The ethnology of London / by J.B. Budgett.

THE

ETHNOLOGY OF LONDON.

BY

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"Oh thou, resort and mart of all the Earth,
Checker'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleasest and yet shok'st me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!"—COWPER.

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TO THE

OFFICERS OF HEALTH OF THE METROPOLIS.

GENTLEMEN,

I have presumed to dedicate to you a little pamphlet containing the subject-matter of a lecture I delivered seven years ago, and which I termed "The Ethnology of London."

To you it is unnecessary to dilate on the importance of man's physical education or his social improvement, connected as it is with your daily duty; but it is from you, rather, I hope to elicit facts and record circumstances as they occur, from time to time, in the habits and customs of the people.

As our social condition may depend on some new invention, so a new commerce brings with it its own medical and social history. As the lucifer match business brings necrosis; artificial flower-making, arsenical poisoning; the thrashing machine, bronchitis; or knife-grinding, phthisis; so in various grades there must be physical and social conditions which have been imperfectly described, or perhaps unknown.

Even the physical geography of London is under-

going a vast and sudden change, by the introduction of railways in all parts of it, and there must be its proportionate influence on the people.

From you, I need hardly add, that the country expects great things. It looks for facts which will make the name of Officer of Health popular as well as valued and respected; and it is from you, as a matter of course, that all others will shape their plan of action.

As yet, only a few large towns have acknowledged the necessity of such officers; but there can be no doubt that, before long, every locality in the kingdom will be subject to your influence for good.

In a spirit of diffidence, therefore, I submit to you the following pages, a running commentary on things as they are; and as I hope, at some future day, to be able to present to you a work more worthy your acceptance, may I presume to ask you to supply me from time to time, with any details on the subject (addressed to the publishers), so that, by your favour and indulgence, the crude epitome may become a volume rich in facts, vivid in recital, and yet a faithful portrait of the inhabitants of the Great City.

If I may have been able to point out a bye-path or a dark corner into which you may turn the light of scientific inquiry, my object will have been attained, feeling certain that the Ethnology of London is a subject pre-eminently claiming attention from every statesman, philanthropist, and patriot.

THE

ETHNOLOGY OF LONDON.

SEVEN years ago, I was solicited by the Committee of an Institution in a western city, to deliver a Lecture. The choice of a subject being left to myself, I selected that of "The Ethnology of London." The idea was somewhat novel, and, in its application to the moral and physical condition of our metropolis, it comes home to us at once, as individual members of society. Well then—Ethnology, what is it? I reply that it means, literally, a discourse about peoples or races of men: from "Ethnos," a race, or people, and "Logos," a discourse.

This is, however, rather an extensive basis to start from; it is only a paraphrase of the words of the Greek philosopher, who said, "Man, know thyself."

In order to arrive at a more definite meaning of the term Ethnology, suppose we try to obtain a glance at man in his (supposed) most perfect condition, and then the opposite—in his most imperfect condition.

Here at once we have a field before us, in which the most zealous student of nature may expend all his energy, in seeking for physiological and material facts; where the deepest thinker and profoundest metaphysician may follow out the deductions of his own imperfect reason, till he himself is lost in the maze he has created.

It is not, therefore, my intention to present a perplexing assemblage of figures, or to quote a learned array of the opinions of others; but rather to confine myself to a plain and popular view of man in his social and physical aspect,—as he is to be found in our great cities, especially in London,—such an aspect, indeed, that any man of common sense, who will use his eyes and his legs, may, if not "run and read," at least walk and see for himself.

The Physical Condition.

Concerning the physical condition of man, there can be no doubt that it undergoes a vast change, according to the circumstances in which he is placed. Not only is he subject to sanitary and unhealthy influences, but also to social and moral; and these re-act on each other reciprocally, as the mind does upon the body.

Yet, beyond this, there is a condition which is strictly animal—showing that our physical qualities, good or bad, are to a very great extent perpetuated, whether we will or not.

Physical Varieties.

In *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1747, is a well-authenticated account of a man covered with a kind of quill, like a porcupine; and he was called the porcupine man.

I remember, when a student, seeing at St. Bartholomew's Hospital a family—a man, wife, and one or two children—with protuberances on the head similar to horns, varying from half an inch to two inches in length; and that it was stated at the time, as the opinion of the professor, that if this family were placed on a desert island, in process of time we should doubtless have a race of horned men and women.

To the knowledge of most of us it has come, that some families have six fingers or six toes, instead of five.

Other physical conditions are determined by locality or family influences, such as—

Elephantiasis,
Ichthyosis,
Leprosy,
Cretinism,
Phthisis, &c.

And our mental condition is subject to the same rule.

The same effect is very distinctly marked in races of dogs and other animals; for instance, dogs taken from northern countries to Turkey and the

East, lose their hair, and also their instinctive qualities for which they are so prized amongst us.

Cuvier found by actual experiment, that the domesticated pig of the Chinese breed lost all its peculiarities, and became the thick-skinned bristly wild boar after very few generations; whilst the latter, caught and kept in a state of domesticity, *i. e.*, well fed and cared for, lost by degrees its natural roughness and ferocity, and in the end was quite a genteel family of pigs.

The men of Kent are, as a race, more fully developed in the legs than in other parts of England. Historians have said, that in our early wars these men gained more battles by their legs than their arms.

Cornwall, on the contrary, is famous, even at the present day, for its wrestlers, and so is Cumberland. Both these are mining counties, where men by their daily occupation are called upon to develope the chest and arms; and so this peculiarity of form is transmitted amongst them.

I have seen a father and mother squint, and four of their children out of five, squint also.

The jockeys who win the Derby, are as much a distinct race of men as the animals on which they ride.

The Moral Aspect.

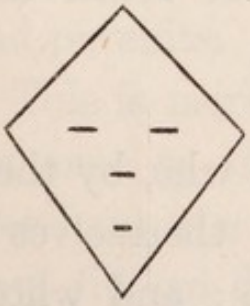
Although naturalists have divided the human family into sundry classes, it will be enough for my purpose to make two grand divisions, viz. :—

The Nomade or Unsettled Class, comprising The Pastoral, or Shepherds, Pedlars, Gipsies, Brigands, According to the development or preponderance of the Animal Qualities over the Intellectual.	The Settled or Sedentary Class, comprising The Scholar, Philosopher, The Professional Divisions, According to the preponderance of the Mental Qualities over the Animal.

Thus:

These two rough ideas may be taken to represent man in his strictly animal, and man in his strictly mental condition; but between these two points, there is every possible gradation.

Nature never made yet, as far as I have heard, a perfectly diamond-shaped head, or one perfectly oval as an egg, yet both are accepted as distinct types; whilst by rounding off the angles of the one, we form a distinct class, and by adding a little irregularity to the unmeaning section of an egg, we produce the Caucasian variety.



Then as the nomadic race has more or less development of brain, he is already a half-made philosopher; on the other hand, as his animal propensities are more developed, he becomes thus—the brigand and malefactor.

This development is more easily recognized by a side view.

Now it is time to speak of London.

Its size:—10 miles east to west—Hammersmith to Stratford.

8 miles north to south—Brixton to Highgate.

Diagonally, 9 miles—Putney to Hackney.

Population, in round numbers, 3,000,000.

Compared to Bristol (population 150,000) it is twenty times larger, and nearly equal to that of Wales and Scotland united. The counties of Somerset, Gloucester, and Shropshire, including Bristol and Birmingham—with its 300,000, do not reach half way.

London comprises all kinds of classes, who, by their occupation and pursuits, have made to themselves a peculiar physical and mental condition; and whose

habits, persisted in from generation to generation, have grown into a social system as peculiar and distinct as their physical condition.

How shall we classify them?

I propose, first, to glance at the physical and moral condition of London in general terms: not to quote returns from police offices in figures, nor to tell the precise number of the inmates of hospitals or prisons; but rather to take a hasty view of the various people as we go from point to point, and then allude more specially to those whose condition or peculiarity comes more prominently before us.

To begin with the upper classes, and taking St. James's Palace as a type of dwelling in use by them, would be manifestly unfair; as it is as absurd a combination of bricks and mortar as is possible to be found out of Brighton. Buckingham Palace does not help us much, for it resembles, more than anything else, a "caserne" for cavalry, rather than a dwelling for Royalty. So much is this the fact, that foreigners say our palaces look like prisons, and our prisons like palaces.

But what has this to do with ethnology? I reply, Show me the dwelling of an animal, even man included, and it will tell you something of his habits and pursuits.

This is more evident as we descend the scale, till we come to the dwelling of the nobleman, the rich merchant, the professions, the tradesman, the servant; nay, till we descend to the abodes of poverty, vice,

and crime, and, lower still, till we come upon those pariahs of society who occupy, night after night, our door-steps and dry arches (and wet ones, too), in order to recruit their worn-out energies, and to enable them to prey on society again next morning.

Just as the population of various countries offers some peculiarity of mental or physical development, food, or dialect,—or, in other words, differences of feature, habits, association, or customs, to say nothing about colour,—so the world of London comprises within itself classes of people as totally different in organic structure as they are in thought and feeling—in fact, quite void of sympathy, if not naturally opposed to those who possess the opposite attributes of humanity.

This is so evident, that it meets our view on every side. Each step in society seems to possess an antagonism to that below it; and, perhaps, it is wisely permitted that it should be so.

Classification.

To classify three millions of Londoners, is rather a difficult task. It is true, Mr. Kelly has attempted to do it in the Post Office Directory, as far as the householders are concerned; but that does not throw much light on their mental, moral, or physical condition, whatever it may do for the social. Yet we may take some salient points from it, and deduce from them natural divisions, as it were, for our consideration. For instance:—

The House of Lords.

Who has ever seen the House of Lords assembled, and then taken a view of the House of Commons, and not have been struck with the difference?

The Judges.

The "physique" and the "morale" of the Judges, is it not peculiar? Though they be men very differently constituted in body, temperament, and thought; yet use and training have so far become to them a second nature, that they are conformed to habits and principles which constitute alike the glory and the safeguard of our country; and they wear by common consent the motto of the illustrious Bayard, "*Sans peur et sans reproche.*"

The Independent Classes.

The many thousands who occupy our quiet streets, comprising many miles of private houses, form another class in the great population. They possess independent sources of income, and enjoy all the amenities of life; but, as their energies are not called forth, or have gone to sleep, the sea of life glides on with them without a ripple.

True it is, that some of them are restless spirits—have been architects of their own fortune (the exception proves the rule), and the minds of such may be

seen at work in social gatherings of all kinds—reformatory, benevolent, educational, and religious.

The Government Employés.

From the spruce official at the Treasury, with his suburban villa, a thousand pounds sterling, and four months' holiday in the year, to the humblest tide-waiter on the Thames, red tape is the badge of all their tribe.

Sleek, dapper, trim, the one turns over listlessly the *Times* with his white fingers, hardly condescends to give an answer of any kind, and when he does, it is short and hardly civil: the other takes the cue from his superiors—cringing and fawning to those above him, and absolutely brutal to those below.

Alas! what a wonderful amount of respectability is wrapped up in a good coat!

How do we tread on each others' heels, and jostle one another, in our haste to throw ourselves down before the Juggernaut of commercial prosperity, and worship the golden calf!

Even a noble lord—noble by his learning, and known to us by more than fifty years of untiring industry, which placed him the chief amongst his peers,—even he has been said to have bowed down his great talent and reputation before a large railway bubble, since exploded.

How can we wonder, then, that ordinary men are ready to salute Stultz's coats or Hoby's boots, not-

withstanding the human dummies who wear them may try* seventeen times to spell the word Mediterranean, and spell it each time differently, yet always wrong.

What a condition of mental servility does this betray! Nay, is it not mental prostitution—a social debasement?

The Professions.

I speak not of any profession in particular, but of them all. What is their prevailing feature—the goal of their ambition? I fear it must be said, "Money." It is true we have examples to the contrary, but, alas! how rare!

It must be admitted we have but few great men in the Senate, the Bar, or the Church. We look in vain for a Burke, an Erskine, a Paley, or a Tillotson. We have no Addison or Johnson; and though bright flashes of true sentiment surround the works of Dickens, and much learning is elaborated in the writings of Macaulay, still I apprehend that no one supposes they will, a century hence, be quoted as models of the English language.

In physic we have no Hunter, no Jenner; and we justly incur the reproof of foreigners who naturally seek, in London, a *national* monument to the greatest benefactor of the human race; and who, since he pro-

* This is a fact, reported by the Commission appointed to examine the Government officials.

mulgated his discovery of vaccination from an obscure village in Gloucestershire, has preserved more lives than the combined wars of Napoleon and Wellington ever destroyed.

It is true that a modern Harvey has just passed away from us in the late Dr. Marshall Hall, who maintained for us a respectable position in the eyes of scientific Europe. He commenced life untrammelled by University routine ; and by industry and energy heaped honour upon his name, and left us, at the very time of his departure, a graceful legacy—his method of restoring persons apparently drowned.

Yet of the multitude of professional men, what must we say? We are bound to say that Law, Divinity, and Physic are too ready to look upon money as the evidence of success and the reward of exertion ; and that the high and holy attributes of our better nature take but a second place in our estimation, because a selfish world values them at nothing.

The professional men of London are legion. It is the home of the lawyers. There are more doctors in London, with its three millions of inhabitants, than in all Ireland with its seven millions. The whole of Scotland has not half the number of London, and yet that country was, till lately, the great manufactory of them.

The tradesmen of London embrace almost every variety of humanity. There is as great a difference between the prim self-sufficient gentleman who receives

lords and ladies at Howell & James's, in Regent Street, and the bustling and thriving Irishman who retails herrings, coals, and taters in every part of the metropolis, as it is possible to imagine or describe. The latter good-natured, chatty, obliging, facetious; the former self-possessed, quiet, yet humble, subservient to his titled customers as he bows them in or out, whilst he tries to work up a good-natured smile as he points out the beauty of his wares.

But follow him to his private house. Here he apes the monarch. Cliquot himself is not more aristocratic, or Bomba more despotic; yet, notwithstanding now and then terrible infractions of Her Majesty's English, he is the sun of his own circle, round which his satellites continually revolve. The centre of attraction, I need hardly add, is a heavy lump of yellow stolidity, which men call gold.

The fashionable tailor, too, takes a peculiar caste in the West End. He is humility and servility impersonated towards his fashionable and wealthy patrons; with his equals he is arrogant and overbearing; to his workmen he is the most obdurate of masters and the most unfeeling of men. He sits like a spider in his hole which he calls a shop, weaves a web of finery which attracts the unwary; and when he entices into his den a young man of fortune, for the first time in town, he flatters his vanity, heaps piles of apparel on his table before him, encourages his extravagance by pandering to his imaginary requirements, lends him money at 500 per cent. interest, and finally, by such

unmanly and iniquitous contrivances, manages to make a fortune, retires to the country, and, of course, is admitted into society as a gentleman.

Nay, at times, his vanity will go further. He may even get into Parliament: and, in the way there, is generally prepared to swallow any amount of pledges —his own goose included. When he gets there, he discovers he is a nonentity, his constituents do the same, and, finding his own level, he retires, lest he should be kicked out.

West-end wine merchants and jewellers belong to this class, and coal merchants are near akin. It turned out, upon an official inquiry at the Court of Bankruptcy, some time since, that the Duke of Devonshire's wine merchant actually paid to the steward many hundreds a year for being permitted to supply the wine for his grace's table; and it may be truly said of west-end tradesmen generally, that they are all liable to a kind of black mail, which is levied upon them by noblemen's servants, and which, of course, is the reasonable solution of the myth denominated "west-end prices."

The west-end servants are quite a distinct class, and have their conventional ideas of duty and respectability. It would be as unreasonable to request a Belgravian footman to accept service in Bedford or Russell Square, as to expect the Lord Chancellor to reside in the Isle of Dogs or Bermondsey.

We are all creatures of imitation, and intuitively take the impression of the circumstances which sur-

round us, though in this respect servants are the most apt scholars.

Great and fashionable people in the West End, pair their footmen as they do their carriage horses; they must be of one height and colour (thanks to powder and livery), they must match in form and limb.

I have known a footman dismissed for no other reason than that he had a chronic swelling, of a very inconsiderable size, which, when he was dressed in silk stockings, was supposed to interfere with his symmetry, though it never did with his duty.

Servants have their clubs and houses of call in several parts of the West End, almost a little colony to themselves.

In the small streets abutting on the west-end squares, there are multitudes of servants of all kinds —old and young, respectable and the reverse; green-grocers and tobacconists, who have been servants, and who let all their lodgings to servants, from the cellar to the garret.

At every turn and corner there is an "institution," called, I don't know why, a marine store shop, always open to receive anything within its vortex—from a feather bed to a silver teaspoon,—a coach wheel or a canary bird is equally acceptable, swallowed up and instantly got rid of. In this neighbourhood, too, are suspicious lodgings, all kinds of secrets promised to be kept for a price, but always for sale to the highest bidder. Religion seems to be banished. Few wives or families are to be seen on their way to church or

chapel. Sabbath mornings are spent in blacking boots, in "rubbing up" in the back premises, or indulging in stealthy draughts of porter.

Their morality is akin to their religion. They feel, as human nature must always feel, when they have not the sympathy of their employers, that as human machines they give their labour for so much money; the money paid, the contract is ended, and there remains not a vestige of regret, regard, or attachment on either side.

The dog that has faithfully worked for the sportsman in the field, shares his kind remembrance; the pony that carried the school boy in his holidays, is remembered with something like affection, till intercourse with this good world of ours has rubbed it out; but the west-end servant knows and expects nothing of the kind.

The sympathy of the rich man for the poor is precious—the employer towards the employed,—but, as a rule, it does not exist.

The money test and the mere money value in exchange for the services of our humble brother, breaks down the sacred ties of humanity, and sends thousands of both sexes forth to wander in this great wilderness of infidelity and crime, who only want the electric spark of kindness to make their hearts overflow with thankfulness and gratitude.

In our zeal for Christianity, do we not sometimes lose sight of our humanity? We do, and have done so in all ages. Yet this is not so much a matter of

intention as of formality and routine. The rich in London feed their servants well, even extravagantly, clothe them superbly ; nay, in many instances, insist on their attending a place of divine worship ; but as soon as John has deposited his velvet prayer book in his master's pew, his duty is fulfilled.

In the servants' territory, an active Sunday trade is carried on, though there may not be a market like Leather Lane or Shoreditch. Slatternly women and unwashed children are passing to and fro continually. The greengrocers, chandlers, and butchers' shops are full of customers, though they have not taken down their shutters.

All this goes on till divine service has commenced in the adjoining church, and then the policeman on duty tells the shopkeeper to shut his door. He walks on,—one minute after, a little boy, or it may be a girl, knocks at the private door, tells his errand, gets the provision for his mother's dinner, and then silently retires the same way. This goes on all the morning.

As the hour of one approaches, little boys with jugs are looking round the corner ; porter-loving men and women look askance over the window blinds for something of interest to them all. It is the door of the public house. It opens ; and then Boniface in his shirt-sleeves works his pump till the thirsty throats which repudiate water are moist and satisfied.

If we turn city-ward, through the labyrinths of Soho, or the more objectionable neighbourhood of

Fitzroy Square and Tottenham Court Road, we find totally different classes of society.

To the east of Regent Street we come upon narrow and crowded streets occupied by bustling tradesmen in dirty shops, who let the upper parts of their houses to clerks, warehousemen, and employés of various kinds. In the courts and alleys about Golden Square we have little knots of Irish who carry the hod for a living; and now and then a policeman's wife and family.

Dirty second-hand book shops, old curiosity shops, and picture dealers are numerous; dyers and artisans of various kinds abound. It is here the unwashed foreigners mostly reside who have their rendezvous in Leicester Square.

In this vicinity, that is, near the Haymarket, successful prizefighters keep public houses; betting, gambling, and immoralities of all kinds parade themselves boldly in spite of the police; and the county gentleman who brings his wife to town, perhaps two or three times in his life, little thinks as he admires (what was once) the finest street in Europe, how few steps would conduct him to where he would lose his purse without trouble, and, it may be, his life.

Hangers-on of both sexes, acting in concert, are always to be found at the east of Piccadilly, and are equally disposed to gain their ends by violence or cunning.

Eastward again, through Seven Dials on the one hand, or by the Strand on the other, we have other

phases of society. Rags, dirt, and their unmentionable associates are characteristics of the "Dials." A pair of shoes may be bought for a penny to a crown, and a coat from sixpence to a guinea.

I have known an officer in Her Majesty's service walk in at one end of Monmouth Street a gentleman, and come out at the other a sort of hybrid dilapidated groom.

Shops are in the cellars, as well as on the floors above. A woman sits mending rags, or patching unmentionable garments below, whilst a second-hand clobberer spreads his wares above. What is a clobberer? He buys worn-out shoes, stops up the cracks with glue, pastes the soles together with the same stuff, and then sells his poorer brother a bargain which robs him of his last shilling.

These people have been seen to watch their customers wear their bargains to the end of the street in wet weather, and then maliciously enjoy the sport of seeing them drop off their feet.

In the Strand we enter upon the highway of omnibuses and public locomotion. Here, of course, all is respectability, at any rate in appearance.

The passer-by who visits London with an excursion ticket for four-and-twenty hours, has but a faint idea of the Adelphi on the one side, or the mysteries of Covent Garden on the other.

Good-natured well-meaning people shut their eyes when evil is before them; and so a stranger may pass through the Strand, admire the thriving shops, and

the vehicles laden with chatting happy faces, and in his simplicity imagine, but for sundry squalid figures at the corners of the alleys, that this locality, at any rate, is prosperous and happy.

Now let us see. The neighbourhood of Covent Garden had a reputation even in the time of Nell Gwynne, and long before that eminent christian, George the Fourth, added to its celebrity.

Around it on the west are equivocal streets, with third-rate shops, and all the lodgings let to people of the nomadic race, that is to say, actors, actresses, agents, and speculators of all sorts, who, disdaining to work with their hands, prey upon the public by the exercise of their wits.

Eastward of it, we come to the renowned Drury Lane with its interminable courts and alleys; and from thence to Lincoln's Inn Fields, we have a vast accumulation of dirt, misery, and crime, till we come fairly down to the Strand again, casting a glance at those streets of public notoriety, celebrated in the police reports under the names of Wych and Holywell. True it is, that in this dark area is comprised a sort of "oasis," called New Inn, if it be not a misnomer so to denominate a place inhabited by lawyers.

It may be assumed that, where there is dirt and misery, there is also crime. This is as natural as smoke to fire, as heat to sunshine. How true is the proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." To enter into details on the vice, misery, and wretchedness of this neighbourhood, would involve materials for a long

evening's discourse. I must reluctantly pass them by, and be content with a very short summary.

In conversing with an intelligent American, the other day, he told me, at the breakfast table, that he had been to the Haymarket Theatre, and then asked me this question, "How many times do you think I was stopped by women, last night?" I hesitated. He replied, "Seventeen; and that in a walk to our hotel in the Strand, of less than a half a mile; and of these, thirteen asked him for drink." He indignantly observed, that such would not be tolerated for twenty-four hours in New York; and, from my own knowledge, I know it would not be permitted for even half that time in Paris.

With all our boasted superiority, and our missionaries, and our hundreds of churches and chapels, with devoted ministers and good men, our charitable societies, and Ladies Bountiful by thousands, I say we have a canker-worm in London, gnawing the vitals of society.

It is not my purpose to write a treatise on natural theology, or to propound a system of ethics; yet do I say, that as long as drunkards and libertines are admitted into society, and as long as our mothers, wives, and daughters condescend to receive, nay, to tolerate such individuals, so long shall we be compelled to fight a doubtful battle with immorality.

On the south side of the Strand, are the Adelphi Arches. They have an unfavourable reputation naturally, because they are dark and are associated with evil.

They consist of a large archway, open towards the Strand, nearly opposite the Adelphi Theatre. After descending some thirty yards, branches extend east and west, and thence, southward, down to the river. They support the pile of buildings called the Adelphi Terrace.

If a little boy steals a handkerchief, or a dog, or a wheelbarrow, or his bigger fellow-thief appropriates a horse and cart, it is here he would, in all probability steer, if in this locality.

Here the houseless and homeless will try to get an hour's sleep beyond the gaze of the policeman. Here, knots of little boys with short pipes divide the proceeds of the last larceny, and hold consultation for the next.

Besides these and a hundred similar incidents, I must pass over immoralities, the descriptions of which are unfit to meet the eye of the public.

There are hundreds of little boys in London who have no lodging, no food, who exemplify to its fullest extent the truth of Voltaire's proverb, "*Le ventre gouverne le monde;*" and so true is it, that these little pariahs actually assemble at Covent Garden in the morning, and dispute with the dogs the scraps of bread and bones which the waggoners who bring vegetables to the market throw away, as they make their rude but hearty breakfast on the pavement. This is a fact which my American friend noticed with disgust.

Frequently I have seen, early in the morning, say

about 5 o'clock, half a dozen little boys huddled together on a private door-step for warmth, where they had been all night. They know the spots where the policeman will not interfere.

It is a well-known fact, that two little outcasts provided themselves with lodgings, during a very severe winter, *inside the iron roller*, used for rolling the grass in Regent's Park!

As we travel eastward, we have forgotten another great artery of public circulation—Holborn; said nothing of the classic St. Giles's, with its Church Lane, or the equally squalid district of Gray's Inn Lane, with its Tunstall's Buildings,* Foxe's Court, and Thieves' Kitchen. We go on, however, through Baldwin's Gardens, Leather Lane, Hatton Garden, Bleeding Heart Yard, Union Buildings, till we arrive at Field Lane, now shorn of half its meretricious glory.

At last we arrive at a sort of city desert, a kind of

* "In defiance of law, each of the four corners is often occupied by a family; and as many as sixteen persons, men, women, and children—some drunken and quarrelsome—have been found in one dormitory."—*Missing Link*, p. 4.

This fact has been realized in Tunstall's Buildings, No. 2; where an enterprising Irishman took a room, I think on the second floor; he commenced by letting out each corner to a family, and then, finding that there was a vacant space in the middle, he let *that* to a single young man. Things went on for a time without much disturbance, till the young man took in a lodger. This was the last feather that broke the camel's back, and he was obliged to change his quarters, there being then seventeen persons. In this room, it unfortunately happened that the door opened in the corner, so that in making a visit at night (I attended a case of fever there) a whole family had to be turned out of rest,—for beds they had none, and only one old box by way of furniture.

moral Sahara, where boys and girls, and men and women, bury themselves in dry arches, as ostrichs are said to occupy the eastern prototype.*

Yet in this long ramble I have hardly got into the City, not touched one of the vast suburbs; neither said one word about Marylebone, with its 200,000 inhabitants; nor Finsbury with its 160,000; nor Islington with its 150,000; nor St. Pancras, which has more inhabitants and more poverty than either. I have made this running commentary on things as they meet the eye of those who will look for them in traversing not one-third of the way through London.

Thus far, not one-tenth of its area have we travelled over, and the more we look at it, the more evident does it appear that a good-sized octavo volume would be required to do justice, rather than the desultory inscription of a pamphlet.

I must, however, begin to speak of something more definite and less general. Yet even here, the difficulty is to compress the materials into a small compass, so much so, that it is impossible to allude to all the classes of Londoners, or even half of them; for each possesses a "morale" and a "physique" peculiar to itself. For instance, who can doubt the aristocratic thought and feeling of the House of Lords? We see it in their public acts as a body, and in their deport-

* This state of things is somewhat altered now, by the establishment of the terminus of the Metropolitan Railway, and opening the thoroughfare to King's Cross.

ment as men ; whilst it is notorious that many families, in consequence of their exclusiveness, have become idiotic or extinct.

Nature's laws cannot be violated with impunity by man's caprices. Spain and Portugal—Spain especially —is a remarkable instance of the degeneracy of its nobles, who, losing by degrees their physical superiority, they, with their country, lose their energies, and become remarkable for nothing but meanness, effeminacy, depravity, and pride.

The "*mens sana in corpore sano*" is the acme of human perfection. The mind to counsel, direct, and appreciate ; the body to act with energy and power : thus, man performs his work with satisfaction, and, resting from it, is enabled to enjoy that which is material, as well as contemplate that which is sublime and beautiful.

The House of Commons has not the same peculiar feature, because it is composed of different classes.

1. The Aristocratic element,—sons of peers.
2. The Squire-archy.
3. The Mercantile.
4. The Naval and Military.
5. And lastly, the Political.

To analyze and describe these classes is easy, but space forbids.

The Government classes have their habits and peculiar development, and it is this :—

From inactivity, they are deficient in physical power, and consequently energy. Living in a state of ease and certainty, the perceptive faculties are

blunted and their general acuteness diminished. Knowledge grows rusty, exertion is a task rather than a pleasure ; even their diseases are of the attendant type, and assurance offices know their vitality to be third or fourth rate.

Professional Character.

What observer can fail to recognize the caste of the professional man. George Cruickshank has pourtrayed the lawyers as the hawks of the human family ; and without any disrespect to them, I think the idea is correct.

It is their duty to look to their client's benefit, and to take advantage of all points in his favour.

This requires the acuteness and quickness of perception for which the hawk is remarkable ; and it is hardly necessary to repeat that those qualities of mind and body which we bring into daily exercise are most fully developed, till they preponderate over the others, and stamp us individually with their prevailing character ; or, in other words, "use is second nature."

Thus, the doctor, as a rule, partakes in mind and body of the profession he follows.

Medicine not being one of the exact sciences, his opinions on general subjects are doubtfully or modestly expressed; and so much is this an accepted rule in the world, that a man who has been brought up to physic, is supposed to be fit for nothing else.

Of the tradesmen before spoken of, who do not live

by the legitimate profits of their business, but by their deliberate exactions from the reckless and unwary, I forbear to say a word. Such people only want the opportunity, to become the professed gambler, or, physical development assenting, the burglar or the highway robber.

The tradesman, the upright and fair dealing man, has a high ethnological character.

He is decided, fixed, courteous, and generally contented, prosperous, and happy in proportion to the predominance of these principles.

He has been sneeringly told that he builds himself a prison, calls it a shop, and there incarcerates himself till he dies. Rather let it be said, that in his conscious integrity he makes a happy world in his own household, and reigns a king in the hearts of all its inmates.

These are the men who become our merchant princes,—who fight their way up in the battle of life, till they become landmarks and lights in the ocean of our mighty commerce.

The London servants, and especially those of the West End, have the opposite mental character.

They have little development of mind, and are disposed to indulge the appetite with abundance of food which costs them nothing; the mind goes to sleep, whilst the body is pampered and over-nourished. Even their diseases, as a rule, are of the sthenic kind, the result of repletion. Their vitality is low; their morality more so.

Now from the West End I will take a fanciful leap to the East. From the rich and well-to-do people to the poor. Mr. Henry Mayhew has visited the working classes of London more than any other person; and in a series of letters to the *Morning Chronicle*, and subsequently in a separate form, has given us much information concerning them.

Of the poorer classes,—that is, the working classes,—there are two distinct divisions:—

The sedentary, or fixed classes.

The unsettled, or wandering classes.

The former may be defined to be mechanics of all kinds, journeyman butchers and bakers and printers, including tailors. In fact, the class denominated by themselves "tradesmen."

The latter, or unsettled classes, are people who get their living in the streets, that is:—costermongers, buyers and sellers of all sorts, including Jews; artists, *i.e.*, street performers; as well as labourers of various kinds, who move about from dock to dock and building to building, wherever necessity or occupation may direct them.

Mr. Mayhew makes many subdivisions, which neither time nor opportunity will permit me to follow. However, these people form in the aggregate a very large number.

Those who get their daily bread in the streets are 50,000 at least. The class defined by the term "journeyman tradesman" amounts to three times that number. The foreign element, too, is considerable,

consisting of 20,000 Germans, and about the same number of other foreigners.

The more we look, the larger does our field of vision become, and the more evident it is that we can only take a hurried glance as we pass along; therefore the mechanics and journeymen tradesmen must be summed up unceremoniously.

They all possess this peculiar mental bias,—they are self-sufficient.

Each man appears to have self-reliance on his own skill, and acknowledges but very rarely any superior in his own craft. This is the Saxon element, which sustains and supports the working man during all his trials, leads him to be hopeful for the future; and if he may be happily restrained from intemperance, his home is neat and comfortable, and his family well provided for and happy.

It is true, that in London the artisan pays very heavily for his lodgings; dear in money, but dearer far in health; and were it not for the ready access to fresh air, by boat and rail, he would suffer most severely in his physical condition.

Of mechanics, the carpenter is best developed in muscle, and being less exposed than the bricklayer, he suffers less from internal ailments.

Each special occupation exercises its specific influence in the wear and tear of body: thus, workers in metals, especially in lead and quicksilver, are subject to special complaints. So are chimney-sweeps.

The introduction of phosphorus in the manufacture of matches, has produced its specific disease.

Journeymen tailors and bakers are subject to complaints arising from their trade.

Indeed, it is as easy to distinguish these men as they walk along the street, dress them as you may, as it is, the yew-tree from the elm, the poplar from the oak.

Journeymen printers have their own peculiarities and their own diseases. Intellect predominant—physical power low. They associate, by their attainments, with people above them in station, and are consequently poor, and often very improvident. I am told the printers employed on the *Times* all earn, on an average, 10*s.* a day ; and yet it is very seldom they save money.

Chancery Lane is the region of lawyers' clerks. The genus is as easily recognized as the hippopotamus in the Nile.

Cautious by education and nature, steady, reflective, wily, fearful lest the wrong word be put in the wrong place, he becomes, under the influence of gin or porter (for which he appears to have a natural inclination), hilarious, chatty, and confidential.

These alternations continue from year to year, till, either by steady diligence he becomes a partner in the firm, or, by intemperance, the inmate of a workhouse.

The Spitalfields weaver is the type of poverty and consumption ; and his counterpart is the needlewoman.

Could Belgravia change lodgings with Bethnal Green, if only for a day, it would find materials for reflection; something to ponder over, and useful to elicit the crowning element of Christian virtues.

Here father and son have worked at the same loom from one short generation to another. They have made pets of their pigeons and canary birds, toiled on without human sympathy or assistance, without a gleam of sunshine in a cold unfeeling world, till consumption, the offspring of poverty and starvation, has provided them with an early grave.

Physical deformity, as well as disease, are the result of our manufacturing system.

Contracted limbs, attenuated muscles, and tubercular diseases, are the natural results of bad air, bad food, and want of exercise, as much as an abundant harvest is produced by bright sunshine and genial showers.

In the same class may be placed the calico curates, smart young men, with black coats and white cravats, who measure drapery for the ladies. They are numbered by thousands in London; and yet it is the opinion of able men, that if this army of interesting individuals could be walled in, and be compelled to take their wives from similar establishments or occupations, the whole race would be totally extinct in three generations.

Nothing but the current of vitality imported into London from the country, counteracts the great expenditure of life that is daily going on.

The Street People.

Mr. Mayhew says, "These people differ as widely from each other in tastes, habits, thought, and creed, as one nation from another."

Of the nomadic, or unsettled classes, the costermonger claims the precedence. They are upwards of 30,000, including their wives and families. They associate and intermarry among each other—that is, when they do marry; for this ceremony is dispensed with in nine cases out of ten; only 10 per cent. of couples living together are married, except in the parish of Clerkenwell, where the proportion is one in five, *i. e.*, 20 per cent. The explanation is, that the clergyman here marries them without a fee.

Their peculiarity is, they live by their physical labour, in contradistinction to some other street people, who live by their intellect, or wits. Their amusements are all of a physical kind, such as dances, skittles, dog fighting, rat ditto, and pugilism: many of them become prize-fighters. "Give us a penny," says a boy of this class to another, "and you may have a punch at my nose."

On the whole, they are desperate gamblers. Pitch and toss, shove halfpenny, and cards, are their favourite games.

They have also a language of their own among themselves, and its peculiarity is, the words are spelt backwards, thus, "kool," for look; "eslop," for police; "erht pu," for three up, and so on. It is

astonishing how quickly they learn, and how rapidly they communicate with each other in this distorted dialect.

In religion, they call themselves Catholics, but one man tritely observed, that if a missionary came among us with plenty of money, he might make us all Christians or Turks.

Their literature is "Reynolds."

Street people comprise ballad-singers, tumblers, itinerant musicians, old clothes dealers, and many others.

Mr. Mayhew computes their united proceeds to be about three millions sterling a year, and estimates each person's earnings to amount to 8*s.* per week, including children so employed.

Space forbids a special consideration of these classes also.

Cabmen and 'busmen are numbered by thousands.

As a rule, they work seven days in the week; and, as a class, they are as void of Christianity as if they had been aborigines of New Zealand in the days of Captain Cook, or received their education at Erromanga.

The "navvies" are decidedly nomadic. They wander from town to town, and from country to country, where there is a dock to be dug, a canal to be cut, or an embankment to be made. Our splendid lines of railway are the result of their untiring and inexhaustible muscle.

The "navvy" is the impersonation of physical force.

A child in mind, a dwarf in intellect, a giant in strength. Having had many hundreds of such men under my professional care at one time, I am bound to say, that I found them always reasonable.

Docile as children, easily led, easily persuaded, warm hearts, and bold spirits. They settle their difficulties by a stand-up fight. I have seen three such battles going on at a time, and divers policemen standing by, not daring to interfere.

The navvy will despatch, and digest too, nearly three pounds of beef daily; it matters not how fat or how coarse, his stomach is ready to convert it all into bone and sinew; to say nothing about the trifles of bread and vegetables, and four or five pints of ale or porter.

He lives well, for his work requires it. He earns from 30*s.* to 40*s.* a week by lifting clay and earth, at so much per ton; the hardest of work, in which an ordinary man would not be able to earn half the money.

I consider the "navvy" the most unsophisticated of his class. He scorns a dirty trick, and is ready to fight a dozen men, or a score, who try to take advantage of him. He is a manly character, and only wants quiet and careful supervision to render him one of the most useful and docile members of the working community.

The public institutions of a country afford an index of the habits and pursuits of a people; but in this imperfect sketch they must be passed over.

Not one word about club-houses, theatres, prisons, workhouses, or public hospitals.

The same as regards our large manufactories, such as sugar-bakers, candle works, breweries, builders, engineers, and dockyards. All these establishments have a specific ethnological character.

We pass over, too, the educational establishments of London, public and private; not forgetting "the ragged," with more than 2,000 teachers? and upwards of 20,000 scholars; neither have we time to speak of the "corrective institutions;" the police, with its 7,000 officers; or the London City Mission, with its 400 agents and £30,000 a year income; and, therefore, pass on to say a word about the various associations.

The characteristic feature of the age seems to be association. Man is naturally gregarious; but it is only of late years that the association mania has affected him. Whether this be a decided indication of intellectual or social progress, is yet an open question.

The South Sea bubble burst fifty years ago, the Diddlesex Life Assurance ditto about five-and-twenty. The British and Oriental Banks are specimens of modern contrivance, and have conclusively shown how designing men can hold in their grasp the purses of the gaping and credulous multitude.

Our missionary associations are of startling proportions. I sincerely hope they will produce all the good results their supporters wish and believe. Yet I cannot but think that whilst there is in London such a vast accumulation of heathenism, ignorance, immo-

rality, and crime—I mean the ten thousand varieties which seldom come under the notice of the police—I cannot but believe that an ample field may be found for the exercise of all their philanthropy and the employment of their money.

I now quote from Mr. Mayhew's work. Vol. II., p. 412, he says :—"The facts detailed are gross enough to make us all blush for the land in which such scenes can be daily perpetrated." The narration which follows "discloses a system of depravity, atrocity, and enormity, which certainly cannot be *paralleled in any nation, however barbarous, nor in any age, however dark.*" The circumstances it is impossible to publish, —they are of the most loathsome and revolting nature.

The London City Mission here comes upon the scene. It was established some twenty years ago, and has done much good; but London, with its annual increase of 70,000 inhabitants, beats it in the race.

About 350 worthy and self-denying men, at the wages of about 30*s.* a week, visit systematically the various parts of the metropolis. But what are they among so many?—one to 20,000. They are lost in this ocean of iniquity.

It is quite certain that many of their reports never meet the eye of the public, for the simple reason, that it is utterly impossible to print them.

This society is worthy of all support—it is well conducted, and not so extensively known and advocated as it ought to be.

Begging is carried on systematically as a business.

It is far easier, and more remunerative, to beg than to work. Babies of all ages can be hired at so much per hour. Six little orphan children, with white pinafores, just one above another, of all complexions and qualities, have their market price, and are as much an article of hire as the "mutes," which Society places at her door, to tell the world that a *respectable* member has departed :—or as a costermonger's cart, or a fruit-seller's barrow.

Wooden legs and arms may be done by contract, upon the same principle that the publicans in Wapping supply coalwhippers to discharge the cargoes from Newcastle-on-Tyne.

These caterers of curiosity—these panders to credulity—know their business well.

If we meet a man with the loss of an arm, we pass him by without much concern. If we meet two together, we say, "Law! how singular." If, perchance, we find three on the same spot, especially after some battle, we instinctively say, "Poor fellows!" and upon the possibility of seeing four individuals of this class together, compassion is so intensified, that each good-natured passer-by drops a coin, asks no questions, and passes on.

It is precisely this result that was calculated upon. A sort of natural system of mathematics which is taught gratuitously, and all its problems worked out practically in all the dens of London.

This kind of deception is practised in every possible way ; and in order to arrest it, the Mendicity Society was called into existence. This society has done much

good and much evil. Much good, that it has brought to punishment hundreds of offenders, and, by its officers, keeps an eye over their general proceedings, —though for one case of imposition punished by the law, many continue to escape.

That it does harm I believe, from what has passed under my own observation.

I have been in company with kind and conscientious ladies, who, when walking in the streets, have been asked to give a poor person a penny; and they have replied, with an air of conscious rectitude and propriety, "We never encourage beggars." No; they subscribe to some society, perhaps to half a dozen, and do their alms by deputy.

This is a very inhumanizing proceeding.

That charity, twice blest, which blesseth giver and receiver, is not here. It is pushed out.

The cold official agent of your bounty, just and prudent as may be, doles out the modicum of bread, perhaps in exchange for labour, does his round of duty as regularly as a mill-horse, and is as apathetic as a lamp-post.

In this age of association, I verily believe that if one were to start a joint-stock company for compounding for all our Christian duties, as the tradesman does for his taxes, or the sportsman for his dogs and horses, it would be a popular and successful speculation.

Human sympathy is what the poor man wants. The doctrines of Christianity will not allay the pangs of a starving stomach.

Show the poor man that you feel for him, by *per-*

sonally interesting yourself in his wants and cares, his pains and necessity, and then you have prepared the ground for the reception of Christianity, or, I had almost said, anything else. Human nature, degraded as it is, is not yet below that of the noble beast which deprived the Romans of a brutal treat, by fawning on and caressing Zeno, instead of eating him.

It is precisely this sympathy that formed the subject of the late Judge Talfourd's address to the jury at Stafford, when, after having eloquently expressed his own noble sentiments, he fell down and expired.

It is precisely this element which is wanted in London; for, of all places in the world, it is, in this respect, a howling wilderness.

I have seen a man die of cholera in a cellar, and of fever in a garret, unattended and uncared-for—a woman, in the hour of nature's trouble, without a chair to sit upon, a bed to lie upon, a sheet to cover her, or a rag to wrap round her new-born infant.

I have seen a mother and two grown-up daughters starving together in Spitalfields, with only one gown, not worth a penny, between the three, and which they all wore in turn, when they went out of doors.

Every article of furniture had disappeared, one by one; nay, every article of bedding or clothing that would bring a penny, had been sold to supply the wants of nature; not a vestige of flannel was left to any one of them, and they huddled together at night on a little dirty straw that might be tied up in a pocket handkerchief. And this in Christian, civilized London!

It was the want of sympathy that caused the bright and restless spirit of Chatterton to pass away in a fit of insanity, at a miserable lodging in Brooke Street. It is this that sends thousands of young people to wander the streets of London—to get rid of the dreadful weight of solitude in the midst of millions, looking any where and every where for a ray of sympathy.

I know well what this is, from experience. Hours have I spent, and scores of miles have I walked in London, in early life, knowing no one, and cared for by none; and after the novelty and glare of street attraction had passed away, I felt as unfettered and as free to commune within myself as if I had been alone on the top of a Welsh mountain. It is very terrible to feel this; and not at all astonishing that young people seek associates, even at the risk of all that society holds valuable.

For society, in fact, has already shut them out, if not personally, at least in feeling; and so they float up and down the highway of life, till they perchance find some friendly port of refuge, or make shipwreck of their principles and virtue in this ocean of (*in*)-humanity.

What is the remedy? It is a question deserving, nay, enforcing, the immediate attention of Government, and involving the second important question of education.

Prevention is better than cure.

It is an ethnological truth, that a disproportionate

development of mind or body destroys the natural balance that ought to exist between them. The sound mind in the sound—that is, healthy—body, is human perfection.

If the body be unduly developed, and the mind dwarfed, we have a low class of human being, whose natural propensities, unless held in check by moral restraint or religion, will make him a burglar or a robber. On the other hand, cultivation of the mind and neglect of the physical condition, produces people who cannot work with their hands, but they can scheme and plot with their brain. To this class I think I may say the Dean Pauls, Redpaths, Robsons, and Roupells properly belong.

Nature's laws will be respected. How important is it, therefore, that all who have the education of our young people, and authority over young men, should feel the deep responsibility and sacred trust they have voluntarily accepted.

Hitherto I have not said a word, or cast a glance at the city south of the Thames, larger in itself than any other city in the kingdom ; neither dwelt on the *City* of London, the centre of England's wealth, and the heart of the commerce of the world.

Her revenues and her charities, her merchant princes and her magistrates, both Christians and Jews, are all subjects for consideration.

The sailors in the Thames belong to all nations, and portray the ethnological character of their respective countries ; that is to say, the world.

Again, each suburb has its own presiding genius, Education and gentility preside over Kensington, Turnham Green, and Bayswater. Even in Chaucer's time, ladies spoke French—

> Tho' not as folk in Paris do,
> But that of Stratford near to Bow.

But now St. John's Wood disputes the claim, though it is a city of suburban villas.

Highgate and Hampstead for city and west-end tradesmen, who send their families out of the smoke; Camden Town for lodgings and fourth-rate schools; and St. Pancras, the refuse of every other neighbourhood.

Islington, Ball's Pond, and Kingsland is a colony of city clerks and warehousemen, who take a morning walk for their health's sake, and let lodgings for their pocket's sake.

Clapton, the city merchant and successful tradesman. Then Hackney, round to Bow again, both famous for schools, till we pass over what was once Bow Common, casting a look at the Central Gas Works and the City Cemetery, appropriately placed in sight of one another.

Then down the East India Road and over the iron bridge, we come upon a population of many thousands near the Victoria Docks.

Dirt, degradation, and debasement here contend for the mastery, as is natural where ignorance and poverty dwell together without religion, and education looks at them from afar off.

This rapid sketch is necessarily imperfect, but it is nevertheless truthful, and is all I am enabled to compress into this little work.

But the subject is not exhausted; it is hardly begun. Every locality, like every town, bears the impress of its inhabitants; nay, every street and every house; even the newspapers indicate the mind of a locality to an acute observer as plainly as the black man differs from the white.

If this be doubted, compare the newspapers of France with those of America; or America North and South. Look at Italy and Spain: each in turn mistress of the civilized world. Now they have none worth the name. Compare the *City Press* with its near neighbour, the *Clerkenwell News;* the literature of Holywell Street with that of Albemarle Street; and the fact is self-evident.

Whether we will or not, we write our own character for all time. We carry the stamp of our own conduct in our own face,—we give it to those around us,—we impress the face of nature with it both in town and country. Let us, then, look to it, that the noble Saxon element,—the oval face, the open brow, the clear steady eye, the upright and manly bearing,—do not fail us; for it is this that has given England all her greatness, and elicited, even from her conquerors, to say (by St. Gregory) of her children—

"Non Angli, sed Angeli forent, si essent Christiani."