

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF STATIONERY, LITERATURE,
AND THE FINE ARTS.

WE now come to a class of street-folk wholly distinct from any before treated of. As yet we have been dealing principally with the uneducated portion of the street-people—men whom, for the most part, are allowed to remain in nearly the same primitive and brutish state as the savage—creatures with nothing but their appetites, instincts, and passions to move them, and made up of the same crude combination of virtue and vice—the same generosity combined with the same predatory tendencies as the Bedouins of the desert—the same love of revenge and disregard of pain, and often the same gratitude and susceptibility to kindness as the Red Indian—and, furthermore, the same insensibility to female honour and abuse of female weakness, and the same utter ignorance of the Divine nature of the Godhead as marks either Bosjesman, Carib, or Thug.

The costers and many other of the street-sellers before described, however, are bad—not so much from their own perversity as from our selfishness. That they partake of the natural evil of human nature is not their fault but ours,—who would be like them if we had not been taught by others better than ourselves to controul the bad and cherish the good principles of our hearts.

The street-sellers of stationery, literature, and the fine arts, however, differ from all before treated of in the *general*, though far from universal, education of the sect. They constitute principally the class of street-orators, known in these days as "patterers," and formerly termed "mountebanks,"—people who, in the words of Strutt, strive to "help off their wares by pompous speeches, in which little regard is paid either to truth or propriety." To patter, is a slang term, meaning to speak. To indulge in this kind of oral puffery, of course, requires a certain exercise of the intellect, and it is the consciousness of their mental superiority which makes the patterers look down upon the costermongers as an inferior body, with whom they object either to be classed or to associate. The scorn of some of the "patterers" for the mere costers is as profound as the contempt of the pickpocket for the pure beggar. Those who have not witnessed this pride of class among even the most degraded, can form no adequate idea of the arrogance with which the skilled man, no matter how base the art, looks upon the unskilled. "We are the haristocracy of the streets," was said to me by one of the street-folks, who told penny fortunes with a bottle. "People don't pay us for what we gives 'em, but only to hear us talk. We live like yourself, sir, by the hexercise of our hintellects—we by talking, and you by writing."

But notwithstanding the self-esteem of the patterers, I am inclined to think that they are

less impressionable and less susceptible of kindness than the costers whom they despise. Dr. Conolly has told us that, even among the insane, the educated classes are the most difficult to move and govern through their affections. They are invariably suspicious, attributing unworthy motives to every benefit conferred, and consequently incapable of being touched by any sympathy on the part of those who may be affected by their distress. So far as my experience goes it is the same with the street-patterers. Any attempt to befriend them is almost sure to be met with distrust. Nor does their mode of life serve in any way to lessen their misgivings. Conscious how much their own livelihood depends upon assumption and trickery, they naturally consider that others have some "dodge," as they call it, or some latent object in view when any good is sought to be done them. The impulsive costermonger, however, approximating more closely to the primitive man, moved solely by his feelings, is as easily humanized by any kindness as he is brutified by any injury.

The patterers, again, though certainly more intellectual, are scarcely less immoral than the costers. Their superior cleverness gives them the power of justifying and speciously glossing their evil practices, but serves in no way to restrain them; thus affording the social philosopher another melancholy instance of the evil of developing the intellect without the conscience—of teaching people to *know* what is morally beautiful and ugly, without teaching them at the same time to feel and delight in the one and abhor the other—or, in other words, of quickening the cunning and checking the emotions of the individual.

Among the patterers marriage is as little frequent as among the costermongers; with the exception of the older class, who "were perhaps married before they took to the streets." Hardly one of the patterers, however, has been bred to a street life; and this constitutes another line of demarcation between them and the costermongers.

The costers, we have seen, are mostly hereditary wanderers—having been as it were born to frequent the public thoroughfares; some few of the itinerant dealers in fish, fruit, and vegetables, have it is true been driven by want of employment to adopt street-selling as a means of living, but these are, so to speak, the aliens rather than the natives of the streets. The patterers, on the other hand, have for the most part neither been born and bred nor driven to a street life—but have rather *taken* to it from a natural love of what they call "roving." This propensity to lapse from a civilized into a nomad state—to pass from a settler into a wanderer—is a peculiar charac-

teristic of the pattering tribe. The tendency however is by no means extraordinary; for ethnology teaches us, that whereas many abandon the habits of civilized life to adopt those of a nomadic state of existence, but few of the wandering tribes give up vagabondising and betake themselves to settled occupations. The innate "love of a roving life," which many of the street-people themselves speak of as the cause of their originally taking to the streets, appears to be accompanied by several peculiar characteristics; among the most marked of these are an indomitable "self-will" or hatred of the least restraint or controul—an innate aversion to every species of law or government, whether political, moral, or domestic—a stubborn, contradictory nature—an incapability of continuous labour, or remaining long in the same place occupied with the same object, or attending to the same subject—an unusual predilection for amusements, and especially for what partakes of the ludicrous—together with a great relish of all that is ingenious, and so finding extreme delight in tricks and frauds of every kind. There are two patterers now in the streets (brothers)—well-educated and respectably connected—who candidly confess they prefer that kind of life to any other, and would not leave it if they could.

Nor are the patterers less remarkable than the costermongers for their utter absence of all religious feeling. There is, however, this distinction between the two classes—that whereas the creedlessness of the one is but the consequence of brutish ignorance, that of the other is the result of natural perversity and educated scepticism—as the street-patterers include many men of respectable connections, and even classical attainments. Among them, may be found the son of a military officer, a clergyman, a man brought up to the profession of medicine, two Grecians of the Blue-coat School, clerks, shopmen, and a class who have been educated to no especial calling—some of the latter being the natural sons of gentlemen and noblemen—and who, when deprived of the support of their parents or friends, have taken to the streets for bread. Many of the younger and smarter men, I am assured, reside with women of the town, though they may not be dependent for their livelihood on the wages got by the infamy of these women. Not a few of the patterers, too, in their dress and appearance, present but little difference to that of the "gent." Some wear a moustache, while others indulge in a Henri-Quatre beard. The patterers are, moreover, as a body, not distinguished by that good and friendly feeling one to another which is remarkable among costermongers. If an absence of heartiness and good fellowship be characteristic of an aristocracy—as some political philosophers contend—then the patterers may indeed be said to be the aristocrats of the streets.

The patterers or oratorical street-sellers include among their class many itinerant traders, other than the wandering "paper-workers"—

as those vending the several varieties of street-literature are generally denominated. The Cheap Jacks, or oratorical hucksters of hardware at fairs and other places, are among the most celebrated and humorous of this class. The commercial arts and jests of some of these people, display considerable cleverness. Many of their jokes, it is true, are traditional—and as purely a matter of parrotry as the witticisms of the "funny gentlemen" on the stage, but their ready adaptation of accidental circumstances to the purposes of their business, betrays a modicum of wit far beyond that which falls to the share of ordinary "low comedians." The street-vendors of cough drops—infallible cures for the toothache and other ailments—also belong to the pattering class. These are, as was before stated, the remains of the obsolete mountebanks of England and the *saltimbanque* of France—a class of *al fresco* orators who derived their names from the *bench*—the street pulpit, rostrum, or platform—that they ascended, in order the better to deliver their harangues. The street jugglers, actors, and showmen, as well as the street-sellers of grease-removing compositions, corn-salve, razor-paste, plating-balls, waterproof blacking, rat poisons, sovereigns sold for wagers, and a multiplicity of similar street-trickeries—such as oratorical begging—are other ingenious and wordy members of the same chattering, jabbering, or "pattering" fraternity. These will all be spoken of under the head of the different things they respectively sell or do. For the present we have only to deal with that portion of the "pattering" body who are engaged in the street sale of literature—or the "paper-workers" as they call themselves. The latter include the "running patterers," or "death-hunters;" being men (no women) engaged in vending last dying speeches and confessions—in hawking "second editions" of newspapers—or else in "working," that is to say, in getting rid of what are technically termed "cocks;" which, in polite language, means accounts of fabulous duels between ladies of fashion—of apochryphal elopements, or fictitious love-letters of sporting noblemen and certain young milliners not a hundred miles from the spot—"cooked" assassinations and sudden deaths of eminent individuals—pretended jealous affrays between Her Majesty and the Prince Consort (but these papers are now never worked)—or awful tragedies, including mendacious murders, impossible robberies, and delusive suicides.

The sellers of these choice articles, however, belong more particularly to that order or species of the pattering genus known as "running patterers," or "flying stationers," from the fact of their being continually on the move while describing the attractions of the "papers" they have to sell. Contradistinguished from them, however, are the "standing patterers," or those for whose less startling announcements a crowd is necessary, in order that the audience may have time to swallow the many marvels worked by

their wares. The standing patterers require, therefore, what they term a "pitch," that is to say a fixed locality, where they can hold forth to a gaping multitude for, at least, some few minutes continuously. They are mainly such street-sellers as deal in nostrums and the different kinds of street "wonders." Occasionally, however, the running patterer (who is especially literary) transmigrates into a standing one, betaking himself to "board work," as it is termed in street technology, and stopping at the corners of thoroughfares with a large pictorial placard raised upon a pole, and glowing with a highly-coloured exaggeration of the interesting terrors of the pamphlet he has for sale. This is either "The Life of Calcraft, the Hangman," "The Diabolical Practices of Dr. — on his Patients when in a state of Mesmerism," or "The Secret Doings at the White House, Soho," and other similar attractively-repulsive details. Akin to this "board work" is the practice of what is called "strawing," or selling straws in the street, and giving away with them something that is either really or fictionally forbidden to be sold—as indecent papers, political songs, and the like. This practice, however, is now seldom resorted to, while the sale of "secret papers" is rarely carried on in public. It is true, there are three or four patterers who live chiefly by professing to dispose of "sealed packets" of obscene drawings and cards for gentlemen; but this is generally a trick adopted to extort money from old debauchees, young libertines, and people of degraded or diseased tastes; for the packets, on being opened, seldom contain anything but an odd number of some defunct periodical. There is, however, a large traffic in such secret papers carried on in what is called "the public-house trade," that is to say, by itinerant "paper-workers" (mostly women), who never make their appearance in the streets, but obtain a livelihood by "busking," as it is technically termed, or, in other words, by offering their goods for sale only at the bars and in the tap-rooms and parlours of taverns. The excessive indulgence of one appetite is often accompanied by the disease of a second; the drunkard, of course, is supereminently a sensualist, and is therefore easily taken by anything that tends to stimulate his exhausted desires: so sure is it that one form of bestiality is a necessary concomitant of another. There is another species of patterer, who, though usually included among the standing patterers, belongs rather to an intermediate class, viz., those who neither stand nor "run," as they descant upon what they sell; but those walk at so slow a rate that, though never stationary, they can hardly be said to move. These are the reciters of dialogues, litanies, and the various street "squibs" upon passing events; they also include the public propounders of conundrums, and the "hundred and fifty popular song" enumerators—such as are represented in the engraving here given. Closely connected with them are the "chaunters," or those who do not cry, but (if one may so far

stretch the English language) *sing* the contents of the "papers" they vend.

These traffickers constitute the principal street-sellers of literature, or "paper-workers," of the "pattering" class. In addition to them there are many others vending "papers" in the public thoroughfares, who are mere traders resorting to no other acts for the disposal of their goods than a simple cry or exposition of them; and many of these are but poor, humble, struggling, and inoffensive dealers. They do not puff or represent what they have to sell as what it is not—(allowing them a fair commercial latitude). They are not of the "enterprising" class of street tradesmen. Among these are the street-sellers of stationery—such as note-paper, envelopes, pens, ink, pencils, sealing-wax, and wafers. Belonging to the same class, too, are the street-vendors of almanacs, pocket-books, memorandum and account-books. Then there are the sellers of odd numbers of periodicals and broadsheets, and those who vend either playing cards, conversation cards, stenographic cards, and (at Epsom, Ascot, &c.) racing cards. Besides these, again, there are the vendors of illustrated cards, such as those embellished with engravings of the Crystal Palace, Views of the Houses of Parliament, as well as the gelatine poetry cards—all of whom, with the exception of the racing-card sellers (who belong generally to the pattering tribe), partake of the usual characteristics of the street-selling class.

After these may be enumerated the vendors of old engravings out of inverted umbrellas, and the hawkers of coloured pictures in frames. Then there are the old book-stalls and barrows, and "the pinners-up," as they are termed, or sellers of old songs pinned against the wall, as well as the vendors of manuscript music. Moreover, appertaining to the same class, there are the vendors of playbills and "books of the performance" outside the theatre; and lastly, the pretended sellers of tracts—such as the *Lascars* and others, who use this kind of street traffic as a cloak for the more profitable trade of begging. The street-sellers of images, although strictly comprised within those who vend fine art productions in the public thoroughfares will be treated of under the head of *THE STREET ITALIANS*, to which class they mostly belong.

OF THE FORMER AND PRESENT STREET-PATTERERS.

Of the street-patterers the running (or flying) trader announces the contents of the paper he is offering for sale, as he proceeds on his mission. It is usually the detail of some "barbarous and horrible murder," or of some extraordinary occurrence—such as the attack on Marshal Haynau—which has roused public attention; or the paper announced as descriptive of a murder, or of some exciting event, may in reality be some odd number of a defunct periodical. "It's astonishing," said one patterer to me, "how few people ever complain of having been took in. It hurts their feelings to lose a halfpenny, but it

hurts their pride too much, when they're had, to grumble in public about it." On this head, then, I need give no further general explanation.

In times of excitement the running patterer (or "stationer," as he was and is sometimes called) has reaped the best harvest. When the Popish plot agitated England in the reign of Charles II. the "Narratives" of the design of a handful of men to assassinate a whole nation, were eagerly purchased in the streets and taverns. And this has been the case during the progress of any absorbing event subsequently. I was told by a very old gentleman, who had heard it from his grandfather, that in some of the quiet towns of the north of England, in Durham and Yorkshire, there was the greatest eagerness to purchase from the street-sellers any paper relative to the progress of the forces under Charles Edward Stuart, in 1745. This was especially the case when it became known that the "rebels" had gained possession of Carlisle, and it was uncertain what might be their route southward. About the period of the "affair of the '45," and in the autumn following the decisive battle of Culloden (in April, 1746), the "Northern Lights" were more than usually brilliant, or more than usually remarked, and a meteor or two had been seen. The street-sellers were then to be found in fairs and markets, vending wonderful accounts of these wonderful phenomena.

I have already alluded to the character of the old mountebank, and to his "pompous orations," having "as little regard to truth as to propriety." There certainly is little pompousness in the announcements of the patterers, though in their general disregard of truth they resemble those of the mountebank. The mountebank, however, addressed his audience from a stage, and made his address attractive by mixing up with it music, dancing, and tumbling; sometimes, also, equestrianism on the green of a village; and by having always the services of a merry-andrew, or clown. The nostrums of these quacks were all as unequalled for cheapness as for infallibility, and their impudence and coolness ensured success. Their practices are as well exposed in some of the *Spectators* of 1711-12 as the puppet-playing of Powel was good-humouredly ridiculed. One especial instance is cited, where a mountebank, announcing himself a native of Hammersmith, where he was holding forth, offered to make a present of 5s. to every brother native of Hammersmith among his audience. The mountebank then drew from a long bag a handful of little packets, each of which, he informed the spectators, was constantly sold for 5s. 6d., but that out of love to his native hamlet he would bate the odd 5s. to every inhabitant of the place. The whole assembly immediately closed with his generous offer."

There is a scene in Moncrieff's popular farce of "*Rochester*," where the hero personates a mountebank, which may be here cited as affording a good idea of the "pompous orations" indulged in by the street orators in days of yore:

"Silence there, and hear me, for my words are more precious than gold; I am the renowned and far-famed Doctor Paracelsus Bombastes Esculapus Galen dam Humbug von Quack, member of all the colleges under the Moon: M.D., L.M.D., F.R.S., L.L.D., A.S.S.—and all the rest of the letters in the alphabet: I am the seventh son of a seventh son—kill or cure is my motto—and I always do it; I cured the great Emperor of Nova Scotia, of a polynus, after he had been given over by all the faculty—he lay to all appearance dead; the first pill he took, he opened his eyes; the second, he raised his head; and the third, he jumped up and danced a hornpipe. I don't want to sound my own praise—blow the trumpet, Balaam (*Balaam blows trumpet*); but I tapped the great Cham of Tartary at a sitting, of a terrible dropsy, so that I didn't leave a drop in him! I cure the palsy, the dropsy, the lunacy, and all the sighs, without costing anybody a sigh; vertigo, pertigo, lumbago, and all the other go's are sure to go, whenever I come."

In his unscrupulousness and boldness in street announcements, and sometimes in his humour and satire, we find the patterer of the present day to be the mountebank of old descended from his platform into the streets—but without his music, his clown, or his dress.

There was formerly, also, another class, differing little from the habits of that variety of patterers of the present day who "busk" it, or "work the public-houses."

"The jestours," says Mr. Strutt, in his "*Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*," "or, as the word is often written in the old English dialect, 'gesters,' were the relaters of the gestes, that is, the actions of famous persons, whether fabulous or real; and these stories were of two kinds, the one to excite pity, and the other to move laughter, as we learn from Chaucer:

'And jestours that tellen tales,
Both of wepyng and of game.'

The tales of 'game,' as the poet expresses himself were short jocular stories calculated to promote merriment, in which the reciters paid little respect to the claims of propriety or even of common decency. The tales of 'game,' however, were much more popular than those of weeping, and probably for the very reason that ought to have operated the most powerfully for their suppression. The gestours, whose powers were chiefly employed in the hours of conviviality, finding by experience that lessons of instruction were much less seasonable at such times, than idle tales productive of mirth and laughter, accommodated their narrations to the general taste of the times, regardless of the mischiefs they occasioned by vitiating the morals of their hearers. Hence it is that the author of the '*Vision of Pierce the Ploughman*' calls them contemptibly 'japers and janglers, and janglers of gestes.' He describes them as haunters of taverns and common ale-houses, amusing the lower classes of the people with 'myrth of minstrelsy and losels' tales,' (loose vulgar tales,) and calls them tale-tellers and 'tutlers in ydell,' (tutors of idleness,) occasioning their auditory, 'for love of tales, in taverns to drink,' where they learned from them to jangle and to jape, instead of attending to their more serious duties.

"The japers, I apprehend, were the same as the bourdours, or rybauders, an inferior class of minstrels, and properly called jesters in the modern acceptance of the word; whose wit, like that of the merry-andrews of the present day (1800) consisted in low obscenity accompanied with ludicrous gesticulation. They sometimes, however, found admission into the houses of the opulent. Knighton, indeed, mentions one of these japers who was a favourite in the English court, and could obtain any grant from the king 'a burdando,' that is, by jesting. They are well described by the poet:

'As japers and janglers, Judas' chyl dren,
Fayneth them fantasies, and foolles them maketh."

"It was a very common and a very favourite amusement, so late as the 16th century, to hear the recital of verses and moral speeches, learned for that purpose by a set of men who obtained their livelihood thereby, and who, without ceremony, intruded themselves, not only into taverns and other places of public resort, but also into the houses of the nobility."

The resemblance of the modern patterer to the classes above mentioned will be seen when I describe the public-house actor and reciter of the present day, as well as the standing patterer, who does not differ so much from the running patterer in the quality of his announcements, as in his requiring more time to make an impression, and being indeed a sort of lecturer needing an audience; also of the present reciters "of verses and moral speeches." But of these curious classes I shall proceed to treat separately.

OF THE HABITS, OPINIONS, MORALS, AND RELIGION OF PATERERS GENERALLY.

In order that I might omit nothing which will give the student of that curious phase of London life in London streets—the condition of the patterers—a clear understanding of the subject, I procured the following account from an educated gentleman (who has been before alluded to in this work), and as he had been driven to live among the class he describes, and to support himself by street-selling, his remarks have of course all the weight due to personal experience, as well as to close observation:—

"If there is any truth in phrenology," writes the gentleman in question, "the patterers—to a man—are very large in the organ of 'self-esteem,' from which suggestion an enquiry arises, viz., whether they possess that of which they may justly pique themselves. To arrive at truth about the patterers is very difficult, and indeed the persons with whom they live are often quite in the dark about the history, or in some cases the pursuits of their lodgers.

"I think that the patterers may be divided into three classes. First,—those who were well born and brought up. Secondly,—those whose parents have been dissipated and gave them little education. Thirdly,—those who—whatever their early history—will not be or do anything but what is of an itinerant character. I shall take a glance at the first of these classes, presupposing that they were cradled in the lap of indulgence, and trained to science and virtue.

"If these people take to the streets, they become, with here and there an exception, the most reprobate and the least reclaimable. I was once the inmate of a lodging-house, in which there were at one time five University-men, three surgeons, and several sorts of broken-down clerks, or of other professional men. Their general habits were demoralised to the last degree—their oaths more horrid, extravagant, and far-fetched than anything I ever heard: they were stupid in logic, but very original in obscenity. Most of them scoffed at the Bible, or perverted its passages to extenuate fraud, to justify violence, or construct for themselves excuses for incontinence and imposition. It will appear

strange that these educated persons, when they turn out upon the street, generally sell articles which have no connection with literature, and very little with art. The two brothers, who sell that wonder-working paste which removes grease from the outside of your collar by driving it further in, were both scholars of Christ's Hospital. They were second Grecians, and might have gone to college; but several visits to suburban fairs, and their accompanying scenes of debauch, gave them a *penchant* for a vagabond life, and they will probably never relinquish it. The very tall man—there are several others—who sells razors and paste on a red pagoda-looking stall, was apprenticed to a surgeon in Colchester, with a premium of 300 guineas; and the little dark-visaged man, who sells children's money-boxes and traps to catch vermin, is the son of a late upholsterer in Bath, who was also a magistrate of that city. The poor man alluded to was a law-student, and kept two terms in Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Many similar cases might be mentioned—cases founded on real observation and experience. Some light may be thrown upon this subject by pointing out the *modus operandi* by which a friend of mine got initiated into the 'art and mystery of patterism.' 'I had lived,' he said, 'more than a year among the tradesmen and tramps, who herd promiscuously together in low lodging-houses. One afternoon I was taking tea at the same table with a brace of patterers. They eyed me with suspicion; but, determined to know their proceedings, I launched out the only cant word I had then learned. They spoke of going to Chatham. Of course, I knew the place, and asked them, "Where do you stall to in the huey?" which, fairly translated, means, "Where do you lodge in the town?" Convinced that I was "fly," one of them said, "We drop the main toper (go off the main road) and slink into the crib (house) in the back drum (street)." After some altercation with the "mot" of the "ken" (mistress of the lodging-house) about the cleanliness of a knife or fork, my new acquaintance began to arrange "ground," &c., for the night's work. I got into their confidence by degrees; and I give below a vocabulary of their talk to each other:—

Word.	Meaning.
<i>Crabshells</i>	Shoes.
<i>Kite</i>	Paper.
<i>Nests</i>	Varieties.
<i>Sticky</i>	Wax.
<i>Toff</i>	Gentleman.
<i>Burerk</i>	Lady.
<i>Camister</i>	Minister.
<i>Crocus</i>	Doctor.
<i>Bluff</i>	An excuse.
<i>Balm</i>	Insane.
<i>Mill Tag</i>	A shirt.
<i>Smeesh</i>	A shift.
<i>Hay-bag</i>	A woman.
<i>Doxy</i>	A wife.
<i>Flam</i>	A lie.
<i>Teviss</i>	A shilling

Bull A crown.
Flag An apron.

"The cant or slang of the patterer is not the cant of the costermonger, but a system of their own. As in the case of the costers, it is so interlarded with their general remarks, while their ordinary language is so smothered and subdued, that unless when they are professionally engaged and talking of their wares, they might almost pass for foreigners.

"There can be no doubt," continues my informant, "that the second class of street-patterers, to whom nature, or parents, or circumstances have been unpropitious, are the most moral, and have a greater sense of right and wrong, with a quicksightedness about humane and generous things, to which the 'aristocratic' patterer is a stranger. Of the dealers in useful or harmless wares—although, of course, they use allowable exaggeration as to the goodness of the article—many are devout communicants at church, or members of dissenting bodies; while others are as careless about religion, and are still to be found once or twice a week in the lecture-rooms of the Mechanics' Institute nearest to their residence. Orchard-street, Westminster, is a great locality for this sort of patterers. Three well-known characters,—Bristol George, Corporal Casey, and Jemmy the Rake, with a very respectable and highly-informed man called 'Grocer,' from his having been apprenticed to that business,—have maintained a character for great integrity among the neighbours for many years.

"I come now to the third class of patterers,—those who, whatever their early pursuits and pleasures, have manifested a predilection for vagrancy, and neither can nor will settle to any ordinary calling. There is now on the streets a man scarcely thirty years old, conspicuous by the misfortune of a sabre-wound on the cheek. He is a native of the Isle of Man. His father was a captain in the Buffs, and himself a commissioned officer at seventeen. He left the army, desiring to marry and open a boarding-school. The young lady to whom he was betrothed died, and that event might affect his mind; at any rate, he has had 38 situations in a dozen years, and will not keep one a week. He has a mortal antipathy to good clothes, and will not keep them one hour. He sells anything—chiefly needle-cases. He 'patters' very little in a main drag (public street); but in the little private streets he preaches an outline of his life, and makes no secret of his wandering propensity. His aged mother, who still lives, pays his lodgings in Old Pye-street.

"From the hasty glance I have taken at the patterers, any well-constructed mind may deduce the following inference: because a great amount of intelligence sometimes consists with a great want of principle, that no education, or mis-education, leaves man, like a reed floating on the stream of time, to follow every direction which the current of affairs may give him.

"There is yet another and a larger class, who are wanderers from choice,—who would rather be street-orators, and quacks, and performers, than anything else in the world. In nine cases out of ten, the street-patterers are persons of intemperate habits, no veracity, and destitute of any desire to improve their condition, even where they have the chance. One of this crew was lately engaged at a bazaar; he had 18s. a week, and his only work was to walk up and down and extol the articles exhibited. This was too monotonous a life; I happened to pass him by as he was taking his wages for the week, and heard him say, 'I shall cut this b—y work; I can earn more on the streets, and be my own master.'"

It would be a mistake to suppose that the patterers, although a vagrant, are a disorganized class. There is a telegraphic dispatch between them, through the length and breadth of the land. If two patterers (previously unacquainted) meet in the provinces, the following, or something like it, will be their conversation:—"Can you 'voker romeny' (can you speak cant)? What is your 'monekeer' (name)?"—Perhaps it turns out that one is "White-headed Bob," and the other "Plymouth Ned." They have a "shant of gatter" (pot of beer) at the nearest "boozing ken" (ale-house), and swear eternal friendship to each other. The old saying, that "When the liquor is in, the wit is out," is remarkably fulfilled on these occasions, for they betray to the "flatties" (natives) all their profits and proceedings.

It is to be supposed that, in country districts, where there are no streets, the patterer is obliged to call at the houses. As they are mostly without the hawker's licence, and sometimes find wet linen before it is lost, the rural districts are not fond of their visits; and there are generally two or three persons in a village reported to be "gammy," that is (unfavourable). If a patterer has been "crabbed," that is (offended) at any of the "cribbs" (houses), he mostly chalks a signal on or near the door. I give one or two instances:

◇ "Bone," meaning good.
▽ "Cooper'd," spoiled by the imprudence of some other patterer.

□ "Gammy," likely to have you taken up.
○ "Fluminut," sure of a month in quod.

In most lodging-houses there is an old man who is the guide to every "walk" in the vicinity, and who can tell every house, on every round, that is "good for a cold 'tater." In many cases there is over the kitchen mantelpiece a map of the district, dotted here and there with memorandums of failure or success.

Patterers are fond of carving their names and avocations about the houses they visit. The old jail at Dartford has been some years a "padding-ken." In one of the rooms appears the following autographs:

"Jemmy, the Rake, bound to Bristol; bad beds, but no bugs. Thank God for all things."
"Razor George and his moll slept here the

day afore Christmas; just out of 'stir' (jail), for 'muzzling a peeler.'"

"Scotch Mary, with 'driz' (lace), bound to Dover and back, please God."

Sometimes these inscriptions are coarse and obscene; sometimes very well written and orderly. Nor do they want illustrations.

At the old factory, Lincoln, is a portrait of the town beadle, formerly a soldier; it is drawn with different-coloured chalks, and ends with the following couplet:

"You are a B for false swearing,
In hell they'll roast you like a herring."

Concubinage is very common among patterers, especially on their travels; they have their regular rounds, and call the peregrination "going on circuit." For the most part they are early risers; this gives them a facility for meeting poor girls who have had a night's shelter in the union workhouses. They offer such girls some refreshment,—swear they are single men,—and promise comforts certainly superior to the immediate position of their victims. Consent is generally obtained; perhaps a girl of 14 or 15, previously virtuous, is induced to believe in a promise of constant protection, but finds herself, the next morning, ruined and deserted; nor is it unlikely that, within a month or two, she will see her seducer in the company of a dozen incidental wives. A gray-headed miscreant called "Cutler Tom" boasts of 500 such exploits; and there is too great reason to believe that the picture of his own drawing is not greatly overcharged.

Some of the patterers are married men, but of this class very few are faithful to the solemn obligation. I have heard of a renowned patterer of this class who was married to four women, and had lived in criminal intercourse with his own sister, and his own daughter by one of the wives. This sad rule has, however, I am happy to state, some splendid exceptions. There is a man called "Hopping Ned;" this "Andy" has a wife of great personal attractions, a splendid figure, and teeth without a parallel. She is a strictly-virtuous woman, a most devoted wife, and tender mother; very charitable to any one in want of a meal, and very constant (she is a Catholic) in her religious duties. Another man of the same school, whose name has escaped me, is, with his wife, an exception to the stigma on almost the whole class; the couple in question have no children. The wife, whose name is Maria, has been in every hospital for some complaint in her knees, probably white swelling: her beauty is the theme of applause, and whenever she opens her mouth silence pervades the "padding-ken." Her common conversation is music and mathematics combined, her reading has been masculine and extensive, and the whisper of calumny has never yet attacked her own demeanour or her husband's.

Of patterers who have children, many are very exemplary; sending them to Day and Sunday-schools, causing them to say grace before

and after meals, to attend public worship, and always to speak the truth: these, instances, however, stand in fearful contrast with the conduct of other parents.

"I have seen," proceeds my reverend informant, "fathers and mothers place their boys and girls in positions of incipient enormity, and command them to use language and gestures to each other, which would make an harlot blush, and almost a heathen tremble. I have hitherto viewed the patterer as a salesman,—having something in his hand, on whose merits, real or pretended, he talks people out of their money. By slow degrees prosperity rises, but rapid is the advance of evil. The patterer sometimes gets 'out of stock,' and is obliged, at no great sacrifice of conscience, to 'patter' in another strain. In every large town sham official documents, with crests, seals, and signatures, can be got for half-a-crown. Armed with these, the patterer becomes a 'lurker,'—that is, an impostor; his papers certify any and every 'ill that flesh is heir to.' Shipwreck is called a 'shake lurk;' loss by fire is a 'glim.' Sometimes the petitioner has had a horse, which has dropped dead with the mad staggers; or has a wife ill or dying, and six or seven children at once sickening of the small-pox. Children are borrowed to support the appearance; the case is certified by the minister and churchwardens of a parish which exists only in imagination; and as many people dislike the trouble of investigation, the patterer gets enough to raise a stock in trade, and divides the spoil between the swag-shop and the gin-palace. Sometimes they are detected, and get a 'drag' (three months in prison). They have many narrow escapes: one occurs to me, of a somewhat ludicrous character. A patterer and lurker (now dead) known by the name of 'Captain Moody,' unable to get a 'fake-ment' written or printed, was standing almost naked in the streets of a neighbouring town. A gentleman stood still and heard his piteous tale, but having been 'done' more than once, he resolved to examine the affair, and begged the petitioner to conduct him to his wife and children, who were in a garret on a bed of languishing, with neither clothes, food, nor fire, but, it appeared, with faith enough to expect a supply from 'Him who feedeth the ravens,' and in whose sacred name even a cold 'tater' was implored. The patterer, or half-patterer and half-beggar, took the gentleman (who promised a sovereign if every thing was square) through innumerable and intricate windings, till he came to an outhouse or sort of stable. He saw the key outside the door, and begged the gentleman to enter and wait till he borrowed a light of a neighbour, to show him up-stairs. The illumination never arrived, and the poor charitable man found that the miscreant had locked him into the stable. The patterer went to the padding-ken,—told the story with great glee, and left that locality within an hour of the occurrence."

[Concerning the mendicancy and vagrancy of

patterers, I shall have more to say when I speak of vagrancy in general, and when I describe the general state and characteristics of the low lodging-houses in London, and those in the country, which are in intimate connection with the metropolitan abodes of the vagrant. My present theme is the London patterer, who is also a street-seller.]

OF THE PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS OF STREET-LITERATURE.

THE best known, and the most successful printer and publisher of all who have directed their industry to supply the "paper" in demand for street sale, and in every department of street literature, was the late "Jemmy Catnach," who is said to have amassed upwards of 10,000*l.* in the business. He is reported to have made the greater part of this sum during the trial of Queen Caroline, by the sale of whole-sheet "papers," descriptive of the trial, and embellished with "splendid illustrations." The next to Catnach stood the late "Tommy Pitt," of the noted toy and marble-warehouse. These two parties were the Colburn and Bentley of the "paper" trade. Catnach retired from business some years ago, and resided in a country-house at Barnet, but he did not long survive his retirement. "He was an out and out sort," said one old paper-worker to me, "and if he knew you—and he could judge according to the school you belonged to, if he hadn't known you long—he was friendly for a bob or two, and sometimes for a glass. He knew the men that was stickers though, and there was no glass for them. Why, some of his customers, sir, would have stuck to him long enough, if there'd been a chance of another glass—supposing they'd managed to get one—and then would have asked him for a coach home! When I called on him, he used to say, in his north country way—he wasn't Scotch, but somewhere north of England—and he was pleasant with it, 'Well, d— you, how are you?' He got the cream of the pail, sir."

The present street literature printers and publishers are, Mrs. Ryle (Catnach's niece and successor), Mr. Birt, and Mr. Paul (formerly with Catnach), all of the Seven Dials; Mr. Powell (formerly of Lloyd's), Brick-lane, White-chapel; and Mr. Good, Aylesbury-street, Clerk-enwell. Mr. Phairs, of Westminster; Mr. Taylor, of the Waterloo-road; and Mr. Sharp, of Kent-street, Borough, have discontinued street printing. One man greatly regretted Mr. Taylor's discontinuing the business; "he was so handy for the New-cut, when it was the New-cut." Some classes of patterers, I may here observe, work in "schools" or "mobs" of two, three, or four, as I shall afterwards show.

The authors and poets who give its peculiar literature, alike in prose or rhyme, to the streets, are now six in number. They are all in some capacity or other connected with street-patter or song, and the way in which a narrative or a "copy of verses" is prepared for press is usually

this:—The leading members of the "schools," some of whom refer regularly to the evening papers, when they hear of any out-of-the-way occurrence, resort to the printer and desire its publication in a style proper for the streets. This is usually done very speedily, the school (or the majority of them) and the printer agreeing upon the author. Sometimes an author will voluntarily prepare a piece of street literature and submit it to a publisher, who, as in the case of other publishers, accepts or declines, as he believes the production will or will not prove remunerative. Sometimes the school carry the manuscript with them to the printer, and undertake to buy a certain quantity, to insure publication. The payment to the author is the same in all cases—a shilling.

Concerning the history and character of our street and public-house literature, I shall treat hereafter, when I can comprise the whole, and after the descriptions of the several classes engaged in the trade will have paved the way for the reader's better appreciation of the curious and important theme. I say, *important*; because the street-ballad and the street-narrative, like all popular things, have their influence on masses of the people. Specimens will be found adduced, as I describe the several classes, or in the statements of the patterers.

It must be borne in mind that the street author is closely restricted in the quality of his effusion. It must be such as the patterers approve, as the chaunters can chaunt, the ballad-singers sing, and—above all—such as street-buyers will buy. One chaunter, who was a great admirer of the "Song of the Shirt," told me that if Hood himself had written the "Pitiful Case of Georgy Sloan and his Wife," it would not have sold so well as a ballad he handed to me, from which I extract a verse:

"Jane Willbred we did starve and beat her very hard
I confess we used her very cruel,
But now in a jail two long years we must bewail,
We don't fancy mustard in the gruel."

What I have said of the *necessity* which controls street authorship, may also be said of the art which is sometimes called in to illustrate it.

The paper now published for the streets is classed as quarter sheets, which cost (wholesale) 1*s.* a gross; half sheets, which cost 2*s.*; and whole or broad sheets (such as for executions), which cost 3*s.* 6*d.* a gross the first day, and 3*s.* the next day or two, and afterwards, but only if a ream be taken, 5*s.* 6*d.*; a ream contains forty dozen. When "illustrated," the charge is from 3*d.* to 1*s.* per ream extra. The books, for such cases as the Sloanes, or the murder of Jael Denny, are given in books—which are best adapted for the suburban and country trade, when London is "worked" sufficiently—are the "whole sheet" printed so as to fold into eight pages, each side of the paper being then, of course, printed upon. A book is charged from 6*d.* to 1*s.* extra (to a whole sheet) per gross, and afterwards the same extra per ream.

OF LONG SONG-SELLERS.

I have this week given a daguerreotype of a well-known long-song seller, and have preferred to give it as the trade, especially as regards London, has all but disappeared, and it was curious enough. "Long songs" first appeared between nine and ten years ago.

The long-song sellers did not depend upon patter—though some of them pattered a little—to attract customers, but on the veritable cheapness and novel form in which they vended popular songs, printed on paper rather wider than this page, "three songs abreast," and the paper was about a yard long, which constituted the "three" yards of song. Sometimes three slips were pasted together. The vendors paraded the streets with their "three yards of new and popular songs" for a penny. The songs are, or were, generally fixed to the top of a long pole, and the vendor "cried" the different titles as he went along. This branch of "the profession" is confined solely to the summer; the hands in winter usually taking to the sale of song-books, it being impossible to exhibit "the three yards" in wet or foggy weather. The paper songs, as they fluttered from a pole, looked at a little distance like huge much-soiled white ribbons, used as streamers to celebrate some auspicious news. The cry of one man, in a sort of recitative, or, as I heard it called by street-patterers, "sing-song," was, "Three yards a penny! Three yards a penny! Beautiful songs! Newest songs! Popular Songs! Three yards a penny! Song, song, songs!" Others, however, were generally content to announce merely "Three yards a penny!" One cried "Two under fifty a fardy!" As if two hundred and fifty songs were to be sold for a farthing. The whole number of songs was about 45. They were afterwards sold at a halfpenny, but were shorter and fewer. It is probable that at the best had the songs been subjected to the admeasurement of a jury, the result might have been as little satisfactory as to some tradesmen who, however, after having been detected in attempts to cheat the poor in weights and scales, and to cheat them hourly, are still "good men and true" enough to be jurymen and parliamentary electors. The songs, I am informed, were often about 2½ yards, (not as to paper but as to admeasurement of type); 3 yards, occasionally, at first, and not often less than 2 yards.

The crying of the titles was not done with any other design than that of expressing the great number of songs purchasable for "the small charge of one penny." Some of the patterers I conversed with would have made it sufficiently droll. One man told me that he had cried the following songs in his three yards, and he believed in something like the following order, but he had cried penny song books, among other things, lately, and might confound his more ancient and recent cries:

"I sometimes began," he said, "with sing-

ing, or trying to sing, for I'm no vocalist, the first few words of any song, and them quite loud. I'd begin

'The Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no care'—

'Buffalo gals, come out to-night;' 'Death of Nelson;' 'The gay cavalier;' 'Jim along Josey;' 'There's a good time coming;' 'Drink to me only;' 'Kate Kearney;' 'Chuckaroo - choo, choo - choo - choot - lah;' 'Chockala - roony - ninkaping - nang;' 'Pagadaway-dusty-kanty-key;' 'Hottypie-gunnypochina-coo' (that's a Chinese song, sir); 'I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls;' 'The standard bearer;' 'Just like love;' 'Whistle o'er the lave o't;' 'Widow Mackree;' 'I've been roaming;' 'Oh! that kiss;' 'The old English gentleman,' &c., &c. I dares say they was all in the three yards, or was once, and if they wasn't there was others as good."

The chief purchasers of the "long songs" were boys and girls, but mostly boys, who expended 1*d.* or ½*d.* for the curiosity and novelty of the thing, as the songs were not in the most readable form. A few working people bought them for their children, and some women of the town, who often buy anything fantastic, were also customers.

When "the three yards was at their best," the number selling them was about 170; the wholesale charge is from 3*d.* to 5*d.* a dozen, according to size. The profit of the vendors in the first instance was about 8*d.* a dozen. When the trade had all the attractions of novelty, some men sold ten dozen on fine days, and for three or four of the summer months; so clearing between 6*s.* and 7*s.* a day. This, however, was not an average, but an average might be at first 2*l.* a week profit. I am assured that if twenty persons were selling long songs in the street last summer it was "the outside," as long songs are now "for fairs and races and country work." Calculating that each cleared 9*s.* in a week, and to clear that took 15*s.*, the profit being smaller than it used to be, as many must be sold at ½*d.* each—we find 120*l.* expended in long songs in the streets. The character of the vendor is that of a patterer of inferior genius.

The stock-money required is 1*s.* to 2*s.*; which with 2*d.* for a pole, and ½*d.* for paste, is all the capital needed. Very few were sold in the public-houses, as the vendors scrupled to expose them there, "for drunken fellows would snatch them, and make belts of them for a lark."

OF RUNNING PATTERERS.

Few of the residents in London—but chiefly those in the quieter streets—have not been aroused, and most frequently in the evening, by a hurly-burly on each side of the street. An attentive listening will not lead any one to an accurate knowledge of what the clamour is about. It is from a "mob" or "school" of the running patterers (for both those words are

used), and consists of two, three, or four men. All these men state that the greater the noise they make, the better is the chance of sale, and better still when the noise is on each side of a street, for it appears as if the vendors were proclaiming such interesting or important intelligence, that they were vying with one another who should supply the demand which must ensue. It is not possible to ascertain with any certitude *what* the patterers are so anxious to sell, for only a few leading words are audible. One of the cleverest of running patterers repeated to me, in a subdued tone, his announcements of murders. The words "Murder," "Horrible," "Barbarous," "Love," "Mysterious," "Former Crimes," and the like, could only be caught by the ear, but there was no announcement of anything like "particulars." If, however, the "paper" relate to any well-known criminal, such as Rush, the name is given distinctly enough, and so is any new or pretended fact. The running patterers describe, or profess to describe, the contents of their papers as they go rapidly along, and they seldom or ever stand still. They usually deal in murders, seductions, crim.-cons., explosions, alarming accidents, "assassinations," deaths of public characters, duels, and love-letters. But popular, or notorious, murders are the "great goes." The running patterer cares less than other street-sellers for bad weather, for if he "work" on a wet and gloomy evening, and if the work be "a cock," which is a fictitious statement or even a pretended fictitious statement, there is the less chance of any one detecting the *ruse*. But of late years no new "cocks" have been printed, excepting for temporary purposes, such as I have specified as under its appropriate head in my account of "Death and Fire-Hunters." Among the old stereotyped "cocks" are love-letters. One is well known as "The Husband caught in a Trap," and being in an epistolary form subserves any purpose: whether it be the patterer's aim to sell the "Love Letters" of any well-known person, such as Lola Montes, or to fit them for a local (pretended) scandal, as the "Letters from a Lady in this neighbourhood to a Gentleman not 100 miles off."

Of running patterers there are now in London from 80 to 100. They reside—some in their own rooms, but the majority in lodging-houses—in or near Westminster, St. Giles's, White-chapel, Stratford, Deptford, Wandsworth, and the Seven Dials. The "Dials," however, is their chief locality, being the residence of the longest-established printers, and is the "head meet" of the fraternity.

It is not easy to specify with exactitude the number of running or flying patterers at any one time in London. Some of these men become, occasionally, standing patterers, chaunters, or ballad-singers—classes I shall subsequently describe—and all of them resort at intervals to country rounds. I heard, also, many complaints

of boys having of late "taken to the running patter" when anything attractive was before the public, and of ignorant fellows—that wouldn't have thought of it at one time—"trying their hands at it." Waiving these exceptional augmentations of the number, I will take the body of running patterers, generally employed in their peculiar craft in London, at 90. To ascertain their earnings presents about the same difficulties as to ascertain their number; for as all they earn is spent—no patterer ever saving money—they themselves are hardly able to tell their incomes. If any new and exciting fact be before the public, these men may each clear 20s. a week; when there is no such fact, they may not earn 5s. The profit is contingent, moreover, upon their being able to obtain 1d., or only $\frac{1}{2}$ d., for their paper. Some represented their average weekly earnings at 12s. 6d. the year through; some at 10s. 6d.; and others at less than half of 12s. 6d. Reckoning, however, that only 9s. weekly is an average profit per individual, and that 14s. be taken to realise that profit, we find 3,276l. expended yearly on running patterers in London; but in that sum the takings of the chaunters must be included, as they are members of the same fraternity, and work with the patterers.

The capital required to commence as a running patterer is but the price of a few papers—from 2d. to 1s. The men have no distinctive dress: "our togs," said one of them, "is in the latest fashion of Petticoat-lane;" unless on the very rare occasions, when some character has to be personated, and then coloured papers and glazed calicoes are made available. But this is only a venture of the old hands.

EXPERIENCE OF A RUNNING PATERER.

FROM a running patterer, who has been familiar with the trade for many years, I received, upwards of a twelvemonth ago, the following statement. He is well known for his humour, and is a leading man in his fraternity. After some conversation about "cocks," the most popular of which, my informant said, was the murder at Chigwell-row, he continued:

"That's a trump, to the present day. Why, I'd go out now, sir, with a dozen of Chigwell-rows, and earn my supper in half an hour off 'em. The murder of Sarah Holmes at Lincoln is good, too—that there has been worked for the last five year successively every winter. Poor Sarah Holmes! Bless her! she has saved me from walking the streets all night many a time. Some of the best of these have been in work twenty years—the Scarborough murder has full twenty years. It's called 'THE SCARBOROUGH TRAGEDY.' I've worked it myself. It's about a noble and rich young naval officer seducing a poor clergyman's daughter. She is confined in a ditch, and destroys the child. She is taken up for it, tried, and executed. This has had a great run. It sells all round the country places, and would sell now if they had it out. Mostly all our customers is females. They are the chief

dependence we have. The Scarborough Tragedy is very attractive. It draws tears to the women's eyes to think that a poor clergyman's daughter, who is remarkably beautiful, should murder her own child; it's very touching to every feeling heart. There's a copy of verses with it, too. Then there's the Liverpool Tragedy—that's very attractive. It's a mother murdering her own son, through gold. He had come from the East Indies, and married a rich planter's daughter. He came back to England to see his parents after an absence of thirty years. They kept a lodging-house in Liverpool for sailors; the son went there to lodge, and meant to tell his parents who he was in the morning. His mother saw the gold he had got in his boxes, and cut his throat—severed his head from his body; the old man, upwards of seventy years of age, holding the candle. They had put a washing-tub under the bed to catch his blood. The morning after the murder, the old man's daughter calls and inquires for a young man. The old man denies that they have had any such person in the house. She says he had a mole on his arm, in the shape of a strawberry. The old couple go up-stairs to examine the corpse, and find they have murdered their own son, and then they both put an end to their existence. This is a deeper tragedy than the Scarborough Murder. That suits young people better; they like to hear about the young woman being seduced by the naval officer; but the mothers take more to the Liverpool Tragedy—it suits them better. Some of the 'cocks' were in existence long before ever I was born or thought of. The 'Great and important battle between the two young ladies of fortune,' is what we call 'a ripper.' I should like to have that there put down correct," he added, "cause I've taken a tidy lot of money out of it."

My informant, who had been upwards of 20 years in the running patter line, told me that he commenced his career with the "Last Dying Speech and Full Confession of William Corder." He was sixteen years of age, and had run away from his parents. "I worked that there," he said, "down in the very town (at Bury) where he was executed. I got a whole hatful of halfpence at that. Why, I wouldn't even give 'em seven for sixpence—no, that I wouldn't. A gentleman's servant come out and wanted half a dozen for his master and one for himself in, and I wouldn't let him have no such thing. We often sells more than that at once. Why, I sold six at one go to the railway clerks at Norwich about the Manning affair, only a fortnight back. But Steinburgh's little job—you know he murdered his wife and family, and committed suicide after—that sold as well as any 'die.' Pegsworth was an out-and-out lot. I did tremendous with him, because it happened in London, down Ratcliff-highway—that's a splendid quarter for working—there's plenty of feelings—but, bless you, some places you go to you can't move no box, they've hearts like paving-stones. They

wouldn't have 'the papers' if you'd give them to 'em—especially when they knows you. Greenacre didn't sell so well as might have been expected, for such a diabolical out-and-out crime as he committed; but you see he came close after Pegsworth, and that took the beauty off him. Two murderers together is never no good to nobody. Why there was Wilson Gleeson, as great a villain as ever lived—went and murdered a whole family at noon-day—but Rush coopered him—and likewise that girl at Bristol—made it no draw to any one. Daniel Good, though, was a first-rater; and would have been much better if it hadn't been for that there Madam Toosow. You see, she went down to Roehampton, and guv 2l. for the werry clogs as he used to wash his master's carriage in; so, in course, when the harristocracy could go and see the real things—the werry identical clogs—in the Chamber of 'Orrors, why the people wouldn't look at our authentic portraits of the fiend in human form. Hocker wasn't any particular great shakes. There was a deal expected from him, but he didn't turn out well. Courvoisier was much better; he sold werry well, but nothing to Blakesley. Why I worked him for six weeks. The wife of the murdered man kept the King's Head that he was landlord on open on the morning of the execution, and the place was like a fair. I even went and sold papers outside the door myself. I thought if she war'n't ashamed, why should I be? After that we had a fine 'fake'—that was the fire of the Tower of London—it sold rattling. Why we had about forty apprehended for that—first we said two soldiers was taken up that couldn't obtain their discharge, and then we declared it was a well-known sporting nobleman who did it for a spree. The boy Jones in the Palace wasn't much of an affair for the running patterers; the ballad singers—or street screamers, as we call 'em—had the pull out of that. The patter wouldn't take; they had read it all in the newspapers before. Oxford, and Francis, and Bean were a little better, but nothing to crack about. The people doesn't care about such things as them. There's nothing beats a stunning good murder, after all. Why there was Rush—I lived on him for a month or more. When I commenced with Rush, I was 14s. in debt for rent, and in less than fourteen days I astonished the wise men in the east by paying my landlord all I owed him. Since Dan'el Good there had been little or nothing doing in the murder line—no one could cap him—till Rush turned up a regular trump for us. Why I went down to Norwich expressly to work the execution. I worked my way down there with 'a sorrowful lamentation' of his own composing, which I'd got written by the blind man expressly for the occasion. On the morning of the execution we beat all the regular newspapers out of the field; for we had the full, true, and particular account down, you see, by our own express, and that can beat anything that ever they can publish; for we gets it printed several days afore it comes off,

and goes and stands with it right under the drop; and many's the penny I've turned away when I've been asked for an account of the whole business before it happened. So you see, for herly and correct hinformation, we can beat the *Sun*—aye, or the moon either, for the matter of that. Irish Jem, the Ambassador, never goes to bed but he blesses Rush the farmer; and many's the time he's told me we should never have such another windfall as that. But I told him not to despair; there's a good time coming, boys, says I, and, sure enough, up comes the Bermondsey tragedy. We might have done very well, indeed, out of the Mannings, but there was too many examinations for it to be any great account to us. I've been away with the Mannings in the country ever since. I've been through Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Suffolk, along with George Frederick Manning and his wife—travelled from 800 to 1,000 miles with 'em, but I could have done much better if I had stopped in London. Every day I was anxiously looking for a confession from Mrs. Manning. All I wanted was for her to clear her conscience afore she left this here whale of tears (that's what I always calls it in the patter), and when I read in the papers (mind they was none of my own) that her last words on the brink of heternity was, 'I've nothing to say to you, Mr. Rowe, but to thank you for your kindness,' I giv her up entirely—had completely done with her. In course the public looks to us for the last words of all monsters in human form, and as for Mrs. Manning's, they were not worth the printing."

OF THE RECENT EXPERIENCE OF A RUNNING PATTERER.

FROM the same man I had the following account of his vocation up to the present time:

"Well, sir," he said, "I think, take them altogether, things hasn't been so good this last year as the year before. But the Pope, God bless him! he's been the best friend I've had since Rush, but Rush licked his Holiness. You see, the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman is a one-sided affair; of course the Catholics won't buy anything against the Pope, but *all* religions could go for Rush. Our mob once thought of starting a cardinal's dress, and I thought of wearing a red hat myself. I did wear a shovel hat when the Bishop of London was our racket; but I thought the hat began to feel too hot, so I shovelled it off. There was plenty of paper that would have suited to work with a cardinal's hat. There was one,—'Cardinal Wiseman's Lament,'—and it was giving his own words like, and a red hat would have capped it. It used to make the people roar when it came to snivelling, and grumbling at little Jack Russell—by Wiseman, in course; and when it comes to this part—which alludes to that 'ere thundering letter to the Bishop of Durham—the people was stunned:

'He called me a buffalo, bull, and a monkey, And then with a soldier called Old Arthur conkey Declared they would buy me a ninepenny donkey, And send me to Rome to the Pope.'

"They shod me, sir. *Who's they?* Why, the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman. I call my clothes after them I earn money by to buy them with. My shoes I call Pope Pius; my trowsers and braces, Calcraft; my waistcoat and shirt, Jael Denny; and my coat, Love Letters. A man must show a sense of gratitude in the best way he can. But I didn't start the cardinal's hat; I thought it might prove disagreeable to Sir Robert Peel's dress lodgers." [What my informant said further of the Pope, I give under the head of the Chaunter.] "There was very little doing," he continued, "for some time after I gave you an account before; hardly a slum worth a crust and a pipe of tobacco to us. A slum's a paper fake,—make a foot-note of that, sir. I think Adelaide was the first thing I worked after I told you of my tomfooleries. Yes it was,—her helegy. She weren't of no account whatsoever, and Cambridge was no better nor Adelaide. But there was poor Sir Robert Peel,—he *was* some good; indeed, I think he was as good as 5s. a day to me for the four or five days when he was freshest. Browns were thrown out of the windows to us, and one copper cartridge was sent flying at us with 13½d. in it, all copper, as if it had been collected. I worked Sir Robert at the West End, and in the quiet streets and squares. Certainly we had a most beautiful helegy. Well, poor gentleman, what we earned on him was some set-off to us for his starting his new regiment of the Blues—the Cook's Own. Not that they've troubled me much. I was once before Alderman Kelly, when he was Lord Mayor, charged with obstructing, or some humbug of that sort. 'What are you, my man?' says he quietly, and like a gentleman. 'In the same line as yourself, my lord,' says I. 'How's that?' says he. 'I'm a paper-worker for my living, my lord,' says I. I was soon discharged; and there was such fun and laughing, that if I'd had a few slums in my pocket, I believe I could have sold them all in the justice-room."

"Haynau was a stunner, and the drayman came their caper just in the critical time for us, as things was growing very taper. But I did best with him in chaunting; and so, as you want to hear about chaunting, I'll tell you after. We're forced to change our patter—first running, then chaunting, and then standing—oftener than we used to."

"Then Calcraft was pretty tidy browns. He was up for starving his mother,—and what better can you expect of a hangman? Me and my mate worked him down at Hatfield, in Essex, where his mother lives. It's his native, I believe. We sold her one. She's a limping old body. I saw the people look at her, and they told me arterards who she was. 'How much?' says she. 'A penny, marm,' say I. 'Sarve him right,' says she. We worked it, too, in the street in Hoxton where he lives, and he sent out for two, which shows he's a sensible sort of character in some points, after all. Then we had a 'Voice from the Gaol! or the Horrors

of the Condemned Cell! Being the Life of William Calcraft, the present Hangman.' It's written in the high style, and parts of it will have astonished the hangman's nerves before this. Here's a bit of the patter, now:

"Let us look at William Calcraft," says the eminent author, "in his earliest days. He was born about the year 1891, of humble but industrious parents, at a little village in Essex. His infant ears often listened to the children belonging to the Sunday schools of his native place, singing the well-known words of Watt's beautiful hymn,

'When e'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see, &c.'

But alas for the poor farmer's boy, he never had the opportunity of going to that school to be taught how to shun 'the broad way leading to destruction.' To seek a chance fortune he travelled up to London where his ignorance and folorn condition shortly enabled that fell demon which ever haunts the footsteps of the wretched, to mark him for her own."

"Isn't that stunning, sir? Here it is in print for you. 'Mark him for her own!' Then, poor dear, he's so sorry to hang anybody. Here's another bit:

'But in vain he repents, he has no real friend in the world but his wife, to whom he can communicate his private thoughts, and in return receive consolation, can any lot be harder than this? Hence his nervous system is fast breaking down, every day rendering him less able to endure the excruciating and agonizing torments he is hourly suffering, he is haunted by remorse heaped upon remorse, every fresh victim he is required to strangle being so much additional fuel thrown upon that mental flame which is scorching him.'

"You may believe me, sir, and I can prove the fact—the author of that beautiful writing ain't in parliament! Think of the mental flame, sir! O, dear,"

"Sirrell was no good either. Not salt to a herring. Though we worked him in his own neighbourhood, and pattered about gold and silver all in a row. 'Ah!' says one old woman, 'he was a 'spectable man.' 'Werry, marm,' says I."

"Hollest weren't no good either, 'cause the victim was a parson. If it had happened a little later, we'd have had it to rights; the newspapers didn't make much of it. We'd have shown it was the 'Commencement of a Most Horrid and Barbarous Plot got up by the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman for-r the Mas-ser-cree-ing of all good Protestant Ministers.' That would have been the dodge, sir! A beautiful idear, now, isn't it? But the murder came off badly, and you can't expect fellows like them murderers to have any regard for the interest of art and literature. Then there's so long to wait between the murder and the trial, that unless the fiend in human form keeps writing beautiful love-letters, the excitement can't be kept up. *We* can write the love-letters for the fiend in human? That's quite true, and we once had a great pull that way over the newspapers. But Lord love you, there's plenty of 'em gets more and more into our line. They tread in our footsteps, sir; they follows our bright example. O! isn't there a nice rubbing and polishing up. This

here copy won't do. This must be left out, and that put in; 'cause it suits the walk of the paper. Why, you must know, sir. I know. Don't tell me. You can't have been on the *Morning Chronicle* for nothing."

"Then there was the 'Horrid and Inhuman Murder, Committed by T. Drory, on the Body of Jael Denny, at Donninghurst, a Village in Essex.' We worked it in every way. Drory had every chance given to him. We had half-sheets, and copies of worses, and books. A very tidy book it was, setting off with showing how 'The secluded village of Donninghurst has been the scene of a most determined and diabolical murder, the discovery of which early on Sunday, the 12th, in the morning has thrown the whole of this part of the country into a painful state of excitement.' Well, sir, well—very well; that bit was taken from a newspaper. Oh, we're not above acknowledging when we condescends to borrow from any of 'em. If you remember, when I saw you about the time, I told you I thought Jael Denny would turn out as good as Maria Martin. And without any joke or nonsense, sir, it really is a most shocking thing. But she didn't. The weather coopered her, poor lass! There was money in sight, and we couldn't touch it; it seemed washed away from us, for you may remember how wet it was. I made a little by her, though. For all that, I haven't done with Master Drory yet. If God spares my life, he shall make it up to me. Why, now, sir, is it reasonable, that a poor man like me should take so much pains to make Drory's name known all over the country, and walk miles and miles in the rain to do it, and get only a few bob for my labour? It can't be thought on. When the Wile and Inhuman Seducer takes his trial, he must pay up my just claims. I'm not going to take all that trouble on his account, and let him off so easy."

My informant then gave me an account of his sale of papers relating to the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman, but as he was then a chaunter, rather than a patterer (the distinction is shown under another head), I give his characteristic account, as the statement of a chaunter. He proceeded after having finished his recital of the street business relating to the Pope, &c.:

"My last paying caper was the Sloanes. They beat Haynau. I declare to you, sir, the knowingest among us couldn't have invented a cock to equal the conduct of them Sloanes. Why, it's disgusting to come near the plain truth about them. I think, take it altogether, Sloane was as good as the Pope, but he had a stopper like Pius the Ninth, for that was a one-sided affair, and the Catholics wouldn't buy; and Sloane was too disgusting for the gentry, or better sort, to buy him. But I've been in little streets where some of the windows was without sashes, and some that had sashes had stockings thrust between the frames, and I've taken half a bob in ha'pennies. Oh! you should have heard what poor women said about

him, for it was women that bought him most. They was more savage against him than against her. Why, they had fifty deaths for him. Rolling in a barrel, with lots of sharp nails inside, down Primrose-hill, and turned out to the women on Kennington-common, and boiled alive in oil or stuff that can't be mentioned, or hung over a slow fire. 'O, the poor dear girl,' says they, 'what she's suffered.' We had accounts of Mistress Sloane's apprehension before the papers. We had it at Jersey, and they had it at Boulogne, but we were first. Then we discovered, because we must be in advance of the papers, that Miss Devaux was Sloane's daughter by a former wife, and Jane Wilbred was Mrs. Sloane's daughter by a former husband, and was entitled to 1,000*l.* by rights. Haynau was a fool to Sloane.

"I don't know of anything fresh that's in hand, sir. One of our authors is coming out with something spicy, against Lord John, for doing nothing about Wiseman; 'cause he says as no one thing that he's written for Lord John ever sold well, something against him may."

OF THE CHAUNTERS.

"As the minstrel's art," writes Mr. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," "consisted of several branches, the professors were distinguished by different denominations, as 'rimours, chanterres, conteours, jougleours or jongleurs, jestours, le-cours, and troubadours or trouvers:' in modern language, rhymers, singers, story-tellers, jugglers, relaters of heroic actions, buffoons, and poets; but all of them were included under the general name of minstrel. An eminent French antiquary says of the minstrels, that some of them themselves composed the subjects they sang or related, as the trouvers and the conteurs; and some of them used the compositions of others, as the jougleours and the chanteurs. He further remarks, that the trouvers may be said to have embellished their productions with rhyme, while the conteurs related their histories in prose; the jougleours, who in the middle ages were famous for playing upon the *vielle*" [a kind of hurdy-gurdy], "accompanied the songs of the trouvers. These jougleours were also assisted by the chanteurs; and this union of talents rendered the compositions more harmonious and more pleasing to the auditory, and increased their rewards, so that they readily joined each other, and travelled together in large parties. It is, however, very certain that the poet, the songster, and the musician were frequently united in the same person." My account of the authors, &c., of street literature shows that the analogy still holds.

The French antiquary quoted was Fauchet, in his "Origine de la Langue et Poésie Française" (1581); and though he wrote concerning his own country, his descriptions apply equally to the English minstrels, who were principally Normans, for many reigns after the Conquest, and were of the same race, and habits, and manners as on the French side of the Channel.

Of the minstrels, I shall have more to say when I treat of the ballad-singers and the bands of street and public-house musicians of to-day, between whom and the minstrels of old there is, in many respects, a somewhat close resemblance. Minstrelsy fell gradually from its high estate, and fell so low that, in the 39th year of Elizabeth's reign—a period when the noblest poetry of any language was beginning to command the ear of the educated in England—the minstrels were classed in a penal statute with rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars! Puttenham, in his "Arte of English Poesie" (1589), speaks of "taverne minstrels that give a fit of mirth for a groat." One of the statutes enacted in Cromwell's Protectorate was directed against all persons "commonly called fiddlers or minstrels."

In the old times, then, the *jougleours* and *jestours* were assisted by the *chanteurs*. In the present day the running patterer—who, as I have shown, is the sufficiently legitimate descendant of the *jestour*, and in some respects of the *mountebank*—is accompanied generally by a *chaunter*, so presenting a further point of resemblance between ancient and modern street-folk. The *chaunter* now not only sings, but fiddles, for within these few years the running patterers, to render their performances more attractive, are sometimes accompanied by musicians. The running performer then, instead of hurrying along with the members of his mob, making sufficient noise to arouse a whole street, takes his stand with the *chaunter* in any promising place, and as the songs which are the most popular are—as is the case at many of the concert-rooms—sometimes "spoken" as well as sung, the performers are in their proper capacity, for the patterer not only "speaks," but speaks more than is set down for him, while the *chaunter* fiddles and sings. Sometimes the one patters while the other sings, and their themes are the same.

I am told, however, that there are only fifty running patterers who are regularly their own *chaunters*, fiddling to their songs, while the mob work as usual, or one man sings, or speaks and sings, with the *chaunter*. Two of these men are known as *Brumagem Jack*, and the *Country Paganini*. From twenty to thirty patterers, however, are *chaunters* also, when they think the occasion requires it.

Further to elucidate chaunting, and to show the quality of the canticles, and the way of proceeding, I cite a statement of his experience as a *chaunter*, from the running patterer, whose details of his more especial business I have already given, but who also occasionally chaunts:—

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A CHAUNTER.

"THE Pope, sir," he began, "was as one-sided to chaunt as to patter, in course. We had the Greeks (the lately-arrived Irish) down upon us more than once. In Liverpool-street, on the night of the meeting at Guildhall about



THE STREET-SELLER OF NUTMEG-GRATERS.

[From a Photograph.]

the Papal Aggression, we had a regular skirmish. One gentleman said: 'Really, you shouldn't sing such improper songs, my men.' Then up comes another, and he was a little crusted with port wine, and he says: 'What, against that cove the Pope! Here, give me half a dozen of the papers.' The city was tidy for the patter, sir, or the chaunt; there was sixpences; but there was shillings at the West End. And for the first time in their innocent lives, the parsons came out as stunning patrons of the patter. One of 'em as we was at work in the street give a bit of a signal and was attended to without any parade to the next street, and was good for half-a-crown! Other two stopped, that very same day, and sent a boy to us with a Joey. Then me and my mate went to the Rev. W.'s, him as came it so strong for the fire-works on the Fifth of November. And we pattered and we pattered, and we chaunted and we chaunted, but no go for a goodish bit. His servant said he weren't at home. In course *that* wouldn't do for us, so down he came his-self at last, and says, werry soft: 'Come to-morrow morning, my men, and there'll be two gentlemen to hear you.' We stuck to him for something in hand, but he said the business had cost him so much already, he really couldn't. Well, we bounced a bob out of him, and didn't go near him again. After all we did for *his* party, a shilling was black ingratitude. Of course *we* has no feeling either for or agin the Pope. *We* goes to it as at an election; and let me tell you, sir, we got very poorly paid, it couldn't be called paid, for working for Lord John at the City Election; and I was the original of the live rats, which took well. But there's a good time coming to pay Lord Johnny off.

"Some of the tunes—there's no act of parliament about tunes, you know, sir—was stunners on the fiddle; as if a thousand bricks was falling out of a cart at once. I think 'The Pope and Cardinal Wiseman,' one of the first of the songs, did as well as any. This verse was greatly admired:—

'Now Lord John Russell did so bright,
to the Bishop of Durham a letter write
Saying while I've a hand I'll fight,
The pope and cardinal wiseman,
Lord John's ancestor as I tell,
Lord William Russell then known well
His true religion would not sell,
A martyr he in glory fell,
And now Lord John so bold and free,
Has got a rope as we may see,
To hang up on each side of a tree,
The pope and cardinal wiseman.'

"This finishing verse, too, was effective, and out came a few browns:—

'Now we don't care a fig for Rome,
why can't they let the girls alone,
And mind their business at home,
the pope and cardinal wiseman.
With their monical red cardinals hat,
And lots of wafers in a sack,
If they come here with all their clack,
we'll wound them fil fal la ra whack,
In England they shall not be loose,
Their hum bugging is all no use,

If they come here we'll cook their goose,
The pope and Cardinal Wiseman.

CHORUS

Monks and Nuns and fools afloat,
We'll have no bulls shoved down our
throat,
Cheer up and shout down with the Pope,
And his bishop cardinal Wiseman.'

"Then there was another, sir. 'The Pope he is coming; oh, crikey, oh dear!' to the tune of the 'Camels are coming.' There was one bit that used to tickle them. I mayn't exactly remember it, for I didn't do anything beyond a spurt in it, and haven't a copy for you, but it tickled 'em with others. This was the bit:—

'I've heard my old grandmother's grandmother say,
They burnt us in Smithfield full ten every day.
O, what shall I do, for I feel very queer,
The Pope he's a-coming, oh! crikey, oh, dear!'

"Bless you, sir, if I see a smart dressed servant girl looking shyly out of the street-door at us, or through the area railings, and I can get a respectful word in and say, 'My good young lady, do buy of a poor fellow, we haven't said a word to your servants, we hasn't seen any on 'em,' then she's had, sir, for 1d. at least, and twice out of thrice; that 'good young lady' chloroforms her.

"Then this one, now, is stunning. It's part of what the Queen was a going to sing at the opening of the parliament, but she changed her mind, and more's the pity, for it would have had a grand effect. It's called 'The Queen, the Pope, and the Parliament,' and these is the best of the stanzas; I calls them worses in common, but stanzas for Wick:

'My lords and my gentlemen all,
The bishops and great house of commons
On you for protection I call,
For you know I am only a woman,
I am really quite happy indeed—
To meet you like birds of a feather,
So I hope you will all struggle with me,
And pull away boys altogether,
My name is Victoria the Queen.

'Our bishops and deans did relent,
And say they for ever was undone,
Bishop Philpott a long challenge sent
To his lordship the bishop of London,
To fight him on Hounslow Heath—
But the bishop of London was coosey,
He gave him one slap in the mouth,
And then sent a letter to pusey,
No humbuggery stories for vick—

'I heard my old grandfather say
His great grandmother easily loved reckon
When they made a fool run away,
Whose name was king Jemmy the second.
Billy gave him a ticket for soup,
Though Bill married old Jemmy's daughter
He knocked him from old Palace yard,
To Ireland, across the Boyne water,
Long life to Victoria the Queen.

'Come here my old friend Joey Hume,
I know you in silence wont mope now,
Go up and get inside the moon
And make fast a great torry rope now,
And then give a spring and a jump
And you to a peerage shall rise then,
For we'll swing up old Pius the Pope
And his eminence cardinal Wiseman,
Old England and down with the Pope.'

"Then there wasn't no risk with Haynau—I told you of the Pope first, 'cause he was most chaunted—no fear of a *ferricadouzer* for the butcher. How is it spelled, sir? Well, if you can't find it in the dictionary, you must use your own judgment. What does it mean? It means a dewskitch (a good thrashing). I've been threatened with dark nights about the Pope, after the Greeks has said: 'Fat have you to say agin the holy gentleman? To the devil wid all the likes o' ye.' Haynau was a fair stage and no favour. This verse was best liked:—

'The other day as you must know,
In Barclay's brewhouse he did go
And signed his bloody name "Haynau."
The fellow that flogged the women.
Baron Rothchild did him shend,
And in the letter which he penn'd
He shaid the sheneral wash his friend.
And so good a man he could not merd.

CHORUS
Rumpsey bumsy—bang him well—
Make his back and sides to swell
Till he roars aloud with dreadful yell,
The fellow that flogged the women.

"The women bought very free; poor women, mostly; we only worked him to any extent in the back drags. One old body at Stepney was so pleased that she said, 'O, the bloody-minded willain! Whenever you come this way again, sir, there's always 1d. for you.' She didn't pay in advance though.

"Then it ended, sir, with a beautiful moral as appeals to every female bosom:—

'That man who would a female harm,
Is never fit to live.'

"We always likes something for the ladies, bless 'em. They're our best customers.

"Then there was poor Jael Denny, but she was humped, sir, and I've told you the reason. Her copy of verses began:—

'Since Corder died on Buystree,
No mortal man did read or see,
Of such a dreadful tragedy,
As I will now unfold.
A maid in bloom—to her silent tomb,
Is hurried in the prime of life,
How could a villain cause such strife
She worthy was a famous wife.
The like was seldom told.

CHORUS.
She was young and gay,
Like the flowers of may,
In youth and vigour health and bloom,
She is hurried to the silent tomb.
Through Essex, such a dreadful gloom,
Jael Denny's murder caused.'

"My last chaunt was Jane Wilbred; and her verses—and they did tidy well—began:—

A Case like this you seldom read,
Or one so sad and true,
And we sincerely hope the perper-
trators both will rue
To serve a friendless servant girl,
Two years they did engage,
Her name it is Jane Wilbred,
And eighteen years of age.'

"What do you think of the Great Exhibition, sir? I shall be there. Me and my

mates. We are going to send in a copy of verses in letters of gold for a prize. We'll let the foreigners know what the real native melodies of England is, and no mistake."

OF THE DEATH AND FIRE HUNTERS.

I have described the particular business of the running patterer, who is known by another and a very expressive cognomen—as a "Death Hunter." This title refers not only to his vending accounts of all the murders that become topics of public conversation, but to his being a "murderer" on his own account, as in the sale of "cocks" mentioned incidentally in this narrative. If the truth be saleable, a running patterer prefers selling the truth, for then—as one man told me—he can "go the same round comfortably another day." If there be no truths for sale—no stories of criminals' lives and loves to be condensed from the diffusive biographies in the newspapers—no "helegy" for a great man gone—no prophecy and no crim. con.—the death hunter invents, or rather announces, them. He puts some one to death for the occasion, which is called "a cock." The paper he sells may give the dreadful details, or it may be a religious tract, "brought out in mistake," should the vendor be questioned on the subject; or else the poor fellow puts on a bewildered look and murmurs, "O, it's shocking to be done this way—but I can't read." The patterers pass along so rapidly that this detection rarely happens.

One man told me that in the last eight or ten years, he, either singly or with his "mob," had twice put the Duke of Wellington to death, once by a fall from his horse, and the other time by a "sudden and myst-erious" death, without any condescension to particulars. He had twice performed the same mortal office for Louis Phillipe, before that potentate's departure from France; each death was by the hands of an assassin; "one was stabbing, and the other a shot from a distance." He once thought of poisoning the Pope, but was afraid of the street Irish. He broke Prince Albert's leg, or arm, (he was not sure which), when his royal highness was out with his harriers. He never had much to say about the Queen; "it wouldn't go down," he thought, and perhaps nothing had lately been said. "Stop, there, sir," said another patterer, of whom I inquired as to the correctness of those statements, (after my constant custom in sifting each subject thoroughly,) "stop, stop, sir. I have had to say about the Queen lately. In coorse, nothing can be said against her, and nothing ought to; that's true enough, but the last time she was confined, I cried her *accouchement* (the word was pronounced as spelt to a merely English reader, or rather more broadly) of three! Lord love you, sir, it would have been no use crying one; people's so used to that; but a Bobby came up and he stops me, and said it was some impudence about the Queen's coachman! Why look at it, says I, fat-head—I knew I was safe—and see if there's

anything in it about the Queen or her coachman! And he looked, and in coorse there was nothing. I forget just now what the paper was about." My first-mentioned informant had apprehended Feargus O'Connor on a charge of high treason. He assassinated Louis Napoleon, "from a fourth edition of the *Times*," which "did well." He caused Marshal Haynau to die of the assault by the draymen. He made Rush hang himself in prison. He killed Jane Wilbred, and put Mrs. Sloane to death; and he announced the discovery that Jane Wilbred was Mrs. Sloane's daughter.

This informant did not represent that he had originated these little pieces of intelligence, only that he had been a party to their sale, and a party to originating one or two. Another patterer and of a higher order of genius—told me that all which was stated was undoubtedly correct, "but me and my mates, sir," he said, "did Haynau in another style. A splendid slum, sir! Capital! We assassinated him—*myst-erious*. Then about Rush. His hanging hisself in prison was a fake, I know; but we've had him lately. His ghost appeared—as is shown in the Australian papers—to Emily Sandford, and threatened her; and took her by the neck, and there's the red marks of his fingers to be seen on her neck to this day!" The same informant was so loud in his praise of the "Ass-sass-sination" of Haynau that I give the account. I have little doubt it was his own writing. It is confused in passages, and has a blending of the "I" and the "we:—

"We have just received upon undisputed authority, that, that savage and unmanly tyrant, that enemy to civil and religious liberty, the inhuman Haynau has at last finished his career of guilt by the hand of an assassin, the term assassin I have no doubt will greet harshly upon the ears of some of our readers, yet never the less I am compelled to use it although I would gladly say the *average* of outraged innocence, which would be a name more suitable to one who has been the means of ridding the world of such a despicable monster."

[My informant complained bitterly, and not without reason, of the printer. "Average," for instance (which I have *italicised*), should be "avenger." The "average of outraged innocence!"]

"It appears by the Columns of the *Corour le Constitutionnel* of Brussels," runs the paper, "that the evening before last, three men one of which is supposed to be the miscreant, Haynau entered a Cafe in the Neighbourhood of Brussels kept by a man in the name of Pridoux, and after partaking of some refreshments which were ordered by his two companions they desired to be shown to their chambers, during their stay in the public or Travellers Room, they spoke but little and seemed to be very cautious as to joining in the conversations which was passing briskly round the festive board, which to use the landlord's own words was rather strange, as his Cafe was mostly frequented by a set of jovial fellows. M. Pridoux goes on to state that after the three strangers had retired to rest some time a tall and rather noble looking man enveloped in a large cloak entered and asked for a bed, and after calling for some wine he took up a paper and appeared to be reading it very attentively, in due time he was shown to bed and all passed on without any appearance of anything wrong until about 6 o'clock in the morning, when the landlord and his family, were roused by a noise over head and cries of murder, and

upon going up stairs to ascertain the cause, he discovered the person who was [known] to be Marshal Haynau, lying on his bed with his throat cut in a frightful manner, and his two companions standing by his bed side bewailing his loss. On the table was discovered a card, on which was written these words 'Monster, I am avenged at last. Suspicion went upon the tall stranger, who was not anywhere to be found, the Garde arms instantly were on the alert, and are now in active pursuit of him but up to the time of our going to press nothing further has transpired."

It is very easy to stigmatise the death-hunter when he sets off all the attractions of a real or pretended murder,—when he displays on a board, as does the standing patterer, "illustrations" of "the 'dential pick-axe" of Manning, or the stable of Good,—or when he invents or embellishes atrocities which excite the public mind. He does, however, but follow in the path of those who are looked up to as "the press,"—as the "fourth estate." The conductors of the *Lady's Newspaper* sent an artist to Paris to give drawings of the scene of the murder by the Duc de Praslin,—to "illustrate" the blood-stains in the duchess's bed-chamber. The *Illustrated London News* is prompt in depicting the locality of any atrocity over which the curious in crime may gloat. The *Observer*, in costly advertisements, boasts of its 20 columns (sometimes with a supplement) of details of some vulgar and mercenary bloodshed,—the details being written in a most honest depreciation of the morbid and savage tastes to which the writer is pandering. Other weekly papers have engravings—and only concerning murder—of any wretch whom vice has made notorious.

Many weekly papers had expensive telegraphic despatches of Rush's having been hung at Norwich, which event, happily for the interest of Sunday newspapers, took place in Norwich at noon on a Saturday. [I may here remark, that the patterers laugh at telegraphs and express trains for rapidity of communication, boasting that the press strives in vain to rival them,—as at a "hanging match," for instance, the patterer has the full particulars, dying speech, and confession included—if a confession be feasible—ready for his customers the moment the drop falls, and while the criminal may still be struggling, at the very scene of the hanging. At a distance he sells it before the hanging. "If the *Times* was cross-examined about it," observed one patterer, "he must confess he's outdone, though he's a rich *Times*, and we is poor fellows." But to resume—]

A penny-a-liner is reported, and without contradiction, to have made a large sum by having hurried to Jersey in Manning's business, and by being allowed to accompany the officers when they conducted that paltry tool of a vindictive woman from Jersey to Southampton by steamer, and from Southampton to London by "special engine," as beseeemed the popularity of so distinguished a rascal and homicide; and next morning the daily papers, in all the typographical honour of "leads" and "a good place," gave details of this fellow's—this Manning's—conversation, looks, and demeanour.

Until the "respectable" press become a more healthful public instructor, we have no right to blame the death-hunter, who is but an imitator—a follower—and that for a meal. So strong has this morbid feeling about criminals become, that an earl's daughter, who had "an order" to see Bedlam, would not leave the place until she had obtained Oxford's autograph for her album! The rich vulgar are but the poor vulgar—without an excuse for their vulgarity.

"Next to murders, fires are tidy browns," I was told by a patterer experienced both in "murders" and "fires." The burning of the old Houses of Parliament was very popular among street-sellers, and for the reason which ensures popularity to a commercial people; it was a source of profit, and was certainly made the most of. It was the work of incendiaries,—of ministers, to get rid of perplexing papers,—of government officers with troublesome accounts to balance,—of a sporting lord, for a heavy wager,—of a conspiracy of builders,—and of "a unsuspected party." The older "hands" with whom I conversed on the subject, all agreed in stating that they "did well" on the fire. One man said, "No, sir, it wasn't only the working people that bought of me, but merchants and their clerks. I s'pose they took the papers home with 'em for their wives and families, which is a cheap way of doing, as a newspaper costs 3d. at least. But stop, sir,—stop; there wasn't no threepennies then,—nothing under 6d., if they wasn't more; I can't just say, but it was better for us when newspapers was high. I never heard no sorrow expressed,—not in the least. Some said it was a good job, and they wished the ministers was in it." The burning of the Royal Exchange was not quite so beneficial to the street-sellers, but "was uncommon tidy." The fire at the Tower, however, was almost as great a source of profit as that of the Houses of Parliament, and the following statement shows the profit reaped.

My informant had been a gentleman's servant, his last place being with a gentleman in Russell-square, who went to the East Indies, and his servant was out of a situation so long that he "parted with everything." When he was at the height of his distress, he went to see the fire at the Tower, as he "had nothing better to do." He remained out some hours, and before he reached his lodging, men passed him, crying the full and true particulars of the fire. "I bought one," said the man, "and changed my last shilling. It was a sudden impulse, for I saw people buy keenly. I never read it, but only looked at the printer's name. I went to him at the Dials, and bought some, and so I went into the paper trade. I made 6s. or 7s. some days, while the Tower lasted; and 3s. and 4s. other days, when the first polish was off. I sold them mostly at 1d. a piece at first. It was good money then. The Tower was good, or middling good, for from 14 to 20 days. There was at least 100 men working nothing but the

Tower. There's no great chance of any more great buildings being burnt; worse luck. People don't care much about private fires. A man in this street don't heed so much who's burnt to death in the next. But the foundation-stone of the new Royal Exchange—fire led to that—was pretty fair, and portraits of Halbert went off, so that it was for two or three days as good as the Tower. Fires is our best friends next to murders, if they're good fires. The hopening of the Coal Exchange was rather tidy. I've been in the streets ever since, and don't see how I could possibly get out of them. At first I felt a great degradation at being driven to the life. I shunned grooms and coachmen, as I might be known to them. I didn't care for others. That sort of feeling wears out though. I'm a widower now, and my family feels, as I did at first, that what I'm doing is 'low.' They won't assist—though they may give me 1s. now and then—but they won't assist me to leave the streets. They'll rather blame me for going into them, though there was only that, or robbing, or starving. The fire at Ben. Caunt's, where the poor children was burnt to ashes, was the best of the private house fires that I've worked, I think. I made 4s. on it one day. He was the champion once, and was away at a fight at the time, and it was a shocking thing, and so people bought."

After the burning of York Minster by Jonathan Martin, I was told by an old hand, the (street) destruction of the best known public buildings in the country was tried; such as Canterbury Cathedral, Dover Castle, the Brighton Pavilion, Edinburgh Castle, or Holyrood House—all known to "travelling" patterers—but the success was not sufficiently encouraging. It was no use, I was told, firing such places as Hampton Court or Windsor Castle, for unless people saw the reflection of a great fire, they wouldn't buy.

OF THE SELLERS OF SECOND EDITIONS.

THESE "second editions" are, and almost universally, second or later editions of the newspapers, morning and evening, but three-fourths of the sale may be of the evening papers, and more especially of the *Globe* and *Standard*.

I believe that there is not now in existence—unless it be in a workhouse and unknown to his fellows, or engaged in some other avocation and lost sight of by them—any one who sold "second editions" (the *Courier* evening paper being then in the greatest demand) at the time of the Duke of York's Walcheren expedition, at the period of the battle of the Nile, during the continuance of the Peninsular war, or even at the battle of Waterloo. There were a few old men—some of whom had been soldiers or sailors, and others who have simulated it—surviving within these 5 or 6 years, and some later, who "worked Waterloo," but they were swept off, I was told, by the cholera.

"I was assured by a gentlemen who had a perfect remembrance of the "second editions"

(as they were generally called) sold in the streets, and who had often bought them upwards of forty years ago, that a sketch in the "Monthly Review," in a notice of Scott's "Lord of the Isles" (published in 1815), gave the best notion he had met with of what the second edition sale really was. At the commencement of the sixth canto of his poem, Sir Walter, somewhat too grandiloquently, in the judgment of his reviewer, asks—

"O who, that shared them, ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime?"

"Who," in his turn asks the reviewer, "can avoid conjuring up the idea of men with broad sheets of foolscap, scored with 'VICTORIES' rolled round their hats, and horns blowing loud defiance in each other's mouth, from the top to the bottom of Pall-mall or the Haymarket, when he reads such a passage? We actually hear the Park and Tower guns, and the clattering of ten thousand bells, as we read, and stop our ears from the close and sudden intrusion of some hot and horn-fisted patriot, blowing ourselves, as well as Bonaparte to the devil!"

The horn carried by these "horn-fisted" men was a common tin tube, from two to three feet long, and hardly capable of being made to produce any sound beyond a sudden and discordant "trump, trump." The men worked with papers round their hats, in a way not very dissimilar to that of the running patterers of to-day.

The "editions" cried by these men during the war-time often contained spurious intelligence, but for that the editors of the journals were responsible—or the stock-jobbers who had imposed upon them. Any one who has consulted a file of newspapers of the period to which I have referred, will remember how frequent, and how false, were the announcements, or the rumours, of the deaths of Bonaparte, his brothers, or his marshals, in battle or by assassination.

As there was no man who was personally conversant with this traffic in what is emphatically enough called the "war-time," I sought out an old street-patterer who had been acquainted with the older hands in the trade, whose experience stretched to the commencement of the present century, and from him I received the following account:

"Oh, yes," he began, "I've worked 'seconds.' We used to call the editions generally seconds, and cry them sometimes, as the *latest* editions, whatever it was. There was Jack Griffiths, sir,—now wasn't he a hand at a second edition? I believe you. I do any kind of patter now myself, but I've done tidy on second editions, when seconds was to be had. Why, Jack Griffiths, sir—he'd been a sailor and was fond of talking about the sea—Jack Griffiths—you would have liked to have heard him—Jack told me that he once took 10s. 6d.—it was Hyde Park way—for a second edition of a paper when Queen Caroline's trial was over. Besides

Jack, there was Tom Cole, called the Wooden Leg (he'd been a soldier I believe), and White-chapel, and Old Brummagem, and Hell-fire Jack. Hell-fire Jack was said to be something to a man that was a trainer, and a great favourite of the old Duke of Queensberry, and was called Hell-fire Dick; but I can't say how it was. I began to work second editions, for the first time when George IV. died. They went off pretty well at 1s. a piece, and for three or four I got 2s. 6d. If it's anything good I get 1s. still, but very seldom any more. I always show anybody that asks that the paper is just what I've cried it. There's no regular cry; we cries what's up: 'Here's the second edition of the *Globe* with the full particulars of the death of his Majesty King George IV.' We work much in the same way as the running patter. Three of us shouts in the same spot. I was one of three who one night sold five quires, mostly *Globe* and *Standard*. It was at the Reform Bill time, and something about the Reform Bill. I never much heeded what the paper was about. I only wanted the patter, and soon got it. A mate, or any of us, looks out for anything good in the evening papers, to be ready. Why that night I speak of I was kept running backwards and forwards to the newspaper offices—and how they does keep you waiting at times!—mostly the *Globe* and *Standard*; we worked them all at the West End. There's twenty-seven papers to a quire, and we gave 4d. a piece for 'em and sold none, as well as I mind, for under 1s. I carried them mostly under my arm or in my hat, taking care they wasn't spoiled. Belgrave-square way, and St. George's, Hanover-square way, and Hyde Park way, are the best. The City's no good. There's only sixpences there. The coffee-shops has spoiled the City, as I'm afeard they will other parts. Murders in second editions don't sell now, and aren't tried much, beyond a few, if there's a late verdict. Curviseer (Courvoisier) was tidy. The trial weren't over 'til evening, and I sold six papers, and got 7s. for them, to gentlemen going away by the mail. I've heard that Greenacre was good in the same way, but I wasn't in town at the time. The French Revolution—the last one—was certainly a fairish go. Lewis Fillup was good many ways. When he used to be shot at—if the news weren't too early in the day—and when he got to England, and when he was said to have got back, or to have been taken. Why, of course he wern't to compare with Rush in the regular patter, but he was very fair. I have nothing to say against him, and wish he was alive, and could do it all over again. Lord Brougham's death wern't worth much to us. You remember the time, I dare say, sir, when they said he killed hisself in the papers, to see what folks would say on him. The resignation of a prime minister is mostly pretty good. Lord Melbourne was, and so was Sir Robert Peel. There's always somebody to say,

'Hurra! that's right!' and to buy a paper because he's pleased. I had a red paper in my hat when I worked the French Revolution. French news is generally liked in a fashionable drag. Irish news is no good, for people don't seem to believe it. Smith O'Brien's battle, though, did sell a little. It's not possible to tell you exactly what I've made on seconds. How can I? One week I may have cleared 17. in them, and for six months before not a blessed brown. Perhaps—as near as I can recollect and calculate—I've cleared 37. (if that) each year, one with another, in second editions in my time; and perhaps twenty others has done the same."

Another man who also knew the old hands said to me: "Lord bless us, how times is changed! you should have heard Jack Griffiths tell how he cried his gazettes: '*He-ere's the London Gazette Ex-terornary*, containing the hof-ficial account of the bloody and decisive victory of Sally-manker.' Something that way. Patter weren't required then; the things sold theirselves. Why, the other day I was talking to a young chap that conceits himself to be a hout-and-houter in patter, and I mentions Jack's crying *Gazettes* and getting 5s. apiece for many a one on 'em, and this young chap says, says he: '*Gazettes!* What did they cry *Gazettes?*'—bankrupts, and all that?' 'Bankrupts be blowed!' said I, 'victories!' I heerd Waterloo cried when I was a little 'un. The speeches on the opening of parliament, which the newspapers has ready, has no sale in the crowd to what they had. I only sold two papers at 6d. each this last go. I ventured on no more, or should have been a loser. If the Queen isn't there, none's sold. But we always has a speech ready, as close as can be got from what the morning papers says. One gent. said to me: 'But that ain't the real speech!' 'It's a far better,' says I, and so it is. Why now, sir, there's some reading and spirit in this bit. The Queen says:

"It is my determination by the assistance of divine providence to uphold and protect the Protestant Church of the British Empire, which has been enjoyed three hundred years without interruption, the Religion which our ancestors struggled to obtain. And as long as it shall please God to spare me, I will endeavour to maintain the rights and prerogatives of our holy Protestant Church. And now my Lords, I leave you to your duties, to the helm of the state, to the harbour of peace, and happiness."

This man showed me the street speech, which was on a broad sheet set off with the royal arms. The topics and arrangement were the same as those in the speech delivered by her Majesty.

On Monday morning last (Feb. 24), I asked the man who told me that prime ministers' resignations were "pretty good" for the street traffic, if he had been well remunerated by the sale of the evening papers of Saturday, with the account of Lord John Russell's resignation. "It wern't tried, sir," he answered; "there was nothing new in the evenings, and we thought

nobody seemed to care about it. The newspaper offices and their boarders (as he called the men going about with announcements on boards) didn't make very much of it, so we got up a song instead; but it was no good,—not salt to a fresh herring—for there was some fresh herrings in. It was put strong, though. This was the last verse:

"From the House to the Palace it has caused a bother,
Old women are tumbling one over another,
The Queen says it is with her, one thing or 'tother,
They must not discharge Little John;
Her Majesty vows that she is not contented,
And many ere long will have cause to repent it,
Had she been in the house she would nobly resent it,
And fought like a brick for Lord John."

Adopting the calculation of my first informant, and giving a profit of 150 per cent., we find 1507. yearly expended in the streets, in second editions, or probably it might be more correct to say 2007. in a year of great events, and 507. in a year when such events are few.

OF THE STANDING PATTERERS.

THE standing patterer I have already described in his resemblance to the mountebank of old, and how, like his predecessor, he required a "pitch" and an audience. I need but iterate that these standing patterers are men who remain in one place, until they think they have exhausted the custom likely to accrue there, or until they are removed by the police; and who endeavour to attract attention to their papers, or more commonly pamphlets, either by means of a board with coloured pictures upon it, illustrative of the contents of what they sell, or else by gathering a crowd round about them, in giving a lively or horrible description of the papers or books they are "working." The former is what is usually denominated in street technology, "board work." A few of the standing patterers give street recitations or dialogues.

Some of the "illustrations" most "in vogue" of late for the boards of the standing patterers were,—the flogging of the nuns of Minsk, the blood streaming from their naked shoulders, (anything against the Emperor of Russia, I was told, was a good street subject for a painting); the young girl, Sarah Thomas, who murdered her mistress in Bristol, dragged to the gallows by the turnkeys and Calcraft, the hangman; Calcraft himself, when charged with "starving his mother;" Haynau, in the hands of the draymen; the Mannings, and afterwards the Sloanes. The two last-mentioned were among the most elaborate, each having a series of "compartments," representing the different stages of the events in which those heroes and heroines flourished. I shall speak afterwards of street-artists who are the painters of these boards, and then describe the pictures more fully. There are also, as before alluded to, what may be called "cocks" in street paintings, as well as street literature.

Two of the most favourite themes of the standing patterers were, however, the "Annals of the White House in Soho-square," and the

"Mysteries of Mesmerism." Both supplied subjects to the boards.

The White House was a notorious place of ill fame. Some of the apartments, it is said, were furnished in a style of costly luxury; while others were fitted up with springs, traps, and other contrivances, so as to present no appearance other than that of an ordinary room, until the machinery was set in motion. In one room, into which some wretched girl might be introduced, on her drawing a curtain as she would be desired, a skeleton, grinning horribly, was precipitated forward, and caught the terrified creature in his, to all appearance, bony arms. In another chamber the lights grew dim, and then seemed gradually to go out. In a little time some candles, apparently self-ignited, revealed to a horror stricken woman, a black coffin, on the lid of which might be seen, in brass letters, ANNE, or whatever name it had been ascertained the poor wretch was known by. A sofa, in another part of the mansion, was made to descend into some place of utter darkness; or, it was alleged, into a room in which was a store of soot or ashes.

Into the truth or exaggeration of these and similar statements, it is not my business to inquire; but the standing patterer made the most of them. Although the house in question has been either rebuilt or altered—I was told that each was the case—and its abominable character has ceased to apply to it for some years, the patterer did not scruple to represent it as still in existence (though he might change the venue as to the square at discretion) and that all the atrocities perpetrated—to which I have not ventured even to allude—were still the ordinary procedures of "high life." Neither did the standing patterer scruple, as one man assured me, to "name names;" to attribute vile deeds to any nobleman or gentleman whose name was before the public; and to embellish his story by an allusion to a recent event. He not unfrequently ended with a moral exhortation to all ladies present to avoid this "abode of iniquity for the rich." The board was illustrated with skeletons, coffins, and other horrors; but neither on it, nor in a hardly intelligible narrative which the patterer sold, was there anything indecent.

The "Mysteries of Mesmerism" was an account of the marvels of that "newly-discovered and most wonderful power in nature and art." With it Dr. Elliotson's, or some well-known name, was usually associated, and any marvel was "pattered," according to the patterer's taste and judgment. The illustrations were of persons, generally women, in a state of coma, but in this also there was no indecency; nor was there in the narrative sold.

Of these two popular exhibitions there are, I am informed, none now in town, and both, I was told, was more the speculations of a printer, who sent out men, than in the hands of the regular patterers.

It may tend somewhat to elucidate the cha-

acter of the patterers, if I here state, that in my conversation with the whole of them, I heard from their lips strong expressions of disgust at Sloane,—far stronger than were uttered in abhorrence of any murderer. Rush, indeed, was, and is, a popular man among them. One of them told me, that not long before Madame Tussaud's death, he thought of calling upon that "venerable lady," and asking her, he said, "to treat me to something to drink the immortal memory of Mr. Rush, my friend and her'n."

It is admitted by all concerned in the exercise of street elocution, that "the stander" must have "the best of patter." He usually works alone,—there are very rarely two at standing patter,—and beyond his board he has no adventitious aids, as in the running patter, so that he must be all the more effective; but the board is pronounced "as good as a man." When the standing patterer visits the country, he is accompanied by a mate, and the "copy of verses" is then announced as being written by an "underpaid curate" within a day's walk. "It tells mostly, sir," said one man; "for it's a blessing to us that there always is a journeyman parson what the people knows, and what the patter fits." Sometimes the poetry is attributed to a sister of mercy, or to a popular poetess; very frequently, by the patterers who best understand the labouring classes, to Miss Eliza Cook. Sometimes the verses are written by "a sympathising gent. in that parish," but his name wasn't to be mentioned. Another intelligent patterer whom I questioned on the subject, told me that my information was correct. "It's just the same in the newspapers," he continued; "why the 'sympathising gent.' is the same with us as what in the newspapers is called 'other intelligence (about any crime), to publish which might defeat the ends of justice.' That means, they know nothing at all about it, and can't so much as venture on a guess. I've known a little about it for the papers, sir,—it doesn't matter in what line."

Some standing patterers are brought up to the business from childhood. Some take to it through loss of character, or through their inability to obtain a situation from intemperate habits, and some because "a free life suits me best." In a former inquiry into a portion of this subject, I sought a standing patterer, whom I found in a threepenny lodging-house in Mint-street, Southwark. On my inquiring what induced him to adopt, or pursue, that line of life, he said:—

"It was distress that first drove me to it. I had learnt to make willow bonnets, but that branch of trade went entirely out. So, having a wife and children, I was drove to write out a paper that I called 'The People's Address to the King on the Present State of the Nation.' I got it printed, and took it into the streets and sold it. I did very well with it, and made 5s. a day while it lasted. I never was brought up to any mechanical trade. My father was a cler-

gyman" [here he cried bitterly]. "It breaks my heart when I think of it. I have as good a wife as ever lived, and I would give the world to get out of my present life. It would be heaven to get away from the place where I am. I am obliged to cheer up my spirits. If I was to give way to it, I shouldn't live long. It's like a little hell to be in the place where we live" [crying], "associated with the ruffians that we are. My distress of mind is awful, but it won't do to show it at my lodgings—they'd only laugh to see me down-hearted; so I keep my trouble all to myself. Oh, I am heartily sick of this street work—the insults I have to put up with—the drunken men swearing at me. Yes, indeed, I am heartily sick of it."

This poor man had some assistance forwarded to him by benevolent persons, after his case had appeared in my letter in the *Morning Chronicle*. This was the means of his leaving the streets, and starting in the "cloth-cap trade." He seemed a deserving man.

EXPERIENCE OF A STANDING PATERER.

FROM one of this body I received, at the period just alluded to, the following information:—

"I have taken my 5s. a day (said my informant); but 'paper' selling now isn't half so good as it used to be. People haven't got the money to lay out; for it all depends with the working man. The least we take in a day is, upon an average, sixpence; but taking the good and bad together, I should say we take about 10s. a week. I know there's some get more than that, but then there's many take less. Lately, I know, I haven't taken 9s. a week myself, and people reckon me one of the best patterers in the trade. I'm reckoned to have the gift—that is, the gift of the gab. I never works a last dying speech on any other than the day of execution—all the edge is taken off of it after that. The last dying speeches and executions are all printed the day before. They're always done on the Sunday, if the murderers are to be hung on the Monday. I've been and got them myself on the Sunday night, over and over again. The flying stationers goes with the papers in their pockets, and stand under the drop, and as soon as ever it falls, and long before the breath is out of the body, they begin bawling out." [Here my informant gave a further account of the flying stationers under the gallows, similar to what I have given. He averred that they "invented every lie likely to go down."] "'Here you have also an exact likeness,' they say, 'of the murderer, taken at the bar of the Old Bailey!' when all the time it is an old wood-cut that's been used for every criminal for the last forty years. I know the likeness that was given of Hocker was the one that was given for Fauntleroy; and the wood-cut of Tawell was one that was given for the Quaker that had been hanged for forgery twenty years before. Thurtell's likeness was done expressly for the 'papers,' and so was the Mannings' and Rush's likenesses too. The murders are bought by men,

women, and children. Many of the tradespeople bought a great many of the affair of the Mannings. I went down to Deptford with mine, and did uncommonly well. I sold all off. Gentlefolks won't have anything to do with murders sold in the street; they've got other ways of seeing all about it. We lay on the horrors, and picture them in the highest colours we can. We don't care what's in the 'papers' in our hands. All we want to do is to sell 'em; and the more horrible we makes the affairs, the more sale we have. We do very well with 'love-letters.' They are 'cocks,' that is, they are all fictitious. We give it out that they are from a tradesman in the neighbourhood, not a hundred yards from where we are a-standing. Sometimes we say it's a well-known sporting butcher; sometimes it's a highly respectable publican—just as it will suit the tastes of the neighbourhood. I got my living round Cornwall for one twelvemonth with nothing else than a love-letter. It was headed, 'A curious and laughable love-letter and puzzle, sent by a sporting gentleman to Miss H—s—m, in this neighbourhood,' that suits any place that I may chance to be in; but I always patter the name of the street or village where I may be. This letter, I say, is so worded, that had it fallen into the hands of her mamma or papa, they could not have told what it meant; but the young lady, having so much wit, found out its true meaning, and sent him an answer in the same manner. You have here, we say, the number of the house, the name of the place where she lives (there is nothing of the kind, of course), and the initials of all the parties concerned. We dare not give the real names in full, we tell them; indeed, we do all we can to get up the people's curiosity. I did very well with the 'Burning of the House of Commons.' I happened by accident to put my pipe into my pocket amongst some of my papers, and burnt them. Then, not knowing how to get rid of them, I got a few straws. I told the people that my burnt papers were parliamentary documents that had been rescued from the flames, and that, as I dare not sell them, I would let them have a straw for a penny, and give them one of the papers. By this trick I got rid of my stock twice as fast, and got double the price that I should have done. The papers had nothing at all to do with the House of Commons. Some was 'Death and the Lady,' and 'Death and the Gentleman,' and others were the 'Political Catechism,' and 365 lies, Scotch, English, and Irish, and each lie as big round as St. Paul's. I remember a party named Jack Straw, who laid a wager, half-a-gallon of beer, that he'd bring home the money for two dozen blank papers in one hour's time. He went out into the Old-street-road, and began a patter about the political affairs of the nation, and Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, telling the public that he dared not sell his papers, they were treasonable; so he gave them with a straw—that he sold for one penny. In less than the hour he was sold clean out, and returned and drank the beer. The

chief things that I work are quarter-sheets of recitations and dialogues. One is 'Good Advice to Young Men on Choosing their Wives.' I have done exceedingly well with that—it's a good moral thing. Another is the 'Drunkard's Catechism;' another is 'The Rent Day; or, the Landlord gathering his Rents.' This is a dialogue between the landlord and his tenant, beginning with 'Good morning, Mrs. Longface; have you got my rent ready, ma'am?' The next one is 'The Adventures of Larry O'Flinn.' It's a comic story, and a very good got-up thing. Another is 'A Hint to Husbands and Wives;' and 'A Pack of Cards turned into a Bible, a Prayer-book, and an Almanack.' These cards belonged to Richard Middleton, of the 60th regiment of foot, who was taken a prisoner for playing at cards in church during divine service. But the best I do is 'The Remarkable Dream of a Young Man of loose character, who had made an agreement to break into a gentleman's house at twelve at night on Whitsun Monday, but, owing to a little drink that he took, he had a remarkable dream, and dreamed he was in hell. The dream had such influence on his mind that he refused to meet his comrade. His comrade was taken up for the burglary, found guilty, and executed for it. This made such an impression on the young man's mind that he became a reformed character.' There is a very beautiful description of hell in this paper," said my informant, "that makes it sell very well among the old women and the apprentice lads, for the young man was an apprentice himself. It's all in very pretty poetry, and a regular 'cock.' The papers that I work chiefly are what are called 'the standing patters;' they're all of 'em stereotype, and some of them a hundred years old. We consider the 'death hunters' are the lowest grade in the trade. We can make most money of the murders while they last, but they don't last, and they merely want a good pair of lungs to get them off. But it's not every one, sir, that can work the standing patters. Many persons I've seen try at it and fail. One old man I knew tried the 'Drunkard's Catechism' and the 'Soldier's Prayer-book and Bible.' He could manage to patter these because they'll almost work themselves; but 'Old Mother Clifton' he broke down in. I heard him do it in Sun-street and in the Blackfriars-road; but it was such a dreadful failure—he couldn't humour it a bit—that, thinks I to myself, you'll soon have to give up, and sure enough he's never been to the printer's since. He'd a very poor audience, chiefly boys and girls, and they were laughing at him because he made so many blunders in it. A man that's never been to school an hour can go and patter a dying speech or 'A Battle between Two Ladies of Fortune.' They require no scholarship. All you want is to stick a picture on your hat, to attract attention, and to make all the noise you can. It's all the same when they does an 'Assassination of Louis Philippe,' or a 'Diabolical Attempt on the Life

of the Queen'—a good stout pair of lungs and plenty of impudence is all that is required. But to patter 'Bounce, the Workhouse Beadle, and the Examination of the Paupers before the Poor-law Commissioners,' takes a good head-piece and great gift of the gab, let me tell you. It's just the same as a play-actor. I can assure you I often feel very nervous. I begin it, and walk miles before I can get confidence in myself to make the attempt. I got rid of two quire last night. I was up among the gentlemen's servants in Crawford-street, Baker-street, and I had a very good haul out of the grown-up people. I cleared 1s. 8d. altogether. I did that from seven till nine in the evening. It's all chance-work. If it's fine, and I can get a crowd of grown-up people round me, I can do very well, but I can't do anything amongst the boys. There's very little to be done in the day-time. I begin at ten in the day, and stop out till one. After that I starts off again at five, and leaves off about ten at night. Marylebone, Paddington, and Westminster I find the best places. The West-end is very good the early part of the week, for any thing that's genteel, such as the 'Rich Man and his Wife quarrelling because they have no Family.' Our customers there are principally the footmen, the grooms, and the maid-servants. The east end of the town is the best on Friday and Saturday evenings. I very often go to Limehouse on Friday evening. Most part of the dock-men are paid then, and anything comic goes off well among them. On Saturdays I go to the New-cut, Ratcliff-highway, the Brill, and such places. I make mostly 2s. clear on a Saturday night. After nineteen years' experience of the patter and paper line in the streets, I find that a foolish nonsensical thing will sell twice as fast as a good moral sentimental one; and, while it lasts, a good murder will cut out the whole of them. It's the best selling thing of any. I used at one time to patter religious tracts in the street, but I found no encouragement. I did the 'Infidel Blacksmith'—that would not sell. 'What is Happiness? a Dialogue between Ellen and Mary'—that was no go. No more was the 'Sorrows of Seduction.' So I was driven into the comic standing patters."

The more recent "experiences" of standing patterers, as they were detailed to me, differ so little in subject, or anything else, from what I have given concerning running patterers, that to cite them would be a repetition.

From the best information to be obtained, I have no doubt that there are always at least 20 standing patterers—sometimes they are called "boardmen"—at work in London. Some of them "run" occasionally, but an equal number or more, of the regular "runners" resort now and then to the standing patter, so the sum is generally kept up.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks of bad weather, which affects the standing, and does not affect the running, patterer; and notwithstanding the more frequent interruptions of the police, I am of opinion that the standing patterer earns

on an average 1s. a week more than his running brother. His earnings too are often all his own; whereas the runners are a 'school,' and their gains divided. More running patterers become, on favourable occasions, stationary, with boards, perhaps in the proportion of five to four, than the stationary become itinerant. One standing patterer told me, that, during the excitement about the Sloanes, he cleared full 3s. a day for more than a week; but at other times he had cleared only 1s. 6d. in a whole week, and he had taken nothing when the weather was too wet for the standing work, and there was nothing up to "run" with.

If, then, 20 standing patterers clear 10s. weekly, each, the year through—"taking" 15s. weekly—we find that 780l. is yearly expended in the standing patter of London streets.

The capital required for the start of the standing is greater than that needed by the running patterer. The painting for a board costs 3s. 6d.; the board and pole, with feet, to which it is attached, 5s. 6d.; and stock-money, 2s.; in all, 11s.

OF POLITICAL LITANIES, DIALOGUES, ETC.

To "work a litany" in the streets is considered one of the higher exercises of professional skill on the part of the patterer. In working this, a clever patterer—who will not scruple to introduce anything out of his head which may strike him as suitable to his audience—is very particular in his choice of a mate, frequently changing his ordinary partner, who may be good "at a noise" or a ballad, but not have sufficient acuteness or intelligence to patter politics as if he understood what he was speaking about. I am told that there are not twelve patterers in London whom a critical professor of street elocution will admit to be capable of 'working a catechism' or a litany. "Why, sir," said one patterer, "I've gone out with a mate to work a litany, and he's humped it in no time." To 'hump,' in street parlance, is equivalent to 'botch,' in more genteel colloquialism. "And when a thing's humped," my informant continued, "you can only 'call a go.'" To 'call a go,' signifies to remove to another spot, or adopt some other patter, or, in short, to resort to some change or other in consequence of a failure.

An elderly man, not now in the street trade, but who had "pattered off a few papers" some years ago, told me that he had heard three or four old hands—"now all dead, for they're a short-lived people"—talk of the profits gained and the risk ran by giving Hone's parodies on the Catechism, Litany, St. Athanasius' Creed, &c. in the streets, after the three consecutive trials and the three acquittals of Hone had made the parodies famous and Hone popular. To work them in the streets was difficult, "for though," said my informant, "there was no new police in them days, there was plenty of officers and constables ready to pull the fellows up, and though Hone was acquitted, a beak that wanted to please the high dons, would find some way of stopping

them that sold Hone's things in the street, and so next to nothing could be done that way, but a little was done." The greatest source of profit, I learned from the reminiscences of the same man, was in the parlours and tap-rooms of public-houses, where the patterers or reciters were well paid "for going through their catechisms," and sometimes, that there might be no interruption, the door was locked, and even the landlord and his servants excluded. The charge was usually 2d. a copy, but 1d. was not refused.

During Queen Caroline's trial there were the like interruptions and hindrances to similar performances; and the interruptions continued during the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill until about the era of the Reform Bill, and then the hindrance was but occasional. "And perhaps it was our own fault, sir," said one patterer, "that we was then molested at all in the dialogues and catechisms and things; but we was uncommon bold, and what plenty called sarcy, at that time: we was so."

Thus this branch of a street profession continued to be followed, half surreptitiously, until after the subsidence of the political ferment consequent on the establishment of a new franchise and the partial abolition of an old one. The calling, however, has never been popular among street purchasers, and I believe that it is sometimes followed by a street-patterer as much from the promptings of the pride of art as from the hope of gain.

The street-papers in the dialogue form have not been copied nor derived from popular productions—but even in the case of Political Litanies and Anti-Corn-law Catechisms and Dialogues are the work of street authors.

One intelligent man told me, that properly to work a political litany, which referred to ecclesiastical matters, he "made himself up," as well as limited means would permit, as a bishop! and "did stunning, until he was afraid of being stunned on skilly." Of the late papers on the subject of the Pope, I cite the one which was certainly the best of all that appeared, and concerning which indignant remonstrances were addressed to some of the newspapers. The "good child" in the patter, was a tall bulky man; the examiner (also the author), was rather diminutive:—

"The old English Bull John v. the Pope's Bull of Rome."

"My good Child as it is necessary at this very important crisis; when, that good pious and very reasonable old gentleman Pope Pi-ass the ninth has promised to favor us with his presence, and the pleasures of Popery—and trampled on the rights and privileges which, we, as Englishmen, and Protestants, have engaged for these last three hundred years—Since Bluff, king Hal. began to take a dislike to the broad brimmed hat of the venerable Cardinal Wolsey, and proclaimed himself an heretic; It is necessary I say, for you, and all of you, to be perfect in your Lessons so as you may be able to verbally chastize this saucy prelate, his newly made Cardinal Foolishman, and the whole host of Puseites and protect our beloved Queen, our Church, and our Constitution.

"Q. Now my boy can you tell me what is your Name?

"A. B.—Protestant.

"Q. How came you by that name?

"A. At the time of Harry the stout, when Popery was in a galloping consumption the people protested against the supremacy and instalence of the Pope; and his Colleges had struck deep at the hallow tree and of superstition I gained the name of Protestant, and proud am I, and ever shall be to stick to it till the day of my death.

"Let us say.

"From all Cardinals whether wise or foolish. Oh! Queen Spare us.

"Spare us, Oh Queen.

"From the pleasure of the Rack, and the friendship of the kind hearted officers of the Inquisition. Oh! Johnny hear us.

"Oh! Russell hear us.

"From the comforts of being frised like a devil'd kidney. Oh! Nosey save us.

"Hear us Oh Arthur.

"From such saucy Prelates, as Pope Pi-ass. Oh! Cumming's save us.

"Save us good Cumming.

"And let us have no more Burnings in smithfield, no more warm drinks in the shape of boiled oil, or, molten lead, and send the whole host of Puseites along with the Pope, Cardinals to the top of mount Vesuvius there to dine off of hot lava, so that we may live in peace & shout long live our Queed, and No Popery!"

For some pitches the foregoing was sufficient, for a street auditory "hates too long a patter;" but where a favourable opportunity offered, easily tested by the pecuniary beginnings, the "Lesson of the Day" was given in addition, and was inserted after the second "Answer" in the foregoing parody, so preceding the "Let us say:"

"The Lesson of the Day."

"You seem an intelligent lad, so I think you are quite capable of Reading with me the Lessons for this day's service.

"Now the Lesson for the day is taken from all parts of the Book of Martyr's, beginning at just where you like.

"It was about the year 1835, that a certain renegade of the name of Pussy—I beg his pardon, I mean Pusey, like a snake who stung his master commenced crawling step by step, from the master; he was bound to serve to worship a puppet, arrayed in a spangle and tinsel of a romish showman.

"And the pestelance that he shed around spread rapidly through the minds of many unworthy members of our established Church; even up to the present year, 1850, inasmuch that St Barnabus, of Pimlico, unable to see the truth by the aid of his oculars, mounted four pounds of long sixes in the mid-day, that he might see through the fog of his own folly, by which he was surrounded.

"And Pope Pi-ass the ninth taking advantage of the hubub, did create unto himself a Cardinal in the person of one Wiseman of Westminster.

"And Cardinal broadbrim claimed four counties in England as his dioces, and his master the Pope claimed as many more as his sees, but the people of England could not see that, so they declared aloud they would see them blowed first.

"So when Jack Russell heard of his most impudent intentions, he sent him a Letter saying it was the intention of the people of England never again to submit to their infamous mumerys for the burnings in Smithfield was still fresh in their memory.

"And behold great meetings were held in different parts of England where the Pope was burnt in effigy, like unto a Yarmouth Bloater, as a token of respect for him and his followers.

"And the citizens of London were stanch to a man, and assembled together in the Guildhall of our mighty City and shouted with stentorian lungs, long live the Queen and down with the Pope, the sound of which might have been heard even unto the vatican of Rome.

"And when his holyness the Pope heard that his power was set at naught, his nose became blue even as a bilberry with rage and declared Russell and Cummings or any who joined in the No Popery cry, should ever name the felicity of kissing his pious great toe.

"Thus Endeth the Lesson."

In the course of my inquiries touching this subject I had more than once occasion to observe that an acute patterer had always a reason, or an excuse for anything. One quick-witted Irishman, whom I knew to be a Roman Catholic, was "working" a "patter against the Pope," (not the one I have given), and on my speaking to him on the subject, and saying that I supposed he did it for a living, he replied: "That's it then, sir. You're right, sir, yes. I work it just as a Catholic lawyer would plead against a Catholic paper for a libel on Protestants—though in his heart he knew the paper was right—and a Protestant lawyer would defend the libel hammer and tongs. Bless you, sir, you'll not find much more honour that way among us (laughing) than among them lawyers; not much." The readiness with which the sharpest of those men plead the doings not only of tradesmen, but of the learned and sacred professions, to justify themselves, is remarkable.

Sometimes a dialogue is of a satirical nature. One man told me that the "Conversation between Achilles and the Wellington Statue," of which I give the concluding moiety, was "among the best," (he meant for profit), "but no great thing." My informant was Achilles—or, as he pronounced it, Atchillees—and his mate was the statue, or "man on the horse." The two lines, in the couplet form, which precede every two paragraphs of dialogue, seem as if they represent the speakers wrongfully. The answer should be attributed, in each case, to Achilles.

"The hoarse voice it came from the statue of Achilles And 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

"Little man of little mind hav'n't I now got iron blinds, and bomb-proof rails when danger assails, a cunning devised job, to keep out an unruly mob, with high and ambitious views and remarkable queer shoes; I say, Old Nakedness, I say, come and see my frontage over the way, but I believe you can't get out after ten!

"No, you're as near where you are as at Quatre Bras, I hear a great deal what the public think and feel, plain as the nose on your face, we're deemed a national disgrace; they grumble at your high-ness, and at my want of shyness, and say many unpleasant things of Ligny and Marchienne!

"The hoarse voice it came from the statue of Achilles And 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

"Ah! its a few days since the Nive, where Soult found me all alive, and the grand toraloo I made at Bordeaux; wasn't I in a nice mess, when Boney left Elba and left no address, besides 150 other jobs with the chill off I could bring to view.

"But then people will say, poor unfortunate Ney, and that you were dancing at a ball, and not near Hogumont at all, and that the job of St. Helena might have been done rather cleaner, and it was a shameful go to send Sir Hudson Lowe, and that you took particular care of No. 1, at Waterloo.

"The hoarse voice it came from the statue of Achilles And 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

"Why flog 'em and 'od 'rot 'em, who said 'Up Guards and at 'em!' and you know that nice treat I received in Downing Street, when hooted by a thousand or near, defended by an old grenadier, so no whopping I got,

good luck to his old tin pot, oh! there's a deal of brass in me I'll allow.

"Its prophesied you'll break down, they're crying it about town, and many jokes are past, that you're brought to the scaffold at last, and they say I look black, because I've no shirt to my back, and its getting broad daylight, I vow!

"The hoarse voice it came from the statue of Achilles But 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

"H. V. HOOKER."

Of parodies other than the sort of compound of the Litany and other portions of the Church Service, which I have given, there are none in the streets—neither are there political duets. Such productions as parodies on popular songs, "Cab! cab! cab!" or "Trip! trip! trip!" are now almost always derived, for street-service, from the concert-rooms. But they relate more immediately to ballads, or street song; and not to patter.

OF "COCKS," ETC.

THESE "literary forgeries," if so they may be called, have already been alluded to under the head of the "Death and Fire Hunters," but it is necessary to give a short account of a few of the best and longest known of those stereotyped; no new cocks, except for an occasion, have been printed for some years.

One of the stereotyped cocks is, the "Married Man Caught in a Trap." One man had known it sold "for years and years," and it served, he said, when there was any police report in the papers about sweethearts in coal-cellars, &c. The illustration embraces two compartments. In one a severe-looking female is assaulting a man, whose hat has been knocked off by the contents of a water-jug, which a very stout woman is pouring on his head from a window. In the other compartment, as if from an adjoining room, two women look on encouragingly. The subject matter, however, is in no accordance with the title or the embellishment. It is a love-letter from John S—n to his most "adorable Mary." He expresses the ardour of his passion, and then twits his adored with something beyond a flirtation with Robert E—, a "decoy of female innocence." Placably overlooking this, however, John S—n continues:—

"My dearest angel consent to my request, and keep me no longer in suspense—nothing, on my part, shall ever be wanting to make you happy and comfortable. My apprenticeship will expire in four months from hence, when I intend to open a shop in the small ware line, and your abilities in dress-making and self-adjusting stay-maker, and the assistance of a few female mechanics, we shall be able to realize an independency."

"Many a turn in seductions talked about in the papers and not talked about nowhere," said one man, "has that slum served for, besides other things, such as love-letters, and confessions of a certain lady in this neighbourhood."

Another old cock is headed, "Extraordinary and Funny Doings in this Neighbourhood." The illustration is a young lady, in an evening dress, sitting with an open letter in her hand, on a sort of garden-seat, in what appears to be a churchyard. After a smart song, enforcing the

ever-neglected advice that people should "look at home and mind their own business," are two letters, the first from R. G.; the answer from S. H. M. The gentleman's epistle commences:—

"Madam,

"The love and tenderness I have hitherto expressed for you is false, and I now feel that my indifference towards you increases every day, and the more I see you the more you appear ridiculous in my eyes and contemptible—I feel inclined & in every respect disposed & determined to hate you. Believe me, I never had any inclination to offer you my hand."

The lady responds in a similar strain, and the twain appear very angry, until a foot-note offers an explanation: "By reading every other line of the above letters the true meaning will be found."

Of this class of cocks I need cite no other specimens, but pass on to one of another species—the "Cruel and Inhuman Murder Committed on the Body of Capt. Lawson." The illustration is a lady, wearing a coronet, stabbing a gentleman, in full dress, through the top button of his waistcoat. The narrative commences:—

"WITH surprise we have learned that this neighbourhood for a length of time was amazingly alarmed this day by a crowd of people carrying the body of Mr. James Lawless, to a doctor while streams of blood besmeared the way in such a manner that the cries of Murder re-echoed the sound of numerous voices. It appears that the cause of alarm, originated through a courtship attended with a solemn promise of marriage between him and Miss Lucy Guard, a handsome young Lady of refined feelings with the intercourse of a superior enlightened mind she lived with her aunt who spared neither pain nor cost to improve the talents of Miss G. those seven years past, since the death of her mother in Ludgate Hill, London, and bore a most excellent character until she got entangled by the delumps alurement of Mr. L."

The writer then deplores Miss Guard's fall from virtue, and her desertion by her betrayer, "on account of her fortune being small." Capt. Lawson, or Mr. James Lawless, next woos a wealthy City maiden, and the banns are published. What follows seems to me to be a rather intricate detail:—

"We find that the intended bride learned that Miss Guard, held certain promissory letters of his, and that she was determined to enter an action against him for a breach of promise, which moved clouded Eclipse over the extacy of the variable Miss Lawless who knew that Miss G had Letters of his sufficient to substantiate her claims in a court."

Lawson visits Miss Guard to wheedle her out of his letters, but "she drew a large carving-knife and stabbed him under the left breast." At the latest account the man was left without hope of recovery, while "the valiant victress" was "ordered to submit to judicial decorum in the nineteenth year of her age." The murders and other atrocities for which this "cock" has been sponsor, are—I was informed emphatically—a thundering lot!

I conclude with another cock, which may be called a narrative "on a subject," as we have "ballads on a subject" (afterwards to be described), but with this difference, that the narrative is fictitious, and the ballad must be founded

on a real event, however embellished. The highest newspaper style, I was told, was aimed at. Part of the production reads as if it had done service during the Revolution of February, 1848.

"Express from Paris. Supposed Death of LOUIS NAPOLEON. We stop the press to announce, that Louis Napoleon has been assassinated, by some it is said he is shot dead, by others that he is only wounded in the right arm.

"We have most important intelligence from Paris. That capital is in a state of insurrection. The vivacious people, who have heretofore defeated the government by paving-stones, have again taken up those missiles. On Tuesday the Ministers forbade the reform banquet, and the prefect of police published a proclamation warning the people to respect the laws, which he declared were violated, and he meant to enforce them. But the people dispised the proclamation and rejected his authority. They assembled in great multitudes round the Chambers of Deputies, and forced their way over the walls. They were attacked by the troops and dispersed, but, re-assembled in various quarters. They showed their hatred of M. Guizot by demolishing his windows and attempting to force an entrance into his hotel, but were again repulced by the troops. All the military in Paris, and all the National Guard, have been summoned to arms, and every preparation made on the part of the government to put down the people.

"The latter have raised barricades in various places, and have unpaved the streets, overturned omnibusses, and made preparations for a vigorous assault, or a protracted resistance.

"Five o'Clock—At this moment the Rue St. Honore is blockaded by a detachment dragoons, who fill the market-place near the Rue des Petits Champs, and are charging the people sword in hand, carriages full of people are being taken to the hospitals.

"In fact the maddest excitement reigns throughout the capital.

"Half past Six.—During the above we have instituted enquiries at the Foreign office, they have not received any intelligence of the above report, if it has come, it must have been by pigeon express. We have not given the above in our columns with a view of its authenticity, any further information as soon as obtained shall be immediately announced to the public."

OF "STRAWING."

I have already alluded to "strawing," which can hardly be described as quackery. It is rather a piece of mountebankery. Many a quack—confining the term to its most common signification, that of a "quack doctor"—has faith in the excellence of his own nostrums, and so proffers that which he believes to be curative; the strawer, however, sells what he knows is not what he represents it.

The strawer offers to sell any passer by in the streets a straw and to give the purchaser a paper which he dares not sell. Accordingly as he judges of the character of his audience, so he intimates that the paper is political, libellous, irreligious, or indecent.

I am told that as far back as twenty-five or twenty-six years, straws were sold, but only in the country, with leaves from the *Republican*, a periodical published by Carlile, then of Fleetstreet, which had been prosecuted by the government; but it seems that the trade died away, and was little or hardly known again until the time of the trial of Queen Caroline, and then but sparingly. The straw sale reached its

highest commercial pitch at the era of the Reform Bill. The most successful trader in the article is remembered among the patterers as "Jack Straw," who was oft enough represented to me as the original strawer. If I inquired further, the answer was: "He was the first in my time." This Jack Straw was, I am told, a fine-looking man, a natural son of Henry Hunt, the blacking manufacturer. He was described to me as an inveterate drunkard and a very reckless fellow. One old hand was certain that this man was Hunt's son, as he himself had "worked" with him, and was sometimes sent by him when he was "in trouble," or in any strait, to 32, Broadwall, Blackfriars, for assistance, which was usually rendered. (This was the place where Hunt's "Matchless Blacking" and "Roasted Corn" were vended.) Jack Straw's principal "pitch" was at Hyde Park Corner, "where," said the man whom I have mentioned as working with him, "he used to come it very strong against Old Nosey, the Hyde Park bully as he called him. To my knowledge he's made 10s., and he's made 15s. on a night. O, it didn't matter to him what he sold with his straws, religion or anything. There was no three-pennies (three-penny newspapers) then, and he had had a gentleman's education, and knew what to say, and so the straws went off like smoke." The articles which this man "durst not sell" were done up in paper, so that no one could very well peruse them on the spot, as a sort of stealth was implied. On my asking Jack Straw's co-worker if he had ever drank with him, "Drank with him!" he answered, "Yes, many a time. I've gone out and pattered, or chaunted, or anything, to get money to buy him two glasses of brandy—and good brandy was very dear then—before he could start, for he was all of a tremble until he had his medicine. If I couldn't get brandy, it was the best rum, 'cause he had all the tastes of a gentleman. Ah! he's been dead some years, sir, but where he died I don't know. I only heard of his death. He was a nice kindly fellow."

The ruse in respect of strawing is not remarkable for its originality. It was an old smuggler's trick to sell a sack and give the keg of contraband spirit placed within it and padded out with straw so as to resemble a sack of corn. The hawkers, prior to 1826, when Mr. Huskisson introduced changes into the Silk Laws, gave "real Ingy handkerchiefs" (sham) to a customer, and sold him a knot of tape for about 4s. The price of a true Bandana, then prohibited, and sold openly in the draper's shops, was about 8s. The East India Company imported about a million of Bandanas yearly; they were sold by auction for exportation to Hamburgh, &c., at about 4s. each, and were nearly all smuggled back again to England, and disposed of as I have stated.

It is not possible to give anything like statistics as to the money realised by strawing. A well-informed man calculated that when the

trade was at its best, or from 1832 to 1836, there might be generally fifty working it in the country and twenty in London; they did not confine themselves, however, to strawing, but resorted to it only on favourable opportunities. Now there are none in London—their numbers diminished gradually—and very rarely any in the country.

OF THE SHAM INDECENT STREET-TRADE.

THIS is one of those callings which are at once repulsive and ludicrous; repulsive, when it is considered under what pretences the papers are sold, and ludicrous, when the disappointment of the gulled purchaser is contemplated.

I have mentioned that one of the allurements held out by the strawer was that his paper—the words used by Jack Straw—could “not be admitted into families.” Those following the “sham indecent trade” for a time followed his example, and professed to sell straws and give away papers; but the London police became very observant of the sale of straws—more especially under the pretences alluded to—and it has, for the last ten years, been rarely pursued in the streets.

The plan now adopted is to sell the sealed packet itself, which the “patter” of the street-seller leads his auditors to believe to be some improper or scandalous publication. The packet is some coloured paper, in which is placed a portion of an old newspaper, a Christmas carol, a religious tract, or a slop-tailor’s puff (given away in the streets for the behoof of another class of gulls). The enclosed paper is, however, never indecent.

From a man who, had, not long ago, been in this trade, I had the following account. He was very anxious that nothing should be said which would lead to a knowledge that he was my informant. After having expressed his sorrow that he had ever been driven to this trade from distress, he proceeded to justify himself. He argued—and he was not an ignorant man—that there was neither common sense nor common justice in interfering with a man like him, who, “to earn a crust, pretended to sell what shopkeepers, that must pay church and all sorts of rates, sold without being molested.” The word “shopkeepers” was uttered with a bitter emphasis. There are, or were, he continued, shops—for he seemed to know them all—and some of them had been carried on for years, in which shameless publications were not only sold, but exposed in the windows; and why should he be considered a greater offender than a shopkeeper, and be knocked about by the police? There are, or lately were, he said, such shops in the Strand, Fleet-street, a court off Ludgate-hill, Holborn, Drury-lane, Wych-street, the courts near Drury-lane Theatre, Haymarket, High-street, Bloomsbury, St. Martin’s-court, May’s buildings, and elsewhere, to say nothing of Holywell-street! Yet he must be interfered with!

[I may here remark, that I met with no street-sellers who did not disbelieve, or affect to

disbelieve, that they were really meddled with by the police for obstructing the thoroughfare. They either hint, or plainly state, that they are removed solely to please the shop-keepers. Such was the reiterated opinion, real or pretended, of my present informant.]

I took a statement from this man, but do not care to dwell upon the subject. The trade, in the form I have described, had been carried on, he thought, for the last six years. At one time, 20 men followed it; at present, he believed there were only 6, and they worked only at intervals, and as opportunities offered: some going out, for instance, to sell almanacs or memorandum books, and, when they met with a favourable chance, offering their sealed packets. My informant’s customers were principally boys, young men, and old gentlemen; but old gentlemen chiefly when the trade was new. This street-seller’s “great gun,” as he called it, was to make up packets, as closely resembling as he could accomplish it, those which were displayed in the windows of any of the shops I have alluded to. He would then station himself at some little distance from one of those shops, and, if possible, so as to encounter those who had stopped to study the contents of the window, and would represent—broadly enough, he admitted, when he dared—that he could sell for 6d. what was charged 5s., or 2s. 6d., or whatever price he had seen announced, “in that very neighbourhood.” He sometimes ventured, also, to mutter something, unintelligibly, about the public being imposed upon! On one occasion, he took 6s. in the street in about two hours. On another evening he took 4s. 8d. in the street and was called aside by two old gentlemen, each of whom told him to come to an address given (at the West-end), and ask for such and such initials. To one he sold two packets for 2s.; to the other, five packets, each 1s.—or 11s. 8d. in one evening. The packets were in different coloured papers, and had the impressions of a large seal on red wax at the back; and he assured the old gents, as he called them, one of whom, he thought, was “silly,” that they were all different. “And very likely,” he said, chucklingly, “they were different; for they were made out of a lot of missionary tracts and old newspapers that I got dirt cheap at a ‘waste’ shop. I should like to have seen the old gent’s face, as he opened his 5s. worth, one after another!” This trade, however, among old gentlemen, was prosperous for barely a month: “It got blown then, sir, and they wouldn’t buy any more, except a very odd one.”

This man—and he believed it was the same with all the others in the trade—never visited the public-houses, for a packet would soon have been opened and torn there, which, he said, people was ashamed to do in the public streets. As well as he could recollect, he had never sold a single packet to a girl or a woman. Drunken women of the town had occasionally made loud comments on his calling, and offered



“THE KITCHEN,” FOX COURT, GRAYS INN LANE.

to purchase; but on such occasions, fearful of a disturbance, he always hurried away.

I have said that the straw trade is now confined to the country, and I give a specimen of the article vended there, by the patterer in the sham indecent trade. It was purchased of a man, who sold it folded in the form of a letter, and is addressed, "On Royal Service. By Express. Private. To Her Royal Highness, Victoria, Princess Royal. Kensington Palace, London. Entered at Stationer's Hall." The man who sold it had a wisp of straw round his neck, and introduced his wares with the following patter:

"I am well aware that many persons here present will say what an absurd idea—the idea of selling straws for a halfpenny each, when there are so many lying about the street; but the reason is simply this: I am not allowed by the authorities to sell these papers, so I give them away and sell my straws. There are a variety of figures in these papers for gentlemen; some in the bed, some on the bed, some under the bed." The following is a copy of the document thus sold:—

"Bachelors or Maidens, Husbands and Wives,
Will love each other and lead happy lives;
If both these Letters to read are inclined,
Secrets worth knowing therein they will find.

"Dated from the Duchy of Coburg.

"MY DEAREST VICTORIA,
Hishuessas' ensmer, Ibaß laaæ 10snbsciqæ wyseif
plepgasof apegjou — euxtouslyeweiing Aonr royal-
10fajqipe and ftnrsoveraign, Aery menafaud jiaing
sured ou mårpincsey quour, tqaI aipl amardjo wy
wejo thet euviepstetion oqemstuy hnsqaud, resjas-
mohrisjeudow; and Ahonihon qast dæifnædjo exqalt
bænder kuees, 10 jaaonr uåsmit, aqoæ enyoqyer drnce
o; aij qersio ubinisudædem — I iupjoreihæc ou uå
amæbie of Eugjaup'sdrincæssas — end tpe most aiprons
quyqimsely aihhu tpy oamdomanå dinnæse! Most
cheruing uoies, and aihj jltetiering aingswisqes 10
wpo ipe ubirpo; peredise, iscalimstyeato jiseu 10 his
come 10 wyjougnß azaus — it is oultqå peer Aqari,
emjaqle Vicjorie, theutos; duxe enp sdojless of viråius,
faturjå, and ooutinne 10 præuoy loæ enptqæ! Wy
sqatqæ æncanjer wittqæ most beantifful visiousoy
ment of thet qalmæseæd I hevæbeen 10nß mentpæß, I
not speapless conch, and resnins wysonj 10 tqueenjoå-
wonnps — Ithenaipi I dæastnåå radose wyselj ou uå
bntcoue enp ponr tpy qeelinß belsemjingo uå swaiting
ænysemæriten, pass uoiamanå grow tpyedoxing elqer;
jugjovæ! Jhenqasæu wy flioxionsohærb — thon hæa-
wyoqepoy is qemæcousnæpin tpejumesæ of æælesj-
telised aihævriæd and couficting emojious, and må
jusæto po jheiojficæ; ævæå oueoy wy membersære jæn-
firo, wyjæi sjuumbjes — ææ, må erus audury lægs æ-
wy sænsæmaudæ, wy qærsæuds ou eup, må qeæd isou
olæstqææu wyæims — Må qosomqæevæ, wy qæarpænts,
tylovalå foru, andjoug for jhehepdy qonr wyæu; squall
roytlyishuess — wy sææjæstæuðæi, oy! qow I po apore
doanjo tpe pæifshqfuræsk of aripiuðæ loæ jætæsto jhå
— — nævæpip I enjoæjæter qhiss, jhæuwqæul sæ

"Your adored Lover,

"ALBERT,

"PRINCE OF COBURG."

On the back of this page is the following cool initiation of the purchaser into the mysteries of the epistle:

"Directions for the purchasers to understand the Royal Love Letters, and showing them how to practise the art of Secret Letter Writing:—

"Proceed to lay open 'Albert's Letter' by the side of 'Victoria's,' and having done so, then look carefully

down them until you have come to a word at the left hand corner, near the end of each Letter, having two marks thus — —, when you must commence with that word, and read from left to right after you have turned them bottom upwards before a looking glass so that you may peruse the copy reflected therein. But you must notice, throughout all the words every other letter is upside down, also every other word single; but the next two words being purposely joined together, therefore they are double; and in addition to those letters placed upside down, makes it more mysterious in the reading. The reader is recommended to copy each word in writing, when he will be able to read the letters forward, and after a little practice he can soon learn to form all his words in the same curious manner, when he wants to write a 'secret letter.'

"Be sure when holding it up side down before a looking-glass, that the light of a candle, is placed between then by the reflection it will show much plainer, and be sooner discovered.

"If you intend to practise a Joke and make it answer the purpose of a Valentine, write what you think necessary on the adjoining blank page; then post it, with the superscription filled up in this manner:—After the word To, write the name and address of the party also place the word FROM before 'VICTORIA'S' name; then the address on the outside of this letter will read somewhat after the following fashion:—To Mr. or Mrs. so and so, (with the number if any,) in such and such a street: at the same time your letter will appear as if it came from Royalty.

"N.B. You must first buy both the letters, as the other letter is an answer to this one; and because, without the reader has got both letters, he will not have the secrets perfect."

Notwithstanding the injunction to buy both letters, and the seeming necessity of having both to understand the "directions," the patterer was selling only the one I have given.

That the trade in sham indecent publications was, at one time, very considerable, and was not unobserved by those who watch, as it is called, "the signs of the times," is shown by the circumstance that the Anti-Corn-Law League paper, called the *Bread Basket*, could only be got off by being done up in a sealed packet, and sold by patterers as a pretended improper work.

The really indecent trade will be described hereafter.

For a month my informant thought he had cleared 35s. a week; for another month, 20s.; and as an average, since that time, from 5s. to 7s. 6d. weekly, until he discontinued the trade. It is very seldom practised, unless in the evening, and perhaps only one street-seller depends entirely upon it.

Supposing that 6 men last year each cleared 6s. weekly, we find upwards of 93l. expended yearly in the streets on this rubbish.

The capital required to start in the business is 6d. or 1s., to be expended in paper, paste, and sometimes sealing-wax.

OF RELIGIOUS TRACT SELLERS.

THE sellers of religious tracts are now, I am informed, at the least, about 50, but they were at one time, far more numerous. When penny books were few and very small, religious tracts were by far the cheapest things in print. It is common, moreover, for a religious society, or an individual, to give a poor person, children especially, tracts for sale. A great many tract sellers, from 25 to 35 years ago, were, or pre-

tended to be, maimed old soldiers or sailors. The traffic is now in the hands of what may be called an anomalous body of men. More than one half of the tract sellers are foreigners, such as Malays, Hindoos, and Negros. Of them, some cannot speak English, and some—who earn a spare subsistence by selling Christian tracts—are Mahometans, or worshippers of Bramah! The man whose portrait supplies the daguerreotypied illustration of this number is unable to speak a word of English, and the absence of an interpreter, through some accident, prevented his statement being taken at the time appointed. I shall give it, however, with the necessary details on the subject, under another head.

With some men and boys, I am informed, tract-selling is but a pretext for begging.

OF A BENEFIT SOCIETY OF PATERERS.

IN the course of my inquiries, I received an account of an effort made by a body of these people to provide against sickness,—a step so clearly in the right direction, and perhaps so little to be expected from the habits of the class, that I feel bound to notice it. It was called the "Street-sellers' Society;" but as nearly all the *bond-fide* members (or those who sought benefit from its funds) were paterers in paper, or ballad-singers, I can most appropriately notice their proceedings here.

The society "sprung up accidental," as it was expressed to me. A few paper-workers were conversing of the desirableness of such an institution, and one of the body suggested a benefit club, which it was at once determined to establish. It was accordingly established between six and seven years ago, and was carried on for about four years. The members varied in number from 40 to 50; but of a proportion of 40, as many as 18 might be tradesmen who were interested in the street-trade, either in supplying the articles in demand for it, or from keeping public-houses resorted to by the fraternity, or any such motive, or who were merely curious to mix in such society. Mr. C— was conductor; Mr. J. H— (a poet, and the writer of "Black Bess," "the Demon of the Sea," and other things which "took" in the streets), secretary; and a well-known paterer was under-conductor, with which office was mixed up the rather onerous duties of a kind of master of the ceremonies on meeting-nights. None of the officers were paid.

The subscription was 2d. a week, and meetings of the members were held once a week. Each member, not an officer, paid ½d. for admission to the fund, and could introduce a visitor, who also paid ½d. No charge was made for the use of the club-room (in a public-house), which was entirely in the control of the members. Every one using bad language, or behaving improperly, was fined ½d., and on a second offence was ejected, and sometimes, if the misbehaviour was gross, on the first. Any one called upon to sing, and refusing, or being

unable, was fined ½d., and was liable to be called upon again, and pay another fine. A visitor sometimes, instead of ½d., offered 6d. when fined; but this was not accepted,—only ½d. could be received. The members' wives could and did often accompany their husbands to the meetings; but women of the town, whether introduced by members or not, were not permitted to remain. "They found their way in a few times," said the man who was under-conductor to me, "but I managed to work them out without any bother, and without insulting them—God forbid!"

The assistance given was 5s. weekly to sick members, who were not in arrear in their subscriptions. If the man had a family to support, a gathering was made for him, in addition to his weekly allowance,—for the members were averse to "distress the box" (fund). There was no allowance for the burial of a member, but a gathering took place, and perhaps a raffle, to raise funds for a wake (sometimes) and an interment; and during the existence of the society, three members, I was told, were buried that way "comfortably." The subscriptions were paid up regularly enough; "indeed," said a member to me, "if a man earned anything, his mates knew of it: we all know how the cat jumps that way, so he must either pay or be scratched." The members not unfrequently lent each other money to pay up their subscriptions. Fashionable young "swells," I was told, often visited the house, and stayed till 3 or 4 in the morning, but were very seldom in the club-room, which was closed regularly at 12. After that hour, the "swells" who were bent upon seeing life—(and they are a class whom the paterers, on all such occasions, not so very unreasonably consider "fair game" for bamboozling)—could enjoy the society congenial to their tastes or gratifying to their curiosity. On one occasion two policemen were among the visitors, and were on friendly terms enough with the members, some of whom they had seen before.

From the beginning there seems to have been a distrust of one another among the members, but a distrust not invincible or the club would never have been formed. Instead of the "box," or fund (the money being deposited in a box), being allowed to accumulate, so that an investment might be realised, available for any emergency, the fund was divided among the members quarterly, and then the subscription went on anew. The payments, however, fell off. The calling of the members was precarious, their absence in the country was frequent, and so the society ceased to exist, but the members were satisfied that every thing was done honourably.

The purpose to which the funds, on a quarterly division, were devoted, was one not confined to such men as the paterers—to a supper. "None of your light suppers, sir," said a member; "not by no means. And we were too fly to send anybody to market but ourselves. We used to go to Leadenhall, and buy a cut off a

stirloin, which was roasted prime, and smelt like a angel. But not so often, for its a dear jint, the bones is heavy. One of the favouritest jints was a boiled leg of mutton with caper trimmings. That is a good supper,—I believe you, my hero."

OF THE ABODES, TRICKS, MARRIAGE, CHARACTER, AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE DIFFERENT GRADES OF PATERERS.

HAVING now giving an account of those who may be called the literary paterers (proper), or at any rate of those who do not deem it vain so to account themselves, because they "work paper," I proceed to adduce an account of the different grades of paterers generally, for pater has almost as many divisions as literature. There is pater pathetic, as from beggars; bouncing, to puff off anything of little or no value; comic, as by the clowns; descriptive, as in the cases where the vendor describes, however ornately, what he really sells; religious, as occasionally by the vendors of tracts; *real pater* (as it is understood by the profession) to make a thing believed to be what it is not; classical, as in the case of the sale of stenographic cards, &c.; and sporting, as in race cards.

The pattering tribe is by no means confined to the traffic in paper, though it may be the principal calling as regards the acuteness of its professors. Among these street-folk are the running and standing paterers (or stationers as they are sometimes, but rarely, styled)—and in these are included, the Death and Fire Hunters of whom I have spoken; Chaunters; Second Edition-sellers; Reciters; Conundrum-sellers; Board-workers; Strawlers; Sellers of (Sham) Indecent Publications; Street Auctioneers; Cheap Jacks; Mountebanks (quacks); Clowns; the various classes of Showmen; Jugglers; Conjurers; Ring-sellers for wagers; Sovereign-sellers; Corn-curers; Grease-removers; French-polishers; Blacking-sellers; Nostrum-vendors; Fortune-tellers; Oratorical-beggars; Turnpike-sailors; the classes of Lurkers; Stenographic Card-sellers, and the Vendors of Race-cards or lists.

The following accounts have been written for me by the same gentleman who has already described the Religion, Morals, &c., of paterers. He has for some years resided among the class, and has pursued a street calling for his existence. What I have already said of his opportunities of personal observation and of dispassionate judgment I need not iterate.

"I wish," says the writer in question, "in the disclosures I am now about to make concerning the paterers generally, to do more than merely put the public on their guard. I take no cruel delight in dragging forth the follies of my fellow-men. Before I have done with my subject, I hope to draw forth and exhibit some of the latent virtues of the class under notice, many of whom I know to sigh in secret over that one imprudent step (whatever its descrip-

tion), which has furnished the censorious with a weapon they have been but too ready to wield. The first thing for me to do is to give a glance at the *habitations* of these outcasts, and to set forth their usual conduct, opinions, conversation and amusements. As London (including the ten mile circle), is the head quarters of lodging-house life, and least known, because most crowded, I shall lift the veil which shrouds the vagrant hovel where the paterer usually resides.

"As there are many individuals in lodging-houses who are not regular paterers or professional vagrants, being rather, as they term themselves, 'travellers' (or tramps), so there are multitudes who do not inhabit such houses who really belong to the fraternity, pattering, or vagrant. Of these some take up their abode in what they call 'flatty-kens,' that is, houses the landlord of which is not 'awake' or 'fly' to the 'moves' and dodges of the trade; others resort to the regular 'padding-kens,' or houses of call for vagabonds; while others—and especially those who have families—live constantly in furnished rooms, and have little intercourse with the 'regular' travellers, tramps, or wanderers.

"The medium houses the London vagrant haunts, (for I have no wish to go to extremes either way,) are probably in Westminster, and perhaps the fairest 'model' of the 'monkry' is the house in Orchard-street—once the residence of royalty—which has been kept and conducted for half a century by the veteran who some fifty years ago was the *only* man who amused the population with that well-known ditty,

"If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I would not cry young lambs to sell."

Mister (for that is the old man's title) still manufactures lambs, but seldom goes out himself; his sons (obedient and exemplary young men) take the toys into the country, and dispose of them at fairs and markets. The wife of this man is a woman of some beauty and good sound sense, but far too credulous for the position of which she is the mistress.

"So much for the establishment. I have now to deal with the inmates.

"No one could be long an inmate of Mr. —'s without discerning in the motley group persons who had seen better days, and, seated on the same bench, persons who are 'seeing' the best days they ever saw. When I took up my abode in the house under consideration, I was struck by the appearance of a middle-aged lady-like woman, a native of Worcester, bred to the glove trade, and brought up in the lap of plenty, and under the high sanction of religious principle. She had evidently some source of mental anguish. I believe it was the conduct of her husband, by whom she had been deserted, and who was living with a woman to whom, it is said, the wife had shown much kindness. By her sat a giant in size, and candour demands

that I should say a 'giant in sin.' When Navy Jem, as he is called, used to work for his living (it was a long while ago) he drove a barrow at the formation of the Great Western Railway. At present the man lies in bed till mid-day, and when he makes his appearance in the kitchen,

'The very kittens on the hearth
They dare not even play.'

His breakfast embraces all the good things of the season. He divides his delicacies with a silver fork—where did he get it? The mode in which this man obtains a livelihood is at once a mixture and a mystery. His prevailing plan is to waylay gentlemen in the decline of life, and to extort money by threats of accusation and exposure, to which I can do no more than allude. His wife, a notorious shoplifter, is now for the third time 'expiating her offences' in Coldbath-fields.

"Next to Navy Jem may be perceived a little stunted woman, of pretended Scotch, but really Irish extraction, whose husband has died in the hospital for consumption at least as many times as the hero of Waterloo has seen engagements. At last the man *did* die, and his widow has been collecting money to bury him for eight years past, but has not yet secured the required sum. This woman, whose name I never knew, has a boy and a girl; to the former she is very kind, the latter she beats without mercy, always before breakfast, and with such (almost) unvaried punctuality that her brother will sometimes whisper (after saying grace), 'Mother, has our Poll had her licks yet?'

"Among the records of mortality lately before the public, is the account of a notorious woman, who was found suffocated in a stagnant pool, whether from suicide or accident it was impossible to determine. She had been in every hospital in town and country, suffering from a disease, entirely self-procured. She applied strong acids to wounds previously punctured with a pin, and so caused her body to present one mass of sores. She was deemed incurable by the hospital doctors, and liberal collections were made for her among the benevolent in various places. The trick, however, was ultimately discovered, and the failure of her plan (added to the bad state of health to which her bodily injuries had gradually led) preyed upon her mind and hastened her death.

"This woman had been the paramour of 'Peter the crossing-sweeper,' a man who for years went about showing similar wounds, which he pretended had been inflicted while fighting in the Spanish Legion—though, truth to say, he had never been nearer Spain than Liverpool is to New York. He had followed the 'monkry' from a child, and chiefly, since manhood, as a 'broken-down weaver from Leicester,' and after singing through every one of the provinces 'We've got no work to do,' he scraped acquaintance with a 'school of shallow coves'; that is, men who go about half-naked, telling frightful tales about ship-

wrecks, hair-breadth escapes from houses on fire, and such like aqueous and igneous calamities. By these Peter was initiated into the 'scaldrum dodge,' or the art of burning the body with a mixture of acids and gunpowder, so as to suit the hues and complexions of the accident to be deplored. Such persons hold every morning a 'committee of ways and means,' according to whose decision the movements of the day are carried out. Sometimes when on their country rounds, they go singly up to the houses of the gentry and wealthy farmers, begging shirts, which they hide in hedges while they go to another house and beg a similar article. Sometimes they go in crowds, to the number of from twelve to twenty; they are most successful when the 'swell' is not at home; if they can meet with the 'Burerk' (Mistress), or the young ladies, they 'put it on them for dunnage' (beg a stock of general clothing), flattering their victims first and frightening them afterwards. A friend of mine was present in a lodging-house in Plymouth, when a school of the shallow coves returned from their day's work with *six suits of clothes, and twenty-seven shirts, besides children's apparel and shoes*, (all of which were sold to a broker in the same street), and, besides these, the donations in money received amounted to 4s. 4d. a man.

"At this enterprise 'Peter' continued several years, but—to use his own words—'everything has but a time,' the country got 'dead' to him, and people got 'fly' to the 'shallow brigade,' so Peter came up to London to 'try his hand at something else.' Housed in the domicile of 'Sayer the barber,' who has enriched himself by beer-shops and lodging-house-keeping, to the tune it is said of 20,000*l.*, Peter amused the 'travellers' of Wentworth-street, Whitechapel, with recitals of what he had seen and done. Here a profligate, but rather intelligent man, who had really been in the service of the Queen of Spain, gave him an old red jacket, and with it such instructions as equipped him for the imposition. One sleeve of this jacket usually hung loosely by his side, while the arm it should have covered was exposed naked, and to all appearance withered. His rule was to keep silence till a crowd assembled around him, when he began to 'patter' to them to the following effect: 'Ladies and gentlemen, it is with feelings of no common reluctance that I stand before you at this time; but although I am not without feelings, I am totally without friends, and frequently without food. This wound (showing his disfigured arm) I received in the service of the Queen of Spain, and I have many more on different parts of my person. I received a little praise for my brave conduct, but not a penny of pension, and here I am (there's no deception you see) ill in health—poor in pocket, and exposed without proper nourishment to wind and weather—the cold is blowing through me till I am almost perished.' His 'Doxy' stood by and received

the 'voluntary contributions' of the audience in a soldier's cap, which our hero emptied into his pocket, and after snivelling out his thanks, departed to renew the exhibition in the nearest available thoroughfare. Peter boasted that he could make on an average fifteen of these pitches a day, and as the proceeds were estimated at something considerable in each pitch (he has been known to take as much as half-a-crown in pence at one standing), he was able to sport his figure at Astley's in the evening—to eat 'spring lamb,' and when reeling home under the influence of whiskey, to entertain the peaceful inhabitants with the music of—'We won't go home till morning—'

"Whether the game got stale, or Peter became honest, is beyond the purport of my communication to settle. If any reader, however, should make his purchases at the puffing fish-monger's in Lombard-street, they may find Peter now pursuing the more honest occupation of sweeping the crossing, by the church of St. Gabriel, Fenchurch-street.

"Among the most famous of the 'lurking patterers' was 'Captain Moody,' the son of poor but honest parents in the county of Cornwall, who died during his boyhood, leaving him to the custody of a maiden aunt. This lady soon, and not without reason, got tired of her incorrigible charge. Young Moody was apprenticed successively to three trades, and wanted not ability to become expert in any of them, but having occasional interviews with some of the gipsy tribe, and hearing from themselves of their wonderful achievements, he left the sober walks of life and joined this vagrant fraternity.

"His new position, however, was attractive only while it was novel. Moody, who had received a fair education, soon became disgusted with the coarseness and vulgarity of his associates. At the solicitation of a neighbouring clergyman, he was restored to the friendship of his aunt, who had soon sad reason to regret that her compassion had got the better of her prudence; for one Sunday afternoon, while she was absent at church, young Moody who had pleaded indisposition and so obtained permission to stay at home, decamped (after dispatching the servant to the town, a mile distant, to fetch the doctor) in the meantime, emptying his aunt's 'safety cupboard' of a couple of gold watches and £72 in cash and country notes.

"His roving disposition then induced him to try the sea, and the knowledge he obtained during several voyages fitted him for those maritime frauds which got him the name of 'Captain Moody, the lurker.' The frauds of this person are well known, and often recounted with great admiration among the pattering fraternity. On one occasion, the principal butcher in Gosport was summoned to meet a gentleman at an hotel. The *Louisa*, a brig, had just arrived at Portsmouth, the captain's name was Young, and this gentleman Moody personated for the time being. 'I have occasion,' said he

to the butcher, 'for an additional supply of beef for the *Louisa*; I have heard you spoken of by Captain Harrison' (whom Moody knew to be an old friend of the butcher's), 'and I have thus given you the preference. I want a bullock, cut up in 12 lb. pieces; it must be on board by three to-morrow.' The price was agreed upon, and the captain threw down a few sovereigns in payment, but, of course, discovered that he had not gold enough to cover the whole amount, so he proposed to give him a cheque he had just received from Captain Harrison for £100, and the butcher could give him the difference. The tradesman was nothing loth, for a cheque upon 'Vallance, Mills, and West,' with Captain Harrison's signature, was reckoned equal to money any day, and so the butcher considered the one he had received, until the next morning, when the draft and the order proved to be forgeries. The culprit was, of course, nowhere to be found, nor, indeed, heard of till two years after, when he had removed the scene of his depredations to Liverpool.

"In that port he had a colleague, a man whose manners and appearance were equally prepossessing. Moody sent his 'pal' into a jeweller's shop, near the corner of Lord-street, who there purchased a small gold seal, paid for it, and took his leave. Immediately afterwards, Moody entered the shop under evident excitement, declaring that he had seen the person, who had just left the shop secrete two, if not three, seals up his coat-sleeve; adding, that the fellow had just gone through the Exchange, and that if the jeweller were quick he would be sure to catch him. The jeweller ran out without his hat, leaving his kind friend in charge of the shop, and soon returned with the supposed criminal in his custody. The 'captain,' however, in the mean time, had decamped, taking with him a tray from the window, containing precious materials to the value of 300*l.*

"At another time, the 'captain' prepared a document, setting forth 'losses in the Baltic trade,' and a dismal variety of disasters; and concluding with a melancholy shipwreck, which had really taken place just about that time in the German Ocean. With this he travelled over great part of Scotland, and with almost unprecedented success. Journeying near the Frith of Forth, he paid a visit to Lord Dalmeny—a nobleman of great benevolence—who had read the account of the shipwreck in the local journals, and wondered that the petition was not signed by influential persons *on the spot*; and, somewhat suspicious of the reality of the 'captain's' identity, placed a terrestrial globe before him, and begged to be shown 'in what latitude he was cast away.' The awkwardness with which Moody handled the globe showed that he was 'out of his latitude' altogether. His lordship thereupon committed the document to the flames, but generously gave the 'captain' a sovereign and some good advice; the former he appropriated at the nearest public-house, of the latter he never made the least use.

"Old, and worn out by excesses and imprisonment, he subsists now by 'sitting pad' about the suburban pavements; and when, on a recent evening, he was recognised in a low public-house in Deptford, he was heard to say, with a sigh: 'Ah! once I could "screeve a fake-ment" (write a petition) or "cooper a monekur" (forge a signature) with any man alive, and my heart's game now; but I'm old and asthmatic, and got the rheumatis, so that I ain't worth a d—n.'

"The Lady Lurker."—Of this person very little is known, and *that* little, it is said, makes her an object of pity. Her father was a dissenting minister in Bedfordshire. She has been twice married; her first husband was a school-master at Hackney, and nephew of a famous divine who wrote a Commentary on the Bible, and was chaplain to George III. She afterwards married a physician in Cambridgeshire (a Dr. S—), who is alleged to have treated her ill, and even to have attempted to poison her. She has no children; and, since the death of her husband, has passed through various grades, till she is now a cadger. She dresses becomingly in black, and sends in her card (Mrs. Dr. S—) to the houses whose occupants are known, or supposed, to be charitable. She talks with them for a certain time, and then draws forth a few boxes of lucifers, which, she says, she is compelled to sell for her living. These lucifers are merely excuses, of course, for begging; still, nothing is known to have ever transpired in her behaviour wholly unworthy of a distressed gentlewoman. She lives in private lodgings."

I continue the account of these habitations, and of their wretched occupants, from the pen of the same gentleman whose vicissitudes (partly self-procured) led him to several years' acquaintance with the subject.

"Padding-kens" (lodging-houses) in the country are certainly preferable abodes to those of St. Giles's, Westminster, or Whitechapel; but in country as in town, their condition is extremely filthy and disgusting; many of them are scarcely ever washed, and as to sweeping, once a week is miraculous. In most cases they swarm with vermin, and, except where their position is very airy, the ventilation is imperfect, and frequent sickness the necessary result. It is a matter of surprise that the nobility, clergy, and gentry of the realm should permit the existence of such horrid dwellings.

"I think," continues my informant, "that the majority of these poor wretches are without even the idea of respectability or 'home comforts,'—many of them must be ranked among the worst of our population. Some, who could live elsewhere, prefer these wretched abodes, because they answer various evil purposes. With beggars, paterers, hawkers, tramps, and vendors of their own manufacture, are mingled thieves, women of easy virtue, and men of no virtue at all; a few, and by far the smallest portion, are persons who once filled posts of credit and affluence, but whom bankruptcy, want of em-

ployment, or sickness has driven to these dismal retreats. The vast majority of London vagrants take their summer vacation in the country, and the 'dodges' of both are interchanged, and every new 'move' circulates in almost no time.

"I will endeavour to sketch a few of the most renowned 'performers' on this theatre of action. By far the most illustrious is 'Nicholas A—,' an ame known to the whole cadging fraternity as a *real* descendant from Bamfylde Moore Carew, and the 'prince of lurkers' and paterers for thirty years past. This man owes much of his success to his confessedly imposing appearance, and many of his escapes to the known respectability of his connections. His father—yet alive—is a retired captain in the Royal Navy, a gentleman of good private property, and one of her Majesty's justices of peace for the county of Devon—the southern extremity of which was the birth-place of Nicholas. But little is known of his early days. He went to school at Tavistock, where he received a good education, and began life by cheating his school-fellows.

"The foolish fondness of an indulgent mother, and some want of firmness in paternal discipline, accelerated the growth of every weed of infamy in Nicholas, and baffled every experiment, by sea and land, to 'set' him up in life.

"Scarcely was he out of his teens, when he honoured the sister country with his visits and his depredations. About the centre of Sackville-street, Dublin, there lived a wealthy silversmith of the name of Wise. Into his shop (accompanied by one of his *pals* in livery) went Nicholas, whose gentlemanly exterior, as I have already hinted, would disarm suspicion in a stranger.

"Good morning sir, is your name Wise?—Yes, sir.—Well, that is *my* name.—Indeed, of the English family, I suppose?—Yes, sir, East Kent.—Oh, indeed! related to the ladies of Leeds Castle, I presume?—I have the honour to be their brother.—James, is your name James or John?—Neither, sir, it is Jacob.—Oh, indeed! a very ancient name.—Well, I have occasion to give a party at the Corn Exchange Tavern, and I want a little plate on hire, can you supply me?—A very polite affirmative settled this part of the business. Plate to the amount of 150*l.* was selected and arranged, when Nicholas discovered that his pocket-book was at home (to complete the deception, his right arm was in a sling). 'Will you, Mr. Wise (you see my infirmity), write me a few lines?—With the greatest pleasure,' was the silversmith's reply.—'Well, let me see. "My dear, do not be surprised at this; I want 150*l.*, or all the money you can send, per bearer; I will explain at dinner-time." J. WISE.'

"Now, John, take this to your mistress, and be quick." As John was not very hasty in his return, Nicholas went to look for him, leaving a strict injunction that the plate should be sent to the Corn Exchange Tavern, as soon as the deposit was received. This happened at eleven

in the forenoon—the clock struck five and no return of either the master or the man.

"The jeweller left a message with his apprentice, and went home to his dinner. He was met at the door of his suburban villa by his 'better half,' who wondered what made him so late, and wished to know the nature of the exigency which had caused him to send home for so much money? The good man's perplexity was at an end when he saw his own handwriting on the note; and every means within the range of constabulary vigilance was taken to capture the offender, but Nicholas and his servant got clear off.

"This man's ingenuity was then taxed as to the next move, so he thought it expedient to *tax* somebody else. He went with his 'pal' to a miscellaneous repository, where they bought a couple of old ledgers—useful only as waste paper, a bag to hold money, two ink-bottles, &c. Thus equipped, they waited on the farmers of the district, and exhibited a 'fake-ment,' setting forth parliamentary authority for imposing a tax upon the geese! They succeeded to admiration, and weeks elapsed before the hoax was discovered. The coolness of thus assuming legislative functions, and being, at the same time, the executive power, has rarely been equalled.

"There is an old proverb, that 'It is an ill wind that blows *nobody* good.' The gallant 'captain' was domiciled at a lodging-house in Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, where he found all the lodgers complaining of the badness of the times—most of them were makers of nets. He sallied forth to all the general shops, and left his (fictitious) 'captain' card at each, with an order for an unusual number of nets. This 'dodge' gave a week's work to at least twenty poor people; but whether the shopkeepers were 'caught in a net,' or the articles were paid for and removed by the 'captain,' or whether it was a piece of pastime on his part, I did not stay long enough to ascertain.

"Nicholas A— is now in his sixty-second year, a perfect hypochondriac. On his own authority—and it is, no doubt, too true—he has been 'lurking' on every conceivable system, from forging a bill of exchange down to '*maundering on the fly*,' for the greater part of his life; and, excepting the 'hundred and thirteen times' he has been in provincial jails, society has endured the scourge of his deceptions for a quarter of a century at least. He now lives with a young prostitute in Portsmouth, and contributes to her wretched earnings an allowance of 5*s.* a week, paid to him by the attorney of a distant and disgusted relative."

The writer of this account was himself two whole years on the "monkry," before he saw a lodging-house for tramps; and the first he ever saw was one well-known to every paterer in Christendom, and whose fame he says is "gone out into all lands," for its wayfaring inmates are very proud of its popularity.

"It may be as well," writes the informant in question, "before submitting the following

account, to state that there are other, and more elaborate marks—the hieroglyphics of tramping—than those already given. I will accordingly explain them.

"Two hawkers (pals) go together, but separate when they enter a village, one taking each side of the road, and selling different things; and, so as to inform each other as to the character of the people at whose houses they call, they chalk certain marks on their door-posts:

"~ means 'Go on. I have called here; don't you call—it's no go.'

"+ means 'Stop—you may call here; they want' (for instance) 'what *you* sell, though not what *I* sell;' or else, 'They had no change when I was there, but may have it now;' or, 'If they don't buy, at least they'll treat you civilly.'

"~ on a corner-house, or a sign-post, means, 'I went this way;' or 'Go on in this direction.'

"+ on a corner-house, or sign-post, means 'Stop—don't go any further in this direction.'

"⊙ as before explained, means 'danger.'

"Like many other young men, I had lived above my income, and, too proud to crave parental forgiveness, had thrown off the bonds of authority for a life of adventure. I was now homeless upon the world. With a body capable of either exertion or fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified by danger, I endured rather than enjoyed my itinerant position. I sold small articles of Tunbridge ware, perfumery, &c. &c., and by 'munging' (begging) over them—sometimes in Latin—got a better living than I expected, or probably deserved. I was always of temperate and rather abstemious habits, but ignorant of the haunts of other wanderers, (whom I saw in dozens every day upon every road, and every conceivable pursuit) I took up my nightly quarters at a sort of third-rate public-houses, and supposed that my contemporaries did the same. How long my ignorance might have continued (if left to myself) I can hardly determine; an adventure at a road-side inn, however, removed the veil from my eyes, and I became gradually and speedily 'awake' to 'every move on the board.' It was a lovely evening in July, the air was serene and the scenery romantic; my own feelings were in unison with both, and enhanced perhaps by the fact that I had beguiled the last two miles of my deliberate walk with a page out of my pocket-companion, 'Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful.' I was now smoking my pipe and quaffing a pint of *real* 'Yorkshire stingo' in the 'keeping room' (a term which combines parlour and kitchen in one word) of a *real* 'Yorkshire village,' Dranfield, near Sheffield. A young person of the other sex was my only and accidental companion; she had been driven into the house by the over-officiousness of a vigilant village constable, who finding that she sold lace without a license, and—ininitely worse—refused to listen to his advances, had warned her to 'make herself scarce' at her 'earliest possible convenience.'

"Having elicited what I did for a living, she popped the startling question to me, 'Where do you "hang out" in Sheffield?' I told her that I had never been in Sheffield, and did not 'hang out' my little wares, but used my persuasive art to induce the purchase of them. The lady said, 'Well, you are "green." I mean, where do you *dos*?' This was no better, it seemed something like Greek,—*delta, omicron, sigma*, (I retain the "patterer's" own words to show the education of the class)—but the etymology was no relief to the perplexity. 'Where do you mean to sleep?' she inquired. I referred to my usual practice of adjourning to an humble public-house. My companion at once threw off all manner of disguise, and said, 'Well, sir, you are a young man that I have taken a liking to, and if you think you should like my company, I will take you to a lodging where there is plenty of travellers, and you will see "all sorts of life." I liked the girl's company, and our mutual acquiescence made us companions on the road. We had not got far before we met the aforesaid constable in company with an unmistakeable member of the Rural Police. They made some inquiries of me, which I thought exceeded their commission. I replied to them with a mutilated Ode of Horace, when they both determined that I was a Frenchman, and allowed us to 'go on our way rejoicing.'

"The smoky, though well-built, town of Sheffield was now near at hand. The daylight was past, and the 'shades of the evening were stretching out;' we were therefore enabled to journey through the thoroughfares without impertinent remarks, or perhaps any observation, except from a toothless old woman, of John Wesley's school, who was 'sorry to see two such nice young people going about the country,' and wondered if we 'ever thought of eternity!'

"After a somewhat tedious ramble, we arrived at Water-lane;—at the 'Bug-trap,' which from time immemorial has been the name of the most renowned lodging-house in that or perhaps any locality. Water-lane is a dark narrow street, crowded with human beings of the most degraded sort—the chosen atmosphere of cholera, and the stronghold of theft and prostitution. In less than half an hour, my fair companion and myself were sipping our tea, and eating Yorkshire cake in this same lodging-house.

"'God bless every happy couple!' was echoed from a rude stentorian voice, while a still ruder hand bumped down upon our tea-table a red earthen dish of no small dimensions, into which was poured, from the mouth of a capacious bag, fragments of fish, flesh, and fowl, viands and vegetables of every sort, intermingled with bits of cheese and dollops of Yorkshire pudding. The man to whom this heterogeneous mass belonged, appeared anything but satisfied with his lot. 'Well,' said he, 'I don't know what this 'ere monkry *will* come to, after a bit. Three bob and a tanner, and that there dish o' *seran* (enough to feed two families for a fortnight) 'is

all I got this blessed day since seven o'clock in the morning, and now it's nine at night.' I ventured to say something, but a remark, too base for repetition, 'put the stunners on me,' and I held my peace.

"I was here surprised, on conversing with my young female companion, to find that she went to church, said her prayers night and morning, and knew many of the collects, some of which she repeated, besides a pleasing variety of Dr. Watts's hymns. At the death of her mother, her father had given up housekeeping; and, being too fond of a wandering life, had led his only child into habits like his own.

"As the night advanced, the party at the 'Bug-trap' more than doubled. High-flyers, shallow-coves, turnpike-sailors, and swells out of luck, made up an assembly of fourscore human beings, more than half of whom were doomed to sleep on a 'make-shift'—in other words, on a platform, raised just ten inches above the floor of the garret, which it nearly equalled in dimensions. Here were to be huddled together, with very little covering, old men and women, young men and children, with no regard to age, sex, or propensities.

"The 'mot' of the 'ken' (nickname for 'matron of the establishment') had discovered that I was a 'more bettermost' sort of person, and hinted that, if I would 'come down' with twopence more (threepence was the regular nightly charge), I, 'and the young gal as I was with,' might have a little 'crib' to ourselves in a little room, along with another woman wot was married and had a 'kid,' and whose husband had got a month for 'griddling in the main drag' (singing in the high street), and being 'cheekish' (saucy) to the beadle.

"Next morning I bade adieu to the 'Bug-trap,' and I hope for ever."

The same informant further stated that he was some time upon "tramp" before he even knew of the existence of a common lodging-house: "After I had 'matriculated' at Sheffield," he says, "I continued some time going to public-houses to sleep, until my apparel having got shabby and my acquaintance with misfortune more general, I submitted to be the associate of persons whom I never spoke to out of doors, and whose even slight acquaintance I have long renounced. My first introduction to a London paddin' ken was in Whitechapel, the place was then called Cat and Wheel-alley (now Commercial-street). On the spot where St. Jude's church now stands was a double lodging-house, kept by a man named Shirley—one side of it was for single men and women, the other married couples; as these 'couples' made frequent exchanges, it is scarcely probable that Mr. Shirley ever 'asked to see their marriage lines.' These changes were, indeed, as common as they were disgusting. I knew two brothers (Birmingham nailers) who each brought a young woman out of service from the country. After a while each became dissatisfied

with his partner. The mistress of the house (an old procuress from Portsmouth) proposed that they should change their wives. They did so, to the amusement of nine other couples sleeping on the same floor, and some of whom followed the example, and more than once during the night.

"When Cat and Wheel-alley was pulled down, the crew removed to George-yard; the proprietor died, and his wife sold the concern to a wooden-legged Welshman named Hughes (commonly called 'Taff'). I was there some time. 'Taff' was a notorious receiver of stolen goods. I knew two little boys, who brought home six pairs of new Wellington boots, which this miscreant bought at 1s. per pair; and, when they had no luck, he would take the strap off his wooden-leg, and beat them through the nakedness of their rags. He boarded and lodged about a dozen Chelsea and Greenwich pensioners. These he used to follow and watch closely till they got paid; then (after they had settled with him) he would make them drunk, and rob them of the few shillings they had left.

"One of these dens of infamy may be taken as a specimen of the whole class. They have generally a spacious, though often ill-ventilated, kitchen, the dirty dilapidated walls of which are hung with prints, while a shelf or two are generally, though barely, furnished with crockery and kitchen utensils. In some places knives and forks are not provided, unless a penny is left with the 'deputy,' or manager, till they are returned. A brush of any kind is a stranger, and a looking-glass would be a miracle. The average number of nightly lodgers is in winter 70, and in summer (when many visit the provinces) from 40 to 45. The general charge is, if two sleep together, 3d. per night, or 4d. for a single bed. In either case, it is by no means unusual to find 18 or 20 in one small room, the heat and horrid smell from which are insufferable; and, where there are young children, the staircases are the lodgment of every kind of filth and abomination. In some houses there are rooms for families, where, on a rickety machine, which they dignify by the name of a bedstead, may be found the man, his wife, and a son or daughter, perhaps 18 years of age; while the younger children, aged from 7 to 14, sleep on the floor. If they have linen, they take it off to escape vermin, and rise naked, one by one, or sometimes brother and sister together. This is no ideal picture; the subject is too capable of being authenticated to need that meaningless or dishonest assistance called 'allowable exaggeration.' The amiable and deservedly popular minister of a district church, built among lodging-houses, has stated that he has found 29 human beings in one apartment; and that having with difficulty knelt down between two beds to pray with a dying woman, his legs became so jammed that he could hardly get up again.

"Out of some fourscore such habitations," continues my informant, "I have only found

two which had any sort of garden; and, I am happy to add, that in neither of these two was there a single case of cholera. In the others, however, the pestilence raged with terrible fury.

"Of all the houses of this sort, the best I know is the one (previously referred to) in Orchard-street, Westminster, and another in Seven Dials, kept by a Mr. Mann (formerly a wealthy butcher). Cleanliness is inscribed on every wall of the house; utensils of every kind are in abundance, with a plentiful supply of water and gas. The beds do not exceed five in a room, and they are changed every week. There is not one disorderly lodger; and although the master has sustained heavy losses, ill health, and much domestic affliction, himself and his house may be regarded as patterns of what is wanted for the London poor.

"As there is a sad similarity between these abodes, so there is a sort of *caste* belonging in general to the inmates. Of them it may be averred that whatever their pursuits, they are more or less alike in their views of men and manners. They hate the aristocracy. Whenever there is a rumour, or an announcement of an addition to the Royal Family, and the news reaches the pudding-ken, the kitchen, for half-an-hour, becomes the scene of uproar—'another expense coming on the b—y country!' The 'patterers' are very fond of the Earl of Carlisle, whom, in their attachment, they still call Lord Morpeth; they have read many of his lordship's speeches at *soirées*, &c., and they think he wishes well to a poor man. Sir James Graham had better not show face among them; they have an idea (whence derived we know not) that this nobleman invented fourpenny-pieces, and now, they say, the swells give a 'joey' where they used to give a 'tanner.' The hero of Waterloo is not much amiss 'if he lets politics alone.' The name of a bishop is but another name for a Beelzebub; but they are very fond of the inferior clergy. Lay-agents and tract-distributors they cannot bear; they think they are spies come to see how much 'scran' (food) they have got, and then go and 'pyson' the minds of the public against poor people.

"I was once (says our informant) in a house of this kind, in George-street, St. Giles's,—the missionary who visited them on that occasion (Sunday afternoon) had the misfortune to be suspected as the author of some recent exposure in the newspapers.—They accused him, and he rebutted the accusation; they replied, and he rejoined; at last one of the men said, 'What do you want poking your nose in here for?' 'The City Mission,' was the answer, 'had authorised —.' 'Authorised be d—d! are you ordained?' 'No, not yet, friend.' The women then tore the poor gentleman's nether garments in a way I must not describe. The men carried him into the yard, filled his mouth with flour of mustard and then put him in a water-butt.

"It is, I am satisfied, quite a mistake to

suppose that there is much real infidelity among these outcast beings. They almost all believe in a hereafter; most of them think that the wicked will be punished for a few years, and then the whole universe of people be embraced in the arms of one Great Forgiving Father. Some of them think that the wicked will not rise at all; the punishment of 'losing Heaven' being as they say 'Hell enough for anybody.' Points of doctrine they seldom meddle with.

"There are comparatively few Dissenters to be found in padding-kens, though many whose parents were Dissenters. My own opinion (writes my informant) is, that dissent seldom lasts long in one family. In eight years' experience I have found two hundred apparently pious men and women, and at least two thousand who call themselves Protestants, but never go to any church or chapel.

"The politics of these classes are, perhaps, for the most part, 'liberal Tory.' In most lodging-houses they take one or two papers: the *Weekly Dispatch*, and *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, are the two usually taken. I know of no exception to this rule. The beggars hate a Whig Ministry, and I know that many a tear was shed in the hovels and cellars of London when Sir Robert Peel died. I know a publican, in Westminster, whose daily receipts are enormous, and whose only customers are soldiers, thieves, and prostitutes, who closed his house the day of the funeral, and put himself, his family, and even his beer-machines and gas-pipes, into mourning for the departed statesman.

"The pattering fraternity, that I write of, are generally much given to intemperance. Their amusements are the theatre, the free-and-easy, the skittle-ground, and sometimes cards and dominoes. They read some light works, and some of them subscribe to libraries, and a few, very few, attend lectures. Eliza Cook is a favourite writer with them, and Capt. Marryatt, the 'top-sawyer,' as a novelist. Ainsworth is the idol of another class, when they can read. Mr. Dickens was a favourite, but he has gone down sadly in the scale since his *Household Words* 'came it so strong' against the begging letter department. These poor creatures seldom rise in society. They make no effort to extricate themselves, while by others they are unpitied because unknown. To this rule, however, there are some happy and honourable exceptions.

"Taken as a body, patters, lurkers, &c. are by no means quick-sighted as to the sanctions of moral obligation. They would join the hue and cry against the persecutors of Jane Wilbred, but a promiscuous robbery, even accompanied by murder—if it was 'got up clever' and 'done clean,' so long as the parties escaped detection—might call forth a remark that 'there was no great harm done,' and perhaps some would applaud the perpetrators."

Before quitting this part of my subject (viz. the character, habits, and opinions of all classes of patters), I will give an account of the pre-

tended missionary proceedings of a man, well-known to the vagrant fraternity as "Chelsea George." I received the following narrative from the gentleman whose statements I have given previously. The scheme was concocted in a low lodging-house:

"After a career of incessant 'lurking' and deceit, Chelsea George left England, and remained abroad," writes my informant, "four or five years. Exposure to the sun, and allowing his beard to grow a prodigious length, gave him the appearance of a foreigner. He had picked up enough French and Italian, with a little Dutch and German, and a smattering of Spanish, to enable him to 'hail for any part of the globe,' and from the designed inarticulateness with which he spoke (sometimes four languages in one sentence) added to his sun-burnt and grotesque appearance, it was difficult to pall him upon any racket (detect him in any pretence), so that the most incredulous,—though often previously imposed upon—gave credence to his story, relief to his supposed necessities, and sometimes letters of introduction to their friends and neighbours.

"Some time after his return to England, and while pursuing the course of a 'high-flyer' (genteel beggar), he met with an interruption to his pursuits which induced him to alter his plan without altering his behaviour. The newspapers of the district, where he was then located, had raised before the eye and mind of the public, what the 'patters' of his class proverbially call a 'stink,'—that is, had opened the eyes of the unwary to the movements of 'Chelsea George;' and although he ceased to renew his appeals from the moment he heard of the notice of him, his appearance was so accurately described that he was captured and committed to Winchester jail as a rogue and vagabond. The term of his imprisonment has escaped my recollection. As there was no definite charge against him, probably he was treated as an ordinary vagrant and suffered a calendar month in durance. The silent system was not then in vogue, consequently there existed no barrier to mutual intercourse between prisoners, with all its train of conscience-hardening tendencies. I do not say this to intimate unqualified approval of the solitary system, I merely state a fact which has an influence on my subject.

"George had by this time scraped acquaintance with two fellow-prisoners—Jew Jim and Russia Bob. The former in 'quod' for 'pattering' as a 'converted Jew,' the latter for obtaining money under equally false, though less theological, pretences.

"Liberated about one time, this trio laid their heads together,—and the result was a plan to evangelize, or rather victimize, the inhabitants of the collier villages in Staffordshire and the adjoining counties. To accomplish this purpose, some novel and imposing representation must be made, both to lull suspicion and give the air of piety to the plan, and disinterestedness to the agents by whom it was carried out.

"George and his two fellow-labourers were 'square-rigged'—that is, well dressed. Something, however, must be done to colour up the scene, and make the appeal for money touching, unsuspected, and successful. Just before the time to which I allude, a missionary from Sierra Leone had visited the larger towns of the district in question, while the inhabitants of the surrounding hamlets had been left in ignorance of the 'progress of missions in Africa and the East.' George and his comrades thought it would be no great harm at once to enlighten and fleece this scattered and anxious population. The plan was laid in a town of some size and facility. They 'raised the wind' to an extent adequate to some alteration of their appearances, and got bills printed to set forth the merits of the cause. The principal actor was Jew Jim, a converted Israelite, with 'reverend' before his name, and half the letters of the alphabet behind it. He had been in all the islands of the South Sea, on the coast of Africa, all over Hindostan, and half over the universe; and after assuring the villagers of Torryburn that he had carried the Gospel to various dark and uninhabited parts of the earth, he introduced Russia Bob (an Irishman who had, however, been in Russia) as his worthy and self-denying colleague, and Chelsea George as the first-fruits of their ministry—as one who had left houses and land, wife and children, and taken a long and hazardous voyage to show Christians in England that their sable brethren, children of one common Parent, were beginning to cast their idols to the moles and to the bats. Earnest was the gaze and breathless the expectation with which the poor deluded colliers of Torry-burn listened to this harangue; and as argument always gains by illustration, the orator pulled out a tremendous black doll, bought for a 'flag' (fourpence) of a retired rag-merchant, and dressed up in Oriental style. This, Jew Jim assured the audience, was an idol brought from Murat in Hindostan. He presented it to Chelsea George for his worship and embraces. The convert indignantly repelled the insinuation, pushed the idol from him, spat in its face, and cut as many capers as a dancing-bear. The trio at this stage of the performances began 'puckering' (talking privately) to each other in murdered French, dashed with a little Irish; after which, the missionaries said that their convert (who had only a few words of English) would now profess his faith. All was attention as Chelsea George came forward. He stroked his beard, put his hand in his breast to keep down his dickey, and turning his eyes upwards, said: 'I believe in Desus Tist—d'lory to 'is 'oly Name!'

"This elicited some loud 'amens' from an assemblage of nearly 1,000 persons, and catching the favourable opportunity, a 'school of pals,' appointed for the purpose, went round and made the collection. Out of the abundance of their credulity and piety the populace contributed sixteen pounds! The whole scene was enacted out of doors, and presented to a

stranger very pleasing impressions. I was present on the occasion, but was not then aware of the dodge. One verse of a hymn, and the blessing pronounced, was the signal for separation. A little shaking of hands concluded the exhibition, and 'every man went into his own house.'

"The missionary party and their 'pals' took the train to Manchester, and as none of them were teetotallers, the proceeds of their imposition did not last long. They were just putting on their considering caps, for the contrivance of another dodge, when a gentleman in blue clothes came into the tap-room, and informed Jew Jim that he was 'wanted.' It appears that 'Jem' had come out of prison a day or two before his comrades, and being 'hard up,' had ill-used a lady, taken her purse, and appropriated its contents. Inquiries, at first useless, had now proved successful—the 'missionary' stood his trial, and got an 'appointment' on Norfolk Island. Russia Bob took the cholera and died, and 'George the convert' was once more left alone to try his hand at something else."

OF THE LOW LODGING-HOUSES OF LONDON.

THE patters, as a class, usually frequent the low lodging-houses. I shall therefore now proceed to give some further information touching the abodes of these people—reminding the reader that I am treating of patters in general, and not of any particular order, as the "paper workers."

In applying the epithet "low" to these places, I do but adopt the word commonly applied, either in consequence of the small charge for lodging, or from the character of their frequenters. To some of these domiciles, however, as will be shown, the epithet, in an opprobrious sense, is unsuited.

An intelligent man, familiar for some years with some low lodging-house life, specified the quarters where those abodes are to be found, and divided them into the following districts, the correctness of which I caused to be ascertained.

Drury-lane District. Here the low lodging-houses are to be found principally in the Coal-yard, Charles-street, King-street, Parker-street, Short's-gardens, Great and Little Wyld-streets, Wyld-court, Lincoln-court, Newton-street, Star-court.

Gray's-inn Lane. Fox-court, Charlotte-buildings, Spread Eagle-court, Portpool-lane, Bell-court, Baldwin's-gardens, Pheasant-court, Union-buildings, Laystall-street, Cromer-street, Fulwood's-rents (High Holborn).

Chancery-lane. Church-passage, and the Liberty of the Rolls.

Bloomsbury. George-street, Church-lane, Queen-street, Seven-dials, Puckeridge-street (commonly called the Holy Land).

Saffron-hill and Clerkenwell. Peter-street, Cow-cross, Turnmill-street, Upper and Lower White-cross-street, St. Helen's-place, Playhouse-yard, Chequer-alley, Field-lane, Great Saffron-hill.

Westminster. Old and New Pye-streets, Ann-

street, Orchard-street, Perkins's-rents, Rochester-row.

Lambeth. Lambeth-walk, New-cut.

Marylebone. York-court, East-street.

St. Pancras. Brooke-street.

Paddington. Chapel-street, Union-court.

Shoreditch. Baker's-rents, Cooper's-gardens.

Islington. Angel-yard.

Whitechapel, Spitalfields, &c. George-yard, Thrawl-street, Flower and Dean-street, Wentworth-street, Keate-street, Rosemary-lane, Glasshouse-yard, St. George's-street, Lambeth-street, Whitechapel, High-street.

Borough. Mint-street, Old Kent-street, Long-lane, Bermondsey.

Stratford. High-street.

Limehouse. Hold (commonly called Hole).

Deptford. Mill-lane, Church-street, Gifford-street.

There are other localities, (as in Mile-end, Ratcliffe-highway, Shadwell, Wapping, and Lisson-grove,) where low lodging-houses are to be found; but the places I have specified may be considered the *districts* of these hotels for the poor. The worst places, both as regards filth and immorality, are in St. Giles's and Wentworth-street, Whitechapel. The best are in Orchard-street, Westminster (the thieves having left it in consequence of the recent alterations and gone to New Pye-street), and in the Mint, Borough. In the last-mentioned district, indeed, some of the proprietors of the lodging-houses have provided considerable libraries for the use of the inmates. In the White Horse, Mint-street, for instance, there is a collection of 500 volumes, on all subjects, bought recently, and having been the contents of a circulating library, advertised for sale in the *Weekly Dispatch*.

Of lodging-houses for "travellers" the largest is known as the Farm House, in the Mint: it stands away from any thoroughfare, and lying low is not seen until the visitor stands in the yard. Tradition rumour states that the house was at one time Queen Anne's, and was previously Cardinal Wolsey's. It was probably some official residence. In this lodging-house are forty rooms, 200 beds (single and double), and accommodation for 200 persons. It contains three kitchens,—of which the largest, at once kitchen and sitting-room, holds 400 people, for whose uses in cooking there are two large fire-places. The other two kitchens are used only on Sundays; when one is a preaching-room, in which missionaries from Surrey Chapel (the Rev. James Sherman's), or some minister or gentleman of the neighbourhood, officiates. The other is a reading-room, supplied with a few newspapers and other periodicals; and thus, I was told, the religious and irreligious need not clash. For the supply of these papers each person pays 1d. every Sunday morning; and as the sum so collected is more than is required for the expenses of the reading-room, the surplus is devoted to the help of the members in sickness, under the

management of the proprietor of the lodging-house, who appears to possess the full confidence of his inmates. The larger kitchen is detached from the sleeping apartments, so that the lodgers are not annoyed with the odour of the cooking of fish and other food consumed by the poor; for in lodging-houses every sojourner is his own cook. The meal in most demand is tea, usually with a herring, or a piece of bacon.

The yard attached to the Farm House, in Mint-street, covers an acre and a half; in it is a washing-house, built recently, the yard itself being devoted to the drying of the clothes—washed by the customers of the establishment. At the entrance to this yard is a kind of porter's lodge, in which reside the porter and his wife who act as the "deputies" of the lodging-house. This place has been commended in sanitary reports, for its cleanliness, good order, and care for decency, and for a proper division of the sexes. On Sundays there is no charge for lodging to known customers; but this is a general practice among the low lodging-houses of London.

In contrast to this house I could cite many instances, but I need do no more in this place than refer to the statements, which I shall proceed to give; some of these were collected in the course of a former inquiry, and are here given because the same state of things prevails now. I was told by a trustworthy man that not long ago he was compelled to sleep in one of the lowest (as regards cheapness) of the lodging-houses. All was dilapidation, filth, and noisomeness. In the morning he drew, for purposes of ablution, a basinful of water from a pailful kept in the room. In the water were floating alive, or apparently alive, bugs and lice, which my informant was convinced had fallen from the ceiling, shaken off by the tread of some one walking in the rickety apartments above!

"Ah, sir," said another man with whom I conversed on the subject, "if you had lived in the lodging-houses, you would say what a vast difference a penny made,—it's often all in all. It's 4d. in the Mint House you've been asking me about; you've sleep and comfort there, and I've seen people kneel down and say their prayers afore they went to bed. Not so many, though. Two or three in a week at nights, perhaps. And it's wholesome and sweet enough there, and large separate beds; but in other places there's nothing to smell or feel but bugs. When daylight comes in the summer—and it's often either as hot as hell or as cold as icicles in those places; but in summer, as soon as its light, if you turn down the coverlet, you'll see them a-going it like Cheapside when it's strongest." The poor man seemed to shudder at the recollection.

One informant counted for me 180 of these low lodging-houses; and it is reasonable to say that there are, in London, at least 200 of them. The average number of beds in each was computed for me, by persons cognizant of such

matters, from long and often woful experience, at 52 single or 24 double beds, where the house might be confined to single men or single women lodgers, or to married or pretentiously married couples, or to both classes. In either case, we may calculate the number that can be, and generally are, accommodated at 50 per house; for children usually sleep with their parents, and 50 may be the lowest computation. We have thus no fewer than 10,000 persons domiciled, more or less permanently, in the low lodging-houses of London—a number more than doubling the population of many a parliamentary borough.

The proprietors of these lodging-houses mostly have been, I am assured, vagrants, or, to use the civiler and commoner word, "travellers" themselves, and therefore sojourners, on all necessary occasions, in such places. In four cases out of five I believe this to be the case. The proprietors have raised capital sufficient to start with, sometimes by gambling at races, sometimes by what I have often, and very vaguely, heard described as a "run of luck;" and sometimes, I am assured, by the proceeds of direct robbery. A few of the proprietors may be classed as capitalists. One of them, who has a country house in Hampstead, has six lodging-houses in or about Thrawl-street, Whitechapel. He looks in at each house every Saturday, and calls his deputies—for he has a deputy in each house—to account; he often institutes a stringent check. He gives a poor fellow money to go and lodge in one of his houses, and report the number present. Sometimes the person so sent meets with the laconic repulse—"Full;" and woe to the deputy if his return do not evince this fulness. Perhaps one in every fifteen of the low lodging-houses in town is also a beer-shop. Very commonly so in the country.

To "start" a low lodging-house is not a very costly matter. Furniture which will not be saleable in the ordinary course of auction, or of any traffic, is bought by a lodging-house "starter." A man possessed of some money, who took an interest in a bricklayer, purchased for 20l., when the Small Pox Hospital, by King's-cross, was pulled down, a sufficiency of furniture for four lodging-houses, in which he "started" the man in question. None others would buy this furniture, from a dread of infection.

It was the same at Marlborough-house, Peckham, after the cholera had broken out there. The furniture was sold to a lodging-house keeper, at 9d. each article. "Big and little, sir," I was told; "a penny pot and a bedstead—all the same; each 9d. Nobody else would buy."

To about three-fourths of the low lodging-houses of London, are "deputies." These are the conductors or managers of the establishment, and are men or women (and not unfrequently a married, or proclaimed a married couple), and about in equal proportion. These deputies are paid from 7s. to 15s. a week each,

according to the extent of their supervision; their lodging always, and sometimes their board, being at the cost of "the master." According to the character of the lodging-house, the deputies are civil and decent, or roguish and insolent. Their duty is not only that of general superintendence, but in some of the houses of a nocturnal inspection of the sleeping-rooms; the deputy's business generally keeping him up all night. At the better-conducted houses strangers are not admitted after twelve at night; in others, there is no limitation as to hours.

The rent of the low lodging-houses varies, I am informed, from 8s. to 20s. a week, the payment being for the most part weekly; the taxes and rates being of course additional. It is rarely that the landlord, or his agent, can be induced to expend any money in repairs,—the wear and tear of the floors, &c., from the congregating together of so many human beings being excessive: this expenditure in consequence falls upon the tenant.

Some of the lodging-houses present no appearance differing from that of ordinary houses; except, perhaps, that their exterior is dirtier. Some of the older houses have long flat windows on the ground-floor, in which there is rather more paper, or other substitutes, than glass. "The windows there, sir," remarked one man, "are not to let the light in, but to keep the cold out."

In the abodes in question there seems to have become tacitly established an arrangement as to what character of lodgers shall resort thither; the thieves, the prostitutes, and the better class of street-sellers or traders, usually resorting to the houses where they will meet the same class of persons. The patterers reside chiefly in Westminster and Whitechapel.

Some of the lodging-houses are of the worst class of low brothels, and some may even be described as brothels for children.

On many of the houses is a rude sign, "Lodgings for Travellers, 3d. a night. Boiling water always ready," or the same intimation may be painted on a window-shutter, where a shutter is in existence. A few of the better order of these housekeepers post up small bills, inviting the attention of "travellers," by laudations of the cleanliness, good beds, abundant water, and "gas all night," to be met with. The same parties also give address-cards to travellers, who can recommend one another.

The beds are of flock, and as regards the mere washing of the rug, sheet, and blanket, which constitute the bed-furniture, are in better order than they were a few years back; for the visitations of the cholera alarmed even the reckless class of vagrants, and those whose avocations relate to vagrants. In perhaps a tenth of the low lodging-houses of London, a family may have a room to themselves, with the use of the kitchen, at so much a week—generally 2s. 6d. for a couple without family, and 3s. 6d. where there are children. To let out "beds" by the night is however the general rule.

The illustration presented this week is of a place in Fox-court, Gray's-inn-lane, long notorious as a "chieves' house," but now far less frequented. On the visit, a few months back, of an informant (who declined staying there), a number of boys were lying on the floor gambling with marbles and halfpennies, and indulging in savage or unmeaning blasphemy. One of the lads jumped up, and murmuring something that it wouldn't do to be idle any longer, induced a woman to let him have a halfpenny for "a stall;" that is, as a pretext with which to enter a shop for the purpose of stealing, the display of the coin forming an excuse for his entrance. On the same occasion a man walked into "the kitchen," and coolly pulled from underneath the back of his smock-frock a large flat piece of bacon, for which he wanted a customer. It would be sold at a fourth of its value.

I am assured that the average takings of lodging-house keepers may be estimated at 17s. 6d. a night, not to say 20s.; but I adopt the lower calculation. This gives a weekly payment by the struggling poor, the knavish, and the out-cast, of 1,000 guineas weekly, or 52,000 guineas in the year. Besides the rent and taxes, the principal expenditure of the lodging-house proprietors is for coals and gas. In some of the better houses, blacking, brushes, and razors are supplied, without charge, to the lodgers: also pen and ink, soap, and, almost always, a newspaper. For the meals of the frequenters salt is supplied gratuitously, and sometimes, but far less frequently, pepper also; never vinegar or mustard. Sometimes a halfpenny is charged for the use of a razor and the necessary shaving apparatus. In one house in Kent-street, the following distich adorns the mantel-piece:

"To save a journey up the town,
A razor lent here for a brown:
But if you think the price too high,
I beg you won't the razor try."

In some places a charge of a halfpenny is made for hot water, but that is very rarely the case. Strong drink is admitted at almost any hour in the majority of the houses, and the deputy is generally ready to bring it; but little is consumed in the houses, those addicted to the use or abuse of intoxicating liquors preferring the tap-room or the beer-shop.

OF THE FILTH, DISHONESTY, AND IMMORALITY OF LOW LODGING-HOUSES.

In my former and my present inquiries, I received many statements on this subject. Some details, given by coarse men and boys in the grossest language, are too gross to be more than alluded to, but the full truth must be manifested, if not detailed. It was remarked when my prior account appeared, that the records of gross profligacy on the part of some of the most licentious of the rich (such as the late Marquis of Hertford and other worthies of the same depraved habits) were equalled, or nearly equalled, by the account of the orgies of the lowest lodging-

houses. Sin, in any rank of life, shows the same features.

And first, as to the want of cleanliness, comfort, and decency: "Why, sir," said one man, who had filled a commercial situation of no little importance, but had, through intemperance, been reduced to utter want, "I myself have slept in the top room of a house not far from Drury-lane, and you could study the stars, if you were so minded, through the holes left by the slates having been blown off the roof. It was a fine summer's night, and the openings in the roof were then rather an advantage, for they admitted air, and the room wasn't so foul as it might have been without them. I never went there again, but you may judge what thoughts went through a man's mind—a man who had seen prosperous days—as he lay in a place like that, without being able to sleep, watching the sky."

The same man told me (and I received abundant corroboration of his statement, besides that incidental mention of the subject occurs elsewhere), that he had scraped together a handful of bugs from the bed-clothes, and crushed them under a candlestick, and had done that many a time, when he could only resort to the lowest places. He had slept in rooms so crammed with sleepers—he believed there were 30 where 12 would have been a proper number—that their breaths in the dead of night and in the unventilated chamber, rose (I use his own words) "in one foul, choking steam of stench." This was the case most frequently a day or two prior to Greenwich Fair or Epsom Races, when the congregation of the wandering classes, who are the supporters of the low lodging-houses, was the thickest. It was not only that two or even three persons jammed themselves into a bed not too large for one full-sized man; but between the beds—and their partition one from another admitted little more than the passage of a lodger—were placed shakes-down, or temporary accommodation for nightly slumber. In the better lodging-houses the shake-downs are small palliasses or mattresses; in the worst, they are bundles of rags of any kind; but loose straw is used only in the country for shake-downs. One informant saw a traveller, who had arrived late, eye his shake-down in one of the worst houses with anything but a pleased expression of countenance; and a surly deputy, observing this, told the customer he had his choice, "which," the deputy added, "it's not all men as has, or I shouldn't have been waiting here on you. But you has your choice, I tell you;—sleep there on that shake-down, or turn out and be d—; that's fair." At some of the busiest periods, numbers sleep on the kitchen floor, all huddled together, men and women (when indecencies are common enough), and without bedding or anything but their scanty clothes to soften the hardness of the stone or brick floor. A penny is saved to the lodger by this means. More than 200 have been accommodated in this way in a large



THE STREET-SELLER OF CROCKERY-WARE

BARTERING FOR OLD CLOTHES.

From a Photograph.

house. The Irish, at harvest-time, very often resort to this mode of passing the night.

I heard from several parties, of the surprise, and even fear or horror, with which a decent mechanic—more especially if he were accompanied by his wife—regarded one of these foul dens, when destitution had driven him there for the first time in his life. Sometimes such a man was seen to leave the place abruptly, though perhaps he had pre-paid his last half-penny for the refreshment of a night's repose. Sometimes he was seized with sickness. I heard also from some educated persons who had "seen better days," of the disgust with themselves and with the world, which they felt on first entering such places. "And I have some reason to believe," said one man, "that a person, once well off, who has sunk into the very depths of poverty, often makes his first appearance in one of the worst of those places. Perhaps it is because he keeps away from them as long as he can, and then, in a sort of desperation fit, goes into the cheapest he meets with; or if he knows it's a vile place, he very likely says to himself—I did—I may as well know the worst at once."

Another man who had moved in good society, said, when asked about his resorting to a low lodging-house: "When a man's lost caste in society, he may as well go the whole hog, bristles and all, and a low lodging-house is the entire pig."

Notwithstanding many abominations, I am assured that the lodgers, in even the worst of these habitations, for the most part sleep soundly. But they have, in all probability, been out in the open air the whole of the day, and all of them may go to their couches, after having walked, perhaps, many miles, exceedingly fatigued, and some of them half-drunk. "Why, in course, sir," said a "traveller," whom I spoke to on this subject, "if you is in a country town or village, where there's only one lodging-house, perhaps, and that a bad one—an old hand can always suit his-self in London—you *must* get half-drunk, or your money for your bed is wasted. There's so much rest owing to you, after a hard day; and bugs and bad air'll prevent its being paid, if you don't lay in some stock of beer, or liquor of some sort, to sleep on. It's a duty you owes yourself; but, if you haven't the browns, why, then, in course, you can't pay it." I have before remarked, and, indeed, have given instances, of the odd and sometimes original manner in which an intelligent patterer, for example, will express himself.

The information I obtained in the course of this inquiry into the condition of low lodging-houses, afforded a most ample corroboration of the truth of a remark I have more than once found it necessary to make before—that persons of the vagrant class will sacrifice almost anything for warmth, not to say heat. Otherwise, to sleep, or even sit, in some of the apartments of these establishments would be intolerable.

From the frequent state of weariness to which I have alluded, there is generally less conversation among the frequenters of the low lodging-houses than might be expected. Some are busy cooking, some (in the better houses) are reading, many are drowsy and nodding, and many are smoking. In perhaps a dozen places of the worst and filthiest class, indeed, smoking is permitted even in the sleeping-rooms; but it is far less common than it was even half-a-dozen years back, and becomes still less common yearly. Notwithstanding so dangerous a practice, fires are and have been very unfrequent in these places. There is always some one awake, which is one reason. The lack of conversation, I ought to add, and the weariness and drowsiness, are less observable in the lodging-houses patronised by thieves and women of abandoned character, whose lives are comparatively idle, and whose labour a mere nothing. In their houses, if the conversation be at all general, it is often of the most unclean character. At other times it is carried on in groups, with abundance of whippers, shrugs, and slang, by the members of the respective schools of thieves or lurkers.

I have now to speak of the habitual violation of all the injunctions of law, of all the obligations of morality, and of all the restraints of decency, seen continually in the vilest of the lodging-houses. I need but cite a few facts, for to detail minutely might be to disgust. In some of these lodging-houses, the proprietor—or, I am told, it might be more correct to say, the proprietress, as there are more women than men engaged in the nefarious traffic carried on in these houses—are "fences," or receivers of stolen goods in a small way. Their "fencing," unless as the very exception, does not extend to any plate, or jewellery, or articles of value, but is chiefly confined to provisions, and most of all to those which are of ready sale to the lodgers.

Of very ready sale are "fish got from the gate" (stolen from Billingsgate); "sawney" (stolen bacon), and "flesh found in Leadenhall" (butcher's-meat stolen from that market). I was told by one of the most respectable tradesmen in Leadenhall-market, that it was infested—but not now to so great an extent as it was—with lads and young men, known there as "finders." They carry bags round their necks, and pick up bones, or offal, or pieces of string, or bits of papers, or "anything, sir, please, that a poor lad, that has neither father nor mother, and is werry hungry, can make a ha'penny by to get him a bit of bread, please, sir." This is often but a cover for stealing pieces of meat, and the finders, with their proximate market for disposal of their meat in the lowest lodging-houses in Whitechapel, go boldly about their work, for the butchers, if the "finder" be detected, "won't," I was told by a sharp youth who then was at a low lodging-house in Keate-street, "go bothering themselves to a beak, but gives you a scruff of the neck and a kick and lets you go. But some of them kicks

werry hard." The tone and manner of this boy—and it is a common case enough with the "prigs"—showed that he regarded hard kicking merely as one of the inconveniences to which his business-pursuits were unavoidably subjected; just as a struggling housekeeper might complain of the unwelcome calls of the tax-gatherers. These depredations are more frequent in Leadenhall-market than in any of the others, on account of its vicinity to Whitechapel. Even the Whitechapel meat-market is less the scene of prey, for it is a series of shops, while Leadenhall presents many stalls, and the finders seem loath to enter shops without some plausible pretext.

Groceries, tea especially, stolen from the docks, warehouses, or shops, are things in excellent demand among the customers of a lodging-house fence. Tea, known or believed to have been stolen "genuine" from any dock, is bought and sold very readily; 1s. 6d., however, is a not unfrequent price for what is known as 5s. tea. Sugar, spices, and other descriptions of stolen grocery, are in much smaller request.

Wearing-apparel is rarely bought by the fences I am treating of; but the stealers of it can and do offer their wares to the lodgers, who will often, before buying, depreciate the garment, and say "It's never been nothing better nor a Moses."

"Hens and chickens" are a favourite theft, and "go at once to the pot," but in no culinary sense. The hens and chickens of the roguish low lodging-houses are the publicans' pewter measures; the bigger vessels are "hens;" the smaller are "chickens." Facilities are provided for the melting of these stolen vessels, and the metal is sold by the thief—very rarely if ever, by the lodging-house keeper, who prefers dealing with the known customers of the establishment—to marine-store buyers.

A man who at one time was a frequenter of a thieves' lodging-house, related to me a conversation which he chanced to overhear—he himself being then in what his class would consider a much superior line of business—between a sharp lad, apparently of twelve or thirteen years of age, and a lodging-house (female) fence. But it occurred some three or four years back. The lad had "found" a piece of Christmas beef, which he offered for sale to his landlady, averring that it weighed 6 lbs. The fence said and swore that it wouldn't weigh 3 lbs., but she would give him 5d. for it. It probably weighed above 4 lbs. "Fip-pence!" exclaimed the lad, indignantly; "you haven't no fairness. Vy, its sixpun' and Christmas time. Fip-pence! A tanner and a flag (a sixpence and a four-penny piece) is the werry lowest terms." There was then a rapid and interrupted colloquy, in which the most frequent words were: "Go to blazes!" with retorts of "You go to blazes!" and after strong and oathful imputations of dishonest endeavours on the part of each contracting

party, to over-reach the other, the meat was sold to the woman for 6d.

Some of the "fences" board, lodge, and clothe, two or three boys or girls, and send them out regularly to thieve, the fence usually taking all the proceeds, and if it be the young thief has been successful, he is rewarded with a trifle of pocket-money, and is allowed plenty of beer and tobacco.

One man, who keeps three low lodging-houses (one of which is a beer-shop), not long ago received from a lodger a valuable great-coat, which the man said he had taken from a gig. The fence (who was in a larger way of business than others of his class, and is reputed rich,) gave 10s. for the garment, asking at the same time, "Who was minding the gig?" "A charity kid," was the answer. "Give him a deuce" (2d.), "and stall him off" (send him an errand), said the fence, "and bring the horse and gig, and I'll buy it." It was done, and the property was traced in two hours, but only as regarded the gig, which had already had a new pair of wheels attached to it, and was so metamorphosed, that the owner, a medical gentleman, though he had no moral doubt on the subject, could not swear to his own vehicle. The thief received only 4l. for gig and horse; the horse was never traced.

The licentiousness of the frequenters, and more especially of the juvenile frequenters, of the low lodging-houses, must be even more briefly alluded to. In some of these establishments, men and women, boys and girls,—but perhaps in no case, or in very rare cases, unless they are themselves consenting parties, herd together promiscuously. The information which I have given from a reverend informant indicates the nature of the proceedings, when the sexes are herded indiscriminately, and it is impossible to present to the reader, in full particularity, the records of the vice practised.

Boys have boastfully carried on loud conversations, and from distant parts of the room, of their triumphs over the virtue of girls, and girls have laughed at and encouraged the recital. Three, four, five, six, and even more boys and girls have been packed, head and feet, into one small bed; some of them perhaps never met before. On such occasions any clothing seems often enough to be regarded as merely an incumbrance. Sometimes there are loud quarrels and revilings from the jealousy of boys and girls, and more especially of girls whose "chaps" have deserted or been inveigled from them. At others, there is an amicable interchange of partners, and next day a resumption of their former companionship. One girl, then fifteen or sixteen, who had been leading this vicious kind of life for nearly three years, and had been repeatedly in prison, and twice in hospitals—and who expressed a strong desire to "get out of the life" by emigration—said: "Whatever that's bad and wicked, that any one can fancy could be

done in such places among boys and girls that's never been taught, or won't be taught, better, is done, and night after night." In these haunts of low iniquity, or rather in the room into which the children are put, there are seldom persons above twenty. The younger lodgers in such places live by thieving and pocket-picking, or by prostitution. The charge for a night's lodging is generally 2d., but smaller children have often been admitted for 1d. If a boy or girl resort to one of these dens at night without the means of defraying the charge for accommodation, the "mot of the ken" (mistress of the house) will pack them off, telling them plainly that it will be no use their returning until they have stolen something worth 2d. If a boy or girl do not return in the evening, and have not been heard to express their intention of going elsewhere, the first conclusion arrived at by their mates is that they have "got into trouble" (prison).

The indiscriminate admixture of the sexes among adults, in many of these places, is another evil. Even in some houses considered of the better sort, men and women, husbands and wives, old and young, strangers and acquaintances, sleep in the same apartment, and if they choose, in the same bed. Any remonstrance at some act of gross depravity, or impropriety on the part of a woman not so utterly hardened as the others, is met with abuse and derision. One man who described these scenes to me, and had long witnessed them, said that almost the only women who ever hid their faces or manifested dislike of the proceedings they could not but notice (as far as he saw), were poor Irishwomen, generally those who live by begging: "But for all that," the man added, "an Irishman or Irishwoman of that sort will sleep anywhere, in any mess, to save a halfpenny, though they may have often a few shillings, or a good many, hidden about them."

There is no provision for purposes of decency in some of the places I have been describing, into which the sexes are herded indiscriminately; but to this matter I can only allude. A policeman, whose duty sometimes called him to enter one of those houses at night, told me that he never entered it without feeling sick.

There are now fewer of such filthy receptacles than there were. Some have been pulled down—especially for the building of Commercial-street, in Whitechapel, and of New Oxford-street—and some have fallen into fresh and improved management. Of those of the worst class, however, there may now be at least thirty in London; while the low lodgings of all descriptions, good or bad, are more frequented than they were a few years back. A few new lodging-houses, perhaps half a dozen, have been recently opened, in expectation of a great influx of "travellers" and vagrants at the opening of the Great Exhibition.

OF THE CHILDREN IN LOW LODGING-HOUSES.

THE informant whose account of patterers and of vagrant life in its other manifestations I have already given, has written from personal knowledge and observation the following account of the children in low lodging-houses:

"Of the mass of the indigent and outcast," he says, "of whom the busy world know nothing, except from an occasional paragraph in the newspaper, the rising generation, though most important, is perhaps least considered. Every Londoner must have seen numbers of ragged, sickly, and ill-fed children, squatting at the entrances of miserable courts, streets, and alleys, engaged in no occupation that is either creditable to themselves or useful to the community. These are, in many cases, those whose sole homes are in the low lodging-houses; and I will now exhibit a few features of the 'juvenile performers' among the 'London Poor.'"

"In many cases these poor children have lost one of their parents; in some, they are without either father or mother; but even when both parents are alive, the case is little mended, for if the parents be of the vagrant or dishonest class, their children are often neglected, and left to provide for the cost of their food and lodging as they best may. The following extract from the chaplain's report of one of our provincial jails, gives a melancholy insight into the training of many of the families. It is not, I know, without exception; but, much as we could wish it to be otherwise, it is so general an occurrence, varied into its different forms, that it may be safely accounted as the rule of action.

"J. G. was born of poor parents. At five years old his father succeeded to a legacy of 500l. He was quiet, indolent, fond of drink, a good scholar, and had twelve children. He never sent any of them to school! 'Telling lies,' said the child, 'I learned from my mother; she did things unknown to father, and gave me a penny not to tell him!' The father (on leaving home) left, by request of the mother, some money to pay a man; she slipped up stairs, and told the children to say she was out.

"From ten to twelve years of age I used to go to the ale-house. I stole the money from my father, and got very drunk. My father never punished me for all this, as he ought to have done. In course of time I was apprenticed to a tanner; he ordered me to chapel, instead of which I used to play in the fields. When out of my time I got married, and still carried on the same way, starving my wife and children. I used to take my little boy, when only five years old, to the public-house, and make him drunk with whatever I drank myself. A younger one could act well a drunken man on the floor. My wife was a sober steady woman; but, through coming to fetch me home she learned to drink

too. One of our children used to say, "Mam, you are drunk, like daddy."

"It may be argued that this awful 'family portrait' is not the average character, but I have witnessed too many similar scenes to doubt the general application of the sad rule.

"Of those children of the poor, as has been before observed, the most have either no parents, or have been deserted by them, and have no regular means of living, nor moral superintendence on the part of relatives or neighbours; consequently, they grow up in habits of idleness, ignorance, vagrancy, or crime. In some cases they are countenanced and employed. Here and there may be seen a little urchin holding a few onions in a saucer, or a diminutive sickly girl standing with a few laces or a box or two of lucifers. But even these go with the persons who have 'set them up' daily to the public-house (and to the lodging-house at night); and after they have satisfied the cravings of hunger, frequently expend their remaining halfpence (if any) in gingerbread, and as frequently in gin. I have overheard a proposal for 'half-a-quarter and a two-out' (glass) between a couple of shoeless boys under nine years old. One little fellow of eleven, on being remonstrated with, said that it was the only pleasure in life that he had, and he weren't a-going to give that up. Both sexes of this juvenile class frequent, when they can raise the means, the very cheap and 'flash' places of amusement, where the precocious delinquent acquires the most abandoned tastes, and are often allured by elder accomplices to commit petty frauds and thefts.

"Efforts have been made to redeem these young recruits in crime from their sad career, with its inevitable results. In some cases, I rejoice to believe that success has crowned the endeavour. There is that, however, in the cunning hardihood of the majority of these immature delinquents, which presents almost insuperable barriers to benevolence, and of this I will adduce an instance.

"A gentleman, living at Islington, who attends one of the city churches, is in the habit of crossing the piece of waste ground close to Saffron-hill. Here he often saw (close to the ragged school) a herd of boys, and as nearly as he could judge always the same boys. One of them always bowed to him as he passed. He thought—and thought right—that they were gambling, and after, on one occasion, talking to them very seriously, he gave each of them twopence and pursued his way. However, he found himself followed by the boy before alluded to, accompanied by a younger lad, who turned out to be his brother. Both in one breath begged to know if 'his honour' could please to give them any sort of a job. The gentleman gave them his card, inquired their place of residence (a low lodging-house) and the next morning, at nine o'clock, both youths were at his door. He gave them a substantial breakfast, and then took them into an out-house where was a truss of straw, and having

himself taken off the band, he desired them to convey the whole, *one straw at a time*, across the garden and deposit it in another out-house. The work was easy and the terms liberal, as each boy was to get dinner and tea, and one shilling per day as long as his services should be required. Their employer had to go to town, and left orders with one of his domestics to see that the youths wanted nothing, and to watch their proceedings; their occupation was certainly not laborious, but then it was *work*, and although that was the first of their requests, it was also the last of their wishes.

"Taking advantage of an adjoining closet, the servant perceived that the weight even of a straw had been too much for these hopeful boys. They were both seated on the truss, and glibly recounting some exploits of their own, and how they had been imposed upon by others. The eldest—about fourteen—was vowing vengeance upon 'Taylor Tom' for attempting to 'walk the barber' (seduce his 'gal'); while the younger—who had scarcely seen eleven summers—averred that it was 'very good of the swell to give them summut to eat,' but 'precious bad to be shut up in that crib all day without a bit o' backer'). Before the return of their patron they had transported all the straw to its appointed designation; as it was very discernible, however, that this had been effected by a wholesale process, the boys were admonished, paid, and dismissed. They are now performing more ponderous work in one of the penal settlements. Whether the test adopted by the gentleman in question was the best that might have been resorted to, I need not now inquire.

"It would be grateful to my feelings if in these disclosures I could omit the misdemeanors of the other sex of juveniles; but I am obliged to own, on the evidence of personal observation, that there are girls of ages varying from eleven to fifteen who pass the day with a 'fakement' before them ('Pity a poor orphan'), and as soon as evening sets in, loiter at shop-windows and ogle gentlemen in public walks, making requests which might be expected only from long-hardened prostitution. Their nights are generally passed in a low lodging-house. They frequently introduce themselves with 'Please, sir, can you tell me what time it is?' If they get a kindly answer, some other casual observations prepare the way for hints which are as unmistakable as they are unprincipled.

OF THE LOW LODGING-HOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

FURTHER to elucidate this subject, full of importance, as I have shown, I give an account of low lodging-houses (or "padding-kens") at the "stages" (so to speak) observed by a paterer "travelling" from London to Birmingham.

I give the several towns which are the usual sleeping places of the travellers, with the character and extent of the accommodation provided for

them, and with a mention of such incidental matters as seemed to me, in the account I received, to be curious or characteristic. Circuitous as is the route, it is the one generally followed. Time is not an object with a travelling paterer. "If I could do better in the way of tin," said one of the fraternity to me, "in a country village than in London, why I'd stick to the village—if the better tin lasted—for six months; aye, sir, for six years. What's places to a man like me, between grub and no grub?" It is probable that on a trial, such a man would soon be weary of the monotony of a village life; but into that question I need not now enter.

I give each stage without the repetition of stating that from "here to there" is so many miles; and the charge for a lodging is at such and such a rate. The distance most frequently "travelled" in a day varies from ten to twenty miles, according to the proximity of the towns, and the character and capabilities (for the paterer's purposes) of the locality. The average charge for a lodging, in the better sort of country lodging-houses, is 4d. a night,—at others, 3d. In a slack time, a traveller, for 4d., has a bed to himself. In a busy time—as at fairs or races—he will account himself fortunate if he obtain any share of a bed for 4d. At some of the places characterised by my informant as "rackety," "queer," or "Life in London," the charge is as often 3d. as 4d.

The first stage, then, most commonly attained on tramp, is—

Romford.—"It's a good circuit, sir," said my principal informant, "and if you want to see life between from London to Birmingham, why you can stretch it and see it for 200 miles." The Romford "house of call" most frequented by the class of whom I treat, is the King's Arms (a public-house.) There is a back-kitchen for the use of travellers, who pay something extra if they choose to resort, and are decent enough to be admitted, into the tap-room. "Very respectable, sir," said an informant, "and a proper division of married and single, of men and women. Of course they don't ask any couple to show their marriage lines; no more than they do any lord and lady, or one that ain't a lady, if she's with a lord, at any fash'nable hotel at Brighton. I've done tidy well on slums about 'ladies in a Brighton hotel,' just by the Steyne; 'werry tidy.' In this house they make up forty beds; some of them with curtains.

Chelmsford.—The Three Queens (a beer-shop.) "A rackety place, sir," said the man, "one of the showfuls; a dicky one; a free-and-easy. You can get a pint of beer and a punch of the head, all for 2d. As for sleeping on a Saturday night there, 'O, no, we never mention it.' It mayn't be so bad, indeed it ain't, as some London lodging-houses, because there ain't the chance, and there's more known about it." Fourteen beds.

Braintree.—The Castle (a beer-shop.) "Takes in all sorts and all sizes; all colours and all nations; similar to what's expected of the Crys-

tal Palace. I was a *muck-snipe* when I was there—why, a muck-snipe, sir, is a man regularly done up, coopered, and humped altogether—and it was a busyish time, and when the deputy paired off the single men, I didn't much like my bed-mate. He was a shabby-genteel, buttoned up to the chin, and in the tract line. I thought of Old Scratch when I looked at him, though he weren't a Scotchman, I think. I tipped the wink to an acquaintance there, and told him I thought my old complaint was coming on. That was, to kick and bite like a horse, in my sleep, a'cause my mother was terrified by a vicious horse not werry long afore I was born. So I dozed on the bed-side, and began to whinny; and my bed-mate jumped up frightened, and slept on the floor." Twenty-two beds.

Thaxton.—"A poor place, but I stay two days, it's so comfortable and so country, at the Rose and Crown. It's a sort of rest. It's decent and comfortable too, and it's about 6d. a night to me for singing and patter in the tap-room. That's my cokum (advantage)." Ten beds.

Saffron Walden.—The Castle. "Better now—was very queer. Slovenly as could be, and you had to pay for fire, though it was a house of call for curriers and other tradesmen, but they never mix with us. The landlord don't care much whose admitted, or how they go on." Twenty-four beds.

Cambridge.—"The grand town of all. London in miniature. It would be better but for the police. I don't mean the college bull-dogs. They don't interfere with us, only with women. The last time I was at Cambridge, sir, I hung the Mannings. It was the day, or two days, I'm not sure which, after their trial. We pattered at night, too late for the collegians to come out. We 'worked' about where we knew they lodged—I had a mate with me—and some of the windows of their rooms, in the colleges themselves, looks into the street. We pattered about later news of Mr. and Mrs. Manning. Up went the windows, and cords was let down to tie the papers to. But we always had the money first. We weren't a-going to trust such out-and-out going young coves as them. One young gent. said: 'I'm a sucking parson; won't you trust me?' 'No,' says I, 'we'll not trust Father Peter.' So he threw down 6d. and let down his cord, and he says, 'Send six up.' We saw it was Victoria's head all right, so we sends up three. 'Where's the others?' says he. 'O,' says I, 'they're 1d. a piece, and 1d. a piece extra for hanging Mr. and Mrs. Manning, as we have, to a cord; so it's all right.' Some laughed, and some said, 'D—n you, wait till I see you in the town.' But they hadn't that pleasure. Yorkshire Betty's is the head quarters at Cambridge,—or in Barnwell, of course, there's no such places in Cambridge. It's known as 'W— and Muck Fort.' It's the real college touch—the seat of learning, if you're seeing life. The college lads used to look in there oftener than they do now. They're got-

ting shy. Men won't put up with black eyes for nothing. Old Yorkshire Betty's a motherly body, but she's no ways particular in her management. Higgle-dy-piggledy; men and women; altogether." Thirty beds.

Newmarket.—"The Woolpack. A lively place; middling other ways. There's generally money to be had at Newmarket. I don't stay there so long as some, for I don't care about racing; and the poorest snob there's a sporting character." Six beds.

Bury St. Edmund's.—"Old Jack Something's. He was a publican for forty years. But he broke, and I've heard him say that if he hadn't been a player on the fiddle, he should have destroyed his-self. But his fiddle diverted him in his troubles. He has a real Cremona, and can't he play it? He's played at dances at the Duke of Norfolk's. I've heard him give the tune he played on his wedding night, years and years back, before I was born. He's a noble-looking fellow; the fac-simile of Louis Philippe. It's a clean and comfortable, hard and honest place." Twelve beds.

Mildenhall.—"A private house; I forget the landlord's name. The magistrates is queer there, and so very little work can be done in my way. I've been there when I was the only lodger." Seven beds.

Ely.—"The Tom and Jerry. Very queer. No back kitchen or convenience. A regular rough place. Often quarrelling there all night long. Any caper allowed among men and women. The landlord's easy frightened." Five beds.

St. Ives.—"Plume of Feathers. Passable." Eleven beds.

St. Neot's.—"Bell and Dicky, and very dicky too. Queer doings in the dos (sleeping) and everything. It's an out-of-the-way place, or the town's people might see to it, but they won't take any notice unless some traveller complains, and they won't complain. They're a body of men, sir, that don't like to run gaping to a beak. The landlord seems to care for nothing but money. He takes in all that offer. Three in a bed often; men, women, and children mixed together. It's anything but a tidy place." Thirteen beds.

Bedford.—"The Cock. "Life in London, sir; I can't describe it better. Life in Keate-street, Whitechapel." Fifteen beds.

Irchester.—"I don't mind the name. A most particular place. You must go to bed by nine, or be locked out. It's hard and honest; clean and rough." Six beds.

Wellingborough.—"A private house. Smith or Jones, I know, or some common name. Ducker, the soldier that was shot in the Park by Annette Meyers, lived there. I worked him there myself, and everybody bought. I did the gun-trick, sir, (had great success.) It's an inferior lodging place. They're in no ways particular, not they, who they admit or how they dos. At a fair-time, the goings on is anything but fair." Ten beds.

Northampton.—"Mrs. Bull's. Comfortable and decent. She takes in the *Dispatch*, to oblige her travellers. It's a nice, quiet, Sunday house." Twelve beds.

Market Harborough.—"There's a good lady there gives away tracts and half-a-crown. A private house is the traveller's house, and some new name. Middling accommodation." Nine beds.

Lutterworth.—"A private house, and I'll go there no more. Very queer. Not the least comfort or decency. They're above their business, I think, and take in too many, and care nothing what the travellers do. Higgle-dy-piggledy together." Ten beds.

Leicester.—"The Rookery. Rosemary-lane over again, sir, especially at Black Jack's. He shakes up the beds with a pitchfork, and brings in straw if there's more than can possibly be crammed into the beds. He's a fighting man, and if you say a word, he wants to fight you." Twelve beds.

Hinckley.—"The Tea-board. Comfortable." Eight beds.

Nuneaton.—"The same style as Hinckley. A private house." Eight beds.

Coventry.—"Deserves to be sent further. Bill Cooper's. A dilapidated place, and no sleep, for there's armies of bugs,—great black fellows. I call it the Sikh war there, and they're called Sikhs there, or Sicks there, is the vermin; but I'm sick of all such places. They're not particular there,—certainly not." Twenty beds.

Birmingham.—"Mrs. Leach's. Comfortable and decent, and a good creature. I know there's plenty of houses in Birmingham bad enough,—London reduced, sir; but I can't tell you about them from my own observation, 'cause I always go to Mrs. Leach's." Thirty beds.

Here, then, in the route most frequented by the pedestrian "travellers," we find, taking merely the accommodation of one house in each place (and in some of the smaller towns there is but one), a supply of beds which may nightly accommodate, on an average, 489 inmates, reckoning at the rate of 12 sleepers to every 8 beds. At busy times, double the number will be admitted. And to these places resort the beggar, the robber, and the pick-pocket; the street-patterer and the street-trader; the musician, the ballad-singer, and the street-performer; the diseased, the blind, the lame, and the half-idiot; the outcast girl and the hardened prostitute; young and old, and of all complexions and all countries.

Nor does the enumeration end here. To these places must often resort the wearied mechanic, travelling in search of employment, and even the broken-down gentleman, or scholar, whose means do not exceed 4d.

A curious history might be written of the frequenters of low lodging-houses. Dr. Johnson relates, that when Dean Swift was a young man, he paid a yearly visit from Sir William Temple's seat, Moor Park, to his mother at Leicester.

"He travelled on foot, unless some violence of weather drove him into a waggon; and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchased clean sheets for sixpence. This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his (Swift's) innate love of grossness and vulgarity; some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties." Perhaps it might not be very difficult to trace, in Swift's works, the influence upon his mind of his lodging-house experience.

The same author shows that his friend, Richard Savage, in the bitterness of his poverty, was also a lodger in these squalid dens: "He passed the night sometimes in mean houses, which are set open at night to any casual wanderer; sometimes in cellars, among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble." A Richard Savage of to-day might, under similar circumstances, have the same thing said of him, except that "cellars" might now be described as "ground-floors."

The great, and sometimes the only, luxury of the frequenters of these country lodging-houses is tobacco. A man or woman who cannot smoke, I was told, or was not "hardened" to tobacco smoke, in a low lodging-house was half-killed with coughing. Sometimes a couple of men, may be seen through the thick vapour of the tobacco-smoke, peering eagerly over soiled cards, as they play at all-fours. Sometimes there is an utter dullness and drowsiness in the common sitting-room, and hardly a word exchanged for many minutes. I was told by one man of experience in these domiciles, that he had not very unfrequently heard two men who were conversing together in a low tone, and probably agreeing upon some nefarious course, stop suddenly, when there was a pause in the general conversation, and look uneasily about them, as if apprehensive and jealous that they had been listened to. A "stranger" in the lodging-house is regarded with a minute and often a rude scrutiny, and often enough would not be admitted, were not the lodging-house keeper the party concerned, and he of course admits "all what pays."

One patterer told me of two "inscriptions," as he called them, which he had noticed in country lodgings he had lately visited; the first was:—

"He who smokes, thinks like a philosopher, and feels like a philanthropist."—*Bulwer's Night and Morning.*

The second was an intimation from the proprietor of the house, which, in spite of its halting explanation, is easily understood:—

"No sickness allowed, unless by order of the Mare."

OF THE STREET STATIONERS, AND THE STREET CARD-SELLERS.

I have before mentioned that the street-stationers—the sellers of writing-paper, envelopes, pens, and of the other articles which constitute the stationery in the most general demand—were not to be confounded with the patterer

"paper-workers." They are, indeed, a different class altogether. The majority of them have been mechanics, or in the employ of tradesmen whose callings were not mechanical (as regards handicraft labour), but what is best described perhaps as commercial; or as selling but not producing; as in the instances of the large body of "warehousemen" in the different departments of trade. One street-stationer thought that of his entire body, not more than six had been gentlemen's servants. He himself knew four who had been in such employment, and one only as a boy—but there might be six.

The card-sellers are, in the instances I shall show, more akin to the class of patterers, and I shall, therefore, give them first. The more especially as I can so preserve the consecutiveness of the accounts, in the present number, by presenting the reader with a sketch of the life of an informant, in whose revelations I find that many have taken a strong interest.

OF THE SELLER OF THE PENNY SHORT-HAND CARDS.

ALL ladies and gentlemen who "take their walks abroad," must have seen, and of course heard, a little man in humble attire engaged in selling at one penny each a small card, containing a few sentences of letter-press, and fifteen stenographic characters, with an example, by which, it is asserted, anybody and everybody may "learn to write short-hand in a few hours." With the merits of the production, self-considered, this is not the place to meddle; suffice it that it is one of the many ways of getting a crust common to the great metropolis, and perhaps the most innocent of all the street performances. A kind of a street lecture is given by the vendor, in which the article is sufficiently puffed off. Of course this lecture is, so to speak, stereotyped, embracing the same ideas in nearly the same words over and over and over again. The exhibitor, however, pleads that the constant exchange and interchange of passengers, and his desire to give each and all a fair amount of information, makes the repetition admissible, and even necessary. It is here given as a specimen of the style of the educated "patterer."

The Lecture.

"Here is an opportunity which has seldom if ever been offered to the public before, whereby any person of common intellect may learn to write short-hand in a few hours, without any aid from a teacher. The system is entirely my own. It contains no vowels, no arbitrary characters, no double consonants, and no terminations; it may therefore properly be called 'stenography,' an expression which conveys its own meaning; it is derived from two Greek words; *stenos*, short, and *grapho*, I write, or *graphi*, the verb to write, and embraces all that is necessary in fifteen characters. I know that a prejudice obtains to a great extent against anything and everything said or done in the street, but I have nothing to

do with either the majority or minority of street pretenders. I am an educated man, and not a mere pretender, and if the justice or genuineness of a man's pretensions would always lead him to success I had not been here to-day. But against the tide of human disappointment, the worthy and the undeserving are so equally compelled to struggle, and so equally liable to be overturned by competition, that till you can prove that wealth is the gauge of character, it may be difficult to determine the ability or morality of a man from his position. I was lately reading an account of the closing life of that leviathan in literature, Dr. Johnson, and an anecdote occurred, which I relate, conceiving that it applies to one of the points at issue—I mean the ridicule with which my little publication has sometimes been treated by passers-by, who have found it easier to speculate on the texture of my coat, than on the character of my language. The Doctor had a niece who had embraced the peculiarities of Quakerism; after he had scolded her some time, and in rather unmeasured terms, her mother interfered and said, 'Doctor, don't scold the girl—you'll meet her in heaven, I hope.'—'I hope not,' said the Doctor, 'for I hate to meet fools anywhere.' I apply the same observation to persons who bandy about the expressions 'gift of the gab,' 'catch-penny,' &c., &c., which in my case it is somewhat easier to circulate than to support. At any rate they ought to be addressed to me and not to the atmosphere. The man who meets a foe to the face, gives him an equal chance of defence, and the sword openly suspended from the belt is a less dangerous, because a less cowardly weapon than the one which, like that of Harmodius, is concealed under the wreaths of a myrtle.

"If you imagine that professional disappointment is confined to people out of doors, you are very much mistaken. Look into some of the middle-class streets around where we are standing: you will find here and there, painted or engraved on a door, the words 'Mr. So-and-so, surgeon.' The man I am pre-supposing shall be qualified,—qualified in the technical sense of the expression, a Member of the College of Surgeons, a Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, and a Graduate of some University. He may possess the talent of Galen or Hippocrates; or, to come to more recent date, of Sir Astley Cooper himself, but he never becomes popular, and dies unrewarded, because unknown: before he dies, he may crawl out of his concealed starvation into such a thoroughfare as this, and see Professor Morrison, or Professor Holloway, or the Proprietor of Parr's Life Pills, or some other quack, ride by in their carriage; wealth being brought them by the same waves that have wafted misfortune to himself; though that wealth has been procured by one undeviating system of Hypocrisy and Humbug, of Jesuitism and Pantomime, such as affords no parallel since the disgusting period of Oliverian ascendancy.

Believe me, my friends, a man may form his plans for success with profound sagacity, and guard with caution against every approach to extravagance, but neither the boldness of enterprise nor the dexterity of stratagem will always secure the distinction they deserve. Else that policeman would have been an inspector!

"I have sometimes been told, that if I possessed the facilities I professedly exhibit, I might turn them to greater personal advantage: in coarse, unfettered, Saxon English, 'That's a LIE;' for on the authority of a distinguished writer, there are 2,000 educated men in London and its suburbs, who rise every morning totally ignorant where to find a breakfast. Now I am not quite so bad as that, so that it appears I am an exception to the rule, and not the rule open to exception. However, it is beyond all controversy, that the best way to keep the fleas from biting you in bed is to 'get out of bed;' and by a parity of reasoning, the best way for you to sympathize with me for being on the street is to take me off, as an evidence of your sympathy. I remember that, some twenty years ago, a poor man of foreign name, but a native of this metropolis, made his appearance in Edinburgh, and advertised that he would lecture on mnemonics, or the art of memory. As he was poor, he had recourse to an humble lecture-room, situated up a dirty court. Its eligibility may be determined by the fact that sweeps' concerts were held in it, at 3d. per head, and the handbill mostly ended with the memorable words: 'N. B.—No gentleman admitted without shoes and stockings.' At the close of his first lecture (the admission to which was 2d.), he was addressed by a scientific man, who gave him 5s.—(it will relieve the monotony of the present address if some of you follow his example)—and advised him to print and issue some cards about his design, which he did. I saw one of them—the ink on it scarcely dry—as he had got it back at the house of a physician, and on it was inscribed: 'Old birds are not caught with chaff. From Dr. M——, an old bird.' The suspicious doctor, however, was advised to hear the poor man's twopenny lecture, and was able, at the end of it, to display a great feat of memory himself. What was the result? The poor man no longer lectured for 2d. But it is tedious to follow him through a series of years. He was gradually patronised throughout the kingdom, and a few months ago he was lecturing in the Hanover-square Rooms, with the Earl of Harrowby in the chair. Was he not as clever a man when he lectured in the sweeps' concert-room? Yes; but he had not been brought under the shadow of a great name. Sometimes that 'great name' comes too late. You are familiar with the case of Chatterton. He had existed, rather than lived, three days on a penny loaf; then he committed suicide, and was charitably buried by strangers. Fifty years or more had elapsed, when people found out how clever he had been, and collected money for the erection of that monument which

now stands to his memory by St. Mary Redcliff Church, in Bristol. Now, if you have any idea of doing that for me, please to collect some of it while I am alive!"

On occasions when the audience is not very liberal, the lecturer treats them to the following hint:

"When in my golden days—or at the least they were silver ones compared to these—I was in the habit of lecturing on scientific subjects, I always gave the introductory lecture free. I suppose this is an 'introductory lecture,' for it yields very little money at present. I have often thought, that if everybody a little richer than myself was half as conscientious, I should either make a rapid fortune, or have nobody to listen to me at all; for I never sanction long with my company anything I don't believe. Now, if what I say is untrue or grossly improbable, it does not deserve the sanction of an audience; if otherwise, it must be meritorious, and deserve more efficient sanction. As to any insults I receive, Christianity has taught me to forgive, and philosophy to despise them."

These very curious, and perhaps unique, specimens of street elocution are of course interrupted by the occasional sale of a card, and perhaps some conversation with the purchaser. The stenographic card-seller states that he has sometimes been advised to use more commonplace language. His reply is germane to the matter. He says that a street audience, like some other audiences, is best pleased with what they least understand, and that the way to appear sublime is to be incomprehensible. He can occasionally be a little sarcastic. A gentleman informed me that he passed him at Bagnigge-wells on one occasion, when he was interrupted by a "gent." fearfully disfigured by the small-pox, who exclaimed: "It's a complete humbug." "No, sir," retorted Mr. Shorthand, "but if any of the ladies present were to call you handsome, that would be a humbug." On another occasion a man (half-drunk) had been annoying him some time, and getting tired of the joke, said: "Well—I see you are a learned man, you must pity my ignorance." "No," was the reply, "but I pity your father." "Pity my father!—why?" was the response. "Because Solomon says, 'He that begetteth a fool shall have sorrow of him.'" This little *jeu-d'esprit*, I was told, brought forth loud acclamations from the crowd, and a crown-piece from a lady who had been some minutes a listener. These statements are among the most curious revelations of the history of the streets.

The short-hand card-seller, as has partly appeared in a report I gave of a meeting of street-folk, makes no secret of having been fined for obstructing a thoroughfare,—having been bound down to keep the peace, and several times imprisoned as a defaulter. He tells me that he once "got a month" in one of the metropolitan jails. It was the custom of the chaplain of the prison in which he was confined, to question the prisoners every Wednesday.

from box to box (as they were arranged before him) on some portion of Holy Writ, and they were expected, if able, to answer. On one occasion, the subject being the Excellence of Prayer, the chaplain, remarked that, "even among the heathen, every author, without exception, had commended prayer to a real or supposed Deity." The card-seller, I am told, cried out "Question!" "Who is that?" said the chaplain. The turnkey pointed out the questioner. "Yes," said the card-seller, "you know what Seneca says:—'Quid opus votis? Fac teipsum felicem, vel bonum.' 'What need of prayer? Make thou thyself happy and virtuous.' Does that recommend prayer?" The prisoners laughed, and to prevent a mutiny, the classical querist was locked up, and the chaplain closed the proceedings. It is but justice, however, to the worthy minister to state, his querist came out of durance vile better clothed than he went in.

The stenographic trade, of which the informant in question is the sole pursuer, was commenced eleven years ago. At that time 300 cards were sold in a day; but the average is now 24, and about 50 on a Saturday night. The card-seller tells me that he is more frequently than ever interrupted by the police, and his health being delicate, wet days are "nuisances" to him. He makes an annual visit to the country, he tells me, to see his children, who have been provided for by some kind friends. About two years ago he was returning to London and passed through Oxford. He was "hard up," he says, having left his coat for his previous night's lodging. He attended prayers (without a coat) at St. Mary's church, and when he came out, seated himself on the pavement beside the church, and wrote with chalk inside an oval border.

"Δε λιμὴν ἀπολλύμαι."—Lucam xv. 17.

"I perish with hunger."

He was not long unnoticed, he tells me, by the scholars; some of whom "rigged him out," and he left Oxford with 6l. 10s. in his pocket.

"Let us indulge the hope," writes one who knows this man well, "that whatever indiscretions may have brought a scholar, whom few behold without pity, or converse with without respect for his acquirements, to be a street-seller, nevertheless his last days will be his best days, and that, as his talents are beyond dispute and his habits strictly temperate, he may yet arise out of his degradation."

Of this gentleman's history I give an account derived from the only authentic source. It is, indeed, given in the words of the writer from whom it was received.—

"The Reverend Mr. Shorthand" [his real name is of no consequence—indeed, it would be contrary to the rule of this work to print it] "was born at Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, on Good Friday, the 15th of April, 1808; he is, therefore, now in his 43rd year. Of his parents very little is known; he was brought up

by guardians, who were 'well to do,' and who gave him every indulgence and every good instruction and example. From the earliest dawn of reason he manifested a strong predilection for the church; and, before he was seven years old, he had preached to an infant audience, read prayers over a dead animal, and performed certain mimic ceremonies of the church among his schoolfellows.

"The directors of his youthful mind were strong Dissenters, of Antinomian sentiments. With half-a-dozen of the same denomination he went, before he was thirteen, to the anniversary meeting of the Countess of Huntingdon's College, at Cheshunt. Here, with a congregation of about forty persons, composed of the students and a few strangers, he adjourned, while the parsons were dining at the 'Green Dragon,' to the College Chapel, where, with closed doors, the future proprietor of the 'penny short-hand' delivered his first public sermon.

"Before he was quite fourteen, the stenographic card-seller was apprenticed to a draper in or near Smithfield. In this position he remained only a few months, when the indentures were cancelled by mutual consent, and he resumed his studies, first at his native place, and afterwards as a day-scholar at the Charterhouse. He was now sixteen, and it was deemed high time for him to settle to some useful calling. He became a junior clerk in the office of a stock-broker, and afterwards amanuensis to an 'M.D.,' who encouraged his thirst for learning, and gave him much leisure and many opportunities for improvement. While in this position he obtained two small prizes in the state lottery, gave up his situation, and went to Cambridge with a private tutor. As economy was never any part of his character, he there 'overrun the constable,' and to prevent," he says, "any constable running after him. He decamped in the middle of the night, and came to London by a waggon—all his property consisting of a Greek Prayer-book, Dodd's Beauties of Shakspeare, two shirts, and two half-crowns.

"At this crisis a famous and worthy clergyman, forty years resident in Hackney (the Rev. H. H. N——, lately deceased), had issued from the press certain strictures against the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. The short-hand seller wrote an appendix to this work, under the title of the 'Church in Danger.' He took it to Mr. N——, who praised the performance and submitted to the publication. The impression cast off was limited, and the result unprofitable. It had, however, one favourable issue; it led to the engagement of its author as private and travelling tutor to the children of the celebrated Lady S——, who, though (for adultery) separated from her husband, retained the exclusive custody of her offspring. While in this employment, my informant resided chiefly at Clifton, sometimes in Bath, and sometimes on her ladyship's family property in Derbyshire. While here, he took deacon's orders, and became a popular preacher. In whatever virtues he might

be deficient, his charities, at least, were unbounded. This profusion ill suited a limited income, and a *forgery* was the first step to suspension, disgrace, and poverty. In 1832 he married; the union was not felicitous.

"About this date my informant relates, that under disguise and change of name he supplied the pulpits of several episcopal chapels in Scotland with that which was most acceptable to them. Unable to maintain a *locus standi* in connexion with the Protestant church, he made a virtue of necessity, and avowed himself a seceder. In this new disguise he travelled and lectured, proving to a demonstration (always pecuniary) that 'the Church of England was the hospital of Incurables.'

"Always in delicate health, he found continued journeys inconvenient. The oversight of a home missionary station, comprising five or six villages, was advertised; the card-seller was the successful candidate, and for several years performed Divine service four times every Sunday, and opened and taught *gratuitously* a school for the children of the poor. Here report says he was much beloved, and here he ought to have remained; but with that restlessness of spirit which is so marked a characteristic of the class to which he now belongs, he thought otherwise, and removed to a similar sphere of labour near Edinburgh. The town, containing a population of 14,000, was visited to a dreadful extent with the pestilence of cholera. The future street-seller (to his honour be it spoken) was the only one among eight or ten ministers who was not afraid of the contagion. He visited many hundreds of cases, and, it is credibly asserted, added medicine, food, and nursing to his spiritual consolations. The people of his charge here embraced the Irving heresy; and unable, as he says, to determine the sense of 'the unknown tongues,' he resigned his charge, and returned to London in 1837. After living some time upon his money, books, and clothes, till all was expended, he tried his hand at the 'begging-letter trade.' About this time, the card-seller declares that a man, also from Scotland, and of similar history and personal appearance, lodged with him at a house in the Mint, and stole his coat, and with it his official and other papers. This person had been either a city missionary or scripture-reader, having been dismissed for intemperance. The street card-seller states that he has 'suffered much persecution from the officers of the Mendicity Society, and in the opinion of the public, by the blending of his own history with that of the man who robbed him.' Be the truth as it may, or let his past faults have been ever so glaring, still it furnishes no present reason why he should be maltreated in the streets, where he is *now* striving for an honest living. Since the card-seller's return to London, he has been *five* times elected and re-elected to a temporary engagement in the Hebrew School, Goodman's-fields; so that, at the worst, his habits of life cannot be *very* outrageous."

The "pumps and vanities of this wicked world," have, according to his own account, had very little share in the experience of the short-hand parson. He states, and there is no reason for doubting him, that he *never witnessed any sort of public amusement in his life*; that he was a hard student when he was young, and now keeps no company, living much in retirement. He "attends the ministry," he says, "of the Rev. Robert Montgomery,—reads the daily lessons at home, and receives the communion twice every month at the early service in Westminster Abbey."

Of course these are matters that appear utterly inconsistent with his present mode of life. One well-known peculiarity of this extraordinary character is his almost idolatrous love of children, to whom, if he "makes a good Saturday night," he is very liberal on his way home. This is, perhaps, his "ruling passion" (an acquaintance of his, without knowing why I inquired, fully confirmed this account); and it displays itself sometimes in strong emotion, of which the following anecdote may be cited as an instance:—One of his favourite spots for stenographic demonstration is the corner of Playhouse-yard, close to the *Times* office. Directly opposite lives a tobacconist, who has a young family. One of his little girls used to stand and listen to him; to her he was so strongly attached, that when he heard of her death (he had missed her several weeks), he went home much affected, and did not return to the spot for many months. At the death of the notorious Dr. Dillon, the card-seller offered himself to the congregation as a successor; they, however, declined the overture.

OF THE SELLERS OF RACE CARDS AND LISTS.

This trade is not carried on in town; but at the neighbouring races of Epsom and Ascot Heath, and, though less numerously, at Goodwood, it is pursued by persons concerned in the street paper-trade of London.

At Epsom I may state that the race-card sale is in the hands of two classes (the paper or sheet-lists sale being carried on by the same parties)—viz. those who confine themselves to "working" the races, and those who only resort to such work occasionally. The first-mentioned sellers usually live in the country, and the second in town.

Between these two classes, there is rather a strong distinction. The country race-card sellers are not unfrequently "sporting characters." The town professor of the same calling feels little interest in the intrigues or great "events" of the turf. Of the country traders in this line some act also as touters, or touts; they are for the most part men, who having been in some capacity or other, connected with racing or with race-horses, and having fallen from their position or lost their employment, resort to the selling of race-cards as one means of a livelihood, and to touting,

or watching race-horses, and reporting anything concerning them to those interested, as another means. These men, I am assured, usually "make a book" (a record and calculation of their bets) with grooms, or such gentlemen's servants, as will bet with them, and sometimes one with another.

The most notorious of the race-card selling fraternity is known as Captain Carrot. He is the successor, I am told, of Gentleman Jerry, who was killed some time back at Goodwood races—having been run over. Gentleman Jerry's attire, twenty-five to thirty-five years ago, was an exaggeration of what was then accounted a gentleman's style. He wore a light snuff-coloured coat, a "washing" waistcoat of any colour, cloth trowsers, usually the same colour as his coat, and a white, or yellow white, and ample cravat of many folds. His successor wears a military uniform, always with a scarlet coat, Hessian boots, an old umbrella, and a tin eye-glass. Upon the card-sellers, however, who confine their traffic to races, I need not dwell, but proceed to the metropolitan dealers, who are often patterers when in town.

It is common, for the smarter traders in these cards to be liberal of titles, especially to those whom they address on the race-ground. "This is the sort of style, sir," said one race-card-seller to me, "and it tells best with cockneys from their shops. 'Ah, my lord. I hope your lordship's well. I've backed your horse, my lord. He'll win, he'll win. Card, my lord, correct card, only 6d. I'll drink your lordship's health after the race.' Perhaps this here 'my lord,' may be a barber, you see, sir, and never had so much as a donkey in his life, and he forks out a bob; but before he can get his change, there always is somebody or other to call for a man like me from a little distance, so I'm forced to run off and cry, 'Coming, sir, coming. Coming, your honour, coming.'"

The mass of these sellers, however, content themselves with the customary cry: "Here's Dorling's Correct Card of the Races.—Names, weights, and colours of the Riders.—Length of Bridle, and Weight of Saddle."

One intelligent man computed that there were 500 men, women, and children, of all descriptions of street-callings, who on a "Derby day" left London for Epsom. Another considered that there could not be fewer than 600, at the very lowest calculation. Of these, I am informed, the female sellers may number something short of a twentieth part from London, while a twelfth of the whole number of regular street-sellers attending the races vend at the races cards. But card-selling is often a cloak, for the females—and especially those connected with men who depend solely on the races—vend improper publications (usually at 6d.), making the sale of cards or lists a pretext for the more profitable traffic.

If a man sell from ten to twelve dozen cards on the "Derby day," it is accounted "a good day;" and so is the sale of three-fourths of

that quantity on the Oaks day. On the other, or "off" days, 2s. is an average earnig.

The cards are all bought of Mr. Dorling, the printer, at 2s. 6d. a dozen. The price asked is always 6d. each. "But those fourpenny bits," said one card-seller, "is the ruination of every thing. And now that they say that the three-penny bits is coming in more, things will be wuss and wuss." The lists vary from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. the dozen, according to size. To clear 10s. and 8s. on the two great days is accounted "tidy doings," but that is earned only by those who devote themselves to the sale of the race-cards, which all the sellers do not. Some, for instance, are ballad-singers, who sell cards immediately before a race comes off, as at that time they could obtain no auditory for their melodies. Ascot-heath races, I am told, are rather better for the card seller than Epsom, as "there's more of the nob's there," and fewer of the London vendors of cards. The sale of the "lists" is less than one-eighth that of the sale of cards. They are chiefly "return lists," (lists with a specification of the winning horses, &c., "returned" as they acquitted themselves in each race), and are sold in the evening, or immediately after the conclusion of the "sport," for the purpose of being posted or kept.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF GELATINE, OF ENGRAVED, AND OF PLAYING CARDS, &c.

THERE are yet other cards, the sale of which is carried on in the streets; of these, the principal traffic has lately been in "gelatines" (gelatine cards). Those in the greatest demand contain representations of the Crystal Palace, the outlines of the structure being given in gold delineation on the deep purple, or mulberry, of the smooth and shining gelatine. These cards are sold in blank envelopes, for the convenience of posting them as a present to a country friend; or of keeping them unsoiled, if they are retained as a memento of a visit to so memorable a building. The principal sale was on Sunday mornings, in Hyde Park, and to the visitors who employed that day to enjoy the sight of the "palace." But on the second Sunday in February—as well as my informant could recollect, for almost all street-traders will tell you, if not in the same words as one patterer used, that their recollections are "not worth an old button without a neck"—the police "put down" the sale of these Exhibition cards in the Park, as well as that of cakes, tarts, gingerbread, and such like dainties. This was a bitter disappointment to a host of street-sellers, who looked forward very sanguinely to the profits they might realise when the Great Exhibition was in full operation, and augured ill to their prospects from this interference. I am inclined to think, that, on this occasion, the feelings of animosity entertained by the card-sellers towards the police and the authorities were even bitterer than I have described as affecting the costermongers. "Why," said one man, "when I couldn't be

let sell my cards, I thrust my hands into my empty pockets, and went among the crowd near the Great Exhibition place to look about me. There was plenty of ladies and gentlemen—say about 12 o'clock at Sunday noon, and as many as could be. Plenty of 'em had nice paper bags of biscuits, or cakes, that, of course, they'd bought that morning at a pastrycook's, and they handed 'em to their party. Some had newspapers they were reading—about the Exhibition, I dare say—papers which was bought, and, perhaps, was printed that very blessed morning; but for us to offer to earn a crust then—oh, it's agen the law. In course it is."

Some of the gelatine cards contain pieces of poetry, in letters of gold, always—at least, I could hear of no exceptions—of a religious or sentimental character. "A Hymn," "The Child's Prayer," "The Christian's Hope," "To Eliza," "To a Daisy," "Forget-me-not," and "Affection's Tribute," were among the titles. Some contained love-verses, and might be used for valentines, and some a sentimental song.

In the open-air sale, nearly all the traffic was in "Exhibition gelatines," and the great bulk were sold in and near Hyde Park. For two or three months, from as soon as the glass palace had been sufficiently elevated to command public attention, there were daily, I am told, 20 persons selling those cards in the Park and its vicinity, and more than twice that number on Sundays. One man told me, that, on one fine bright Sunday, the sale being principally in the morning, he had sold 10 dozen, with a profit of about 5s. On week-days three dozen was a good sale; but on wet, cold, or foggy days, none at all could be disposed of. If, therefore, we take as an average the sale of two dozen daily per each individual, and three dozen on a Sunday, we find that 180*l.* was expended on street-sold "gelatines." The price to the retailer is 5d. a dozen, with 1d. or 1½d. for a dozen of the larger-sized envelopes, so leaving the usual profit—cent. per cent. The sellers were not a distinct class, but in the hands of the less enterprising of the paper-workers or patterers. The "poetry gelatines" were hardly offered at all in the streets, except by a few women and children, with whom it was a pretext for begging.

Of "engraved" Exhibition-cards, sold under similar circumstances, there might be one third as many sold as of the gelatines, or an expenditure of 60*l.*

The sale of playing-cards is only for a brief interval. It is most brisk for a couple of weeks before Christmas, and is hardly ever attempted in any season but the winter. The price varies from 1d. to 6d., but very rarely 6d.; and seldom more than 3d. the pack. The sellers for the most part announce their wares as "New cards. New playing-cards. Two-pence a pack." This subjects the sellers (the cards being unstamped) to a penalty of 10*l.*, a matter of which the street-traders know and care nothing; but there is no penalty on the sale of second-hand cards. The best of the cards are

generally sold by the street-sellers to the landlords of the public-houses and beer-shops where the customers are fond of a "hand at cribbage," a "cut-in at whist," or a "game at all fours," or "all fives." A man whose business led him to public-houses told me that for some years he had not observed any other games to be played there, but he had heard an old tailor say that in his youth, fifty years ago, "put" was a common public-house game. The cheaper cards are frequently imperfect packs. If there be the full number of fifty-two, some perhaps are duplicates, and others are consequently wanting. If there be an ace of spades, it is unaccompanied by those flourishes which in the duly stamped cards set off the announcement, "Duty, One Shilling;" and sometimes a blank card supplies its place. The smaller shop-keepers usually prefer to sell playing-cards with a piece cut off each corner, so as to give them the character of being second-hand; but the street-sellers prefer vending them without this precaution. The cards—which are made up from the waste and spoiled cards of the makers—are bought chiefly, by the retailers, at the "swag shops."

Playing cards are more frequently sold with other articles—such as almanacks—than otherwise. From the information I obtained, it appears that if twenty dozen packs of cards are sold daily for fourteen days, it is about the quantity, but rather within it. The calculation was formed on the supposition that there might be twenty street playing-card sellers, each disposing (allowing for the hinderances of bad weather, &c.), of one dozen packs daily. Taking the average price at 3d. a pack, we find an outlay of 42*l.* The sale used to be far more considerable and at higher prices, and was "often a good spec. on a country round."

There is still another description of cards sold in the streets of London; viz., conversation-cards; but the quantity disposed of is so trifling as to require no special comment.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF STATIONERY.

OF this body of street-traders there are two descriptions, the itinerant and the "pitching." There are some also who unite the two qualities, so far as that they move a short distance, perhaps 200 yards, along a thoroughfare, but preserve the same locality.

Of the itinerant again, there are some who, on an evening, and more especially a Saturday evening, take a stand in a street-market, and pursue their regular "rounds" the other portions of the day.

The itinerant trader carries a tray, and in no few cases, as respects the "display" of his wares, emulates the tradesman's zeal in "dressing" a window temptingly. The tray most in use is painted, or mahogany, with "ledges," front and sides; or, as one man described it, "an upright four-inch bordering, to keep things in their places." The back of the tray, which rests against the bearer's breast, is about

twelve inches high. Narrow pink tapes are generally attached to the "ledges" and back, within which are "slipped" the articles for sale. At the bottom of the tray are often divisions, in which are deposited steel pens, wafers, wax, pencils, pen-holders, and, as one stationer expressed it, "packable things that you can't get much show out of." One man—who rather plumed himself on being a thorough master of his trade—said to me: "It's a grand point to display, sir. Now, just take it in this way. Suppose you yourself, sir, lived in my round. Werry good. You hear me cry as I'm a approaching your door, and suppose you was a customer, you says to yourself: 'Here's Penny-a-quire,' as I'm called off enough. And I'll soon be with you, and I gives a extra emphasis at a customer's door. Werry good, you buys the note. As you buys the note, you gives a look over my tray, and then you says, 'O, I want some steel pens, and is your ink good?' and you buys some. But for the 'display,' you'd have sent to the shop-keeper's, and I should have lost custom, 'cause it wouldn't have struck you.'"

The articles more regularly sold by the street-sellers of stationery are note-paper, letter-paper, envelopes, steel pens, pen-holders, sealing-wax, wafers, black-lead pencils, ink in stonebottles, memorandum-books, almanacks, and valentines. Occasionally, they sell India-rubber, slate-pencil, slates, copy-books, story-books, and arithmetical tables.

The stationery is purchased, for the most part, in Budge-row and Drury-lane. The half-quires (sold at 1d.) contain, generally, 10 sheets; if the paper, however, be of superior quality, only 8 sheets. In the paper-warehouses it is known as "outsides," with no more than 10 sheets to the half-quire, the price varying from 4s. to 6s. the ream (20 quires); or, if bought by weight, from 7d. to 9d. the pound. The envelopes are sold (wholesale) at from 6d. to 15d. the dozen; the higher-priced being adhesive, and with impressions—now, generally, the Crystal Palace—on the place of the seal. The commoner are retailed in the streets at 12, and the better at 6, a penny. Sometimes "a job-lot," soiled, is picked up by the street-stationer at 4d. a pound. The sealing, a pound, retailed at ½d. each; the "flat" wax, however, is 1s. 4d. per lb., containing from 30 to 36 sticks, retailed at 1d. each. Wafers (at the same swag shops) are 3d. or 4d. the lb.—in small boxes, 9d. the gross; ink, 4½d. or 5d. the dozen bottles; pencils, 7d. to 8s. a gross; and steel pens from 4d. (waste) to 3s. a gross; but the street-stationers do not go beyond 2s. the gross, which is for magnum bonums.

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A STREET-STATIONER.

A middle-aged man gave me the following

* I may here observe that I have rarely heard tradesmen dealing in the same wares as street-sellers, described by those street-sellers by any other term than that of "shopkeepers."

account. He had pursued the trade for upwards of twelve years. He was a stout, cosey-looking man, wearing a loose great coat. The back of his tray rested against his double-breasted waistcoat; the pattern of which had become rather indistinct, but which was buttoned tightly up to his chin, as if to atone for the looseness of his coat. The corner of his mouth, toward his left ear, was slightly drawn down, for he seemed in "crying" to pitch his voice (so that it could be heard a street off) out of the corner of his only partially-opened mouth.

"Middlin', sir," he said, "times is middlin' with me; they might be better, but then they might be worse. I can manage to live. The times is changed since I was first in the business. There wasn't no 'velops (envelopes) then, and no note-paper—least I had none; but I made as good or a better living than I do now; a better indeed. When the penny-postage came in—I don't mind the year, but I hadn't been long in the trade [it was in 1840]—I cried some of the postage 'velops. They was big, figured things at first, with elephants and such like on them, and I called them at prime cost, if anything was bought with 'em. The very first time, a p'liceman says, 'You mustn't sell them covers. What authority have you to do it?' 'Why, the authority to earn a dinner,' says I; but it was no go. Another peeler came up and said I wasn't to cry them again, or he'd have me up; and so that spec. came to nothing. I sell to ladies and gentlemen, and to servant-maids, and mechanics, and their wives; and indeed all sorts of people. Some fine ladies, that call me to the door on the sly, do behave very shabby. Why, there was one who wanted five half-quire of note for 4d., and I told her I couldn't afford it, and so she said 'that she knew the world, and never gave nobody the price they first asked.' 'If that's it, ma'am,' says I, 'people that knows your plan can 'commodate you.' That knowing card of a lady, sir, as she reckons herself, had as much velvet to her body—such a gown!—as would pay my tailor's bills for twenty year. But I don't employ a fashionable tailor, and can patch a bit myself, as I was two years with a saddler, and was set to work to make girths and horse-clothes. My master died, and all went wrong, and I had to turn out, without nobody to help me,—for I had no parents living; but I was a strong, young fellow of sixteen. I first tried to sell a few pairs of girths, and a roller or two, to livery-stable keepers, and horse-dealers, and job-masters. But I was next to starving. They wouldn't look at anything but what was good, and the stuff was too high, and the profit too little—for I couldn't get regular prices, in course—and so I dropped it. There's no men in the world so particular about good things as them as is about vallyable horses. I've often thought if rich people cared half as much about poor men's togs, that was working or them for next to nothing, as they cared for their horse-clothes, it would be a better world. I was dead beat at last; but I went

down to Epsom and sold a few race-cards. I'd borrowed 1s. of a groom to start with, and he wouldn't take it back when I offered it; and that wax is bought at general warehouses, known as "swag shops" (of which I may speak hereafter), at 8d. the pound, there being 48 round sticks in, was my beginning in the paper trade. I felt queer at first, and queerer when I wasn't among horses, as at the races like—but one get's reconciled to anything, 'cept, to a man like me, a low lodging-house. A stable's a palace to it. I got into stationery at last, and it's respectable.

"I've heard people say how well they could read and write, and it was no good to them. It has been, and is still, a few pence to me; though I can only read and write middlin'. I write notes and letters for some as buys paper of me. Never anything in the beggin' way—never. It wouldn't do to have my name mixed up that way. I've often got extra pennies for directing and doing up valentines in nice 'velops. Why, I spoke to a servant girl the other day; she was at the door, and says I, 'Any nice paper to-day, to answer your young man's last love-letter, or to write home and ask your mother's consent to your being wed next Monday week?' That's the way to get them to listen, sir. Well, I finds that she can't write, and so I offers to do it for a pint of beer, and she to pay for paper of course. And then there was so many orders what to say. Her love to no end of aunts, and all sorts of messages and inquiries about all sorts of things; and when I'd heard enough to fill a long 'letter' sheet, she calls me back and says, 'I'm afraid I've forgot uncle Thomas.' I makes it all short enough in the letter, sir. 'My kind love to all inquiring friends,' takes in all uncle Thomases. I writes them when I gets a bite of dinner. Sometimes I posts them, if I'm paid beforehand; at other times I leaves them next time I pass the door. There's no mystery made about it. If a missus says, 'What's that?' I've heard a girl answer, 'It's a letter I've got written home, ma'am. I haven't time myself,' or 'I'm no scholar, ma'am.' But that's only where I'm known. I don't write one a week the year round—perhaps forty in a year. I charge 1d. or 2d., or if it's a very poor body, and no gammon about it, nothing. Well, then, I think I never wrote a love-letter. Women does that one for another, I think, when the young housemaid can't write as well as she can talk. I jokes some as I knows, and says I writes all sorts of letters but love-letters, and for them, you see, says I, there's wanted the best gilt edge, and a fancy 'velop, and a Dictionary. I take more for note and 'velops than anything else, but far the most for note. Some has a sheet folded and fitted into a 'velop when they buys, as they can't fit it so well themselves, they say. Perhaps I make 2s. a day, take it all round. Some days I may make as much as 3s. 6d.; at others, 'specially wet days, not 1s. But I call mine a tidy round, and better than an average. I've only myself, and pays 1s. 9d. a week for a tidy room, with a few of my own sticks in it. I



THE BOOK-AUCTIONEER.

[From a Photograph.]

buy sometimes in Budge-row, and sometimes in Drury-lane. Very seldom at a swag-shop (Birmingham house), for I don't like them.

"Well, now, I've heard, sir, that poor men like me ain't to be allowed to sell anything in the Park at the Great Exhibition. How's that, sir?" I told him I could give no information on the subject.

"It's likely enough to be true," he resumed; "the nobs 'll want to keep it all to themselves. I read *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* on a Sunday, and what murders and robberies there is now! What will there be when the Great Exhibition opens! for rogues is worst in a crowd, and they say they'll be plenty come to London from all arts and parts? Never mind; if I can see anything better to do in a fair way at the Exhibition, I'll cut the streets.

"Perhaps my earnings is half from working people and half from private houses; that's about it. But working people's easiest satisfied."

I have given this man's statement more fully than I should have thought necessary, that I might include his account of letter-writing. The letter-writer was at one period a regular street-labourer in London, as he is now in some continental cities—Naples, for instance. The vocation in London seems in some respects to have fallen into the hands of the street-stationer, but the majority of letters written for the uneducated—and their letter-receiving or answering is seldom arduous—is done, I believe, by those who are rather vaguely but emphatically described as—"friends."

I am told that there are 120 street-stationers in London, a small majority of whom may be itinerant, but chiefly on regular rounds. On a Sunday morning, in such places as the Brill, are two or three men, but not regularly, who sell stationery only on Sunday mornings. Taking the number, however, at 120, I am assured that their average profits may be taken at 8s. weekly, each stationer. On note-paper of the best sort the profit is sometimes only 50 per cent.; but, take the trade altogether, we may calculate it at cent. per cent. (on some things it is higher); and we find 4,992l. yearly expended in street-stationery.

OF A "REDUCED" GENTLEWOMAN, AND A "REDUCED" TRADESMAN, AS STREET-SELLERS OF STATIONERY.

I now give two statements, which show the correctness of my conclusion, that among the street-stationers were persons of education who had known prosperity, and that, as a body, those engaged in this traffic were a better class than the mass of the "paper-workers." They are also here cited as illustrations of the causes which lead, or rather force, many to a street-life.

The first statement is that of a lady:—

"My father," she said, "was an officer in the army, and related to the Pitt family. After his death, I supported myself by teaching music. I was considered very talented by my profession, both as teacher and composer." (I may here in-

terrupt the course of the narrative by saying, that I myself have had printed proofs of the lady's talents in this branch of art.) "A few years ago, a painful and protracted illness totally incapacitated me from following my profession; consequently, I became reduced to a state of great destitution. For many weeks I remained ill in my own room. I often, during that time, went without nourishment the day through. I might have gone into an hospital; but I seemed to dread it so much, that it was not until I was obliged to give up my room that I could make up my mind to enter one. From that time, until within a few weeks ago, I have been an inmate of several hospitals: the last I was in was the Convalescent Establishment at Carshalton. On my coming to London, I found I had to begin the world again, as it were, in a very different manner from what I have been accustomed to. I had no head to teach—I felt that; and what to do I hardly knew. I had no home to go to, and not a halfpenny in the world. I had heard of the House of Charity, in Soho-square, and, as a last resource, I went there; but before I could have courage to ask admittance, I got a woman to go in and see what kind of a place it was—I seemed to fear it so much. I met with great kindness there, however; and, by the time I left, the care they had bestowed upon me had restored my health in a measure, but not my head. The doctors advised me to get some outdoor occupation (I am always better in the open air); but what to do I could not tell. At last I thought of a man I had known, who made fancy envelopes. I went to him, and asked him to allow me to go round to a few houses with some of them for a small per centage. This he did, and I am thereby enabled, by going along the streets and calling to offer my envelopes at any likely house, just to live. None but those who have suffered misfortunes (as I have done) can tell what my feelings were on first going to a house. I could not go where I was known; I had not the courage, nor would my pride allow me. My pupils had been very kind to me during my illnesses, but I could not bear the idea of going to them and offering articles for sale.

"My fear of strangers is so great, that I tremble when I knock at a door—lest I should meet with an angry word. How few have any idea of the privations and suffering that have been endured before a woman (brought up as I have been) can make up her mind to do as I am obliged to do! I am now endeavouring to raise a little money to take a room, and carry on the envelope business myself. I might do pretty well, I think; and, should my head get better, in time I might get pupils again. At present I could not teach, the distressed state of my mind would not allow me."

The tradesman's statement he forwarded to me in writing, supplying me with every facility to test the full accuracy of his assertions, which it is right I should add I have done, and found all as he has stated. I give the narrative in the

writer's words (and his narrative will be found at once diffuse and minute), as a faithful representation of a "reduced" tradesman's struggles, thoughts, and endurances, before being forced into the streets.

"I was brought up," he writes, "as a linen-draper. After filling every situation as an assistant, both in the wholesale and retail trade, I was for a considerable time in business. Endeavouring to save another from ruin, I advanced what little money I had at my banker's, and became security for more, as I thought I saw my way clear. But a bond of judgment was hanging over the concern (kept back from me of course) and the result was, I lost my money to the amount of some hundreds, of which I have not recovered one pound. Since that time I have endeavoured to gain a livelihood as a town traveller. In 1845 I became very much afflicted, and the affliction continued the greater part of the following year. At one time I had fifteen wounds on my body, and lost the use of one side. I was reduced by bodily disease, as well as in circumstances. My wife went to reside among her friends, and I, after my being an out-patient of Bartholomew's Hospital went, through necessity, to Clerkenwell Workhouse. When recovered, I made another effort to do something among my own trade, and thought, after about two years struggle, I should recover in a measure my position. In August, 1849, I sent for a few shillings-worth of light articles from London (being then at Dunstable). I received them, and sold one small part; I went the following day to the next village nearer London. There I had a violent attack of cholera; which once more defeated my plans, leaving me in a weak condition. I was obliged to seek the refuge of my parish, and consider that very harshly was I treated there. They refused me admittance, and suffered me to walk the street two days and two nights. I had no use of my arm, was ill and disabled. About half-past seven on the third night, a gentleman, hearing of my sufferings, knocked at the door of the Union, took me inside, and dared them to turn me thence. This was in October, 1849. I lay on my bed there for seven weeks nearly, and a few days before Christmas-day the parish authorities brought me before the Board, and turned me out, with one shilling and a loaf; one of the overseers telling me to go to h—ll and lodge anywhere. I came to lodge at the Model Lodging-house, King-street, Drury-lane; but being winter-time they were full. Although I remained there in the day-time, I was obliged to sleep at another house. At this domicile I saw how many ways there were of getting what the very poor call a living, and various suggestions were offered. I was promised a gift of 2s. 6d. by an individual, on a certain day,—but I had to live till that day, and many were the feelings of my mind, how to dispose of what might remain when I received the 2s. 6d., as I was getting a little into debt. My debt, when paid, left me but 9½d. out of the

2s. 6d. to trade with. I had never hawked an article before that time; to stand the streets was terrible to my mind, and how to invest this small sum sadly perplexed me. My mind was racked by painful anxiety; one moment almost desponding, the next finding so much sterling value in a shilling, that I saw in it the means of rescuing me from my degradation. Wanting many of the necessities of life, but without suitable attire for my own business, and still weak from illness, I made up my mind. On the afternoon of 2nd Jan., 1850, I purchased 1½ doz. memorandum-books, of a stationer in Clerkenwell, telling him my capital. I obtained the name of 'Ninepence-halfpenny Man' (the amount of my funds) at that shop. The next step was how to dispose of my books. I thought I would go round to some coffee and public-houses, as I could not endure the streets. I went into one, where I was formerly known, and sold 6d.-worth, and meeting a person who was once in my own line, at another house, I sold 4d.-worth more. The first night, therefore, I got over well. The next day I did a little, but not so well, and I found out that what I had bought was not the most ready sale. My returns that week were only 6s. 2d. I found I must have something different,—one thing would not do alone; so I bought a few childrens' books and almanacks—sometimes going to market with as little as seven farthings. I could not rise to anything better in the way of provisions during this time than dry toast and coffee, as the rent must be looked to. I struggled on, hoping against hope. At one period I had a cold and lost my voice. Two or three wet days in a week made me a bankrupt. If I denied myself food, to increase my stock, and went out for a day or two to some near town, I found that with small stock and small returns I could not stem the tide.

"I always avoided associating with any but those a step higher in the grades of society—a circumstance that caused me not to know as much of the market for my cheap articles as I might have done. I am perhaps looked on as rather an 'aristocrat,' as I am not often seen by the street-sellers at a stand. My difficulties have been of no ordinary kind; with a desire for more domestic comfort on one hand, and painful reflections from want of means on the other, I have had to call to my aid all the philosophy I possess, to keep up a proper equilibrium, lest I should be tempted to anything derogatory or dishonest. I am desirous of a rescue at the only time likely for it to take place with advantage, as I am persuaded when persons continue long in a course that endangers their principles and self-respect, a rescue becomes hopeless. Should I have one small start with health, the privations I have undergone show not what comforts I have had, or may hope ever to have, but what I can absolutely do without.

"I found the first six months not quite so good as the latter; March and May being the worst. The entire amount taken from January 2nd to December 31st, 1850; was 28l. 10s. 6d.,—

an average of about 11s. 4d. a week; say for cost of goods, 6s. per week; and rent, 1s. 9d.; leaving me but 3s. 7d. clear for living. This statement, sir, is strictly correct, as I do not get cent. per cent. on all the articles; and yet with so small a return I am not behind one single crown at the present time.

"On New Year's-day last, I had but the cost price of stock, 5d. Up to the evening of February 10th, I have taken 2l. 19s. 8d.;—having paid for goods, 1l. 10s. 5d.; and for rent, 8s. 10d.: leaving me 1l. 5d. to exist on during nearly six weeks. These facts and figures show that without a little assistance it is impossible to rise; and remember this circumstance—I have had to walk on some occasions as much as twenty or twenty-two miles in a day. If those whom Providence has blessed with a little more than their daily wants would only enter into the conflicts of the really reduced person, they would not be half so niggardly in spending a few coppers for useful articles, at least, nor overbearing in their requirements as to bulk, when purchasing of the itinerant vendor. Did they but reflect that they themselves might be in the same condition, or some of their families, I am sure they would not act as they do; for I would venture to say that the common street beggar does not get more rebuffs or insults than the educated and unfortunate reduced tradesmen in the streets. The past year has been one of the most trying and painful, yet I hope instructive, periods of my existence, and one of which I trust I never shall see the like again."

I subjoin one of the testimonies that have been furnished me, as to this man's character, and which I thought it right to procure before giving publicity to the above statement. It is from a minister of the gospel—the street-seller's father-in-law.

"DEAR SIR,—I received a letter, last Tuesday, from Mr. Knight, intimating that he was requested by you to inquire into the character of Mr. J.—N.—"

"It is quite correct, as he states, that his wife is my daughter. They lived together several years in London; but eventually, notwithstanding her efforts in the millinery and straw-work, they became so reduced that their circumstances obliged my daughter to take her two little girls with herself to us."

"This was in the summer, 1845. His wife and children have been of no expense to Mr. N. since that time. The sole cause of their separation was poverty."

"I consider him to have acted imprudently in giving up his situation to depend on an income arising from a small capital; whereas, if he had kept in a place, whilst she attended to her own business, they might have gone on comfortably; and should they, through the interposition of a kind Providence, gain that position again, it is to be hoped that they will improve the circumstance to the honour and glory of the Author of all our mercies, and with gratitude to the instrument who may be raised up for their good."

"I am, dear Sir, respectfully yours,
"J. D."

Other vouchers have been received, and all equally satisfactory.

OF THE STREET-SALE OF MEMORANDUM-BOOKS AND ALMANACKS.

The memorandum-books in demand in street-

sale are used for weekly "rent-books." The payment of the rent is entered by the landlord, and the production of one of these books, showing a punctuality of payment, perhaps for years, is one of the best "references" that can be given by any one in search of a new lodging. They are bought also for the entrance of orders, and then of prices, in the trade at chandler's shops, &c., where weekly or monthly accounts are run. All, or nearly all, the street-stationers sell memorandum-books, and in addition to them, there may be, I am told, sometimes as many as fifty poor persons, including women and children, who sell memorandum-books with other trifling articles, not necessarily stationery, but such things as stay-laces or tapes. If a man sell memorandum-books alone it is because his means limit him to that stock, he being at the time, what I heard a patterer describe as, a "dry-bread cove." The price is 6d. the dozen, or 9d. (with almanacks pasted inside the cover), and thirteen to the dozen. No more than 1d. is obtained in the streets for any kind of memorandum-books.

The almanack street trade, I heard on all hands, had become a mere nothing. "What else can you expect, sir," said one street-seller, "when so many publicans sends almanacks round, or gives them away to their customers; and when the slop tailors' shilling-a-day men thrust one into people's hands at every corner? It was a capital trade once, before the duty was taken off—capital! The duty wasn't in our way so much as in the shop-keepers', though they did a good deal on the sly in unstamped almanacks. Why of a night in October I've many a time cleared 5s. and more by selling in the public-houses almanacks at 2d. and 3d. a-piece (they cost me 1s. and 1s. 2d. a dozen at that time). Anything that way, when Government's done, has a ready sale; people enjoys it; and I suppose no man, as ever was, thinks it much harm to do a tax-gatherer! I don't pay the income-tax myself (laughing). One evening I sold, just by Blackfriars-bridge, fourteen dozen of diamond almanacks to fit into hat-crowns. I was liable, in course, and ran a risk. I sold them mostly at 1d. a piece, but sometimes got 6d. for three. I cleared between 6s. and 7s. The 'diamonds' cost me 8d. a dozen."

The street almanack trade is now carried on by the same parties as I have specified in my account of memorandum-books. Those sold are of any cheap kind, costing wholesale 6d. a dozen, but they are almost always announced as "Moore's."

OF THE STREET-SALE OF ROCKET-BOOKS AND DIARIES.

The sale of pocket-books, in the streets, is not, I was told by several persons, "a living for a man now-a-days." Ten years ago it was common to find men in the streets offering "half-crown pocket-books" for 1s., and holding them open so as to display the engravings, if there

were any. The street-sale usually takes place in March, when the demand for the regular trade has ceased, and the publishers dispose of their unsold stock. The trade is now, I am assured, only about a tenth of its former extent. The reason assigned for the decline is that almanacks, diaries, &c., are so cheap that people look upon 1s. as an enormous price, even for a "beautiful morocco-bound pocket-book," as the street-seller proclaims it. The binding is roan (a dressed sheep-skin, morocco being a goat-skin), an imitation of morocco, but the pocket-books are really those which in the October preceding have been published in the regular way of trade. Some few of them may, however, have been damaged, and these are bought by the street-people as a "job lot," and at a lower price than that paid in the regular way; which is 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. the dozen, thirteen to the dozen. The "job lot" is sometimes bought for 2s. 6d. a dozen, and sold at 6d. each, or as low as 4d.,—for street-sellers generally bewail their having often to come down to "fourpenny-bits, as they're going so much now." One man told me that he was four days last March in selling a dozen pocket-books, though the weather was not unfavourable, and that his profit was 5s. Engravings of the "fashions," the same man told me, were "no go now." Even poorly-dressed women (but they might, he thought, be dress-makers) had said to him the last time he displayed a pocket-book with fashions—"They're out now." The principal supplier of pocket-books, &c., to the street-trade is in Bride-lane, Fleet-street. Commercial diaries are bought and sold at the same rate as pocket-books; but the sale becomes smaller and smaller.

I am informed that "last season" there were twenty men, all street-traders in "paper," or "anything that was up," at other times, selling pocket-books and diaries. For this trade Leicester-square is a favourite place. Calculating, from the best data I can command, that each of those men took 15s. weekly for a month (half of it their profit), we find 60l. expended in the streets in this purchase. Ledgers are sometimes sold in the streets; but as the sale is more a hawker's than a regular street-seller's, an account of the traffic is not required by my present subject.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF SONGS.

THESE street-traffickers, with the exception, in a great degree, of the "pinners-up," are of the same class, but their callings are diversified. There are long song-sellers, ballad-sellers (who are generally singers of the ballads they vend, unless they are old and infirm, and offer ballads instead of begging), chaunters, pinners-up, and song-book-sellers. The three first-mentioned classes I have already described in their connection with the patters; and I now proceed to deal with the two last-mentioned.

The "pinners-up" (whom I have mentioned as an exceptional body), are the men and women—the women being nearly a third of the num-

ber of the men—who sell songs which they have "pinned" to a sort of screen or large board, or have attached them, in any convenient way, to a blank wall; and they differ from the other song-sellers, inasmuch as that they are not at all connected with patter, and have generally been mechanics, porters, or servants, and reduced to struggle for a living as "pinners-up."

OF THE STREET "PINNERS-UP," OR WALL SONG-SELLERS.

THESE street-traders, when I gave an account of them in the winter of 1849, were not 50 in number; they are now, I learn, about 30. One informant counted 28, and thought "that was nearly all."

I have, in my account of street song-sellers, described the character of the class of pinners-up. Among the best-accustomed stands are those in Tottenham-court Road, the New-road, the City-road, near the Vinegar-works, the Westminster-road, and in Shoreditch, near the Eastern Counties Station. One of the best-known of the pinners-up was a stout old man, wearing a great-coat in all weathers, who "pinned-up" in an alley leading from Whitefriars-street to the Temple, but now thrown into an open street. He had old books for sale on a stall, in addition to his ballads, and every morning was seen reading the newspaper, borrowed from a neighbouring public-house which he "used," for he was a keen politician. "He would quarrel with any one," said a person who then resided in the neighbourhood—an account confirmed to me at the public-house in question—"mostly about politics, or about the books and songs he sold. Why, sir, I've talked to him many a time, and have stood looking through his books; and if a person came up and said, 'Oh, Burn's Works, 1s.; I can't understand him,'—then the old boy would abuse him for a fool! Suppose another came and said—for I've noticed it myself—'Ah! Burns—he was a poet!' that didn't pass; for the jolly old pinner-up would say, 'Well, now, I don't know about that.' In my opinion, he cared nothing about this side or that—his notion or the opposite—but he liked to shine." The old man was carried off in the prevalence of the cholera in 1849.

At the period I have specified, I received the following statement from a man who at that time pinned-up by Harewood-place, Oxford-street:

"I'm forty-nine," he said. "I've no children, thank God, but a daughter, who is eighteen, and no incumbrance to me, as she is in a 'house of business,' and as she has been there nine years, her character can't be so very bad. (This was said proudly.) I worked twenty-two years with a great sculptor as a marble polisher, and besides that, I used to run errands for him, and was a sort of porter, like, to him. I couldn't get any work, because he hadn't no more marble-work to do; so nine or ten years back I went into this line. I knew a man what done well in it—but times

was better then—and that put it into my head. It cost me 2l. 10s. to stock my stall, and get all together comfortable; for I started with old books as well as songs. I got leave to stand here from the landlord. I sell ballads and manuscript music (beautifully done these music sheets were), which is 'transposed' (so he worded it) from the nigger songs. There's two does them for me. They're transposed for the violin. One that does them is a musicianer, who plays outside public-houses, but I think his daughter does most of it. I sell my songs at a halfpenny,—and, when I can get it, a penny a piece. Do I yarn a pound a week? Lor' bless you, no. Nor 15s., nor 12s. I don't yarn, one week with another, not 10s., sometimes not 5s. My wife don't yarn nothing. She used to go out charing, but she can't now. I am at my stall at nine in the morning, and sometimes I have walked five or six miles to buy my 'pubs' before that. I stop till ten at night oft enough. The wet days is the ruin of us; and I think wet days increases. [This was said on a rainy day.] Such a day as yesterday now I didn't take, not make,—but I didn't take what would pay for a pint of beer and a bit of bread and cheese. My rent's 2s. 3d. a week for one room, and I've got my own bits of sticks there. I've always kept them, thank God!"

Generally, these dealers know little of the songs they sell,—taking the printer's word, when they purchase, as to "what was going." The most popular comic songs (among this class I heard the word *song* used far more frequently than *ballad*) are not sold so abundantly as others,—because, I was told, boys soon picked them up by heart, hearing them so often, and so did not buy them. Neither was there a great demand for nigger songs, nor for "flash ditties," but for such productions as "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "I'm Afloat," "There's a Good Time coming," "Farewell to the Mountain," &c., &c. Three-fourths of the customers of these traders, one man assured me, were boys.

Indecent songs are not sold by the pinners-up. One man of whom I made inquiries was quite indignant that I should even think it necessary to ask such questions. The "songs" cost the pinners-up, generally, 2d. a dozen, sometimes 2½d., and sometimes less than 2d., according to the quality of the paper and the demand.

On fine summer days the wall song-sellers take 2s. on an average. On short wintry days they may not take half so much, and on very foggy or rainy days they take nothing at all. Their ballads are of the same sort as those I proceed to describe under especial heads, and I have shown what are of readiest sale. reckoning that each pinner-up, thirty in number, now takes 10s. 6d. weekly (7s. being the profit), we find that 780 guineas are yearly expended in London streets, in the ballads of the pinners-up.

OF ANCIENT AND MODERN STREET BALLAD MINSTRELSY.

MR. STRUTT, in his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," shows, as do other authorities, that in the reigns subsequent to the Norman Conquest the minstrels "were permitted to perform in the rich monasteries, and in the mansions of the nobility, which they frequently visited in large parties, and especially upon occasions of festivity. They entered the castles without the least ceremony, rarely waiting for any previous invitation, and there exhibited their performances for the entertainment of the lord of the mansion and his guests. They were, it seems, admitted without any difficulty, and handsomely rewarded for the exertion of their talents."

Of the truth of this statement all contemporary history is a corroboration. The minstrels then, indeed, constituted the theatre, the opera, and the concert of the powerful and wealthy. They were decried by some of the clergy of that day,—as are popular performers and opera singers (occasionally) by some zealous divine in our own era. John of Salisbury stigmatizes minstrels as "ministers of the devil."

"The large gratuities collected by these artists," the same antiquarian writer further says, "not only occasioned great numbers to join their fraternity, but also induced many idle and dissipated persons to assume the characters of minstrels, to the disgrace of the profession. These evils became at last so notorious, that in the reign of King Edward II. it was thought necessary to restrain them by a public edict, which sufficiently explains the nature of the grievance. It states, that many indolent persons, under the colour of minstrelsy, intruded themselves into the residences of the wealthy, where they had both meat and drink, but were not contented without the addition of large gifts from the householder. To restrain this abuse, the mandate ordains, that no person should resort to the houses of prelates, earls, or barons, to eat, or to drink, who was not a professed minstrel; nor more than three or four minstrels of honour at most in one day (meaning, I presume, the king's minstrels of honour and those retained by the nobility), except they came by invitation from the lord of the house."

The themes of the minstrels were the triumphs, victories, pageants, and great events of the day; commingled with the praise, or the satire of individuals, as the humour of the patron or of the audience might be gratified. It is stated that Longchamp, the favourite and justiciary of Richard Cœur-de-lion, not only engaged poets to make songs and poems in his, Bishop Longchamp's, praise, but the best singers and minstrels to sing them in the public streets!

In the ninth year of the reign of Edward IV. another royal edict was issued, as little favourable to the minstrels as the one I have given an account of; and those functionaries seem to

have gradually fallen in the estimation of the public, and to have been condemned by the law, down to the statute of Elizabeth, already alluded to, subjecting them to the same treatment as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. A writer of the period (1589) represents the (still-styled) minstrels, singing "ballads and small popular musickes" for the amusement of boys and others "that passe by them in the streete." It is related also that their "matters were for the most part stories of old time; as the tale of Sir Topas, Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rhymes, made purposely for the recreation of the common people at Christmas dinners and bride ales, and in taverns and alehouses, and such other places of base resort."

These "stories of old time" are now valuable as affording illustrations of ancient manners, and have been not unfruitful as subjects of antiquarian annotation.

Under the head of the "Norman Minstrels," Mr. Strutt says: "It is very certain that the poet, the songster, and the musician were frequently united in the same person."

From this historical sketch it appears evident that the ballad-singer and seller of to-day is the sole descendant, or remains, of the minstrel of old, as regards the business of the streets; he is, indeed, the minstrel having lost caste, and being driven to play cheap.

The themes of the minstrels were wars, and victories, and revolutions; so of the modern man of street ballads. If the minstrel celebrated with harp and voice the unhorsings, the broken bones, the deaths, the dust, the blood, and all the glory and circumstance of a tournament,—so does the ballad-seller, with voice and fiddle, glorify the feelings, the broken bones, the blood, the deaths, and all the glory and circumstance of a prize-fight. The minstrel did not scoff at the madness which prevailed in the lists, nor does the ballad-singer at the brutality which rules in the ring. The minstrels had their dirges for departed greatness; the ballad-singer, like old Allan Bane, also "pours his wailing o'er the dead"—for are there not the street "helegies" on all departed greatness? In the bestowal of flattery or even of praise the modern minstrel is far less liberal than was his prototype; but the laudation was, in the good old times, very often "paid for" by the person whom it was sung to honour. Were the same measure applied to the ballad-singer and writer of to-day, there can be no reason to doubt that it would be attended with the same result. In his satire the modern has somewhat of an advantage over his predecessor. The minstrel not rarely received a "largesse" to satirize some one obnoxious to a rival, or to a disappointed man. The ballad-singer (or chaunter, for these remarks apply with equal force to both of these street-professionals), is seldom hired to abuse. I was told, indeed, by a clever chaunter, that he had been sent lately by a strange gentleman to

sing a song—which he and his mate (a patterer happened at the time to be working—in front of a neighbouring house. The song was on the rogueries of the turf; and the "move" had a doubly advantageous effect. "One gentleman, you see, sir, gave us 1s. to go and sing; and afore we'd well finished the chorus, somebody sent us from the house another 1s. to go away agin." I believe this to be the only way in which the satire of a ballad-singer is rewarded, otherwise than by sale to his usual class of customers in the streets or the public-houses. The ancient professors of street minstrelsy unquestionably played and sung satirical lays, depending for their remuneration on the liberality of their out-of-door audience; so is it precisely with the modern. The minstrel played both singly and with his fellows; the ballad-singer "works" both alone (but not frequently) and with his "mates" or his "school."

In the persons of some of these modern street professionals, as I have shown and shall further show, are united the functions of "the poet, the songster, and the musician." So in the days of yore. There are now female ballad-singers; there were female minstrels, or glee-women. The lays which were poured forth in our streets and taverns some centuries back, either for the regalement of a miscellaneous assemblage, or of a select few, were sometimes of an immoral tendency. Such, it cannot be denied, is the case in our more enlightened days at our Cyder-cellars, Coal-holes, Penny Gaffs, and such like places. Rarely, however, are such things sung in the streets of London; but sometimes at country fairs and races.

In one respect the analogy between the two ages of these promoters of street enjoyment does not hold. The minstrel's garb was distinctive. It was not always the short laced tunic, tight trousers, and russet boots, with a well plumed cap,—which seems to be the modern notion of this tuneful itinerant. The king's and queen's minstrels wore the royal livery, but so altered as to have removed from its appearance what might seem menial. The minstrels of the great barons also assumed their patron's liveries, with the like qualification. A minstrel of the highest class might wear "a fayre gowne of cloth of gold," or a military dress, or a "tawnie coat," or a foreign costume, or even an ecclesiastical garb,—and some of them went so far as to shave their crowns, the better to resemble monks. Of course they were imitated by their inferiors. The minstrel, then, wore a particular dress; the ballad-singer of the present day wears no particular dress. During the terrors of the reign of Henry VIII., and after the Reformation, a large body of the minstrels fell into meanness of attire; and in that respect the modern ballad-singer is analogous.

It must be borne in mind that I have all along spoken—except when the description is necessarily general—of the *street*, or itinerant, minstrel of old. The highest professors of the

art were poets and composers, men often of genius, learning, and gravity, and were no more to be ranked with the mass of those I have been describing than is Alfred Tennyson with any Smithfield scribbler and bawler of some Newgate "Copy of Verses."

How long "Sir Topas" and the other "old stories" continued to be sung in the streets there are no means of ascertaining. But there are old songs, as I ascertained from an intelligent and experienced street-singer, still occasionally heard in the open air, but more in the country than the metropolis. Among those still heard, however rarely, are the Earl of Dorset's song, written on the night before a naval engagement with the Dutch, in 1665:

"To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite."

I give the titles of the others, not chronologically, but as they occurred to my informant's recollection—"A Cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall"—Parnell's song of "My Days have been so wond'rous Free," now sung in the streets to the tune of Gramachree. A song (of which I could not procure a copy, but my informant had lately heard it in the street) about the Cock-lane Ghost—

"Now ponder well, you parents dear
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light."

the "Children in the Wood" and "Chevy-chase." Concerning this old ditty one man said to me: "Yes, sir, I've sung it at odd times and not long ago in the north of England, and I've been asked whereabouts Chevy-chase lay, but I never learned."

"In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin',
Made every youth crye, Well-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen."

"Barbara Allen's selling yet," I was told. "Gilderoy was a Bonnie Boy," is another song yet sung occasionally in the streets.

"The ballad," says a writer on the subject, "may be considered as the native species of poetry of this country. It very exactly answers the idea formerly given of original poetry, being the rude uncultivated verse in which the popular tale of the time was recorded. As our ancestors partook of the fierce warlike character of the northern nations, the subjects of their poetry would chiefly consist of the martial exploits of their heroes, and the military events of national history, deeply tinged with that passion for the marvellous, and that superstitious credulity, which always attend a state of ignorance and barbarism. Many of the ancient ballads have been transmitted to the present times, and in them the character of the nation displays itself in striking colours."

The "Ballads on a Subject," of which I shall proceed to treat, are certainly "the rude uncultivated verse in which the popular tale of the times is recorded," and what may be the cha-

racter of the nation as displayed in them I leave to the reader's judgment.

OF STREET "BALLADS ON A SUBJECT."

THERE is a class of ballads which may with perfect propriety be called *street ballads*, as they are written by street authors for street singing (or chaunting) and street sale. These effusions, however, are known in the trade by a title appropriate enough—"Ballads on a Subject." The most successful workers in this branch of the profession, are the men I have already described among the patterers and chaunters.

The "Ballads on a Subject" are always on a political, criminal, or exciting public event, or one that has interested the public, and the celerity with which one of them is written, and then sung in the streets, is in the spirit of "these railroad times." After any great event, "a ballad on the subject" is often enough written, printed, and sung in the street, in little more than an hour. Such was the case with a song "in honour," it was announced, "of Lord John Russell's resignation." Of course there is no time for either the correction of the rhymes or of the press; but this is regarded as of little consequence—while an early "start" with a new topic is of great consequence, I am assured; "yes, indeed, both for the sake of meals and rents." If, however, the songs were ever so carefully revised, their sale would not be greater.

I need not treat this branch of our street literature at any great length, as specimens of the "Ballad on a Subject" will be found in many of the preceding statements of paper-workers.

It will have struck the reader that all the street lays quoted as popular have a sort of burthen or jingle at the end of each verse. I was corrected, however, by a street chaunter for speaking of this burthen as a jingle. "It's a chorus, sir," he said. "In a proper ballad on a subject, there's often twelve verses, none of them under eight lines,—and there's a four-line chorus to every verse; and, if it's the right sort, it'll sell the ballad." I was told, on all hands, that it was not the words that ever "made a ballad, but the subject; and, more than the subject,—the chorus; and, far more than either,—the tune!" Indeed, many of the street-singers of ballads on a subject have as supreme a contempt for words as can be felt by any modern composer. To select a tune for a ballad, however, is a matter of deep deliberation. To adapt the ballad to a tune too common or popular is injudicious; for then, I was told, any one can sing it—boys and all. To select a more elaborate and less-known air, however appropriate, may not be pleasing to some of the members of "the school" of ballad-singers, who may feel it to be beyond their vocal powers; neither may it be relished by the critical in street song, whose approving criticism induces them to purchase as well as to admire.

The license enjoyed by the court jesters, and, in some respects, by the minstrels of old, is certainly enjoyed, undiminished, by the street-writers and singers of ballads on a subject. They are unsparing satirists, who, with a rare impartiality, lash all classes and all creeds, as well as any individual. One man, upon whose information I can rely, told me that, eleven years ago, he himself had "worked," in town and country, 23 different songs at the same period and on the same subject—the marriage of the Queen. They all "sold,"—but the most profitable was one "as sung by Prince Albert in character." It was to the air of the "Dusty Miller;" and "it was good," said the ballad-man, "because we could easily dress up to the character given to Albert." I quote a verse:

"Here I am in rags
From the land of All-dirt,
To marry England's Queen,
And my name it is Prince Albert."

"And what's more, sir," continued my informant, "not very long after the honeymoon, the Duchess of L—— drove up in her carriage to the printer's, and bought all the songs in honour of Victoria's wedding, and gave a sovereign for them and wouldn't take the change. It was a duchess. Why I'm sure about it—though I can't say whether it were the Duchess of L—— or S——; for didn't the printer, like an honest man, when he'd stopped the price of the papers, hand over to us chaps the balance to drink, and *didn't* we drink it! There can't be a mistake about *that*."

Of street ballads on political subjects, or upon themes which have interested the whole general public, I need not cite additional instances. There are, however, other subjects, which, though not regarded as of great interest by the whole body of the people are still eventful among certain classes, and for them the street author and ballad-singer cater.

I first give a specimen of a ballad on a Theatrical Subject. The best I find, in a large collection of these street effusions, is entitled "Jenny Lind and Poet B." After describing how Mr. Bunn "flew to Sweden" and engaged Miss Lind, the poet proceeds,—the tune being "Lucy Long":

"After Jenny sign'd the paper,
She repented what she'd done,
And said she must have been a cake,
To be tempted by A. Bunn.
The English tongue she must decline,
It was such awkward stuff,
And we find 'mongst our darling dames,
That one tongue's quite enough."

CHORUS.

So take your time Miss Jenny,
Oh, take your time Miss Lind,
You're only to raise your voice,
John Bull, will raise the wind.

Says Alfred in the public eye,
My name you shan't degrade,
So birds that can and won't sing
Why in course they must be made.
This put Miss Jenny's pipe out,
Says Bunn your tricks I see,

Altho' you are a Nightingale,
You shan't play larks with me.

The Poet said he'd seek the law,
No chance away he'd throw;
Says Jenny if you think I'll come,
You'll find it is no go!
When a bird-catcher named 'Lummy
With independence big,
Pounced down upon the Nightingale,
And with her hopp'd the twig!"

I am inclined to think—though I know it to be an unusual case—that in this theatrical ballad the street poet was what is tenderly called a "plagiarist." I was assured by a chaunter that it was written by a street author,—but probably the chaunter was himself in error or forgetfulness.

Next, there is the Ballad on a Civic Subject. In the old times the Lord Mayor had his laureate. This writer, known as "poet to the City of London," eulogised all lord mayors, and glorified all civic pageants. That of the 9th November, especially, "lived in Settle's numbers, one day more,"—but Elkanah Settle was the last of such scribes. After his death, the city eschewed a poet. The office has now descended to the street bard, who annually celebrates the great ceremony. I cite two stanzas and the chorus from the latest of these civic Odes:

"Now Farncombe's out and Musgrove's in,
And grand is his position,
Because he will be made a king,
At the Hyde Park Exhibition;
A feast he'll order at Guildhall,
For hypocrites and sinners,
And he has sent Jack Forester to Rome,
To invite the Pope to dinner!"

A day like this we never saw,
The truth I am confessing,
Batty's astonishing menagerie,
Is in the great procession;
There's lions, tigers, bears and wolves,
To please each smiling feature,
And elephants in harness drawing
Drury Lane Theatre!

CHORUS.

"It is not as it used to be,
Cut on so gay and thrifty,
The funny Lord Mayor's Show to see,
In eighteen hundred and fifty."

There is, beside the descriptions of ballads above cited, the Ballad Local. One of these is headed the "Queer Doings in Leather-lane," and is on a subject concerning which street-sellers generally express themselves strongly—Sunday trading. The endeavour to stop street trading (generally) in Leather-lane, with its injurious results to the shopkeepers, has been already mentioned. The ballad on this local subject presents a personality now, happily, almost confined to the street writers:

"A rummy saintly lot is there,
A domineering crew,
A Butcher, and a Baker,
And an Undertaker too,
Besides a cove who deals in wood,
And makes his bundles small,
And looks as black on Sunday
As the Undertaker's pall."

CHORUS.

You must not buy, you must not sell,
Oh! is it not a shame?
It is a shocking place to dwell,
About sweet Leather Lane.

The Butcher does not like to hear
His neighbours holloa, buy!
Although he on the Sunday
Sells a little on the sly;
And the Coffin Maker struts along
Just like the great Lord Mayor,
To bury folks on Sundays,
Instead of going to prayers."

There are yet three themes of these street songs, of which, though they have been alluded to, no specimens have been given. I now supply them. The first is the election ballad. I quote two stanzas from "Middlesex and Victory! or, Grosvenor and Osborne for ever!":

"Now Osborne is the man
To struggle for your rights,
He will vote against the Bishops,
You know, both day and night,
He will strive to crush the Poor Law Bill,
And that with all his might,
And he will never give his vote
To part a man from his wife."

CHORUS.

Then cheer Osborne and Lord Grosvenor,
Cheer them with three times three,
For they beat the soldier, Tommy Wood,
And gained the victory.

I have not forgot Lord Grosvenor,
Who nobly stood the test,
For the electors of great Middlesex
I know he'll do his best;
He will pull old Nosey o'er the coals,
And lay him on his back,
And he swears that little Bob's head
He will shove into a rat trap."

Then come the "elegies." Of three of these I cite the opening stanza. That on the "Death of Queen Adelaide" has for an illustration a figure of Britannia leaning on her shield, with the "Museum of History," (as I presume from her attributes,) at Britannia's feet. In the distance is the setting sun:

"Old England may weep, her bright hopes are fled,
The friend of the poor is no more;
For Adelaide now is numbered with the dead,
And her loss we shall sadly deplore.
For though noble her birth, and high was her station
The poor of this nation will miss her,
For their wants she relieved without ostentation,
But now she is gone, God bless her!
God bless her! God bless her!
But now she is gone, God bless her!"

The elegy on the "Death of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M.P.," is set off with a very fair portrait of that statesman.

"Britannia! Britannia! what makes thee complain,
O why so in sorrow relenting,
Old England is lost, we are born down in pain,
And the nation in grief is lamenting,
That excellent man—the pride of the land,
Whom every virtue possessed him,
Is gone to that Home, from whence no one returns,
Our dear friend, Sir Robert, God rest him."

The verses which bewail the "Death of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge," and which are adorned with the same illustration as those upon Queen Adelaide, begin

"Oh! death, thou art severe, and never seems contented,
Prince Adolphus Frederick is summoned away,

The death of Royal Cambridge in sorrow lamented,
Like the good Sir Robert Peel, he no longer could stay;

His virtues were good, and noble was his actions,
His presence at all places caused much attraction,
Britannia for her loss is driven to distraction,
Royal Cambridge, we'll behold thee no more!"

The third class of street-ballads relates to "fires." The one I quote, "On the Awful Fire at B. Caunt's, in St. Martin's-lane," is preceded by an engraving of a lady and a cavalier, the lady pointing to a column surmounted by an urn. I again give the first stanza:

"I will unfold a tale of sorrow,
List, you tender parents dear,
It will thrill each breast with horror,
When the dreadful tale you hear.
Early on last Wednesday morning,
A raging fire as we may see,
Did occur, most sad and awful,
Between the hours of two and three."

In a subsequent stanza are four lines, not without some rough pathos, and adapted to move the feelings of a street audience. The writer is alluding to the grief of the parents who had lost two children by a terrible death:

"No more their smiles they'll be beholding,
No more their pretty faces see,
No more to their bosoms will they fold them,
Oh! what must their feelings be."

I find no difference in style between the ballads on a subject of to-day, and the oldest which I could obtain a sight of, which were sung in the present generation—except that these poems now begin far less frequently with what at one time was as common as an invocation to the Muse—the invitation to good Christians to attend to the singer. One on the Sloanes, however, opens in the old fashion:

"Come all good Christians and give attention,
Unto these lines I will unfold,
With heartfelt feelings to you I'll mention,
I'm sure 'twill make your blood run cold."

I now conclude this account of street-ballads on a subject with two verses from one on the subject of "The Glorious Fight for the Championship of England." The celebration of these once-popular encounters is, as I have already stated, one of the points in which the modern ballad-man emulates his ancient brother minstrel:

"On the ninth day of September,
Eighteen hundred and forty five,
From London down to Nottingham
The roads were all alive;
Oh! such a sight was never seen,
Believe me it is so,
Tens of thousands went to see the fight,
With Caunt and Bendigo.

And near to Newport Pagnell,
Those men did strip so fine,
Ben Caunt stood six feet two and a half,
And Bendigo five foot nine;
Ben Caunt, a giant did appear,
And made the claret flow,
And he seemed fully determined
Soon to conquer Bendigo.

CHORUS.

With their hit away and slash away,
So manfully you see,
Ben Caunt has lost and Bendigo
Has gained the victory."

OF THE STREET POETS AND AUTHORS.

Authorship, for street sale, is chiefly confined to the production of verse, which, whatever be its nature, is known through the trade as "ballads." Two distinctions, indeed, are recognised—"Ballads" and "Ballads on a Subject." The last-mentioned is, as I have said and shown, the publication which relates to any specific event; national or local, criminal or merely extraordinary, true or false. Under the head "Ballads," the street-sellers class all that does not come under the description of "Ballads on a Subject."

The same street authors—now six in number—compose indiscriminately any description of ballad, including the copy of verses I have shown to be required as a necessary part of all histories or trials of criminals. When the printer has determined upon a "Sorrowful Lamentation," he sends to a poet for a copy of verses, which is promptly supplied. The payment I have already mentioned—1s.; but sometimes, if the printer (and publisher) like the verses, he "throws a penny or two over;" and sometimes also, in case of a great sale, there is the same over-sum.

Fewer ballads, I was assured, than was the case ten or twelve years ago, are now written expressly for street sale or street minstrelsy. "They come to the printer, for nothing, from the concert-room. He has only to buy a 'Ross' or a 'Sharp'" [song-books] "for 1d., and there's a lot of 'em; so, in course, a publisher ain't a-going to give a bob, if he can be served for a farthing, just by buying a song-book."

Another man, himself not a "regular poet," but a little concerned in street productions, said to me, with great earnestness: "Now look at this, sir, and I hope you'll just say, sir, as I tell you. You've given the public a deal of information about men like me, and some of our chaps abuses you for it like mad; but I say it's all right, for it's all true. Now you'll have learned, sir, or, any way, you will learn, that there's songs sung in the streets, and sometimes in some tap-rooms, that isn't decent, and relates to nothing but wickedness. There wasn't a few of those songs once written for the streets, straight away, and a great sale they had, I know—but far better at country fairs and races than in town. Since the singing-houses—I don't mean where you pay to go to a concert, no! but such as your Cyder-cellars, and your night-houses, where there's lords, and gentlemen, and city swells, and young men up from the colleges—since these places has been up so flourishing, there hasn't, I do believe, been *one* such song written by one of our poets. They all come from the places where the lords, and gentlemen, and collegians is capital customers; and they never was a worse sort of ballads than now. In course those houses is licensed, and perticler respectable, or it wouldn't be allowed; and if I was to go to the foot of the bridge, sir (Westminster-bridge), and chaunt any such songs, and my mate should

sell them, why we should very soon be taking reg'lar exercise on Colonel Chesterton's everlasting staircase. We has a great respect for the law—O, certainly!"

Parodies on any very popular song, which used to be prepared expressly for street trade, are now, in like manner, derived from the night-house or the concert-room; but not entirely so. The parody "Cab, cab, cab!" which was heard in almost every street, was originated in a concert-room.

The ballads which have lately been written, and published expressly for the street sale, and have proved the most successful, are parodies or imitations of "The Gay Cavalier." One street ballad, commencing in the following words, was, I am told, greatly admired, both in the streets and the public-houses:

"'Twas a dark foggy night,
And the moon gave no light,
And the stars were all put in the shade:
When leary Joe Scott,
Dealt in 'Donovan's hot'
Said he'd go to court his fair maid."

I now give three stanzas of "The Way to Live Happy Together,"—a ballad said to have been written expressly for street sale. Its popularity is anything but discreditable to the street-buyers:

"From the time of this world's first formation
You will find it has been the plan,
In every country and nation,
That woman was formed to please man;
And man for to love and protect them,
And shield them from the frowns of the world,
Through the smooth paths of life to direct them,
And he who would do less is a churl."

Then listen to me!

If you would live happy together,
As you steer through the troubles of life,
Depend that this world's greatest treasure,
Is a kind and a good-tempered wife.

Some men will ill-use a good woman,
And say all they do turns out wrong,
But as I mean to offend no one,
You'll find faults to both sides belong;
But if both were to look at the bright side,
And each other's minds cease to pain,
They would find they have looked at the right side,
For all would be summer again.

Then listen to me!

If you would live happy together, &c.

Married women, don't gossip or tattle,
Remember it oft stirs up strife,
But attend to your soft children's soft prattle,
And the duties of mother and wife.
And men, if you need recreation,
With selfish companions don't roam,
Who might lead you to sad degradation,
But think of your comforts at home.

Then listen to me!

If you would live happy together, &c."

"It's all as one, sir," was the answer of a man whom I questioned on the subject; "it's the same poet; and the same tip for any ballad. No more nor a bob for nothing."

A large number of ballads which I procured, and all sold and sung in the street, though not written expressly for the purpose, presented a curious study enough. They were of every class. I specify a few, to show the nature of

the collection (not including ballads on a subject): "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doun," with (on the same sheet) "The Merry Fiddler," (an indecent song)—"There's a good Time coming, Boys," "Nix, my Dolly," "The Girls of — shire," (which of course is available for any county)—"Widow Mahoney," "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave," "Clementina Clemmins," "Lucy Long," "Erin Go Bragh," "Christmas in 1850," "The Death of Nelson," "The Life and Adventures of Jemmy Sweet," "The Young May Moon," "Hail to the Tyrol," "He was sich a Lushy Cove," &c. &c.

I may here mention—but a fuller notice may be necessary when I treat of street art—that some of these ballads have an "illustration" always at the top of the column. "The Heart that can Feel for Another" is illustrated by a gaunt and savage-looking lion. "The Amorous Waterman of St. John's Wood," presents a very short, obese, and bow-legged grocer, in top-boots, standing at his door, while a lady in a huge bonnet is "taking a sight at him," to the evident satisfaction of a "baked 'tater" man. "Rosin the Beau" is heralded by the rising sun. "The Poachers" has a cut of the Royal Exchange above the title. "The Miller's Ditty" is illustrated by a perfect dandy, of the slimmest and straightest fashion; and "When I was first Breeched," by an engraving of a Highlander. Many of the ballads, however, have engravings appropriate enough.

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A STREET AUTHOR, OR POET.

I have already mentioned the present number of street authors, as I most frequently heard them styled, though they write only verses. I called upon one on the recommendation of a neighbouring tradesman, of whom I made some inquiries. He could not tell me the number of the house in the court where the man lived, but said I had only to inquire for the Tinker, or the Poet, and any one would tell me.

I found the poor poet, who bears a good character, on a sick bed; he was suffering, and had long been suffering, from abscesses. He was apparently about forty-five, with the sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, and, not pale but thick and rather sallow complexion, which indicate ill-health and scant food. He spoke quietly, and expressed resignation. His room was not very small, and was furnished in the way usual among the very poor, but there were a few old pictures over the mantel-piece. His eldest boy, a lad of thirteen or fourteen, was making dog-chains; at which he earned a shilling or two, sometimes 2s. 6d., by sale in the streets.

"I was born at Newcastle-under-Lyne," the man said, "but was brought to London when, I believe, I was only three months old. I was very fond of reading poems, in my youth, as soon as I could read and understand almost. I was, very likely, sir; perhaps it was that put it into my head to write them afterwards. I was

taught wire-working, and jobbing, and was brought up to hawking wire-work in the streets, and all over England and Wales. It was never a very good trade—just a living. Many and many a weary mile we've travelled together,—I mean, my wife and I have: and we've sometimes been benighted, and had to wander or rest about until morning. It wasn't that we hadn't money to pay for a lodging, but we couldn't get one. We lost count of the days sometimes in wild parts; but if we did lose count, or thought we had, I could always tell when it was Sunday morning by the look of nature; there was a mystery and a beauty about it as told me. I was very fond of Goldsmith's poetry always. I can repeat 'Edwin and Emma' now. No, sir; I never read the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' I found 'Edwin and Emma' in a book called the 'Speaker.' I often thought of it in travelling through some parts of the country.

"Above fourteen years ago I tried to make a shilling or two by selling my verses. I'd written plenty before, but made nothing by them. Indeed I never tried. The first song I ever sold was to a concert-room manager. The next I sold had great success. It was called the 'Demon of the Sea,' and was to the tune of 'The Brave Old Oak.' Do I remember how it began? Yes, sir, I remember every word of it. It began:

Unfurl the sails,
We've easy gales;
And helmsman steer aright,
Hoist the grim death's head—
The Pirate's head—
For a vessel heaves in sight!

That song was written for a concert-room, but it was soon in the streets, and ran a whole winter. I got only 1s. for it. Then I wrote the 'Pirate of the Isles,' and other ballads of that sort. The concert-rooms pay no better than the printers for the streets.

"Perhaps the best thing I ever wrote was the 'Husband's Dream.' I'm very sorry indeed that I can't offer you copies of some of my ballads, but I haven't a single copy myself of any of them, not one, and I dare say I've written a thousand in my time, and most of them were printed. I believe 10,000 were sold of the 'Husband's Dream.' It begins:

O Dermot, you look healthy now,
Your dress is neat and clean;
I never see you drunk about,
Then tell me where you've been.

Your wife and family—are they well?
You once did use them strange:
O, are you kinder to them grown,
How came this happy change?

"Then Dermot tells how he dreamed of his wife's sudden death, and his children's misery as they cried about her dead body, while he was drunk in bed, and as he calls out in his misery, he wakes, and finds his wife by his side. The ballad ends:

'I pressed her to my throbbing heart,
Whilst joyous tears did stream;
And ever since, I've heaven blest,
For sending me that dream.'

"Dermot turned teetotaller. The teetotallers were very much pleased with that song. The printer once sent me 5s. on account of it.

"I have written all sorts of things—ballads on a subject, and copies of verses, and anything ordered of me, or on anything I thought would be accepted, but now I can't get about. I've been asked to write indecent songs, but I refused. One man offered me 5s. for six such songs.—'Why, that's less than the common price,' said I, 'instead of something over to pay for the wickedness.'—All those sort of songs come now to the streets, I believe all do, from the concert-rooms. I can imitate any poetry. I don't recollect any poet I've imitated. No, sir, not Scott or Moore, that I know of, but if they've written popular songs, then I dare say I have imitated them. Writing poetry is no comfort to me in my sickness. It might if I could write just what I please. The printers like hanging subjects best, and I don't. But when any of them sends to order a copy of verses for a 'Sorrowful Lamentation' of course I must supply them. I don't think much of what I've done that way. If I'd my own fancy, I'd keep writing acrostics, such as one I wrote on our rector." "God bless him," interrupted the wife, "he's a good man." "That he is," said the poet, "but he's never seen what I wrote about him, and perhaps never will." He then desired his wife to reach him his big Bible, and out of it he handed me a piece of paper, with the following lines written on it, in a small neat hand enough:

"Celestial blessings hover round his head,
Hundreds of poor, by his kindness were fed,
And precepts taught which he himself obeyed.
Man, erring man, brought to the fold of God,
Reaching pardon through a Saviour's blood.
No lukewarm priest, but firm to Heaven's cause;
Examples showed how much he loved its laws.
Youth and age, he to their wants attends,
Seward of Christ—the poor man's sterling friend."

"There would be some comfort, sir," he continued, "if one could go on writing at will like that. As it is, I sometimes write verses all over a slate, and rub them out again. Live hard! yes, indeed, we do live hard. I hardly know the taste of meat. We live on bread and butter, and tea; no, not any fish. As you see, sir, I work at tinning. I put new bottoms into old tin tea-pots, and such like. Here's my sort of bench, by my poor bit of a bed. In the best weeks I earn 4s. by tinning, never higher. In bad weeks I earn only 1s. by it, and sometimes not that,—and there are more shilling than four shilling weeks by three to one. As to my poetry, a good week is 3s., and a poor week is 1s.—and sometimes I make nothing at all that way. So I leave you to judge, sir, whether we live hard; for the comings in, and what we have from the parish, must keep six of us—myself, my wife, and four children. It's a long, hard struggle." "Yes, indeed," said the wife, "it's just as you've heard my husband tell, sir. We've 2s. a week and four loaves of bread from the parish, and the rent's 2s. 6d., and the land-

lord every week has 2s.,—and 6d. he has done for him in tinning work. Oh, we do live hard, indeed."

As I was taking my leave, the poor man expressed a desire that I would take a copy of an epitaph which he had written for himself. "If ever," he said, "I am rich enough to provide for a tomb-stone, or my family is rich enough to give me one, this shall be my epitaph" [I copied it from a blank page in his Bible:]

"Stranger, pause, a moment stay,
Tread lightly o'er this mound of clay.
Here lies J—H—, in hopes to rise,
And meet his Saviour in the skies.
Christ his refuge, Heaven his home,
Where pain and sorrow never come.
His journey's done, his trouble's past,
With God he sleeps in peace at last."

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF BROAD-SHEETS.

THE broad-sheet known in street-sale is an unfolded sheet, varying in size, and printed on one side. The word is frequently used to signify an account of a murder or execution, but it may contain an account of a fire, an "awful accident and great loss of life," a series of conundrums, as in those called "Nuts to Crack," a comic or intended comic engraving, with a speech or some verses, as recently in satire of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman (these are sometimes called "comic exhibitions"), or a "bill of the play." The "cocks" are more frequently a smaller size than the broad-sheet.

The sellers of these articles (play-bills excepted), are of the class I have described as patterers. The play-bill sellers are very rarely patterers on other "paper work." Some of them are on the look-out during the day for a job in portage or such like, but they are not mixed up with any patterning,—and a regular patterer looks down upon a play-bill seller as a poor creature, "fit for nothing but play-bills." I now proceed to describe such of these classes as have not been previously given.

OF THE "GALLOWS" LITERATURE OF THE STREETS.

UNDER this head I class all the street-sold publications which relate to the hanging of malefactors. That the question is not of any minor importance must be at once admitted, when it is seen how very extensive a portion of the reading of the poor is supplied by the "Sorrowful Lamentations" and "Last Dying Speech, Confession, and Execution" of criminals. One paper-worker told me, that in some small and obscure villages in Norfolk, which, he believed, were visited only by himself in his line, it was not very uncommon for two poor families to club for 1d. to purchase an execution broad-sheet! Not long after Rush was hung, he saw, one evening after dark, through the uncurtained cottage window, eleven persons, young and old, gathered round a scanty fire, which was made to blaze by being fed with a few sticks. An old man was reading, to an attentive audience, a

broad-sheet of Rush's execution, which my informant had sold to him; he read by the fire-light; for the very poor in those villages, I was told, rarely lighted a candle on a spring evening, saying that "a bit o' fire was good enough to talk by." The scene must have been impressive, for it had evidently somewhat impressed the perhaps not very susceptible mind of my informant.

The procedure on the occasion of a "good" murder, or of a murder expected to "turn out well," is systematic. First appears a quarter-sheet (a hand-bill, 9½ in. by 7½ in.) containing the earliest report of the matter. Next come half-sheets (twice the size) of later particulars, or discoveries, or—if the supposed murderer be in custody—of further examinations. The sale of these bills is confined almost entirely to London, and in their production the newspapers are for the most part followed closely enough. Then are produced the whole, or broad-sheets (twice the size of the half-sheets), and, lastly, but only on great occasions, the double broad-sheet. [I have used the least technical terms that I might not puzzle the reader with accounts of "crowns," "double-crowns," &c.]

The most important of all the broad-sheets of executions, according to concurrent, and indeed unanimous, testimony is the case of Rush. I speak of the testimony of the street-folk concerned, who all represent the sale of the papers relative to Rush, both in town and country, as the best in their experience of late years.

The sheet bears the title of "The Sorrowful Lamentation and Last Farewell of J. B. Rush, who is ordered for Execution on Saturday next, at Norwich Castle." There are three illustrations. The largest represents Rush, cloaked and masked, "shooting Mr. Jermy, Sen." Another is of "Rush shooting Mrs. Jermy." A prostrate body is at her feet, and the lady herself is depicted as having a very small waist and great amplitude of gown-skirts. The third is a portrait of Rush,—a correct copy, I was assured, and have no reason to question the assurance,—from one in the *Norwich Mercury*. The account of the trial and biography of Rush, his conduct in prison, &c., is a concise and clear enough condensation from the newspapers. Indeed, Rush's Sorrowful Lamentation is the best, in all respects, of any execution broad-sheet I have seen; even the "copy of verses" which, according to the established custom, the criminal composes in the condemned cell—his being unable, in some instances, to read or write being no obstacle to the composition—seems, in a literary point of view, of a superior strain to the run of such things. The matters of fact, however, are introduced in the same peculiar manner. The worst part is the morbid sympathy and intended apology for the criminal. I give the verses entire:

"This vain world I soon shall leave,
Dear friends in sorrow do not grieve;
Mourn not my end, though 'tis severe,
For death awaits the murderer."

Now in a dismal cell I lie.
For murder I'm condemn'd to die;
Some may pity when they read,
Oppression drove me to the dead.

My friends and home to me were dear,
The trees and flowers that blossom'd near;
The sweet loved spot where youth began
Is dear to every Englishman.

I once was happy—that is past,
Distress and crosses came at last;
False friendship smiled on wealth and me,
But shunned me in adversity.

The scaffold is awaiting me,
For Jermy I have murdered thee;
Thy hope and joys—thy son I slew,
Thy wife and servant wounded too.

I think I hear the world to say—
'Oh, Rush, why didst thou Jermy slay?
His dear loved son why didst thou kill,
For he had done to thee no ill.'

If Jermy had but kindness shown,
And not have trod misfortune down,
I ne'er had fired the fatal ball
That caus'd his son and him to fall.

My cause I did defend alone,
For learned counsel I had none;
I pleaded hard and questions gave,
In hopes my wretched life to save.

The witness to confound did try,
But God ordained that I should die;
Eliza Chestney she was there,—
I'm sorry I have injured her.

Oh, Emily Sandford, was it due
That I should meet my death through you?
If you had wish'd me well indeed,
How could you thus against me plead?

I've used thee kind, though not my wife:
Your evidence has cost my life;
A child by me you have had born,
Though hard against me you have sworn.

The scaffold is, alas! my doom,—
I soon shall wither in the tomb:
God pardon me—no mercy's here
For Rush—the wretched murderer!"

Although the execution broad-sheet I have cited may be the best, taken altogether, which has fallen under my observation, nearly all I have seen have one characteristic—the facts can be plainly understood. The narrative, embracing trial, biography, &c., is usually prepared by the printer, being a condensation from the accounts in the newspapers, and is perhaps intelligible, simply because it is a condensation. It is so, moreover, in spite of bad grammar, and sometimes perhaps from an unskilful connection of the different eras of the trial.

When the circumstances of the case permit, or can be at all constrained to do so, the Last Sorrowful Lamentation contains a "Love Letter," written—as one patterer told me he had occasionally expressed it, when he thought his audience suitable—"from the depths of the condemned cell, with the condemned pen, ink, and paper." The style is stereotyped, and usually after this fashion:

"Dear —,—Shrink not from receiving a letter from one who is condemned to die as a murderer. Here, in my miserable cell, I write to one whom I have

from my first acquaintanceship, held in the highest esteem, and whom, I believe, has also had the same kindly feeling towards myself. Believe me, I forgive all my enemies and bear no malice. O, my dear —, guard against giving way to evil passions, and a fondness for drink. Be warned by my sad and pitiful fate."

If it be not feasible to have a love-letter—which can be addressed to either wife or sweet-heart—in the foregoing style, a "last letter" is given, and this can be written to father, mother, son, daughter, or friend; and is usually to the following purport:

"Condemned Cell, —

"My Dear —,—By the time you receive this my hours, in this world, will indeed be short. It is an old and true saying, that murderers will one day meet their proper reward. No one can imagine the dreadful nights of anguish passed by me since the committal of the crime on poor —. All my previous victims have appeared before me in a thousand different shapes and forms. My sufferings have been more than I can possibly describe. Let me entreat you to turn from your evil ways and lead a honest and sober life. I am suffering so much at the present moment both from mind and body that I can write no longer. Farewell! farewell!"

"Your affectionate —."

I have hitherto spoken of the Last Sorrowful Lamentation sheets. The next broad-sheet is the "Life, Trial, Confession, and Execution." This presents the same matter as the "Lamentation," except that a part—perhaps the judge's charge at the trial, or perhaps the biography—is removed to make room for the "Execution," and occasionally for a portion of the "Condemned Sermon." To judge by the productions I treat of, both subjects are marvelously similar on all occasions. I cite a specimen of the Condemned Sermon, as preached, according to the broad-sheet, before Hewson, condemned for the murder of a turnkey. It will be seen that it is of a character to fit any condemned sermon whatever:

"The rev. gent. then turned his discourse particularly to the unhappy prisoner doomed to die on the morrow, and told him to call on Him who alone had the power of forgiveness; who had said, 'though his sins were red as scarlet,' he would 'make them white as snow,' though he had been guilty of many heinous crimes, there was yet an opportunity of forgiveness.—During the delivery of this address, the prisoner was in a very desponding state, and at its conclusion was helped out of the chapel by the turnkeys."

The "Execution" is detailed generally in this manner. I cite the "Life, Trial, Confession, and Execution of Mary May, for the Murder of W. Constable, her Half-brother, by Poison, at Wix, near Manningtree:"

"At an early hour this morning the space before the prison was very much crowded by persons anxious to witness the execution of Mary May, for the murder of William Constable, her half-brother, by poison, at Wix, Manningtree, which gradually increased to such a degree, that a great number of persons suffered extremely from the pressure, and gladly gave up their places on the first opportunity to escape from the crowd. The sheriffs and their attendants arrived at the prison early this morning and proceeded to the condemn cell, where they found the reverend ordinary engaged in prayer with the miserable woman. After the usual formalities had been observed of demanding the body of the prisoner into their custody she was then conducted to the press-room. The executioner with his assistants then commenced pinioning her arms, which operation they

skillfully and quickly dispatched. During these awful preparations the unhappy woman appeared meekly to suffer severely, but uttered not a word when the hour arrived and all the arrangements having been completed, the bell commenced tolling, and then a change was observed, to come over the face of the prisoner, who trembling violently, walked with the melancholy procession, proceeded by the reverend ordinary, who read aloud the funeral service for the dead. When the bell commenced tolling a moment was heard from without, and the words "Hats off," and "Silence," were distinctly heard, from which time nothing but a continual sobbing was heard. On arriving at the foot of the steps leading to the scaffold she thanked the sheriffs and the worthy governor of the prison, for their kind attentions to her during her confinement; & then the unfortunate woman was seen on the scaffold, there was a death like silence prevailed among the vast multitude of people assembled. In a few seconds the bolt was drawn, and, after a few convulsive struggles, the unhappy woman ceased to exist."

I cannot refrain from calling the reader's attention to the "copy of verses" touching Mary May. I give them entire, for they seem to me to contain all the elements which made the old ballads popular—the rushing at once into the subject—and the homely reflections, though crude to all educated persons, are, nevertheless, well adapted to enlist the sympathy and appreciation of the class of hearers to whom they are addressed:

COPY OF VERSES.

"The solemn bell for me doth toll,
And I am doom'd to die
(For murdering by brother dear,
Upon a tree so high.
For gain I did premeditate
My brother for to slay,—
Oh, think upon the dreadful fate
Of wretched Mary May.

CHORUS.

Behold the fate of Mary May,
Who did for gain her brother slay.

In Essex boundry I did dwell,
My brother lived with me,
In a little village called Wix,
Not far from Manningtree.
In a burial clud I entered him,
On purpose him to slay;
And to obtain the burial fees
I took his life away.

One eve he to his home return'd,
Not thinking he was doom'd,
To be sent by a sister's hand
Unto the silent tomb.
His tea for him I did prepare,
And in it poison placed,
To which I did administer,—
How dreadful was his case.

Before he long the poison took
In agony he cried;
Upon him I in scorn did look,—
At length my brother died.
Then to the grave I hurried him,
And got him out of sight,
But God ordain'd this cruel deed
Should soon be brought to light.

I strove the money to obtain,
For which I did him slay,
By which, also, suspicion fell
On guilty Mary May.
The poison was discovered,
Which caused me to bewail,
And I my trial to await
Was sent to Chelmsford jail.



THE STREET-SELLER OF DOGS' COLLARS.

[From a Photograph.]

And for this most atrocious deed
I at the bar was placed,
The Jury found me guilty,—
How dreadful was my case.
The Judge the dreadful sentence pass'd,
And solemn said to me,
'You must return from whence you came,
And thence unto the tree.'

On earth I can no longer dwell,
There's nothing can me save;
Hark! I hear the mournful knell
Which calls me to the grave.
Death appears in ghostly forms,
To summon me below;
See, the fatal bolt is drawn,
And Mary May must go.

Good people all, of each degree,
Before it is too late,
See me on the fatal tree,
And pity my sad fate.
My guilty heart stung with grief,
With agony and pain,—
My tender brother I did slay
That fatal day for gain."

This mode of procedure in "gallows" literature, and this style of composition, have prevailed for from twenty to thirty years. I find my usual impossibility to fix a date among these street-folk; but the Sorrowful Lamentation sheet was unknown until the law for prolonging the term of existence between the trial and death of the capitally-convicted, was passed. "Before that, sir," I was told, "there wasn't no time for a Lamentation; sentence o' Friday, and scragging o' Monday. So we had only the Life, Trial, and Execution." Before the year 1820, the Execution broad-sheets, &c., were "got up" in about the same, though certainly in an inferior and more slovenly manner than at present; and one copy of verses often did service for the canticles of all criminals condemned to be hung. These verses were to sacred or psalm tunes, such as Job, or the Old Hundredth. I was told by an aged gentleman that he remembered, about the year 1812, hearing a song, or, as he called it, "stave," of this description, not only given in the street with fiddle and nasal twang, to the tune of the Old Hundredth, but commencing in the very words of Sternhold and Hopkins—

"All people that on earth do dwell."

These "death-verses," as they were sometimes called, were very frequently sung by blind people, and in some parts of the country blind men and women still sing—generally to the accompaniment of a fiddle—the "copy of verses." A London chaunter told me, that, a few years back, he heard a blind man at York announce the "verses" as from the "solitudes" of the condemned cell. At present the broad-sheet sellers usually sing, or chaunt, the copy of verses.

An intelligent man, now himself a street-trader, told me that one of the latest "execution songs" (as he called them) which he remembered to have heard in the old style—but "no doubt there were plenty after that, as like one another as peas in a boiling"—was on the murder of Weare, at Elstree, in Hertfordshire.

He took great interest in such things when a boy, and had the song in question by heart, but could only depend upon his memory for the first and second verses:

"Come, all good Christians, praise the Lord,
And trust to him in hope.
God in his mercy Jack Thurtell sent
To hang from Hertford gallows rope.

Poor Weare's murder the Lord disclosed—
Be glory to his name:
And Thurtell, Hunt, and Probert too,
Were brought to grief and shame."

Another street paper-worker whom I spoke to on the subject, and to whom I read these two verses, said: "That's just the old thing, sir; and it's quite in old Jemmy Catnach's style, for he used to write verses—anyhow, he said he did, for I've heard him say so, and I've no doubt he did in reality—it was just his favourite style, I know, but the march of intellect put it out. It did so."

In the most "popular" murders, the street "papers" are a mere recital from the newspapers, but somewhat more brief, when the suspected murderer is in custody; but when the murderer has not been apprehended, or is unknown, "then," said one Death-hunter, "we has our fling, and I've hit the mark a few chances that way. We had, at the werry least, half-a-dozen coves pulled up in the slums that we printed for the murder of 'The Beautiful Eliza Grimwood, in the Waterloo-road.' I did best on Thomas Hopkins, being the guilty man—I think he was Thomas Hopkins—'cause a strong case was made out again him."

I received similar accounts of the street-doings in the case of "mysterious murders," as those perpetrations are called by the paper workers, when the criminal has escaped, or was unknown. Among those leaving considerable scope to the patterer's powers of invention were the murders of Mr. Westwood, a watchmaker in Prince's-street, Leicester-square; of Eliza Davis, a bar-maid, in Frederick-street, Hampstead-road; and of the policeman in Dagenham, Essex. One of the most successful "cocks," relating to murders which actually occurred, was the "Confession to the Rev. Mr. Cox, Chaplain of Aylesbury Gaol, of John Tawell the Quaker." I had some conversation with one of the authors of this "Confession,"—for it was got up by three patterers; and he assured me that "it did well, and the facts was soon in some of the newspapers—as what we 'riginates often is." This sham confession was as follows:

"The Rev. Mr. Cox, the chaplain of Aylesbury Gaol, having been taken ill, and finding his end approaching, sent for his son, and said, 'Take this confession; now I am as good as my word; I promised that unhappy man, John Tawell, that while I lived his confession should not be made public, owing to the excited state of the public mind. Tawell confessed to me, that besides the murder of Sarah Hart, at Salt-hill, for while he suffered the last penalty of the law at Aylesbury, he was guilty of two other barbarous murders which abroad as a transport in Van Dieman's Land. One of these barbarous and horrid murders was on the

body of one of the keepers. He knocked him down with the keys, which he wrenched from him, and then cut his throat with his own knife, leaving the body locked up in his cell; and before that, to have the better opportunity of having the turnkey single-handed, John Tawell feigned illness. He then locked the keeper, in the cell, and went to a young woman in the town, a beautiful innkeeper's daughter, whom he had seduced as he worked for her father, as he had the privilege of doing in the day-times. He went to her, and she, seeing him in a flurried state, with blood upon his hand, questioned him. He told the unhappy young woman how he had killed the keeper for the love of her, and the best thing to be done was for her to get possession of all the money she could, and escape with him to this country, where he would marry her, and support her like a lady. The unhappy young woman felt so terrified, that at the moment she was unable to say yes or no. He became alarmed for his safety, and with the identical knife that he killed the keeper with, he left his unhappy victim a weltering in her gore. He then fled from the house unobserved, and went into the bush, where he met three men, who had escaped through his killing the keeper. He advised them to go down with him to an English vessel lying off the coast. When they reached the shore, they met a crew in search of fresh water; to them they made out a pitiful story, and were taken on board the ship. All being young men, and the captain being short of hands, and one of them having been really a seaman transported for mutiny, the captain, after putting questions which the seaman answered, engaged them to work their passage home. Tawell was the captain of the gang, and was most looked up to. They worked their passage home, behaving well during the voyage, so that the captain said he would make each of them a present, and never divulge. When they reached Liverpool, Tawell robbed the captain's cabin of all the money contained in it, which was a very considerable sum. After that he left Liverpool, and adopted the garb of a Quaker, in which he could not easily be recognized, and then pursued the course of wickedness and crime which led him to a shameful death."

The "confession" of Rush to the chaplain of Norwich Castle, was another production which was remunerative to the patterers. "There was soon a bit of it in the newspapers," said one man, "for us and them treads close on one another's heels. The newspapers 'screeved' about Rush, and his mother, and his wife; but we, in our patter, made him confess to having murdered his old grandmother fourteen years back, and how he buried her under the apple-tree in the garden, and how he murdered his wife as well."

These ulterior Confessions are very rarely introduced, in lieu of some matter displaced, into the broad-sheet, but form separate bills. It was necessary to mention them here, however, and so preserve the sequence of the whole of the traffic consequent upon a conviction for murder, in this curious trade.

Sometimes the trial, &c., form also separate bills, as well as being embodied afterwards in the Sorrowful Lamentation. This is only, however, in cases which are deemed important. One of the papers I obtained, for instance, is the "Trial of Mr. and Mrs. Manning for the Murder of Mr. Patrick O'Connor." The trial alone occupies a broad-sheet; it is fairly "got up." A portrait of Mr. Patrick O'Connor heads the middle column. From the presence of a fur collar to the coat or cloak, and of what is evidently an order with its insignia, round

the neck, I have little doubt that the portrait of Mr. O'Connor was originally that of the sovereign in whose service O'Connor was once an excise-officer—King William IV.

The last publication to which the trade has recourse is "the book." This is usually eight pages, but sometimes only four of a larger size. In authorship, matter, or compilation, it differs little from the narratives I have described. The majority of these books are prepared by one man. They are in a better form for being preserved as a record than is a broad-sheet, and are frequently sold, and almost always offered by the patterers when they cry a new case on a sheet, as "people that loves such reading likes to keep a good account of the best by them; and so, when I've sold Manning's bills, I've often shoved off Rush's books." The books, like the bills, have generally the letters and the copy of verses.

Some of these books have the title-page set forth in full display,—for example: "*Horrible Murder and Mutilation of Lucy Game, aged 15, by her Cruel Brother, William Game, aged 9, at Westmill, Hertfordshire. His Committal and Confession. With a Copy of Letter. Also, Full Particulars of the Poisonings in Essex.*" Here, as there was no execution, the matter was extended, to include the poisonings in Essex. The title I have quoted is expanded into thirteen lines. Sometimes the title-page is adorned with a portrait. One, I was told, which was last employed as a portrait of Calcraft, had done severe service since Courvoisier's time,—for my informant thought that Courvoisier was the original. It is the bust of an ill-looking man, with coat and waistcoat fitting with that unwrinkled closeness which characterises the figures in tailors' "fashions."

The above style of work is known in the trade as "the book;" but other publications, in the book or pamphlet form, are common enough. In some I have seen, the title-page is a history in little. I cite one of these:—"Founded on Facts. *The Whitty Tragedy; or, the Gambler's Fate. Containing the Lives of Joseph Carr, aged 21, and his sweetheart, Maria Leslie, aged 19, who were found Dead, lying by each other, on the morning of the 23rd of May. Maria was on her road to Town to buy some Ribbon, &c., for her Wedding Day, when her lover in a state of intoxication fired at her, and then run to rob his prey, but finding it to be his Sweetheart, reloaded his Gun, placed the Muzzle to his Mouth, and blew out his Brains, all through cursed Cards, Drink, &c. Also, an affectionate Copy of Verses.*"

To show the extent of the trade in execution broad-sheets, I obtained returns of the number of copies relating to the principal executions of late, that had been sold:

Of Rush	2,500,000	copies.
" the Mannings . . .	2,500,000	"
" Courvoisier . . .	1,666,000	"
" Good	1,650,000	"
" Corder	1,650,000	"
" Greenacre . . .	1,666,000	"

Of Thurtell I could obtain no accounts—"it was so long ago;" but the sale, I was told, was enormous. Reckoning that each copy was sold for 1d. (the regular price in the country, where the great sale is,) the money expended for such things amounts to upwards of 48,500*l.* in the case of the six murderers above given. All this number was printed and got up in London; a few "broad-sheets" concerning Rush were printed also in Norwich.

Touching the issue of "cocks," a person connected with the trade calculated for me, from data at his command, that 3,456 copies were struck off weekly, and sold in the streets, in the metropolis; and reckoning them at only a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each, we have the sum of 7*l.* 4*s.* spent every week in this manner. At this rate, there must be 179,712 copies of "cocks" printed in a year, on which the public expend no less than 374*l.* 8*s.*

Of the style of illustrations usually accompanying this class of street literature the two large engravings here given are *fac similes*—while the smaller ones are faithful copies of the average embellishments to the halfpenny ballads. On another occasion I shall speak at length on "Street-Art."

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF CONUNDRUMS.

AMONG the more modern street sales are "conundrums," generally vended, both in the shops and the streets, as "Nuts to Crack," when not in the form of books. This is another of the "broad-sheets," and is sufficiently clever and curious in its way.

In the centre, at the top, is the "Wonderful Picture," with the following description: "This Picture when looked at from a particular point of view, will not only appear perfect in all respects and free from distortion, but the figures will actually appear to stand out in relief from the paper." The wonderful picture, which is a rude imitation of a similar toy picture sold in a box, "with eye-piece complete," at the shops, presents a distorted view of a church-spire, a light-house, a donjon-keep, castellated buildings backed by mountains, a moat on which are two vessels, an arch surmounted by a Britannia, a palm-tree (I presume), and a rampart, or pier, or something that way, on which are depicted two figures, with the gestures of elocutionists. The buildings are elongated, like shadows at sunset or sunrise. What may be the "particular point of view" announced in the description of the Wonderful Picture, is not described in the "Nuts," but the following explanation is given in a little book, published simultaneously, and entitled, "The Nutcrackers, a Key to Nuts to Crack, or Enigmatical Repository."

"THE WONDERFUL PICTURE.—Cut out a piece of cardboard $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, make a round hole about the size of a pea in the top of it; place this level with the right-hand side of the Engraving and just $\frac{1}{2}$ inches distant from it, then apply your eye to the little hole and look at the picture, and you will find that a beautiful symmetry pervades the landscape, there is not the slightest appearance of distortion, and the different

parts appear actually to stand up in relief on the paper."

Below the "Wonderful Picture" are other illustrations; and the border of the broad-sheet presents a series of what may be called pictorial engravings. The first is,

D I O
C C
1.—Late presented to a "Wise
man" by a usurer.

The answer being evidently "Diocese." No. 26 is

A 4
26.—The Child's "Tidy."

"Pinafore" is the solution. Of the next "hieroglyphic"—for a second title to the "Nuts" tells of "200 Hieroglyphics, Enigmas, Conundrums, Curious Puzzles, and other Ingenious Devices,"—I cannot speak very highly. It consists of "AIMER," (a figure of a hare at full speed,) and "EKA." Answer.—"America."

In the body of the broad-sheet are the Enigmas, &c., announced; of each of which I give a specimen, to show the nature of this street performance or entertainment. Enigma 107 is—

"I've got no wings, yet in the air
I often rise and fall;
I've got no feet, yet clogs I wear,
And shoes, and boots, and all."

As the answer is foot-ball, the two last lines should manifestly have been placed first.

The "Conundrums" are next in the arrangement, and I cite one of them:

"Why are there, strictly speaking, only 325 days in the year?"

"Because," is the reply, "forty of them are lent and never returned." The "Riddles" follow in this portion of the "Nuts to Crack." Of these, one is not very difficult to be solved, though it is distinguished for the usual grammatical confusion of tenses:

"A man has three daughters, and each of these have a brother. How many children had he?"

The "Charades" complete the series. Of these I select one of the best:

"I am a word of letters seven,
I'm sinful in the sight of heaven,
To every virtue I'm opposed,
Man's weary life I've often closed.
If to me you prefix two letters more,
I mean exactly what I meant before."

The other parts of the letter-press consist of "Anagrams," "Transpositions," &c.

When a clever patterer "works conundrums"—for the trade is in the hands of the pattering class—he selects what he may consider the best, and reads or repeats them in the street, sometimes with and sometimes without the answer. But he does not cripple the probable quickness

of his sale by a slavish adherence to what is in type. He puts the matter, as it were, personally. "What gentleman is it," one man told me he would ask, "in this street, that has—

'Eyes like saucers, a back like a box,
A nose like a pen-knife, and a voice like a fox?'

You can learn for a penny. Or sometimes I'll go on with the patter, thus," he continued, "What lady is it that we have all seen, and who can say truly—

'I am brighter than day, I am swifter than light,
And stronger than all the momentum of might?'

More than once people have sung out 'the Queen,' for they seem to think that the momentum of might couldn't fit any one else. It's 'thought' as is the answer, but it wouldn't do to let people think it's anything of the sort. It must seem to fit *somebody*. If I see a tailor's name on a door, as soon as I've passed the corner of the street, and sometimes in the same street, I've asked—

'Why is Mr. So-and-so, the busy tailor of this (or the next street) never at home?'

'Because he's always cutting out.' I have the same questions for other tradesmen, and for gentlemen and ladies in this neighbourhood, and no gammon. All for a penny. Nuts to Crack, a penny. A pair of Nutcrackers to crack 'em, only one penny."

Sometimes this man, who perhaps is the smartest in the trade, will take a bolder flight still, and when he knows the residence of any professional or public man, he will, if the allusion be complimentary, announce his name, or—if there be any satire—indicate by a motion of the head, or a gesture of the hand, the direction of his residence. My ingenuous, and certainly ingenious, informant obliged me with a few instances:—"In Whitechapel parish I've said—it ain't in the print, it was only in the patter—'Why won't the Reverend Mr. Champneys lay up treasures on earth?'—'Because he'd rather lay up treasures in heaven.' That's the reverend gentleman not far from this spot; but in this sheet—with nearly 100 engravings by the first artists, only a penny—I have other questions for other parsons, not so easy answered; nuts as is hard to crack. 'Why is the Reverend Mr. Popjoy,' or the Honourable Lawyer Bully, or Judge Wiggem,—and then I just jerks my thumb, sir, if it's where I know or think such people live—'Why is the Reverend Mr. Popjoy (or the others) like *two* balloons, one in the air to the east, and the 'tother in the air to the west, in this parish of St. George's, Hanover-square?' There's no such question, and as it's a sort of a 'cock,' of course there's no answer. I don't know one. But a gentleman's servant once sung out: "'Cause he's uppish.' And a man in a leather apron once said: 'He's a raising the wind,' which was nonsense. But I like that sort of interruption, and have said—'You'll not find *that* answer in the Nutcrackers,' only a penny—and, Lord knows, I told the truth when

I said so, and it helps the sale. No fear of any one's finding out all what's in the sheet before I'm out of the 'drag.' Not a bit. And you must admit that any way it's a cheap pennyworth. That it is a cheap harmless pennyworth is undeniable.

The street-sale of conundrums is carried on most extensively during a week or two before Christmas; and on summer evenings, when the day's work is, or ought to be, over even among the operatives of the slop employers. As the conundrum patterer requires an audience, he works the quieter streets, preferring such as have no horse-thoroughfare—as in some of the approaches from the direction of Golden-square to Regent-street. The trade is irregularly pursued, none following it all the year; and from the best information I could acquire, it appears that fifteen men may be computed as working conundrums for two months throughout the twelve, and clearing 10s. 6d. weekly, per individual. The cost of the "Nuts to Crack" (when new) is 5d. a doz. to the seller; but old "Nuts" often answer the purpose of the street-seller, and may be had for about half the price; the cost of the "Nut-crackers" 2s. to 2s. 6d. It may be calculated, then, that to realize the 10s. 6d., 15s. must be taken. This shows the street expenditure in "Nuts to Crack" and "Nut-crackers" to be 90% yearly.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF COMIC EXHIBITIONS, MAGICAL DELUSIONS, &c.

THE street sale of "Comic Exhibitions" (properly so called) is, of course, as modern as the last autumn and winter; and it is somewhat curious that the sale of any humorous, or meant to be humorous sheet of engravings, is now becoming very generally known in the street sale as a "Comic Exhibition." Among these—as I have before intimated—are many caricatures of the Pope, the Church of Rome, Cardinal Wiseman, the Church of England, the Bishop of London (or any bishop or dignitary), or of any characteristic of the conflicting creeds. In many of these, John Bull figures personally, and so does the devil.

The Comic Exhibition (proper) is certainly a very cheap pennyworth. No. 1 is entitled, "The Ceremonial of the Opening of the Great Exhibition, in 1851, with Illustrations of the Contributions of All Nations." The "contributions," however, are reserved for Nos. 2 and 3. Two larger "cuts," at the head of the broad-sheet, may be considered geographical, as regards the first, and allegorical as regards the second. "Table Bay" presents a huge feeder (evidently), and the "Cape of Good Hope" is a spare man obsequiously bowing to the table and its guest in good hope of a dinner. Of the Sandwich Islands and of Hung(a)ry, the "exhibition" is of the same description. The second larger cut shows the Crystal Palace ascending by the agency of a balloon, a host of people of all countries looking on. Then comes the

'Procession from Palace-yard to Hyde Park.' The first figure in this procession is described as "Beefeaters piping hot and well puffed out," though there is but one beefeater, with head larger than his body and legs ridiculously small (as have nearly all the sequent figures), smoking a pipe as if it were a trombone, duly followed by "Her Majesty's Spiritual Body-guard" (five beefeaters, drunk), and by "Prince Albert blowing his own trumpet" (from the back of a very sorry steed), with "Mops and brooms," and a "Cook-oo" (a housemaid and cook) as his supporters. Then follow figures, grotesque enough, of which the titles convey the character: "A famous Well-in-Town;" "Nae Peer-ye;" "Humorous Estimates" (Mr. Hume); "A Jew-d'esprit" (Mr. D'Israeli); "An exemplification of Cupidity in Pummicestone" (Lord Palmerston); "Old Geese" and "Young Ducks" (old and angry-looking and young and pretty women); "Some gentlemen who patronise Moses in the Minorics" (certainly no credit to the skill of a tailor); "A Jew Lion" (M. Jullien); "Fine high screams" (ice-creams) and "Capers" (chorister boys and ballet-girls); "Hey-day, you don't take advantage here" (Joseph Ady); and "Something to give the milk a head" (a man with a horse's head on a tray). These, however, are but a portion of the figures. The Comic Exhibition-sheet contains ninety such figures, independent of those in the two cuts mentioned as headings.

"Galleries of Comicalities," or series of figures sometimes satirically, sometimes grotesquely given without any aim at satire, are also sold by the same parties, and are often announced as a "Threepenny gallery for a penny!—and dirt cheap at threepence. As big as a newspaper."

Another broad-sheet sold this winter in the streets is entitled, "Optical and Magical Delusions," and was announced as "Dedicated to and Prepared for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—the only original copy." The engravings are six in number, and are in three rows, each accompanying engraving being reversed from its fellow: where the head is erect on one side, it is downward on the other. The first figure is a short length of a very plain woman, while on the opposite side is that of a very plain man, both pleased and smirking in accordance with a line below: "O what joy when our lips shall meet!" "Cat-a-gorical" is a spectacled and hooded cat. "Dog-matical" is a dog with the hat, wig, and cane once held proper to a physician. "Cross purposes" is an austere lady in a monster cap, while her opposite husband is pointing bitterly to a long bill. The purport of these figures is shown in the following

"DIRECTIONS—Paste all over the Back of the sheet, and put a piece of thick paper between, to stiffen it, then fold it down the centre, so that the marginal lines fall exactly at the back of each other, (which may be ascertained by holding it to the light)—press it quite flat—when cut separate they will make three cards—shave them close to the margin—then take a needle—

full of double thread and pass it through the dot at each end of the card; cut the thread off about three inches long. By twisting the threads between your fore fingers and thumbs, so as to spin the card round backwards and forwards with a rapid motion, the figures will appear to connect and form a pleasing delusion."

Then there are the "Magical Figures," or rude street imitations of Dr. Paris' ingenious toy, called the "Thaumascopie." Beside these are what at the first glance appear mere black, and very black, marks, defining no object; but a closer examination shows the outlines of a face, or of a face and figure. Of such there are sometimes four on a broad-sheet, but they are also sold separately, both in the streets and the small stationers' shops. When the white or black portion of the paper is cut away (for both colours are so prepared), what remains, by a disposition of the light, throws a huge shadow of a grotesque figure on the wall, which may be increased or diminished according to the motions of the exhibitor. The shadow-figures sold this winter by one of my informants were of Mr. and Mrs. Manning, the Queen, Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales; "but you see, sir," observed the man, "the Queen and the Prince does for any father and mother—for she hasn't her crown on—and the Queen's kids for anybody's kids."

I mention these matters more particularly, as it certainly shows something of a change in the winter-evenings' amusements of the children of the working-classes. The principal street customers for these penny papers were mechanics, who bought them on their way home for the amusement of their families. Boys, however, bought almost as many.

The sale of these papers is carried on by the same men as I have described working conundrums. A superior patterer, of course, shows that his magical delusions and magical figures combine all the wonders of the magic lantern and the dissolving views, "and all for one penny." The trade is carried on only for a short time in the winter as regards the magical portion; and I am informed that, including the "Comic Exhibitions," it extends to about half of the sum taken for conundrums, or to about 45%.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF PLAY-BILLS.

THE sellers of play-bills carry on a trade which is exceedingly uncertain, and is little remunerative. There are now rather more than 200 people selling play-bills in London, but the number has sometimes been as high as 400. "Yes, indeed," a theatrical gentleman said to me, "and if a dozen more theatres were opened to-morrow, why each would have more than its twenty bill-sellers the very first night. Where they come from, or what they are, I haven't a notion."

The majority of the play-bill sellers are either old or young, the sexes being about equally engaged in this traffic. Some of them have followed the business from their childhood. I met with very few indeed who knew anything of

theatres beyond the names of the managers and of the principal performers, while some do not even enjoy that small modicum of knowledge, and some can neither read nor write. The boys often run recklessly alongside the cabs which are conveying persons to the theatre, and so offer their bills for sale. One of these youths said to me, when I spoke of the danger incurred, "The cabman knows how to do it, sir, when I runs and patters; and so does his boss." An intelligent cabman, however, who was in the habit of driving parties to the Lyceum, told me that these lads clung to his cab as he drove down to Wellington-street in such a way, for they seemed never to look before them, that he was in constant fear lest they should be run over. Ladies are often startled by a face appearing suddenly at the cab window, "and thro' my glass," said my informant, "a face would look dirtier than it really is." And certainly a face gliding along with the cab, as it were, no accompanying body being visible, on a winter's night, while the sound of the runner's footsteps is lost in the noise of the cab, has much the effect of an apparition.

I did not hear of one person who had been in any way connected with the stage, even as a supernumerary, resorting to play-bill selling when he could not earn a shilling within the walls of a theatre. These bill-sellers, for the most part, confine themselves, as far as I could ascertain, to that particular trade. The youths say that they sometimes get a job in errand-going in the daytime, but the old men and women generally aver they can do nothing else. An officer, who, some years back, had been on duty at a large theatre, told me that at that time the women bill-sellers earned a trifle in running errands for the women of the town who attended the theatres; but, as they were not permitted to send any communication into the interior of the house, their earnings that way were insignificant, for they could only send in messages by any other "dress woman" entering the theatre subsequently.

In the course of my inquiries last year, I met with a lame woman of sixty-eight, who had been selling play-bills for the last twelve years. She had been, for six or eight months before she adopted that trade, the widow of a poor mechanic, a carpenter. She had first thought of resorting to that means of a livelihood owing to a neighbouring old woman having been obliged to relinquish her post from sickness, when my informant "succeeded her." In this way, she said, many persons "succeeded" to the business, as the recognised old hands were jealous of and uncivil to any additional new comers, but did not object to a "successor." These parties generally know each other; they murmur if the Haymarket hands, for instance, resort to the Lyceum for any cause, or *vice versa*, thus overstocking the business, but they offer no other opposition. The old woman further informed me that she commenced selling play-bills at Astley's, and then realized a profit of 4s. per week. When the old Amphitheatre was burnt down,

she went to the Victoria; but "business was not what it was," and her earnings were from 6d. to 1s. a week less; and this, she said, although the Victoria was considered one of the most profitable stations for the play-bill seller, the box-keeper there seldom selling any bill in the theatre. "The boxes," too, at this house, more frequently buy them outside. Another reason why "business" was better at the Victoria than elsewhere was represented to me, by a person familiar with the theatres, to be this: many go to the Victoria who cannot read, or who can read but imperfectly, and they love to "make-believe" they are "good scholars" by parading the consulting of a play-bill!

On my visit the bill-sellers at the Victoria were two old women (each a widow for many years), two young men, besides two or three, though there are sometimes as many as six or seven children. The old women "fell into the business" as successors by virtue of their predecessors' leaving it on account of sickness. The children were generally connected with the older dealers. The young men had been in this business from boyhood; some sticking to the practice of their childhood unto manhood, or towards old age. The number at the Victoria is now, I am informed, two or three more, as the theatre is often crowded. The old woman told me that she had known two and even four visitors to the theatre club for the purchase of a bill, and then she had sometimes to get farthings for them.

A young fellow—who said he believed he was only eighteen, but certainly looked older—told me that he was in the habit of selling play-bills, but not regularly, as he sometimes had a job in carrying a board, or delivering bills at a corner, "or the likes o' that;"—he favoured me with his opinion of the merits of the theatres he was practically acquainted with as regarded their construction for the purposes of the bill-seller. His mother, who had been dead a few years, had sold bills, and had put him into the business. His ambition seemed to be to become a general bill-sticker. He could not write but could read very imperfectly.

"Vy, you see, sir," he said, "there's sets off. At the Market (Haymarket), now, there's this: there's only one front, so you may look sharp about for there goes, boxes, pit, and gallery. The 'Delphis as good that way, and so is the Surrey, but them one's crowded too much. The Lyceum's built shocking ordered. Vy, the boxes is in one street, and the pit in another, and the gallery in another! It's true, sir. The pit's the best customer in most theatres, I think. Ashley's and the Wick is both spoiled that way—Ashley's peticier—as the gallery's a good step from the pit and boxes; at the Wick it's round the corner. But the shilling gallery aint so bad at Ashley's. Sadler's Wells I never tried, it's out of the way, and I can't tell you much about the 'Lympic or the Strand. The Lane is middling. I don't know that either plays or actors makes much difference to me. Perhaps it's rather worse

ven it's anything werry prime, as everybody seems to know every think about it aforehand. No, sir, I can't say, sir, that Mr. Macready did me much good. I sometimes runs along by a cab because I've got a sixpence from a swell for doing it stunnin', but werry seldom, and I don't much like it; though ven you're at it you don't think of no fear. I makes 3s. or rather more a week at bill-selling, and as much other ways. I never saw a play but once at the Wick. I'd rather be at a Free and Heasy. I don't know as I knows any of the actors or actresses, either hes or shes."

The sellers of play-bills purchase their stock of the printer, at 3s. 4d. the hundred, or in that proportion for half or quarter-hundreds. If a smaller quantity be purchased, the charge is usually thirteen for 6d.; though they used to be only twelve for 6d. These sellers are among the poorest of the poor; after they have had one meal, they do not know how to get another. They reside in the lowest localities, and some few are abandoned and profligate in character. They reckon it a good night to earn 1s. clear, but upon an average they clear but 3s. per week. They lose sometimes by not selling out their nightly stock. What they have left, they are obliged to sell for waste-paper at 2d. per lb. Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide are generally their best times—they will then make 9d. per night clear. The printer of the play-bills prints but a certain number, the demand being nearly ascertained week by week. These are all sold (by the printer or some person appointed) to the regular customers, in preference to others, but the "irregulars" can get supplied, though often not without trouble. The profit on all sold is rather more than cent. per cent. As I have intimated, when some theatres are closed, the bill-sellers are driven to others; and as the demand is necessarily limited, a superflux of sellers affects the profits, and then 2s. 6d. is considered a good week's work. During the opera season, I am told, a few mechanics, out of work, will sell bills there and books of the opera, making about 6s. a week, and doing better than the regular hands, as they have a better address and are better clad.

Taking the profits at 3s. a week at cent. per cent. on the outlay, and reckoning 200 sellers, including those at the saloons, concert-rooms, &c., we find that 60l. is now expended weekly on play-bills purchased in the streets of London.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF PERIODICALS, PAMPHLETS, TRACTS, BOOKS, ETC.

THESE street-sellers are a numerous body, and the majority of them show a greater degree of industry and energy than is common to many classes of street-folk. They have been for the most part connected with the paper, newspaper, or publishing trade, and some of them have "known better days." One intelligent man I met with, a dealer in "waste" (paper), had been brought up as a compositor, but late hours and glaring gas-lights in the printing-office

affected his eyes, he told me; and as a half-blind compositor was about of as little value, he thought, as a "horse with a wooden leg," he abandoned his calling for out-of-door labour. Another had been a gun-smith, and when out of his apprenticeship was considered a "don hand at hair triggers, for hair triggers were more wanted then," but an injury to his right hand and arm had disabled him as a mechanic, and he had recourse to the streets. A third had been an ink-maker's "young man," and had got to like the streets by calling for orders, and delivering bottles of ink, at the shops of the small stationers and chandlers, and so he had taken to them for a living. Of the book-stall-keepers I heard of one man who had died a short time before, and who "once had been in the habit of buying better books for his own pleasure than he had afterwards to sell for his bread." Of the book-stall proprietors, I have afterwards spoken more fully.

All the street-sellers in question are what street estimation pronounces to be educated men; they can all, as far as I could ascertain, read and write, and some of them were "keenish politicians, both free-traders, and against free-trade when they was a-talking of the better days when they was young." Nearly all are married men with families.

The divisions into which these street traffickers may be formed are—Odd Number-sellers—Steamboat Newsvendors—Railway Newsvendors, (though the latter is now hardly a street traffic),—the Sellers of Second Editions (which I have already given as a portion of the patterers)—Board-workers (also previously described, and for the same reason)—Tract-sellers (of whom I have given the number, character, &c., and who are regarded by the other street-sellers as the idlers, beggars, and pretenders of the trade),—the Sellers of Childrens' Books and Song Books—Book-auctioneers, and Book-stall-keepers.

OF THE STREET-SALE OF BACK NUMBERS.

THIS trade is carried on by the same class of patterers as work race-cards, second editions, &c. The collectors of waste-paper frequently find back numbers of periodicals in "a lot" they may have purchased at a coffee-shop. These they sell to warehousemen who serve the street-sellers. The largest lot ever sold at one time was some six or seven years ago, of the *Pictorial Times*, at least a ton weight. A dealer states—

"I lost the use of this arm ever since I was three months old. My mother died when I was ten years of age, and after that my father took up with an Irishwoman, and turned me and my youngest sister (she was two years younger than me) out into the streets. My youngest sister got employment at my father's trade, but I couldn't get no work because of my crippled arm. I walked about, till I fell down in the streets for want. At last, a man, who had a sweetmeat-shop, took pity on me. His wife made the sweetmeats, and minded

the shop while he went out a juggling in the streets, in the Ramo Samee line. He told me as how, if I would go round the country with him and sell a few prints while he was a juggling in the public-houses, he'd find me in wittles, and pay my lodging. I joined him, and stopped with him two or three year. After that I went to work for a werry large waste-paper dealer. He used to buy up all the old back numbers of the cheap periodicals and penny publications, and send me out with them to sell at a farden' a piece. He used to give me 4d. out of every shilling, and I done very well with that, till the periodicals came so low, and so many on 'em, that they wouldn't sell at all. Sometimes I could make 15s. on a Saturday night and a Sunday morning, a-selling the odd numbers of periodicals,—such as tales; 'Tales of the Wars,' 'Lives of the Pirates,' 'Lives of the Highwaymen,' &c. I've often sold as many as 2,000 numbers on a Saturday night in the New-cut, and the most of them was works about thieves, and highwaymen, and pirates. Besides me, there was three others at the same business. Altogether, I dare say my master alone used to get rid of 10,000 copies of such works on a Saturday night and a Sunday morning. Our principal customers was young men. My master made a good bit of money at it. He had been about eighteen years in the business, and had begun with 2s. 6d. I was with him fifteen year, on and off, and at the best time. I used to earn my 30s. a week full at that time. But then I was foolish, and didn't take care of my money. When I was at the 'odd number business,' I bought a peep-show, and left the trade to go into that line."

OF THE SALE OF WASTE NEWSPAPERS AT BILLINGSGATE.

THIS trade is so far peculiar that it is confined to Billingsgate, as in that market alone the demand supplies a livelihood to the man who carries it on. His principal sale is of newspapers to the street-fishmongers, as a large surface of paper is required for the purposes of a fish-stall. The "waste" trade—for "waste" and not "waste-paper" is the word always applied—is not carried on with such facility as might be expected, for I was assured that "waste" is so scarce that only a very insufficient supply of paper can at present be obtained. "I hope things will change soon, sir," said one collector, gravely to me, "or I shall hardly be able to keep myself and my family on my waste."

This difficulty, however, does not affect such a street-seller as the man at Billingsgate, who buys of the collectors—"collecting," however, a portion himself at the neighbouring coffee-shops, public-houses, &c.; for the wants of a regular customer must, by some means or other, be supplied.

The Billingsgate paper-seller carries his paper round, offering it to his customers, or to those he wishes to make purchasers; some fishmongers,

however, obtain their "waste" first-hand from the collectors, or buy it at a news-agent's.

The retail price varies from 2d. to 3½d. the pound, but 3½d. is only given for "very clean and prime, and perhaps uncut," newspapers; for when a news-vendor has, as it is called, "over-stocked" himself, he sells the uncut papers at last to the collector, or the "waste" consumer. This happens, I was told, twenty times as often with the "weeklys" as the "dailys," for, said my informant, "suppose it's a wet Sunday morning—and all news-vendors as does pray, prays for wet Sundays, because then people stays at home and buys a paper, or some number, to read and pass away the time. Well, sir, suppose it's a soaker in the morning, the newsman buys a good lot, an extra nine, or two extra nines, or the like of that, and then may be, after all, it comes out a fine day, and so he's over-stocked; in which case there's some for the waste."

When they consider it a favourable opportunity, the workers carry waste to offer to the Billingsgate salesmen; but the chief trade is in the hands of the regular frequenter of the market.

From the best information I could obtain, it appears that from 70 to 100 pounds weight of "waste"—about three-fourths being newspapers, of which some are foreign—is supplied to Billingsgate market and its visitants. Two numbers of the *Times*, with their supplements, one paper-buyer told me, "when cleverly damped, and they're never particularly dry," will weigh about a pound. The average price is not less than 2½d. a pound, or from that to 3d. A single paper is 1d. At 2½d. per pound, and 85 pounds a day, upwards of 275l. is spent yearly in waste paper at Billingsgate, in the street or open-air purchase alone.

OF THE SALE OF PERIODICALS ON THE STEAM-BOATS AND STEAM-BOAT PIERS.

IN this traffic are engaged about 20 men, "when the days are light until eight o'clock;" from 10 to 15, if the winter be a hard winter; and if the river steamers are unable to run—none at all. This winter, however, there has been no cessation in the running of the "boats," except on a few foggy days. The steam-boat paper-sellers are generally traders on their own account (all, I believe, have been connected with the news-vendors' trade); some few are the servants of news-vendors, sent out to deal at the wharfs and on board the boats.

The trade is not so remunerative that any payment is made to the proprietors of the boats or wharfs for the privilege of selling papers there (as in the case of the railways), but it is necessary to "obtain leave," from those who have authority to give it.

The steam-boat paper-seller steps on board a few minutes before the boat starts, when there are a sufficient number of voyagers assembled. He traverses the deck and dives into the cabins, offering his "papers," the titles of which he

announces: "Punch, penny Punch, real Punch, last number for 3d.—comic sheets, a penny—all the London periodicals—Guide to the Thames."

From one of these frequenters of steam-boats for the purposes of his business, I had the following account:

"I was a news-agent's boy, sir, near a pier, for three or four year, then I got a start for myself, and now I serve a pier. It's not such a trade as you might think, still it's bread and cheese and a drop of beer. I go on board to sell my papers. It's seldom I sell a newspaper; there's no call for it on the river, except at the foreign-going ships—a few as is sold to them—but I don't serve none on 'em. People reads the news for nothing at the coffee-shops when they breakfasts, I s'pose, and goes on as if they took in the *Times*, *Chron*, and *Tiser*—pubs. we calls the '*Tiser*'—all to their own cheek. It's penny works I sell the most of; indeed, it's very seldom I offer anything else, 'cause it's little use. Penny Punches is fair sale, and I calls it 'Punch'—just Punch. It's dead now, I believe, but there's old numbers; still they'll be done in time. The real Punch—I sell from six to twelve a week—I call that there as the reel Punch. Galleries of Comicalities is a middling sale; people take them home with them, I think. Guides to the Thames is good in summer. They're illustrated; but people sometimes grumbles and calls them catchpennies. It ain't my fault if they're not all that's expected, but people expects everything for 1d. Joe Millers and 'Stophlees' (Mephistopheles) 'I've sold, and said they was oppositions to Punch; that's a year or more back, but they was old, and to be had cheap. I sell Lloyd's and Reynolds's pennies—fairish, both of them; so's the Family Herald and the London Journal—very fair. I don't venture on any three-halfpenny books on anything like a spec., 'acause people says at once: 'A penny—I'll give you a penny.' I sell seven out of eight of what I do sell to gents; more than that, perhaps; for you'll not often see a woman buy nothing wots intended to improve her mind. A young woman, like a maid of all work, buys sometimes and looks hard at the paper; but I sometimes thinks it's to show she can read. A summer Sunday's my best time, out and out. There's new faces then, and one goes on bolder. I've known young gents. buy, just to offer to young women, I'm pretty well satisfied. It's a introduction. I have met with real gentlemen. They've looked over all I offered for sale and then said: 'Nothing I want, my good fellow, but here's a penny for your trouble.' I wish there was more of them. I do sincerely. Sometimes I've gone on board and not sold one paper. I buy in the regular way, 9d. for a dozen (sometimes thirteen to the dozen) of penny pubs. I don't know what I make, for I keep no count; perhaps a sov. in a good week and a half in another."

I am informed that the average earnings of these traders, altogether, may be taken at 15s. weekly; calculating that twelve carry on the trade the year through, we find that (assuming each man to sell at thirty-three per cent. profit—though in the case of old works it will be cent. per cent.) upwards of 1,500l. are expended annually in steam-boat papers.

OF THE SALE OF NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, &c., AT THE RAILWAY STATIONS.

ALTHOUGH the sale of newspapers at the railway termini, &c., cannot strictly be classed as a street-sale, it is so far an open-air traffic as to require some brief notice, and it has now become a trade of no small importance.

The privilege of selling to railway-passengers, within the precincts of the terminus, is disposed of by tender. At present the news-vendor on the North-Western Line, I am informed, pays to the company, for the right of sale at the Euston-square terminus, and the provincial stations, as large a sum as 1,700l. per annum. The amount usually given is of course in proportion to the number of stations, and the traffic of the railway.

The purchaser of this exclusive privilege sends his own servants to sell the newspapers and books, which he supplies to them in the quantity required. The men thus engaged are paid from 20s. to 30s. a week, and the boys receive from 6s. to 10s. 6d. weekly, but rarely 10s. 6d.

All the morning and evening papers are sold at the Station, but of the weekly press, those are sent for sale which in the manager's judgment are likely to sell, or which his agent informs him are "asked for." It is the same with the weekly unstamped publications. The reason seems obvious; if there be more than can be sold, a dead loss is incurred, for the surplusage, as regards newspapers, is only saleable as waste paper.

The books sold at railways are nearly all of the class best known as "light reading," or what some account light reading. The price does not often exceed 1s.; and among the books offered for sale in these places are novels in one volume, published at 1s.—sometimes in two volumes, at 1s. each; "monthly parts" of works issued in weekly numbers; shilling books of poetry; but rarely political or controversial pamphlets. One man, who understood this trade, told me that "a few of the pamphlets about the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman sold at first; but in a month or six weeks, people began to say, 'A shilling for that! I'm sick of the thing.'"

The large sum given for the privilege of an exclusive sale, shows that the number of books and papers sold at railway stations must be very considerable. But it must be borne in mind, that the price, and consequently the profit on the daily newspapers, sold at the railways, is greater than elsewhere. None are charged less than 6d., the regular price at a news-agent's shop being 5d., so that as the cost price is 4d.

the profit is double. Nor is it unusual for a passenger by an early train, who grows impatient for his paper, to cry out, "A shilling for the *Times*!" This, however, is only the case, I am told, with those who start very early in the morning; for the daily papers are obtained for the railway stations from among the earliest impressions, and can be had at the accustomed price as early as six o'clock, although, if there be exciting news and a great demand, a larger amount may be given.

OF THE STREET BOOKSELLERS.

THE course of my inquiry now leads me to consider one of the oldest, and certainly not least important of the street traffics—that of the book-stalls. Of these there are now about twenty in the London streets, but in this number I include only those which are *properly* street-stalls. Many book-stalls, as in such a locality as the London-road, are appendages to shops, being merely a display of wares outside the bookseller's premises; and with these I do not now intend to deal.

The men in this trade I found generally to be intelligent. They have been, for the most part, engaged in some minor department of the book-selling or newspaper trade, in the regular way, and are unconnected with the street-sellers in other lines, of whose pursuits, habits, and characters, they seem to know nothing.

The street book-stalls are most frequent in the thoroughfares which are well-frequented, but which, as one man in the trade expressed himself, are not so "shoppy" as others—such as the City-road, the New-road, and the Old Kent-road. "If there's what you might call a recess," observed another street book-stall-keeper, "that's the place for us; and you'll often see us along with flower-stands and pinners-up." The stalls themselves do not present any very smart appearance; they are usually of plain deal. If the stock of books be sufficiently ample, they are disposed on the surface of the stall, "fronts up," as I heard it described, with the titles, when lettered on the back, like as they are presented in a library. If the "front" be unlettered, as is often the case with the older books, a piece of paper is attached, and on it is inscribed the title and the price. Sometimes the description is exceeding curt, as, "Poetry," "French," "Religious," "Latin" (I saw an odd volume, in Spanish, of Don Quixote, marked "Latin," but it was at a shop-seller's stall,) "Pamphlets," and such like; or where it seems to have been thought necessary to give a somewhat fuller appellation, such titles are written out as "Locke's Understanding," "Watts's Mind," or "Pope's Rape." If the stock be rather scant, the side of the book is then shown, and is either covered with white paper, on which the title and price are written, or "brushed," or else a piece of paper is attached, with the necessary announcement.

Sometimes these announcements are striking

enough, as where a number of works of the same size have been bound together (which used to be the case, I am told, more frequently than it is now); or where there has been a series of stories in one volume. One such announcement was, "Smollett's Peregrine Pickle Captain Kyd Pirate Prairie Rob of the Bowl Bamfylde Moore Carew 2s." Alongside this miscellaneous volume was, "Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity, 1s.;" "Fenelon's Aventures de Télémaque, plates, 9d.;" "Arres, de Predestinatione, 1s." (the last-mentioned work, which, at the first glance, seems as if it were an odd mixture of French and Latin, was a Latin quarto); "Coronis ad Collationem Hagensem, &c. &c., Gulielmo Amesio." Another work, on another stall, had the following description: "Lord Mount Edgumbe's Opera What is Currency Watts's Scripture History Thoughts on Taxation only 1s. 3d." Another was, "Knickerbocker Bacon 1s." As a rule, however, the correctness with which the work is described is rather remarkable.

At some few of the street-stalls, and at many of the shop-stalls, are boxes, containing works marked, "All 1d.," or 2d., 3d., or 4d. Among these are old Court-Guides, Parliamentary Companions, Railway Plans, and a variety of sermons, and theological, as well as educational and political pamphlets. To show the character of the publications thus offered—not, perhaps, as a rule, but generally enough, for sale—I copied down the titles of some at 1d. and 2d.

"All these at 1d.—Letters to the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, on State Education, by Edward Baines, jun.; 'A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and Members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America;' 'A Letter to the Protestant Dissenters of England and Wales, by the Rev. Robert Ainslie;' 'Friendly Advice to Conservatives;' 'Elementary Thoughts on the Principles of Currency and Wealth, and on the Means of Diminishing the Burthens of the People, by J. D. Basset, Esq., price 2s. 6d.'" The others were each published at 1s.

"All these at 2d.—Poems, by Eleanor Tatlock, 1811, 2 vols., 9s.;" "Two Sermons, on the Fall and Final Restoration of the Jews, by the Rev. John Stuart;" "Thoughts and Feelings, by Arthur Brooke, 1820;" "The Amours of Philander and Sylvia, being the third and last part of Love-letters between a Nobleman and his Sister. Volume the Second. The Seventh Edition. London."

From a cursory examination of the last-mentioned twopenny volume, I could see nothing of the nobleman or his sister. It is one of an inane class of books, originated, I believe, in the latter part of the reign of Charles II. Such publications professed to be (and some few were) records of the court and city scandal of the day, but in general they were works founded on the reputation of the current scandal. In short, to adopt the language of pattersers, they were "cocks" issued by the publishers of that period; and

they continued to be published until the middle of the eighteenth century, or a little later. I notice this description of literature the more, particularly as it is still frequently to be met with in street-sale. "There's oft enough," one street-bookseller said to me, "works of that sort making up a 'lot' at a sale, and in very respectable rooms. As if they were make-weights, or to make up a sufficient number of books, and so they keep their hold in the streets."

As many of my readers may have little, if any, knowledge of this class of street-sold works, I cite a portion of the "epistle dedicatory," and a specimen of the style, of "Philander and Sylvia," to show the change in street, as well as in general literature, as no such works are now published:

"To the Lord Spencer, My Lord, when a new book comes into the world, the first thing we consider is the dedication; and according to the quality and humour of the patron, we are apt to make a judgment of the following subject. If to a statesman we believe it grave and politic; if to a gownman, law or divinity; if to the young and gay, love and gallantry. By this rule, I believe the gentle reader, who finds your lordship's name prefixed before this, will make as many various opinions of it, as they do characters of your lordship, whose youthful sallies have been the business of so much discourse; and which, according to the relator's sense or good nature, is either aggravated or excused; though the woman's quarrel to your lordship has some more reasonable foundation, than that of your own sex; for your lordship being formed with all the beauties and graces of mankind, all the charms of wit, youth, and sweetness of disposition (derived to you from an illustrious race of heroes) adapting you to the noblest love and softness, they cannot but complain on that mistaken conduct of yours, that so lavishly deals out those agreeable attractions, squandering away that youth and time on many, which might be more advantageously dedicated to some one of the fair; and by a liberty (which they call not being discreet enough) rob them of all the hopes of conquest over that heart which they believe can fix no where; they cannot caress you into tameness; or if you sometimes appear so, they are still upon their guard with you; for like a young lion you are ever apt to leap into your natural wildness; the greatness of your soul disdaining to be confined to lazy repose; though the delicacy of your person and constitution so absolutely require it; your lordship not being made for diversions so rough and fatiguing, as those your active mind would impose upon it."

The last sentence is very long, so that a shorter extract may serve as a specimen of the staple of this book-making:

"To Philander,—False and perjured as you are, I languish for a sight of you, and conjure you to give it me as soon as this comes to your hands. Imagine not that I have prepared those instruments of revenge that are so justly due to your perfidy; but rather, that I have yet too tender sentiments for you, in spite of the outrage you have done my heart; and that for all the ruin you have made, I still adore you: and though I know you are now another's slave, yet I beg you would vouchsafe to behold the spoils you have made, and allow me this recompense for all, to say—Here was the beauty I once esteemed, though now she is no more Philander's Sylvia."

Having thus described what may be considered the divisional parts of this stall trade, I proceed to the more general character of the class of books sold.

OF THE CHARACTER OF BOOKS OF THE STREET-SALE.

THERE has been a change, and in some respects a considerable change, in the character or class of books sold at the street-stalls, within the last 40 or 50 years, as I have ascertained from the most experienced men in the trade. Now sermons, or rather the works of the old divines, are rarely seen at these stalls, or if seen, are rarely purchased. Black-letter editions are very unfrequent at street book-stalls, and it is twenty times more difficult, I am assured, for street-sellers to pick up anything really rare and curious, than it was in the early part of the century.

One reason assigned for this change by an intelligent street-seller was, that black-letter or any ancient works, were almost all purchased by the second-hand booksellers, who have shops and issue catalogues, as they had a prompt sale for them whenever they could pick them up at book-auctions or elsewhere. "Ay, indeed," said another book-stall keeper, "anything scarce or curious, when it's an old book, is kept out of the streets; if it's not particular decent, sir," (with a grin), "why it's reckoned all the more curious,—that's the word, sir, I know,—'curious.' I can tell how many beams make five as well as you or anybody. Why, now, there's a second-hand bookseller not a hundred miles from Holborn—and a pleasant, nice man he is, and does a respectable business—and he puts to the end of his catalogue—they all have catalogues that's in a good way—two pages that he calls 'Facetiae.' They're titles and prices of queer old books in all languages—indecent books, indeed. He sends his catalogues to a many clergymen and learned people; and to any that he thinks wouldn't much admire seeing his 'Facetiae,' he pulls the last leaf out, and sends his catalogue, looking finished without it. Those last two pages aren't at all the worst part of his trade among buyers that's worth money."

In one respect a characteristic of this trade is unaltered; I allude to the prevalence of "odd volumes" at the cheaper stalls,—not the odd volumes of a novel, but more frequently of one of the essayists—the "Spectator" especially. One stall-keeper told me, that if he purchased an old edition of the "Spectator," in eight vols., he could more readily sell it in single volumes, at 4d. each, than sell the eight vols. altogether for 2s., or even 1s. 4d., though this was but 2d. a volume.

"There's nothing in my trade," said one street-bookseller with whom I conversed on the subject, "that sells better, or indeed so well, as English classics. I can't offer to draw fine distinctions, and I'm just speaking of my own plain way of trade; but I call English classics such works as the 'Spectator,' 'Tatler,' 'Guardian,' 'Adventurer,' 'Rambler,' 'Rasselas,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Tom Jones,' 'Goldsmith's His-

stories of Greece, Rome, and England' (they all sell quick), 'Enfield's Speaker,' 'mixed plays,' the 'Sentimental Journey,' no, sir, 'Tristram Shandy,' rather hangs on hand, the 'Pilgrim's Progress' (but it must be sold *very* low), 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Philip Quarles,' 'Telemachus,' 'Gil Blas,' and 'Junius's Letters.' I don't remember more at this moment, such as are of good sale. I haven't included poetry, because I'm speaking of English classics, and of course they must be oldish works to be classics."

Concerning the street sale of poetical works I learned from street book-sellers, that their *readiest* sale was of volumes of Shakespeare, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Byron, and Scott. "You must recollect, sir," said one dealer, "that in nearly all those poets there's a double chance for sale at book-stalls. For what with old editions, and new and cheap editions, there's always plenty in the market, and very low. No, I can't say I could sell Milton as quickly as any of those mentioned, nor 'Hudibras,' nor 'Young's Night Thoughts,' nor Prior, nor Dryden, nor 'Gay's Fables.' It's seldom that we have any works of Hood, or Shelley, or Coleridge, or Wordsworth, or Moore at street stalls—you don't often see them, I think, at booksellers' stalls—for they're soon picked up. Poetry sells, very fair, take it altogether."

Another dealer told me that from twenty to thirty years ago there were at the street-stalls a class of works rarely seen now. He had known them in all parts and had disposed of them in his own way of business. He specified the "Messiah" (Klopstock's) as of this class, the "Death of Abel," the "Castle of Otranto" ("but that's seen occasionally still," he observed), the "Old English Baron" ("and that's seen still too, but nothing to what it were once"), the "Young Man's Best Companion" "Zimmerman on Solitude," and "Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful" ("but I have that yet sometimes.") These works were of heavy sale in the streets, and my informant thought they had been thrown into the street-trade because the publishers had not found them saleable in the regular way. "I was dead sick of the 'Death of Abel,'" observed the man, "before I could get out of him." Occasionally are to be seen at most of the stalls, works of which the majority of readers have heard, but may not have met with. Among such I saw "Laura," by Capel Lloft, 4 vols. 1s. 6d. "Darwin's Botanic Garden," 2s. "Alfred, an Epic Poem," by H. J. Pye, Poet Laureate, 10d. "Cælebs in search of a Wife," 2 vols. in one, 1s.

The same informant told me that he had lived near an old man who died twenty-five years ago, or it might be more, with whom he was somewhat intimate. This old man had been all his life familiar with the street trade in books, which he had often hawked—a trade now almost unknown; his neighbour had heard him say that fifty to seventy years ago, he

made his two guineas a week "without distressing himself," meaning, I was told, that he was drinking every Monday at least. This old man used to tell that in his day, the "Whole Duty of Man," and the "Tale of a Tub," and "Pomfret's Poems," and "Pamela," and "Sir Charles Grandison" went off *well*, but "Pamela" the best. "And I've heard the old man say, sir," I was further told, "how he had to tread his shoes straight about what books he showed publicly. He sold 'Tom Paine' on the sly. If anybody bought a book and would pay a good price for it, three times as much as was marked, he'd give the 'Age of Reason' in. I never see it now, but I don't suppose anybody would interfere if it was offered. A sly trade's always the best for paying, and for selling too. The old fellow used to laugh and say his stall was quite a godly stall, and he wasn't often without a copy or two of the 'Anti-Jacobin Review,' which was all for Church and State and all that, though he had 'Tom Paine' in a drawer."

The books sold at the street-stalls are purchased by the retailers either at the auctions of the regular trade, or at "chance," or general auctions, or of the Jews or others who may have bought books cheap under such circumstances. Often, however, the stall-keeper has a market peculiarly his own. It is not uncommon for working men or tradesmen, if they become "beaten-down and poor" to carry a basket-full of books to a stall-keeper, and say, "Here, give me half-a-crown for these." One man had forty parts, each issued at 1s., of a Bible, offered to him at 1d. a part, by a mechanic who could not any longer afford to "take them in," and was at last obliged to sell off what he had. Of course such things are nearly valueless when imperfect. Very few works are bought for street-stall sale of the regular booksellers.

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A STREET BOOK-SELLER.

I now give a statement, furnished to me by an experienced man, as to the nature of his trade, and the class of his customers. Most readers will remember having seen an account in the life of some poor scholar, having read—and occasionally, in spite of the remonstrances of the stall-keeper—some work which he was too needy to purchase, and even of his having read it through at intervals. That something of this kind is still to be met with will be found from the following account:

"My customers, sir, are of all sorts," my informant said. "They're gentlemen on their way from the City, that have to pass along here by the City-road. Bankers' clerks, very likely, or insurance-office clerks, or such like. They're fairish customers, but they often screw me. Why only last month a gentleman I know very well by sight, and I see him pass in his brougham in bad weather, took up an old Latin book—if I remember right it was an odd volume

of a French edition of Horace—and though it was marked only 8d., it was long before he would consent to give more than 6d. And I should never have got my price if I hadn't heard him say quite hastily, when he took up the book, 'The very thing I've long been looking for!' Mechanics are capital customers for scientific or trade books, such as suit their business; and so they often are for geography and history, and some for poetry; but *they're* not so screwy. I know a many such who are rare ones for searching into knowledge. Women buy very little of me in comparison to men; sometimes an odd novel, in one volume, when its cheap, such as 'The Pilot,' or 'The Spy,' or 'The Farmer of Inglewood Forest,' or 'The Monk.' No doubt some buy 'The Monk,' not knowing exactly what sort of a book it is, but just because it's a romance; but some young men buy it, I know, because they have learned what sort it's like. Old three vol. novels won't sell at all, if they're ever so cheap. Boys very seldom buy of me, unless it's a work about pigeons, or something that way.

"I can't say that odd vols. of Annual Registers are anything but a bad sale, but odd vols. of old Mags. (magazines), a year or half-year bound together, are capital. Old London Mags., or Ladies', or Oxford and Cambridges, or Town and Country, or Universals, or Monthly Reviews, or Humourists, or Ramblers, or Europeans, or any of any sort, that's from 40 to 100 years old, no matter what they are, go off rapidly at from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. each, according to size, and binding, and condition. Odd numbers of Mags. are good for little at a stall. The old Mags. in vols. are a sort of reading a great many are very fond of. Lives of the Princess Charlotte are a ready penny enough. So are Queen Carolines, but not so good. Dictionaries of all kinds are nearly as selling as the old Mags., and so are good Latin books. French are only middling; not so well as you might think."

My informant then gave me a similar account to what I had previously received concerning English classics, and proceeded: "Old religious books, they're a fair trade enough, but they're not so plentiful on the stalls now, and if they're black-letter they don't find their way from the auctions or anywhere to any places but the shops or to private purchasers. Mrs. Rowe's 'Knowledge of the Heart' goes off, if old. Bibles, and Prayer-books, and Hymn-books, are very bad." [This may be accounted for by the cheapness of these publications, when new, and by the facilities afforded to obtain them gratuitously.]

"Annuals are dull in going off; very much so, though one might expect different. I can hardly sell 'Keepsakes' at all. Children's books, such as are out one year at 2s. 6d. apiece, very nicely got up, sell finely next year at the stalls for from 6d. to 10d. Genteel people buy them of us for presents at holiday times. They'll give an extra penny quite cheerfully if there's 'Price 2s. 6d.' or 'Price 3s. 6d.' lettered on the back or part of the title-page. School-books in good

condition don't stay long on hand, especially Pinnock's. There's not a few people who stand and read and read for half an hour or an hour at a time. It's very trying to the temper when they take up room that way, and prevent others seeing the works, and never lay out a penny themselves. But they seem quite lost in a book. Well, I'm sure I don't know what they are. Some seem very poor, judging by their dress, and some seem shabby genteels. I can't help telling them, when I see them going, that I'm much obliged, and I hope that perhaps next time they'll manage to say 'thank ye,' for they don't open their lips once in twenty times. I know a man in the trade that goes dancing mad when he has customers of this sort, who aren't customers. I dare say, one day with another, I earn 3s. the year through; wet days are greatly against us, for if we have a cover people won't stop to look at a stall. Perhaps the rest of my trade earn the same." This man told me that he was not unfrequently asked, and by respectable people, for indecent works, but he recommended them to go to Holywell-street themselves. He believed that some of his fellow-traders *did* supply such works, but to no great extent.

An elderly man, who had known the street book-trade for many years, but was not concerned in it when I saw him, told me that he was satisfied he had sold old books, old plays often, to Charles Lamb, whom he described as a stuttering man, who, when a book suited him, sometimes laid down the price, and smiled and nodded, and then walked away with it in his pocket or under his arm, without a word having been exchanged. When we came to speak of dates, I found that my informant—who had only conjectured that this was Lamb—was unquestionably mistaken. One of the best customers he ever had for anything old or curious, and in Italian, if he remembered rightly, as well as in English, was the late Rev. Mr. Scott, who was chaplain on board the Victory, at the time of Nelson's death at Trafalgar. "He had a living in Yorkshire, I believe it was," said the man, "and used to come up every now and then to town. I was always glad to see his white head and rosy face, and to have a little talk with him about books and trade, though it wasn't always easy to catch what he said, for he spoke quick, and not very distinct. But he was a pleasant old gentleman, and talked to a poor man as politely as he might to an admiral. He was very well known in my trade, as I was then employed."

The same man once sold to a gentleman, he told me, and he believed it was somewhere about twenty-five years ago, if not more, a Spanish or Portuguese work, but what it was he did not know. It was marked 1s. 9d., being a good-sized book, but the stall-keeper was tired of having had it a long time, so that he gladly would have taken 9d. for it. The gentleman in question handed him half-a-crown, and, as he had not the change, the purchaser said: "O,

Don't mind; it's worth far more than half-a-crown to me." When this liberal customer had walked away, a gentleman who had been standing at the stall all the time, and who was an occasional buyer, said, "Do you know him?" and, on receiving an answer in the negative, he rejoined, "That's Southey."

Another stall-keeper told me that his customers—some of whom he supplied with any periodical in the same way as a news-vendor—had now and then asked him, especially "the ladies of the family," who glanced, when they passed, at the contents of his stall, why he had not newer works? "I tell them," said the stall-keeper, "that they haven't become cheap enough yet for the streets, but that they would come to it in time." After some conversation about his trade, which only confirmed the statements I have given, he said laughingly, "Yes, indeed, you all come to such as me at last. Why, last night I heard a song about all the stateliest buildings coming to the ivy, and I thought, as I listened, it was the same with authors. The best that the best can do is the book-stall's food at last. And no harm, for he's in the best of company, with Shakespeare, and all the great people."

Calculating 15s. weekly as the average earnings of the street book-stall keepers—for further information induces me to think that the street bookseller who earned 18s. a week regularly, cleared it by having a "tidy pitch"—and reckoning that, to clear such an amount, the book-seller takes, at least, 17. 11s. 6d. weekly, we find 5,460 guineas yearly expended in the purchase of books at the purely street-stalls, independently of what is laid out at the open-air stalls connected with book-shops.

OF STREET BOOK-AUCTIONEERS.

THE sale of books by auction, in the streets, is now inconsiderable and irregular. The "auctioning" of books—I mean of new books—some of which were published principally with a view to their sale by auction, was, thirty to forty years ago, systematic and extensive. It was not strictly a street-sale. The auctioneer offered his books to the public, nine cases out of ten, in town, in an apartment (now commonly known as a "mock-auction room"), which was so far a portion of the street that access was rendered easier by the removal of the door and window of any room on a ground-floor, and some of the bidders could and did stand in the street and take part in the proceedings. In the suburbs—which at that period were not so integral a portion of the metropolis as at present—the book-auction sales were carried on strictly in the open air, generally in front of a public-house, and either on a platform erected for the purpose, or from a covered cart; the books then being deposited in the vehicle, and the auctioneer standing on a sort of stage placed on the propped-up shafts. In the country, however, the auction was often carried on in an inn.

The works thus sold were generally standard

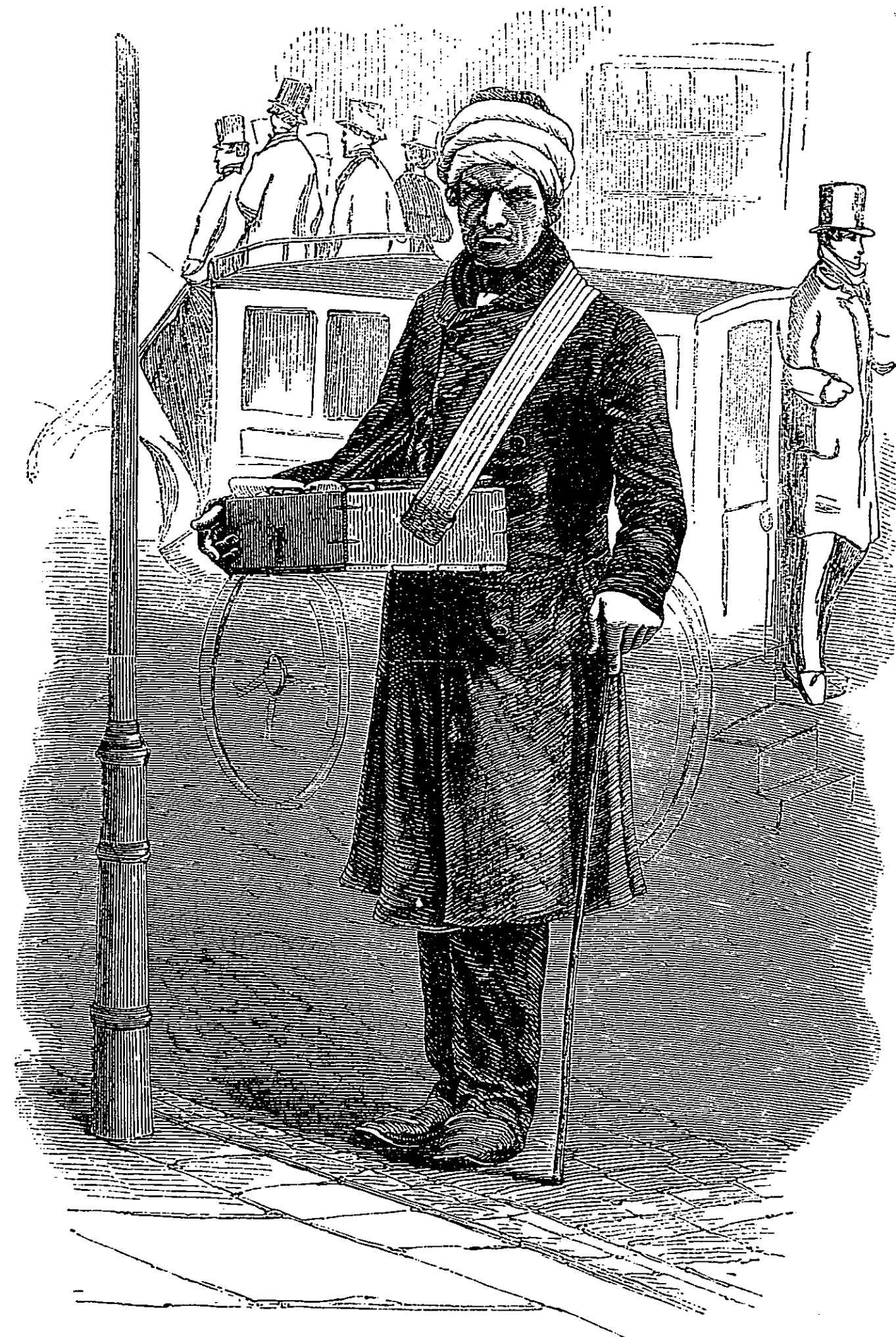
works. The poems were those of Pope, Young, Thomson, Goldsmith, Falconer, Cowper, &c. The prose writings were such works as "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Travels of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver," "Johnson's Lives of the Poets," "The Vicar of Wakefield," the most popular of the works of Defoe, Fielding, and Smollett, and "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs" (at one time highly popular). These books were not correctly printed, they were printed, too, on inferior paper, and the frontispiece—when there was a frontispiece—was often ridiculous. But they certainly gave to the public what is called an "impetus" for reading. Some were published in London (chiefly by the late Mr. Tegg, who at one time, I am told, himself "offered to public competition," by auction, the works he published); others were printed in Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Ipswich, Bungay, &c.

One of my informants remembered being present at a street-sale, about twenty or thirty years ago; he perfectly remembered, however, the oratory of the auctioneer, of whom he purchased some books. The sale was in one of the streets in Stoke Newington, a door or two from a thoroughfare. My informant was there—as he called it—"accidentally," and knew little of the neighbourhood. The auctioneer stood at the door of what appeared to have been a coach-house, and sold his books, which were arranged within, very rapidly: "Byron," he exclaimed; "Lord Byron's latest and best po'ms. Sixpence! Sixpence! Eightpence! I take penny bids under a shilling. Eightpence for the poems written by a lord—Gone! Yours, sir" (to my informant). The auctioneer, I was told, "spoke very rapidly, and clipped many of his words." The work thus sold consisted of some of Byron's minor poems. It was in the pamphlet form, and published, I have no doubt, surreptitiously; for there was, in those days, a bold and frequent piracy of any work which was thought distasteful to the Government, or to which the Court of Chancery might be likely to refuse the protection of the law of copyright.

The auctioneer went on: "Coop'r—Coop'r! Published at 3s. 6d., as printed on the back. Superior to Byron—Coop'r's 'Task.' No bidders? Thank you, sir. One-and-six,—your's, sir. Young—'Young's Night Thoughts. Life, Death, and Immortality,'—great subjects. London edition, marked 3s. 6d. Going!—last bidder—two shillings—gone!" The purchaser then complained that the frontispiece—a man seated on a tombstone—was exactly the same as to a copy he had of "Hervey's Meditations," but the auctioneer said it was impossible.

I have thus shown what was the style and nature of the address of the street book-auctioneer, formerly, to the public. If it were not strictly "patter," or "pompous oration," it certainly partook of some of the characteristics of patter. At present, however, the street book-auctioneer may be described as a true patterer.

It will be seen from the account I have



THE STREET RHUBARB AND SPICE SELLER,

[From a Photograph.]

given, that the books were then really "sold by auction"—knocked down to the highest bidder. This however was, and is not always the case. Legally to sell by auction, necessitates the obtaining of a licence, at an annual cost of 5*l.*; and if the bookseller conveys his stock of books from place to place, a hawker's licence is required as well, which entails an additional expenditure of 4*l.* The itinerant bookseller evades, or endeavours to evade, the payment for an auctioneer's licence, by "putting-up" his books at a high price, and himself decreasing the terms, instead of offering them at a low price, and allowing the public to make a series of "advances." Thus, a book may be offered by a street-auctioneer at half-a-crown—two shillings—eighteenpence—a shilling—tenpence, and the moment any one assents to a specified sum, the volume handed to him; so that there is no competition—no bidding by the public one in advance of another. Auction, however, is resorted to as often as the bookseller dares.

One experienced man in the book-stall trade calculated that twenty years ago there might be twelve book-auctioneers in the streets of London, or rather, of its suburbs. One of these was a frequenter of the Old Kent-road; another, "Newington way;" and a third resorted to "any likely pitch in Pimlico"—all selling from a sort of van. Of these twelve, however, my informant thought that there were never more than six in London at one time, as they were all itinerant; and they have gradually dwindled down to two, who are now not half their time in town. These two traders are brothers, and sell their books from a sort of platform erected on a piece of waste-ground, or from a barrow. The works they sell are generally announced as new, and are often uncut. They are all recommended as explanatory of every topic of the day, and are often set forth as "spicy." Three or four years ago, a gentleman told me how greatly he was amused with the patter of one of these men, who was selling books at the entrance of a yard full of caravans, not far from the School for the Blind, Lambeth. One work the street-auctioneer announced at the top of his voice, in the following terms, as far as a good memory could retain them: "'The Rambler!' Now you rambling boys—now you young devils, that's been staring those pretty girls out of countenance—here's the very book for you, and more shame for you, and perhaps for me too; but I must sell—I must do business. If any lady or gen'lman 'll stand treat to a glass of brandy and water, 'warm with,' I'll tell more about this 'Rambler'—I'm too bashful, as it is. Who bids? Fifteen-pence—thank'ee, sir. Sold again!" The "Rambler" was Dr. Johnson's!

The last time one of my informants heard the "patter" of the smartest of the two brothers, it was to the following effect: "Here is the 'History of the Real Flying Dutchman,' and no mistake; no fiction, I assure you, upon

my honour. Published at 10*s.*—who bids half-a-crown? Sixpence; thank you, sir. Ninepence; going—going! Any more?—gone!"

A book-stall-keeper, who had sold goods to a book-auctioneer, and attended the sales, told me he was astonished to hear how his own books—"old new books," he called them, were set off by the auctioneer: "Why, there was a vol. lettered 'Pamphlets,' and I think there was something about Jack Sheppard in it, but it was all odds and ends of other things, I know. 'Here's the real Jack Sheppard,' sings out the man, 'and no gammon!' The real edition—no spooniness here, but set off with other interesting histories, valuable for the rising generation and all generations. This is the real Jack. This will

— put you up to the time o' day,
Nix, my dolly pals, bid away.'

"Then he went on: 'Goldsmith's History of England. Continued by the first writers of the day—to the very last rumpus in the palace, and no mistake. Here it is; genuine.' Well, sir," the stall-keeper continued, "the man didn't do well; perhaps he cleared 1*s.* 6*d.* or a little more that evening on books. People laughed more than they bought. But it's no wonder the trade's going to the dogs—they're not allowed to have a pitch now; I shouldn't be surprised if they was not all driven out of London next year. It's contrary to Act of Parliament to get an honest living in the streets now-a-days."

A man connected with the street book-trade considered that if one of these auctioneers earned a guinea in London streets in the six days it was a "good week." Half-a-guinea was nearer the average, he thought, "looking at the weather and everything." What amount is expended to enable this street-dealer to earn his guinea or half-guinea, is so uncertain, from the very nature of an auction, that I can obtain no data to rely upon.

The itinerant book-auctioneer is now confined chiefly to the provincial towns, and especially the country markets. The reason for this is correctly given in the statement above cited. The street-auction requires the gathering of so large a crowd that the metropolitan police consider the obstruction to the public thoroughfares warrants their interference. The two remaining book-auctioneers in London generally restrict their operations to the outskirts—the small space which fronts "the George Inn" in the Commercial-road, and which lays a few yards behind the main thoroughfare, and similar suburban "retreats" being favourite "pitches." The trade is, as regards profits, far from bad—the books sold consisting chiefly of those picked up in cheap "lots" at the regular auctions; so that what fetches 6*d.* in the streets has generally been purchased for less than a penny. The average rate of profit may be taken at 250*l.* per cent. at the least. Exorbitant however as this return may appear, still it should be remembered

that the avocation is one that can be pursued only occasionally, and that solely in fine weather. Books are now more frequently sold in the London streets from barrows. This change of traffic has been forced upon the street-sellers by the commands of the police—that the men should “keep moving.” Hence the well-known light form of street conveyance is now fast superseding not only the book-auctioneer, but the book-stall in the London streets. Of these book-barrowmen there is now about fifty trading regularly in the metropolis, and taking on an average from 3s. to 5s. 6d. a day.

OF THE STREET-SALE OF SONG-BOOKS, AND OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THE sale of song-books in the streets, at 1d. and at ½d. each, is smaller than it was two years ago. One reason that I heard assigned was that the penny song-books—styled “The Universal Song-book,” “The National,” “The Bijou,” &c.—were reputed to be so much alike (the same songs under a different title), that people who had bought one book were averse to buy another. “There’s the ‘Ross’ and the ‘Sam Hall’ song-books,” said one man, “the ‘eighteenth series,’ and I don’t know what; but I don’t like to venture on working them, though they’re only a penny. There’s lots to be seen in the shop-windows; but they might be stopped in the street, for they an’t decent—specially the flash ones.”

One of the books which a poor man had found the most saleable is entitled, “The Great Exhibition Song-book; a Collection of the Newest and Most Admired Songs. Embellished with upwards of one Hundred Toasts and Sentiments.” The toasts and sentiments are given in small type, as a sort of border to the thirty-two pages of which the book consists. The toast on the title-page is as follows:

“I’ll toast England’s daughters, let all fill their glasses,
Whose beauty and virtue the whole world surpasses.”

To show the nature of the songs in street demand, I cite those in the book: “The Gathering of the Nations,” “Bloom is on the Rye,” “Wilt thou Meet me there, Love?” “Minna’s Tomb,” “I’ll Love thee ever Dearly” (Arnold), “When Phœbus wakes the Rosy Hours,” “Money is your Friend,” “Julia and Caspar” (G. M. Lewis), “That pretty word, Yes” (E. Mackey), “Farewell, Forget me Not,” “The Queen and the Navy” (music published by H. White, Great Marlborough-street), “I resign Thee every Token” (music published by Duff and Co.), “Sleep, gentle Lady;” a serenade (H. J. Payne), “The Warbling Waggoner,” “The Keepsake,” “A Sequel to the Cavalier,” “There’s room enough for All” (music at Mr. Davidson’s), “Will you Come to the Dale?” “Larry O’Brian,” “Woman’s Love,” “Afloat on the Ocean” (sung by Mr. Weiss, in the Opera of the “Heart of Mid Lothian,” music published by Jefferys, Soho-square), “Together, Dearest, let us Fly” (sung by Mr. Braham, in the Opera of the “Heart of Mid Lothian,” music published

by Jefferys, Soho-square), “The Peremptory Lover” (Tune—“John Anderson, my Joe”), There are forty-seven songs in addition to those whose titles I have quoted, but they are all of the same character.

The penny song-books (which are partly indecent), and entitled the “Sam Hall” and “Ross” Songsters, are seldom or never sold in the streets. Many of those vended in the shops outrage all decency. Some of these are styled the “Coal-Hole Companion,” “Cider-Cellar Songs,” “Captain Morris’s Songs,” &c. (the filthiest of all.) These are generally marked 1s. and sold at 6d.; and have a coloured folded frontispiece. They are published chiefly by H. Smith, Holywell-street. The titles of some of the songs in these works are sufficient to indicate their character. “The Muff,” “The Two Miss Thy’s,” “George Robins’s Auction,” “The Woman that studied the Stars,” “A Rummy Chant” (frequently with no other title), “The Amiable Family,” “Joe Buggins’ Wedding,” “Stop the Cart,” “The Mot that can feel for another,” “The Irish Giant,” “Taylor Tim,” “The Squire and Patty.”

Some titles are unprintable.

The children’s books in best demand in the street-trade, are those which have long been popular: “Cinderella,” “Jack the Giant-killer,” “Baron Munchausen,” “Puss and the Seven-leagued Boots,” “The Sleeping Beauty,” “The Seven Champions of Christendom,” &c. &c. “There’s plenty of ‘Henry and Emmas,’” said a penny bookseller, “and ‘A Present for Christmas,’ and ‘Pictorial Alphabets,’ and ‘Good Books for Good Boys and Girls;’ but when people buys really for their children, they buys the old stories—at least they does of me. I’ve sold ‘Penny Hymns’ (hymn-books) sometimes; but when they’re bought, or ‘Good Books’ is bought, it’s from charity to a poor fellow like me, more than anything else.”

The trade, both in songs and in children’s books, is carried on in much the same way as I have described of the almanacks and memorandum-books, but occasionally the singers of ballads sell books. Sometimes poor men, old or infirm, offer them in a tone which seems a whine for charity rather than an offer for sale, “Buy a penny book of a poor old man—very hungry, very hungry.” Children do the same, and all far more frequently in the suburbs than in the busy parts of the metropolis. Those who purchase really for the sake of the books, say, one street-seller told me, “Give me something that’ll interest a child, and set him a-thinking. They can’t understand—poor little things!—your fine writing; do you understand that?” Another man had said, “Fairy tales! bring me nothing but fairies; they set children a-reading.” The price asked is most frequently a penny, but some are offered at a halfpenny, which is often given (without a purchase) out of compassion, or to be rid of opportunity. The profit is at least cent. per cent.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF ACCOUNT-BOOKS.

THE sale of account-books is in the hands of about the same class of street-sellers as the stationery, but one man in the trade thought the regular hands were more trusted, if anything, than street-stationers. “People, you see,” he said, “won’t buy their ‘accounts’ of raff; they won’t have them of any but respectable people.” The books sold are bought at 4s. the dozen, or 4½d. a piece, up to 70s. the dozen, or 5s. 9d., or 6s. a piece. It is rarely, however, that the street account-bookseller gives 4s. 9d., and very rarely that he gives as much as 5s. 9d. for his account-books. His principal sale is of the smaller “waste,” or “day-books,” kept by the petty traders; the average price of these being 1s. 9d. The principal purchasers are the chandlers, butchers, &c., in the quieter streets, and more especially “a little way out of town, where there ain’t so many cheap shops.” A man, now a street-stationer, with a “fixed pitch,” had carried on the account-book trade until an asthmatic affliction compelled him to relinquish it, as the walking became impossible to him, and he told me that the street-trade was nothing to what it once was. “People,” he said, “aren’t so well off, I think, sir; and they’ll buy half a quire of outside foolscap, or outside post, for from 5d. to 8d., and stitch it together, and rule it, and make a book of it. Rich tradesmen do that, sir. I bought of a stationer some years back, and he told me that he was a relation of a rich grocer, and had befriended him in his (the grocer’s) youth, but he wouldn’t buy account-books, for he said, the make-shift books that his shopman stitched together for him opened so much easier. People never want a good excuse for acting shabby.”

There are now, I am informed, twelve men selling account-books daily, which they carry in a covered basket, or in a waterproof bag, or, in fine weather, under the arm. Some of these street-sellers are not itinerant when there is a congregation of people for business, or indeed for any purpose; at other times they “keep moving.” The fixed localities are, on market days, at Smithfield and Mark-lane: and to Hungerford-market, an old man, unable to “travel,” resorts daily. The chief trade, however, is in carrying, or hawking these account-books from door to door. A man, “having a connection,” does best “on a round;” if he be known, he is not distrusted, and sells as cheap, or rather cheaper, than the shop-keepers.

The twelve account-book sellers (with connections) may clear 2s. 6d. a day each, taking, for the realisation of such profit, 7s. per diem. Thus 1,310l. will be taken by these street-sellers in the course of a year. The capital required to start is, stock-money, 15s.; basket, 3s. 6d.; waterproof bag, 2s. 6d.; 21s. in all.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF GUIDE-BOOKS, &c.

THIS trade, as regards a street-sale, has only

been known for nine or ten years, and had its origination in the exertions of Mr. Hume, M.P., to secure to persons visiting the national exhibitions the advantage of a cheap catalogue. The guide-books were only sold, prior to this time, *within* any public exhibition; and the profits—as is the case at present—were the perquisite of some official. When the sale was a monopoly, the profit must have been considerable, as the price was seldom less than 6d., and frequently 1s. The guide-books, or, as they are more frequently called, catalogues, are now sold by men who stand at the entrance, the approaches, at a little distance on the line, or at the corners of the adjacent streets, at the following places:—the National Gallery, the Vernon Gallery, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, the House of Lords, the Society of Arts (occasionally), the Art-Union (when open “free”), Greenwich Hospital, the Dulwich Gallery, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, and Kew Gardens.

At any temporary exhibition, also, the same trade is carried on—as it was largely when the “designs,” &c., for the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament were exhibited in Westminster Hall. There are, of course, very many other catalogues, or explanatory guides, sold to the visitors of other exhibitions, but I speak only of the *street-sale*.

There are now, at the National Gallery, three guidebook-sellers plying their trade in the streets; eight at the British Museum; two at Westminster Abbey; one at the House of Lords, but only on Saturdays, when the House is shown, by orders obtained gratuitously at the Lord Chamberlain’s office, or “when appeals are on;” one at the Vernon Gallery; two at Dulwich (but not regularly, as there are none at present), two at Hampton Court, “one near each gate;” and one, and sometimes three, at Windsor (generally sent out by a shopkeeper there). There used to be one at the Thames Tunnel, but “it grew so bad at last,” I was told, “that a rat couldn’t have picked up his grub at it—let alone a man.”

Among all these sellers I heard statements of earning a most wretched pittance, and all attributed it to the same cause. By the National Gallery is a board, on which is an announcement that the only authorized catalogue of the works of art can be obtained in the hall. There are similar announcements at other public places. One man who had been in this street trade, but had abandoned it, spoke of these “boards,” as he called them, with intense bitterness. “They’re the ruin of any trade in the streets,” he said. “You needn’t think because I’m out of it now, that I have a pleasure in abusing the regulations; no, sir, I look at it this way. Mr. Hume had trouble enough, I know, to get the public a cheap catalogue, and poor men were allowed to earn honest bread by selling them in the streets, and honest bread they would earn still, if it weren’t for the board. I declare solemnly a man can’t

get a living at the trade. The publishers can't prepare their catalogues without leave, and when they've got leave, and do prepare and print them, why isn't a man allowed to sell them in the streets, as I've sold second editions of the *Globe* without ever the office putting out a notice that the only authorized copy was to be had within? God bless your soul, sir, it's shocking, shocking, poor men being hindered every way. Anybody that looks on the board looks on us as cheats and humbugs, and thinks that our catalogues are all takes-in. But I've heard gentlemen, that I'm sure knew what they were talking about, say, in case they'd bought in the street first, and then seen the board and bought within after, so as to be sure of the real thing—I've heard gentlemen, say, sir,—'Why what we got in the street is the best after all.' Free trade! There's plenty said about free trade, but that board, sir, or call it what you please, gives a monopoly against us. What I have said, when I was starving on catalogues, is this: Kick us out of the streets, commit us for selling catalogues, as rogues and vagabonds; or give us a fair chance. If we may sell, why is the only authorised catalogue sold only within? I wish Mr. Hume, or Mr. Cobden, either, only understood the rights of the matter—it's of no account to me myself now—and I think they'd soon set it to rights. Free trade! Over the left, and with more hooks than one."

I have no doubt that this representation and this opinion would have been echoed by the street catalogue-sellers, but they were evidently unwilling to converse freely on this branch of the subject, knowing the object for which I questioned them, and that publicity would follow. I attribute this reluctance chiefly to the fact that, all these poor men look forward to the opening of the Great Exhibition with earnest hope and anxiety that the influx of visitors will add greatly to their sale and profits; and they are unwilling to jeopardise their privilege of sale.

One man told me that he believed, from his own knowledge, for he had not always "sold outside," that the largest buyers of these publications were country people, sight-seeing in London, for they bought the book not only as an explanatory guide, but to preserve as a memento of their visit. Such customers, however, I heard from several quarters, the moment they saw a "notice" as to the only authorised copy, looked upon the street-sellers as a systematised portion of the London sharpers, seeking whom they might devour, and so bought their catalogues "within."

The best customers in the streets for the catalogues are, I am assured, the working-classes, who visit the national exhibitions on a holiday. "I've oft enough heard them say," one man stated, "'I'd rather pay a poor man 2d. any day, when I can spare it, than rich people 1d. I know what it is to fight for a crust.'"

At the National Gallery, the street-sold catalogues are 1d., 3d., and 6d.; in the hall, the

authorised copy is sold at 4d. and 1s. At the British Museum, the street-charges are 3d. and 6d.; there were 1d. catalogues of this institution, but they have been discontinued for the last half-year, being found too meagre. At the Vernon Gallery, the charge is 1d.; but the 6d. guide-book to the National Gallery contains also an account of the pictures in the Vernon Gallery. At Westminster Abbey the price is 6d., and the same at the House of Lords. At Hampton-court it is 2d., 4d., and 6d., and at the same rate as regards the other places mentioned. At Hampton-court, I was told, the street-sellers were not allowed to approach the palace nearer than a certain space. One man told me that he was threatened with being "had in for trespassing, and Mr. G— would make him wheel a roller. Of course," the man continued, "there's an authorised catalogue there."

The best sale of catalogues in the streets was at the exhibition of the works of art for the Houses of Parliament. The sellers, then—about 20 in number, among whom were four women—cleared 2s. and 2s. 6d. each daily. At present, I am assured, that a good week is considered one in which 5s. is made, but that 3s. is more frequently the weekly earning. It must be borne in mind, that at the two places most resorted to—the National Gallery and the British Museum—the street sale is only for four days in the week at the first mentioned, and three days at the second. "You may think that more is made," said one man, "but it isn't. Sweeping a good crossing is far better, far. Bless your soul, only stand a few minutes looking on, any day, and see what numbers and numbers of people pass in and out of a free admission place without ever laying out 1d. Why, only last Monday and Wednesday (March 17 and 19, both very rainy days) I took only 5d. I didn't take more than 5d., and I leave you to judge the living I shall clear out of that; and I know that the man with the catalogue at another place, didn't take 1d. It's sad work, sir, as you stand in the wet and cold, with no dinner for yourself, and no great hope of taking one home to your family."

These street-sellers contrive, whenever they can, to mix up other avocations with catalogue selling, as the public institutions close early. One, on every occasion, sells second editions of the newspapers; another has "odd turns at portering;" a third sells old umbrellas in the streets; some sold exhibition cards in the Park, on Sundays, until the sale was stopped; another sells a little stationery; and nearly the whole of them resort, on favourable opportunities, to the sale of "books of the play," or of "the opera."

Reckoning that there are regularly sixteen street-sellers of guide-books—they do not interfere with each other's stations—and that each clears 4s. weekly, we find £832 expended in this street traffic. I have calculated only on the usual bookseller's allowance of 25 per cent,

though, in some instances, these sellers are supplied on lower terms—besides having, in some of the catalogues, thirteen to the dozen; but the amount specified does not exceed the mark.

The greatest number of these guide-books which I heard of as having been sold, in any one day, was four dozen, disposed of on a fine Whit-Monday, and for these the street-seller only took 6s. 8d. There are, I was informed, half as many more "threepennies" as "six-pennies" sold, and three times as many "pennies" as the other two together.

The capital required to start is what may suffice to "lay in" a stock of books—5s. generally.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF FINE ARTS.

THESE traders may be described as partaking more of the characteristics of the street stationers than of the "paper-workers," as they are not patterers. The trade is less exclusively than the "paper-trade" in the hands of men. Those carrying on this branch of the street-traffic may be divided into the sellers of pictures in frames, and of engravings (of all kinds), in umbrellas. Under this head may also be ranked the street-artists (though this is a trade associated with street-life rather than forming an integral part of it), I allude more particularly to the illustrated "boards" which are prepared for the purposes of the street-patterers, and are adapted for no other use. The same artist that executes the greater portion of the street-art, also prepares the paintings which decorate the exterior of shows. There are also the writers of manuscript music, and the makers and sellers of "images" of all descriptions, but this branch of the subject I shall treat under the head of the street-Italians. Under the same curious head I shall also speak of the artists whose skill produces the street-sold medallions, in wax or plaster, they being of the same class as the "image" men. In both "images" and "casts" and "moulded" productions of all kinds the change and improvement that have taken place, from the pristine rudeness of "green parrots" is most remarkable and creditable to the taste of working people, who are the chief purchasers of the smaller articles.

OF STREET ART.

THE artists who work for the street-sellers are less numerous than the poets for the same trade. Indeed, there is now but one man who can be said to be *solely* a street-artist. The inopportune illustration of ballads of which specimens have already been given—or of any of the street papers—are the work of cheap wood-engravers, who give the execution of these orders to their boys. But it is not often that illustrations are prepared expressly for anything but what I have described as "Gallows literature." Of these, samples have also been furnished. The one of a real murder, and the other of a fabulous

one, or "cock," together with a sample (in the case of Mr. Patrick Connor) of the portraits given in such productions. The cuts for the heading of ballads are very often such as have been used for the illustration of other works, and are "picked up cheap."

The artist who works especially for the street trade—as in the case of the man who paints the patterers' boards—must address his art plainly to the eye of the spectator. He must use the most striking colours, be profuse in the application of scarlet, light blue, orange—not yellow I was told, it ain't a good candlelight colour—and must leave nothing to the imagination. Perspective and back-grounds are things of but minor consideration. Everything must be sacrificed for effect.

These paintings are in water colours, and are rubbed over with a solution of some gum-resin to protect them from the influence of rainy weather. Two of the subjects most in demand of late for the patterers' boards were "the Sloanes" and "the Mannings." The treatment of Jane Wilfred was "worked" by twenty boardmen, each with his "illustration" of the subject. The illustrations were in six "compartments." In the first Mr. and Mrs. Sloane are "picking out" the girl from a line of workhouse children. She is represented as plump and healthy, but with a stupid expression of countenance. In another compartment, Sloane is beating the girl, then attenuated and wretched-looking, with a shoe, while his wife and Miss Devaux (a name I generally heard pronounced among the street-people as it is spelt to an English reader) look approvingly on. The next picture was Sloane compelling the girl to swallow filth. The fourth represented her as in the hospital, with her ribs protruding from her wasted body—"just as I've worked Sarah Simpole," said a patterer, "who was confined in a cellar and fed on 'tato peels. Sarah was a cock, sir, and a ripper." Then came the attack of the people on Sloane, one old woman dressed after the fashion of Mrs. Gamp, "prodding" him with a huge and very green umbrella. The sixth and last was, as usual, the trial.

I have described the "Sloanes' board" first, as it may be more fresh in the remembrance of any reader observant of such things. In the "Mannings' board" there were the same number of compartments as in the Sloanes'; showing the circumstances of the murder, the discovery of the body of Connor, the trial, &c. One standing patterer, who worked a Mannings' board, told me that the picture of Mrs. Manning, beautifully "dressed for dinner" in black satin, with "a low front," firing a pistol at Connor, who was "washing himself," while Manning, in his shirt sleeves, looked on in evident alarm, was greatly admired, especially out of town. "The people said," observed the patterer, "'O, look at him a-washing hisself; he's a doing it so natral, and ain't a-thinking he's a-going to be murdered. But was he really so ugly as that? Lor! such a beautiful woman to have to do with

him.' You see, sir, Connor weren't flattered, and perhaps Mrs. Manning was. I have heard the same sort of remarks both in town and country. I patters hard on the women such times, as I points them out on my board in murders or any crimes. I says: 'When there's mischief a woman's always the first. Look at Mrs. Manning there on that verry board—the work of one of the first artists in London—it's a faithful likeness, taken from life at one of her examinations, look at *her*. She fires the pistol, as you can see, and her husband was her tool.' I said, too, that Sloane was Mrs. Sloane's tool. It answers best, sir, in my opinion, going on that patter. The men likes it, and the women doesn't object, for they'll say: 'Well, when a woman is bad, she is bad, and is a disgrace to her sex.' There's the board before them when I runs on that line of patter, and when I appeals to the 'lustration, it seems to cooper the thing. They must believe their eyes.'

When there is "a run" on any particular subject, there are occasionally jarrings—I was informed by a "boardman"—between the artist and his street-customers. The standing patters want "something more original" than their fellows, especially if they are likely to work in the same locality, while the artist prefers a faithful copy of what he has already executed. The artist, moreover, and with all reasonableness, will say: "Why, you must have the facts. Do you want me to make Eliza Chestney killing Rush?" The matter is often compromised by some change being introduced, and by the characters being differently dressed. One man told me, that in town and country he had seen Mrs. Jermy shot in the following costumes, "in light green welwet, sky-blue satin, crimson silk, and vite muslin." It was the same with Mrs. Manning.

For the last six or eight years, I am told, the artist in question has prepared all the boards in demand. Previously, the standing patters prepared their own boards, when they fancied themselves capable of such a "reach of art," or had them done by some unemployed painter, whom they might fall in with at a lodging-house, or elsewhere. This is rarely done now, I am told; not perhaps more than six times in a twelve-month, and when done it is most frequently practised of "cock-boards;" for, as was said to me, "if a man thinks he's getting up a fake-ment likely to take, and wants a board to help him on with it, he'll try and keep it to hisself, and come out with it quite fresh."

The charge of the popular street-artist for the painting of a board is 3s. or 3s. 6d., according to the simplicity or elaborateness of the details; the board itself is provided by the artist's employer. The demand for this peculiar branch of street art is very irregular, depending entirely upon whether anything be "up" or not; that is, whether there has or has not been perpetrated any act of atrocity, which has riveted, as it is called, the public attention. And so great is the uncertainty felt by the street-folk, whether "the

most beautiful murder will take or not," that it is rarely the patterer will order, or the artist will speculate, in anticipation of a demand, upon preparing the painting of any event, until satisfied that it has become "popular." A deed of more than usual daring, deceit, or mystery, may be at once hailed by those connected with murder-patter, as "one that will do," and some speculation may be ventured upon; as it was, I am informed, in the cases of Tawell, Rush, and the Mannings; but these are merely exceptional. Thus, if the artist have a dozen boards ordered "for this ten days, he may have two, or one, or none for the next ten;" so uncertain, it appears, is all that depends, without intrinsic merit, on mere popular applause.

I am unable to give—owing to the want of account-books, &c., which I have so often had to refer to as characteristic of street-people—a precise account of the average number of boards thus prepared in a year. Perhaps it may be as close to the fact as possible to conclude that the artist in question, who, unlike the majority of the street-poets, is not a street-seller, but works, as a professional man, for but not in the streets, realises on his boards a profit of 7s. 6d. weekly. The pictorial productions for street-shows will be more appropriately described in the account of street-performers and showmen.

This artist, as I have shown concerning some of the street-professors of the sister art of poesy, has the quality of knowing how to adapt his works exactly to the taste of his patrons the sellers, and of their patrons, the buyers in the streets.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF ENGRAVINGS, ETC., IN UMBRELLAS, ETC.

THE sale of "prints," "pictures," and "engravings"—I heard them designated by each term—in umbrellas in the streets, has been known, as far as I could learn from the street-folk for some fifteen years, and has been general from ten to twelve years. In this traffic the umbrella is inverted and the "stock" is disposed within its expanse. Sometimes narrow tapes are attached from rib to rib of the umbrella, and within these tapes are placed the pictures, one resting upon another. Sometimes a few pins are used to attach the larger prints to the cotton of the umbrella, the smaller ones being "fitted in at the side" of the bigger. "Pins is best, sir, in my opinion," said a little old man, who used to have a "print umbrella" in the New Cut; "for the public has a more unbroken display. I used werry fine pins, though they's dearer, for people as has a penny to spare likes to see things nice, and big pins makes big holes in the pictures."

This trade is most pursued on still summer evenings, and the use of an inverted umbrella seems so far appropriate that it can only be so used, in the street, in *dry* weather. "I used to keep a sharp look-out, sir," said the same informant, "for wind or rain, and many's the time them devils o' boys—God forgive me,

they's on'y poor children—but they is devils—has come up to me and has said—one in particular, standin' afore the rest: 'It'll thunder in five minutes, old bloke, so hup with yer humbereller, and go 'ome; hup with it jist as it is; it'll show stunnin; and sell as yer goes.' O, they're a shocking torment, sir; nobody can feel it like people in the streets,—shocking."

The engravings thus sold are of all descriptions. Some have evidently been the frontispieces of sixpenny or lower-priced works. These works sometimes fall into hands of the "waste collectors," and any "illustrations" are extracted from the letter-press and are disposed of by the collectors, by the gross or dozen, to those warehousemen who supply the small shop-keepers and the street-sellers. Sometimes, I was informed, a number of engravings, which had for a while appeared as "frontispieces" were issued for sale separately. Many of these were and are found in the "street umbrellas;" more especially the portraits of popular actors and actresses. "Mr. J. P. Kemble, as Hamlet"—"Mr. Fawcett, as Captain Copp"—"Mr. Young, as Iago"—"Mr. Liston, as Paul Pry"—"Mrs. Siddons, as Lady Macbeth"—"Miss O'Neil, as Belvidera," &c., &c. In the course of an inquiry into the subject nearly a year and a half ago, I learned from one "umbrella man" that, six or seven years previously, he used to sell more portraits of "Mr. Edmund Kean, as Richard III.," than of anything else. Engravings, too, which had first been admired in the "Annuals"—when half-a-guinea was the price of the "Literary Souvenir," the "Forget-me-not," "Friendship's Offering," the "Bijou," &c., &c.—are frequently found in these umbrellas; and amongst them are not unfrequently seen portraits of the aristocratic beauties of the day, from "waste" "Flowers of Loveliness" and old "Court Magazines," which "go off very fair." The majority of these street-sold "engravings" are "coloured," in which state the street-sellers prefer them, thinking them much more saleable, though the information I received hardly bears out their opinion.

The following statement, from a middle-aged woman, further shows the nature of the trade, and the class of customers:

"I've sat with an umbrella," she said, "these seven or eight years, I suppose it is. My husband's a penny lot-seller, with just a middling pitch" [the vendor of a number of articles, sold at a penny "a lot"] "and in the summer I do a little in engravings, when I'm not minding my husband's 'lots,' for he has sometimes a day, and oftener a night, with portering and packing for a tradesman, that's known him long. Well, sir, I think I sell most 'coloured.' 'Master Toms' wasn't bad last summer. 'Master Toms' was pictures of cats, sir—you must have seen them—and I had them different colours. If a child looks on with its father, very likely, it'll want 'pussy,' and if the child cries for it, it's almost a sure sale, and

more, I think, indeed I'm sure, with men than with women. Women knows the value of money better than men, for men never understand what housekeeping is. I have no children, thank God, or they might be pinched, poor things. 'Miss Kitties' was the same sale. Toms is hes, and Kitties is she cats. I've sometimes sold to poor women who was tiresome; they must have just what would fit over their mantel-pieces, that was papered with pictures." [My readers may remember that some of the descriptions I have given, long previous to the present inquiry, of the rooms of the poor, fully bear out this statement.] "I seldom venture on anything above 1d., I mean to sell at 1d. I've had Toms and Kitties at 2d. though. 'Fashions' isn't worth umbrella room; the poorest needlewoman won't be satisfied with them from an umbrella. 'Queens' and 'Alberts' and 'Wales's' and the other children isn't near so good as they was. There's so many 'fine portraits of Her Majesty,' or the others, given away with the first number of this or of that, that people's overstocked. If a working-man can buy a newspaper or a number, why of course he may as well have a picture with it. They gave away glasses of gin at the opening of that baker's shop there, and it's the same doctrine" [The word she used]. "I never offer penny theatres, or comic exhibitions, or anything big; they spoils the look of the umbrella, and makes better things look mean. I sell only to working people, I think; seldom to boys, and seldom to girls; seldom to servant-maids and hardly ever to women of the town. I have taken 6d. from one of them though. I think boys buy pictures for picture books. I never had what I suppose was old pictures. To a few old people, I've known, 'Children' sell fairly, when they're made plump, and red cheeked, and curly haired. They sees a resemblance of their grandchildren, perhaps, and buys. Young married people does so too, but not so oft, I think. I don't remember that ever I have made more than 1s. 10d. on an evening. I don't sell, or very seldom indeed, at other times, and only in summer, and when its fine. If I clear 5s. I counts that a good week. It's a great help to the lot-selling. I seldom clear so much. Oftener 4s."

The principal sale of these "pictures," in the streets, is from umbrellas. Occasionally, a street-stationer, or even a miscellaneous lot-seller, when he has met with a cheap lot, especially of portraits of ladies, will display a collection of prints, pyramidally arranged on his stall,—but these are exceptions. Sometimes, too, an "umbrella print-seller" will have a few "pictures in frames," on a sort of stand alongside the umbrella.

The pictures for the umbrellas are bought at the warehouse, or the swag-shops, of which I have before spoken. At these establishments "prints" are commonly supplied from 3d. to 5s. the dozen. The street-sellers buy at 5d. and 6d. the dozen, to sell at a 1d. a piece; and

at 3*d.* to sell at 1*d.* None of the pictures thus sold are prepared expressly for the streets.

In so desultory and—as one intelligent street-seller with whom I conversed on the subject described it—so *weathery* a trade, it is difficult to arrive at exact statistics. From the best data at my command, it may be computed, that for twelve weeks of the year, there are thirty umbrella print-sellers (all exceptional traders therein included) each clearing 6*s.* weekly, and taking 12*s.* Thus it appears that 216*l.* is yearly expended in the streets in this purchase. Many of the sellers are old or infirm; one who was among the most prosperous before the changes in the streets of Lambeth, was dwarfish, and was delighted to be thought “a character.”

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF PICTURES IN FRAMES.

FROM about 1810, or somewhat earlier, down to 1830, or somewhat later, the street-sale of pictures in frames was almost entirely in the hands of the Jews. The subjects were then nearly all scriptural: “The Offering up of Isaac;” “Jacob’s Dream;” “The Crossing of the Red Sea;” “The Death of Sisera;” and “The Killing of Goliath from the Sling of the youthful David.” But the Jew traders did not at all account it necessary to confine the subjects of their pictures to the records of the Old—their best trade was in the illustrations of the New Testament. Perhaps the “Stoning of St. Stephen” was their most saleable “picture in a frame.” There were also “The Nativity;” “The Slaying of the Children, by order of Herod” (with the quotation of St. Matthew, chap. ii. verse 17, “Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet”); “The Sermon on the Mount;” “The Beheading of John the Baptist;” “The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem;” “The Raising of Lazarus;” “The Betrayal on the part of Judas;” “The Crucifixion;” and “The Conversion of St. Paul.” There were others, but these were the principal subjects. All these pictures were coloured, and very deeply coloured. St. Stephen was stoned in the lightest of sky-blue short mantles. The pictures were sold in the streets of London, mostly in the way of hawking; but ten times as extensively, I am told, in the country, as in town. Indeed, at the present time, many a secluded village ale-house has its parlour walls decorated with these scriptural illustrations, which seem to have superseded

“The pictures placed for ornament and use;
The twelve good rules; the royal game of goose,”

mentioned by Goldsmith as characteristic of a village inn. These “Jew pictures” are now yielding to others.

Most of these articles were varnished, and 2*s.* or 2*s.* 6*d.* each was frequently the price asked, 1*s.* 6*d.* being taken “if no better could be done,” and sometimes 1*s.* A smaller amount per single picture was always taken, if a set

were purchased. These productions were prepared principally for street-sale and for hawkers. The frames were narrower and meaner-looking than in the present street-pictures of the kind; they were stained like the present frames, in imitation of maple, but far less skilfully. Sometimes they were a black japan; sometimes a sorry imitation of mahogany.

In the excitement of the Reform Bill era, the street-pictures in frames most in demand were Earl Grey, Earl Spencer’s (or Lord Althorp), Lord Brougham’s, and Lord John Russell’s, O’Connell’s also “sold well,” as did William IV. “Queen Adelaide,” I was told, “went off middling, not much more than half as good as William.” Towards the close of King William’s life, the portraits of the Princess Victoria of Kent were of good sale in the streets, and her Royal Highness was certainly represented as a young lady of undue plumpness, and had hardly justice done to her portraiture. The Duchess of Kent, also, I was informed, “sold fairish in the streets.” In a little time, the picture in a frame of the Princess Victoria of Kent, with merely an alteration in the title, became available as Queen Victoria I., of Great Britain and Ireland. Since that period, there have been the princes and princesses, her Majesty’s offspring, who present a strong family resemblance.

The street pictures, so to speak, are not unfrequently of a religious character. Pictures of the Virgin and Child, of the Saviour seated at the Last Supper, of the Crucifixion, or of the different saints, generally coloured. The principal purchasers of these “religious pictures” are the poorer Irish. I remember seeing, in the course of an inquiry among street-performers last summer, the entire wall of a poor street-dancer’s one room, except merely the space occupied by the fireplace, covered with small coloured pictures in frames, the whole of which, the proprietor told me, with some pride, he had picked up in the streets, according as he could spare a few pence. Among them were a crucifix (of bone), and a few medallions, of a religious character, in plaster or wax. This man was of Italian extraction; but I have seen the same thing in the rooms of the Roman Catholic Irish, though never to the same extent.

The general subjects now most in demand for street-sale are, “Lola Montes,” “Louis Philippe and his Queen,” “The Sailor’s Return,” “The Soldier’s Return,” and the “Parting” of the same individuals, Smugglers, in different situations, Poachers also; “Turpin’s Ride to York,” the divers feats attributed to Jack Sheppard (but less popular than “Turpin’s Ride.”) “Courtship,” “Marriage” (the one a couple caressing, and the other bickering), “Father Mathew” (in very black large boots), “Napoleon Bonaparte crossing the Alps,” and his “Farewell to his Troops at Fontainebleau,” “Scenes of Piracy.” None of these subjects are modern; “Lola Montes” (a bold-faced woman, in a riding-

habit), being the newest. “Why,” said one man familiar with the trade, “there hasn’t been no Louis Napoleon in a frame-picture for the streets, nor Cobdens, nor Feargus O’Connors, nor Sir John Franklins; what is wanted for us is something exciting.”

The prices of frame-pictures (as I sometimes heard them called) made expressly for street-sale, vary from 1*d.* to 1*s.* a pair. The 1*d.* a pair are about six inches by four, very rude, and on thin paper, and with frames made of lath-wood (stained), but put together very compactly. The cheaper sorts are of prints bought at the swag-shops, or of waste-dealers, sometimes roughly coloured, and sometimes plain. The greatest sale is of those charged from 2*d.* to 4*d.* the pair.

Some of the higher-priced pictures are painted purposely for the streets, but are always copies of some popular engraving, and their sale is not a twentieth of the others. These frame-pictures were, and are, generally got up by a family, the girls taking the management of the paper-work, the boys of the wood. The parents have, many of them, been paper-stainers. This division of labour is one reason of the exceeding cheapness of this street branch of the fine arts. These working artists—or whatever they are to be called—also prepare and frame for street-sale the plates given away in the first instance with a number of a newspaper or a periodical, and afterwards “to be had for next to nothing.” The prevalence of such engravings has tended greatly to diminish the sale of the pictures prepared expressly for the streets.

Ten years ago this trade was ten times greater than it is now. The principal sale still is, and always was, at the street-markets on Saturday evenings. They are sold piled on a small stall, or carried under the arm. To sell 10*s.* worth on a Saturday night is an extraordinary sale, and 2*s.* 6*d.* is a bad one, and the frame-picturer must have “middling patter to set them off at all. ‘Twopence a pair!’ he’ll say; ‘only twopence a pair! Who’d be without an ornament to his dwelling?’”

There are now about fifty persons engaged in this sale on a Saturday night, of whom the majority are the artists or preparers of the pictures. On a Monday evening there are about twenty sellers; and not half that number on other evenings—but some “take a round in the suburbs.”

If these people take 10*s.* weekly for frame-pictures the year through, 1,040*l.* is yearly expended in this way. I estimate the average number at twenty daily. Their profits are about cent. per cent.; boys and working people buy the most. The trade is often promoted by a raffle at a public-house. Many mechanics, I was told, now frame their own pictures.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF MANUSCRIPT AND OTHER MUSIC.

THIS trade used to be more extensively carried on in the streets than it is at present. The

reasons I heard assigned for the decadence were the greater cheapness of musical productions generally, and the present fondness for lithographic embellishments to every polka, waltz, quadrille, ballad, &c., &c. “People now hates, I do believe, a *bare* music-sheet,” one street-seller remarked.

The street manuscript-music trade was, certainly, and principally, piratical. An air became popular perhaps on a sudden, as it was pointed out to me, in the case, of “Jump, Jim Crow.” At a musical publisher’s, such an affair in the first bloom of its popularity, would have been charged from 2*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*, twenty-five years ago, and the street-seller at that time, often also a book-stall keeper, would employ, or buy of those who offered them for sale, and who copied them for the purpose, a manuscript of the demanded music, which he could sell cheap in comparison.

A man who, until the charges of which I have before spoken, kept a second-hand book-stall, in a sort of arched passage in the New Cut, Lambeth, sold manuscript-music, and was often “sadly bothered,” he said, at one time by the musical propensities of a man who looked like a journeyman tailor. This man, whenever he had laid out a trifle at the book-stall, looked over the music, and often pulled a small flute from his pocket, and began to play a few bars from one of the manuscripts, and this he continued doing, to the displeasure of the stall-keeper, until a crowd began to assemble, thinking, perhaps, that the flute-player was a street-musician; he was then obliged to desist. Of the kind of music he sold, or of its mode of production, this street-bookseller knew nothing. He purchased it of a man who carried it to his stall, and as he found it sell tolerably well, he gave himself no further trouble concerning it. The supplier of the manuscript pencilled on each sheet the price it was to be offered at, allowing the stall-keeper from 50 to 150 per cent. profit, if the price marked was obtained. “I haven’t seen anything of him, sir,” said the street-bookseller, “for a long while. I dare say he was some poor musician, or singer, or a reduced gentleman, perhaps, for he always came after dusk, or else on bad dark days.”

Although but partially connected with street-art, I may mention as a sample of the music sometimes offered in street-sale, that a book-stall keeper, three weeks ago showed me a pile of music which he had purchased from a “waste collector,” about eight months before, at 2½*d.* the pound. Among this was some MS. music, which I specify below, and which the book-stall keeper was confident, on very insufficient grounds, I think, had been done for street-sale.

The music had, as regards three-fourths of it, evidently been bound, and had been torn from the boards of the book, as only the paper portion is purchased for “waste.” Some, however, were loose sheets, which had evidently never been subjected to the process of stitching. I

now cite some of the titles of this street-sale: "Le Petit Tambour. Sujet d'un Grand Rondeau pour le Piano Forte. Composé par L. Zerbini," (MS.) "Di Tanti Palpiti. The Celebrated Cavatina, by Rossini, &c." "Twenty Short Lessons, or Preludes in the most Convenient Keys for the Harp. Composed and Respectfully Dedicated to Lady Ann Collins. By John Baptist Meyer. Price 5s." "An Cota Caol (given in the ancient Irish character.) The Slender Coat," (MS.) "Cailin beog chruite na mbo (also in Irish). The Pretty Girl Milking the Cow," (MS.)

OF THE CAPITAL AND INCOME OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF STATIONERY, LITERATURE, AND THE FINE ARTS.

I now proceed to give a summary of the capital, and income of the above classes. I will first however, endeavour to give a summary of the number of individuals belonging to the class.

This appears to be made up (so far as I am able to ascertain) of the following items:—120 sellers of stationery; 20 sellers of pocket-books and diaries; 50 sellers of almanacks and memorandum-books; 12 sellers of account-books; 31 card-sellers; 6 secret papers-sellers; 250 sellers of songs and ballads; 90 running patterers; 20 standing patterers; 8 sellers of "cocks" (principally elopements); 15 selling conundrums, "comic exhibitions," &c.; 200 selling play-bills and books for the play; 40 back-number-sellers; 4 waste paper-sellers at Billingsgate; 40 sellers of tracts and pamphlets; 12 newsvenders, &c., at steam-boat piers; 2 book auctioneers; 70 book-stall keepers and book barrow-men; 16 sellers of guide-books; 30 sellers of song-books and children's books; 40 dealers in pictures in frames; 30 vendors of engravings in umbrellas, and 4 sellers of manuscript music—making altogether a total of 1,110. Many of the above street-trades are, however, only temporary. As, for instance, the street-sale of playing-cards, continues only fourteen days in the year; pocket-books and diaries, four weeks; others, again, are not regularly pursued from day to day, as the sale of prints and engravings in umbrellas, which affords employment for but twelve weeks out of the fifty-two, and conundrums for two months. One trade, however, (namely, that of "Comic Exhibition Papers," gelatine and engraved cards of the Exhibition) is entirely now in the streets. In the broad-sheet trade, again, the "running patterers" work what are called "cocks," when there are no incidents happening to incite the public mind. Hence, making due allowances for such variations, we may fairly assume that the street-sellers belonging to this class number at least 1,000. The following statistics will show the whole amount of capital, and the gross income of this branch of street traffic.

CAPITAL OR VALUE OF THE STOCK-IN-TRADE OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF STATIONERY, LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Street-sellers of Stationery.
40 stalls, 4s. each; 80 boxes,

There are now no persons regularly employed in preparing MS. music for the streets. But occasionally a person skilled in music writing will, when he or she, I was told, had nothing better in hand, do a little for the street sale, disposing of the MSS. to any street-stationer or bookseller. If four persons are this way employed, receiving 4s. a week each, the year through—which I am assured is the extent—we find upwards of 40l. thus earned, and about twice that sum taken by the street retailers.

	£	s.	d.
3s. 6d. each; and stock-money for 120 sellers, 10s. each	82	0	0
<i>Street-sellers of Pocket-books and Diaries.</i> Stock-money for 20 vendors, 10s. each	10	0	0
<i>Street-sellers of Almanacks and Memorandum-books.</i> Stock-money for 50 vendors, 1s. per head	2	10	0
<i>Street-sellers of Account-books.</i> 12 baskets, 3s. each; 12 waterproof bags, 2s. 6d. each; stock-money for 12 sellers, 15s. each	12	6	0
<i>Street-sellers of Cards.</i> Stock-money for 20 sellers, 1s. 6d. each	2	5	0
<i>Street-seller of Stenographic-cards.</i> Stock-money for 1 seller	0	1	6
<i>Street-sellers of Long-songs.</i> 20 poles to which songs are attached, 2d. each; stock-money for 20 sellers, 1s. each	1	3	4
<i>Street-sellers of Wall-songs ("Pinner-up.")</i> 30 canvass frames, to which songs are hung, 2s. each; stock-money for 30 sellers, 1s. each	4	10	0
<i>Street-sellers of Ballads ("Chaunters.")</i> 2 fiddles, 7s. each; stock-money for 200 chaunters, 1s. each	10	14	0
<i>Street-sellers of "Dialogues," "Litanies," &c. ("Standing Patterers.")</i> 20 boards with appendages "for pictures," 5s. 6d. each; 20 paintings for boards, 3s. 6d. each; stock-money for 20 vendors, 1s. each	10	0	0
<i>Street-sellers of Executions, &c. ("Running Patterers.")</i> Stock-money for 90 sellers, 1s. each	4	10	0
<i>Street-sellers of "Cocks."</i> Stock-money for 8 sellers, 1s. each	0	8	0
<i>Street-sellers of Conundrums and Nuts to Crack.</i> Stock-money for 15 sellers, 1s. each	0	15	0

Street-sellers of Exhibition Papers, Magical Delusions, &c.
Stock-money for 15 sellers, 1s. each 0 | 15 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Secret Papers.
Stock-money for 6 vendors, 1s. each 0 | 6 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Play-bills and Books of the Play.
Stock-money for 200 vendors, 2s. each 20 | 0 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Back Numbers.
Stock-money for 40 sellers, 5s. each 10 | 0 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Waste-paper at Billingsgate.
Stock-money for 4 sellers, 5s. each 1 | 0 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Tracts and Pamphlets.
Stock-money for 40 sellers, 6d. each 1 | 0 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Newspapers (Second Edition).
Stock-money for 20 sellers, 2s. 6d. each 2 | 10 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Newspapers, &c., on board Steam-boats.
Stock-money for 12 sellers, 5s. each 3 | 0 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Books by Auction.
Stock-money for 2 sellers, 2l. each; 2 barrows, 1l. each; 2 boards, for barrows, 3s. each 6 | 6 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Books on Stalls and Barrows.
20 stalls, 4s. each; 50 barrows, 1l. each; 50 boards, for barrows, 3s. each; stock-money, for 70 sellers, 2l. each 201 | 10 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Guide-books.
Stock-money, for 16 sellers, 5s. each 4 | 0 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Song Books and Children's Books.
Stock-money, for 30 vendors, 1s. each 1 | 10 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Pictures in Frames.
40 stalls, 2s. 6d. each; stock-money, for 40 sellers, 5s. each 15 | 0 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Engravings in Umbrellas.
Umbrellas, 2s. 6d. each; stock-money, for 30 sellers, 2s. each 3 | 0 | 0 |

Street-sellers of Manuscript-music.
Stock-money, for 4 sellers, 1s. 6d. each 0 | 6 | 0 |

TOTAL CAPITAL INVESTED IN THE STREET-SALE OF STATIONERY, LITERATURE, AND THE FINE ARTS 411 | 5 | 10 |

INCOME, OR AVERAGE ANNUAL "TAKINGS," OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF STATIONERY, LITERATURE, AND THE FINE ARTS.

Street-sellers of Stationery.
There are 120 vendors of stationery, who sell altogether during the year,

224,640 quires of writing paper at 3d. per quire; 149,760 doz. envelopes, at 1½d. per doz.; 37,440 doz. pens, at 3d. per doz.; 24,960 bottles of ink, at 1d. each; 112,320 black lead pencils, at 1d. each; 24,960 pennyworths of wafers, and 49,920 sticks of sealing-wax, at ½d. per stick; amounting altogether to £4,992

Street-sellers of Pocket-books and Diaries.
During the year 1,440 pocket-books, at 6d. each, and 960 diaries, at 6d. each, are sold in the streets by 20 vendors; amounting to £60

Street-sellers of Almanacks and Memorandum-books.
There are sold during the year, in the streets of London, 280,800 memorandum-books, at 1d. each, and 4,800 almanacks at 1d. each, among 50 vendors, altogether amounting to £1,190

Street-sellers of Account-books.
There are now 12 itinerants vending account-books in various parts of the metropolis, each of whom sells daily, upon an average, 4 account-books, at 1s. 9d. each; the number sold during the year is therefore 14,976, and the sum expended thereon amounts to £1,310

Street-sellers of "Gelatine," "Engraved," and "Playing-cards."
There are 20 street-sellers vending gelatine and engraved cards during the day, and 30 selling playing-cards (for 14 days) at night. These vendors get rid of, among them, in the course of the year, 43,200 gelatine, and 14,400 engraved cards, at 1d. each, and 3,360 packs of playing-cards, at 3d. per pack; so that the money spent in the streets on the sale of engraved, gelatine, and playing-cards, during the year, amounts to £282

Street-seller of Stenographic Cards.
There is only 1 individual "working" stenographic cards in the streets of London, and the number he sells in the course of the year is 7,448 cards, at 1d. each, amounting to £31 4

Street-sellers of Long Songs.
I am assured, that if 20 persons were selling long songs in the street last summer (during a period of 12 weeks), it was "the outside;" as long songs are now "for fairs and races, and country work." Calculating that each cleared 9s. in a week, and to clear that took 15s., we find there is expended in long songs in the streets annually £180

Street-sellers of Wall Songs ("Pinner-up.")
On fine summer days, the wall song-sellers (of whom there are 30) take 2s. on an average. On short wintry days

they may not take half so much, and on very foggy or rainy days they take nothing at all. Reckoning that each wall song-man now takes 10s. 6d. weekly (7s. being the profit), we find there is expended yearly in London streets, in the ballads of the pinners-up

£810

Street-sellers of Ballads ("Chaunters.")

There are now 200 chaunters, who also sell the ballads they sing; the average takings of each are 3s. per day; altogether amounting to . . .

£4,680

Street-sellers of Executions, &c. ("Running Patterers.")

Some represent their average weekly earnings at 12s. 6d. the year through; some at 10s. 6d.; and others at less than half of 12s. 6d. Reckoning, however, that only 9s. weekly is an average profit per individual, and that 14s. be taken to realise that profit, we find there is expended yearly, on executions, fires, deaths, &c., in London . . .

£3,276

Street-sellers of Dialogues, Litanies, &c. (Standing Patterers.)

If 20 standing patterers clear 10s. weekly, each, the year through, and take 15s. weekly, we find there is yearly expended in the standing patter of London streets . . .

£780

Street-sellers of "Cocks" (Elopements, Love Letters, &c.)

There are now 8 men who sell nothing but "Cocks," each of whom dispose daily of 6 dozen copies at 1/4d. per copy, or altogether, during the year, 179,712 copies, amounting to

£374 8s.

Street-sellers of Conundrums—"Nuts to Crack," &c.

From the best information I could acquire, it appears that fifteen men may be computed as working conundrums for two months throughout the twelve, and clearing 10s. 6d. weekly, per individual. The cost of the "Nuts to Crack" (when new) is 5d. a dozen to the seller; but old "Nuts" often answer the purpose of the street-seller, and may be had for about half the price; the cost of the "Nut-crackers" is 2s. to 2s. 6d. It may be calculated, then, that to realize the 10s. 6d. above-mentioned 15s. must be taken. This shows the street expenditure in "Nuts to Crack" and "Nut-crackers" to be yearly . . .

£90

Street-sellers of Exhibition Papers, Magical Delusions, &c.

This trade is carried on only for a short time in the winter, as regards the magical portior, and I am informed that, including the "Comic Exhibitions," it extends to about half of

the sum taken for conundrums; or to about . . .

£45

Street-sellers of Secret Papers.

Supposing that 6 men last year each cleared 6s. weekly, we find expended yearly in the streets on this rubbish . . .

£98

Street-sellers of Play-bills and Books.

Taking the profits at 3s. a week, at cent. per cent. on the outlay, and reckoning 200 sellers, including those at the saloons, concert-rooms, &c., there is expended yearly on the sale of play-bills purchased in the streets of London . . .

£3,120

Street-sellers of Back Numbers.

There are now 40 vendors in the streets of London, each selling upon an average 3 dozen copies daily, at 1/4d. each, or during the year 336,960 odd numbers. Hence, the sum expended annually in the streets for back numbers of periodicals amounts to upwards of . . .

£700

Street-sellers of Waste-paper at Billingsgate.

There are 4 individuals selling waste-paper at Billingsgate, one of whom informed me that from 70 to 100 pounds weight of "waste"—about three-fourths being newspapers—is supplied to Billingsgate market and its visitants. The average price is not less than 2 1/2d. a pound, or from that to 3d. A single paper is 1d. Reckoning that 85 pounds of waste-paper are sold a day, at 2 1/2d. per pound, we find that the annual expenditure in waste-paper at Billingsgate is upwards of . . .

£275

Street-sellers of Tracts and Pamphlets.

From the information I obtained from one of this class of street-sellers, I find there are 40 individuals gaining a livelihood in selling tracts and pamphlets in the streets, full one half are men of colour, the other half consists of old and infirm men, and young boys, the average takings of each is about 1s. a day, the year through; the annual street expenditure in the sale of tracts and pamphlets is thus upwards of . . .

£620

Street-sellers of Newspapers (Second Edition.)

There are 20 who are engaged in the street sale of newspapers, second edition, each of whom take weekly (for a period of 6 weeks in the year) 11. 5s.; so that, adopting the calculation of my informant, and giving a profit of 150 per cent., the yearly expenditure in the streets, in second editions, amounts to . . .

£150

Street-sellers of Newspapers, &c., at Steam-Boat Piers.

I am informed that the average earnings of these traders, altogether, may be taken at 15s. weekly; calculating that twelve carry on the trade the year through, we find that (assuming each man to sell at thirty-three per cent. profit—though in the case of old works it will be often cent. per cent.), the sum expended annually in steam-boat papers is upwards of

£1,500

Street-sellers of Books (by Auction).

There are at present only 2 street-sellers of books by auction in London, whose clear weekly earnings are 10s. 6d. each. Calculating their profits at 250l. per cent., their weekly receipts will amount to 35s. each per week; giving a yearly expenditure of . . .

£91

Street-sellers of Books on Stalls and Barrows.

The number of book-stalls and barrows in the streets of the metropolis is 70. The proprietors of these sell weekly upon an average 42 volumes each. The number of volumes annually sold in the streets is thus 1,375,920, and reckoning each volume sold to average 9d., we find that the yearly expenditure in the sale of books in the street amounts to . . .

£5,733

Street-sellers of Guide-books.

The street-sellers of guide-books to public places of amusement, are 16 in number, the profit of each is 4s. weekly, at 25 per cent., hence the takings must be 20s.; thus making the annual expenditure in the street-sale of such books amount to . . .

£832

Street-sale of Song-books and Children's books.

There are 30 street-sellers who vend children's books and song-books, and dispose of, among them, 2 dozen each daily, or during the year 224,640 books, at 1d. each; hence the sum yearly expended in the street-sale of children's books and song-books is . . .

£936

Street-sellers of Pictures in Frames.

If we calculate 40 persons selling pictures in frames, and each taking 10s. weekly; we find the annual amount spent in the streets in the sale of these articles is . . .

£1,040

Street-sellers of Prints and Engravings in Umbrellas.

The street-sale of prints and engravings in umbrellas lasts only 12 weeks. There are 30 individuals who gain a livelihood in the sale of these articles during that period. The average takings of each seller is 12s. weekly; so that the annual street-expenditure upon prints and engravings is . . .

£216

Street-sellers of Manuscript Music.

There are only 4 sellers of manuscript music in the streets, who take on an average 4s. each weekly; hence we find the annual expenditure in this article amounts in round numbers to . . .

£40

TOTAL SUM EXPENDED YEARLY
IN THE STREETS ON STATIONERY,
LITERATURE, AND THE FINE
ARTS £33,446 12s.

AN EPITOME OF THE PATTERNING CLASS.

I wish, before passing to the next subject—the street-sellers of manufactured articles (of one of whom the engraving here given furnishes a well-known specimen)—I wish, I say, as I find some mistakes have occurred on the subject, to give the public a general view of the patterers, as well as to offer some few observations concerning the means of improving the habits of street-people in general.

The patterers consist of three distinct classes; viz., those who sell something, and patter to help off their goods; those who exhibit something, and patter to help off the show; and those who do nothing but patter, with a view to elicit alms. Under the head of "Patterers who sell" may be classed

Paper Workers,	Dealers in Razor Paste,
Quack Doctors,	French Polish,
Cheap Jacks,	Plating Balls,
Grease Removers,	Candle Shades,
Wager Patterers,	Rat Poisons, &
Ring Sellers,	Blacking,
Dealers in Corn Salve,	Book Auctioneers.

The second class of patterers includes jugglers, showmen, clowns, and fortune-tellers; beside several exhibitors who invite public notice to the wonders of the telescope or microscope.

The third and last class of patterers are those who neither sell nor amuse, but only victimise those who get into their clutches. These (to use their own words) "do it on the bounce." Their general resort is an inferior public-house, sometimes a brothel, or a coffee-shop. One of the tricks of these worthies is to group together at a window, and if a well-dressed person pass by, to salute him with the contents of a flour-bag. One of their pals—better dressed than the rest—immediately walks out, declares it was purely accidental, and invites the gentleman in "to be brushed." Probably he consents, and still more probably, if he be "good-natured," he is plied with liquor, drugged with snuff for the occasion, and left in some obscure court, utterly stupefied. When he awakes, he finds that his watch, purse, &c., are gone.

"A casual observer, or even a stranger, may be induced to contract a wayside acquaintance with the parties to whom I allude," says one of the patterers, from whom I have received much valuable information; "and if he be a visitor of fairs and races, that acquaintance, though slight, may sometimes prove expensive."

But casual observers cannot, from the complexity and varied circumstances of the characters now under notice, form anything like a correct view of them. I am convinced that no one can, but those who have visited their haunts and indeed lived among them for months together. They are not to be known, any more than the great city was to be built, in a day. This advantage—if so it may be called—has fallen to my lot."

The three classes of patterers above enumerated must not be confounded. The two first are essentially distinct from the last—at least they do *something* for their living; and though the pattering street-tradesmen may generally overstep the bounds of truth in their glowing descriptions of the virtues of the goods they sell, still it should be remembered they are no more dishonest in their dealings than the "enterprising" class of shopkeepers, who resort to the *printed* mode of puffing off their wares,—indeed the street-sellers are far less reprehensible than their more wealthy brother puffers of the shops, who cannot plead want as an excuse for their dishonesty. The recent revelations made by the *Lancet*, as to the adulteration of the articles of diet sold by the London grocers, show that the patterers who sell, practise far less imposition than some of our "merchant princes."

"A tradesman in Tottenham-court Road, whose address the *Lancet* advertises gratis, thus proclaims the superior qualities of his 'Finest White Pepper.' One package of this article, which is the interior part of the kernel of the finest pepper, being equal in strength to nearly three times the quantity of black pepper (which is the inferior, small, shrivelled berries, and often little more than husks), it will be not only the best but the cheapest for every purpose." This super-excellent pepper, 'sold in packages, price 1d.,' was found on analysis to consist of finely-ground black pepper, and a very large quantity of wheat-flour."

Indeed the *Lancet* has demonstrated that as regards tea, coffee, arrow-root, sugar, and pepper sold by "pattering" shopkeepers, the rule invariably is that those are articles which are the most puffed, and "warranted free from adulteration," and "to which the attention of families and invalids is particularly directed as being of the finest quality ever imported into this country," are uniformly the most scandalously adulterated of all.

We should, therefore, remember while venting our indignation against pattering street-sellers, that they are not the only puffers in the world, and that they, at least, can plead poverty in extenuation of their offence; whereas, it must be confessed, that shopkeepers can have no other cause for their acts but their own brutalizing greed of gain.

The class of patterers with whom we have here to deal are those who patter to help off their goods—but while describing them it has been deemed advisable to say a few words, also, on the class who *do nothing but patter*, as a means of exciting commiseration to their assumed calamities. These parties, it should be distinctly understood, are in no way connected

with the puffing street-sellers, but in the exaggerated character of the orations they deliver, they are mostly professional beggars—or bouncers (that is to say cheats of the lowest kind), and *will* not work or do anything for their living. This, at least, cannot be urged against the pattering street-sellers who, as was before stated, do *something* for the bread they eat.

Further to show the extent, and system, of the lodging and routes throughout the country of the class of "lurkers," &c., here described—as all resorting to those places—I got a patterer to write me out a list, from his own knowledge, of divers routes, and the extent of accommodation in the lodging-houses. I give it according to the patterer's own classification.

"Brighton is a town where there is a great many furnished cribs, let to needys (nightly lodgers) that are milled up," [that is to say, associated with women in the sleeping-rooms.]

SURREY AND SUSSEX.

	Dossing Cribs, or Lodging- houses	Beds.	Needys, or Nightly Lodgers.
Wandsworth	6	9	108
Croydon	9	8	144
Reigate	5	6	60
Cuckfield	2	8	32
Horsham	3	7	52
Lewis	7	6	84
Kingston	12	8	192
Brighton	16	9	228

"Bristol.—A few years back an old woman kept a padding-ken here. She was a strong Methodist, but had a queer method. There was thirty standing beds, besides make-shifts and furnished rooms, which were called 'cottages.' It's not so bad now. The place was well-known to the monkry, and you was reckoned flat if you hadn't been there. The old woman, when any female, old or young, who had no tin, came into the kitchen, made up a match for her with some men. Fellows half-drunk had the old women. There was always a broomstick at hand, and they was both made to jump over it, and that was called a broomstick wedding. Without that ceremony a couple weren't looked on as man and wife. In course the man paid, in such case, for the dos (bed.)

Kensington	6	7	84
Brentford	12	8	192
Hounslow	6	5	60
Colebrook	2	7	20
Windsor	7	10	140
Maidenhead	4	5	40
Reading	12	9	216
Oxford	14	7	196
Banbury	10	12	240
Marlboro'	8	7	112
Bath	10	8	160
Bristol	20	11	440

"Counties of Kent and Essex.—Here is the best places in England for 'skipper-birds;' (parties that never go to lodging-houses, but to barns or outhouses, sometimes without a blanket.) The Kent farmers permit it to their own travellers, or the travellers they know. In Essex it's different. There a farmer will give 1s. rather than let a traveller sleep on his premises, for fear



DOCTOR BOKANKY, THE STREET HERBALIST.

From a Photograph.]

"Now then for the Kalibonca Root, that was brought from Madras in the East Indies. It'll cure the toothache, headache, giddiness in the head, dimness of sight, rheumatics in the head, and is highly recommended for the ague; never known to fail; and I've sold it for this six and twenty year. From one penny to sixpence the packet. The best article in England."

of robbery. 'Keyhole whistlers,' the skipper-birds are sometimes called, but they're regular travellers. Kent's the first county in England for them. They start early to good houses for victuals, when gentlefolk are not up. I've seen them doze and sleep against the door. They like to be there before any one cuts their cart (exposes their tricks). Travellers are all early risers. It's good morning in the country when it's good night in town.

KENT.			
	Dossing Cribs, or Lodging- houses	Beds.	Needys, or Nightly Lodgers.
Deptford	18	9	324
Greenwich	6	8	26
Woolwich	9	8	144
Gravesend	6	7	84
Chatham	20	10	400
Maidstone	5	7	70
Sittingbourne	3	6	36
Sheerness	4	5	40
Faversham	3	5	30
Canterbury	11	8	176
Dover	12	9	216
Ramsgate	4	5	40
Margate	6	6	72

ESSEX.			
	Dossing Cribs, or Lodging- houses	Beds.	Needys, or Nightly Lodgers.
Stratford	10	9	180
Ilford	3	7	52
Barking	4	6	48
Billerica	5	7	70
Orsett	2	8	32
Rayleigh	3	9	54
Rochford	3	8	48
Leigh	4	8	64
Prettywell	2	7	28
Southend	3	8	48
Maldon	5	9	90
Witham	4	8	64
Colchester	15	10	300

"Windsor.—At Ascot race-time I've paid many ls. just to sit up all night.

"Colchester.—Life in London at the Bugle; called 'Hell upon earth' sometimes.

	Dossing Cribs, or Lodging- houses	Beds.	Needys, or Nightly Lodgers.
Barnet	5	1	80
Watford	6	8	90
Hemel-Hempstead	3	5	30
Uxbridge	6	7	84
Tring	2	6	24
Dunstable	6	5	60
Stony-Stratford	3	6	36
Northampton	13	9	234
Towcester	4	7	56
Daventry	5	9	90
Coventry	16	9	288
Birmingham	50	11	1100

HERTS AND BEDFORDSHIRE.			
	Dossing Cribs, or Lodging- houses	Beds.	Needys, or Nightly Lodgers.
Edmonton	14	7	196
Waltham-Abbey	3	6	36
Cheshunt-Street	2	7	28
Hoddesden	3	8	48
Hertford	9	9	162
Ware	7	10	140
Puckeridge	2	5	20
Buntingford	3	8	48
Royston	4	10	40
Hitchin	7	9	126
Luton	6	8	96
Bedford	9	7	126
St. Alban's	8	6	96

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK.			
	Dossing Cribs, or Lodging- houses	Beds.	Needys, or Nightly Lodgers.
Ipswich	24	8	384
Hadleigh	8	7	112
Halsted	5	6	60
Stowmarket	4	7	56
Woodbridge	6	5	60
Sudbury	4	7	56

	Dossing Cribs, or Lodging- houses	Beds.	Needys, or Nightly Lodgers.
Bury St. Edmund's	8	8	128
Thetford	3	6	36
Attleboro'	2	5	20
Wymondham	1	11	22
Norwich	40	9	720
Yarmouth	16	8	256

OF THE "SCREEVERS," OR WRITERS OF 'BEGGING-LETTERS AND PETITIONS.

"SCREEVING"—that is to say, *writing* false or exaggerated accounts of afflictions and privations, is a necessary corollary to "Patterning," or making pompous *orations* in public—and I here subjoin a brief description of the "business"—for although the "screevers," "economically" considered, belong properly to the class who will *not* work, yet as they are intimately connected with the street-trade of begging I have thought it best to say a few words on the subject here, reserving a more comprehensive and scientific view of the subject till such time as I come to treat of the *professional* beggar, under the head of those who are *able* but *unwilling* to labour for their livelihood, in contradistinction to the involuntary beggars, who belong more properly to those who are *willing* but *unable* to work. The subjoined information has been obtained from one who has had many opportunities of making himself acquainted with the habits and tricks of the class here treated of,—indeed, at one part of his life he himself belonged to the "profession."

"In England and Wales the number of vagrants committed to prison annually amounts to 19,621; and as many are not imprisoned more than a dozen times during their lives, and a few never at all, the number of tramps and beggars may be estimated, at the very lowest, at 22,000 throughout England and Wales. The returns from Scotland are indeterminate. Of this wretched class many are aged and infirm; others are destitute orphans; while not a few are persons whose distress is real, and who suffer from temporary causes.

"With this excusable class, however, I have not now to do. Of professional beggars there are two kinds—those who 'do it on the *bisb*' (by word of mouth), and those who do it by 'screeving,' that is, by petitions and letters, setting forth imaginary cases of distress.

"Of these documents there are two sorts, 'slums' (letters) and 'fakements' (petitions). These are seldom written by the persons who present or send them, but are the production of a class of whom the public little imagine either the number or turpitude. I mean the 'professional begging-letter writers.'

"Persons who write begging-letters for others sometimes, though seldom, beg themselves. They are in many cases well supported by the fraternity for whom they write. A professional of this kind is called by the 'cadgers,' 'their man of business.' Their histories vary as much as their abilities; generally speaking they have been clerks, teachers, shopmen, reduced gentle-

men, or the illegitimate sons of members of the aristocracy; while others, after having received a liberal education, have broken away from parental control, and commenced the 'profession' in early life, and will probably pursue it to their graves.

"I shall take a cursory view of the various pretences set forth in these begging documents," says my informant, "and describe some of the scenes connected with their preparation. The documents themselves are mournful catalogues of all the ills that flesh is heir to.

"I address myself first to that class of petitions which represent losses by sea, or perhaps shipwreck itself. These documents are very seldom carried by one person, unless indeed he is really an old sailor; and, to the credit of the navy be it spoken, this is very seldom the case. When the imposition under notice has to be carried out, it is, for the most part, conducted by half-a-dozen worthless men, dressed in the garb of seamen (and known as turnpike sailors), one of their number having really been at sea and therefore able to reply to any nautical inquiries which suspicion may throw out. This person mostly carries the document; and is, of course, the spokesman of the company. Generally speaking, the gang have a subscription-book, sometimes only a fly-leaf or two to the document, to receive the names of contributors.

"It may not be out of place here, to give a specimen—drawn from memory—of one of those specious but deceitful 'fakements' upon which the 'swells,' (especially those who have 'been in the service,') 'come down with a cutler' (sovereign) if they 'granny the mauley' (perceive the signature) of a brother officer or friend. The document is generally as follows—

"These are to Certify, to all whom it may concern, that the THUNDERER, Captain Johnson, was returning on her homeward-bound passage from China, laden with tea, fruit, &c., and having beside, twenty passengers, chiefly ladies, and a crew of thirty hands, exclusive of the captain and other officers. That the said vessel encountered a tremendous gale off the banks of Newfoundland, and was dismasted, and finally wrecked at midnight on' (such a day, including the hour, latitude, and other particulars). 'That the above-named vessel speedily foundered, and only the second mate and four of the crew (the bearers of this certificate) escaped a watery grave. These, after floating several days on broken pieces of the ship, were providentially discovered, and humanely picked up by the brig INVINCIBLE, Captain Smith, and landed in this town and harbour of Portsmouth, in the county of Hants. That we, the Master of Customs, and two of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said harbour and county, do hereby grant and afford to the said' (here follows the names of the unfortunate mariners) 'this our vouchment of the truth of the said wreck, and their connection there-

with, and do empower them to present and use this certificate for twenty-eight days from the date hereof, to enable them to get such temporal aid as may be adequate to reaching their respective homes, or any sea-port where they may be re-engaged. And this certificate further sheweth, that they are not to be interrupted in the said journey by any constabulary or other official authority; provided, that is to say, that no breach of the peace or other cognizable offence be committed by the said Petitioners,

'As witness our hands,

John Harris, M.C. . . . £1 0 0

James Flood, J.P. . . . 1 0 0

Capt. W. Hope, R.N., J.P. . . 1 10 0

'Given at Portsmouth, this 10th day of October, 1850.

'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.'

Rev. W. Wilkins . . . £1 0 0

An Officer's Widow . . . 0 10 0

An Old Sailor . . . 0 5 0

A Friend . . . 0 2 6'

"I have already hinted at the character and description of the persons by whom these forgeries are framed. It would seem, from the example given, that such documents are available in every sea-port or other considerable town; but this is not the case. It is true that certain kinds of documents, especially sham hawkers' licenses, may be had in the provinces, at prices suited to the importance of their contents, or to the probable gains of their circulation; but all the 'regular bang-up fakes' are manufactured in the 'Start' (metropolis), and sent into the country to order, carefully packed up, and free from observation. The following note, sent to 'Carotty Poll, at Mrs. Finder's Login-ouse 'facin the orse and trumpet bere shop han street Westminster London with speide,' may tend to illuminate the uninitiated as to how such 'fakements' are obtained:

'Dere pol—I ope this will find yu an george in good health and spirits—things is very bad ere, yure sister Lizer has been konfined an got a fine strappin boye, they was very bad off wen it happend. they say in mi country it never ranes but it pores and so it was pol, for mi William as got a month along with Cockney Harry for a glim lurk and they kum out nex Mundie and i av pored my new shift and every indivigul thing to get them a brekfust and a drop a rum the morin they kums out. They wont hav no paper to work and I dont know what they will do. Tayler Tom lent me a shillin wish I send inklosed and yu must porn sumthing for another shilling and get Joe the Loryer to rite a fake for William not a glim' (loss by fire) 'but a brake say as e ad a hors fell downe with the mad staggurs an broke all is plates and dishes an we are starvin you can sa that the children is got the mesuls—they av ben ill thats no lie—an we want to rase a little munney to git another hanimul to dror the kart put a fu monekurs' (names) tu it and make it durty and date it sum time bak do not neglect and dont fale to pay the post no more at preasant from yure luvn sister Jane N— at Mister John H— the Sweep— nex dore to the five Bels grinsted Colchester Essex. good by.'

"The person from whom the above letter was obtained, was in the lodging-house when it

arrived, and had it given him to read and retain for reference. Lawyer Joe was soon sent for; and the following is an outline of the scene that occurred, given in my informant's own words:

"I had called at the house whither the above letter had been addressed, to inquire for a man whom I had known in his and my own better days. The kitchen-door, or rather cellar-door, was thrust open, and in came Carotty Poll herself.

"Well, Poll,' asked the deputy, 'how does the world use you?'

"B— bad,' was the reply, 'where's Lawyer Joe?'

"Oh, he's just gone to Mother Linstead's for some tea and sugar; here he comes.'

"Joe, I've a job for you. How much do you charge for screeving a "brake?'"

"Oh, half a bull (half-a-crown)."

"No, I'll give you a deuce o' deeners (two shillings), co's don't ye see the poor b— is in "stir" (prison)."

"Well, well, I shan't stand for a tanner. Have you got paper?'"

"Yes, and a Queen's head, and all."

"The pen and ink were found, a corner of the table cleared, and operations commenced.

"He writes a good hand,' exclaimed one, as the screever wrote the petition.

"I wish I could do it,' said another.

"If you could, you'd soon be transported," said a third; while the whole kitchen in one chorus, immediately on its completion, proclaimed, that it was d—d well done, adding to that, not one 'swell' in a score would view it in any other light than a 'ream' (genuine) concern.

"Lawyer Joe was up to his trade—he folded the paper in official style—creased it as it was long written and often examined, attached the signatures of the minister and churchwardens, and dipping his fingers under the fire-place, smeared it with ashes, and made the whole the best representation of a true account of 'a horse in the mad staggurs' and 'a child in the measles' that could be desired by the eldest and best cadger on the monkey.

"These professional writers are in possession of many autographs of charitable persons, and as they keep a dozen or more bottles of different shades of ink, and seldom write two documents on exactly the same sort of paper, it is difficult to detect the imposition. A famous lurker who has been previously alluded to in this work, was once taken before a magistrate at York whose own signature was attached to his fake-ment. The imitation was excellent, and the 'lurker' swore hard and fast to the worthy justice that he (the justice) *did* write it in his own saddle-room, as he was preparing to ride, and gave him five shillings, too. The effrontery and firmness of the prisoner's statement gained him his discharge!

"It is not uncommon in extensive districts—say, for instance, a section of a county taking

in ten or a dozen townships—for a school of lurkers to keep a secretary and remit his work and his pay at the same time. In London this functionary is generally paid by commission, and sometimes partly in food, beer, and tobacco. The following is a fair estimate of the scale of charges:

	s.	d.
Friendly letter	0	6
Long ditto	0	9
Petition	1	0

Ditto, with ream monekurs (genuine signatures) . . .	1	6
--	---	---

Ditto, with gammy monekurs (forged names)	2	6
---	---	---

Very "heavy" (dangerous) .	3	0
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Manuscript for a broken down author	10	0
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Part of a play for ditto . . .	7	6
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"To this I may add the prices of other articles in the begging line.

Loan of one child, without grub	0	9
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Two ditto	1	0
---------------------	---	---

Ditto, with grub and Godfrey's Cordial	0	9
--	---	---

If out after twelve at night, for each child, extra	0	2
---	---	---

For a school of children, say half-a-dozen	2	6
--	---	---

Loan of any garment, per day	0	2
------------------------------	---	---

Going as a pal to vindicate any statement	1	0
---	---	---

"Such is an outline, open to circumstantial variation, of the pay received for the sort of accommodation required.

"There is a very important species of 'lurking' or 'screeving,' which has not yet been alluded to.

"It is well-known that in the colliery districts an explosion of fire-damp frequently takes place, when many lives are lost, and the men who escape are often so wounded as to render amputation of a leg or arm the only probable means of saving them from the grave. Of course the accident, with every particular as to date and locality, goes the round of the newspapers. Such an event is a sort of God-send to the begging-letter writer. If he is anything of a draughtsman, so much the better. He then procures a sheet of vellum, and heads it with a picture of an explosion, and exhibiting men, boys, and horses up in the air, and a few nearer the ground, minus a head, a leg, or an arm; with a background of women tearing their hair, and a few little girls crying. Such a 'fakement,' professionally filled up and put into the hands of an experienced lurker, will bring the 'amanuensis,' or 'screever,' two guineas at least, and the proceeds of such an expedition have in many cases averaged 60% per week. The lurker presenting this would have to take with him three or four countrymen, dressed in the garb of colliers, one at least knowing something of underground work. These he would engage at 'a bob a rob' (one shilling each), and if he made a

good day, give them a 'toot-ful o' rum' beside. As such men are always le. outside the jigger (door) of the houses, they are of course ignorant of the state of the subscription-list.

"A famous lurker, to whom we have previously referred, Nicholas A.—, kept 'a man of business' to himself, and gave him from 5s. to 10s. 6d. per day. Nicholas, who was tolerably educated, could write very well, but as his 'secretary' could imitate twelve different hands, he was of course no trifling acquisition.

"It would not be easy to trace the history of all, or even many of the men, who pursue the begging-letter trade as professional writers. Many of the vagrant tribe write their own letters, but the vast majority are obliged to have assistance. Of course, they are sometimes detected by the fact that their conversation does not tally with the rhetorical statement of the petition. The few really deserving persons, well-born and highly educated, who subsist by begging, are very retired and cautious in their appeals. They write concisely, and their statements are generally true to a certain extent, or perhaps rigidly so in relation to an earlier part of their history. These seldom live in the very common lodging-houses.

"The most renowned of the tribe who write for others, and whose general trade lies in forged certificates of bankruptcy, seizure of goods for rent, and medical testimonies to infirmity, is an Irishman, brought up in London, and who may be seen almost every night at the bar of a certain public-house in Drury-lane. He lives, or did live, at one of the model lodging-houses. Very few persons know his occupation. They suppose that he is 'connected with the press.' Several years ago this person, says one who knew this trade well, was 'regularly hard up,' and made a tender of his services to a distinguished M.P., who took a lively interest in the emancipation of the Jews. He offered to visit the provinces, hold meetings, and get up petitions. The hon. member tested his abilities, and gave him clothes and a ten-pound note to commence operations. 'I saw him' (says my informant) 'the same night, and he mooted the subject to me over a glass of whiskey-punch. 'Not that I care (said he) if all the b—y Jews were in h—ll, but I must do something.'

"'But how,' asked my informant, 'will you get up the meetings?—and then the signatures, you know!'

"'Meetings!' was the reply, 'don't mention it; I can get millions of signatures!'

"The pretended Jewish Advocate never left London. He got (from Ireland) a box of old documents relative to bygone petitions for repeal, &c., and on these he put a frontispiece suited to his purpose—got them sent to Bath and Bristol, and thence transmitted to his employer—who praised his perseverance, and sent more money to the post-office of one of the above-named towns; this was countermanded to London, and jovially spent at 'Tom Spring's' in Holborn.

"Hitherto the movements of the begging-letter writer—self-considered—have been chiefly dwelt upon. There is another class of the fraternity, however, of whom some notice must here be taken; viz., those, who to meet cases of great pretension, and consequent misgivings on the part of the noblemen or gentry to whom fake-ments are presented, become referees to professional beggars. These referees are kept by local 'schools' of beggars in well-furnished apartments at respectable houses, and well dressed; their allowance varies from 1l. to 3l. per week.

"But the most expert and least suspected dodge is referring to some dignified person in the country; a person however who exists nowhere but in imagination. Suppose (says my informant) I am a beggar, I apply to you for relief. Perhaps I state that I am in prospect of lucrative employment, if I could get enough money to clothe myself. You plead the number of impositions; I consent to that fact, but offer you references as to the truth of my statement. I refer you to the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Erskine, at Cheltenham (any name or place will do). You promise to write, and tell me to call in a few days; meanwhile, I assume the name of the gentleman to whom I have referred you, and write forthwith to the post-master of the town in question, requesting that any letter coming there directed to the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Erskine, may be forwarded to my present address. I thus discover what you have written, frame a flattering reply, and address it to you. I send it (under cover) to a pal of mine at Cheltenham, or elsewhere, who posts it; I call half an hour after you receive it, and, being satisfied, you give me a donation, and perhaps introduce me to some of your friends. Thus I raise a handsome sum, and the fraud is probably never found out.

"One of the London lurkers, who has good means of forming a calculation on the subject, assures me that the average earnings of 'lurkers' in London alone (including those who write for them), cannot be less than 6,000l. per annum.

"Two of the class were lately apprehended, at the instance of the Duke of Wellington; on their persons was found fifteen sovereigns, one five-pound note, a silver watch with gold guard, and two gold watches with a ribbon attached to each; their subscription-book showed that they had collected 620l. during the current year.

"A man named M'Kensie—who was transported at the last Bristol Assizes—had just received a cheque for 100l. from a nobleman lately deceased.

"Most of the 'professionals' of this class include a copy of the 'Court Guide' among their stock in trade. In this all the persons known to be charitable, have the mark Θ set against their names. I have been furnished with a list of such persons, accompanied with comments, from the note-book of 'an old

stager' 'thirty years on the monkery,' and, as he adds, 'never quodded but twice.'

"The late Queen Dowager.

Hon. Wm. Ashley.

The Bishop of Norwich.

Serjeant Talfourd.

Charles Dickens.

Samuel Rogers, the Poet.

Samuel Warren (Author of 'Extracts from the Diary of a Physician').

Hon. G. C. Norton, the 'beak' (magistrate), but good for all that.

Rev. E. Holland, Hyde-park-gardens.

The late Sir Robert Peel.

Countess of Essex (only good to sickness, or distressed authorship).

Marquess of Bredalbane (good on anything religious).

The Editor of the 'Sun.'

Madame Celeste.

Marquess of Blandford.

Duke of Portland.

Duke of Devonshire.

Lord George Bentinck (deceased; God A'mighty wouldn't let him live; he was too good for this world.)

Lord Skelmersdale.

Lord John Manners.

Lord Lyttleton.

Mrs. Elder, Exeter.

Lady Emily Ponsonby (a devilish pretty wench).

Miss Burdett Coutts.

F. Stewart, Esq., Bath.

Mrs. Groves, Salisbury.

Mrs. Mitchell, Dorchester.

Mrs. Taggart, Bayswater (her husband is a Unitarian minister, not so good as *she*, but he'll stand a 'bob' if you look straight at him and keep to one story.)

Archdeacon Sinclair, at Kensington (but not so good as Archdeacon Pott, as was there afore him; he was a good man; he couldn't refuse a dog, much more a Christian; but he had a butler, a regular 'knark,' who was a b— and a half, *good weight*.)

Lady Cottenham used to be good, but she is 'coopered' (spoilt) now, without you has a 'slum,' any one as she knows, and then she won't stand above a 'bull' (five shillings)."

OF THE PROBABLE MEANS OF REFORMATION.

I shall now conclude this account of the pat-terers, lurkers, and screevers, with some observations from the pen of one who has had ample means of judging as to the effect of the several plans now in operation for the reformation or improvement of the class.

"In looking over the number of institutions," writes the person alluded to, "designed to reform and improve the classes under review, we are, as it were, overwhelmed with their numerous branches; and though it is highly gratifying to see so much good being done, it is necessary to confine this notice to the examination of only the

most prominent, with their general characteristics.

"The churches, on many considerations—personal feelings being the smallest, but not unknown—demand attention first. I must treat this subject (for your work is not a theological magazine) without respect to doctrine, principle, or legislation.

"The object of erecting churches in poor neighbourhoods is to benefit the poor; why is it, then, that the instruction communicated should exercise so little influence upon the vicious, the destitute, and the outcast? Is it that Christian ordinances are less adapted to them than to others? Or, rather, is it not that the public institutions of the clergy are not made *interesting* to the wretched community in question? The great hindrance (in my opinion) to the progress of religion among the unsettled classes is, that having been occasionally to church or chapel, and heard nothing but doctrinal lectures or feverish mental effusions, they cannot see the application of these to every-day trade and practice; and so they arrive at the conclusion, that they can get as much or more good at home.

"Our preachers seem to be *afraid* of ascertaining the sentiments, feelings, and habits of the more wretched part of the population; and, without this, their words will die away upon the wind, and no practical echo answer their addresses.

"It will, perhaps, relieve the monotony of this statement if I give an illustration communicated to me by a person well qualified to determine the merits of the question.

"Your readers will probably recollect the opposition experienced by Dr. Hampden on his promotion to the bishopric of Hereford. Shortly after the affair was settled, his lordship accepted an invitation to preach on behalf of the schools connected with the 'ten new churches' of Bethnal-green. The church selected for the purpose was the one on Friar's-mount. It was one July Sunday in 1849; and, as I well remember, the morning was very wet; but, supposing the curiosity, or better motives, of the public would induce a large congregation, I went to the church at half-past ten. The free-seats occupying the middle aisle were all filled, and chiefly with persons of the lowest and worst classes, many of whom I personally knew, and was agreeably surprised to find them in such a place.

"I sat in the midst of the group, and at the elbow of a tall attenuated beggar, known by the name of 'Lath and Plaster,' of whom it is but justice to say that he repeated the responsive parts of the service very correctly. It is true he could not read; but having 'larned a few prayers' in the 'Downs' (Tothill-fields prison), 'he always sed 'em, night and morning, if he wasn't drunk, and then he sed 'em *twice* next day, 'cos,' reasoned he, 'I likes to rub off as I goes on.'

"In course of time, the bishop made his appearance in the pulpit. His subject was

neglected education, and he illustrated it from the history of Eli.

"I thought proper to hang back, and observe the group as they passed out of church. There was Tailor Tom, and Brummagem Dick, and Keate-street Nancy, and Davy the Duke, and Stationer George, and at least two dozen more, most of whom were miserably clad, and several apparently without a shirt. They were not, however, without halfpence; and as I was well known to several of the party, and flattered as being 'a very knowledgeable man,' I was invited to the Cat and Bagpipes afterwards, to 'have share of what was going.'

"I was anxious," continues my informant, "to learn from my companions their opinion of the right reverend prelate. They thought, to use their own words, 'he was a jolly old brick.' But did they think he was sound in opinion about the Trinity, or was he (as alleged) a Unitarian? They did not even understand the meaning of these words. All they *did* understand was, that 'a top-sawyer parson at Oxford, called Dr. Pussy,' had 'made himself disagreeable,' and that some of the bishops and nobility had 'jined him;' that these had persecuted Dr. Hampden, because he was 'more cleverer' than themselves; and that Lord John Russell, who, generally speaking, was 'a regular muff,' had 'acted like a man' in this instance, and 'he ought to be commended for it; and,' added the man who pronounced the above sentiment, '*it's just a picture of ourselves.*' To other ears than mine, the closing remark would have appeared impertinent, but I 'tumbled to' it immediately. It was a case of oppression; and whether the oppressors belonged to Oxford University or to Scotland-yard militated nothing against the aphorism: '*it's just a picture of ourselves!*'

"It seems to me that these poor creatures understood the *circumstances* better than they did the sermon; and my inference is, that whether from the parochial pulpit, or the missionary exhortation, or in the printed form of a tract, those who wish to produce a practical effect must themselves be practical men. I, who have been in the Christian ministry, and am familiar, unhappily, with the sufferings of men of every grade among the outcast, would say: 'If you wish to do these poor outcasts real good, you must mould your language to their ideas, get hold of their common phrases—those which tell so powerfully when they are speaking to each other—let them have their own *fashion* of things, and, where it does not interfere with order and decency, use yourselves language which their unpolished minds will appreciate; and then, having gained their entire confidence, and, perhaps, their esteem, you may safely strike home, though it be as with a sledge-hammer, and they will even 'love you for the smart.'

"The temperance movement next claims attention, and I doubt not that much crime and degradation has been prevented by total absti-

nence from all intoxicating drinks; but I would rather raise the tone of moral feeling by intelligent and ennobling means than by those spasmodic efforts, which are without deliberation, and often without permanency. The object sought to be obtained, however, is good,—so is the motive,—and I leave to others to judge what means are most likely to secure it.

"I may also allude, as another means of reformation, to the Ragged-schools which are now studding the localities of the poorest neighbourhoods. The object of these schools is, one would hope, to take care of the uncared for, and to give instruction to those who would be otherwise running wild and growing up as a pest to society. A few instances of real reform stand, however, in juxtaposition with many of increased hardihood. I, as a man, seeing those who resort to ragged-schools, cannot understand the propriety of insulting an honest though ragged boy by classing him with a young thief; or the hope of improving the juvenile female character where the sexes are brought in promiscuous contact, and left unrestrained on their way home to say and do everything subversive of the good instruction they have received." [It is right I should here state, that these are my informant's own unbiassed sentiments, delivered without communication with myself on the subject. I say thus much, because, my own opinions being known, it might perhaps appear as if I had exerted some influence over the judgment of my correspondent.]

"The most efficient means of moral reform among the street-folk, appear to have been consulted by those who, in Westminster and other places, have opened institutions cheaper, but equally efficient, as the mechanics' institutes of the metropolis. In these, for one farthing per night, three-halfpence a week, or sixpence a month, lectures, exhibitions, newspapers, &c., are available to the *very* poor. These, and such as these, I humbly but earnestly would commend to public sympathy and support, believing that, under the auspices of heaven, they may 'deliver the outcast and poor' from their own mistaken views and practices, and make them ornamental to that society to which they have long been expensive and dangerous."

Another laudable attempt to improve the condition of the poorer class is by the erection of model lodging-houses. The plan which induced this measure was good, and the success has been tolerable; but I am inclined to think the management of these houses, as well as their internal regulation, is scarcely what their well-meaning founders designed. The principal of these buildings is in George-street, St. Giles's; the building is spacious and well ventilated, there is a good library, and the class of lodgers very superior to what might be expected. This latter circumstance makes the house in question scarcely admissible to the catalogue of reformed lodging-houses for the *very* poor.

"The next 'model lodging-house' in importance is the one in Charles-street, Drury-lane. This, from personal observation (having lodged in it more than four months)," says my informant, "I can safely say (so far as social reform is concerned), is a miserable failure. The bed-rooms are clean, but the sitting-room, though large, is the scene of dirt and disorder. Noise, confusion, and intemperance abound from morning till night.

"There is a model lodging-house in Westminster, the private property of Lord Kinnaird. It is generally well conducted. His lordship's agent visits the place once a week. There is an almost profuse supply of cooking utensils and other similar comforts. There are, moreover, two spacious reading-rooms, abundance of books and periodicals, and every lodger, on payment of 6d., is provided with two lockers—one in his bed-room, and the other below-stairs. The money is returned when the person leaves the house. There is divine service every day, conducted by different missionaries, and twice on Sundays. Attendance on these services is optional; and as there are two ways of ingress and egress, the devout and undevout need not come in contact with each other. The kitchen is very large and detached from the house. The master of this establishment is a man well fitted for his situation. He is a native of Saffron Walden in Essex, where his father farmed his own estate. He received a superior education, and has twice had a fortune at his own disposal. He *did* dispose of it, however; and 'after many roving years,' as a 'traveller,' 'lurker,' and 'patterer,' he has settled down in his present situation, and maintained it with great credit for a considerable period. The beds in this house are only 3d. per night, and no small praise is due to Lord Kinnaird for the superiority of this 'model' over others of the same denomination.

"Such are a few of the principal of these establishments. Giving every credit to their founders, however, for purity and even excellence of motive, I doubt if 'model lodging-houses,' as at present conducted, are likely to accomplish much real good for those who get their living in the streets. Ever and anon they are visited by dukes and bishops, lords and ladies, who march in procession past every table, scrutinise every countenance, make their remarks upon the quantity and quality of food, and then go into the lobby, sign their names, jump into their carriages, and drive away, declaring that 'after all' there is not so much poverty in London as they supposed.

"The poor inmates of these houses, moreover," adds my informant, "are kept in bondage, and made to *feel* that bondage, to the almost annihilation of old English independence. It is thought by the managers of these establishments, and with some share of propriety, that persons who get their living by any honest means may get home and go to bed, according to strict rule, at a certain prescribed hour—in one house it is ten o'clock, in the others eleven. But many

of the best-conducted of these poor people, if they be street-folk, are at those very hours in the height of their business, and have therefore to pack up their goods, and carry homeward their cumbersome and perhaps heavy load a distance usually varying from two or three to six or seven miles. *If they are a minute beyond time, they are shut out, and have to seek lodgings in a strange place. On their return next morning, they are charged for the bed they were prevented from occupying, and if they demur they are at once expelled!* Thus the 'model' lodgers are kept, as it were, in leading-strings, and triumphed over by lords and ladies, masters and matrons, who, while they pique themselves on the efforts they are making to 'better the condition of the poor,' are making them their slaves, and driving them into unreasonable thralldom; while the rich and noble managers, reckless of their own professed benevolence, are making the poor poorer, by adding insult to wretchedness. If my remarks upon these establishments appear," adds the writer of the above remarks, "to be invidious, it is only in 'appearance' that they are so. I give their promoters credit for the best intentions, and, as far as sanitary and moral measures are concerned, I rejoice in the benefit while suggesting the improvement.

"Everything even moderately valuable has its counterfeit. We have counterfeit money, counterfeit virtue, counterfeit modesty, counterfeit religion, and last, but not least, 'counterfeit model lodging-houses.' Many private adventurers have thus dignified their domiciles, and some of them highly merit the distinction, while with others it is only a cloak for greater uncleanness and grosser immorality.

"There has come to my knowledge the case of one man, who owns nearly a dozen of these dens of infamy, in one of which a poor girl under fifteen was lately ruined by a gray-headed monster, who, according to the pseudo-'model' regulations, slept in an adjoining bed. The sham model-houses to which I more particularly allude," says my correspondent, "are in Short's-gardens, Drury-lane, Mill-yard, Cable-street; Keate-street, Flower and Dean-street, Thrawl-street, Spitalfields; Plough-court, Whitechapel; and Union-court, Holborn. All of these are, *without exception*, twopenny brothels, head-quarters of low-lived procuresses, and resorts of young thieves and prostitutes. Each of the houses is managed by a 'deputy,' who receives an income of 8s. 2d. per week, out of which he has to provide coke, candles, soap, &c. Of course it is impossible to do this from such small resources, and the men consequently increase their salaries by 'taking in couples for a little while,' purchasing stolen goods, and other nefarious practices. *Worse than all, the person owning these houses is a member of a strict Baptist church, and the son of a deceased minister. He lives in great splendour in one of the fashionable streets in Pimlico.*

"It still remains for me," my correspondent continues, "to contemplate the best agency for

promoting the reformation of the poor. The 'City Mission,' if properly conducted, as it brings many good men in close contact with the 'outcast and poor,' might be made productive of real and extensive good. Whether it has done so, or done so to any extent, is perhaps an open question. Our town missionary societies sprang up when our different Christian denominations were not fully alive to the apprehension of their own duties to their poorer brethren, who were lost to principle, conscience, and society. That the object of the London City Mission is most noble, needs no discussion, and admits of no dispute. The method of carrying out this great object is by employing agents, who are required to give their whole time to the work, without engaging in any secular concerns of life; and regarding the operation of the work so done, I must say that great good has resulted from the enterprise. At the commencement of the labours of the Mission in any particular locality great opposition was manifested, and a great amount of prejudice, with habits of the most immoral kind—openly carried on without any public censure—had to be overcome. The statements of the missionaries have from time to time been published, and lie recorded against us as a nation, of the glaring evils and ignorance of a vast portion of our people. It is principally owing to the city missionaries that the other portions of society have known what they now do of the practices and habits of the poor; it is principally due to their exertions that schools have been established in connection with their labours; and the Ragged-schools—one of the principal movements of the last few years—are mainly to be attributed to their efforts.

"A man," says my informant in conclusion, "can receive little benefit from a thing he does not understand; the talk which will do for the serate will not do for the cottage, and the argument which will do for the study will not do for the man who spends all his spare time in a public-house. These remarks will apply to the distribution of tracts, which should be couched in the very language that is used by the people to whom they are addressed; then the ideas will penetrate their understanding. Some years back I met with an old sailor in a lodging-house in Westminster, who professed a belief that there had *once* been a God, but that he was either dead, or grown old and diseased. He did not dispute the inspiration of the Bible. He believed that there had been revelations made to our forefathers when God was alive and active, but that now the Almighty did not 'fash' (trouble) himself about his creatures at all!

"I endeavoured to instruct the man in his own rude language and ideas; and after he had thus been made to comprehend the doctrine of the Atonement, he said, 'I see it all plain enough—though I've liked a drop o' drink, and been a devil among the gals, and all that, in my time, if I'll humble myself I can have it all wiped off; and, as the song says, "We may be

happy yet," because, as the saying is, it's all square with God A'mighty.' Whether the sailor permanently reformed, I am unable to say, for I lost sight of him shortly after; at any rate he *understood* the subject, and was thus qualified to profit by it. And what can the teachers of Christianity among the British heathen—herded together in courts and alleys—tell their poor ignorant hearers better than the old sailor's aphorism, 'You have, indeed, gone astray from your greatest and best Friend, but, if you so desire, "You may be happy yet," because it's all square with God A'mighty?'

"Before quitting this subject, I would add, if you really wish to do these poor creatures good, you must remember that your instructions are not intended for so-called fashionable society, but for those who have a fashion of their own. If you lose sight of this fact, your words will die away upon the wind, and no echo in the hearts of these poor people will answer your addresses."

The above observations are from the pen of one who has not only had the means, but is likewise possessed of the power, of judging as to the effect of the several plans (now in course of operation) for the reformation and improvement of the London poor. I have given the comments in the writer's own language, because I was anxious that the public should know the opinions of the best informed of the street-people themselves on this subject; and I trust I need not say that I have sought in no way to influence my correspondent's judgment.

I now subjoin a communication from a clergyman in the country, touching the character of the tramps and lurkers frequenting his neighbourhood, together with some suggestions concerning the means of improving the condition of the London poor. These I append, because it is advisable that in so difficult a matter the sentiments of every one having sufficient experience, judgment, and heart to fit him to speak on the subject should be calmly attended to, so that amid much counsel there may be at least some little wisdom.

"The subject of the welfare of our poorer brethren was one which engaged much of my attention twenty years ago, when studying for the bar at Lincoln's Inn, before I entered into orders; and the inquiries, &c., then made by me in reference to London, are recalled by many of your pages. I have pursued the same course, according to my limited means and opportunities (for my *benefice*, like thousands of others, is but 100*l.* a-year) in this neighbourhood, and there are very many of my clerical brethren, also, deeply anxious and exerting their means for the country poor. The details given in your numbers as to the country tramps and patterers, I can fully corroborate from personal experience and knowledge, so far as the country part of it. We *never* give money to beggars here, on any pretence whatever. We never give clothes. We never give relief to a *naked* or *half-naked* man if we can avoid it (the imposture is too barefaced).

Medicine I *do* give occasionally to the sick, or pretended sick, and *see* them take it. Every beggar may have *dry bread*, or three or four tracts to sell, but never both. I know we are even thus *often* imposed on; but it is better to run this risk than to turn away, by chance, a starving man; and I do see the mendicants often sit down on a field near, and eat the dry bread with ravenous look. The tramps sometimes come to church on Sunday, and *then* beg: but we never give even bread on Sunday, because on that day they can get help at the Union workhouse, and it only tempts idlers. Sometimes we are days without a beggar, and then there will be ten to twenty per day, and then all at once the stream stops. There are no tramp lodging-houses in my parish (which is a village of 600 or 700 people). Most of the burglaries hereabouts seem connected with some inroad of tramps into the neighbourhood. The lodging-houses are very bad in some of the small towns near, but somehow the magistrates cannot get them put down. The gentry are alive here to the evil of crowded cottages, &c., and are using efforts to build better and more decent ones. But the evil results from the little landowners, who have an acre or two, or less, and build rows of cottages on them of the scantiest dimensions, at high rents,—ten per cent. on the cost of building. The rents of the gentry and nobility are very moderate to the poor, viz., scarcely two per cent. (beyond the yearly repairs) on the market value of the cottage.

"In 1832 I succeeded in getting land allotments for the poor here, and most of the parishes round have followed our example since. The success to the poor has always depended on the rent being a *real* rent, such as is paid by the land round about, and on the rules of good management and of payment of rent being rigidly enforced.

"The character of the poor of England *must* be raised, as well as their independence. They must not be left to lean on charity. I am sure that the sterling worth of the English character can only be raised by that means to the *surface* of society among the poor. The "English" is a fine material, but the poor neither value, nor are benefited, by mawkish nonsense or excessive feeling.

"I believe this parish was one of the most fearfully demoralized twenty years ago. It was said there was not *one* young female cottager of virtuous character. There was not one man who was not, or had not been, a drunkard; and theft, fighting, &c., &c., were universal. It is greatly better now—totally different—and I attribute the change to the land allotments, the provident society, the village horticultural society, the lending library, the clothing club, the coal club, the cultivating a taste for music, &c., &c., as subsidiary to the more directly pastoral work of a clergyman, and the schools, &c.

"I am probably visionary in my ideas, but the perusal of your pages has led me to think that, were I clergyman of a parish where the

street-folks *lived*, I should aim at some schemes of this style, in addition to the benefit society and loan society (the last *most* important) as proposed by yourself.

"(1) To get music taught at $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* a week, or something of the kind—a *ragged-school music-room*, if the people would learn gratis, would be still better—as a *step* to a "superior" music class at 1*d.* per week.

"(2) To get the poor to adorn their rooms *plentifully* with a better class of pictures—of places, of people, of natural history, and of historical and religious subjects—just as they might like, and a circulating library for pictures if they preferred change. This I find takes with the village poor. Provide these things *excessively* cheap for them—at *nominal prices*, just high enough to prevent them being *sold* at a profit by the poor.

"(3) To establish a monthly or fortnightly sheet—or little book for the poor—at $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*, or some trifle, *full of pictures* such as they would like, but free from impropriety. It might be called 'The Coster's Barrow,' or some name which would take their fancy, and contain pictures for those who cannot read, and reading for those who can. Its contents should be instructive, and yet lively; as for instance, the 'History of London Bridge,' 'History of a Codfish,' 'Travels of Whelks,' 'Dreams of St. Paul's,' (old History of England), 'Voice from the Bottom of the Coal Exchange' (Roman tales), 'True Tale of Trafalgar,' &c., &c. All *very short articles*, at which perhaps they might be angry, or praise, or abuse, or *do anything*, but still would read, or hear, and talk about. If possible, the little work might have a corner called, 'The Next World's Page,' or any name of the kind, with *nothing* in it but the Lord's Prayer, or the Creed, or the Ten Commandments, or a Parable, or Miracle, or discourse of Christ's—in the exact words of Scripture—without *any* commentary; which could neither annoy the Roman Catholics nor others. Those parts in which the Douay version differs from ours might be avoided, and the Romanists be given to understand that they would *always* be avoided.

"The more difficult question of cheap amusements instead of the demoralizing ones now popular, is one which as yet I cannot see my way through—but it is one which *must* be grappled with if any good is to be done.

"I write thus," adds my correspondent, "because I feel you are a fellow-worker—so far as your labours show it, for the cause of God's poor—and therefore will sympathize in anything another worker can say from experience on the same subject."

Such are the opinions of two of my correspondents—each looking at the subject from different points of view—the one living among the people of whom he treats, and daily witnessing the effects of the several plans now in operation for the moral and physical improvement of the poor, and the other in frequent in-

tercourse with the tramps and lurkers, on their vagrant excursions through the country, as well as with the resident poor of his own parish—the former living in friendly communion with those of whom he writes, and the latter visiting them as their spiritual adviser and material benefactor.

I would, however, before passing to the consideration of the next subject, here pause to draw special attention to the distinctive features of the several classes of people obtaining their livelihood in the streets. These viewed in regard to the *causes* which have induced them to adopt this mode of life, may be arranged in three different groups, viz.:

- (1.) Those who are *bred* to the streets.
- (2.) Those who *take* to the streets.
- (3.) Those who are *driven* to the streets.

The class bred to the streets are those whose fathers having been street-sellers before them, have sent them out into the thoroughfares at an early age to sell either watercresses, laven ler, oranges, nuts, flowers, apples, onions, &c., as a means of eking out the family income. Of such street-apprenticeship several notable instances have already been given; and one or two classes of juvenile street-sellers, as the lucifer match, and the blacking-sellers, still remain to be described. Another class of street-apprentice is to be found in the boys engaged to wheel the barrows of the costers, and who are thus at an early age tutored in all the art and mystery of street traffic, and who rarely abandon it at maturity. These two classes may be said to constitute the *natives* of the streets—the tribe *indigenous* to the paving-stones—imbibing the habits and morals of the gutters almost with their mothers' milk. To expect that children thus nursed in the lap of the kennel, should when men not bear the impress of the circumstances amid which they have been reared, is to expect to find costermongers heroes instead of ordinary human beings. We might as well blame the various races on the face of the earth for those several geographical peculiarities of taste, which constitute their national characteristics. Surely there is a moral acclimatisation as well as a physical one, and the heart may become inured to a particular atmosphere in the same manner as the body; and even as the seed of the apple returns, ungrafted, to its original crab, so does the child, without training, go back to its parent stock—the vagabond savage. For the bred and born street-seller, who inherits a barrow as some do coronets, to be other than he is—it has here been repeatedly enunciated—is no fault of his but of ours, who could and yet *will* not move to make him otherwise. Might not "the finest gentleman in Europe" have been the greatest blackguard in Billingsgate, had he been born to carry a fish-basket on his head instead of a crown? and by a parity of reasoning let the roughest "rough" outside the London fish-market have had his lot in life cast, "by the Grace of God, King, Defender of the Faith,"

and surely his shoulders would have glittered with diamond epaulettes instead of fish scales.

I say thus much, to impress upon the reader a deep and devout sense, that we who have been appointed to another state, are, by the grace of God, what we are, and from no special merit of our own, to which, in the arrogance of our self-conceit, we are too prone to attribute the social and moral differences of our nature. Go to a lady of fashion and tell her she could have even become a fishfag, and she will think you some mad ethnologist (if indeed she had ever heard of the science). Let me not, however, while thus seeking to impress the reader's mind with a sense of the "antecedents" of the human character, be thought to espouse the doctrine that men are *merely* the creatures of events. All I wish to enforce is, that the three common causes of the social and moral differences of individuals are to be found in *race*, *organization*, and *circumstances*—that none of us are entirely proof against the influence of these three conditions—the *ethnological*, the *physiological*, and the *associative* elements of our idiosyncrasy. But, while I admit the full force of external nature upon us all, while I allow that we are, in many respects, merely patients, still I cannot but perceive that, in other respects we are self-agents, moving rather than being moved, by events—often stemming the current of circumstances, and at other times giving to it a special direction rather than being swept along with it. I am conscious that it is this directive and controlling power, not only over external events, but over the events of my own nature, that distinguishes me as well from the brute of the fields as it does my waking from my sleeping moments. I know, moreover, that in proportion as a man is active or passive in his operations, so is his humanity or brutality developed; that true greatness lies in the superiority of the internal forces over the external ones; and that as heroes, or extraordinary men are heroes, because they overcome the sway of one or other, or all, of the three material influences above-named, so ordinary people are ordinary, simply because they lack energy—principle—will (call it what you please) to overcome the material elements of their nature with the spiritual. And it is precisely because I know this, that I *do* know that those who are bred to the streets must bear about them the moral impress of the kennel and the gutter—unless we seek to develop the inward and controlling part of their constitution. If we allow them to remain the creatures of circumstances, to wander through life principleless, purposeless, conscienceless—if it be their lot to be flung on the wide waste of waters without a "guiding star" above, or a rudder or compass within, how can we (the well-fed) dare to blame them because, wanting bread, they prey and live upon their fellow-creatures?

I say thus much, because I feel satisfied that a large portion of the street-folk—and especially those who have been *bred* to the business—

are of improvable natures; that they crave knowledge, as starving men for "the staff of life;" that they are most grateful for instruction; that they are as deeply moved by any kindness and sympathy (when once their suspicion has been overcome) as they are excited by any wrong or oppression—and I say it moreover, because I feel thoroughly convinced of the ineffectiveness of the present educational resources for the poor. We think, if we teach them reading and writing, and to chatter a creed, that we have armed them against the temptations, the trials, and the exasperations of life, believing, because we have put the knife and fork in their hands that we have really filled with food the empty bellies of their brains. We exercise their memories, make them human parrots, and then wonder that they do not act as human beings. The intellect, the conscience, the taste, indeed all that refines, ennobles, and ennobles our nature, we leave untouched, to shrivel and wither like unused limbs. The beautiful, the admirable, the true, the right, are as hidden to them as at their first day's schooling. We impress them with no purpose, animate them with no principle; they are still the same brute creatures of circumstances—the same passive instruments—human waifs and strays—left to be blown about as the storms of life may whirl them.

Of the second group, or those who *take* to the streets, I entertain very different opinions. This class is distinguished from that above mentioned, in being wanderers by choice, rather than wanderers by necessity. In the early chapters of this work, I strove to point out to my readers that the human race universally consisted of two distinct classes: the wanderers and the settlers—the civilized and the savage—those who *produced* their food, and those who *merely collected* it. I sought further to show, that these two classes were not necessarily isolated, but that, on the contrary, almost every civilized tribe had its nomadic race, like parasites, living upon it. These nomadic races I proved, moreover, to have several characteristics common to the class, one of the most remarkable of which was, their adoption of a *secret* language, with the intent of concealing their designs and exploits. "Strange to say," I then observed, "that despite its privations, dangers, and hardships, those who have once taken to a wandering life rarely abandon it. There are countless instances," I added, "of white men adopting all the usages of an Indian hunter; but there is not one example of the Indian hunter or trapper, adopting the steady and regular habits of civilized society." That this passion for "a roving life" (to use the common expression by which many of the street-people themselves designate it), is a marked feature of some natures, there cannot be a doubt in the mind of any one who has contemplated even the surface differences of human beings; and nevertheless it is a point to which no social philosopher has yet drawn attention. To my mind, it is essentially the *physical* cause of crime. Too

restive and volatile to pursue the slow process of production, the wanderers, and consequently the *collectors*, of subsistence must (in a land where all things are appropriated) live upon the stock of the *producers*. The nomadic or vagrant class have all an universal type, whether they be the Bushmen of Africa or the "tramps" of our own country; and Mr. Knapp, the intelligent master of the Wandsworth and Clapham Union, to whom I was referred at the time of my investigations touching the subject of vagrancy, as having the greatest experience upon the matter, gave me the following graphic account, which, as I said at the time of its first publication, had perhaps never been surpassed as an analysis of the habits and propensities of the vagabond class:

"Ignorance," to use the gentleman's own words, "is certainly not their prevailing characteristic: indeed, with a few exceptions, it is the reverse. The vagrants are mostly distinguished by their aversion to continuous labour of any kind. He never knew them to work. Their great inclination is to be on the move, and wandering from place to place, and they appear to receive a great deal of pleasure from the assembly and conversation of the casual ward. They are physically stout and healthy, and certainly not emaciated or sickly. They belong especially to the able-bodied class, being, as he says, full of health and mischief. They are very stubborn and self-willed. They are a most difficult class to govern, and are especially restive under the least restraint; they can ill brook control, and they find great delight in thwarting the authorities. They are particularly fond of amusements of all kinds. He never knew them love reading. They mostly pass under fictitious names. They are particularly distinguished by their libidinous propensities. They are not remarkable for a love of drink. He considers them to be generally a class possessing the keenest intellect, and of a highly enterprising character. They seem to have no sense of danger, and to be especially delighted with such acts as involve any peril. They are likewise characterised by their exceeding love of mischief. They generally are of a most restless and volatile disposition. They have great quickness of perception, but little power of continuous attention or perseverance. They have a keen sense of the ridiculous, and are not devoid of deep feeling. In the summer they make regular tours through the country, visiting all places that they have not seen. They are perfectly organized, so that any regulation affecting their comforts or interests becomes known among the whole body in a remarkably short space of time."

Every day my inquiries add some fresh proof to the justice of the above enumeration of the several phenomena distinguishing this class. To the more sedate portion of the human family, the attractions of "a roving life" are inexplicable. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that, to the more volatile, the mere muscular exercise

and the continual change of scene, together with the wild delight which attends the overcoming of any danger, are sources of pleasure sufficient to compensate for all the privations and hardships attending such a state of existence.

Mr. Ruxton, one of the many who have passed from settlers to wanderers, has given us the following description of the enjoyments of a life in the wilderness:

"Although liable to an accusation of barbarism, I must confess that the very happiest moments of my life have been spent in the wilderness of the Far West; and I never recall, but with pleasure, the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Bayou Solade, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companions more sociable than my good horse and mules, or the attendant cayute which nightly serenaded us. Seldom did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the luxuries of civilized life; and unnatural and extraordinary as it may appear, yet such is the fascination of the life of the mountain hunter, that I believe not one instance could be adduced of even the most polished and civilized of men, who had once tasted the sweets of its attendant liberty and freedom from every worldly care, not regretting the moment when he exchanged it for the monotonous life of the settlements, nor sighing and sighing again once more to partake of its pleasures and allurements."

To this class of voluntary wanderers belong those who *take* to the streets, glad to exchange the wearisomeness and restraint of a settled occupation for the greater freedom and license of a nomad mode of life. As a class, they are essentially the non-working, preferring, as I said before, to *collect*, rather than *produce*, what they eat. If they sell, they do so because for sundry reasons they fear to infringe the law, and as traders their transactions certainly are not marked by an excess of honesty. I am not aware that any of them are professional thieves (for these are the more daring portion of the same vagrant fraternity), though the majority assuredly are habitual cheats—delighting in proving their cleverness by imposing upon simple-minded citizens—viewing all society as composed of the same dishonest elements as their own tribes, and looking upon all sympathy and sacrifice, even when made for their own benefit, as some "artful dodge" or trick, by which to snare them.

It should be remembered, however, that there are many grades of vagrants among us, and that though they are all essentially non-producing and, consequently, predatory, still many are in no way distinguished from a large portion of even our wealthy tradesmen—our puffing grocers and slopsellers. To attempt to improve the condition of the voluntary street-sellers by teaching of any kind, would be to talk to the wind. We might as well preach to Messrs. Moses, Nicol, and Co., in the hope of Christianising them. Those who *take* to the streets are *not*, like those who are *bred* to it, an uneducated

class. They are intelligent and "knowing" enough, and it is this development of their intellect at the expense of their conscience which gives rise to that excessive admiration of mere cleverness, which makes skill the sole standard of excellence with them. They approve, admire, venerate nothing but what is ingenious. Wrong with them is mere folly—right, cunning; and those who think the simple cultivation of the intellect the great social panacea of the time, have merely to study the characteristics of this class to see how a certain style of education can breed the very vice it seeks to destroy. Years ago, I wrote and printed the following passage, and every year since my studies have convinced me more and more of its truth:

"Man, if deprived of his intellect, would be the most miserable and destitute,—if of his sympathy, the most savage and cunning, of all the brute creation: consequently, we may infer that, according as solely the one or the other of these powers is expanded in us, so shall we approximate in our nature either to the instinct of the brute or to the artifice of the demon, and that only when they are developed in an equal degree, can Man be said to be educated as Man. We should remember that the intellect simply executes; it is either the selfish or moral propensity that designs. The intellectual principle enables us to perceive the means of attaining any particular object; it is the selfish or else the moral principle in us, that causes us originally to desire that object. The two latter principles are the springs, the former is merely the instrument of all human action. They are masters, whereas the intellect is but the servant of the will; and hence it is evident that in proportion as the one or the other of these two predominant principles—as either the selfish or the moral disposition is educed in man, and thus made the chief director and stimulus of the intellectual power within him, so will the cultivation of that power be the source of happiness or misery to himself and others."

The third and last class, namely, those who are *driven* to the streets, is almost as large as any. Luckily, those who *take* to that mode of life, are by far the least numerous portion of the street-folk; and if those who are bred to the business are worthy of our pity, assuredly those who are driven to it are equally, if not more, so. With some who are deprived of the means of obtaining a maintenance for themselves, the sale of small articles in the streets may, perhaps, be an excuse for begging; but in most cases, I am convinced it is adopted from a horror of the workhouse, and a disposition to do, at least, *something* for the food they eat. Often is it the last struggle of independence—the desire to give something like an equivalent for what they receive. Over and over again have I noticed this honourable pride, even in individuals who, from some privations or affliction that rendered them utterly incompetent to labour for their living, had a just claim on our sympathies and assistance. The blind—the cripple—the maimed—

the very old—the very young—all have generally adopted a street-life, because they could do nothing else. With many it is the last resort of all. The smallness of the stock-money required—for a shilling, it has been shown, is sufficient to commence several street-trades—is one of the principal causes of so many of those who are helpless taking to the street-traffic. Moreover, the severity of the Poor-laws and the degradation of pauperism, and the aversion to be thought a common beggar by all, except the very lowest, are, I have no doubt, strong incentives to this course. There are many callings which are peculiar, as being followed principally by the disabled. The majority of the blind are musicians, or boot-lace or tape-sellers. The very old are sellers of water-cresses, lucifers, pincushions, ballads, and pins and needles, stay-laces, and such small articles as are light to carry, and require but a few pence for the outlay. The very young are sellers of flowers, oranges, nuts, onions, blacking, lucifers, and the like. Many of those who have lost an arm, or a leg, or a hand, turn showmen, or become sellers of small metal articles, as knives or nutmeg-graters; and many who have been born cripples may be seen in the streets struggling for self-support. But all who are *driven* to the streets have not been physically disabled for labour. Some have been reduced from their position as tradesmen or shopmen; others, again, have been gentlemen's servants and clerks; all, dragged down by a series of misfortunes, sometimes beyond their control, and sometimes brought about by their own imprudence or sluggishness. As we have seen, many are reduced to a state of poverty by long illness, and on their recovery are unable, from want of clothes or friends, to follow any other occupation.

But a still larger class than all, are the beaten-out mechanics and artisans, who, from want of employment in their own trade, take to make up small things (as clothes-horses, tin-ware, cutlery, brushes, pails, caps, and bonnets)

on their own account. The number of artisans in the London streets speaks volumes for the independence of the working-men of this country; as well as for the difficulty of their obtaining employment at their own trades. Those who are unacquainted with the sterling pride of the destitute English mechanic, know not what he will suffer before becoming an inmate of a workhouse, or sinking to the debasement of a beggar. That handicraftsmen do occasionally pass into "lurkers" I know well; but these, I am convinced, have gradually been warped to the life by a long course of tramping, aided by the funds of their societies, and thus becoming disused to labour, have, after forfeiting all claims upon the funds of their trade, adopted beggary as a means of subsistence. But, that this is the exception rather than the rule, the following is sufficient to show:

"The destitute mechanics," said the Master of the Wandsworth and Clapham Union to me, "are entirely a different class from the regular vagrants; they have different habits, and indeed different features. During the whole of my experience I never knew a distressed artisan who applied for a night's shelter, commit an act of theft; and I have seen them," he added, "in the last stage of destitution. Occasionally they have sold the shirt and waistcoat off their backs before they applied for admittance into the workhouse, while some of them have been so weak from long starvation that they could scarcely reach the gate, and indeed had to be kept for several days in the Infirmary before their strength was recruited sufficiently to continue their journey." "The poor mechanic," said another of my informants, "will sit in the casual ward like a lost man, scared. Its shocking to think a decent mechanic's houseless. When he's beat out he's like a bird out of a cage; he doesn't know where to go, or how to get a bit."

I shall avail myself of another occasion to discuss the means of improving the condition of the street-people.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.

THESE traders consist of: (1) The vendors of metal articles; (2) Of chemical articles; (3) Of China, glass, and stone articles; (4) Of linen, cotton, and other textile fabrics; and (5) Of miscellaneous articles. In this classification I do not include second-hand articles, nor yet the traffic of those who make the articles they sell, and who are indeed street-artisans rather than street-sellers.

Under the first head are included, the vendors of razors, table and penknives, tea-trays, dog-collars, key-rings, articles of hardware, small coins and medals, pins and needles, jewellery, snuffers, candlesticks, articles of tin-ware, tools, card-counters, herring-toasters, trivets, gridirons,

pans, tray-stands (as in the roasting of meat), and Dutch ovens.

Of the second description are the vendors of blacking, black-lead, lucifer matches, corn-salves, grease-removing compositions, china and glass cements, plating-balls, rat and beetle poisons, crackers, detonating-balls, and cigar-lights.

Under the third head come all street-sold articles of China, glass, or stone manufacture, including not only "crockery," but vases, chimney-ornaments, and stone fruit.

The fourth head presents the street-vending of cotton, silken, and linen-manufactures; such as sheetings, shirtings, a variety of laces, sew