shady grove of majestic poplars, and the meandering stream glittering in the resplendent lustre of a rising sun. The waving foliage however and the bubbling fountain were not to be seen or heard, (as these beauties were only to be contemplated in the labours of the painter;) but to make up for the absence of these with the harmony of the birds and the rippings of the stream, the Musician was endeavouring, like an Arcadian shepherd with his pipe, to make the woods resound with the notes of his fiddle, surrounded by some of his fellow-prisoners, who did not fail to applaud his skill and reward his kindness, by supplying him with rosin, as they termed it, which was by handing him the heavy-wet as often as they found his elbow at rest. In one place was to be seen a Butcher, who upon his capture was visited by his wife with a child in her arms, upon whom the melody seemed to have no effect. She was an interesting and delicate-looking woman, whose agitation of spirits upon so melancholy an occasion were evidenced by streaming tears from a pair of lovely dark eyes; and the Butcher, as evidently forgetful of his usual calling, was sympathising with, and endeavouring to soothe her into composure, and fondling the child. In another, a person who had the appearance of an Half-pay Officer, with Hessian boots, blue pantaloons, and a black silk handkerchief, sat with his arms folded almost without taking notice of what was passing around him, though a rough Sailor with a pipe in his mouth occasionally enlivened the scene by accompanying the notes of the Musician with a characteristic dance, which he termed a Horn-spike.

It was a fine scene of Real Life, and after taking a few turns in the gardens of the Lock-up or Sponging-house, they returned to Merrywell's apartments, which they had scarcely entered, when the tandem drew up to the door.

"More company," said Merry well.

"And perhaps the more the merrier," replied Tom.

"That is as it may prove," was the reply; "for the company of this house ace as various at times as can be met with in any other situation. However, this appears to wear the form of one of our fashionable, high-life Gentlemen; but appearances are often deceitful, we shall perhaps hear more of him presently—he may turn out to be one of the prodigals who calculate the duration of life at about ten years, that is, to have a short life and a merry one."

"That seems to me to be rather a short career, too," exclaimed Bob.

"Nay, nay, that is a long calculation, for it frequently cannot be made to last half the number. In the first place, the Pupil learns every kind of extravagance, which he practises en maitre the two next years. These make an end of his fortune. He lives two more on credit, established while his property lasted. The next two years he has a letter of licence, and contrives to live by ways and means (for he has grown comparatively knowing.) Then he marries, and the wife has the honour of discharging his debts, her fortune proving just sufficient for the purpose. Then he manages to live a couple of years more on credit, and retires to one of his Majesty's prisons."

By this time Mr. Safebind made his appearance, and with great politeness inquired if the Gentlemen were accommodated in the way they wished? Upon being assured of this, and requested to take a seat, after some introductory conversation, he gave them the following account of himself and his business:—

"We have brought nine Gemmen into the house this morning; and, though I say it, no Gemman goes out that would have any objection to come into it again."

Tallyho shrugg'd up his shoulders in a way that seemed to imply a doubt.

"For," continued he, "a Gemman that is a Gemman shall always find genteel treatment here. I always acts upon honour and secrecy; and if as how a Gemman can't bring his affairs into a comfortable shape here, why

then he is convey'd away without exposure, that is, if he understands things."

With assurances of this kind, the veracity of which no one present could doubt, they were entertained for some time by their loquacious Host, who, having the gift of the gab, {1} would probably have continued long in the same strain of important information; when dinner was placed on the table, and they fell to with good appetites, seeming almost to have made use of the customary grace among theatricals. {2}

"The table cleared, the frequent glass goes round, And joke and song and merriment abound."

"Your house," said Dashall, "might well be termed the Temple of the Arts, since their real votaries are so frequently its inhabitants."

"Very true, Sir," said Safebind, "and as the Poet observes, it is as often graced by the presence of the devotees to the Sciences: in point of company he says we may almost call it *multum in parvo*, or the Camera Obscura of Life. There are at this time within these walls, a learned Alchymist, two Students in Anatomy, and a Physician—a Poet, a Player, and a Musician. The Player is an adept at mimicry, the Musician a good player, and the Poet no bad stick at a rhyme; all anxious to turn their talents to good account, and, when mingled together, productive of harmony, though the situation they are in at present is rather discordant to their feelings; but then you know 'tis said, that discord is the soul of harmony, and they knocked up a duet among themselves yesterday, which I thought highly amusing."

"I am fond of music," said Merry well—"do you think they would take a glass of wine with us?"

*1 Gift of the gab—Fluency of speech.*

*2 It is a very common thing among the minor theatricals, when detained at rehearsals, &c. to adjourn to some convenient room in the neighbourhood for refreshment, and equally common for them to commence operations in a truly dramatic way, by ex-claiming to each other in the language of Shakespeare,*

*"Come on, Macbeth—come on, Macduff,  
And d---d be he who first cries—hold, enough."*

"Most readily, no doubt," was the reply. "I will introduce them in a minute." Thus saying, he left the room [382] and in a very few minutes returned with the three votaries of Apollo, who soon joined in the conversation upon general subjects. The Player now discovered his loquacity; the Poet his sagacity; and the Musician his pertinacity, for he thought no tones so good as those produced by himself, nor no notes—we beg pardon, none but bank notes—equal to his own.

It will be sufficient for our present purpose to add, that the bottle circulated 'quickly, and what with the songs of the Poet, the recitations of the Player, and the notes of the Fiddler, time, which perfects all intellectual ability, and also destroys the most stupendous monuments of art, brought the sons of Apollo under the table, and admonished Dashall and his Cousin to depart; which they accordingly did, after a promise to see their friend Merry well in his intended new quarters. [383]

## CHAPTER XXIV

*"All nations boast some men of nobler mind,  
Their scholars, heroes, benefactors kind:  
And Britain has her share among the rest,  
Of men the wisest, boldest and the best:  
Yet we of knaves and fools have ample share,  
And eccentricities beyond compare.  
Full many a life is spent, and many a purse,  
In mighty nothings, or in something worse."*

THE next scene which Tom was anxious to introduce to his Cousin's notice was that of a Political Dinner; but while they were preparing for departure, a letter arrived which completely satisfied the mind of the Hon. Tom Dashall as to the motives and views of their friend Sparkle, and ran as follows:

"Dear Dashall,

"Having rivetted the chains of matrimony on the religious anvil of Gretna Green, I am now one of the happiest fellows in existence. My election is crowned with success, and I venture to presume all after-petitions will be rejected as frivolous and vexatious. The once lovely Miss Mortimer is now the ever to be loved Mrs. Sparkle. I shall not now detain your attention by an account of our proceedings or adventures on the road: we shall have many more convenient opportunities of indulging in such details when we meet, replete as I can assure you they are with interest.

"I have written instructions to my agent in town for the immediate disposal of my paternal estate in Wiltshire, and mean hereafter to take up my abode on one I have recently purchased in the neighbourhood of Belville Hall, where I anticipate many pleasurable opportunities of seeing you and our friend Tallyho surrounding my hospitable and (hereafter) family board. We shall be there within a month, as we mean to reach our place of destination by easy stages, and look about us.

"Please remember me to all old friends in Town, and believe as ever,

Your's truly,

"Charles Sparkle."

"Carlisle."

The receipt of this letter and its contents were immediately communicated to young Mortimer, who had already received some intelligence of a similar nature, which had the effect of allaying apprehension and dismissing fear for his Sister's safety. The mysterious circumstances were at once explained, and harmony was restored to the previously agitated family.

"I am truly glad of this information," said Tom, "and as we are at present likely to be politically engaged, we cannot do less than take a bumper or two after dinner, to the health and happiness of the Candidate who so emphatically observes, he has gained his election, and, in the true language of every Patriot, declares he is the happiest man alive, notwithstanding the rivets by which he is bound."

"You are inclined to be severe," said Tallyho.

"By no means," replied Dashall; "the language of the letter certainly seems a little in consonance with my observation, but I am sincere in my good wishes towards the writer and his amiable wife. Come, we must now take a view of other scenes, hear long speeches, drink repeated bumpers, and shout with lungs of leather till the air resounds with peals of approbation.

"We shall there see and hear the great men of the nation, Or at least who are such in their own estimation."

*"Great in the name a patriot father bore,  
Behold a youth of promise boldly soar,  
Outstrip his fellows, clamb'ring height extreme,  
And reach to eminence almost supreme.  
With well-worn mask, and virtue's fair pretence,  
And all the art of smooth-tongued eloquence,  
He talks of wise reform, of rights most dear,  
Till half the nation thinks the man sincere."*

"Hey day," said Tallyho, "who do you apply this to?"

"Those who find the cap fit may wear it," was the reply—

I leave it wholly to the discriminating few who can discover what belongs to themselves, without further comment."

By this time they had arrived at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, where they found a great number of persons assembled, Sir F. B—— having been announced as President. In a few minutes he was ushered into the room with all due pomp and ceremony, preceded by the Stewards for the occasion, and accompanied by a numerous body of friends, consisting of Mr. H——, Major C——, and others, though not equally prominent, equally zealous. During dinner time all went on smoothly, except in some instances, where the voracity of some of the visitors almost occasioned a chopping off the fingers of their neighbours; but the cloth once removed, and 'Non nobis Domine' sung by professional Gentlemen, had the effect of calling the attention of the company to harmony. The Band in the orchestra played, 'O give me Death or Liberty'—'Erin go brach'—'Britons strike home'—and 'Whilst happy in my native Land.' The Singers introduced 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled'—'Peruvians wake to Glory'—and the 'Tyrolese Hymn.' But the spirit of oratory, enlivened by the fire of the bottle, exhibited its illuminating sparks in a blaze of lustre which eclipsed even the gas lights by which they were surrounded; so much so, that the Waiters themselves became confused, and remained stationary, or, when they moved, were so dazzled by the patriotic effusions of the various Speakers, that they fell over each other, spilt the wine in the pockets of the company, and, by making afterwards a hasty retreat, left them to fight or argue between each other for supposed liberties taken even by their immediate friends.



POLITICAL DINNER. Tom & Bob taking a lesson on the Constitution & not neglecting their own.

Unbridled feelings of patriotic ardour appeared to pervade every one present; and what with the splendid oratory of the speakers, and the deafening vociferations of the hearers, at the conclusion of what was generally considered a good point, a sufficient indication of the feelings by which they were all animated was evinced.

At the lower end of the table sat a facetious clerical Gentleman, who, unmindful of his ministerial duties, was loud in his condemnation of ministers, and as loud in his approbation of those who gave them what he repeatedly called a good hit. But here a subject of great laughter occurred; for Mr. Marrowfat, the Pea-merchant of Covent-Garden, and Mr. Barrowbed, the Feathermonger of Drury Lane, in their zeal for the good cause, arising at the same moment, big with ardour and sentiment, to address the Chair on a subject of the most momentous importance in their consideration, and desirous to signalize themselves individually, so completely defeated their objects by over anxiety to gain precedence, that they rolled over each other on the

floor, to the inexpressible amusement of the company, and the total obliteration of their intended observations; so much so, that the harangue meant to enlighten their friends, ended in a fine colloquy of abuse upon each other.

The bottles, the glasses, and the other paraphernalia of the table suffered considerable diminution in the descent of these modern Ciceros, and a variety of speakers arising upon their downfall, created so much confusion, that our Heroes, fearing it would be some time before harmony could be restored, took up their hats and walked.

"Now," said Dashall, as they left the house, "you have had a full view of the pleasantries of a Political Dinner; and having seen the characters by which such an entertainment is generally attended, any further account of them is almost rendered useless."

"At least," replied Tallyho, "I have been gratified by the view of some of the leading men who contribute to fill up the columns of your London Newspapers."

"Egad!" said his Cousin, "now I think of it, there is a fine opportunity of amusing ourselves for the remainder of the evening by a peep at another certain house in Westminster: whether it may be assimilated, in point of character or contents, to what we have just witnessed, I shall leave you, after taking a review, to determine."

"What do you mean?" inquired Tallyho.

"Charley's, my boy, that's the place for sport, something in the old style. The Professors there are all of the ancient school, and we shall just be in time for the first Lecture. It is a school of science, and though established upon the ancient construction, is highly suitable to the taste of the moderns."

"Zounds!" replied Bob, "our heads are hardly in cue for philosophy after so much wine and noise; we had better defer it to another opportunity."

"Nay, nay, now's the very time for it—it will revive the recollection of some of your former sports;

*For, midst our luxuries be it understood,  
Some traits remain of rugged hardihood."*

Charley is a good caterer for the public appetite, and, to diversify the amusements of a Life in London, we[387] will have a little chaff among the Bear-baiters."

Tally-ho stared for a moment; then burst into laughter at the curious introduction his Cousin had given to this subject. "I have long perceived your talent for embellishment, but certainly was not prepared for the conclusion; but you ought rather to have denominated them Students in Natural History."

"And what is that but a branch of Philosophy?" inquired Dashall. "However, we are discussing points of opinion rather than hastening to the scene of action to become judges of facts—Allons."

Upon saying this, they moved forward with increased celerity towards Tothill-fields, and soon reached their proposed place of destination.

On entering, Tallyho was reminded by his Cousin to button up his toggery, keep his ogles in action, and be awake. "For," said he, "you will here have to mingle with some of the queer Gills and rum Covies of all ranks."

This advice being taken, they soon found themselves in this temple of torment, where Bob surveyed a motly group assembled, and at that moment engaged in the sports of the evening. The generality of the company bore the appearance of Butchers, Dog-fanciers and Ruffians, intermingled here and there with a few Sprigs of Fashion, a few Corinthian Sicells, Coster-mongers, Coal-heavers, Watermen, Soldiers, and Livery-servants.



*Drawn by H. Alken, Engr.*

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE taking a peep at CHARLEY'S THEATRE WESTMINSTER.  
*where the performers are of the Old School.*

The bear was just then pinn'd by a dog belonging to a real lover of the game, who, with his shirt-sleeves tuck'd up, declared he was a d——d good one, and nothing but a good one, so help him G——d. This dog, at the hazard of his life, had seized poor Bruin by the under lip, who sent forth a tremendous howl indicative of his sufferings, and was endeavouring to give him a fraternal hug; many other dogs were barking aloud with anxiety to take an active share in the amusement, while the bear, who was chained by the neck to a staple in the wall, and compelled to keep an almost erect posture, shook his antagonist with all the fury of madness produced by excessive torture. In the mean time bets were made and watches pull'd forth, to decide how long the bow-wow would bother the ragged Russian. The Dog-breeders were chaffing each other upon the value of



their canine property, each holding his brother-puppy between his legs, till a fair opportunity for a let-loose[388] offered, and many wagers were won and lost in a short space of time. Bob remained a silent spectator; while his Cousin, who was better up to the gossip, mixt with the hard-featured sportsmen, inquired the names of their dogs, what prices were fix'd upon, when they had fought last, and other questions equally important to amateurs.

Bruin got rid of his customers in succession as they came up to him, and when they had once made a seizure, it was generally by a hug which almost deprived them of life, at least it took from them the power of continuing their hold; but his release from one was only the signal for attack from another.

While this exhibition continued, Tom could not help calling his Cousin's attention to an almost bald-headed man, who occupied a front seat, and sat with his dog, which was something of the bull breed, between his legs, while the paws of the animal rested on the top rail, and which forcibly brought to his recollection the well-known anecdote of Garrick and the Butcher's dog with his master's wig on, while the greasy carcass-dealer was wiping the perspiration from his uncovered pericranium.

Bob, who had seen a badger-bait, and occasionally at fairs in the country a dancing bear, had never before seen a bear-bait, stood up most of the time, observing those around him, and paying attention to their proceedings while entertaining sentiments somewhat similar to the following lines:—

*"What boisterous shouts, what blasphemies obscene,  
What eager movements urge each threatening mien!  
Present the spectacle of human kind,  
Devoid of feeling—destitute of mind;  
With ev'ry dreadful passion rous'd to flame,  
All sense of justice lost and sense of shame."*

When Charley the proprietor thought his bear was sufficiently exercised for the night, he was led to his den, lacerated and almost lamed, to recover of his wounds, with an intention that he should "fight his battles o'er again." Meanwhile Tom and Bob walk'd homeward.

The next day having been appointed for the coronation of our most gracious Sovereign, our friends were off at an early hour in the morning, to secure their seats in Westminster Hall; and on their way they met the[389] carriage of our disappointed and now much lamented Queen, her endeavours to obtain admission to the Abbey having proved fruitless.

*"Oh that the Monarch had as firmly stood  
In all his acts to serve the public good,  
As in that moment of heartfelt joy  
That firmness acted only to destroy  
A nation's hope—to every heart allied,  
Who lived in sorrow, and lamented died!"*

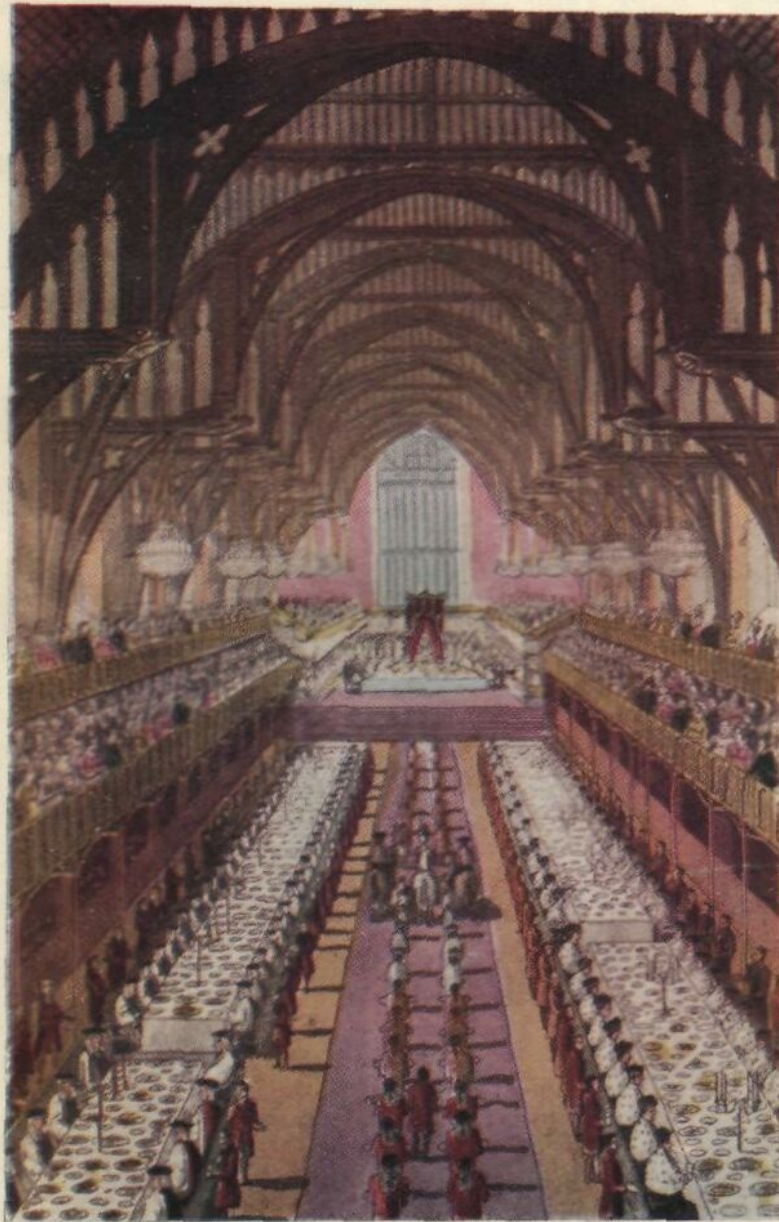
It was a painful circumstance to Dashall, who was seldom severe in his judgments, or harsh in his censures. He regretted its occurrence, and it operated in some degree to rob a splendid ceremony of its magnificence, and to sever from royalty half its dignity.

The preparations however were arranged upon a scale of grandeur suited to the occasion. The exterior of Westminster Hall and Abbey presented a most interesting appearance. Commodious seats were erected for the accommodation of spectators to view the procession in its moving order, and were thronged with thousands of anxious subjects to greet their Sovereign with demonstrations of loyalty and love.

It was certainly a proud day of national festivity. The firing of guns and the ringing of bells announced the progress of the Coronation in its various stages to completion; and in the evening Hyde Park was brilliantly and tastefully illuminated, and an extensive range of excellent fireworks were discharged under the direction of Sir William Congreve. We must however confine ourselves to that which came under the view of the Hon. Tom Dashall and his Cousin, who, being seated in the Hall, had a fine opportunity of witnessing the banquet, and the challenge of the Champion.

A flooring of wood had been laid down in the Hall at an elevation of fourteen inches above the flags. Three tiers of galleries were erected on each side, covered with a rich and profuse scarlet drapery falling from a cornice formed of a double row of gold-twisted rope, and ornamented with a succession of magnificent gold pelmets and rosettes. The front of the door which entered from the passage without, was covered with a curtain of scarlet, trimmed with deep gold fringe, and looped up on each side with silken ropes. The floor, and[390] to the extremity of the first three steps of the Throne, was covered with a splendid Persian-pattern Wilton carpet, and the remainder of the steps with scarlet baize.

The canopy of the throne, which was square, was surrounded by a beautiful carved and gilt cornice, prepared by Mr. Evans. Beneath the cornice hung a succession of crimson-velvet pelmet drapery, each pelmet having embroidered upon it a rose, a thistle, a crown, or a harp. Surmounting the cornice in front was a gilt crown upon a velvet cushion, over the letters "Geo. IV." supported on each side by an antique gilt ornament. The entire back of the throne, as well as the interior of the canopy, were covered with crimson Genoa velvet, which was relieved by a treble row of broad and narrow gold lace which surrounded the whole. In the centre of the back were the royal arms, the lion and the unicorn rampant, embroidered in the most costly style. Under this stood the chair of state, and near the throne were six splendid chairs placed for the other members of the royal family. These decorations, and the Hall being splendidly illuminated, presented to the eye a spectacle of the most imposing nature, heightened by the brilliant assemblage of elegantly dressed personages. The Ladies universally wore ostrich feathers, and the Gentlemen were attired in the most sumptuous dresses.



*The Grand Coronation Banquet.*

About four o'clock, his Majesty having gone through the other fatiguing ceremonies of the day, entered the Hall with the crown upon his head, and was greeted with shouts of "Long live the King!" from all quarters; shortly after which, the banquet was served by the necessary officers. But that part of the ceremony which most attracted the attention of Tallyho, was the challenge of the Champion, whose entrance was announced by the sound of the trumpets thrice; and who having proceeded on a beautiful horse in a full suit of armour, under the porch of a triumphal arch, attended by the Duke of Wellington on his right, and the Deputy Earl Marshal on his left, to the place assigned him, the challenge was read aloud by the Herald: he then threw down his gauntlet, which having lain a short time, was returned to him. This ceremony was repeated three times; when he drank to his Majesty, and received the gold cup and cover as his fee.

The whole of this magnificent national pageant was conducted throughout with the most scrupulous[391] attention to the customary etiquette of such occasions; and Tallyho, who had never witnessed any thing of the kind before, and consequently could have no conception of its splendour, was at various parts of the ceremony enraptured; he fancied himself in Fairy-land, and that every thing he saw and heard was the effect of enchantment. Our friends returned home highly gratified with their day's amusement.

## CHAPTER XXV

*"Behold the Ring! how strange the group appears  
Of dirty blackguards, commoners and peers;  
Jews, who regard not Moses nor his laws,  
All ranks of Christians eager in the cause.  
What eager bets—what oaths at every breath,  
Who first shall shrink, or first be beat to death.  
Thick fall the blows, and oft the boxers fall,*

While deaf'ning shouts for fresh exertions call;  
 Till, bruised and blinded, batter'd sore and maim'd,  
 One gives up vanquish'd, and the other lam'd.  
 Say, men of wealth! say what applause is due  
 For scenes like these, when patronised by you?  
 These are your scholars, who in humbler way,  
 But with less malice, at destruction play.  
 You, like game cocks, strike death with polish'd steel;  
 They, dung-hill-bred, use only nature's heel;  
 They fight for something—you for nothing fight;  
 They box for love, but you destroy in spite."

THE following Tuesday having been appointed by the knowing ones for a pugilistic encounter between Jack Randall, commonly called the Nonpareil, and Martin, as well known by the appellation of The Master of the Rolls, from his profession being that of a baker; an excellent day's sport was anticipated, and the lads of the fancy were all upon the "*qui vive*."

Our friends had consequently arranged, on the previous night, to breakfast at an early hour, and take a gentle ride along the road, with a determination to see as much as possible of the attractive amusements of a milling-match, and to take a view as they went along of the company they were afterwards to mingle with.

"We shall now," said Dashall (as they sat down to breakfast) "have a peep at the lads of the ring, and see a little of the real science of Boxing."

"We have been boxing the compass through the difficult straits of a London life for some time," replied Bob, "and I begin to think that, with all its variety, its gaiety, and

its pride, the most legitimate joys of life may fairly be said to exist in the country."

[393]

"I confess," said Dashall, "that most of the pleasures of life are comparative, and arise from contrast. Thus the bustle of London heightens the serenity of the country, while again the monotony of the country gives additional zest to the ever-varying scenes of London. But why this observation at a moment when we are in pursuit of fresh game?"

"Nay," said Tallyho, "I know not why; but I spoke as I thought, feeling as I do a desire to have a pop at the partridges as the season is now fast approaching, and having serious thoughts of shifting my quarters."

"We will talk of that hereafter," was the reply. "You have an excellent day's sport in view, let us not throw a cloud upon the prospect before us—you seem rather in the doldrums. The amusements of this day will perhaps inspire more lively ideas; and then we shall be present at the masquerade, which will doubtless be well attended; all the fashion of the Metropolis will be present, and there you will find a new world, such as surpasses the powers of imagination—a sort of Elysium unexplored before, full of mirth, frolic, whim, wit and variety, to charm every sense in nature. But come, we must not delay participating in immediate gratifications by the anticipations of those intended for the future. Besides, I have engaged to give the Champion a cast to the scene of action in my barouche."

By this time Piccadilly was all in motion—coaches, carts, gigs, tilburies, whiskies, buggies, dog-carts, sociables, dennets, curricles, and sulkies, were passing in rapid succession, intermingled with tax-carts and waggons decorated with laurel, conveying company of the most varied description. In a few minutes, the barouche being at the door, crack went the whip, and off they bowled. Bob's eyes were attracted on all sides. Here, was to be seen the dashing Corinthian tickling up his tits, and his bang-up set-out of blood and bone, giving the go-by to a heavy drag laden with eight brawney bull-faced blades, smoking their way down behind a skeleton of a horse, to whom in all probability a good feed of corn would have been a luxury; pattering among themselves, occasionally chaffing the more elevated drivers by whom they were surrounded, and pushing forward their nags with all the ardour of a British merchant intent upon disposing of a valuable cargo of foreign goods on ?Change. There, was a waggon, full of all sorts upon the lark, succeeded by a donkey-cart with four insides; but Neddy, not liking his burthen, stopt short on the way of a Dandy, whose horse's head coming plump up to the back of the crazy vehicle at the moment of its stoppage, threw the rider into the arms of a Dustman, who, hugging his customer with the determined grasp of a bear, swore d——n his eyes he had saved his life, and he expected he would stand something handsome for the Gemmen all round, for if he had not pitched into their cart, he would certainly have broke his neck; which being complied with, though reluctantly, he regained his saddle, and proceeded a little more cautiously along the remainder of the road, while groups of pedestrians of all ranks and appearances lined each side.

At Hyde-Park Corner, Tom having appointed to take up the prime hammer-man, drew up, and was instantly greeted by a welcome from the expected party, who being as quickly seated, they proceeded on their journey.

"This match appears to occupy general attention," said Tom.

"I should think so," was the reply—"why it will be a prime thing as ever was seen. Betting is all alive—the Daffy Club in tip-top spirits—lots of money sported on both sides—somebody must make a mull{1}—but Randall's the man—he is the favourite of the day, all the world to a penny-roll."

The simile of the penny roll being quite in point with the known title of one of the combatants, caused a smile on Dashall's countenance, which was caught by the eye of Tallyho, and created some mirth, as it was a proof of what has frequently been witnessed, that the lovers of the fancy are as apt in their imaginations at times, as they are ready for the accommodating one, two, or the friendly flush hit which floors their opponents.

The morning was fine, and the numerous persons who appeared travelling on the road called forth many inquiries from Bob.

"Now," said he, "I think I recollect that the admirable author of the *Sentimental Journey* used to read as he went along—is it possible to read as we journey forward?" "Doubtless," replied Tom, "it is, and will produce

1 Mull—Defeat, loss, or disappointment.

a fund of amusing speculation as we jog on. Lavater founded his judgment of men upon the formation of [395]

their features; Gall and Spurzheim by the lumps, bumps and cavities of their pericraniums; but I doubt not we shall be right in our views of the society we are likely to meet, without the help of either—do you see that group?"

Bob nodded assent.

"These," continued Tom, "are profitable characters, or rather men of profit, who, kindly considering the constitution of their friends, provide themselves with refreshments of various kinds, to supply the hungry visitors round the ring—oranges, nuts, apples, gingerbread, biscuits and peppermint drops."

"Not forgetting *blue ruin and French lace*,"<sup>{1}</sup> said the man of fist; "but you have only half done it—don't you see the *Cash-cove*<sup>{2}</sup> behind, with his stick across his shoulder, *padding the hoof*<sup>{3}</sup> in breathless speed? he has *shell'd out the lour*<sup>{4}</sup> for the occasion, and is travelling down to keep a *wakeful winker*<sup>{5}</sup> on his retailers, and to take care that however they may choose to lush away the profit, they shall at least take care of the principal. The little Dandy just before him also acts as Whipper-in; between them they mark out the ground,<sup>{6}</sup> watch the progress, and pocket the proceeds. They lend the money for the others to traffic."

"I confess," said Tom, "I was not exactly up to this."

"Aye, aye, but I know the *Blunt-monger*,"<sup>{7}</sup> and am up to his ways and means," was the reply.—"Hallo, my eyes, here he comes!" continued he, rising from his seat, and bowing obsequiously to a Gentleman who passed them in a tandem—"all right, I am glad of it—always good sport when he is present—no want of sauce or seasoning—he always *comes it strong*."<sup>{8}</sup>

"I perceive," replied Tom, "you allude to the noble Marquis of W——."

1 *French lace*—A flash or cant term for brandy.

2 *Cash-cove*—A monied man.

3 *Padding the hoof*—Travelling on Shanks's mare, or taking a turn by the marrow-bone stage, i.e. walking.

4 *Shell'd out the lour*—Supplied the cash.

5 *Wakeful winker*—A sharp eye.

6 *Mark out the ground*—Is to place his retailers in various parts of the Ring for the accommodation of the company, any where he may expect to find them himself.

7 *Blunt-monger*—Money-dealer, or money-lender.

8 *Comes it strong*—No flincher, a real good one.

Travelling gently along the road, they were presently impeded by a crowd of persons who surrounded a [396] long cart or waggon, which had just been overturned, and had shot out a motley group of personages, who were being lifted on their legs, growling and howling at this unforeseen disaster. A hard-featured sailor, whose leg had been broken by the fall, brandished a splinter of the fractured limb, and swore—"That although his timbers were shivered, and he had lost a leg in the service, he would not be the last in the Ring, but he'd be d——d if he mount the rubbish-cart any more." It is needless to observe his leg was a wooden one.

Upon examining the inscription on the cart, it was found to contain the following words:—"Household Furniture, Building Materials, and Lumber carefully removed." As it was ascertained that no real injury had been sustained, our party speedily passed the overturned vehicle and proceeded.

The next object of attraction was a small cart drawn by one poor animal, sweating and snorting under the weight of six Swells, led by an old man, who seemed almost as incapable as his horse seemed unwilling to perform the journey. A label on the outside of the cart intimated that its contents was soap, which created some laughter between Tom and Bob. The man in the front, whose Jew-looking appearance attracted attention, was endeavouring to increase the speed of the conveyance by belabouring the boney rump of the *prad*<sup>{1}</sup> with his hat, while some of their pedestrian *palls*<sup>{2}</sup> were following close in the rear, and taking occasionally a *drap of the cratur*, which was handed out behind and returned after refreshment.

"These," said Tom to his Cousin, "are also men of profit, but not exactly in the way of those we passed—second-rate Swells and broken-down Gamesters, determined, as the saying is, to have a shy, even if they lose their sticks, and more properly may be termed men of plunder; desperate in their pursuits, they turn out with intent to make the best of the day, and will not fail to nibble all they can come easily at."

"They are not worth the blood from a broken nose," said the Pugilist, with a feeling for the honour of his profession which did him credit.—"They are all prigs, their company

1 *Prad*—A cant term for a horse.

2 *Palls*—Partners, accomplices, colleagues.

spoils all genteel society, and frequently brings disgrace upon others with whom they are unworthy to [397] associate, or even to be seen—there's no getting rid of such gentry. Is it not d——d hard a man can't have a pleasant bit of a turn-up, without having his friends filched?—But here comes the gay fellows, here they come upon the trot, all eager and anxious to mark the first blow, start the odds, and curry the coal.<sup>{1}</sup> These are the lads of life—true lovers of the sport—up to the manouvre—clear and quick-sighted, nothing but good ones—aye aye, and here comes Bill Gibbons, furnished with the fashionables."

"What do you call the fashionables?" inquired Bob.

"Why, the Binders."

Here he was as much at a loss as ever, which the other perceiving, he continued—"The Binders are the stakes and ropes, to fence in the Ring."

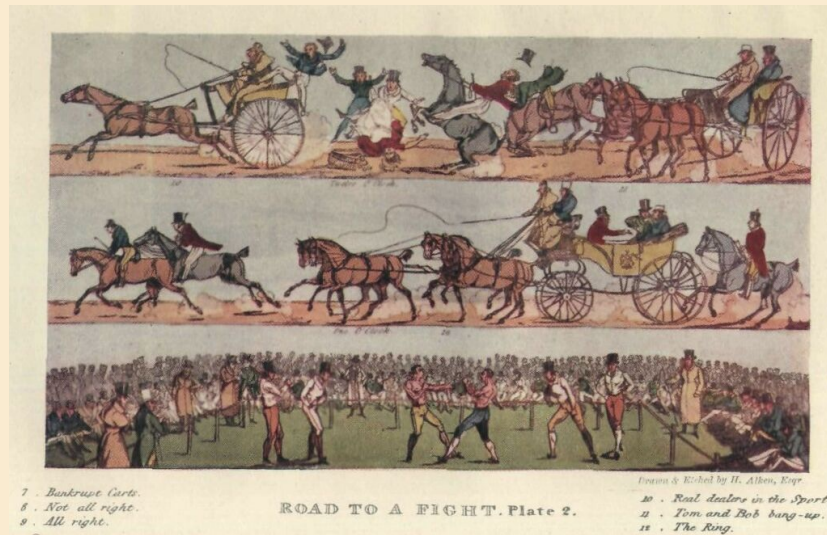
Bill Gibbons, who was well known on the road, and was speeding down pretty sharp, was followed by

crowds of vehicles of all descriptions; as many to whom the place of meeting was but conjectured, upon seeing him felt assured of being in the right track. Here were to be seen the Swells in their tandems—the Nib Sprigs in their gigs, buggies, and dog-carts—and the Tidy Ones on their trotters, all alive and leaping. Mirth and merriment appeared spread over every countenance, though expectation and anxiety were intermingled here and there in the features of the real lads of the fancy; many of whom, upon this very interesting occasion, had bets to a considerable amount depending upon the result of the day. The bang-up blades were pushing their prads along in gay style, accompanied by two friends, that is to say, a biped and a quadruped. The queer fancy lads, who had hired hacks from the livery-stable keepers, were kicking up a dust, and here and there rolling from their prancers in their native soil; while the neck or nothing boys, with no prospect but a whereas before their eyes, were as heedless of their personal safety as they were of their Creditor's property. Jaded hacks and crazy vehicles were to be seen on all sides—here lay a bankrupt-cart with the panels knock'd'in, and its driver with an eye knock'd out, the horse lamed, and the concern completely knock'd up, just before the period when the hammer of the Auctioneer was to be called in, and his effects knock'd down. There was another

*1 Curry the coal—Make sure of the money.*

of the same description, with a harum-scarum devil of a half-bred, making his way at all risks, at a full gallop, as unmanageable in his career as his driver had been in his speculations; dust flying, women sprawling, men bawling, dogs barking, and the multitude continually increasing. Scouts, Scamps, Lords, Loungers and Lacqueys—Coster-mongers from—To the Hill Fields—and The Bloods from Bermondsey, completely lined the road as far as the eye could reach, both before and behind; it was a day of the utmost importance to the pugilistic school, as the contest had excited a most unparalleled degree of interest!

It would be scarcely possible to give a full and accurate description of the appearances as they went along; imagination would labour in vain, and words are altogether incapable of conveying a picture of the road to this memorable fight; the various instances in which they could discover that things were not all right were admirably contrasted by others, where care and good coachmanship, with a perfect management of the bloods, proved the reverse—while the single horsemen, whose hearts were really engaged in the sport, were picking their way with celerity, and posting to the point of attraction.—The public-houses were thronged to excess, and the Turnpike-keepers made a market of the mirth-moving throng.



Our party arrived in the neighbourhood of Copthorne about half-past twelve, where all was bustle and confusion. The commissary in chief, Mr. Jackson, being out of town, some of the subalterns, who had taken the command *pro tempore*, had, for divers weighty reasons, principally founded on a view to the profits of certain of the Surrey Trusts, and to accommodate the sporting circles at Brighton, fixed the combat to take place in a meadow belonging to a farmer named Jarvis, near this place.

On this spot accordingly the ring was formed, and an immense mass of all descriptions of vehicles was admitted, not much, it may naturally be supposed, to the prejudice of the owner of the premises, whose agents were praise-worthily active in levying proper contributions. Some Gentlemen however in the neighbourhood, observing that the strictest delicacy was not maintained towards the sacredness of their fences, insisted that the place was too confined, and intimated that a move must be made, or they should make application to the Magistrates; and at the same time suggested Crawley Downs, the site of so many former skirmishes, as the most convenient spot for their accommodation.

In this state of things, a move immediately took place, and a fresh ring was established on the spot alluded to; but, in effecting this new lodgment, much mortification was experienced, not alone by those, who, after a dreadful drag up one of the worst by-roads in England, had obtained a comfortable situation, but by those, who, speculating on the formation of the ring, had expended considerable sums in the hire of waggons for their purpose from the surrounding farmers. The waggons it was found impossible to move in due time, and thus the new area was composed of such vehicles as were first to reach the appointed ground.

The general confusion now was inconceivable, for, notwithstanding the departure of connoisseurs from Jarvis's Farm, Martin still maintained his post, alleging, that he was on the ground originally fixed, and that he should expect Randall to meet him there; in which demand he was supported by his backers. This tended to increase the embarrassment of the amateurs; however, about one, Randall arrived at Crawley Downs, in a post-chaise, and took up his quarters at a cottage near the ground, waiting for his man; and at two, General Barton, who had just mounted his charger, intending to consult the head-quarters of the Magistrates, to ascertain their intention in case of proceeding to action at Jarvis's Farm, was suddenly arrested in his

progress by an express from the Martinites, announcing that their champion had yielded his claim to the choice of ground, and was so anxious for the mill, that he would meet Randall even in a saw-pit. Bill Gibbons arriving soon after, the Ring, with the assistance of many hands, was quickly formed; by which time, Tom and Bob had secured themselves excellent situations to view the combat.

About twenty minutes before three, Randall entered the outer Ring, attended by General Barton and Mr. Griffiths. He was attired in a Whitehall upper Benjamin, and *threw his hat into the Ring* amidst loud applause. In a few minutes after, Martin approached from an opposite direction, accompanied by Mr. Sant and Mr. Elliott; he was also warmly greeted.

The men now passed the ropes, and were assisted by their immediate friends in peeling for action. Martin was attended by Spring and Thurton; Randall, by Harry Holt and Paddington Jones. [400]

The men stript well, and both appeared to be in excellent health, good spirits, and high condition; but the symmetry of Randall's bust excited general admiration; and the muscular strength of his arms, neck, and shoulders, bore testimony to his Herculean qualities; the whole force of his body, in fact, seem'd to be concentrated above his waistband. Martin stood considerably above him, his arms were much longer, but they wanted that bold and imposing weight which characterized those of Randall. They walked up to the *scratch*, and shook hands in perfect good fellowship. Every man now took his station, and the heroes threw themselves into their guard.

It was rumoured that Martin intended to lose no time in manoeuvring, but to go to work instanter. This however he found was not so easily to be effected as suggested, for Randall had no favour to grant, and was therefore perfectly on his guard. He was all wary caution, and had clearly no intention of throwing away a chance, but was evidently waiting for Martin to commence. Martin once or twice made play, but Randall was not skittishly inclined, all was "war hawk." Randall made a left-handed hit to draw his adversary, but found it would not do. Martin then hit right and left, but was stopped. Randall was feeling for Martin's wind, but hit above his mark, though not without leaving one of a red colour, which told "a flattering tale." Randall returned with his left, and the men got to a smart rally, when Randall got a konker, which tapped the claret. An almost instantaneous close followed, in which Randall, grasping Martin round the neck with his right arm, and bringing his head to a convenient posture, sarved out punishment with his left. This was indeed a terrific position. Randall was always famous for the dreadful force of his short left-handed hits, and on this occasion they lost none of their former character. Martin's nob was completely in a vice; and while in that hopeless condition, Randall fibbed away with the solid weight of the hammer of a tuck-mill. His aim was principally at the neck, where every blow told with horrible violence. Eight or ten times did he repeat the dose, and then, with a violent swing, threw Martin to the ground, falling on him as he; went with all his weight. The Ring resounded with applause, and Jack coolly took his seat on the knee of his Second. Martin's friends began to [401] look blue, but still expected, the fight being young, there was yet much to be done.

All eyes were now turned to Martin, who being lifted on Spring's knee, in a second discovered that he was done. His head fell back lifeless, and all the efforts of Spring to keep it straight were in vain. Water was thrown on him in abundance, but without effect: he was, in fact, completely senseless; and the half-minute having transpired, the Nonpareil was hailed the victor.

Randall appeared almost without a scratch, while poor Martin lay like a lump of unleavened dough; he was removed and bled, but it was some time before he was conscious of his defeat.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment which so sudden and complete a finish to the business produced. The round lasted but seven minutes and a half, of which four minutes and a half had elapsed before a blow was attempted. Thus ended one of the most extraordinary battles between two known game men on the pugilistic records. Very heavy bets had been made upon it in all parts of the kingdom. One gentleman is said to have had five thousand pounds, and another one thousand eight hundred guineas. The gains of the conqueror were supposed to be about a thousand pounds.

The amusements of the day were concluded by a second fight between Parish and Lashbroke, which proved a manly and determined contest for upwards of an hour, and in which the combatants evinced considerable skill and bravery, and was finally decided in favour of Parish. All amusement which might have been derived from this spectacle, however, was completely destroyed by the daring outrages of an immense gang of pickpockets, who broke in the Ring, and closed completely up to the ropes, carrying with them every person, of decent appearance, and openly robbing them of their watches, pocket-books and purses. And the lateness of the hour, it being five o'clock, and almost dark, favoured the depredators.

In the midst of this struggle, Tom Dashall had nearly lost his fancy topper, {1} and Tallyho was secretly eased of his clicker. {2} From the scene of tumult and confusion they were glad to escape; and being again safely seated in the

1 Topper—A flash term given to a hat.

2 Clicker—A flash term given to a watch,

barouche, they made the best of their way home; in doing which, they found the roads almost as much [402] clogg'd as they were in the morning. The Randallites were meritorious, and, flushed with good fortune, lined the public-houses on the road to *wet their whistles*, singing and shouting his name in strains to them equally inspiring as

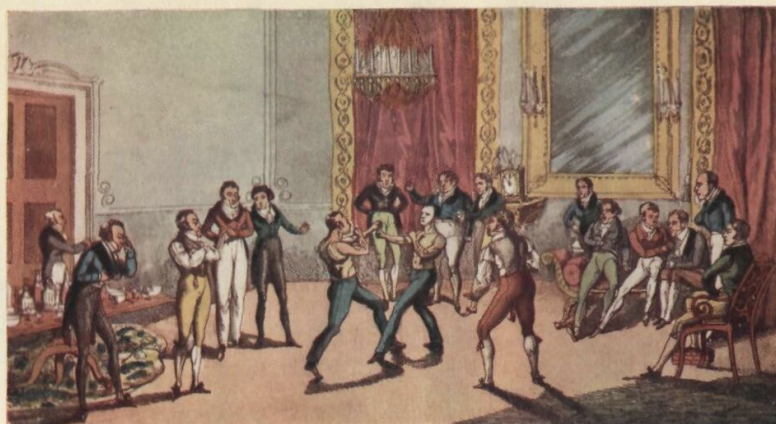
"See the conquering hero comes!  
Sound your trumpets, beat your drums;"

while the Martinites rolled along the road in sullen silence; and, by the time they reached town, an account of the Battle was hawking about the streets, and songs singing to the praise of the successful combatant in all the melodious cadences of a last dying speech and confession: such is the promptitude of London Printers, Poets, and News-venders.

"Well," said Dashall, as they re-entered the house, "the events of this day have completely disappointed

some of the knowing ones."

"That may be," replied Bob, "but they have been too knowing for me, notwithstanding your previous instructions. However, I don't regret seeing the humours of a Prize Ring; and the next time you catch me there, I must take a lesson from the man of profit, and keep a wakeful winker on the possibles. Really, I could not help feeling astonished at the immense number of persons assembled on such an occasion."



A PRIVATE TURN-UP, in the Drawing Room of a Noble Marquis

"Zounds!" said Tom, "'tis the real centre of attraction, the thing, the tippy, and the twig, among the Lads of the Fancy. Why, it is pretty generally known, through the medium of the newspapers, that a certain Nobleman paid the debts of one of these Pugilists, amounting to 300L. that he might be released from Newgate in order to fight a prize battle; and it is not long since that the Marquis of T—ed—e, whilst entertaining a large party, after dinner introduced the subject with so much effect, that a purse of 100 guineas was subscribed among them for a turn up between two of the *prime hammermen*; who, being introduced, actually set-to in his drawing-room for the amusement of his friends. Nor is it less true, that this sporting Nobleman gloriously took up the conqueror, (as the saying is) and evinced his patronage and his power at once, by actually subduing his antagonist, proving to certitude, that if his Lordship would but practise this sublime art, he could hardly fail of adding to his present title that of the Champion of England! It is the theme of constant conversation, and in many cases there is more anxiety about contests of this sort than there is about the arrival of a Monarch on the Irish coast among the lads of *praties*, whiskey, and buttermilk—thoughts are busy, energies are active—and money in galore is circulated upon it."

Bob laughed heartily at these observations of his Cousin upon what he termed the sublime art.

"You don't appear to enter into the spirit of it," continued Tom; "but I can assure you, it is a very animating subject, and has occupied the attention of all classes, from the peer to the prelate, the peasant and the pot-boy; it is said that one of the lower order of ranting Preachers, not many miles from Bolton-on-the-Moors, lately addressed his auditory in the following metaphorical language, accompanied with striking and appropriate attitudes:—'I dare say, now, you'd pay to see a boxing-match between Randall and Turner, or Martin—yet you don't like to pay for seeing a pitched-battle between me and the Black Champion Beelzebub. Oh! my friends, many a hard knock, and many a cross-buttock have I given the arch bruiser of mankind—aye, and all for your dear sakes—pull—do pull off those gay garments of Mammon, strike the devil a straight-forward blow in the mouth, darken his spiritual daylight. At him manfully, give it him right and left, and I'll be your bottle-holder—I ask nothing but the money, which you'll not forget before you go.'"

"The true spirit moved him," said Bob, "and a very laudable one too; but he very emphatically deprecated the votaries of Mammon."

"Certainly, he being called, would have been unworthy of his calling if he had not."

This conversation was carried on over a glass of generous wine, and, dwindling into indifferent subjects, is not necessary to be detailed; suffice it to say, that, fatigued with the day's exertions, they sought repose in the arms of Morpheus at an early hour, determined on the pursuit of fresh game with the dawn of the morning.

[404]

## CHAPTER XXVI

*"See yonder beaux, so delicately gay;  
And yonder belles, so'deck'd in thin array—  
Ah! rather see not what a decent pride  
Would teach a maiden modestly to hide;  
The dress so flimsy, the exposure such,  
"twould almost make a very wanton blush.  
E'en married dames, forgetting what is due  
To sacred ties, give half clad charms to view.  
What calls them forth to brave the daring glance,  
The public ball, the midnight wanton dance?  
There many a blooming nymph, by fashion led,  
Has felt her health, her peace, her honour fled;  
Truss'd her fine form to strange fantastic shapes,  
To be admir'd, and whirl'd about by apes;  
Or, mingling in the motley masquerade,*

AN agreeable lounge through the Parks in the morning afforded them an opportunity of recalling in idea the pleasures of the past Real Life in London, of which Tallyho had been enabled to partake, and during which he again signified a desire to change the scene, by a departure at an early period for his native vales, to breathe, as he observed, the uncontaminated air of the country—to watch the wary pointer, and mark the rising covey—to pursue the timid hare, or chase the cunning fox; and Dashall finding him inflexible, notwithstanding his glowing descriptions of scenes yet unexplored, at length consented to accompany him to Belville Hall, upon condition that they should return again in a month. This mode of arrangement seemed perfectly satisfactory to Bob; and a view of the Panorama and a peep at the Tennis Court would have finished their rambles for the day, but at the latter place of amusement and healthful exercise, meeting with young Mortimer, a further developement of facts relative to Sparkle and his Bride transpired; in which it appeared that they had arrived at their place of destination, and had forwarded an invitation to his brother-in-law to [405] pay them an early visit, and who proposed starting in a few days.

"Well," said Dashall, "we will all go together, and no doubt with our old friend Sparkle we shall be able to endure the unchanging prospects of a country life."

*"In the Country how blest, when it rains in the fields,  
To feast upon transports that shuttle-cock yields;  
Or go crawling from window to window, to see  
An ass on a common, a crow on a tree.*

*In the Country you're nail'd, like some pale in your park,  
To some stick of a neighbour, crammed into the ark;  
And if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,  
You reach death ere the Doctor can reach you from town."*

"Never mind," cried Tallyho, "a change of scene will no doubt be useful, and, at all events, by enduring the one, we may learn more judiciously to appreciate the other."

"True," said Tom, "and I shall like myself all the better for being in good company. But pray, Mr. Mortimer, what do you mean to do at the approaching masquerade?"

"Not quite decided yet," was the reply.

"You go, of course?"

"Certainly—as Orpheus, or Apollo. But pray what character do you intend to sustain?"

"That's a secret—"

"Worth knowing, I suppose—well, well, I shall find you out, never fear."

"Time's a tell-tale," said Dashall, "and will most likely unfold all mysteries; but I always think the life and spirit of a masquerade is much injured by a knowledge of the characters assumed by friends, unless it be where two or more have an intention of playing, as it were, to, and with each other; for where there is mystery, there is always interest. I shall therefore propose that we keep to ourselves the characters in which we mean to appear; for I am determined, if possible, to have a merry night of it."

*"On the lightly sportive wing,  
At pleasure's call we fly;  
Hark! they dance, they play, they sing,  
In merry merry revelry;  
Hark! the tabors lively beat,  
And the flute in numbers sweet,  
Fill the night with delight  
At the Masquerade.  
Let the grave ones warn us as they may,  
Of every harmless joy afraid;  
Whilst we're young and gay,  
We'll frolic and play  
At the Masquerade."*

Tom's observations upon this subject were in perfect accordance with those of Mortimer and Tallyho, [406] though he had intended to consult his Cousin as to the character he should appear in, he now determined to take his own direction, or to have advice from Fentum in the Strand, whose advertisements to supply dresses, &c. he had observed in the newspapers.

These preliminaries being decided upon, as far as appeared needful at the moment, Mortimer departed towards home, where he expected to meet his Uncle upon his return from the chase after the fugitives, Sparkle and Miss Mortimer, now Mrs. Sparkle; and Tom and Bob to Piccadilly, where a select party of Dashall's friends were invited to dinner, and where they enjoyed a pleasant evening, drank rather freely, and had but little to regret after it, except certain qualmish feelings of the head and stomach the next morning.

The anticipated Masquerade had been the principal subject of conversation, so long as reason held her sway; but the hard exercise of the arm, and the generosity of the wine, had an early and visible effect upon some of the party, who did not separate till a late hour, leaving Bob just strength and intelligence enough to find the way to his dormitory.

By the arrival of the appointed evening for the grand Masquerade at Vauxhall Gardens, Tom Dashall, who had a particular view in keeping his intended proceedings a secret, had arranged all to his wishes, and anticipated considerable amusement from the interest he should take in the safety of his Cousin, whom he entertained no doubt of quickly discovering, and with whom he determined to promote as much mirth as possible.

Tallyho, in the mean time, had also made occasional calls upon Merrywell in his confinement, and, under his direction, been preparing for the occasion, equally determined, if possible, to turn the laugh on his



Cousin; and it must be acknowledged, he could scarcely have found a more able tutor, though he was doomed rather to suffer by his confidence in his instructor, as will hereafter be seen; for, in escaping the intended torment of one, he was unexpectedly subjected to the continual harassing of another.

It was about half after eleven o'clock, when Tallyho, duly equipped in his country costume, as a Huntsman, entered this splendid and spacious scene of brilliancy. The blaze of light which burst upon him, and the variety of characters in constant motion, appeared almost to render him motionless; and several of the would-be characters passed him with a vacant stare, declaring he was no character at all! nor was he roused from his lethargic position till he heard a view halloo, which seemed to come from a distant part of the Garden, and was so delivered, as actually to give him an idea of the party being in pursuit of game, by growing fainter towards the close, as if receding from him. The sound immediately animated him, and answering it in a truly sportsman-like style, he burst from his situation, and cracking his whip, at full speed followed in the direction from which it came, under the impression that he knew the voice of Dashall, and should discover him. In his speed, however, he was rather rudely attacked by a small dandy personage, whose outward appearance indicated some pretensions to manhood, with a "Demmee, Sir, how dare you be rude to my voman! for egad I shall have you clapped in the Round-house—here, Vatchman, take this here man in charge—Vatch! Vatch!" The voice however soon told him he had a lady to deal with, and he entered into a long harangue by way of apology. This not being acceptable to the offended party, he was surrounded by a host of Charleys springing their rattles all at once, and, notwithstanding the dexterous use of his whip, he was obliged to yield. At this moment, Tallyho was again sounded in his ears, issuing from another quarter; but his struggles to pursue the party from whom it came were ineffectual. A rough-hewn Sailor with a pipe in his mouth, and an immense cudgel in his hand, however, arrived to his assistance, accompanied by an Irish Chairman in a large blue coat, and a cock'd hat bound with gold lace, armed with a chair-pole, who effected his liberty; and he again scoured off in pursuit of his friend, but without success. He now began to think his situation not altogether so pleasant as he could wish. He listened to every voice, examined every form that passed him in rapid succession; yet he felt himself alone, and determined not to be led away by sounds such as had already occupied his attention, but rather to look about him, and notice the eccentricities with which he was surrounded. Sauntering along in this mood, he was presently assailed by a voice behind him, exclaiming, "Bob—

*"Bob, if you wish to go safely on,  
Tarn round about, and look out for the Don."*

Upon hearing this, he turned hastily around, and encountered a group of Chimney-sweepers, who immediately set up such a clatter with their brushes and shovels, dancing at the same time in the true May-day style round him and a strapping Irish fish-woman, that he was completely prevented from pursuit, and almost from observation, while a universal laugh from those near him bespoke the mirth his situation excited; and the Hibernian damsel, with true Irish sympathy, attempted to allay his chagrin by clasping him in her brawny arms, and imprinting on his ruddy cheek a kiss. This only served to heighten their merriment and increase his embarrassment, particularly as his *Cher ami* swore she had not had a buss like it since the death of her own dear dead and departed Phelim, the last of her four husbands, who died of a whiskey fever, bawling for pratees and buttermilk, and was waked in a coal-shed.

This mark of the Lady's favour was not so favourably received by Tallyho, and, determined to make his escape, he gave Moll a violent fling from him, overturned her and her basket, knock'd down two of the Chimney-sweepers, and then with a leap as if he had been springing at a five-barred gate, jumped over his late companion, who lay sprawling among the flue-fakers, and effected his purpose, to the inexpressible amusement of those, who, after enjoying a hearty laugh at him, now transferred their risibility to those he left behind. Finding himself once more unshackled, he smack'd his whip with enthusiasm, and repeated his Tallyho with increased effect; for it was immediately answered, and, without waiting for its final close, he found the person from whom it was proceeding to be no other than a Turk, who was precipitately entering one of the rooms, and was as quickly recognized by him to be the Hon. Tom Dashall. The alteration which a Turkish turban and pelisse had effected in his person, would however have operated as an effectual bar to this discovery, had he not seized him in the very moment of vociferation; and although his Cousin had been the chief cause of the adventures he had already met with, he had at the same time kept an eye upon Bob, and been equally instrumental in effecting his release from embarrassment.

"Come," said Tom, "I am for a little gig in the Room—how long have you been here?—I thought I should find you out, very few can disguise themselves from me; we will now be spectators for half an hour, and enjoy the mirth excited by others."

"With all my heart," rejoined Bob, "for I am almost as tired already as if I had spent a whole day in a fox-chase, and have run as many risks of my neck; so that a cool half hour's observation will be very acceptable."

They had scarcely entered the Room, as a Priscilla Tomboy passed them at full speed with a skipping-rope, for whose accommodation every one made way; and who, having skipped round the room to shew her fine formed ankle and flexibility of limbs, left it for a moment, and returned with a large doll, which she appeared as pleased with as a child of eight or ten years of age. A Jemmy Jumps assured Tom, that his garments were altogether unsuitable to the nation in which he was residing, and recommended that he should not exist another day without that now very fashionable appendage of a Gentleman's dress called stays—An excellent Caleb Quotem, by his smartness of repartee and unceasing volubility of speech in recounting his labours of a day—"a summer's day," as the poet says, afforded much amusement by his powers of out-talking the fribble of a Staymaker, who, finding himself confused by his eternal clack, fled in search of another customer. A Don Quixote was conferring the honour of knighthood on a clumsy representative of the God of Love, and invoking his aid in return, to accomplish the object of finding his lost Dulcinea. An outlandish fancy-dressed character was making an assignation with a Lady, who, having taken the veil and renounced the sex, kindly consented to forego her vows and meet him again; while a Devil behind her was hooking the cock'd-hat of the gay deceiver to the veil of the Nun, which created considerable laughter, for as they attempted to separate, they were both completely unmasked, and discovered, to the amazement of Tallyho, two well-known faces, little

expected there by him—no other than Merrywell as the Dandy Officer, and his friend Mr. Safebind as the Nun. The exposure rather confused them, while Tom and Bob joined the merry Devil in a loud burst of laughter—they however bustled through the room and were quickly lost.



Drawn & Etched by H. Alben, Esq.

MASQUERADE. Tom and Bob, keeping it up in real character.

A French *Friseur*, without any knowledge of the language of the nation from which he appeared to come, could only answer a question *a la Française* from the accomplished Tom Dashall, by a volume of scented powder from his puff, which being observed by a Chimney-sweeper, was returned by dust of another colour from his soot-bag, till the intermixture of white and black left it difficult to decide which was the Barber and which the Sweep. They were now suddenly attracted by a grotesque dance between a Clown of the Grimaldi school and a fancy Old Woman in a garment of patch-work made in an ancient fashion. A red nose, long rows of beads for ear-rings, and a pair of spectacles surmounted by a high cauled-cap, decorated with ribbons of various hues, rendered her the most conspicuous character in the room: and notwithstanding her high-heeled shoes, she proved herself an excellent partner for the Clown.

By this time, Bob, who was anxious to carry his plan into execution, began to be fidgetty, and proposed a walk into the open air again. As they left the room, his ears were attracted by the following song by a Watchman, which he could not help stopping to catch, and which afforded his Cousin an excellent opportunity of giving him the slip:

"Fly, ye prigs,<sup>{1}</sup> for now's the hour,  
(Tho' boosey kids<sup>{2}</sup> have lost their power,)  
When watchful Charleys,<sup>{3}</sup> like the Sun,  
Their nightly course of duty run  
Beneath the pale-faced moon;

1 Prigs—Pickpockets.

2 Boosey kids—Drunken men.

3 Charleys—A cant term for watchmen.

But take this warning while ye fly,  
That if you nibble, click,<sup>{1}</sup> or clye,<sup>{2}</sup>  
My sight's so dim, I cannot see,  
Unless while you the blunt<sup>{3}</sup> tip me:  
Then stay, then stay;  
For I shall make this music speak,<sup>{4}</sup>  
And bring you up before the Beak,<sup>{5}</sup>  
Unless the chink's in tune.

Now, ye rambling sons of night,  
Or peep-o'-day boys<sup>{6}</sup> on your flight,  
Well prim'd with Jack or Child Tom's juice,  
While you the silver key<sup>{7}</sup> produce,  
Your safety then is clear.  
But snuffy,<sup>{8}</sup> and not up to snuff,<sup>{9}</sup>  
You'll And your case is queer enough;  
Shell out the nonsense;<sup>{10}</sup> half a quid<sup>{11}</sup>  
Will speak more truth than all your whid:<sup>{12}</sup>

Then go, then go;  
For, if you linger on your way,  
You'll for my music dearly pay,  
I'll quod you, never fear."

Turning round with laughter from this character, who had attracted many hearers, he look'd in vain for Dashall, and was not displeas'd to find he had fled. He therefore hastily withdrew from the scene of merriment, and according to the instructions previously received, and for which he had prepared, quickly changed his dress, and appeared again in the character of a Judge, under the impression hinted by his counsellor, that the gravity of his wig and gown, with a steady countenance,

1 Click—A contraction of the word clicker, for a watch.

2 Clye—A pocket-handkerchief.

3 Blunt—Money.

4 Music—Alluding to the rattle.

5 Beak—A magistrate.

6 Peep-o'-day boys—Staunch good ones—reeling home after the frolics of the night.

7 Silver key—Money which is thus termed, as it is supposed to open all places, and all hearts.

“If you are sick and like to die,  
And for the Doctor send,  
Or have the cholic in your eye,  
Still money is your friend—is it not?”

8 Snuffy—Drunk.

9 Up to Snuff—Elevation of ideas.

10 Shell out the nonsense—To pay money.

11 Half a quid—Half a guinea.

12 Whid—Words or talk.

would be a quiet and peaceable part to get through, and shield him from the torment of those whom Bob[412] suspected willing to play tricks with him should he be discovered. Here however he again found himself at fault, for he had scarcely entered the Gardens, before a host of depredators were brought before him for trial. The Charleys brought in succession, drunken Fiddlers, Tinkers and Barbers; and appeals were made to his patience in so many voices, and under so many varying circumstances, that Justice was nearly running mad, and poor Tallyho could find no chance of making a reply. An uproar from the approaching crowd, announced some more than ordinary culprit; and, in a moment, who should appear before him but a Don Giovanni, and the hooking Devil, Here was a fine case for decision; the Devil claimed the Don as his property, and addressed the Representative of Justice as follows:—

“Most learned and puissant Judge!

“Protect my rights as you would the rights of man; I claim my property, and will have my claim allowed.”

“Hold,” replied Bob, “if that is the case, you have no occasion to appeal to me—begone, black wretch, and in thy native shades yell forth thy discordant screams.”

“Most righteous Judge!—a second Daniel!” cried a bearded Shylock, with his knife and scales, “he shan't escape me—I'll have my bond—so bare his bosom 'next the heart'—let me come near him.”

“This is playing the Devil, indeed,” said the Don.

“By the Powers!” cried a 'Looney Mackwolteb,' “he's jump'd out of the fire into the frying-pan; and, when the Smouchee has done wid him, he may be grill'd in his own fat.”

At this moment, a Leporello, who caught the last words of the Irishman, burst into the presence of the Judge, singing—

“Zounds, Sir, they'll grill you now, lean or fat, I know what games you were always at, And told you before what harm you would hatch: Now the old Gentleman's found you out, He'll clap us all in the round-about; Let us be off, ere they call for the Watch.”

The word Watch was re-echoed in a thousand voices; the vociferations of the callers, the noise of the rattles, and the laughter of those immediately surrounding the judgment-seat, offered so good an opportunity[413] for escape, that Giovanni, determining to have another chance, burst from the grasp of the arch enemy of mankind, to pursue his wonted vagaries, to the no small gratification of Bob, who, without actually acquitting the prisoner, rejoiced at his own escape.

He had however scarcely time to congratulate himself, before he was annoyed by a Postman, in the usual costume, whom he had already seen delivering letters to the company; the contents of which appeared to afford considerable amusement; and who, presenting a letter addressed to The Lord Chief Justice Bunglecause, in a moment disappeared. Breaking open the envelope, he read with astonishment the following lines:—

“Tho' justice prevails  
Under big wigs and tails,  
You've not much of law in your nob;  
So this warning pray take,  
Your big wig forsake,  
And try a more modern scratch, Bob.”

“Go along Bob—Lord Chief Justice Bob in a scratch,” cried a Waterman at his elbow, (who had heard him reading) in a voice loud enough to be heard at some distance.

“There he'll be at home to a hair,” squeaked a little finicking personification of a modern Peruvian, sidling up to him, picking his teeth with a tortoise-shell comb.

Bob, in bursting hastily away, under the reiterated cries of “Go along Bob—Lord Chief Justice Bob,” with the idea of overtaking the Postman, found himself in a moment lock'd in the close embraces of a Meg Merrilies; while a little bandy-legg'd representative of the late Sir Jeffery Dunstan, bawling out, Ould wigs, Ould wigs, made a snatch at the grave appendage of Justice, and completely dismantled the head of its august representative. This delayed him in his progress, but it was merely to witness the wig flying in the air, with as much mirth to the surrounding company as when the greasy night-cap of the Rev. George Harvest was toss'd about the pit at the theatre, each one giving it a swing who could get within reach of it. Thus mutilated in his[414] apparel, and probably conceiving, according to the song,

Bob Tallyho took flight into a dressing-room, declaring justice was abroad and propriety not at home. He was however rather at a loss, as in his last character he had not been able to meet with the Turk, but determined to resume the search in a 'Domino. Having therefore equipped himself as a spectator, he again sallied forth with intention to explore the room, and for a time remained comparatively unmolested; but as he could no where find his Cousin, he strolled indiscriminately among the characters, viewing whatever appeared amusing or interesting in his way. The fineness of the weather greatly animated the scene, and gave increased brilliancy and effect to the illuminations, which were disposed in a numerous variety of splendid devices, representing national trophies, stars, wreaths, and crowns of laurel. It was the first moment he had found an opportunity of viewing the place in which he had been acting.

The amusements of the evening were judiciously varied, and protracted by a constant succession of entertainments of various descriptions. Mr. Chalons exhibited many of his most surprising deceptions in the rotunda; where also young Gyngell displayed some capital performances on the slack-wire. In the long room the celebrated fantoccini exhibition, with groupes of quadrille dancers, enlivened the scene. In one walk of the garden, Mr. Gyngell's theatre of arts was erected, where were exhibited balancing, the *Ombres Chinoises*, gymnastic exercises, and other feats, and Mr. Gyngell performed several airs on the musical glasses; in another, Punchinello delighted the beholders with his antics; in a third a very expert juggler played a variety of clever tricks and sleight-of-hand deceptions, and a couple of itinerant Italians exhibited their musical and mechanical show-boxes; in another part of the gardens the celebrated Diavolo Antonio went through his truly astonishing evolutions on the *corde volante*. The Duke of Gloucester's fine military band occupied the grand orchestra; an excellent quadrille band played throughout the night in the long room, while a Scottish reel band in the rotunda, and a Pandean band in the gardens, played alternately reels[415] waltzes, and country dances.

This interval of peace was truly acceptable to Bob, and he did not fail to make the most of it, roving like the bee from one delight to another, sipping pleasure as he went, almost regretting he had not taken the last dress first, though he was every now and then importuned by Mendicants and Servant girls, very desirous to obtain places of all work. The introduction of a Dancing Bear, who appeared to possess more Christian qualities than his Leader, attracted his attention; but, in pressing to the scene of action, he received a floorer from a Bruiser in gloves, who mill'd indiscriminately all who came in his way, till the Bear took the shine out of him by a fraternal embrace; and his Leader very politely asked those around which they thought the greater bear of the two. Upon rising, Bob found himself in the hands of two itinerant Quack Doctors, each holding an arm, and each feeling for his pulse. One declared the case was mortal, a dislocation of the neck had taken place, and there was no chance of preserving life except by amputation of the head. The other shook his head, look'd grave, pull'd out his lancet, and prescribed phlebotomy and warm water.

Bob, who had received no injury, except a little contusion occasioned by the blow, seized the ignorant practitioners by the throat, and knocking their heads together, exclaimed with a stentorian voice,

"Throw physic to the clogs, I'll none on't." "Go along Bob," was repeated again, as loud and as long as before; he however burst from those around him in pursuit of fresh game; nor was he disappointed, for he presently found a dapper young Clergyman in gown and surplice, and who, with book in hand, was fervently engaged in exhortations and endeavours to turn from the evil of their ways a drunken Sailor and a hardened thief, (the Orson of the Iron Chest,) when the group were surrounded by a detachment of the Imps and Devils of Giovanni in London, a truly horrid and diabolical crew, who, by their hideous yells, frantic capers, violent gestures, and the flaring of their torches, scared the affrighted Parson from his task, made his intended penitents their own, and became an almost intolerable nuisance to the rest of the company for the remainder[416] of the evening.

While he was thus engaged, the supper-boxes were thrown open, and the company appeared to be all on the move towards the more substantial entertainments of the evening. He was next suddenly detained by a Jew Pedlar, who was anxious to shew him his wares.

"Get out, Smouchee," said Bob.

"Ant is dat all vat you can say to a poor honesht Jew, what vants to live by his 'trade, for vye you trow my religionsh in my teeth? I'm so honesht vat I never cheats nobody—vill you puy a gould———I Vat you take for your gown? I shall puy or sell, it's all the same to me.

"Now whatsoever country by chance I travel through, 'Tis all the same to I, so the monies but comes in; Some people call me tief, just because I am a Jew; So to make them tell the truth, vy I tinks there is no sin. So I shows them all mine coots vid a sober, winning grace, And I sometimes picks dere pockets whilst they're smiling in my face."

Bob laugh'd, but declared he'd have nothing to do with him.

"Then," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "you may go along Bob."

"What! is it possible? I have been looking for you these two hours."

"I can't eat pork," said Dashall, resuming his character.

"Come along," said Bob, happy to find his relation; and catching him by the arm, they proceeded to refreshment, and partook of an excellent supper of cold viands plentifully supplied, and accompanied with a profusion of ices and jellies, served up in a style highly creditable to the managers.

Here they were joined by Mortimer, who had been as frolicsome as any imp in the Gardens, in the character of the Devil, but who had lost sight of the Dandy Officer and the Nun, whom he had so ingeniously hooked together. The wine was good, and after enjoying their repast, Tom and Mortimer enshrined themselves in dominos for the remainder of the evening. The usual masquerade frolics and dancing were afterwards continued, and about five in the morning they left this region of fun, mirth and good humour. [417]

## CHAPTER XXVII

*That Life is a picture of strange things and ways,  
A grand exhibition, each hour displays;  
And for London there's no place can with it compare,  
'Tis a jumble of every thing curious and rare.  
Cheap-side Bustlers—Fleet Street Hustlers,  
Jockeys, Doctors—Agents, Proctors,  
Bow Street Slangups—Bond Street Bangups,  
Hide and Seekers—Opera Squeakers,  
Lawyers, Tailors—Bailiffs, Jailors,  
Shopmen, Butlers—Alderman Gutters,  
Patriot Talkers—Sunday Walkers,  
Dancers, Actors—Jews, Contractors,  
Placemen, Croakers—Boxers, Brokers,  
Swindlers, Coroners—Spies, and Foreigners,  
And all, all to keep up the bubble of strife,  
And prove ways and means—is the picture of Life.*

THE bustle and merriment of the Masquerade were long remembered in the mind of Bob Tallyho, and furnished frequent conversations between him and his Cousin; and the laughable occurrences of the evening, in which they had been engaged, were re-enjoyed in recollection, notwithstanding the preparations they were making for an excursion of another kind in the country, which though not exactly to the taste of Dashall, was inflexibly persevered in by Tallyho.

Tom tried every effort in his power to prolong the appointed period of departure in A'ain. The heart and mind of his Cousin appeared to be occupied with anticipated delights, which he described in the most glowing colours of imagination. The healthful fields, the enlivening fox chase, and the sportive exercises of a country life, were detailed with ecstasy; and though last, not least, the additional zest for the more attractive scenes (in Tom's idea) that would present themselves for inspection upon a return to the Metropolis. At length it was finally arranged that their country excursion should not exceed one month in duration, and that they would[418] leave London time enough to reach Belville Hall on or before the first day of September.

Dashall, after consenting to this arrangement, finding there was not much time to spare, was anxious to improve it in the pursuit of such lively and interesting amusements as chance and accident might throw in their way. "Come," said he, a few mornings after the masquerade, "it must not be said that you have been so long in London without viewing as many of its important curiosities as the time would admit; though I am sure we shall not have an opportunity of glancing at all those I could point out, and I am pretty sure that persons from the country frequently see more in a few days residence in the Metropolis, than those who have inhabited it for their whole lives. We will therefore take a stroll out, without any determined line of pursuit, and survey what chance may bring in our way; for the places deserving of particular inspection are so numerous, and lay in so many directions, that it is scarcely possible for us to turn round without finding some objects and subjects yet in store.

Thus saying, and taking the arm of his Cousin, they walked along Piccadilly in a direction for the City; for as it was a clear morning, Tom, although he had not mentioned the road he meant to take, still had an object in view.

"It is certainly much to be deplored," said he, as they were just entering Leicester Square by Sydney's Alley, "that the abominable nuisance of barrows being driven on the pavement cannot be removed; it is a great shame that lusty and able fellows should be wheeling foul linen, hogwash, and other filthy articles along the street, to the annoyance and inconvenience of pedestrians."

"I am of your opinion," replied his Cousin; "but during the short time I have been here, I have discovered many other equally objectionable annoyances. There is, for instance, the carrying of milk pails, which, unless great care is taken, are so likely to break people's shins; and in dirty weather the trundling of boys' hoops, to the discomfiture of many a well-dressed Lady."

At this moment a butcher was passing with a tray heavily loaded, and Bob narrowly escaped a blow from the projecting corner, which immediately induced him to add that to the number of what he termed street[419] grievances, and almost to overturn both the carrier and his load.

"A lucky escape," said Dashall, "for you might have lost an eye by coming in contact with that tray, and I wonder a stop is not put to the probability of such fatal accidents. It is related that a certain City Alderman, whose constitution, it may be presumed, is rather of a combustible nature, by the alarms he spread during his mayoralty, of the intention to burn the City of London, and destroy all its peaceable inhabitants, thrashed a butcher who ran against him in the public street. This it must be admitted was a summary mode of punishment, although it was not likely to remove the nuisance; but there are still many that are not enumerated in your list. Both by day and night in the most frequented streets of the Metropolis and its environs, the unoffending passengers of either sex are frequently obstructed on, or absolutely pushed off the pavement by a trio of arm-in-arm puppies; nay they will sometimes sweep the whole of the space from the wall to the curb stone, by walking four abreast, a practice brutally infringing the laws of civil society in pedestrian excursions through a crowded Metropolis.

"I have however with pleasure, upon some occasions, seen these vile trespassers meet with a just resentment in the unexpected pugilistic exertions of the insulted party; and have almost rejoiced to see them packed into a coach and sent home with bruises, black eyes, and bloody noses, serving, it is to be hoped, as wholesome lessons for their future conduct. In some cases duels have arisen from this violation of decorum in the King's highway, and by this means, scoundrels have been admitted to the undeserved honour of being met on a level by gentlemen.

"These," continued he, "are the polite encroachers on the pavé. There are, however, many others, but of a

less censurable, though certainly of a finable description; such as journeymen bakers wheeling barrows conveying the staff of life—publicans' boys collecting pewter pots—lady drivers of similar vehicles, containing oysters, inferior or damaged fruit, delicate prog for pug dogs, cats, &c.

"After all, the most prominent offenders, or at least obstructors of the public way, in my opinion, are those sturdy John Bulls, brewers' servants, by means of ropes and pulleys affixed to their drays, lowering down beer[420] into, or drawing up empty casks from the cellars of public-houses. Now although this may be unavoidable, ask one of these bluff bipeds to let you pass, the consequence frequently will be, instead of rough civility, an insolent reply accompanied with vulgar oaths; in short, a torrent of abuse, if not a shove into the kennel; perhaps a grimy rope thrown against your white stockings. Private, emolument and convenience certainly ought to give way to public accommodation."

"Confound that dustman's bell," said Bob, as they passed down Wych-street; "it is as bad as any thing we have mentioned yet; it absolutely deafens one."

"Oh, if you call noises nuisances, we may go on with a list from this time to this day month, and scarcely comprehend them. The cries of London are many of them very laughable, and many very lamentable, and by way of contrast to the deafening dustman, take care of the bespatterings from the mud cart. The garlick-eating rogues, the drivers of these inconvenient conveniences, grinning horribly their ghastly smiles, enjoy a most malicious pleasure in the opportunities which chance affords them, of lending a little additional decoration from the contents of their carts, by way of embellishment to a cleanly dressed passenger. Therefore keep, if possible, at such a respectful distance as to avoid the effects of this low envy, and steer clear of the mudlarks."

By this time they had passed through the line of leading thoroughfares, and had St. Paul's in their view, when Tom took occasion to remark, "He was sorry the scaffolding was not removed, or," continued he, "we would soon have mounted above these petty considerations, and looked down upon the world. However, we can take a tolerable survey of the metropolis from the Monument, and as it is not much farther, we may as well extend our walk to that celebrated pillar, said to be one of the finest in the world, and erected by Sir Christopher Wren in memory of the great fire which in 1666 broke out at a house on the spot, and destroyed the metropolis from Tower Hill to Temple Bar. From this pillar you will have a fine panoramic view of London, Westminster, and Southwark; and as we are about to leave its noise, its bustle, and its inconveniences in a day or two, we may as well take a general survey."

Bob having signified his consent to this proposal, they made the best of their way to the Monument, where[421] having deposited the customary entrance money with the door-keeper, they were allowed to ascend by the winding staircase to the top, when a prospect was presented to the eye of Tallyho, of which he could not have formed any previous conception. The view of the river as far as the eye could reach, each way, the moving of the boats, the hustle and activity of the streets, and the continued hum which arose to their ears, formed altogether a subject of delightful contemplation; while the appearance of being as it were suspended in the air, rendered it awful and terrific. Bob had almost grown giddy in his ascension, and for some time took care to keep a fast hold of the iron railings at top, in order to secure himself from falling; till Dashall drew from his pocket a telescope, and directed his attention to Greenwich Hospital, Shooter's Hill, and the public buildings at a distance, where they were scarcely discernible by the naked eye. Bob was delighted with the view of Greenwich Hospital, and the account which his Cousin gave him of the establishment; and upon descending they took a complete walk round this celebrated pillar, marking its decorations and reading the inscription.

"It is," said Tom, "a fluted column of the Doric order; the total height is 202 feet, the diameter at the base 15 feet, and the height of the column 120 feet; the cone at the top, with its urn, are 42 feet; the height of the massy pedestal is 40 feet; there are 345 steps inside; but," continued he, 'it is really a great pity that this beautiful Monument should be in such a confined situation, for in a proper place it would form one of the most striking objects of the kind that architecture is capable of producing.'

"The inscription, it is true," continued Dashall, "had better be erased, it contains a libel, or more properly a lie, which almost contradicts itself, for no rational being can entertain the notion that the Catholics, or indeed any religious sect, could wilfully have perpetrated so horrible a deed as this pillar was intended to impute to them; nor can so much credit be given to human foresight as for it to be concluded that a fire, which broke out in a single house, could upon this, rather than upon other occasions, have extended its ravages in so extraordinary a manner.—

While we are on the spot we will take a peep at a curious piece of antiquity; not that I am so great a lover of[422] such curiosities, but it would appear almost unpardonable for you to have been in London without seeing London Stone."

"I have heard of it," said Tallyho, "and if we are near, let us have a view."

"Come on then," said Dashall; "This same London Stone is at present fixed close under the south wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street. It has by some been supposed of British origin, a kind of solemn boundary, or some other object probably of a religious nature, which through every change and convulsion of the State has been preserved with reverential care. But this is the very place," said he.

Bob stared about him with surprise, to discover this curious and apparently valuable relic, without finding it, till at length his Cousin directed his attention to the spot, which at present is under a pitching-block, or resting-place for persons carrying heavy loads, and almost burst into laughter, for he had raised his Cousin's expectation by the previous description.

"How!" said Tallyho, "and is this your curiosity?"

"Even so," replied Tom, "that is the celebrated London Stone; it formerly stood nearer the middle of the street, was placed deep in the ground, and strongly fixed with iron bars. According to account, the first mention of it was in the reign of Ethelstan, king of the West Saxons, and it has been usually viewed by our antiquaries as a military stone, from which the Romans began the computation of their miles, a conjecture which certainly appears very reasonable, not only from the discovery of the Roman road after the year 1666, running directly to this stone from Watling Street, but from the exact coincidence which its distance bears with the neighbouring station, mentioned in Antonine's Itinerary, the principal of whose Journeys either begin

or end with London."

The sound of a horn interrupted this conversation.

"Apropos," said Tom, "we can take the Post Office in our way, a place of considerable importance; so allons."

They now pursued their way to Lombard Street.

"This collection of buildings," said Dashall, as they entered, "important as its concerns are to the nation, claims no praise as a building. It stands behind Lombard Street, from which, on the south side of the street, there is a passage leading to it, under an arched gateway.

"A plan has, however, been adopted for erecting a building worthy of this great establishment, on the site now called St. Martin's-le-grand, and to improve the access to it by pulling down the east ends of Newgate Street and Paternoster-Row. It is now proceeding rapidly.

"The Post-office system is, however, one of the most perfect regulations of finance and convenience existing under any government. It has gradually been brought to its present perfection, being at first in the hands of individuals, and replete with abuses. In its present form it not only supplies the government with a great revenue, but accomplishes that by means highly beneficial to the persons contributing.

"The Post-office is the most important spot on the surface of the globe. It receives information from all countries; it distributes instructions to the antipodes; it connects together more numerous and distant interests of men than any similar establishment. It is in the highest degree hitherto realized, the seat of terrestrial perception and volition—the brain of the whole earth; and hitherto it has been in a narrow valley, misshapen even to deformity, and scarcely accessible to the few mail coaches which collect there for their nightly freights.

"The present Post-office was erected in 1660; but great additions have been made to it from time to time, though the whole is disjointed and inconvenient.

"The mode of carrying letters by the General Post was greatly improved a few years since, by a most admirable plan, invented by Mr. Palmer. Previously to its adoption, letters were conveyed by carts, without protection from robbery, and subject to delays. At present they are carried, according to Mr. Palmer's plan, by coaches, distinguished by the name of mail-coaches, provided with a well-armed guard, and forwarded at the rate of eight miles an hour, including stoppages. Government contracts with coach-keepers merely for carrying the mail, the coach-owner making a profitable business besides, of carrying passengers and parcels. It is not easy to imagine a combination of different interests to one purpose, more complete than this. The wretched situation, however, of the horses, on account of the length of the stages which they are frequently driven, is a disgrace to the character of the British nation, and requires the interference of the legislature. No stage should exceed twelve miles in length.

"The rapidity of this mode of conveyance is unequalled in any country, and the present rate of charge for each passenger is little more than sixpence per mile.

"Houses having boxes, for receiving letters before five o'clock, are open in every part of the Metropolis; and after that hour bell-men collect the, letters during another hour, receiving a fee of one penny for each letter. But, at the General Post-office, in Lombard Street, letters are received till seven o'clock: after which time, till half an hour after seven, a fee of sixpence must be paid; and from half after seven till a quarter before eight, the postage must also be paid, as well as the fee of sixpence."

"Well," said Tallyho, "for a place of such public utility and constant resort, I must confess I expected to see a building of the most magnificent kind; but I am also puzzled to conceive how such extensive business can be carried on with so much regularity as it is."

"Your observation," replied his Cousin, "exactly coincides with that of many others; but you will some day or other be as much surprised on other subjects, for there are places in London where mercantile and legal business is conducted in situations of obscurity, of which you can have no conception; but as a national establishment, though its internal regulations are good, its external appearance is no recommendation to it. But come, let us proceed towards home, I have a call or two to make on the road, for as we depart quickly for the open fields, and are to bid adieu to London smoke as well as London Stone, we have but little time to spare, so let us post away."

Bob, alive to this subject, did not require a second hint, but taking the arm of Dashall, they proceeded along Cheapside, made a call at Mortimer's, the Gun-smith's on Ludgate hill, provided themselves with all necessary shooting apparatus; and Tom, ever mindful of the variety which he conceived would be needful to render rusticity agreeable on their way, purchased a pair of boxing gloves, a backgammon board, and other amusing articles, to provide, as he said, against a rainy day.

On arrival at home, they were presented with a letter from Sparkle, announcing his arrival at his new mansion, and expressing a hope that he should have the pleasure of meeting his friends within a day or two, expatiating with great apparent delight upon the happiness of his own situation, and promising lots of amusement, in detailing to them the events of his peregrinations. This operated as an additional spur to the speed of their departure, and it was agreed that they should start the next morning.

"I don't know," said Bob, "whether I should really like a continued Life in London; I have seen many of its comforts and many of its inconveniences." "Then," replied Tom, "you may certainly, by the exercise of your reason, and the decision of your judgment, upon mature reflection, strike the balance; and if you do not give it in favour of the former, I shall entertain doubts upon your sagacity."

"Well," continued Bob, "I shall now have a fine opportunity for drawing out a distinct account, and when done, I will submit the result to your inspection."

Every thing being prepared, they were on the road to Belville Hall at an early hour the next morning.

As the occurrences of a Country excursion, or the delineation of a Country Life, form no part of the intended plan of this Work, we shall not enter into any detailed account; but leaving our Heroes in the pursuit of fresh game, under new circumstances, and in somewhat new situations, bear in our minds their intended return, to engage, contemplate, and enjoy a future review of the complicated, yet ever new and ever varying

scenes of a Real Life in London, with a determination to meet them on arrival, and not lose sight of them in their future rambles.

END OF VOL. I.

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# REAL LIFE IN LONDON

OR, THE  
FURTHER RAMBLES AND ADVENTURES OF BOB TALLYHO, ESQ.,  
AND HIS COUSIN THE HON. TOM DASHALL, ETC., THROUGH  
THE METROPOLIS; EXHIBITING A LIVING PICTURE  
OF FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS, MANNERS, AND  
AMUSEMENTS IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE

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A NEW EDITION

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LONDON

## REAL LIFE IN LONDON, VOLUME II.

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### Detailed Contents

#### *Chapter I.*

*A return to the metropolis, 2. Instance of exorbitant charges, 3. Field-marshal Count Bertrand, 4. Lines on the late Napoleon, 5. A mysterious vehicle, 6. The devil in Long Acre, 7. The child in the hay, 8. A family triumvirate, 9. Egyptian monuments, 10. Relations of Gog and Magog discovered, 11. The Theban ram, 12. Egyptian antiquities, 13. Egyptian mummies, &c. 14. Curiosities of the museum, 15. Statues of Bedford and Fox, 16. The knowing one deceived, 17. Covent Garden Market, 18. Miss Linwood's exhibition, 19.*

## Chapter II.

Tothill-fields Bridewell, 20. Perversion of justice, 21. A laudable resolution, 22. Success and disappointment, 23. A story out of the face, 24. A critical situation, 25. A hair-breadth escape, 26. Kidnappers, or crimps, 27. Summary justice averted, 28. Swindling manoeuvres, 29. Estates, &c. in nubibus, 30. Fetters and apathy, 31. Urchin thief picking-pockets, 32. Juvenile depravity, 33.

## Chapter III.

Life in St. George's Fields, 34. Chums-Day rules, &c. 35. Hiring a horse—A bolter, 36. Characters of Abbot's priory, 37. Introductory sketch, 38. The flying pieman, 39. Commercial activity, 40. A cutting joke, 41. Magdalen Hospital, 42. Curious anecdote, 43. Surrey Theatre, &c, 44. Admixture of characters, &c. 45.

## Chapter IV.

Entry to Abbott's park, 46. A world within walls, 47. Finding a friend at home, 48. Exterior of the chapel, 49. A finish to education, 50. The walking automaton, 51. The parliamentary don, 52. The tape merchant, &c. 53. A morning in the Bench, 54. Prison metamorphoses, 55. Friendly congratulations, 56. Preparations for a turn to, 57. The college cries, 58. Another real character, 59. A mutual take-in, 60. A college dinner, 61. Free from college rules, 62. A heavy-wet party, 63. Keeping the game alive, 64. An agreeable surprise, 65. Harmony disturbed, 66.

## Chapter V.

London munificence, 67. Vauxhall Bridge, 68. Millbank Penitentiary, 69. Metamorphoses of time, 70. Cobourg Theatre, 71. Retrospection, 72. Intellectual progress, 73. Wonders of the moderns, 74. Bridge-Street association, 75. Infidel pertinacity, 76. City coffee house, 77. St. Paul's Cathedral, 78. Clockwork and great bell, 79. Serious cogitations disturbed, 80. A return homeward, 81.

## Chapter VI.

Westminster Abbey, 82. Monuments—Poets' corner, 83. Henry Seventh's chapel, 84. Interesting prospect, 85. Fees exacted for admission, 86. Westminster Hall—Whitehall, 87. Sir Robert Wilson, 88. Temptations to depredation, 89. Sympathy excited, 90. A sad story strangely told, 91. Fleet Street—Doctor Johnson, 92. Fleet Market, 93. The market in an uproar, 94. The rabbit pole-girl, 95. Princess of Cumberland, 96. Doubts of royal legitimacy, 97. Mud-larks, picking up a living, 98. The boil'd beef house, 99. A spunger, 100. Gaol of Newgate, 101. Jonathan Wild's residence, 102. Entering the Holy Land, 103. The Holy Land, 104. Salt herrings and dumplings, 105. Deluge of beer, 106. Mrs. C\*r\*y, 107. Andrew Whiston, 108.

## Chapter VII.

A dinner party, 109. Complimentary song, 110. Irish posting, 111. Extraordinary robbery, 112. Follies of fashion—ennui, 113. A set-to in a gambling house, 114. A nunnery—the Lady abbess, 115. Life in a cellar, 116. Advantageous offer rejected, 117. "Bilge water not whiskey," 118. Aqua fortis and aqua fifties, 119. A quarrel—appeal to justice, 120. Finale of a long story, 121.

## Chapter VIII.

An unexpected visitor, 122. Private accommodations, 123. The hero of Waterloo, 124. "The lungs of the metropolis," 125. How to cut up a human carcass. 126. Resurrectionists, 127. A perambulation of discovery, 128. Irish recognition, 129. A discovery—Mother Cummings, 130. Wife hunting, 131. Elopement, 132. Female instability, 133. Manouvres Return to town, 134. Making the most of a good thing, 135. Ingenious female shop-lifter, 136.

## Chapter IX.

Thieves of habit and necessity, 137. A felicitous meeting, 138. Shopping—Ludicrous anecdote, 139. A tribute of respect, 140. Royal waxworks, Fleet Street, 141. Sir Felix as Macbeth, 142. Irish love, 143. Apathy in the midst of danger, 144. "No wassel in the lob," 145. The bear at Kensington Palace, 146.

## Chapter X.

A change of pursuits, 147. Almack's Rooms, 148. A fancy-dress ball, 149. Selection of partners, 150. Family portraits, 151. A rout and routed, 152. Pleasures of matrimony, 153. The discomfited Virtuoso, 154.

Chapter XI.

*Frolics of Greenwich fair, 155. Dr. Eady-Wall chalking, 156. Packwood and puffing, 157. Greenwich Hospital, 158. Greenwich pensioners, 159. Veterans at ease, 160. The old commodore, 161. "Fought his battles o'er again," 162. The Chapel-Hall, &c. 163.*

Chapter XII.

*An early hour in Piccadilly, 164. Cleopatra's needle, 165. A modest waterman, 166. Interesting scenery, 167. Philosophy in humble life, 168. Southwark Bridge, 169. London Bridge-The Shades, 170. Itinerant musicians, 171. "Do not leave your goods," 172. Riches of Lombard Street, 173. Mansion House, 174. Curious case in justice room, 175. A reasonable proposition, 176.*

Chapter XIII.

*An hour in the Sessions House, 177. A piteous tale of distress, 178. Low life, 179. Serious business, 180. A capture, 181. Johnny-raws and green-horns, 182. Decker the prophet, 183. A devotee in danger, 184.*

Chapter XIV.

*A morning at home, 185. High life, 186. Converting felony into debt, 187. Scene in a madhouse, 188. Apathy of undertakers, 189. A provident undertaker, 190. A bribe rejected, 191. Antiquated virginity, 192. Arrangements for Easter, 193. A Sunday morning lounge, 194. Setting out for Epping hunt, 195. Involuntary flight, 196. Motley groups on the road, 197. Disasters of cockney sportsmen, 198. A beautiful crature of sixty, 199. Tothill-fields fair, 200. Whimsical introduction, 201. Ball at the Mansion-House, 202.*

Chapter XV.

*Guildhall, 203. Palace Yard-Relieving Guard, 204. The regions below, 205. An old friend in the dark, 206. Seeing clear again, 207. A rattler, 208.*

Chapter XVI.

*Civic festivity, 209. Guildhall, 210. Council chamber-Paintings, 211. City public characters, 212. A modern Polyphemus, 213. A classic poet, 214. Rhyming contagious, 215. Smithfield prad-sellers, 216. Jockeyship in the east, 217. A peep at the Theatre, 218. The Finish, Covent Garden, 219. Wags of the Finish, 220. Smoking and joking, 222.*

Chapter XVII.

*A morning visit, 223. The fine arts, 224. Public exhibitions, 225. Living artists, 226. Horse Guards-Admiralty, 227. Westminster Bridge, 228. Promenade Rooms, 229. Improvements in the Park, 230. Ludicrous anecdote, 231. A crazy fabric, 232. Regal splendour, 233. Marlborough House, 234. Limmer's Hotel, 235. Laconic prescription, 236. How to take it all, 237. How to get a suit of clothes, 238. Ingenious swindling, 239. Talent perverted, 240.*

Chapter XVIII.

*The Harp, Drury Lane, 241. Wards of city of Lushington, 242. The social compact, 243. A popular election, 244. Close of the poll, 245. Oratorical effusions, 246. Harmony and conviviality, 247. Sprees of the Market, 248. A lecture on heads, 249. A stroll down Drury Lane, 250. A picture of real characters, 251. "The burning shame," 253. Ludicrous procession, 254.*

Chapter XIX.

*An old friend returned, 255. A good object in view, 256. An alarming situation, 257. Choice of professions, 258. Pursuit of fortune, 259. Advantages of law, 260. A curious law case, 261. Further arrangements, 262.*

Chapter XX.

*St. George's day, 263. Royalty on the wing, 264. Progress to the levee, 265. An unfortunate apothegm, 266. How to adjust a quarrel, 267. Wisdom in wigs, 268. A classical acquaintance, 269. Royal modesty, 270. Ludicrous anecdote, 271. A squeeze in the drawing-room, 272. Pollution of the sanctorum, 273. Procession of mail coaches, &c. 274. A parody, 275. Two negatives make a positive, 276. Remarkable anecdote, 277. Marrow-bones and cleavers, 278. The king and the laureat, 279. A remonstrance, 280. Hint at retrenchment, 281.*

Chapter XXI.

*Diversity of opinions, 282. A fresh start, 283. A critique on names, 284. The Cafe Royale, Regent Street, 285. A singular character, 286. Quite inexplicable, 287. Development, 288. Aquatic excursion, 289. A narrow escape, 290. Tower of London, 291. The lost pilot found, 295. River gaiety, 296. Rowing match, 297.*

*Chapter XXII.*

*The tame hare, 298. Ingenuity of man, 299. London sights and shows, 300. Automaton chess player, 301. South sea bubble, 302. New City of London tavern, 303. Moorfields, 304. Epitaph collector, 305. Monumental gleanings, 307. Voluminous collectors, 309. A horned cock, 310. Extraordinary performance, 311. Female salamander, 312. Regent's Canal, 313. Anecdote of a gormandizer, 314. Eating a general officer alive, 315. A field orator, 316.*

*Chapter XXIII.*

*Munster simplicity, 317. A visit to an astrologer, 318. A peep into futurity, 319. Treading-mill, 320. An unexpected occurrence, 321. The sage taken in, 322. Statue of ill luck, 323. A concatenation of exquisites, 324. How to walk the streets, 325. How to make a thoroughfare, 326. Dog stealers, 327. Canine knavery, 328. A vexatious affair, 329. How to recruit your finances, 330. A domestic civic dinner, 331. The very respectable man, 332.*

*Chapter XXIV.*

*Vauxhall Gardens, 334. Various amusements, 335. Sober advice, 336. Fashionable education, 337. University education, 338. Useful law proceedings, 339. How to punish a creditor, 340. Exalted characters, 341. Profligacy of a peer, 342. Mr. Spankalong, 343. Other characters of ton, 344. Sprig of fashion, 345. An everlasting prater, 346. And incorrigible fribble, 347. Kensington Gardens and Park, 348. Statue of Achilles, 349.*

*Chapter XXV.*

*A medley of characters, 353. Fashionables, 354. More fashionables, 355. More life in St. Giles's, 356. Reconnoitring—a discovery, 357. Tragedy prevented, 358. Fat, fair, and forty, 359. Philosophic coxcombs, 360. Blanks in society, 361.*

*Chapter XXVI.*

*A ride, 362. Exceptions to trade rivalship, 363. Effects of superior education, 364. Affectation in names, 365. Portraits of governesses, 366. Road to matrimony, 367. Villainy of private madhouses, 369. Appearances may deceive, 370.*

*Chapter XXVII.*

*Pleasing intelligence, 371. Moralizing a little, 373. Cries of London, 374. The Blacking Poet, 375. Literary squabble 376. Curious Merchandise, 377.*

*Chapter XXVIII.*

*A new object of pursuit, 378. Royal visit to Scotland, 379. Embarkation, 381. Royal recollections, 38 2.*

*Chapter XXIX.*

*Port of London, 383. Descriptive entertainment, 384. A sea swell party, 385. An Irish dancing master, 386. Female disaster, 387. Blackwall—East India Docks, 388. Sir Robert Wigram, 389. Domestic happiness, 390. West India Docks, 391. Loudon Docks, 393. News from home, 394.*

*Chapter XXX.*

*Travelling preparations, 395. Whimsical associations, 396. Antiquity and origin of signs, 397. Signs of altered times, 398. Ludicrous corruptions, 399. A curious metamorphosis, 400. A sudden breeze, 401. A smell of powder, 402.*

*Chapter XXXI.*

*An unexpected visitor, 403. Sketches of fashionable life, 404. A Corinthian rout, 405. A Corinthian dinner party, 406. A new picture of real life, 409. More wise men of the East, 411.*

*Chapter XXXII.*

*Anticipation of danger, 415. Smoke without fire, 416. Fonthill Abbey, 417. Instability of fortune, 419. Wealth without ostentation, 420. Eccentricity of character, 421.*

*Extremes meeting, 422.*

Chapter XXXIII.

*Sketches of new scenes, 423. A critical essay on taste, 424.  
The pleasures of the table, 425. A whimsical exhibition,  
426. Canine sobriety, 427.*

Chapter XXXIV.

*Anticipation, 428. Obligation, 429. Change of subjects, 430  
Magasin de Mode, 431. Bell, Warwick Lane, 432. Bull and  
Mouth Street, 433. Bull and Mouth Inn, 434. Jehu chaff, 435.  
Adieu to London, 436.*

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## REAL LIFE IN LONDON

### CHAPTER I

*With what unequal tempers are we form'd!  
One day the soul, elate and satisfied,  
Revels secure, and fondly tells herself  
The hour of evil can return no more:  
The next, the spirit, pall'd and sick of riot,  
Turns all to discord, and we hate our being,  
Curse our past joys, and think them folly all.*

MATTER and motion, say Philosophers, are inseparable, and the doctrine appears equally applicable to the human mind. Our country Squire, anxious to testify a grateful sense of the attentions paid him during his London visit, had assiduously exerted himself since his return, in contributing to the pleasures and amusements of his visitors; and Belville Hall presented a scene of festive hospitality, at once creditable to its liberal owner, and gratifying to the numerous gentry of the surrounding neighbourhood. [1]

But however varied and numerous the sports and recreations of rural life, however refined and select the circle of its society, they possessed not the endless round of metropolitan amusement, nor those ever-varying delights produced amid "the busy hum of men," where every street is replete with incident and character, and every hour fraught with adventure.

Satiety had now evidently obtruded itself amid the party, and its attendants, lassitude and restlessness, were not long in bringing up the rear. The impression already made upon the mind of Bob by the cursory view he had taken of Life in London was indelible, and it required little persuasion on the part of his cousin, the Hon. Tom Dashall, to induce him again to return to scenes of so much delight, and which afforded such inexhaustible stores of amusement to an ardent and youthful curiosity.

A return to the Metropolis having therefore been mutually agreed upon, and every previous arrangement being completed, the Squire once more abdicated for a season his paternal domains, and accompanied by his cousin Dashall, and the whole *ci-devant* party of Belville Hall, arrived safe at the elegant mansion of the latter, where they planned a new system of perambulation, having for its object a further investigation of manners, characters, objects, and incidents, connected with *Real Life in London*. [2]

"Come," cried Dashall, one fine morning, starting up immediately after breakfast—

*"—rouse for fresh game, and away let us haste,  
The regions to roam of wit, fashion, and taste;  
Like Quixote in quest of adventures set out,  
And learn what the crowds in the streets are about;  
And laugh when we must, and approve when we can,  
Where London displays ev'ry feature of man."*

"The numerous hotels, bagnios, taverns, inns, coffee-houses, eating-houses, lodging-houses, &c. in endless variety, which meet the eye in all parts of the metropolis, afford an immediate choice of accommodation, as well to the temporary sojourner as the permanent resident; where may be obtained the necessaries and luxuries of life, commensurate with your means of payment, from one shilling to a guinea for a dinner, and from sixpence to thirty shillings a night for a lodging!

"The stranger recommended to one of these hotels, who regales himself after the fatigues of a journey with moderate refreshment, and retires to rest, and preparing to depart in the morning, is frequently surprised at the longitudinal appearance and sum total of his bill, wherein every item is individually stated, and at a rate enormously extravagant. Remonstrance is unavailable; the charges are those common to the house, and in failure of payment your luggage is under detention, without the means of redress; ultimately the bill must be paid, and the only consolation left is, that you have acquired a useful, though expensive lesson, how to guard in future against similar exaction and inconvenience." {1}

*1 Marlborough Street.—Yesterday, Mrs. Hickinbottom, the*

wife of Mr. Hickinbottom, the keeper of the St. Petersburg Hotel in Dover Street, Piccadilly, appeared to a summons to answer the complaint of a gentleman for unlawfully detaining his luggage under the following circumstances: The complainant stated, that on Thursday evening last, on his arrival in town from Aberdeen, he went to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly; but the house being full, he was recommended to the St. Petersburg Hotel in Dover Street; where, having taken some refreshment and wrote a letter, he went to bed, and on the following morning after break-fast, he desired the waiter to bring him his bill, which he did, and the first item that presented itself was the moderate charge of one pound ten shillings for his bed; and then followed, amongst many others, sixpence for a pen, a shilling for wax, a shilling for the light, and two and sixpence for other lights; so that the bill amounted in the whole to the sum of two pounds one shilling for his night's lodging! To this very exorbitant charge he had refused to submit; in consequence of which he had been put to great inconvenience by the detention of his luggage. The magistrate animadverted with much severity on such extravagant charges on the part of the tavern-keeper, and advised that upon the gentleman paying fifteen shillings, the things might be immediately delivered up. To these terms, however, Mrs. Hickinbottom refused to accede, adding at the same time, that the gentleman had only been charged the regular prices of the house, and that she should insist upon the whole amount of the bill being paid, for that the persons who were in the habit of coming to their house never objected to such, the regular price of their lodgings being ten guineas per week! The magistrate lamented that he had no power to enforce the things being given up, but he recommended the complainant to bring an action against the tavern-keeper for the detention.

These were the observations directed by Dashall to his friend, as they passed, one morning, the *Hotel de la Sabloniere* in Leicester Square. [3]

"Doubtless," he continued, "in those places of affluent resort, the accommodations are in the first style of excellence; yet with reference to comfort and sociability, were I a country gentleman in the habit of occasionally visiting London, my temporary domicile should be the snug domesticated Coffee-house, economical in its charges and pleasurable in the variety of its visitors, where I might, at will, extend or abridge my evening intercourse, and in the retirement of my own apartment feel myself more at home than in the vacuum of an hotel."

The attention of our perambulators, in passing through the Square, was attracted by a fine boy, apparently about eight years of age, dressed in mourning, who, at the door of Brunet's Hotel, was endeavouring with all his little strength and influence to oppose the egress of a large Newfoundland dog, that, indignant of restraint, seemed desirous in a strange land of introducing himself to canine good fellowship. The boy, whose large dark eyes were full of animation, and his countenance, though bronzed, interestingly expressive, remonstrated with the dog in the French language. "The animal does not understand you," exclaimed Tallyho, in the vernacular idiom of the youth, "Speak to him in English." "He must be a clever dog," answered the boy, "to know English so soon, for neither him nor I have been in England above a week, and for the first time in our lives."—"And how is it," asked Tallyho, "that you speak the English language so fluently?" "O," said the little fellow, "my mother taught it me; she is an English woman, and for that reason I love the English, and am much fonder of talking their language than my own." There was something extremely captivating in the boy. The dog now struggling for freedom was nearly effecting his release, when the two friends interposed their assistance, and secured the pre-meditating fugitive at the moment when, to inquire the cause of the bustle, the father of the child made his appearance in the person of Field Marshal Count Bertrand. The Count, possessing all the characteristics of a gentleman, acknowledged politely the kind attention of the strangers to his son, while, on the other hand, they returned his obeisance with the due respect excited by his uniform friendship and undeviating attachment to greatness in adversity. The discerning eye of Field Marshal Bertrand justly appreciated the superior rank of the strangers, to whom he observed, that during the short period he had then been in England, he had experienced much courtesy, of which he should always retain a grateful recollection. This accidental interview was creative of reciprocal satisfaction, and the parties separated, not without an invitation on the part of the boy, that his newly found acquaintances would again visit the "friends of the Emperor." {1} [4] [5]

1 LINES SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY  
THE EX-EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN HIS LAST ILLNESS.

Too slowly the tide of existence recedes  
For him in captivity destined to languish,  
The Exile, abandon'd of fortune, who needs  
The friendship of Death to oblivate his anguish.  
Yet, even his last moments unmet by a sigh,  
Napoleon the Great uncomplaining shall die!

Though doom'd on thy rock, St. Helena, to close  
My life, that once presag'd ineffable glory,  
Unvisited here though my ashes repose,  
No tablet to tell the lone Exile's sad story,—  
Napoleon Buonaparte—still shall the name  
Exist on the records immortal of Fame!

Posterity, tracing the annals of France,  
The merits will own of her potent defender;  
Her greatness pre-eminent skill'd to advance,

*Creating, sustaining, her zenith of splendour;  
Who patroniz'd arts, and averted alarms,  
Till crush'd by the union of nations in arms!*

*I yield to my fate! nor should memory bring  
One moment of fruitless and painful reflection  
Of what I was lately—an Emperor and King,  
Unless for the bitter, yet fond recollection  
Of those, who my heart's best endearments have won,  
Remote from my death-bed—my Consort and SON!*

*Denied in their arms even to breathe my last sigh,  
No relatives' solace my exit attending;  
With strangers sojourning, 'midst strangers I die,  
No tear of regret with the last duties blending.  
To him, the lorn Exile, no obsequies paid,  
Whose fiat a Universe lately obey'd!*

*Make there then my tomb, where the willow trees wave,  
And, far in the Island, the streamlet meanders;  
If ever, by stealth, to my green grassy grave  
Some kind musing spirit of sympathy wanders—  
"Here rests," he will say, "from Adversity's pains,  
Napoleon Buonaparte's mortal remains!"*

*We have no disposition to enter into the character of the  
deceased Ex-Emperor; history will not fail to do justice  
alike to the merits and the crimes of one, who is inevitably  
destined to fill so portentous a page on its records. At the  
present time, to speak of the good of which he may have been  
either the intentional or the involuntary instrument,  
without some bias of party feeling would be impossible.*

*"Hard is his fate, on whom the public gaze  
Is fix'd for ever, to condemn or praise;  
Repose denies her requiem to his name,  
And folly loves the martyrdom of fame."*

*At all events, he is now no more; and "An English spirit  
wars not with the dead."*

"The Count," said Dashall to his Cousin, as they pursued their walk, "remains in England until he obtain [6] permission from the King of France to return to his native country: that such leave will be given, there is little doubt; the meritorious fidelity which the Count has uniformly exemplified to his late unfortunate and exiled Master, has obtained for him universal esteem, and the King of France is too generous to withhold, amidst the general feeling, his approbation."

Passing through Long Acre in their progress towards the British Museum, to which national establishment they had cards of admission, the two friends were intercepted in their way by a concourse at a coach-maker's shop, fronting which stood a chariot carefully matted round the body, firmly sewed together, and the wheels enveloped in hay-bands, preparatory to its being sent into the country. Scarcely had these precautionary measures of safety been completed, when a shrill cry, as if by a child inside the vehicle, was heard, loud and continuative, which, after the lapse of some minutes, broke out into the urgent and reiterated exclamation of—"Let me out!—I shall be suffocated!—pray let me out!"

The workmen, who had packed up the carriage, stared at each other in mute and appalling astonishment; they felt conscious that no child was within the vehicle; and when at last they recovered from the stupor of amazement, they resisted the importunity of the multitude to strip the chariot, and manfully swore, that if any one was inside, it must be the Devil himself, or one of his imps, and no human or visible being whatsoever.

Some, of the multitude were inclined to a similar opinion. The crowd increased, and the most intense interest was depicted in every countenance, when the cry of "Let me out!—I shall die!—For heaven's sake let me out!" was audibly and vehemently again and again repeated.

The impatient multitude now began to cut away the matting; when the workmen, apprehensive that the carriage might sustain some damage from the impetuosity of their proceedings, took upon themselves the act of dismantling the mysterious machine; during which operation, the cry of "Let me out!" became more and more clamorously importunate. At last the vehicle was laid bare, and its door thrown open; when, to the utter amazement of the crowd, no child was there—no trace was to be seen of aught, human or super-human! The assemblage gazed on the vacant space from whence the sounds had emanated, in confusion and dismay. [7] During this momentary suspense, in which the country 'Squire participated, a voice from some invisible agent, as if descending the steps of the carriage, exclaimed—"Thank you, my good friends, I am very much obliged to you—I shall now go home, and where my home is you will all know by-and-by!"

With the exception of Dashall and Tallyho, the minds of the spectators, previously impressed with the legends of superstition and diablerie, gave way under the dread of the actual presence of his satanic majesty; and the congregated auditors of his ominous denunciation instantaneously dispersed themselves from the scene of witchery, and, re-assembling in groupes on distant parts of the street, cogitated and surmised *on the Devil's visit to the Coachmakers of Long Acre!*

Tallyho now turned an inquisitive eye on his Cousin, who answered the silent and anxious enquiry with an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring that this was the best and most ingenious hoax of any he had ever witnessed, and that he would not have missed, on any consideration whatsoever, the pleasure of enjoying it. "The Devil in Long Acre!—I shall never forget it," exclaimed the animated Cousin of the staring and discomfited 'Squire.

"Explain, explain," reiterated the 'Squire, impatiently.

"You shall have it in one word," answered Dashall—"Ventriloquism!" {1}



*1 This hoax was actually practised by a Ventriloquist in the manner described. It certainly is of a less offensive nature than that of many others which have been successfully brought forward in the Metropolis, the offspring of folly and idleness.—“A fellow,” some years ago, certainly not “of infinite humour,” considering an elderly maiden lady of Berner Street a “fit and proper subject” on whom to exercise his wit, was at the trouble of writing a vast number of letters to tradesmen and others, magistrates and professional men, ordering from the former various goods, and requiring the advice, in a case of emergency, of the latter, appointing the same hour, to all, of attendance; so that, in fact, at the time mentioned, the street, to the annoyance and astonishment of its inhabitants, was crowded with a motley group of visitants, equestrian and pedestrian, all eagerly pressing forward to their destination, the old lady's place of residence. In the heterogeneous assemblage there were seen Tradesmen of all denominations, accompanied by their Porters, bearing various articles of household furniture; Counsellors anticipating fees; Lawyers engaged to execute the last will and testament of the heroine of the drama, and, not the least conspicuous, an Undertaker preceded by his man with a coffin; and to crown the whole, “though last not least in our esteem,” the then Lord Mayor of London, who, at the eager desire of the old Lady, had, with a commendable feeling of humanity, left his civic dominions, in order to administer, in a case of danger and difficulty, his consolation and assistance. When, behold! the clue was unravelled, the whole turn'd out an hoax, and the Author still remains in nubibus!!!*

“And who could have been the artist?” enquired Tallyho.

[8]

“Nay,” answered his friend, “that is impossible to say; some one in the crowd, but the secret must remain with himself; neither do I think it would have been altogether prudent his revealing it to his alarmed and credulous auditory.”

“A Ventriloquist,” observed the 'Squire, “is so little known in the country, that I had lost all reminiscence of his surprising powers; however, I shall in future, from the occurrence of to-day, resist the obtrusion of superstition, and in all cases of 'doubtful dilemma' remember the Devil in Long Acre!” {1}

“Well resolved,” answered Dashall; and in a few minutes they gained Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, without further incident or interruption.

*1 The child in the hat.—Not long since, a Waggoner coming to town with a load of hay, was overtaken by a stranger, who entered into familiar conversation with him. They had not proceeded far, when, to the great terror of Giles Jolt, a plaintive cry, apparently that of a child, issued from the waggon. “Didst hear that, mon?” exclaimed Giles. The cry was renewed—“Luord! Luord! an there be na a babe aneath the hay, I'se be hanged; lend us a hand, mon, to get un out, for God's sake!” The stranger very promptly assisted in unloading the waggon, but no child was found. The hay now lay in a heap on the road, from whence the cry was once more long and loudly reiterated! In eager research, Giles next proceeded to scatter the hay over the road, the cry still continuing; but when, at last, he ascertained that the assumed infantine plaint was all a delusion, his hair stood erect with horror, and, running rapidly from his companion, announced that he had been associated on the road by the Devil, for that none else could play him such a trick! It was not without great difficulty that the people to whom he told this strange story prevailed on him to return, at last, to his waggon and horses; he did so with manifest reluctance. To his indescribable relief, his infernal companion hail vanished in the person of the Ventriloquist, and Jolt still believes in the supernatural visitation!*

Amongst the literary and scientific institutions of the Metropolis, the British Museum, situated in Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, stands pre-eminent. [9]

Entering the spacious court, our two friends found a party in waiting for the Conductor. Of the individuals composing this party, the reconnoitering eye of Dashall observed a trio, from whence he anticipated considerable amusement. It was a family triumvirate, formed of an old Bachelor, whose cent per cent ideas predominated over every other, wheresoever situated or howsoever employed; his maiden Sister, prim, starch and antiquated; and their hopeful Nephew, a complete coxcomb, that is, in full possession of the requisite concomitants—ignorance and impudence, and arrayed in the first style of the most exquisite dandyism. This delectable triumviri had emerged from their chaotic recess in Bearbinder-lane; the Exquisite, to exhibit his sweet person along with the other curiosities of the Museum; his maiden Aunt, to see, as she expressed it, the “*He-gipsyan munhuments, kivered with kerry-glee-fix*,” and her Brother, to ascertain whether, independent of outlandish baubles, gimcracks and gewgaws, there was any thing of substantiality with which to enhance the per contra side in the Account Current between the British Museum and the Public!

Attaching themselves to this respectable trio, Dashall and Tallyho followed, with the other visitants, the Guide, whose duty it that day was to point out the various curiosities of this great national institution.

The British Museum was established by act of parliament, in 1753, in pursuance of the will of Sir Hans Sloane, who left his museum to the nation, on condition that Parliament should pay 20,000L. to his Executors, and purchase a house sufficiently commodious for it. The parliament acted with great liberality on the occasion; several other valuable collections were united to that of Sir Hans Sloane, and the whole establishment was completed for the sum of 85,000L. raised by lottery. At the institution of this grand

treasury of learning, it was proposed that a competent part of 1800L. the annual sum granted by parliament for the support of the house, should be appropriated for the purchase of new books; but the salaries necessary for the officers, together with the contingent expenses, have always exceeded the allowance; so that the Trustees have been repeatedly obliged to make application to defray the necessary charges. [10]

Mr. Timothy Surety, the before mentioned Bearbinder-lane resident, of cent per cent rumination; his accomplished sister, Tabitha; his exquisite nephew, Jasper; and the redoubtable heroes of our eventful history, were now associated in one party, and the remaining visitants were sociably amalgamated in another; and each having its separate Conductor, both proceeded to the inspection of the first and most valuable collection in the universe.



BRITISH MUSEUM. Tom and Bob in search of the Antiques.

On entering the gate, the first objects which attracted attention were two large sheds, defending from the inclemency of the seasons a collection of Egyptian monuments, the whole of which were taken from the French at Alexandria, in the last war. The most curious of these, perhaps, is the large Sarcophagus beneath the shed to the left, which has been considered as the exterior coffin of Alexander the Great, used at his final interment. It is formed of variegated marble, and, as Mrs. Tabitha Surety observed, was "*kivered with Kerry-gee-fix.*"

"Nephew Jasper," said his Uncle, "you are better acquainted with the nomenclature, I think you call it, of them there *thing-um-bobs* than I am—what is the name of this here?"

"My dear Sir," rejoined the Exquisite, "this here is called a *Sark o' Fegus*, implying the domicile, or rather, the winding-sheet of the dead, as the sark or chemise wound itself round the fair forms of the daughters of O'Fegus, a highland Chieftain, from whom descended Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great; and thence originated the name subsequently given by the highland laird's successors, to the dormitory of the dead, the Sark o' Fegus, or in the corruption of modern orthography, Sarcophagus."

Timothy Surety cast an approving glance towards his Nephew, and whispering Dashall, "My Nephew, Sir, apparently a puppy, Sir, but well informed, nevertheless—what think you of his definition of that hard word? Is he not, I mean my Nephew Jaz, a most extraordinary young man?"

"Superlatively so," answered Dashall, "and I think you are happy in bearing affinity to a young man of such transcendent acquirements."

"D—n his acquirements!" exclaimed Timothy; "would you think it, they are of no use in the way of trade, [11] and though I have given him many an opportunity of doing well, he knows no more of keeping a set of books by double-entry, than Timothy Surety does of keeping a pack of hounds, who was never twenty miles beyond the hearing of Bow bells in all his lifetime!"

This important communication, having been made apart from the recognition of the Aunt and Nephew, passed on their approach, unanswered; and Dashall and his friend remained in doubt whether or not the Nephew, in his late definition of the word Sarcophagus, was in jest or earnest: Tallyho inclined to think that he was hoaxing the old gentleman; on the other hand, his Cousin bethought himself, that the apparent ingenuity of Jaz's definition was attributable entirely to his ignorance.

Here also were two statues of Roman workmanship, supposed to be those of Marcus Aurelius and Severus, ancient, but evidently of provincial sculpture.

Mrs. Tabitha, shading her eyes with her fan, and casting a glance askew at the two naked figures, which exhibited the perfection of symmetry, enquired of her Nephew who they were meant to represent.

His answer was equally eccentric with that accorded to his Uncle on the subject of the Sarcophagus.

"My dear Madam!" said Jaz, "these two figures are consanguineous to those of Gog and Magog in Guildhall, being the lineal descendants of these mighty associates of the Livery of London!"

"But, Jaz" rejoined the antique dame, "I always understood that Messieurs Gog and Magog derived their origin from quite a different family."

"Aunt of mine," responded Jaz, "the lofty rubicunded Civic Baronet shall not be 'shorn of his beams;' he claims the same honour with his brainless brothers before us—he is a scion of the same tree; Sir W\*ll\*m, the twin brothers of Guildhall, and these two sedate Gentlemen of stone, all boast the honour of the same extraction!"

Behind them, on the right, was a ram's head of very curious workmanship, from Thebes.

"Perhaps, Sir," said Mrs. Tabitha, graciously addressing herself to ?Squire Tallyho, "you can inform us what may be the import of this singular exhibition?"

"On my honour, Madam," answered the 'Squire, "I cannot satisfactorily resolve the enquiry; I am a country [12]

gentleman, and though conversant with rains and rams' horns in my own neighbourhood, have no knowledge of them with reference to the connexion of the latter with the Citizens of London or Westminster!"

Jaz again assumed the office of expositor.—"My very reverend Aunt," said Jaz, "I must prolegomenize the required explanation with a simple anecdote:—

"When Charles the Second returned from one of his northern tours, accompanied by the Earl of Rochester, he passed through Shoreditch. On each side the road was a huge pile of rams' horns, for what purpose tradition saith not. 'What is the meaning of all this?' asked the King, pointing towards the symbolics. 'I know not,' rejoined Rochester, 'unless it implies that the Citizens of London have laid their heads together, to welcome your Majesty's return!' In commemoration of this witticism, the ram's head is to the Citizens of London a prominent feature of exhibition in the British Museum."

This interpretation raised a laugh at the expense of Timothy Surety, who, nevertheless, bore it with great good humour, being a bachelor, and consequently not within the scope of that ridicule on the basis of which was founded the present sarcastic fabric.

It was now obvious to Dash and his friend, that this young man, Jasper Surety, was not altogether the ignoramus at first presumed. They had already been entertained by his remarks, and his annotations were of a description to warrant the expectancy of further amusement in the progress of their inspection.

From the hall the visitors were led through an iron gateway to the great staircase, opposite the bottom of which is preserved a model in mahogany, exhibiting the method used by Mr. Milne in constructing the works of Blackfriars' Bridge; and beneath it are some curious fragments from the Giant's Causeway in Ireland.

These fragments, however highly estimated by the naturalist and the antiquary, were held in derision by the worldly-minded Tim. Surety, who exclaimed against the folly of expending money in the purchase of articles of no intrinsic value, calculated only to gratify the curiosity of those inquisitive idlers who affect their admiration of every uninteresting production of Nature, and neglect the pursuit of the main chance, so necessary in realizing the comforts of life.

These sordid ideas were opposed by Dashall and the 'Squire, to whom they seemed particularly directed. [13] Mrs. Tabitha smiled a gracious acquiescence in the sentiments of the two strangers, and Jasper expressed his regret that Nuncle was not gifted and fated as Midas of ancient times, who transformed every thing that he touched into gold!

The Egyptian and Etruscan antiquities next attracted the attention of the visitors. Over a doorway in this room is a fine portrait of Sir William Hamilton, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dashall and Tallyho remarked with enthusiasm on these beautiful relics of the sculpture of former ages, several of which were mutilated and disfigured by the dilapidations of time and accident. Of the company present, there stood on the left a diminutive elderly gentleman in the act of contemplating the fragment of a statue in a posterior position, and which certainly exhibited somewhat of a ludicrous appearance; on the right, the exquisite Jasper pointed out, with the self-sufficiency of an amateur, the masculine symmetry of a Colossian statue to his Aunt of antiquated virginity, whose maiden purity recoiling from the view of nudation, seemed to say, "Jaz, wrap an apron round him!" while in the foreground stood the rotunditive form of Timothy Surety, who declared, after a cursory and contemptuous glance at the venerable representatives of mythology, "That with the exception of the portrait of Sir William Hamilton, there was not in the room an object worth looking at; and as for them there ancient statutes," (such was his vernacular idiom and Bearbinder barbarism) "I would not give twopence for the whole of this here collection, if it was never for nothing else than to set them up as scarecrows in the garden of my country house at Edmonton!"

Jasper whispered his aunt, that nuncks was a vile bore; and the sacrilegious declaration gave great offence to the diminutive gentleman aforesaid, who hesitated not in pronouncing Timothy Surety destitute of taste and vertu; to which accusation Timothy, rearing his squat form to its utmost altitude, indignantly replied, "that there was not an alderman in the City of London of better taste than himself in the qualities of callipash and callipee, and that if the little gemmen presumed again to asperse his virtue, he would bring an action against him for slander and defamation of character." The minikin man gave Timothy a glance of ineffable disdain, and left the room. Mrs. Tabitha, in the full consciousness of her superior acquirements, now directed [14] a lecture of edification to her brother, who, however, manfully resisted her interference, and swore, that "where his taste and *vartue* were called in question he would not submit to any *she* in the universe."

Mrs. Tabitha, finding that on the present occasion her usual success would not predominate, suspended, like a skilful manoeuvreist, unavailable attack, and, turning to her nephew, required to know what personage the tall figure before them was meant to represent. Jasper felt not qualified correctly to answer this enquiry, yet unwilling to acknowledge his ignorance, unhesitatingly replied, "One of the ancient race of architects who built the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland." This sapient remark excited a smile from the two friends, who shortly afterwards took an opportunity of withdrawing from further intercourse with the Bearbinder triumviri, and enjoyed with a more congenial party the remaining gratification which this splendid national institution is so well calculated to inspire.

Extending their observations to the various interesting objects of this magnificent establishment, the two prominent heroes of our eventful history derived a pleasure only known to minds of superior intelligence, to whom the wonders of art and nature impart the acmé of intellectual enjoyment.

Having been conducted through all the different apartments, the two friends, preparing to depart, the 'Squire tendered a pecuniary compliment to the Guide, in return for his politeness, but which, to the surprise of the donor, was refused; the regulations of the institution strictly prohibiting the acceptance by any of its servants of fee or reward from a visitor, under the penalty of dismissal.{1}

*1 Although the limits of this work admit not a minute detail of the rarities of the British Museum, yet a succinct enumeration of a few particulars may not prove unacceptable to our Readers.*

*In the first room, which we have already noticed, besides the Egyptian and Etruscan antiquities, is a stand filled*

*with reliques of ancient Egypt, amongst which are numerous small representatives of mummies that were used as patterns for those who chose and could afford to be embalmed at their decease.*

*The second apartment is principally devoted to works of art, beginning with Mexican curiosities. The corners opposite the light are occupied by two Egyptian mummies, richly painted, which were both brought from the catacombs of Sakkara, near Grand Cairo.*

*The third room exhibits a rich collection of curiosities from the South Pacific Ocean, brought by Capt. Cook. In the left corner is the mourning dress of an Otaheitean lady, in which taste and barbarity are curiously blended. Opposite are the rich cloaks and helmets of feathers from the Sandwich Islands.*

*The visitor next enters the manuscript department, the first room of which is small, and appropriated chiefly to the collections of Sir Hans Sloane. The next room is completely filled with Sir Robert Harley's manuscripts, afterwards Earl of Oxford, one of the most curious of which is a volume of royal letters, from 1437 to the time of Charles I.. The next and last room of the manuscript department is appropriated to the ancient royal library of manuscripts, and Sir Robert Cotton's, with a few later donations. On the table, in the middle of the room, is the famous Magna Charta of King John; it is written on a large roll of parchment, and was much damaged in the year 1738, when the Cotton library took fire at Westminster, but a part of the broad seal is yet annexed.*

*We next reach the great saloon, which is finely ornamented with fresco paintings by Baptiste. Here are a variety of Roman remains, such as dice, tickets for the Roman theatres, mirrors, seals for the wine casks, lamps, &c. and a beautiful bronze head of Homer, which was found near Constantinople.*

*The mineral room is the next object of attention. Here are fossils of a thousand kinds, and precious stones, of various colours and splendours, composing a collection of astonishing beauty and magnificence.*

*Next follows the bird room; and the last apartment contains animals in spirits, in endless variety. And here the usual exhibition of the house closes.*

Issuing from the portals of the Museum, "Apropos," said Dashall, "we are in the vicinity of Russell-square, [15] the residence of my stock-broker; I have business of a few moments continuance to transact with him—let us proceed to his residence."

A lackey, whose habiliment, neat but not gaudy, indicated the unostentatious disposition of his master,, answered the summons of the knocker: "Mr. C. was gone to his office at the Royal Exchange."

"The gentleman who occupies this mansion," observed Dashall to his friend, as they retired from the door, "illustrates by his success in life, the truth of the maxim so frequently impressed on the mind of the school-boy, that perseverance conquers all difficulties. Mr. C, unaided by any other recommendation than that of his own unassuming modest merit, entered the very respectable office of which he is now the distinguished [16] principal, in the situation of a young man who has no other prospect of advancement than such as may accrue from rectitude of conduct, and the consequent approbation and patronage of his employer. By a long exemplary series of diligence and fidelity, he acquired the confidence of, and ultimately became a partner in the firm. His strictly conscientious integrity and uniform gentlemanly urbanity have thus gained him a preference in his profession, and an ample competency is now the well-merited meed of his industry."

"Combining with its enjoyment," responded the 'Squire, "the exercise of benevolent propensities."

"Exactly so much so, that his name appears as an annual subscriber to nearly all the philanthropic institutions of the metropolis, and his private charities besides are numerous and reiterated."

"This, then, is one of the few instances (said the 'Squire) of Real Life in London, where private fortune is so liberally applied in relief of suffering humanity—it is worthy of indelible record."

Circumambulating the square, the two observers paused opposite the fine statue of the late Francis Duke of Bedford.

The graceful proportion, imposing elevation, and commanding attitude of the figure, together with the happy combination of skill and judgment by the artist, in the display on the pedestal of various agricultural implements, indicating the favourite and useful pursuits of this estimable nobleman, give to the whole an interesting appearance, and strongly excite those feelings of regret which attend the recollection of departed worth and genius. Proceeding down the spacious new street directly facing the statue, our perambulators were presently in Bedford-square, in which is the effigy of the late eminent statesman Charles James Fox: the figure is in a sitting posture, unfavourable to our reminiscences of the first orator of any age or country, and is arrayed in the Roman toga: the face is a striking likeness, but the effect on the whole is not remarkable. The two statues face each other, as if still in friendly recognition; but the sombre reflections of Dashall and his friend were broke in upon by a countryman with, "Beant that Measter Fox, zur?" "His effigy, my friend." [17] "Aye, aye, but what the dickens ha've they wrapt a blanket round un vor?"

Proceeding along Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, the associates in search of Real Life were accosted by a decent looking countryman in a smock-frock, who, approaching them in true clod-hopping style, with a strong provincial accent, detailed an unaffectedly simple, yet deep tale of distress:

*"—Oppression fore'd from his cot,  
His cattle died, and blighted was his corn!"*

The story which he told was most pathetic, the tears the while coursing each other down his cheeks; and Dashall and his friend were about to administer liberally to his relief, the former observing, "There can be no deception here," when the applicant was suddenly pounced upon by an officer, as one of the greatest impostors in the Metropolis, who, with the eyes of Argus, could transform themselves into a greater variety of shapes than Proteus, and that he had been only fifty times, if not more, confined in different houses of correction as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, from one of which he had recently contrived to effect his escape. The officer now bore off his prize in triumph, while Dashall, hitherto "the most observant of all observers," sustained the laugh of his Cousin at the knowing one deceived, with great good humour, and Dashall, adverting to his opinion so confidently expressed, "There can be no deception here," declared that in London it was impossible to guard in every instance against fraud, where it is frequently practised with so little appearance of imposition.

The two friends now bent their course towards Covent Garden, which, reaching without additional incident, they wiled away an hour at Robins's much to their satisfaction. That gentleman, in his professional capacity, generally attracts in an eminent degree the attention of his visitors by his professional politeness, so that he seldom fails to put off an article to advantage; and yet he rarely resorts to the puff direct, and never indulges in the puff figurative, so much practised by his renowned predecessor, the late knight of the hammer, Christie, the elder, who by the superabundancy of his rhetorical flourishes, was accustomed from his elevated [18] rostrum to edify and amuse his admiring auditory. {1}

Of the immense revenues accruing to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, not the least important is that derived from Covent Garden market. As proprietor of the ground, from every possessor of a shed or stall, and from all who take their station as venders in the market, a rent is payable to his Grace, and collected weekly; considering, therefore, the vast number of occupants, the aggregate rental must be of the first magnitude. His Grace is a humane landlord, and his numerous tenantry of Covent Garden are always ready to join in general eulogium on his private worth, as is the nation at large on the patriotism of his public character.

Dashall conducted his friend through every part of the Market, amidst a redundancy of fruit, flowers, roots and vegetables, native and exotic, in variety and profusion, exciting the merited admiration of the Squire, who observed, and perhaps justly, that this celebrated emporium unquestionably is not excelled by any other of a similar description in the universe.

*1 The late Mr. Christie having at one time a small tract of land under the hammer, expatiated at great length on its highly improved state, the exuberant beauties with which Nature had adorned this terrestrial Paradise, and more particularly specified a delightful hanging wood.*

*A gentleman, unacquainted with Mr. Christie's happy talent at exaggerated description, became the highest bidder, paid his deposit, and posted down into Essex to examine his new purchase, when, to his great surprise and disappointment, he found no part of the description realized, the promised Paradise having faded into an airy vision, "and left not a wreck behind!" The irritated purchaser immediately returned to town, and warmly expostulated with the auctioneer on the injury he had sustained by unfounded representation; "and as to a hanging wood, Sir, there is not the shadow of a tree on the spot!" "I beg your pardon, Sir," said the pertinacious eulogist, "you must certainly have overlooked the gibbet on the common, and if that is not a hanging wood, I know not what it is!"*

*Another of Mr. Christie's flights of fancy may not unaptly be termed the puff poetical. At an auction of pictures, dwelling in his usual strain of eulogium on the unparalleled excellence of a full-length portrait, without his producing the desired effect, "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot, in justice to this sublime art, permit this most invaluable painting to pass from under the hammer, without again soliciting the honour of your attention to its manifold beauties. Gentlemen, it only wants the touch of Prometheus to start from the canvass and fall abidding!"*

Proceeding into Leicester Square, the very extraordinary production of female genius, Miss Linwood's [19] Gallery of Needlework promised a gratification to the Squire exceeding in novelty any thing which he had hitherto witnessed in the Metropolis. The two friends accordingly entered, and the anticipations of Tallyho were superabundantly realized.

This exhibition consists of seventy-five exquisite copies in needlework, of the finest pictures of the English and foreign schools, possessing all the correct drawing, just colouring, light and shade of the original pictures from whence they are taken, and to which in point of effect they are in no degree inferior.

From the door in Leicester Square the visitants entered the principal room, a fine gallery of excellent proportions, hung with scarlet broad-cloth, gold bullion tassels, and Greek borders. The appearance thus given to the room is pleasing, and indicated to the Squire a still more superior attraction. His Cousin Dashall had frequently inspected this celebrated exhibition, but to Tallyho it was entirely new.

On one side of this room the pictures are hung, and have a guard in front to keep the company at the requisite distance, and for preserving them.

Turning to the left, a long and obscure passage prepares the mind, and leads to the cell of a prison, on looking into which is seen the beautiful Lady Jane Gray, visited by the Abbot and keeper of the Tower the night before her execution.

This scene particularly elicited the Squire's admiration; the deception of the whole, he observed, was most beautiful, and not exceeded by any work from the pencil of the painter, that he had ever witnessed. A little farther on is a cottage, the casement of which opens, and the hatch at the door is closed; and, on looking in at either, our visitants perceived a fine and exquisitely finished copy of Gainsborough's Cottage Children standing by the fire, with chimney-piece and cottage furniture compleat. Near to this is Gainsborough's Woodman, exhibited in the same scenic manner.

Having enjoyed an intellectual treat, which perhaps in originality as an exhibition of needlework is no where else to be met with, our perambulators retired, and reached home without the occurrence of any other remarkable incident. [20]

## CHAPTER II

*"Look round thee, young Astolpho; here's the place  
Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve in;—  
Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.  
Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,  
Doth Hope's fair torch expire, and at the snuff,  
Ere yet 'tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and wayward,  
The desperate revelries of fell Despair,  
Kindling their hell-born cressets, light to deeds  
That the poor Captive would have died ere practised,  
Till bondage sunk his soul to his condition."*

*The Prison.—Act I. Scene III.*

TRAVERSING the streets, without having in view any particular object, other than the observance of Real Life in London, such as might occur from fortuitous incident; our two perambulators skirted the Metropolis one fine morning, till finding themselves in the vicinity of Tothill-fields Bridewell, a place of confinement to which the Magistrates of Westminster provisionally commit those who are supposed to be guilty of crimes. Ingress was without much difficulty obtained, and the two friends proceeded to a survey of human nature in its most degraded state, where, amidst the consciousness of infamy and the miseries of privation, apathy seemed the predominant feeling with these outcasts of society, and reflection on the past, or anticipation of the future, was absorbed in the vacuum of insensibility. Reckless of his destiny, here the manacled felon wore, with his gyves, the semblance of the most perfect indifference; and the seriousness of useful retrospection was lost in the levity of frivolous amusement. Apart from the other prisoners was seated a recluse, whose appearance excited the attention of the two visitants; a deep cloud of dejection overshadowed his features, and he seemed studiously to keep aloof from the obstreperous revelry of his fellow-captives. There was in his manner a something inducing a feeling of commiseration which could not be extended to his callous companions in adversity. His decayed habiliment indicated, from its formation and texture, that he [21] had seen better days, and his voluntary seclusion confirmed the idea that he had not been accustomed to his present humiliating intercourse. His intensesness of thought precluded the knowledge of approximation on his privacy, until our two friends stood before him; he immediately rose, made his obeisance, and was about to retire, when Mr. Dashall, with his characteristic benevolence, begged the favour of a few moments conversation.

"I am gratified," he observed, "in perceiving one exception to the general torpitude of feeling which seems to pervade this place; and I trust that your case of distress is not of a nature to preclude the influence of hope in sustaining your mind against the pressure of despondency."

"The cause of my confinement," answered the prisoner, "is originally that of debt, although perverted into crime by an unprincipled, relentless creditor. Destined to the misery of losing a beloved wife and child, and subsequently assailed by the minor calamity of pecuniary embarrassment, I inevitably contracted a few weeks arrears of rent to the rigid occupant of the house wherein I held my humble apartment, when, returned one night to my cheerless domicil, my irascible landlord, in the plenitude of ignorance and malevolence, gave me in charge of a sapient guardian of the night, who, without any enquiry into the nature of my offence, conducted me to the watch-house, where I was presently confronted with my creditor, who accused me of the heinous crime of getting into his debt. The constable very properly refused to take cognizance of a charge so ridiculous; but unluckily observing, that had I been brought there on complaint of an assault, he would in that case have felt warranted in my detention, my persecutor seized on the idea with avidity, and made a declaration to that effect, although evidently no such thought had in the first instance occurred to him, well knowing the accusation to be grossly unfounded. This happened on a Saturday night, and I remained in duresse and without sustenance until the following Monday, when I was held before a Magistrate; the alleged assault was positively sworn to, and, maugre my statement of the suspicious, inconsistent conduct of my prosecutor, I was immured in the lock-up house for the remainder of the day, on the affidavit of perjury, and [22] in the evening placed under the friendly care of the Governor of Tothill-fields Bridewell, to abide the issue at the next Westminster sessions."

"This is a most extraordinary affair," said the Squire; "and what do you conjecture may be the result?"

"The pertinacity of my respectable prosecutor," said the Captive, "might probably induce him to procure the aid of some of his conscientious Israelitish brethren, whom I never saw, towards substantiating the aforesaid assault, by manfully swearing to the fact; but as I have no desire of exhibiting myself through the streets, linked to a chain of felons on our way to the Sessions House, I believe I shall contrive to pay the debt due to the perjured scoundrel, which will ensure my enlargement, and let the devil in due season take his own!"

"May we enquire," said Dashall, "without the imputation of impertinent inquisitiveness, what has been the

nature of your pursuits in life?"

"Multitudinous," replied the other; "my life has been so replete with adventure and adversity in all its varieties, and in its future prospects so unpropitious of happiness, that existence has long ceased to be desirable; and had I not possessed a more than common portion of philosophic resignation, I must have yielded to despair; but,

"When all the blandishments of life are gone, The coward sneaks to death,—the brave live on!"

"Thirty years ago I came to London, buoyant of youth and hope, to realize a competency, although I knew not by what means the grand object was to be attained; yet it occurred to me that I might be equally successful with others of my country, who, unaided by recommendation and ungifted with the means of speculation, had accumulated fortunes in this fruitful Metropolis, and of whom, fifteen years ago, one eminently fortunate adventurer from the north filled the civic chair with commensurate political zeal and ability.

"Some are born great; others achieve greatness, And some have greatness thrust upon them!"

"Well, Sir, what can be said of it? I was without the pale of fortune, although several of my school-mates, who had established themselves in London, acquired, by dint of perseverance, parsimony and servility, affluent circumstances; convinced, however, that I was not destined to acquire wealth and honour, and being [23] unsolaced even with the necessaries of life, I abandoned in London all hope of success, and emigrated to Ireland, where I held for several years the situation of clerk to a respectable Justice of the Quorum. In this situation I lived well, and the perquisites of office, which were regularly productive on the return of every fair and market day, for taking examinations of the peace, and filling up warrants of apprehension against the perpetrators of broken heads and bloody noses, consoled me in my voluntary exile from Real Life in London. I was in all respects regarded as one of the family; had a horse at my command, visited in friendly intimacy the neighbouring gentry; and, above all, enjoyed the eccentricities of the lower Irish; most particularly so when before his honour, detailing, to his great annoyance, a story of an hour long about a tester (sixpence), and if he grew impatient, attributing it to some secret prejudice which he entertained against them. {1 }

*I Their method is to get a story completely by heart, and to tell it, as they call it, out of the face, that is, from the beginning to the end without interruption.*

*"Well, my good friend, I have seen you lounging about these three hours in the yard, what is your business?"*

*"Plase your honour, it is what I want to speak one word to your honour."*

*"Speak then, but be quick. What is the matter?"*

*"The matter, plase your honour, is nothing at all at all, only just about the grazing of a horse, plase your honour, that this man here sold me at the fair of Gurtishannon last Shrove fair, which lay down three times with myself, plase your honour, and kilt me; not to be telling your honour of how, no later back than yesterday night, he lay down in the house there within, and all the children standing round, and it was God's mercy he did not fall a-top of them, or into the fire to burn himself. So, plase your honour, to-day I took him back to this man, which owned him, and after a great deal to do I got the mare again I swopped (exchanged) him for; but he won't pay the grazing of the horse for the time I had him, though he promised to pay the grazing in case the horse didn't answer; and he never did a day's work, good or bad, plase your honour, all the time he was with me, and I had the doctor to him five times, any how. And so, plase your honour, it is what I expect your honour will stand my friend, for I'd sooner come to your honour for justice than to any other in all Ireland. And so I brought him here before your honour, and expect your honour will make him pay me the grazing, or tell me, can I process him for it at the next assizes, plase your honour?"*

*The defendant now, turning a quid of tobacco with his tongue into some secret cavern in his mouth, begins his defence with*

*"Plase your honour, under favour, and saving your honour's presence, there's not a word of truth in all this man has been saying from beginning to end, upon my conscience, and I would not for the value of the horse itself, grazing and all, be after telling your honour a lie. For, plase your honour, I have a dependance upon your honour that you'll do me justice, and not be listening to him or the like of him. Plase your honour, it is what he has brought me before your honour, because he had a spite against me about some oats I sold your honour, which he was jealous of, and a shawl his wife got at my shister's shop there without, and never paid for, so I offered to set the shawl against the grazing, and give him a receipt in full of all demands, but he wouldn't, out of spite, plase your honour; so he brought me before your honour, expecting your honour was mad with me for cutting down the tree in the horse park, which was none of my doing, plase your honour;—ill luck to them that went and belied me to your honour behind my back. So if your honour is plasing, I'll tell you the whole truth about the horse that he swopped against my mare, out of the face:—Last Shrove fair I met this man, Jemmy Duffy, plase your honour, just at the corner of the road where the bridge is*

broke down, that your honour is to have the present for this year-long life to you for it! And he was at that time coming from the fair of Gurtishannon, and I the same way: 'How are you, Jemmy?' says I. 'Very well, I thank you, Bryan,' says he: 'shall we turn back to Paddy Salmon's, and take a naggin of whiskey to our better acquaintance?' 'I don't care if I did, Jemmy,' says I, 'only it is what I can't take the whiskey, because I'm under an oath against it for a month.' Ever since, please your honour, the day your honour met me on the road, and observed to me I could hardly stand, I had taken so much—though upon my conscience your honour wronged me greatly that same time—ill luck to them that belied me behind my back to your honour! Well, please your honour, as I was telling you, as he was taking the whiskey, and we talking of one thing or t'other, he makes me an offer to swop his mare that he couldn't sell at the fair of Gurtishannon, because nobody would be troubled with the beast, please your honour, against my horse; and to oblige him I took the mare—sorrow take her, and him along with her! She kicked me a new car, that was worth three pounds ten, to tatters, the first time I ever put her into it, and I expect your honour will make him pay me the price of the car, any how, before I pay the grazing, which I have no right to pay at all at all, only to oblige him. But I leave it all to your honour; and the whole grazing he ought to be charging for the beast is but two and eight pence halfpenny, any how, please your honour. So I'll abide by what your honour says, good or bad; I'll leave it all to your honour."

*I'll leave it all to your honour, literally means, I'll leave all the trouble to your honour.*

But this pleasant life was not decreed much longer to endure, the insurrection broke out, during which an [25] incident occurred that had nearly terminated all my then cares in this life, past, present, and to come.

"In my capacity as clerk or secretary, I had written one morning for the worthy magistrate, two letters, both containing remittances, the one 150L. and the other 100L. in bank of Ireland bills. We were situated at the distance of fifteen miles from the nearest market town, and as the times were perilous and my employer unwilling to entrust property to the precarious conveyance of subordinate agency, he requested that I would take a morning ride, and with my own hands deliver these letters at the post-office. Accordingly I set out, and had arrived to within three miles of my destination, when my further progress was opposed by two men in green uniform, who, with supported arms and fixed bayonets, were pacing the road to and fro as sentinels, in a very steady and soldier-like manner. On the challenge of one of these fellows, with arms at port demanding the countersign, I answered that I had none to give, that I was travelling on lawful business to the next town, and required to know by what authority he stopt me on the King's highway, "By the powers," he exclaimed, "this is my authority then," and immediately brought his musket to the charge against the chest of my horse. I now learnt that the town had been taken possession of that morning by a division of the army of the people, for so the insurgents had styled themselves. "You may turn your nag homewards if you choose," said the sentry; "but if you persist in going into the town, I must pass you, by the different out-posts, to the officer on duty." The business in which I was engaged not admitting of delay, I preferred advancing, and was ushered, ultimately, to the notice of the captain of the guard, who very kindly informed me, that his general would certainly order me to be hanged as a spy, unless I could exhibit good proof of the contrary. With this comfortable assurance, I was forthwith introduced into the presence of the rebel general. He was a portly good-looking man, apparently about the age of forty, not more; wore a green uniform, with gold embroidery, and was engaged in signing dispatches, which his secretary successively sealed and superscribed; his staff were in attendance, and a provost-marshal in waiting to perform the office of summary execution on those to whom the general might attach suspicion. The insurgent leader now enquiring, with much austerity, my [26] name, profession, from whence I came, the object of my coming, and lastly, whether or not I was previously aware of the town being in possession of the army of the people, I answered these interrogatories by propounding the question, who the gentleman was to whom I had the honour of addressing myself, and under what authority I was considered amenable to his inquisition. "Answer my enquiries, Sir," he replied, "without the impertinency of idle circumlocution, otherwise I shall consider you as a spy, and my provost-marshal shall instantly perform on your person the duties of his office!" I now resorted to my letters; I had no other alternative between existence and annihilation. Explaining, therefore, who I was, and by whom employed, "These letters," I added, "are each in my hand-writing, and both contain remittances; I came to this town for the sole purpose of putting them into the post-office, and I was not aware, until informed by your scouts, that the place was in the occupation of an enemy." He deigned not a reply farther than pointing to one of the letters, and demanding to know the amount of the bill which it enveloped; I answered, "One hundred and fifty pounds." He immediately broke the seal, examined the bill, and found that it was correct. "Now, Sir," he continued, "sit down, and write from my dictation." He dictated from the letter which he had opened, and when I had finished the copy, compared it next with the original characters, expressed his satisfaction at their identity, and returning the letters, licensed my departure, when and to where I list, observing, that I was fortunate in having had with me those testimonials of business, "Otherwise," said he, "your appearance, under circumstances of suspicion, might have led to a fatal result."—"You may be assured, gentlemen," continued the narrator, "that I did not prolong my stay in the town beyond the shortest requisite period; two mounted dragoons, by order of their general, escorted me past the outposts, and I reached home in safety. These occurrences took place on a Saturday. The triumph of the insurgent troops was of short duration; they were attacked that same night by the King's forces, discomfited, and their daring chieftain taken prisoner. On the Monday following his head, stuck upon a pike, surmounted the market-house of Belfast. The scenes of anarchy and desperation in which that unfortunate country became now involved, rendered it no very [27] desirable residence. I therefore procured a passport, bid adieu to the Emerald Isle, Erin ma vorneen slan leet go brag! and once more returned to London, to experience a renewal of that misfortune by which I have,



with little interval, been hitherto accompanied, during the whole period of my eventful life.”

The two strangers had listened to the narrative with mingled sensations of compassion and surprise, the one feeling excited by the peculiarity, the other by the pertinacity of his misfortunes, when their cogitations were interrupted by a dissonant clamour amongst the prisoners, who, it appeared, had united in enmity against an unlucky individual, whom they were dragging towards the discipline of the pump with all the eagerness of inflexible vengeance.

On enquiry into the origin of this uproar, it was ascertained that one of the prisoners under a charge of slight assault, had been visited by this fellow, who, affecting to commiserate his situation, proposed to arrange matters with his prosecutor for his immediate release, with other offers of gratuitous assistance. This pretended friend was recognised by one of the prisoners as a kidnapper.

A kidnapper, or crimp, is one of those fellows of abandoned principles, who enter into the pay of the East India Company in order to recruit their army, and when a guinea or two is advertised to be given to any person that brings a proper man of five feet eight or nine inches high, lie in wait to entrap men for the money. Some of these gentry assume the character of officers, others of Serjeants, drummers, and recruits, without the least shadow of commission among them. They have many ways of inveigling the artless and unthinking. One or two of these kidnappers, dressed as countrymen, go five or six miles out of town to meet the waggons and stages, and enquire if John Such-a-one is come up, which is answered in the negative, no such person being known; they then enter into discourse with the countrymen, and being perfectly complaisant, engage attention, and by the time they get to London, learn their occupations and business to town; whether they are in search of places, trades, or intend to return home again, which intelligence they in general profit by. Coming to the place of rendezvous, the kidnappers propose a pint of porter, which being agreed on, they [28] enter the house where their companions are in waiting, enjoy themselves over flowing bowls, and exhilarating their spirits with loyal toasts and songs, begin their business by enquiring who is willing to serve His Majesty. The countryman, if inclined thereto, is generally deceived; if his desire is for the guards, or any other particular regiment, there are at hand mock Serjeants and privates, who will swear they belong to the corps, and the dupe is trepanned for the East Indies, hurried on board a ship, or kept in some dismal place of security till a sufficient number is collected, and an opportunity serves to send them away.

On the other hand, should the countryman be averse to enlisting, and talk of going away, these crimps will swear that he has received a shilling or more of the bounty-money, insisting that they saw him put the money into such and such a pocket; it is in vain that the countryman denies having received it, search is made, money found, and he is compelled to submit or pay the smart.

Others again, of these prowlers, frequent the places of confinement, and learning the particular case of some prisoner for small debt or slight assault, kindly offer to mediate with the prosecutor or creditor in effecting liberation. The pretended friend assumes the most disinterested feeling of sympathy, ingratiates himself into confidence, and generally terminates his machinations with success; accomplishes the prisoner's release, and sends him ultimately from temporary duress to perpetual exile.

Such was the character of the fellow now placed in the ominous guidance of an exasperated multitude; they urged him forward to the place of punishment; but the tumultuary assemblage were disappointed in their anticipated vengeance, by the interposition of the turnkeys, and the pretended friend escaped the meditated castigation.

“Observe, again,” said the narrator, “that dashing young fellow, arrayed in the first style of dandyism.”

“My good fellow,” interrupted Bob, “he is not, I should think, one of the community; he has, apparently, the manners of the well bred and accomplished gentleman.” “And for that very reason, Sir, is the better qualified to carry on his profession with impunity; he whom you dignify with the appellation of a well bred and [29] accomplished gentleman, is all that you have expressed of him, with the exception of one word, that is, substitute for gentleman, swindler, and the character is justly delineated. This fellow, of desperate enterprize, is one of the numerous practitioners of knavery, who set themselves up for men of property and integrity, the more easily to defraud the unwary and ignorant out of their substance and effects. This Spark, connecting himself with several others of similar pursuit, they took a genteel house in a respectable part of the town, and dividing themselves into classes of masters, clerks, out-riders, shopmen, porters, and servants, and thus making a show of opulence, they easily obtained credit, and laid in goods of every kind, which they sent into the country and sold, or bartered for other commodities; these commodities they brought up to London, and sold for ready money, generally taking in exchange double the quantity, and paying for the same with notes of their own drawing, indorsing, and fabricating, for the purpose of cheating the poor deluded farmer, shopkeeper, and tradesman in the interior of the country. With respect to tradesmen in town, the goods they took of them on trust they disposed of to Jews, and other receivers of stolen goods, at about thirty per cent under value, for ready money, nay, forty per cent rather than not have the cash; and as their stay in one place could not safely exceed five months, on account of their creditors calling in their debts, and their country notes becoming due, they used to make all possible dispatch to dispose of the various articles, and evacuate the premises before detection. This done, they played the same game elsewhere, when, *Proteus* like, they changed shapes, and disguised themselves so as not to be known, and carried on business in another house, but in a different name; the master became the rider, the rider the master, the clerks descended to footmen and porters, the footmen to porters and clerks, and so on throughout, until they had drained many parts of the town and country, to the ruin of several worthy and honest families. However, the co-partnership is now dissolved, the establishment is broke up, and the different individuals of this nefarious gang of depredators, of whom the well bred and accomplished gentleman, the subject of our remarks, is one of the principals, are consigned to different goals for further examination and final commitment.” [30]

Dashall expressed thanks for the interesting communication, and the Squire his astonishment that the credulity of man could warrant the hope of success to such a combination, however systematically arranged; and where so many were concerned (and the distribution of plunder perhaps by no means equalized,) that some dissatisfied individual did not renounce the dangerous connection in the hope of impunity and reward.

“We know not that there is any subordinate division of spoil,” said the other; “but if such there be, it may in

this union of interests be the maxim as with other co-partnership concerns, that he, by whatsoever means, who contributes the most to the general stock, shall participate the most in the general benefit.

“Swindlers have other means of cheating and tricking the public, such as answering the advertisements of tradesmen who are in want of a sum to make good a payment, and offering, in consideration of a small premium, to get them the money required, on their note of hand, which they premise must be first given, and the money will be immediately advanced; the necessitated person agrees to the terms, and unthinkingly gives his note, which one of the Swindlers carries away, with a promise of a speedy return with the money wanted, but neither Swindler nor note is forthcoming until it becomes due, after having passed through many different hands, some of whom can ascertain giving a valuable consideration for the same, and fix the drawer to the payment, whose consolation for his credulity is, paying the money or going to prison.

“In case of a stagnation of trade, the Swindlers advertise themselves to borrow or lend upon good security. If they borrow, they have sham deeds, and make false conveyance of estates in *nubibus*, nobody knows where; if they lend, they artfully inveigle the borrower out of his security, which they take up money upon and convert to their own use, without the deluded person's knowledge; and by absconding, leave him to the mortification of descanting on their roguery, and his own want of foresight.”

The triumvirate were once more interrupted; a newcomer had arrived, and the prisoners hailed his [31] initiation with the first stanza of an old song:—

*“Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,  
To this poor, but merry place,  
Where no Bailiff, Dun, nor Setter, {1}  
Dares to shew his frightful face:  
But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,  
Down your garnish you must lay,  
Else your coat will be in danger,—  
You must either strip or pay!”*

*1 Setters—This appellation is applicable to others than those alluded to in the above stanza, as connected with Duns and Bailiffs. They are a dangerous set of wretches, who are capable of committing any villany, as well by trepanning a rich heir into matrimony with a cast-off mistress or common prostitute, as by coupling a young heiress with a notorious sharper, down to the lowest scene of setting debtors for the bailiff and his followers. Smitten with the first glance of the lady, you resign your heart, the conjugal knot is tied, and, like the Copper Captain, you find the promised land, houses, and furniture, the property of another, and not of yourself.*

The novitiate, neither surprised at his reception, nor adverse to the custom of the place, seemed quite at home, paid his garnish without hesitation, and entered at once into the vacuum of indifference with his new associates.

The attention of Dashall and Tallyho was attracted by the clank of fetters, as one of the prisoners squatted himself on the pavement of the yard. Leaning his back against the wall, he commenced darning an old stocking, chanting at same time an old song from the Beggar's Opera, as if predicting his own fate, yet with a manner indicating the most callous indifference—

*“Since laws were made for every degree,  
To curb vice in others as well as in me,  
I wonder we ha'n't better company  
Upon Tyburn tree.—*

*But gold from law can take out the sting,  
And if rich men like us were to swing,  
?Twould thin the land, such numbers would string  
Upon Tyburn tree.—*

The irreclaimable depravity of this man could not excite any urgent feeling of sympathy in his behalf, and our two friends took no further notice of him.

Their Intelligencer, who in the meanwhile had gone forth for information, now advancing,—“I thought,” [32] said he, “that I had seen elsewhere this Johnny Newcome; he is a sharper, another precious addition to our respectable community.” {1}

“Respectable, indeed,” exclaimed Tallyho, as he detected an urchin thief in the act of picking his pocket of his handkerchief. This hopeful imp, though young in years, was experienced in iniquity, had served an active apprenticeship to the art of picking pockets with impunity,

*1 The Sharper, who has generally had a genteel education, is a person of good address and conversation, has more the power of delusion at will than the unlettered cheat, devoid of address and other requisites to complete the pretended gentleman, and therefore should be more carefully avoided. These villains, having run through their fortunes at an early period of life by associating with professed gamblers and sharpeners, (who having eased them of their money, in return complete them for the profession by which they have been ruined) set up for themselves, throw aside honour and conscience, and quote the *lex talionis* for deceiving others, as they themselves have been deceived. These gentry are to be met with at horse-races, cock-fights, the billiard and hazard tables, and at all public places of diversion. On your entering the coffee-house, tavern, or gaming-house, the Sharper views you with attention, and is not long before he becomes acquainted and very intimate with you; if you agree to his proposal to play, if he cannot beat you by fair, he will by foul means. Rather than lose, he will elude your*

*attention, and raise your passion sufficiently to put you off your guard, while he plays his underhand game, and cheats you before your face; and though you are sensible of being cheated, yet you shall not be able to discover by what means it is effected. The various methods sharpers have to cheat and deceive are so many and unaccountable, that it would exceed the limits of our publication to detail even the tenth-part of them; their study is to supply their exigencies by means within their power, however wicked or villainous. If you associate with sharpers, you must not only expect, but deserve to be cheated by them for your credulity; for who would go with his eyes open into a den of thieves, but in expectation of being robbed? Or, who would herd with sharpers, and not expect to be cheated? We would therefore advise the stranger in London to shun these reptiles of the creation, fraught with guile, and artful as the serpent to delude. Beware of their conversation, avoid their company, take no notice of their tricks, nor be caught by their wheedling professions of friendship; listen not to any of their enticements, if you would preserve your peace and property; be not fond of making new acquaintance with persons you do not know, however genteel in appearance and behaviour, for many a villain lurks under the disguise of a modern fine gentleman; and if any stranger asks you to play with him for money, set him down in your mind as a Sharper," and leave the room immediately.*

and at last became so great an adept in the profession, that at the early age of thirteen years he was [33] unanimously elected captain of an organized band of juvenile depredators, some much younger, none older than himself, who for a considerable length of time set at defiance the vigilance of the police. These young fry carried on a long protracted successful war of extermination against ladies' reticules. One urchin, watching her approach, would lay himself across the path she must pass, and it frequently happened that she tumbled over him; a grab was then made at the reticule, the watch, and the shawl, with which the young villains generally got clear off. Others, in detachments of two or three, would hover about the door or window of a tradesman's shop, cut out a pane of glass, and abstract some valuable trinket; or watch the retirement of the shopkeeper into his back-room, when one of the most enterprising would enter on hands and knees, crawl round the counter with the stillness of death, draw out the till with its contents, and bear off the spoil with impunity. One night, however, luckily for the public, the whole gang was made prisoners of, and dispersed to various gaols, each delinquent being ordered a severe flogging and solitary confinement. Availing himself of this indulgence, the Captain had watched the opportunity of approximating towards Tallyho, and was detected, as we said before, in the exercise of his former propensities; so difficult it is to eradicate vice from the human mind, even though in this instance so early implanted. Lenity in this case would have been equally misplaced as unjust, although the Squire humanely pressed his intercession; the incorrigible pilferer was therefore handed over to the custody of one of the turnkeys, until the Governor might award a punishment suitable to the heinousness of the offence.

The two friends had been here above an hour—it was an hour they thought not idly spent. And now leaving a small donation for distribution amongst such as appeared deserving objects, they returned home gratified [34] by the additional knowledge acquired of *Real Life in London*.

### CHAPTER III

*".....Would you see  
The Debtors' world, confide yourself to me.  
Come; safely shall you pass the fatal door,  
Nor fear it shuts you in, to ope no more.  
See, frowning grimly o'er the Borough Road,  
The crossing spikes that crown the dark abode!  
O! how that iron seems to pierce the soul  
Of him, whom hurrying wheels to prison roll,  
What time from Serjeants' Inn some Debtor pale  
The Tipstaff renders in default of bail.  
Black shows that grisly ridge against the sky,  
As near he draws and lifts an anxious eye:  
Then on his bosom each peculiar spike,  
Arm'd with its proper ill, appears to strike."*

THE recollection of past enjoyments in the vivacious company of Merry well, could not fail to be revived in the minds of Dashall and his Cousin; and as some persons, with due attention to his safety, had manifested their interest and regard for him by obtaining his admission to the Priory, where he was at this moment pursuing his studies, and could not quite so conveniently call on them, an early visit was determined on.

"We shall," said Tom, "by a call on Merrywell after six weeks residence among the gay blades that inhabit the walls of the King's Bench, have all the benefit of his previous observation. He will be able to delineate the characters, consciences, and conduct of his neighbours. He will describe all the comforts and advantages of a college life, introduce us to the Bloods and the Blacks, and, in short, there are few persons I know, except Sparkle himself, more able to conduct us through the intricacies of the Building, to point out the beauty and excellence of the establishment, its uses and abuses, than Merrywell."

"Do they charge any thing on admittance?"enquired Bob.

"O yes," was the reply, "they charge you, by a public notice in the lobby, not to convey into the interior any [35]

spirituous liquors, on pain of being yourself discharged from thence, and confined elsewhere. Bless your soul, why the King's Bench is a little world within itself, a sort of epitome of London; it is in a healthy situation, and the space which it occupies is extensive. There are in all 224 rooms, and they measure each about 14 or 16 feet by 12 or 13; of these, eight are called State-rooms, are much larger than the rest, and more commodious; and a well-breech'd customer may have almost any accommodation. It is the prison most immediately belonging to the Court of King's Bench, and, exclusive of debtors there sued, all persons standing in contempt of that Court, and most of those committed under its sentence, are confined."

"And pretty generally all inhabited?" interrogated Tallyho.

"Yes, and frequently it is difficult to obtain a place to sleep in even as a chum."

Bob found himself at fault, and required an explanation of the word chum.

"The chum," replied Dashall, "is a partner or bed-fellow, a person who has an equal right to all the comforts and conveniences of a room, previously wholly in the possession of one."

"I understand," said Bob; "then when every room has already one occupant, they accommodate him with a companion."

"Exactly so, and he may prove friend or foe. This, however, may be avoided, if the student is in possession of the rubbish, by an escape into the Rules, which extend for three miles round the priory. These Rules are purchaseable after the following rate, viz. Ten guineas for the first hundred pounds, and about half that sum for every hundred pounds afterwards; day-rules, of which three may be obtained in every term, may be purchased for 4s. 2d. for the first day, and 3s. 10d. for the rest. Each also must give good security to the Marshal.

[36]

*"—The fiction of the law supposes,  
That every prisoner, with means to pay,  
(For he that has not this advantage loses,)  
Either has business in the courts, or may;  
Bond, fee, and sureties fresh prepare the way  
And Mister Broothoft's manual sign declares  
?That Mister such-a-one, on such a day,  
?Hath got a rule of Court, and so repairs  
?To town, or elsewhere, call'd by his affairs.'*

*This little Talisman of strange effect,  
(Four shillings just and sixpence is the price)  
From Bailiff's power the wearer will protect,  
And nullify a Capias in a trice:  
It bears a royal head in quaint device,  
At least as true as that which Wellesley Pole,  
With taste for English artists much too nice,  
Stamp'd by Pistrucchi's aid (Heaven rest his soul!  
And shield henceforth the Mint from his controul.)*

*In various ways the various purchasers  
That sally forth with this protecting spell,  
Employ the privilege this grant confers:  
Some, like myself, their lawyer's citadel  
Besiege, his speed long striving to impel;  
To take a dinner with a friend some go;  
In fashion's haunts some for an hour to swell;  
Some strive, what creditors intend, to know;  
And some the moments on their love bestow."*

"Thus you have a full, true, and particular, as well as amusing account, of a Day Rule, or what in the cant language of the day is termed hiring a horse, which sometimes proves a bolter."

"And what is meant by a bolter?"

"He is one," replied Dashall, "who, having obtained the privilege of a Day Rule, brushes off, and leaves his bondsmen, or the Marshal, to pay his debt; or one who transgresses the bounds; but such a one when retaken, usually undergoes some discipline from the inhabitants of the College, who being all honourable men, set their faces against such ungentleman-like proceedings."

"Then they do sometimes make an escape?"

"Yes, notwithstanding their restrictive arrangements, such things have occurred, and you must recollect that of Lord Cochrane, confined for the memorable Stock Exchange hoax. The means by which it was effected, I believe, have never been discovered; but certain it is, that he was in the House of Commons, while a prisoner in the King's Bench, and on the first night of his subsequent liberation, gave the casting vote against a proposed grant to a certain Duke."

"I remember it very well, and also remember that the generality of thinking persons considered his Lordship harshly treated."

"However, he is now bravely fighting the battles of independence, increasing both his fame and fortune, [37] while some of the Ministerial hirelings are subjected to a similar privation. We shall have a view of some of the residents in this renowned place of fashionable resort; the interior of which perhaps exhibits a spectacle far more diversified, and if possible more immoral and vicious, than the exterior. There are quondam gentlemen of fortune, reduced either so low as not to be able to pay for the Rules, or so unprincipled and degraded as to have no friend at command who could with safety become their surety. Shop-keepers, whose knavery having distanced even their extravagance, dread the appearance of ease exhibited in the Rules and the detection of fraud, by producing the reverse of their independence, and who even grudge the expenditure of money, to obtain limited liberty. Uncertificated bankrupts, and unconvicted felons; Jews—gamblers by trade—horse-dealers—money scriveners—bill discounters—annuity procurers—disinterested profligates—unemployed and branded attorneys—scandal mongers and libel writers—Gazetted publicans, and the perhaps less culpable sinners of broken officers—reduced mechanics—starving authors, and cast-off Cyprians."

"A very comprehensive and animated account truly," said Tallyho.

"And you will find it accurate," continued Dashall, "for the turn-out of this dwelling of crime and misery, resembles the Piazza de Sant Marco at Venice, in the Carnival time. There are all descriptions and classes in society, all casts and sects, all tribes and associations, all colours, complexions and appearances, not only of human and inhuman beings, but also all shades, features, and conformations of vice. The Spendthrift, or degraded man of fortune, lives by shifts, by schemes, by loans, by sponging on the novice, by subscription, or on commiseration's uncertain aid. He has however in perspective some visionary scheme of emolument and dishonour blended, to put into execution as soon as he obtains his discharge. The uncriticized Bankrupt has many opportunities left yet; he has other dupes, other tricks of trade, other resources in reserve. The Swindler mellows, refines, and sublimates his plan of future operations, and associates in it, perchance, a fallen fair one, or an incipient Greek, put up in the Bench. Horse-dealers, money scriveners, bill doers, [38] attorneys, &c. have either the means of setting up again, or some new system of roguery to be put in practice, in fresh time and place, which may conduct them to the harbour of Fortune, or waft them over the herring pond at the expence of the public purse. The disinterested Profligate here either consumes, corrupts, and festers, under the brandy fever and despair, or is put up by a gambler, who sells his art to his brother debtors, and thus lives in hope of yet turning the honest penny in imitation of those who have gone before him. The Cyprian, still exercising her allurements, lingers and decays until persecution loses the point of its arrow, and drops from the persecutor's hand, grasping more hardly after money, and opening from the clenched attitude of revenge. Then, to conclude the picture, there are youths living upon the open infamy of easy-hearted women, who disgrace and ruin themselves without the walls, in order to pamper the appetite and humour the whims of a favourite within, thus sacrificing one victim to another. Partners carrying on trade in the world, communing with their incarcerated partners in durance vile. Misery and extravagance, rude joy and frantic fear, with more passions than the celebrated Collins ever drew, and with more scenes, adventures, and vicissitudes, than ever Jonathan Wild or any other Jonathan exhibited."

"Excellent description," exclaimed Bob.

"And you shall have ocular demonstration of its absolute existence; nay, this sketch might serve for many other places of confinement, the Fleet, &c. They are like the streets of the Metropolis, constantly varying in their company, according to entrances and exits of their visitors."

"This, however," continued the Hon. Tom Dashall, "is rather a mental picture of what we shall presently witness in reality, a sort of introductory sketch by way of passport through the doors of this Panorama of Beal Life, to which you will shortly be introduced; a sort of ideal, or dramatic sketch of its inhabitants *en masse*, before the drawing up of the curtain."

The eagerness of Bob to listen to his Cousin's sketches of London society, on the one hand, and the earnestness with which Dashall had been exercising his imaginary powers, on the other, had led our perambulators to the foot of Blackfriar's Bridge, on their road to the King's Bench, without any particular [39] circumstance exciting their attention; when Bob, suddenly twitching his Cousin by the arm, and directing his eye at the same time to a thin spare figure of a man, without hat or coat, who was rapidly passing towards Fleet market, enquired who it was, and what was his occupation or calling.

"Don't you hear his calling?" was the reply.

"Hot, hot, hot, pudding hot!" was in a moment vociferated in his ears, while the active and industrious mercantile pedestrian, with a swing of his head, which was in continual motion from right to left, gave Bob a wipe in the eye with his tail, which by the velocity of the wearer was kept in full play like the pendulum of a clock, or the tail of Matthews in his admirable delineation of Sir Fretful Plagiary.

"Zounds," cries Bob, "it is true I may hear, but I can't pretend to say I can see; who the devil is he? there is no looking at him, he seems to leave time and space behind him; where is he?"

Tom laughed heartily, while Bob rubbed his eyes in vain to obtain another view.

"That," said Dashall, "is a sort of Commissary, a dealer in stores for the stomach—red hot pudding, all hot, and commonly called the Flying Pieman." {1} [40]

*1 James Sharpe Eglaud, more commonly known in the streets of the Metropolis by the appellation of the Flying Pieman, may fairly be held forth as an example of what may be effected by persevering industry and activity, especially in a large and populous city. Those qualities, joined with a moderate share of prudence, cannot fail to ensure to every man at least comfort and respectability, it" not competence and wealth, however humble his sphere, and however unpromising his beginnings. He was bred to the sedentary trade of a tailor, and worked for some years with his relation, Mr. Austerbury, of Friday Street, Cheapside; but love, which works so many changes, and which has ere now transformed blacksmiths into painters, and which induced Hercules to exchange his club for the distaff, caused this Knight of the Steel Bar to relinquish the shop-board and patch up his fortune by the patty-pan. He married his landlady, a widow, who resided in Turnmill Street, Clerkenwell. He had a soul above buttons, and abandoned the making of garments to cover the outside, in order to mould cakes, pies, and other small pastry, to comfort the internals. His active genius, however, could not brook the tedious task of serving his customers behind the counter; he therefore took up his eatables and went abroad in quest of them, and we doubt not he has found this practice, which he has continued ever since, very profitable. The neatness and cleanliness of his appearance at all times are truly pleasing. Hail, rain, or shine, he may be seen abroad without coat or hat; his hair powdered, his shirt sleeves turned up to his elbows, and a steel hanging on his apron-string. Originally he carried a tin case, something like a Dutch oven, in which he*

constantly kept a lire, but is now generally seen with a small tray. In serving a customer, he never touches his pudding with his hands, but has a knife for the purpose of presenting it to the purchasers, and his sale is so extensive, that he is obliged to replenish several times in a day; and in order to secure a regular and ready supply, his female partner and himself convey a quantity of pudding to a certain distance, and deposit their load at some public-house, where she takes care to keep it "all hot," while Egland scours the neighbourhood in search of customers. The first cargo being disposed of he returns for more, and by this method he has it always fresh, and is never in want of goods.

Many laughable anecdotes are told of this flying pieman, and perhaps a day's excursion in following him during his peregrinations would furnish much of curious and interesting amusement. We shall however select one, authenticated by his appearance at Marlborough Street Police Office on Monday, July 8, 1821, as most intimately connected with Real Life in London; when he preferred a serious charge against a Beggar, no other than the president of a smoking club in the Holy Land, and others, for stealing his mutton pies, cutting off his tail, and otherwise disfiguring his person. By the evidence of Egland, it appeared that he was introduced, with his goods for sale, to a company chiefly consisting of street beggars in St. Giles's, the chair at that moment being filled by a beggar without hands, well known in the vicinity of the Admiralty as a chalker of the pavement. The dignity of the chair was well sustained by this ingenious colourer, who was smoking a pipe as great as an alderman over a bason of turtle soup; but no sooner did Egland make his appearance, than the company seized upon his goods and crammed them down their throats, in spite of the repeated vociferations of "honour, honour, Gentlemen," from the assailed. Resistance was vain, and Egland in this dilemma began to consider that his only safety lay in flight. This, however, he found equally impracticable; he was detained, and by way of consolation for his loss, was called upon for a song. His lungs were good, and although his spirits were not much exhilarated by the introductory part of the entertainment, he began to "tip 'em a stave;" but whilst he was chanting "The stormy winds do blow," a fellow cut off his tail. This was worse than all the rest; it was, as it were, a part of his working tools, and the loss of it was likely to injure his business by an alteration of his appearance, and could not be tacitly submitted to.

The magistrates gravely considering this a most serious charge of unprovoked attack upon an industrious individual, ordered the parties to find bail, in default of fully satisfying the inoffensive dealer in pastry, which was accordingly done.

In the year 1804, scorning to be behindhand in loyalty as well as activity, he became a member of the Clerkenwell Volunteers, and was placed in the light company, in which capacity he obtained the character not only of being the cleanest man, but the best soldier in the regiment.

It is said, that for amusement, or the gratification of a whim, he will sometimes walk a distance of fifty or a hundred miles from the Metropolis, and return the same way. On such occasions he always manages to take some companion or friend out with him, but was never known to come back in the same company; for so irresistibly are they allured forward by his inexhaustible fund of humour and sprightliness of conversation, that they seldom think of the distance till they find themselves too far from home to return on foot.

"Then," said Bob, "he is not like some of the London dealers, who invite their customers to taste and try [41] before they buy, for he scarcely seems to afford a chance of seeing what he sells."

"You did not try him," replied Tom, "nor would he have expected you to be a customer. He is a remarkable character, well known all over the Metropolis. Particularly noted for his activity in disposing of his goods; never standing still for a moment, but accosting with extraordinary ease and fluency every person who appears likely to be a purchaser; always ready with an answer to any question, but delivering it with so much volubility, that it is impossible to propose a second enquiry, suiting at the same time his answer to the apparent quality of the querist, though frequently leaving it unfinished in search of a customer, and moving on with so much rapidity, that you may almost find him at the same moment at Tower Hill, Billingsgate, and Spa Fields; at Smithfield, Temple Bar, and Piccadilly; indeed he may be said to be in all quarters of the town in a space of time incredibly short for a man who obtains a livelihood by seeking customers as he moves along."

"Zounds," cried Bob, "this walking genius, this credible incredible, and visible invisible pedestrian dealer in portable eatables, has almost blinded me.

*"For, by this flying pieman,  
I've nearly lost an eye, man."*

"Come," said Tom, "I've no fear of your eye while you can muster a couplet; so let us proceed."

Crossing Black friars Bridge, and approaching the road, Bob, who had assuaged the pain of which he had previously been complaining, could not help admiring the extensive range of nouses on each side of the way, [42] terminated by a handsome building in the distance.

"That Building," said Dashall, "will be the extent of our journey, for very near to it is the habitation of Merrywell, where I entertain no doubt you will find enough for observation of a useful as well as a humorous nature: for an epitome of men and manners is there to be obtained."

"Here are abundance of subjects worthy of inspection in this quarter," replied Tom, "and we therefore ought not to exhaust too much time on one, so let us proceed: do you see that high wall to the right? That is the Magdalen Hospital, {1} established for the relief and

*1 The Magdalen Hospital in Blackfriars Road, enclosed from public view, occupies an extensive space of ground, and is from the nature of its inhabitants very properly so enclosed. It was opened in the year 1758, and it must be a delightful reflection to its governors, that during the period it has subsisted, more than two-thirds of the women who have been admitted have been reconciled to their friends, or placed in honest employments or reputable services: besides which, a very considerable portion have since been married, and are at this moment respectable members of society: circumstances which prove the great and important utility of this admirable institution.*

*There is no prescribed time for the objects of this charity to remain in the house, it being varied according to circumstances. Every effort is made use of to find out their relations and friends, if possible, to bring about a reconciliation with them, and if they prove to be persons of character, to put them under their protection. If, however, the young women are destitute of such friends, they are kept in the house till an opportunity offers of placing them in reputable services, or otherwise procuring them the means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and they never discharge any one without providing for her. There have been but few discharged beyond the age of twenty years.*

*The general business of the establishment is conducted by a Committee consisting of 32 Governors, who meet at the Hospital every Thursday at twelve o'clock precisely, except on the first Thursday of every month, when they meet at eleven. Two of them attend at the Chapel in rotation every Sunday at morning and evening service, when a collection is made at the door on entrance. The hours of divine service are a quarter after eleven in the forenoon, and a quarter after six in the evening; and on account of the fascination of the singing, no place of worship in the Metropolis is more worthy of the notice of strangers.*

*An opportunity is afforded to companies who wish to visit this charity, by addressing a request by letter to the Committee any Thursday, or to A. Bonnet, Esq. the Treasurer, any day in the week, and no fees are allowed to be taken.*

reformation of wretched outcasts from society. The principle on which it is founded, entitles it to the countenance and support of the public, and particularly of the female sex, the object being to reclaim and restore to virtue such wanderers in the labyrinths of vice as are not totally depraved." [43]

"Admirable intentions indeed," cried Tallyho, "if they are but as well carried into effect."

"The records of the establishment have proved its advantages to society, or rather, I should say, to its conductors, for they are of a nature which cannot be publicly exposed, without much private injury to the individuals who partake of them. It is, however, not a little remarkable, that till lately, on the very opposite side of the road, the neighbourhood has exhibited scenes of vice, immorality, and indecency, which it is the great object of this Charity if possible to prevent, by an endeavour to reclaim the miserable and deluded wretches from their evil ways. I remember the late John Home Tooke related in the House of Commons a curious anecdote, in allusion to himself and his situation at the time, in which this institution was mentioned, and which excited considerable interest.

"It is well known that the late John Home Tooke, of political memory as the reputed tutor of a certain patriotic Baronet of the present day, as well as the author of the Diversions of Purley, and a correspondent of the yet undiscovered Junius, was a reverend divine of the Church of England; and when he became a Member of Parliament, it was objected against him that no person in Holy Orders could hold a seat in the honourable House of Commons. In his reply, he very ingeniously observed, that this objection reminded him of an applicant for admission to the Magdalen, who, upon being exhorted by the Chaplain to forsake her evil ways, replied that she was not aware of his meaning, and upon explanation she was excluded from the Charity, because she was not bad enough to require reforming. 'This,' said Mr. Home Tooke, 'is exactly my case; because I am in Holy Orders I must leave the House, and after committing some act of impropriety to lose my gown, I may yet be eligible for a Member of this Assembly.'"

"Pointed enough," said Bob Tallyho.

"Yes," replied Tom; "and having mentioned the name of the man, you may perhaps recollect the order of the day, as well as the curious definition (before the Commissioners of the Income Tax) as to how a man lives [44] who has no income at all. Being interrogated by the Commissioners, as to how he obtained his living, Mr. Home Tooke replied as follows:—'Why, it appears to me, Gentlemen, that there are three modes by which a person may obtain a living; the first is by begging—now this I am too proud to submit to;—the second, by stealing—this I don't choose to resort to;—and the third is by the exercise of the wits—and this, Gentlemen, I presume, you know nothing about.'

"Here," said Dashall, "is the Surrey Theatre, formerly denominated the Royal Circus. I shall, however, dispatch my description of it in a very few words, as we will ere long pay a visit to its interior. It is a neat building, and shews a good front to the road; is fitted up with a considerable degree of elegance, and is a very convenient theatre. It was originally conducted by Hughes and Jones, and its exhibitions were both scenic and equestrian, something in the style of what Astley's Amphitheatre is now; but you must see the one in order to form an idea of the other. Horses are now banished at this place, where, under an annual license from the magistrates of the county, burlettas, melodramas, dancing, and pantomimes are got up, and performed in a style which would not disgrace even the patent theatres. It is at present under the management of Mr. Dibdin, a son of the celebrated writer of so many of our national, patriotic, and characteristic ballads.—Just through the turnpike, the building which gives a sort of finish to the road, is the School for the Indigent Blind; at the back of which is the Philanthropic Institution, calculated to unite the purposes of charity with those of industry and police, to rescue from destruction the offspring of the vicious and criminal; and Bethlem Hospital, for the care and cure of insane persons, well deserving of minute inspection; and to the right, at the corner of a road which leads from Westminster Bridge towards Vauxhall, is an Asylum for Female Orphans, which, as the Magdalen was intended to reclaim prostitutes, was originally intended to prevent prostitution. To the left again is the King's Bench; and as that is our present place of destination, we will forego any further description, till another opportunity.

"I cannot, however, refrain a few remarks on the situation we are now in, for from this place may be seen [45] the children of penance (the Magdalen); the children of darkness (the School for the Indigent Blind); the insane (New Bethlem); the infatuated and fanatic (the congregations of the Zoar Chapel, and the faithful of mewses, garrets, and wooden tabernacles); the children of Thespis and Terpsichore (the Surrey Theatre), mingled together as it were with the debtor and the captive (the King's Bench): at least, placing ourselves at this obelisk in the centre of the road, the mind's eye can comprehend them within a short distance of each other."

"And a curious admixture of the useful and the sweet it certainly is," exclaimed Tallyho, anxious to give his Cousin a little respite, while they turned to the left on their way to the Bench.

"You will find," continued Tom, "all the before-mentioned infirmities, blindness, infatuation, madness, and profligacy, within the walls that we shall shortly enter, without the repentant spirit of the Sisters within the walls we have just passed. You will also find there is a plenty of self-interest and hypocrisy combined with them; nay, an hospital of incurables is only wanting to complete the scene. It is not till lately that a little reform has been effected in this quarter, for Dover Street and its vicinity, as I before observed, so near to these benevolent charities and to the walls of a prison, have been the sink of female profligacy, of the lowest, most dangerous, and most disgusting kind; and suffered too long to pollute the streams of charity and impede the road to reform. However, at length the nuisance is removed, at least the public appearance of it, though the neighbourhood is not altogether bereft of its private negotiations and stolen accommodations. But come, now for an interior view of the. Abbott's Park, its interesting scenery, and its multi-farious characters. There you shall see what you shall see, and Merrywell will tell you more in ten minutes than you might wish to know in your whole life, I mean practically, though it is well to know in theory what ought never to be reduced to experiment."

[46]

## CHAPTER IV

*"—Give me leave to ask a question;  
Pray, in the King's Bench have you ever been?  
The Bench! Good Heaven! how shocking a suggestion!  
Was e'er so saucy a companion seen?"*

*Well, you ne'er saw the place; or if you did,  
?Twere better not too closely to surmise;  
Enough, enough, those frowns the thought forbid,  
Who sees too much is rarely counted wise;  
I rather boast that mine are prudent eyes;  
Persons and things so quietly they read,  
Nor by a glance confess they scrutinize,  
That thoughtless lookers think me blind indeed,  
When of themselves I take the strictest heed.  
But since you wish me to believe that College  
Ne'er gave its finish to your education,  
I, of its laws and customs having knowledge,  
Ere I take up the thread of my narration,  
Must say a little for your information."*

THEY had now passed the outer gates of the prison, and entered a court yard surrounded by a wall, which enclosed some good looking houses.

"These houses," said Dashall, "are occupied by the principal officers of the place, and devoted to purposes of business, or let out by them for the accommodation of those who' have purchased the privilege of the Rules. This door directly opposite the gate, is the only entrance to the Park."





KINGS BENCH. Tom & Bob taking a peep at REAL CHARACTERS, on the Abbott's Bridge

They next passed up the steps, and entered a gloomy apartment, where after a few minutes a Turnkey, surveying their persons rather minutely, opened the ponderous door, which admitted them to an inner court of confined dimensions. Bob looked around him with surprise after the description of his Cousin, and began to think he had been vamping up imaginary pictures of what was not to be realized; however, hearing a variety of voices, and perceiving another gate, he quelled his conjectures and followed Dashall, who, upon knocking [47] at the door, was surveyed from a sort of loop-hole by the keeper within, who quickly gave them entrance; and the spacious appearance of the parade, racquet ground, and habitations, and a moving panorama of personages of both sexes, attracted his immediate attention.

Gazing with enquiring eyes upon this world-within-walls, {1} they scarcely heeded the variety of salutations with which they were greeted on entering, such as nods, winks, and touches on the shoulder from one who appeared as unconscious of such familiarity as if he had for some time been wholly absorbed in the solution of a mathematical problem, or the horse-laugh of the ignorant and vulgar, by whom they found themselves surrounded. Struggling through the throng, Dashall impelled his Cousin forward, repeating as he proceeded,

*"How many o'er this threshold pass that mouru,  
Wanting our power at pleasure to return;  
A moment let us pause ere we ascend  
The gallery that leads us to our friend;  
Survey the place, where all that meets your view,  
Is full of interest, and strangely new.  
Could we but hide those grinning spikes awhile,  
Borne spacious barrack we might think the pile."*

"However," continued he, "I perceive we are quizzed, we will just take a turn round, and probably we may meet Merrywell, if not, we will soon find him out by enquiry. You perceive, they have the accommodation of a butcher's shop, and a baker's, besides green stalls, fish stalls, and chandlers' shops, which give the place the appearance of a public market, while the racquet players and others amusing themselves in various ways, resemble that of a fair."

"Indeed," said Tallyho, "your description is just, for I have as yet seen but few sorrowful faces, every one seems to have some object in view, either of business or pleasure, almost as attractive as those without the walls."

"And in many instances," continued Dashall, "of as much, nay, more interest. However, you perceive the [48]

*1 The walls of the King's Bench are about thirty feet high,  
sur-mounted by a chevaux de frize, and as a place of  
confinement, it is of great though uncertain antiquity.*

accommodation of the inmates has been studied by the founders of the College. Water is well supplied from four pumps, and were it not that the walls intercept the views, a man here might almost consider himself in his own habitation, with only one drawback."

"And what is that?" enquired Tallyho.

"Merely, that like the starling, he can't get out."

"How now," said Merry well, who had espied the entrance of his friends from the window of his apartment, and immediately descended to greet them—touching the Honourable Tom Dashall on the shoulder, while he seized Bob by the opposite arm.

"What are you a'ter, exploring the secrets of the prison-house?"

Mutual congratulations having passed, Merrywell welcomed them to his habitation, significantly informing them at the same time, that notwithstanding his powers of entertainment were just then not what he could wish, all was right, the trick was done, that he was arranging for a house in the Rules, *pro tempore*, and that it would not be long before he should have the honour of meeting them in a way that would be more agreeable to all parties. "However," continued he, "if you can bear a confined apartment, I promise you shall have nothing else to complain of. Can you put up with pot-luck in a prison?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "our object was to spend a convivial hour with you, to wile away a little of the time, to see and learn, to take a peep at things as they are, and to form our judgments upon their existence."

"Then," replied Merrywell, "you have arrived *en bon heure*, for in this place a volume of information may be obtained, which, if judiciously applied, must prove beneficial; and while dinner is preparing, I can afford you abundance of amusement; so come along, we must move round this way to the gate again, in order to take

any thing like an accurate survey, and I can furnish some anecdotes of the paraders, the players, the officers of the Court, and the visitors, which cannot fail to prove interesting. This, however, must be done with caution, for suspicion is ever active, and jealousy constantly awake within these walls; and as I mean to give you sketches of individual characters, rather than a general view of the society with which I am now in [49] association, a little discretion may be well made use of."

*"Now let us analyse, but not too loud,  
If wise, the composition of this crowd;  
Made up from native soil and foreign clime,  
Of waste and folly, accident and crime.  
Here join the Speculator and the Fool,  
Greybeards, and youngsters rather tit for school,  
(At least for any school but this alone,  
Where College vices in the shade are thrown.)  
Of pugilists, of haberdashers, jugglers,  
Horse jockeys, swindlers, Bond Street beaux, and smugglers,  
By hollow friendship some in prison thrown,  
By others' follies some—more by their own."*

By this time they had traversed round the open walk of the prison, and on arriving at the place of entrance

"Do you observe that small building on the right? it is called the State House, and contains the largest and most convenient rooms; it is usually devoted to the accommodation of such as are best enabled to pay; and there are persons residing here, who live as well, and in as dashing a style as those without the walls, or at least pay as much for their living. On the left hand you may also perceive the chapel, for the spiritual wants of those confined are not to be forgotten."

*"There, in the centre, is the chapel door,  
With ever changing notices spread o'er:  
Whatever doctrines may within be taught,  
With words of peace that door is rarely fraught:  
For there, mid notices of beds for hire,  
Of concerts in the state-house by desire,  
Some ill-spelt scrawl demands the mighty debt  
Of half a crown, with a ferocious threat;  
Some traitorous agent is denounced; some spy,  
That blabb'd of gin, is hung in effigy;  
Here angry fools proclaim the petty jar,  
And clumsy pasquinades provoke to war."*

By this time they had reached the door of the Chapel, which, by the various placards pasted against it, fully confirmed the description of Merrywell.

Bob, casting his eyes around him, discovered much for enquiry. "Who are those in the corner in close conversation together?"

"The farthest from us," replied Merrywell, "is a Jew attorney, well acquainted with all the shuffling arts of the place; one who can explain the whole game, from raising the wind, down to the White-washing Act, for [50] the knowledge and experience of gentlemen in these days are astonishing. You would scarcely believe it, but such is the fact, there are rakes of quality and of fashion, who are their own farriers, horse dealers, who know every trick upon the cards and dice—cutting, shuffling, slipping, cogging, securing; who have cards and dice always at hand, and ready made to their hand; who, although they are awake to a good thing, know the odds to a nicety, and can give or take according as it may best suit their purpose, yet are not properly initiated in all requisite mysteries, till a sort of finish is given to their education, by a temporary retirement here; where they learn a sufficiency of the law to give information on all the quirks and quibbles of the arrest laws, of bailing, demurring, justifying bail, putting in bail above, of writs of error, county and Marshalsea writs, of letters of licence, the laws against usury, the bankrupt laws, and finally of acts of grace; perhaps the last and only one in their lives bearing that name: but we must walk on, or we may be overheard."

"Then," said Dashall, "you are by this time pretty well acquainted with the characters of your companions, and expect to leave the College with more information than you previously possessed."

"No doubt of it," was the reply; "but as my case was not desperate, I have not sought desperate remedies. I am at this moment supposed by certain friends of mine to be in the gay city of Paris, enjoying all the luxuries of the Thuilleries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, and the Elysian Fields; and I doubt not I shall be able to convince an old rich uncle of mine of the fact. And as my expectations chiefly rest on him, and he cannot last long, I shall upon liberation make my approaches to him with a little of the French polish I am preparing while here. This, however, is selfish conversation."

"Yet perfectly in point," continued Dashall.

"And equally interesting too," said Bob.

"Do you see," said Merrywell, "that young man buttoned up to the chin, in what has been a blue great coat? He is one of the lecturers."

"Lecturers?" enquired Tallyho; "what, have you lectures in the College?"

"Undoubtedly we have, on subjects of the utmost importance too. That young man, who began the world [51] with slender property, but who contrived by a strict adherence to ways and means to cut a dashing figure, and live as if he had a large fortune, is in possession of volumes of information, which he is willing to retail to such as require it. What are termed lecturers here, are needy debtors, who put up young men less knowing than themselves, for money or for a dinner; and his experience is great, for when he had worn out all quarters of the town in the way of trick, when the fashionable watering places were teeming with clamorous creditors, when he was expelled from all the clubs in consequence of not paying his subscriptions, nay, when he owed almost all the waiters money, he came to this place nearly pennyless, and now, by singing a good song, telling

a tough story, and occasionally giving lectures to his brothers in confinement, he manages to get a good dinner daily, and seldom goes to bed sober."

"Then his ways and means are not yet exhausted; he must be a good financier, and might be made very useful to the Minister," replied Tom; "and it is really a pity such talents are not duly appreciated."

"Who is that little stout man who passed you just now with a nod of the head?" enquired Tallyho.

"That," answered Merrywell, "is Capt. W—, a sort of walking automaton, a kind of medley of incomprehensibles, something like pedants' periods, very inanimate, and as you perceive, very round. He was formerly a button maker, but having a desire to sink the shank, he enlisted under the banners of Cupid, paid his addresses to one of the Queen's maids, carried the fortress by a *coup de main*, and gained a safe lodgement in the covert way, by taking the oath of allegiance at the altar of Hymen. Spurning buttons, he aspired to the epaulette, and was appointed paymaster to the 7th Hussars. Then he set up a coach to run to and from Maidenhead. This being one iron too many in the fire, soon became too hot for him. He defaulted for a considerable sum, and has been in quod for four years. Here comes a beau of the first order, a Colonel, and a most determined Dandy, even in confinement. Colonel R— adheres as much to the nicety of dress in this place, as he would for a military appearance on parade. He is Colonel of the New Grenada Horse. I have not [52] yet learned much of his former pursuits or his origin. There is, however, an anecdote of him circulated, which prove the admirable fitness of such a person for such a command. It is said that when he obtained his appointment, he very significantly asked the General, what stocks he should have for his guns, meaning the gun carriages."

"That's a little too severe," cried Dashall, laughing at the same time, "it was but a *lapsus linguæ*, such as might happen to any man."

"I claim no merit in the relation," was the reply; "however, it has raised many a laugh at his expence, and as I had it so you now have it. But we have other game in view, and must not be exhausting our time in criticising immaterial points of propriety."

*"Here ruin'd Lawyers, ruin'd Clients meet;  
Here Doctors their consumptive Patients greet,  
Sick of one malady that mocks all skill,  
Without the true specific golden pill  
Here finished Tailors, never to be paid,  
Turn eyes on many a coat themselves have made;  
And Bailiffs, caught by their own arts at last,  
Meet those their capias yesterday made fast.  
There stalks a youth whose father, for reform,  
Has shut him up where countless vices swarm.  
But little is that parent skill'd to trace  
The springs of action,—little knows the place,  
Who sends an ailing mind to where disease  
Its inmost citadel of health may seize."*

"You entertain us with a diversity of mental dishes," said Tom; "Manacles, Mammon, and Morality, dance through the mazes of your imagination in rapid and admirable succession—I wonder you don't commence Lecturer."

"I do not conceive myself qualified, and as I have no real occasion to be a pretender, I leave it to those who have.—O! there goes a curiosity—

"If you look sharp you'll see the short knee'd breeches, Brown hat and powdered head of stalking P—tch—s."

"He is known here by the title of Don; he has been a long resident within these walls, has seen much of Life, and is still a gay fellow. He was formerly a Member of Parliament, but not being able to overrule the Speaker, he out-run the Constable, and was seized by the Bailiffs. He is, however, a jolly companion, and lives well; but [53] to show his contempt for riches, he has actually seated his inexpressibles with the parchment title deeds of his own estate, with impressions similar to the old song—

*"Why should we quarrel for riches,  
Or any such glittering toys?  
A tight heart and a thin pair of breeches  
Will go through the world, my brave boye."*

"Who is that with the rackets under his arm?" enquired Bob.

"That is Baker, a sort of privileged man, who is allowed the advantages of supplying the inmates with rackets, balls, &c. He lends rackets, sells balls, keeps scores, and occasionally carries on the haberdashery trade."

"Then he is a shop-keeper, I suppose."

"He is a measurer of tape" replied Merry well, "by way of refreshment, or in other words, under safe circumstances, can spin out Old Tom or Blue-ruin."

"I understand," said Bob, "a little of the Cratur."

"Here," continued Merry well, "is the coach-maker to the late Christophe, King of Hayti, Mr. H— of Long Acre notoriety. This gentleman bought a considerable estate, which, with true parental regard, he settled on his daughter, and paying for his purchase by his residence here, whether his intentions will be fulfilled or not, so as to obtain liberation by the Whitewashing Act, no one at present can tell—and Colville is taking his walks—he is one of the Janitors, and Crier of the place. He has a Stentorian voice, which is a part of his business to exercise in calling the prisoners. I know but little of him, and even that is not worth knowing. He, however, has the character of being an informer, and I am not aware that he is in possession of any good qualities. I shall, therefore, rather give a slight sketch of the office he holds, than of the person. [54]

*"Whoe'er one night has slept within these walls,*

*Has heard the din that each new comer calls,  
To where the keen-eyed Turnkeys wait to trace  
The lineaments of every novel face.  
Each morning thro' the Bench goes forth a cry,  
By Colville sent thro' every gallery high.  
To number "One," peals round the shout from "Ten,"  
Far rolling heard, "Pull up! now Gentlemen!"*

"This is the custom with every new comer, and is productive sometimes of much mirth to some, but of infinite mortification to others, according to the circumstances of the case. As it would occupy some time to describe them, I shall give you a poetical sketch of a morning in the Bench; and by the introduction of a fictitious name, make you acquainted with a general practice. Imagine for a moment,

*"Rous'd by the force of that Stentorian sound,  
Rose Belcour, dressed, and soon the lobby found.  
About the door a throng of varlets stood,  
A grinning and ill-favoured brotherhood,  
That scoff and gibe at every wight that wears  
Linen less black, or better coat than theirs.  
For these, young Belcour was too fair a mark;  
'Make way,' cries one, 'he's going to the Park:  
His horses wait; he's going for a ride.'  
'Fool, 'tis his tilbury,' another cried;  
'D'ye think his lordship rides without his spurs?'  
'A curse upon such base unmanner'd curs,'  
Between his teeth impatient Belcour mutter'd,  
As each his wit so truly attic utter'd;  
Then, 'mid the laughter of the brutal throng,  
Dark frowning through the door he moved along.  
Within the upper lobby Morris sate,  
And touch'd with easy complaisance his hat;  
And cried, not deigning from his seat to stir,  
'We hope you're pretty comfortable, Sir.  
'These chaps about the door are rather rum;  
'But, love you! So they do to all that come.'  
Short was the conference; the Turnkey's look  
Quick cognizance of Belcour's features took;  
And never, from that hour might he pass by  
Unnoted by that well-observing eye."*

"Well," said Tallyho, "I must confess such scrutiny on the one part, and such observations on the other, would be more than likely to ruffle my temper, and I should be apt to signify my disapprobation, at least of all that was unnecessary."

"In that case," replied Merry well, "you would only subject yourself to additional torment: you would have songs, epigrams, lampoons, and epitaphs in abundance, which would prove still more irritating; for this is the seat of learning and of wit, of poets, painters, and musicians, who, being enraptured with their own arts, neglect that of book-keeping, till a residence here gives them a leisure opportunity to close their ledgers.

Speaking on that subject, by the by, we have among us, at this moment, the publishers of the John Bull, [55] whose combined efforts in the way of scurrility have rendered them notorious among the periodicals of present times. There is, however, little of public attraction about them; and although they profess to have a subscription opened, to enable them to pay the fine imposed upon them, it is doubted whether any such is really in existence. Here, however, is a character of another description:

Captain K— is still a gay fellow, though I apprehend rather what we call hard up just now. He has had the opportunity of expending a very considerable property in seeing Life, but if report say true, it has been chiefly exhausted among the fair sex, and coffee-house keepers. Seldom much depressed in spirits, let the world wag as it will, he sometimes gives good dinners and enjoys himself with a friend, though I suspect that can, under present circumstances, only be done when he can pitch the gammon to the wine merchant, and induce him to stand the nonsense."

"And do wine merchants give credit to persons in confinement?" enquired Bob.

"Certainly," was the reply, "for services done or promised to be done, or upon the security of some friend, who perhaps intends soon after to pay his engagements by a similar mode to that of the person whose debt he pretends to secure. No place can be found where the study of ways and means is more closely attended to than this. Of our prisons in general, much the same may be said as of our gaming houses; very few get out of them as they went in. A dupe is the general character of those who first enter; but they seldom fail to acquire that of knave before their departure. The air is infectious, the society fatal to morality and to honesty; few pass through the ordeal with purity, and return uncontaminated to the world; and yet, after all the frauds, tricks, and speculations practised, it is well to be acquainted with them, in order to guard against the recurrence, if a man can but have fortitude enough to avoid practising them himself. [56]

*"Think not that the action of the place  
Is all revealed upon this open space;  
The darkest portion of the picture lies  
Obscur'd and cover'd up from public eyes;  
Here much you see, that bids you all mistrust,  
Much that provokes aversion and disgust;  
New friends, who coolly ask a one pound note,  
Or borrow for an hour, then pawn, your coat.  
Such stuff as this upon the surface swims;  
He little sees who but the surface skims.  
How much of fraud and finished wickedness,  
How much of deep despair and keen distress,  
Thought of by few, and seen by none, the while,  
Is chamber'd in the niches of this pile!"*

"Zounds," cried Dashall, "your pictures have so much light and shade, so much to admire, and so much to condemn, that there is scarcely any possibility of arriving at any conclusion.—Bless me, there is Dick Rakewell!"

"Do you know him?" said Merry well.

"What the devil are you doing here?" cried a young man advancing, and at the same time catching the Honourable Tom Dashall by the hand; "Are you initiated, or merely come to take a peep at the curiosities of this menagerie? Have you tipp'd and shewn yourself in due form; or do you still sport a game leg among the gallants of Bond Street?"

"Fortunately," said Dashall, "I can still boast of the latter, and have no very strong inclination to aspire to all the honour and happiness of the former."

"Grown serious and sedate; I suppose married, and ca'n't come—pretty wife—lots of children—love and fireside comfort at home—pleasure abroad—cash in hand, and care for nobody. That's the sort—give you joy with all my heart—never were such times."

"I am glad you find them so," continued Tom; "but your anticipations are a little too rapid, and your imagination rather too vivid for my proceeding; however, there is no knowing what we may come to; life is a labyrinth full of turnings and windings. But what brought you here?"

"Driven in by the Philistines," was the reply; "caught like a harmless dove by the Greeks—clean'd out.—By the cog, I was obliged to fly to this pigeon house, in order to avoid being cut up by my creditors; and, up to a little of the Newmarket logic, I am now crossing and justling though it is doubtful at present who will win the race."

"You have not far to run, however," replied Dashall, "and it is therefore fair to presume the heat will soon be over."

"As usual," cried Rakewell, "always something short, but pungent, like a pinch of merry-go-up<sup>{1}</sup>—satire [57] and sentiment—mirth, morality, and good humour—unmarried and still the same man. These are better subjects of congratulation than the former."

"We shall dine at half past three," said Merry well, "and if you are inclined to make one along with us, you will find me at home."

"I should have no objection to meet you abroad," exclaimed Rakewell; "but, however, I'm your man. Half past three, d—nd unfashionable; but never mind,

I'll pick a bone with you; and spite of dull care and high walls, 'locks, bolts, and bars, we'll defy you;' and my life for it we have a jolly afternoon. Is the cellar well stored, and the kitchen in good repair?"

"All right, my boy!" exclaimed Merrywell, "bring your bellows<sup>{2}</sup> in good order, and don't be afraid of your bread basket.<sup>{3}</sup> The dibs are in tune.<sup>{4}</sup> A ball of fire,<sup>{s}</sup> a dose of daffy, or a blow out of black strap, will set the blue devils at defiance, give a spur to harmony, and set the spirits a jogging."

"Then at half past three I'll have a turn to with you," continued Rakewell; "so no more at present from your loving Cousin. I am going now to call on Fred. Fearnought; that fellow has deceived me; I thought him a trump, but he's eaten up with hopes and fears, tormented in mind, body, and estate, no more pluck than a dunghill chick. I must stir him up with a long pole, give him a lesson or two, touch him to the quick, and then quickly adjourn to you; so adieu for the present."

Thus saying, he made his escape from his friends, and, passing through one of the entrances to the interior, was quickly out of sight.

"That," said Dashall, addressing his Cousin, "was one of the gayest of the gay in all the leading circles of *haut ton*."

"And I assure you," said Merrywell, "he has not lost one atom of his vivacity, notwithstanding the alteration in his circumstances; he is always full of humour, ready for a bit of fun even in confinement; he plays, laughs, sings, drinks, and is about one of the most cheerful companions I know." [58]

1 Merry-go-up—Snuff.

2 Bellows—A cant term for the lungs.

3 Bread-basket—The stomach.

4 The dibs are in tune—There is plenty of money.

5 A ball of fire—A glass of brandy.

"Then," rejoined Bob, "he is a philosopher, for he has learned to bear."

"Yes," continued Dashall, "but the other, and by far the most important, part of philosophy is to forbear."

"That," said Merry well, "he yet has to learn, and I have my doubts whether he will accomplish that desirable object while here. He has, with a moderate allowance from his father, contrived to drive his four-in-hand at times, to keep seven or more horses on his hunting and Town establishments; has kept some of the most dashing and expensive ladies, expensive male company; indulged in extravagant habits of all sorts, and has twinkled for a while in the highest gambling circles. A run of ill luck has at last sent him here, but not before he had honoured almost all the horse-dealers, coach-makers, and saddlers, gunsmiths and tavern-keepers in Town, with his custom, or rather with his name on their books. His father is a man of considerable property, which must eventually come to him, and he may yet form a conspicuous figure in High Life."

"What have we here?" said Tallyho, stopping to read a paper displayed in the window of a barber's shop.

*"The old and only established shop at the prison  
"price: shave well for one penny, hair fashionably cut  
"for twopence, at 17 in 16, first staircase round the corner."*

"Seventeen in sixteen—I don't understand this."

"Each of the doors," said Merry well, "which lead to the apartments is numbered, as is likewise every room in each passage, by which means much facility is afforded to visitors who come to make a call upon their friends. The operator himself is a prisoner, and so are most of those who carry on trades; but opportunities are afforded for any person to come in and supply articles to the inhabitants; and at an early hour in the morning you may hear almost all the cries of London."

*"Milk, matches, eggs, and Epping sausages,  
Greens, water-cresses, chips, geranium trees;  
A brush or broom, deal wood, cow-heel, and tripe,  
Fresh butter, oranges all round and ripe;  
Rabbits, a kettle, jug, or coffee pot,  
Eels, poultry, home-bak'd bread, and rolls all hot;  
Shirt buttons, nosegays, coals, and God knows what  
Such are the goods that pass the lobby door,  
Cried in all tones that vary, squeak, and roar."*

"A little further on," said Merry well, "is the public kitchen, where, for a trifling fee, cooking is performed for the prisoners, and hot water supplied at a penny per kettle. Then there is a coffee-room and a tap-room for general accommodation, according to the circumstances of the inmates; so that in point of fact there is little to be regretted here, but the loss of liberty, and the want of money."

"Zounds," said Bob, "those two articles constitute all that is valuable in life, and in their absence it dwindles into mere existence."

*"And bare existence man to live ordained,  
"Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight."*

"I admit the justice of the remark, for to become an article of vegetation, were it sure of continuance, would be one of the most irksome, as well as degrading situations to which a man could be reduced. But you should recollect, that the generality of persons who study in this College expect an early termination of their privations, by which hope is kept alive; and when the cherished hope is realized, of escaping from these walls, all recollection of the past is banished; and it is doubtful whether the temporary absence from the possibility of indulging in folly does not increase the possibility as well as the power, when at liberty."

"Who do you call that man with his hands in his pockets?" pointing to a person at a short distance from them at the moment, in slovenly attire, and with a vacant countenance.

"Hush," replied Merry well, "for we have modest men here as well as elsewhere; men who, though they have rendered themselves famous (a more delicate term than notorious) are not emulous of having their deeds recorded in history, and are indeed very tenacious of satisfying enquiries: his name is F—rr—ter, not quite so vacant as he looks; for it is, generally speaking, not your empty-headed fellows who can arrive at the honour of a residence here, it is rather those of brilliant imagination, of aspiring talent, who have been determined to have money for a time, without heeding the source from which it was derived—who have been up to snuff, till they have reduced themselves to the necessity of resting contented with the marrow-bone stage instead of a phaeton or a curricle, and twopenny in lieu of claret The person you allude to, however, is [60] brother to Cecil F—rr—ter of Court notoriety, and has really been in possession of considerable property. It is said that his principal failing has been too strong an inclination to resort to the law, and that upon the law and lawyers he has expended the bulk of his fortune."

"He cuts a curious figure now, however," said Tallyho, "and every view at first sight would take him for a fortunate youth."

"Do you observe that man in mustachios, now talking with P—s? That is Captain R—n, who bears a more striking resemblance in character to the celebrated youth you mention; he had at one time inspired a belief among those who knew him, that he was a man of property—married with a view to realize it; and upon comparing notes after the nuptial knot was tied, both parties discovered they were taken in; but it is not ascertained whether this mutual disappointment ended with smiles."

"Why, it was no laughing matter," said Tom; "the lucky hit was all a miss."

"Yes, there was a Miss taken, and a Biter bit. Love is a lottery as well as life, and the chances two to one against the adventurer," replied Dashall.

"It may be so," said Merrywell; "I am not fly<sup>{1}</sup> to the subject at present; perhaps Sparkle could by this time unravel some of its mysteries, and give beneficial lessons to us all: however, time is flying, we will just make one more turn, and then to dinner with what appetite we may. Do you observe the pericranium topp'd with a Prussian cap, and the wearer with a pipe in his mouth?"

*1 Fit—to be up to any thing, to understand, to know, or be awake.*

"I was on the point of enquiry," said Bob; "Pray who is he?"

"That is another Captain."

"Who! One would almost think you have the whole army of Martyrs confined here," said Tallyho; "at all events, your ranks are not deficient of officers."

"But then," said Dashall, "they are out of commission and out of practice."

"For want of command," continued Merrywell; "though Capt. S—, although never made a Commander in Chief, has been an exalted character, having once been made inspector of the pavement,<sup>{1}</sup> or in other [61] words knapp'd the stoop; and, if report says true, he has also figured away in other situations equally honourable—a flash turf man—a naval character, and a smuggler. But come, I have given you a sort of index by which you may read, mark, and learn more, when we are more at leisure. It is now half past three o'clock, and punctuality is always my motto."

*1 Inspector of the pavement, or knapp'd the stoop—Cant term*

"Humph," ejaculated Tom; "Cash down, and no grumbling."

"D—n severity," was the reply; "no more of that, or we cut: touch my honour, and you touch my life."

"Dot and go one," cried Dashall. "Come along, Bob!" and catching his Cousin by the arm, they followed Merrywell in silence to his apartment in the State House.

On arrival, they found the dinner on table; and Hakewell, true to his appointment, arrived before them. The keen air of Surrey, though rather confined, had furnished them with good appetites. Apologies were banished, and to it they went without "let, hinderance, or molestation"—the viands were good, the wines exquisite and plentiful. The cloth being removed, mirth and conviviality were the order of the day.

Confusion to soft heads and hard hearts!—Parks and pleasure grounds without priories! were drank in bumpers with enthusiastic applause. The merriment and hilarity of Merrywell and his fellow student crowned the afternoon with as much pleasure and delight, as Bob conceived he could have found under unlimited circumstances. The good humour and hospitality of the host was manifested in the perfect satisfaction of those he entertained; and about eight o'clock, when Rakewell began to mangle his mother tongue, our friends, after dropping their mites into the canisters held out for their bounty, repassed the gates, well pleased and highly diverted with the information they had obtained, and the occurrences of the day; and not a little exhilarated by the Bacchanalian juice.

"Well," said Tallyho, "this is a scene of *Real Life*, which I should judge could scarcely be equalled, and would almost induce one to wish for an opportunity of a residence along with the Collegians."

"Provided always nevertheless with an equal opportunity of leaving it when we please," said Dashall; "and [62] probably we have only seen one of the best pictures it contains, for although we have been as jolly as Sandboys, there is a large store of misery unseen. But let us proceed. We shall soon be free from College Rules, and a thought strikes me, that we can make a call on our road that will afford another view of society equally amusing and refreshing. I have often observed to you, that in order to see Life, there is no necessity to buzz about with court flies, to waste time and money in getting introduced to the tip tops of the West, to join what are termed the fashionable circles, and to end a fashionable career by a whereas or a whitewashing. The true student of Real Life should occasionally mingle with all descriptions of persons, mark the characters and their conduct; and, believe me, there are those in the humblest situations, who enjoy themselves in their own way with as much of heartfelt satisfaction as those in the highest, of which, I think, I shall be able to give you a decided proof before we reach home."

They now pursued their way along the London Road and over Westminster Bridge, till Tom called a halt at the door of a friend.

"Come, Bob," said he, "here we must uncase—doff the present toggery, and turn out in new trim for the evening."

"What!" enquired Bob, "another masquerade?"

"No, no," was the reply, "a temporary suspension of the dress and character of a gentleman, in order to avoid being tormented and suspected by the company to which I intend to introduce you."

Finding his friend at home, they were quickly supplied with tatter'd garments and slouch'd hats, in which they again sallied forth, and about nine o'clock they entered a low public-house in Scotland-yard.



"Fear nothing," said Tom, as they passed the threshold; "don't be flurried by any thing said to you, 'tis only a heavy-wet party among the coal-heaving coves."

As Bob entered the room, his very first action betrayed him, for, being accustomed to genteel behaviour, he took off his hat, which was in a moment knocked out of his hand by a hard featured fellow near him, whose face indicated the want of water, although so near the river.

"Order, order," was vociferated in an instant by a jolly good-natured looking man exalted above the rest, [63] who, at the same moment, rapped the table with his knuckles—"This here vay, gentlemen—Bill Muggins, mind you I arn't had your penny in the plate for Backy."

"Vy, that's a lie!" roar'd out a Stentorian voice, "I never takes my seat before I sees my vay clear upon the board. I put a crooked ha' penny."

"Yes, and two bad fardens vhat an't worth nothing," said another. "Make him tip" cried a third, "or else stick him in the nitch." {1}

Bob having regained his castor, followed his Cousin to the other end of the room, and after each depositing a penny in the plate, they took their seats at the table, where, being supplied with a flowing quart, they began to look around them.

The first thing which struck Tallyho's eye, was "No trust," printed in large letters at one end of the room; a sort of indication, that a man without money would not be likely to meet with agreeable entertainment: then turning his head the other way, he discovered they were in a house of call for Coal Porters. Before the president (who, by way of distinction, had turned the broad flap of his coal-heaving hat forward in the fashion of a huntsman's cap) was placed a small round table, on which stood a gallon measure of heavy wet. On his right sat a worn-out workman fast asleep, and occasionally affording his friends around him a snoring accompaniment to a roar of laughter.

"Silence, silence! vy don't you all be more quieter when I am going to begin?"

"Order, order, chair, chair!" now resounded from every one.

"Vell, you know its no use at all for to make me take this here chair, because vy—I an't got no voice."

"I knows better nor that," said Bill Muggins, "for, by —ven you fell overboard the other day you roared like a rum un, and ven I pulled you out you squeaked like a pig, so that are proves vhat you have got two voices, and that's one more than you ought to have. Lord, Lord, if you had but seen him and I get drunk a'ter it, you would ha' laughed—Dick bolted blue ruin till his eyes sparkled just for all the world like a vooden spoon against a soot bag."

A general laugh succeeded this sally, which was accompanied by the speaker with a violent blow upon the [64] table, which threatened confusion to the candles, glasses, and porter-pots, with which it was loaded.

"Veil," continued the chairman, "you know its all my eye, I an't got no sing in me, so if you're a mind to be friendly, vill you heave out."

"Vy, you know Dick, for the matter o' that are, I never refuses you nothing; nor, vhat's more, I never vont, so here goes.

*"Vhat a hearty blade am I,  
Care ca'nt never touch my heart,  
Every trouble I defy,  
While I views the foaming quawt.  
A very good song, and very well sung;  
Jolly kimpanions, every one,  
Clap your hats on, keep your heads vann,  
A little more liquor will do us no harm.  
Blankets and pins, blankets and pins,  
When a man's married his sorrow begins."*

The six last lines were repeated as a chorus, till every one appeared to be exhausted, and was succeeded by thunders of approbation, and reiterated cries of "Well done, Bill—go it, Bill—Bill Muggins for ever!" and the still unabated snoring of their companion in the corner.

"Bill Muggins a'nt nothing but a good'un, Gemmen," said the President; "here's his health. Landlord, bring him a bolus of blue ruin. I say, Bill, vhat shall ve say a'ter that are good song?"

"Here's bad luck and no blue ruin to bad masters, and leg o' mutton and turnups for trumps—that's all I got to say, so here goes."

The toast being drank,

"Who is ve to call on now, Bill?"

"Vy, Bob Martlet's the boy to come it strong."

Bob Martlet was accordingly called upon, but requested a few minutes to prepare himself, as he was rather hoarse.

During this interregnum, Dashall slipped out of the room, and gave the landlord an order to place two bowls of punch on the tables, cautioning him at the same time to say nothing of the party who paid for it, but to say that a Gentleman, passing by the door and hearing them all merry, had given an order for it at the bar.

Upon re-entering the room, Bob Martlet, with one eye bound up and his hat in his hand, was bawling with [65] lungs of leather,

*Lovely nymph! assuage my anguish,  
At thy feet a tender swain,  
Prays you will not let him languish,  
One kind look would ease his pain.  
Did you know the lad who courts you,  
He not long need sue in vain—  
Prince of song and dance—you  
Scarce will meet his like again!*

As this was a song to be sung in character, Bob Martlet determined to profit by the instructions of Shakspeare, "to suit the action to the word, and the word to the action," and consequently at the word "dance," he introduced some steps to the great entertainment of the company; but unfortunately jiggling to another tune, in which all the broad brims joined, he forgot the connexion of the words, and was compelled to sing it over again, and to give his hornpipe by way of conclusion, which was accompanied by the barking of a dog.

Tallyho laughed heartily at this; the grotesque appearance of the "tender swain," and the dance in wooden shoes, were admirable, and highly relished by his companions. The room resounded with applauses, and it was some moments before silence could be obtained, when, lo and behold, the landlord entered the room as a peace-breaker with two bowls of punch.

Consternation and surprise were visible in every countenance. The confusion of tongues could scarcely



equal the enquiries made in a moment; but the landlord, having his cue, made no reply. But there it is, will you drink it? It is all your own—and, to set you a good example, here goes—Success to trade!—and took a hearty swig from the bowl he placed before the President; then, taking the other bowl to the lower end of the room, he evaporated, but soon returned with glasses. Where he came from or how it was obtained, was banished from consideration, and to make more, the remnant of a pot of heavy wet was thrown into the bowl to mellow it, as the President observed, because vy he liked things mellow. The punch was handed about, the song and the toast passed merrily in succession till near twelve, when an unlucky disturber of harmony, with a candle set fire to the whisker of Phill the flue faker so called from his having in his younger days been a [66] chimney-sweeper. Phill, who had slept during the noise of the evening, was, notwithstanding his former trade, not fire-proof, awoke in a flame, and not knowing the real depredator, upset the President, and nearly knock'd him through a window just behind him—mill'd away in all directions, growling with as much melody as he had before snored. During the confusion of this affray, Tom and Bob took their departure from Charley's Crib, which they understood was a nickname given to the place, and, throwing themselves into a rattler, soon arrived in Piccadilly, where we shall for the present leave them to their repose.

## CHAPTER V

*“Since Life's but a jest, let us follow the rule,  
There's nothing so pleasant as playing the fool,  
In town we may practise, as well as at school.*

*The world turns about the same things o'er and o'er;  
We fool it—our forefathers fool'd it before;  
They did what we do, which our sons will encore.*

*Life's but a half holiday, lent us to stare;  
We wander and wonder in vanity's fair,  
All, baby-like, bawling for each bawble there:*

*We, children like, covet the glitter of gay things,  
Make racket for ribbands, and such sort of play-things,  
Which we cannot have tho'—without we can say things.*

*We take, or are in all our turns, taken in;  
The world to be sure—'tis a shame and a sin,—  
Might soon be much better—but who will begin?”*

“LONDON,” said the Hon. Tom Dashall to his Cousin, “abounds with so much of munificence, that [67] notwithstanding all its intricacies and inconveniences, he who travels through life without visiting it, may justly be said to know nothing; for it is all Life, its remotest corners are full of animation, and although it is difficult to fancy how all live, there are few but could give some satisfactory information if they chose, though I am willing to believe many would rather wish to avoid interrogation. We have already explored some parts of it, but be assured there is still much to admire, much to applaud, and much to deprecate. Our researches, after all, have been rather confined than extensive. It is such an ever varying and never ceasing mine of observation, that it is almost like the wishing cap of Fortunatus, with this exception, that although every wish may be supplied, it requires something more than putting on the cap to obtain the object desired.”

“From what I have already seen,” replied Tallyho, “I perfectly coincide with you in the latter part of your [68] observation, for I have no doubt but perseverance and integrity, with some portion of ability, is sure to meet reward.”

“You are right,” continued Tom; “many instances could be pointed out in proof of the justice of that remark: some of the greatest men of the present day have rose from the lowest origin. Shop-boys and porters have become tradesmen and merchants; shoe-blacks have become statesmen, and servants councillors. But on the other hand, many who have been born, as the old saying is, 'with a silver spoon in their mouths,' have 'fallen from their high estates,' and lingered out the latter parts of their lives in prisons or work-houses, laying the blame on fate, rather than attributing failure to their own want of ability, prudence, or active exertion. But come, I perceive the curricl is ready; let us take a spank through the City, and look a little more minutely at the mercantile world.”

This call was instantly obeyed by Tallyho, who never doubted but his Cousin had some object in view, though he frequently started from Piccadilly without being previously acquainted with it.

Passing out at Hyde Park Corner, Bon remarked that he thought the City lay the other way.

“Never mind,” replied Dashall, “we shall come to the point without doubt. Why, man, there are more ways than one, and I am not particularly partial to being blocked up in the public streets, amidst *knowing jarveys and cramp carmen*, sugar hogsheads, molasses, and slush carts, which is so frequently the case, when by a slight deviation from the direct way, we can give the tits a rattler on a good road without obstruction, and pocket a handful of time into the bargain.”

He now turned into the road which leads directly to Vauxhall Bridge; on arriving at which, Tallyho was much delighted with an extensive view of the Thames.

“This,” said Dashall, “will bring us to a favourite place of amusement, where you have already cut a conspicuous figure.”

“What do you mean?” enquired his Cousin.

“A masquerade,” replied he significantly. “Go along Bob.”

Passing gently over the Bridge, “Do you observe,” continued he, “that extensive building? That is called the [69]

Penitentiary. It is a building designed for the punishment, employment, and reformation of offenders of secondary turpitude, usually punished by transportation for a term of years. It has been conceived since the commencement of the disputes which terminated in the separation of the American States. The plan of it is known to be partly that of Mr. Jeremy Bentham. The culprits are confined in circular buildings, the windows of which are so constructed, that the overseer from his room in the centre may be able to view every one of their rooms. The external wall encloses no less than eighteen acres of ground, within which are six of these circular buildings, each capable of lodging and employing from 150 to 200 prisoners, with a chapel, infirmary, and other conveniences. Its situation is called Millbank."

"It looks," said Bob, "like a castle, or tower, of impregnable strength."

"It is, however," continued Tom, "a useful institution, since it supersedes that indiscriminate transportation so long practised, and which, as applied to definite periods, was cruel and unjust, since the wretched objects were precluded from the power of ever returning to their native land, however short the intended period of their banishment. This part of the world is much improved of late years. The Bridge we are now passing, is an admirable light and elegant structure, but recently erected, according to the plan of Mr. J. Walker, and connects, as you perceive, by a straight line of road with Hyde Park Corner. The road before us leads to Newington Cross, and thence by various ways to the City. The Bridge consists of nine arches, of equal span, in squares of cast iron, on piers of rusticated stone formed of fragments, united by means of Parker's cement. Its width is 809 feet, the span of the arches 78 feet, the height 29 feet, and the clear breadth of the road way is 36 feet. It cost above 300,000L. But we shall shortly cross another bridge, far surpassing it in point of magnificence."

"It is wonderful indeed," said Bob, "that in a country complaining of a starving population, such serious sums of money should be expended in the erection of splendid mansions and magnificent bridges."

"Not at all," was the reply, "for perhaps it is one of the best ways of expending, as it gives employment to [70] thousands who would otherwise have become beggars on private charity, or paupers on public bounty, either of which is revolting to the mind of an Englishman: besides, if your observation applied at all, it would cut at every improvement of the day; and you should recollect, that, whether upon true foundations or not, every generation think the age they live in is the most enlightened: so it may be with respect to the preceding, and indeed, so much so, that the succeeding will rather decline than improve upon it, but it would be difficult to convince them of the fact. It is certain, however, that scarcely a day passes but some new invention or improvement is offered to public notice. The perusal of the newspapers is an evidence of my assertion; and as London is the centre of attraction, so it is the seat of knowledge, of science and information."

"I should judge, that if a person who had lived some two hundred years ago, even in this wild place, were to rise up amongst us, his surprise and astonishment would be strongly excited," said Bob, endeavouring to draw forth more of his observations as they bowled along the road.

"There can be no question on that subject," said Tom, "for how would the high ideas he entertained of the ingenuity of the age in which he had lived, dwindle into nothing! Nay, should he appear in the country first, what would he think of the various implements of husbandry, for ploughing, and preparing the land; the different machines for sowing the corn, for threshing, grinding, and dressing it; and in numerous instances (though perhaps not quite so much now as it has been, on account of the present agricultural distresses) he would find something else too which he might not consider an improvement: instead of meeting the honest homely farmer, assisting personally in the gathering in his crops, and his daughter following the cart with a rake, he would find the former mounted on his Prad following the hounds, and the latter at boarding school. Instead of the farmer's son bringing home his cows of an evening, and his sister going out to meet him at the sound of his well known voice, with her milk-white pail, he would find the one poring over Latin and Greek, and the other running her fingers over the chords of a harp or piano-forte."

"These," said Bob, "are refinements in manners at least."

[71]

"Then, should he take a peep at London, as we are now doing, he would be struck dumb with admiration. But here we are on the Waterloo Road. That building on the right is the Coburg Theatre, so named in compliment to the Prince of Saxe Coburg, who married the unfortunate Princess Charlotte of Wales, the much regretted daughter of our present King. Before us is Waterloo Bridge, which leads to the Strand, and was originally denominated the Strand Bridge; it is acknowledged to be one of the most majestic structures of the kind, perhaps, in the known world, and was built under the direction of the late Mr. Rennie, to whose memory it is said a monument is intended to be erected. The Bridge consists of nine equal arches, and like the bridges of the ancients, is perfectly flat, which you perceive the road we are now travelling is not, for in some instances you may look over the wall upon another world below, as we are above the tops of the houses. Its being level is a circumstance highly favourable to the draught of carriages across it, and without any apparent subtraction from its beauty. We will alight here and walk leisurely across, taking time for remark."

The servants now took charge of the curricula, with orders to wait at the corner of the Strand, while our heroes, having each deposited his penny at the toll-house, strolled forward.

Tallyho appeared delighted with the views around him: In the front, a fine prospect of one of the finest cities in the world, and behind an equally pleasing sight over the Surrey Hills. The day being fine, and the sun darting his refulgent beams on the bosom of the Thames, contributed to form, altogether, one of the most enraptured sights he had ever beheld. The passing and repassing of boats and barges below; and carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, crossing the bridge, alternately attracted his attention.

"Each arch of this bridge," said Dashall, "is 120 feet span; the piers 20 feet thick, with Tuscan columns; the width between the parapets 42 feet; these footpaths are seven feet each, and the road-way is 28 feet. The cost has been immense, and it is not likely that the original subscribers will ever realize the capital expended."

At this moment the sound of music attracted the ears of Tallyho.

[72]

"What have we here?" said he, thrusting his head through the balustrades, by which he found himself almost suffocated with smoke, which stopped further enquiry.

"Behold," said Tom, "another improvement of the age; that is the Richmond Steam Boat, proceeding with a

cargo of live stock to that celebrated place of public resort, and, in spite of wind and weather, will return in the evening. They always have a band of music on board, for the amusement of their passengers."

"Zounds," said Bob, "they ought to have a smoke-consumer."

"They had one just now," replied Tom; "for I apprehend you assisted them in some degree, though not voluntarily."

"You are smoking me," said Bob.

"Never mind, you have only been puffing a cloud."

"However, as the mist is dispelled," said Tallyho, "and we have, a clear sky before us again, let us make use of our senses."

"To the right you perceive Blackfriars' Bridge, and beyond that the Southwark Bridge. By the way, we were speaking of the alterations to be witnessed in a country life. We will now pursue the subject, and suppose for a moment our two-thousand-years-ago friend, after his visit among the Swains, inclined to transfer his observations to the Great Town. The first question would be, How shall I get there? Oh, there are plenty of night coaches, and day coaches too, Sir. Well, then "fancy him seated in a night coach, and having supped on the road, on resuming his corner of the vehicle, he falls into a sound sleep. Guess what must be his surprise on waking in the morning, to find himself in the bustle and apparent confusion of the streets of the Metropolis. But how altered! Wide streets and upright houses, instead of narrow lanes with houses meeting each other at the tops. Then what elegant shops!—He would exclaim, rubbing his eyes, 'Why, this is all a dream

"Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain!"

'It cannot be reality!'—However, he swallows a hasty breakfast, and sallies out again to look about him. [73] From London Bridge he spies the one I have just mentioned, the Southwark Bridge.—'What have we here?'—'Oh, Sir, that is the cast-iron bridge, with three arches, over the Thames.' He hastens to it, and when upon it, what must be his astonishment, at the power of the human mind to form, and of the human body to bring together, such immense pieces of iron? To connect Queen Street, Cheapside, with the Kent and Surrey Roads by three arches, the centre of which is 240 feet span, and the side ones 210 feet each, the arches all composed of cast iron, the piers and abutments of stone. 'Zounds,' he would exclaim, 'if the race of man dwindle in stature, they grow daily more stupendous in intellect! 'But we will suppose, like you, with an anxiety to see all that can be seen, he perceives a machine sailing down the river with astonishing velocity; ? Why, formerly,' said he, 'wind and tide against a vessel were insurmountable obstacles in its passage, but now they seem to add to its swiftness; how is this to be accounted for? '—'Easily enough,' replies a bystander; 'Lord bless you, it's all done by steam. Hot water and smoke do every thing now-a-days! Why there are a great number of machines, which formerly required from two to forty or more horses each to put and keep in motion, entirely worked by the steam arising from boiling water.'—'Prodigious! Steam do all that! Astonishing!'"

"And truly," replied Bob, "notwithstanding I have witnessed many improvements, I confess I am astonished at the various uses to which this discovery has already been devoted, and the extraordinary powers it possesses.

"Well, we will pursue the train of thought a little further: Suppose, perambulating the streets till he is quite tired, and seeing alterations and changes out of number, he enters a Coffee House, eats a hearty meal, and taking a glass or two of wine, he falls into a musing train of ideas of the wonders he has been witnessing, from which he is not disturbed, till the hoarse voice of a Charley sounds in his ear, 'Past ten o'clock, and a cloudy night,' at which he hastily starts up, discharges his bill, and prepares, by buttoning up close and securing his trusty stick, for (as he would naturally expect) a dull dreary walk. He sallies out thus equipped, and, to his utter astonishment, finds the streets as busy as in the middle of the day, and almost as light. He steps up to one of the lights to examine it—"What can this be? It is not oil, there is no vessel to contain it; [74] surely this can't be steam also! But what can it be?"—"Gas, Sir," says a passenger, who overhears the question, 'Gas; it is produced from coals set on fire and confined in a furnace, the subtle vapour from which is conveyed by means of pipes, and, light applied to it, immediately bursts into a flame.' His astonishment would now be complete, and if he did sleep after, it would be difficult to persuade him it was not all a dream."

*"Our wise forefathers knew the worth of land,  
And bank'd the Thames out with laborious hand;  
From fresh encroachments bound it's restless tide  
Within a spacious channel deep and wide.  
With equal pains, revers'd, their grandsons make  
On the same spot a little inland lake;  
Where browsing sheep or grazing cattle fed,  
The wondrous waters new dominion spread;  
Where rows of houses stood through many a street  
Now rows of ships present a little fleet.  
Nay, we had made, had Nature not refus'd,  
Had Father Thames not begg'd to be excus'd,  
A pretty tunnel underneath his bed,  
And left him running, grumbling, over head;  
Had scratch'd a track out, like a grubbing mole,  
Through a long, dark, and damp and dirty hole—  
Like rats in sewers, had flounder'd through the mud,  
Instead of sailing, duck-like, o'er the flood;  
But bubbling springs chok'd up the project deep,  
And trickling waters on our folly weep."*

By this time they had crossed the Bridge, and having regained the curricle, the Hon. Tom Dashall tickled the *tits* in prime style along the Strand, in the road to the City. Soon after passing Temple Bar, they were attracted by a vast concourse of persons surrounding the shop of Mr. Carlile, {1} from whence upon enquiry they learnt the

1 Perhaps some of the most remarkable occurrences in the City of London have taken place at the house of Carlile. The whole family have been tried and convicted of selling treasonable or seditious works, and are now suffering the sentence of the law. But, notwithstanding the combined efforts of a powerful body, the shop is kept open, and it is more than likely that a greater business is carried on now than ever. In a recent Number of the Re-publican, published by him, he makes the following observations:—

“Since my last went to press, we have thought it prudent to resort to stratagem to defeat the schemes of the Gang, in taking out every new hand from the shop by a warrant. We now sell all publications, to suspicious and unsuspecting customers, through a hole in a part of the shop, where it is impossible for the purchaser to identify the seller, as there are always two or three serving in the back ground, none of whom can be seen or heard, to be identified individually. These persons are frequently changed, so that even if the enemy resorted to burglary and house-breaking, upon the strength of any warrant, the seller of any pamphlet or pamphlets could not be identified. Where the statue of Paine stood, we are about to caricature the defeat of Murray and Sharpe, and make them watch the hole through which the money and pamphlets pass, without being able to prevent it. There are fifty stratagems by which I could give full effect to the sale of my publications, as well as if they were sold openly, and which would defy prosecution, as the vender could not be identified. I dislike this mode of doing business; I like open, fair play; and I now make a proposition to Stoddart, Clarke, Murray, and Sharp, that I will do every thing openly, and give them the name of every individual in my employ from time to time, if they will confine themselves to the professions they have made through “Cato,” their scribe, and not arrest until a Grand Jury have pronounced a true Bill against the individual. If they will not accept this proposition, they shall arrest no more, and my business shall go on just the same. I tell them, for their comfort, that the pamphlets sold daily through the hole, have doubled the number of those sold openly heretofore. Public curiosity they have excited, and am reaping the benefit. They cannot put-me down. I will put them down. Let the result bear witness. My friend in the enemy's camp and councils, has my thanks for his valuable information. He will perceive that all his information and instructions have been acted upon.”

The previous observations of Mr. Carlile are admirably elucidated by the following Police Report of one of the Newspapers:

*The Bridge-street Association.*—After a cessation of hostilities for two or three days, Mr. Secretary Murray, and the forces of the Bridge Street Association under his command, re-assembled at this Justice-room [Guildhall] on Saturday.

Mr. Honorary Secretary Sharp was also in attendance, and remained in the public room with the Yeomen, while the Co-Secretary was indulged with a private interview with the Magistrate, Mr. Alderman Birch, in the parlour. Mr. Newman, the City Solicitor, was also called into council, and remained in consultation with Secretary Murray some time; there was much marching and countermarching in and out of the office on the part of the Secretary and the Yeomen, but no public application on the part of the Association was made to the Alderman, and it was understood that there was much difficulty in determining the manner of renewing, with any prospect of success, the attacks upon the inmates of “The Temple of Reason.”

The difficulty, it seems, arose from the new mode of defence adopted by the besieged. The little parlour which adjoins the shop has been converted into a citadel, the glass partition which separates them is closely blinded, and the operations carried on in ambush behind it; two of the squares of glass have been taken out, and in the place of one of them is erected a box with an aperture for the receipt of money, over which is an inscription, “Put your money in here;” and in the other, a contrivance by which the pamphlet wanted is slid down to the purchaser from the inside of the citadel. This machinery, however, is used only for the sale of such works as have already been made the object of prosecution. The seller is invisible, and the identification of his person rendered impracticable, unless the citadel be taken by storm. Little Waddington, heretofore the Radical standard-bearer, whose own experience has procured for him an extensive acquaintance with the persons of officers and informers, has assumed the command, and conducts the operations in the front shop, where the sale of such of Carlile's publications as have not as yet come under the censure of the law, is carried on as usual.

officers of the Police had just taken one of the shopmen in custody, for vending an alleged seditious or [76]

reasonable publication, upon the information of a Yeoman in the pay of the Bridge Street Gang. The crowd of persons induced our friends to make a little further enquiry into the cause, who were soon informed, that in consequence of the repeated attempts to stop the issue of books and pamphlets sold, at what is denominated the Temple of Reason, a part of the shop had been boarded off, so as completely to screen the venders of any publication from the eye of the purchaser, and by this means to render abortive all future attempts to identify any supposed offender.

"Why," said Dashall, "it is an old saying, and I believe a very true one, If you tread upon a worm it will turn. Such appears to be exemplified in the case of this man. You have also heard me remark, that in London it signifies little by what means a man obtains popularity, and here is a case exactly in point. An extensive body of rich men have combined their efforts to crush an individual of little importance in the world, and who perhaps would before this have been forgotten, but for their indiscreet interference with his pursuits. They are now not only foiled in their endeavours to obtain fresh exercise for their Yeomen, and more work for their Lawyers, but, in consequence of their determined opposition, the world is likely to be deluged with every obnoxious publication, without any chance of detecting the sellers."

"It is a curious manouvre," said Tallyho.

"Yes, and it appears to have the desired effect with the Carliles and their adherents. They carry on the war in ambuscade, and are selling, without fear, books and pamphlets, of which but for the *Constitutional* [77] *Committee*, as they call themselves, perhaps half the world would have known nothing. Such, however, is frequently the effect of intemperate zeal, and these Gentlemen have blown into notoriety that which they intended to suppress, whether upon the substantial grounds of reason or propriety, I leave others to decide."

Becoming now entangled in a double row of carriages, with little prospect of making further progress for some time, our friends resigned the curricule to the care of the servant, and proceeded on foot to the City Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, for refreshment. {1}

*1 When the City Coffee House was first opened, Dr. Johnson frequently called there, and one morning observing a large book upon the table, took it up, and after inspecting the outside with great attention, he found it to be Minshew's Dictionary of Twelve Languages; upon which he turned round to the master of the house and asked him, "What use he could have for such a book?" "To amuse literary Gentlemen," was the reply. "Do you understand any of these languages?" "I find it a very difficult task, Sir, to understand my own, and I am not possessed of the erudition of a Johnson." The Doctor looked at him stedfastly and replied, "Sir, you are a very impudent fellow." "Sir, I am sorry you think so," replied the proprietor, "and I hope we shall both of us mend our manners." On this the Doctor drank his chocolate, and marched out of the house.*

This Coffee House is much resorted to, and, in point of comfortable accommodation, is perhaps not surpassed by any in London.

Having regaled themselves, and looked over the leading papers of the day, they proceeded to inspect the interior of that noble edifice, the pride of the British empire, St. Paul's Cathedral.

"According to vulgar tradition," said Dashall, "this church occupies the site of a Roman temple, which was consecrated to Diana; but the son of Sir Christopher Wren, in his Parentalia, controverts this opinion, and contends, that the first cathedral of the Episcopal see of London was built in the area, the seat of the Roman Prætorian camp, the precise spot on which the present church stands. It is supposed to have been destroyed in the general persecution under the emperor Dioclesian, to have been re-edified under Constantine, to have been demolished by the Pagan Saxons, and to have been restored in the seventh century, when the Saxons embraced Christianity. From this period it has been four times rebuilt, and at the great fire of London was [78] totally destroyed."

These remarks premised by Dashall for the information of his friend, they proceeded to view the several statues and funeral monuments, displayed with uniformity and executed with considerable taste, by which the interior of the church has been much improved in appearance. {1}

After having examined these stately and expressive mementos of mortality, the two visitors were asked by their attendant, whether they would pass to the stone and iron galleries outside of the church; but this, having so lately enjoyed the extensive prospect from the Monument, they declined, and proceeded at once to the Library, the first object to be seen in the ascent.

Our two visitors were very much pleased with this handsome room, which in its dimensions is about fifty feet by forty, having shelves of books to the top, with a gallery

*1 The statues of Dr. Johnson, and Howard the philanthropist, both executed by the late Mr. Bacon, were opened for public inspection in 1796. That of Dr. Johnson represents a moral philosopher, with the attitude and expression of intense thought, leaning against a column, indicative of the firmness of mind and stability of principles of the man whom it is intended to commemorate.*

*The statue of Howard, in which the character of active benevolence is well expressed, stands upon a pedestal of white marble, on which is a group of bas-relief, representing a scene in a prison, where the philanthropist, having broken the chains of the prisoners, is bringing provision and clothing for their relief.*

*The statue of Sir William Jones, a man well known for his extensive and multifarious erudition, whose study it was to make the British name honoured and revered amongst the nations of the East, is also the work of Bacon, and was*

erected by the East India Company.

*Amongst the monuments lately raised in commemoration of departed worth, is that of Nelson, and in design and execution it is not exceeded by any in the Cathedral.*

*In the open part of the Cathedral, the stranger will be struck with the appearance of numerous tattered flags, the trophies of British valour. Those over the aisle leading from the western door, were taken in part during the American War, and the rest by the Duke of York at Valenciennes. Those on both sides near the north door, were reprisals made from the French by Lord Howe, on the 1st of June, 1794; opposite to which, on the right hand, are the flags taken from the Spaniards by Lord Nelson, in 1797; and on the left are those taken from the Dutch by Lord Duncan, at Camperdown, and by Lord Keith at the Cape of Good Hope.*

running along the sides. The floor is of oak, consisting of 2376 small square pieces, and is not only curious [79] for its being inlaid, without a nail or a peg to fasten the parts, but is very neat in the workmanship, and beautiful in its appearance. The principal things pointed out to a stranger, are several carved stone pillars, some Latin manuscripts, written by Monks 800 years ago, and an English manuscript illuminated, containing rules for the government of a convent, written in old English, about 500 years since, all in fine preservation.

The clock-work and the great bell were the next curiosities that attracted the attention of our visitants. On the latter, weighing 11,470lbs. the hammer of the clock strikes the hours. It was now noon, and the ponderous hammer put itself into motion, and slowly, yet with astounding impetus, struck the bell, and the reverberation tingled on the auricular organs of the two strangers with painful and stunning effect throughout the long protracted intimation of the hour; nor was it until a considerable time had elapsed, that their hearing recovered from the clanging agitation. {1}

*1 This bell is never tolled but upon the death of some of the Royal Family, of the Bishop of London, or of the Dean of St. Paul's, and then the clapper is moved and not the bell. In the stillness of night, the indication of the hour by the deeply sonorous tone of this bell may be heard, not merely over the immense Metropolis, but in distant parts of the country. The fact is well known of the sentry at Windsor, who, when accused of having been asleep one night on his post, denied the charge, saying, "That he had been listening to St. Paul's in London, which had just struck thirteen!" And this assertion was, upon enquiry, satisfactorily corroborated.*

They were now ushered into the *Whispering Gallery*, which is constructed on the very simple principle of an unbroken communication. It is 140 yards in circumference, and a stone seat runs round the gallery along the foot of the wall. On the side directly opposite to the entrance door, Dashall and his friend seated themselves, when the person who shewed the gallery whispered close to the door, at the distance of 140 feet, and yet they heard his voice seemingly at their ear. The shutting of the door resembled a clap of thunder. From this gallery, round the inner circle of which is an iron balustrade, the marble pavement of the church exhibits a beautiful appearance, and the paintings of the dome, which have greatly suffered by time, are thence seen to [80] the greatest advantage.

The ascent to the ball is attended by some difficulty, and is not encountered by many. Our two visitants therefore declined its inspection. The interior diameter of the ball is six feet two inches, and will contain twelve persons. {1}

*1 A new ball and cross have lately replaced the former, of similar dimensions. The erection of the scaffolding, and subsequent proceedings of the workmen, at so fearful a height from the "haunts of men," excited a very general interest, more particularly so on the recent happy accomplishment of the undertaking, when the in-trepid aeronauts cheered the admiring multitude far beneath, and, seated in the clouds like the deities of Mount Olympus, drank to the prosperity of their friends in the nether regions.*

The best view of the metropolis is obtained, in a clear day, from the gallery at the foot of the lantern. The diminutive appearance of the passengers and other objects beneath is extremely amusing, and resembles the Elfin Panorama of the capital of Lilliput.

The calm serenity of the interior, the awful grandeur of the structure itself, and the reflections arising from the contemplation of monuments erected to the memory of departed worth, with the splendid achievements of heroic minds, formed a strange contrast to the scene which presented itself to their view on leaving this magnificent pile. The hurry, bustle, and confusion of the street, the noisy vociferations of coachmen, carmen, &c. burst upon their senses at a moment when the mind had been soothed by reflection, and the eye gratified with a sight which led imagination into futurity, before which the past and the present had appeared to evaporate. The Hon. Tom Dashall, however, was quickly recalled by observing his curricule so completely hemmed in between contending parties to obtain liberation at the corner of Paul's chain, as to afford but little chance of escape from its intricate situation for some time.

"Zounds," said Tom, "we had better return and take a seat among the worthies within, for I have no idea of mounting the curricule, to sit and be quizzed."

"Any chance," said Bob, "is better than that; but at all events your man is able to take care of the carriage and cattle, and we are competent to the care of ourselves."

"Well hinted," replied Tom, "and it shall be acted upon."

Thus saying, he made his way through the throng, and gave orders for the curricule to proceed home as soon [81] as it could be extricated from its present confinement. Then returning to his Cousin,

"It is not the first time I have been disappointed; I had made up my mind to proceed much farther; but the very scenes we have been inspecting are proofs of the inability of man to perform all his wishes, although equally a proof of the splendid talents and determined valour of our renowned and deservedly remembered countrymen, and are well calculated to inspire us with patience, fortitude, and forbearance. At the other door we can escape from the bustle of this side; and perhaps the best thing we can do under existing circumstances, will be to speed homewards, and after dinner relax a little from our toils, in order to recruit for further activity."

"Have with you," said Bob; "we have enjoyed the first part of the day on a variety of interesting subjects, and after a cheerful and refreshing ride, have at last arrived at the threshold of eternity. We may as well escape for this time if we can, and cheat the grim tyrant of mankind. Although our ride has been a long one, our walk back is but short, so let us lose no time."

In accordance with this recommendation, he caught hold of Dashall's arm, proceeded through the Cathedral, and arrived at Piccadilly without any thing remarkable or particular to record, where we shall for the present leave them to their enjoyments among the able writers with which Tom's bookcase was well stored.

## CHAPTER VI

*Hail! venerable pile! with awe I tread  
The sacred mansion of th' illustrious dead!  
Where rise, o'er forms now mould'ring into dust,  
The "storied urn" and "animated West."—  
Beneath the fretted dome, aspiring high,  
Here monarchs, heroes, poets, sages, lie!  
"Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,"  
Here sleeps the bard with those whom erst he sung;  
And all consigned to one impartial doom,  
Lo! kings and subjects levelled in the tomb!*

IN a perambulation westward, our friends shortly reached the precinct of Westminster Abbey, or the collegiate Church of Saint Peter; the most ancient religious structure in the metropolis.

Divested of fabulous narration, its history is briefly as follows. Its name is obviously derived from its situation, in the west, and from its original destination as the church of a monastery. It was founded by Sebert, king of the East Saxons; was destroyed afterwards by the Danes; was subsequently re-built by king Edgar in 958; the church was again re-built by Edward the Confessor in 1065; and by Pope Nicholas II. it was constituted a place of inauguration of the English Monarchs. Henry III. re-built it from the ground, and Henry VII. added a magnificent chapel at the east end of it. The monastery was surrendered by the abbot and monks to Henry VIII. who first converted it into a college of secular canons, and afterwards into a cathedral, of which the county of Middlesex was the see. His successor, Edward VI. dissolved the see, and restored the college, which was again converted by Mary into an abbey. That institution was dissolved by Elizabeth in 1560; she founded the present establishment, which is a college consisting of a dean, 12 secular canons, and 30 petty canons; to which is attached a school of 40 boys, denominated the Queen's or King's scholars, with a master and usher; and also twelve alms-men, an organist, and choristers.

Its greatest length is 489 feet; the breadth of the west front 66 feet; the length of the cross aisle 189 feet; and the height of the roof 92 feet; the west end is adorned with two towers, which were built by Sir Christopher Wren. The nave and cross aisles are supported by two rows of arches, of Sussex marble, one above the other, each of the pillars of which is a union of one massy round pillar, and four others of a similar form, but slender. These aisles are lofty, and each of the small pillars being extended from the base to the roof, they produce an idea at once sublime and awful. Besides the cross aisle there are two side aisles, which are lower than the nave; and, being in a just proportion, they unite with the other parts of the edifice to produce a harmonious effect. The choir, from which there is an ascent by several steps to a magnificent altar-piece of white marble, is divided from the western part of the great aisle by two iron gates, and is perhaps the most beautiful choir in Europe: its roof was materially injured by fire, occasioned by the carelessness of the plumbers who were repairing it in 1803, but it has since been completely restored, at an expence of upwards of £4000. In this choir is performed the coronation of the Kings and Queens of England.

This succinct account will not prove unacceptable, we hope, to our readers.

The attractive spot at the southern extremity of the cross aisle was now entered by the two friends. "This," said Dashall, "is called Poet's Corner, and never could a place be named with more propriety."

Tallyho cast an eye of intense observation on these sacred records of departed excellence. Here he found the names of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Johnson, Milton, Dryden, Butler, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, &c. There also, as though the spot were dedicated to genius of the highest rank, are the tombs of Handel and Garrick. The Squire in his admiration of the British Poets, now gave full scope to the ardency of his feelings, and surrounded by the sculptured images of the bards of former days, he seemed as if environed by a re-animated constellation of genius, and wrapt in the delirium of its inspiritive influence.

Westminster Abbey contains a great number of monuments of kings, statesmen, heroes, poets, and persons [84] distinguished by genius, learning, and science; but many of these monuments can be regarded as little better than so many disfigurements of the buildings. Some however are to be spoken of with praise, and the best are the productions of Reubilliac and Bacon.

The curiosities of Westminster Abbey consist chiefly of twelve chapels, the principal of which were visited

by Dashall and his cousin; but to the chapel of Henry VII. their chief attention was directed. This chapel is contiguous to the eastern extremity of the church, and opens into it: it is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and is one of the finest specimens of Gothic antiquity in the world. On its site formerly stood a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and also a tavern, distinguished by the sign of the White Rose: Henry resolving to erect a superb mausoleum for himself and his family, pulled down the old chapel and tavern, and on the 11th of February in the year 1503, the first stone of the new structure was laid by Abbot Islip, at the King's command. It cost £14,000, an immense sum for that period, particularly considering the rapacious temper of the king. The exterior of the chapel is distinguished by the richness and variety of its form, occasioned chiefly by 14 towers, elegantly proportioned to the body of the edifice, and projecting in different angles from the outer-most wall: the inside is approached by the area at the back of the chapels of Edward the Confessor and Henry v. The floor of this chapel is elevated above that of the area, and the ascent is by a flight of marble steps: the entrance is ornamented with a handsome gothic portico of stone, within which are three large gates of gilt brass, of curious open workmanship, every pannel being enriched with a rose and a portcullis alternately. The chapel consists of the nave and two small aisles: the centre is 99 feet in length, 66 in breadth, and 54 in height, terminating at the east in a curve, and having five deep recesses of a similar form: the entrance to these recesses is by open arches, and they add greatly to the relief and beauty of the building: it is not improbable that they were originally so many smaller chapels, destined to various uses. The side aisles are in a just proportion to the centre, with which they communicate by four arches, turned on gothic pillars; each of them is relieved by four recesses, a window, with minute and curious divisions, running the [85] whole height of each recess. The upper part of the nave has four windows on each side, and ten in the eastern extremity, five above and five below. The whole of the roof of the chapel, including the side aisles and the curve at the end, is of wrought stone, in the gothic style, and of exquisite beauty. An altar-tomb erected by Henry, at the cost of £1000, to receive his last remains, stands in the centre of the chapel. It is of basaltic stone, ornamented and surrounded with a magnificent railing of gilt brass. This monument was constructed by Peter Torregiano, a Florentine artist, and possesses extraordinary merit. Six devices in bas-relief, and four statues, all of gilt brass, adorn the tomb.

In addition to these venerable antiquities, which all deserve to be seen, a variety of figures in wax, and in cases with glazed doors, are shewn as curiosities to the stranger; but they ought to be removed, as disgraceful to the grandeur and solemnity of the other parts of the scene, and as a satire on the national taste, which can scarcely be excused, when such things are exhibited in a room for children's amusement.

Every lover of the arts must lament that this beautiful relic of gothic taste is falling rapidly to decay; notwithstanding, within the last twenty-four years, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster have expended the sum of £28,749 in general repairs of the abbey. Parliament, however, has at last granted the requisite aid, and the sum of £20,000 has been voted to commence the repairs, which are now going on. It has been estimated that the necessary repairs of Henry the VIIth's chapel will cost about £14,800 and the ornamental repairs about £10,400.

The prospect from the western tower of the abbey is more beautiful and picturesque, though less extensive, than that from St. Paul's. The west end of the town and its environs, the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, St. James's park, the gardens of the Queen's palace, the extremity of Piccadilly and Hyde-park, with the Serpentine River, and the distant groves of Kensington Gardens, present a varied and magnificent view towards the west. On the other hand, the bridges of Westminster, Waterloo, and Blackfriars, with the broad expanse of the Thames, and Somerset-house on its banks, and St. Paul's towering pile, together with the light Gothic steeple of St. Dunstan's in the East, present a most noble and interesting prospect. From this tower [86] the exterior form of St. Paul's, when the sun falls upon it, is distinctly seen, and here its exquisite beauty will be more fully comprehended than in any part of the city, for a sufficient area to take in the entire outline is not to be found there.

This prolixity of description will not, we presume, be considered by our readers, as a tedious digression from the main subject.—*Real Life in London* cannot be better elucidated, than by uniting incident with appropriate anecdote, and amidst the perambulations of our respectable associates, which led them to the ancient and interesting edifice of Westminster Abbey, it necessarily followed that we should illustrate the subject, by a brief, yet accurate and interesting account of the antiquity, et cetera, of the object under consideration.

Having gratified their wishes by a cursory inspection of what their guides were pleased to denominate "Curiosities," our two heroes were on the eve of departure from the Abbey, when Bob begged that the guide would repeat the terms of admission to view these repositories of mortality.

"The tombs," said the conductor, "at the east end of the church, with the chapel of Henry VIIth, the price of admission to view these, sir, is six-pence; the models three-pence; the tombs at the northern part of the cross aisle three-pence; and the west end and tower of the abbey six-pence."

Tallyho expressed his surprise that the house of God and the depository of the dead, should be so shamefully assigned over to the influence of Mammon, and a price of admission as into a place of public amusement, exacted by those to whose mercenary government the ancient structure of Westminster Abbey had devolved. "Was it thus, always," asked he, "from the time of Henry IIIth?" To this enquiry, the guide replied merely by a shrug of his shoulders, rather indicative of contempt than otherways, and to a further question of "Who is the receiver general of these exactions, and to what purpose are they applied?" he preserved a sullen taciturnity.

From the south aisle of the abbey there are two entrances into the cloisters, which are entire, and consist of four arched walks on the sides of an open quadrangle. There are many monuments in these walks, but four of them, beneath which are the remains of four of the abbots of Westminster, at the east end of the south walk, [87] are all which merit particular attention.—

Amongst the ancient records deposited here, the two friends were gratified with a sight of those of the Court of Star-chamber, and of the original Domesday-book, which is still as legible as the first hour it was written.



Against the south-west part of the west front of the abbey, is the north front of the Jerusalem chamber, remarkable for being the place where king Henry IV. breathed his last. {1}

North from the abbey stood the Sanctuary, the place of refuge allowed in old times, to criminals of a certain description; and, on the south side, was the eleemosynary or almonry, where the alms of the abbot were distributed.—This place is remarkable for being the spot in which the first printing-press ever used in England was set up; and here, in 1474, Caxton printed the Game and Play of Chesse, the first book ever printed in England.—A new Court House is now built on the site of the sanctuary.

Having seen in the Abbey every curiosity of note, its two visitants directed their course into Westminster Hall, the great national seat of justice.—This together with the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, are the remains of the palace of Westminster, built by Edward the Confessor, the situation of which was close to the river Thames, and the stairs leading from it still retain the name of palace stairs. The hall itself is the largest room in Europe, except the theatre at Oxford, unsupported by columns. It is 275 feet in length, 74 in breadth, and 90 in height, the roof being of oak, of curious gothic architecture. It was originally used as a place of festivity, and Richard IId entertained 10,000 guests within its walls. In this hall Charles I. was tried and condemned; and at present it is occasionally fitted up for the trial of peers or of any person impeached by the Commons.

Our heroes now relinquishing the contemplation of the olden times for the enjoyment of the passing scenes of the modern, turned their steps in the direction of Whitehall; passing through which, and facing the Banqueting-House, {2} their observation was attracted to a gentleman on

*1 See Shakespeare's Play of Henry IV. Part II.*

*2 In front of the Banqueting House, on a scaffold, Charles I. was beheaded on the 30th of January, 1648;—His Majesty passed from the Banqueting House to the scaffold through one of the windows.*

horseback, followed by a number of people, by whom he was frequently and warmly cheered; and *en* [88] *passant* was recognized with other popular feeling of regard and respect. Dashall stepped forward to reconnoitre, and ascertained that the favourite was no other than the worthy representative of the borough of Southwark, Sir Robert Wilson, Knt. lately deprived of his rank as a General, “for,” continued Dashall, “nobody knows what, unless the enormous crime of paying his last tribute of respect to the memory of an “injured Queen;” and endeavouring, in the temperate language of remonstrance, to prevent the effusion of human blood! His character however, is too firmly rooted to sustain injury from the breath of slander; and the malignity of his enemies has recoiled on themselves: thanks to a brave, just, and generous people, who are ever prone to save whom persecution aims to destroy.”

Dashall seemed warm in defending the cause of this gallant officer, and the Squire listened with correspondent satisfaction.

“The allied Sovereigns,” observed Dashall, “in General Sir Robert Wilson, found all the essential requisites of a good soldier: of skill to plan, and of valour to execute. They were chiefly indebted to his judgment and intrepidity for the victory of Leipsic; to which ample testimony was given by the Emperors of Russia and Austria; the latter of whom, during the intensity and perils of the engagement, he extricated from the imminent hazard of captivity. His services have not been of less importance in the armies of his own country, as acknowledged by the Commander in Chief, who has now rewarded him by recommending his dismissal, at the instance, no doubt, of Ministers; anxious by this procedure to annihilate his independent feelings, and render them more subservient to the doctrine of non-resistance and of passive obedience to the existing authorities!” {1}

*1 This object is already defeated.—Amongst all classes Sir Robert Wilson's dismissal has excited strong feelings of reprobation. Certainly, whatsoever other name may be given to the act, it cannot be called a just one, to degrade an honourable man from his rank, and deprive him of the half pay (which in a great measure accrued to him from purchase,) without accusation, arbitrarily, and on secret and suborned information of having; merited the inflicted contumely. But futile has been the effort of malevolence; Sir Robert Wilson's half pay was £460 per annum, and the subscriptions in indemnification of his loss already exceed £10,000.*

Pursuing their course along the Strand, and ruminating on the alarming increase of juvenile depravity, [89] Tallyho could not avoid remarking on the numerous temptations held out to the vicious and necessitous in this wide-spreading and wealthy metropolis—“For instance,” making a full halt, with his friend, against the spacious and unlatticed window of a jeweller's shop, Dashall admitted the truth of his companion's observation. Here on promiscuous display were seen most valuable articles of jewelry, stretching multitudinously from one extremity to the other of the window, consisting of gold and silver watches, elegant and richly wrought seals, musical snuff-boxes, diamond rings, diamond pins, &c. embracing, in vast variety, a property of immense value, divided from the street by “thin and undefended squares of glass only; and that the lure might prove still more attractive, each article marked at its price, some 25, some 50, 75, 100, and 200 guineas each! A dash and a grab might secure to the depredator possession of wealth; and while such temptations are held out, the surprise is, not that so many street robberies are, but that a great many more are not committed. The many thousands in London out of employment, and of these perhaps the greatest number unhoused and famishing, would it be much to be wondered at if some of these sons of misery, goaded onwards to crime by the extremity of human suffering, were to attempt the possession of spoil, so carelessly exposed, and apparently so easily obtainable? {1}

*1 Lord Mansfield once presided as Judge, when an unfortunate man was tried for stealing an article of jewellery from a shop-window, exposed by its unguarded state to depredation, and more encouraging than otherwise, the hope of success.—*

*It proved differently, and the prosecutor seeming determined to proceed against the wretched man, even to capital punishment, Lord Mansfield, indignant at the severity of the owner of the trinket, and compassionating the state of misery and destitution, under the influence of which the poor prisoner at the bar, stimulated too by its careless exposure, had committed the felony, desired the Jury to value the trinket in question at ten pence.—The prosecutor started up in surprise, and exclaimed, “Tenpence, my Lord! why the very fashion of it cost me ten times the sum!” “That may be,” returned his Lordship, “but we must not hang a man for fashion's sake!”*

“Here conies silly Tom and staggering Bob,” exclaimed a fellow, as he approached towards our pedestrians. [90] Tallyho had grasped more firmly his oaken sprig, with the intention of trying the crankness of the observer's pericranium, when Dashall perceived that the obnoxious remark was directed to a simple looking old man, dejectedly leading a horse “done up,” and apparently destined for the slaughter-house.

“Where now, Tommy,” continued the querist, “with thy decayed bit of blood?”

“Aye, aye,” answered Tommy, despondingly, “even to the naggers, {1}—'tis what we must all come to.”

*1 A Naggerman is a wholesale horse-butcher! his business is frequently so extensive as to enable him to employ a vast many hands, and so lucrative as to ensure him a fortune in a very few years; the carcasses are sold to the dealers by whom they are cut up, and sold in quarters to the retailers, and purchased by the street venders; these latter form one of the prominent itinerant avocations, and supply with food all the dogs and cats of the metropolis!*

“And so thy master has passed the doom of death against his old servant Bob, on whose back he has been safely borne, in the chase, “many a time and oft,” as the song says, “o'er hedges, gaps, ditches and gates; and fleet of foot as thou wert,” patting the animal with feelings of commiseration,” and often as thou hast replenished thy master's purse, thou art now going to the slaughter-house!”

“Even so—the faithful servant, now no longer useful, is discarded.”

“And put to death!—Why man, thy master is a d—d unfeeling, ungrateful scoundrel, else he would have turned this poor nag at large on the green sward, to roam as he list in summer, with a warm stable in winter, and have left him to die the death of nature.”

An assemblage of passengers had now collected round the doom'd horse and his sympathizing friend, whose vehemence of expression had attracted much attention. The feelings of his auditory were in full unison with his own, and as the throng increased, with inquisitive curiosity, the advocate in the cause of humanity repeated the following lines:

*“And hast thou doom'd my death, sweet master, say,  
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?  
A little longer let me live, I pray;  
A little longer hobble round thy door!”*

The spectators were evidently affected. He next sung the stanza of an old song, extemporaneously [91] produced (with the exception of the first two lines)

*At last having labored, drudg'd early and late,  
Bow'd down by degrees he draws on to his fate:  
His blood must the Naggerman's sluicing knife spill;  
His carcase the Naggerman's slaughter-house fill!  
Now led to his doom, while with pity we view  
Poor Bob, may mishap still his master pursue;  
Who callously spurning humanity's bounds,  
Now sells his old servant as food for the hounds.*

The Squire having occasion to call at a banker's in Fleet Street, the two friends entered at the moment when a countryman with a most rueful expression of countenance, stood transfixed to the floor, like the statue of Despair, incapable either of speech or motion. After an absorption of mental faculty of several minutes duration, he burst out into the incoherent exclamations of

“Murrian take un, zay I!—Icod, I'ze in a voine pickle! I ha brought my pigs to market wi a vengeance! O luord! O luord! whoa would ha thought en't?”

He then began exercising his feet by stamping each alternately on the floor, with a violence that shook the room to its foundation; and this vehement thunder he accompanied by correspondent energy of gesticulation; distorting his visage, and casting about his arms with the action of an infuriated maniac. The place was thrown into alarm, and business was suspended. Dashall now addressing himself to the presumed lunatic, begged him to compose himself, and endeavour briefly to state what had happened, that if he had sustained an injury, redress might be obtained.

After several fruitless attempts at narration, he at length told his story; and that it may lose nothing of its originality, we shall give it in the first person.

“I'ze cuom zur, frae Zumerstetshire to Lunnon, first time o' my loife, by coach, where it putt en at a plice called the two Gooses necks, and zo having a cheque on this house for Fifty Pounds, and not knowing the way, I axed a vera civil gentleman whom I met wi' hovering about Inn-yard; and telling him my business, Pze go with you, zaid he, vera kindly, and help thee to take care o! thy money, vor there be a desperate set o' sharp fellows in Lunnon ready to take every advantage of a stranger; and zoa we came along, and just avore [92] we gotten into house here, he said to I, zays he, I'ze take thy money and zee that all's right, vor there be a vast many bad sovereigns about.—Well, zur, zoa he did; and just as I wur looking about, it seems he had taen himself off wi'the money, vor when I looked round he wur no where to be zeen; and zoa zur, I have lost Fifty

good Pounds to my sorrow. Who would ha thought it!—I wish the murrian had ha hold on me avore I had come to this wicked world o' Lunnon!"

Here the countryman concluded his narrative, exciting the amusement of some and the sympathy of others of his auditory.—The banker dispatched one of his clerks with the unlucky wight to one of the Public Offices, for the purpose of describing the depredator, altho' with very small chance of recovering the property. {1}

Eliminating on the folly of this credulous countryman, our perambulators now proceeded down Fleet Street, where casting a look into Bolt Court—"Here," said Dashall, "lived and died the colossus of English literature, Doctor Samuel Johnson, {2} a man whose like the world may

*1 In all the Coach and Waggon yards in London there are fellows loitering about with the view of plunder; they frequently are taken by the unwary countryman, for domestics of the Inn, and as such are entrusted with property with which they immediately decamp, and by many other artful manouvres secure their spoil.*

*2 The most trivial circumstance in the life of a great man, carries with it a certain somewhat of importance, infinitely more agreeable to the generality of readers than the long details which history usually presents. Amongst the numerous anecdotes of Doctor Johnson, perhaps the following is not the least amusing.—When the Doctor first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went, with some other gentlemen, to laugh away an hour at South-wark-fair. At one of the booths where wild beasts were exhibited to the wondering crowd, was a very large bear, which the showman assured them was "cotched" in the undiscovered deserts of the remotest Russia. The bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but to all the company, except Johnson, was very surly and ill tempered. Of the philosopher he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and displayed every mark of awkward partiality, and ursine kindness. "How is it, (said one of the company,) that; this savage animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?" From a very natural cause, replied Mallet: "the bear is a Russian philosopher, and he knows that Linnæus would have placed him in the same class with the English moralist. They are two barbarous animals of one species."—Johnson disliked Mallet for his tendency to infidelity, and this sarcasm turned his dislike into downright hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted him in his octavo dictionary, under the article "Alias."*

perhaps never see again; yet with all his vast erudition he had his prejudices and superstitions; he believed [93] in apparitions, and he despised all countries save his own.—The Scotch and Irish he affected particularly to dislike.—In his poem of "London," in imitation of Juvenal, he says,—

*For who unbrib'd would leave Hibernia's land,  
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?—  
There none are swept by sudden death away,  
But all whom Hunger spares, with age decay!*

But, with all his foibles, (and who is there without human infirmity?) Doctor Samuel Johnson was the most highly talented writer of any age or nation."

Facing the Obelisk, "let us stroll down the market," said Dashall, "considered the cheapest in London.—Flesh, fish and fowl, fruits, roots and vegetables, are here abundantly attainable, and at moderate prices."

Amongst the various venders, our two observers passed on, unmolestedly, excepting the annoyance and importunity of "What d'ye buy? what d'ye buy, buy, buy?" from barking butchers, who instinctively reiterated the phrase as the casual passenger approached, like so many parrots, unconscious of its import being unproductive in effect; for who would be induced to purchase by the clamorous invitation universally in use by these vociferous butchers of the metropolis?—"My fine fellow," observed Tallyho to one who annoyed him, "good wine, they say, needs no bush, neither does good meat require a barker."

"Bad luck to my mother's own daughter, and that is myself, sure," exclaimed a retail venderess of vegetables, to her opponent in trade, "if I wouldn't for the value of a tester, or for the value of nothing at all at all, give you freely just what you ask for my jewel.—Arrah now, is it law that you want of me! Faith and troth then you shall have it, *club-law*, when and where you plase, my darling!"

"Dirty end," rejoined the other lady, "to the girl who fear\* you!—Here am I, Kate, of the Maclusky's of Ballymena, in the county of Antrim, long life to it! and it would be a hard case, and a shameful one to boot, if a well educated northern lass should suffer her own self to be disgraced by a Munster-woman."

"The devil fly away with Ballymena, and the Macluskys along with it!" retorted the other; "and is it Munster [94] and heddication that you are bothering about? Whillaloe graraachree! my sweet one! and did you begin your larning in Ballymena, and come to finish it in Fleet-market? By my conscience, Kate Maclusky, if you are not very much belied, you know more than you ought to do."

"And what would you 'sinate by that?" demanded Kate;—"What do you ?sinate by that, Ma'am?—I acknowledge that I'm both a whore and a thief—what then? Bating that I defy you to say, black is the white of my eye!"

Here Mrs. Maclusky with arms a-kimbo, and a visage strongly expressing exasperation and defiance, advanced towards the Munster-woman.

"Let us step aside," said Dashall, "hostilities are about to commence."

He was right; a few more irritable preliminaries, and the heroines came in contact, in due order of battle.

"Two to one on the Munster-woman." "Done! Ulster for ever! go it Kate!—handle your dawdles, my girl;—

shiver her ivory;—darken her skylights;—flatten her sneizer;—foul, foul,—ah you Munster b—ch!”

“Fair, fair;—arra, now for the honor of Munster;—dig away;—mind your hits;—rattle her bread basket;—set her claret-spout a-going;—stand firm on your pegs;—what, down!”

Thus ended round the first; the amazons had, in the fray, reduced each other from the waist upwards to nearly a state of nudity. On either side the partisans were numerous, the combatants eager to renew the fight, and the spectators, the majority of whom were of Irish distraction, anxious for the result, when the officious interposition of official authority, terminated the “tug of war,” and the honor of the two provinces remained undecided.—

“Success to the land that gave Patrick his birth.” Tranquillity thus restored, a new scene in the drama of Fleet-market attracted the attention of the two visitants.

A rabbit pole-woman passing through the market, was accosted by a lady, who enquiring the price of the Rabbits, purchased a couple, in front of the shop of a similar exhibitant.—This was considered by the rabbit-dealers of the market, a gross breach of privilege, more particularly as the obnoxious female had presumed to undersell them, even with a superior article. Not willing, however, from prudential reasons, to appear in [95] avowed personal hostility against the object of their vengeance, and that, too, a woman, who had inadvertently incurred the displeasure of their high mightinesses, the subordinate agency of boys was deputed for the purpose of wrecking summary retribution; and the juvenile deputation quickly overthrew in the apparent wantonness of mischief, the whole of the poor girl's day-property, and scrambling for the spoil, disseminated themselves in different directions, leaving not the vestige of a rabbit behind!

A torrent of tears, feelingly shewed the anguish of her mind. She was ruined beyond hope of redemption; the rabbits she had every morning on credit, she plied the streets in selling them, through many a wearisome hour in the day, happy if next morning, having realized a very moderate profit by her laborious vocation, she could settle accounts with the wholesale dealer, and take a fresh cargo with which to commence another day's adventure.—But now, wringing her hands in an agony of grief, “It is all over with me!” she exclaimed, —“ my means of subsistence is gone,—my credit is lost,—and God's will be done,—I must go home and starve!” {1}

*1 It is scarcely credible that one salesman in Leadenhall market, at the present time, sells on an average 14,000 rabbits weekly. He contracts with the coach masters for the carriage, and pays them eleven pounds per thousand, amounting, weekly, to £154. The way he disposes of them, is by employing 150 travelling pole-men and women; in the morning they are started upon credit, and the next day they return, bringing back the skins, settle the accounts, and then take a fresh cargo.*

Ever prone to relieve distress, Dashall and Tallyho sympathized most sincerely with this unfortunate girl; there was an indescribable something of extreme interest about her, which was well calculated to excite a feeling of generous commiseration.

Shall we now say the two philanthropists? for such they proved themselves. Each then, in the same moment, expanded his purse, and together more than compensated the delighted and astonished girl for her loss, who, blessing her benefactors, went home rejoicing.

Gaining the extremity of the market, at the bottom of Skinner-street, the two friends rounded the corner, and verged towards Ludgate-hill by the Fleet Prison. Here a fresh claim, though of lesser magnitude, obtruded itself on their benevolence. “Pity the poor debtors, having no allowance!” exclaimed an emaciated [96] being, gazing with an eye of wistful expectancy, through the thrice-grated window of a small apartment on a level nearly with the street; “Pity the poor debtors;” The supplicating tone of deep distress in which these words were uttered spoke irresistibly to the heart, and the blessing of Heaven was once more invoked on the donors.

“And this is the prison,” observed the Squire, “where a presumed scion of the Royal branch, a few days ago surrendered to her bail, as a prisoner for debt.”—“The same,” rejoined his Cousin, “and the Princess is now most unroyally domiciled at a private-house within the rules of the Fleet, on Ludgate-hill.—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*”

“Certainly,” said the Squire, “this London produces extraordinary sights, and not less extraordinary occurrences;—but of all the scenes of Real Life which has hitherto come within the scope of our observation, the most singular is that of the presumed legitimate cousin of the King of England, recently in a Spunging-house, and now confined for a debt of a few hundred pounds to the rules of the Fleet.” {1}

*1 Ci-divant Princess of Cumberland*

*To the Right Hon. Lord Sidmouth.*

*My Lord,—When I reflect on the injuries I have received by the refusal of your Lordship to forward my claims in a proper way to his Majesty, I consider it as a duty that I owe to my high descent, to enquire of your Lordship, why I have been suffered to remain so long neglected and deprived of the rights, which in common with other younger branches of the Royal Family, I am entitled to? As soon as the demise of my late Royal Uncle, his late Majesty, occurred, I addressed your Lordship, for his present Majesty's gracious knowledge. In my letters, repeatedly sent to your Lord-ship, I assured you for the King's knowledge, that I had but one anxious desire, which was to act in conformity to his Majesty's Royal will and pleasure, after an audience had been allowed to shew my papers. If, my Lord, I had been an impostor, it was the duty of Ministers to have enquired into my claims, and to have exposed them if unjust or illegal. But, no! my Lord; every application was treated with cold*

and apathetic contempt; and although all the writings of my parent's marriage and my birth have been verified according to law, at Judge Abbott's chambers, Sergeants' Inn,—at Master Simeon's Office, Court of Chancery,—before Sir Robert Baker and Barber Beaumont Esq.—and twelve affidavits sworn and sent in to your Lordship, yet at this late moment I find myself neglected and oppressed, and without one guinea of support from the Government or Royal Family! My dear late cousin, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, supported and protected me several years before his lamented death. His Royal Highness saw the papers delivered to me by the Earl of Warwick of my legitimacy, and there are at least a hundred papers connected with my parent's affairs and my own; and General Wetherall, Comptroller to his late Royal Highness, looked over many such papers, at my residence in his Royal Master's life-time. The excellent heart of the late Duke of Kent was of a nature to decide, in all events of life meeting his eye, with religion and moral justice. Thus has he loved and cherished me, his cousin, and solemnly bound himself to see me righted the moment that the death of his late Majesty authorised my papers meeting the eye of the nation.

My Lord,—You well know why my claims are neglected—a mighty cause exists! But it is a duty that I owe to myself and the English nation to give a narrative of facts as they are, unless immediate justice is done me. I am Olive, the only child of the late Duke of Cumberland, by Olivia, his virtuous, injured wife; and very shortly the public shall know the great and forbearing conduct of Dr. Wilmot. To him at one period, the English were indebted for tranquillity; it can be proved, my Lord. And although my health is similar to the late injured Queen's (my first cousin,) from having experienced every deprivation and persecution from interested enemies, yet I religiously trust the time is not remote, when truth will triumph over calumny and oppression.—I have the honor to be, my Lord,

Your obedient servant,

Olive.

Ludgate-hill, Nov. 6th. 1821.

"Some Kings are not partial to female cousins; and the legitimacy (said Dashall,) of this pretended Princess [97] of Cumberland does not appear sufficiently tangible to admit of recognition, otherwise, without doubt, she would have been provided for!"

"Her case, however, wears not much the semblance of imposition," said the Squire. "The circumstances which she so minutely states, with reference to living characters, strongly imply that her pretensions are not ill-founded."

They had now reached Ludgate-hill; a crowd was collected opposite the residence of the Princess of Cumberland, when the captive heroine condescended to shew herself at the window.—She is of matronly appearance, and was well dressed.—The mobility received her with due respect; the lady made her obeisance, and the assemblage retired, on terms apparently of reciprocal satisfaction.—

Strolling onwards until they gained the centre of Blackfriars Bridge, the two friends paused in admiration of the interesting scene before them.

Amidst the spires and turrets of the metropolis, Saint Paul's, close at hand, rose in the proud pre-eminence of stupendous grandeur, like a mighty monarch surrounded by tributary kings, rendering him the homage of [98] vassalage.

—Emerging from the dense mass of buildings on the line from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, appeared a continued succession of prominent public edifices; on the river Thames the scene was diversified by numerous wherries, gliding pleasurably on the rippling wave; some shooting under the arches of the elegant Waterloo, and others under the spacious span of the lofty iron bridge of Southwark,—while on either side the river, Labour was on the alert, and the busy and ceaseless hum of Industry resounded far and near.

?Twas low water, and the *mud-larks* now intent on their several vocations, engaged the eye of the Squire.—"What are those people about?" he asked, "What are they in search of?"

"These are *mud-larks*," answered his friend, "in search of what chance may throw in their way; all's fish that comes to net! You have much to learn yet of Real Life in London, and must prolong your stay accordingly.—Willing to eat the bread of honesty, these poor people are in the daily practice of frequenting the shores of the Thames, to literally pick up a living. Nothing comes amiss; all that is portable, however insignificant in value, goes into the general repository. The mud-lark returns home, when his labours are ended, sorts the indiscriminate heterogeneous "mass of matter," and disposes of it as well as he can." {1}

*1 How many hundreds and thousands, in a metropolis like that of the British empire, obtain a subsistence, in a way of which those of its inhabitants who are not compelled to such an exercise of their ingenuity can have no idea! In the midst of a crowded city, man is much more closely cut off from all assistance on the part of his fellows, and is obliged to trust entirely for the support of life to the individual exertions of his strength, his talents, or his ingenuity. Various and singular are the expedients practised by numbers in the British capital. Among these the class of Mud-larks is not the least extraordinary, that is people, who, on the ebb of the tide re-pair to the river-side, in quest of any article that the water may have left behind in*

*the mud. To this description of people belonged Peggy Jones, the well known Mud-lark at Black Friars. She was a woman, apparently about forty years of age, with red hair; the particular object of whose researches was the coals which accidentally fell from the sides of the lighters. Her constant resort was the neighbourhood of Blackfriars, where she was always to be seen, even before the tide was down, wading into the water, nearly up to the middle, and scraping together from the bottom, the coals which she felt with her feet. Numbers of passengers who have passed by that quarter, particularly over Blackfriars Bridge, have often stopped to contemplate with astonishment, a female engaged in an occupation apparently so painful and disagreeable. She appeared dressed in very short ragged petticoats, without shoes or stockings, and with a kind of apron made of some strong substance, that folded like a bag all round her, in which she collected whatever she was so fortunate as to find. In these strange habiliments, and her legs encrusted with mud, she traversed the streets of this metropolis. Sometimes she was industrious enough to pick up three, and at others even four loads a day; and as they consisted entirely of what are termed round coals, she was never at a loss for customers, whom she charged at the rate of eight-pence a load. In the collection of her sable treasure, she was frequently assisted by the coal-heavers, who, when she happened to approach the lighters, would, as if undesignedly, kick overboard a large coal, at the same time bidding her, with apparent surliness, go about her business. Peggy Jones was not exempt from a failing to which most individuals of the lower orders are subject, namely, inebriety. Her propensity to liquor was sometimes indulged to such a degree, that she would tumble about the streets with her load, to the no small amusement of mischievous boys, and others, who, on such occasions, never failed to collect around her. After concluding the labors of the day, she retired to a wretched lodging in Chick Lane. This woman carried on her extraordinary calling for many years, but about the month of February, 1805, she suddenly disappeared from her usual places of resort, and nobody can tell what is become of her. A man who has the appearance of a coal-heaver, has since stepped into her place, and adopted the profession which she so long followed.*

“Thus it is that the Mud-lark earns a precarious and scanty subsistence, and in many other instances in this [99] metropolis, Ingenuity and Perseverance overcome difficulties that in the country would prove insurmountable.”

Retracing their steps to Ludgate-hill, the associates passed into the Old Bailey, where the Squire seemed struck with surprise at the simple bill of fare of an eating-house, not inscribed on paper and exhibited against the window, but deeply engraven on brass, and conspicuously fixed by the side of the door, expressed in four syllables only, “The boil'd-beef house.”—“Compendious enough,” exclaimed his Cousin. “Multum in parvo,” rejoined the Squire; and immediately walking in, they were ushered into a snug room partly occupied by guests of apparent respectability, each actively employed in the demolition of buttock or flank with great seeming satisfaction. The two strangers intimating a desire to follow so laudable an example, the waiter submissively put the question, “Which would you please to have, gentlemen, buttock or flank, or a plate of both?” That the quality of each might be ascertained, plates of both were ordered, and presently brought in, piping hot, and in the first style of culinary perfection. {1}

It was amusing to observe the characteristic features of the different guests.

[100]

The young man hurrying over his meal, and frequently casting a look on the dial, indicated a tradesman's book-keeper, desirous of enjoying his pipe and pint ere the allotted dinner hour expired, when he must return to his desk.

Another, of meagre and cadaverous appearance, had his plate replenished, thrice repeated, and each time dispatched the contents with astonishing celerity. This man without doubt, was either a poet or a bookseller's hack, who, probably had not for sometime enjoyed the novelty of a dinner, and was thus making atonement to appetite accordingly.

One gentleman fashionably attired kept mincing his meat, and at long intervals supplying masticates that seemed not at all alert in the performance of their office.—His attention was given rather to the company than to his plate, and was particularly directed to Dashall and Tallyho, on whom it alternately settled with fixed and favourite regard.—This very polite personage was assiduously eager by every possible courtesy to ingratiate himself into the notice of our two friends; but Dashall was a knowing fish, so the bait wouldn't take; and the Squire happening to ejaculate the word Spunger, the stranger prudently took the hint, and withdrew. {2}

*1 Thirty years ago this house was noted for the excellent quality of its boiled beef;—no other meat is ever drest here,—Hobson's choice, or none! During that period it has had several occupants, and each has retired with a very considerable fortune. In the decided superiority of its buttock and flank, the house still sustains its pristine reputation.*

*2 These gentry are hardly to be distinguished from the Hanger-on, except by being, if possible, more impudent; they frequent all places of public resort, in order to pick up a dinner or a bottle, and otherwise prey upon the credulity of the unwary. Whenever they meet with a countryman, they salute him with enquiring the time of day, or describing the*

*weather, and entertaining him with a story of little consequence, till they have artfully wheedled you into an invitation to dine or sup with you. They can tell you where the best entertainment is to be met with; which is the best comedian; can get you introduced to see such an actress; to hear this sing or that spout; will provide you with the best seat at the play-house, or keep a place for you in the front row of the first gallery, should you prefer it to the pit; can procure a ticket for the exhibition rooms for half price, and explain every thing in the museum as well as the librarians themselves.—If your inclination is for mischief, he is the only man in the world to assist you; would you break the lamps, or Mill the Charleys, he will stand by and cry Bravo! till you are carried to the Watch-house, but will not engage in the quarrel himself, acting only as a corps de reserve. When you are taken, he will negotiate with the constable of the night about your ransom, for which you must pay smartly, other-wise be detained till Justice opens her doors to descry and punish your enormities, according to the nature of the crime committed; upon which the Spunger says, that he foresaw and told you the consequences that would happen if you persevered, but that you would not listen to his advice.*

Having done satisfactory justice to the buttock and flank, and further refreshed themselves with a draught[101] of Whitbread's Entire; our pedestrians, leaving the "Boil'd Beef House," recommenced their excursion by proceeding up the Old Bailey, when Dashall remarking on the number of Eating Houses with which that street abounds, observed, that it seemed a favorite seat of consolidation for the professors of the culinary art, like Cloth-fair for Woollen-drapers, Paternoster-Row for Booksellers, and Clerkenwell for Watch-makers, &c. "This," said Dashall, "is His Majesty's Gaol of Newgate, and from this door ascend the numerous victims to the fatal scaffold, in immolation to the offended laws of their country. Let us enter this temporary abode of crime and wretchedness. It has been much meliorated by the humane and indefatigable attentions of an excellent lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and I am desirous of seeing the result of her philanthropic exertions." The gentlemanly appearance and demeanour of the two strangers facilitated their admission, and they entered the prison preceded by one of the turnkeys, who courteously had proffered his services in shewing the place, and giving every required information.

Newgate, on the eastern side of the Old Bailey, has been rebuilt, its walls or shell excepted, since it was destroyed by the rioters, in the year 1780. A broad yard divides Newgate from the Sessions House, a very handsome stone and brick building. Another edifice, where that lately stood, commonly called Surgeon's Hall, has been erected; it is arched underneath, and supported upon pillars, and is used as a place of accommodation for witnesses and other persons, while waiting for the trials during session time.

This prison, until within these few years back, was a place of confinement as well for debtors as felons, but[102] by late arrangements, and the erection of the new gaol in Whitecross-street, Newgate has now become the receptacle of felons only. {1}

*1 Newgate has been the scene of two remarkable events, which frequently serve as eras of reckoning to some of the inhabitants of Loudon; the first is, that of the memorable riots in 1780, when this imposing edifice was attacked by a furious mob in the evening of Monday the 5th of June, who by breaking the windows, battering the entrances of the cells with sledge hammers and pickaxes, and climbing the walls with ladders, found means to enter Mr. Akerman's house, communicating with the prison, and eventually liberated three hundred prisoners. The next of these events occurred on the 23rd of February, 1807. This was when Haggarty and Holloway were to suffer for the murder of Mr. Steele on Hounslow Heath. The populace began to assemble so early as five o'clock, and to accumulate until eight. (It is supposed that the concourse of people was greater than at the execution of Governor Wall.) At eight o'clock the prisoners ascended the scaffold. Immediately after they were launched off, a most dreadful scene took place. The approaches to the place were completely blocked up with carts, filled with spectators, and when some of the crowd began to move away, the pressure became dreadful. Some fell, and others falling over them they were trampled to death. Terror took possession of the crowd, they became desperate, and their efforts only contributed to increase their danger. As soon as this frightful confusion ceased, forty-two sufferers in the scene were carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Of these, twenty-seven were dead; and though every effort was made for their resuscitation, in not one instance was it crowned with success. Of forty-two, the whole number, five were women, and three of them were among the dead. Of the remaining twenty-four bodies, five were men, and the rest lads, from twelve to seventeen years of age. Among the dead men was a pye-man, who was said to have fallen first, and caused the dreadful catastrophe. A great number of the pupils in attendance happened to be collected in St. Bartholomew's Hospital at the time, and afforded prompt assistance; and Dr. Powell, and a Surgeon, who were both upon the spot, directed their humane exertions.*

In the Old Bailey stood Sydney-house, known by the white front, and the recess in which it is concealed; and here Jonathan Wild is said to have lived the greatest part of his time. The north side of Newgate consists of two court-yards, which are far too circumscribed for the numerous inhabitants, this prison always exhibiting a multitudinous calendar of human depravity. The men's court is only 49 feet 6 inches, by 31 feet 6,

and the women's of the same length, and about half the width. The whole square is entirely surrounded by the wards, which rise three stories above the pavement. The women's yard is separated from the men's by a [103] wall. In the south and south-east yards, felons for trial are confined, and four other yards are similarly occupied. The yard assigned to female felons is a wretched place, containing three wards, in which are sometimes kept upwards of one hundred women. In the north-east corner, next Newgate-street, is the condemned yard, in which are kept persons under sentence of death. The yards and all the wards are repeatedly lime-washed, and by these and other excellent regulations of the Sheriffs of London, Newgate is changed from a loathsome prison, dangerous to the health of the metropolis, to a state which may be quoted as a model for all similar places. Water is plentiful, ventilators are introduced into every window, and a general system of cleanliness prevails throughout the whole prison. The morals of its inmates have been improved, and their condition greatly meliorated by Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, who like her predecessor in the exercise of philanthropy, the celebrated Howard, delights in reducing the sum of human misery. The feelings of the two visitors having been amply gratified by demonstration of the happy result, from superior management, accruing to the prisoners, they departed, not forgetting the poor box, put up for general benefit, inviting the contributions of charitable strangers.

Continuing their route, our perambulators proceeded down Skinner street into Holborn, and traversed its extended line without any remarkable occurrence, until they reached Broad Street, St. Giles's. "We are now," said Dashall, "in the Holy Land."

"Long life to your honors," exclaimed a ragged professor of mendicity: "give a poor fellow the price of a *shake down*, and may you never be without the comforts of an *upright!*"

"What mean you," asked the Squire, "by a shake down and an upright?"

"Not the worse luck that you don't know that self same thing now; but sure enough a shake-down is a two-penny layer of straw, and saving the tatters on my back, not a covering at all at all; may the son of my father never have a worse birth any how."

"And an upright?"

"Is it an upright your honor's spaking about?—fait and troth, as to that same, may the devil fly away with [104] Thady O'Flannagan, and that is myself sure, if he knows much about it at all at all, seeing as how he has not rested his old bones on such a thing, arrah, these many long years; but sure enough it is four stumps, with boards across, a good flock-bed, a blanket below and a sheet above, with a decent coverlet pieced and patched in a hundred places to boot;—may you never want the like of it, any how!"

"Thanks for your good wishes, my friend," said Dashall; "and this for the information which you have given us."

"By the powers of good luck!" exclaimed the itinerant philosopher, "a tirteen!—Now an Irishman's blessing upon you for two good-hearted gentlemen; may you live all the days of your lives in peace and prosperity both here and hereafter!" {1}

*1 The many impoverished and deserted beings who daily wander the streets, trusting for the vegetative existence of the moment to eleemosynary occurrences, are incalculable. Amongst these sons and daughters of misery, happy is the one who, after partially satisfying the cravings of hunger, possesses two-pence, the price of a shake down for the night, in Rainbridge or Buckeridge-street, St. Giles's!—The upright is a wretched semblance of a bed, at the rate of three-pence or four-pence; but the lofty aspirant to genteel accommodation, must put down a tester. In this way there are frequently beds to the number of seventy in one house, made up for nocturnal visitants!*

Palestine in London, or the Holy Land, includes that portion of the parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury, inhabited by the lower Irish, with whom it seems a favorite place of residence. The Squire having expressed to his friend a desire of perambulating these boundaries, they proceeded, by the way of George street, to explore the sanctified labyrinths, the scenes of diurnal clamour, and hebdomadary conflict.

"Arrah now," exclaimed a voice of maternity, in the person of a legitimate daughter of Erin,—“Arrah now, you brat of the devil's own begetting, be after bowling along to your fader: bad luck to him, and be sure that you bring him home wid you, by the token that the murphies are cracking, the salt-herrings scalding, and the apple-dumplings tumbling about the pot,—d'ye mind me, you tief of the world, tell him that his dinner waits upon him.”—“I'll be after doing that same, moder;” and forth from the ground floor of a mean looking house in Buckeridge-street, sprang an urchin without hat, shoe or stocking, and the scanty tattered habiliment he wore, fluttering in various hues, like pennants in the wind, with such heedless velocity, urged no doubt by the [105] anticipated delicacies of the dinner-pot, that he came in furious, unexpected, and irresistible contact with Squire Tallyho, who borne forward by the shock, was precipitated into a stagnant collection of mud and water, to the total disfigurement of his Boots, which had that morning received the “matchlessly brilliant polish of Warren's inestimable Jet blacking.” Not like many others in London, who will run you down and leave you to your fate, the heir of his fader's whimsicalities stopped short in the inauspicious set-out of his rapid career; and “dirty end,” he exclaimed, “to the scavenger that didn't think of the gentleman's boots!” And at the same time the mother of this hopeful representative of the Mac Dermott family, made her appearance with the genuine warmth of Irish hospitality; and inviting the two strangers to walk in, consoled the bespattered Squire with the prospect of speedy and effectual reparation, for “fait and troth, (said she) his dinner is all of a heap in the pot there, praaties, salt-herrings, and apple-dumplings, {1} and that is my husband Thady Mac Dermott, who is neither more nor less than a bricklayer's laborer, is after amusing himself and obliging his neighbours, at a small outlay, of a Sunday morning, by claning their boots and shoes; so it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, they say.” The accommodating hostess then producing a bottle of blacking, with the requisite brushing implements, applied herself assiduously to the operation of claning the Squire's boots, and restored them, in a few minutes, to the splendour of their pristine brilliancy.

Scarcely had this important operation been performed, when entered Thady Mac Dermott and his son, the



origin of the accident. "The devil burn your trampers, you imp of the Mac Dermotts," cried the father: "couldn't you run against the gentleman without dirtying his boots? Never mind it at all at all; I'll be after giving you a walloping for it, any how."

*1 The fastidious delicacy of English cookery, when contrasted with that of Irish culinary preparation in the Holy-land, is surprising. The wife of an Irish laborer who is desirous of giving her husband a delectable meal, and of various description, boddens not her brain with a diversity of utensils; but from the same pot or pan will produce, as if by enchantment, potatoes, (without which an Irishman cannot possibly make a dinner,) salt-herrings, and apple-dumplings; nor, does this extraordinary union of opposites affect the appetite of those partaking the oglio.*

The first instrument of attack that comes to hand is an Irishman's weapon.—Thady brandished in *terroren*[106] a red hot poker, and his son with the agility of a cat took sanctuary under the bed, but at the intercession of the Squire was allowed to emerge with impunity, and admitted to a participation of the salt-herrings and apple-dumplings. The two friends declining an invitation to taste of these dainties, now departed, Tallyho not forgetting the "outlay, and the ill-wind that blows nobody good."

Winding the mazes of the holy land, which may not unaptly be considered a colony of Irish emigrants, our perambulators without further occurrence worthy of notice, threaded their way through streets, lanes, and alleys, until they emerged at the bottom of Tottenham-court Road, close by the extensive brewery of Read and Co. Entering the premises, they were gratified with a view of every thing interesting in the establishment; and the Squire, to whom the spectacle was entirely new, stood wrapt in wonder at the vast magnitude of its immense vats and boilers, containing, as he observed, of the fluid of Sir John Barleycorn, a sufficiency to inundate the whole neighbourhood! "Such a circumstance," said the attendant, "actually occurred a few years ago, when the vat burst, and an ocean of beer rushed forth, with such impetuous force as to bear down, in its resistless progress, the side of a house, and fill, to the imminent hazard of drowning the astonished and alarmed occupants, all the cellars in the vicinity."{1}

*1 Scarcely any thing contributes so much to characterize the enterprising spirit of the present age, as the vast scale on which many branches of manufacture are carried on in this country. Every one has heard of the celebrated tun of Heidelberg, but that monument of idle vanity is rivalled by the vessels now employed in the breweries of this metropolis.*

Having seen all that is remarkable in this spacious concern, the two associates turned into Oxford Street, where their attention was directed to a gay female in an elegant equipage, pair in hand, dashing along, in the manner of royal celerity.

"Observe that lady," said Dashall, "She is the celebrated Mrs. C\*r\*y, the favourite sultana of a certain Commander in Chief, and I shall give you her history in a few words."

"Sutherland, a bombadier at Woolwich, obtained a commission, but was less successful in securing the[107] fidelity of his wife, who eloped with an officer to Gibraltar; the produce of this intercourse was the amoroso whom we observed *en passant*; in process of time she married C\*r\*y, an officer in a veteran battalion, but shortly afterwards getting tired of the connection, she adopted the laudable example set by her respectable mamma, deserted her husband and came to England, under the protection of a surgeon in the army, whose embraces she relinquished for those of her present illustrious possessor. How long she may keep him in captivity, is a surmise of rather equivocal import; however ardent at present, his attachment, Mrs. C\*r\*y must be aware of the versatile propensities of his R\*y\*1 H\*ghn\*ss of Y\*\*k, and sans doubt like her predecessor, Mary Ann C\*\*\*ke, will make the most of a favourable opportunity."

"London exhibits Real Life in all its forms and gradations, from the hireling of royalty in a curricule, to the passive spouse of all the town, on the pavement; from the splendour of affluence to the miseries of penury; even Mendicity itself has its shades of variety, its success being less frequently derived from the acuteness of distress than the caprice of Nature, in having gifted the mendicant with some peculiar eccentricity of person or character, to attract attention and sympathy. He who is without these endowments passes unnoticed; but the diminutive and deformed creature, seated on a child's cart, who with the help of crutches shoves himself along the street, and whose whole height, including his machine, does not exceed two feet; this minikin, *ecce homo*, is gazed at by the casual passenger as a prodigy, and seldom fails to benefit by the excitation of curiosity."—

Approaching the tiny personage alluded to,—"Well, Mr. Andrew Whiston," said Dashall, "what important business brings you so far westward? I thought that your migrations from Bankside had never extended beyond the precincts of Temple-bar."

"I wot weel, your honor, that I have strayed far frae hame, and to little purpose,—better fortune has not lit on me this wearisome day, than meeting wi' your honor, for God bless you many a time has the poor dwarfish body tasted your bounty."

During this colloquy, Tallyho gazed on the poor dwarfish body with commiseration, intermixed with no small portion of surprise, at this fresh display of general knowledge by his intelligent and amusing coz, to whom all of interest and curiosity in the metropolis, animate and inanimate, seemed perfectly familiar.

"And whither away now, Master Whiston; do you mean to look in at the rendezvous to night?"{1} [108]

"Faith no, sir,—I got a fright there some few years since, and I shall be very cautious of getting into the like disaster a second time."

The conversation had so far proceeded, to the entertainment of congregated passengers, when the auditory getting rather inconveniently numerous, the two friends left each his mite of benevolence with Maister Andrew Whiston, gaining home without further incident or interruption.{2}

1 Recurring to the holy land, the rendezvous is a noted house in St. Giles's, where, after the labors of the day, the mendicant fraternity assemble, enjoy the comfort of a good supper; amongst other items, not unfrequently an alderman in chains, alias a roast turkey, garnished with pork-sausages; elect their chairman, and spend the night as jolly beggars ought to do, in mirth and revelry.

2 Andrew Whiston was born at Dundee in Scotland, February 10th, 1770, and has, during the last twenty-eight years, resided in London. The person of this man is well known to the perambulators of the metropolis. He forms altogether a disgusting little figure, pushing himself about on a small cart, which moves upon wheels, and wearing an apron to conceal the deformity of his legs. His whole height, including his vehicle, does not exceed two feet. To avoid the penalties attached to begging and vagrancy, he carries a few pens stuck between his coat and waistcoat, and declares that the dealing in those articles is the only trade to which he has been brought up. It is not improbable, that by means of this, and other arts and mysteries which he exercises, Andrew has been enabled to procure something more than salt to his porridge. It cannot be supposed that his person is calculated to excite the tender passion; it must therefore be to the idea of his having accumulated wealth, that we are to attribute the following circumstance. A short time since, Andrew began to think seriously of taking unto himself a wife, and having looked round among his female acquaintance for a desirable partner, he fixed his choice on a Mrs. Marshall, the widow of a waterman, who follows the trade of a retail dealer in fish, at the corner of Spiller's public-house, on that side of the Surrey Road which he usually frequents. This fair lady, who might perhaps have been dead as a roach to his addresses, if he had possessed nothing but his deformed person to offer, proved leaping alive, ho! at the thought of Andrew's little hoard, of which she hoped to become mistress. Several presents attested the seriousness of the lover's proposals, and his charmer was all compliance to his wishes, till he had actually sent the money to pay for publishing the banns at Christ Church, when the ridicule of all her acquaintance urged her to abandon the design of so preposterous a match.

## CHAPTER VII

*Gae him strong drink until he wink,  
That's sinking in despair;  
And liquor guid to fire his bluid,  
That's prest wi' grief and care;—  
Then let him boose and deep carouse,  
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er;  
?Till he forgets his fears and debts,  
And minds his ills no more.*

DASHALL, during a stroll with his relation round the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, learning that several of his friends had formed a select party to dine at the Shakespear that day, sent in the names of himself and Coz, and they were received by the social and convivial assemblage with acclamation.

The Dinner-party comprised Sir Felix O'Grady, an Irish baronet just imported from the province of Munster; the honorable Frederick Fitzroy, a luminary in the constellation of Fashion; Colonel Mc. Can, a distinguished Scotch Officer; an amateur Poet; a member of the Corps Dramatique; and our old friends Sparkle and Mortimer, with the augmentation of Dashall and Tallyho, as already mentioned.

The viands were excellent, and the wines of the first quality. Conviviality was the order of the evening, and its whimsicalities were commenced during the repast, by the player, who, taking up a goblet of wine, and assuming the attitude of Macbeth in the banquet scene, exclaimed—

*"I drink  
To the general joy of the whole table;—  
May good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both."*

The bottle was now put into quick circulation; harmony and hilarity prevailed; and the poet, availing himself of the moments of inspiration, gave the following chant, *extempore*.—

*Song.*

*Air. Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.*

*Here's to the land where fair Freedom is seen,*

*Old England,—her glory and trade, aye;—  
Here's to the island of Erin so green,  
And here's to Sir Felix O'Grady;  
Let the toast pass,  
Flinch not the glass  
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.*

*Here's to the beaux and the belles of the day,*

*The pleasures of life who enjoy, sir;—  
Here's to the leaders of fashion, so gay,  
And here's to the dashing Fitzroy, sir.  
Let the toast pass,  
Flinch not the glass  
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.*

*Here's to our sailors who plough the salt wave,*

*And never from battle have ran, sir;—  
Here's to our soldiers who nobly behave,  
And here's to brave Colonel Mc. Can, sir.  
Let the toast pass,  
Flinch not the glass  
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.*

*Here's to the joys that our reason engage,*

*Where Truth shines our best benefactress;  
Here's to the triumph of Learning,—the Stage,—  
And here's to each actor and actress.  
Let the toast pass,  
Flinch not the glass  
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.*

*Here's to the man with a head to discern,*

*And eke with a heart to bestow, sir,  
Tom Dashall, well skill'd Life in London to learn;  
And here's to the Squire Tallyho, sir.  
Let the toast pass,  
Flinch not the glass  
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.*

*Here's to the friendship united and true,*

*That paces variety's round, sir;  
To Sparkle and Mortimer fill then, anew,  
And let us with pleasure abound, sir.  
Let the toast pass,  
Flinch not the glass  
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.*

This complimentary bag-a-telle was well received, and Sir Felix, shaking the amateur cordially by the hand, observed, that amongst other attainments before he left London, he meant to acquire the art of making verses, when he should give the poet a Rowland for his Oliver!

The player having but recently returned to Town, after completing his engagements with some of the Irish provincial theatres, proceeded to amuse his auditory, the baronet excepted, with accounts of the manner of posting in the sister kingdom.—

“Travelling,” said he, “in the province of Munster, having got into a chaise, I was surprised to hear the driver knocking at each side of the carriage.—“What are you doing?”—“A'n't I nailing your honor?”—“Why do you nail me up? I don't wish to be nailed up.”—“Augh! would your honor have the doors fly off the hinges?” When we came to the end of the stage, I begged the man to unfasten the doors.—“Ogh! what would I be taking out the nails for, to be racking the doors?”—“How shall I get out then?”—“Can't your honor get out of the window like any other jontleman?” I then began the operation; but having forced my head and shoulders out, could get no farther, and called again to the postillion.—“Augh! did any one ever see any one get out of a chay head foremost? Can't your honor put out your feet first, like a Christian?”

Here the baronet manifested considerable impatience, and was about to interrupt the narrator, when the latter requesting permission, continued:

“Next day four horses were attached to the crazy vehicle;—one, unfortunately, lost a shoe; and as I refused to go on until the poor animal was shod, my two postillions commenced, in my hearing, a colloquy.—“Paddy, where will I get a shoe, and no smith nigh hand?”—“Why don't you see yon jontleman's horse in the field; can't you go and unshoe him?”—“True for ye,” said Jem, “but that horse's shoe will never fit him.” “Augh! you can but try it,” said Paddy. So the gentleman's horse was actually unshod, and his shoe put upon the posting hack; and fit or not fit, Paddy went off with it.

“Same day, during a violent storm of wind and rain, I found that two of the windows were broken, and tw[112] could not, by force or art of man, be pulled up. I ventured to complain to Paddy of the inconvenience I suffered from the storm pelting in my face. His consolation was, “Augh! God bless your honour, and can't you get out and set behind the carriage, and you'll not get a drop at all, I'll engage!”

The player having thus closed his narrative, and the laughter of the company having subsided, the baronet very candidly admitted, that the sister kingdom in many parts, was miserably deficient in the requisites of travelling, and other conveniences to which the English were accustomed. But in process of time (he continued) we shall get more civilized. Nevertheless, we have still an advantage over you; we have more hospitality, and more honesty. Nay, by the powers! but it is so, my good friends. However much we unhappily may quarrel with each other, we respect the stranger who comes to sojourn amongst us; and long would he reside, even in the province of Munster, before a dirty spalpeen would rob him of his great coat and umbrella, and be after doing that same thing when he was at a friend's house too, from which they were taken, along with nearly all the great coats, cloaks, shawls, pelisses, hats and umbrellas, belonging to the company.”{1}

*1 We are inclined to believe that Sir Felix alludes to the following instance of daring depredation.*

Extraordinary Robbery. On Thursday night, whilst a large party of young folks were assembled at the house of Mr. Gregory, in Hertford Street, Fitzroy Square, to supper, a young man was let in by a servant, who said he had brought a cloak for his young mistress, as the night was cold. The servant left him in the hall, and went up stairs; when shortly after, a second arrived with a hackney coach, and on his being questioned by the servant, he said he brought the coach to take his master and mistress home. The servant was not acquainted with the names of half the company, and therefore credited what was told her. The two strangers were suffered to stand at the stairs head, to listen to the music and singing, with which they appeared highly delighted, and also had their supper and plenty to drink. But while festive hilarity prevailed above, the villains began to exercise their calling below, and the supper table in a trice they unloaded of four silver table spoons, a silver sauce-boat, knives and forks, &c. and from off the pegs and banisters they stole eight top-coats, several cloaks, shawls, pelisses and hats, besides a number of umbrellas, muffs, tippets, and other articles, all of which they carried off in the coach which was in waiting. To complete the farce, the watchman shut the coach door, and wished "their honours" good night. The robbery was not discovered until the company was breaking up. No trace of the thieves can be found.

There was certainly somewhat of an *Irishism* in the baronet's remark.—Of eight great coats stolen, the[113] thieves could not discriminate who were the respective owners, and if it had been possible that they could have discriminated, it is not likely that any regard for the laws of hospitality would have induced them to make an exception of Sir Felix O'Grady's property amidst the general depredation.

The company, although secretly amused by the baronet's remarks, condoled with him on the loss he had sustained; and the player protesting that in stating the facts of Irish posting, he had no intention of giving the baronet the least offence, unanimity was restored, and the conviviality of the evening proceeded without further interruption.

Sir Felix made Irish bulls, and gave Irish anecdotes; the amateur occasionally gave a song or a stanza impromptu; the player spouted, recited, and took off several of his brother performers, by exhibiting their defects in close imitations,—

*"Till tired at last wi' mony a farce,"  
They sat them down—*

and united with the remaining company in an attentive hearing to a conversation which the honorable Frederick Fitzroy had just commenced with his friend Dashall.—

"You have now," said the honourable Frederick Fitzroy, addressing himself to Dashall, "You have now become a retired, steady, contemplative young man; a peripatetic philosopher; tired with the scenes of ton, and deriving pleasure only from the investigation of Real Life in London, accompanied in your wanderings, by your respectable relative of Belville-Hall; and yet while you were one of us, you shone like a star of the first magnitude, and participated in all the follies of fashion with a zest of enjoyment that forbid the presage of satiety or decline."

"Neither," answered Dashall, "have I now altogether relinquished those pleasures, but by frequent repetition they become irksome; the mind is thus relieved by opposite pursuits, and the line of observation which I have latterly chosen has certainly afforded me much substantial information and rational amusement."

"Some such pursuit I too must think of adopting," replied Fitzroy, "else I shall sink into the gulph of ennui[114] to the verge of which I am fast approaching. Independent of the frequent ruinous consequences of the gaming-table, I have taken a dislike to its associates, and therefore abandoned their society; nor will you be surprised at my having adopted this resolution, when I inform you, that at my last sitting in one of these nefarious haunts of dissipation, I was minus to the extent, in a few hours, of several thousand pounds, the prize of unprincipled adventurers, of swindlers, black-legs, and pigeon-fanciers!"{1}

*1 A pigeon-fancier is one of those speculators at the Gambling Houses, whose object it is to lie in wait for inexperienced noviciates, and under the pretext of fair and honorable dealing pluck their feathers; that is to say, strip them bare of their property. Days and nights are passed at the gaming-table. "I remember," said the Earl of G—, "spending three days and three nights in the hazard room of a well-known house in St James's Street; the shutters were closed, the curtains down, and we had candles the whole time; even in the adjoining rooms we had candles, that when our doors were opened to bring in refreshments, no obtrusive gleam of day-light might remind us how the hours had passed. How human nature supported the fatigue, I know not. We scarcely allowed ourselves a moment's pause to take the sustenance our bodies required. At last one of the waiters, who had been in the room with us the whole time, declared that he could hold out no longer, and that sleep he must. With difficulty he obtained an hour's truce; the moment he got out of the room he fell asleep, absolutely at the very threshold of our door. By the rules of the house he was entitled to a bonus on every transfer of property at the hazard-table; and he made in the course of three days, upwards of Three hundred pounds! Sleep and avarice had struggled to the utmost, but, with his vulgar habit, sleep prevailed. We were wide awake. I never shall forget the figure of one of my noble associates, who sat holding his watch, his eager eyes fixed upon the minute-hand, whilst he exclaimed continually, "This hour will never be over!" Then he listened to discover whether his watch had stopped, then cursed the lazy fellow for falling asleep, protesting, that for his part, he never would again consent to such a waste of time. The very instant the hour was ended, he ordered "that dog" to be awakened, and to work we went. At this sitting Thirty-five Thousand Pounds were lost and won. I was*

Dashall congratulated Fitzroy on his resolution, in having cut the dangerous connexion, and expressed a hope that in due process of time he would emancipate himself from the trammels of dissipation generally.

"That," rejoined Fitzroy, "is already in a considerable degree effected."

[115]

"In the higher and middle classes of society," says a celebrated writer, "it is a melancholy and distressing sight to observe, not unfrequently, a man of a noble and ingenuous disposition, once feelingly alive to a sense of honor and integrity, gradually sinking under the pressure of his circumstances, making his excuses at first with a blush of conscious shame, afraid to see the faces of his friends from whom he may have borrowed money, reduced to the meanest tricks and subterfuges to delay or avoid the payment of his just debts, till ultimately grown familiar with falsehood, and at enmity with the world, he loses all the grace and dignity of man."—

"Such," continued Fitzroy, "was the acmé of degradation to which I was rapidly advancing, when an incident occurred to arrest the progress of dissipation, and give a stimulus to more worthy pursuits.

"One morning having visited a certain nunnery in the precincts of Pall-Mail, the Lady Abbess introduced me to a young novice, a beautiful girl of sixteen.

"When we were left alone, she dropped on her knees, and in attitude and voice of the most urgent supplication, implored me to save her from infamy!"

"I am in your power," she exclaimed, "but I feel confident that you will not use it to my dishonor.—I am yet innocent;—restore me to my parents,—pure and unsullied,—and the benediction of Heaven will reward you!"—

She then told me a most lamentable tale of distress;—that her father was in prison for a small debt; and that her mother, her brothers and sisters, were starving at home.—Under these disastrous circumstances she had sought service, and was inveighed into that of mother W. from whence she had no hope of extrication, unless through my generous assistance! She concluded her pathetic appeal, by observing, that if the honorable Frederick Fitzroy had listened to the call of humanity, and paid a debt of long standing, her father would not now be breaking his heart in prison, her family famishing, nor herself subject to destruction.

"And I am the Author of all!" I exclaimed, "I am the dis-honorable Frederick Fitzroy, who in the vortex of dissipation, forgot the exercise of common justice, and involved a worthy man and his suffering family in misery! But I thank heaven, the injury is not irreparable!"

"I immediately explained to Mother W. the peculiarly distressing situation of this poor girl, rescued her from meditated perdition,—restored the husband to his family, with improved circumstances,—and by a continuance of my support, I trust, in some degree to atone for past transgression."

This narrative excited much interest, and the approval, by the company, of Fitzroy's munificence was expressive and unanimous.

The conviviality of the evening was renewed, and sustained until an early hour, when the party broke up; having enjoyed "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," with temperate hilarity.

Dashall, his Cousin, and Fitzroy, proceeding under the piazzas of Covent Garden, the latter suggested an hour's amusement in the Cellars underneath the Hotel, a proposition which was immediately acceded to by his companions, and the trio descended into the lower regions.

The descent however bore not any resemblance to that of Telemachus into Hell. A brilliant light irradiated their passage, and the grim shadows of the infernal abode were, if present, without the ken of ocular observation. In place of the palace of Pandemonium, our triumvirate beheld the temple of Bacchus, where were assembled a number of Votaries, sacrificing to the jolly Deity of the Ancients, in frequent and powerful libations.

By some unaccountable means the daemon of discord, however, gained admission and ascendancy.

A scene now took place which baffles every attempt at description.—The row became general; decanters, glasses, and other fragile missiles, were resorted to,—their fragments strewed the floor,—and the terrified attendants hastened to require the interposition of the guardians of the night, in restoring order and tranquillity.

Amidst the ravage and dissonance of war, our trio preserved a strict neutrality, and before the arrival of the mediating powers, had regained their position in the piazzas, where they waited the result of the conflict.

Negotiations of peace having been unavailingly attempted, the refractory combatants were taken into custody, after an obstinate resistance, and conducted to "duress vile," in the Watch-house.

The tragi-comedy was dacently wound up by one of the performers, a native of the Emerald Isle, who thinking it necessary that the neighbourhood should have an intimation of the proceedings, announced the hour of "past three," with the accompaniment of "a bloody MORNING!" {1}

The neutrals now proceeded to their respective homes, and our two associates reached their domicile, without the occurrence of further incident.

Next morning the indicative double rit-tat of the postman induced the Squire from the breakfast-parlor to the hall. The servant had opened the door, and received the letters; when an itinerant dealer in genuine articles obtruded himself on the threshold, and doffing his castor after the manner of a knowing one, enquired whether his honor was pleased to be spoke with. Tallyho desired him to step in, and required to know his business. The fellow with a significant wink, and many prelusive apologies for the liberty he was about to take, stated that he had accidentally come into possession of some contraband goods, chiefly Hollands, Geneva, and India silk handkerchiefs, of prime and indisputable excellence; which he could part with at unparalleled low prices;—that he had already, in this private way, disposed of the greatest portion, and that if his honor was inclined to become a purchaser, he now had the opportunity of blending economy with superlative excellence, in an almost incredible degree, and unequalled in any part of the three kingdoms.

This flourish the Squire answered with becoming indignity; expressed his surprise at the consummate assurance of any trickster who would dare to offer him a contraband article, to the prejudice of His Majesty's revenue; and ordered the servant to turn the "scoundrel" out of doors. {2}

1 The above mentioned fracas took place a few weeks ago.—The offenders "against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King," were next day held before one of the Police Magistrates, when it appearing that the row occurred under the influence of ebriety, and that the landlord and the watchmen were the only sufferers, a com-promise was permitted, and the parties were discharged with a suitable admonition.

2 "Contraband articles." The Squire apparently was not aware that the superlatively excellent Hollands, Geneva, and India-hand-kerchiefs were, the one the manufacture of Spital-fields, and the other the sophisticated balderdash known by the name of Maidstone gin. It is a fact, altho' not generally known, that at the different watering places every season, the venders of silk handkerchiefs manufactured in Spital-flelds, carry on a lucrative trade, by disposing of them under the affectation of secrecy, as the genuine produce of the Indian loom; and thus accommodating themselves to the prejudice of their customers against our native productions; get off in threefold proportion, the number sold in London, and at a cent per cent greater advantage!

With respect to alleged contraband SPIRITS, the deceit is more successfully manoeuvred in Town than in the country.—The facility of smuggling on the coast frequently supplies the maritime visitant with a cheap and genuine beverage. In Town the same opportunity does not occur, and on the uninitiated in the cheats of London, the system of this species of imposition is more frequently practised. Professing to exhibit Real Life in London, we shall not trouble our readers with an apology for the introduction of the following appropriate incident—

Court ok Requests.—Holborn.—A case of rather a curious nature, and which was characterised rather by the absurd credulity of the parties than by its novelty, came before the Commissioners on Thursday last. A man of the name of O'Regan attended the Court, to show cause against a summons which had been issued, calling upon him to pay a debt of eighteen shillings, which was alleged to be due by him to a person who stated his name to be Higgins. The parties were both Irishmen, and exhibited a good deal of irritation as well as confusion, in their stories. With some difficulty the following facts were collected from their respective statements;—On Tuesday week, about nine o'clock in the evening, a man dressed in the costume of a sailor, and wearing a large rough coat, similar to that commonly worn by sea-faring men, in bad weather, entered the shop of O'Regan, who is a dealer in salt fish, and other haberdashery," as he called it, in St. Giles's; and beckoning to the back part of the room, and at the same time looking very significantly, said, "May be you would not like a drop of the "real thing," to keep a merry Christmas with?" "What do you mane?" says O'Regan. "Whiskey, to be sure," says the man. "Faith, and it's I that would," replied O'Regan, "provided it was good and chape." "Och, by the piper of Kilrush," says the man, "there has not been a noter, claner, more completer drop of Putshean (whiskey illicitly distilled,) smuggled across the Herring-brook (the Irish Channel,) for many a long day, and as for chapeness, you shall have it for an ould song." "You don't mane to say it's after being smuggled!" says O'Regan. "Be my soul, but I do," rejoined the man, "it's I and Jack Corcoran, a friend of mine, brought it safe and sound into the Thames last Sunday, in the shape of a cargo of butter-firkins, from Cork." "Could a body taste it?" pursued O'Regan. With a couple of "why nots," says the man, "I've a blather full of it under my oxther (his armpit,) if you'll lind us hould of a glass." O'Regan said he hadn't a glass handy, but he brought a cup, and the bladder being produced, a fair taste was poured forth, which O'Regan, having tiddled it off, after collecting his breath, swore was "the darling of a drop, it was the next kin to aquafortis."—"Aqua fifties you mane" says the man, "aquafortis is a fool to it." The next question was, as to the price?"Och, by the powers," says the honest smuggler, "as you're a countryman and friend, you shall have it for ten shillings a gallon, and less than that I would'nt give it to my mother." O'Regan thought this too much, and proposed eight shillings a gallon; but, after much chartering, he agreed to give nine shillings. The quantity was next discussed. The man could not sell less than an anker, four gallons. This was too much for O'Regan; but he finally determined to get a friend to go partners, and Higgins, who lodged in his house, was called down and also indulged with a taste, which he likewise pronounced "beautiful." It was then arranged, with strong injunctions of secrecy, that the tub should be brought the next night, in a half-bushel sack, as if it were coals, and the hour of

nine was appointed. The smuggler then departed, but was true to his appointment. He came at the hour fixed on the Wednesday night, and in the disguise proposed. The commodity was then carried into a little back parlor, with great mystery, and deposited in a cupboard, and the doors being all shut, he demanded his cash. "To be sure," says Higgins; "but, first and foremost (for he was more cautious than his friend,) let us see if it is as good as the sample was?"

"Och, the devil burn me," says the smuggler, "if I'd desave you." "Sure I know you would'nt," replied Higgins, "only just I'd like to wet my whistle with another drop, as you may say." "Touch my honor, touch my life," says the smuggler; and seizing the tub with some indignation, he called for the poker, and then striking the barrel on each side the bung-hole, out started the bung. He next called for a table-spoon, and a cup, and ladling out about a noggin, alias a quartern, handed it to O'Regan, who, having taken a suck, by the twist of his eye and the smack of his lips, evinced his satisfaction. Higgins finished it; and exclaiming, "it's the dandy," passed his hand in his pocket, without further hesitation, and produced his eighteen shillings. O'Regan did the same, and the cask being safely locked in the cupboard, the smuggler was let out with as much caution as he had been admitted. O'Regan and Higgins then held a council upon the division of the spoil; and the latter went up stairs to fetch down a two gallon jar, while the former ran to the public-house to borrow a measure. They soon met again in the parlor, and the tub was brought out. They endeavoured at first to get the bung out in the same manner which they had observed the smuggler pursue, but not being equally acquainted with the subject, they could not succeed. This difficulty, however, was soon obviated.

O'Regan obtained a large gimblet from a next door neighbour, and a hole being bored in one of the ends, the liquor began to flow very freely into the measure which was held to receive it. Higgins remarked that it looked very muddy, and on the pint being full, lifted it up to have another sup; but he had no sooner taken a gulp, than, to the dismay of O'Regan, he exclaimed, "Oh, Holy Paul, it's bilge!"

mentioning a very unsavoury liquid. "Brother," says O'Regan, and snatching the measure from his partner, took a mouthful himself, which he as quickly spirted about the floor; and then, in an agitated tone, cried out, "Sure enough Higgins, it is bilge, and precious bail it is, as ever I drank." They now eyed each other for some time with mutual surprise, and then sympathetically agreed that they must have been "done."

It was still, however, a matter of surprise to them, how their friend, the smuggler, could have taken good whiskey (which that they had tasted from the bung-hole certainly was,) from such nastiness. In order to solve their doubts, they procured a pail; and, having emptied the cask, they proceeded to break it to pieces, when, to their astonishment, the mystery was unravelled, and their folly, in being made the dupes of a pretended smuggler, made fully manifest; for immediately under the bung-hole they found a small tin box, capable of containing about half a pint, which, being tightly tacked to one of the staves, kept the pure liquor, a small quantity of which still remained, from that which was of a very opposite character. It was no laughing matter, and they were not, therefore, very merry on the occasion; and still less so, when Higgins demanded of O'Regan the repayment of his eighteen shillings; this O'Regan refused, and a quarrel ensued, which after having terminated in a regular "set to," attended with painful consequences to both; was followed by Higgins applying to this Court for the summons which led to their appearance before the Commissioners. The whole of the circum-stances, with infinite trouble, having been thus unravelled; the Commissioner declared his inability to afford Mr. Higgins any re-dress. There was clearly no debt incurred; there was a mutual compact, entered into for an illegal purpose, for had the liquid which they had purchased been smuggled spirits, they were liable to pay a large penalty for having bought it. But putting aside all these considerations, it was clear that Higgins had, with a proper degree of caution, endeavoured to satisfy himself of the quality of the article before he paid his money; and thereby showed that he was not acting under a confidence in any guarantee on the part of O'Regan; and consequently could have no claim on him. In this view of the case, he should dismiss the summons without costs. The parties then retired, amidst the laughter of the by-standers; and Higgins, who was evidently much mortified, swore he would take the worth of his eighteen shillings "out of O'Regan's bones!"

This command was obeyed with alacrity, and as promptly acceded to by the discomfited intruder, who, however, retrieved, without doubt, in the credulity of others, the disappointment he had sustained by the pertinacity of the Squire.

The morning was unfavourable to pedestrian excursion. The library was well stored with literature in choice variety. To this antidote of ennui the Squire resorted, while Dashall wrote cards of invitation to a few select friends, whom he knew would, *sans cérémonie* honor his table to take bachelor's fare with him in the evening.

"I pity the man in a rainy day," says a writer, "who cannot find amusement in reading." This was not the case with the two associates;—the intellectual treat afforded by the library was fully enjoyed; and the moments glided on, imperceptibly, until verging on the hour of dinner.

The friends to whom Dashall had sent round, one and all accepted his invitation, and the remainder of the day was devoted to that refined hilarity, of which his hospitable board was always the chief characteristic.

## CHAPTER VIII

*London, thy streets abound with incident.—  
Dashing along, here roll the vehicles,  
Splendid, and drawn by highly pamper'd steeds,  
Of rank and wealth; and intermix'd with these,  
The hackney chariot, urg'd to sober pace  
Its jaded horses; while the long-drawn train  
Of waggons, carts, and drays, pond'rous and slow,  
Complete the dissonance, stunning the ear  
Like pealing thunder, harsh and continuous,  
While on either side the busy multitude  
Pass on, various and infinite.—*

THE following morning presented the exhilarating aspect of an unclouded sky, and the two friends were [122] anticipating, at the breakfast-table, the enjoyment of a fine day,—when

*A double rat-tat, quickly doubled again, »  
Announced an intruder of Consequence vain,  
Decorum inclin'd to defy all;—  
Again went the knocker, yet louder and faster,  
John ran to the door, and one ask'd for his master,  
Resolv'd against taking denial.—*

"My good fellow," said the stranger, "will you be after representing my obeisance and all that, to the Honorable Mr. Dashall, and I beg to know whether he is at home?"

"Your name, sir?"

"Augh, what does it signify?—Tell him an old friend with a new face,—arraha, not so,—tell him, that a new friend with no face at all at all, would be glad to wait upon him.—Sir Felix O'Grady, the Munster baronet, d'y'e mind me?"

This was an unexpected visit, and the more kindly received by Dashall and Tallyho, who promised themselves considerable amusement in the acquisition of the baronet's society, which was readily conceded for the day, to their request.

"Have you breakfasted?" asked Dashall. "Whether or not," answered Sir Felix, "I'll take a cup of taa with [123] you, any how."

When the repast was finished, the triumvirate set out on their pedestrian excursion; interrupted however, in their progress, by a temporary shower, they took refuge in a Coffee-house, where Sir Felix taking up a Newspaper, read from amongst the numerous advertisements, the following selected article of information,—"Convenient accommodations for ladies who are desirous of privately lying in, and their infants carefully put out to nurse." "Well now, after all," observed the baronet, "this same London is a very convenient place, where a lady may gratify her pleasurable propensities, and at same time preserve an unblemished reputation. It is only going into the country, sure, for the benefit of her health; that is to say, she retires to one of the villages in the neighbourhood of London, pays her way without name given or questions asked, and in a few months, returns to Town improved in health, but more slender in person, all her acquaintance exclaiming, "La! my dear, how vastly thin you have grown!"—

"There are in London and its neighbourhood," said Dashall, "numerous such convenient asylums; but I cannot acquiesce in their utility.—I am rather of opinion that they have a demoralizing tendency, as accelerating by concealment, the progress of licentiousness.—Human failings will still predominate, and the indulgence of illicit intercourse is less frequently prevented by an innate principle of virtue than the dread of shame. When facility of concealment is therefore given to the result, these connexions will still become more prevalent."

"By the Powers," exclaimed Sir Felix, "but I think Morality ought to feel particularly benefited by these convenient asylums; they preserve reputation, and in some instances have prevented suicide and murder. I know of two cases wherein both crimes were perpetrated through a sense of shame and dread of discovery, which probably would not have happened could the unfortunates have resorted to "convenient accommodations."—Well, here's good luck to the fair sex, the dear cratures! and may they, every one of them, die on a Christmas day, any how!" {1}

This eccentric wish elicited a look of surprise from the Squire, which Sir Felix observing,—

[124]

"My rason is," said he, "that the gates of heaven being open all that day long, a body may slip in unknownst, as it is to be hoped that you, Mr. Dashall, and I may do, some day shortly without any interruption at all, at all."

This ludicrous finis excited the laughter of the company—

*"But lo! the clouds break off, and sideways run,  
Out from his shelter lively looks the sun:"*

and the united observers of Real Life hailing the favorable presage, resumed their perambulation.—



Advancing along Piccadilly towards Hyde Park, they reached the splendid mansion of the hero of Waterloo; the gates were open, and a travelling carriage with four horses was in waiting for his Grace, who was then about setting off to inspect the fortifications of the Netherlands. {2} Neither Sir Felix nor Tallyho having ever seen the Duke, the triumvirate paused at the entrance of the Court-yard, until the carriage came forth, when they saluted the gallant warrior with the tribute of respect due to distinguished services and exalted genius, which his Grace very courteously returned.

1 On the subject of "convenient accommodation for ladies who wish privately to ly in," if we might hazard an opinion, it would be in coincidence with that of our friend Dashall. These establishments' are certainly an encouragement to licentiousness, and it is well known, that in many of these receptacles, "where the strictest honor and secrecy may be relied on," the allurements of abortion is held out to the unhappy female, if she declines the anticipation of maternal solicitude.

2 Thirty-Two Great Personages! Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington,—His Grace, the Duke of Wellington, when last in the Netherlands, and travelling without attendants, in a part of the country where his multitudinous titles were not well understood, was overtaken on the road by a veteran officer, whose route lay in the same direction with that of his Grace. The Duke having occasion to stop; and as the officer would reach a certain town several hours before him, he requested that the veteran would take the trouble of ordering dinner for him, at the principal Inn. The old officer made his congee, and pro-ceeded on his mission. "I am desired to order dinner here," said he, to the landlord; "but stay, I had better state who for." Then calling for pen and ink, he presented the astonished and delighted host with the following list of his forthcoming illustrious guests.

The Prince of Waterloo!  
The Duke of Wellington.—The Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo,  
and The Duke of Vittoria.  
The Marquis of Douro, and a Marshal General of France.  
Master General of the Ordnance.

Colonel of the Royal Regt. of Horse Guards, Blue.  
Colonel of the Rifle Brigade.

The Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire.—And

The Governor of Plymouth.

Field Marshal of Austria,  
———Russia,  
———Prussia,  
———France,  
———England, and  
———The Netherlands.

A Grandee of the Highest Class.  
A Captain General of Spain.

Knights of the Orders of  
The Garter, in England.—St. Andrew, in Russia.—The Black  
Eagle, in Russia.—Charles III. in Spain.—St. Ferdinand and  
Merit, in Spain.—The Golden Fleece, in Spain.—Maximilian  
Joseph, in Bavaria.—St. Maria Theresa, in Austria.—The  
Sword, in Spain.—St. Esprit, in France.—St. George, in  
Russia.—The Tower and Sword, in Portugal.  
And, (to bring up the rear,)  
A Doctor of Civil Laws!

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the host, in extacy, "what a noble company!" He then began to tell them over;—"One Prince," he continued,—  
"Three Dukes—One Marquis—A Marshal General of France—An English Governor—An English Lord Lieutenant—The Master General of the Ordnance, and Two English Colonels—Six Field Marshals—One Grandee of the Highest Class—A Captain General of Spain—Twelve Knights, and a Doctor of Civil Laws!."—  
"Mon Dieu! Thirty-two Great Personages!!"

All the provisions of the town, all the delicacies of the season and all the celebrated wines, were immediately put in requisition for the illustrious company in expectancy.

At last the Duke of Wellington arrived, and was ushered into a spacious dining-room, where a cloth was laid with thirty-two covers. The person of the Duke was unknown to the Innkeeper, who, full of important preparations for the Thirty-two Great Personages, thought not of any thing else.—  
"I ordered dinner here," said his Grace.—  
"Mon Dieu!" responded the Innkeeper, "are you one of the Thirty-two Great Personages?" presenting the list at same time. His Grace glanced his eye over it,—  
"they are all here!" said he, "so send up the dinner immediately." The Inn-keeper stood aghast with amazement; at last finding utterance, he ventured to express a hope that his Grace would be pleased

*to take into consideration, that he (the Innkeeper,) had, at great trouble and expence, provided a most sumptuous entertainment for Thirty-two Great Personages. "D—n the Thirty-two Great Personages," exclaimed the Duke, "Send up the dinner, and your bill.—Thus I must pay the penalty," said he, "for not having invited the old veteran to be of the party!!"*

The Squire observed, that the brilliant victories of his Grace, although acknowledged and rewarded by all the Potentates of Europe, had not procured him much popularity at home. The remark was confessed by Dashall to be correct, but whence the public indifference originated, he could not presume to explain.

Crossing Hyde Park, which a celebrated physician denominated *the lungs of the Metropolis*, our pedestrians made their egress into Oxford-road. This fine street, with longitudinal reference the first in London, excited the admiration of the baronet; the long line of perspective indeterminable to the view, stretching from Hyde Park corner to St. Giles's, the general uniformity of the buildings, the neatness, and in many instances the splendor of the tradesmen's shops, together with the comfortable manner of their perambulation, unjostled and unimpeded by the hurry, throng and bustle of passengers, with which many other parts of the Town are annoyed, gave an additional zest of enjoyment to the trio in their excursion, while the Squire observed, that he felt in this part of the Town, always as if he had been suddenly removed to some other region of the world, far remote from the city of London, its dissonant uproar, and crowded inconveniences.

Turning into Blenheim street, Dashall apprized his companions, that if they felt inclined to take a peep into the Theatre of Anatomy, he could procure their admission.

The Squire seemed to recoil from so disgusting an exhibition; while on the other hand the baronet expressed a great desire to enter the theatre. "I have been used to murder and mutilation!" said he.

"The devil you have!" ejaculated the Squire, "where, how?"

"Where else should it be but in Ireland?" replied the baronet:—"and as to the how, was it not, sure, after the manner of my profession, while I was a member of a Corps of Yeoman Cavalry, during the rebellion, when we whipped, hanged, beheaded, and mutilated men, every day, by dozens! So you may guess, my good friend, that cutting up a human carcase is nothing new to me. Only now, I should like to see if there is any difference in the mangling of human bodies by the anatomical artists of London from the ci-devant military professors, "The Loyal Troop of Doneraile."

The hesitation manifested by the Squire yielded, ultimately, to the importunity of the baronet, and they entered the human shambles, where the cutters up were at work upon a subject, securing to themselves the advantage of personal experience, in the process of dissection; the abdomen had been already cleared out, and the corpse was portioned out to the different students of anatomy for the purpose of illustration; the arms to one class, the legs to another, the head to a third, &c. so that in less than a quarter of an hour, decapitation and dismemberment were completely effected; and the trunk was deserted, as an uninteresting object, from which there could not be derived any information of importance, further than that which the students had already obtained!!!

Sir Felix whispered his friends, that these adepts in human mutilation far exceeded in apathy of feeling and adroitness of execution, even the ci-devant Loyal Troop of Doneraile!—But when one of the young artists brought forward in his hands smeared with gore, a human heart for the operation of the dissecting knife, Tallyho declaring that he could bear it no longer, rushed out of the theatre, and was followed by his two companions, all disgusted with this spoliation of the dead, however conducive it might prove to the interests of the living. {1}

*1 The human subjects for these Theatres of Anatomy and private dissection, are chiefly supplied by "Resurrectionists;" a class of depraved wretches whose only employment is that of body-snatching, or robbing the graves of their dead; from which they derive a ready and lucrative emolument. The anatomists are ready at all hours to receive, without questions asked, and with prompt remuneration, the produce of these unsanctified depredations.—Dreadful must be the feelings of the fond relatives of a departed friend, to learn that the sanctuary of the grave has been violated, and the body of perhaps a beloved wife, sister, or other revered female, exposed to the gaze, and subjected to the scalping-knife, of these butchers.*

*Iron Coffins have been resorted to as a safe-guard, which once closed cannot be opened. For this improvement the artist obtained a patent; but he is not likely to derive much advantage from his invention, as the parish officers within the bills of mortality have generally refused the rites of sepulture to bodies cased in iron; alleging, that the almost imperishable material would shortly compel an enlargement of burying ground, at a vast expence, which it is the duty of the parish officers to prevent, by resisting the interment of bodies in iron coffins; and this resolution has lately had the sanction of legal authority.*

Proceeding along Oxford Street, Sir Felix enquired for the *Holy Land*, informing his friends, at same time that his servant, whom he had entrusted the preceding day with a cheque on his banker, had not been at home all night, and the probability was, that he had got amongst his Munster friends in Palestine. Sir Felix was therefore desirous of ascertaining, if possible, the sanctuary of the fugitive; and with that view requested his friends to accompany him in a perambulation of discovery, through (to him) these hitherto unexplored regions.—This application was readily assented to, and the triumvirate passed onwards to the place of destination.

They had now reached the Church of St. Giles in the Fields, situated in Broad Street, St. Giles's; and their attention was immediately directed to that fine piece of sculpture over the iron gateway, leading into the Church-yard, representing the Resurrection and Last Judgment. The figures are in *basso relievo*, and although diminutive, are admirably grouped, and the expression of each gives to the whole a finished and impressive effect.

Two minutes more, and the three friends were on the boundaries of the Holy Land, namely, George Street, or, as formerly cognomened, Dyott Street, Bloomsbury.

At the end of this street, next to St. Giles's, were several of the Lower Irish, of both gender, who, clustering together, seemed to hold a close confabulation, casting occasionally, an inquisitive eye on Sir Felix O'Grady.

"By the soul of the priest!" at last exclaimed one of the Munster emigrees, "but it is him, and I would take my davy on it;—but sure enough, I will ax the jontleman himself now, whether he knows who he is, or if he is any body at all, at all!"

This real representative of the tag-rag and bob-tail of the Emerald Isle, was arrayed in the appropriate costume of his class and country. A nameless something that had once been a hat, covered a shock head of hair; the redundancy of which protuberated sideways and perpendicularly, from the *ci-devant* castor, in many a knotty combination, impervious to wind and weather. The fragments of a loose great coat decorated his tall athletic form, which scarcely reaching his knees, exposed fully to observation his nether habiliment,—

*"His galligaskins, that had long withstood  
The winter's fury and encroaching frost  
By Time subdued,—what will not Time subdue,  
Now horrid rents disclosed, portending agues."*

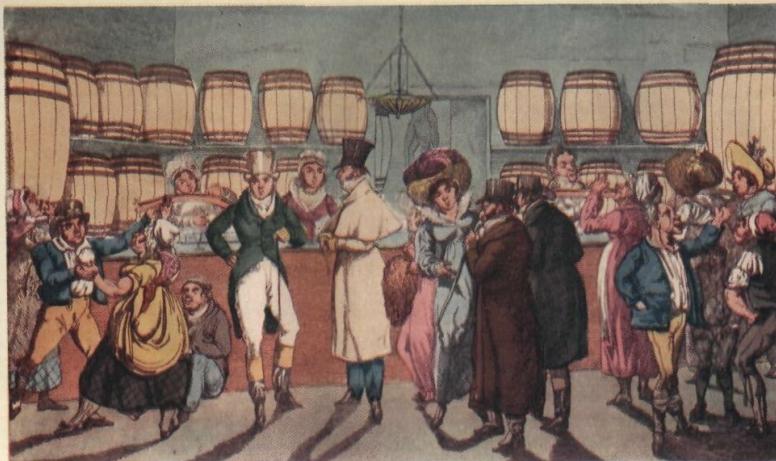
His brawny legs were partially cased in worsted hose, the dilapidations of wear and tear ingeniously repaired with cloth, pieced and patched, and comprising all the prismatic colours of the rainbow; his toes, disdainful of the trammels of duress, peeped through his brogues, as if anxious for freedom; and to complete the singularity of this strange figure, his vacant face was incrustated with filth, his bristly beard unshorn,—

*And stuck in his mouth of capacious dimensions,  
That never to similar shape had pretensions,  
A pipe he sustain'd, short and jetty of hue,  
Thro' which the dense clouds of tobacco he drew.*

This apparition stalking onwards to our admiring triumvirate,—“May be,” said he, “your honor can be after telling me,—will your honor be Sir Felix O'Grady of Munster, that is, long life to it?”—“The same, by the powers of my father who begot me!” exclaimed the baronet: “sure enough I am Sir Felix O'Grady that is, not that will be!” “Erin ma vorneen!” rejoined the enquirer,—“the pot of Saint Patrick be upon you, and may your honor live all the days of your life, and many years longer, if that's all!—Arrah, but I'm plased to my heart's content to meet wid your honor in a strange land!”

The congregated expectants now approached, and respectfully united their congratulations with those of their respectable deputy.—“The pot of Saint Patrick be upon you, and may your reverence live for ever and a day afterwards!” It was in vain that Sir Felix offered them money. “No, the devil a drap would they taste, unless it was wid his honor's own self, by the holy poker!”

There was no remedy; so Sir Felix, with his friends Dash all and Tallyho, who were much amused by this unsophisticated manifestation of Irish recognition, accompanied the motley groupe to the blue-ruin shop. {1} [130]



BLUE RUIN. Tom & Bob tasting Thompson's Best.

Entering then, the neighbouring den, of a licensed retailer of destruction, the first object on whom the scrutinizing eye of the baronet cast a glance, was his servant, regaling himself and his blowen with a glass of the “right sort.” The indignant Sir Felix raised his cane, and was about to inflict a well-merited chastisement, when the transgressor, deprecating the wrath of his master, produced the full amount of the cheque in mitigation of punishment, expressing his obligations to mother Cummings for the preservation of the property.

“And who, in the devil's name,” asked the baronet, “is mother Cummings?” {2}

“Och! a good sowl,” said the valet, “for all that, she keeps convanient lodgings. And so your honor, just having got a drap too much of the cratur last night, this girl and I took up our lodgings at mother Cummings's: good luck to her any how! And if your honor will but forgive me this once, I will, as in duty bound, serve you faithfully by night and by day, in any or in no way at all at all, and never will be guilty of the

like again as long as I live, gra.”

*1 Blue-ruin, alias English Gin.—Not unaptly is this pernicious beverage so denominated. It is lamentable to observe the avidity with which the lower orders of society in London resort to this fiery liquid, destructive alike of health and morals. The consumption of gin in the metropolis is three-fold in proportion to what it was a few years ago. Every public-house is now converted into “Wine Vaults,” as they are termed, which the venders of poison and their account in; it is true, that the occupants are compelled to sell beer also, but in many of these receptacles, there is not even sitting room, and “something short,” is thus the resource of men, women, and even children!*

*2 This discreet matron has realized a very daccnt competency, by keeping, in the Holy Land, a house of accommodation for single, men and their wives.—When a couple of this description require the asylum of her hospitable roof, she demands possession of all the money which the male visitor may have about him. This conceded, it is told over, and carefully sealed up in the presence of its owner, and left for the night in charge of the prudent landlady. The party is then shewn into a room, and in the morning the money is forth-coming to its utmost farthing.*

Circumstances considered, and as this had been his first offence, the servant, at the intercession of Dashall[131] was let off with a reprimand only, and ordered home, a mandate which he instantly and with many expressions of gratitude obeyed.

The baronet having adjusted this business to his satisfaction, directed his attention to his newly acquired Munster friends, whom he not only treated with a liberal potation of aqua vitæ, but in the warmth of his kindly feelings, actually drank with them, a condescension infinitely more acceptable to the generous nature of these poor-people, than was the more solid proof which he left them of his munificence; and of which, until absolutely forced upon them, they long and pertinaciously resisted the acceptance.

Our party pursuing their route, entered Holborn, and ordered refreshment at the George and Blue Boar Coffee-House; a place of excellent accommodation, and convenient for persons coming from the West of England.

Here, while our perambulators amused themselves in conversation on the occurrences of the morning, a chaise and four drove rapidly into the yard, the postillions decorated with white ribbons, “denoting,” said Dashall, “the successful denouement, perhaps, of a trip to Gretna Green.” His conjecture was correct; the happy pair just arrived, had been rivetted in the ties of matrimony by the far-famed blacksmith of Gretna. {1}

*1 In tracing the pursuits of needy and profligate adventurers, with whom this vast metropolis abounds beyond that of any other capital in the world, wife-hunting is not the least predominant. This remark we cannot better illustrate than by introducing to the notice of our readers, the following extraordinary detail, exhibiting in High Life, atrocious premeditated villainy, and in the mediocrity of female rank extreme and fatal cupidity.*

*An anecdote has come to our knowledge within the last few days which we think calls for publicity, as it may tend to place on their guard those tender-hearted spinsters whose sensibility of feeling may induce them for a moment to forget that prudence which is at all times the best safeguard of their sex. The circumstances which we shall describe are considered quite unique among certain orders of the sporting world; and the Hero of the Tale, from the dashing completion of his plan, has obtained no small importance in the eyes of his associates.*

*To our purpose;—About a fortnight back, a person, we will not call him a gentleman, the first letter of whose name is not far re-moved from the last letter of the alphabet, and who has been particularly distinguished for the dashing, although not very meritorious affairs in which he has been engaged, both on the turf and the road, as well as in the stable, found himself (to use one of his own fashionable phrases,) “hard up.” In plain terms, his Exchequer was completely exhausted, and what was worse, his credit was altogether “out at the elbows.” All ordinary, and, indeed, almost all extraordinary modes of “raising the wind,” had long since been worn threadbare. Something, however, must be done; and to be “well done,” it must be “done quickly.” A happy thought struck him. He had heard of a lady, some few years beyond her “teens,” who was possessed of a pretty round sum; he could not ascertain exactly how much, in her own right. This was a prize which he thought it would be most desirable to obtain. It was true, the lady was past that age when passion is not at all times to be con-trolled; but then certainly not so far advanced as to have abandoned all hope of obtaining an agreeable husband, or not to be perfectly convinced that her attractions entitled her to entertain such an expectation. The only difficulty which suggested itself, was the mode of introduction. Two heads are better than one, and our hero called in a friend, to whom he unfolded his scheme, and whose advice and assistance he immediately bespoke. The friend had no scruples on the subject, and at once became a partner in the plot. Means*

were found to overcome the first impediment, and behold our two gentlemen in the presence of the fair object of their attack. The principal was immediately introduced as the son of Sir George —, a highly respectable Baronet of the same name, but of a very different character. His manners were chastened for the occasion, his appearance fashionable, and his address distinguished by a warmth which the acknowledged purpose of his visit, that of soliciting the honor of being permitted to pay his addresses, in some measure justified. The lady was not displeased: to all appearance the connexion, which was thus offered to her was most nattering; the son of a baronet, and one especially who had expressed himself in a most disinterested manner, was not to be dismissed without due deliberation; she, therefore, with becoming frankness, consented to grant another interview on the ensuing day. The friends were punctual to the time appointed, and came in the carriage (pro tempore) of the suitor. They were shown into the drawing-room, and the conversation was mutually pleasing. At length our hero proposed to the lady to take a short airing in his carriage. At first she exhibited the usual coyness at such an invitation from one, to whom she was almost a stranger; but was ultimately bantered into a consent, and accordingly dressed for a ride. Having taken her seat between the two gentlemen, they engaged her on such topics as they thought most amusing, and the time passed so agreeably that she scarce knew where she was going, till she had arrived at Barnet, on the north road. They stopped at one of the principal inns, and alighting, a slight cold repast was ordered. The convenient friend shortly after quitted the apartment to look to the horses, and the so-called son of the Baronet instantly commenced an assault upon the lady's heart, which it would seem, was but too well received. He protested that he had long sighed at a distance, without having the courage to confess his flame; and, in short, that he could not exist unless she became his. The lady, whatever might be the feelings of her heart, laughed at the warmth of his declarations. This only induced him to become more impetuous; and at last, as a proof of his sincerity, he proposed, as they were so far on the north road, that they should order four horses, and set off at once to Gretna Green. This produced additional merriment on the part of the lady, which, as there was no specific refusal, was taken for consent; and on the return of the friend, he received a wink, which instructed him in the course he was to pursue, and in a moment, four horses were clapped to the travelling chariot in which they had arrived. The lady was shortly afterwards handed to her seat, and, accompanied as before, was whirled off with the utmost velocity. She had gone thirty miles of the road, however, before she believed that her lover was really serious. On alighting at the end of the third stage, reflection came to her aid, and she began to repent of having suffered herself to be prevailed on to consent so far to what she still pretended to believe was but a joke. On our hero quitting the coom, she represented to his friend the utter impossibility of proceeding further, and entreated that he would take means to have her re-conducted to town. The friend, however, who was too much interested in the success of a plot so well commenced, endeavoured to dissuade her, by every argument of which he was master, to go on; but she positively refused; when, as the last resource, he determined to work on her fears, and accordingly told her, that Mr.— had long spoken of her, in terms of impatient rapture; that he was a man, unhappily, of a most passionate temper, and that he had vowed, sooner than he would go back to London without making her his wife, he would blow out his brains, for which purpose he was provided with a brace of pistols, then in his pocket, and double loaded. To this was added the still more persuasive observation, that he was a gentleman of family and fortune and figure, to whom no rational objection could be taken by any woman whose heart had not been previously engaged. The result was, that the unfortunate woman, half consenting, half relenting, agreed to go forward, and on they drove till they arrived full speed at Gretna Bridge, in Yorkshire. Here a new difficulty arose; our hero had exhausted his purse, and had not a shilling left to enable him to complete his journey; his good genius, however, had not deserted him, and, with that effrontery for which he is distinguished, he called the landlord into a private room, told him he was on his way to Gretna Green with an heiress, again described himself to be the son of a baronet, and finally requested him to give cash for a cheque which he proposed drawing on a respectable banking-house in town, (where, by the bye, he happened to have no account.) The cause he assigned for his distress was the suddenness of his flight from town. His appeal proved successful, and he was furnished with the means of completing his journey. Again the trio resumed their course, and in the end reached the quarters of the celebrated Blacksmith, who was immediately summoned to their presence. Here another impediment threw them into fresh alarm; the Blacksmith seeing the style in which they had arrived, and judging from that circumstance that they were persons of no mean consequence, refused to rivet their chains under a

douceur of One hundred pounds. This sum it was impossible, at so short a notice, they could raise; and their hopes would have been altogether frustrated, had not the eloquence of our hero once more proved successful. He explained to the venerable priest that their finances were but slender; and having assured him of that fact, he induced him to accept of Five pounds down, and a note of hand for Fifty pounds more. The Gordian knot was then tied, and Mr. and Mrs.— having received the congratulations of their friend, who witnessed the ceremony, returned to Gretna Bridge; where they agreed to wait a few days, until a remittance for which the lady, under some plausible excuse, was induced to draw, had arrived. The necessary sum at length reached their hands; the bill was dis-charged; the cheque upon which the cash had been previously advanced, redeemed; and the party pursued their journey back to the metropolis.

On reaching London, the marriage ceremony was repeated in a more formal manner, and thus all question of the validity of the union was set at rest. Our hero had now to render available the funds of his Lady; and in a morning tete-a-tete requested some information as to the state of her fortune? It was a subject, he said, of no great importance in his estimation, but still he wished to know what she had? The Lady candidly told him that all she had under her own control, was £1,100 in the 5 per Cents, and a bond of her brother's for £2,500 payable on demand. On the very same day, the disinterested husband was found soliciting several brokers in the city, to sell out the stock which his wife had described, but they all declined, unless the lady were present. This was an objection easily got over; he returned to his wife, and having assigned some feasible reason for an immediate want of ready cash, induced her to accompany him to the market, where the value of the stock was soon transferred into his pocket.

The friends of the lady had by this time been apprised of her marriage, and naturally felt anxious to ascertain the character of the connexion which she had formed. She, of course, repeated the story told her by her "Lord and Master;" but inquiry having been made as to its truth, it was found to be fictitious in all its main features. Her husband, although of the same name, was not the son of Sir George, nor was he at all connected with that family; and in addition to this, it was ascertained that he was, as we have already described him to be, a gentleman "much better known than trusted." It is needless to say that the feelings of the lady were greatly agitated at these discoveries, and she did not hesitate to upbraid her husband with his deceitful conduct. His sensibility, however, was not to be excited on such an occasion; he coolly told her he knew all she could say on that subject without putting her to any further trouble; and, in fine, confirmed all that she had heard to his prejudice. She had taken him "for better for worse," and she must make the best of a bad bargain. The brother of the lady now interfered; he had an interview with her husband, and could not suppress the indignation which he felt in his presence. Our hero had too long been accustomed to the reverses of the sporting world to be easily ruffled; he preserved his temper with admirable presence of mind, and having heard the enraged brother to a conclusion, at last very coolly replied, that "all he had said might be very true, but that did not alter the fact that his sister was his lawful wife; and further, that, as her husband, he held a bond of his (the brother's) for £12,500, payable on demand, and of which he requested immediate payment as he was short of "the ready." The cold-blooded gravity with which this demand was made, incensed the brother still more, and he gave vent to the feelings which were excited in his breast. Our hero was in no respect thrown off his guard, and at last, after having heard that the brother, as well as the lady, whose eyes were now open to his real character, would be glad to get rid of him on any terms; he proposed to "do the thing," what he called "handsomely," and with very little qualification suggested, that in order to settle the business "amicably," he had no objection to give up his wife and her brother's bond for £1,000 in addition to the £1,000 he had already received. Unprincipled as this offer was, the brother, upon reflection, felt that he was "in the jaws of the lion," and therefore, after consultation with his sister, who was but too happy in escaping from such a companion, he agreed to the terms proposed. The £1,000 was paid, the bond returned, and a separation mutually agreed upon without further delay, to the infinite satisfaction of our hero, who tells the adventure among his friends with extra-ordinary glee, taking no small credit to himself for its happy issue. We have suppressed the names of the parties, for obvious reasons; there are those by whom they will be immediately recognised. We wish, however, not to give unnecessary pain to the individuals really injured; and have only to hope the facts we have detailed may operate as a sufficient caution to others who may be placed in similar situations in future.

could be elicited.

Our trio now directed their progress along Holborn, in which route they had advanced but a few minutes when their attention was arrested by a concourse of people assembled at the door of a Linen-draper, who it seems had detected a thief in the person of a pregnant woman. This information excited the sympathy of our three friends, and they accordingly entered the Shop. Tallyho entreated of the Linen-draper, that he would be merciful to the unfortunate woman, in consideration of her being so far in a family way.

"And yet, sir," answered the Shopkeeper, "I fancy we shall be able to relieve the lady without the assistance of a midwife." The woman was then taken into a back room and searched by two of her own sex. The result of this investigation was soon made known.—The pregnancy was assumed, the better to evade suspicion; her under garments were completely lined with hooks, to which were suspended, in vast variety, articles of stolen property, including not only those of light weight, viz. handkerchiefs, shawls, stockings, &c. but several of less portable description, amongst which were two pieces of Irish linen. These articles she had conveyed through an aperture in her upper habiliment of sufficient dimensions to admit an easy access to the general repository. The ingenuity of this invention created much surprise, and as it greatly facilitated concealment and evaded detection, there is no doubt of its having frequently produced a rich harvest. This female adept was now committed to the charge of an officer, the Shopkeeper having identified upon her person several articles of stolen property.

## CHAPTER IX

*Ladies,—the chariot waits;—the toilet now  
Where erst so many hours were idly spent,  
Asks of its wonted due the tythe alone;—  
Braid then your tresses of luxuriant now,  
And wrap your forms angelic in the dress  
Simple, yet rich and elegant, that gives  
Your matchless beauties half revealed to view;  
The broad capacious bosom's luscious swell,  
Still heaving strong, and suing to be prest;—  
Grace then the vehicle.—We, observers  
Of Real Life, the while, in London go  
To "catch the living manners as they rise,  
"And give the age its very form and pressure."*

CONTINUING their route down Holborn, the adventure in the Linen-draper's shop became the theme of conversation.—"It is not alone," said Dashall, "to the lower orders and necessitous that this system of Shop-lifting is confined; many recent instances have occurred of similar depredation, by women above the mediocrity of rank, who, however, frequently contrive to compromise prosecution, while the delinquent of poverty is visited by the utmost rigor of the law!—Of the two, certainly the thief from habit is more culpable than the thief from necessity."

Sir Felix and the Squire entirely agreed with their friend in opinion.—"Shop-lifters," continued Dashall, "are as pernicious to the trading part of the community as any of the cheats of London; there is not, on a moderate calculation, less than 5000 of these artful thieves in the metropolis, and the prejudice they do to the industrious tradesman is incalculable."

"By the powers of safety, then," exclaimed the baronet "the honest dealer should consider every stranger a thief until further acquaintance."

"Not exactly so; however, it is necessary that the London tradesman should be upon his guard, and keep a sharp look out upon his customers, not knowing, by their appearance, whether they are honest or otherwise."

Turning from Holborn into Chancery Lane, our pedestrians were encountered by a very handsome chariot, in which were two elegantly dressed and beautiful women, who, ordering the carriage to stop, saluted Dashall and the Squire in the most fascinating terms of friendly recognition.

"Your Ladyships render me," said Dashall, "infinite happiness; this is a most unexpected pleasure!"

"You are a gallant cavalier," observed one of the lovely inmates, "another gentleman would probably have used the word honor instead of happiness, but you are fertile in felicitous expression."

"Not more felicitous than appropriate; but whither away, my fair captivators?"

"We are on a shopping expedition," replied one of the ladies, "you and your friend of Belville-hall, are observers of Life in London generally;—ours is a mere circumscribed sphere of action; we go to view Life in a Mercer's shop.—When the Squire and you are not more pleasantly engaged, give us a call, and perhaps we may grant you the honor of an interview.—We would ask the Unknown," said she, in a whisper, "who is he?"

*1 A thief from habit.—Not long since, there existed in the fashionable world, a female of rank and property, who was an habitual, expert, and incorrigible thief.—She would frequently sally forth in her carriage, and alighting at the doors of perhaps, half a dozen different tradesmen, rummage over their goods, without making a purchase, and embrace the opportunity of purloining any portable article that lay in her way. Those tradesmen to whom her thieving propensities were known, used to watch, carefully, her manoeuvres, let her walk off with the spoil, and then send a bill of depredation, which she uniformly, and without hesitation, discharged. This unfortunate woman was one morning detected in the shop of a Mercer to whom she was a*

stranger, in the act of pilfering some article of value. He was about to detain her, when she burst into an agony of tears, acknowledged, and lamented deeply, the irresistible infatuation under which she acted, disclosed her rank and family, and the compassionate mercer suffered her to depart.

At another time, being one of a card-party, a gold snuff-box vanished from the table. Every person present denied any knowledge of it;—"Madam, you are mistaken," said one of the company, "you have got the snuff-box in your pocket."—"How very absent I am!" exclaimed our heroine, producing the box.—"And I beg that you will continue absent!" said the lady of the mansion.

"Sir Felix O'Grady, Madam," answered Dashall, "an Irish baronet, of recent acquaintance; like every other[139] gentleman of the Emerald Isle, combining, with characteristic eccentricity, a sound head and a warm heart."

"Then, of all things, bring him with you." "So," waving gracefully her hand, "adieu!" the trio responded, by respectfully raising their hats, "*Allons donc*," she exclaimed, and the carriage drove off.

"There go," exclaimed Dashall, "two of the most lovely and accomplished women in London, and perhaps the least tinctured with fashionable folly."

"With the exception," observed the Squire, "of shopping, that is, I presume, making the morning tour of tradesmen's shops, tumbling over their goods, giving them every possible trouble, and ultimately making no purchase." {1}

Dashall admitted the correctness of the Squire's observation, as generally applicable, but claimed an exemption for the ladies in question.

On the left, proceeding down Chancery Lane, Dashall pointed to a respectable house as the occasional residence of a lady in the first class of literature, whose writings have given universal satisfaction, and will continue to be read with increased avidity, as conveying the most admirable lessons of morality, told in a manner alike impressive and pathetic;—Mrs. Op\*e; the widow of the late celebrated artist. This excellent woman is endeared to the circle of her numerous acquaintance by a pre-eminent

*1 Tallyho had improved in his knowledge of Real Life in London.—His definition of Shopping was perfectly correct.*

*One of those fashionable female idlers, who delight in occupying the time, and exercising the patience of the industrious, alighted, a short time since, at the shop of a tradesman in Ludgate-street, and after a couple of hours spent in examining and re-examining a variety of rich silks, made her election at last, and desired the mercer to cut her off a shilling's worth, throwing, at the same time, the money on the counter. The tradesman, with perfect coolness, took up the piece of coin, laid it on a corner of the silk, circum-scribed it with his scissors, and presented the part so cut out to the lady, as the shilling's worth required. We feel pleasure in recording the result. The lady admired the mercer's equanimity of temper, laughed heartily at his manner of illustrating it, and in atonement for trouble given and patience exemplified, became, and still continues, one of his most valued customers.*

suavity of disposition, blended with superior mental endowments; to the unfortunate by her benevolent[140] heart, to which the appeal of distress is never made in vain; and to the public generally, by her invaluable works, the uniform tendency of which is the advancement of virtue and the inculcation of the benign feelings of humanity. {1}

*1 To the admirers of Mrs. Op\*e, the following lines, never before published, will not prove unacceptable.*

#### TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

*O Thou of matchless power to raise  
And bend the Passions to thy sway I—  
Whose pen with magic force portrays,  
Whose spell the shadowy forms obey.  
Of Joy and Grief, of Hope and Fear,  
And wiles from Apathy a tear,—  
Enchantress! take the duteous lays  
To Worth that Admiration pays.*

*To thee, as to thy Op\*e, given  
On Immortality a claim;  
His virtues pass'd from Earth to Heaven,  
Yet still exist in deathless fame;—  
His pencil to thy pen assign'd  
To charm, instruct, and grace mankind!—  
And Oh! could but my humble strains  
To thy impressive skill aspire,  
The Muse that faintly now sustains  
Thy worth, would make poetic fire,  
And glowing high, with fervid name,  
Would graft her honors on thy name.—*

*But ah! bereft of every stay,  
From Hope exil'd, with Woe I keep  
My vigils, each sad sorrowing day,  
And wake, each dreary night, to weep!—  
By Penury chill'd poetic powers,  
No voice to soothe, no hand to save,  
And snatch a victim from the grave,—*



*Around me Desolation lours,  
And glaring, midst the deep'ning gloom,  
Despair and Famine urge me to the tomb!*

*If, all unmeet, my humble strain  
Is destin'd still to flow in vain;—  
Shouldst thou the tribute now refuse  
Essayed by Misery and the Muse;  
Reject not yet the lay with scorn,  
To thee by kindred feelings borne;—  
For still thy tales of plaintive tone  
Breathe pain and sufferings, like mine own.*

Facing the entrance to the Royal Wax Works, Sir Felix made a full stop;—"That fellow," said he, alluding to [141] the whole length figure of the Centinel, "stands as motionless as a statue; by the powers, but half-a-dozen peep-o-day boys in his rear would be after putting life and mettle in his heels!—Shoulder and carry your arms, you spalpeen; and is this the way that you show the position of a soldier?" at same time enforcing his admonition with a smart stroke of his cane over the arm of the inanimated military representative. The attendant, a young man in the costume of the Yeomen of the Guards, remonstrated; Dashall and Tallyho laughed most immoderately; and the baronet, equally enjoying the joke, persisted in affecting to believe, that he was addressing himself to a living object, greatly to the amusement of the now congregating street passengers.

"Begging your pardon, ray jewel," continued Sir Felix, "long life and good luck to you, in your stationary quarters, and may His Majesty never find a more active enemy than yourself!—By the soul of my grandmother, it would be well for poor Ireland, who has taken leave of her senses, if her bog-trotting marauders were as peaceably inclined as you are.—Fait and troth, but you're a fine looking lad after all, and with the assistance of your master, and a touch of Prometheus, we might raise a regiment of braver fellows than the King's Guards, without bounty or beat of drum, in the twinkling of an eye, honey; but with your leave, and saving yourself unnecessary trouble, we'll be after paying a visit to the company above stairs; "and the party proceeded to the exhibition room.—

Here were representatives of the living and mementos of the dead! Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses,

*Ah! cease the sad resemblance here!—  
Thee, then, to every feeling dear  
Of tender sympathy,—thy way  
Illumin'd to life's remotest day.  
In bliss, in worth, in talent shine,  
Though pain, and want unsuccour'd, mine!  
Adorning this terrestrial sphere,  
Be long an Op'e's talents given;  
And Virtue consecrate the tear  
When call'd to join her native Heaven!*

A. K.

warriors, statesmen, poets, and philosophers, in social communion: not forgetting the lady who had three [142] hundred and sixty-five children at a birth!! {1}

The baronet made many congees to the great and inferior personages by whom he was surrounded, admired the heterogeneity of the group, and regretted that their imperfect creation precluded the possibility of converse.

One of the figures, by an unobserved excitement of the attendant, now inclined its head to Sir Felix, who, nothing daunted, immediately assumed the attitude of Macbeth in the banquet scene, and exclaimed,

"Nay, if thou canst nod, speak too! if our graves And charnel houses give those we bury back, Our monuments shall be the maws of kites."

The company present pronounced the baronet a player, and a lady, to whom the manly and athletic form of the supposed tragedian had given apparent pleasure, assured him she had never heard the passage more impressively delivered, and that certainly, in the character of the Scottish Usurper, there was no doubt of his becoming to Mr. Kran a very formidable rival!

Sir Felix sustained his part admirably, expressing his high acknowledgment of the lady's favorable opinion; but the enquiry when and in which theatre, he meant to make his first appearance, had so nearly deranged his gravity and that of his two friends, as to induce them to hasten their retreat.

Dashall and Tallyho congratulated the baronet on his promising dramatic talent, and advised him still further to court the favors of the tragic Muse.

"May the devil burn the tragic Muse!" he exclaimed;

*1 Thus runs the legend.—*

*A lady in former times, who, it seems, like some of our modern visionaries, was an enemy to superabundant population, and would have restricted the procreation of children to those only who could maintain them; was applied to for alms by a poor woman, with no less than five little famishing urchins in her train. The haughty dame not only refused to relieve the unfortunate mendicant, but poured upon her a torrent of abuse, adding that she had no right to put herself in the way of having children whom she could not support.—The woman dropped on her knees, and prayed "that the lady might have as many children at one birth as there were days in the year!" and so, (as the legend runs,) it actually happened!*

"Arrah, give me the favors of that sweet pretty crature, the comical Muse at the Wax-works, who took me [143]

for a player,—Och! the fascination of her smile and the witchery of her eye before all the Muses that ever fuddled the brain of a garreteer!"

"Why baronet," said the Squire, "you are love-struck,—deeply lurchd,—taken in by the knowing one!"

"Taken in, that is as it may hereafter happen, but an Irishman, my jewel, is never so desperately in love with one girl but he can spare a bit of affection for another.

*"Sure love is the soul of a nate Irishman,  
He loves all that's lovely, loves all that he can  
With his sprig of shilleleagh and shamrock so green."*—

The three friends had now rounded the corner at the bottom of Fleet-street, in the direction of Blackfriars, when Dashall claimed the attention of his associates.—

"This is the domicil," said he, "of the patriotic Alderman, who, during so many years has uniformly and ably opposed the civic hirelings of Corruption, advocated the cause of Freedom, and acquired the well-earned meed of high estimation by all the respectable and independent portion of his fellow-citizens.

"Firm in principle, and resolute in difficulty, the conscientious discharge of his duty has ever been his prominent object. But perhaps in no instance has he so greatly endeared himself to humanity, than in that of the long protracted inquest on the bodies of the two unfortunate men, Honey and Francis, the victims of military outrage; his constant attendance and indefatigable exertions on that occasion, were the means of eliciting many particulars which otherways might not have been known, and which ultimately led the Jury to record the atrociousness of the crime by the several verdicts of murder and manslaughter.

"Again, on the memorable day of the funeral of these two immolated men, Mr. W. in his capacity of Sheriff, supported with becoming dignity, his high station, and undaunted amidst imminent danger, enforced obedience even from the military, and saved the effusion of human blood."

London exhibits, daily, a series of depravity perhaps unparalleled in any other part of the British Empire.—

Dashall had just finished his eulogium on the worthy Alderman, in which his friends heartily coincided[144] when the attention of the triumvirate was attracted by the appalling appearance of five men rivetted together, and conducted along the street by officers of justice. Tallyho enquired into the nature of their crimes, and was informed that they were in custody under suspicion of house-breaking in the night-time, and that two of them, particularly, had been taken in the house which they had plundered, regaling themselves, in perfect ease, with cold meat, wine, and liquors, and the stolen property tied up in a bag, with which, on the moment of alarm, they attempted an escape, but were intercepted in their retreat, and taken in charge by the officers after a desperate resistance, in which shots and hurts were received both by the victors and the vanquished. It is almost beyond belief, that men engaged in an enterprise wherein ignominious death awaits discovery, would sit down to regale themselves after having secured their booty, with as much composure, as if in their own homes; yet so it is; such is the daring callousness of mind attached to long confirmed and successful habits of guilt. {1}

*1 Police. Mansion House.—William Johnson was charged by Mr. Miller of Lower Thames Street, on suspicion of having committed a robbery on Thursday night, under circumstances of rather an extraordinary kind. Mr. Miller's evidence was to the following effect. He has a cut glass and earthenware warehouse in Thames Street, but does not reside there. Upon visiting his warehouse yesterday morning, he finding that thieves had been very busy upon the concern the night before. They did not get much, but while they were in the house they enjoyed themselves. They lighted a fire, and paid a visit to the wine-cellar, from which they took two bottles of wine and three bottles of perry, which it seemed they drank warm with sugar, and Mr. Miller received a very polite letter from one of them, acknowledging the obligations they were under to him for the excellent beverage his cellar afforded. Upon examining other parts of the premises. Mr. Miller found that his iron chest had been forced open. The instrument (a large chissel) with which this feat was performed was lying on the premises, and a dark lanthorn, which the thieves had forgotten, was also picked up in the course of the search. The petty cash drawers of the iron chest lay open empty, but Mr. Miller believed there had been in them when he left the Warehouse, a sum perhaps not exceeding a couple of pounds. The bills and papers were not taken away, neither had any thing been removed that was likely to be recovered. Some silver cruets-tops were taken, but the cruets were left behind. The chissel, which, though very strong, had been broken in the effort to open the chest, was of the largest size. All the rooms of the building, except those in front, had been visited by the depredators, and there were various circumstances concurring to fix a very strong suspicion on the prisoner, besides the probability that he was the writer of the letter "of thanks" to Mr. Miller for the entertainment afforded. The letter, which was written in a good hand, began with the word "Gemmen," and stated that they (the writer and his friends) had called, regretted that there was no "wassel in the lob," (money in the chest) but expressed the highest opinion of the wine, begged pardon for disturbing the papers, and expressed how happy those who drank the wine would be to visit the premises upon a future occasion! The prisoner was remanded.*

It sometimes happens that even juvenile depredators who have imbibed a propensity for liquor, have been[145] caught in the snare thus laid by themselves. Of this fact Dashall gave the following very curious illustration.—"A few evenings ago," said he, "the family of my next door neighbour retired to rest, leaving every thing, as

they imagined, in a state of perfect security. On the servant however, coming down stairs in the morning, he was surprised to find a new and unexpected inmate, fast asleep in the kitchen, a quantity of plate packed up lay by his side, and before him were a bottle of brandy and another of wine. He was a lad not more than sixteen years of age, who had ingeniously contrived, in the nighttime, to get access to the house, and having secured his spoil, had resorted to the pantry and wine-cellar for refreshment. Of the stores from the latter receptacle, he had partaken so liberally that he was thrown into a deep slumber, from which he was roused by the unwelcome voice of the Officer who had been sent for to take him into custody."

Our perambulators had now passed along the bridge, and advanced a short distance on Blackfriar's road, when they observed a spacious travelling caravan, stationary by the side of the high way, intimating that there was to be seen within, the great northern bear, known by the name of "Autocrat of All the Russias," while a fellow with a speaking tube invited in the most alluring terms of itinerant oratory, the gaping multitude to walk in,—“Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and behold this most wonderous of all wonders that ever was wondered at in this wonderful world,—the *Ursa major*,—that gives its name to one of the constellations, and was taken by a *ruse de guerre* in one of the hitherto undiscovered deserts of the remotest Siberia! This stupendous animal was sent from these unknown regions as a present to a certain great personage in this country, who having a superabundance of native bears already prowling about him, was pleased to order the dismissal of this northern stranger, without a pension; and thus it came into the possession of its present exhibiter!"

This irresistible invitation was accepted by several of the auditory, including the baronet, Dashall, and the Squire, who were gratified beyond their anticipations, with a sight of the great polar bear, the desolate inhabitant of a frigid and dismal clime, where Nature has forbid the vegetative, and stunted the growth of the animal creation, with the exception of the shaggy wanderer of the desert and the floundering leviathan of the ocean. The animal was perfectly tractable; and its exhibition well compensated both for time and gratuity.

The proprietor, however, in answer to an enquiry apart by Dashall, acknowledged that his Ursine companion had never been attached to the household of any great personage; although a northern quadruped of lesser interest was under the protection of one of the Royal Dukes and frequently played its mischievous gambols in the environs of Kensington Palace. {1}

*1 The Bear at Kensington Palace. Early on Sunday morning it was discovered, that a large black bear, sent as a present to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, had contrived to break out of his cage, which was placed in a coach-house, and Bruin, having an inclination to explore these premises, containing a handsome new chariot, mounted the foot-board, and began to play with the tassels; he next ascended the roof and the box, the covering of which became a prey to his claws; after enjoying himself as an outside passenger, as long as he thought proper, he proceeded to examine the interior of the vehicle, and turning from the box, made his entre through the front windows into the carriage, which bore serious marks of his savage curiosity. No one dared to approach this northern visitor, and in order to prevent further depredations in his probable rambles, guards were placed, with fixed bayonets, until some keepers arrived from a Menagerie, who secured him, after great difficulty, in one of their strong cages.*

## CHAPTER X

*"Oh the dear pleasures of the velvet plain,  
The painted Tablets, deal't and deal't again  
Cards, with what rapture, and the polish'd die  
The yawning chasm of indolence supply.  
Then to the Dance and make the sober moon  
Witness of joys that shun the sight of noon.  
Blame cynic if you can, quadrille or ball,  
The snug close party, or the splendid hall,  
"Where night down stooping from her ebon throne  
Views constellations brighter than her own.  
'Tis innocent and harmless, and refined,  
The balm of care, elysium of the mind."*

THE rapid succession of novelty in a Life in London where the scenes like those of a Pantomime are constantly changing

*"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"*

scarcely required those attentions which the Hon. Tom Dashall continued to enjoy on the score of arrangements for the gratification and information of his cousin. He was ever watchful of opportunities to furnish new views of Real Life and character to Tallyho, and who never failed to profit by his observations upon Men and manners: for Tom, notwithstanding the gaiety of his disposition, was an acute and discerning companion, who having mingled in all ranks and degrees of Society, was able to associate himself with the high or the low, as circumstances might require, and to form tolerably accurate estimates of those by whom he was surrounded.

It was, therefore, with his usual view to the accomplishment of his cousin as a votary of Real Life in London, that he had proposed a visit to a fancy dress Ball at Almack's, and preparations had accordingly been made

between them.

"A Fancy dress Ball," said Tom, in order to give his cousin an idea of the entertainment he was to partake, "bears some similitude to a Masquerade, with two important exceptions: first, Masks are not general; and second, No practical Jokes are expected or admitted. Dress however, is left wholly to the taste or inclination[148] of the visitors, and the amusements consist principally of dancing and cards. The Rooms are of the most splendid description, and the company generally of the first order; combining all that is elegant and fashionable in what is termed the higher ranks of society,—"Tis said



*"If once to Almack's you belong,  
Like monarchs you can do no wrong.  
But banish'd thence on Wednesday night,  
By Jove you can do nothing right.  
I hear (perhaps the story false is,)  
From Almack's, that he never waltzes  
With Lady Anne or Lady Biddy,  
Twirling till he's in Love, or giddy.  
The girl a pigmy, he a giant,  
His cravat stiff, her corset pliant.  
There, while some jaded couple stops,  
The rest go round like humming tops.  
Each in the circle with its neighbour  
Sharing alternate rest and labour;  
While many a gentle chaperon  
As the fair Dervises spin on,  
Sighs with regret that she was courted,  
Ere this new fashion was imported.  
Ere the dull minuet step had vanished,  
With jigs and country scrapers banished.*

*But — whose energy relaxes  
No more revolves upon his axis,  
As sounds of cymbal and of drum  
Deep clanging from the orch'tra come,  
And round him moves in radiance bright  
Some beauteous beaming satellite.  
Nor ventures as the night advances,  
On a new partner in French dances,  
Nor his high destiny fulfilling  
Through all the mazes of quadrilling,  
Holds, lest the figure should be hard  
Close to his nose a printed card,  
Which for their special use invented,  
To beaus on entrance is presented.  
A strange device one must allow,  
But useful as it tells them how  
To foot it in their proper places,  
Much better than their partners faces.*

*Mark how the married and the single,  
In yon gay groupes delighted mingle:  
Midst diamonds blazing, tapers beaming,  
Midst Georges, Stars, and Crosses gleaming.  
We gaze on beauty, catch the sound  
Of music, and of mirth around.  
And discord feels her empire ended  
At Almack's—or at least suspended."*

"Zounds," said Dashall, "I am happy to see the Rooms so well attended this evening, and particularly to find Mr. Maitland and his two lovely sisters. Do you observe," continued he, "that Gentleman in Regimentals on the opposite side?"

"I do, and is he in the Army?" enquired Bob "No," replied Tom, "that is only an assumed character for the Evening, but I must introduce you to them, though the Ladies are considered to be sharp shooters with their eyes, therefore it will be necessary for you to be on your guard."

*"I've heard that by a single glance  
Strange witchery is sometimes done,  
And only by a look askance,*

The elegant and tasteful illuminations of the Room, the sprightly sound of the music by a well selected band, and the gay movements of the well dressed circles, were attractive in the mind of Tallyho, and alternately rivetted his attention, while his cousin was as frequently addressed and congratulated by his friends.

"My Dear Tom," said Maitland, who was lounging round the Room with his two sisters, and who seemed to consider himself the rose of the party by the affected levity of a military character, "I am glad to see you—'pon Honor—just going to make up a quadrille—know you are a good dancer—list you in my Corps with Misa Maitland's permission—but can't be denied 'pon Honor."

"That is very gallant, truly," replied a lovely and interesting girl, his eldest sister. "With my permission, and yet he won't be denied."

"If Miss Maitland were to command," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "denial were impossible, disobedience were disgrace and dishonor."—bowing politely to the Ladies.

"Vastly pretty indeed Mr. Dashall, and to speak the truth I am very glad to find you here; for you know my brother is but a nobody, except when he shews himself off in Regimentals:" replied Miss Maitland.

"Aye, and we want somebody to talk to," continued her sister.

[150]

"Pon my word, this is strange ill usage," said Maitland.—"I shall desert."

"Nay," said Tom, "there is no need of that: but if you do, the ladies shall not be deserted while I have a hand at their service, and I believe I may venture to offer additional protection on the part of my Cousin."

Bob nodded assent, and assured the party he was proud of the honor of the introduction; while Maitland eyed him from top to toe, and was heartily laughed at by his sisters, which not a little mortified him.

"If that's the case," said he, taking out his quizzing-glass, and staring each of them in the face in succession, "why I've nothing more to say upon it, so come along, I am anxious for a dance." The music just at the moment striking off, a Quadrille was formed, but the younger sister having declined dancing, Bob, who had no great inclination to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," had a good opportunity of following her example, and during the dance they amused themselves with observations on the dresses and manners of the company before them, in the course of which he discovered that Maitland was something of the fashionable insipid, and not very high in the general estimation of the Ladies, and the contrast between the easy and graceful movements of the Hon. Tom Dashall, with those of Maitland braced up in military uniform, and dancing with the stiffness of a Halbert, afforded them high amusement, it brought to Tallyho's recollection a French Dancing Master in the country, who, upon the occasion of his annual Ball, perceiving a gentleman and lady in person and figure perfectly contrasted, the latter being short and stout, and the former tall and thin, addressed the Gentleman in the following complimentary stile, as well as his broken English would admit, "Ma dear sare—bien obligé—ah! ma goot sare—you vill do me the honneur to lead off de next dance—you do dance as de *Poker*, and your Lady she do dance as de *Butter fierke*"—(meaning a butter firkin.) The allusions were exactly in point, and the company within hearing, did not suffer the sarcasm to escape unnoticed. How far the observations were well timed by the dancing master, or well received by the loving couple, is not our business here to enquire.

Miss Caroline Maitland was about 20 years of age, of a most prepossessing and engaging form, fond of dress and full of vivacity with no mean conception of her own wit or captivating powers, her attire was elegant and shewy, almost approaching to the gaudy, rather than the selection of refined Taste and Judgment. [151]

Miss Amelia was about 19 with features calculated to make conquest certain where the attack was not made on hearts of stone, the simple modesty of her wardrobe seemed rather to indicate the thoughtful and contemplative mind, rich in its own resources, and requiring no foil to render conspicuous its real value, her auburn locks parted in the front, discovered a fine well arched forehead, from under which darted glances from her beautiful dark eyes, that when purposely directed for observation, spoke volumes to the heart. Unadorned by the feathers which waved in majestic splendor over the temples of her sister as she threaded through the mazy windings of the dance, she attracted the attention of the company in a much greater degree than the dress-delighted Caroline. Her figure was neither well nor ill formed, but the open and animated expression of her countenance, together with the graces of her mind, would in the opinion of all judicious thinkers, have been considered as a compensation for the absence of beautiful form. Her whole appearance however, was not only pleasing, it was prepossessing, while her manners and conversation were captivating. Bob gazed and admired, listened and was charmed.

The Hon. Tom Dashall was at the same time fully occupied in his attentions to the other sister, but could not occasionally help a sly glance at Bob, indicative of the pleasure he derived from seeing his cousin thus engaged.

The Quadrille being over, "Come," said Col. Maitland, "we must go and have a peep at the Card Tables, and enquire how the cash moves, for you know if your aunt is losing her money, she will be as cross as the—"

"Silence Charles," said his sister, "remember you have no occasion to make such observations here, why you might almost as well entertain us with a pedigree of the family, as expose the tempers and dispositions of your relations; besides I am sure the party alluded to would feel herself very much offended to hear such conversation in a Ball room. It is neither a fit time or place;"—and with this, each of his sisters seizing an arm, led him towards the Card Room, alternately schooling him as they passed along, and leaving our Heroes to draw their own conclusions from what had occurred. [152]

"Thus it is," said Tom, "that a Commander in the field is obliged to be an obedient in the Ball Room, he is however a very poor creature at the best of times, and depends more upon the abilities of others than his own for the appearance he makes in the world, and is rather to be looked at than admired and esteemed. Here," continued he, "I shall have an opportunity of introducing you to a character of another kind, here is my friend Dick Distich, a logger of Rhyme, a poet and a contemplative philosopher, he is recently married, but appears

to be without his rib."

"My dear friend Dashall," exclaimed a tall thin man advancing and catching him by the hand, "I am glad to see you, for I am bewildered and lost."

"Good," replied Tom, "then I am very glad to have found you, what is the Reward—are you advertised—are your manuscripts stolen, or is your Library on Fire? Has the good woman brought forth twins or disappointed your hopes?"

"Walk this way," replied the other, "you are a happy fellow, always gamesome and gay, but I know you have a fellow feeling for all mankind, and will pour the balm of pity into a wounded heart."

"Zounds," said Tom, "you attack a body with a mouthful of pity, and a heart full of wounds at a strange time, for the introduction of such subjects. What can you mean, probably you appear here as the knight of ? the woeful countenance, with a determination to support the character to the end of the chapter. Why you look as melancholy as a mute, and one would almost fancy you were making a funeral visit, instead of attending a Mask'd

"I have enough to make me so," was the reply, "I shall be brief in my narrative, in order that I may not interfere with your enjoyments, and you know that mine are of another kind. I am routed from home."—

"How do you mean?"

"Thus it is then, you know I am a plain man, a quiet man, a civil and humble man. I hate Balls and Routs, but my wife and I differ in taste. She has determined on having a Rout at home, and it proves no misnomer[153] with me, for Heaven knows they rout me from Study to Drawing Room, from Drawing Room to Chamber, and all because truly my little woman must have her party."

"And why not?" enquired Tom.

"Why man for this reason, you must know I had myself the sweetest little sanctuary in the world. I had gothicised my Study, its walls were painted in imitation of oak, my books were arranged with the most unauthor-like neatness, my prints hung, my casts and models all bracketed, and all have vanished like the

*—baseless fabric of a vision.*"

"And is this your misery," said Tom, "upon my soul I began to think you had lost your wife; but it seems you have only lost your wits. What the devil did you expect when you joined issue—to live as you have done like a hermit in a cell? Well if this is all I do pity you indeed."

"But you have not heard half yet. The whole house is transformed."

"And I think you ought to be reformed," continued Tom.

Notwithstanding the lightness and satire with which our Hero appeared to treat the subject, poor Distich was not to be stayed in his course.

"Ah!" said he, with a sigh, "In vain did Cicero strain his neck to peep over Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful—Shakespeare beard Blair's Sermons and Humphrey Glinkert or Milton's sightless balls gleam over Sir Walter Scott's Epics—all, all, is chaos and misrule. Even my greenhouse over my head which held three cidevant pots of mignonette, one decayed mirtle, a soi-disant geranium and other exotics, which are to spring out afresh in the summer—my shrubs are clapped under my couch, and my evergreens stuck over the kitchen fire place, are doomed to this unpropitious hot-bed, in order to make room for pattens, clogs, cloaks, and shawls, for all the old maids in Town."

Tom bit his lip to stifle a laugh, and treading lightly on the toe of his cousin, had so strongly excited Tallyho's risibility, that it was with difficulty he resisted the momentary impulse.

The routed Benedict continued—"Our Drawing Room, which conveniently holds ten persons, is to be the[154] black hole for thirty—My study, dear beloved retreat, where sonnets have been composed and novels written—this spot which just holds me and my cat, is to be the scene of bagatelle, commerce, or any thing else that a parcel of giggling girls may chuse to act in it,—my statues are converted—Diabolus is made to hold a spermaceti candle, while the Medicean nymph, my Apollo Belvidere, and my dancing fawn, being too bulky to move, are adorned with aprons of green silk, because forsooth Betty says they are vastly indecent with nothing on them, and my wife is quite certain "that no one will visit us, unless we do as other people do." Alas! until the success of my last poem, we never cared about other people, and I am now absolutely turned out, to make room for them, and advised to come here to-night in order to prepare myself for the approaching festivity."

Dashall was unable to contain himself longer, and Bob, who had been for some time stuffing his white cambric handkerchief into his mouth, could no longer resist the laugh he had been trying to avoid. They look'd alternately at each other, and then at the doleful complainant, who with unaltered features sat for a moment between his laughing companions, till perceiving the ridiculous situation he was in, he rose from his seat and hastily left the room.

Our friends then took a further survey of the company without making any additional remark except upon the view of the various elegant and tasteful dresses exhibited, the grace and agility of the dancers, and the brilliance of the decorations, when supper was announced.

Moving onward to the Supper Room, they again encountered poor Distich, who although he had no relish for the generality of the amusements, declared he would not quit till he had supped: after which, Tom determined if possible to drive away the blue devils, who seemed to have occupied his brain. For this purpose he listened to his additional complaints, and filling his glass at every pause, became lively and agreeable, as the toast was circulated, till the invigorating effects of the bottle sunk him again, and at length putting him into a hackney coach, they dispatched him in good order to his Rib; after which they took their departure towards Piccadilly.

## CHAPTER XI

*"I be one of they sailors who think 'tis no lie  
That for every wherefore there should be a why,  
That by fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,  
Our births, good or bad are chalk'd out for us all:  
That the stays and the braces of Life will be found  
To be some of 'em rotten, and some of 'em sound.  
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,  
For death will too soon bring each anchor apeak."*

IT was half past eleven o'clock before our friends approaching the breakfast parlour, had an opportunity of congratulating each other on the amusements of the previous evening, when the Hon. Tom Dashall ever upon the active look-out for the most pleasureable amusements to occupy the mind and attention of his cousin, observing it was a very fine morning, proposed a ride to Greenwich, and with this object in view all being prepared, it was not long before they were seated in the curriole.

"Greenwich," said Tom, "is not a very long journey, nor do I know, speaking of the town itself, independent of its surrounding attractions, particularly to be admired, though it is a neat town, about five miles from London Bridge, in the county of Kent, with a market on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It is however, famous for an hospital for decayed Seamen, the brave defenders of their native soil, who have fought and bled for their king and country; thought to be the finest structure of the kind in the world, and for an observatory built by Charles II. on the summit of a hill, called Flamstead Hill, from the great astronomer of that name, who was here the first astronomer Royal: and we compute the longitude from the meridian of this place. It is also a place of great resort at holiday time, for being so near London. The Lads and Lasses move off in groups to Greenwich fair, and the amusements at those times are of so varying a kind as almost to defy description.

*"The hills and dales are lined  
With pretty girls all round."*

And there are but few who have had an opportunity, but have occasionally enjoyed a roll down this hill. The roads leading to the sporting spot are to be seen clogged with coaches, carts, and waggons, decorated with laurel, and filled with company, singing their way down or up to participate in the frolics of Greenwich fair. It is however, much more celebrated for its once having been a Royal Palace, in which Edward VI. died, and Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were born. On a part of the site of it, now stands the house belonging to the Ranger of the Park at Greenwich, also a College called the Duke of Norfolk's College, for the maintenance of 20 decayed Housekeepers, and another called Queen Elizabeth's, as well as a Royal Naval asylum for the orphans of Sailors and Marines; and although we are going down when there is no fair to attract multitudes to the spot, I can still promise you more solid entertainment in a review of these truly splendid and useful national establishments, besides which, the town affords plenty of good accommodation for refreshment and comfort."

By this time they had passed Westminster Bridge on their road. Bob thanked his cousin for the information he had imparted, but as the objects and subjects directly under his eye generally engrossed his immediate attention, he could not resist the impulse of the moment, as they turned the corner of the asylum wall, to remark that he had witnessed in many instances before, a practice which appeared in and about London, of chalking the walls, and perceiving in large letters "Dr. Eady 32 Dean Street Soho," enquired what was meant by it.

"That," replied his cousin, "is one of the most ingenious modes of advertising, hit upon in the Metropolis, and the Doctor at all events deserves credit for the industry and perseverance he has manifested in making his name known. It is not altogether new, for it has been successfully practiced in popular elections. Men are sent out at night to chalk the names of Candidates on walls and other places, to keep their interest alive; but in all probability no one has ever before carried the system to so great a length as this Doctor Eady, for it is scarcely possible to travel ten miles round the metropolis without meeting with his name, which naturally excites enquiry into the object and pretensions of the chalked up Hero. You will also find in many cases that the proprietor of the Bonassus has lately adopted the same system. It is a species of puffing which can hardly fail of producing notoriety, and I have before observed, it matters but little to the parties themselves by what means this is produced save and except the avoidance of expence."

"It is a curious scheme however," replied Bob, "and I have two or three times before intended to enquire its meaning."

"There are numerous instances," returned Tom, "in which the eccentricities of an individual have blown him into notice, and puff'd fortune into his pocket. Packwood of Gracechurch street, had many whims and fancies, and acted upon the idea, that when a man's name is once up, he may go to bed, or take a nod elsewhere. By making razor strops and a certain paste for sharpening razors, he pasted his name on public credulity, and pocketed the proceeds. His advertisements were frequently laughable, and he caught his customers in their risible moments, wisely taking care never to laugh himself, 'till he had realized the possibles. I remember in the year 1807, he published a book, price "Two good Tower shillings," containing his advertisements, entitled "Packwood's whim, Packwoodiana, or the Goldfinches nest, or the way to get money and be happy." And to make the publication worth the money, and that there might be no grumbling, An half crown was according to the title-page, placed between the leaves."

"That was no laughing matter, however," said Bob, "he could not have got rich by such means."

"You must not trust the title-pages of books," replied Tom, "no more than the advertisements of Quacks, or the looks of persons. The half crown was not visible, or at least not tangible. It proved to be an anecdote related in the work. He however managed to circulate many copies, and it is generally understood, gained considerable money by his pursuits. He has left the benefit of his invention to his daughter, who now lives in

Bride Lane, Fleet Street. But a more prominent character of recent times was the late celebrated Martin Van Butchell, whose name and fame are well known to Newspaper readers, and whose personal appearance at all times, excited in London the attention of the spectators. He was rather a tall man with a very long beard, and used to ride a short pony sometimes, spotted all over with a variety of colours."

"He must have cut a curious figure," said Bob, "certainly, but what building have we here?"

[158]

"That," replied his communicative cousin, "is The New Bethlem for the care and cure of lunatics. Bethlem was formerly situated on the South side of Moorfields, but as that building was hastening to decay, this elegant receptacle for its inmates has been prepared. It is not a little curious to remark, that it now occupies a part of that ground which was formerly devoted to mirth and revelry, The Dog and Duck Tea Gardens, the scene of many a frolic. The structure was designed by Mr. Lewis, and executed at an expence of £95,000. It is 580 feet in length, and capable of receiving in this front 200 patients. Another line of building extending to the South, is designed to admit an equal number, as well as 60 lunatics, the charge of which latter department, exclusively belongs to Government. The ground around it, occupying twelve acres, is devoted to the exercise of the patients."

They were now dashing along the road towards the Elephant and Castle, when Bob was attracted by the appearance of the Philanthropic Chapel and School, which his cousin dismissed in a few words, by observing it was the school of reform, which he had alluded to, when last in the vicinity of Blackfriars, and which deserved more attention than he could just then give it. So touching up the tits in prime twig, they pushed on to the originally proposed place of destination.

Having arrived at Greenwich, and partaken of some refreshment, our heroes proceeded immediately to the Hospital; the magnificent appearance of which had an evident effect upon Tallyho, as he gazed upon its exterior, and some of its venerable inhabitants taking their peaceable walks before it, while others were seated on accommodating benches, viewing the vessels passing up and down the river.

"Why," said Bob, "this Hospital is more like a Palace."

"It is," replied Tom, "a noble monument of National gratitude to its defenders, who deserve to be protected and assisted when disabled for service. Here the lame, the wounded, and the aged, are enabled to spin out the thread of a useful existence, in comfortable retirement. It was founded by William and Mary for invalid seamen, and many an old Commodore and gallant hardy Tar is preserved in this establishment, after being doused from his pins, to puff old sorrow away and sing,

*"Yet still I am enabled  
To bring up in life's rear,  
Although I'm quite disabled  
And lie in Greenwich tier.  
The King, God bless his Majesty,  
Who sav'd me from the main,  
I'll praise with Love and Loyalty,  
But ne'er to sea again."*

"You perceive," continued he, "that the costume of the place is a suit of blue, with proper distinctions of rank and station allotted to each."

"But," inquired Bob, "some of them appear to have their coats turned inside out; is that according to choice?"—"Not so," replied Tosi, "that is a mark of disgrace, by way of punishment, for some errors or improprieties of which they have been guilty; and there are some, in spite of misfortune, who cannot forget former times, and occasionally verify the words of the song—

*"So in misfortune's school grown tough,  
In this same sort of knowledge,  
Thinking mayhap I'd had enough,  
They sent me here to College.*

*And here we tell old tales and smoke,  
And laugh while we are drinking;  
Sailors, you know, will have their joke,  
E'en though the ship were sinking.*

*For I while I get grog to drink  
My wife, or friend, or King in,  
?Twill be no easy thing, I think,  
D— me to spoil my singing."*

And although used to severe discipline on board a ship, they do sometimes forget what they are subject to here, and "slip the cable upon an ocean of grog," grow dizzy over the binnacle, unship the rudder, lose their calculations, and stand too far out to sea to reach the intended Port; but more of this presently. You perceive this magnificent structure consists of four grand buildings, completely separated from each other; yet forming a very entire and most beautiful plan—especially viewed from the river, which runs in the front of it. Here the comforts and conveniences of the hardy veterans, who have faced the enemies of their country in many fearful encounters, are studied, when they can no longer give the word of command, or answer it in such active services. The four different buildings you now see, contain accommodations for bed and board for about 2600 persons of different ranks and stations; and you may perceive by those you have before you, that the ranks they have formerly held in his Majesty's employ are still visible in their outward habiliments."

They were now in the centre of the building, approaching the edge of the Thames, on whose bosom were seen sundry small vessels, gliding in majestic pride; and perceiving a seat capable of holding four or five persons, in the corner of which sat an old weather-beaten tar, in a gold-laced hat and coat, with a wooden leg, who was watching with apparent delight one of the larger vessels, with all her sails set to catch the breeze; they took a seat alongside of him.

"Come," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "we may here at «ase survey the exertions of such as still retain the



power, and contemplate the comforts of those who no longer have powers to exert." The Pensioner remained in mute attention to the moving scene on the river, occasionally smiling and squirting from his jaws the accumulating essence of his quid, seeming at the same time to enjoy in retrospection scenes similar to what he had formerly been engaged in, but without bestowing one look on our Heroes. "There is a fine fresh breeze down the river," continued Tom, addressing the wooden legged warrior; and then a pause ensued—but no reply.

"It is a beautiful situation for retirement in old age," said Bob. "I should think, Sir," said he, "that you must be very comfortable under this protecting roof," determined, if possible, to elicit something from the hardy old Pensioner, approaching a little closer to him, and at the same time to take his attention, respectfully moving his hat.

Tins address, however, was received with nearly the same effect as the previous observations, except that the veteran moved his hat in return. "He is a churlish old blade," said Tom; thinking by this remark to rouse and animate the blood of their taciturn companion.—"There seems to be no intelligence in him. Pray, Sir," continued he, "may I be so bold as to inquire, laying his hand upon his knee, what is the name of that vesse[161] on which you appear to bestow so many anxious looks?"

Roused by the touch, he darted a hasty look at Tom, and then at Bob, started hastily from his seat, held up his stick, as they supposed, in a menacing attitude, then shouldering it, he marched, or rather hobbled, on his wooden pin some paces from them, and, with an air of commanding authority, returned in front of them, took off his hat, and began to describe two lines on the gravel, but which was to them perfectly unintelligible.

However, in a few minutes, the arrival of a younger Pensioner, with one arm and a wooden stump, in breathless haste, informed them that the old gentleman was deaf and dumb.

"God bless you, my worthy masters," said the interpreter, who first paid his respects to the old Commodore, "you have started my revered commander on his high ropes; he is as deaf as the top-lights, and as dumb as a stantion: two and twenty years ago, your Honors, he and I were both capsized together on board; the shot that took off his leg splintered my arm, and the doctor kindly took it off for me afterwards."

"That was a lamentable day for you," said Tom. "Why aye, for the matter of that there, d'ye see, it disabled us from sarvice, but then we both of us had some consolation, for we have never been separated since: besides, we were better off than poor Wattie the cook, who had his head taken off by a chain-shot, and was made food for sharks, while we are enabled to stump about the world with the use of our remaining limbs, and that there's a comfort, you know."

During this introductory conversation, the old Commodore was intent upon the work he had began, which, upon inquiry, was a sort of practical description of the situation in which the ships were placed at the period when he lost his limb. "He is now pouring in a broadside, and in imagination enjoying a part of his life over again. It is a sorry sight, my worthy Sirs, and yet upon the whole it is a cheerful one, to see an old man live his time over again; now he is physicing them with

grape-shot—Bang—Bang—like hail—my eyes how she took it—Go it again, my boys, said the old Commodore—Ditto repeated, as the Doctor used to say. D—m the Doctor; the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when down he went; and as I stood alongside him, ready to attend to his orders, I was very near[162] being sent down the hatchway stairs without assistance; for the same shot that doused my old master, carried away my arm just here.—"D—me," said the old man, to his brave crew, as they carried us down to the cockpit—"I shall never forget it as long as I live—That was a pepperer—Once more, my boys, and the day's your own.—My eyes, he had hardly said the words, before—Bang, bang, went our bull dogs—and sure enough it was all over. They cried Piccavi, and went to the Doctor; but after that I know no more about the matter—we were a long while before we got the better of our wounds; and as for him, he has never spoken since—and as to hearing, I believe he never wished to hear any more, than that the enemies of his country had got a good drubbing."

By this time the old gentleman having gone through his manouvres, with perhaps as much accuracy as my Uncle Toby did the siege of Dendermond—having blown up the enemy with a flourish of his stick, made a profound bow, and hobbled away.—"Thank you, my friend," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "for your information; we should never have understood him without your assistance, for which accept of this, and our best wishes—giving him a couple of half-crowns, with which, after thanking the donors, he made the best of his way in search of the old Commodore, who put our heroes forcibly in mind of the following lines:

*"What a d—d bad time for a seaman to sculk,  
Under gingerbread hatches on shore;  
What a d—d hard job that this battered old hulk,  
Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more."*

"Thus you see," said Dashall, "how our habits become rooted in us: the old Commodore, though unable to give the word of command, or to hear the thunder of the cannon, still lives in the midst of the battle, becomes warmed and animated by the imaginary heat of the engagement, and

*"Thrice he routed all his foes,  
And thrice he slew the slain."*

"But come, we will now proceed to a view of the Chapel, the Painted Hall, and the other curiosities of the[163] interior; which done, we will take our refreshment at the Crown, and pursue our way home."

They now took another cursory survey of this magnificent pile of buildings, the grandeur and effect of which is scarcely to be imagined; the beauty and variety being heightened by the grand square, and the area beyond terminating with a view of the Observatory, which stands on a hill in Greenwich Park.

Tallyho was next delighted with a view of the Chapel, which is 111 feet long, and 52 broad, and capable of conveniently accommodating 1000 Pensioners, nurses, and boys, exclusive of pews for the Directors, the several officers of the establishment, &c—The altar-piece, painted by West, representing The escape of St.

Paul from Shipwreck on the Island of Malta, and the paintings between the cornice and the ceiling of the Ascension, by the same artist, claimed particular attention. The splendid decorations of the Great Hall, with its variety of paintings and statues, were also objects of peculiar admiration, the effect of which must be seen to be duly appreciated. After these gratifications, according to the proposal of Dashall, they retired, to the Crown, where having partaken of à good dinner, and a glass of wine, they returned to town, fully satisfied with their excursion, and arrived in Piccadilly without any occurrence worthy of further remark.

## CHAPTER XII

*And have you not heard of a jolly young Waterman,  
At Blackfriar's Bridge who is used still to ply!  
Who feathers his oars with such skill and dexterity.*

*Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:  
He looks So neat, and he rows so steadily,  
The maidens all flock to his boat so readily,  
And he eyes the young rogues with so charming an air  
That this Waterman ne'er is in want of a fare.*

IT was in one of those inviting mornings, mild and temperate, that Dashall and Tallyho, lounged along [164] Piccadilly, observant of passing events, and anticipating those of more interest which might occur in the course of another day devoted to the investigation of Real Life in London.

The street already exhibited its usual bustle. The early coaches were rattling along on their way to their respective inns, loaded with passengers, inside and out, from the western parts of the country; the ponderous waggon, the brewer's dray, and not less stunning din of the lighter and more rapid vehicles, from the splendid chariot to the humble tax-cart, combined to annoy the auricular organs of the contemplative perambulator, and together with the incessant discord of the dust-bell, accompanied by the hoarse stentorian voice of its athletic artist, induced Squire Tallyho to accelerate his pace, in order to escape, as he said, "this conspiracy of villainous sounds," more dissonant than that of his hounds at fault, and followed by his friend Dashall, slackened not his speed, until he reached the quietude of the new street leading to the King's Palace, in Pall Mall.

In Regent Place (at the extremity of this fine street) the two friends paused in admiration of the noble pile of buildings, which had on this new interesting spot so rapidly risen, as if by the direction of that necromantic and nocturnal architect, the Genius of the Wonderful Lamp.

"Until lately, Carlton House, or more properly, now the King's Palace, was hid from observation, and the [165] Royal view, in front of his princely mansion, was bounded to the opposite side of the way, the distance of a few yards only; now the eye enjoys a perspective glance of a spacious and magnificent street, terminating in a handsome public edifice, and yet terminating in appearance only, for here the new improvements sweep shortly to the left, and our attention is attracted to a superb circus, or quadrant, from whence without further deviation, Regent Street continues in lengthened magnificence, until it unites itself in affinity of grandeur with Great Portland Place."

Thus far had Dashall proceeded, when the Squire expressed his surprise that the new street had not been so planned as to lead, in one direct and uninterrupted line, from Pall Mall to its ultimate termination.

"Then indeed," answered his friend, "it would have been one of the finest streets in the world." "Here too," continued the Squire, "is a manifest deficiency in Regent Place, there is a vacuum, it ought to be supplied with something, be it what it may, for the eye to rest on."

"True, and your idea has been anticipated. One of the most interesting amongst the antiquities of Egypt, the column known as Cleopatra's Needle {1} is destined to raise

### 1 CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

*The Court of Common Council +  
Fogrum, Botlieram, Gotham, &c. a full meeting.*

*Fog. (Laying down a newspaper.)  
The City should be told of it.—They say  
That Cleopatra's Needle's to be stuck  
In front of Carlton House!*

*Got. They'll make the square  
A pin-cushion.*

*Bot. No! worse—a needle-case.  
Has my Lord Sidmouth sent no letter yet  
To my Lord Mayor!—It should be pasted up.*

*Fog. 'Tis said the Deptford Sheer-hulk has been cleared  
Of all its vagabonds, to bring it here.*

*Hot. This beats Whitechapel hollow. What's its weight?*

*Fog. About three hundred tons.*

*Bot. All solid steel?  
A pond'rous weapon for a lady's handling!*

*Fog. No, stone with scratches on't; and here they say  
They're making five-mile telescopes to read them!*

*But. Zounds! what a strapping hand she must have had!  
Who was the sempstress?*

*Fog. Sir, a giantess,*

*About ten thousand yards—without her shoes,  
Her thimble has been guessed, tho' rotten now,  
To fill the place they call the Lake of Maris,  
By Alexandria!—Nay, the noseless tilings  
That sit upon their tails in Russell Street,  
Were Cleopatra's pebbles, taws and dolls!*

*Bot. Why, what a monstrous thread she must have used!*

*Fog. The Chronicle here says—a patent twist  
Of elephants' legs, and dromedaries' spines,  
And buffaloes' horns!*

*Got. What was her favourite work?*

*Fog. (Rising majestically) Sir, she sewed pyramids!*

*All lift their hands and eyes in silence.—The Council adjourns.*

its lofty summit in Regent Place, and the western will shortly outrival the eastern wonder of the metropolis[166]  
{1}

*1 The Monument.*

*"Where London's column pointing to the skies,  
Like a tall bull! lifts its head and lies."*

"By the bye, let us once more extend our excursion to the Monument, the day is delightful, and the atmosphere unclouded. We will approximate the skies, and take a bird's-eye view of the metropolis." In conformity with this suggestion the Squire submitted himself to the guidance of his friend, and an aquatic trip being agreed on, they directed their progress to Spring Garden Gate, and thence across the Park, towards Westminster Bridge.

"A boat, a boat, your honour," vociferated several clamorous watermen, all in a breath; of whose invitation Dashall took not any notice; "I hate importunity," he observed to his friend. Passing towards the stairs he was silently but respectfully saluted by a modest looking young man, without the obtrusive offer of service.—"Trim your boat, my lad," this was the business of a moment; "now pull away and land us at the Shades—'of Elysium,'" said the Squire, terminating the instructions rather abruptly, of the amphibious conveyancer. "I am rather at a loss to know," said the waterman, "where that place is, but if your honors incline to the Shades at London Bridge, I'll row you there in the twirling of a mop-stick." "The very spot," said Dashall, and the waterman doffing his jacket, and encouraged to freedom by the familiar manner of the two strangers, plied[167] his oars lustily, humming, in cadence, the old song:

*"I was, d'ye see a waterman,  
As tight and blythe as any,  
?Twixt Chelsea town and Horsley-down,  
I gain'd an honest penny."*

They now glided pleasantly on the serene bosom of the Thames, and enjoyed, in mute admiration, the beauties of a variegated prospect, which, if equalled, is at least not excelled by any other in the universe. On either side of this noble river, a dense mass of buildings presented itself to the eye, and as the buoyant vehicle proceeded, the interest of the varying scene increased in progressive proportion. Thousands of barges skirted the margin of the lordly stream, and seemed like dependant vassals, whose creation and existence were derived from and sustained by the fiat of old father Thames; and imagination might well pourtray the figure of the venerable parent of this magnificent stream regulating its rippling wave, and riding, in the triumph of regal sway, over his spacious domains. The grandeur of the public edifices on the left, the numerous indications of art on the right, the active industry on both sides, and the fairy-like boats of pleasurable conveyance gliding to and fro', and shooting, in the distance, through one or other of the lofty arches of Waterloo Bridge, produced an effect imposingly grand, and was dwelt upon by our hero of Belville Hall, particularly with mingled sensations of surprise, admiration, and delight.

Silence had prevailed for some time, with the exception of the waterman, who now and then carroll'd a stanza responsive to the stroke of the oar, when the attention of his fare was drawn towards him.

"You seem to enjoy a merry life, my good friend," said the Squire.

"Ay, ay, your honour, God bless you, why should not I? At my poor home, and your honour knows that the cottage of the peasant is equally dear to him as is the Palace to the Prince, there is my old woman, with her five little ones, all looking forward to the happiness of seeing me in the evening, after the labours of the day; and to feel that one is cared for by somebody, is a sweet consolation, amidst all our toils,—besides, your honour, the old times are partly come round again; half-a-crown will go farther, aye, thrice-told, now, than it did a few years ago;—then hang sorrow, I am a contented waterman, your honour; so d—n the Pope, long[168] life to King George the Fourth, and success to the land that we live in!" "Here," said Dashall, "is an heterogeneous mixture of prejudice, simplicity and good nature."

"You are but a young man, and cannot long have followed your present profession.—Is it from choice that you continue it?"

"Why, your honour, I served an apprenticeship to it, am not long out of my time, and continue it as well from choice as necessity; the first because I like it, and lastly, as our parson says, because in any other

situation I could serve neither my neighbour nor myself."

By this time the tiny bark had shot the centre arch of Waterloo; and new scenes of interest presented themselves, in ever-varying succession, as they proceeded towards Blackfriars. Somerset House wore, particularly, an aspect of great and imposing effect, and not less, as they ploughed the liquid element, was the interest excited, and the reminiscence of the Squire brought into action by the appearance of the Temple Gardens.—The simple, yet neatly laid out green-sward, reminded him of the verdant slope on part of his domains at Belville Hall, but here the resemblance finished; a diminutive, although pure and limpid rivulet only, passed the slope alluded to, and here was a world of waters, into which the influx of ten thousand such rivulets would produce no apparent increase. Amidst these cogitations by the Squire, and others of an unknown description by Dashall, the boat passed underneath Blackfriars' Bridge, and the lofty doom of St. Paul burst upon the view of the two associates, with gigantic majesty, and withdrew from their minds every impression save that of the towering object in view, superseding the consideration of all else, either present or retrospective.

"Rest on your oars," was the order now given by the two friends, and while the waterman implicitly obeyed the mandate, they gazed with enthusiasm, on the stupendous edifice, seen perhaps, to better advantage from the river than from any other station, and felt proud in their affinity to a country and countryman, capable, the former of instituting, and the latter of carrying into effect so august an undertaking. {1}

*1 During the building of St. Paul's Church, a country carpenter applied to the Overseer of the workmen for employment as a carver. The Overseer smiling at the man's temerity, hearing he had never worked in London, it was observed by Sir Christopher Wren, who was present, who calling the man to him, asked him what he had chiefly worked at in the country?"Pig-troughs, &c." was his answer. "Well then," says Sir Christopher, "let us see a specimen of your workmanship in a sow and pigs." The man returned in a few days, having performed his part with such exquisite skill, that he was immediately employed; and in time, executed some of the most difficult parts of the Cathedral, to the great astonishment of all that knew the circumstance. So true it is that genius is often lost in obscurity.*

Again proceeding on their way, they arrived in a few minutes, at another amongst the many in the metropolis, of those surprising works of public utility which reflect the highest honor on the laudable enterprize of the present times,—the Iron Bridge, known as Southwark Bridge, leading from the bottom of Queen Street, Cheapside to the Borough. It is constructed of cast-iron, and, from the river particularly, presents an appearance of elegance and magnificence; consisting of three arches only, the spacious span of each, stretching across the Thames in towering majesty, affords an aquatic vista equally novel and interesting.

Gliding on the pacific wave, the "trim-built wherry" now passed under the lofty elevation of the centre arch; and our observers were struck with the contrast between the object of their admiration and its ancient neighbour, London Bridge, that "nameless, shapeless bulk of stone and lime," with its irregular narrow arches, through which the pent-up stream rushes with such dangerous velocity.

"This gothic hulk," said the Squire, "is a deformity in the aspect of the river." "And ought at least to be pulled down, if not rebuilt," added his Cousin. "Even on the principle of economy, the large and incessant expenditure in support of this decayed structure, would be much more profitably applied in the erection of a new bridge of correspondent grandeur with the first metropolis in the universe; but the citizens seem inclined to protract the existence of this heavy fabric, as a memento of the bad taste of their progenitors."

*"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."*

The indefatigable waterman continued to ply his oars, sans intermission, and in a few minutes our two associates in adventure were safely landed a short distance westward of the bridge. After remunerating the waterman, they ascended the stairs with an appetite quickened by the water breeze, and retired into the Shades, close at hand, for refreshment, previous to a renewal of their excursion.

The Shades, near London Bridge, is a house, or rather cellar, much resorted to by respectable citizens of "sober fame," induced chiefly by the powerful attraction of genuine wines, which may here be had either drawn immediately from the wood, and served in regular standard pewter measures, or in bottles, also of full measure, containing the pure beverage, of various age and vintages. To these cellars numbers of the most respectable mercantile characters adjourn daily; enjoying the exhilarating juice of the grape, and further attracted by the pleasantness of situation, as commanding a full view of the river, whence the refreshing breeze is inhaled and enjoyed.

Here then, our heroes recruited; and while taking their wine, Bob was much gratified by the performance of an itinerant band of musicians, playing outside, some of the latest and most popular airs, in a masterly style of execution. "Among other numerous refinements and improvements of the age," observed Dashall, "may be considered that of our itinerant metropolitan musicians, for instead of the vile, discordant and grating hurdy-gurdy; the mechanical organ grinder, and the cat-gut scraper, "sawing a tune," we have now parties who form themselves into small bands of really scientific and able performers, who from instruments well selected produce a combination of delightful melody; and this progress of harmony is equally evident with respect to vocalists, who frequently posting themselves opposite some well frequented tavern or coffee-house, amuse the inmates with catches, glees, duets, &c. and trust to the liberal feelings which the "concord of sweet sounds may have inspired, for remuneration and encouragement."

Scarcely had Dashall concluded his remarks, when the musical party ceased their instrumental exertions, and, diversifying the entertainment, one of the performers struck up a song, which we here present to the

*In London where comical jokes go free,  
There are comical modes of cheating,  
Birch-brooms are cut up for Souchong and Bohea,  
And plaster for bread you are eating!  
And plaster for bread you are eating!*

*(Spoken) "How do you do, Mrs. Caphusalent I hope you approved of the genuine tea." "O yes, new brooms sweep clean, and I have no occasion to buy birch ones, while I deal at your shop for tea." "There's nothing like my cheap bread," says Doughy the baker. "O yes," says Neddy, "you forget plaster of Paris is very like it."*

*What are you at? each knave may cry,  
Who feels my honest rhymes;  
What are you after's? my reply,—  
There never were such times!  
There never were such times!*

*In Accum's test you'll find it clear,  
For spirits of wine read Royal gin!  
Quashee and drugs they call strong beer,  
And Turtle soup is Ox's shin!  
And Turtle soup is Ox's shin!*

*(Spoken) "By the powers of Moll Kelly, Mr. Max, but you've murdered my dear friend Patrick O'Shaughnessy, for after taking a noggin of your blue ruin, he went to blow out the candle on stepping into bed, when the poor dear creature went off in a blaze, and set fire to the house. Its all nothing at all but spirits of wine, you bog-trotting swindler!"*

*Moist sugar is made from the best red sand,  
New milk from whiting and water!  
Sloe juice poisons half the land,  
And the weights get shorter and shorter!  
And the weights get shorter and shorter!*

*(Spoken) "I hope," says Mr. Deputy Doublethroat, "you found the port I sent you last of the right sort: six years in bottle, Sir, I warrant it made your heart glad." "You mean my bowels sad, Mr. Deputy. Out of six friends whom I invited to partake of it four have already been booked inside passengers for the other world, and my dear Mrs. Fribble and me have been confined with inflammation ever since. Instead of importer of foreign wines, Mr. Deputy, I'd have you write up retailer of English poisons." {1}*

*1 The following receipt is copied from a book, which is there said to be worth the price of the volume. "What is drank as port wine, is very often only a mixture of malt liquors, red wine, and turnip juice. For the benefit of economical readers, the following are the proportions: forty-eight gallons of liquor pressed from turnips, eight gallons of malt spirits, and eight gallons of good port wine, coloured with cochineal, and roughened with elder tops. It should stand two years in casks, and one in bottles. If rough cider is substituted for turnip juice, and Coniac brandy for malt spirits, the wine will be the better."*

*Turkey-coffee is Horse-beans ground,  
Irish eggs are boil'd in lime:  
In every trade deception's found,  
Except it be in yours or mine!  
Except it be in yours or mine!*

*(Spoken) "There's more milk drank in London in a week than all the Cows in England could give in a fortnight;" says Blunderskull. "How can that be?" "Why to be sure, because two-thirds of it is white-wash!"*

*What are you at? each knave may cry,  
Who feels my honest rhymes:  
What are you after's? my reply,—  
There never were such times!  
There never were such times!*

It was but a few steps from the Shades to the Monument, to which our adventurers were now pursuing their way, when they met with an incident not unworthy of observation. Do not leave your goods, is the friendly admonition generally inscribed, in large characters, over the resting place for porters, throughout the metropolis. Opposite the church of Saint Magnus, close by London Bridge, a porter having pitched his load, turned his back upon it, and reclined himself against the post in careless ease, and security. It was just as our heroes approached, that the porter had turned himself round to resume his burden, when lo! it had vanished; in what manner no one can tell! without doubt, one of those numerous street-prowlers who are continually on the look out for prey, observing the remissness of the porter, had availed himself of the favourable opportunity, and quietly walked off with his booty. A crowd collected round the sufferer, but it afforded him neither sympathy nor relief. Our associates, however, contributed in mitigation of his loss, and proceeding up Fish-street Hill, were, in a few moments, shrouded under the towering column of the Monument.

Ascending the spiral stair-case of black marble, consisting of three hundred and forty-five steps, winding like a cork-screw, to the summit, our aspirants reached their aerial station in the gallery of this lofty edifice, and enjoyed one of the most variegated and extensively interesting prospects of any in the metropolis. Far as the eye could reach, skirting itself down the river, a forest of tall masts appeared, and the colours of all nations, waving gaily in the breeze, gave a splendid idea of the opulence and industry of the first commercial city in the universe. The moving panorama, far beneath the giddy height, resembled the flitting figures of a *camera obscura*; the spacious Thames was reduced to a brook; the stately vessels riding on its undulating wave seemed the dwarfish boats of the school-boy navigator; and glancing on the streets and along London Bridge, horses dwindled in appearance to mice, and carriages to children's toys! after having enjoyed, during several minutes, the prospects afforded by their elevated position, the two friends descended, and with a feeling of relief again trod the safer and less difficult path of *terra firma*.

Our observers now turned their direction westward, and passed into Lombard Street, chiefly formed of banking-houses and other public edifices. "This street," said Dashall, "is noted as the focus of wealth, the point of convergence of civic riches, and its respectable bankers are not more dignified by the possession of superabundant property than enhanced in the estimation of their fellow-citizens by strictly conscientious honour and integrity.

"And of these not the least important in self-consequence is the jolly civic Baronet," continued Dashall, "who has already come more than once within the scope of our observation."

"Ecce homo! behold the man!" responded the Squire, and the Baronet was descried rolling his ponderous form from the opposite alley to his banking-house.

"It is rather unfortunate," observed Dashall, "that nature has not kept pace with fortune, in liberality to the Baronet. Profuse in giving him a colossal magnitude of person, he exhibits a most disproportionable endowment of intellect. Unlike his great prototype Sir John, in one sense, but yet resembling him in another, 'He is not witty himself, but he occasions wit in others.'"

"You are very fond of making a butt of me," observed the Baronet to a brother Alderman.—"By no means," rejoined the latter, "I never was fond of an empty butt in my life." "Is the worthy Baronet inclined at times, (asked the Squire) in his capacity of M.P. to irradiate the gloom of St. Stephens?"

"O yes, frequently, particularly so when in the plenitude of his wisdom he conceives that he can enlighten the house with a modicum of information. The last time I heard him hold forth was as an apologist for the tumultuary loyalists at the Mansion House Meeting, when he delivered himself in a manner so heterogeneous of commonsense, and so completely in a style of egotism, as to excite the ridicule and risibility of the whole house, and discompose the gravity of even the speaker himself."{1}

*1 The following is a strictly literal versification of the Speech alluded to:*

*THE MANSION-HOUSE ROW, AND APOLOGY FOR  
THE LOYALISTS.*

*Being a literal versification of the eloquent Speech of Sir W-ll-m C-RT-s, Baronet, in the House of Commons, Friday, February 2, on the presentation, by Mr. John Smith, of the Petition of the Merchants of London.*

*I rise, Mr. Speaker, indulgence entreating  
A Speech while I make on the Mansion-house Meeting.  
The prior Requisition was certainly signed  
By men of good substance, with pockets well lin'd!  
With such I am ever good humour'd and civil,  
But worth, without wealth, I would pitch to the devil'.  
The Lord Mayor, I think, then, assum'd a position  
Of duty, in yielding to said Requisition;  
For may my oration be given to scorn,  
If ever I saw, from the day I was born,  
A list of more honoured, more propertied men,  
And probably never may see such again.*

*Now high as I prize both the merits and station,  
Of loyalists signing the first declaration;  
Permit me to say, it was too mild by half,  
Too much milk and water—Some Members may laugh—  
I care not;—I say that it did not inherit  
The tythe of a loyal and time serving spirit.  
I'm charged too with signing it, nevertheless,  
I DID,—for I knew not how else to express  
My zeal, in supporting, with firm resolution,  
The Crown,—and Old England's decay'd Constitution!  
Who they are, Constitution and Crown that sustain,  
The people should now,—else we labour in vain!  
And, therefore, I sign'd the fore-named declaration.  
Altho' such a weak milk and water potation!  
For why should the loyalists smother their cause,  
And lose the high gain,—ministerial applause.  
?Pon honour,—aye, even in detractions despite—  
In corners and holes, Sir, I take no delight;  
And, never on any pursuit do I go,  
Of which I don't want the Almighty to know!  
I signed, Sir, the loyal, luke-warm declaration,  
To bring to its senses a turbulent nation!  
To cheer up His Majesty,—win his good graces,  
And keep his lov'd Ministers still in their places!  
The hon'rabl member, my friend, who spoke last,  
Is not quite correct in detailing what pass'd  
At the Mansion-house Meeting; for patiently heard  
He was, until symptoms of riot appear'd.*

*At last it broke out, with a vengeance 'tis true,  
And dire was the fracas! but what could we do,  
Where adverse opinion so warmly prevail'd,  
And each with revilings his neighbour assail'd?  
Why, Sir, to this house, I could prove in a minute,  
That greater majorities out than now in it,  
Of sound thinking persons, in these fair dominions,  
Are scouting the hon'rablè member's opinions.*

*Well-bred, Sir, believe me, and good-looking people,  
Were wedg'd in the Mansion-house quite of a heap all;  
Whilst I, most politely, besought their attention,  
But no,—not a word was I suffer'd to mention!  
A party oppos'd me, altho' no long speeches  
I make,—(a kind lesson that prudence still teaches;)   
And waiting a hearing an hour, perhaps longer,  
The dissonant clamour grew fiercer and stronger!  
In fact, when I open'd my mouth, the commotion  
Exceeded in fury the storms of the ocean!  
Some hale stout young men, who had mix'd with the throng,  
And press'd, the conflicting addressers among,  
Escap'd from the Meeting in tumult and smother,  
And swore that they never would visit another!*

*I well recollect, in the year ninety-three,  
A similar fracas I happen'd to see;  
The place, Grocers' Hall, where contention was wrought,  
So high, that a stout battle-royal was fought!  
Indeed, save one Meeting, I ne'er knew a case,  
Where wrangling and fighting had not taken place!  
In that one, so happen'd, good luck to betide,  
Its fortunate members—were all on one side!  
Reverting again to the Mansion-house Row,  
When next our staunch loyalists mean to avow  
Their zeal,—may they issue a strong declaration,  
Then mix'd with a water and milk preparation!  
The gout in my toe, for I wore a great shoe,  
At last sent me home, without bidding adieu.*

*And now having said, Mr. Speaker, thus much  
I hope on this house the impression is such,  
The loyalists fully to clear, and their leader  
From charge, at that Meeting, of boisterous procedure.*

*The Honourable Baronet now sat down, amid the ironical cheers,  
of the Treasury, and the tumultuous laughter of the whole house.*

The two partners in adventure had now reached the Mansion House. The Justice Room was open, and the friends ascended the stairs in order to witness the equitable dispensation of right by the Civic Sovereign.

The case now under investigation was a curious one, and excited the interest and amusement of a numerous auditory.

The itinerant exhibitor of a dancing bear, complained that the person (proprietor of a small menage) now summoned into the presence of his lordship, illegally withheld from him a monkey, his property, and the cívant associate of the ursine dancer aforesaid.

On the other hand, the master of the menage roundly asserted that he was the rightful proprietor of the monkey, and had been in possession of the animal for several years.

“My lord,” said the master of the bear, “let the monkey be produced, and I will abide by his choice between this man and me as his master.” This proposition appearing reasonable, and pug having been brought forward as evidence, before giving his testimony made a respectful obeisance to the Chief Magistrate, and so far as chattering and grinning were indicative of his good intentions, seemed desirous of expressing his courtesy to the auditory in general. After having stared about him for some time, with an inquisitive eye, and corresponding gesticulation, he discerned the bear-master, and springing into his arms with all the eagerness of affectionate recognition, expressed the utmost joy at the unexpected meeting, and when the other claimant attempted to approach, he repulsed him in the most furious manner, and clung to the friend of his election with renewed pertinacity.

Under these circumstances, the monkey was adjudged to the bear-master as his proper owner, and pug and his friend left the Justice Room, with mutual exchange of endearments.

Nothing else meriting notice, occurred to the two strangers in this their new scene of observation. The Civic Sovereign having resigned the chair to one of the Aldermen, in order that he might attend the Sessions at the Old Bailey, Dashall and the Squire, at the same time, retired with the intention (the day now waning apace) of making the best of their way home, which they reached without further adventure. [177]

## CHAPTER XIII

*The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,  
The judges all rang'd, a terrible show!  
I go undismay'd, for death is a debt,  
A debt on demand,—so take what I owe.*

*Since laws were made for every degree,  
To curb vice in others as well as in me;*

*I wonder we ha'n't better company  
Upon Tyburn tree!*

*But gold from law can take out the sting,  
And if rich men like us were to swing  
?Would thin the land such numbers would string  
Upon Tyburn tree!*

PURPOSING to spend an hour in the Sessions House at the Old Bailey, our adventurers started next morning betimes, and reaching their destination, took their seats in the gallery, for which accommodation they were charged one shilling each, which the Squire denominated an imposition, inquiring of his friend by what authority it was exacted, and to whose benefit applied, as from the frequent sittings of the Court, and general crowded state of the gallery, the perquisites must be considerable.

"Custom in every thing bears sovereign sway," answered Dashall. "I know not whence this is derived, nor whose pockets are lined by the produce; but you will probably be surprised to learn, that a shilling admission is only demanded on common occasions, and that on trials of great public interest, from one to two guineas has been paid by every individual obtaining admission."

The arrival of the Judges now terminated this colloquy. The Lord Mayor and several Aldermen were in waiting to receive them, and these sage expounders of the law were conducted to the Bench by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. The Chief Magistrate of the City uniformly and of right presiding at this Court, his Lordship took his seat on the same Bench with the Judges, and the usual forms having been gone through[178] the dispensation of justice commenced.

Several prisoners were tried and convicted of capital felony, during the short space of time that our associated observers remained in Court; but the cases of these wretched men, and the consciousness of their impending fate, seemed in no respect to operate upon their minds, as they left the bar apparently with perfect indifference.

An unfortunate man was next brought forward, and accused of having stolen from an auction room a couple of wine glasses. He was of respectable demeanor, and evidently had seen better days. When asked what he had to allege in his defence, the victim of misery preluding his story with a torrent of tears, told the following piteous tale of distress:

He had been in business, and sustained an unimpeachable integrity of character for many years. Independence seemed within his reach, when misfortune, equally unforeseen as inevitable, at all points assailed him! In the course of one disastrous year, death deprived him of his family, and adversity of his property. He had unsuccessfully speculated, and the insolvency of several who were considerably indebted to him, had completed his ruin! At the time he committed the act for which he stood convicted at that bar, he had not tasted food for three days, neither had he in the world a friend or relative to whom he could apply for relief. The Jury found him Guilty, but strongly recommended him to mercy. The Judge humanely observed, that the least possible punishment should be inflicted on the prisoner. He was then sentenced to a fine of one shilling, and to be discharged. A sum of money, the spontaneous bounty of the spectators, was immediately collected for him, while one of the Jury promised him employment, on his calling at his house on the following day. The gratitude of the poor man was inexpressible: the sudden transition from the abyss of despair to the zenith of hope, seemed to overwhelm his faculties. He ejaculated a blessing on his benefactors, and departed.

Dashall and his friend were much affected by this incident. Another, however, presently occurred, of a more[179] lively description. In the course of the next trial, the counsellor, on cross-examining a witness, found occasion to address him with, "Well, my old buck, I suppose you are one of those people who do not often go to church?"—"Perhaps," said the other, "if the truth were known, I am as often there as you are." The promptness of the reply produced a laugh, in which the witness very cordially joined. "What makes you laugh?" said the lawyer. "Is not every body laughing?" replied the other. "True," said the man of law; "but do you know what they are laughing at?"—"Why, I think in my heart," rejoined the fellow, "that they take either me or you to be a fool, but I do not know which!"

The Judge at this repartee could not retain his gravity; a tumult of mirth pervaded the whole Court, and the discomfited counsellor adjusted his wig and sat down.

During the few minutes longer that our heroes remained, nothing of interest occurring, they withdrew; and passing down the Old Bailey to Ludgate Street, and from thence towards the Temple, they crossed Fleet Street, and taking the direction of Shire Lane, were induced, by way of investigating Real Life in its lowest classification, to enter one of those too frequent receptacles of vice denominated Coffee Shops.

This was a house of notorious irregularity, the occupant of which had more than once experienced the visitation of the law for his utter contempt of social order—and from the present appearance of his guests, it did not seem that legal interference had effected moral amendment.

As our two friends entered this Augean Stable, a whisper of surprise, mingled with dismay, went round the motley assemblage of female street-drabs, cracksmen, {1} and fogle-hunters; and a wary glance of suspicion darted from the group "many a time and oft" on the new-comers, who notwithstanding kept possession of their seats, and ordering without apparent notice of the party a cup of coffee, apprehension subsided into security, the re-assured inmates resumed their interrupted hilarity, and our adventurers were thus afforded the means of leisurable observation.

*1 Cracksmen (Burglars), Fogle-hunters (Pickpockets).*

The Squire, who had not perused the annals of blackguardism, and consequently was not an adept in the[180] knowledge of the slang or vulgar tongue, was under the frequent necessity of applying to his friend for explanation of the obscure phraseology of those ladies and gentlemen of the pad, which Dashall contrived to occasionally interpret without the assistance or notice of its multitudinous learned professors.

The desire of witnessing the exhibition of Real Life in its lowest state of human degradation, induced a prolongation of stay by our two associates. In the meanwhile, "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious," exemplified by dance, song, and revelry, interspersed with practical jokes, recriminative abuse, and



consequent pugilistic exercise, where science and strength alternately prevailed; and in deficiency of other missiles, poker, tongs, coffee-cups, saucers, and plates, were brought into active requisition.—The scene was a striking illustration of “Confusion worse confounded.” Luckily our two observers were in a situation without the reach of injury; they therefore “smiled at the tumult and enjoyed the storm.”

The landlord now interfered in defence of his fragile property. Preliminaries of peace were agreed on, through his high mediation, and finally ratified betwixt the contending parties, ending as they began, like many other conflicting powers, *statu quo ante bellum!*

“And now to serious business we’ll advance, says one of the King’s of Brentford.

“But first let’s have a dance.”

The present party followed exactly Mr. Baye’s proposition; the dance and the row over, they now proceeded to serious business.

Seated in various groups, each engaged itself in conversation, which, from its almost inaudible expression, was singularly contrasted with the recent tumultuous uproar.

The next box where sat our two friends, was occupied by cracksmen and fogle-hunters, one of whom, whose superior skill gave him an ascendancy over his associates, had delineated on the table the plan of certain premises, and having given in a very low tone of voice, a verbal illustration to his fellow-labourers, with what intention it is not difficult to conjecture, observed, “We may as well *pad* (walk) it, as *Sir Oliver* (the moon) is not out to night.”

The party to whom this remark was addressed, prepared to pad it accordingly,—when the desired egress<sup>[181]</sup> was opposed by the entrance of three men, who unbuttoning their great coats, exhibited, each a hanger and brace of pistols, and took the whole community, male and female, into safe custody

This was a *coup-de-main* on the part of the captors, and sustained with the most perfect *sang froid* by the captured.

The officers next turned their attention to Dashall and Tallyho, who giving their cards, and candidly explaining the motives which led them into the temporary society of the prisoners, they were treated with becoming respect, the officers with their captives proceeding on their route to Bow Street, and our heroes to the occurrence of future adventure.

Tallyho congratulated himself on his escape from expected mortification and inconvenience, but Dashall, whose more active and enterprising mind was not to be checked by trifles, enjoyed the vague apprehensions of his friend, and by way of making amends for the penance they had inflicted on themselves in Shire Lane, agreed to dine and finish the evening at a Tavern in Covent Garden.

Thither, then, as they pursued their course, the Squire expressed his surprise that a final stop was not put to scenes such as they had just witnessed, and all such places of nefarious rendezvous, abolished by the vigilance of the police.

“On the contrary,” observed Dashall, “it is the interest of the police, not utterly to destroy these receptacles of vice. They are the toleration haunts of profligacy, where the officers of justice are generally assured of meeting the objects of their inquiry, and therefore, under proper restrictions, and an occasional clearance, the continuance of a minor evil is productive of public benefit, by arresting the progress of infamy, and preventing the extension of crime.”

Passing along the Strand, the humane feelings of the Squire were excited by apparently a mutilated veteran seaman, who in a piteous tone of voice, supplicated his charitable consideration. The applicant stated, that he had lost an arm and an eye, and was deprived the use of a leg, in the service of his country, without friend or home, and entirely destitute of the means of subsistence, that he had no other resource than that of a humble reliance on public benevolence. The Squire with his usual philanthropic promptitude drew out his purse, but his friend intercepted the boon, and inquired of the seaman under whom, in what ship, and in what action he<sup>[182]</sup> had sustained his misfortunes. To these questions a satisfactory answer was given, and the claim of the man to compassion and relief was about to be admitted, when another inquiry occurred, “are you a pensioner?”

A pause ensued: in the interim the mendicant seeing a person approach, of whose recognition he was not at all ambitious, dropped in a moment his timber toe, unslung his arm, dashed a patch from his eye, and set off with the speed of a race-horse.

During the amazement of our two observers of Real Life, excited by this sudden and unexpected transformation, the officer, for such was the quondam acquaintance of the imposter, introduced himself to their notice. “Gentlemen,” said he, “you are not up to the tricks of London, that fellow on whom you were about to bestow your charity, and who has just now exhibited his agility, is one of the greatest imposters in London;—however, I shall not run him down at present.—I know his haunts, and reckon sure of my game in the evening.”

“I confess,” replied Dashall, “that in the present instance I have been egregiously deceived;—I certainly am not up to all the tricks of London, although neither a Johnny Raw nor a green-horn; and yet I would not wish to prove callous to the claim of distress, even if sometimes unguardedly bestowing the mite of benevolence on an undeserving object.”

“The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity in the Metropolis,” said the Officer, “think differently, they recommend that no relief should be given to street-beggars.”

“Then,” said Dashall, offended by the officer’s interference,—“I envy them not the possession of their feelings,” and the two friends renewed their walk.

Proceeding, without further interruption, our pedestrians, were induced to intermingle with a crowd which had collected round a man who wore a most patriarchal redundancy of beard, and had been recognized by an acquaintance as a shoe-maker of the name of Cooke, a disciple of the American Prophet, John Decker.

Their high mightinesses the mobility were mischievously inclined, and would certainly have grossly<sup>[183]</sup> insulted, if not injured the poor devotee, had not Dashall and his friend taken him under their protection. {1} He had been quietly making his way through Covent Garden Market, when the greetings and surprise of his

friend at his strange transformation, attracted the curiosity of the multitude, and his unhesitating declaration, that he meant to accompany the great Prophet to Jerusalem, excited derision and indignation against the unfortunate enthusiast, when luckily our two heroes interposed their good offices and conducted the proselyte in safety to the Shakespeare Tavern.

*1 On Monday, in consequence of a very great uproar on Sunday night, in Worcester Street, Southwark, about the house of the American Prophet, John Decker, that singular person was brought before the Magistrates of this office, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood having attributed the disturbance to the unfortunate fanaticism of the prophet and his followers.*

*The constables stated, that on Sunday night, at half-past eight o'clock, they saw a mob, consisting of about three hundred people, collected at the door of the house, and heard the cries of "murder" issue from within. The officers on going up stairs, found the Prophet lying on his back. Some persons who had been abusing him escaped, and the Prophet said the cause of their violence was, that he had refused to get out of his bed to preach. He was conveyed to the watch-house. The witnesses informed the Magistrate, that the Prophet had made some proselytes, who were actually about to leave the country with him, and accompany him upon an expedition to the Holy Land. The parish officers were naturally alarmed at the inconveniences to which such an emigration would expose them, and hoped that every thing the arm of the law could do would be done to prevent it. The fanatic spirit of some of the followers of the Prophet may be guessed at from the following facts:—*

*The officers who apprehended him, had, two or three times, in the course of Sunday evening, gone to the house in Worcester Street, and dispersed a large congregation that had assembled in the room appropriated to preaching. The Prophet preached first, and was succeeded by one of his most zealous followers, who was followed by another. This was constantly the practice, and during the service, which was being listened to with rapture, upwards of a dozen of the congregation seemed to be as violently engaged as the Prophet himself, whose sincerity is well known. One man, a shoe-maker, named Cooke, has actually sold off his stock and furniture, which were worth £300.; and if he were not known to be the greatest admirer of the Prophet might be called his rival, for he has allowed his beard to grow to an immense length, and goes about preaching and making converts. He has a little son, who looks half-starved, and is denied all animal food by the Prophet and his father, upon the principle of Pythagoras—that he might not be guilty of eating a piece of his own grand-mother. Another trades-man, who was most industrious, and attached to his wife and seven children, proposes to leave them all, and go to Jerusalem. His beard is also becoming indicative of his intention, and he sleeps, as the others who are struck by the Prophet do—with his clothes on. None of the sixteen families who reside in the house in which the Prophet lives, have, however, caught the infection, and the land-lady complained most severely of the annoyance to which she was subject.*

*Mr. Chambers said he expected to have heard that the Prophet was on his way to Jerusalem.*

*The Prophet said he only waited for a Tunisian vessel to set sail with his brother Cooke, and nine other of his brethren. Upon being questioned as to his inducing those men to leave their families, he said he did not take them, a higher power took them. After having stated the manner in which he had been pulled out of the bed, and declared that he forgave his enemies, he said, in answer to a question whether he was at Brixton, and worked there, "Yea," and to the question whether he liked it, "Nay."*

*Cooke, the shoe-maker, then stepped forward, and told the Magistrate that he was determined to follow his brother Decker to Jerusalem, but that the parish should suffer no inconvenience, for he should take his son with him on his pilgrimage. He said that they should not preach again where they had been so abused, but should remove to a house near the National School, in St. George's Fields, where they would preach till the day of their departure.*

*The Magistrate assured the Prophet that he should be committed if he preached again without a license, which he might have next Sessions for four-pence. The Prophet was then discharged.*

*Decker, it appeared, had baptized seventeen persons, since he commenced his labours in St. George's Fields.*

No remonstrances of Dashall were of any avail in inducing the pertinacious fanatic to forego his resolution[184] of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and when the inquisitive numbers who still lingered in front of the tavern had dispersed, Cooke, with appropriate acknowledgment of the protection which had been afforded him, took

his leave, after having unsuccessfully endeavoured to make converts of Dashall and the Squire to the tenets of Prophet Decker, or to prevail on them to accompany the sacred band in the projected expedition to Jerusalem.

## CHAPTER XIV

*My son, time was when by necessity,  
(Nought else could move me to the enterprize,)  
My steps were urg'd to London's wide domains,  
I made my will, as prudent friends advis'd;—  
For little wot they, that beset with peril,  
I ever should return.—Safe though thou speed'st  
To London's wond'rous mart, thy pleasaut way,  
Think not that dangers cease, they but begin,  
When ent'ring the metrop'lis; slowly then  
Receive even Friendship's overtures, and shun  
The softer sex their wiles and blandishments;  
Walk cautiously the streets, of crowds beware,  
And wisely learn to fly each latent snare.*

AMONGST other occurrences of the preceding day, Cousin Bob adverted, at the breakfast table, to the [185] confused intermixture of carriages, dissonant din of attendant lacqueys clamouring for vehicles, and the dangers occasioned by quarrelsome coachmen, precipitately, and at all hazards, rushing forwards to the doors of a mansion, on the breaking-up of a route, each claiming, and none willing to concede precedence in taking up their masters and mistresses,—“I am surprised,” said the Squire, “that any rational being would sacrifice his time and comfort in making one of an assemblage where within doors you are pressed to the dread of suffocation, and in making your exit, are environed by peril and difficulty.”

“Such,” rejoined Dashall, “are the follies of fashion. Its influence predominates universally; and the votarists of *bon ton*, are equally assiduous in the pursuit of their object, whether with the satellites in the gay and volatile regions of the court, or amongst those of 'sober fame' in the mercantile bustle of the city. In the purlieus of the great, *bon ton* is characterized by inconvenience; four or Ave hundred people, for example, invited to crowd a suite of rooms not calculated to accommodate half the number, the squeeze must be delightful! But

*?Custom in every thing liears sovereign sway!'*

thence yield the followers of High Life in the West to the follies of fashion, where the enjoyment of ease is a [186] subordinate, if not altogether exploded consideration.—Eastward on the other hand:

*?I loves High Life, and all the joys it yields,  
Says Madam Fussick, warm from Spitalfields.  
?High Life's the day, 'twixt Saturday and Monday,  
?And riding in a one-horse chay on Sunday,  
??Tis drinking tea on summer afternoons,  
?At Bagnigge Wells, in china and gilt spoons.'*

“Again,” added the Squire, “what a vast expence is incurred by these idle and ostentatious displays of luxury, without one object of advantage gained!”

“Unproductive result,” rejoined Tom, “is not always the case; it not unfrequently happens that a route and card-party are united; when the lady of the mansion generally contrives, by skill and finesse, to transfer a portion of the spoil into her own private treasury; and notwithstanding expense, there are those who have given splendid routes and entertainments, and at the same time, recruited their exhausted finances, at the sole charges of incautious tradesmen, who notwithstanding repeated losses, yet absorbed in the love of gain, become the dupes of avarice and credulity.—In the elucidation of my remark,—

*?If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.'*

“Not long since,” continued Dashall, “an aspiring young limb of the law, of property, in expectancy (but that is neither here nor there) and fertile in expedient, contrived to insinuate himself into the good fellowship of a few bon vivants; and resolving to irradiate with 'surprising glory' the galaxy of fashion, he furnished a house, by permission of an accommodating upholsterer, in a style of magnificence, and decorated a side-board with a splendid service of plate, borrowed auspiciously for the occasion from a respectable silversmith, on a promise of liberal remuneration and safe return; after effecting the object of its migration, in dazzling the eyes of his honourable friends at his projected entertainment.

“Amidst the busy 'note of preparation,' the important day at last arrived; the suite of apartments became [187] thronged with company, and every one admired the elegance of the furniture; the tasteful ornaments of the rooms; the brilliancy of the lights and massive construction of the valuable family plate! In fact every thing conspired to give *eclat* to the scene, and confirm the friends of the founder of the feast in their belief alike of his exquisite judgment and high respectability.

“The silversmith, that he might not appear indelicately obtrusive, let a few days elapse after this grand gala had taken place, before he applied for restoration of his property, the borrower congratulated him on his good fortune, told him, that several friends had very much admired the plate, and even expressed an intention of ordering similar services; and that with regard to the borrowed plate, he had taken so strong a fancy to it, as to feel disposed to become a purchaser, if the price was reasonable, and an adequate consideration was made for prompt payment.

"The silversmith, who chuckled inwardly at the prospect of extending his business, and connecting himself with so many 'honourable men,' gratefully expressed his acknowledgments, and assuring him of liberal dealing, the several items of the borrowed plate were examined and dilated upon, the price of each article, after much higgling, was ultimately fixed, the sum total ascertained, and an early clay appointed for a final settlement of the accompt. It never was the intention of the borrower to return the plate, but he now had achieved a great object, by entirely changing the whole complexion of the business; he had now converted fraud into debt, and happen what might, the silversmith could only sue him on a civil process, which against a limb of the law, and as such, privileged from arrest, must be tedious and uncertain, whereas, had he made away with the plate, without accomplishing the object of this last manouvre, (such is the indiscriminating severity of English law,) that he might have been amenable to the punishment of felony!

"Now comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er! the parties met for final settlement, when behold! the accepted purchaser offers the silversmith a bill at a month; he refuses it indignantly, and consults his solicitor as to the possibility of compelling the restoration of the plate; but the lawyer told him, that on his own shewing this could not be done. The silversmith had now no other resource than that of taking the proposed [188] bill, and waiting the expiration of the month, for payment. In the meanwhile, the debtor exhibiting the talent of an able conveyancer, transmuted the silver into gold, and now laughs at the credulity of London tradesmen, and sets the silversmith at defiance!" {1}

*1 This incident, as related by Dash all, actually and very recently occurred.*

*An interesting and useful volume might be compiled on the subject of frauds practised on London tradesmen. Many of these tricks have been highly characteristic of ingenuity. The following is a ludicrous instance of female stratagem. We give the article literally, as it occurred.*

*A few days ago, a female, apparently a person of rank, visited in her carriage, towards the evening, a Silk Mercer's Shop, westward of Temple Bar, where she made choice, for purchase, of silks and other rich articles of feminine dress and decoration, to the value of above fifty pounds. Her manner was that of a perfectly well-bred gentlewoman, and her person displayed no small portion of attractive and elegant accomplishment. Having completed her selection, she expressed much regret that she could not pay the amount of the bill on the instant: "But," she continued, "it is a delightful evening; my house is in the suburbs of town; a short and easy ride will prove a pleasant recreation, and if you will accompany me home in my carriage, you shall, on our arrival, be immediately paid."*

*The mercer was more gallant of spirit than to reject the courtesy of a lady so fair and fascinating, and accepting with pleasure the proffered honour, the vehicle soon reached its destination. The lady first alighted, taking with her, into an elegant mansion, the articles of purchase; the mercer presently followed, was shewn into a handsome drawing-room, and received with much politeness, by apparently by a gentleman of the faculty.—A silence of a few minutes ensued, when the mercer inquired for the lady, observing, at the same time, that it was necessary he should return to town immediately. The courteous physician recommended silence, and the mercer became irritated and clamorous for his money and freedom of exit. Two attendants making their appearance, they were directed to conduct the patient to his apartment. The mercer suspecting that he was the dupe of artifice, grasped a poker, with the intention of effect-ing, at all hazard, his liberation from "durance vile," but his efforts had no other result than that of confirming his trammels, and he was presently bound over to keep the peace, under the guarantee of a straight-waistcoat! The unfortunate mercer now told a "plain unvarnished tale," which gained the attention of the humane physician, who was no other than the proprietor of the mansion, in which he managed its concerns as an Asylum for Lunatics. The lady who accompanied the mercer to the house, had been with the physician the preceding day, and made arrangements with him for the reception of an insane patient.—It was now discovered that she had come under a fictitious name; had retreated in the hired vehicle with the mercer's property; and had adopted this curious stratagem, the more effectually to silence suspicion and prevent detection.*

This detail threw the Squire into a train of rumination, on the tricks and chicanery of metropolitan [189] adventurers; while Dashall amused himself with the breakfast-table concomitant, the newspaper. A few minutes only elapsed, when he laid it aside, approached the window, and seeing a funeral pass, in procession, along the street, he turned towards his Cousin, and interrupted his reverie with the following extemporaneous address:—

*"Dost thou observe," he said, "yon sable tribe  
Of death anticipates?—These are they  
Who, when men die, rejoice! all others else  
Of human kind, shed o'er departed friends  
The tear of reminiscence; these prowlers  
Hunt after Death, and fatten on his prey!  
Mark now their measur'd steps, solemn and slow,  
And visage of each doleful form, that wears  
The semblance of distress; they mourn for hire,*

And tend the funeral rites with hearts of stone!  
Their souls of apathy would never feel  
A moment's pang were Death at one fell sweep,  
Even all their relatives to hurl from earth!—  
Knives there exist among them who defraud  
The grave for sordid lucre; who will take  
The contract price for hurrying to the tomb  
The culprit corpse the victim of the law,  
But lay it where? Think'st thou in sacred ground!  
No! in the human butcher's charnel-house!  
Who pleas'd, reserves the felon for the knife,  
And bribes the greater villain with a fee!"

Cousin Bob was very much surprised by this sudden effusion, and inquiring the source of inspiration, Dashall put into his hands the newspaper, pointing to the following extraordinary communication, extracted verbatim. {1}

*1 The King v. Cundick.—This was an indictment against the defendant, undertaker to the Horse-monger-lane gaol, for a mis-demeanour, in corruptly selling for dissection the body of a capital convict, after he had been executed, contrary to his duty, in violation of public decency, and the scandal of religion. There were various counts in the indictment, charging the offence in different ways. The defendant pleaded Not Guilty.*

*The case excited considerable interest, as well for its unprecedented novelty as the singularity of its circumstances. It was a public prosecution at the instance of the Magistracy of the County.*

*Mr. Nolan and Mr. Bolland conducted the case for the Crown; and Mr. Adolphus, Mr. Turton, and Mr. Ryland, were for the defence.*

*It appeared in evidence that a capital convict, named Edward Lee, who had been tried and found guilty at the last Croydon Assizes, of a highway robbery, was publicly executed at Horse-monger-lane gaol, on Monday, the 10th of September. After he was cut down he was delivered over to the defendant, the appointed carpenter and undertaker of the gaol, for interment at the County's expense, for which he was allowed three guineas. He received particular directions that the afflicted mother and other friends of the deceased were to be permitted to see the body before interment, and follow it to the grave, if they thought proper. The friends of the deceased called on the defendant, who lives in Redcross-street, to know when the funeral would take place. He appointed the following day, Tuesday, the 11th of September. The unhappy mother of the deceased, being confined to her bed, was unable to attend the funeral, but sent a friend to the house of the defendant to see the body, and cut a lock of its hair. Application being made to the defendant for this purpose, he said he had already buried the body, because he could not keep such people any longer in his house. The friend demanded a certificate of the funeral, which he promised to procure on a subsequent day, upon paying a fee. On the Thursday following the uncle of the deceased called for a certificate of the burial, but could not get it, the defendant then saying that the body had been buried the day before. The friends then became clamorous, and complaint being made to Mr. Walter, the gaoler, he sent repeatedly for the defendant to come to the gaol and explain his conduct, which he declined. At length one of the turnkeys was sent after him on the Friday, with positive directions to bring him forthwith. As soon as the defendant found that he was compelled to go to Mr. Walter, he made an excuse, that he had some immediate business to attend to, but would meet the messenger in an hour at a neighbouring public-house. To this the turnkey consented, but watched the defendant to his house, where he saw two or three suspicious looking men lurking about. After waiting for some time, the defendant came to him, and expressed his surprise that he was not gone to the public-house. The defendant appeared agitated, and went off as hard as he could towards the Southwark Iron Bridge. A person named Crisp, who was with the turnkey, went one way after the defendant, and the turnkey another. The latter went to Crawford's burial ground, where he saw the same suspicious looking man whom he had observed about the defendant's house, in the act of interring a coffin. He immediately interposed, and said the coffin should not be buried until he examined its contents. At this moment the defendant came into the burying-ground, and seemed angry at the interruption, and begged he might be allowed to inter the body, which he acknowledged was Edward Lee; and excused himself for not burying it before, by saying, that the pressure of other business prevented him. The turnkey remonstrated with him for disobedience of the orders he had received to permit the friends of the deceased to see the body and attend the funeral. The defendant seemed greatly perplexed: at length he took hold of Crisp and the turnkey by the sleeve, and,*

with considerable agitation, offered them 10*l.* each to permit him to bury the coffin, and say no more about the matter. This was peremptorily refused. The turnkey insisted upon opening the coffin, and whilst the defendant went to explain his conduct to Mr. Walter, he did open it, and found that it contained nothing but earth. It appeared that the defendant had been applying to the sexton in the course of the week for a certificate of the burial, but was unable to succeed, the body not having been buried. Search was then made for the body, and at length it was traced to Mr. Brooks's dissecting rooms in Blenheim-street, Marlborough-street, where it had undergone a partial dissection. The upper part of the skull had been removed, but replaced. Several persons identified the body as that of Edward Lee. It was proved that about ten o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 11th September, a hackney-coach had stopped at the defendant's house, and the defendant was seen assisting two men in lifting a large hamper into the carriage, which then drove off. This was the substance of the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Adolphus, in an able and ingenious address to the Jury, contended that the indictment must fail, inasmuch as the evidence did not satisfy the allegation in the indictment, that the defendant had sold the body for lucre and gain. Now there was no proof whatever that it had been sold, which might have easily been made out, if the fact was so, by summoning Mr. Brooks, the anatomist. The real fact was, that the body had been stolen by other persons from the defendant's house, and the defendant had been driven to the miserable shifts proved in evidence, in order to conceal the misfortune, and prevent the loss of his lucrative situation in the gaol.

No witnesses to facts were called for the defendant; but several persons gave him a good character for honesty and industry.

The Jury, under the learned Judge's directions, found the defendant Guilty.

The Squire having perused this appalling account of human depravity, expressed himself in energetic terms [192] of indignation against the miscreant, who to the acute miseries of maternal affliction at the premature loss of a son, and by such a death! could add the bitter anguish of consigning his cold remains, unseen by any earthly spirit of sympathy, to the knife of the dissector, in breach of every law moral and divine! In the warmth of his kindly feelings, the Squire would have uttered a curse, had he not been prevented by the entrance of his old friend, Sir Felix O'Grady. The two friends received their quondam acquaintance with much cordiality. "Cuish la meevchree! exclaimed the Baronet, shaking heartily the hands of Tom and Bob; "and how have you done these many long days past?"—This inquiry having been satisfactorily answered, Sir Felix explained the object of his visit:—"Aunts of all sorts, or any sort, or no sort at all at all," said he, "are cursed bad things, sure enough; as somebody in the play says."

This abrupt commencement excited the risible feelings of Dashall and his Cousin, which were further stimulated by Sir Felix seriously appealing to their commiseration, under the pressure of misfortune,—“for this same respectable maiden lady, Mrs. Judith Macgilligan, my venerable aunt as aforesaid, has recently imported her antiquated piece of virginity from her native mountains near Belfast, and having had my address pat enough, the worse luck, the sowl, with an affected anxiety for my welfare, must take up her residence, while in town, in the same house with her dutiful nephew, that she may have the opportunity of watching over him in his erratic pursuits, as she says, with maternal solicitude; that is, in other words, to spy into all my actions, and bore me everlastingly with her intolerable company. It was but the blessed morning of yesterday that she took a fancy to exhibit her beautiful person at the lounge in Bond-street;—by-the-bye, this same paragon of perfection has passed her grand climacteric, being on the wrong side of sixty;—is as thin as a lath and as tall as a May-pole;—speaks an indescribable language of the mongrel kind, between Irish and Scotch, of which she is profuse to admiration; and forgetting the antiquity of her person, prides herself on the antiquity of her ancestry so much, that she is said to bear a strong resemblance to her grandmother, judging from the full-length portrait (painted seventy years ago,) of that worthy progenitor of our family, who was a descendent, lineally, from O'Brien king of Ulster, that she copies her dress on all public occasions, to the great amusement and edification of the spectators; and in these venerable habiliments she promenaded Bond-street, hanging on my arm;—by the Powers, till I felt ashamed of my precious charge, for all the world was abroad, and my reverend aunt was the universal magnet of attraction.”

“Well, and you find yourself comfortable,” said Dashall,—“we have all of us foibles, and why expect your aunt to be exempted from them?—Have you any thing in expectance,—is she rich?”

“Twenty thousand pounds, twice told,” replied Sir Felix, “sterling money of Great Britain, in which I have a [193] reversionary interest.”

“Why then,” said Tallyho, “you cannot do better than contribute all in your power to her ease and pleasure; and in exercising this commendable duty, you will gain present satisfaction, and may justly anticipate future benefit.”

“And,” added Dashall, “if my Cousin or myself can by any means further your object, in contributing towards the full attainment of your aunt's amusement while she remains in town, you may command our services.”

“By the powers of fortune,” exclaimed the Baronet, “you have just given me the opportunity I was wishing for; that is, I had a favour to ask, but which I could not find courage enough to do, notwithstanding my native assurance, until now. You must know, then, that on Easter Monday, the illustrious Judith Macgilligan,

descendant lineally from O'Brien king of Ulster, means to honour the Civic entertainment with her sublime presence, and grace the Ball at the Mansion-house in a dress resembling that of her grandmother the princess, worn seventy years ago. Now, my dear friends, having pledged yourselves to contribute all in your power towards the pleasure of my venerable aunt, which of you will be her partner for the evening?"

The pause of a moment was succeeded by a hearty laugh; Tallyho had no objections to the hand, as a partner at the ball, of Miss Judith Macgilligan, even should she choose to array herself after the manner of the princess her grandmother. But Dashall observing that as no masque balls were given at the Mansion-house, it would be necessary that Miss Macgilligan should forego her intention of appearing otherwise than in modern costume. Sir Felix undertook to arrange this point with his relative, and in the name and on behalf of Squire Tallyho, of Belville-hall, to engage the distinguished honour of her hand at the ensuing Mansion-house Ball. This important affair having been satisfactorily adjusted, it was proposed by Dashall that, as his Cousin and the Baronet had neither of them ever been present at the Epping Hunt on Easter Monday, they should form themselves into a triumvirate for the purpose of enjoying that pleasure on the morrow. The Squire having in town two hunters from his own stud, embraced the proposition with the avidity of a true[194] sportsman, and Sir Felix declining the offer of one of these fleet-footed coursers, it was agreed they should be under the guidance of Tom and Bob, and that Sir Felix should accompany them, mounted on his own sober gelding, early in the morning, to the field of Nimrod, from which they purposed to return to town in sufficient time to witness other holiday sports, before dressing for the entertainment at the Mansion-house.

These preliminaries settled, and Sir Felix agreeing to take a pot-luck dinner with his two friends, the trio resolved on a morning lounge of observation, and sallying forth, took their way along Piccadilly accordingly.

Although it was Sunday morning, this street presented, with the exception of the shops being closed, nearly the same appearance of bustle as on any other day; the number of pedestrians was not apparently less, and of equestrians and carriage-occupants, an increase; the two latter description of the ton, actually or would-be, passing onwards to the general Sunday rendezvous, Hyde-Park, where Real Life in London is amusingly diversified; and where may be seen frequently, amongst the promiscuous promenaders of the Mall, a prince of the blood-royal undistinguishable by external ornament from any of the most humble in the moving panorama; while an endless succession of carriages, in which are seated, what England beyond any other country may proudly boast of, some of the most beautiful women in the world, present the observer with an enlivening theme of admiration; and, together with the mounted exhibitors, from the man of fashion on the "pampered, prancing steed," to the youth of hebdomadary emancipation on "the hacked Bucephalus of Rotten Row," form an assemblage at once ludicrous and interesting.

Having circumambulated the "Ring," our triumvirate returned by the gate in Piccadilly, and crossing from thence to Constitution-hill, Dashall pointed out to his companions the seat, as now fixed upon (on the summit of the Green Park) of a Military Pillar, intended to be raised in commemoration of the many victories achieved by British valour in the last war. "This plan, if properly carried into effect by the erection (said Dashall) of a column equal in splendor of execution with the glory it is meant to record, will be the greatest ornament of[195] the metropolis."

"If again," added the Squire, "it does not prove like some other recent projections, a Castle in the air!"{1}

*1 Tallyho probably alludes to the long meditated Monument in memory of the late Princess Charlotte, towards the memory of which a very large sum of money was raised by public subscription.*

Without any other occurrence worthy of remark, the perambulators reached home, and enjoyed the comfortable quietude of an excellent domestic dinner, without interruption. Every arrangement having been made for the amusements of next day, the party broke up, Sir Felix returning to his lodgings, to gladden the heart of Miss Judith Macgilligan with the anticipation of conquest; and Dashall and Tallyho retiring to early repose, that they might encounter the business of the morning with recruited renovation.—Next day

*The feathered songster chanticleer  
Had wound his bugle horn,  
And told the early villager  
The coming of the morn;—*

When the Baronet made his appearance "on a milk-white steed," before the mansion of Dashall. In a few moments the friendly trio were assembled in the breakfast-parlour, and partook of a hasty repast while the coursers from the Belville-stud, destined to perform a prominent part in the forthcoming adventures of the day, were getting in readiness. The preparations were soon completed,—the hunters, two noble animals, were brought to the door,

*Each "with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,  
Paniper'd, prancing and pleas'd, his head touching his breast."  
"Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow,"*

was the order of Richard," said the Baronet; "but had he been in possession of such a horse as either of these, 'White Surrey' might have gone to the devil."

"I'll warrant them both, sound, wind and limb, and gentle to boot," said the Squire,—"Come then, if you wish to be well-mounted, and would really look like a "baron bold," seat yourself fearlessly on either, and bear yourself through the streets of London with the dignity befitting a true, magnanimous and puissant[196] knight of Munster!"—This address had the desired effect,—it implied a doubt of the Baronet's courage, and he seated himself on the "gallant steed" immediately.—Tom and Bob at same time betook themselves, the former to the other "high mettled racer," and the latter to the unassuming rejected Rosinante of Sir Felix. A trifling delay, however, occurred; the stirrups of the Baronet's charger were too short, and he alighted while the groom repaired the defect.

*Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed;*

*Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.*

Whether, like the Calenderer's horse under the its guidance of the celebrated John Gilpin, the disdainful steed now in the management of Sir Felix, "wondered what thing he'd got upon his back," we are not competent to decide; but he certainly in his progress "o'er the stones" manifested frequent impatience of restraint. These symptoms of contumaciousness were nevertheless borne by the Baronet without complaint,—

*Till finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath its well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.*

And, as if intuitively knowing the incapacity of his rider to restrain him, and despising curb and rein, the indignant animal set off at full speed, to the great dismay of Dashall and the Squire, who putting their horses to the pith of their mettle, hurried after their friend with the utmost solicitude. Luckily, however, the career of the spirited animal was impeded, and finally stopped, by the frequent interposition of the passengers on the road, and the Baronet was safely set down, ready to exclaim with Hawser Trunnion, "If ever I get astride the back of such another harum scarum son of a bitch again, my name is not Felix O'Grady."



The pursuers speedily rejoined the pursued, and felt happy in the knowledge of his welfare. The abashment of the baronet, occasioned by this untoward adventure, soon gave way to his characteristic good-humour; and having resigned all further government of the Squire's unruly quadruped, and resumed possession of his own[197] the triumvirate proceeded towards the place of destination.

In the meanwhile, the city horsemen arose with Phoebus, to mount their rosinantes, to be present at the enlargement of the stag, and were roused from their slumbers according to order by the watchmen. The motley group, that was early in the field, furnished a capital subject for the caricaturist. Carts, horses, lame mares, and refractory donkies, with their grotesque riders, covered the field, together with dandies in chaises, and the lassies from St. Giles's, Chick-lane, Wapping, and St. Catherine's, in market carts, with their sweet-hearts, considerably swelled the number of the hunters. The stag was decorated with bunches of ribbons, and seemed when enlarged much more frightened at the appearance of the Londoners, than at the hounds, his natural enemies. When the chase commenced, never was witnessed such a scene of confusion and disorder. Upset carts, and unhorsed huntsmen, were seen in all directions. The stag went off in good style, and out of hundreds of horsemen, not above a dozen were able to keep their seats, but a number of fellows were on the lurk to take care of the stray horses.

After a cursory glance at the variegated and boisterous assemblage, the stag bounded forward with the velocity of lightning, amidst the astounding shouts of the multitude, and was instantly followed by his biped and quadruped foes of indescribable diversity, from the amateur of the turf on his spirited and well caparisoned steed, to the spavined gelding, bearing its cockney rider, and numerous other *annual* equestrians, preceded by every description of the canine race, from the high bred beagle to the "cur of low degree." All was tumultuous dissonance, and confusion worse confounded. Tallyho enjoyed the scene to the very acme of delight, and giving the reins to his experienced courser, high in blood, and eager for accustomed exercise, the noble animal accompanied by its companion under the guidance of Dashall, started off with unrivalled celerity, and in a few moments set all competition at defiance. Sir Felix, in an attempt to follow his friends, leaped a fence, but gaining the opposite side, horse and rider came to the ground: fortunately neither of them sustained any injury.—Sir Felix, however, on regaining his footing, found that his[198] horse, which had gone forward, was in possession of a stranger, who losing his own, had availed himself of this opportunity of remounting, and now pursued his way bare-headed; for the wind had uncourteously uncovered his pericranium, and he abandoned his castor to its fate rather than by stopping to pick it up, risque the restitution of his prize, and the wrath of the baronet, who stood spell-bound against the fence, vociferously demanding his gelding, and extending his arm in reiterated denunciation of vengeance. The unceremonious intruder turning round on the saddle, without slackening his career.—"Bide you where you are, my fine fellow," he provokingly exclaimed, "until the chase is over, and your gelding shall then be forthcoming." If the sense of misfortune is alleviated by seeing it participated by others, the baronet had ample fund of consolation, for numbers around him were involved in similar calamity. He profited too, by an admirable lesson of patience under disaster. On the right of his runaway gelding, and its rider, he perceived a dismounted horseman, quietly submitting to adversity, by seating himself on a bank, while his unburthened steed pursued the chase with unabating celerity, leaving its owner to wait, at leisure, its return. Two cockney



equestrians now approached, at full speed, the fence where Sir Felix still stood, in the attitude of remonstrance and irritation; and attempting the leap, one, like the baronet, gained the opposite side, but with a less successful result; for the rider was pitched over with some violence, with his heels aloft in the air, as if about to perambulate the field on his hands, while his horse came to the ground on its face and knees, suspended by its hind legs from the upper bar of the fence, and vainly essaying at extrication. The other cockney sportsman was similarly situated: his horse had not cleared the fence, neither had the rider, although he had reached the neck of his rosinante in his progress to the opposite side; in this position he assumed a permanent aspect, for his horse rested with his fore-legs over the fence, and seemed incapable of either retrograding or proceeding. These lessons taught the baronet resignation in mishap; the result of which was the return, in about an hour, of his friends Tom and Bob, to his great comfort, which was further increased by their bringing with them his gelding, having recognized the animal in the possession of a [199] stranger, who, on their claiming it as belonging to Sir Felix O'Grady, very readily gave it up, saying, that the baronet had not forgot in the midst of his threats, frequently to announce his name, and hoping that he would excuse him for having resorted to the privilege which every person claims on this day, of taking care of the stray horses. The party now fully satisfied with the humours and disasters of the Easter Hunt, turned their steeds homewards, and journeying unimpeded, notwithstanding the throng of the road, they quickly gained town, without the occurrence of any other memorable incident.

Having reached the mansion of Dashall, Sir Felix acquainted Tallyho with the success of his mission respecting the hand, as a partner, at the Mansion-house Ball, of the august descendant of the Kings of Ulster, the sage and venerable Miss Judith Macgilligan. "O, the beautiful *illustrissimo!* the sweet crature" exclaimed the baronet, "with commendable care of her virgin purity, and fair unsullied fame, is tenacious of etiquette, and insists that she shall be asked with all due form and respect, (after I have introduced your Squireship to the honour of her notice) at the Mansion-house. By my conscience, I believe she is in love with your character, and no doubt will prove desperately so with your person. Faith and troth now, she is both too young and too old for matrimony; too young, because she may live to torment you these twenty years to come, which is a penance no sprightly lad should voluntarily undergo for all her fortune; and too old, being in all respects disqualified by age, for the important object of marriage, which was instituted for the procreation of children."

"My dear sir," rejoined the Squire, "immaculate may the lady remain in her person and property, I have no views on either."

"By the powers of charity retract that 'stern decree,'" exclaimed the baronet, "would you break the heart of the love-sick nymph, by chilling indifference to the potency of her charms and the magnitude of her fortune? However, all joking apart, my good friends, will you do my aunt and your humble servant the honour of calling at our lodgings; we shall wait your coming and proceed together to the civic entertainment?" This was agreed to;—the baronet retired, and the two cousins having the best part of the day still before them, set out on a stroll to Tothill-fields Fair, with the view of ascertaining Real Life in Westminster, amongst the middle and lower orders of its extensive population.

Crossing St. James's Park, our two observers soon reached the scene of jollity. Here, as in all the fairs held [200] in London, and its vicinity, was a vast assemblage of idlers, including both sexes and all ages. "They talk of the severity of the times," said Dashall, "and the distress of the lower orders of society; I cannot say, however, that I have witnessed any semblance of distress or privation amongst such in this metropolis to the extent represented, in the whole course of my observation. These fairs, for instance, more properly marts of iniquity, are crammed to excess; and in pursuit of low enjoyment there appears no deficiency of pecuniary means. In all these resorts of dissipation, not only the shows are filled with spectators, but the booths and neighbouring public-houses are crowded with male and female revellers."

The Squire acquiesced in the correctness of his friend's remark, and both coincided in opinion that the regular daily public places of amusement in the metropolis afford ample opportunity for rational recreation, independent of the continuance of fairs, which have no other tendency than facilitating the progress of licentiousness.

Dashall observed, that on the present occasion, in the midst of so much alleged distress,—the booths and shows of Tothill-fields Fair were much more extensive than in former years. "We must, however," said he, "although the evil continues, do the Magistrates the justice to say that they have acted meritoriously in preventing the erection of those dangerous machines named roundabouts, by which, at former fairs, many serious accidents were occasioned."



TOM & BOB among the Easter Mengers aka Donkey Cart Race

While Tom and Bob were quizzing the costermongers and the Venuses, they in their turn were queered out

of their wifes; thus another cogent argument was afforded as to the necessity of suppressing these nuisances, as being the rendezvous of infamy, and the harvest of depredation. The visitors appeared in all their glory, as elegant and boisterous as usual; the consumption of gin and gingerbread was apparently prodigious, and the great luxury amongst the fashionables was fried sausages and the bolting of oysters with sugar for wagers. Having lost their wifes, the two friends resolved at least to save their tattlers; and having seen a sufficiency of Westminster jollification, they left the fair to those visitors who might better appreciate its enjoyment.

Returning home, they were not encountered by farther mischance, and having shortly reached their destination, and dressed for the evening gala, a chariot was ordered, and they were set down at the lodgings of Sir Felix O'Grady.

The baronet introduced his two friends to his aunt, with much affected form, and with an arch leer of expression, which, on an occasion of minor import, would have excited the risibility of Bob, but this was no laughing affair; the presentation therefore was conducted with all due solemnity, and Miss Judith Macgilligan received him with a maidenish diffidence and complacency, yet with the dignity becoming a descendant of O'Brien, King of Ulster.

Having partaken of a slight repast, the party drove off, in the lady's temporary vehicle, and rattling rapidly along the streets, were in a very short time arrived at the Mansion-house. The company was select and elegant; the ladies particularly, might vie in splendour of ornament and fascination of personal charms, with first rate beauties of the west; and what gave the entertainment a superior zest above every other consideration, was the condescending affability of the Civic Queen, who received her numerous and delighted guests with a truly hospitable, yet dignified politeness; nor was there any deficiency on the part of her lord; all that the most excellent arrangements and the most minute attention could accomplish was done, to the entire gratification and comfort of the company. {1 }

*1 Easter Amusements.—Mansion-house. The customary Easter Civic Dinner and Ball were given at the Mansion-house. A material alteration was effected in the entertainment upon this occasion, by considerably abridging the number of cards, which it was the practice hitherto to issue. The Lady Mayoress received the company before dinner in the ball room; in dis-charging which office her ladyship displayed much ease and elegance of manner. The company adjourned to the Egyptian Hall to dinner, at about half-past six o'clock. They consisted of Lord Viscount Sidmouth, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Peel, and some other members of the Ministry, the Lords Bishop of London and Landaff, and other church dignitaries; the Lords Chief Justices of England, and the Court of Common Pleas; the Vice Chancellor, several of the diplomatic corps, as well as the leading Members of the Senate and the Army, and other gentlemen of distinction, her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, and several ladies of rank, in all about three hundred and fifty individuals of both sexes. There were five tables laid out in the hall, which from being prettily ornamented with festoons of flowers attached to pillars along the centre of each, had an extremely picturesque appearance upon entering the room. After dinner the usual toasts were drank, and the respective parties present returned thanks. Messrs. Pyne, Broadhurst, and other professional gentle-men, sung several songs and glees in their happiest style. At a little after nine o'clock the Lady Mayoress and the ladies with-drew, and the gentlemen shortly afterwards rejoined them in the ball-room.*

*At a little before ten o'clock, the ball-room was prepared, and in a short time the most distinguished of the guests repaired thither. The dresses of the ladies were in general particularly elegant. The ball was opened by two of the younger daughters of the Lord Mayor, Misses Ann and Harriett Magnay, who danced the minuet de la cour in so elegant and finished a manner, as elicited general approbation. The quadrilles were led off by the Duke de Cazes and Baron Langsdorff, and were continued with the greatest spirit throughout the night. The centre tables in the Egyptian Hall were removed for the accommodation of the company, but the side tables were retained, and refreshments served out from them in abundance.*

*We believe that in the general participation of pleasure there existed one solitary exception only, in the person of Miss Judith Macgilligan. It unfortunately happened that an opportunity offered not for the display of her graces in the dance. She then became peevishly taciturn, complained of indisposition, and expressing a desire of returning home, the gentlemen consequently assented, and the party left the Mansion-house at an earlier hour than they had either anticipated or desired.*

## CHAPTER XV

*"All London is full of vagaries,  
Of bustle of splendour and show,  
At every turn the scene varies,  
Whether near, or still further we go.  
Each lane has a character in it,  
Each street has its pauper and beau:  
And such changes are making each minute,  
Scarce one from the other we know.  
The in and out turnings of life,  
Few persons can well understand;  
But in London the grand source of strife,  
Is of fortune to bear the command.  
Yet some who are high up to day,  
Acknowledged good sober and witty,  
May to-morrow be down in decay,  
In this great and magnanimous city."*

"Apropos," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, laying down the Times newspaper after breakfast, "a fine[203] opportunity is offered to us to day, for a peep at the Citizens of London in their Legislative Assembly, a Court of Common Council is announced for twelve o'clock, and I think I can promise you much of entertaining information, by paying a visit at Guildhall and its vicinity. We have several times passed it with merely taking a view of its exterior, but the interior is equally deserving of attention, particularly at a period when it is graced by the personages and appendages which constitute its state and dignity. London is generally spoken of as the first commercial city in the known world, and its legislators, as a corporate body, becomes a sort of rallying post for all others in the kingdom. We have plenty of time before us, and may lounge a little as we march along to amuse or refresh ourselves at leisure." "With all my heart," said Tallyho, "for I have heard much about the Lord Mayor, the Sword Bearer, and the Common Hunt, all in a bustle,—though I have never yet had an opportunity of seeing any of them."

"They are interesting subjects, I can assure you, so come along, we will take a view of these *Gogs* and[204] *Magogs* of civic notoriety," and thus saying, they were quickly on the road for the city. The morning being fine, they took their way down St. James's Street, at the bottom of which their ears were attracted by the sounds of martial music approaching.

"We have nicked the time nicely indeed," said Dashall, "and may now enjoy a musical treat, before we proceed to the oratorical one. The Guards in and about the Palace, are relieved every morning about this time, for which purpose they are usually mustered at the Horse-Guards, in the Park, where they are paraded in regular order, and then marched here. It forms a very pleasing sight for the cockney loungers, for those out of employ, and those who have little inclination to be employed; and you see the crowds that are hastening before them, in order to obtain admission to Palace Yard, before their arrival—let us join the throng; there is another detachment stationed there ready to receive them, and while they are relieving the men actually on duty, the two bands alternately amuse the officers and the bye-standers with some of the most admired Overtures and Military Airs."

They now passed the gate, and quickly found themselves in a motley group of all descriptions, crowding to the seat of action, and pouring in from various avenues. Men, women, and children, half-drill'd drummers, bandy-legged fifers, and suckling triangle beaters, with bags of books and instruments in their hands to assist the band. The colours were mounted as usual on a post in the centre, the men drawn up in ranks, and standing at ease, while the officers were pacing backwards and forwards in the front, arm-in-arm with each other, relating the rencontres of the preceding day, or those in anticipation of the ensuing. This order of things was however quickly altered, as the relieving party entered, and at the word "attention," every officer was at his post, and the men under arms. Our friends now moved under the piazzas so as to be in the rear of the party who had the first possession, and after hearing with great admiration the delightful airs played by the two bands, which had been the principal object of attraction with them—they proceeded through the Park and reached Charing Cross, by the way of Spring Gardens.

"Zounds," said Tallyho, "this is a very unworthy entrance to a Royal Park." [205]

"Admitted, it is so," was the reply, "and a degradation to the splendid palace, I mean internally, which is so close to it, and which is the present residence of Majesty." They now proceeded without any thing further of consequence worthy of remark, till they reached Villiers-street.

"Come," said Tom, "I perceive we shall have time to take a look at the world below as well as the world above; "when crossing into the Adelphi, and suddenly giving another turn, he entered what to Bob appeared a cavern, and in one moment was obscured from his sight.—"Hallo," said Tallyho, "where the devil are you leading me to?"—"Never mind," was the reply; "keep on the right side, and you are safe enough; but if you get into the centre, beware of the Slough of Despond—don't be afraid."

Upon this assurance Bob groped his way along for a few paces, and at a distance could discover the glimmering of a lamp, which seemed but to make darkness more visible. Keeping his eye upon the light, and more engrossed with the idea of his own safety in such a place than any thing else, for he could neither conjecture where he was nor whence he was going, he presently came in violent contact with a person whom he could not see, and in a moment found himself prostrate on the ground.

"Hallo," cried a gruff voice, which sounded through the hollow arches of the place with sepulchral tone—"who the devil are you—why don't you mind where you go—you must not come here with your eyes in your pocket;" and at the same time he heard a spade dug into the earth, which almost inspired him with the idea that he should be buried alive.

"Good God protect," (exclaimed Bob,) "where is Dashall—where am I?"

"Where are you—why you're in the mud to be sure—and for aught I know, Dashall and all the rest may be in the clouds; what business have you dashing here—we have enough of the Dandies above, without having

them below—what have you lost your way, or have you been *nibbling* in the light, and want to hide yourself—eh?”

“Neither, neither, I can assure you; but I have been led here, and my friend is on before.” [206]

“Oh, well, if that's the case, get up, and I'll hail him, —ey-ya-ap”—cried he, in a voice, which seemed like thunder to our fallen hero, and which was as quickly answered by the well known voice of his Cousin, who in a few minutes was at his elbow.

“What now,” vociferated Tom, “I thought I gave you instructions how to follow, and expected you was just behind me.”

“Why for the matter of that,” cried the unknown, “he was not before you, that's sartin; and he knocked himself down in the mud before ever I spoke to him, that's all I know about it—but he don't seem to understand the navigation of our parts.”

“I don't wonder at that,” replied Tom; “for he was never here before in his life—but there is no harm done, is there?”

“None,” replied Bob; “all's right again now—so proceed.”

“Nay,” replied the unknown, “all's not right yet; for if as how this is your first appearance in the shades below, it is but fair you should come down.”

“Down,” said Bob, “why I have been down—you knock'd me down.”

“Well, never mind, my master, I have set you on your pins again; and besides that, I likes you very well, for you're down as a hammer, and up again like a watch-box—but to my thinking a drap o'somut good would revive you a little bit; and I should like to drink with you—for you ought to pay your footing.”

“And so he shall,” continued Tom—“So come along, my lad.”

By this time Bob had an opportunity of discovering that the person he had thus unfortunately encountered, was no other than a stout raw-boned coalheaver, and that the noise he had heard was occasioned by his sticking his pointed coal-shovel in the earth, with intention to help him up after his fall. Pursuing their way, and presently turning to the right, Bob was suddenly delighted by being brought from utter darkness into marvellous light, presenting a view of the river, with boats and barges passing and repassing with their usual activity.

“What place is this?” inquired Tallyho.

“Before you,” replied his Cousin, “is the River Thames; and in the front you will find wharfs and warehouses[207] for the landing and housing of various merchandize, such as coals, fruit, timber, &c.: we are now under the Adelphi Terrace, where many elegant and fashionable houses are occupied by persons of some rank in society; these streets, lanes, and subterraneous passages, have been constructed for the convenience of conveying the various articles landed here into the main streets of the metropolis, and form as it were a little world under ground.”

“And no bad world neither,” replied the coalheaver, who upon inspection proved to be no other than Bob Martlet, whom they had met with as one of the *heavy wet* party at Charley's Crib—“For there is many a family lives down here, and gets a good bit of bread too; what does it signify where a man gets his bread, if he has but an honest appetite to eat it with: aye, and though I say it, that house in the corner there, just down by the water's edge, can supply good stuff at all times to wash it down with, and that you know's the time of day, my master: this warm weather makes one *dryish* like, don't it?”

Tom thought the hint dry enough, though Bob was declaring he was almost wet through; however, they took their road to the Fox under the Hill, as it is termed. On entering which a good fire presented itself, and Tallyho placed himself in front of it, in order to dry his clothes, while Bob Martlet was busy in inquiring of the landlord for a brush to give the gemman a wipe down, as, he observed, he had a sort of a trip up in these wild parts—though to be sure that there was no great wonder, for a gentleman who was near sighted, and didn't wear spectacles; “however,” continued he, “there an't no harm done; and so the gemman and I are going to drink together—arn't we, Sir?”

Tallyho, who by this time had got well roasted by the fire-side, nodded his assent, and Dashall inquired what he would like.

“Why, my master, as for that, it's not much matter to me; a drap of sky blue in a boulter of barley,{1} with[208] a dollop of sweet,{2} and a little saw dust,{3} is no bad thing according to my thinking; but Lord bless you! if so be as how a gemman like you offers to treat Bill Martlet,

1 A boulter of barley—a drink—or a pot of porter.

2 A dollop of sweet—sugar.

3 Saw-dust—a cant term for ginger or nutmeg grated.

why Bill Martlet never looks a gift horse in the mouth, you know, as the old saying is; but our landlord knows how to make such rum stuff, as I should like you to taste it—we call it hot, don't us, landlord?—Come, lend us hold of the brush?” “Ave, and brush up, Mr. Landlord,” said the Hon. Tom Dashall; “let us have a taste of this nectar he's talking of, for we have not much time to stop.”

“Lord bless your eye sight,” replied Martlet, “there an't no occasion whatsomdever for your honours to stay—if you'll only give the order, and push about the possibles, the business is all done. Come, shovel up the sensible,” continued he to the landlord, “mind you give us the real double XX. I don't think your coat is any the worse, it would sarve me for a Sunday swell toggery for a twelve-month to come yet; for our dirt down here is as I may say clean dirt, and d——me if I don't think it looks all the better for it.”

“Thank you, my friend,” said Bob; “that will do very well,” and the landlord having by this time completed his cookery, produced the good stuff, as Martlet termed it.

“Come, gentlemen, this is the real right sort, nothing but the bang-up article, arn't it, my master? But as I always likes the landlord to taste it first, by way of setting a good example, just be after telling us what you

think of it."

"With all my heart," said the landlord; who declared it was as prime a pot of hot as he had made for the last fortnight. .

With this recommendation our friends tried it; and after tipping, took their departure, under the positive assurance of Martlet, that he should be very glad to see them again at any time.

They now pursued their way through other subterraneous passages, where they met waggons, carts, and horses, apparently as actively and usefully employed as those above ground.

"Come," said Tom, "we have suffered time to steal a inarch upon us," as they reached the Strand; "we will therefore take the first" *rattler* we can meet with, and make the best of our way for the City."—This was soon accomplished, and jumping into the coach, the old *Jarvey* was desired to drive them as expeditiously as possible to the corner of King-street, Cheapside. [209]

## CHAPTER XVI

*"How wretched those who tasteless live,  
And say this world no joys can give:  
Why tempts yon turtle sprawling,  
Why smoaks the glorious haunch,  
Are these not joys still calling  
To bless our mortal paunch?  
O 'tis merry in the Hall  
When beards wag all,  
What a noise and what a din;  
How they glitter round the chin;  
Give me fowl and give me fish,  
Now for some of that nice dish;  
Cut me this, Sir, cut me that,  
Send me crust, and send me fat.  
Some for tit bits pulling hauling,*

*Legs, wings, breast, head,—some for liquor, scolding, bawling,  
Hock, port, white, red, here 'tis cramming, cutting, slashing,  
There the grease and gravy splashing,  
Look, Sir, look, Sir, what you've done,  
Zounds, you've cut off the Alderman's thumb."*

The Hon. Tom Dashall, who was fully aware that City appointments for twelve o'clock mean one, was nevertheless anxious to arrive at their place of destination some time before the commencement of the business of the day; and fortunately meeting with no obstruction on the road, they were set down at the corner of King-street, about half-past twelve.

"Come," said he, "we shall now have time to look about us at leisure, and observe the beauties of this place of civic festivity. The Hall you see in front of you, is the place devoted to the entertainment usually given by the Lord Mayor on his entrance upon the duties and dignities of his office. It is a fine gothic building, in which the various courts of the city are held. The citizens also meet there for the purpose of choosing their representatives in Parliament, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, &c. It was originally built in the year 1411, previous to which period the public, or as they term it the Common Hall, was held at a small room in Aldermanbury.

The expense Of the building was defrayed by voluntary subscription, and its erection occupied twenty[210] years. It was seriously damaged by the fire of 1666, since which the present edifice, with the exception of the new gothic front, has been erected. That, however, was not finished till the year 1789, and many internal improvements and decorations have been introduced since. There is not much of attraction in its outward appearance. That new building on the right has recently been erected for the accommodation of Meetings of Bankrupts; and on the left is the Justice-Room, where the Aldermen attend daily in rotation as magistrates to decide petty causes; but we must not exhaust our time now upon them."

On entering the Hall, Tallyho appeared to be highly pleased with its extent, and was presently attracted by the monuments which it contains. "It is a noble room," said he.—"Yes," replied Tom, "this Hall is 153 feet in length, 48 in breadth, and the height to the roof is 55." Tallyho was, however, more engaged in examining the monument erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, and an occasional glance at the two enormous figures who stand at opposites, on the left of the entrance.—Having read the tablet, and admired the workmanship of the former, he hastily turned to the latter. "And who in the name of wonder are these?" he inquired.

"These," replied his communicative Cousin, "are called *Gog* and *Magog*. They are two ancient giants carved in wood, one holding a long staff suspending a ball stuck with pikes, and the other a halbert, supposed to be of great antiquity, and to represent an ancient Briton and a Saxon. They formerly used to stand on each side of that staircase which leads to the Chamberlain's Office, the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, the Court of Aldermen, and the Common Council Chamber. At the other end are two fine monuments, to the memory of Lord Chatham, the father of Mr. Pitt, and his Son. The windows are fine specimens of the revived art of painting on glass. There is also a monument of Mr. Beckford."

While they were taking a view of these several objects of curiosity, their attention was suddenly attracted by a confused noise and bustle at the door, which announced the arrival of the Lord Mayor and his attendants, who passed them in state, and were followed by our friends to the Council Chamber; on entering which, they were directed by the City Marshall, who guarded the door, to keep below the bar. Tallyho gazed[211] with admiration and delight on the numerous pictures with which the Chamber is decorated, as well as the ceiling, which forms, a dome, with a skylight in the centre. The Lord Mayor having first entered the Court of

Aldermen, the business of the day had not yet commenced. Tom directed his Cousin's eye in the first instance to the very large and celebrated painting by Copley, which fronts the Lord Mayor's chair, and represents the destruction of the floating batteries before Gibraltar, to commemorate the gallant defence of that place by General Elliott, afterwards Lord Heath field, in 1782. The statue of the late King George the Third; the death of David Rizzio, by Opie; the miseries of Civil War, from Shakespeare; Domestic Happiness, exemplified in portraits of an Alderman and his family; the death of Wat Tyler; the representation of the Procession of the Lord Mayor at Westminster Hall, by water; and the ceremony of swearing in the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, in 1781; containing portraits of all the principal members of the Corporation of London at that time. Meanwhile the benches were filling with the Deputies and Common Councilmen from their several wards. At one o'clock, the Lord Mayor entered the Court, attended by several Aldermen, who took their seats around him, and the business of the day commenced. Among those on the upper seats, Tom gave his Cousin to understand which were the most popular of the Aldermen, and named in succession Messrs. Waithman, Wood, Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, Birch, Flower, and Curtis; and as their object was not so much to hear the debates as to see the form and know the characters, he proposed an adjournment from their present rather uncomfortable situation, where they were obliged to stand wedged in, by the crowd continually increasing, during which they could take a few more observations, and he could give some little clue to the origin and present situations of the persons to whom he had directed his Cousin's attention. Making the best of their way out of the Court, they found themselves in an anti-room, surrounded by marshals, beadles of Wards waiting for their Aldermen, and the Lord Mayor's and Sheriffs' footmen, finding almost as much difficulty to proceed, as they had before encountered.

Having struggled through this formidable phalanx of judicial and state appendages,

[212]

"Now," said Dashall, "we shall be enabled to breathe again at liberty, and make our observations without fear; for where we have just quitted, there is scarcely any possibility of making a remark without having it snapped up by newspaper reporters, and retailers of anecdotes; here, however, we can indulge *ad libitum*."

"Yes," replied Tallyho, "and having seen thus far, I am a little inquisitive to know more. I have, it is true, at times seen the names of the parties you pointed out to me in the daily prints, but a sight of their persons in their official stations excites stronger curiosity."

"Then," said Tom, "according to promise I will give you a sort of brief sketch of some of them. The present Lord Mayor is a very eminent wholesale stationer, carrying on an extensive trade in Queen-street; he ought to have filled the chair before this, but some temporary circumstances relative to his mercantile concerns induced him to give up his rotation. He has since removed the obstacle, and has been elected by his fellow-citizens to the high and important office of Chief Magistrate. I believe he has not signalized himself by any remarkable circumstance, but he has the character of being a worthy man. Perhaps there are few in the Court of Aldermen who have obtained more deservedly the esteem of the Livery of London, than Alderman Waithman, whose exertions have long been directed to the correction of abuses, and who represented them as one of their members during the last Parliament, when he displaced the mighty Alderman Curtis. Waithman is of humble origin, and has, like many others of Civic notoriety, worked his way by perseverance and integrity as a linen-draper, to respectable independence, and the hearts of his fellow-citizens: he has served the office of Sheriff, and during that time acted with a becoming spirit at the death of the late Queen, by risking his own life to save others. His political sentiments are on the opposition side, consequently he is no favorite with ministers."

"And if he were," replied Tallyho, "that would scarcely be considered an honour."

"True," continued Tom, "but then it might lead to profit, as it has done with many others, though he appears to hold such very light."

"Alderman Wood has not yet been so fortunate as the celebrated Whittington, whom you may recollect was [213] thrice Lord Mayor of London; but he has had the honour to serve that office during two succeeding years: he is a member of Parliament, and his exertions in behalf of the late Queen, if they have done him no great deal of good among the higher powers, are at least honourable to his heart."

"Of Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter there is but little to be said, except that he has served the office, and been a Colonel of the City Militia—led off the ball at a Jew's wedding—used to ride a white charger—and is so passionately fond of military parade, that had he continued another year in the office, the age of chivalry would certainly have been revived in the East, and knights-errant and esquires have completely superseded merchants, traders, and shopkeepers."

"Alderman Birch is an excellent pastry-cook, and that perhaps is the best thing that can be said of him: he has written some dramatic pieces; but the pastry is beyond all comparison best of the two, and he needs no other passport to fame, at least with his fellow-citizens."

"But last, though not least, under our present consideration, comes the renowned Sir William, a plain bluff John Bull; he is said to be the son of a presbyterian citizen, and was rigidly educated in his father's religion. He obtained the alderman's gown, and represented the City in the year 1790: he is a good natured, and, I believe, a good hearted man enough, though he has long been a subject for satirical wit. He was Lord Mayor in 1796: you may recollect what was related of him by the literary labourer we met with in the Park— anecdotes and caricatures have been published in abundance upon him: he may, however, be considered in various points of view—as an alderman and a biscuit baker—as a fisherman —"

"How!" cried Tallyho!

"Why, as a fisherman, he is the Polyphemus of his time."

*"His rod was made out of the strongest oak,  
His line a cable which no storm e'er broke,  
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,  
He sat upon a rock and bobb'd for a whale."*

"Besides which," continued Dashall, "he is a great sailor; has a yacht of his own, and generally accompanies Royalty on aquatic excursions. I remember a laughable caricature, exhibiting the alderman in his own [214]

vessel, with a turtle suspended on a pole, with the following lines, in imitation of Black-eyed Susan, said to be written by Mr. Jekyll:—

*"All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When Castlereagh appeared on board,  
?Ah where shall I my Curtis find.  
Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
Does my fat William sail among your crew."*

He is a banker, a loan-monger, and a contractor, a member of Parliament, and an orator; added to which, he may be said to be a man of wit and humour—at all events he is the cause of it in others. His first occupations have procured him great wealth, and his wit and humour great fame.

"The worthy Alderman's hospitality to the late good humoured and gossiping James Boswell, the humble follower and biographer of Dr. Johnson, is well known; and it is probable that the pleasures of the table, in which no man more joyously engaged, shortened his life. To write the life of a great man is no easy task, and to write that of a big one may be no less arduous. Whether the Alderman really expected to be held up to future fame by the Biographer of Johnson, cannot be very easily ascertained; however that wish and expectation, if it ever existed, was completely frustrated by the death of poor Boswell.

"I recollect to have seen some lines of the worthy Alderman, on the glorious victory of the Nile, which shew at once his patriotism, his wit, and his resolution, in that he is not to be laughed out of the memorable toast he once gave—

*"Great Nelson, in the grandest stile,  
Bore down upon the shores of Nile,  
And there obtained a famous victory,  
Which puzzled much the French Directory.  
The impudence of them there fellows,  
As all the newspapers do tell us,  
Had put the grand Turk in a pet,  
Which caus'd him send to Nelson an aigrette;  
Likewise a grand pelisse, a noble boon—  
Then let us hope—a speedy peace and soon."*{1}

*1 Whether the following lines are from the same hand or not,  
we are unable to ascertain; at least they wear a great  
similarity of character:*

*I give you the three glorious C's.*

*Our Church, Constitution, and King;  
Then fill up three bumpers to three noble Vs.  
Wine, Women, and Whale fish-ing.*

"Egad," said Bob, "if this be true, he appears to knock up rhymes almost as well as he could bake biscuits"[215] (smothering a laugh.)

"Why," replied Dashall, "I believe that it has not been positively ascertained that these lines, which unlike other poetry, contain no fiction, but plain and undeniable matter of fact, were wholly indicated by the worthy Alderman; indeed it is not impossible but that his worship's barber might have had a hand in their composition. It would be hard indeed, if in his operations upon the Alderman's pericranium, he should not have absorbed some of the effluvia of the wit and genius contained therein; and in justice to this operator on his chin and caput, I ought to give you a specimen which was produced by him upon the election of his Lordship to the Mayoralty—

*"Our present Mayor is William Curtis,  
A man of weight and that your sort is."*

"This epigrammatic distich, which cannot be said to be destitute of point, upon being read at table, received, as it deserved, a large share of commendation; and his Lordship declared to the company present, that it had not taken his barber above three hours to produce it extempore."

Tallyho laughed heartily at these satirical touches upon the poor Alderman.

"However," continued Tom, "a man with plenty of money can bear laughing at, and sometimes laughs at himself, though I suspect he will hardly laugh or produce a laugh in others, by what he stated in his seat in the House of Commons, on the subject of the riots{1} at Knightsbridge. I suspect his wit and good humour will hardly protect him in that instance."

*1 On a motion made by Mr. Favell in the Court of Common Council, on the 21st of March, the following resolution was passed, indicative of the opinion that Court entertained of the conduct of Alderman Curtis on the occasion here alluded to:*

*"That Sir William Curtis, Bart, having acknowledged in his place in this Court, that a certain speech now read was delivered by him in the House of Commons, in which, among other matters which he stated respecting the late riot at Knightsbridge, he said, 'That he had been anxious that a Committee should investigate this question, because he wished to let the world know the real character of this Great Common Council, who were always meddling with matters which they had nothing to do with, and which were far above their wisdom and energy. It was from such principles they had engaged in the recent inquiry, which he would contend they had no right to enter upon. Not only was evidence selected, but questions were put to draw such answers as the*

*party putting them desired.'*

*"That the conduct of Sir William Curtis, one of the representatives of this City in Parliament, has justly merited the censure and indignation of this Court and of his fellow Citizens."*

After taking a cursory look into the Chamberlain's Office, the Court of King's Bench and Common Pleas[216] they took their departure from Guildhall, very well satisfied with their morning's excursion.

It was between three and four o'clock when our friends left the Hall. Tom Dashall, being upon the qui vive, determined to give his Cousin a chevy for the remainder of the day; and for this purpose, it being on a Friday, he proposed a stroll among the Prad-sellers in Smithfield, where, after partaking of a steak and a bottle at Dolly's, they accordingly repaired.

"You will recollect," said Tom, "that you passed through Smithfield (which is our principal cattle market) during the time of Bartholomew Fair; but you will now find it in a situation so different, that you would scarcely know it for the same place: you will now see it full of horse-jockeys, publicans, pugilists, and lads upon the lark like ourselves, who having no real business either in the purchase or sale of the commodities of the market, are watching the manners and manouvres of those who have."

As Tom was imparting this piece of information to his attentive Cousin, they were entering Smithfield by the way of Giltspur-street, and were met by a man having much the appearance of a drover, who by the dodging movements of his stick directly before their eyes, inspired our friends so strongly with the idea of some animal being behind them which they could not see, and from which danger was to be apprehended, that they suddenly broke from each other, and fled forward for safety, at which a roar of laughter ensued from the bystanders, who perceiving the hoax, recommended the dandies to take care they did not dirty[217] their boots, or get near the hoofs of the *prancing prads*, Tom was not much disconcerted at this effort of practical jocularly, though his Cousin seemed to have but little relish for it.

"Come along," said Tom, catching him by the arm, and impelling him forward, "although this is not Bartholomew Fair time, you must consider all fair at the horse-fair, unless you are willing to put up with a horse-laugh."

Struggling through crowds who appeared to be buying, selling, or bargaining for the lame, the broken winded, and spavined prads of various sizes, prices, and pretensions,

"There is little difference," said Tom, "between this place as a market for horses, and any similar mart in the kingdom,

*Here the friend and the brother  
Meet to humbug each other,*

except that perhaps a little more refinement on the arts of gulling may be found; and it is no very uncommon thing for a stolen nag to be offered for sale in this market almost before the knowledge of his absence is ascertained by the legal owner.—I have already given you some information on the general character of horse-dealers during our visit to Tattersal's; but every species of trick and low chicanery is practised, of which numerous instances might be produced; and though I admit good horses are sometimes to be purchased here, it requires a man to be perfectly upon his guard as to who he deals with, and how he deals, although the regulations of the market are, generally speaking, good."

"I wouldn't have him at no price," said a costermonger, who it appeared was bargaining for a donkey; "the h——y sulkey b—— von't budge, he's not vorth a fig out of a horses——."

"I knows better as that 'are," cried a chimney-sweeper; "for no better an't no vare to be had; he's long backed and strong legged. Here, Bill, you get upon him, and give him rump steaks, and he'll run like the devil a'ter a parson."

Here Bill, a little blear-eyed chimney-sweeper, mounted the poor animal, and belaboured him most unmercifully, without producing any other effect than kicking up behind, and most effectually placing poor Bill in the

mud, to the great discomfiture of the donkey seller, and the mirth of the spectators. The animal brayed, the[218] bystanders laughed, and the bargain, like poor Bill, was off.

After a complete turn round Smithfield, hearing occasionally the chaffing of its visitants, and once or twice being nearly run over, they took their departure from this scene of bustle, bargaining, and confusion, taking their way down King-street, up Holborn Hill, and along Great Queen-street.

"Now," said Tom, "we will have a look in at Covent Garden Theatre; the Exile is produced there with great splendour. The piece is certainly got up in a style of the utmost magnificence, and maintains its ground in the theatre rather upon that score than its really interesting dialogue, though some of the scenes are well worked up, and have powerful claims upon approbation. The original has been altered, abridged, and (by some termed) amended, in order to introduce a gorgeous coronation, a popular species of entertainment lately."

Upon entering the theatre, Tallyho was almost riveted in attention to the performance, and the latter scene closed upon him with all its splendid pageantry before he discovered that his Cousin had given him the slip, and a dashing cyprian of the first order was seated at his elbow, with whom entering into a conversation, the minutes were not measured till Dashall's return, who perceiving he was engaged, appeared inclined to retire, and leave the cooing couple to their apparently agreeable tete-a-tete. Bob, however, observing him, immediately wished his fair incognita good night, and joined his Cousin.

"D——d dull," said Tom,—"all weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

"But very grand," rejoined Bob.

"I have found nothing to look at," replied Tom; "I have hunted every part of the House, and only seen two persons I know."

"And I," said Tallyho, "have been all the while looking at the piece."



"Which piece do you mean, the one beside you, or the one before you?"

"The performance—The Coronation."

"I have had so much of that," said Tom, "that finding you so close in attention to the stage, that I could get no opportunity of speaking to you, I have been hunting for other game, and have almost wearied myself in the pursuit without success; so that I am for quitting the premises, and making a call at a once celebrated place near at hand, which used to be called the Finish. Come along, therefore, unless you have 'mettle more attractive;' perhaps you have some engagements?"

"None upon earth to supersede the one I have with you," was the reply. Upon which they left the House, and soon found themselves in Covent Garden Market. "This," said Tom, "has been the spot of many larks and sprees of almost all descriptions, and an election wit has been as cheap in the market as any of the vegetables of the venders; but I am going to take you to a small house that has in former times been the resort of the greatest wits of the age. Sheridan, Fox, and others of their time, have not disdained to be its inmates, nor is it now deserted by the votaries of genius, though considerably altered, and conducted in a different manner: it still, however, affords much amusement and accommodation. It was formerly well known by the appellation of the *Finish*, and was not opened till a late hour in the night, and, as at the present moment, is generally shut up between 11 and 12 o'clock, and re-opened for the accommodation of the market people at 4 in the morning. The most respectable persons resident in the neighbourhood assemble to refresh themselves after the labours of the day with a glass of ale, spirits, or wine, as they draw no porter. The landlord is a pleasant fellow enough, and there is a pretty neat dressing young lass in the bar, whom I believe to be his sister—this is the house."

"House," said Bob, "why this is a deviation from the customary buildings of London; it appears to have no up stairs rooms."

"Never mind that," continued Dashall, "there is room enough for us, I dare say; and after your visit to the Woolpack, I suppose you can stand smoke, if you can't stand fire."

By this time they had entered the Carpenter's Arms, when turning short round the bar, they found themselves in a small room, pretty well filled with company, enjoying their glasses, and puffing their pipes: in the right hand corner sat an undertaker, who having just obtained a victory over his opposite neighbour, was humming a stave to himself indicative of his satisfaction at the result of the contest, which it afterwards appeared was for two mighty's; while his opponent was shrugging up his shoulders with a feeling of a very different kind.

"It's of no use," said Jemmy, as they called him, "for you to enter the lists along with me, for you know very well I must have you at last."

"And no doubt it will prove a good fit," said an elderly shoemaker of respectable appearance, who seemed to command the reverence of the company, "for all of us are subject to the *pinch*."

"There's no certainty of his assertion, however," replied the unsuccessful opponent of Jemmy.

"Surely not," said another most emphatically, taking a pinch of snuff, and offering it to the shoemaker; "for you know Jemmy may come to the finch before John."

*1 "Mighty."—This high sounding title has recently been given to a full glass of ale,—the usual quantity of what is termed a glass being half a pint, generally supplied in a large glass which would hold more—and which when filled is consequently subjected to an additional charge.*

*2 To those who are in the habit of frequenting the house, this gentleman will immediately be known, as he usually smokes his pipe there of an afternoon and evening.*

*"With his friend and his pipe puffing sorrow away, And with honest old stingo still soaking his clay."*

*With a certain demonstration before him of the mortality of human life, he deposits the bodies of his friends and neighbours in the earth, and buries the recollection of them in a cloud, determined, it should seem, to verify the words of the song, that*

*"The right end of life is to live and be jolly."*

*His countenance and manners seldom fail to excite risibility, notwithstanding the solemnity of his calling, and there can be little doubt but he is the finisher of many, after the Finish; he is, however, generally good humoured, communicative, and facetious, and seldom refuses to see any person in company for a mighty, usually concluding the result with a mirthful ditty, or a doleful countenance, according to the situation in which he is left as a winner or a loser; and in either case accompanied with a brightness of visage, or a dull dismal countenance, indicative of the event, which sets description at defiance, and can only be judged of by being seen.*

*3 "Surely not," are words in such constant use by one gentleman who is frequently to be met in this room, that the character alluded to can scarcely be mistaken: he is partial to a pinch of snuff, but seldom carries a box of his own. He is a resident in the neighbourhood, up to snuff, and probably, like other men, sometimes snuffy; this, however, without disparagement to his general character, which is that of a respectable tradesman. He is fond of a lark, a bit of gig, and an argument; has a partiality for good living, a man of feeling, and a dealer in felt, who wishes*

"Never mind," continued Jemmy, "I take my chance in this life, and sing *toll de roll loll*." [221]

By this time our friends, being supplied with mighties, joined in the laugh which was going round at the witty sallies of the speakers.

"It is possible I may go first," said the undertaker, resuming his pipe; "and if I should, I can't help it."

"Surely not,—but I tell you what, Jemmy, if you are not afraid, I'll see you for two more mighties before I go, and I summons you to shew cause."

"D——n your summons," {1} cried the former unsuccessful opponent of the risible undertaker, who at the word summons burst into a hearty laugh, in which he was immediately joined by all but the last speaker.

"The summons is a sore place," said Jemmy.

"Surely not. I did not speak to him, I spoke to you, Sir; and I have a right to express myself as I please: if that gentleman has an antipathy to a summons, am I to be tongue-tied? Although he may sport with sovereigns, he must be accountable to plebeians; and if I summons you to shew cause, I see no reason why he should interrupt our conversation."

*1 "D——n your summons." This, as one of the company afterwards remarked, was a sore place, and uttered at a moment when the irritation was strong on the affected part. The speaker is a well known extensive dealer in the pottery, Staffordshire, and glass line, who a short time since in a playful humour caught a sovereign, tossed up by another frequenter of the room, and passed it to a third. The original possessor sought restitution from the person who took the sovereign from his hand, but was referred to the actual possessor, but refused to make the application. The return of the money was formally demanded of the man of porcelain, pitchers, and pipkins, without avail. In this state of things the loser obtained a summons against the taker, and the result, as might be expected, was compulsion to restore the lost sovereign to the loving subject, together with the payment of the customary expenses, a circumstance which had the effect of causing great anger in the mind of the dealer in brittle wares. Whether he broke any of the valuable articles in his warehouse in consequence has not been ascertained, but it appears for a time to have broken a friendship between the parties concerned: such breaches, however, are perhaps easier healed than broken or cracked crockery.*

"Surely not," was reverberated round the room, accompanied with a general laugh against the interrupter [222] who seizing the paper, appeared to read without noticing what was passing.

The company was now interrupted by the entrance of several strangers, and our two friends departed on their return homeward for the evening.

## CHAPTER XVII

*"Roam where you will, o'er London's wide domains,  
The mind new source of various feeling gains;  
Explore the giddy town, its squares, its streets,  
The 'wilder'd eye still fresh attraction greets;  
Here spires and towers in countless numbers rise,  
And lift their lofty summits to the skies;  
Wilt thou ascend? then cast thine eyes below,  
And view the motley groupes of joy and woe:  
Lo! they whom Heaven with affluence hath blest,  
Scowl with cold contumely on those distress;  
And Pleasure's maze the wealthy caitiffs thread,  
While care-worn Merit asks in vain for bread;  
Yet short their weal or woe, a general doom  
On all awaits,—oblivion in the tomb!"*

Our heroes next morning determined on a visit to their Hibernian friend and his aunt, whom they found had [223] not yet forgot the entertainment at the Mansion-house, and which still continued to be the favorite topic of conversation. Sir Felix expressed his satisfaction that the worthy Citizens of London retained with increasing splendor their long established renown of pre-eminent distinction in the art of good living.

"And let us hope," said Dashall, "that they will not at any future period be reduced to the lamentable necessity of restraining the progress of epicurism, as in the year 1543, when the Lord Mayor and Common Council enacted a sumptuary law to prevent luxurious eating; by which it was ordered, that the Mayor should confine himself to seven, Aldermen and Sheriffs to six, and the Sword-bearer to four dishes at dinner or supper, under the penalty of forty shillings for each supernumerary dish!"

"A law," rejoined the Baronet, "which voluptuaries of the present times would find more difficult of observance than any enjoined by the decalogue."

The Squire suggested the expediency of a similar enactment, with a view to productive results; for were the wealthy citizens (he observed) prohibited the indulgence of luxurious eating, under certain penalties, the [224] produce would be highly beneficial to the civic treasury.

The Fine Arts claiming a priority of notice, the party determined on visiting a few of the private and public

Exhibitions.

London is now much and deservedly distinguished for the cultivation of the fine arts. The commotions on the continent operated as a hurricane on the productions of

genius, and the finest works of ancient and modern times have been removed from their old situations to the asylum afforded by the wooden walls of Britain. Many of them have, therefore, been consigned to this country, and are now in the collections of our nobility and gentry, chiefly in and about the metropolis.

Although France may possess the greatest number of the larger works of the old masters, yet England undoubtedly possesses the greatest portion of their first-rate productions, which is accounted for by the great painters exerting all their talents on such pictures as were not too large to be actually painted by their own hands, while in their larger works they resorted to inferior assistance. Pictures, therefore, of this kind, being extremely valuable, and at the same time portable, England, during the convulsions on the Continent, was the only place where such paintings could obtain a commensurate price. Such is the wealth of individuals in this country, that some of these pictures now described, belonging to private collections, were purchased at the great prices of ten and twelve thousand guineas each.

Amongst the many private collections of pictures, statues, &c. in the metropolis, that of the Marquis of Stafford, called the Cleveland Gallery, is the most prominent, being the finest collection of the old masters in England, and was principally selected from the works that formerly composed the celebrated Orleans Gallery, and others, which at the commencement of the French revolution were brought to this country. Thither, then, our tourists directed their progress, and through the mediation of Dashall access was obtained without difficulty.

The party derived much pleasure in the inspection of this collection, which contains two or three fine pictures of Raphael, several by Titian and the Caraccis, some capital productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and some admirable productions of the English school, particularly two by Wilson, one by Turner, and one by Vandyck, amounting, in the whole, to 300 first-rate pictures by the first masters, admirably distributed in the new gallery, the drawing-room, the Poussin room (containing eight chef d'oeuvres of that painter), the passage-room, dining-room, old anti-room, old gallery, and small room. The noble proprietor has liberally appropriated one day in the week for the public to view these pictures. The curiosity of the visitors being now amply gratified, they retired, Sir Felix much pleased with the polite attention of the domestic who conducted them through the different apartments, to whom Miss Macgilligan offered a gratuity, but the acceptance of which was, with courteous acknowledgments, declined.

Proceeding to the house of Mr. Angerstein, Pall Mall, our party obtained leave to inspect a collection, not numerous, but perhaps the most select of any in London, and which has certainly been formed at the greatest expense in proportion to its numbers. Among its principal ornaments are four of the finest landscapes by Claude; the Venus and Adonis, and the Ganymede, by Titian, from the Colonna palace at Rome; a very fine landscape by Poussin, and other works by Velasquez, Rubens, Murillo, and Vandyck: to all which is added the invaluable series of Hogarth's Marriage-a-la-mode.

Returning along Pall-Mall, our perambulators now reached the Gallery of the British Institution; a Public Exhibition, established in the year 1805, under the patronage of his late Majesty, for the encouragement and reward of the talents of British artists, exhibiting during half of the year a collection of the works of living artists for sale; and during the other half year, it is furnished with pictures painted by the most celebrated masters, for the study of the academic and other pupils in painting. The Institution, now patronised by his present Majesty, is supported by the subscriptions of the principal nobility and gentry, and the number of pictures sold under their influence is very considerable. The gallery was first opened on April 17, 1806.

In 1813, the public were gratified by a display of the best works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, collected by the industry and influence of the committee, from the private collections of the royal family, nobility, and gentry and in 1814, by a collection of 221 pictures of those inimitable painters, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Wilson.

*1 That the Fine Arts engaged not a little of the attention of the British Public during the late reign, is a fact too notorious to require proof. The establishment of the Royal Academy, in 1768, and its consequent yearly Exhibitions, awakened the observation or stimulated the vanity of the easy and the affluent, of the few who had taste, and of the many who were eager to be thought the possessors of it, to a subject already honoured by the solicitude of the sovereign. A considerable proportion of the public was thus induced to talk of painting and painters, and to sit for a portrait soon became the fashion; a fashion, strange to say, which has lasted ever since. Whether the talents of Sir Joshua Reynolds as a painter, were alone the cause of his high reputation, may, however, admit of a doubt. From an early period of life, he had the good fortune to be associated in friendship with several of the most eminent literary characters of the age; amongst whom there were some whose high rank and personal consequence in the country greatly assisted him to realize one leading object which he had in view, that of uniting in himself (perhaps for the first time in the person of an English painter) the artist and the man of fashion. From his acknowledged success in the attainment of this object, tending as it did to the subversion of ancient prejudices degrading to art, what beneficial effects might not have resulted, had the President exerted his influence to sustain the dignity of the artist in others! But satisfied with the place in society which he himself had gained, he left the rest of the Academy to follow his example, if they could, seldom or never mixing with them in company, and contenting himself with the delivery of an annual lecture to the students. Genius is of spontaneous growth, but education, independence, and never-ceasing*

Since then they have regularly two annual exhibitions; one, of the best works of the old masters, for the improvement of the public taste, and knowledge of the artists, varied by some of the deceased British artists, alternately with that on their old plan of the exhibition and sale of the works of living artists.

The directors of this laudable Institution have also exhibited and procured the loan for study, of one or two of the inimitable cartoons of Raphael for their students. An annual private exhibition of their studies also takes place yearly; the last of which displayed such a degree of merit as no society or academy in Europe could equal.

Sir Felix, who on a former occasion had expressed a wish to acquire the art of verse-writing, was so much satisfied with his inspection of this exhibition, that he became equally emulous of attaining the sister-art of [227] painting; but Dashall requested him to suspend at present his choice, as perhaps he might alternately prefer the acquisition of music.

"In that case," rejoined the Baronet, "I must endeavour to acquire the knack of rhyming extempore, that I may accompany the discordant music with correspondent doggerels to the immortal memory of the heroic achievements of my revered Aunt's mighty progenitor—O'Brien king of Ulster."

This expression of contempt cast by the Baronet on the splendor of the ancient provincial sovereign of the north, had nearly created an open rupture between his aunt and him. Tallyho, however, happily succeeded in effecting an amnesty for the past, on promise under his guarantee of amendment for the future.

The party now migrated by Spring Garden Gate into the salubrious regions of St. James's Park, and crossing its eastern extremity, took post of observation opposite the Horse Guards, an elegant building of stone, that divides Parliament-street from St. James's Park, to which it is the principal entrance. The architect was Ware, and the building cost upwards of £30,000. It derives its name from the two regiments of Life Guards (usually called the Horse Guards) mounting guard there.

"Here is transacted," said Dashall, "all the business of the British army in a great variety of departments, consisting of the Commander-in-Chief's Office,—the Offices of the Secretary-at-War,—the Adjutant-General's Office,—the Quarter-Master-General's Office,—besides the Orderly Rooms for the three regiments of Foot Guards, whose arms are kept here. These three regiments, containing about 7000 men, including officers, and two regiments of Horse Guards, consisting together of 1200 men, at once serve as appendages to the King's royal state, and form a general military establishment for the metropolis. A body called the Yeomen of the Guard, consisting of 100 men, remains a curious relic of the dress of the King's guards in the fifteenth century. Some Light Horse are stationed at the Barracks in Hyde Park, to attend his Majesty, or other members of the Royal Family, chiefly in travelling; and to do duty on occasions immediately connected with the King's administration.

"On the left is the Admiralty (anciently Wallingford House), containing the offices and apartments of the [228] Lords Commissioners who superintend the marine department of this mighty empire.

"On the right is the Treasury and Secretary of State's Offices. Here, in fact, is performed the whole State business of the British Empire. In one building is directed the movements of those fleets, whose thunders rule every sea, and strike terror into every nation. In the centre is directed the energies of an army, hitherto invincible in the field, and which, number for number, would beat any other army in the world. Adjoining are the executive departments with relation to civil and domestic concerns, to foreign nations, and to our exterior colonies. And to finish the groupe, here is that wonderful Treasury, which receives and pays above a hundred millions per annum."

Entering Parliament-street from the Horse-Guards, our perambulators now proceeded to Westminster-bridge, [1] which passing, they paid a visit to Coade and Sealy's Gallery of Artificial Stone, Westminster-bridge-road.

*1 Westminster Bridge. This bridge was built between the years 1730 and 1750, and cost £389,000. It is 1223 feet long, and 44 feet wide; containing 14 piers, and 13 large and two small semicircular arches; and has on its top 28 semi-octangular towers, twelve of which are covered with half domes. The two middle piers contain each 3000 solid feet, or 200 tons of Portland stone. The middle arch is 76 feet wide, the two next 72 feet, and the last 25 feet. The free-water way between the piers is 870 feet. This bridge is esteemed one of the most beautiful in the world. Every part is fully and properly supported, and there is no false bearing or false joint throughout the whole structure; as a remarkable proof of which, we may quote the extraordinary echo of its corresponding towers, a person in one being able to hear the whispers of a person opposite, though at the distance of nearly 50 feet.*

This place contains a great variety of elegant models from the antique and modern masters, of statues, busts, vases, pedestals, monuments, architectural and sculptural decorations, modelled and baked on a composition harder and more durable than any stone.

Animadverting on the utility of this work combining the taste of elegance with the advantage of permanent wear, the two friends, Tom and Bob, recollected having seen, in their rambles through the metropolis, many specimens of the perfection of this ingenious art, particularly at Carlton-House, the Pelican Office, Lombard-street, and almost all the public halls. The statues of the four quarters of the world, and others at the Bank, at [229] the Admiralty, Trinity House, Tower-hill, Somerset-place, the Theatres; and almost every street presents objects, (some of 20 years standing,) as perfect as when put up.

Retracing their steps homewards, our pedestrians again crossed the Park, and finding themselves once more in Spring Gardens, entered the Exhibition Rooms of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

This, beyond any other gratification of the morning, pleased the party the most. The vivid tints of the various well-executed landscapes had a pleasing effect, and wore more the appearance of nature than any

similar display of the fascinating art which they had hitherto witnessed.

This Society, which was formed in 1804, for the purpose of giving due emphasis to an interesting branch of art that was lost in the blaze of Somerset-House, where water-colours, however beautiful, harmonized so badly with paintings in oil, has, in its late exhibitions, deviated from its original and legitimate object, and has mixed with its own exquisite productions various pictures in oil.

The last annual exhibition of painting in oil and water colours, was as brilliant and interesting as any former one, and afforded unmixed pleasure to every visitor.

One more attraction remained in Spring Gardens, which Tom, who had all the morning very ably performed the double duty of conductor and explainer, proposed the company's visiting;—"That is," said he, "Wigley's Promenade Rooms, where are constantly on exhibition various objects of curiosity."

Thither then they repaired, and were much pleased with two very extraordinary productions of ingenuity, the first Mr. Theodon's grand Mechanical and Picturesque Theatre, illustrative of the effect of art in imitation of nature, in views of the Island of St. Helena, the City of Paris, the passage of Mount St. Barnard, Chinese artificial fireworks, and a storm at sea. The whole was conducted on the principle of perspective animation, in a manner highly picturesque, natural, and interesting.

Here also our party examined the original model of a newly invented travelling automaton, a machine which can, with ease and accuracy, travel at the rate of six miles an hour, ascend acclivities, and turn the narrowest corners, by machinery only, conducted by one of the persons seated within, without the assistance of either horse or steam.

This extraordinary piece of mechanism attracted the particular attention of the Baronet, who minutely[230] explored its principles, with the view, as he said, of its introduction to general use, in the province of Munster, in substitution of ricketty jaunting-cars and stumbling geldings. Miss Judith Macgilligan likewise condescended to honour this novel carriage with her approbation, as an economical improvement, embracing, with its obvious utility, a vast saving in the keep of horses, and superseding the use of jaunting-cars, the universal succedaneum, in Ireland, for more respectable vehicles; but which, she added, no lady of illustrious ancestry should resort to.

This endless recurrence to noble descent elicited from Sir Felix another "palpable hit;" who observed, that those fastidious dames of antiquity, to whatever country belonging, of apparent asperity to the present times, would do well in laying aside unfounded prejudices; that the age to which Miss Macgilligan so frequently alluded, was one of the most ignorant barbarism; and the unpolished females of that day unequal to a comparison with those of the present, as much so, as the savage squaws of America with the finished beauties of an Irish Vicegerent's drawing-room. {1}

*1 The pride of ancestry, although prevalent in Ireland, is not carried to the preposterous excess exemplified by Cambrian vanity and egotism. A gentleman lately visited a friend in Wales, who, among other objects of curiosity, gratified his guest with the inspection of his family genealogical tree, which, setting at naught the minor consideration of antediluvian research, bore in its centre this notable inscription,—About this time the world was created!!!*

Re-entering St. James's Park, our party directed their course towards the Mall, eastward of which they were agreeably amused by the appearance of groupes of children, who, under the care of attendant nursery maids, were regaling themselves with milk from the cow, thus presenting to these delighted juveniles a rural feast in the heart of the metropolis.

Here Dashall drew the attention of his friends to a very important improvement. "Until within these few[231] months," said he, "the Park at night-fall presented a very sombre aspect; being so imperfectly lighted as to encourage the resort of the most depraved characters of both sexes; and although, in several instances, a general caption, by direction of the police, was made of these nocturnal visitants, yet the evil still remained; when a brilliant remedy at last was found, by entirely irradiating the darkness hitherto so favourable to the career of licentiousness: these lamps, each at a short distance from the other, have been lately introduced; stretching along the Mall, and circumscribing the Park, they shed a noon-tide splendor on the solitude of midnight. They are lighted with gas, and continue burning from sunset to day-break, combining ornament with utility. Thus vice has been banished from her wonted haunts, and the Park has become a respectable evening promenade.

"This Park," continued the communicative Dashall, "which is nearly two miles in circuit, was enclosed by King Charles II., who planted the avenues, made the Canal and the Aviary adjacent to the Bird-cage Walk, which took its name from the cages hung in the trees; but the present fine effect of the piece of ground within the railing, is the fruit of the genius of the celebrated Mr. Brown." {1}

*1 St. James's Park was the frequent promenade of King Charles II. Here he was to be seen almost daily; unattended, except by one or two of his courtiers, and his favorite grey-hounds; inter-mixing with his subjects, in perfect confidence of their loyalty and attachment. His brother James one day remonstrating with him on the impolicy of thus exposing his person,—"James," rejoined his majesty, "take care of yourself, and be under no apprehension for me: my people will never kill me, to make you king!"*

*In more recent times, Mr. Charles Townsend used every morning, as he came to the Treasury, to pass by the Canal in the Park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpose. One morning having called his affectionate friends, the ducky, duckey, duckies, he found unfortunately that he had forgotten them;—"Poor duckies!" he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry and*

cannot get you some bread, but here is sixpence for you to buy some," and threw the ducks a sixpence, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very wisely told the story to some gentlemen with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a sixpence to be put into the body of a duck, which he gave Charles to cut up. Our hero, sur-prised at finding a sixpence among the seasoning, bade the waiter send up his master, whom he loaded with epithets of rascal and scoundrel, and swore bitterly that he would have him prosecuted for robbing the king of his ducks; "for," said he, "gentlemen, this very morning did I give this sixpence to one of the ducks in the Canal in St. James's Park."

The party now seated themselves on one of the benches in the Mall, opposite the spot where lately stood [232] the Chinese or Pagoda bridge. Tallyho had often animadverted on the absurdity of the late inconvenient and heterogeneous wooden structure, which had been erected at a considerable public expense; its dangling non-descript ornaments, and tiresome acclivity and descent of forty steps each. "What," said he, "notwithstanding the protection by centinels of this precious memento of vitiated taste, has it become the prey of dilapidation?"

"Rather," answered Dashall, "of premature decay. Its crazy condition induced the sage authors of its origin to hasten its destruction; like the Cherokee chief, who, when the object of his regard becomes no longer useful, buries him alive!"

Contrasting the magnificent appearance of the adjacent edifices, as seen from the Park, with one of apparently very humble pretensions, Miss Macgilligan inquired to what purpose the "shabby fabric" was applied, and by whom occupied.

"That 'shabby fabric,' Madam," responded Dashall, "is St. James's Palace, erected by Henry VIII., in which our sovereigns of England have held their Courts from the reign of Queen Anne to that of his late Majesty George III." {1}

*1 The state apartments, now renovated, comprehend six chambers. The first is the guard chamber, at the top of the stairs: this has been entirely repaired, and on the right hand there is a characteristic chimney-piece, instead of the ill-shaped clumsy fire-place which previously disgraced this approach to the grand rooms. The next room, continuing to advance, is the presence chamber. This chamber has been remodelled, and a large handsome octagonal window introduced. This produces the best effect, and has rendered a gloomy room very light and cheerful. The privy chamber, which forms the eastern end of the great suite that runs from east to west, parallel to the Mall in the Park, and is, strictly speaking, the immediate scene of the Court; this is entirely new from the foundation, and is a continuation of the old suite of state apartments. The chamber is of noble dimensions, being nearly 70 feet in length, and having four windows towards the garden and Park beyond. A magnificent marble chimney-piece occupies the centre, on the east end. The anti-drawing-room and the drawing-room, in which little alteration appears, except in the introduction of splendid chimney-pieces of statuary marble, taken from the library of Queen Caroline in the Stable Yard, built by Kent. The workmanship of these is amazingly fine, and the designs very rich. The throne is at the upper end of the drawing room No. 5, and from the chimney of the room No. 3, the vista through the middle doors of the anti-drawing-rooms is about 200 feet!! The coup d'oeil must be indescribably grand, when all the three apartments are filled with rank and beauty. The ceilings of the principal rooms, 3, 4, and 5, are covered upon handsome cornices, carved and gilt. This gives the apartments a spacious and lofty appearance; and there being four large windows in each, the whole suite is very imposing. The rooms are to be fitted with mirrors, and a noble collection of the royal pictures. Over the chimney in the drawing-room, Lawrence's splendid portrait of George IV., surrounded by the fine old carvings of Grinling Gibbons, of which many are preserved in the Palace, will be the principal object. In the anti-drawing-room a portrait of the venerable George III. will occupy a similar station; and on each side will appear the victories which reflected the highest lustre on his reign,—Trafalgar and Waterloo. In the privy chamber, a portrait of Queen Anne will be attended by the great Marlborough triumphs of Lisle and Tournay, Blenheim, and other historical pieces. Other spaces will exhibit a series of royal portraits, from the period of the founder of the Palace, Henry VIII. to the present era; including, of course, some of the most celebrated works of Holbein and Vandyke. The unrivalled "Charles on horseback," by the latter, is among the number, and the gallery, altogether, must be inestimable, even as a panorama of the arts in England for three centuries. On the whole, these state apartments, when completed, will not be excelled, if equalled, by any others in Europe. Holbein, whom we have just mentioned, was a favourite of Henry VIII. One day, when the painter was privately drawing a lady's picture for the king, a nobleman forced himself into the chamber. Holbein threw him down stairs; the peer cried out; Holbein bolted himself in, escaped over the roof of the house, and running directly to the king, fell on his knees, and besought his majesty to pardon him, without declaring*

*the offence. The king promised to forgive him, if he would tell the truth. Immediately arrives the lord with his complaint. After hearing the whole, his majesty said to the nobleman,—“You have behaved in a manner unworthy of your rank. I tell you, of seven peasants I can make so many lords, but not one Holbein. Be gone, and remember this, if you ever presume to avenge yourself, I shall look on an injury you do to the painter as done to me.”*

The descendant of O'Brien was astonished, and connecting her ideas of the internal show of this Palace[233] with its outward appearance, doubted not, secretly, that it was far inferior to the residence, in former times, of her royal progenitor.

Probably guessing her thoughts, Dashall proceeded to observe, that the Palace was venerable from age, and in its interior decoration that it fully corresponded in splendor with the regal purposes to which it had been so long applied; “It is now, however,” he added, “about to assume a still more imposing aspect, being under alterations and adornments, for the reception of the Court of his present Majesty, which, when completed, will render it worthy the presence of the Sovereign of this great Empire.”

The sole use made lately of St. James's Palace, is for purposes of state. In 1808, the south-eastern wing of [234] the building was destroyed by fire; the state apartments were, however, uninjured, and the Court of George the Third and his Queen was held here.

On the right of the Palace, the attention of the party was next attracted by Marlborough House. It was built in the reign of Queen Anne, by the public, at the expense of 40,000L. on part of the royal gardens, and given by the Queen and Parliament, on a long lease, to the great Duke of Marlborough. It is a handsome building, much improved of late years, and has a garden extending to the Park, and forms a striking contrast to the adjoining Palace of St. James's. It is now the town residence of his Royal Highness, Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg.

Our party now passed into St. James's-street, where Miss Macgilligan, whose acerbitude of temper had been much softened by the politeness of her friends during the morning's ramble, mentioned, that she had a visit to make on an occasion of etiquette, and requesting the honour of the gentlemen's company to dinner, she was handed by the Squire of Belville-hall, with all due gallantry and obeisance, into a hackney-chariot; Tom in the meanwhile noting its number, in the anticipation of its ultimately proving a requisite precaution.

The trio, now left to their own pursuits, lounged leisurely up St. James's-street, and pausing at the caricature shop, an incident occurred which placed in a very favorable point of view the Baronet's promptitude of reply and equanimity of temper. Having had recourse to his glasses, he stood on the pavement, examining the prints, unobservant of any other object; when a porter with a load brushed hastily forward, and coming in contact with the Baronet, put him, involuntarily, by the violence of the shock, to the left about face, without the word either of caution or command. “Damn your spectacles!” at same time, exclaimed the fellow; “Thank you, my good friend,” rejoined Sir Felix,—“it is not the first time that my spectacles have saved my eyes!”

Remarking on this encounter, Dashall observed, that the insolence of these fellows was become really [235] public nuisance. Armed in the panoply of arrogance, they assume the right of the footway, to the ejection, danger, and frequent injury of other passengers; moving in a direct line with loads that sometimes stretch on either side the width of the pavement, they dash onward, careless whom they may run against, or what mischief may ensue. “I would not,” continued Dashall, “class them with beasts of burthen, and confine them to the carriage-way of the street, like other brutes of that description; but I would have them placed under the control of some salutary regulations, and humanized under the dread of punishment.”

The Squire coincided with his friend in opinion, and added, by way of illustration, that it was only a few days since he witnessed a serious accident occasioned by the scandalous conduct of a porter: the fellow bore on his shoulders a chest of drawers, a corner of which, while he forced his way along the pavement, struck a young lady a stunning blow on the head, bringing her violently to the ground, and falling against a shop window, one of her hands went through a pane of glass, by which she was severely cut; thus sustaining a double injury, either of which might have been attended with fatal consequences.

The three friends had now gained the fashionable lounge of Bond-street, whence turning into Conduit-street, they entered Limmer's Coffee-house, for the purpose of closing, by refreshment, the morning's excursion.

Here Dashall recognized an old acquaintance in the person of an eminent physician, who, after an interchange of civilities, resumed his attention to the daily journals.

In the same box with this gentleman, and directly opposite, sat another, whose health was apparently on the decline, who finding that the ingenious physician had occasionally dropped into this coffee-house, had placed himself *vis-a-vis* the doctor, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw his attention from the newspaper to examine the index of his (the invalid's) constitution. He at last ventured a bold push at once, in the following terms: “Doctor,” said he, “I have for a long time been very far from being well, and as I belong to an office, where I am obliged to attend everyday, the complaints I have prove very troublesome to me, and [236] I would be glad to remove them.”—The doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a steady eye, while he proceeded. “I have but little appetite, and digest what I eat very poorly; I have a strange swimming in my head,” &c. In short, after giving the doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his symptoms, he concluded the state of his case with a direct question:—“Pray, doctor, what shall I take?” The doctor, in the act of resuming the newspaper, gave him the following laconic prescription:—“Take, why, take advice!”

This colloquy, and its ludicrous result, having been perfectly audible to the company present, afforded considerable entertainment, of which the manoeuvring invalid seemed in no degree willing to partake, for he presently made his exit, without even thanking the doctor for his gratuitous advice. {1}

frequented by the late unfortunate Lord Camelford. Entering the coffee-room one evening, meanly attired, as he often was, he sat down to peruse the papers of the day. Soon after came in a "dashing fellow," a "first-rate blood," who threw himself into the opposite seat of the same box with Lord C, and in a most consequential tone hallowed out, "Waiter! bring in a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them in the next box." He then drew to him Lord C.'s candle, and set himself to read. His Lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but exerting his optics a little more, continued to decypher his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone to that of Mr.—, "Waiter! bring me a pair of snuffers."

These were quickly brought, when his Lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the box in which Mr.—was, snuffed out both the candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, "Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is this fellow, that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?"—"Lord Camelford, Sir," said the waiter.—"Who? Lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible; horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence—"Lord Camelford!!! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually stole away, without daring to taste his Madeira.

The repast ended, the friends separated; Sir Felix to rejoin his august relative at their lodgings, and [237] arrange with her preparations for the entertainment of Tom and Bob, and these two gentlemen also returning homewards to dress for the important occasion.

Passing the house of his tailor, the Baronet stepped in, and desired Mr. Snip to send to his lodgings, any time in the course of the evening, for the last new suit, for the purpose of alteration, as had been already pointed out.

Miss Macgilligan had preceded her nephew in reaching home, and gave him, on his arrival, an appropriate and edifying lecture on a three-fold subject, embracing—petulancy,—respect to superiors,—and veneration for the memory of our ancestors.

The Baronet, who never designed seriously to insult his aunt, but merely to have a bye-blow at her prominent foible,—pride of descent,—listened with becoming deference to her dissertation, which was interrupted by the entrance of his servant, (the same who on a certain occasion confided to Mother Cummings the safety of his master's property, {1})—"The tailor's boy, Sir Felix, for the new suit your Honor ordered to be altered."—"Very well," rejoined Sir Felix, "sure enough Mr. Snip is prompt in observance of instructions,—let the lad have the suit immediately."—This business having been despatched, Miss Macgilligan was about to resume her admonitory discourse; when, luckily, the arrival of the expected guests prevented its continuance, and it was consequently postponed until a more favourable opportunity.

*1 Vide page 130.*

Dinner was shortly announced, during which nothing occurred of particular import. When the exhilarating "Tuscan grape" had superseded the discarded viands, Miss Macgilligan mentioned, that she had been grossly imposed upon by the driver of the hackney-chariot. It seems, that conceiving Jehu was exacting more than his fare, the lady, presenting a handful of silver, told him to take it all, if he thought proper, and the conscientious knight of the whip had actually embraced the offer in its literal acceptation, and pocketing the money, made the best of his way, before she recovered from the surprise occasioned by this "iniquitous" transaction.

"Iniquitous!" repeated the Baronet;—"by the powers of folly but there was no advantage taken at all, at all [238] and the man must have been worse than an idiot had he rejected so liberal an offer! Gra-machree, he might cry, and thanks to the donor, such opportunities don't occur every day."

Appealing to her guests, she had the mortification of finding the opinion of her nephew supported.—"Certainly, madam," said Dashall, "the conduct of the man in putting a construction not meant upon your word, was highly reprehensible; yet I am afraid that redress is unavailable. A gift was implied, though obviously not intended, but impartially speaking, you tendered a donation, and the man, if not morally right, was legally justifiable in accepting it."

While this case was under discussion, the baronet chuckled at the mischance of his aunt, and in defiance of the admonition given him a few hours before, seemed more petulant, less respectful, and totally irreverent of his ancestors.

In the enjoyment of this triumph, and asserting that he could not be taken-in, even by the most artfully conducted manouvre, he was struck dumb by the information that Mr. Snip the tailor had called for the new suit. "The devil fly over the hill of Howth with him!" exclaimed the astounded Sir Felix, with a secret foreboding of evil, "has he not had the new suit, hours ago?"

"He says not, sir," answered the servant.

"Where then, in the name of mystery," rejoined the baronet, "are the clothes gone to? They were sent by his boy, were they not?"

"He denies, sir," responded the servant, "that he sent for the clothes at all at all."

"Sowl of my grandmother! send in this snip of a tailor instantaneously."

Dashall immediately surmised a fraud, and the statement of Snip converted suspicion into fact.

Mr. Snip repeated, that he had not sent for the clothes; and neither did he keep a boy; but he recollected



that there was a lad in his shop purchasing some trifling article at the time Sir Felix gave his address, and ordered the new suit to be sent for; and there is no doubt, added Snip, that this young adept, being thus put in the way of successfully practising a fraud, gladly availed himself of the opportunity, and obtained possession of the clothes in my name. But, Sir Felix (continued Mr. Snip) it must have escaped your recollection when you sanctioned the delivery of the clothes, that I had particularly cautioned you, when you first honoured me with your custom, against your sending to my house any articles of apparel by pretended messengers from me, unless on the authority of my own hand writing."

"I exonerate you," said the baronet, "from censure, and exempt you from loss. I have been swindled. There is now no remedy. So make me another suit, and by stricter vigilance, we shall endeavour to avoid future depredation."{1}

*1 This is amongst the inferior classes of fraud daily practised in the metropolis. The following is one of a fast rate description.*

*Swindling.—A case most ingeniously contrived and successfully carried into execution on Saturday last, is scarcely to be equalled on the records of fraud. It was equal to that practised on Rundle and Bridge, the jewellers, some time ago, but the present case is only at the expense of four costly gold watches. The swindler, who called himself Mr. Winter, is rather above the middle size, was dressed in a brown frock coat, wears long whiskers, and is well calculated for imposition in address and manner. A house in Southampton-street, Strand, occupied by Mr. Holt, the barrister, having been advertised to be let, Mr. Winter called about it several times last week, and he appointed Saturday last to call with some ladies, when he could give a final answer; and the servants were desired, if the occupants were from home, to shew the gentleman and his party into the dining-room. Having secured this point, Mr. Winter called upon Mr. Ely, a jeweller, at the latter end of the week, and after looking over some trifles, in the shop, he desired that some ladies' watches might be brought to his residence, No. 5, Southampton-street, at a certain hour on Saturday, for inspection. The swindler called some time before the jeweller was expected, and inquired if the ladies who were to meet him there had called, and being informed in the negative, he affected surprise, and desired them to be informed of his arrival when they came. He was shewn into the front drawing-room, but he preferred the adjoining room, and desired the servant to shew a gentleman, who would call, into the front room, and let him know when he arrived. The jeweller was to his time with the goods, and Mr. Winter paid him a visit, and after looking over the goods, he selected four watches, worth 100L. to shew the ladies in the next room, instead of which he took his hat, and walked off with the watches. After waiting till out of patience, the jeweller rang the bell, and the servant missed Mr. Winter, who had promised her servitude, the landlord his new tenant, and the jeweller his watches!*

It was now Miss Macgilligan's turn to triumph, but, to the surprise and relief of her nephew, she did not avail herself of the privilege; sensible, perhaps, that the loss which she sustained, was occasioned by her own imprudence, and that his misfortune might have happened to those even the most guarded against deception, she consoled instead of recriminating. The most perfect unanimity now prevailed between the two relatives; and the evening passed on with increased pleasure. The unexpected migration of the new suit led to conversation on the frauds of London, when Dashall justly observed, that if the ingenuity exemplified in depredation was exercised in honest industry, in place of being now the pest, many of those men might have been the ornaments of Society.

## CHAPTER XVIII

*"Tho' village delights may charm for a time,  
With hunting, with cricket, with trap-ball and such,  
The rambles in London are bang-up and prime,  
And never can tire or trouble us much;  
Tis a life of variety, frolic, and fun:  
Rove which way you will, right or left, up or down.  
All night by the gas, and all day by the sun,  
Sure no joys can compare with the joys of the town."*

Our two friends, in consequence of some allusions made by the company at the Finish, on a preceding day to a house of great theatrical celebrity in Drury-lane, resolved on a visit the following evening; and it may here be necessary to introduce such of our readers as are not in the secret, to the same.

The Harp, opposite Drury-lane Theatre, is well known as the resort of theatrical amateurs and professors; but those who have not had an opportunity of visiting its interior, can scarcely form an idea of the mirth, wit, and humour constantly displayed within its walls. The circumstance here alluded to, though not exactly introduced in point of time, is one which generally takes place once in three years; viz. the election of a Mayor to represent the now City of Lushington, an event which is attended with as much of bustle, interest,

and whimsicality, as a popular election for a member of Parliament. The generality of the persons who are frequent visitors to the house are termed *Harponians*, and by due qualification become citizens of Lushington. Although we cannot give a true and circumstantial history of this ancient city, we doubt not our numerous readers will discover that its title is derived from an important article in life, commonly called Lush. The four wards are also appropriately titled, as symbolical of the effects which are usually produced by its improper application. On entering the room, the first corner on the right hand is *Suicide Ward*, and derives its appellation from a society so named, in which each member is bound by an oath, that however he might feel inclined to lay violent hands upon his glass, he would not lay violent hands upon his own existence.

The left hand corner has also a name as appropriate as its neighbour, being called *Poverty Ward*; so termed[242] from its vicinity to the door, and the ease with which a citizen, whose tanner case{1} and toggery{2} are out of repair, may make his entree and exit, without subjecting himself to the embarrassing gaze and scrutiny of his more fortunate fellow-citizens. Juniper Ward, which is directly opposite to Poverty Ward, may in a moral point of view be said to mark the natural gradation from the one to the other. Whether these wards are so placed by the moral considerations of the ingenious citizens or not, we are at present unable to learn; but we have discovered that *Juniper Ward* is so called in consequence of a club, consisting of seven citizens, who bound themselves to meet every evening exactly on the spot, taking each upon himself to defray the expense of *blue ruin* for the whole party on each evening alternately. In the corner directly opposite to Suicide Ward is *Lunatic Ward*, indicative no doubt of the few steps there are between the one and the other: hence the four corner pillars of this ancient and honourable city are replete with moral instruction to the wise and discriminating part of society.

1 *Tanner case—a pocket.*

2 *Toggery—cloathing.*

Each of these wards, like the wards of the City of London, has its alderman, and no doubt can be entertained of their being ably represented, as well as their rights and privileges being well secured and sustained. A gentleman who is well known and highly respected for his abilities and attentions as theatrical agent, which character he has sustained for many years, is high bailiff, and at proper periods issues his writ in the following form:—

“City of Lushington, (to wit.)

“The high bailiff having received a requisition to convene a meeting for the purpose of nominating aldermen to represent the different wards, and from them to elect a mayor for the above city for the year ensuing;

“The high bailiff, in pursuance thereof, fixes Saturday the 22d December inst. to nominate for the purpose[243] aforesaid, and from thence proceed to the election, which election is to continue till the following Monday, being the 24th, when the poll is to be closed.

“Given under my hand, this 18th day of December, 1821. (Signed) “F. SIMS, high bailiff.”

“Lushington Hall.”

“The election to commence at 7 o'clock; the poll to be closed at half-past 10.”

After this official notice, preparations are made in due form for the election, and in the fitting up of the hustings the most skilful and ingenious artists are selected from the several wards, while the candidates are employed in forming their committees, and canvassing their friends and fellow-citizens, each of them professing an intention to intersect the city with canals of sky blue, to reduce the price of heavy wet, and to cultivate plantations of the weed, to be given away for the benefit and advantage of the community, thereby to render taxation useless, and the comforts of life comeatable by all ranks and degrees of society. To take the burthensome load of civic state upon themselves, in order that their friends and neighbours may be free; that independence may become universal, and that the suffrages of the people may be beyond controul nor can it be doubted but these professions are made with as much sincerity in many of a similar nature in larger cities, and in situations of much greater importance.

*“For quacks profess the nation's ills to cure,  
To mend small fortunes, and set up the poor;  
And oft times neatly make their projects known,  
By mending not the public's, but their own.  
The poor indeed may prove their watchful cares,  
That nicely sift and weigh their mean affairs,  
From scanty earnings nibbling portions small,  
As mice, by bits, steal cheese with rind and all;  
But why should statesmen for mechanics carve,  
What are they fit for but to work and starve.”*

It is, however, proper to observe, that in the City of Lushington there are no sinecures, no placemen and pensioners, to exhaust the treasury; honour is the grand inducement for the acceptance of office, and highly honour'd are those who are fortunate enough to obtain the marks of distinction to which they aspire.

The oath administered upon such occasions is of a most serious and solemn nature; which, however[244] notwithstanding the conscientious scruples of the voters, must be taken with suitable gravity before they can be permitted to poll; being in substance nearly as follows:—

“I (A. B.) do swear that I have been an inhabitant of the City of Lushington for the space of — years; and that I have taken within its walls — pots of porter, — glasses of jackey, and smoked —pipes; (the blanks are filled in according to circumstances); that is to say, one pot of heavy wet, one glass of juniper, and one loading of weed at least annually; have been the cause of such acts in others, or have been present when such acts have been performed; and that I have not polled at this election.”

This oath is sworn with all due solemnity, by kissing the foot of a broken glass, and the vote is then recorded.

Tom and Bob, who had so little previous intimation of this important event, were informed as they

proceeded to the scene of action, by a friend of one of the candidates, that the election was strongly contested between Sir William Sims, the son of the worthy high bailiff, Sir Benjamin Rosebud, Jessamine Sweetbriar, Sir Peter Paid, and Peregrine Foxall, the silver-toned orator, strongly supported by the Tag Rag and Bobtail Club. Sir Frederick Atkinson introduced and proposed by the Marquis of Huntley, a well known sporting character from the county of Surrey, and Mr. Alderman Whetman, of Lushington notoriety. The door of the house was well guarded by the *posse comitatis*, armed with staves, emblematical of the renowned city to which they belonged, and decorated with the favors of the different candidates by whom they were employed, or whose interest they espoused. The staves, instead of the crown, were surmounted by quartern measures, and produced a most striking and novel effect, as they appeared to be more revered and respected than that gaudy bauble which is a representative of Royalty.

At the moment of our friends entrance, large bodies of voters were brought up by canvassing parties from the surrounding habitations, with colours flying, and were introduced in succession to poll; and as time was fast escaping, every one was active in support of his favourite candidate. All was bustle and anxiety, and Tom and Bob approached the hustings with two chimney-sweepers, a hackney-coachman, and three light bearers, alias link-carriers, from Covent Garden Theatre. Having polled for Sir William Sims, who very politely returned thanks for the honour conferred on him, standing room was provided for them by the inhabitants of [245] Lunatic Ward, who it should seem, like others under the influence of the moon, have their lucid intervals, and who upon this occasion displayed a more than usual portion of sanity, mingled with good humour and humanity.

In this quarter of the city, where our friends expected to find distracted, or at least abstracted intellect, they were very pleasingly disappointed at discovering they were associated with reasonable and intelligent beings; although some of them, fatigued by their exertions during the election, were so strongly attacked by Somnus, that notwithstanding the bustle with which they were surrounded, they occasionally dropped into the arms of the drowsy god, and accompanied the proceedings with a snore, till again roused to light and life by some more wakeful inhabitant.

At the appointed time, the high bailiff announced the election closed, and after an examination of the votes, declared the choice to have fallen on Sir William, a circumstance which drew forth a unanimous burst of approbation, long, loud, and deep, which in a few moments being communicated to those without. This was as cordially and as vociferously answered by anxious and admiring crowds.

The influx of citizens, upon the event being known, to hear the speeches of the different candidates, choaked up every avenue to the hustings, and beggars all description; the inimitable pencil of a Hogarth could hardly have done justice to the scene, and a Common Hall of the City of London might be considered a common fool to it; every voter had a right, established that right, and enjoyed it. Here stood the well-dressed Corinthian in his bang-up toggery, alongside of a man in armour, one of the Braziers Company, armed with a pot-lid and a spit, and decorated with a jack-chain round his neck. There stood a controller of the prads, a Jarvey, in close conversation with one of the lighters of the world, with his torch in hand. A flue faker in one corner, was endeavouring to explain a distinction between smoke and gas to a lamplighter, who declared it as his opinion, "that the City of Lushington,—at all times a luminous and deservedly revered City,—had had more light thrown upon it that election, by the introduction of the link carriers, than it ever had before; and likewise that his dissertation on smoke and gas was not worth one puff from his pipe."

In the midst of this bustle, noise and confusion, it was some time before the high bailiff could obtain [246] silence; when Sir William made his appearance on the hustings, and in language well suited for the occasion, declared the heartfelt gratitude he entertained for the high and distinguished honour so handsomely conferred upon him, with his determination never to lose sight of the invaluable rights and privileges of his constituents, assuring them they were welcome to indulge themselves with any thing the house afforded. He next complimented his opponents on the very gentlemanlike way in which the election had been conducted, and alluded most emphatically to the introduction of those voters who endeavour to lighten the darkness of the world, the link-carriers, who by their manners and conduct had become on that occasion as it were links of a chain, which in point of friendship, good humour and independence, he sincerely hoped would never be broken. Rapturous applause followed this speech, which notwithstanding the almost overpowering load of gratitude with which the speaker was burthened, was given with good emphasis and corresponding effect.

The other candidates returned thanks to those of their fellow-citizens who had supported their interest; and no one seeming inclined to call for a scrutiny, Sir William took the official oath, and was invested with the clothing of magistracy, which being done, Mr. Alderman Whetman arose to address the mayor.

The well known ability usually displayed by this gentleman, his patriotic zeal, and undeviating integrity, commanded immediate silence, while he informed the chief magistrate of a circumstance which had recently occurred, and which left one of the wards unrepresented, by a worthy alderman who in consequence of accepting an office in the board of controul, had by the laws of Lushington vacated his seat. An explanation being demanded, it appeared that the worthy alderman had become a deputy manager of a country theatre, and consequently must be considered under the board of controul; it was therefore necessary he should at least be re-elected before he could be allowed to continue in the distinguished station of alderman: this point being agreed to, the situation was declared vacant, and a time appointed for the election.

The official business of the election being over, harmony and conviviality became the order of the night, [247] foaming bowls and flowing glasses decorated the tables; many of the citizens withdrawing to rest after their labours, made room for those who remained, and every one seemed desirous to

*"Wreath the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest wit can find us;  
We'll take a flight  
Towards heav'n to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us."*

The song, the toast, the sentiment, followed each other in rapid succession; mirth and good humour

prevailed, and time, while he exhausted himself, appeared to be inexhaustible. The beams of wit, the lively sallies of humour, and the interchange of good fellowship, radiated the glass in its circulation, and doubly enhanced its contents; and in amusements so truly congenial with the disposition of the Hon. Tom Dashall and his Cousin, they joined till after four o'clock in the morning, thus rendering themselves true and devoted citizens of Lushington, when they sallied forth, tolerably well primed for any lark or spree which chance might throw in their way. It was a fine morning, and while the shopkeepers and trades-men were taking their rest, the market gardeners and others were directing their waggons and carts to Covent Garden.

"Now," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "we will just take a turn round the Garden, and a stroll down Drury-lane, for a walk will do us no harm after our night's amusement, and we can hardly fail to find subjects worthy of observation, though; in all probability we are too early to realize all the poet's description of a market:"

*"A market's the circle for frolic and glee,  
Where tastes of all kinds may be suited;  
The dasher, the quiz, and the "up to all"—he,  
Pluck sprees from the plants in it rooted.  
If the joker, or queer one, would fain learn a place,  
Where they'd wish for a morning to "lark it,"  
They need go no further than just shew their face,  
In that region of mirth, a large market."*

The streets that surround the theatres, and which of an evening are thronged with the elegant equipage of [248] the visitors, were now filled with carts, waggons, and other vehicles of various denominations, for conveyance of the marketable commodities to and from the place of sale: here and there were groupes of Irishmen and basket-women, endeavouring to obtain a load, and squabbling with assiduous vociferations for the first call.

"This," said Tom, "is the largest market for vegetables we have in the metropolis, and supplies numerous retail dealers with their stock in trade; who assemble here early in the morning to make their bargains, and get them home before the more important business of the day, that of selling, commences." While Tom was explaining thus briefly to his Cousin, aloud laugh attracted their attention, and drew them to a part of the market where a crowd was collected, to witness a squabble between a Jew orange merchant and a pork butcher. {1}

*1 Although the Hon. Tom Dashall hurried his Cousin from the scene of altercation, at the time of its occurrence, they enjoyed a hearty laugh at the following report of the facts which appeared in one of the morning papers shortly afterwards:—*

*EFHRAIM versus STEWART.*

*"This was a proceeding in limine, by which the plain till' sought reparation for violence done to his religious scruples and bodily health by the defendant, inasmuch as he, the plaintiff being a Jew, on Wednesday, the 12th day of this month, in the forenoon, in the parish of St. Paul Covent Garden, did, with malice aforethought, knock him down with a pig's head, contrary to the statute, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King," &c.*

*Both plaintiff and defendant pleaded each for himself, no counsel being employed on either side.*

*Ephraim Ephraim deposed, that he is by profession an orange-merchant, carrying on his business in Covent Garden market. That the defendant, Richard Stewart, is a dealer in pork and poultry in the said market; and that he the said Richard Stewart, on the day and time then stated, did thrust a pig's face against his cheek with such violence, as to throw him backwards into a chest of oranges, whereby he sustained great damage both in body, mind, and merchandize. Plaintiff stated moreover, that he had previously and on sundry occasions forewarned the said Richard Stewart, it was contrary to the tenets of his religion to come in contact with pork, and yet nevertheless he the said Richard did frequently, and from time to time, intrude pork upon his attention, by holding it up aloft in the market, and exclaiming aloud, "Ephraim, will you have a mouthful?" All this, he humbly submitted, betokened great malice and wickedness in the said Richard, and he therefore besought the magistrate to interpose the protection of the law in his behalf.*

*The magistrate observed, that he was astonished a person of Mr. Stewart's appearance and respectability should be guilty of such conduct, and having explained to him that the law afforded equal protection to the professors of every religion, called upon him for his defence.*

*"May it please your Worship," said Mr. Richard Stewart, who is a well fed man, of a jolly and pleasing countenance, "May it please your Worship, I keeps a shop in Covent Garden Market, and have done so any time these ten years, and Mr. Ephraim's stand is next to mine. Now, your Worship, on Wednesday morning I'd a hamper o'pork sent up out o'Hertfordshire, and so I opened the hamper, and at the top of it lay a nice head, and I takes it and holds it up and says I, Heres a bootiful head, says I, did ever any body see such a handsome un, and sure enough your Worship it was the most bootifted as ever was, and would a done any body's heart*

good to see it. It was cut so clean of the quarter (drawing his finger closely across his own neck), and was so short i'the snout, and as white as a sheet,—it was, your Worship, remarkably handsome. And so, I said, says I, look here, did ever tiny body see such a picture, holding it up just in this manner. With that, 'Ah, says Mr. Ephraim, says he, now my dream's out; I dream't last night that I saw two pig's heads together, and there they are;' meaning my head, and the pig's head, your Worship. Well, I took no notice o'that, but I goes me gently behind him, and slides the pig's head by the side of his head, claps my own o' the other side all on a row, with the pig's in the middle, your Worship; and says I to the folks, says I, now who'll say which is the honestest face of the three. With that, your Worship, all the folks fell a laughing, and I goes myself quietly back again to a stall. But poor Ephraim, he fell in such a passion! Lord, Lord, to see what a pucker he were in, he danced, and he capered, and he rubbed his whiskers, though I verily believe the pig's head never touched him; and he jumped and he fidgeted about, all as one as if he was mad, till at last he tumbled into the orange chest, your Worship, of his own accord, as it were, and that's the long and the short of it, your Worship, as my neighbours here can specify."

His Worship, having listened attentively to those conflicting statements, decided that the defendant had acted indecently in insulting the religious feelings of the plaintiff, though at the same time the affair was hardly worth carrying to the Sessions, and therefore he would recommend the plaintiff to be satisfied with an apology.

The defendant expressed the greatest willingness to apologize. "For," says he, "I have ax'd another Jew what could make Mr. Ephraim in such a passion; and he told me, your Worship, that if you get a rale Jew, and rub him with a bit o'pork, it's the greatest crime as ever was."

Plaintiff and defendant then retired, and the matter was compromised.

The Israelite appeared to be in a great rage, swore he would have revenge of his insulting neighbour, and [250] pull him up. The exasperation of the Jew afforded much merriment to the spectators, who seemed to enjoy his aggravation: our friends, however, had arrived too late to discover the cause, and although not very particular about discovering themselves amid the mob, conceived it most prudent to move onward without inquiry; "for," as Tom observed, "if we ask any questions we are sure to be told lies: "they then passed through the Market, made their way up James-street to Long Acre, and thence to Drury-lane.



TOM & BOB, taking a stroll down Drury Lane at five in the Morning

The watchmen were just leaving their stations, with an intention to partake of what they had all night been endeavouring to deprive others, and the humbler ranks of society were preparing for the business of the day; while the batter'd beau, the clean'd out buck, and the dissipated voluptuary, were occasionally to be seen gliding from holes and corners, and scampering home with less wisdom in their heads, and less money in their purses, than when they left. Here was to be seen the City shopman, hastening away from his dulcinea, to get down his master's shutters before the gouty old gentleman should be able to crawl down stairs; there, the dandy, half dressed, and more than half seas over, buttoning his toggery close round him to keep out the damp air of the morning, affecting to sing

"Be gone dull care;"

slipped along, as he supposed, unobserved, between dustmen, scavengers, flue-fakers, gardeners, fish-fags, and brick-layer's labourers—to refit and put himself in a situation to recount the adventures of the night. At one door, stood a shivering group of half-starved chimney-sweepers, rending the air with their piercing cries of "sweep," occasionally relieved by a few hearty d—ns bestowed upon the servant, that she did not come down, in order to let a diminutive urchin yet up the flue; leaning against a post at the corner of the street was an overdone Irishman, making a bargain with pug-nosed Peg, a sort of half-bred pinafore cyprian, whose disappointments during the night induced her to try at obtaining a morning customer. The Hibernian was relating the ill usage he had been subjected to, and the necessity he had of making a hasty retreat from the

quarters he had taken up; while Bet Brill, on her road to Billingsgate, was blowing him up for wearing odd boots, and being a hod man—blowing a cloud sufficient to enliven and revive the whole party.

“Poor fellow,” said Tom, “it would be a charity to pop him into a rattler, and drive him home; and do you see, he is standing close to a mud cart, the delicate drippings of which are gently replenishing his otherwise empty pockets.”

“Be aisy,” said Pat Murphy the hodman, “arn't he an Irish jontleman, arn't I a jontleman from Ireland; and arn't it lit and proper, and right and just, as well as jontlemanly, that two jontlemen should go together, so come along Peg, we'll just take a taste of the cratur, drink success to the lads of Shellaly, and put the matter in its right shape.” With this pug-nosed Peg seized him by one arm, and the last orator by the other, and in a short time they entered a sluicery in the neighbourhood, which enclosed the party from view.

Turning from the group which they had been paying attention to, they were suddenly attracted by a female purveyor for the stomach, who was serving out her tea, coffee, and saloop, from a boiling cauldron, and handing with due complaisance to her customers bread and butter, which was as eagerly swallowed and devoured by two dustmen, who appeared to relish their delicate meal with as much of appetite and gout, as the pampered palate of a City alderman would a plate of turtle. The figure of the lady, whose commodities were thus desirable and refreshing to the hungry dust-collectors, struck Bob at the first view as having something matronly and kind about it.

“These persons,” said Tom, “are really useful in their vocation; and while they provide a wholesome beverage for the industrious, are rather deserving of approbation than censure or molestation: the latter, however, they are frequently subjected to; for the kids of lark, in their moments of revelry, think lightly of such poor people's stock in trade, and consider it a prime spree to upset the whole concern, without caring who may be scalded by the downfall, or how many of their fellow-creatures may go without a breakfast and dinner in consequence; but do you mark the other woman behind her?”

“I do,” said Bob, “and it is impossible to view them both without noticing the striking contrast they form to each other.”

“Your observations are just,” continued Tom; “that is an old beldame of the neighbourhood, in search of the poor unhappy girl who has just taken the Irishman in tow, an encourager of all that is vicious and baneful in society.”

“I could almost judge that from her features,” replied Bob, “though I do not pretend to much skill in physiognomy.”

“A debauched body and a vitiated mind are perceptible in her face, and having remained on the town till these were too visible for her to hope for a continuance, she is now a tutoress of others, to make the most of those with whom they promiscuously associate. She furnishes the finery, and shares the plunder. It is, however, a melancholy and disgusting picture of Real Life in London, and merely deserves to be known in order to be avoided, for there is no species of villainy to which persons of her stamp”—

“Of whom it is to be hoped there are but few,” cried Tallyho, interrupting him.

“For the sake of human nature,” replied Dashall, “it is to be hoped so; but there is no species of villainy to which they will not stoop.” {1}

*1 The Hon. Tom Dashall's observations on this subject are but too strikingly exemplified by a case heard at Worship-street Police Office a short time back, in which Jemima Matthews was charged with conduct which excited astonishment at the depravity of human nature.—One of the parish constables of Spitalfields stated, he proceeded to the residence of the prisoner in Upper Cato-street, and found the wretch at the bar surrounded by eight children, while a supper, consisting of a variety of meats and vegetables, was making ready on the fire. Three children, Frederick Clark, John Clark, and John Bailey, were owned by their parents. The children seemed so much under the controul of this infamous woman, that they were afraid to tell the truth until she was removed from the bar. Little Bailey then said, they were daily sent out to steal what they could, and bring it home in the evening. When they could get nothing else, they stole meat from the butchers, and vegetables from the green-grocers. The woman kept a pack of cards, by which she told their fortunes, whether they would succeed, or be caught by the officers. Mr. Swaby observed, that since he had attended the Office, he never witnessed a case of so much iniquity. The prisoner was remanded for further examination, and the magistrate intimated he should desire the parish to prosecute her for the misdemeanor, in exciting these children to commit felonies.*

At this moment their attention was suddenly called to another subject, by a loud huzza from a combination of voices at no great distance from where they then were, and in a few minutes a considerable concourse of dustmen and others appeared in view.

“There is something in the wind,” said Dashall, “we must have a look at these gentry, for there is frequently some humour among them.

“I hope,” replied Bob, “they have not overturned the dustcart in the wind, for I am apprehensive in such a case we should scarcely have eyes to view their frolics.”

Tom laughed at the ready turn of his Cousin, and remarking that all flesh was dust, proceeded towards the increasing party: here they soon found out; that, as a venerable son of the fan-tailed-hat fraternity described it, “a screw was loose.”

“Perhaps,” inquired Bob, “it is the linch-pin.” “Why aye, mayhap as how that there may be the case for aught I knows about it. Howsomdever, I'll tell you all about it:—first and foremost you must know that Dick Nobbs lives down here in Charles-street, and Dick Nobbs has got a wife. Now she is the devil's own darling,

and Dick is a match for her or the devil himself, come from wherever he may, but as good a fellow as ever lapp'd up a pail full of water-gruel; and so you must know as how Dick has this here very morning been found out, in bed with another man's wife. The other man is a nightman, and rubbish-carter, vhat lives in the same house with Dick; so this here man being out all night at a job, Dick gets lushy, and so help me——, he finds his way steady enough into that there man's bed, and when that there man comes home, my eyes vhat a blow up! There lays Dick Nobbs fast asleep in the man's wife's arms, so he kicks up a row—Dick shews fight—and the man comes and tells us all about it; so we are going to try him for a misdemeanor, and he can't help himself no how whatsomedever.”

Tom was alive to the story, and in a few minutes the culprit was conducted to a neighbouring public-house, tried before a whole bench of the society, cast, and condemned to undergo the usual sentence in such cases made and provided, entitled, “Burning Shame,” and active preparations were making by those of the fraternity without, to carry into immediate execution the sentence pronounced by those within.

The offender was decorated with a bunch of Christmas in his hat, and two large carrots in the front, tq[254] represent horns. In this manner he was mounted on the brawny shoulders of four of his companions, preceded by the crier of the court, another dustman, with a bell, which he rung lustily, and at intervals proclaimed the crime of which the culprit had been found guilty. After the crier, followed eight more of the brotherhood, two and two, their hats ornamented with bunches of holly, and a burning candle in the front of each hat. Then came the culprit, carried as already described, with a pot of heavy wet in one hand, and a pipe of tobacco in the other, which he occasionally smoaked, stooping forward to light it at one of the candles in the fantail hats of his two front supporters. The rear of this ludicrous procession was brought up by several other dustmen and coalheavers, and their ladies. The procession set out from Charles-street, down Drury-lane, Great Queen-street, Wild-street, and round Clare Market, followed by an immense crowd, which kept increasing as they went, and nearly rendered the streets impassable. Two collectors were appointed, one on each side of the street, and were very active in levying contributions among the spectators to defray the expenses. They stopped at several public-houses, where they quaffed off oceans of heavy wet, and numerous streamlets of old Jamaica, and then returned to headquarters in Charles-street, where the offence was drowned in drink, and they and their ladies passed the remainder of the evening, as happy as beer and gin, rum and tobacco, could make them.

Having witnessed a considerable part of this ceremonious proceeding, and been informed of the intended finale, our friends, who began to feel somewhat uncomfortable for want of refreshment and rest, proposed returning home; and having thrown themselves into a hack, they in a short time arrived at Piccadilly.

## CHAPTER XIX

*“If in Real Life's chapter you e'er tind a blank,  
?Tis yourself and you only you justly can thank;  
For to him who is willing—there's no need to stand,  
Since enough may be found 'twixt Mile End and the Strand  
To instruct, to inform, to disgust or invite,  
To deplore, to respect, to regret or delight.”*

*“'Tis in London where unceasing novelty grows,  
Always fresh—and in bloom like the opening rose;  
But if to the rose we its sweetness compare,  
“fis as freely confess'd many thorus gather there;  
And if to avoid the latter you're prone,  
?Tis at least quite as well, where they are, should be known.”*

The arrival at Piccadilly turned out to be truly agreeable to our friends, who were scarcely dressed and[255] seated at the breakfast-table, before they were surprised by the unexpected appearance of an old friend, whose company and conversation had upon many occasions afforded them so much pleasure and information. This was no other than Sparkle.

“My dear boy,” said the Hon. Tom Dashall, “you are welcome to the scene of former gratifications. How is your better half, and all friends in the country—any increase in the family? Why you look as healthy as Hygeia, and as steady as old time.”

“I confess,” replied Sparkle, “you ask so many questions upon important subjects in one breath, that I am quite deficient of wind to answer them seriatim. You must therefore take an answer in two words—all's right.”

“Enough,” replied Tom, “then I am content; but how, what,—are you in town alone?”

“You shall know all in time, but don't drive on too hard. I am glad to meet you again in the regions of fun, frolic, and humour, of which I doubt not there is, as there always was, a plentiful stock. Glad to see you both in good health and tip-top spirits. I have only come to pass a fortnight with you; and as I intend to make the utmost use of every minute of the time, don't let us waste in empty words what would be better employed in useful deeds.”

“Useful deeds,” re-echoed Tom, “useful deeds—that savours of reflection. I thought you were fully aware if[256] is an article considered of little value in the labyrinths of London; but since you are become, as I may venture to presume, a useful man, what may be the objects upon which you propose to practise your utility?”

“Still the same I find, Tom; all life, spirit, and gaiety, nothing like a hit, and I suppose you now think you have a palpable one. Never mind, I am not easily disconcerted, therefore you may play off the artillery of your wit without much chance of obtaining a triumph; but however, in plain words, I expect to be a happy father in about another month.”

"O ho!" said Tom, "then you are really a useful member of society, and I suppose are merely come up to town for the purpose of picking up a little more useful information and instruction how to perform the part of Papa."

"Nay," replied Sparkle, "I could hardly expect to obtain such from you. I must therefore be excused and acquitted of all such intentions—but joking apart, how are you devoted?"

"To you," replied Tallyho, who was much pleased by this accession to their society.

"Then," continued Sparkle, "lend me all the assistance in your power. When did you see our old friend Merrywell!"

"The last time I saw him was in a place of safety, studying the law, and taking lessons from its professors in the Priory."

"We must find him," replied Sparkle; "so if you are not engaged, come along, and I will relate the circumstances which induce this search as we proceed."

To this proposal Tom and Bob readily acceding, the party were quickly on their way towards Abbot's Park.

"You must know," said Sparkle, "that Merry well's uncle in the country having received some information<sup>[257]</sup> upon the subject of his confinement, probably very highly coloured, has since his release withdrawn his patronage and support, so that the poor fellow has been without supplies for some time past, and I am at a loss to conjecture by what means he is now working the oracle for a subsistence. His uncle, however, is in the last stage of a severe illness, with little chance of recovery; and as I apprehend there is but little time to spare, I intend, if possible, to find our old acquaintance, start him for his relative's residence, in hope that he may arrive in time to be in at the death, and become inheritor of his estate, which is considerable, and may otherwise be apportioned among persons for whom he has had but little or no regard while living."

"The object in view is a good one," said Dashall, "and I sincerely hope we shall succeed in our endeavours."

Passing down St. James's-street, Sparkle was quickly recognized by many of his old acquaintances and friends, and congratulated upon his return to the scenes where they had, in company with him, enjoyed many a lark; and invitations came in as fast upon him as the moments of life were fleeting away: for the present, however, all engagements were declined, till the principal object of his journey to London should be accomplished; and after inquiries about old friends, and observations upon the passing occurrences of the moment were over, they proceeded on their way. Westminster Bridge was the precise line of direction for them to pursue, and as fortune would have it, they had scarcely arrived at the foot of it, before they discovered Merrywell bustling along in an opposite direction: he, however, appeared rather inclined to pass without recognition or acknowledgment, when Sparkle turning close upon him, gave him a hearty tap on the shoulder, which made him as it were involuntarily turn his head.

"Well met," said Sparkle, "I want you."

"At whose suit. Sir?" was the immediate inquiry.

"To suit yourself," was a reply as quickly given.

"Zounds!" said Merrywell, "I had little idea of being tapped on the shoulder by an old friend—but are you indeed in earnest?"

"Certainly I am, and can't be refused; but if you should be pinched for bail, I think I have two friends with me who will do the needful;" introducing Tom and Bob.

"I see how it is," continued Merrywell, "and have no objection to a joke; but I can't bear to have it carried too far.—How d'ye do, how d'ye do—can't stop—in a devil of a hurry—full of business."

"Zounds!" said Tom, "you are almost as bad as the man who having married a wife could not come; but if <sup>[258]</sup> may be so bold, whither away so fast?"

"To Westminster Hall—the sessions is on—must go—law is like the tide, it stays for none—adieu."

"We cannot part thus," said Sparkle, "I have come some miles in search of you, and cannot afford to be played with now."

"Then accompany me to Westminster Hall, and I will be at your service."

"If not," replied Sparkle, "I shall enter a special detainer against you—so come along."

They now entered Westminster Hall, where Merry well having disposed of some briefs and other papers into the hands of a counsellor preparatory to a cause coming on;

"There," continued he, unow I am at your service."

"Then tell me," said Sparkle, "what you are at."

"First," inquired Merry well, "let me know what is your object in asking such a question."

This being briefly explained, together with the absolute necessity there was for his leaving town without delay—

"Now," said he, "I am at liberty to give you a sketch of circumstances which have befallen me since I saw you last."

"Come then," said Dashall, "we will proceed to Piccadilly, spend a comfortable afternoon, and ship you off by the mail from the White Horse Cellar at eight o'clock."

"With all my heart," was the reply. "Well, now you must understand, I am a sort of dabbler in professions. I was liberated from the high wall of the Priory by the Insolvent Debtor's Act; and since the unfortunate representation to the Old Boy, which deprived me of the needful supplies, I have tried my hand in three different ways."

"And which are they?"

"Love, law, and literature," continued Merry well.

"A very pretty combination," said Dashall, "and are you able to make them blend comfortably together?"

"Nothing more easy in the world. In the first place, a lady has taken a fancy to me, which fancy I am willing<sup>[259]</sup> to indulge; in return for which she provides me with every indulgence.—I profess to be principal in the office



of a" lawyer of established practice, who suffers me to share in the profits of such business as I can obtain. In the way of literature I have as yet done but little, though I am encouraged to hope much, from the success of others. Indeed I am told, if I can but write libels for John Bull, I may make a rapid fortune."

"And when so made," said Sparkle, "I shall wish you well with it; but I think the speculation I have already named much more likely to turn out equal to your wishes, and more consonant with your feelings, than the pursuit of either of those you have mentioned."

"There I agree perfectly with you; and if I can make all right with the old gentleman, a fig for all the rest of my occupations: but you know I always liked independence, and if I could not get a fortune ready made, I had a desire to be the architect of one I should raise for myself."

"Why I know you have generally borne the character of a man of genius."

"Yes, and a deal my character did for me after quitting the walls. Why man, I happened to hear of a vacancy in a city parish school, for which I ventured to conceive myself duly qualified, and therefore determined to make application to the churchwardens, one of whom had the character of being a man of great power, and was said to be the first in his line in the three kingdoms. Away I posted, full of hope and expectation of becoming a second Caleb Quotem, not doubting but salary and circumstances would turn out exactly to my wish."

"But I thought you liked independence," said Tallyho.

"Rather too much to engage in that concern," was the reply, "as you will hear presently. Upon tracing out this gentleman who bore so strong a recommendation to particular notice, you may guess my surprise upon finding 'Purveyor of sausages' in gold letters over his door."

Dashall burst into an irresistible laugh, and was most cordially joined by Sparkle and Tallyho, who were now strongly interested in the result of Merrywell's account.

"When I arrived," continued Merry well, "this patron was reading the newspaper, which he threw down immediately upon my entrance, having mistaken me for a customer."

"Survaut, Sir," said he, pulling down his greasy waist-coat.—"I am come, Sir," said I, "to make some inquiry[260] concerning a vacant school-master-ship."—"Oh there again," resumed the sausage-making churchwarden,—"Vy you are the seventeenth fellow that has been here to-day a bothering me about this plaguy vacasey. How do you read? you'll have a trial before me and my brother representative of this parish, and my spouse will also attend the reading bouts. Now if so be as you minds your hits, why then may be you'll be the dominy. But, mind you, I don't like your sonorous voices, and my spouse—she knows things quite as well as I do,—she wants a great deal of action, so only you mind, loud and sonorous, and plenty of muscular motion for my spouse, that's the vay to win; but I haven't any time to talk to you now, you must call of an evening, when I am more at leisure, and then I'll explain; so move off now, Sir, move off, for I sees a customer coming—survant maum."—"Flesh and blood could bear no more, and so"———"So what," said Sparkle; "did you knock him down in the midst of his own sausages?"

"No, no, I knew too much of the law for that; but I cut the churchwarden, and bolted from the sausage-shop, determined to embrace law, physic, or divinity, in preference to cutting

— The rumps  
Of little school-boy Jackies."

"The study of the law was rather compulsory than voluntary, for during my residence in the College I was under the necessity of devoting some part of my time to, though I felt no great partiality for it; and you know law is law; and as in such, and so forth, and hereby and aforesaid, provided always nevertheless notwithstanding, law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired: law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off: law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow: law is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us: law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it."

"I believe that sincerely," cried the Hon. Tom Dashall; "for I think there are instances enough in which law[261] has nothing at all to do with justice."{1}

*1 This remark of the Hon. Tom Dashall is admirably illustrated by the following statement:—*

*Twelve People in one Bail Bond fob Ten Pounds.—There are very few instances of delinquency which we have stated, that will stagger the belief of the fair practitioner, because they know such transactions are possible; their only surprise is the impunity with which they are committed, mixed with some regret that the profession is so contaminated. The species of speculation we have now to submit to our readers is of singular nature; for we know not whether folly, impudence, or infamy, has the greater share in the transaction; we will therefore leave our readers to judge:—as to the statement of the fact, it is impossible we can err, as we were concerned for the defendants, and the case, singular as it is, was literally and accurately thus:—One of those unfortunate females who contribute to the existence of a miscreant crew of bawds, milliners, hair-dressers, tally-women, and many other reptiles of the same class, was arrested for ten pounds, at the house of the celebrated, or, more properly speaking, the notorious, Mrs. Johnson, of Jermyn-street:—the attorney accompanied the officer; and it happened that a young gentleman connected with a banking-house of great respectability was present, whom the attorney directed to take in a bail bond, with the lady-abbess herself; but as they were not sufficiently responsible, ten more of the*

cyprian tribe, all nuns of the same convent, were likewise required to execute this bond; of course they complied. The attorney, after having made the parties acquainted with the great favour he had shewn them, and the vast responsibility he had taken upon himself, required no more than two guineas for the officer and himself; telling them he would give them information when any thing further was to be done; instead of which he took an assignment, sued out process, prepared declarations, and served the parties.

The gentleman, rather alarmed at the idea of the circumstance being known, desired us to pay the debt and costs: for that purpose we applied to the attorney, and to our astonishment we were informed that the costs amounted to Thirty Pounds! for that there were twelve defendants. The reader cannot suppose that any thing further could pass upon such a preposterous subject, than giving notice of an application to the court, to set aside the proceedings. On our return home we found eleven of the defendants, consisting of the old brood hen and her chickens, each with a copy of the process in her hand. The business now most certainly put on the appearance of some costs. We again applied to the attorney, and, by way of cutting it short, offered him five pounds; but he, like many others who rely on the integrity and propriety of their practice, disdained a compromise, or abridgement of his lawful fees, and he was hardly enough to suffer the application. It is almost needless to say, the proceedings were set aside. We have forebome to mention the name of the attorney, on account of the misery in which this dreadful transaction has involved him, a misery which amply atones for his offences, and deprives him of the power of ever offending again as an attorney. Far be it from us then to sink him deeper in the gulph of wretchedness: we kick not the dead lion; it is athletic triumphant villany against which we wage war.

By this time they were arrived in Piccadilly, where they sat down to a cheerful refreshment, and proceeded[202] to make arrangements for Merry well's departure: previous to this, however, Dashall and his Cousin had an engagement to keep with their Hibernian friends, of which particulars will appear in the next Chapter.

## CHAPTER XX

*All hail to the day of the tutelar Saint,  
Old George, not the King, but the Prince of brave fellows,  
And Champion of England, by Providence sent  
To slay a fierce Dragon as histories tell us!*

*And hail to the King of the first Isle on Earth,  
His fame with St. George and the Dragon who blending,  
Has chosen to celebrate this as his birth,  
The day of all others, good fortune portending.*

*Away then with Care, let us haste to the Park,  
Where Buckingham-house will exhibit a levy  
Resplendent in rank, youth and beauty;-and hark!  
Hoarse cannon announce both the birth-day and Levee.*

*Reverberate then, in each sea-port the roar!  
And wave England's Standard on high, from each steeple,  
And skip from the oiling, each ship, to the shore,  
And joyfully dance on dry land with the people!{1}*

*1 That we may not be accused of plagiarism, we acknowledge ourselves indebted for the hyperbole contained in the last two lines of these introductory stanzas, to an original recommendation for a proper display of rapture, as contained in the following couplet by one Peter Ker, wherein he very humanely invites all the vessels belonging to Great Britain to strand themselves out of joy for the accession of James I.*

*"Let subjects sing, bells ring, and cannons roar,  
And every ship come dancing to the shore."*

*The morning of St. George's Day was ushered in, as the appointed anniversary of his Majesty's birth, by all the church-bells of the metropolis, the waving of the royal standard from the steeples, the display of the colours of all nations by the vessels in the Thames, and Cumberland mentions in his Memoirs, that when his father the Bishop revisited his estate in Ireland, an affectionate rustic hit upon an ingenious mode of shewing his happiness, by leaping from a tree, and breaking his leg! We do not find that any of his Majesty's loving subjects in the Park on St. George's Day followed the example of the Irish rustic!*



ST. GEORGE'S DAY, PRESENTATION AT THE LEVEE.

Other manifestations of affection by a grateful people to the best of Sovereigns!—

*"The sky was overcast, the morning lower'd,  
And heavily in clouds brought on the day."*

But despite of wind or wet, female curiosity must be gratified. Miss Judith Macgilligan had some time[264] previous to this auspicious day, expressed a desire to witness the gay and brilliant assemblage of company in progress to the Levee, and Tom and Bob having gallantly volunteered their services on this important occasion, they now sallied forth, just as the Park and Tower guns were thundering the announcement of festivity, and joining Sir Felix O'Grady and his aunt at their lodgings, the party immediately moved onward to the scene of action.

Already had Royalty taken wing, and dignified with his presence the late maternal Palace, before our pedestrians reached the Park, to the great disappointment of Miss Macgilligan, who however consoled herself with the hope of being able to obtain a glimpse of monarchy as his Majesty passed on his return to Carlton-house.

The Baronet in the meanwhile was in a reverie, which at last broke out in the following rhapsody:—

*Oh! blest occasion of dispensing good,  
How seldom used, how little understood!—  
To nurse with tender care the thriving arts,  
Watch every beam philosophy imparts:  
To give religion her unbridled scope,  
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;  
With close fidelity and love unfeign'd,  
To keep the matrimonial bond unstain'd;  
Covetous only of a virtuous praise,  
His life a lesson to the land he sways.  
Blest country where these kingly glories shine!  
Blest England, if this happiness be thine!*

*But,—*

*If smiling peeresses, and simp'ring peers,  
Encompassing his throne a few short years;  
If the gilt carriage and the pamper'd steed,  
That wants no driving and disdains the lead;  
If guards, mechanically form'd in ranks,  
Playing at beat of drum their martial pranks,  
Should'ring, and standing as if stuck to stone,  
While condescending majesty looks on;—  
If monarchy consists in such base things,  
Sighing, I say again, I pity Kings.*

An immense number of splendid carriages now presented themselves to view, in continued and[265] uninterrupted succession, stretching from the Horse Guards the whole length of the Mall, to Buckingham-house, where each setting down, and thence taking up a position in the Bird-cage Walk, they formed a circle of nearly two miles, and exhibited, in the magnificence of the vehicles, the admirable symmetry of the horses, and rich liveries of the attendants, a scene of interest, matchless perhaps by any other metropolis in the universe.

Skirting the indeterminable line of carriages, that slowly and under frequent stoppages proceeded to the goal of attraction, our party penetrated at last the dense mass of spectators, and gaining a favourable post of observation, took a position adjacent to Buckingham-house, where the band of music of the Foot Guards within, and that of the Horse Guards without the iron-railing circumscribing the palace, alternately enlivened the scene with "concord of sweet sounds."

But the great and general object of attention, was that of female loveliness, occupying almost every passing vehicle. Dashall remarked, that he had never before been gratified with such an extensive and captivating display. Sir Felix and the Squire were in raptures, and even the primitive austerity of Miss Macgilligan yielded to the influence of beauty, and acknowledging its predominancy, she at same time observed, that its fascination was enhanced by the dress of the ladies, which, though splendid, exhibited genuine taste, and was more remarkable for its uniform adherence to modesty than she had hitherto seen it on any similar occasion.

*1 We are not fastidious, neither would we wish the charms of youth and beauty inaccessible to admiration; but certainly the dress, or rather undress of our fair countrywomen, has of late years bordered closely on nudity.—Female delicacy is powerfully attractive; we were glad to observe its predominancy at the last Levee, and we trust that it will gain universal prevalence.—Edit.*

Dashall, whose place would more properly have been in the circle within the palace than amongst the[266] spectators without, was frequently saluted by the passing company; and when the fair hand of beauty waved gracefully towards him, Sir Felix felt happy in the friendship and society of a gentleman thus honoured with such distinguished recognition, and in the warmth of his feelings exclaimed aloud, that, “by the immortal powers, were he King of England, he would be more proud of the irradiating charms of these celestial visitors, than in the diadem of royalty and extension of empire!” This remark was universally acquiesced in, and most cordially so by a group of lively girls, to whom it had apparently given much pleasure; one of whom thanked the Baronet in the name of the sex, and complimented him on his gallantry, which she said was truly characteristic of his country.

To Sir Felix an encomium from a fair lady was ever irresistible.

He bowed, expressed a commensurate feeling of gratitude for the honour conferred upon him, and professed himself an ardent admirer of the whole of women kind; concluding by humming a stanza from Burns,—

*“Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O.”*

Unluckily for the apophthegm of the Baronet, it so happened, that a quarrel took place in the immediate vicinity and hearing of the party, between two rival female fruiterers of the Emerald Isle; during which incivilities were exchanged in language not altogether acceptable to the auricular organs of delicacy. The brogue was that of Munster,—the war of words waged quicker and faster; and from invective the heroines seemed rapidly approximating to actual battle. Neither park-keeper nor constable were at hand; and although the surrounding mobility “laughed at the tumult and enjoyed the storm,” Sir Felix, much distressed at so untoward an incident, and deeply interested in the honour of his country, so lately the theme of elegant panegyric, dashed through the crowd, the component parts of which he scattered aside like chaff, and arrested the further progress of the wranglers.

“Arrah, now, for the honour of Munster, be any, ye brats of the devil's own begetting!”

“Hear him! hear him! hear the umpire!” resounded from all quarters.

“May the devil make hell-broth of ye both, in his own caldron!”

The mirth of the multitude became now still more obstreperous, and Tom and Bob pushed forward to the[267] assistance of their friend, who was in the act of keeping the two viragos apart from each other, having a hand on each, and holding them at arms length, alternately threatening and remonstrating, while the two nymphs, with frightful grimaces, struggled to elude his grasp, and abide the chance of war;—the scene altogether would have afforded ample scope for the pencil of an artist; and if not edifying, was at least to a numerous and motley assemblage of spectators, highly entertaining. Sir Felix declined the assistance of his friends,—

“Never mind it,” said he, “I'll settle the affair myself, my honies:” and slipping a half-crown piece into the hand of each of the amazons—“Now be off wid you,” he whispered,—“lave the Park immediately;—away to the gin-shop;—shake hands wid each other in friendship; and drink good-luck to Sir Felix O'Grady.”

With many expressions of gratitude, the contending parties obeyed the mandate, and walked off lovingly together, cheek-by-jowl, as if no irruption of harmony had happened!

“Long life to him!” exclaimed a son of green Erin; “wid a word in the ear he has settled the business at once.”

“And I pray,” said a reverend looking gentleman in black, “that all conflicting powers may meet with like able mediation.”

“Amen!” responded a fellow in the drawling nasal tone of a parish-clerk; and the congregation dispersed.

The tumult thus happily subdued, Sir Felix, with Tom and Bob, rejoined Miss Macgilligan and the group with whom she had been left in charge when the two latter gentlemen came to the Baronet's relief.

The “ardent admirer of the whole of women kind” sustained the jokes of the company with admirable equanimity of temper; and the same young lady who had eulogized his gallantry, now said that it was unfair, and what the Baronet could not possibly mean, to take his words in their literal acceptation; at the same time she highly commended his benevolent interference in the quarrel between the two women, and congratulated him on his address in bringing it to an amicable termination.

Resuming their attention to the still continued line of company, Dashall and his friends remarked that[268] pearls were a prominent part of female ornament at the present levee; particularly, he said, with the galaxy of Civic beauty from the East; for he had recognized so decorated, several elegantes, the wives and daughters of aldermen, bankers, merchants and others, of his City acquaintances. {1} A ponderous state carriage, carved and gilt in all directions, and the pannels richly emblazoned with heraldry, now came slowly up the Mall, and Sir Felix immediately announced the approach of the Lord Mayor of the City of London; but as the vehicle approximated nearer towards him, he became lost in a labyrinth of conjecture, on perceiving, that the pericranium of its principal inmate was enveloped in a wig of appalling dimensions; he now inquired whether the profundity of wisdom was denoted by the magnitude of a wig; and if so, why it was not worn by the Civic Sovereign rather on the seat of justice, where it might operate *in terrorem* on delinquency, than on the happy occasion of his Majesty's anniversary; when Dashall unravelled the mystery, by acquainting the Baronet, that the personage whom he supposed to be the Lord Mayor of London, was the Lord High Chancellor of England.

*1 By what curious links and fantastical relations are mankind connected together. At the distance of half the globe, a Hindoo gains his support by groping at the bottom of the sea for the morbid concretion of a shell-fish, to decorate the throat of a London alerman's wife! It is said that the great Linnæus had discovered the secret of infecting oysters with this perligenous disease; what is become of the secret we know not, as the only interest tee take in oysters, is of a much more vulgar, though perhaps a more humane nature. Mr. Percival, in his Account of the Island of Ceylon, gives a very interesting account of the fishery, and of the Sea-dogs. "This animal is as fond of the legs of Hindoos, as Hindoos are of the pearls of oysters; and as one appetite appears to him much more natural and less capricious' than the other, he never fails to indulge it."*

The company still poured along, numerous and diversified, beyond all former precedent; including all the nobility in town, their ladies, daughters, et cetera; officers of the army and navy, grand crosses and knights companions of the most honourable order of the Bath; dignified sages and learned brethren of the law; and, "though last, not least in our esteem," the very right reverend Fathers in God, the Lords Bishops, in the costume of sacerdotal panoply; and amidst the fascination of female beauty, setting their affections on things above!{1}

*1 Latimer, bishop of Worcester, speaking of the gentlemen of the black cloth, says,—"Well, I would all men would look to their dutie, as God hath called them, and then we should have a flourish-ing Christian common weale. And now I would ask a strange question. Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all Englande, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all Englande. And will you know who it is? I will tell you. It is the Devil! He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never fynde him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never fynde him out of the way; call for him when you will he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realme; no lording or loytering can hynder him; he is ever applying his busyness; ye shall never f'ynde him idle I warrant you."*

From noon until past four, visitors continued to arrive; when the carriages again circumscribed the Park, each taking up at the gate of Buckingham-house, and thence passing home by the Bird-cage Walk, and through the Horse Guards. The arrangements were excellent; no accident occurred. The Life Guards lined the Mall, and a numerous detachment of police-officers were on the alert throughout the day. Their indefatigable exertions however were not entirely available in counteracting the industry of the light-fingered gentry, of whom there were many on the look-out; and doubtless on this, as on every other occasion of public resort in the metropolis, they reaped the fruits of a plentiful harvest.

The party sauntering along the Mall, Sir Felix observed one of the group with whom he was associated when viewing the company proceeding to the Palace, and would have entered into familiar chit-chat with him, but for the interposition of Dashall, who taking the Baronet aside, cautioned him against having intercourse with a stranger, of whom he knew nothing, but who had all the appearance of a black-leg.

Dashall was an accurate observer of men and manners; and in the present instance his conjecture was well founded; for, in a few subsequent moments,

What was the devil's gratitude to Latimer for this eulogy According to his biography, "for his zeal in the Protestant faith, he was, with Ridley, bishop of London, burnt at Oxford in 1554." this assumed gentleman was met by a reconnoitering party of the police, who claiming the privilege of old acquaintance, took him into custody as a reputed thief, to the manifest surprise and dismay of Miss Judith Macgilligan, who instinctively putting her hand into her pocket, found that her purse had vanished through the medium of some invisible agency. It contained, fortunately, silver only. She now mentioned her loss, and expressed her suspicion of the gentleman in duress; he having stood close by her, for a considerable length of time, while she and her friends were stationary in the Mall. The officers accordingly searched him; but the wily adept, anticipating consequences, had disencumbered himself of the purse; part of the silver, however, found in his possession, tallied in description with that which had been lost, although the lady could not identify it as her property. He was conducted from the Park, with the view of being introduced to the recollection of the magistrates of the Public-office in Bow-street.

During this transaction, a carriage bearing the royal arms, and attended by two footmen only, drove rapidly along the Mall, without attracting particular notice, and entering the garden-gate of Carlton-house, was immediately lost to public view; nor did the numerous groups who were in waiting to catch a transient glance of royalty, recognise in the unassuming inmate of this vehicle, the sacred person of his most gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, who was thus pleased modestly to decline the congratulations of his loving subjects, by eluding, incognita, their observation.

This was a second grievous disappointment to our venerable aunt, and might have operated as a spell against the further enjoyment of the day; but the gloom of vexation was dispersed by the Esquire of Belville-hall, who observed, that the royal lineage of the lady might aspire to a more intimate knowledge of majesty than a view *en passant*, and that at any future levee there could not exist a doubt of the facility of Miss Macgilligan's introduction.

A convenient and vacant bench presenting itself, the associates now seated themselves.

"Apropos," exclaimed Sir Felix, "talking of the King, does his Majesty mean to honour with another visit his Hanoverian dominions this ensuing summer?"

The inquiry was directed to Dashall, whom the Baronet was accustomed to look upon as an universal[271] intelligencer.

Tom declared his incompetency to answer the question.

"Well," continued Sir Felix, "were I the monarch of this empire, I would make myself acquainted with every part of it. A tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, should be my primary object, and a visit to my foreign territories a subordinate consideration, I would travel from town to town in the land that gave me birth; like the Tudors and the Stuarts; with confidence in the loyalty of my people, my person should be familiar to them, and I should at all times be accessible to their complaints. Elizabeth and the Second James made frequent excursions into distant parts of the country, and every where were received with addresses of fidelity. Were his present Majesty to follow, in this respect, the example of his royal predecessors, who can doubt his experiencing the most ample and unequivocal demonstrations of attachment to his person and government?"

The friendly associates indulged a hearty laugh at the expense of the visionary, although they did him the justice to believe that his theoretical improvements on the policy of majesty were the ebullition of a generous heart, warm in fraternal regard for the whole of human kind.

Tom, however, reminded him that the pusillanimous James II. acquired no popularity by his royal tours; and that the affections of the people were not to be gained by the merely personal condescension of the monarch. {1}

*1 During the reign of King James II., and when, not unlike the present day, the people were much oppressed and burthened with taxes, that monarch having, in the course of a tour through England, stopt at Winchelsea, the Corporation resolved to address his Majesty; but as the Mayor could neither read nor write, it was agreed that the Recorder should prompt him on the occasion. Being introduced, the Recorder whispered the trembling Mayor, "Hold up your head, and look like a man." The Mayor mis-taking this for the beginning of the speech, addressed the King, and repeated aloud, "Hold up your head, and look like a man." The Recorder, in amaze, whispered the Mayor, "What the devil do you mean?" The Mayor in the same manner instantly repeated, "What the devil do you mean?" The Recorder, alarmed, whispered more earnestly, "By G---d, Sir, you'll ruin us all."*

*The Mayor, still imagining this to be a part of his speech, said, with all "his might, "By G---d, Sir, you'll ruin us all."*

So slow was the progress of the vehicles towards the palace for the purpose of taking up their respective[272] owners, that many gentlemen, whose residences were in the vicinity, rather than wait, preferred walking across the Park; while the unusual exhibition of a pedestrian in full court-dress excited no little attention from the multitude. Our party proceeding in their lounge, was presently met by one of these gentlemen, who recognizing Dashall and Tallyho, shook them cordially by the hand, and was introduced to Sir Felix and his Aunt, as Captain of the Royal Navy.

The Captain, to adopt a Court phrase, was most graciously received by the lady; who observing he had been present at the Levee, begged that he would favour her with an account of what had passed.

The gallant Captain, retracing his steps with his friends along the Mall, said, that little or nothing had occurred worthy of remark.

"The drawing-room," he continued, "was crowded to such excess, that I should have felt myself more at ease in the bilboes; however, amidst the awkwardness of the squeeze, I frequently came into unavoidable contact with some very fine girls, and that pleasure certainly more than compensated all inconveniences. The King (God bless him)! perspired most prodigiously; for the heat was intolerable; he appeared very much fatigued; and I hope has retired with a superior relish to enjoy the quietude and luxury of the royal table at Carlton Palace. The presentations of the female sprigs of nobility were numerous, to all of whom he paid particular attention, in duty bound, as a gallant Cavalier and the best bred gentleman in Europe. Indeed, he seemed to gloat on the charms of those terrestrial deities with ecstasy! The introductions were endless, and the etiquette tiresome and monotonous. In fact, after making my humble congée, extrication became my only object, and I effected a retreat with difficulty. My stay was short, and as I had neither inclination nor opportunity for minute remark, I hope, Madam, that you will pardon my incapability of answering your inquiry in a more particular manner."

Nothing farther could be elicited. In truth, the Captain had left nothing untold; for his description of the[273] Levee, although succinct, was correct, laying aside the enumeration of the *dramatis personæ*, too numerous, and in many instances perhaps too insignificant, for recollection.

The gallant son of Neptune now took his leave, and the party continued to enjoy the pleasure of the promenade.

The Park was still thronged with spectators, attracted by the retiring visitors, of whom some it seems were no welcome guests.

Whether vice had contaminated the hallowed presence of Royalty, we cannot take upon us to say; but it appears that the sanctum sanctorum had been polluted by intrusion; for a notification was issued next day by the Lord Chamberlain, prefaced with the usual Whereas, "that certain improper persons had gained access to his Majesty's Levee, and stating, that in future no one would be admitted unless in full Court dress, including

*1 As if these appendages were only within the reach of the higher classes of the community, and uncomeatable by purchase! The most depraved character may obtain the plausible appearance of gentility, and obtrude himself into the first circle of fashion. These opportunities abound in the metropolis; and such is the apathy of the present age, that the accomplished swindler, of exterior allurements, intermixes, sans inquiry, with honourable rank; and even where inquiry is deemed necessary, all minor considerations vanish before the talismanic influence of Wealth! "Is he rich? Incalculably so! Then, let's have him, by all means." Thus the initiated of Chesterfield obtain admission into polished society, although the Principles of Politeness inculcated by that nobleman, contain, as a celebrated lexicographer said of them, "the morals of a wh\*\*e, and the manners of a dancing-master!"*

The party having lounged away another pleasant hour, made ultimately their exit from the Park by the Stable-yard, and entering Pall Mall, were agreeably surprised with a very interesting exhibition.

During many years of the late King's reign, it was usual on the birth-day anniversary for the different mail coaches to pass in review before his Majesty in front of St. James's Palace. The custom still prevails.

On the present occasion numerous spectators had assembled opposite Carl ton-house; and it is presumed that the Sovereign thence witnessed the procession, although he was not within the view of public observation.

Above thirty mail coaches, fresh gilt and painted, or in the language of churchwardens, beautified, and each[274] drawn by four noble-spirited, yet perfectly tractable horses, elegantly caparisoned, now made their appearance. The cavalcade moved slowly onward, the prancing steeds impatient of restraint, and conscious of superiority. On the box of each vehicle was seated a portly good looking man, the knowing Jehu of the road, and behind was the guard, occasionally "winding his bugle-horn" with melodious and scientific ability. The reins and harness were new, so also were the royal liveries of the coachmen and guards. Mounted conductors led the van of the procession, while others accompanied it on either side; and the interest of the scene was considerably heightened by each coach being occupied inside by handsome well-dressed women and children. The rear of this imposing spectacle was brought up by a long train of the twopenny post-boys, all newly clothed in the royal uniform, and mounted on hardy ponies, chiefly of the Highland and Shetland breed. The cavalcade halted in front of the royal residence, and gave three cheers in honour of the day, which were heartily returned by the populace. The procession then resumed its progress by Charing-cross, the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, round St. Paul's, and by Cheapside into Lombard-street,

Passing up the new street, the associates reached the mansion of Dashall, who had previously engaged his friends to dinner.

An elegant repast was immediately served up, and highly enjoyed by the party, after such prolonged exercise and abstinence.

The conversation turning on the recent interesting exhibition, it was universally acknowledged, that the introduction of the mail coach into the establishment of the General Post-office, might be classed among the highest improvements of the age, as amazingly accelerating the celerity of intercourse with all parts of the empire. Neither was the well-merited meed of encomium withheld from the Twopenny-post Institution, by which, so frequently in the course of the day, the facility of communication is kept up within the metropolis and suburbs, extending to all adjacencies, and bounded only by the limits of the bills of mortality. Dashall, who seldom let slip an opportunity of appropriate remark digressed from the procession to the important[275] national utility of the Post-office, and thence, by easy transition, to the sublime powers of the human mind, as emphatically exemplified in the invention of writing and printing; while Sir Felix, who was well experienced in the British poets, favoured his aunt with a quotation from Pope's Epistle of Heloisa to Abelard, subject, however, to such whimsical interpolation as he deemed suitable to the occasion:—

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid, Some antique, lovesick, North of Ireland maid! They live, they speak, they breathe what age inspires, Preposterous fondness and impure desires! The latent wish without a blush impart, Reveal the frailties of a morbid heart; Speed the neglected sigh from soul to soul, And waft a groan from Indus to the Pole!

The reading of Miss Macgilligan, like her ideas, was rather on a contracted scale. She suspected, however, that her nephew had aimed against her the shafts of ridicule, and was preparing her resentment accordingly; when the Baronet deprecating her wrath, assured her, that he had recited the lines exactly as originally written, and that in the present clay they had no personal application, having been composed by a little cynical fellow many years before Miss Macgilligan came into existence.—The lady gave credence to the assertion, and the impending storm was happily averted.

The residence of royalty being within the precinct of St. James's, the bells of the neighbouring church sounded a merry peal in the ears of the party; and were responded to by those of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, a parish of which it is remarkable that his Majesty George II. was once church-warden, serving the office, of course, by deputy. The steeple of this church, as well as those of many others in the metropolis, displayed, throughout the day, the royal standard, a manifestation of loyalty which likewise extended itself to the liquid element of old father Thames, where many of the vessels commemorated the anniversary by frequent salutes of artillery, under the decorative and splendid canopy formed by the colours of all nations.

The carriages of the foreign ambassadors, and those of the friends of government, were again in[276] requisition, and rattled along the streets towards the several mansions of the members of administration, who each, in conformity with ancient usage, gave a grand dinner on the birth-day, at least on that appointed for its celebration.

"At these dinners," said Dashall, "politics and etiquette are both laid aside; conviviality is the order of the

day; the glass, the joke, the repartee and the 'retort courteous,' circulate freely, and all is harmony and good humour."

"With sometimes a sprinkling of alloy," said the Squire, "I have heard that during the administration of Mr. Pitt, he and the Lord Chancellor Thurlow were frequently at variance on subjects having no reference to politics, and even under the exhilarating influence of the grape."

The party were all attention, and the Squire proceeded—"At a cabinet dinner a discussion took place between the Premier and Lord Chancellor, as to the comparative merits of the Latin and English languages. Mr. Pitt gave the preference to the former, the Chancellor! to the latter; and the arguments on both sides were carried on with equal pertinacity.—The Premier would not yield a jot in opinion. Becoming at last impatient of opposition,

"Why," said he, "the English language is an ambiguity—two negatives make an affirmative; but in the Latin, two negatives make a positive."—"Then," said the Chancellor, "your father and mother must have been two negatives, to make such a positive fellow as you are!" {1}

*1 Lord Chancellor Thurlow, although a very eccentric character, was yet a man of uncommon benevolence. A vacancy having occurred in a valuable living of which he had the presentation, numerous were the candidates for the benefice; and amongst others, one, recommended by several of the nobility, friends of the ministry, who made himself sure of the appointment, although, directly or indirectly, the Chancellor had not given any promise. In the meanwhile, it was one morning announced to his Lordship, that a gentleman, apparently a clergyman, waited the honour of an interview. The servant was ordered to shew the stranger into the library, whither the Chancellor shortly repaired, and inquired the object of the visit. "My Lord," said the other, "I served the office of Curate under the deceased Rector, and understanding that the presentation is in your Lordship's gift"—"You want the living," exclaimed the Chancellor, gruffly. "No, my Lord; my humble pretensions soar not so high; but I presume, most respectfully, to entreat your Lordship's influence with the new Incumbent, that I may be continued in the Curacy." Surprised and pleased by the singular modesty of the applicant, who had served the same parish as Curate above twenty years, and now produced the most ample testimonials of character, his Lordship entered into conversation with him, and found him of extensive erudition, and orthodox principles. He ascertained, besides, that this poor Curate had a wife with six children entirely dependent on his exertions for support; and that the remuneration allowed for the faithful discharge of arduous duties, had been only thirty pounds per annum. The Chancellor now promised his influence in behalf of the Curate, with the person who probably might succeed to the living. "I shall see him," added his Lordship, "this very day; attend me to-morrow, and you shall know the result." The Curate took his leave, and in the course of the morning the would-be Rector made his appearance. "O!" exclaimed his Lordship, entering directly into the business, "I have had a humble suitor with me to-day,—the Curate of the late incumbent whom you are desirous of succeeding; he wishes to continue in the Curacy; the poor man is burthened with a large family, and hitherto has been very inadequately rewarded for his labour in the productive vineyard of which you anticipate the possession and emolument. Suppose that you constitute the happiness of this worthy man, by giving him a salary of one hundred pounds per annum; he will have all the duties to perform, and you will pocket a surplus, even then, of seven hundred a year, for in fact doing nothing!" This would-be was astonished; he had never before heard of a Curate in the receipt of one hundred pounds per annum; besides, he had already engaged a person to do the duty for twenty-five pounds. Fired with indignation at the inhumanity and arrogant presumption of this callous-hearted Clergyman,—"What!" exclaimed his Lordship, "and so you would turn the poor Curate out of doors, and abridge the miserable pittance of his successor, and all this before you've got the living! John, shew this fellmo down stairs!" Gladly would this Incumbent, by anticipation, have conceded every point required; but it was too late; the die was cast, and he found himself in the street, unknowing how he got there, whether on his hands or his lucls! Next day the Curate was announced. "I have not been able to succeed," said his Lordship,—"the new Incumbent has engaged a person who will do the duty for twenty-five pounds per annum." His Lordship paused, and the unfortunate Curate looked the personification of Despondency. "Cheer up, man!" exclaimed his Lordship, "If I have not influence sufficient to continue you in possession of the Curacy, I can, at least, give you the Living!" putting into the hands, at the same time, of the amazed Curate, the presentation to a Rectory worth eight hundred pounds per annum!! Here we must draw the Grecian painter's veil,—the gratification on either side may be conceived, but cannot be expressed.*

Sir Felix laughed heartily at this anecdote, and inquired of his aunt whether she knew any of the Positive[278] family in the North of Ireland.

"Perfectly well," retorted the lady, "they are allied to the *Wrongheads* of the province of Munster!"



This reproof, which was hailed with applause by Tom and Bob, dumb-founded the Baronet, who became suddenly taciturn; but his habitual good humour predominated, and conscious that he had brought on himself the inflicted castigation, he resolved on a cessation of hostilities for the remainder of the evening.

The invitation by Dashall having been without formal ceremony, and unhesitatingly accepted by Miss Macgilligan and her nephew, they now, in turn, claimed the like privilege of freedom, by soliciting the company of the two Cousins to supper; a request which Tom and Bob cheerfully acquiesced in; and the party immediately set out for the Baronet's lodgings, preferring to walk the short distance, that they might view, more leisurely, the accustomed illuminations on the anniversary of his Majesty's birth-day.

The variegated lamps were tastefully arranged; but this effusion of loyalty was rather of an interested than interesting description, being confined wholly to the public-offices, the theatres, and the different houses of his Majesty's tradesmen; no other habitation in this immense metropolis bearing any external indication of attachment, on the part of its occupant, to the Sovereign of the British Empire!

"Here comes a set of jolly fellows," exclaimed the Baronet, as the party of friends turned into Bow-street from Covent-Garden, "who are at least determined to honour the anniversary of St. George and their Sovereign," the clang of marrow bones and cleavers resounding with harsh and stunning dissonance.

"Rather," said Dashall, "fellows determined to levy contributions on the public, caring as little for the actual George the King, as they do for the fabulous George the Champion."

*Now loud and yet louder the grating din grew,  
And near and more near still the butcher-gang drew;  
Rapacious, obstrep'rous, a turbulent set,  
And bent on annoyance of all whom they met.*

It was in vain that our party attempted to avoid them by crossing the street. The intention was quickly[279] thwarted by these self-licensed prowlers, who intercepting our associates in the carriage-way, encircled them in such a manner, as to preclude the possibility of extrication; and raised, at the same time, a discoid of sounds, compared with which the vocal minstrelsy of the long-eared braying fraternity would have been the music of the spheres!

Sir Felix, in chastisement of their arrogance, would singly have encountered the whole group, had he not been restrained by Tom and Bob, who rather than engage in a street brawl with a host of pertinacious adversaries, chose to yield to circumstances, and purchase freedom at the expense of a trifling pecuniary consideration, with which the collectors departed well satisfied.

Our observers having thus obtained their liberty, renewed their walk, and reached the lodgings of the Baronet without farther interruption.

During their perambulation, the following article was put into the hands of the Squire, with which we shall conclude our Chapter of Incidents;—

*THE KING AND THE LAUREAT.*

*A LOYAL BIRTH-DAY EFFUSION.*

*Hail! mighty Monarch of a mighty People!—  
While tuneful peals resound from tower and steeple,  
And thundering cannons gratulations roar,  
Fright'ning old Father Thames from shore to shore;—  
For King or etiquette while nobles caring,  
To Buckingham-house by hundreds are repairing,  
With gorgeous Dames, to whom this day a bliss is;  
Accompanied by smiling lovely misses  
Of eager appetite, who long to gorge  
And batten on the favours of King George;  
While London's Mayor and Aldermen set out  
In Civic state, to grace the royal rout;  
While strut the Guards in black straps and white gaiters  
In honour of their Patron and Creators;{1}—  
While General Birnie musters all his forces  
Of foot Police, and spavin'd Police horses,  
To guard St. James's Park from innovation,  
And cheque the daringness of depredation;—  
While for those partizans who mind their manners  
The cabinet ministers prepare grand dinners,  
And I, and others of my kindred trumpery,  
Dine with the vision'ry 'yclept Duke Humphrey:{2}  
I whom the Muses sometimes deign to greet,  
Though perch'd in "garret vile" in White-cross street,*

*1 In honour of their Patron and Creators.—The poet, we presume, means to draw a line of distinction between the Military and Civic community; the one being the work of God, the other the creation of man.*

*2 Duke Humphrey.—An ideal personage, with whom the unfortunate wight is said to dine who has not got a dinner to eat.*

*Sans viands, drink, or necessary clothing,  
Reckless of fate, and even existence loathing;  
Great King amidst each various passing matter  
On this auspicious day, I will not flatter;  
Not that I cannot; aye, as well as any  
Of heretofore or present lauréat Zany!—  
But lack of payment, Sir, and lack of zeal;  
Could I your gracious bounty hope to feel,  
Invention then, on eagles wings should rise,  
And laud your nameless virtues to the skies!—*

*But as it is,—all hail the King!—  
With shouts let now the welkin ring,  
And hence all doubts and fears;  
May ages yet to come obey  
The Fourth King George's lenient sway,  
Even for a thousand years!{1}*

*Methinks his portly form I see,  
Encircled at this grand Levee  
By courtly lords and ladies;  
Returning every bow with smiles,  
Where selfish adulation's wiles  
A profitable trade is.*

*But where, amid this grand display,  
Is Soutkey, on each natal day  
Who charm'd with Ode delicious?  
Why absent now the tuneful lore,  
Why sing not, as in days of yore,—*

*Has Roy'lty grown capricious?  
Or barren is the courtly verse  
Of genuine subject, to rehearse  
The mighty monarch's fame;  
His public virtues, private worth,  
To chant in grateful measure forth,  
And o'er the world proclaim?*

*Tush, man! a driveller then, thou art,  
Unequal to the merry part  
Thou undertook'st to play;—  
The Birth-day comes but once a year,  
Then tune thy dulcet notes and clear,  
Again in annual lay.*

*1 When the combined fleets of England and Spain blockaded  
the port of Toulon, the Spanish Admiral terminated a  
dispatch to Lord Hood with the following notable wish,—May  
your Excellency live a THOUSAND YEARS!*

*Thou, who wilt still persist to write  
In public apathy's despite,  
Can claim no just pretension  
On which to found a vague excuse;—  
Then trust, in dearth of truth, the Muse  
Prolific in invention.*

*Hast thou no conscience left? alack!  
Hast thou forgot thy Pipe of Sack!  
And annual pounds two hundred?{1}  
That Hume hath not attack'd thy post,  
And caused it to give up the ghost,  
Is greatly to be wonder'd!*

*But if the place must still be kept,  
Though long the princely themes have slept  
That erst the Muses lauded;—  
Give it to me, ye gods! and then  
Shall Kings, above all other men,  
Be rapturously applauded!*

*Content with half that Southey shares,  
I then would drown all worldly cares,  
Yet Sack I'd not require;—  
Give me, in place of Falstaff's wine,  
A butt,—to wake the song divine,*

*Of Hanbury's Entire!  
Now God preserve the comely face  
Of George the Fourth, and grant him grace  
For kindred soids to brag on!—  
May future times his deeds proclaim,  
And may he even eclipse the fame  
Of—Saint George and the Dragon.'*

*1 Formerly the allowance was a pipe of sack and one hundred  
pounds; but his present Majesty, taking into his gracious  
consideration the very difficult task which the Lauréat had  
to perform, increased his salary to 200L. per annum!!*

## CHAPTER XXI

*"Of ups and downs we daily see  
Examples most surprising,  
The high and low of each degree,  
Now falling are, now rising.*

*Some up, some down, some in, some out,  
Home neither one nor t'other;  
Knaves—fools—Jews—Gentiles—join the rout,  
And jostle one another.*

*By ups and downs some folks they say  
Among grandees have got, Sir,  
Who were themselves but yesterday  
The Lord knows who, or what, Sir.*

*Sans sense or pence, in merits chair,  
They dose and dream supine 0;  
But how the devil they came there,  
That neither you nor I know."*

The departure of Merrywell left our three friends at perfect liberty, and they were determined to enjoy it as much as possible during Sparkle's visit. The remainder of the evening was therefore devoted to the retracing of past events, in which they had formerly been engaged together, in drinking success to Merrywell's journey, and in laying down some plans for the proceedings of the next day. On the latter subject, however, there were as many opinions as there were persons. The Hon. Tom Dash all proposed going to the Review—Sparkle was for a journey to Gravesend in the steam-boat, with the religious friends who were to accompany Lord Gambier—and Tallyho proposed a visit to the Tower of London, in order to inspect its interior. It was therefore left undecided till the morning, which proving extremely inviting, they determined to sally forth, and leave the direction of their course wholly to chance, as they had many times done before.

Sparkle's relish for the sprees and sports of a London life, was evidently injured by his residence in the country; though at the same time former scenes and former circumstances rushing occasionally upon his sight and his recollection, appeared to afford him gratification and delight.

"And how," said Sparkle, addressing himself to Tallyho, "do you like the scene of ever varying novelty—has it lost any of its charms since I saw you last?"

"By no means," replied Tallyho; "for although many of them are grown familiar to me, and many are also calculated to excite painful feelings, I am not yet tired of the inquiry. I set out with the intention to contemplate men and manners as they actually are, and I conceive a useful lesson for instruction and improvement may be afforded by it."

"Right," continued Sparkle, "real life is a most excellent school; and if in imbibing the instruction with which it is fraught, the judgment is not misled, or the mind vitiated none can be more important to mankind."

"Come," said Tom, "I see you are getting into one of your moralizing strains, such as you left us with. Now I am well aware that you have an excellent acquaintance with the pursuits you are speaking of, and have enjoyed them as much as myself; nor can I conceive that your temporary absence has wrought such a change in your opinion, as to make you wholly disregard the amusements they afford. So come along, no more preaching; "and thus saying, he seized him by one arm, while Tallyho closed upon the other; and they proceeded on their way along Piccadilly towards the Haymarket.

"Besides," continued Dashall, "every day makes a difference in this metropolis; so that even you who have proved yourself so able a delineator of men and things as they were, may still find many things deserving of your observation as they are."

"I do not doubt it," was the reply; "and consequently expect, that having just arrived from rural felicity, you will direct my footsteps to the most novel scene of metropolitan splendour or extraordinary character."

"Character is an abundant and everlasting supply of humour and eccentricity for an observant quiz like yourself, and being fly to most occurrences either in town or country, I shall rather confine myself to the most remarkable circumstances that happen to strike my recollection as we proceed. The first that occurs at this moment, is the opening of a new establishment in Regent-street, under the title of the Cafe Royale, to which, as we have not yet paid a visit, I propose now to direct your steps."

"Cafe Royale" repeated Sparkle, "there is something Frenchified in the sound. I suppose it is quite in the tip stile of elegance."

"So says report."

"Then *allons*,—but as we proceed, I beg to ask one question. If it be considered important in a national point of view, that the superior elegancies of our Parisian neighbours should be engrafted on our own habits, and that an establishment of this nature should be formed, with a view of its becoming the resort of rank and fashion, whether any good reason can be given why such an establishment, in an English city for Englishmen, should not have an English title?"

"A most extraordinary question for a fashionable man."

"It may be so," continued Sparkle; "but you must attribute it to my country habits of thinking: however, as I like argument better than assertion, I see no reason to abandon my question. The adoption of any thing foreign, is only rational in proportion as it is useful or agreeable; for foreign wines, foreign fruits, foreign made coffee, &c. no one can be a greater advocate than myself; but I apprehend that these good things may taste as well, whether the room in which they are taken be called by a French or an English name."

"That is a truth so self evident as to require no reply; and really I can give no sort of reason for the adoption of a French title, unless it be with a view to give it that air of novelty which invariably proves attractive to Johnny Bull; and I think I need not attempt to explain to you the importance of a title."

"However," said Sparkle, "I cannot help thinking, that if the place alluded to is to become a permanent establishment, it would become an Englishman to have an English name for it. We need not be ashamed of our language, although some folks disdain to use it, if they can find any substitute, however inapt. Why should it not be called the Royal Coffee-house, the King's Coffee-house, the Patrician, the Universal, or in fact any thing, so that it be English?"

"Because," said Tallyho, "those titles are already engrossed by newspaper editors, coffee-shops of a lower

order, magazines, &c.: for instance, we have the Royal Magazine, the Universal Magazine; and consequently these are all grown common, and any thing common is extremely vulgar."

"Besides," continued Dashall, "*Cafe Royale* is a mouthful, without attacking its contents; and the very sound of it seems to impart a taste, before you approach it, of what may be obtained in the interior. Zounds! this country life of your's seems to have altered your opinions, and almost obliterated your former education: I never had any relish for it."

"In town let me live, and in town let me die, For in truth I can't relish the country, not I: If one must have a villa in summer to dwell, Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

By this time they had reached the *Cafe Royale*, and upon entrance were ushered by a man in blue livery, with gold laced trimmings, into an apartment far exceeding in splendour any thing that their previous conversation had led them to expect. The walls, formed of looking glass and rich tapestry, and ornamented in a fanciful manner, reflected their persons as they passed along at every point; while the choicest flowers and shrubs, with which they were surrounded, sent forth a delightful fragrance, and gave some distant idea of Eastern luxuries.

"Here," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "is elegance at least; and if the accommodations are found to be equally good, it can be of little consequence to us whether the place itself have an English or a foreign name."

"I confess," replied Sparkle, "that I still conceive, that as a place of resort appropriated to the upper ranks of natives and foreigners, magnificent in its decorations, superior in its accommodations, and conducted with skill and liberality, to become truly national and deserving of support, it should be honoured with an English title."

"And that it certainly is," continued Dashall, "not only one but many, for nobility is frequently to be found within its walls; nay, a proof of it appears at this moment, for there is Lord P—— and Lord C—— now entering; but come, let us try the coffee, catch a view of the papers, and proceed."

They had now seated themselves near an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be in deep contemplation[286] occasionally rubbing his hands with apparent gratification, and shaking his head with importance, while he glanced over a newspaper which lay before him.

"I should judge," said Tallyho, "he is a member of parliament, probably conning over the report of his last night's speech in the House."

"Or probably," said Dashall, "an author in search of ideas for his next publication, wherein he intends to cut up the ministers and their measures."

"Yes," continued Sparkle, "or a quack doctor, examining if the editor has given insertion to his new flaming advertisement, wherein he promises to perform what is utterly impossible to be accomplished."

"I wonder if he can speak," said Tom, laying clown the paper; "I'll try him.—A fine morning, Sir."

As this was directed immediately to meet the old gentleman's ear, he looked up for the first time since they had entered.

"Beautiful, Sir," was the reply—and here the conversation ceased again.

"Excellent coffee," said Sparkle,—“is there any news to-day, Sir?” endeavouring to rouse him again.

"There is always news, Sir," was the reply, taking a plentiful supply of snuff.

"Of one sort or other," continued Bon.

"Why yes, have we not every day a quantity of newspapers that make their appearance with the sun?"

"Truly," replied Sparkle; "but you could hardly misunderstand me—I alluded to something out of the common run of events; such, for instance, as relates to the interests of the nation, the agricultural distress, the distress of the Irish, the state of the American independents, the proceedings of the Spanish cortes, and the French chamber; the movements of the Greeks, the operations of Turkey and Russia, or the—or—"

"Why, Sir, your inquiries are very rational; and as I perceive you have a desire for intelligence, and I have at all times a desire to impart such as I am in possession of for the benefit of others, the newspapers have abundance of information; but I must say the editors, though men of education and intelligence, are not always well informed: besides, Sir, there is no reliance on their assertions; many valuable and important secrets are in the hands of individuals, which never find their way into the public journals."

Having proceeded thus far, our three friends were all anxiety to continue what now assumed the[288] appearance of an interesting conversation.

"The nation is gull'd by misrepresentation, from the high to the low one system is acted upon; but I have a document in my pocket which came into my possession in rather an extraordinary manner, and is as extraordinary in its contents; it was thrust into my hand on my way here by a stranger, who instantly disappeared."

"A curious salute," observed Tom; "probably some state paper, some information on foreign affairs, or a petition to be presented to the House."

"The fact is, Sir, as I had no conversation with the stranger, I was ignorant of the importance of the document; but upon opening it, judge of my astonishment, when I found it concerned a Prince well known to the British nation, whose interests depend on its support."

"O ho," said Sparkle, "then perhaps it is of a delicate nature, and more attaching to private circumstances than public affairs."

"You shall hear, Sir.—It was an appeal to myself, amongst others, in which Russia was stated to be in such connection with Greece, that the heads of this kingdom could not but be conscious of the important results; results, Sir, that were enough to make one's hair stand on end; indeed, I have never been able to dismiss the subject from my mind since I first cast my eye over the information."

"Zounds, then," cried Dashall, "there is much to be apprehended."

"It is impossible for me," continued the old gentleman, "to say how far the distinguished person to whom I have alluded has already, or may hereafter succeed in the objects he has in view; but this I think certain, that

if he can but interest the Poles on his side, his affairs must thrive."

The Hon. Tom Dashall by this time was puzzled with the lengthened introduction this gentleman was giving; he sipped his coffee—looked grave—smiled, took up the paper—pretended to read—then laid it down again.

Sparkle looked wise, and betrayed his anxiety by moving closer to the communicant. Tallyho fixed his eyes[288] on the old gentleman, with an apparent desire to count the words he uttered.

"In the meantime," continued the interesting stranger, "he is so indefatigable in diffusing through all ranks of society, by means of the press and private agents, a knowledge of the power he has of smoothing the way to success, that the crown ought to receive his proffered aid for its own benefit."

"Then," said Sparkle, "it really is a document of public importance: if not too great a favour, might we be allowed a sight of the——"

"The document,—Oh certainly, Sir," said he, hastily rising and drawing a printed paper from his pocket; "I will leave it with you:" then throwing it on the table, he made a precipitate retreat.

The little care which the old gentleman seemed to take of this scrap of importance, struck them all with wonder.

"A rum old codger," said Tom; "and I recommend his observations, as well as the produce of his pocket, to the serious consideration of our friend Sparkle, who will perhaps read this paper for the benefit of us all."

Sparkle, who by this time had unfolded this mysterious paper, burst into a hearty laugh; and as soon as he could command his risibility, he read as follows:

"PRINCE'S RUSSIA OIL, For promoting the growth of Hair."

"And Sparkle introduced to Greece," said Tom.—"Well, the old buck has paid you off for your interruption: however, he has certainly proved his own assertion, that there is no reliance on any body."

"A mountain in labour," continued Tom,—"I think he had you in a line, however."

"I cannot help thinking," replied Sparkle, "that there is a great similarity between him and some of our most popular parliamentary orators, for he has said a great deal to little purpose; but come, let us move on, and lose no more time in the French coffee house, discussing the merits or virtues of Russia oil."

This proposition being acceded to, our friends now took their way along Pall Mall, where the improvements[289] recently made struck Sparkle with pleasure and delight; the appearance of new and elegant houses occupying the situation of buildings of a shabby and mean exterior, and the introduction of new streets, were subjects of considerable admiration.

"The rapidity of alterations in London," said Sparkle, "are almost inconceivable."

"That remark," replied Tom, "only arises from your late absence from the scene of action; for to us who frequently see their progress, there is but little to excite wonder. Now for my part I am more astonished in present times, when so many complaints are made of distress, that occupiers can be found for them, and also seeing the increase of buildings at every part of the environs of London, where tenants can be found to occupy them."

"I confess," said Tallyho, "that is a subject which I have often thought upon without being able to come to any reasonable conclusion; it appears to me to prove a great increase of population, for although I am aware of the continued influx of new comers from the country, the towns and villages appear as full as ever."

"I am not able to solve the mystery to my own satisfaction," replied Sparkle, "in either case, though I cannot help acknowledging the facts alluded to. It however seems in this place to prove the correctness of the Poet's lines, who says,

*"Wherever round this restless world we range,  
Nothing seems constant saving constant change.  
Like some magician waving mystic wand,  
Improvement metamorphoses the land,  
Grubs up, pulls down, then plants and builds anew,  
Till scenes once loved are banished from our view.  
The draughtsman with officious eye surveys  
What capabilities a site displays:  
How things may be made better for the worse,  
And much improve—at least the schemer's purse."*

Continuing their course along Parliament-street, they soon arrived at Westminster-bridge, when the day proving extremely fine, it was proposed to embrace the opportunity of making an excursion by water. The tide served for London Bridge, and without further ceremony, Tom, Bob, and Sparkle jumped into a wherry, and were quickly gliding along upon the bosom of Old Father Thames. The smiling appearance of the day, and the smooth unruffled surface of the water, excited the most cheerful and enlivening feelings of the mind.

"Nice weather for the rowing match," said a bluff looking sturdy built waterman, who had doffed his coat[290] waistcoat, and cravat, in order to facilitate him in performing his duty.

"Rowing match," inquired Tom. "When does it take place?"

"Why this afternoon at four o'clock, your Honour. Vauxhall will be very full to-night,—Them ere people what's got it now are a getting plenty of company, and they will have a bumper to-night, for the gentlemen what belongs to the funny club gives a funny to be rowed for."

"That's funny enough," exclaimed Sparkle.

"And convenient too," said Tom; "for as we have no engagement for the evening, we can mingle with the lads on their water frolic."

"With all my heart," said Bob; "and as I am given to understand Vauxhall is greatly improved, it will make an admirable wind up of the day."

Approaching Waterloo Bridge—"What have we here," exclaimed Tallyho.

"That," said Tom, "is a floating fire engine, for the protection of shipping, and sometimes very useful in cases of fire on the banks of the river."

"An excellent idea," continued Bob, "because they can never be in want of water."

"Will you sit a little more this way, Sir, if you please? we shall trim better."

Bob rose hastily upon this intimation; and had not his Cousin caught him by the coat, would have trimmed himself into the watery element.

"Zounds, man, you had nearly upset us all. You must trim the boat, and sit steady, or we shall all go to Davey's locker. You must not attempt to dance in such a vehicle as this."

Bob's confusion at this circumstance created laughter to his two friends, which however he could not exactly enjoy with the same relish; nor did he perfectly recover himself till they were safely landed at Tower Stairs.

"Now," said Tom, "I propose a peep at the interior of this place, a row down to Greenwich to dinner, and then a touch at the rowing match; what say you—agreed on all hands."

"Then," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "wait for us here old boy, and you shall be our conveyancer." [291]

"I don't know nothing of you, gentlemen; and you understand me, I'm not a going to be done—I'm too old a hand to be catch'd in that there fashion; but if so be you engages me for the day, you can take the number of my boat—but then you must tip."

"Right," said Sparkle, "who knows whether we shall escape the Lions, and then how is old rough and tough to get paid."

"You'll excuse me, gentlemen, I don't mean no affront upon my soul; but I have stood the nonsense before now, and been flung—but I von't be sarved out in that there way any more. I am up to the gossip, and expects you'll come down with the rag."

"Certainly," said Tom Dashall with a smile; "I am aware of the hint, which by the way is pretty broadly conveyed, therefore be satisfied; and giving him a sovereign, they proceeded into the Tower.

The entrance to the Tower from the wharf is by a drawbridge, near to which is a cut connecting the river with the ditch, having a water gate, called Traitor's Gate; state prisoners having been formerly conveyed by this passage from the Tower to Westminster for trial; and over this gate is the water-works which supply the fortress.

Having passed the drawbridge, Bob looked around him, almost conceiving himself in a new world; he saw houses and streets, of which he had formed no conception.

"Zounds," said he, "this Tower seems almost to contain a City."

"Yes," replied Dashall, "it occupies some ground. Its extent within the walls is twelve acres and five roods. The exterior circuit of the ditch, which entirely surrounds it, is 3156 feet. The principal buildings are the Church, the White Tower, the Ordnance Office, the Record Office, the Jewel Office, the Horse Armoury, the Grand Store House, the small Armoury, the houses belonging to the Officers, barracks for the Garrison, and two Suttling Houses for the accommodation of the military and the inhabitants."

The White Tower, as it is called, is a large square building in the centre of the fortress; on the top of which [292] are four watch towers, one being at present used as an observatory. Neither the sides of this building, nor the small towers, are uniform. The walls are whitewashed: near to it is the grand storehouse, a plain building of brick and stone, 345 feet long, and 60 feet broad.

Being conducted to the Spanish {1} armory, Tallyho was much gratified with a view of its contents—trophies of the famous victory of Queen Elizabeth over the Spanish armada, among which the most remarkable were the thumb screws, intended to be used in order to extort confession from the English, where their money was hidden. The axe with which the unfortunate Anne Bullen was beheaded by order of Henry VIII.; a representation of Queen Elizabeth in armour, standing by a cream-coloured horse, attended by a page, also attracted his attention; her majesty being dressed in the armour she wore at the time she addressed her brave army at Tilbury, in 1588, with a white silk petticoat, richly ornamented with pearls and spangles. In the Small Armory, which is one of the finest rooms in Europe, containing complete stands of arms for 100,000 men, they could not but admire the beautiful and elegant manner in which the arms were disposed, forming tasteful devices in a variety of figures: a piece of ordnance from Egypt, and the Highland broadsword, also claimed particular notice.

*1 The Spanish Armory, Small Armory, Train of Artillery, and Horse Armory, may be seen at the price of 2s. each person, with a compliment per company to the Warder.*

The Volunteer Armory, containing arms piled in beautiful order for 30,000 men, with pikes, swords, &c. in immense numbers, presented to them a fine figure of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in bright armour, bearing the very lance he actually used in his lifetime, which is no less than 18 feet long. The Sea Armory, containing arms for nearly 50,000 seamen and marines, and the Royal Artillery, which is partly kept on the ground floor under the Small Armory, next underwent inspection. Here they could not help admiring the room, which is 380 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 24 feet high, and the many peculiarly fine pieces of cannon which it contained. The artillery is ranged on each side, leaving a passage in the centre of ten feet in breadth. Twenty pillars in this room support the Small Armory above, which are hung round with implements of war, and trophies taken from the enemy, producing altogether a grand and imposing effect.

The Horse Armoury—a noble room, crowded with curiosities—proved a source of high gratification. Here [293] they found themselves in company with all the kings of England, from William the Conqueror to George III.; the whole on horseback, and in armour. The armour of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, seven feet high, and the sword and lance of proportionable size, were viewed as objects of wonder.

In the Jewel Office, {1} containing the regalia of state, was the next object to which they directed their attention. Here they were shewn the Imperial Crown, with which the Kings of England are crowned: it is made of gold, enriched with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls. The cap is of purple velvet,

lined with white taffety, and turned up with three rows of ermine. This crown is never used but at coronations; the golden globe, which is placed in the King's right hand before he is crowned; the golden sceptre and its cross, upon a large amethyst, decorated with table diamonds; the sceptre, which is considered to be far the most ancient in the collection, and probably a part of the original regalia, is covered with jewels and gothic enamel work, surmounted with an onyx dove, was found by the present keeper in the year 1814, and is estimated at a very high value. St. Edward's staff, made of beaten gold, and which is borne before the King in the coronation procession, is 4 feet 7 inches and a half in length, and 3 inches and 3 quarters round. The golden saltseller, the sword of mercy without a point, the grand silver font, used for christenings of the royal family, and the crown of state worn by the King at his meeting of the Parliament, and other state occasions, were viewed in succession with admiration and delight. The latter is of great splendour and value; it is covered with precious stones of a large size, and on the top of its cross is a pearl, which Charles I. pledged for eighteen thousand pounds to the Dutch Republic: under the cross is an emerald diamond, of a palish green colour, valued at one hundred thousand pounds, being seven inches and

*1 The Jewel Office is shewn for 1s. each person in company;  
a single person pays 1s. 6d.: it may be seen separately, but  
not without a Warder.*

a half in circumference; in the front is a rock ruby in its purely natural state, unpolished, three inches in length, the value of which cannot be estimated. Several other curiosities of state regalia—such as the golden eagle, the golden spur, the crown of Queen Mary, the cross of King William, and the diadem worn by the Queens Anne and Mary, were numbered among the valuable jewels contained in this office, together with abundance of curious old plate, the value of which, independent of several of the jewels, which are inestimable, is not less than two millions sterling.

“Now,” said Dashall, as they left the Jewel Office, “we have taken a view of the inanimates, we must not leave the spot without a peep at the lions; for though I believe there is nothing very extraordinary in the collection, more than may be seen at the menagerie at Exeter Change, it would be an unpardonable omission not to see the lions in the Tower.”

*1 The wild beasts, &c. are shewn at 1s. each.*

For this purpose they proceeded to the western entrance, where they were quickly introduced by the keeper to the various animals under his care, and who, in going round with them, explained, as usual, their several histories.

In examining these various curiosities, time had imperceptibly stolen a march upon them, and their original plan of proceeding to Greenwich was found to be impracticable; besides which, upon reaching the stairs where they had landed, the bluff old waterman was not to be found.

“Zounds,” said Dashall, “this looks like a do. I wonder what's become of the old blade.”

Sparkle began to laugh, and Bob bit his lip. Tom made inquiry of a boy at the stairs, who informed him that Barney was gone to the suttlings house to smook a pipe.

“All right,” said Tom, “then we will soon rouse him, and start.”

Upon this they moved back again into the Tower, and according to the directions they had received, they found Barney in the tap-room, puffing away care, and singing with Stentorian voice to the surrounding company—

*“From Irongate to Limehouse Hole,  
You will not meet a kinder soul,  
While the Thames is flowing,  
Pull away ho—Pull away ho.”*

In search of real life and character, and at all times rather inclined to promote mirth than spoil sport, our friends immediately entered unperceived by Barney, and taking an opposite corner of the room, were quickly attended by the landlord, who received orders, and produced them supplies.

The song being over, and Barney rewarded for his exertions by the most enthusiastic applause of the room, he renewed his pipe, at the same time declaring to a soldier who sat near him, he thought “he had miss'd fire, for he was d——d if he didn't think he'd lost his company, or his company had lost him—but that he had taken care to nibble the blunt, and upon that there score all was right—so landlord tip us another quart, and if they don't make their appearance by the time I've got through that, I'll tip them the toddle, shove off my boat, and disappear.—That's the time of day, an't it, boy.”

“Why aye, to be sure,” replied the soldier, “you watermen leads a happy life; you are your own masters, you does just as you pleases, while a soldier dare as well be d——d as desert his post. But I say, Barney, mind what

you says,—nose—nose;” accompanying the last two words with a significant action of placing his finger on his nose, and winking his eye.

Upon this intimation, which appeared to be well understood by Barney, he puffed off an immoderate cloud of smoke, and looking round the room, perceived his customers in the corner.

“Be quiet,” said he, “that's my fare—so it's all right again,—Do you want me, gentlemen; I am always ready, so that whenever you says the word, Barney's your boy.”

“Presently,” said Dashall, “for it would be hard to make you start upon a full jorum.”

“Why I must say,” continued Barney, “I never likes to leave a foaming quart behind me;” and catching hold of the pot of *heavy wet*, he roared out,—

“What a hearty blade am I,

*Care can never touch my heart;  
Every trouble I defy,  
While I view the foaming quart.”*

and taking a hearty drink, he handed it to his companion, filled his pipe afresh, lighted, and informed the gentlemen he was at their service; when in a few minutes all being ready, they were quickly on board.

"I don't like the looks of the weather, my masters, why we shall have a shower presently, where will you go to?"

"To Vauxhall," was the reply.

"Very well, your Honour, then here goes; but if you don't get a sousing, my name an't Barney."

This prognostication proved true, for before they reached Blackfriars Bridge, a smart shower came on, which nearly wetted them through before they could reach land. When this was accomplished, they proceeded to the Horn Tavern, Doctors Commons, where they partook of an excellent repast, and the weather clearing up, they again joined Barney.

By this time the promising fineness of the evening had induced many to venture forth to the rowing match, and the river was all gaiety and delight. Boats of every description were seen filled with well dressed persons, both male and female: the smiling countenances of the lads and lasses were in unison with the laughing sun, that darted his brilliant beams upon the dimpled wave, which seemed to leap in return with grateful animation. The shores were lined with spectators, anxiously waiting the moment for the commencement of this trial of skill. Our friends were highly delighted with the prospect before them, and at the appointed time, having rested on their oars near the place of starting, they saw with pleasure the active preparations on the part of the competitors, and upon the signal being given for the start, the river appeared to consist of nothing but moving conveyances of happy faces, all guided in one direction. The 'shouts of the various friends of the occasionally successful candidates for the honour of victory, and the skill and dexterity with which they manoeuvred against each other, were subjects of continued admiration; while bands of music were heard from boats that intermingled with the throng. The lads of the Funny Club were in high glee—numerous cutters and sailing boats, with their owners and visiting friends, were also in the throng. Barney pulled away like a good one, and for a considerable distance kept nearly up with the principal actors in this gay and animated scene of aquatic diversion, and arrived off Cumberland gardens just in time to have an excellent view of the winner coming in at the appointed spot, in prime style, amidst the loud and reiterated plaudits of his friends.

The intention of visiting Vauxhall Gardens was, however, for the present evening relinquished; and our party, feeling fatigued by their excursion, repaired homeward, where for the present we shall leave them to their quiet and repose.

## CHAPTER XXII

*"I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Still rolling round and round and round,"*

Exclaimed Dashall, as he advanced from the breakfast table towards the window, when a pleasing and singular street-exhibition presented itself, which had attracted around a numerous audience, of all ages and conditions.

An itinerant purveyor of novelties was in the act of showing forth to an admiring crowd, the docility of a tame hare. On a table in the street, on which was placed a drum, the little animal stood, in an erect posture, and with surprising tractableness obeyed the commands of its exhibiter, delivered in very broken English, with which, nevertheless, it seemed perfectly conversant.

"Vat mattiere now, dat you be so solky, and no take notice of your goot friends?—Come, Sare, shew your politesse, and salute de genteelmens at de window, who so kind as come to look at you.—Make way dere, goot peoples and leetel childer, dat de genteelmens sail see,—dat vill do. Now, sare, begin;—do your beisance all round."

The animal, without any apparent instruction to whom to give the precedency of obeisance, immediately faced "de genteelmens at de window," and saluted them with a conge of particular respect; which being acknowledged with a motion of the hand by Dashall, the intelligent animal expressed its sense of his complacency, by a second obeisance, more profound than the first.

The spectators applauded, and the performer testified its gratitude by a bow, all round.

"Dat all goot. Now, sare, tree role on de drom for *le Roi d'Angletterre*:—*Vive le Roi d'Anglettere!*"

This command the animal very promptly obeyed, by substituting its fore feet for sticks, and giving three prolonged rolls of the drum, each in distinct succession.

"Now den for Messieurs."

With equal alacrity this hint was attended to, and as *le Roi d'Angletterre* had three, so de genteelmens at de window were honoured with two rolls of the drum.

The like compliment was paid to all de Englise peoples; and the minor salute of one roll was given to the surrounding spectators.

The indefatigable drummer was next required to give a token of regard for the Cook; but this he declined to do, and the order, though frequently given, was as frequently uncomplied with.

"Vill you take notice of me, den?"

This question was instantly answered by the accustomed mark of respect.

"Genteelmans at de window, and peoples on de street, my leetel drommer no love de cook,—no show her de



respect dat he show you—he know dat de cook be no friend of de pauvre hare; “—then turning towards the animal, —“Vat,” said he, “must I speak all de tanks mineself?”

In deficiency of speech, the animal reiterated its obeisances— “Diabie!” exclaimed the exhibiter—“here comes de cook, to kill and spit you!”

The hare instantly hastened to its hiding place, and thus terminated the exhibition.

“This epitome of the world,” observed Tallyho, “lacks nothing to gratify every sense of man! Here industry is on the alert to accumulate wealth, and dissipation in haste to spend it. Here riot and licentiousness roll triumphantly in gilded state, while merit pines in penury and obscurity;—and here ingenuity roams the streets for a scanty and precarious subsistence, exhibiting learned pigs, dogs, and so forth, that will cast accounts with the precision of an experienced arithmetician; and a tame hare that will beat a drum, and make a bow more gracefully than a dancing-master. This last instance of human ingeniousness, by which the poor Frenchman picks up a living, would almost induce a belief that the power of art is unlimitable, and that apparently insurmountable difficulties may be overcome by diligent perseverance!—Who, besides this foreigner, would have thought of divesting a hare of its natural timidity, and rendering it subservient, by a display of intelligence, to the acquirement of his subsistence?”

“And who,” said Dashed, “would have thought, but a German, of training canary-birds to imitate military[300] evolution,—make a prisoner of one of their fellows as a deserter,—try and condemn him to death,—apparently execute the sentence, by shooting him with a small gun,—and finally, bear away the motionless and seemingly lifeless body on a wheel-barrow, for interment!—Nay, who would think of inverting the order of nature, by creating and cementing a union of friendship between cats and birds and mice, associating them together, within the confines of a cage, in the utmost harmony of social intercourse?—And who shall presume to set bounds to the human art, that from a deal board has constructed the figure of a man that will beat at the difficult game of chess, the first players in Europe; {1} and created a wooden musician, that in a solo from the trumpet, will excel the best living performers on that instrument!”

*1 It appears by the following letter from Presburg, in Hungary, that this wonderful automaton was originally invented and exhibited there:—*

*“During my stay in this city, I have been so happy as to form an acquaintance with M. de Kempett, an Aulic Counsellor and Director General of the salt mines in Hungary. It seems impossible to attain to a more perfect knowledge of Mechanics, than this gentleman hath done. At least no artist has yet been able to produce a machine, so wonderful in its kind, as what he constructed about a year ago. M. de Kempett, excited by the accounts he received of the extraordinary performances of the celebrated M. de Vaucanson, and of some other men of genius in France and England, at first aimed at nothing more, than to imitate those artists. But he has done more, he has excelled them. He has constructed an Automaton, which can play at chess with the most skilful players. This machine represents a man of the natural size, dressed like a Turk, sitting before the table which holds the chess-board. This table (which is about three feet and a half long, and about two feet and a half broad) is supported by four feet that roll on castors, in order the more easily to change its situation; which the inventor fails not to do from time to time, in order to take away all suspicion of any communication. Both the table and the figure are full of wheels, springs, and levers. M. de Kempett makes no difficulty of shewing the inside of the machine, especially when he finds any one suspects a boy to be in it. I have examined with attention all the parts both of the table and figure, and I am well assured there is not the least ground for such an imputation. I have played a game at chess with the Automaton myself. I have particularly remarked, with great astonishment, the precision with which it made the various and complicated movements of the arm, with which it plays. It raises the arm, it advances it towards that part of the chess-board, on which the piece stands, which ought to be moved; and then by a movement of the wrist, it brings the hand down upon the piece, opens the hand, closes it upon the piece in order to grasp it, lifts it up, and places it upon the square it is to be removed to; this done, it lays its arm down upon a cushion which is placed on the chess-board. If it ought to take one of its adversary's pieces, then by one entire movement, it removes that piece quite off the chess-board, and by a series of such movements as I have been describing, it returns to take up its own piece, and place it in the square, which the other had left vacant. I attempted to practise a small deception, by giving the Queen the move of a Knight; but my mechanic opponent was not to be so imposed on; he took up my Queen and replaced her in the square she had been removed from. All this is done with the same readiness that a common player shews at this game, and I have often engaged with persons, who played neither so expeditiously, nor so skilfully as this Automaton, who yet would have been extremely affronted, if one had compared them to him. You will perhaps expect me to propose some conjectures, as to the means employed to direct this machine in its movements. I wish I could form any that were reasonable and well-founded; but notwithstanding the minute attention with which I have repeatedly observed it, I have not been able in the least degree to form any hypothesis which could satisfy myself. The English ambassador, Prince*

*Guistiniani, and several English Lords, for whom the inventor had the complaisance to make the figure play, stood round the table while I played the game. They all had their eyes on M. de Kempett, who stood by the table, or sometimes removed five or six feet from it, yet not one of them could discover the least motion in him, that could influence the Automaton. They who had seen the effects produced by the loadstone in the curious exhibitions on the Boulevards at Paris, cried out, that the loadstone must have been the means here employed to direct the arm. But, besides that there are many objections to this supposition, M. de Kempett, with whom I have had long conversations since on this subject, offers to let any one bring as close as he pleases to the table the strongest and best-armed magnet that can be found, or any weight of iron whatever, without the least fear that the movements of his machine will be affected or disturbed by it. He also withdraws to any distance you please, and lets the figure play four or five moves successively without approaching it. It is unnecessary to remark, that the marvellous in this Automaton consists chiefly in this, that it has not (as in others, the most celebrated machines of this sort) one determined series of movements, but that it always moves in consequence of the manner in which its opponent moves; which produces an amazing multitude of different combinations in its movements. M. de Kempett winds up from time to time the springs of the arm of this Automaton, in order to renew its MOVING FORCE, but this, you will observe, has no relation to its guiding FORCE or power of direction, which makes the great merit of this machine. In general I am of opinion, that the contriver influences the direction of almost every stroke played by the Automaton, although, as I have said, I have sometimes seen him leave it to itself for many moves together; which, in my opinion, is the most-difficult circumstance of all to comprehend in what regards this machine. M. de Kempett has the more merit in this invention, as he complains that his designs have not always been seconded by workmen so skilful as was requisite to the exact precision of a work of this nature; and he hopes he shall, ere long, produce to the world performances still more surprising than this. Indeed one may expect every thing from his knowledge and skill, which are exceedingly enhanced by his uncommon modesty. Never did genius triumph with less ostentation."*

"London is a rare place for sights,—always something new;—where the spirits need never flag through[302] want of amusement. Let me recapitulate,—there is the automaton chess-player and the automaton trumpeter, —the family compact, alias amicable society of cat, birds, and mice,—the military canaries, and an hundred phenomena besides, of which we shall make the round in due time. In the meanwhile, let us set out, like the knight of La Mancha, in search of adventures, without running the risk of mistaking windmills for giants: one of the former would, indeed, be a high treat to the insatiable curiosity of the inhabitants of this metropolis; and as to giants, there are none on shew since Bartholomew-fair, excepting those stationary gentlemen, the twin-brothers, Gog and Magog, in Guildhall."

Passing through the town without meeting with any new object worthy of particular notice, they found themselves at the extremity of Threadneedle-street, when Dashall, pointing to a neat plain building, "this," said he, "is the South Sea House. The South Sea Company was established for the purpose of an exclusive trade to the South Seas, and many thousands were ruined by the speculation: the iniquity and deception were at last discovered, and those who were at the head were punished. The eager hope of wealth frequently engenders disappointment,—but here credulity attained her zenith;—amongst other schemes, equally practicable, the projectors of this notorious bubble set up a method of making butter from beech-trees; a plan to learn people to cast their nativity; an insurance against divorces; and a way of making deal boards out of saw-dust!"

"And is it possible," inquired Tallyho, "that such most preposterous theories obtained belief?"

"Even so," answered Dashall,— "What is there in which human folly will not believe?—We have all read of the bottle-conjurer. {1}—The prevalence of curiosity is universal. I could safely stake any money, that if public notice was given of a person who would leap down his own throat, he would gain belief, and a full audience would favour him with their company to witness his marvellous performance."

*I This speculator by wholesale in English credulity, advertised, "that he would, in the Haymarket theatre, literally and bona fide creep into a quart bottle; and further, would, when inside such quart bottle, entertain the audience with a solo on the violin!"*

*Long before the appointed hour of performance, the house was crammed at all points, and thousands were sent from the doors for want of room. The most eager curiosity prevailed as the time drew near for the commencement of these extraordinary feats, and the clamour for the appearance of the performer was incessant and vociferous. At last he came forward upon the stage, and all was breathless attention. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to say that I cannot, to-night, find a bottle large enough for the purpose intended; but to-morrow I faithfully engage to go into a pint bottle, in atonement of the present disappointment!" He then retired. The shock was electrical,—a dead silence prevailed for a moment;—the delusion vanished, and "confusion worse*

*confounded" ensued; the interior of the house was nearly demolished. His It. H. the D. of C. was present, and lost a gold-hilted sword. During "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," the speculator made off with his booty.*

Proceeding into Bishopsgate-street, the new City of London Tavern caught the attention of Tallyho. [303]

"This," observed his friend, "is probably the first tavern in London, with reference to superior accommodation. Here congregate the most eminent corporate bodies, directors of public institutions and others, on occasions of business or enjoyment; here the admirable arrangement of every thing conducive to comfort is minutely attended to; here the plenitude of abundance, and the delicacies of luxury, distinguish the festive board, and the culinary art is shown forth to the very acme of perfection; which, together with the varied, unsophisticated excellence of the richest wines, secure to this celebrated tavern the continuance of a well-merited public approbation. But one of these days we shall avail ourselves of practical experience, by forming part of the company at dinner."

Proposing in their way home to take the skirts of the metropolis, they directed their course through Moorfield, where Tallyho remarked on the unseemly desolate waste there presenting itself, and expressed surprise that it was not appropriated to some purposes of utility or ornament.

"It appears," answered Dashall, "as if some such improvement was in projection; probably a new square, if [304] we may so opine from present indications; however, be the intention what it may, the execution is uncommonly tardy; with the exception of the central iron-railing, the handsome structure on the opposite side, the solitary building on the right, and range of new houses on the left, the tout ensemble was the same twenty years ago. It is a scene of dilapidation which might perhaps have been

"More honoured in the breach than in th' observance."

I recollect, that when a boy, I frequently extended my rambles into the quarters of Moorfields, for so was this place then named, from its compartments, exhibiting rural appearance even in the centre of London. Here were four enclosed fields, displaying in the season the beautiful verdure of nature; and numerous trees branching, in ample shade, over two great walks, that intersected each other at right angles, and formed the afternoon promenade of the citizens' wives and daughters. In former times, the quarters of Moorfields were resorted to by holiday visitants, as the favourite place of rendezvous, where predominated the recreation of manly exercises, and shows, gambols, and merriment were the orders of the day. The present is an age of improvement,—and yet I cannot think, in an already monstrously overgrown metropolis, the substitution of bricks and mortar an equivalent for green fields and rural simplicity."

Leaving Moorfields, they passed, in a few minutes, into Finsbury-square.

Tallyho appeared surprised by its uniformly handsome edifices, its spacious extent, and beautiful circular area, in which the ground is laid out and the shrubberies disposed to the very best advantage. "Here, at least," he observed, "is a proof that Taste and Elegance are not altogether excluded a civic residence."

"In this square, taking its name from the division of Finsbury," said Dashall, "reside many of the merchants and other eminent citizens of London; and here, in the decorations, internally, of their respective mansions, they vie with the more courtly residents westward, and exceed them generally in the quietude of domestic enjoyment."

Renewing their walk along the City Road, the gate of Bunhill Fields burying-ground standing conveniently [305] open, "Let us step in," said Dashall,— "this is the most extensive depository of the dead in London, and as every grave almost is surmounted by a tombstone, we cannot fail in acquiring an impressive *memento mori*."

While examining a monumental record, of which there appeared a countless number, their attention was withdrawn from the dead, and attracted by the living. An elderly personage, arrayed in a rusty suit of sables, with an ink bottle dangling from one of the buttons of his coat, was intently employed in copying a long, yet well written inscription, to the memory of Patrick Colquhoun, L.L.D., author of a Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis, and several other works of great public utility. Having accomplished his object, the stranger saluted Dashall and Tallyho in a manner so courteous as seemingly to invite conversation.

"You have chosen, Sir," observed Mr. Dashall, "rather a sombre cast of amusement."

"Otherwise occupation," said the stranger, "from which I derive subsistence. Amidst the endless varieties of Real Life in London, I am an *Epitaph-Collector*, favoured by my friends with the appellation of *Old Mortality*, furnished them by the voluminous writer and meteor of the north, Sir Walter Scott."

"Do you collect," asked Tallyho, "with the view of publishing on your own account?"

"No, Sir,—I really am not in possession of the means wherewith to embark on so hazardous a speculation. I am thus employed by an eccentric, yet very worthy gentleman, of large property, who ambitious of transmitting his name to posterity, means to favour the world with a more multitudinous collection of epitaphs than has hitherto appeared in any age or nation;—his prospectus states "Monumental Gleanings, in twenty-five quarto volumes!"

"Astonishing!" exclaimed Dashall,— "Can it be possible that he ever will be able to accomplish so vast an undertaking?"

"And if he does," said Tallyho, "can it be possible that any person will be found to read a production of such magnitude, and on such a subject?"

"That to him is a matter of indifference," said Old Mortality,— "he means to defray the entire charges, and [306] the object of publication effected, will rest satisfied with the approbation of the discerning few, leaving encomium from the multitude to authors or compilers more susceptible of flattery,—

*"Born with a stomach to digest a ton!"*

As to the quantum of materiel, he is indefatigable in personal research, employing besides numerous collectors even in the sister island, and in this, from the Land's-end to Johnny Grot's house."

"And when," asked Dashall, "is it probable that this gigantic work may be completed?"

"Can't say," answered Old Mortality,—“I should think at no very remote period: the collection is in daily accumulation, and we are already in possession of above ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.”

“Prodigious!” exclaimed Dashall, “as Dominic Sampson says. And pray, Sir, what number may your assiduities have contributed towards the aggregate?”

“That,” answered Old Mortality, “I cannot exactly ascertain; to those, however, already supplied, this ground will yield a considerable increase.”

“May we solicit,” said Tallyho, “without the imputation of intrusion, the favour of your reading to us from your table-book, a few of the most remarkable epitaphs?”

Old Mortality readily promised gratification as far as possible, but he had not his table-book with him; “I have been employed to day,” said he, “in making extracts from one of our manuscript folio volumes, for the purpose of insertion in the different metropolitan daily papers;—here they are”—taking a small bundle from his pocket, tied round with red tape,—“one for each paper: permit me, gentlemen, for a moment just to look over the endorsements.”

The triumvirate now seated themselves on a tombstone, and Old Mortality untying the bundle of extracts, laid them down in loose compact; then taking up the first, and reading the superscription, shewing for what newspaper it was intended, he reversed it on the tombstone.—“This,” said he, “is for “*The Times, British Press, Morning Post, Morning Chronicle, Morning Advertiser, Morning Herald, Public Ledger*,—all right,—and sorted, as the postman sorts his letters: I shall take, first of all, Printing-house Square, the others are in a direct line of delivery.” This important arrangement made, he took up one paper from the bundle, and read the contents with an audible voice:—

[307]

#### SPECIMEN OF MONUMENTAL GLEANINGS,

Extracted from the manuscript folio of a new compilation of Epitaphs, serious and eccentric, now in collection, from numerous Dormitories in Great Britain and Ireland; To be completed with all possible expedition, And will be ushered to the patronage of a discerning Public, in Twenty-five quarto volumes.

*In the Church-yard of Winchester, Hants.*

*Here lies interred a Hampshire Grenadier,  
Who got his death by drinking cold small beer.  
Soldiers, take heed from his untimely fall,  
And if you drink, drink strong, or none at all.*

*In Stepney Church-yard.*

*Here lies the body of Daniel Saut,  
Spitalfields weaver,—and that's all.*

*In Chigwem Church-yard.*

*This disease you ne'er heard tell on,  
I died of eating too much melon;  
Be careful then all you that feed—I  
Suffer'd, because I was too greedy.*

*In St. John's, Leeds.*

*Hic jacet, sure the fattest man  
That Yorkshire stingo made;  
He was a lover,—of his can,  
A clothier by his trade.  
His waist did measure three yards round,  
He weighed almost three hundred pound;  
His flesh did weigh full twenty stone,—  
His flesh, I say—he had no bone,—  
At least 'tis said that he had none.*

*Eltham.*

*My wife lies here beneath,  
Alas from me she's flown!  
She was so good, that Death  
Would have her for his own.*

*At Maidstone.*

*My life was short, as you may see,  
I died at only twenty-three.  
Now free from pain and grief I rest  
I had a cancer in my breast;  
The Doctors all their physic tried,  
And thus by slow degrees I died!*

*Northampton.*

*Here lies the corpse of Susan Lee,  
Who died of heartfelt pain,  
Because she lov'd a faithless he,  
Who lov'd not her again!  
Pray for me, old Thomas Dunn,—  
But if you don't,—'tis all one!*

*In Aberdeen, Scotland.*

*Here lies auld William Alderbroad.  
Have mercy on his soul, Lord God,  
As he would have were he Lord God,  
And thou auld William Alderbroad!*

*Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London  
St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.  
Hereunder lyth a man of fame,  
William Walworth callyd by name;  
Fishmonger he was in life time here,  
And twice Lord Maior as in bookes appere,  
Who with courage stout and manly might  
Slew Wat Tyler, in King Richard's sight.  
For which act done and trew intent,  
The King made him a Knight incontinent,  
And gave him armes, as heere you see,  
To declare his fait and chivalrie.  
He left this life the yere of our God,  
Thirteene hundryd fourscore and three, odd.*

*William Wray.  
In the same Church-yard.*

*Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,  
The body of William Wray;—  
I have no more to say.*

Interchanging civilities, the party now separated, the collector to resume his occupation, and the two friends their walk.

“Twenty-five quarto volumes,” exclaimed the Squire, “and exclusively filled with epitaphs; this fellow has set himself a task with a vengeance!”

“And which,” answered his friend, “he will never be able to accomplish; however, the ambition of renown as a voluminous collector is the less censurable, as being unattended by any of its too frequently pernicious concomitants, and giving to others an acceptable and not irrational employment; he is only blameable in the projected extent, not the nature of his pursuit; and happy would it be for mankind did the love of fame engender no greater evil than that, if any, which may accrue from the Herculean labours of this epitaph collector.”

“Yet to us, the uninitiated of the country, it would never occur that there existed even in London a man who disseminated his fortune, and applied his mental and corporeal energies in gleaning epitaphs.”

“Neither perhaps would it occur that there existed even in London a virtuoso who discovered that fleas were a species of lobster, and who proceeded to proof by the ordeal of boiling water, on the supposition that the process would change their hue from black to red, and thus satisfactorily establish the correctness of his judgment; unfortunately, however, the boiled fleas still retained their original colour, and the ingenious hypothesis was reluctantly relinquished.”{1}

*1 It is told of another virtuoso, that he was waited upon one morning by a stranger, who announced that he had the opportunity of procuring an inestimable curiosity—a horned cock; but that its owner, an avaricious old woman, had her domicile in the highlands of Scotland, to which remote region it would be necessary to travel, amply provided with the pecuniary means of securing this wonderful bird; and that it would be expedient to set out immediately, lest the matchless phenomenon should become the prize of a more fortunate competitor.*

*“A horned cock! the very acme of frolicsome nature,—a desideratum in the class of lusus naturae, which I would rather possess than the mines of Peru!—Away, my dear fellow; speed like lightning to the north,—purchase this precious bird at any price; and should the old woman hesitate at separation from her cornuted companion, why then purchase both, and bring them to town with all possible celerity!”*

*In the interval between this important mission and the achievement of its object, the anxiety of the virtuoso was inexpressible;—a horned cock! it was the incessant subject of his cogitations by day, and of his dreams by night. At last the auspicious moment arrived; in the still noontide of night the preconcerted rap at the street door announced the happy result of the momentous expedition. The virtuoso sprang from his couch with extasy to admit the illustrious prodigy of nature. His astonishment, delight, and triumph were unspeakable:—two horns of the most beautiful curvature adorned the crested head of this noble northern. Anticipation thus blessed by the fulness of fruition, the bringer was super-abundantly rewarded. Next morning the virtuoso sent a message to each of his most highly favoured friends, desiring attendance at his house instantaneously, on an occasion of vast importance. “Gentlemen,” said he to his assembled visitants, “I may now boast possession of that whicli will astonish the universe—a horned cock! behold the rara avis, and envy my felicity!” So saying, he uncovered a wicker basket, when lo! the bird, shorn of its honours! indignant at confinement, and struggling for freedom, had dropped its waxen antlers! The unfortunate virtuoso stood aghast and speechless, and only at last found utterance to curse his own credulity!*

Pursuing their course along the City Road, the two friends were attracted by the appearance of a caravan[310] stationary on the road side, whereon was inscribed, in large characters, The Female Salamander.

“Here is another instance,” observed Dashall, “of the varieties of Real Life in London.”

"Walk in, gentlemen," exclaimed the proprietor, "and see the surprising young woman over whom the element of fire has no control!"

Tom and Bob accepted the invitation. Entering the caravan, they were received by an interesting young female, apparently not more than eighteen years of age, with a courteousness of manner far beyond what could have been expected from an itinerant exhibitor.

So soon as a sufficient number of spectators had congregated within the vehicle, the female Salamander commenced her exhibition.

Taking a red-hot poker from the fire, she grasped it firmly, and drew it from head to point through her hand, without sustaining the smallest injury!

"Will you permit me to look at your hand?" asked Dashall.

[311]

The girl extended her hand,—the palm was moist, and seemed to have been previously fortified against danger by some secret liquid or other application, now reeking from its recent contact with the flaming weapon.

An uncivilized bumpkin accused her of deception, asserting that the poker was not heated to the extent represented.

"Touch and try," answered the girl. He did so, and the cauterizing instrument gave a feeling (although not very satisfactory) negative to his assertion.

"The mystery," continued Dashall, "of resisting the impression of tire, certainly originates in the liquid by which your hand has been protected."

"I shall answer your observation," said the Salamander, "by another performance."

She then dipped her fingers into a pot of molten lead, and let fall upon her tongue several drops of the metallic fluid, to the no small amazement and terror of the company; and as if to remove the idea of precautionary application, she after a lapse of five minutes, repeated the same extraordinary exhibition, and finally immersed her naked feet in the boiling material.

The inscrutable means by which the Salamander executed these feats with the most complete success and safety, were not to be divulged; and as neither of our respectable friends felt desirous of emulating the fair exhibitant, they declined the importunity of further inquiry.

"This is, indeed," said Dashall, as they resumed their walk, "the age of wonders:—here is a girl who can bear to gargle her mouth with melted lead, put her delicate feet into the same scalding material, and pass through her hands a flaming red-hot poker! I am inclined to believe, that were the present an age of superstition, she might be burnt for a witch, were she not happily incombustible. For my own part, I sincerely hope that this pyrophorous prodigy will never think of quitting her own country; and as I am a bachelor, I verily believe I should be tempted to make her an offer of my hand, could I flatter myself with any chance of raising aflame, or making a match with such unflammable commodity. Only conceive the luxury, when a man comes home fatigued, and in a hurry for his tea, of having a wife who can instantly take out the heater for the urn with her fingers,—stir the fire with ditto—snuff candles with ditto—make a spit of her arm, or a [312] toasting fork of her thumb! What a saving, too, at the washing season, since she need only hold her hand between the bars till it is red-hot, thrust it into a box iron, and iron you off a dozen children's frocks, while an ordinary laundress would be coddling the irons over the fire, spitting upon them, and holding them to her cheek to ascertain the heat before she began to work."

"And," observed the Squire, taking up his friend's vein of humour, "if the young lady be as insensible to the flames of Cupid as she is to those of Vulcan, she might still be highly useful in a national point of view, and well worthy the attention of the various fire-offices."

"Exactly so," replied his Cousin,—"how desirable for instance would it have been at the late alarming fire in Gracechurch-street, to have had a trustworthy person like her, who could very coolly perambulate the blazing warehouses, to rescue from the flames the most valuable commodities, or lolling astraddle upon a burning beam, hold the red-hot engine pipe in her hand, and calmly direct the hissing water to those points where it may be most effectually applied. In our various manufactories, what essential services she might perform. In glass-houses, for instance, it is notorious that great mischief sometimes arises from inability to ascertain when the sand and flint have arrived at the proper degree of fusion. How completely might this be remedied, by merely shutting up the female Salamander in the furnace; and I can really imagine nothing more interesting, than to contemplate her in that situation, dressed in an asbestos pelisse, watching the reproduction of a phoenix hung up in an iron cage by her side, fondling a spritely little Salamander, and bathing her naked feet in the vitreous lava, to report upon the intensity of heat. Much more might be urged to draw the attention of government to the propriety of retaining this anti-ignitable young lady, not only for the benefits she may confer upon the public, but for the example she may afford to others of her own sex; that by a proper exertion of courage, the most ardent sparks may be sometimes encountered without the smallest inconvenience or injury."

Indulging in this playful vein of raillery, they now reached that part of the City Road intersected by the [313] Regent's Canal, where its spacious basin, circumjacent wharfs and warehouses, and winding line of water, with barges gliding majestically on its placid wave, where lately appeared open fields arrayed in the verdure of nature, afforded full scope for remark by Mr. Dashall, on the gigantic design and rapid accomplishment, by commercial enterprize, of the most stupendous undertakings.

"This work of incalculable public utility," said Mr. Dashall, "sprang into being with the alacrity of enchantment;—the same remark may apply to every other improvement of this vast metropolis, so rapid in execution, that one thinks of the wonderful lamp, and the magnificent palace of Aladdin, erected in one night by the attendant genii."

Onwards towards "merry Islington;" {1}—"here," said Dashall, "is the New River: this fine artificial stream is brought from two springs at Chad well and Am well, in Hertfordshire, for the supply of London with water. It was finished in 1613, by Sir Hugh Middleton, a citizen of London, who expended his whole fortune in this public undertaking. The river, with all its windings, is nearly 39 miles in length; it has 43 sluices, and 215

bridges; over and under it a great number of brooks and water-courses have their passage. In some places this canal is carried through vales, and in others through subterraneous passages. It terminates in a basin called the New River Head, close by. From the reservoir at Islington the water is conveyed by 58 main pipes under ground along the middle of the principal streets; and thence by leaden pipes to the different houses. Thus, by means of the New River, and of the London Bridge water-works, every house in the metropolis is abundantly supplied with water, at the expense each of a few shillings only per annum.

*I Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play.*

*John Gilpin.*

This village of Islington is a large and populous place, superior both in size and appearance to many considerable towns in the country. Observe the Angel Inn, celebrated for its ordinary, where you may enjoy, after a country ramble, an excellent dinner on very moderate terms.—Apropos, of the Angel Inn ordinary: some years ago it was regularly every Sunday attended by a thin meagre gaunt and bony figure, of a [314] cadaverous aspect, who excited amongst the other guests no small degree of dismay, and not without cause. Cognominated the Wolf, he justified his pretensions to the appellation, by his almost incredible powers of gormandizing; for a quantum of viands sufficient for six men of moderate appetite, would vanish on the magic contact of his knife and fork, in the twinkling of an eye; in fact, his voracity was considered of boundless extent, for he invariably and without cessation consumed by wholesale, so long as eatables remained on the table. One day, after having essentially contributed to the demolition of a baron of beef, and devoured an entire shoulder of lamb, with a commensurate proportion of bread, roots, vegetables, &c, he pounced, with the celerity of a hawk, on a fine roast goose, which unfortunately happened to have been just then placed within the reach of his annihilating fangs, and in a very short space of time it was reduced to a skeleton; having occasion for a few minutes to leave the room, the company in the meanwhile secreted the bones of the goose. The waiter now entered for the purpose of removing the cloth: casting his eyes round the room, he seemed absorbed in perplexity—“What is the matter?” asked one of the company; “do you miss arty thing?”—“Yes, Sir, the bones of a goose!”—“Why then you may save yourself the trouble of further search; the gentleman just gone out, of modest manners and puny appetite, has devoured the goose, bones and all!”—The waiter lost no time in reporting the appalling fact to his master, who now more than ever was desirous of getting rid of the glutton—but how? it was impossible to exclude him the ordinary, or set bounds to his appetite; the only resource left was that of buying him off, which was done at the rate of one shilling per diem, and the wolf took his hebdomadary repast at a different ordinary: from this also his absence was purchased at the same rate as by the first. Speculating on his gluttony, he levied similar contributions on the proprietors of the principal ordinaries in the metropolis and environs; and if the fellow is still living, I have no doubt of his continuing to derive his subsistence from the sources already described!—Now what think you of Real Life in London?”{1}

*I The wolf, so cognominated, was less censurable for his gluttony than the infamous purpose to which he applied it—otherwise he had a parallel in a man of sublime genius. Handel one day entered a tavern in the city and ordered six mackarel, a fowl, and a veal cutlet, to be ready at a certain hour. True to his appointment, he re-appeared at the time stipulated, and was shown into an apartment where covers were laid for four. Handel desired to have another room, and ordered his repast to be served up immediately.—“Then you don't wait for the rest of the company, sir?” said the waiter.—“Compane! vat you tell me of companee?” exclaimed Handel. “I vant no companee. I order dem two tree ting for my lonch!” The repast was served up, and honoured by Handel to the bones. He then drank a bottle of wine, and afterwards went home to dinner!*

*During one of the campaigns of Frederick of Prussia, a boor was brought before him of an appetite so incredibly ravenous, that he offered to devour a hog barbacued. A general officer present observed, that the fellow ought to be burnt as a wizard.—“May it please your Majesty,” said the gormand, “to order that old gentleman to take off his spurs, and I will eat him before I begin the hog!” Panic struck, although a brave soldier, at the idea of being devoured alive, the general shut himself up in his tent until the man-eater departed the encampment.*

The Squire knew not what to think—the circumstance was so extraordinary, that the story would have been [315] rejected by him as unworthy of notice, had it been told by any other person; and coming even from his respectable friend, he remained, until reassured of the fact, rather incredulous of belief.

Descending the declivity leading from Pentonville to Battle Bridge, Dashall, pointing to an extensive pile of buildings at some little distance on the left,—“That,” said he, “is Cold Bath Fields Penitentiary House, constructed on the plan of the late Mr. Howard, and may be considered in all respects as an experiment of his principles. It cost the county of Middlesex between £70 and £80,000, and its yearly expenditure is about £7,000. It was opened in 1794, and was originally designed only as a kind of Bridewell; but having suitable accommodations for several descriptions of prisoners, it was applied to their different circumstances. The prison you may observe is surrounded by a wall of moderate height. Here are workshops for the prisoners; an office in which the business of the prison is transacted; a committee-room, and the best chapel of any prison in London. The cells are 218 in number, about eight feet long each. In these, penitentiary prisoners are confined till they have completed their tasks, when they are let into the courts at the back. Owing to the exertions of Sir Francis Burdett, and his partizans, this house, about the year 1799 and 1800, attracted much [316] popular odium. Many abuses, now rectified, were then found to exist in the management, though not to the full extent described.”

A new scene now rose on the view of our two pedestrians. A little further on, in a field by the roadside, a motley assemblage of auditors environed an orator mounted on a chair, who with frequent contortion of feature, and appropriate accompaniment of gesticulation, was holding forth in the spirit, as Pashalt, surmised, either of radicalism or fanaticism. This elevated personage, on closer approximation, proved to be a field-preacher, and judging from exterior appearance, no stranger to the good things of this life, although his present admonitory harangue strongly reprobated indulgence in the vanities of this wicked world;—he was well clad, and in portly condition, and certainly his rubicundity of visage by no means indicated on his part the union of practice with precept.

Nothing of further interest occurred, and they reached home, pleased with their day's ramble, that had been productive of so much amusement;—"thus verifying," said Dashall to the Squire, "the observation which you lately made—that every hour brings to a metropolitan perambulator a fresh accession of incident."

## CHAPTER XXIII

*Observe that lean wretch, how dejected he looks,  
The while these fat Justices pore o'er their books.—  
"Hem, hem,—this here fellow our fortunes would tell,—  
He thence at the treading-mill must have a spell:  
He lives by credulity!"—Most people do,—  
Even you on the bench there,—ay, you Sir, and you!  
Release then the Confrer at Equity's call,  
Or otherwise build treading-mills for us all!*

Adverting to the trick recently and successfully practised on Sir Felix O'Grady, by a juvenile adept in fraud[317] obtaining from the Baronet a new suit of clothes; his servant, indignant at his master having been thus plundered with impunity, had, for several days, been meditating in what manner most effectually to manouvre, so as to recover the lost property, and retrieve the honor of Munster, which he considered tarnished by his master having been duped by a stripling; when one morning a hand-bill was found in the area, intimating the residence in Town, pro bono publico, of a celebrated professor of the Occult Sciences; to whom was given the sublime art of divination, and who, by astrological and intuitive knowledge, would discover lost or stolen property, with infallible precision. Thady, whose credulity was of no inferior order, elate with the idea of consummating his wishes, communicated to his master the happy opportunity, and was permitted to seek the counsel of the celestial augurer. Not that the Baronet entertained any belief of its proving available of discovery, but rather with the view of introducing to his friends, Dashall and Tallyho, a fresh source of amusement, as connected with their diurnal investigation of Real Life in London.

Thither then, Thady repaired, and consulting the Seer, was astonished by responses which implied the most profound knowledge of times past, present, and to come! The simplicity of Thady had not escaped the Astrologer's notice, who, by dint of manouvre having contrived to draw from the Munster man, unwittingly[318] the requisite intelligence, merely echoed back the information thus received, to the utter amazement of Thady, who concluded that the Doctor must have intercourse with the Devil, and thence that he merited implicit veneration and belief. The sage predictor having received the customary douceur, now dismissed his credulous visitant, saying that the planets must be propitiated, and desiring him to come again at the expiration of twenty-four hours, when he would receive further intelligence.

Tom and his Cousin having called at the lodging of Sir Felix during the time that Thady was out on his expedition of discovery, the Baronet apprized his friends of the amusement in reserve; and they agreed to visit this expounder of destinies on the servant's return.

Thady at last arrived, and having reiterated his belief that this marvellous conjurer was the devil's own relative, the party set out to ascertain by what means they could prove the truth of the affinity between his infernal majesty and the sage descendant of the Magi.

Gaining the sublunary domicile of this mystical unraveller, which for the greater facility of communication with the stars he had fixed in the loftiest apartment of the house, our trio knocked at the door, which, after some hesitation, was opened by an ancient Sybil, who was presently joined by her counterpart, both "so withered and so wild in their attire," that "they looked not like inhabitants o' th' earth, and yet were on it." On the party requiring to see the Doctor, the two hags explained in a breath that the Doctor received only one visitor at a time; and while one gentleman went up stairs, the other two must remain below; and this arrangement being acquiesced in, Tom and Bob were shewn into a mean looking room on the ground floor, and Sir Felix followed the ascent of his conductor to the attic.

Entering the presence chamber,—“Welcome, sphinx,” exclaimed the Doctor.

“By the powers,” said the Baronet, “but you are right to a letter; the Sphinx is a monster-man, and I, sure enough, am a Munster-man.”

“I know it.—What would'st thou, Sir Felix O'Grady?”

The Baronet felt surprised by this familiar recognition of his person, and replied by observing, that as the[319] inquirer so well knew his name, he might also be acquainted with the nature of his business.

“I partly guess it,” rejoined the Seer, “and although I cannot absolutely predict restitution of thy lost property, yet I foresee that accident will throw the depredator in thy way, when the suit may perhaps find its way back to thy wardrobe. Now, hence to thy business, and I to mine.”

The Baronet having nothing further to ask, withdrew accordingly; and our Squire of Belville-hall was next ushered into the *sanctum sanctorum*.

Bob was at a loss what to say, not having prepared himself with any reasonable pretext of inquiry. A silence of a few moments was the consequence, and the Squire having first reconnoitred the person of the conjurer,



who was arrayed in the appropriate costume of his profession, scrutinized the apartment, when the attention of the visitor and visited being again drawn to each other, the Soothsayer addressed himself to Tallyho in the following words:

*The shadows of joy shall the mind appal,  
And the death-light dimly flit round the hall  
Of him, by base lucre who led astray,  
Shall age into fruitless minion betray!*

*The death-light shall glimmer in Belville-hall,  
And childless the lord of the mansion fall;  
A wife when he weds, vain, ugly, and old,  
Though charms she brings forty thousand in gold!*

The Squire was not prone to anger; but that this fellow should interfere with his private concerns, and impute to him the intention of forming a most preposterous connexion, under the influence of avarice, roused him into a whirlwind of passion.—“Rascal!” he exclaimed, “who take upon you to predict the fate of others, are you aware of your own! Vagabond! impostor! here I grasp you, nor will I quit my hold until I surrender you into the hands of justice!” And “suiting the action to the word,” he seized and shook the unfortunate Seer, to the manifest discomposure of his bones, who loudly and lamentably cried out for assistance. Alarmed by the clamour, Dashall and the Baronet rushed up stairs, to whom the Squire stated the aggravation received[320] and at the same time his determination to bring the cheat to punishment. The trembling culprit sued for mercy, conscious that he was amenable to correction as a rogue and vagabond, and if convicted as such, would probably be sent to expiate his offence in the Treading-Mill at Brixton, a place of atonement for transgression, which of all others he dreaded the most. {1 }

*1 Union-Hall.—Hannah Totnkins, a miserable woman of the town, was brought before R. G. Chambers, Esq. charged with having robbed another of the unfortunate class of her clothes. It appeared, that the prisoner had been liberated from Brixton prison on Friday-last, after a confinement of three weeks; and that on coming out she was met by the complainant, Catherine Flynn, by whom she was taken to a comfortable lodging, supplied with necessaries, and treated with great kindness. The prisoner acted with propriety until Monday night, during which she remained out in the streets. On Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, she came home drenched with rain. The complainant desired her either to go to bed, or to light a fire and dry her clothes. The prisoner did neither, and the complainant went to sleep. At about seven the latter awoke, and missed her gown, petticoat, and bonnet. The prisoner was also missing. The complainant learned that her clothes were at a pawnbroker's shop, where they had been left a short time before by the prisoner. Hall, the officer, having heard of the robbery, went in quest of the prisoner, and found her in a gin-shop in Blackman-street, in a state of intoxication. He brought her before the magistrates in this condition. Her hair was hanging about her face, which was swelled and discoloured by the hardship of the preceding night. She did not deny that she had stolen the clothes of her poor benefactress, but she pleaded in her excuse, that the condition of her body, from the rain of Monday night, was such, that nothing but gin could have saved her life, and the only way she had of getting that medicine, was by pledging Katty Flynn's clothes. The magistrates asked the prisoner whether she had not got enough of the treading-mill at Brixton. The prisoner begged for mercy's sake not to be sent to the treading-mill. She would prefer transportation; for it was much more honourable to go over the water, than to be sent as a rogue and vagabond to Brixton. She was sent back to prison. It is a remarkable fact, that since the famous Treading-Mill has been erected at Brixton, the business of this office has greatly declined. The mill is so constructed, that when a man ventures to be idle in it, he receives a knock on the head from a piece OF WOOD, which is put there to give them notice of what they ere to do!!!*

The two ancient Sybils from the lower regions having now ascended the scene of confusion, united their[321] voices with that of the astrologer, and Dashall and Sir Felix also interceding in his behalf, the Squire yielded to the general entreaty, and promised the soothsayer forgiveness, on condition that he disclosed the source whence he derived information as to the Baronet's family concerns. The soothsayer confessed, that he had elicited intelligence from the servant, who in his simplicity had revealed so much of his master's affairs, as to enable him (the conjurer) to sustain his reputation even with Sir Felix himself, whom from description he recognized on his first entrance, and by the same means, and with equal ease, identified the person of the Squire of Belville-hall. He added besides, that he had frequently, by similar stratagem, acquired intelligence; that chance had more than once favoured him, by verifying his predictions, and thus both his fame and finances had obtained aggrandisement. He now promised to relinquish celestial for sublunary pursuits, and depend for subsistence rather on the exercise of honest industry than on public credulity.

Thus far had matters proceeded, when the Baronet's servant Thady was announced. The triumvirate anticipating some extraordinary occurrence, desired the soothsayer to resume his functions, and give the valet immediate audience, while they retired into another apartment to wait the result. In a few minutes the servant was dismissed, and the party readmitted.

“Chance,” said the augurer, “has again befriended me. I told you, Sir Felix, that the depredator would be thrown in your way: my prediction is realized; he has been accidentally encountered by your servant, and is now in safe custody.”

On this information our party turned homewards, first leaving the astrologer a pecuniary stimulation to projected amendment of life.

"There seems nothing of inherent vileness," said the Squire, as they walked onwards, "in this man's principles; he may have been driven by distress to his present pursuits; and I feel happy that I did not consign the poor devil to the merciless fangs of the law, as, in the moment of irritation, I had intended."

"By my conscience," exclaimed Sir Felix, "I cannot discover that he ought to be punished at all. He has been picking up a scanty living by preying on public credulity; and from the same source thousands in this metropolis derive affluent incomes, and with patronage and impunity."

"And," added Dashall, "in cases of minor offence a well-timed clemency is frequently, both in policy and humanity, preferable to relentless severity." {1}

*1 As a contrast to these exemplary feelings, and in illustration of Real Life in London, as it regards a total absence of sympathy and gentlemanly conduct, in one of a respectable class in society, we present our readers with the following detail:—*

*Hatton Garden. On Saturday sennight, Robert Powell was brought before the magistrates, charged with being a rogue, vagabond, and imposter, and obtaining money under fraudulent pretences, from one Thomas Barnes, a footman in the service of Surgeon Blair, of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, and taking from him 2s. 6d. under pretence of telling him the destinies of a female fellow-servant, by means of his skill in astrological divination. The nature of the offence, and the pious frond by which the disciple of Zoroaster was caught in the midst of his sorceries, were briefly as follow:—This descendant of the Magi, born to illumine the world by promulgating the will of the stars, had of course no wish to conceal his residence; on the contrary, he resolved to announce his qualification in the form of a printed handbill, and to distribute the manifesto for the information of the world. One of these bills was dropped down the area of Mr. Blair's house; it was found by his footman, and laid on the breakfast-table, with the newspaper of the morning, as a morceau of novelty, for his amusement. Mr. Blair concerted with some of the agents of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, a stratagem to entrap the Sidéral Professor; in the furtherance of which he dictated to his footman a letter to the Seer, expressive of a wish to know the future destinies of his fellow-servant, the cook-maid, and what sort of a husband the constellations had, in their benign influence, assigned her. With this letter the footman set out for No. 5, Sutton-street, Soho, where he found the Seer had, for the convenience of prompt intercourse, chosen his habitation as near the stars as the roof of the mansion would admit. Here the footman announced the object of his embassy, delivered his credentials, and was told by the Seer, that "lie could certainly give him an answer now, 'by word of mouth,' but if he would call next day, he should be better prepared, as, in the meantime, he could consult the stars, and have for him a written answer."*

*The footman retired, and returned next morning, received the written response, gave to the Seer the usual donation of 2s. 6d. previously marked, which sum he figured upon the answer, and the receipt of which the unsuspecting Sage acknowledged by his signature. With this proof of his diligence, he returned to his master, and was further to state the matter to the magistrates. A vigilant officer was therefore sent after the prophet, whom he found absorbed in profound cogitation, casting the nativities of two plump damsels, and consulting the dispositions of the stars as to the disposition of the lasses; but the unrelenting officer entered, and proceeded to fulfil his mission. On searching the unfortunate Sage, the identical half-crown paid him by Barnes was found, with two others in his pocket, where such coins had long been strangers; and the cabalistical chattels of his profession accompanied him as the lawful spoil of the captor. The magistrate, before whom he had been convicted on a former occasion of a similar offence, observed that it was highly reprehensible for a man who possessed abilities, which by honest exertion might procure him a creditable livelihood, thus to degrade himself by a life of imposture and fraud upon the ignorant and unwary. The wretched prisoner, who stood motionless and self-convicted, exhibited a picture of wretchedness from which the genius of Praxiteles would not have disdained to sketch the statue of Ill Luck. Never did soothsayer seem less a favourite of the Fates! Aged, tall, meagre, ragged, filthy and care-worn, his squalid looks depicted want and sorrow. Every line of his countenance seemed a furrow of grief; and his eyes gushing with tears, in faint and trembling accents he addressed the Court. He acknowledged the truth of the charge, but said, that nothing but the miseries of a wretched family could have driven him to such a line of life. If he had been able, he would gladly have swept the streets; but he was too feeble so to do; he had tried every thing in his power, but in vain,—*

*"He could not dig, to beg he was ashamed;"*

*and even if begging, either by private solicitation or openly in the streets, could promise him a casual resource in the charity of the passing crowd, he was afraid he should thereby incur prosecution as a rogue and vagabond, and be imprisoned in Bridewell. Parish settlement he has none; and what was to be done for a wretched wife and three famishing children? He had no choice between famine, theft, or imposture. His miserable wife, he feared, was even now roaming and raving through the streets, her disorder aggravated by his misfortunes; and his wretched children without raiment or food. To him death would be a welcome relief from a life of misery, tolerable only in the hope of being able to afford, by some means, a wretched subsistence to his family.*

*The magistrates, obviously affected by this scene, said that they felt themselves obliged to commit the prisoner, as he had not only been repeatedly warned of the consequences of his way of life, but was once before convicted of a similar offence. He was therefore committed for trial.*

*Does Surgeon Blair, who obtains his twenty guineas a day, and lives in affluence, think by such conduct as the present to merit the esteem of the world, by thus hunting into the toils of justice such miserable objects? If he does, though we cannot respect him or his associates for their humanity, we may undoubtedly pity them for their ignorance and superstition.*

On the arrival of the party at the lodgings of Sir Felix, they learned from the servant, that the latter having met the young swindler in the streets, Thady recognized and secured him; and he was now at the disposal of the Baronet, if he chose to proceed against him.

The sprig of iniquity, when made forthcoming, did not deny the accuracy of the charge, neither did he offer any thing in exculpation. It was with much difficulty, however, and under the threat of his being immediately surrendered to justice, that he would disclose the name of his father, who proved to be a respectable tradesman residing in the neighbourhood. The unfortunate parent was sent for, and his son's situation made known to him. The afflicted man earnestly beseeched, that his son might not be prosecuted; he was not aware, he said, that the lad was habitually vicious; this probably was his only deviation from honesty; he, the father, would make every reparation required; but exposure would entail upon his family irretrievable ruin. It was elicited from the boy, amid tears and sobs of apparent contrition, that the articles of apparel were in pledge for a small sum; redemption, and every other possible atonement, was instantly proposed by the father: Sir Felix hesitated, was he justifiable, he asked, in yielding to his own wishes, by foregoing prosecution?—"The attribute of mercy," said Dashall, "is still in your power."—"Then," responded the Baronet, "I shall avail myself of the privilege. Sir, (to the father), your boy is at liberty!" The now relieved parent expressed, in the most energetic manner, his gratitude, and retired. The prediction of the Seer was fully verified, for in the course of the evening the stray suit found its way back to the wardrobe of its rightful owner.

This business happily concluded, and the day not much beyond its meridian, the three friends again sallied forth in the direction of Bond-street, towards Piccadilly. As usual, the loungers were superabundant, and ridiculous. Paired together, and swerving continually from the direct line, it required some skilful manouvring to pass them. Our friends had surmounted several such impediments, when a new obstruction to their progress presented itself. A party of Exquisites had linked themselves together, and occupied the entire pavement, so that it was impossible to precede them without getting into the carriage-way, thus greatly obstructing and inconveniencing all other passengers. Lounging at a funeral pace, and leaving not the smallest opening, it was evident that these effeminate animals had purposely united themselves for public annoyance. Sir Felix, irritated by this palpable outrage on decorum, stepped forward, with hasty determined stride, and coming unexpectedly and irresistibly in contact, broke at once the concatenated barrier, to the great amusement as well as accommodation of the lookers-on, and total discomfiture of the Exquisites, who observing the resolute mien and robust form of their assailant, not forgetting a formidable piece of timber, alias "sprig of shillaleagh," which he bore in his hand, prudently consulted their safety, and forebore resentment of the interruption. {1}

*1 If in walking the streets of London, the passenger kept the right hand side, it would prevent the frequent recurrence of much jostling and confusion. The laws of the road are observed on the carriage-way in the metropolis most minutely, else the street would be in a continual blockade. But*

*The laws of the road are a paradox quite,  
That puzzles the marvelling throng;  
For if on the left, you are yet on the right,  
And if you are right, you are wrong!*

The Baronet's two associates very much approved of his spirited interference, and Dashall observed, that these insignificant beings, whom Sir Felix had so properly reprov'd, were to be seen, thus incommoding the public, in all parts of the metropolis; but more particularly westward; that in crowded streets, however, for instance, in the direct line from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange, the apparent Exquisites are generally thieves and pickpockets, who find a harvest in this extensive scene of business, by artful depredation, either upon the unwary tradesman, or equally unsuspecting passenger, whose wiper or tattler, and sometimes both, becomes the frequent produce of their active ingenuity.

The morning had been wet, and although the flag-way was dry, yet the carriage-road was dirty. There are, in all parts of the metropolis, indigent objects of both sexes, who by sweeping the cross-way, pick up an

eleemosynary livelihood. It not unfrequently happens, however, that a chariot, or other vehicle, is drawn up at one end of the cross-way directly athwart it, so as completely to intercept your way to the pavement. Exactly so situated were our pedestrians. They had availed themselves of a newly swept path, and were advancing towards the opposite side, in Piccadilly, when, before they could effect their purpose, a carriage<sup>[326]</sup> drew up, and effectually impeded further progress by the cross-way, so that there seemed no alternative between standing fast and gaining the pavement by walking through the mud. The coachman retained his position despite of remonstrance, and in this laudable stubbornness he was encouraged by a well-attired female inside the vehicle, for the carriage was a private one, and its ill-mannered inmate probably a lady of rank and fashion. Sir Felix, justly indignant at this treatment, set danger and inconvenience at defiance, and deliberately walking to the horses' heads, led the animals forward until the carriage had cleared the cross-way, maugre the threats of the lady, and the whip of the coachman, who had the audacity to attempt exercising it on the person of the Baronet, when Tallyho, dreading the consequences to the rash assailant, sprang upon the box, and arresting his hand, saved the honour of Munster! The transaction did not occupy above two minutes, yet a number of people had collected, and vehemently applauded Sir Felix; and the lady's companion now hastily re-entering the chariot from an adjacent shop, Mr. Jehu drove off rapidly, amidst the hoots and hisses of the multitude. {1}

*1 Sir Felix had not heard of the following incident, else he certainly would have followed its example:—*

*Two ladies of distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's near Charing-cross; one of them only got out, and the coach stood across the path-way which some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the coachman to move on a little; the fellow was surly, and refused; the gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the shop door, and foolishly ordered the coachman not to stir from his place. On this, one of the gentlemen opened the coach-door, and with boots and spurs stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companions, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within, as well as the lady without. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed, that, "If this was a thoroughfare, they had as much right to it as the gemmen;" and accordingly scrambled through the carriage.*

The poor street-sweeper having applied to Sir Felix for a mite of benevolence,—“And is it for letting the carriage block up the cross-way, and forcing me through the mud,” asked the Baronet;—“but whether or not, I have not got any halfpence about me, so that I must pay you when I come again.”—“Ah! your honour,” exclaimed the man, “it is unknown the credit I give in this way.” Sir Felix thrust his hand into his pocket, and rewarded the applicant with a tester.

Proceeding along Piccadilly, our party were followed by a Newfoundland dog, which circumstance attracted<sup>[327]</sup> the notice of the Baronet, to whom more than to either of his associates the animal seemed to attach itself. Pleased with its attention, Sir Felix caressed it, and when the triumvirate entered a neighbouring coffee-house, the dog was permitted to accompany them. Scarcely had the three friends seated themselves, when a man of decent appearance came into the room, and, without ceremony, accused the Baronet of having, by surreptitious means, obtained possession of his property; in other words, of having inveigled away his dog; and demanding instant restitution.

Sir Felix fired at the accusation, divested as it was of the shadow of truth, yet unsuspecting of design, would have instantly relinquished his canine acquaintance, but for the interposition of Dashall, who suspected this intrusive personage to be neither more nor less than a dog-stealer, of whom there are many in London continually on the alert for booty. These fellows pick up all stray dogs, carry them home, and detain them until such time as they are advertised, and a commensurate reward is offered by the respective owners. If, then, the dog is intrinsically of no value, and consequently unsaleable, the adept in this species of depredation, finding he can do no better, takes the dog home, receives the promised reward, and generally an additional gratuity in compensation of keep and trouble; but, should it so happen, that the proffered remuneration is not equivalent to the worth of the animal, the conscientious professor of knavery carries his goods to a more lucrative market. At the instance of Dashall, therefore, Sir Felix was determined to retain the animal until the claimant brought irrefragable proof of ownership. The fellow blustered,—the Baronet was immovable in his resolution;—when the other threw off all disguise, and exhibiting himself in pristine blackguardism, inundated Sir Felix with a torrent of abuse; who disdainingly any minor notice of his scurrility, seized the fellow, with one hand by the cape of his coat, with the other by the waistband of his breeches, and bearing him to the door, as he would any other noxious animal, fairly pitched him head foremost into the street, to the manifest surprise and dismay of the passengers, to whom he told a “pitiable tale,” when one of the crowd pronounced him to be a notorious dog-stealer, and the fellow, immediately on this recognition, made a precipitate retreat. “I am glad,” said Dashall to his friends, who had witnessed the result of this affair<sup>[328]</sup> from one of the windows of the coffee-room, “that our canine acquaintance (patting the animal at the same time) is now clearly exonerated from any participation of knavery. I had my suspicions that he was a well-disciplined associate in iniquity, taught to follow any person whom his pretended owner might point at, as a fit object of prey.”

The Baronet and the Squire, particularly the latter, had heard much of the “Frauds of London,” but neither of them was aware that metropolitan roguery was carried on and accelerated through the medium of canine agency.

In confirmation of this fact, however, Dashall mentioned two circumstances, both of which had occurred within these few years back, the one of a man who, in different parts of the suburbs, used to secrete himself behind a hedge, and when a lady came in view, his dog would go forth to rob her; the reticule was the object of plunder, which the dog seldom failed to get possession of, when he would instantly carry the spoil to his master. The other case was that of a person who had trained his dog to depredations in Whitechapel-market.

This sly thief would reconnoitre the butcher's stalls, particularly on a Saturday night amidst the hurry of business, and carry off whatever piece of meat was most conveniently tangible, and take it home with all possible caution and celerity. We have heard of their answering questions, playing cards, and casting accompts,—in fact, their instinctive sagacity has frequently the appearance of reasoning faculties; they even now are competent to extraordinary performances, and what further wonders the ingenuity of man may teach them to accomplish, remains hereafter to be ascertained. {1}

*1 The following anecdote is particularly illustrative of canine sagacity. It shews that the dog is sensible of unmerited injury, and will revenge it accordingly; it exhibits the dog also, as a reflective animal, and proves that, though he has not the gift of speech, he is yet endowed with the power of making himself understood by his own species. Some years ago, the traveller of a mercantile house in London, journeying into Cornwall, was followed by his favourite dog, to Exeter; where the traveller left him, in charge of the landlord of the Inn, until his return. The animal was placed in an inner yard, which, for sometime back, had been in the sole occupation of the house-dog; and the latter, considering the new comer an intruder, did not fail to give the poor stranger many biting taunts accordingly. Deserted, scorned, insulted and ill-treated, the poor animal availed himself of the first opportunity, and escaped. The landlord scoured the country in quest of the fugitive, without effect. After the lapse of a few days, the traveller's dog returned to the Inn, accompanied by two others, and the triumvirate entering the yard, proceeded to execute summary vengeance on the house-dog, and drove him howling from his territories. The two dogs were from London,—*

*"Their locket letter'd braw-brass collars,  
Shew'd they were gentlemen and scholars."*

*Hence it appears, that the traveller's dog went to London,  
told his grievance to his two friends, and brought them to  
Exeter to avenge his cause!*

Emerging from the coffee-house, accompanied by their newly acquired canine friend, our observers[329] proceeded along Piccadilly, when reaching its extremity, and turning into the Park by Constitution-hill, they were met by the servant, Thady.

"Your honour," said the valet, "haven't I been after soaking you, here and there, and every where, and no where at all, at all, vrid this letter, bad luck to it, becays of the trouble it may give you; and indeed I was sent after your honour by Miss Macgilligan,—there's ill luck at home, your honour."

"Then I shall not make any haste," said Sir Felix, "to meet such a guest."

He then read aloud the ominous epistle:—

"My dear Nephew.—A vexatious affair has occurred.—I shall be glad to see you, as soon as possible.—J. M."

"Perhaps you can oblige us with the history," said the Baronet, "of this same 'vexatious affair;' but observe me, let it be an abridgement,—Miss Macgilligan will favour us with it in detail."

"Why then, your honour," said the valet, "you had not gone out many minutes, when there came a *rit-tat* to the door, and a gintail good-looking gentleman inquired for Mr. A—a. Begging your pardon, says I, if it is my master vou mane, he does not belong to the family of the Mist'ers at all; his name is Sir Felix O'Grady, of the province of Munster, Baronet, and I am his valet; long life and good luck to both of us!"

"This is rather a tedious commencement," observed Sir Felix to his marvelling associates,—"but I believe[330] we must let the fellow tell the story in his own way.—Well, Tliady, what next?"

"So, your Honour, he inquired whether he could spaak wid you, and I told him that it was rather doubtful, becays you were not at home; but, says I, Miss Judy Macgilligan, his Honour's reverend aunt, is now in her dressing-room, and no doubt will be proud in the honour of your acquaintance."

"My 'reverend aunt' certainly ought to feel herself very much obliged to you.—Well, Sir!"

"And so, your Honour, the maid went for instructions, and Miss Macgilligan desired that the gentleman should be shewn into the drawing-room, until she could make her appearance. Well, then, after waiting some little time, he rings the bell, with the assurance of a man of quality, just as if he had been at home. So up stairs I goes, and meets him in the hall. 'Pray,' says he, 'have the goodness to present my best respects to the lady; I will not obtrude upon her at present, but shall call again tomorrow,' and away he walked; and that's all, your Honour." "That's all! What am I to understand then by the 'vexatious affair' my aunt speaks of?"

"O," exclaimed Thady, recollecting himself,—“may be she manes her gold watch, which the gentleman discovered in the drawing-room, and carried away in his pocket, by mistake!"

"Very well, Sir," said the Baronet; "now that we have «orne to the finis, you may go home."

It is evident the gentleman had availed himself of the Baronet's absence from home, and that the information derived from the communicative valet encouraged the hope of success which he so adroitly realized.

Dashall and his Cousin were about sympathizing with the Baronet on this new misfortune, when he gave vent to his feelings by an immoderate fit of laughter!—"Miss Macgilligan has had the benefit of a practical lesson," he exclaimed, "which she cannot fail to remember;—her vanity would not permit her seeing the stranger until the frivolities of the toilet were adjusted, and thus he made the most of a golden opportunity."

The three friends now retraced their steps along Piccadilly, until they arrived at the residence of Dashall[331] when they separated; the Baronet to condole with Miss Macgilligan, and the two Cousins to dress, preparatory to their dining with an eminent merchant in the city.

Leaving then, for the present, Sir Felix and his aunt to their own family cogitations, we shall accompany the Hon. Tom Dashall and the Squire of Belville-hall on their civic expedition.

The wealthy citizen at whose table they were now entertained, rose, like many others, the children of industry, from comparative indigence to affluence, and from obscurity to eminence.

The party was select; the dinner was sumptuous, yet unostentatious; and the conversation, if not exactly in the first class of refinement, was to the two strangers interestingly instructive, as embracing topics of mercantile pursuit with which they had hitherto been unacquainted. It was also highly enlivened by the sprightly sallies of three beautiful and elegantly accomplished young ladies, the daughters of the amiable host and hostess; and to these fair magnets of attraction, whom Dashall happily denominated the Graces, our gallant cavaliers were particularly assiduous in their attentions. The party broke up, after an evening of reciprocal enjoyment; and Dashall on the way home expressed his belief that, with the solitary exception of one colossal instance of ignorance and brutality, "the very respectable man" in society is most generally to be found among the merchants of London. {1}

*1 "The very respectable. Man" is the true representative of the commercial character of Great Britain. He possesses more information than the Dutch trader, and more refinement than the Scotch manufacturer, with all the business qualifications of either. He is shrewd, industrious, manly, and independent; and as he is too much in earnest for the slightest affectation, he shews his character in his dress, his carriage, and his general appearance. His dress is at once plain and neat; and if his coat should accidentally exhibit the cut of a more genteel manufacturer, the interstice between his boot (he wears top boots) and small clothes, the fashion of his cravat, which is rolled round a stiffener two inches in diameter, and tied in a bow, besides a variety of other more minute characteristics, decidedly refute all suspicion of an attempt at attaining the appearance of a man of fashion. The end of a Spitalfields silk-handkerchief just appearing from the pocket hole at the top of his skirt, shews at once his regard for good things and native manufactures; while the dignity of his tread declares his consciousness of his own importance, the importance of "a very respectable man," and to attribute it to any other than such an "honest pride," would be derogatory to his reputation and feelings. If he meets a business acquaintance of an higher rank than his own, his respectful yet unembarrassed salutation at once sufficiently expresses the disparity of their two conditions, and his consciousness of the respectability of his own, while the respectfully condescending notice of the Peer exhibits the reversed flow of the same feelings. The very respectable man is always accurately acquainted with the hackney coach fares to the different parts of London, and any attempt at imposition on the part of the coachman is sure to be detected and punished. He is never to be caught walking to the Bank on a public holiday; and the wind must have shifted very fast indeed, if it should happen to be in the north, when he believes it to be in the south. The state of the stocks is familiar to him; and as he watches their fluctuations with an attentive eye, their history, for weeks or even for months, is often in his memory. The very respectable man is always employed, but never in a hurry; and he perhaps is never better pleased than when he meets a congenial friend, who interrupts the current of business by the introduction of a mutual discussion of some important failure: Mr. Such-a-one's rapid acquirement of fortune,—the rise or fall of the funds, &c,—of all which the causes or consequences are importantly whispered or significantly prophesied. At home the government of the very respectable man's family is arbitrary, but the governor is not a tyrant; his wife has not, like the woman of fashion, any distinct rights, but she enjoys extensive indulgencies; she has power, but it flows from him, and though she is a responsible, she is not a discretionary, agent. The table is to correspond with the moderation of the master, and the matron will be scolded or reproved as it varies from the proper medium between meanness and profusion.*

*The very respectable man is never less in his element than when he is in the centre of his wife's parties, for here he must resign the reins into her hands, and, alas! there is no such character as the very respectable woman. All our women would be women of fashion; and in dress and expense, in the numbers of their card tables, and the splendour of their parties, in every thing but manners, they are. Here, at his own fireside, the very respectable man may be considered as not at home till a rubber, a genial rubber, which is provided him as soon as possible, renders him blind to the folly and deaf to the clamour of the scene. The very respectable man shews to least advantage as a politician; as his opinions are derived less from reading than experience, they are apt to be dogmatical and contracted. In political philosophy he is too frequently half a century behind his age; is still in the habit of considering specie as wealth, and talks loudly of the commercial benefits of the late war. Such is the "very respectable man," a character decidedly inferior to that of many individuals in the class of society immediately above him; but which, considered as the character of a class, appears to be*

superior at once to that above and that below it—on a comparison with that above too, it more than makes up in the mass of its virtues for the deficiency in their quality, and appears to be like Solon's laws, if not the very best that might be, at least the best of which the state of society admits. In the lower orders, the social character is in its mineral state; in the higher, the fineness of the gold is prejudicial to its durability. In the "very respectable man" it is found mixed with some portion of alloy, but in greater quantity, and adapted to all the uses and purposes for which it is designed. As a civil member of society, if his theoretical politics are defective, the advantages derived to society from his industry and integrity, more than counterbalance those defects in his theory. As a religious member of society, if his religion might be more refined, if his attendance at church is considered rather as a parochial than a spiritual duty, and his appearance in his own pew is at least as much regarded as his devotions there; the regularity of his attendance, the harmony of his principles and practice, his exemplary manner of filling his different relations, more than make up for the inferiority in the tone of his religion. The commercial and religious capital of society are, in short, continually advancing by his exertions, though they don't advance so fast as they otherwise would if those exertions were directed by more intellect.

## CHAPTER XXIV

*"Vainly bountiful nature shall fill up Life's measure,  
If we're not to enjoyment awake;  
Churls that cautiously filtrate and analyze pleasure,  
Deserve not the little they take.*

*I hate all those pleasures where angling and squaring.  
And fitting and cutting by rules,  
And — me—dear me, I beg pardon for swearing,  
All that follow such fashions are fools.*

*For let who may be undone,  
I say Life in London,  
Of pleasure's the prop and the staff,  
That sets ev'ry muscle  
In a comical bustle  
And tickles one into a laugh."*

The long protracted visit to Vauxhall being at length finally arranged, our party soon found themselves in the midst of this gay and fascinating scene of amusement.

"These charming gardens," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "which you may perhaps have some recollection of upon a masquerade occasion, having lately fallen into new hands, have assumed, under their direction and management, a new appearance of additional splendour and magnificence perhaps scarcely ever surpassed, and the present proprietors appear to have studied the comfort and gratification of their visitors as well as their own advantage; but of this we shall be better judges before the night is spent."

"Right," replied Sparkle, "I am not fond of far fetched descriptions, which may upon investigation prove to have originated more in the imagination of the author than in reality to exist."

"At all events," continued Tom, "the Gardens themselves are beautiful and extensive, and contain a variety of walks, which, if but tastefully illuminated, and attended by rank, fashion, and beauty, can never fail to be attractive."

Our heroes rushed forward to the splendid scene of enchantment, which had drawn forth the previous observations, mingling with the crowds of well dressed persons, who like themselves were upon the alert to witness this delightful place of summer amusement in the new form which it has recently assumed: the virandas tastefully festooned with painted canvass—the brilliantly illuminated orchestra, and the animated countenances of the company, conspired to produce an effect almost inconceivable, while new objects of delight were continually bursting upon their view. The illuminated colonade newly decorated with carved and painted flowers, fruit, and foliage, and Mr. Singleton's original whole length transparent portrait of his Majesty in his coronation robes, alternately attracted attention, as well as the four cosmoramas constructed in various parts of the gardens, consisting of some very pretty views of the New Exchange at Paris, scenes in Switzerland, &c. In the musical department, Sparkle was much pleased to find some of the old favourites, particularly Mr. Charles Taylor and Mrs. Bland, as well as with the performance of a Miss Graddon, who possesses a rich voice, with considerable power and flexibility, and of Madame Georgina, an East Indian Lady, who afterwards sung very charmingly in the Rotunda, accompanying herself on the piano forte, in a style which proved her to be a most skilful performer.

But the grand subject of their admiration was what is rather affectedly called "The Heptaplasiesoptron," or fancy reflective proscenium, which is placed in the long room fronting the orchestra of the Rotunda. It is entirely lined with looking glass, and has in all probability originated in the curious effect produced by the kaleidoscope, and the looking glass curtains lately exhibited at our theatres. This splendid exhibition is fitted up with ornamented draperies, and presents a fountain of real water illuminated, revolving pillars, palm

trees, serpents, foliage, and variegated lamps; and the mirrors are so placed as to reflect each object seven times. This novelty appeared to excite universal admiration, inspiring the company with ideas of refreshing coolness. The bubbling of water, the waving of the foliage, and the seven times reflected effulgence of the lamps, gave the whole an appearance of enchantment, which sets all description at defiance.

Having taken a complete circle through this round of delights, interrupted only by the congratulations and [336] inquiries of friends, the appointed hour for exhibiting the fire-works arrived, when they were additionally gratified by a display of the most splendid description, and the famous ascent *a la Saqui* was admirably executed by Longuemarc; after witnessing which, they quickly retired to a box, where they gave directions for supper. It is but justice to say, that upon this being furnished, they found the refreshments to be of the best quality, and supplied upon moderate terms; the wines by the London Wine Company, and the viands by Mr. Wayte.

About two o'clock in the morning, our friends took their departure from this romantic spot, after an excursion fraught with pleasure and delight.

On the following morning, Sparkle received a letter from Merrywell, with information of the death of his uncle, and of his succession to the estate, having arrived just in time to prevent his decease without a will. This was a subject of exultation to all the party, though to none more so than Sparkle, particularly as the estate alluded to was situated in the neighbourhood of his own residence.

"Merrywell," said Dashall, "will become a gay fellow now, as he will have ample means, as well as inclination (which I know he has never been wanting of) to sport his figure in good style, without resorting to any scheme to keep the game alive."

"True," said Sparkle, "without crossing and jostling, and if he has his own good in view, he will reside chiefly in the country, choose an amiable partner for life, and only pay a visit to the metropolis occasionally; for to live in this land of temptations, where you can hardly step across the way without getting into error, must be baneful in effect to a young man like him, of an ardent mind. What say you, friend Tallyho?"

"I confess," replied Bob, "that I entertain thoughts very similar to yours; besides, I apprehend that our old friend Merrywell has had sufficient experience himself to admit the justice of your observation."

"Pshaw," rejoined Dashall, "you are getting completely unfashionable. What can be more bang up than a [337] Life in London—high life and low life—shake the castor, tip the flash, and nibble the blunt. Look for instance at young Lord Lappit—cares for nothing—all blood and spirit—fire and tow—up to every thing, and down as a hammer."

"His is a general case," replied Sparkle, "and is only one among numerous others, to prove that many of the disorders which are daily visible in high life, may be traced to the education, or rather the want of education of the youthful nobility and gentry. It would be a shocking and insupportable degradation to send a sprig of fashion to school among common boys, where probably he might learn something really useful. No, no,—he must have a private tutor, who is previously instructed to teach him nothing more than what will enable him to pass muster, as not quite a fool. Under this guidance, he skims over a few authors almost without reading, and at all events without knowing what they have written, merely with a view to acquaint him that there were once such persons in existence; after which, this tutor accompanies him to one of the public schools, Westminster, Harrow, or Eton, where the tutor writes his thesis, translates the classics, and makes verses for him, as well as he is able. In the new situation, the scholar picks up more of the frailties of the living, than he does of the instructions of departed characters. The family connections and the power of purse, with which the students are aided, embolden them to assume an unbounded license, and to set at complete defiance all sober rules and regulations; and it may be justly remarked that our public seminaries are admirably situated for the indulgence of their propensities: for instance, Westminster School is fortunately situated in the immediate neighbourhood of a famous place of instruction called Tothill (vulgarly Tuttle) Fields, where every species of refined lewdness and debauchery, and manners the most depraved, are constantly exhibited; consequently they enjoy the great advantages of learning the slang language, and of hearing prime chaunts, rum glees, and kiddy catches, in the purest and most bang up style. He has likewise a fine opportunity of contracting an unalterable penchant for the frail sisterhood, blue ruin, milling, cock fighting, bull and badger baiting, donkey racing, drinking, swearing, swaggering, and other refined amusements, so necessary to form the character of an accomplished gentleman."

"Again, Harrow School is happily so near to the metropolis, as to afford frequent opportunities for [338] occasional visits to similar scenes of contagion and fashionable dissipation, that the scholars do not fail to seek advantages of taking lessons in all those delectable sciences.

"Eton, it is true, is somewhat farther removed from the nursery of improvement, but it is near enough to Windsor, of which place it is not necessary to say much, for their Bacchanalian and Cyprian orgies, and other fashionable festivities, are well known. So that notwithstanding they are not in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, there can scarcely be a doubt of their being able to sport their figures to advantage, whenever they are let loose upon society.

"Cambridge is but a short distance from that place of sporting notoriety, Newmarket, consequently it is next to impossible but that a youth of an aspiring mind should be up to all the manouvres of a race course—understanding betting, hedging off, crossing and jostling, sweating and training—know all the jockeys—how to give or take the odds—lay it on thick, and come it strong. Some have an unconquerable ambition to distinguish themselves as a whip, sport their tits in tip top style, and become proficients in buckish and sporting slang—to pitch it rum, and astonish the natives—up to the gab of the cad. They take upon themselves the dress and manners of the Varmint Club, yet noted for the appearance of their prads, and the dexterity with which they can manage the ribbons, and, like Goldfinch, pride themselves on driving the long coaches—'mount the box, tip coachee a crown, dash along at full speed, rattle down the gateway, take care of your heads—never kill'd but one woman and a child in all my life—that's your sort."

"Fine pictures of a University Education," said Tom, "but Sparkle always was a good delineator of real character; and there is one thing to be said, he has been an eye witness of the facts, nay a partaker of the sports."



"True," continued Sparkle, "and, like many others, have had something like enjoyment in them too."

"Aye, aye, no doubt of that," said Bob, dryly,—“but how does it happen that you have omitted Oxford altogether?”

"Nay," said Sparkle, "there is not much difference in any of them. The students hate all learning but that[339] which they acquire in the brothel, the ring, or the stable.

They spend their terms somehow or other in or near the University, and their vacations at Jackson's Rooms in London; so that they know nothing more of mathematics than sufficient to calculate odds and chances. This, however, depends upon the wealth of the parties; for notwithstanding there are some excellent statutes by which they ought to be guided, a nobleman or wealthy commoner is indulged according to his titles or riches, without any regard to the rules and regulations in such cases made and provided.

"From this situation they are at length let loose, thoroughly accomplished in every thing but what they ought to know. Some make their appearance as exquisites or dandies—a sort of indescribable being, if being such things may be called. Others take the example of the bang ups—make themselves perfect in milling, swearing, greeking, talking flash, and mail coach driving, until John Doe and Richard Roe drive them into Abbot's preserve, a circumstance which puts a temporary check upon the sports—though if the Collegian is but up to the logic, he is very soon down upon the coves his creditors,{1} bowls them out by harassing expenses, and walks out himself, up to snuff, and fly."

*1 Bowls them out by harassing expenses.—A proof of the power which has been exercised under the existing Insolvent Debtor's Act, will be found in the following extract from a daily paper:—*

*An unfortunate debtor was opposed in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, for having resisted particular creditors with vexatious law proceedings, sham pleas, &c. The public is not generally aware of the extent to which such vexatious resistance can be carried. In the investigations that have taken place before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of insolvent debtors, Mr. Thomas Clarke, (at the time clerk of the Court,) stated, that in a debtor's book he found a paper, 'wherein it was pointed out to debtors how to harass creditors.' He had heard, he said, that it was sold from one prisoner to another, in a printed form, for 6d. each. That witness then delivered to the committee a book, from which the following extract was read,—it is extracted from the Parliamentary Report:—*

*?Law proceedings.—When arrested and held to bail, and after being served with a declaration, you may plead a general issue, which brings you to trial the sooner of any plea that you can put in; but if you want to vex your plaintiff, put in a special plea; and, if in custody, get your attorney to plead in your name, which will cost you 1l. 1s., your plaintiff, 3l. as expenses. If you do not mean to try the cause, you have no occasion to do so until your plaintiff gets judgment against you; he must, in the term after you put in a special plea, send what is termed the paper book, which you must return with 7s. 6d. otherwise you will not put him to half the expenses. When he proceeds, and has received a final judgment against you, get your attorney to search the office appointed for that purpose in the Temple, and when he finds that judgment is actually signed, he must give notice to the plaintiff's attorney to attend the master to tax his costs, at which time your attorney must have a writ of error ready, and give it to the plaintiff's attorney before the master, which puts him to a very great expense, as he will have the same charges to go over again. The writ of error will cost you 4l. 4s. If you want to be further troublesome to your plaintiffs, make your writ of error returnable in Parliament, which costs you 8l. 8s. and your plaintiff 100/. Should he have the courage to follow you through all your proceedings, then file a bill in the Exchequer, which will cost about 5l. or 6l.; and if he answers it, it will cost him 80l. more. After this you may file a bill in Chancery, which will cost about 10l.; and if he does not answer this bill, you will get an injunction, and at the same time an attachment from the court against him, and may take his body for contempt of court, in not answering your last bill. You may file your bill in the Court of Chancery, instead of the Exchequer, only the latter costs you the least. If you are at any time served with a copy of a writ, take no further notice of it than by keeping it; when you are declared against, do not fail to put in a special plea immediately, and most likely you will hear no more of the business, as your plaintiff will probably not like to incur any further expense, after having been at so much.'*

*Thus a creditor may be put to an expense of three hundred and fourteen pounds, by a debtor, for the small cost of 30l. 10s. and all because the laws allowed him to sue for his own; and if he and his attorney do not keep a sharp look out, the creditor may get committed for 'contempt of court.'*

"I perceive," said Tom, "that your imagination is flying away from your subject; though I admit the justice of[341] your remarks, as generally applicable to what is termed the higher ranks of society, and that they are imitated or aped in succession to those of the lower orders; but we appear to have imperceptibly got into a

long descriptive conversation, instead of pursuing our usual plan of drawing inferences from actual observation. Let us forth and walk awhile."

"With all my heart," said Sparkle, "I see you wish to change the subject: however, I doubt not there will be a time when you will think more seriously, and act more usefully."

*"Upon my life you are growing sentimental."*

*"Never mind," said Bob, "keep your spirits up."*

*"The world's a good thing, oh how sweet and delicious  
The bliss and delight it contains;  
Devil a pleasure but fortune crams into our dishes,  
Except a few torments and pains.*

*Then wine's a good thing, the dear drink's so inviting,  
Where each toper each care sweetly drowns;  
Where our friends we so cherish, so love and delight in,  
Except when we're cracking their crowns."*

By the time Bob had concluded his verse, they were on the move, and taking their direction through St. James's-street, turning the corner of which,—“there,” said the Hon. Tom Dashall, “that is the celebrated Lord Shampetre, of whose name and character you have before heard.”

“Indeed,” said Bob. “Well, I must say, that if I met him in the street, I should have supposed him to be an old clothesman.”

“Hush,” said Sparkle, “don't be too severe in your observations, for I have been given to understand his Lordship has expressed his indignation upon a former occasion at such a comparison; though I must acknowledge it is not altogether an unjust one; and if exalted, I beg pardon, I mean popular characters, will force themselves into public notice by their follies, their vices or their eccentricities, they can have no right to complain.”

“And pray,” said the Hon. Tom Dashall, “where is one to be found who has made himself more conspicuous<sup>[342]</sup> than the one in question, and especially by a very recent occurrence. The fashionable world is full of the subject of his amatory epistles to the sister of a celebrated actress,<sup>{1}</sup> and her very 'commodious mother;' but I dare say

*I To elucidate the subject here alluded to, we cannot do better than give insertion to the following police report:—*

*PERFIDY AND PROFLIGACY OF A PEER!*

*Bow Street.—An application was lately made for a warrant to apprehend Miss B., the sister of a celebrated actress, for stealing some chimney ornaments and China cups and saucers. The application was made by the mother of the accused, in consequence of her having eloped, and with a view to reclaim her before her ruin should be consummated. The warrant was granted, and in a short time the fair delinquent was led in, resting on the arm of a Mr. B., well known in the fashionable circles. Mr. C. a solicitor, appeared with the mother, and the property found by the officer; the mother identified it, and stated, that she should be happy to forego the charge, on her daughter consenting to return to her home. The magistrate then called on the accused for her defence, when she asserted that the articles were her own, purchased with money given to her by her friends. In corroboration, she called the servant, who spoke to a conversation, in which Mrs. B. blamed her daughter for spending her money so foolishly; and declared that the things were always considered to belong to the daughter, and were given up without the slightest objection when she applied for them in the name of Miss B. This statement produced a desultory conversation, which was terminated by the solicitor remarking, that the principal object, the return of Miss B., had been lost sight of. Mr. B. then said, he had paid for the education and every charge of Miss B. for the last two years. He challenged inquiry into his conduct, which would be found to have arisen from the most honourable feelings, when he should prove that Miss B. had sought his protection from the persecution of Lord P., who had been sanctioned in his dishonourable overtures by her mother. When personal insult had been used, she fled to him; he hired lodgings and a trusty servant for her. A number of Lord P.'s letters were then read, which abounded in vicious ideas, obscenities, and gross figures sketched with the pen. Miss B., then in tears, stated, that she had been shut up with Lord P. with her mother's knowledge, when indecent attacks were made by him upon her on a sofa; and that her mother urged her to become his mistress, saying she should have an allowance of 500L. a-year. The mother strongly denied these assertions, and, after the magistrate had animadverted on the alleged disgraceful conduct of the mother, if true, the affair was settled by Miss B. (only 16,) being put under the care of a female friend, agreeable to both parties, Mr. B. to pay all the expenses.*

*Having thus given an account of the affair, as related in most of the daily papers, we think it right to add the following by way of elucidation.*

*The young lady is Miss B—rt—l—zzi, daughter of a late*

*celebrated engraver of that name, and younger sister of an actress on the boards of Old Drury, who has obtained great notoriety for a pretty face, a roving eye, a fine set of teeth, a mellow voice, and an excessive penchant for appearing before the public in breeches—Macheath and Don Giovanni to wit. 'Mr. B.,' the gentleman under whose protection she is living, or rather was living, is a gentleman of large West India possessions, who some time ago immortalized himself in a duel about a worthless woman, with Lord C-If-d, in which duel he had the honour of sending his lordship to his account with all his 'imperfections on his head.' The third party, 'Lord P.,' is a nobleman, whose chief points are a queer-shaped hat, long shirt sleeves, exquisitely starched, very white gloves, a very low cabriolet, and a Lord George Gordon-ish affectation of beard. We do not know that he is distinguished for any thing else. For the fourth party—the young lady's mamma, she is,—what she is; a rather elderly personage, remarkably commodious, very discreet, 'and all that sort of thing.' We could not help admiring her commodiousness when she accompanied Lord P. and her daughter to Drury-lane Theatre, the last time the King was there. It was almost equal to his Lordship's assiduity, and the young lady's ennui.*

his Lordship is displeased with no part of the eclat, except the quiz that his liberal offer of £500. would be[343] about £25. per annum, or 9s. 7d. a week—a cheap purchase of a young lady's honour, and therefore a good bargain."

"I believe," continued Sparkle, "there is little about him, either as to person or to character, which entitles him to occupy more of our time, which may be better devoted to more agreeable and deserving subjects."

"Apropos," said Dashall, taking Sparkle at his word, "do you observe a person on the other side of the way with a blue nose and a green coat, cut in the true jockey style, so as to render it difficult to ascertain whether he is a gentleman or a gentleman's groom? That is Mr. Spankalong, who has a most unconquerable attachment to grooms, coachmen, and stable assistants; whose language and manners it is one of the principal studies of his life to imitate. He prides himself on being a good driver of four in hand, and tickling the tits along the road in a mail carriage, is the *ne plus ultra* of his ambition. He will take a journey of an hundred miles out of town, merely to meet and drive up a mail coach, paying for his own passage, and feeing the coachmen for their permission. Disguised in a huge white coat, with innumerable capes and mother o'pearl buttons, he seats himself on the box—Elbows square, wrists pliant—all right—Hayait—away they go. He takes his glass of gin and bitters on the road—opens the door for the passengers to get in—with 'now my[344] masters—you please;' and seems quite as much at home as Mr. Matthews at the Lyceum, with 'all that sort of thing, and every thing in the world.' He is, however, not singular in his taste, for many of our hereditary statesmen are to be found among this class, save and except that he carries his imitations to a farther extent than any person I ever knew; and it is a fact, that he had one of his fore teeth punched out, in order to enable the noble aspirant to give the true coachman's whistle, and to spit in a Jehu-like manner, so as to project the saliva from his lips, clear of the cattle and traces, into the hedge on the near side of the road."

"Accomplishments that are truly deserving the best considerations of a noble mind," rejoined Tallyho.

"And absolutely necessary to the finished gentleman of the present day, of course," continued Sparkle; "and as I have not had a lounge in these Corinthian regions for some little time, I am glad to be thus furnished with a key to characters that may be new to me."

"There is one on the opposite side of the way not altogether new, as he has made some noise in the world during his time—I mean the gentleman whose features exhibit so much of the rouge—it is the celebrated Sir George Skippington, formerly well known in Fop's Alley, and at the Opera; not so much on account of his elegant person, lively wit, or polished address, as for his gallantries, and an extraordinary affectation of dress, approaching very nearly to the ridiculous, the chief part of his reputation being derived from wearing a pea-green coat, and pink silk stockings: he has, however, since that time become a dramatic writer, or at least a manufacturer of pantomime and shew; and—ah, but see—speaking of writers—here we have a Hook, from which is suspended a certain scandalous Journal, well known for its dastardly attacks upon private character, and whose nominal conductors are at this moment in durance vile; but a certain affair in the fashionable way of defaulting, has brought him down a peg or two. His ingenuity has been displayed on a variety of occasions, and under varying circumstances. His theatrical attempts have been successful, and at Harrow he was called the Green Man, in consequence of his affected singularity of wearing a complete suit of clothes of that colour. He appears to act at all times upon the favourite recommendation of Young Rapid, 'keep moving;' for he is always in motion, in consequence of which it is said, that Lord Byron wittily remarked, 'he certainly was not the Green Man and Still.'" {1}

*1 The Green Man and Still in the well known sign of a public-house in Oxford Road.*

"Why," cried Bob, "there seems to be as little of still life about him just now, as there is about Hookey[345] Walker. But pray who is that dingy gentleman who passed us within the last minute, and who appeared to be an object of attraction to some persons on the opposite side—he appears to have been cut out for a tailor."

"That," replied Tom, "is a Baronet and cornuto, who married the handsome daughter of a great Marquis. She, however, turned out a complete termagant, who one day, in the heat of her rage, d——d her rib for a sneaking puppy, dashed a cup of coffee in his face, and immediately after flew for protection to a Noble Lord, who entertained a penchant for her. This, however, proved to be a bad speculation on her part; and having seriously reflected on the consequences of such conduct, she made her appearance again at her husband's door a few nights afterwards, and in the spirit of contrition sought forgiveness, under a promise of never transgressing any more, little doubting but her claim to admission would be allowed. Here, however, it seems she had reckoned without her host,—for the Baronet differing in opinion, would not listen to her proposition: her entreaties and promises were urged in vain, and the deserted though still *cara sposa*, has kept the portals

of his door, as well as the avenues to his heart, completely closed to her since."

At this moment they were interrupted by the approach of a gaily dressed young man, who seizing Dashall by the hand, and giving him a hearty shake, exclaimed,—

"Ha, my dear fellow, what Dashall, and as I live, Mr. Sparkle, you are there too, are you: d——me, what's the scent—up to any thing—going any where—or any thing to do—eh—d——me."

"Quite *ad libitum*," replied Dashall, "happy to see Gayfield well and in prime twig,—allow me to introduce my Cousin, Robert Tallyho, Esq."

"You do me proud, my dear fellow. Any thing new—can't live without novelty—who's up, who's down—what's the wonder of the day—how does the world wag—where is the haven of destination, and how do you weather the point."

"Zounds," replied Tom, "you ask more questions in a breath than we three can answer in an hour." [346]

"Never mind—don't want you to answer; but at all events must have something to say—hate idleness either in speech or action—hate talking in the streets, can't bear staring at like a new monument or a statue. Talking of statues—I have it—good thought, go see Achilles, the ladies man—eh! what say you. D——me, made of cannons and other combustibles—Waterloo to wit—Come along, quite a bore to stand still—yea or nay, can't wait."

"With all my heart," said Sparkle, twitching Dashall by the arm, "it is quite new since my departure from town; "and joining arms, they proceeded towards the Park.

"Been out of town," continued Gayfield,—"thought so—lost you all at once—glad you have not lost yourself. Any thing new in the country—always inquire—can't live without novelty—go to see every thing and every body, every where. Nothing new in the papers—Irish distresses old, but very distressing for a time: how the devil can you live in the country—can't imagine."

"And I apprehend," replied Sparkle, "it will be of little use to explain; for a gentleman of so much information as yourself must know every thing."

"Good, but severe—never mind, I never trouble my head with other people's thoughts—always think for myself, let others do as they like. Hate inquisitive people, don't choose to satisfy all inquirers. Never ask questions of any one, don't expect answers. Have you seen the celebrated ventriloquist, Alexandre,—the Egyptian Tomb,—the——"

Sparkle could hold no longer: the vanity and egotism of this everlasting prater, this rambler from subject to subject, without manner, method, or even thought, was too much; and he could not resist the temptation to laugh, in which he was joined by Tom and Bob.

"What is the matter," inquired Gayfield, unconscious of being the cause of their risibility. "I see nothing to [347] laugh at, d——me, but I do love laughing, so I'll enjoy a little with you at all events; "and immediately he became a participator in their mirth, to the inexpressible delight of his companions; "but," continued he, "I see nothing to laugh at, and it is beneath the character of a philosopher to laugh at any thing."

"Never mind," said Dashall, "we are not of that description—and we sometimes laugh at nothing, which I apprehend is the case in the present instance."

"I perfectly agree with the observation," rejoined Sparkle; "it is a case in point, and very well pointed too."

"Nothing could be better timed," said Tallyho.

"What than a horse laugh in the public streets! D——d vulgar really—quite *outré*, as we say. No, no, you ought to consider where you are, what company you are in, and never laugh without a good motive—what is the use of laughing."

"A philosopher," said Tom Dashall, "need scarcely ask such a question. The superiority of his mind ought to furnish a sufficient answer."

"Then I perceive you are not communicative, and I always like to be informed; but never mind, here we shall have something to entertain us."

"And at least," said Sparkle, "that is better than nothing."

The observation, however, was lost upon the incorrigible fribble, who produced his snuff-box, and took a pinch, with an air that discovered the diamond ring upon his finger—pulled up his shirt collar—and at the same time forced down his waistcoat; conceiving no doubt that by such means he increased his consequence, which however was wholly lost upon his companions.

"And this," said Sparkle, "is the so much talked of statue of Achilles—The Wellington Trophy—it is placed in a very conspicuous situation, however—and what says the pedestal—

TO ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,  
AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS IN ARMS,  
THIS STATUE OF ACHILLES,  
CAST FROM CANNON  
TAKEN IN THE VICTORIES OF  
SALAMANCA, VITTORIA, TOULOUSE, AND WATERLOO  
IS INSCRIBED  
BY THEIR COUNTRYWOMEN.

"Beautiful," said Gayfield—"Elegant—superb." "Bold," said Dashall, "but not very delicate." "A naked [348] figure, truly," continued Bob, "in a situation visited by the first circles of rank and fashion, is not to be considered as one of the greatest proofs either of modesty or propriety; but perhaps these ideas, as in many other instances, are exploded, or they are differently understood to what they were originally. A mantle might have been thought of by the ladies, if not the artist."

"For my part," said Sparkle, "I see but little in it to admire."

During this conversation, Gayfield was dancing round the figure with his quizzing glass in his hand, examining it at all points, and appearing to be highly amused and delighted.

"It affords opportunities for a variety of observations," said Dashall, "and, like many other things, may

perhaps be a nine days wonder. The public prints have been occupied upon the subject for a few days, and I know of but one but what condemns it upon some ground or other." {1}

*In all probability the following remarks will be sufficient to make our readers acquainted with this so much talked of statue:-*

*Kensington Gardens and the Park.-From three to seven o'clock on Sunday, the gardens were literally crowded to an over-How with the élite of the fashionable world. The infinite variety of shape and colour displayed in the female costume, the loveliness and dignity of multitudes of the fair wearers, and the serene brilliancy of the day, altogether surpassed any thing we have hitherto witnessed there.*

*There was nothing on the drive in the Park except carriages and horsemen, dashing along to the gardens; and as to the 'Wellington promenade,' it was altogether neglected. Whether it was that the 'naked majesty' of Achilles frightened the people away, or whether the place and its accompaniments were too garish for such weather, we know not, but certainly it seemed to be avoided most cautiously; with the exception of some two or three dozen Sunday-strollers, yawning upon the Anglo-Greco-Pimlico-hightopoltical statue above mentioned. It was curious enough to hear the remarks made by some of these good folks upon this giant exotic-this Greek prototype of British prowess. 'Well, I declare!' said a blooming young Miss, as she endeavoured to scan its brawny proportions, 'Well, I declare! did ever any body see the like!'-'Come along, Martha, love,' rejoined her scarlet-faced mamma; 'Come along, I say!-I wonder they pulled the tarpoling off before the trowsers were ready.' 'What a great green monster of a man it is,' exclaimed a meagre elderly lady, with a strong northern accent, to a tall bony red-whiskered man, who seemed to be her husband-'Do na ye think 'twad a looked mair dedicate in a kilt?' 'Whist!' replied the man; and, without uttering another syllable, he turned upon his heel and dragged the wonder-ing matron away. 'La, ma, is that the Dook O' Vellunton vat stand up there in the sunshine?' 'Hold your tongue, Miss-little girls must not ask questions about them sort of things.' 'Be th' powers!' said one of three sturdy young fellows, as they walked round till they got to sunward of it. 'Be th' powers, but he's a jewel of a fellow; ounly its not quite dacent to be straddling up there without a shirt-is it Dennis?' 'Gad's blood man!' replied Dennis, rather angrily, 'Gad's blood man! dacency's quite out of the question in matters o' this kind, ye see.' 'Faith, and what do they call it?' asked the other. 'Is it-what do they call it?' re-joined Dennis, who seemed to consider himself a bit of a wag-'Why they mane to call it the Ladies' Fancy, to be sure!' and away they all went, 'laughing like so many horses,' as the German said, who had heard talk of a horse-laugh. Some of the spectators compared the shield to a parasol without a handle; others to a pot-lid; and one a sedate-looking old woman, observing the tarpawling still covering the legs and lower part of the thighs, remarked to her companion, that she supposed they had been uncovering it by degrees, in order to use the people to the sight gradually. In short, poor Achilles evidently caused more surprise than admiration, and no small portion of ridicule. But then this was among the vulgar. No doubt the fashionable patronesses of the thing may view it with other eyes.*

On their return from the Park, our party looked in at Tattersal's, where it proved to be settling day. Dashed and his Cousin had previously made a trip to Ascot Races, to enjoy a day's sport, and were so fortunate as to let in a knowing one for a considerable sum, by taking the long odds against a favourite horse. They therefore expected now to touch the blunt, and thus realize the maxim of the poet, by "uniting profit and delight in one."



ASCOT RACES. Tom & Bob winning the long odds from a knowing one!

"Yonder," says Dashall, pointing out to his Cousin a very stout man, "is H. R. H.; he is said to have been a considerable winner, both at the late, as well as Epsom races; but the whole has since vanished at play, with heavy additions, and the black legs are now enjoying a rich harvest. The consequences have been, not only the sale of the fine estate of O—t—ds by the hammer, but even the family plate and personal property have been knocked down to the highest bidders, at Robbins's Rooms."

"I should have expected," replied Bob, "that so much fatal experience, which is said to make even fools wise, would have taught a useful lesson, and restrained this gambling propensity, however violent."

"Psha, man," continued his Cousin, "you are a novice indeed to suppose any thing of the kind. No one[350] uninitiated in these mysteries, can form an idea of the inextricable labyrinth, or the powerful spell which binds the votaries of play; and unfortunately this fatal passion seems to pervade in an unusual degree our present nobility: indeed it may be said there are comparatively but few of the great families who are not either reduced to actual poverty, or approximating towards it, in consequence of the inordinate indulgence of this vice."

*THE WELLINGTON TROPHY; or, LADIES' MAN{1}*

*Air—'Oh, the Sight entrancing.'  
Oh, the sight entrancing,  
To see Achilles dancing,{2}  
Without a shirt  
Or Highland skirt,{3}  
"Where ladies' eyes are glancing:*

*1 We are told that this gigantic statue is a most astonishing work of art, cast from the celebrated statue of Achilles, on the Quirinal Hill; and the inscription on it informs us, that the erection of it was paid for by the ladies of England, to commemorate the manly energy of the Duke of Wellington and his brave companions in arms. To call it, therefore, the 'Ladies' Man,' is merely out of compliment to such as patronised the undertaking; and here we wish it to be particularly understood that we do not sanction the word naked as a correct term (although that term is universally applied to it), inasmuch as this statue is not naked, the modest artist having, at the suggestion of these modest ladies, taken the precaution of giving Achilles a covering, similar to that which Adam and Eve wore on their expulsion from Eden.*

*2 The attitude of the statue is so questionable as to have already raised many opposite hypotheses as to what it is really intended to represent. Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins has, with very laudable ingenuity and classical taste, discovered that the figure is nothing more nor less than a syce, or running groom; just such a one, the worthy ex-sheriff adds, as used to accompany him in India, when engaged in a hunting party, and who, when he grew tired, used to lay hold of the ex-sheriff's horse's tail, in order to keep up with his master. The author of the Travestie, however, has hit upon another solution of the attitude, still more novel, and equally probable, namely, that of dancing, for which he expects to gain no inconsiderable share of popularity.*

*3 Without a shirt or Highland skirt!—It is really entertaining to see what a refinement of criticism has been displayed upon the defects of this incomparable statue. Some have abused the hero for being shirtless, and said it was an abomination to think that a statue in a state of nudity (much larger than life, too!) should be stuck up in Hyde Park, where every lady's eye must glance, however repugnant it might be to their ideas of modesty. But did not the ladies themselves order and pay for the said statue? Is it not an emblem of their own pure taste? Then, as for putting on Achilles a kelt or short petticoat (called by the poet a Highland skirt), oh, shocking I it is not only unclassical, but it would have destroyed the effect of the thing altogether. To be sure, it would not be the first time that Achilles wore a petticoat, for, if we are rightly informed, his mother, Thetis, disguised him in female apparel, and hid him among the maidens at the court of Lycomedes, in order to prevent his going to the siege of Troy; but that wicked wag, Ulysses, calling on the said maidens to pay his respects, discovered Mister Achilles among them, and made him join his regiment.*

*Each widow's heart is throbbing,  
Each married lady sobbing,  
While little miss  
Would fain a kiss  
Be from Achilles robbing!'  
Then, oh, the sight entrancing,  
To see Achilles dancing,  
Without a shirt  
Or Highland skirt,  
Where ladies' eyes are glancing.*

*Oh, 'tis not helm or feather,  
Or breeches made of leather,  
That gave delight,  
By day or night,*

*Or draw fair crowds together.{2}  
Let those wear clothes who need e'm;  
Adorn but max with freedom,{3}  
Then, light or dark,  
They'll range the Park,  
And follow where you lead 'em.  
For, oh, the sight's entrancing,  
To see Achilles dancing,  
Without a shirt  
Or Highland skirt,  
Where ladies' eyes are glancing.*

*1 If we could only insert one hundredth part of what has been said by widows, wives, and maids on this interesting subject during the present week, we are quite sure our readers would acquit us of having overcharged the picture, or even faintly delineated it.*

*2 We certainly must differ with the author here: in our humble opinion, helmets, feathers, leather breeches, &c. have a wonderful effect in drawing crowds of the fair sex together—at a grand review, for instance.*

*3 This line, it is hoped, will be understood literally. The words are T. Moore's, and breathe the spirit of liberty—not licentiousness.*

Having succeeded in their object, Dashall and his Cousin pursued their course homeward; and thus[352] terminated another day spent in the development of Real Life in the British Metropolis.

*But still the muse beseeches  
If this epistle reaches  
Achilles bold,  
In winter cold,  
That he would wear his breeches:{1}  
For though in sultry weather,  
He needs not cloth nor leather,  
Yet frosts may mar  
What's safe in war,{2}  
And ruin all together.*

*But still the sight's entrancing,  
To see Achilles dancing  
Without a shirt  
Or Highland skirt,  
Where ladies' eyes are glancing.*

*1 The last verse must be allowed to be truly considerate, nay, kind—that the ladies will be equally kind and considerate to poor Achilles as the poet is, must be the wish of every one who has witnessed the perilous situation in which he is placed.*

*2 Achilles was a great favourite with the ladies from his very birth. He was a fine strapping boy; and his mother was so proud of him, that she readily encountered the danger of being drowned in the river Styx herself, that she might dip her darling in it, and thereby render him invulnerable. Accordingly, every part of the hero was safe, except his heel by which his mother held him amidst the heat of battle; and, like his renowned antitype, the immortal Duke of Wellington, he was never wounded. But, at length, when Achilles was in the Temple, treating about his marriage with Philoxena, daughter of Priam, the brother of Hector let fly an arrow at his vulnerable heel, and did his business in a twinkling.*

We cannot quit this subject without paying a compliment to the virtues of the Court. We understand there has not been one royal carriage seen in the Park since the erection of the statue; and if report speaks true, the Marchioness of C——m's delicacy is so shocked, that she intends to quit Hamilton Place, which is close by, as early as a more modest site can be chosen!

## CHAPTER XXV

*Lack a day! what a gay  
What a wonderful great town!  
In each street, thousands meet,  
All parading up and down.  
Crossing—jostling—strutting—running,  
Hither—thither—going—coming;  
Hurry—scurry—pushing—driving,  
Ever something new contriving.  
Oh! what a place, what a strange London Town,  
On every side, both far and wide, we hear of its renown.*

Escorting to the ever-varying promenade of fashion, the Hon. Tom Dashall and his Cousin Bob, whose long[353] protracted investigation of Life in London was now drawing to a close, proceeded this morning to amuse

themselves with another lounge in Bond-street: this arcadia of dignified equality was thronged, the carriage-way with dashing equipages, and the pave with exquisite pedestrians. Here was one rouged and whiskered; there another in petticoats and stays, while his sister, like an Amazon, shewed her nether garments half way to the knee. Then "passed smiling by" a Corinthian bear, in an upper benjamin and a Jolliffe shallow. A noted milliner shone in a richer pelisse than the Countess, whom the day before she had cheated out of the lace which adorned it. The gentleman with the day-rule, in new buckskins and boots, and mounted on a thoroughbred horse, quizzed his retaining creditor, as he trotted along with dusty shoes and coat; the "lady of easy virtue" stared her keeper's wife and daughter out of countenance. The man milliner's shop-boy, *en passant*, jogged the duke's elbow; and the dandy pickpocket lisped and minced his words quite as well as my lord.

Tom pointed out some of the more dashing exhibitants; and Bob inquiring the name of a fine woman, rather *en bon point*, with a French face, who was mounted on a chesnut hunter, and whom he had never before seen in the haunts of fashion—"That lady," said he, "goes by the name of *Speculator*; her real name is [354] Mademoiselle Leverd, of the Theatre Français at Paris: she arrived in this country a month since, to "have an opportunity of displaying her superior talents; though it is whispered that the object of her journey was not altogether in the pursuit of her profession, but for the purpose of making an important conquest."

"And who is that charming woman," continued Bob, "in the curricle next to L——d F——?"

"That," returned Tom, "is Mrs. Orbery Hunter. The beautiful man next you, is the "commercial dandy," or as Lord G——l styles him, Apollo; and his Lordship is a veracious man, on which account R—— calls G—— his lyre."

"Ah, do you see that dashing fellow in the Scotch cloak, attended by a lad with his arm in a sling? That is the famous Sir W. M——, who doubles his income by gambling speculations; and that's one of his decoys, to entrap young country squires of fortune to dine with him, and be fleeced. In return, he is to marry him (on condition of receiving £100. for every thousand) to an heiress, the daughter of his country banker."

"Why, all the first whips in the female world are abroad to-day. There is the flower of green Erin, Lady Foley. See with what style she fingers the ribbons. Equally dexterous at the use of whip and tongue; woe to the wight who incurs the lash of either.

"That reverend divine in the span new dennet and the Jolliffe shallow, who squares his elbows so knowingly, as he rubs on his bit of blood, is Parson A——. He is the proprietor of the temple of gaming iniquity, at No. 6, Pall Mall. He is a natural son of Lord B——re, by whom he was brought up, liberally educated, and presented with church preferments of considerable value. He married, in early life, the celebrated singer, Miss M——n, whom he abandoned, with his infant family. This lady found a protector for herself and children in the person of the Rev. Mr. P——s, and having since obtained a divorce from her former husband, has been married to him. The parson boasts of his numerous amours, and, a few years since, took the benefit of the act. Before he ventured upon the splendid speculations at the Gothic Hall, with F——r T——n, Mr. Charles S——, and Lord D——, he used to frequent the most notorious g——g houses, [355] occasionally picking up a half crown as the pigeons were knocked down by the more wealthy players. But, chousing his colleagues out of their shares, and getting the Gothic Hall into his own hands, he has become the great man you see, and may truly be called by the title of autocrat of all the Greeks.

"And who," inquired Bob, "is that gay careless young fellow in the Stanhope, who sits so easy while his horse plunges?"

"That," replied Tom, "is the Hon. and Rev. Fitz S——, with the best heart, best hand, and the best leg in Bond-street. He is really one of the most fascinating men in polished society, and withal, the best judge of a horse at Tattersalls, of a dennet at Long Acre, or a segar in Maiden Lane."

"You need not tell me who that is on the roan horse, with red whiskers and florid complexion. (The Earl of Y——, of course). Madame B. tells a curious story of him and a filly belonging to Prince Paul. His Lordship had a great desire to ride the said filly, and sent Madam B. to know the terms. 'Well!' said his Lordship, when she returned—'Fifty pounds,' she replied.—'Hem!' said his lordship, 'I will wait till next year, and can have her for five-and-twenty.'"

"By this hand, another female equestrian *de figure*.' That tall young woman on the chesnut, is Lady Jane P——, sister of Lord U——. They say, that she has manifested certain pawnbroking inclinations, and has shewn a partiality in partnership at Almack's, to the golden balls. "That fine young woman, leaning out of the carriage window, whose glossy ringlets are of the true golden colour, so much admired by the dandies of old Rome, is his Lordship's wife. He's not with her. But you know he shot Honey at Cumberland Gate, when he was two hundred miles off, and therefore he may be in the carriage, though he's away.

"The person in the shabby brown coat is the Duke of Argyle. The pair of horses that draw his carriage is the only job that Argyle ever condescended to engage in."

"And who is that fat ruddy gentleman, in the plain green coat, and the groom in grey?"

"What, you're not up to the change of colour? That's our old friend the Duke again, and the grey livery [356] augurs, (if I mistake not), a visit to Berkeley square. His R—— H—— must take good care, or that bit of blood will be seized while standing at the door of the Circe, as his carriage was the other day, by the unceremonious nabman. But that's nothing to what used to occur to the Marquis of W——. They say, that if he deposited a broach, a ring, or a watch upon his table, a hand and arm, like that of a genius in a fairy tale, was seen to introduce itself *bon-gre, mal-gre*, through the casement, and instantly they became 'scarce.'"

"But I have heard," said Bob, "of a fashionable nabman asking the Duke the time, and politely claiming the watch as soon as it was visible."

The most prominent characters of the lounge had now disappeared, and Tom and Bob pursuing their course, found themselves in a few minutes in Covent Garden, from whence, nothing occurring of notice, they directed their steps towards Bow-street, with the view of deriving amusement from the proceedings of justice in the principal office on the establishment of the metropolitan police, and in this anticipation they were not disappointed. {1}



Tottenham Court Road, green-grocer, fruiterer, coal and potatoe merchant, salt lish and Irish pork-monger, was brought before the magistrate on a peace-warrant, issued at the suit of his wife, Mrs. Mary Sullivan. Mrs. Sullivan is an Englishwoman, who married Mr. Sullivan for love, and has been "blessed with many children by him." But notwithstanding she appeared before the magistrate with her face all scratched and bruised, from the eyes downward to the tip of her chin; all which scratches and bruises, she said, were the handy-work of her husband.

The unfortunate Mary, it appeared, married Mr. Sullivan about seven years ago; at which time he was as polite a young Irishman as ever handled a potatoe on this side the Channel; he had every thing snug and comfortable about him, and his purse and his person, taken together, were "undeniable." She herself was a young woman genteely brought up—abounding in friends and acquaintance, and silk gowns, with three good bonnets always in use, and black velvet shoes to correspond. Welcome wherever she went, whether to dinner, tea, or supper, and made much of by every body. St. Giles' bells rang merrily at their wedding—a fine fat leg of mutton and capers, plenty of pickled salmon, three ample dishes of salt fish and potatoes, with pies, pudding and porter of the best, were set forth for the bridal supper; all the most "considerablest" families in Dyott Street and Church Lane, were invited, and every thing promised a world of happiness—and for five long years they were happy. She loved, as Lord Byron would say, "she loved and was beloved; she adored and she was worshipped;" but Mr. Sullivan was too much like the hero of the Lordship's tale—his affections could not "hold the bent," and the sixth year had scarcely commenced, when poor Mary discovered that she had "outlived his liking." From that time to the present he had treated her continually with the greatest cruelty; and, at last, when by this means he had reduced her from a comely young person to a mere handful of a poor creature, he beat her, and turned her out of doors.

This was Mrs. Sullivan's story; and she told it with such pathos, that all who heard it pitied her, except her husband.

It was now Mr. Sullivan's turn to speak. Whilst his wife was speaking, he had stood with his back towards her, his arms folded across his breast to keep down his choler; biting his lips and staring at the blank wall; but the moment she had ceased, he abruptly turned round, and, curiously enough, asked the magistrate whether Mistress Sullivan had done spaking.

"She has," replied his worship; "but suppose you ask her whether she has any thing more to say."

"I shall, Sir!" exclaimed the angry Mr. Sullivan. "Mistress Sullivan, had you any more of it to say '!"

Mrs. Sullivan raised her eyes to the ceiling, clasped her hands together, and was silent.

"Very well, then," he continued, "will I get lave to spake, your Honour?"

His Honour nodded permission, and Mr. Sullivan immediately began a defence, to which it is impossible to do justice; so exuberantly did he suit the action to the word, and the word to the action. "Och! your Honour, there is something the matter with me!" he began; at the same time putting two of his fingers perpendicularly over his forehead, to intimate that Mrs. Sullivan played him false. He then went into a long story about a "Misther Burke," who lodged in his house, and had taken the liberty of assisting him in his conjugal duties, "without any lave from him at all at all."

It was one night in partickler, he said, that he went to bed times in the little back parlour, quite entirely sick with the head-ache. Misther Burke was out from home, and when the shop was shut up, Mrs. Sullivan went out too; but he didn't much care for that, ounly he thought she might as well have staid at home, and so he couldn't go to sleep for thinking of it. "Well, at one o'clock in the morning," he continued, lower-ing his voice into a sort of loud whisper; "at one o'clock in the morn-ing Misther Burke lets himself in with the key that he had, and goes up to bed—and I thought nothing at all; but presently I hears something come tap, tap, tap, at the street door. The minute after comes down Misther Burke, and opens the door, and sure it was Mary—Mistress Sullivan that is, more's the pity—and devil a bit she came to see after me at all in the little back parlour, but up stairs she goes after Misther Burke. Och! says I, but there's some-thing the matter with me this night! and I got up with the night-cap o' th' head of me, and went into the shop to see for a knife, but I couldn't get one by no manes. So I creeps up stairs, step by step, step by step," (here Mr. Sullivan walked on tiptoe all across the office, to show the magistrate how quietly he went up the stairs), "and when

*I gets to the top I sees 'em, by the gash (gas) coming through the chink in the window curtains; I sees 'em, and 'Och, Mistress Sullivan!' says he: and 'Och, Mither Burke,' says she:—and och! botheration, says I to myself, and what shall I do now?" We cannot follow Mr. Sullivan any farther in the detail of his melancholy affair; it is sufficient that he saw enough to convince him that he was dishonoured: that, by some accident or other, he disturbed the guilty pair, whereupon Mrs. Sullivan crept under Mr. Burke's bed, to hide herself; that Mr. Sullivan rushed into the room, and dragged her from under the bed, by her "wicked leg;" and that he felt about the round table in the corner, where Mr. Burke kept his bread and cheese, in the hope of finding a knife.*

*"And what would you have done with it, if you had found it?" asked his worship.*

*"Is it what I would have done with it, your honour asks?" exclaimed Mr. Sullivan, almost choked with rage—"Is it what I would have done with it?—only that I'd have dugged it into the heart of 'em at the same time!" As he said this, he threw himself into an attitude of wild desperation, and made a tremendous lunge, as if in the very act of slaughter.*

*To make short of a long story, he did not find the knife; Mr. Burke barricadoed himself in his room, and Mr. Sullivan turned his wife out of doors.*

*The magistrate ordered him to find bail to keep the peace towards his wife and all the King's subjects, and told him, that if his wife was indeed what he had represented her to be, he must seek some less violent mode of separation than the knife.*

*There not being any other case of interest, Tom and Bob left the office, not, however, without a feeling of commiseration for Mr. Sullivan, whose frail rib and her companion in iniquity, now that the tables were turned against them by the injured husband's "plain unvarnished tale," experienced a due share of reprobation from the auditory.*

Pursuing their course homeward through St. James'-square: "Who have we here?" exclaimed Tom; "as [558] live, no other than the lofty Honoria, an authoress, a wit and an eccentric; a combination of qualities which frequently contribute to convey the possessor to a garret, and thence to an hospital or poor house. It is not uncommon to find attic salt in the first floor from heaven, but rather difficult to find the occupier enabled to procure salt whereby to render porridge palatable. The lady Honoria, who has just passed, resides in a lodging in Mary-le-bone. She having mistaken stature for beauty, and attitude for greatness, a tune on her lute for fascination, a few strange opinions and out of the way sayings for genius, a masculine appearance for attraction, and bulk for irresistibility, came on a cruise to London with a view to call at C——House, where she conceived she might be treated like a Princess.

"She fondly fancied that a certain dignified personage who relieved her distress, could not but be captivated with the very description of her; in consequence of which, she launched into expenses which she was but ill able to bear, and now complains of designs formed against her and of all sorts of fabulous nonsense. It must, however, be acknowledged, that an extraordinary taste for fat, has been a great som-*ce* of inconvenience to the illustrious character alluded to, for corpulent women have been in the habit of daily throwing themselves in his way under some pretence or other; and if he but looked at them, they have considered themselves as favourites, and in the high road to riches and fame.

"It is well known that a certain French woman, with long flowing black hair, who lived not an hundred miles from Pimlico, was one who fell into this error. Her weight is about sixteen stone—and on that account she sets herself down as this illustrious person's mistress; nay, because he saw her once, she took expensive lodgings, ran deeply in debt, and now abuses the great man because he has not provided for her in a princely style, "*pour se beaux yeux*;" for it must be admitted, that she can boast as fine a pair of black eyes as ever were seen. The circumstance of this taste for materialism, is as unfortunate to the possessor, as a convulsive nod of the head once was to a rich gentleman, who was never without being engaged in some law suit or other, for lots knocked down to him at auctions, owing to his incessant and involuntary noddings at these places. The fat ladies wish the illustrious amateur to pay for peeping, just as the crafty knights of the hammer endeavoured to make the rich gentleman pay for his nodding at them."

"Fat, fair, and forty, then," said Sparkle, "does not appear to be forgotten."

"No," was the reply, "nor is it likely: the wits of London are seldom idle upon subjects of importance: take [360] for instance the following lines:—

*"When first I met thee, FAT and fair,  
With forty charms about thee,  
A widow brisk and debonair,  
How could I live without thee.*

*Thy rogueish eye I quickly spied,  
It made me still the fonder,  
I swore though false to all beside,  
From thee I'd never wander.*

*But old Fitz now,  
Thou'rt only fit to tease me,  
And C——M I vow,  
Has learn't the art to please me."*

By this time they were passing Grosvenor gate, when the Hon. Tom Dashall directed the attention of his Cousin to a person on the opposite side of the street, pacing along with a stiff and formal air.

"That," said he, "is a new species of character, if it may properly be so termed, of which I have never yet given you any account. Sir Edward Knowell stands, however, at the head of a numerous and respectable class of persons, who may be entitled Philosophic Coxcombs. He proceeds with geometrical exactness in all his transactions. You can perceive finery of dress is no mark of his character; on the contrary, he at all times wears a plain coat; and as if in ridicule of the common fop, takes care to decorate his menials in the most gorgeous liveries.

"The stiffness and formality of his appearance is partly occasioned by the braces which he very judiciously purchased of Martin Van Butchell, and partly by the pride of wealth and rank.

"There is a pensiveness in his aspect, which would induce any one to imagine Sir Edward to be a man of feeling; but those who have depended upon outward appearances alone, have found themselves miserably deceived; for as hypocrisy assumes a look of sanctity, so your philosophic coxcomb's apparent melancholy serves only as a mask to cover his stupidity.

"Sir Edward is amorously inclined; but he consults his reason, or pretends to do so, and by that means renders his pleasures subservient to his health. It cannot be denied he sometimes manifests contortions of aspect not exactly in unison with happiness; but his feelings are ever selfish, and his apparent pain is occasioned by the nausea of a debauch, or perhaps by the pressure of a new pair of boots. If you are in distress, Sir Edward hears your tale with the most stoical indifference, and he contemplates your happiness with an equal degree of apathy—a sort of Epictetus, who can witness the miseries of a brother without agony or sympathy, and mark the elevation of a friend without one sentiment of congratulation: wrapt up in self, he banishes all feeling for others.

"This philosopher has a great number of imitators—perhaps not less than one thousand philosophic coxcombs visit London annually; and if Sir Edward were to die, they might all with great propriety lay claim to a participation in the property he might leave behind him, as near relations to the family of the Knowells. These gentlemen violate all the moral duties of life with impunity: they are shameless, irreligious, and so insignificant, that they seem to consider themselves born for no useful purpose whatever. Indeed they are such perfect blanks in the creation, that were they transported to some other place, the community would never miss them, except by the diminution of follies and vices. Like poisonous plants, they merely vegetate, diffuse their contagious effluvia around, then sink into corruption, and are forgotten for ever."

"Whip me such fellows through the world," exclaimed Sparkle, "I have no relish for them."

On calling in at Long's Hotel, they were informed that Sparkle's servant had been in pursuit of his master, in consequence of letters having arrived from the country; and as Dashall knew that he had two excellent reasons why he should immediately acquaint himself with their contents, the party immediately returned to Piccadilly.

## CHAPTER XXVI

*"—Mark the change at very first vacation,  
She's scarcely known to father or relation.  
No longer now in vesture neat and tight,  
Because forsooth she's learn'd to be polite.  
But crop't—a bosom bare, her charms explode,  
Her shape, the tout ensemble a-la-mode.  
Why Bet, cries Pa, what's come to thee of late?  
This school has turn'd thy brain as sure as fate.  
What means these vulgar ways? I hate 'em wench,  
You shan't, I tell thee, imitate the French;  
Because great vokes adopt a foreign taste,  
And wear their bosoms naked to the waist,  
D'ye think you shall—No, no, I loathe such ways,  
Mercy! great nokes shew all for nothing now adays."*

The morning arose with smiles and sunshine, which appeared almost to invite our party earlier than they intended to the enjoyments of a plan which had occupied their attention on the previous evening, when Sparkle proposed a ride, which being consented to, the horses were prepared, and they were quickly on the road.

Passing through Somers Town, Sparkle remarked to his friend Dashall, that he could not help thinking that the manners and information of the rising generation ought to be greatly improved.

"And have you not had sufficient evidence of the fact?" was the reply.

"Why certainly," continued Sparkle, "if the increase of public schools round the metropolis is in proportion to what has already met my eye during our present short ride, there is sufficient evidence that education is considered as it ought to be, of the first importance. Yet I question whether we are so much more learned than our ancestors, as to require such a vast increase of teachers. Nay, is not the market overstocked with these heads of seminaries, similar to the republic of letters, which is overwhelmed with authors, and clogged with bookmakers and books."

"This remark," replied Tom, "might almost as well be made upon every trade and profession which is followed; in the present day there are so many in each, that a livelihood can scarcely be obtained, and a universal grumbling is the consequence."

"Well," said Bob, "I can with safety say there are but two trades or callings that I have met with since my arrival in London, to which I have discovered no rivalship."

This remark from Tallyho excited some surprise in the mind of his two friends, who were anxious to know to what he alluded.

"I mean," continued he, "the doll's bedstead seller, who is frequently to be heard in the street of London, bawling with a peculiarity of voice as singular as the article he has for sale,—'Buy my doll's bedsteads;'—and the other, a well known whistler, whom you must both have heard."

"Egad you are right," replied Sparkle; "and although I recollect them both, I must confess the observation now made has never so forcibly struck me before: it, however, proves you have not exhausted your time in town without paying attention to the characters it contains, nor the circumstances by which they obtain their livelihood; and although the introduction is not exactly in point with the subject of previous remarks, and ought not to cut the thread of our discourse, it has some reference, and conveys to my mind a novel piece of information. But I was about to consider what can be the causes for this extraordinary host of ladies of all ages, classes and colours, from the Honourable Mistress——to the Misses Stubbs, who have their establishment for the education of young ladies in a superior style; and whether in consequence of this legion of fair labourers in learning and science, our countrywomen (for I am adverting particularly to the softer sex) are chaster, wiser, and better, than their mammas and grand-mammas."

"A most interesting subject, truly," replied Tom, "and well worthy of close investigation. Now for my part I apprehend that the increase of tutors arises from many other causes than the more general diffusion of knowledge."

"There can be no doubt of it," continued Sparkle, "and some of those causes are odd enough—very opposite to wisdom, and not more conducive to improvement; for amongst them you will find pride, poverty, and idleness.

"For instance, you may discover that the proud partner of a shopkeeper in the general line, or more plainly speaking, the proprietor of a chandler's shop, is ambitious of having her daughter accomplished.

*"E'en good Geoffrey Forge, a blacksmith by descent,  
Who has his life 'midst bars and hammers spent,  
Resolves his Bet shall learn to read and write,  
And grace his table with a wit polite.  
To make for father's sense a reparation—  
The day arrives for fatal separation;  
When Betsey quits her dad with tears of woe,  
And goes to boarding-school—at Pimlico."*

"Well, the accomplishments sought are music, dancing, French, and ornamental work; instead of learning the Bible, being brought up to domestic utility, cooking, washing, plain work, and the arithmetic necessary for keeping the accounts of her father's shop. What is the consequence?—the change in her education quite unfits Miss for her station in life; makes her look down on her unlettered Pa—and Ma—as persons too ignorant for her to associate with; while she is looking up with anxious expectation to marry a man of fortune (probably an officer); and is not unfrequently taken unceremoniously without the consent of her parents on a visit to the church."

"You are pushing the matter as close as you can, Charles," said Dashall; "though I confess I think, nay I may say indeed I know some instances in which such fatal consequences have been the result of the conduct to which you allude."

"Well, then, suppose even that this superior style of education should not have the effect of turning the poor girl's head, and that she really has prudence and discretion enough to avoid the perils and snares of ambition; Miss Celestina is at least unfitted for a tradesman's wife, and she must either become a companion, or a governess, or a teacher at a school, or be set up as the Minerva of an evening school—half educated herself, and exposed in every situation for which she is conceived to be fitted, to numerous temptations, betwixt the teachers of waltzes and quadrilles—the one horse chaise dancing-masters—the lax-moraled foreign music-master—or the dashing Pa—of her young pupils (perhaps a Peer). Celibacy is not always so much an affair of choice as of circumstances, and sad difficulties are consequently thrown in the way of poor Miss So and So's path through life—all originating from pride."

"Well," said Bob, "since you have been amusing us with this description, I have counted not less than eight[365] seminaries, establishments, and preparatory schools."

"I do not doubt it," continued Sparkle; "and some of them on the meanest scale, notwithstanding the high sounding titles under which they are introduced to public notice: others presided over by sister spinsters, not unfrequently with Frenchified names; such, for instance, as 'Mesdames Puerdon's Seminary,' the lady's real name being Martha (or, if you please, Patty) Purton, and a deformed relative completing the Mesdames: the 'Misses de la Porte,' (whom nature had made simple Porter), and no great catch to obtain either: the 'Misses Cox's preparatory school for young gentlemen of an early age,' all seem to bespeak the poverty, false pride, and affectation of the owners. Notwithstanding the fine denominations given to some of these learned institutions, such as 'Bellevue Seminary'—'Montpelier House'—'Bel Retiro Boarding School,' &c. &c.

"To such artifices as these are two classes of females compelled to resort, namely, reduced gentlewomen and exalted tradesmen's daughters, who disdain commerce, and hate the homely station which dame nature had originally intended them to move in. Such ladies (either by birth or adoption) prefer the twig to the distaff, the study to the shop, and experience more pleasure in walking out airing with their pupils, taking their station in the front, frequently gaudily and indiscreetly dressed, than to be confined to the counter, or the domestic occupations of the good old English housewife of former times.

"Such ladies are frequently to be met with on all the Greens and Commons, from dirty Stepney or Bethnal, to the more sumptuous Clapham or Willisdon. Some of them are so occupied with self, that the random-shot glances of their pupils at the exquisites and the dandy militaires about town, do not come within the range of their notice, while others are more vigilant, but often heave a sigh at the thought that the gay and gallant

Captain should prefer the ruddy daughter of a cheese-monger, to the reduced sprigs of gentility which they consider themselves.

"At all events, many of these ladies, and worthy ones too, are placed, *par force* of poverty, in this avocation[366] unsuited to their abilities, their hearts, their habits, or their former expectations. The government of their young flock is odious to them, and although they may go through the duties of their situation with apparent patience, it is in fact a drudgery almost insupportable; and the objects nearest the governess's heart—are the arrival of the vacation, the entrance-money, the quarter's schooling, and a lengthy list of items: the arrival of Black Monday, or a cessation of holidays, brings depressed spirits, and she returns to her occupation, deploring her unlucky stars which placed her in so laborious a situation—envies her cousin Sarah, who has caught a minor in her net; nay even perhaps would be happy to exchange circumstances with the thoughtless Miss Skipwell, who has run away with her dancing-master, or ruined a young clergyman, of a serious turn, by addressing love-letters to him, copied from the most romantic novels, which have softened his heart into matrimony, and made genteel beggars of the reverend mistress, himself, and a numerous offspring."

"Very agreeable, indeed," cried Dashall.

"Perhaps not," said Tallyho, interrupting him, "to the parties described."

"You mistake me," was the reply; "I meant the combination of air and exercise with the excellent descriptions of our friend Sparkle, who by the way has not yet done with the subject."

"I am aware of it," continued Sparkle, "for there is one part which I mentioned at the outset, which may with great propriety be added in the way of elucidation—I mean Idleness: it is the third, and shall for the present be the last subject of our consideration, and even this has contributed its fair proportion of teachers to the world. Miss Mel ta way, the daughter of a tallow-chandler, who ruined himself by dressing extravagantly his wife, and over educating his dear Caroline Matilda, in consequence of which he failed, and shortly afterwards left the world altogether,—was brought up in the straw line; but this was no solid trade, and could not be relied upon: however, she plays upon the harp and the guitar. What advantages! yet she also failed in the straw-hat line, and therefore Idleness prefers becoming an assistant teacher and music mistress, to taking to any more laborious, even though more productive mode of obtaining a livelihood.

"Then Miss Nugent has a few hundred pounds, the remnant of Pa's gleanings (Pa having been the retired[367] butler of a Pigeoned Peer.) A retail bookseller sought her hand in marriage, but she thought him quite a vulgar fellow. He had no taste for waltzing, at which she was considered to excel—he blamed her indulgence in such pleasures, and ventured to hint something about a pudding. Then again, he can't speak French, and dresses in dittoes. Now all this is really barbarous, and consequently Miss Nugent spurns the idea of such a connection.

"Let us trace her still further. In a short time she is addressed by a Captain Kirkpatrick Tyrconnel, who makes his approaches with a splendid equipage. The romantic sound of the former, and the glare of the latter, attract her attention. The title of Captain, however, is merely a *nom de guerre*, for he is only an ensign on half-pay. Miss is delighted with his attentions: he is a charming fellow, highly accomplished, for he sings duets, waltzes admirably, plays the German flute, and interlards his conversation with scraps of French and Spanish. Altogether he is truly irresistible, and she is willing to lay her person and her few hundreds at the feet of the conquerer. The day is appointed, and every preparation made for the nuptial ceremony; when ah! who can foresee,

"The various turns of fate below."

An athletic Hibernian wife, formerly the widow of Dennis O'Drumball, steps in between the young lady and the hymeneal altar, and claims the Captain as her husband—she being the landlady of a country ale-house where he had been quartered, whom he had married by way of discharging his bill. The interposition is fortunate, because it saves the Captain from an involuntary trip to Botany Bay, and Miss from an alliance of a bigamical kind; though it has at the same time proved a severe disappointment to the young lady.

"Crossed in love—wounded in the most tender part—she forswears the hymeneal tie; and under such unfortunate circumstances she opens a Seminary, to which she devotes the remainder of her life."

"Pray," said Bob, whose eyes were as open as his ears, "did you notice that shining black board, with[368] preposterous large gold letters, announcing 'Miss Smallgood's establishment for Young Ladies,' and close alongside of it another, informing the passenger,—' That man-traps were placed in the premises.'"

"I did," said Sparkle—"but I do not think that, though somewhat curious, the most remarkable or strange association. Young ladies educated on an improved plan, and man-traps advertised in order to create terror and dismay! For connected with this method of announcing places of education, is a recollection of receptacles of another nature."

"To what do you allude?" inquired Tallyho. "Why, in many instances, private mad-houses are disguised as boarding schools, under the designation of 'Establishment.' Many of these receptacles in the vicinity of the metropolis, are rendered subservient to the very worst of purposes, though originally intended for the safety of the individual, as well as the security of the public against the commission of acts, which are too frequently to be deplored as the effect of insanity. Of all the houses of mourning, that to which poor unhappy mortals are sent under mental derangement is decidedly the most gloomy. The idea strikes the imagination with horror, which is considerably increased by a reflection on the numerous human victims that are incarcerated within their walls, the discipline they are subjected to, and the usual pecuniary success which attends the keepers of such establishments,—where the continuance of the patient is the chief source of interest, rather than the recovery. That they are useful in some cases cannot be denied, but there are many instances too well authenticated to be doubted, where persons desirous of getting rid of aged and infirm relatives, particularly if they manifested any little aberration of mind (as is common in advanced age), have consigned them to these receptacles, from which, through the supposed kindness of their friends, and the management of the proprietors, they have never returned. If the parties ail nothing, they are soon driven to insanity by ill usage, association with unfortunates confined like themselves, vexation at the treatment, and absolute despair of escape; or if partially or slightly afflicted, the lucid intervals are prevented, and the disorder by these means is increased and confirmed by coercion, irritation of mind, and despair."

"This is a deplorable picture of the state of things, indeed," said Tallyho.

[369]

"But it is unvarnished," was the reply; "the picture requires no imaginary embellishment, since it has its foundation in truth. Then again, contrast the situation of the confined with the confiner. The relatives have an interest in the care of the person, and a control over the property, which in cases of death frequently becomes their own. The keepers of these receptacles have also an interest in keeping the relatives in a disposition to forward all their views of retaining the patient, who, under the representation of being seriously deranged, is not believed; consequently all is delusion, but the advantages which ultimately fall to the tender-hearted relative, or the more artful proprietor of the mad-house; and it is wonderful what immense fortunes are made by the latter; nay not only by the proprietors, but even the menials in their employ, many of whom have been known to retire independent, a circumstance which clearly proves, that by some means or other they must have possessed themselves of the care of the property, as well as that of the persons of their unfortunate victims."

"This is a dull subject," said Dashall, "though I confess that some exposures which have been made fully justify your observations; but I am not fond of looking at such gloomy pictures of Real Life."

"True," replied Sparkle; "but it connects itself with the object you have had in view; and though I know there are many who possess souls of sensibility, and who would shrink from the contemplation of so much suffering humanity, it is still desirable they should know the effects produced almost by inconceivable causes. I know people in general avoid the contemplation, as well as fly from the abodes of misery, contenting themselves by sending pecuniary assistance. But unfortunately there are a number of things that wear a similarity of appearance, yet are so unlike in essence and reality, that they are frequently mistaken by the credulous and unwary, who become dupes, merely because they are not eye witnesses of the facts. But if the subject is dull, let us push forward, take a gallop over Hampstead Heath, and return."

"With all my heart," cried Dashall, giving a spur to his horse, and away they went.

[370]

The day was delightfully fine; the appearance of the country banished all gloomy thoughts from their minds; and after a most agreeable ride, they returned to Piccadilly, where finding dinner ready, they spent the remainder of the evening in the utmost hilarity, and the mutual interchange of amusing and interesting conversation, principally relative to Sparkle's friends in the country, and their arrangements for the remainder of their time during their stay in the metropolis.

## CHAPTER XXVII

*"E'en mighty monarchs may at times unbend,  
And sink the dull superior in the friend.  
The jaded scholar his lov'd closet quits,  
To chat with folks below, and save his wits:  
Peeps at the world awhile, with curious look.  
Then flies again with pleasure to his book.  
The tradesman hastes away from Care's rude gripe,  
To meet the neighbouring club and smoke his pipe.  
All this is well, in decent bounds restrained,  
No health is injured, and no mind is pain'd.  
But constant travels in the paths of joy,  
Yield no delights but what in time must cloy;  
Though novelty spread all its charms to view,  
And men with eagerness those charms pursue;  
One truth is clear, that by too frequent use,  
They early death or mis'ry may produce."*

THE post of the following morning brought information for Dashall and his friends, and no time was lost in[371] breaking open the seals of letters which excited the most pleasing anticipations. A dead silence prevailed for a few minutes, when, rising almost simultaneously, expressions of satisfaction and delight were interchanged at the intelligence received.

Merry well's success had proved more than commensurate with his most sanguine expectations. He had arrived at the residence of his dying relative, just time enough to witness his departure from this sublunary sphere, and hear him with his expiring breath say,—“All is thine;” and a letter to each of his former friends announced the pleasure and the happiness he should experience by an early visit to his estate, declaring his determination to settle in the country, and no more become a rambler in the labyrinths of London.

This was a moment of unexpected, though hoped for gratification. Sparkle applauded the plan he intended to pursue.

Tallyho confessed himself tired of this world of wonders, and appeared to be actuated by a similar feeling: he conceived he had seen enough of the Life of a Rover, and seemed to sigh for his native plains again.

Dashall's relish for novelty in London was almost subdued; and after comparing notes together for a short[372] time, it was mutually agreed that they would dine quietly at home, and digest a plan for future proceedings.

"Never," said Tom, "did I feel so strong an inclination to forego the fascinating charms of a London Life as at the present moment; and whether I renounce it altogether or not, we will certainly pay a congratulatory visit to Merry well."

"Example," said Sparkle, endeavouring to encourage the feeling with which his friend's last sentiment was expressed, "is at all times better than precept; and retirement to domestic felicity is preferable to revelry in splendid scenes of dissipation, which generally leads to premature dissolution."

"Agreed," said Tom; "and happy is the man who, like yourself, has more than self to think for.—Blest with a lovely and amiable wife, and an ample fortune, no man upon earth can have a better chance of gliding down

the stream of life, surrounded by all the enjoyments it can afford—while I———”

“Oh, what a lost mutton am I!”

Sparkle could scarcely forbear laughing at his friend, though he was unable to discover whether he was speaking seriously or ironically; he therefore determined to rally him a little.

“How,” said he, “why you are growing serious and sentimental all at once: what can be the cause of this change of opinion so suddenly?”

“My views of life,” replied Dashall, “have been sufficient to convince me that a Like in London is the high road to Death. I have, however, tried its vagaries in all companies, in all quarters; and, as the Song says,

“Having sown my wild oats in my youthful days, I wish to live happily now they are done.”

By this time Sparkle was convinced that Dashall was speaking the real sentiments of his mind, and congratulated him upon them.

Tallyho expressed himself highly delighted with the information he had acquired during his stay in London[373] but could not help at the same time acknowledging, that he had no wish to continue in the same course much longer: it was therefore agreed, that on that day fortnight they would leave the metropolis for the residence of Merrywell, and trust the future guidance of their pursuits to chance.

“It would argue a want of loyalty,” said Tom, “if we did not witness the royal departure for Scotland before we quit town; and as that is to take place on Saturday next, we will attend the embarkation of his Majesty at Greenwich, and then turn our thoughts towards a country life.”

Sparkle was evidently gratified by this determination, though he could hardly persuade himself it was likely to be of long duration; and Bob inwardly rejoiced at the expression of sentiments in exact accordance with his own. At a moment when they were all absorbed in thoughts of the future, they were suddenly drawn to the present by a man passing the window, bawling aloud—“Buy a Prap—Buy a Prap.”

“What does the fellow mean?” interrupted Tallyho.

“Mean,” said Dashall, “nothing more than to sell his clothes props.”

“Props,” replied Bob, “but he cries praps; I suppose that is a new style adopted in London.”

“Not at all,” continued Sparkle; “the alteration of sound only arises from an habitual carelessness, with which many of what are termed the London Cries are given; a sort of tone or jargon which is acquired by continually calling the same thing—and in which you will find he is not singular. The venders of milk, for instance, seldom call the article they carry for sale, as it is generally sounded *mieu*, or *mieu below*, though some have recently adopted the practice of crying *mieu above*. The sort of sing-song style which the wandering venders of different goods get into as it were by nature, is frequently so unintelligible, that even an old inhabitant of the town and its environs can scarcely ascertain by the ear what is meant; and which I apprehend arises more from the sameness of subject than from any premeditated intention of the parties so calling. Other instances may be given:—the chimney-sweeper, you will find, instead of bawling sweep[374] frequently contracts it to we-ep or e-ep; the former not altogether incompatible with the situation of the shivering little being who crawls along the streets under a load of soot, to the great annoyance of the well dressed passengers; however, it has the effect of warning them of his approach. The dustman, above curtailment, as if he felt his superiority over the flue-faker, lengthens his sound to dust-ho, or dust-wo; besides, he is dignified by carrying a bell in one hand, by which he almost stuns those around him, and appears determined to kick up a dust, if he can do nothing else. The cries of muffins in the streets it is difficult to understand, as they are in the habit of ringing a tinkling bell, the sound of which can scarcely be heard, and calling mapping ho; and I remember one man whom I have frequently followed, from whom I could never make out more than happy happy happy now. There is a man who frequently passes through the Strand, wheeling a barrow before him, bawling as he moves along, in a deep and sonorous voice, smoaking hot, piping hot, hot Chelsea Buns; and another, in the vicinity of Covent Garden, who attracts considerable notice by the cry of—Come buy my live shrimps and pierriwinkles—buy my wink, wink, wink; these, however, are exceptions to those previously mentioned, as they have good voices, and deliver themselves to some tune; but to the former may be added the itinerant collector of old clothes, who continually annoys you with—Clow; clow sale. The ingenious Ned Shuter, the most luxuriant comedian of his time, frequently entertained his audience on his benefit nights with admirable imitations of the Cries of London, in which he introduced a remarkable little man who sold puffs, and who, from the peculiar manner of his calling them, acquired the name of Golly Molly Puff; by this singularity he became a noted character, and at almost every period some such peculiar itinerant has become remarkable in the streets of London. Some years back, a poor wretched being who dealt in shreds and patches, used to walk about, inviting people by the following lines—

*“Linen, woollen, and leather,  
Bring ‘em out altogether.”*

Another, a sleek-headed whimsical old man, appeared, who was commonly called the Wooden Poet, from[375] his carrying wooden ware, which was slung in a basket round his neck, and who chaunted a kind of song in doggerel rhyme, somewhat similar to the following—

*“Come, come, my worthy soul,  
Will you buy a wooden bowl?  
I am just come from the Borough,  
Will you buy a pudding stirrer.  
I hope I am not too soon,  
For you to buy a wooden spoon.  
I've come quick as I was able,  
Thinking you might want a ladle,  
And if I'm not too late,  
Buy a trencher or wood plate.  
Or if not it's no great matter,  
So you take a wooden platter.  
It may help us both to dinner,  
If you'll buy a wooden skimmer.”*

*Come, neighbours, don't be shy, for I deal just and fair,  
Come, quickly come and buy, all sorts of wooden ware."*

"Very well, indeed, for a wooden poet," exclaimed Bois; "he certainly deserved custom at all events: his rivals, Walter Scott or Lord Byron, would have turned such a poetical effusion to some account—it would have been dramatized—Murray, Longman, &c. would have been all in a bustle, puffing, blowing, and advertising. We should have had piracies, Chancery injunctions, and the d——1 to pay; but alas! it makes all the difference whether a poet is fashionable and popular or not." {1}

*1 Lord Byron, in his preface to a recent publication, complains that among other black arts resorted to, for the purpose of injuring his fair fame, he has been accused of receiving considerable sums for writing poetical puffs for Warren's blacking. We can safely acquit his Lordship of this charge, as well as of plagiarism from the poems he alludes to; but it has led to a curious rencontre between the blacking-laureat, and his patron the vender of the shin-ing jet; and after considerable black-guardism between the parties, the matter is likely to become the subject of legal discussion among the gentlemen of the black robe.*

*The poet, it appears, received half a crown for each production, from the man of blacking, which the latter considered not only a fair, but even liberal remuneration for poetic talent; not overlook-ing, that while the pecuniary reward would produce comfort, and add a polish to personal appearance, the brilliance of the composition, (both of poetry and blacking), would be fairly divided between the authors of each; and that the fame of both would be conjointly*

*handed down to posterity, and shine for ever in the temple of fame.*

*Now it requires no uncommon sagacity to perceive, that but for this unfortunate mistake of the public, the poet would have remained satisfied, as far as pecuniary recompence went, with the half-crown,—looking to futurity for that more complete recompence, which poets ever consider far beyond pudding or sensual gratification,—fame and immortality; but, alas!*

*"From causes quite obscure and unforeseen, What great events to man may sometimes spring."*

*Finding from Lord B.'s own statement, that the public had duly appreciated the merit of these compositions, and had attached so high a value, as even to mistake them for his Lordship's productions, our bard was naturally led into a train of reasoning, and logical deductions, as to what advantage had, and what ought to have resulted to himself, according to this estimate, by public opinion.—Lord B. and his great northern contemporary, it appeared, received thousands from the public for their poems, while half-crowns (not to be despised, during certain cravings, but soon dissipated by that insatiable and unceasing tormentor, the stomach,) was all the benefit likely to accrue in this world to the original proprietor: in a happy moment, a happy thought flitted athwart the poet's mind; and like the china seller in the Arabian Nights, he found himself rolling in ideal wealth; and spurning with disdain the blacking merchant, the blacking, and the half-crowns, he resolved on a project by which to realize his fondest wishes of wealth, happiness, and independence.*

*The project was this: to collect together the fugitive blacking sonnets, so as to form a volume, under the title of Poems supposed to be written by Lord Byron, and offer the copyright to Mr. Murray; and in case of his refusing a liberal sum, (that is, some-thing approaching to what he pays the Noble Bard per Vol.) to publish them on his (the author's) own account, and depend on the public for that support and encouragement which their favourable decision had already rendered pretty certain.*

*Now then comes 'the rub;' the blacking vender, hearing of our poet's intention, files a bill in Chancery, praying for an injunction to restrain the publication, and claiming an exclusive right in the literary property: the poet, in replication, denies having assigned or transferred the copyright, and thus issue is joined. His Lord-ship, with his usual extreme caution, where important rights are involved, wished to give the matter mature consideration, and said, "he would take the papers home, to peruse more attentively."*

*It will be recollected, that in the cause, respecting Lord Byron's poem of Cain, his Lordship stated, that during the vacation he had, by way of relaxation from business, perused that work and Paradise Lost, in order to form a just estimate of their comparative merits; and who knows but during the present vacation, his Lordship may compare the blacking sonnets with "Childe Harold," "Fare Thee Well," &c.; and that on next seal day, the public may be benefited by his opinion as to which is entitled to the claim of*



*superior excellence; and how far the public are justified in attributing the former to the noble author of the latter.*

"Then," continued Sparkle, "there was a rustic usually mounted on a white hobby, with a basket on one[377] arm, who used to invade the northern purlieus of London, mumbling Holloway Cheesecakes, which from his mode of utterance, sounded like 'Ho all my teeth ake.'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" vociferated Tallyho, unable to restrain his risibility.

"Numerous other instances might be adduced," continued Sparkle: "among many there was a noted Pigman, whose pigs were made of what is called standing crust, three or four inches long, baked with currant sauce in the belly, who used to cry, or rather sing,—

*?A long tail'd pig, or a short tail'd pig, ' &c.*

There was another singular character, who used to be called Tiddy-doll, a noted vender of gingerbread at Bartholomew, Southwark, and other fairs; who to collect customers round his basket used to chaunt a song, in which scarcely any thing was distinctly articulated but the cant expression Tiddy-doll: he used to wear a high cocked hat and feather, with broad scolloped gold lace on it; and last, though not least, was Sir Jeffery Vunstan, of Garrat fame, who used to walk about the streets in a blue coat with gold lace, his shirt bosom open, and without a hat, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Nancy, crying ould wigs."

"Old wigs," reverberated Bob, "an extraordinary article of merchandize!"

"Not more extraordinary than true," replied Dashall; "but come, I suppose we shall all feel inclined to write a few lines to the country, so let us make the best of our time."

Upon this signal, each flew to the exercise of the quill, and indulged his own vein of thought in writing to his friend; and the day closed upon them without any further occurrence deserving of particular remark.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

*Haste away to Scotland dear,  
And leave your native home;  
The Land of Cakes affords good cheer  
And you've a mind to roam.—  
Here splendid sights, and gala nights  
Are all prepar'd for Thee;  
While Lords and Knights,—('mid gay delights!)*

*And Ladies bend the knee.  
Haste away to Scotia's Land,  
With kilt and Highland plaid;  
And join the sportive, reeling band,  
With ilka bonny lad.—  
For night and day,—we'll trip away,  
With cheerful dance, and glee;  
Come o'er the spray,—without delay,  
Each joy's prepared for Thee.*

The morning arose with a smiling and inviting aspect; and as it had been previously rumoured that his[378] Majesty would embark from Greenwich Hospital at half-past eight o'clock, on his intended voyage to Scotland, our party had arranged every thing for their departure at an early hour, and before seven o'clock had seated themselves in a commodious and elegant barge moored off Westminster Bridge, intending, if possible, to see the City Companies, headed by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, start, as had been proposed, from the Tower. They were shortly afterwards gliding on the surface of the watery element towards the scene of action: by this time the numerous parties in pursuit of the same object were on the alert; and from almost every part of the shore as they passed along, gaily dressed company was embarking, while merry peals of bells seemed to announce approaching delight. The steeples on shore, and the vessels in the river, exhibited flags and streamers, which gave an additional splendour to the scene. All was anxiety and expectation; numerous barges and pleasure-boats, laden with elegant company, were speeding the same way, and every moment increasing, so that the whole view displayed a combination of beauty, fashion, and loyalty not often surpassed.

On arriving off the Tower, it was soon ascertained that the Lord Mayor and City Companies had got the[379] start of them, and consequently they proceeded on their journey, not doubting but they should overtake them before reaching Greenwich; and in this expectation they were not disappointed; for soon after passing Rotherhithe Church, they came up with the City State Barge, which was towed by a steam boat, accompanied by several other state barges, the whole filled with company. The brightness of the morning, and the superb appearance of these gaily manned, and it might be added gaily womaned gallies, (for a numerous party of fashionably attired ladies added their embellishing presence to the spectacle) formed altogether a picture of more than ordinary interest and magnificence.

"This Royal Visit to Scotland," said Sparkle, "has for some time past been a prevailing topic of discussion from one end of the Land of Cakes to the other, and the preparations for his Majesty's reception are of the most splendid description—triumphal arches are to be erected, new roads to be made, banquets to be given, general illuminations to take place, body guards of royal archers to be appointed, and the dull light of oil lamps to be totally obscured by the full blaze of Royal Gas. Then there are to be meetings of the civil and municipal authorities from every town and county, presenting loyal and dutiful addresses; and it is expected that there will be so much boozing among the "Carle's when the King's come," that the oilmen are said to be not a whit disconcerted at the introduction of gas lights, the unctuous article being at present in great demand, for the purpose of suppling the stiff joints of the would-be courtiers, who have resolved to give a

characteristic specimen of their humble loyalty, and to outboo all the hooings of the famed Sir Pertinax."

"However," observed Dashall, "it is not very likely they will be able to equal the grace with which it is acknowledged the King can bow; and he is to be accompanied by the accomplished Sir Billy, of City notoriety; so that admirable examples are certain of being presented to the Scottish gentry: reports state that the [380] worthy Baronet, who is considered to be of great weight wherever he goes, is determined to afford his Majesty, in this visit to Edinburgh, the benefit of that preponderating loyalty which he last year threw into the scale of the Dublin Corporation; and that he has recently purchased from a Highland tailor in the Hay market, a complete suit of tartan, philebeg, &c. with which he means to invest himself, as the appropriate costume, to meet his royal master on his arrival at Edinburgh."

"In that case," said Sparkle, "there is one circumstance greatly to be regretted, considering the gratification which our northern neighbours might have derived, from ascertaining the precise number of cwts. of the most weighty of London citizens. I remember reading a day or two back that the weigh-house of the City of Edinburgh was disposed of by public roup, and that a number of workmen were immediately employed to take it down, as the whole must be cleared away by the 6th of August, under a penalty of 50L.: what a pity, that in the annals of the weigh-house, the Scotch could not have registered the actual weight of the greatest of London Aldermen."

Tom and Bob laughed heartily at their friend Sparkle's anticipations respecting the worthy Baronet; while Bob dryly remarked, "he should think Sir Willie would prove himself a honnie lad among the lasses O; and nae doubt he would cut a braw figure in his Highland suit."

"But," continued Dashall, "we are indulging in visions of fancy, without paying that attention to the scene around us which it deserves, and I perceive we are approaching Greenwich Hospital. There is the royal yacht ready prepared for the occasion; the shores are already crowded with company, and the boats and barges are contending for eligible situations to view the embarkation. There is the floating chapel; and a little further on to the right is the Marine Society's School-ship, for the education of young lads for his Majesty's service. The Hospital now presents a grand and interesting appearance. What say you, suppose we land at the Three Crowns, and make inquiry as to the likely time of his Majesty's departure."

"With all my heart," replied Sparkle, "and we can then refresh, for I am not exactly used to water excursions, and particularly so early in the morning, consequently it has a good effect on the appetite."

By this time the City Barges had taken positions in the front of the Hospital, and our party passed them to [381] gain the proposed place of inquiry: here, however, all was conjecture; the people of Greenwich Hospital appeared to know as little of the time appointed as those of the metropolis; and finding they had little chance of accommodation in consequence of the great influx of company, they again embarked, and shortly after attacked the produce of their locker, and with an excellent tongue and a glass of Madeira, regaled themselves sufficiently to wait the arrival. Time, however, hung heavily on their hands, though they had a view of thousands much worse situated than themselves, and could only contemplate the scene with astonishment, that serious mischiefs did not accrue, from the immense congregated multitude by which they were surrounded.

Anxiety and anticipation were almost exhausted, and had nearly given place to despondency, when about three o'clock the extraordinary bustle on shore announced the certainty of the expected event being about to take place; and in about half an hour after, they were gratified by seeing his Majesty descend the steps of the Hospital, attended by the noblemen, &c. under a royal salute, and rowed to the vessel prepared to receive him. The royal standard was immediately hoisted, and away sailed the King, amidst the heartfelt congratulations and good wishes of his affectionate and loyal people, the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and every other demonstration of a lively interest in his safety and welfare: leaving many to conjecture the feelings with which the heart must be impressed of a person so honoured and attended, we shall select a few descriptive lines from the pen of a literary gentleman, in his opinion the most likely to be expressive of the sentiments entertained on the occasion.

ROYAL RECOLLECTIONS.

*As slow the yacht her northern track  
Against the wind was cleaving;  
Her noble Master oft look'd back,  
To that dear spot 'twas leaving:  
So loth to part from her he loves,  
From those fair charms that bind him;  
He turns his eye where'er he roves,  
To her he's left behind him.  
When, round the bowl, of other dears  
He talks, with joyous seeming,  
His smiles resemble vapourish tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming;  
While memory brings him back again,  
Each early tie that twin'd him,  
How sweet's the cup that circles then,  
To her he's left behind him.*

*Ah! should our noble master meet  
Some Highland lass enchanting,  
With looks all buxom, wild, and sweet,  
Yet love would still be wanting;  
He'd think how great had been his bliss  
If heav'n had but assign'd him,  
To live and die so pure as this,  
With her he's left behind him.  
As travelers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave,  
Still faint behind them glowing.*

*So, ere he's been a month away,  
At home we sure shall find him,  
For he can never longer stay,  
From her he's left behind him.*

The gay assemblage before them, and the ceremony of the embarkation, the sound of music, and the shouts of the populace, and animated appearance of the river, which by this time seemed all in motion, amply repaid our friends for the time they had waited; and after watching the departure of the Royal Squadron, they returned to town; and as they passed the London Docks, it occurred to the mind of the Hon. Tom Dashall, that his Cousin had not yet paid a visit to these highly interesting productions of human genius; and it was agreed that a day should be devoted to their inspection before his departure from the Metropolis.

## CHAPTER XXIX

*—Where has Commerce such a mart,  
So rich, so throng'd, so drained, and so supplied,  
As London; opulent, enlarged, and still  
Increasing London? Babylon of old  
Not more the glory of the earth, than she;  
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.*

According to arrangements previously made, our friends met in the morning with a determination to shape[383] their course eastward, in order to take a survey of the Commercial Docks for the accommodation of shipping, and the furtherance of trade; and the carriage being ordered, they were quickly on their way towards Blackwall.

"The Docks of the Port of London," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "are of the highest importance in a commercial point of view, and are among the prominent curiosities of British Commerce, as they greatly facilitate trade, and afford additional security to the merchants."

"Yes," said Sparkle, "and it is to be presumed, no small profit to the share-holders of the Companies by which they were established; but I expect your Cousin will derive more gratification from a sight of the places themselves, than from any description we can give, and the time to explain will be when we arrive on the spot; for it is scarcely possible for any one to conceive the immensity of buildings they contain, or the regularity with which the business is carried on.—" How do ye do?" (thrusting his head out of the window, and moving his hand with graceful familiarity,)—"I have not seen Sir Frederick since my matrimonial trip, and now he has passed by on horseback I really believe without seeing me; Dashall, you remember Sir Frederick Forcewit?"

"Perfectly well," replied Tom; "but I was paying so much attention to you, that I did not notice him. The liveliest fellow, except yourself, in the whole round of my acquaintance."

"And you are one of the best I ever met with to gain a point by a good turn; but take it, and make the most[384] you can of it—I may have an opportunity of paying you off in your own coin."

Tallyho laughed heartily at the manner in which Sparkle had altogether changed the conversation, but could not help remarking that Sir Frederick had not given a specimen of his politeness, by avoiding a return of Sparkle's salutation.

"And yet," continued Sparkle, "he is one of the most polished men I know, notwithstanding I think his upper story is not a bit too well furnished: he has a handsome fortune, and a pretty wife, who would indeed be a lovely woman, but for an affectation of manners which she assumed upon coming to the title of Lady Forcewit: their parties are of the most dashing order, and all the rank and fashion of the metropolis visit their mansion."

Sparkle, who was in his usual humour for conversation and description, now entertained his friends with the following account of a party with whom he had spent an evening just previous to his departure from town.

"Mrs. Stepswift is the widow lady of a dancing-master, who having acquired some little property previous to his decease, left his partner in possession of his wealth and two daughters, though the provision for their education and support was but scanty. The mother had the good luck a few years after to add to her stock ten thousand pounds by a prize in the lottery, a circumstance which afforded her additional opportunities of indulging her passion for dress, which she did not fail to inculcate in her daughters, who, though not handsome, were rather pleasing and agreeable girls; and since the good fortune to which I have alluded, she has usually given a ball by way of introduction to company, and with the probable view, (as they are now marriageable), to secure them husbands. It was on one of these occasions that I was invited, and as I knew but one of the party, I had an excellent opportunity of making my uninterrupted remarks."

"Then," said Dashall, "I'll wager my life you acted the part of an observant quiz."

"And I should think you would be likely to win," observed Tallyho.

"I am bound to consider myself obliged," continued Sparkle, "for the bold construction you are kind enough[385] to put upon my character and conduct by your observations; but never mind, I am not to be intimidated by the firing of a pop-gun, or a flash in the pan, therefore I shall proceed. Upon my introduction I found the widow playing a rubber with a punchy parson, a lean doctor, and a half-pay officer in the Guards; and consequently taking a friend I knew by the arm, I strolled through the rooms, which were spacious and well furnished. In the ball-room I found numerous couples 'tripping it on the light fantastic toe,' to the tune of 'I'll gang no more to yon town,' and displaying a very considerable portion of grace and agility. In the other room devoted to refreshments and cards, I met with several strollers like myself, who being without partners, or not choosing to dance with such as they could obtain, were lounging away their time near the centre of the room. I was introduced to the two young ladies, who behaved with the utmost politeness and attention,

though I could easily perceive there was a considerable portion of affectation mingled with their manners; and I soon discovered that they operated as the load-stone of attraction to several dandy-like beaux who were continually flocking around them.

"My dear Miss Eliza," said a pug-nosed dandy, whom I afterwards understood to be a jeweller's shopman, 'may I be allowed the superlative honor and happiness of attending you down the next dance?' The manner in which this was spoken, with a drawling lisp, and the unmeaning attitude of the speaker, which was any thing but natural, provoked my risibility almost beyond forbearance; his bushy head, the fall of his cape, and the awkward stick-out of his coat, which was buttoned tight round his waist; the drop of his quizzing glass from his bosom, and the opera hat in his hand, formed altogether as curious a figure as I ever recollect to have seen; though my eyes were immediately directed to another almost as grotesque, by the young lady herself, who informed the applicant that she had engaged herself with Captain Scrambleton, and could not avail herself of his intended honor; while the captain himself, with a mincing gait, little compatible with the line of life to which it was to be presumed he was attached, was advancing and eyeing the would-be rival with all the apparent accuracy of a military scrutiny. The contrast of the two figures is inconceivable—the supplicating[386] beau on the one hand, half double, in the attitude of solicitation, and the upright position of the exquisite militaire, casting a suspicious look of self-importance on the other, were irresistible. I was obliged to turn on one side to prevent discovering my impulse to laughter. The captain, I have since learned, turned out to be a broken-down blackleg, seeking to patch up a diminished fortune by a matrimonial alliance, in which he was only foiled by a discovery just time enough to prevent his design upon Miss Eliza."

"Mere butterflies," exclaimed Dashall, "that nutter for a time in sunshine with golden wings, to entrap attention, while the rays fall upon them, and then are seen no more! but I always like your descriptions, although you are usually severe."



"As soon as I could recover my solemnity, I found a little gentleman, who reminded me strongly of cunning little Isaac in the Duenna, advancing towards Miss Amelia with true dancing-master-like precision. I soon discovered, by her holding up her fan at his approach, that she held him in utter aversion, and found he received a reply very derogatory to his wishes; when stepping up to her by the introduction of my friend, I succeeded in obtaining her hand for the dance, to the great mortification and discomfiture of Mr. O'Liltwell, who was no other than an Irish dancing-master in miniature. There is always room enough for observation and conjecture upon such occasions. There were, however, other characters in the rooms more particularly deserving of notice. In one corner I found Lord Anundrum, the ex-amateur director, in close conversation with Mr. Splitlungs, a great tragedian, and Tom Little, the great poet, on the subject of a new piece written by the latter, and presented for acceptance to the former by Mr. Splitlungs, the intermediate friend of both. I discovered the title of this master-piece of dramatic literature to be no other than 'The Methodical Madman, or Bedlam besieged.' A little further on sat Dr. Staggerwit, who passes for a universal genius: he is a great chemist, and a still greater gourmand, moreover a musician, has a hand in the leading Reviews, a share in the most prominent of the daily papers; is president of several learned institutions, over the threshold of which he has never passed, and an honorary member of others which have long been defunct: he appeared to be absorbed in contemplation, and taking but little notice of the gaieties by which he was surrounded. My friend informed me he was just then endeavouring to bring before Parliament his *coup de maître*, which was a process for extracting a nourishing diet for the poor from oyster shells."

"What the devil is the matter?" exclaimed Dashall, thrusting his head out of the carriage window upon[387] hearing a sudden crash.

"Matter enough, your honour," bawled an athletic Irishman in the habit of a sailor; "by the powers, here's Peg Pimpleface, the costermonger's great grand-daughter, at sea without a rudder or compass, upset in a squall, and run bump ashore; and may I be chained to the toplights if I think either crew or cargo can be saved."

It appeared that Peg Pimpleface had been round Poplar, Limehouse, and their vicinities, to sell her cargo of greens, potatoes, and other vegetables; and having met with tolerable success, she had refreshed herself a little too freely with the juniper, and driving her donkey-cart towards Whitechapel, with a short pipe in her mouth, had dropped from her seat among the remains of her herbage, leaving her donkey to the uncontrolled selection of his way home. A Blackwall stage, on the way to its place of destination, had, by a sudden jerk against one of the wheels of Peg's crazy vehicle, separated the shafts from the body of the cart, and the donkey being thus unexpectedly disengaged from his load, made the best of his bargain, by starting at full speed with the shafts at his heels, while the cart, by the violence of the concussion, lay in the road completely topsy turvey; consequently Tom looked in vain for the fair sufferer who lay under it.

"Poor Peg," continued the Irishman, "by the powers, if her nose comes too near the powder magazine, the

whole concern will blow up; and as I don't think she is insured, I'll be after lending her a helping hand; "and with this, setting his shoulders to the shattered machine, at one effort he restored it to its proper position, and made a discovery of Peg Pimpleface, with her ruby features close to a bunch of turnips, the whiteness of which served to heighten in no small degree their effect: the fall, however, had not left her in the most delicate situation for public inspection; the latter part of her person presenting itself bare, save and except that a bunch of carrots appeared to have sympathized in her misfortune, and kindly overshadowed her brawny posteriors. As she lay perfectly motionless, it was at first conjectured that poor Peg was no longer a living inhabitant of this world: it was, however, soon ascertained that this was not the fact, for the Hibernian, after removing the vegetables, and adjusting her clothes, took her up in his arms, and carried her with true Irish hospitality to a neighbouring public-house, where seating her, she opened her eyes, which being black, shone like two stars over the red protuberance of her face.

"By J——s," says Pat, "Peg's a brilliant of the first water; give her a glass of max, and she'll be herself in two minutes:" at the sound of this, animation was almost instantaneously restored, and Tom and his friends having ascertained that she had sustained no bodily harm, gave the generous Irishman a reward for his attentions, jumped into the carriage, and proceeded on their journey.

They were not long on their journey to Black wall; where having arrived, the first object of attention was the East India Docks, to which they were introduced by Mr. M. an acquaintance of Dashall's.

"These Docks," said Tom to his Cousin, "are a noble series of works, well worthy of the Company which produced them, though they generally excite less interest than the West India Docks, which are not far distant, and of which we shall also have a sight."

"It should be remembered," observed Mr. M. "that these docks are solely appropriated to the safe riding of East Indiamen. The import dock is 1410 feet long, 560 wide, and 30 feet deep, covering an area of 18 acres and a half. The export dock is 780 feet long, 520 feet wide, and 30 feet deep, covering nine acres and a half, with good wharf, and warehouse room for loading and unloading."

"Pray," said Bob, "what are those immense caravans, do they belong to the shew-folk, the collectors of wild beasts and curiosities for exhibition at the fair? or——"

"They are vehicles of considerable utility, Sir," replied Mr. M.; "for by means of those covered waggons, all the goods and merchandize of the East India Company are conveyed to and from their warehouses in town, under lock and key, so as to prevent fraud and smuggling. They are very capacious, and although they have a heavy and cumbrous appearance, they move along the road with more celerity than may be imagined; and the high wall with which the docks are surrounded, prevents the possibility of any serious peculation being carried on within them. The Company are paid by a tonnage duty, which they charge to the owners. Coopers, carpenters, and blacksmiths, are continually employed in repairing the packages of goods, landing, and snipping; and a numerous party of labourers are at all times engaged in conveying the merchandize to and from the shipping, by which means hundreds of families are provided for. The Company is established by Act of Parliament, and for the convenience of the merchants they have an office for the transaction of business in town."

"It is a very extensive concern," said Tallyho, "and is doubtless of very great utility."

Having satisfied themselves by looking over these extensive works, Mr. M. informed them, that adjoining the Docks was a ship-building yard, formerly well known as Perry's Yard, but now the property of Sir Robert Wigram. "Probably you would like to take a view round it."

To this having replied in the affirmative, they were quickly introduced.

"Sir Robert," said Mr. M. "has been, and I believe still is, a considerable managing owner of East India Shipping, whose fortune appears to have advanced as his family increased, and perhaps few men have deserved better success; he was born at Wexford, in Ireland, in the year 1744, and was brought up under his father to the profession of a surgeon: he left Ireland early in life, to pursue his studies in England, and afterwards obtained an appointment as surgeon of an East Indiaman, and remained some years in the service: he married Miss Broadhurst, the youngest daughter of Francis Broadhurst, of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, an eminent tanner and maltster; soon after which he commenced his career as owner of East India Shipping. The General Goddard, commanded by William Taylor Money, Esq. sailed under his management, and was fortunate enough during the voyage to capture eight Dutch East Indiamen, of considerable value, off St. Helena; since which he has been one of the most eminent ship-owners in the City of London."

"A proof," said Sparkle, "of the advantages to be derived from perseverance, and the active exercise of an intelligent mind."

"His first wife," continued the informant, "died in the year 1786, leaving him five children; and in the following year he married Miss Eleanor Watts, daughter of John Watts, Esq. of Southampton, many years Secretary to the Victualling Office, who is the present Lady Wigram, the benevolence of whose heart, and gentleness of manners, have not only endeared her to her husband, but gained her the esteem and regard of all who know her, and by this lady he has had seventeen children."

"Zounds!" said Bob, "a man ought to have a mine of wealth to support such a numerous progeny."

"They are, however, all of them well provided for; and Sir Robert has the happiness, at an advanced age, to find himself the father of a happy family; he rejoices once a year to have them all seated at his own table; and has in many instances surprised his friends by an introduction. It is related, that a gentleman from the Isle of Wight met him near the Exchange, and after mutual salutations were passed, he invited the gentleman to dine with him, by whom an excuse was offered, as he was not equipped for appearing at his table. 'Nonsense,' said Sir Robert, 'you must dine with me; and I can assure you there will be only my own family present, so come along.' Guess the surprise of his visitor, on being introduced to a large party of ladies and gentlemen. He was confused and embarrassed. He begged pardon, and would have retired, declaring that Sir Robert had informed him that none but his own family were to be present. This Sir R. affirmed he had strictly adhered to, and introduced his friend to his sons and daughters by name, which it may fairly be presumed, though it explained, did not exactly tend to decrease his visitor's embarrassment."

"And these premises," inquired Bob, "belong to the man you have described?"

"The same," said Mr. M.; "they are managed and conducted under the superintendence of two of his sons. Here, East India ships are built, launched, and repaired: there are two on the stocks now of considerable magnitude; the premises are extensive and commodious, and that high building which you see is a masts-house, and the other buildings about the yard are devoted to sail lofts, and shops for the various artificers, requisite to complete the grand design of building and fitting out a ship for sea. From this yard you have a fine view over the marshes towards Woolwich, and also a commanding prospect of Greenwich Hospital. The various vessels and boats passing and repassing at all times, give variety to the scene before you; and when a launch takes place, the whole neighbourhood represents something of the nature of a carnival; the river is covered with boats filled with company, and every part of the shore near the spot from which the magnificent piece of mechanism is to burst upon its native element, is equally occupied; temporary booths are erected upon each side of what is termed the cradle, for the accommodation of invited visitors; bands play as she moves, and a bottle of wine is thrown at her head as she glides from the stocks, when her name is pronounced amidst the universal shouts of huzza."

"It must be a most gratifying sight," observed Bob, "to see her cleave the watery world; indeed it is a very pleasing view we have already had of these floating castles, though I must also remark, that your descriptions have added greatly to the enjoyment, and I think we are much indebted for your kindness."

They now parted with Mr. M.; and after refreshing with a glass of wine and a sandwich at the Plough, they proceeded to the West India Docks, the entrance to which required no introduction. "Here," said Dashall, "you will find a much longer space occupied than at the East India Docks. These were undertaken according to an Act of Parliament passed in 1799, and the place was formerly called the Isle of Dogs, though it might almost as appropriately have been called the Isle of Boys. Upon the wharfs and quays adjoining, all West India ships unload and load their cargoes."

"And exclusively, I suppose," interrogated Tallyho, "for the accommodation of West India Shipping?"

"Exactly so," continued Tom; "the West India Trade generally arrives in fleets, and formerly used to create much crowding, confusion, and damage in the river; but these ships being now disposed of in the docks, the overgrown trade of the port is carried on with pleasure and convenience; for notwithstanding they have occasioned a very important trade to be removed to a considerable and even inconvenient distance from the metropolis, yet the advantages to the Port of London are upon the whole incalculable."

"The Northern Dock for unloading inwards is 2600 by 510 feet, and 29 feet deep, covering a space of 30 acres, and capable of containing from two to three hundred sail of vessels, in greater security than the river could afford them; and the West India Dock Company are reimbursed for the accommodation by a tonnage of 6s. upon the burthen of every ship which enters the docks; besides which they are entitled to charge for wharfage, landing, housing, weighing, cooperage, and warehouse room; certain rates upon all goods that are discharged, such as 8d. per cwt. upon sugar; 1d. per gallon upon rum; 1s. 6d. per cwt. upon coffee; 2s. 6d. per cwt. upon cotton, wool, &c.: and all this immense business is conducted with a general order and regularity which greatly facilitates the business of the merchant."

"But," said Sparkle, "I apprehend it subjects him to something more of expense than he incurred by the former mode of proceeding."

"I am not able decidedly to answer," continued Tom; "but in the main, I expect that if so, it is well worth what is paid to have the additional security. The forms of conducting the business may sometimes be attended with considerable trouble, but there are persons so well acquainted with them by habitual practice, that there cannot be much difficulty at this period. This is the Export Dock, which covers an area of 24 acres, and is 2600 by 400 feet, and 29 deep. The immense buildings round the two docks, are warehouses for the reception of goods, and are of the most substantial description; and to enable shipping in their passage up and down the Thames to avoid the circuitous and inconvenient course round the Isle of Dogs, a canal has been cut across this peninsula, through which, upon paying certain moderate rates, all ships, vessels, and craft, are permitted to pass in their passage up and down the river. In seeing this, and the East India Docks, you have seen pretty well the nature of the whole, for they are all of a similar construction, for similar purposes, and under similar management: but we will now look in at the London Docks, which are situated between Ratcliffe Highway and the Thames, then home to dinner, and to dress for Lady M.'s party in the evening."

Thus saying, they took their way towards the place he had mentioned. It would, however, be extending description more than necessary, after the preceding observations of the Hon. Tom Dashall, except to state that the Dock covers 20 acres of ground, and is 1262 feet long, 699 feet wide, and 27 deep. The warehouses, situated at the eastern extremity, are two in number, appropriated for the reception of tobacco; the largest 762 feet long, and 160 feet wide, equally divided by a strong partition wall, with double iron doors; the smallest is 250 feet by 200. They consist of a ground floor and vaults, the latter of which are devoted to the care and housing of wines, in which are usually 5000 pipes. They are solely under the control of the Customs, and the proprietors of the Docks have nothing more to do with them than to receive the rent. Other warehouses are devoted to the reception of the various articles of commerce, and the small buildings situated near the edge are appropriated to counting-houses for clerks and officers, and for weighing and piling the goods, workshops, &c. as in the West India Docks. The capital of the Company is about £2,000,000, and the ultimate profits are limited to 10 per cent. The building was commenced in 1802, and the grand dock was opened in 1805. In the immense subterraneous caverns under the warehouses, all wines imported by the London merchant are deposited, without paying the import duty, until it is fully disposed of by the owner: a practice which is termed bonding, and saves the proprietor the advance of the duty to government out of his capital. When the merchant finds a person likely to become a purchaser, he directs a written order to the cellarman, to peg certain pipes which are a part of his stock, in order that the visitor may taste the various samples, and select from them such as he is most agreeable to purchase."

"And no small convenience, of course," said Bon, "and of course the goods are not allowed to be removed till the duties and charges are paid by the purchaser."

"Certainly," was the reply; "they are held as a security for their ultimate payment; but come, as we have already seen enough of docks, let us make the best of our way home."

Upon arrival in Piccadilly, a letter from Merrywell reminded Tom of his proposed journey to the country[394] with the additional attraction of Merrywell's description of the parson's daughter, whom he suggested might in all probability become his wife.

Sparkle likewise received a letter from home, reminding him of the expectations entertained of his early arrival. After dinner the evening was spent in the most agreeable and pleasant way, where our friends engaged themselves with tripping it on the light fantastic toe at Lady M.'s, till the beams of the morning darted upon them.

## CHAPTER XXX

*I'm amaz'd at the signs  
As I pass through the town,  
To see the odd mixture,  
"A Magpie and Crown,"  
"The Whale and the Crow,"  
"The Razor and Hen,"  
"The Leg and Seven Stars,"  
"The Bible and Swan,"  
"The Axe and the Bottle,"  
"The Tun and the Lute,"  
"The Eagle and Child,"  
"The Shovel and Boot."*

The proposed time for departure having pressed hard upon our friends, (who though determined to quit the[395] gaities of London, still seemed to linger, like the moth about the candle, unwilling to separate themselves from its delights,) preparations were at length decided and acted upon; the Hon. Tom Dashall having ordered his servants to proceed on the road with the carriage, horses, and other appendages of his rank, giving time for arrival at the place of destination by easy stages, in order to avoid over fatiguing either his attendants or his horses, an example which was followed by Sparkle and Tallyho, who had mutually agreed to travel by the Mail; for which purpose places were accordingly taken at the Bull and Mouth, which being announced to Tallyho, he took occasion to ask his Cousin for an explanation of so singular a sign for an Inn.

"As far as I am able to learn," replied Tom, "it was originally the Mouth of Boulogne Harbour, or Boulogne Mouth,—and from thence corrupted to the Bull and Mouth. There are, however, many curious signs, to trace the original derivation of which, has afforded me many amusing moments during my perambulation through the streets of the metropolis; indeed it has often struck me, that the signs in many instances are so opposite to the several professions they are intended to designate, that some remedy should certainly be applied."

"And how," said Sparkle, "would you propose to have the exhibition of signs regulated?" [396]

"That," said Dashall, "as a subject of deep importance, ought to be subjected to the legislative body for decision: it will be enough for me to point out a few instances which have come under my own immediate notice.

"A short time back, as I was passing near Smithfield, I was surprised at observing the sign of 'The Cow and Snuffers;' and whilst I was endeavouring to throw some light upon this subject, and puzzling myself in endeavouring to discover how it was possible for a Cow to snuff a Candle, or even a farthing rushlight; nay, even how it could happen that so strange an association should take place, I was diverted from my study on turning round, to find that some artist had exercised his ingenuity in painting a Goat in Jack Boots. At first I conceived this must be intended as a satire on our old debauchees, many of whom hide their spindled shanks in the tasselled hessian. These proving inexplicable to my shallow understanding, I pursued my walk, and observed against a strong newbuilt house—'A Hole in the Wall;' and not far from the Fleet Prison, I perceived, with some surprise, 'A Friend at Hand.' Over a house kept by Nic. Coward, I saw 'The Fighting Cocks;' and at a crimping rendezvous, remarked, 'The Tree of Liberty.'—'The Jolly Gardeners' were stuck up at a purl house; and I can assure you, it was with much mortification I detected 'The Three Graces' at a gin shop."

"Ha, ha, ha," said Tallyho, laughing, "very natural combinations of characters and subjects for a contemplative philosopher like yourself to exercise your ingenuity upon."

"Passing by a public-house," continued Tom, "the landlady of which was exercising her tongue with the most clamorous volubility, I could scarcely credit my eyes to find the sign of 'The Good Woman,' or, in other words, a woman without a head. Entering a house for refreshment, I was told, after calling the waiter for near an hour, that I was at the sign of 'The Bell;' and upon desiring the master of 'The Hen and Chickens,' to send me home a fine capon, he shewed me some cambric, and assured me it was under prime cost. The most[397] ominous sign for a customer, I thought, was 'The Three Pigeons;' and I own it was with considerable astonishment when, after ordering a bed at 'The Feathers,' I was compelled to pass the night on a straw mattress. I have breakfasted at 'The Red Cow,' where there was no milk to be had; and at the sign of 'The Sow and Pigs,' have been unable to procure a single rasher of bacon. At 'The Bell Savage,' (which by the way is said to be a corruption of La Belle Sauvage, or 'The Beautiful Savage,') I have found rational and attentive beings; and I have known those who have bolted through 'The Bolt in Tun,' in order to avoid being bolted in a prison."

"Vastly well, indeed," exclaimed Sparkle; "and after all there is much to be done by a sign as well as by an advertisement in the newspapers, however inappropriate. The custom is of very ancient date, having been made use of even by the Romans; and not many years back a bush of ivy, or a bunch of grapes, was used for the purpose; nay, to the present day they may be met with in many places. The Bush is perhaps one of the

most ancient of public-house signs, which gave rise to the well-known proverb,

"Good wine needs no bush."

That is to say, it requires nothing to point out where it is sold. At country fairs, you will frequently see the houses in its vicinity decorated with a Bush or a Bough, from which they are termed Bough Houses, where accommodation may be found. This practice, I know, is still in use at Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, during their annual fair in June, which lasts a week or ten days. But putting up boughs as a sign of any thing to be sold, was not confined to alehouses; for in old times, such as sold horses were wont to put flowers or boughs upon their heads, to reveal that they were vendible. {1}

*1 In all probability from this practice originated the well known proverb,*

*"As fine as a horse,"*

*an illustration of which, from the "Life of Mrs. Pilkington," is here subjoined:—*

*"They took places in the waggon for Chester, and quitted London early on May morning; and it being the custom on the first of this month to give the waggoner at every Inn a ribbon to adorn his team, she soon discovered the origin of the proverb 'as fine as a horse;' for before they got to the end of the journey, the poor beasts were almost blinded by the tawdry party-coloured flowing honours of their heads."*

In Scotland, a wisp of straw upon a pole, is or was some years ago the indication of an alehouse; and to this day a ship or vessel for sale may be discovered by a birch broom at the mast head. I remember reading, that in Fleet Market, on the eastern side, there were some small houses, with a sign post, representing two hands conjoined, with words, "Marriages performed within" written beneath them, whilst a dirty fellow assailed the ears of the passengers with the reiterated and loud address of, "Sir, will you walk in and be married," (as if the dread of any stoppage in the trade of conjugality was threatening mankind with premature extinction,) and the parson was seen walking before his shop, ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco."

"Those were the times for getting married," exclaimed Bob, "no affidavits, certificates, and exposures at church doors!"

"No," continued Sparkle, "those are signs of altered times. A witty wigmaker adopted the sign of Absolom hanging to a tree, with King David lamenting at a distance, who was represented with a label issuing from his mouth, containing these words—

*"O Absolom! my Son! my Son!  
Had'st thou a peruke worn, thou had'st not been undone."*

This sign, if I remember right, was to be seen a few years since in Union-street, Borough, and is not uncommon even now in France, where you may also find the 'Cochon sans Tete,' (the pig without a head,) which is generally a restaurateur's sign, indicating that 'good pork is here—the useless animal's head is off,' illustrative of the Negro's opinion of a pig in England—"de pig," said Mungo, "is de only gentleman in England—man workee, woman workee, horse workee, ass workee, ox workee, and dog workee—pig do nothing but eat and sleep—pig derefore de only gentleman in England."

The conversation increased in interest as they proceeded, and Tallyho was all attention; for it must be observed, that as his inquiry had occasioned it, he was willing to listen to all that could be advanced on the subject; and the Hon. Tom Dashall determined to have his share in the explanation.

"The 'Man in the Moon,'" said he, "is derived from the old observation, that a tipsy person is 'in the wind,' or 'in the moon,' (a lunatic.) The sign may therefore be thought to give this advice, 'Here is good drink, gentlemen, walk in and taste it; it will make you as happy as the man in the moon; that is to say, steep your senses in forgetfulness.'—'The Bag of Nails' was the sign of an Inn at Chelsea, which may perhaps be noticed as the *ne plus ultra* of ludicrous corruption, having originally been a group of *Bacchanals*."

Here risibility could no longer be restrained, and a general laugh ensued.

"A group of Bacchanals, however," continued Tom, "is certainly not an out of the way sign for an Inn, nor do I conceive its corruption so very *outré*, when we look at others that have suffered much stranger metamorphoses; for who would have thought that time could have performed such wonderful changes as to have transformed a view of Boulogne Harbour into a Black Bull, and a tremendous mouth sufficiently large to swallow its neighbours, horns and all; or the name La Belle Sauvage, or Beautiful Savage, into a bell, and a gigantic wild man of the woods."

"Then again," said Sparkle, "taking up the subject, "the pole and bason, though no longer the exhibited emblems of a barber's occupation in London, are still very often to be met with in its environs and in the country, where they are ostentatiously protruded from the front of the house, and denote that one of those facetious and intelligent individuals, who will crop your head or mow your beard, 'dwelleth here.' Like all other signs, that of the barber is of remote antiquity, and has been the subject of many learned conjectures: some have conceived it to originate from the word poll, or head; but the true intention of the party-coloured staff, was to indicate that the master of the shop practised surgery, and could breathe a vein, as well as shave a beard; such a staff being to this day used by practitioners, and put into the hand of the patient while undergoing the operation of phlebotomy: the white band, which no doubt you have observed encompassing the staff, was meant to represent the fillet, thus elegantly twined about it.

"And this," said Sparkle, "appears to be the most reasonable conjecture of any I ever heard, as it is well known the two businesses were in former times incorporated together, and the practiser was termed 'A Barber Surgeon.' Then as to their utility: the choice of a witty device, or splendid enluminure, was formerly



thought of great consequence to a young beginner in the world; and I remember reading of an Innkeeper at Cassel, who having considerably profited by his numerous customers under the sign of 'The Grey Ass,' supposing himself well established in his trade and his house, began to be tired of the vulgar sign over his door, and availed himself of the arrival of the Landgrave of Hesse, to make (as he thought) a very advantageous change. In an evil hour, therefore, 'The Grey Ass' was taken down and thrown aside, in order to give place to a well painted and faithful likeness of the Prince, which was substituted for it as a most loyal sign.

"A small and almost unfrequented house in the same town, immediately took up the discarded sign, and speculatively hoisted 'The Grey Ass.' What was the consequence? Old codgers, married men with scolding Avives at home, stragglng young fellows, and all the 'fraternity of free toppers,' resorted to the house, filled the tap-room, crammed the parlour, and assailed the bar: the Grey Ass had the run, and was all the vogue; whilst the venerable Prince of Hesse swung mournfully and deserted at the other place, and enticed no visitors, foreign or domestic; for it should be observed, that 'The Grey Ass' had such reputation all over Germany, that every foreign nobleman or gentleman who came to Cassel, was sure to order his coach or chaise to be driven to the inn of that name; and this order of course was still continued, for how was it to be known by travellers coming from Vienna, Hungary, or Bohemia, that a certain innkeeper at Cassel had altered his sign? To the inn, therefore, which was denominated 'The Grey Ass,' they still went.

"What could the poor deserted innkeeper do in such a case? To deface the fine portrait of his master, would have been high treason; yet losing his customers on the other hand was downright starvation. In this cruel dilemma he dreamt of a new scheme, and had it executed.

The portrait of the Prince was preserved, but he had written under it, in large characters,

[401]

'This is the Original Grey Ass.'

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Hon. Tom Dashall, "though I must confess you have travelled a long way for your illustration, which is quite sufficient to shew the utility of signs. But I would ask you if you can explain or point out the derivation of many we have in London—such for instance as 'The Pig and Tinder-Box'—'The Prad and Blower'—'The Bird and Baby'—'The Tyrant and Trembler'—'The Fist and Fragrance'"

"Hold," cried Sparkle, "I confess I am not quite so learned."

"They are novel at least," observed Tallyho, "for I do not recollect to have met with any of them."

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Tom, "then you are not fly, and I must add something to your stock of knowledge after all. The Pig and Tinder-Box is no other than the Elephant and Castle—The Prad and Blower, the Horse and Trumpeter—The Bird and Baby, the Eagle and Child—The Tyrant and Trembler, the Lion and Lamb—The Fist and Fragrance, the Hand and Flowers. Then we have the Book, Bauble, and holler, which is intended to signify the Bible, Crown, and Cushion."

At this moment a thundering knock at the door announced a visitor, and put an end to their conversation.

In a few minutes a letter was delivered to Dashall, which required an immediate answer: he broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"Dear Tom, "Come to me immediately—no time to be lost—insulted and abused—determined to fight Bluster—You must be my second—I'll blow his blustering brains out at one pop, never fear. At home at 7, dine at half-past; don't fail to come: I will explain all over a cool bottle of claret—then I shall be calm, at present I am all fire and fury—don't fail to come—half-past seven to a moment on table. You and I alone—toe to toe, my boy—I'll finish him, and remain, as ever,

"Yours, sincerely,

"Lionel Laconic."

"Here's a breeze," said Tom; "desire the messenger to say I shall attend at the appointed hour. Death and the devil, this defeats all previous arrangement; but Laconic is an old college friend, whom I dare not desert in a moment of emergency. I fear I shall not be able, under such circumstances, to leave town so early as was proposed."

"Sorry for it," replied Sparkle, "and more sorry to be deprived of your company now our time is so short; however, I depart according to the time appointed."

"And I," said Tallyho, "having no honorable business to detain me in town, intend to accompany you."

"If that be the case," said Tom, "I may perhaps be almost obliged to delay a few days, in order to adjust this difference between Bluster and Laconic, and will follow at the earliest moment. It is, however, a duty we owe each other to render what assistance we can in such cases." "I thought," continued Tallyho, "you were no friend to duelling."

"By no means," was the reply; "and that is the very reason why I think it necessary to delay my departure. I know them both, and may be able to bring matters to an amicable conclusion; for to tell you the truth, I don't think either of them particularly partial to the smell of powder; but of that I shall be able to inform you hereafter; for the present excuse me—I must prepare for the visit, while you prepare yourselves for your departure."

Sparkle and Tallyho wished Tom a pleasant evening, took their dinner at the Bedford Coffee-house, and spent the evening at Covent-Garden Theatre, much to their satisfaction, though not without many anticipations as to the result of their friend's interference between the two hot-headed duellists.

## CHAPTER XXXI

*"The music, and the wine,  
The garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers,*

The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments,  
The white arms, and the raven hair—the braids  
And bracelets—swan-like bosoms, and the necklace,  
An India in itself, yet dazzling not the eye  
Like what it circled.

All the delusions of the gaudy scene,  
Its false and true enchantments—all which  
Swam before the giddy eyes."

Dashall being wholly occupied by the unexpected affair noticed in our last Chapter, had left his Cousin and [403] friends to amuse themselves in the best way they could, prior to the completion of the necessary arrangements for quitting the metropolis. The party were undecided upon what object to fix their choice, or how to bend their course; and while warmly discussing the subject, were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Gayfield, who learning that Dashall was from home, and upon what occasion, broke out with his usual volubility.

"Well, these affairs of honor certainly are imperious, and no doubt ought to take precedence of every thing else. My object in calling was chiefly to give him a description of the Countess of ——'s rout on Saturday last, in Berkeley-square, where I intimated I should be, when I last fell in with him. '*Oh Cieló Empireo.*' I'm enchanted yet, positively enchanted! I ought to have Petrarch's pen to describe such a scene and such dresses. Then should a robe of Tulle vie with that of Laura at the church door—that dress of '*Vert parsemée de violets.*' But softly, let us begin with the beginning, *Bélier mon ami.* What a galaxy of all the stars of fashion! It was a paradise of loveliness, fit for Mahomet. All the beauties of the Georgian Æra were present. Those real graces, their Graces of A—— and R—— were among the number.

The Countess of L—— and Lady F—— O—— would make one cry heresy when the poets limit us to a [404] single Venus. And then the Lady P——'s. Heaven keep us heart-whole when such stars rain their soft influence upon us. As to the Countess of B——, with her diamond tiara, and eyes brighter than her diamonds, she looked so goddess-like, that I was tempted to turn heathenish and worship. Indeed, that bright eyes should exert their brilliancy amid the dazzling brightness of our fair and elegant hostess's rooms, is no trifle. Dancing commenced at eleven; and, although my vanity allured me to think that the favorable glances of more than one would-be partner were directed towards me, I felt no inclination to sport a toe in the absence of Lady L. M. By-the-by, Count C—— told me, with a profusion of foreign compliment, that I and the 'observed of all observers,' Lord E——h, were the best drest male personages at the rout.

Thanks to the magical operation of the Schneider, who makes or mars a man.

"The *coup d'oil* of the scene was charming. *C'étoit un vrai délice*—that atmosphere of light, of fragrance, and of music—gratifying all the senses at once. Oh! what bosoms, arms, and necks were thronging round me! Phidias, had he attempted to copy them, would have forgotten his work to gaze and admire. Description fails in picturing the *tout ensemble*,—the dazzling chandeliers blazing like constellations—the richly draped *meubles*—the magnificent dresses—and then so many eyes, like stars glittering round one; like 'Heaven,' as Ossian says, 'beaming with all its fires.'

"In the midst of my admiration, I was accosted by Caustic, and expressed my surprise at finding him in such a scene—'A rout,' he replied, 'is just one of those singular incoherences which supply me with laughter for a month. Was there ever such a tissue of inconsistencies assembled as in these pleasure hunts? On stepping from your carriage, you run the gauntlet through two lines of quizzing spectators, who make great eyes, as the French term it, at you, and some of whom look as if they took a fancy to your knee buckles. A double row of gaudy footmen receive you in the blazing hall, and make your name echo up the stairs, as you ascend, in a voice of thunder. Your *tête s'exalte*, and when you expect to be ushered into the Temple of Fame, you find yourself embedded (pardon the metaphor) in a *parterre* of female beauty.'

"As for me," I replied, interrupting the satirist, "I delight in such things. I believe that fashion, like kings [405] can do no wrong."

"And so you would rather have your ribs beat in, than your name left out. But look round you, in God's name! what is the whole scene but & fashionable mob met together to tread on each other's heels and tear each other's dresses? Positively, you cannot approach the mistress of the mansion to pay those common courtesies which politeness in all other cases exacts. And how so many delicate young creatures can bear a heat, pressure and fatigue, which would try the constitution of a porter, is *incroyable*. Talk of levelling! This 'is the chosen seat of *égalité.*' All distinctions of age, grace, rank, accomplishment, and wit, are lost in the midst of a constantly accumulating crowd. What nerves but those of pride and vanity, can bear the heat, the blaze of light, the buzz of voices above, and the roar of announcements from below?"

"While Caustic was speaking, his reasoning received a curious and apposite illustration. Three or four ladies near us began fainting, or affected to faint, and hartshorn and gentlemen's arms were in general requisition. Notwithstanding his acerbity, Caustic, like a preux chevalier, pressed forward to offer his aid where the pressure was most oppressive, and where the fainting ladies were dropping by dozens, like ripe fruit in autumn. As for myself, I was just in time to receive in my arms a beautiful girl who was on the point of sinking, and, being provided with hartshorn, my assistance was so effectual, with the aid of a neighbouring window, that I had the satisfaction of restoring her in a few minutes to her friends, who did all they could, by crowding round her with ill-timed condolences, to prevent her recovery. By this time the rest of the ladies took warning from these little misadventures to retire. Caustic, in his sardonic way, would insist upon it, that they retired to avoid that exposure of defects in beauty, which the first ray of morning produces. I took my *congé* among the rest, and found the hubbub which attended my entrance, increased to a tenfold degree of violence at my exit; for the uproar of calling 'My Lord This's carriage,' and 'My Lady That's chair,' was nothing in comparison to the noise produced by servants quarrelling, police officers remonstrating, carriages [406] cracking, and linkboys hallooing. Some of the mob had, it appeared, made an irruption into the hall, to steal what great-coats, cocked hats, or pelisses they could make free with. This was warmly protested against by the footmen and the police, and a regular set-to was the consequence. Through this 'confusion worse

confounded' I with difficulty made my way to the carriage, and was not sorry, as the slang phrase is, to make myself scarce."

The party could not feel otherwise than amused by Gayfield's description of the rout; and the conversation taking a turn on similar subjects, Sparkle, ever ambitious of displaying his talent for descriptive humour, gave the following sketch of a fashionable dinner party:—

"I went with Colonel A——, by invitation, to dine with Lord F., in Portman Square. Lord F. is a complete gentleman; and, though sadly inconvenienced by the gout, received me with that frank, cordial, and well-bred ease which always characterizes the better class of the English nobility. The company consisted of two or three men of political eminence; Lord Wetherwool, a great agriculturist; Viscount Flash, an amateur of the Fancy; Lord Skimcream, an ex-amateur director of a winter theatre; Lord Flute, an amateur director of the Opera, whose family motto, by a lucky coincidence, is '*Opera non Verba.*' There were, moreover, Mr. Highsole, a great tragedian, and my friend Tom Sapphic, the dandy poet; one of those bores, the 'Lions' of the season. He had just brought out a new tragedy, called the 'Bedlamite in Buff,' under the auspices of Lord Skimcream; and it had been received, as the play-bills announced, with 'unprecedented, overwhelming, and electrifying applause.' Of course I concluded that it would live two nights, and accounted for the dignified *hauteur* of my friend Tom's bow, as he caught my eye, by taking into consideration the above-named unprecedented success. There was also present the universal genius, Dr. Project, to whom I once introduced you. He is a great chymist, and a still greater *gourmand*; moreover, a musician; has a hand in the leading reviews; a share in the most prominent of the daily papers. "Little was said till the wine and desert were introduced; and then the conversation, as might naturally be expected from the elements of which the party was composed, split itself into several subdivisions. As I sat next to Colonel A., I had the advantage of his[407] greater familiarity with the personages at table. Lord Wetherwool was as absurd as he could possibly be on the subject of fattening oxen. Lord Flute and Viscount Flash laid bets on the celerity of two maggots, which they had set at liberty from their respective nut-shells. The noble ex-director, Highsole and Sapphic, were extremely warm in discussing the causes of the present degradation of the stage; each shuffling the responsibility from the members of their own profession and themselves. Dr. Project entertained his noble host with an interminable dissertation upon oxygen, hydrogen, and all the *gens* in the chemical vocabulary; for patience in enduring which his Lordship was greatly indebted to his preparatory fit of the gout. Meanwhile, the lordling exquisites only fired off a few 'lady terms,' like minute guns and 'angel visits,' with long intervals between, filling up the aforesaid intervals by sipping Champagne and eating *bonbons*. The essence of what they said, amounted to mutual wonder at the d——d run of luck last night, in King-street; or mutual felicitation on the new faces which had appeared that day, for the first time, among the old standing beauties who charm Bond-street, at lounge hours, either in curricule or on foot. For my part, I was attracted towards the discussion of the dramatic trio, not because I affect, as the cant of the day is, to have a particular attrait towards the *belles lettres*, but merely because the more plebeian disputants were vociferous, (a thing not often observed among fashionables) and *outré* in their gesticulations, even to caricature. 'What do you think of their arguments?' I inquired, *sotte voce*, of Colonel A. 'If we are to be decided by their conjoint statements, no one is to blame for the degradation of the stage.'

"'They are all in the right,' returned he, '(excuse the paradox,) because they are all in the wrong. There is a rottenness in the whole theatrical system, which, unless it terminate, like manure thrown at the root of trees, in some new fructification of genius, will end by rendering the national theatres national nuisances. With reference to the interests of literature, they are a complete hoax. To please the manager, the object which the writer must have in view, he must not paint nature or portray character, but write up, as the cant phrase is, to the particular forte of Mr. So and So, or Miss Such-a-one. The consequence is, that the public get only one species of fare, and that is pork, varied indeed, as broiled, baked, roasted, and boiled; but still pork, nothing but pork.'

"'But surely,' I rejoined, 'Mr. Sapphic and Mr. Highsole are gentlemen of high acquirements, independently[408] of their several professions, or a nobleman of Lord F——'s taste and discrimination—'

"'There you are falling into an error,' returned the colonel, interrupting me; 'it is the fashion to introduce actors at the tables of our great men; but, in my opinion, it is a 'custom more honored in the breach than the observance.' I have known several good actors on the stage, very indifferent actors in society, and large characters in the play-bills, as well as loud thunders from the gods, may be earned by very stupid, very vulgar, and very ill-bred companions. The same may be said of poets. We are poor creatures at best, and the giant of a reviewer very often cuts but a very sorry figure when left to the ricketty stilts of his own unsupported judgment in a drawing-room. You are tolerably familiar with our political parties; but you are yet to be acquainted with our literary squads, which are the most bigotted, selfish, exclusive, arrogant, little knots of little people it is possible to conceive.'

"By the time that Colonel A——had ended his short initiation into these various arcana, the company broke up; the doctor to give a lecture on egg-shells at the Committee of Taste; Lord Flute to visit the Opera; Lord Skimcream to the Green Boom; Lord Flash to 'Fives Court,' to see a set-to by candle-light; the exquisites to Bouge et Noir or Almack's; and Lord Wetherwool to vote on an agricultural question, without understanding a syllable of its merits.

"Nevertheless," I soliloquized as I rode home, "his Lordship will be surprised and gratified, I dare say, to find himself a perfect Demosthenes in the newspaper reports of to-morrow morning. Hems, coughs, stammerings, blowing of the nose, and ten-minute lapses of memory, all vanish in passing through the sieves and bolters of a report. What magicians the reporters are! What talents, what powers of language they profusely and gratuitously bestow! Somnus protect me from hearing any but some half dozen orators in both houses! The reader, who peruses the report, has only the flour of the orator's efforts provided for him. But Lord help the unfortunate patient in the gallery, who, hopeless of getting through the dense mass which occupy the seats round him, is condemned to sit with an 'aching head,' and be well nigh choaked with the husks and the bran."

Our party felt so much amused by these lively and characteristic pictures of real life among the Corinthians[409] of the Metropolis, that all thoughts of seeking amusement out of doors appeared for the present relinquished;

and Sparkle, to keep the subject alive, resumed as follows.

"In order to give some shade and variety to this sketch of society in the west, we will now, if agreeable, travel eastward as far as the entrance to the City, where I will introduce you, in fancy, to what must (at least to our friend Tallyho) afford both novelty and surprise.

"Some time ago, and before I was quite so well versed in the knowledge of Life in London as at present, through the medium of one of the 'young men of genius about town,' I became a member of a new philosophical society called the Socratics, held at a certain house near Temple Bar. Having been plucked by several kind friends, till I resembled the 'man of Diogenes,' I concluded that here, at least, my pockets might be tolerably safe from the diving of a friendly hand. Philosophers, I was told by my friend the introducer, had souls above money; their thoughts were too sublime and contemplative for such worldly-minded concerns. I should have a great deal of instruction for little or nothing; I had only to pay my two guineas per annum, and the business was done; the gate of science was open, and nothing farther was requisite than to push forward and imitate Socrates. But how strangely do our anticipations mislead our sober judgments!

*?Jove breaks the tallest stilts of human trust,  
And levels those who use them with the dust.'*

"The proprietor of the institution was rather courtier-like in making promises, which the managers of course considered as much too common-place and mechanical to be kept. It professed to exclude politics and religion from the touch of its scientific paws; in other words, from its discussions; but, alas!

*?It kept the word of promise to the ear  
And broke it to the hope.'*

"The only subjects which it did not exclude were politics and religion. Neither could it be said that either of these subjects received more benefit from the way in which they were handled, than a white dress would from the handling of a chimney-sweeper, the first being made as black as possible in the form of Tom-Payneism, and the latter served up in the improved shape of Hartleyism or Atheism. Under such instruction it was scarcely possible but that I should, in process of time, become qualified, not only for a philosopher, but a legislator of the first water; and I had serious thoughts of offering my services, for the purpose of drawing up a code of laws, to the Otaheitans or the Calmucks. If I had gone on improving as I did, I might, perhaps, have carried out to some Backwood settlement or Atlantic island, as pretty a Utopian prescription, under the designation of a constitution, as could well be desired in the most philosophical community. But one of those sad trifles which suffocate great ideas, and sometimes terminate in suffocating philosophers, put a stop to my further enlightenment for the present, by drying up the treasury of the Socratics. The philosophers were the most civil as well as the most unfortunate people in the world. One or other of them was always in want of money, either to perfect some great scheme, or to save him from the unscientific 'handling' of a bailiff. It was enough to move a mile-stone, to think how the progress of improvement, or 'march of mind,' as it is called, might be delayed by being too cold-hearted; and it did move my purse to such a degree, that at length I had the satisfaction of discerning truth, sitting sola, at the bottom of it. My pocket consumption, however, was not instant, but progressive; it might be called a slow fever. Some of the philosophers visited me for a loan, like a monthly epidemic; others drained me like a Tertian; and one or two came upon me like an intermittent ague, every other day. Among these was Mr. Hoaxwell, the editor, as he called himself, of a magazine. This fellow had tried a number of schemes in the literary line, though none had hitherto answered. But he had the advantage and credit of shewing in his own person, the high repute in which literature is held in London, for he could seldom walk the streets without having two followers at his heels, one of whom frequently tapped him on the shoulder, no doubt, to remind him of mortality, like the slave in the Roman triumphs. The favourite thesis of this gentleman, was the 'march of mind;' and on this subject he would spout his half hour in so effectual a manner, as to produce two very opposite effects; viz. the closing of the eyes of the elder philosophers, and the opening of mine, which latter operation was usually rendered more effectual by his concluding inquiry of 'have you such a thing as a pound note about you?'

*To match this saint, there was another,  
As busy and perverse a brother.*

"This was the treasurer of the Socratics, Thomas Carney Littlego, Esq. and a treasure of a treasurer he was. This gentleman was a pupil of Esculapius, and united in his own person the various departments of dentist, apothecary, and surgeon. It is presumed that he found the employment of drawing the eye teeth of Philosophical Tyros more profitable, and bleeding the young Socratics more advantageous, than physicking his patients. In his lectures he advocated the system of research, and admired deduction; and this I, among many others, had reason, at last, to know. It was very odd, but so it was, that some two or three hundred per annum, subscribed by the members of the society, vanished into the worthy treasurer's pocket, as it were a Moskoestron, and then disappeared for ever.

"Another of the Socratics was called Epictetus Moonshine, Esquire. This gentleman was a tall spider-like man, with lantern jaws, hatchet face, and a mouth—the chief characteristic of which was, that it made a diagonal line from the bottom of the face to the eyebrow. He was a great speculator, and had taken it into his head, that beyond the blue mountains in New South Wales, was the real El Dorado. But as he possessed, according to the usual phrase, more wit than money, and no one will discount a check from the aforesaid wit on change, the zeal of Epictetus Moonshine, some time after the breaking up of the Socratic institution for benefitting the human race, so much got the better of self-love, that he committed several petty larcenies in hopes of being transported thither; but whether his courage or his luck failed him, certain it is that he never reached the proper degree of criminality, and only succeeded in visiting by turns the various penitentiaries in London and its vicinity.

"'You mistake greatly, Sir,' said he, to one of the visiting governors of Bridewell, who condoled with a man of his talents in such a position, 'if you think a residence in this sequestered haunt a subject of regret. The mind, as Milton says, is its own seat, and able of itself to make—

*?A heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.'*

And now I am on the subject of stoicism, permit me to shew you a picture which I have just chalked out, wherein I prove that there is no such thing as pain in the world. That all which we now feel is imagination; that the idea of body is deception. I have had it printed, —written in fourteen languages, and presented to all the sovereigns of Europe, with a new code of laws annexed to it. I'll bring it in a minute, if you'll excuse me.' So saying, the pupil of Zeno disappeared, wrapping his blanket round him; but other speculations of 'matters high' no doubt attracted him from the remembrance of his promise, (just as he forgot to pay some score pounds he borrowed of me) for the visitor saw no more of him.

"The mention of El Dorado brings to my recollection another member, Mr. Goosequill, who came to town with half-a-crown in his pocket, and his tragedy called the 'Mines of Peru,' by which he of course expected to make his fortune. For five years he danced attendance on the manager, in order to hear tidings of its being 'cast,' and four more in trying to get it back again. During the process he was groaned, laughed, whistled, and nearly kicked out of the secretary's room, who swore (which he well might do, considering the exhausted treasury of the concern) that he knew nothing about nor ever heard of the 'Mines of Peru.' At last Mr. Goosequill, being shewn into the manager's kitchen, to wait till he was at leisure, had the singular pleasure of seeing two acts of the 'Mines of Peru,' daintily fastened round a savory capon on the spit, to preserve it from the scorching influence of the fire.

"This was foul treatment, I observed, as he concluded his tale, and I ventured to ask how he had subsisted in the meanwhile? 'Why,' said he, 'I first made an agreement with a printer of ballads, in Seven Dials, who finding my inclinations led to poetry, expressed his satisfaction, telling me that one of his poets had lost his senses, and was confined in Bedlam; and another was become dozed with drinking drams. An agreement was[413] made,' continued he, 'and I think I earned five-pence halfpenny per week as my share of this speculation with the muses. But as my profits were not always certain, I had often the pleasure of supping with Duke Humphrey, and for this reason I turned my thoughts to prose; and in this walk I was eminently successful, for during a week of gloomy weather, I published an apparition, on the substance of which I subsisted very comfortably for a month. I have often made a good meal upon a monster. A rape has frequently afforded me great satisfaction, but a murder well-timed was a never-failing resource.'

"But to return to the catastrophe of the Socratics: "By the time that the philosophical experiments in 'diving without hydraulics' had cleaned me entirely out, it was suggested that any thing in the shape of a loan would be desirable; they were not nice—not they; a pair of globes; a set of catoptric instruments; an electrical apparatus; a few antique busts; or a collection of books for the library;—any old rum, as Jack.'said, would do; and all and every of the before-mentioned loans would be most punctually taken care of. And truly enough they were, for the lender was never destined to cast an eye on any portion of the loan again. I was, indeed, so fortunate as to catch a glimpse of my globes and instruments at a pawnbroker's, and the fragments of my library at sundry book-stalls. It was now high time to cut the connection, for the Socratics were rapidly withdrawing. The association, for want of the true golden astringent, like a dumpling without its suet, or a cheap baker's quartern loaf without its 'doctor,' (i.e. alum), was falling to pieces. The worthy treasurer had retired, seizing on such articles as were most within reach; and when I called upon him with my resignation, I had the pleasure of seeing my own busts handsomely lining the walls of the toothdrawer's passage. I waited on the Socratics for the Bums they had been so polite as to borrow.—One, to shew that he had profited by studying Socrates, threatened to accuse me and the society of a plot to overturn the government, if a syllable more on so low a subject as money was mentioned. Another told me that he was just going on a visit to Abbot's Park for three months, and should be glad to see me when he came back. A third, an unwashed artificer,' was so kind as to inform me that he 'had just got white-washed, and he did not care one straw for[414] my black looks.' And a fourth, an index-maker, when presented with his acceptance, kindly indicated that he had not the slightest recollection of the thing, and that, if I persisted in compelling payment, he would bring a philosophical gentleman from Cold Bath Fields, and two honest men from Newgate, to swear that it was not his hand-writing.

"The drop-curtain being thus let down on the last act of the farce, there was no alternative between being queerly plundered, or instantly laying a horse-whip over the hungry philosophers. To sue them reminded me of the proverb—"Sue a beggar,' &c. To crack a *baculine* joke over their sconces would involve an expense which the worthy philosophers were not worth. I had done an imprudent thing in joining the 'march of mind,' and all that I could do was to brush the dust from my coat and the mud from my shoes: 'he that touches pitch,' says Solomon, 'shall he not be denied thereby?' Mr. Treasurer, therefore, remained in quiet possession of the busts—the book-stall displayed the properly appreciated volumes—and the Socratic borrowers took all the care in the world of 'value received.'"

Thus the day, which it was intended to have been spent in amusements out of doors, was passed in animated and amusing conversation over the hospitable and convivial board, and a fresh zest was added to wit and humour by the exhilarating influence of the rosy god.

## CHAPTER XXXII

*In London, blest with competence.  
With temper, health, and common sense,  
None need repine or murmur-nay,  
All may be happy in their way.  
E'en the lone dwelling of the poor  
And suffering, are at least obscure;  
And in obscurity—exempt  
From poverty's worst scourge—contempt.  
Unmark'd the poor man seeks his den.  
Unheeded issues forth again;  
Wherefore appears he, none inquires,*

*Nor why—nor whither he retires.  
All that his pride would fain conceal,  
All that shame blushes to reveal;  
The petty shifts, the grovelling cares,  
To which the souls of want are heirs;  
Those evils, grievous to be borne,  
Call forth—not sympathy, but scorn;  
Here hidden—elude the searching eye  
Of callous curiosity.*

The following morning was one of unusual bustle, activity, and anxiety, the originally intended movements[415] of the party being thus unexpectedly interrupted. Dashall had arisen before his usual hour, and departed from home before the appearance of Sparkle and Bob to breakfast: it was, of course, supposed that the promised duel would have decided the fate of one of the antagonists before they should see him again.

In this conjecture, however, they were pleasingly disappointed by his arrival about half past eleven o'clock.

"Well," said Sparkle, "it is all over—who has fallen—which is the man—how many shots—what distance—who was the other second—and where is the wounded hero?"

"Nay," said Tom, "you are before-hand with me; I have none of the intelligence you require.—I have been in search of Lord Bluster, who left town this very morning, three hours before my arrival, for Edinburgh; and consequently, I suppose, either has no intimation of Laconic's intention to seek, or if he has—is determined to be out of the way of receiving a regular challenge; so that, in all probability, it will end, like many other duels, in smoke."

"Notwithstanding your friend's letter was so full of fire," observed Tallyho.

[416]

"But perhaps he became more cool over a bottle of claret—too to toe, my boy," continued Sparkle.

This conversation was interrupted by a letter, which being delivered to Tom, he read aloud, interrupted only by laughter, which he could not restrain.

"Dear Tom, "Don't like fighting in England—am off directly for Cork.—Tell Bluster I'll wait there till he comes—but if he values his life, not to come at all.—Please do the needful in despatching my servants, &c. within two days, for I am in such a passion I can't wait a moment.—So adieu.

"Yours, sincerely, Laconic."

"Excellent, upon my word," said Sparkle; "here are two men of honour determined upon meeting, running away from each other even before the preliminaries are arranged."

"There is novelty in it at least," said Tom, "though I am by no means astonished at the end of it; for I before observed, I do not think either of them over fond of powder. Laconic pretended that nothing would satisfy him but fighting immediately, provided Bluster was to be found: any person to whom his character was not known would have expected some spilling of blood before this time. But it is now plain that this blustering was the effect of the wine, and the man's cooler judgment has extinguished the flame of his irritability."

"I think," said Tallyho, "it would be well to advise them to meet half-seas over, and draw a cork together by way of settling their differences."

"Curse their differences," replied Dashall, "I'll have nothing more to do with them: upon the whole, I am glad now that I could not meet with Bluster, or I should have looked like a fool between the two; and as it is, I am not much pleased with the adventure, particularly as it must necessarily delay me, and I hate the idea of travelling alone. I should very much have liked to start with you; but as Laconic has made me fully acquainted with his affairs, in case he should fall in the intended duel, I must even comply with the contents of his note; though, if he had not actually departed, you may rest assured I would have nothing to do with him or his concerns."

"Come, come," cried Sparkle, "grumbling is of no use now; and as the circumstances are not made public[417] the duellists will escape being laughed at. There is no harm done—we must be upon the alert—we shortly bid adieu to London, and shall not be so well pleased to leave you behind; but remember you promise to follow as quickly as possible.—Now, how shall we dispose of the remainder of the time?"

"Zounds," replied Tom, "all my plans are deranged by this foolish affair of Laconic's, and I can hardly tell which way to move.—However, I shall not devote myself to his affairs to-day; therefore I am at your service; and as time is but short with us, let us make good use of it. The tragedy of the duel having ended most comically, I am prepared for any thing farcical; therefore say the word, and I am your man for a toddle, east, west, north, or south."

Upon this intimation, our friends sallied forth upon a sort of Quixotic excursion in search of adventures, for neither could make up his mind as to the precise place of their destination, when the first object that attracted their particular notice was a large printed bill, announcing to the public, "That the sale at Fonthill Abbey, advertised for the 8th of October, would not take place, in consequence of the property being disposed of by private contract."{1}

*1 The following appeared in the daily prints relating to this valuable property:—*

*"FONTHILL ABBEY. "The sale at this splendid mansion is not to take place, the estate having been sold by private contract; the purchaser is said to be Mr. Farquhar, a rich East India merchant, who is reported to have given 330,000L. for the property. It is stated that every article in the Abbey goes with it, with the exception of the family plate and pictures, and a very few favourite rarities. Possession is to be taken immediately. The sale of the whole estate is an event for which the people of the place seem to have been totally unprepared. They were led to believe, from the beginning, that nothing was to be sold but the mere luxuries of the place; but as to the Abbey, they universally asserted, in the strongest manner, as if they had good reason to be convinced of the thing, that Mr. Beck-ford*

would as soon part with his life as with a residence which he prized so dearly. Now, however, that they have heard from the steward, that the estate has been sold, and that he has received notice to quit his office in a fortnight, they begin to feel that they have lost an excellent landlord. Mr. Beckford has taken a house in town, in the New Road, where he means chiefly to reside in future. Every body is aware that the chief part of that princely income, which enabled him to raise this expensive edifice from the foundation, was derived from his paternal estates in the West Indies. Such was the wealth which those estates at one time produced, that it obtained for his grandfather the distinction of being considered the richest subject in Europe. For the last ten years they have declined very materially, and several of them have been entirely lost through a defect that has been discovered in the title. The original purchaser obtained these in the way of mort-gage, and having foreclosed them in an untechnical manner, advantage has been taken of the informality by the heirs of the mortgagors, and Mr. Beckford has been dispossessed. The defence of his title, and the other consequences, involved him in losses and vast expenses; besides which, the revenue from his unquestionable estates in those islands has declined to less than one-tenth of what it formerly was. Mr. Farquhar, the gentleman who is reported to have purchased Fouthill Abbey, is the principal partner and proprietor of Whitbread's brew-house, and is likewise at the head of the first mercantile house in the City, for the management of all agency concerns, connected with India."

"Thousands of people," says Dashall, "who had been flocking to that neighbourhood, intending to obtain a[418] view of the premises, will, by this event, be disappointed. Several of my friends have paid a visit to it, and describe it as a most princely mansion."

"And pray," inquired Sparkle, "what is the cause of its being sold at all? It has always been reported that Mr. Beckford was a man of very extensive property."

"That appears to be a little mysterious, and report, who is always a busy fellow on extraordinary occasions, has not been idle: by some it is stated, that Mr. Beckford suffered great and irreparable losses in his West India property, and that there are in the Abbey at this moment executions to the amount of eighty thousand pounds; that the view of the effects has taken place entirely under the control of the sheriffs: by others it is asserted that no such embarrassment exists. However, be that as it may, the public have been highly gratified for some time past in being permitted to view the estate and the valuable curiosities it contains; and the produce of the admission tickets, which has probably netted twenty thousand pounds, goes to the liquidation of the debts."

"And an excellent plan for raising the wind too," said Tallyho; "the example, I suppose, has been taken from[419] Wanstead House."

"Most likely," was the reply; "but if it is true that the disposal of the property is occasioned by the embarrassment of its owner, it cannot but excite painful and melancholy reflections on the tenure by which men hold the goods of this life. Those who were acquainted with Mr. Beckford's circumstances some years ago, thought him so secured in the enjoyment of a princely income, that he was absolutely out of the reach of ill fortune, being at one time in the actual receipt of one hundred thousand pounds a year. It cannot be said of him that he has wasted his inheritance at the gaming-table. The palace which he raised on a barren mountain, the greater part of those vast plantations which surround it, the collection of books, and of rare specimens of art, and the superb furniture, which gives such peculiar dignity and splendour to the interior of his residence, speak at once the immensity of his means, and attest the propriety and gracefulness of their application."

"We ought to have taken a trip there to have seen this earthly paradise," rejoined Tallyho; "but now I suppose it is all over."

"Certainly," was the reply; "and it is a circumstance for which the people in the neighbourhood appear to have been totally unprepared. They were led to believe, from the beginning, that the mere luxuries of the place were to be sold, and the public announcement of this had the effect of filling the county of Wilts with pleasure-hunters from all quarters. He was fortunate who, for some time past, could find a vacant chair within twenty miles of Fonthill: the solitude of a private apartment was a luxury which few could hope for; and an old friend of mine informs me, in one of his letters, that, coming from London, travellers first met their troubles about Salisbury, The languages of France, of Holland, and of Germany, the peculiarities (in tongue) of Scotland and Ireland, the broad dialect of Somersetshire, the tinckling accent of Wales, and the more polished tones of metropolitan residents, were all, at the same moment, to be heard clashing and contending. There were bells ringing, and chamber-maids screaming—horses prancing, and post-boys swearing—wheels clattering, and waiters jostling—guests threatening, and hubbub and confusion the orders of the day:—and all this to see something which half of them, when they got there, if they were so fortunate, could not obtain a sight of. So that, perhaps, we have been quite as well off in remaining at home."

"That was spoken like a philosopher," said Sparkle, dryly.—"But pray, who is to be the future possessor of[420] this fine estate?"

"A Mr. Farquhar, who, according to the best information I have obtained, is a man of an extraordinary character, and has given 330,000L. for it as it stands, with every article in the Abbey except the family plate and pictures, and a few very favourite rarities. Some interesting particulars of the purchaser have recently been made known; from which it appears, that he is a native of Aberdeen, and went out early in life to India, where he was employed in the medical department. Chemical research was his favourite pursuit: there was some defect in the manner of manufacturing gunpowder, and Mr. Farquhar was selected to give his assistance. By degrees, he obtained the management of the concern, and finally he became the sole

contractor to the government. In this way wealth and distinction rapidly poured in upon him. After some years of labour, he returned to England with half a million of money; and it is somewhat curious that a man possessed of so much money upon his arrival at Gravesend, should, merely to save the expense of coach-hire, walk up to London; which, however, it appears he did, when his first visit, very naturally, was to his banker. Without waiting for refreshment or alteration of attire, full of dust and dirt, with clothes not worth a guinea, he presented himself at the counter, and asked for Mr. Coutts. The clerks, not much prepossessed in his favour by his appearance, disregarded his application; and he was suffered to remain in the cash-office under the idea of his being some poor petitioner, until Mr. Coutts, passing through it, recognized his Indian customer, the man whom he expected to see with all the pomp of a nabob. Mr. Farquhar requested to have five pounds; which having received, he took his departure. This anecdote strongly marks the character and habits of the man. He soon afterwards settled in Upper Baker-street, where his house was to be distinguished by its dingy appearance, uncleaned windows, and general neglect. An old woman was his sole attendant; and his apartment, to which a brush or broom was never applied, was kept sacred from her care. His neighbours were not acquainted with his character; and there have been instances of some of them offering him money as an object of charity."

"An admirable tenant for such a place as Fonthill, truly," observed Sparkle.—"Why, what the devil will he do with it now he has got it?"

"Perhaps," said Dashall, "I ought to refer you to the man himself for an answer to such a question, for I am at a loss to guess; he is now sixty-five years of age, and still in single blessedness."

"A very enviable situation," remarked Sparkle, "However," continued Tom, "he has done some good in the world, and may live to do more. He became a partner in the great agency house in the City, of Basset, Farquhar, and Co.; besides which, he purchased the late Mr. Whitbread's share in the brewery. Part of his great wealth was devoted to the purchase of estates; but the great bulk was invested in stock, and suffered to increase on compound interest. He is deeply read in ancient and modern literature, and has a mind of extraordinary vigour and originality; his conversation of a superior order, impressive and animated on every subject. His sentiments are liberal, and strangely contrasted with his habits. His religious opinions are peculiar, and seem to be influenced by an admiration of the purity of the lives and moral principles of the Brahmins. It is said that he offered 100,000L. to found a college in Aberdeen, with a reservation on points of religion; to which, however, the sanction of the legislature could not be procured, and the plan was dropped. He has been residing in Gloucester-place, where he has furnished a house in a style of modern elegance, and, so far as appearances are concerned, indulges in several luxuries; but his domestic habits are still the same, and his table seldom labours with the pressure of heavy dishes. He has one nephew, to whom he allows, or did allow, 300L. per year; has but few other claims of family; and it is probable that his immense wealth will be bequeathed to charitable purposes, as the great object of his ambition is to leave his name to posterity as the founder of some public institution. To that passion may, perhaps, be attributed the purchase of Fonthill Abbey; for his age and infirmities totally unfit him for the enjoyment of such a place. He is diminutive in person, and by no means prepossessing in appearance; his dress has all the qualities of the antique to recommend it; and his domestic expenditure, until the last year, has not exceeded 200L. per annum, although his possessions, money in the funds, and capital in trade, are said to amount to a million and a half!"

"Why, he is an oddity indeed," exclaimed Tallyho, "and I think he ought to be exhibited as the eighth wonder of the world."

"Certainly we cannot look upon the like every day: there are instances, it is said, of his having returned letters merely because the postage was not paid, although he has, on more than one or two occasions, given away, at once, for praise-worthy purposes, ten and twenty thousand pounds."

"Then," rejoined Sparkle, "he is a trump, and deserves to be respected:—but where are we bound to?"

"Nay," replied Tom, "I have no choice upon the subject."

"Nor I neither," said Gayfield, stepping smartly up to him, and catching him by the hand—"so come along—I'll guide you to good quarters and comfortable accommodation.—Dine with me, and we will have a cut in at whist.—What say you?"

This proposition was acceded to, and away they went to Gayfield's apartments, where a very hospitable and friendly entertainment was presented to them with every mark of a hearty welcome. In the evening, the glass circulated freely, and cards being introduced, they enjoyed an agreeable and pleasant game, at which nothing particular occurred; after which they jumped into a rattler, and were conveyed home, very well satisfied with every attention they had received from Gayfield, except the eternal rattle of his tongue.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

*"The proper study of mankind in food."*

Next morning, while our party were at breakfast, who should make his appearance but Gayfield, whose elasticity of spirits, and volubility of tongue, appeared, if possible, to have acquired an additional impulse of action.

"My dear fellow," he commenced, addressing Bob, "as you are so soon about to leave us, I feel anxious you should carry with you all the information possible on that interesting subject, Life in London. Long as your stay in the Metropolis has been, still, where the subjects are so varying—so ever varying—so multifarious—and the field for observation so unlimited, it is impossible but that something must have escaped your notice.

"I have been scribbling to a friend in the country, whom I occasionally endeavour to amuse with "Sketches of Scenes in London;" and, as I flatter myself, it exhibits something of novelty both in character, situation,



and incident, you shall hear it."

"Dear Dick—I told you that I was about to have the honour of being introduced to tin; celebrated Dr. Kitchen. 'He was a man, take him for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again.' It was evidently one of ? Nature's worst journeymen' that made him; for he has not a limb which appears to appertain to his body; they look precisely as if they were purchased at an auction. This little man, who seems born to be 'girded at' by jokers of all classes, sharing the prevalent rage for notoriety, has written two works, one in the character of a *gourmand*, and the other of a musician. But not content with the fame he has thus acquired, he has persuaded himself that he is an excellent singer. Nay, it was given out lately, by his own concurrence, that he intended to sing at a concert at the Argyle Rooms; and although he has no more voice than a cat, he was[424] under the full impression that his Majesty, at the conclusion of the last court-day, intended to call upon him for a song. The Doctor asked me and Caustic to one of his literary dinners; and as I have supplied you with a sketch of a cook-shop *gourmand*, I make no apology for shewing up a more elevated class of *gastronomes*, by reporting the Doctor's speech on this occasion.—

"On entering the world, the acuteness of my palate and vigour of digestion disposed me to conceive that I should excel in the fraternal sciences of eating and drinking; and I entertained no doubt but my vapid organs would be considerably improved by frequent exercise. Taste has various departments—painting, architecture, sculpture, &c.; but impressed with the conviction that my only office in this world was to invent new dishes and devour them, I collected all the culinary writers from Caxton to Mons. Ude, of modern celebrity. As science proceeds by gradual advances, I frequented the better sort of coffee-houses, to initiate myself in the correct nomenclature of different dishes, and to judge of their skilful preparation. These, to be sure, are proper schools for a beginner; but I soon discovered that these victuallers, on account of their numerous visitants, who are disposed to eat much and pay little, could not afford to furnish the most costly and exquisite *entrees*. Sometimes I found that the same turkey had been twice subjected to the spit; a sole that had been broiled the day before, underwent the operation of frying on the following. Cold meat appeared as hot pie, with many other curious and ingenious devices. Then the wine was so adulterated, compelled, like a melancholic patient, to look old before its time, and fitted, like a pauper, with a ready-made coat perceptibly impregnated with bad brandy, and tasted of every thing but the grape, that, in about six months, I sickened, and no longer frequented these tasteless and inhospitable retreats for the hungry.

"To view the ordinary arrangements of a modern dinner is a "sorry sight:"—a dozen articles placed at once upon the table—then, on the removal of the covers, comes the ferocious onset; some tremulous paralytic serving the soup, and scattering it in all directions, excepting into the plate where it ought to be delivered;[425] then an unhandy dandy mutilates the fish by cutting it in a wrong direction; here, an officious ignoramus tears asunder the members of a fowl as coarsely as the four horses dragged Ravillac, limb from limb; there, another simpleton notching a tongue into dissimilar slices, while a purblind coxcomb confounds the different sauces, pouring anchovy on pigeon-pie, and parsley and butter on roast-beef. All these barbarisms are unknown at my table.

"Perhaps one of the most gratifying things in nature, far beyond any thing hitherto conveyed by landscape or historical painting, is to behold my guests in silence sip their wine. As the glass is held up, the eye and the orient liquor reciprocally sparkle; its bouquet expands the nostrils, elevates the eyebrow to admiration, and composes the lips to a smile. When its crystal receptacle, which is as thin as Indian paper, (for observe, to use a thick wine-glass is to drink with a gag in your mouth) touches the lips, they become compressed, to allow the thinnest possible stream to enter, that its flavour be thoroughly ascertained, and that successive perceptions of palatable flavour may terminate in the gulph of ecstasy.

"I am fully aware that the pleasures of the table cannot be indulged without some hazard to the constitution; it is therefore the business of my serious reflections to counteract the invasions of disease, and provide timely remedies for its attack. A gold box is always placed on the table with the desert, containing a store of pills, which are of a very moving quality and speedy operation, called "Peristaltic persuaders." In an adjoining room, there is a basin, as large as an ordinary washing-tub, with a copper of chamomile-tea; and a cupper is engaged to be in constant attendance till the guests depart.

"Gentlemen, I once became a member of a fashionable dinner-club, managed by a superintending committee, who purchased their own wine, and engaged a culinary artist of established reputation. This club was a diversified assemblage, consisting of some sprigs of the nobility and a few old standards; several members of Parliament, who became very troublesome by repeating the speeches that had been uttered in the house, and were, besides, always attempting to reform the club. But this was less offensive to me than others, as I make it a rule never to attend to conversation unless it relates to improvements in cookery. The[426] remainder of our club was composed of a few hungry querulous lawyers, two or three doctors, who had increased the means of gratifying their appetites by destroying the digestive faculties of their patients. There is nothing permanent in the world; therefore, in about two years, the club dwindled away; a set of rascally economists complained of expense; the cook, a very honest man and skilful professor, was accused of peculation by the reformers, and turned adrift for modestly demonstrating that he could not make turtle out of tripe, nor convert sprats into red mullet. Several members moved off without paying their arrears. The managing committee disposed of the premises, plate, furniture, and wines, and pocketed the money; and thus the club was dissolved.'

"It was on this occasion that the Doctor proposed his celebrated 'committee of taste,' with the proceedings of which I shall, perhaps, have occasion, at some future time, to make you acquainted."

Gayfield's humorous epistle amused the party much, and Bob felt complimented by the attention paid to the finish of his studies of Metropolitan Life and Manners. The fine appearance of the morning determined them on a stroll through the leading thoroughfares, as it would afford Tallyho the opportunity of completing such purchases as were necessary prior to his departure for the country. In passing Covent Garden, their attention was attracted by a numerous and grotesque assemblage, in which they soon mixed, and were highly diverted by the following whimsical exhibition, displaying the astonishing sagacity and feelings of the monkey species. An itinerant showman, who for some time past exhibited two dancing monkeys about the town, had pitched his stage in a part of the Market. When his poles and cords were fixed, and the monkeys in their full dress

were about to commence, the celebrated flying pieman came by with his basket, and, having furnished himself with a bottle of gin, he leaped upon the stage, and treated the showman and one of the monkeys with a glass each; the other monkey however declined taking any, and was leaping about to avoid it; but the pieman served out the second glass, and the former monkey took his with apparent gladness. The pieman again seized the monkey who declined it before, but he still scorned to take any. The by-standers called out to the pieman to throw it at him, and the pieman flung it in his face. Instantly, the monkey who drank the gin, and who was half drunk by this time, to resent the injury, sprang upon the pieman, seized him by the arm, and would have torn that piece of the flesh entirely out, only for its master, who with much difficulty made him relinquish his hold. The pieman was dangerously wounded, and was carried to a doctor's shop to get his arm dressed.

Passing on, the next object of attention was the Police office, Bow Street. Here the party determined to rest for a short time, and after listening to several uninteresting cases relating to hackney coach fares, they were at length rewarded for their lost time and patience, by a case, in which the tables were completely turned upon Mr. Jehu, and which we hope will act as a caution to others of the profession who have a taste for swearing and abuse.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

*In cities, foul example on most minds  
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds  
In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,  
And wantonness and gluttonous excess.  
In cities, vice is hidden with more ease,  
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught  
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there  
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.  
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,  
In which they flourish most; where, in the beams  
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye  
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.  
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd  
The fairest capital of all the world;  
By riot and incontinence the worst.*

The arrival of the day for separation was anticipated, and the morning arose upon Dashall with a gloomy aspect, originating in the temper of his mind; for he was by no means pleased with the adventure of Laconic, which operated to prevent his departure with his friends. Sparkle and Tallyho were, however, upon the alert, and determined on pursuing their original intentions. Tom had none of his usual vivacity about him. In vain he tried to muster up his spirits, his attempts at wit were pointless and did not escape the notice of Sparkle, who secretly enjoyed his chagrin, feeling assured that as it was created by their departure, he would not delay joining them longer than necessity absolutely required. "Why how now, Tom," said Sparkle, "you are out, and seem to be in queer stirrups, as if you had an uneasy saddle. You seem to part with your cousin as a young man would with the beloved of his heart." "I confess I am disappointed," replied Tom.

*"But since grieving's a folly,  
Why let us be jolly."*

"I am determined to spend the last moments with you—so start off the rattle traps, the upper toggery's and travelling caps, we will take a last turn together, and a parting dinner and glass of wine at the Bull and Mouth, and I'll warrant you I won't be long behind. All I regret is, I can't accompany you at present." Upon this intimation, the remainder of their luggage and clothing were despatched by a servant, with an order to provide a good dinner for them at half past five.

Things were now all in a fair train, and this business being despatched, all was anxiety for the arrival of the moment, though with different sensations; Sparkle to meet his wife, Bob to return to his native home, and Tom displeased and disappointed in every way, although he determined to be as agreeable as he could under existing circumstances. Time however being heavy on their hands, but as Bob was anxious to make a few more purchases for presents on his return home, they started early for the Bull and Mouth.

"You have now," said Dashall to his cousin, "had some experience in REAL LIFE IN LONDON, and I have reason to think you will not return to the country a worse man than you left it. Variety is charming, and the change from one to the other will give additional zest and pleasure."

"I have reason," replied Bob, "to feel myself under a very particular obligation to you for the excellent care, kindness and attention, as well as information I have derived, and it cannot easily be obliterated from my recollection; but I at the same time must observe, that I have no very great relish for London as a continual residence. When you arrive in the country I will try if I cannot be as explanatory and amusing. At all events I expect you will give me the trial.

"I'll give you a chevy over the hills, a pop at the pheasants, and a pick at them afterwards; besides which, you know, we have some very pretty lasses in our neighbourhood, to whom you have already been introduced, and to whom you shall be better known."

"I know, I know," said Tom, in a hurried manner, which strongly indicated some other motive for regret than that which arose from mere disappointment at not being a partner in their journey, and from which Sparkle did not fail to draw an inference, that some roguish eyes had been darting their beams into the bosom of his friend.

"I see how it is now," cried Sparkle, "Tom is not cut but caught, and I'll sport a fifty, that the Evergreen

Tom Dashall, of London, will be transplanted to entwine with some virgin blossom of the country, before another twelve months."

Tom was silent.

Tallyho smiled in accordance with the sentiment of Sparkle, and declared he would not take the bet.

"It's of very little use," cried Dashall, recovering himself after a short pause, "I may as well make a merit of necessity. I confess I have a sort of a liking for the gay and sprightly Lydia Forcetest, the parson's daughter; and if—but curse if's—I hate if, I wish there was no such word in the English language."

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Sparkle, "I thought we should find you out—but come, I think I may say there is not much for you to fear—if you are but serious."

"It is a serious subject, and if we continue, this conversation I shall grow downright sentimental—so no more at present—we have not much time to spare—and as I mean to make use of every minute, let us look around for any novelty that may occur before your departure."

"Well," said Sparkle, "I must say I do not know of any thing so new to me as the very subject we were upon—but as you wish it dropped—why e'en let it be so—I have no desire to be either particular or personal."

*And as London's the object we've long had in view,  
As long as we can, we'll that object pursue.  
And as visions we know have been for an old grudge meant,  
We'll make ours a view—not a vision of—judgment.*

"Good," said Tom, "and as the lines are extemporaneous we will not be over-nice in the criticism."

"At least," continued Sparkle, "you will admit it is better to be a bad poet—than a bad man."

"Agreed—agreed," replied Tom.—"But who in the name of wonder have we here—the emperor of hair-dressers and head-cutters turned print-seller—Why, this was Money's, where I have, before now, had a clip."

"Nay, nay," said Sparkle, "don't be in a hurry to form your judgment—his ingenuity is at work, and really it [431] will be worth while to have a cut all round; for I find he gives a portrait, displaying the most fashionable Parisian dresses to every customer. Some you know present bank, or, more properly speaking, flush notes upon these occasions; but certainly this is a less exceptionable plan.—What say you?"

"With all my heart:" and into the *Magazin de Mode* they marched; to which they were welcomed by the artist himself—ushered up stairs with all due politeness, and in two minutes Sparkle was under his incomparable hands, while Tom and Bob amused themselves with a peep at the newspapers and the Gazette of Fashion.

"Fine morning, gentlemen," said the friseur.

"Is there any news?" asked Sparkle.

"We have the Paris papers, Sir, regularly, and a constant supply of drawings of the newest fashion."

"I am more for domestic or home news," continued Sparkle.

"Not aware, Sir, of any thing particular—oh, yes; I recollect I was told last night, over at the Haunch, that the mermaid is discovered."

"What," said Tom, "discover a mermaid over a haunch!" laying down the paper.

"Beg pardon, Sir, beg pardon, a trifling mistake, Sir—nothing more—I usually pass a recreative hour, after my daily studies, at the Haunch of Venison, over the way: the landlord is an intelligent, accommodating, and agreeable sort of man, and we have many gentlemen of considerable consequence, both literary and scientific, who meet there of an evening to pass a convivial hour—to hear and impart the news; and, Sir, as I was saying, the mermaid is stated to be a fine hoax upon the credulity of John Bull, being nothing more than the body or skin of a smoke-dried old woman, ingeniously connected with the tail of a fish. I don't vouch for the truth of the report, I only state what I hear, and can only assert with confidence what I am acquainted with in my own business."

"I suspected the mermaid from the first," answered Tom, "I thought there was some deceit in it."

"There is a great deal of deceit in the world, Sir," replied the active clipper.—"A little Circassian cream, Sir—acknowledged to be the best article ever produced for the preservation and restoration of hair."

"Certainly," said Sparkle.

In this way our friends obtained a portion of amusement, and a Corinthian clip from the intelligent and [432] communicative Mr. Money, of Fleet Street notoriety, in return for which he touched their coin.

"Now," said Dashall, "we will make the best of our way and just call, by way of taking a lunch, among the lads of Newgate Market. There is a house where I have been before, in which we can have some very fine home-brewed ale, &c; and besides, according to the landlord's advertisements, he has opened an academy, and gives instruction in the art of brewing. The College of Physicians is just opposite, and I suppose this way of a landlord has taken the hint, and opposed his beer to their physic—perhaps you may wish to carry his valuable receipt into the country with you?"

"I have no inclination to turn brewer," replied Sparkle, "but I must confess I like the idea of a little genuine beer—free from the poisonous ingredients of the public brewer."

"And so do I," continued Tallyho. "Come along, then," said Tom, "the Bell in Warwick Lane is the shop, where you may be served to a shaving." In passing along Warwick Lane, Bob observed he thought his friend was leading him through a not very agreeable neighbourhood.

"This place is filled with slaughter-houses, and is to be sure a great nuisance to the City; yet such places are necessary, therefore bear up a few minutes, and you will have comfortable house-room and agreeable refreshment." Entering the Bell, they were met by the landlord of the house, a round-faced, good-natured, real John-Bull-looking man, who knowing his customer Dashall, immediately ushered them into the coffee-room, where being supplied with stout and mutton-chops in high perfection, they enjoyed themselves with their regale. This done, they had an opportunity of looking about them.

In one corner sat two or three tip-top salesmen of the market, conversing on the price of meat, while they

were devouring a succession of rump-steaks with most voracious and insatiable appetites. In another was a hungry author, bargaining with a bookseller of Paternoster Row, for the sale of a manuscript, by which he expected to realise a dinner. While near them was an undertaker and a master-builder, vociferating at each other for interference with their respective trades, and so far attracting the attention of the bookseller from [433] the work of the author, that he wished, from the bottom of his heart, "that one would build a coffin to bury the other:" while the salesmen laughed so loud at the observations of the controversialists, as almost to make them wish the subject dead without the hope of resurrection.

Bob liked the stout—ordered a replenish, and asked the landlord to partake.

"With all my heart—gentlemen—good health—real malt and hops, gentlemen—nothing else—all brewed under my own eye—good ordinary at two—excellent fare—good treatment—comfortable beds—happy to see you at all times at the Bell brewery."

Having proceeded on their journey they shortly found themselves near Bull and Mouth Street.

On their way to the Bull and Mouth, Sparkle made a proposal, which was cordially acquiesced in by Dashall and his cousin, and a mutual pledge was given to carry it into effect: this was no other than an agreement to take a trip over to Dublin in the course of the ensuing winter, in order to acquire some knowledge of LIFE IN IRELAND.

"I have lately," said Sparkle, "been almost convulsed with laughter, even to the danger of a locked-jaw, by the perusal of a work under this title. The author, nephew to a late Irish chancellor, is an old acquaintance; added to which, and the genuine irresistible humour that runs throughout the work, I feel determined to visit, and have ocular demonstration of some of the places where these scenes of humour are so admirably described."

On entering Bull and Mouth Street—"Bless me," cried Bob, "this is a very confined street for such an inn."

"Hoy," cried a coachman, rattling along the street in double quick time.

"By your leave," bawled a porter with a heavy chest on his back.

"We shall certainly either be knocked down, or run over," exclaimed Tallyho.

"Never fear," said Tom, "do but keep your ogles in action, all's right enough, and we shall soon be safely housed out of the bustle; but before we enter the house we will just cast our eyes about us. On the right, after passing the gate, is the coach-offices for receiving, booking, and delivering parcels, and taking places for [434] passengers by the various vehicles which start from this place. On the left is the hotel and coffee-house, where every refreshment and accommodation may be obtained. The remaining part of the building, together with several others adjoining, which almost occupy the whole of this side of the street, are devoted to stables, waggon and coach-houses, and out-offices."



BULL & MOUTH INN. *Bob bidding adieu to his friends & Life in London.*

"It is an extensive concern then," said Tallyho, "though it stands in such an out of the way obscure situation."

"Why you are already aware that situation is not absolutely necessary to success in all cases in London," was the reply. "The extensive circulation of a name or a sign are sometimes sufficient to obtain business;—and who has not heard of the Bull and Mouth, or the name of Willan—from the former runs a considerable number of long stages and mail coaches, daily and nightly, the proprietor being a contractor with Government; and upon one occasion it is said, he was in treaty to supply an immense quantity of horses to convey troops to the coast, on the threatened invasion by Buonaparte, so that the epithet patriotic might properly be applied to him. He however is lately deceased, and supposed to have left a considerable fortune.—But come, dinner is ready—now for the parting meal, and then heaven speed ye to your destined homes."

After partaking of a hearty dinner, and a bottle or two of generous wine—"Come," said Dashall, "it is time we are alive and look out, for the yard is all in a bustle; here are lots of coaches preparing for a start, so let us get out, look around, and see what is going forward."

Upon this intimation, they sallied forth to the yard, where the confusion created by the arrival of one coach heavily laden, and the preparation of two for departure, afforded a scene for a quiet contemplatist, which however it is not easy to describe.

"Coachman," said an antiquated lady, just alighting, "I paid my fare."

"Yes Ma'am, that's all fair," said coachy.

"Mind how you hand my dear little boy out of the coach, poor little fellow he is quite dizzy with riding."

"I thinks as how you had better have brought a man with you, for you want taking care of yourself, [435] grumbled coachy, as he handed the young one out.—"There he is Ma'am—stand upon your pins, my man."

"Come Charley—Oh coachy you have got my box in your boot."

"Aye, aye, Ma'am, I know it, I wish my boot was in your box—here it is Ma'am."

"Stand bye," said a Jack Tar, "let's have a little sea room, and no squalls."

"Coachy, what a rude fellow that is, he says I squalls."

"Never mind him, Ma'am, he is as rough as the element he belongs to—thank ye Ma'am—that's the time o' day," pocketing a half-crown which she had just given him.

"Here Bill, take this lady's luggage out of the way."

"Just going off, Sir—do you go by me?"

"Yes," replied Sparkle, "how many have you inside?"

"Only four, Sir, and you two make up the number—all ready—Jem, bear up the leaders."

At this moment a hackney coach stopped at the gate, and out jumps a gentleman who immediately entered into conversation with the coachman.

"Can't do it, Sir," said coachy,—"all full—I might manage to give you an outside passage to be sure."

"Well, well, I will make that do, perhaps you can afford an inside birth part of the journey."

"I'll see what I can do, but can't promise—now gentlemen."

"Here coachman," said the person desirous of obtaining a passage, tipping coachy some money.

"Aye, aye, that's the way to look at the matter."

By this time Tom discovered it was no other than Van Butchell, {1} whom he observed to Bob, there was little doubt had been summoned on some desperate case, and must go at all events.

*1 It is fortunate for the rising generation, that the late Martin Van Butchell, not more celebrated for his eccentricities than his utility, has not departed from the world without leaving an able successor to his practice. Edwin Martin Van Butchell is now almost as well known as his late father. Such indeed is the estimation of his abilities, that a large society of journeymen tailors have entered into a weekly subscription among themselves, in order that their afflicted brethren may have the benefit of his practical knowledge and abilities.*

"Now, gentlemen, you brush in and I will brush on. Shut the door Dick, all right—ya—hip."

"Adieu, dear Tom," exclaimed Bob.

"Zounds," exclaimed Tom, "the coachman will hardly allow him to say good bye—well, the dearest friends[436] must part, so good bye, heaven protect you both."

By this time the vehicle was out of the yard.

"I don't like it," continued Tom, soliloquizing with himself; "but, however, as I have bid them adieu for the present, the best thing I can do is to arrange Laconic's affairs, and then bid adieu to *Life in London*."

The End

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\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK REAL LIFE IN LONDON, VOLUMES I. AND II \*\*\*

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