

## Editor's Drawer.

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.  
INTRODUCTION.

UNDER this title we propose to give a number of pen and pencil sketches illustrative of London life and character. And in so doing we intend no competition either with those ponderous tomes which learnedly describe the city as it used to be, or those more modest brochures in which its present architectural beauties are faithfully portrayed. In setting out we announce no matured system of investigation, nor have we any such. We solemnly abjure any settled plan. Led by fancy or by accident, we shall wander into all sorts of localities at all sorts of times. To-night we may be in a thieves' kitchen, and to-morrow at an aristocratic wedding in Hanover Square; now we will be in the stalls of the Opera-house, and anon struggling up the rickety stairs of an East End theatre. Birdcage Walk may possibly have as many points of interest as Rotten Row. Kensington Gardens shall not be shunned by us because of their virtue, nor the Haymarket because of its vice. The former present many a subject both for author and for artist; and the latter—well, as Rossetti sings,

"Every night, be it dry or wet,  
Is market-night in the Haymarket."

St. James's shall not repel us by its glitter, nor St. Giles's by its squalor.

We will visit no place that is not interesting *per se*. Memories are very delightful things. But the fact that Byron lived in Hollis Street is insufficient to give a present charm to that quiet little way. Nor does the fact that Henry Hallam resided in Wimpole Street, and that Tennyson has immortalized the fact in the "In Memoriam," prove sufficiently absorbing to demand a description of the chill and dismal respectability of that most decorous of thoroughfares. Not even poor Albert Smith's joke concerning it can kindle a spark of interest: "All things earthly have an end—except Upper Wimpole Street." At the same time, we have no intention of silencing memories when, in spite of us, they occur. Standing above the dome of St. Paul's, we are sure to call to mind old Decker's advice to the "gull"—as he calls

him—of Queen Elizabeth's time: "Take heede how you looke downe into the yarde, for the rails are as rotten as your great-grandfather." Walking in Fleet Street it will be impossible to remain oblivious of the memory of Dr. Johnson; and every flag-stone in Brick Court will remind us of Oliver Goldsmith. Newgate and the Old Bailey suggest Captain Macheath, Polly Peachum, and the other entertaining characters in the "Beggars' Opera," and we find ourselves unconsciously humming, with the unconscionable captain,

"How happy could I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

As we pass the site of Will's Coffee-house we imagine ourselves surrounded by ghosts dressed in bag-wigs and knee-breeches, and displaying swords and snuff-boxes—and then echoes of the old-world oaths, "'slife," "'sdeath," "'gadsbud," float about our ears. The spot where Tom King's Coffee-house once stood may possibly present Hogarth's cartoon to the mind's eye. And Drury Lane will waken a thousand theatrical reminiscences.

But it is not with ghosts that we have to do most of all, nor are we over-anxious to illustrate the mysterious law of "association of ideas."

We want to present, if possible, the people of the London of to-day. In each locality we wish to describe the most characteristic denizens—the individuals who partake most largely of the genius of the place. Ben Jonson was wont to describe the *dramatis personæ* of his comedies by a splendid word. He called them “humors.” Shadwell afterward used the term as describing the characters in his plays. It has since fallen into disuse. Now we would fain describe a few of the “humors” of the British metropolis. We make no pretense to deep psychological skill. If by means of pen and pencil we succeed in presenting some London scenes as they appeared to our own eyes—if we can present THE COCKNEY of to-day with something like fidelity—we shall have accomplished, however unskillfully, the undertaken task.

APROPOS of the season, thus writeth an old poet:

Winter! I love thee, for thou com'st to me  
Laden with joys congenial to my mind,  
Books that with bards and solitude agree,  
And all those virtues which adorn mankind.  
What though the meadows, and the neighboring hills,  
That rear their cloudy summits in the skies—  
What though the woodland brooks and lowland rills,  
That charmed our ears and gratified our eyes,  
In thy forlorn habiliments appear?  
What though the zephyrs of the summer-tide,  
And all the softer beauties of the year,  
Are fled and gone, kind Heaven has not denied  
Our books and studies, music, conversation,  
And evening parties for our recreation.

It would be difficult to present a finer specimen of the humor and coolness of the Nevada man than in the following pleasing incident, related to the Drawer by one of the most brilliant of the younger poets and writers of the day: Mr. Nordquist, entertaining certain opinions on a particular subject that were different from those entertained by his neighbor Colonel Wagner, conceived it to be his duty to maintain them in the free but somewhat abrupt manner that obtains in that region. The result of this variance is thus described by Mr. Nordquist in a letter to his friend Captain A—, at Nevada City:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I have just had a slight misunderstanding with Colonel Wagner, which resulted in my shooting him. Afterward, in a moment of excitement, I scalped him. Will you do me the favor to see that no exaggerated account of the affair gets into the newspapers?  
Truly yours,

H. NORDQUIST.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS, at present United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, adds to fine legal acumen the rare social qualification of being a capital raconteur. The Drawer happened to be seated opposite to



him at a modest dinner not long since, when he related an incident of his professional experience that occurred a few years ago at Canandaigua. Patrick M'Gooren had been arraigned before the Oyer and Terminer on an indictment for grand larceny. By direction of his counsel he pleaded “Not guilty.” The first witness called by the District Attorney to prove the charge was Timothy O'Sullivan. No sooner did M'Gooren hear the sound of that name, and a moment afterward see the form of Tim going to the witness-stand, than he arose and said, “May it please the Court, I want to withdraw that play of ‘Not guilty.’”

“For what purpose?” inquired the judge.

“I want to plade ‘Guilty.’”

“Why do you wish to do that?”

“Whoiz? Bekase I want to save Tim O'Sullivan's soul!”

THERE is a certain style of legal gentleman well known to the profession and to business men as the “collecting lawyer”—very respectable, very industrious, and often quite successful. One of our leading wholesale houses having an unsettled claim against a Western customer (one of the tardy kind), sent it down to the office of the collecting person with instructions to have it put through with all the celerity consistent with legal purity. The lawyer forwarded it to an attorney who had been recommended to him in the town where the dilatory tradesman resided, and in due time received the following reply, which, though sufficiently concise, was not regarded as encouraging:

DEAR SIR,—You will never get any spondulick from Ebenezer Weatherby. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile, his feet upon the naked earth, and not clothes enough upon him to wad a gun. He was whistling, and so may you.  
Affectionately yours,

ARISTIDES COBB.

SOME very amusing things (writes a correspondent at Stockton, California) happened during the session of the Idaho Legislature held in

ish Cortes. The Cortes, by a vote of 124 to 104, October 30, resolved to consider articles of impeachment against the members of the Sagasta ministry. Measures for the suppression of lotteries and for the abolition of the tobacco monopoly have been defeated.

The system of trial by jury was to be established in Spain before the 1st of December.

While in Italy there is a revival of prosperity—Turin having become an Italian Manchester, Milan growing in population and trade, and Venice regaining her Oriental commerce—yet there are two marked exceptions to this general prosperity. In Ravenna two or three secret societies contrive to set all law and order at defiance. They rule by intimidation, so that the regular law is powerless, their own laws and penalties

being substituted therefor. In the Two Sicilies the criminal class has allied itself with a population full of agrarian discontents, the jury system has utterly broken down, and the lives of landed proprietors have become intolerable. The brigands and the peasants have conspired together against the nobles and landowners.

The overflow of the Po has resulted in incalculable damage. In Ferrara alone 40,000 persons have been made homeless. The town of Reggio has almost disappeared. On the 5th of November the town of Palazzuolo, near Brescia, was visited by a terrible hurricane. Half the town was destroyed, 34 persons killed, and 1000 families made homeless.

The Pope has declined to receive the annuity voted to him by the Italian Parliament.

## Editor's Drawer.

### OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

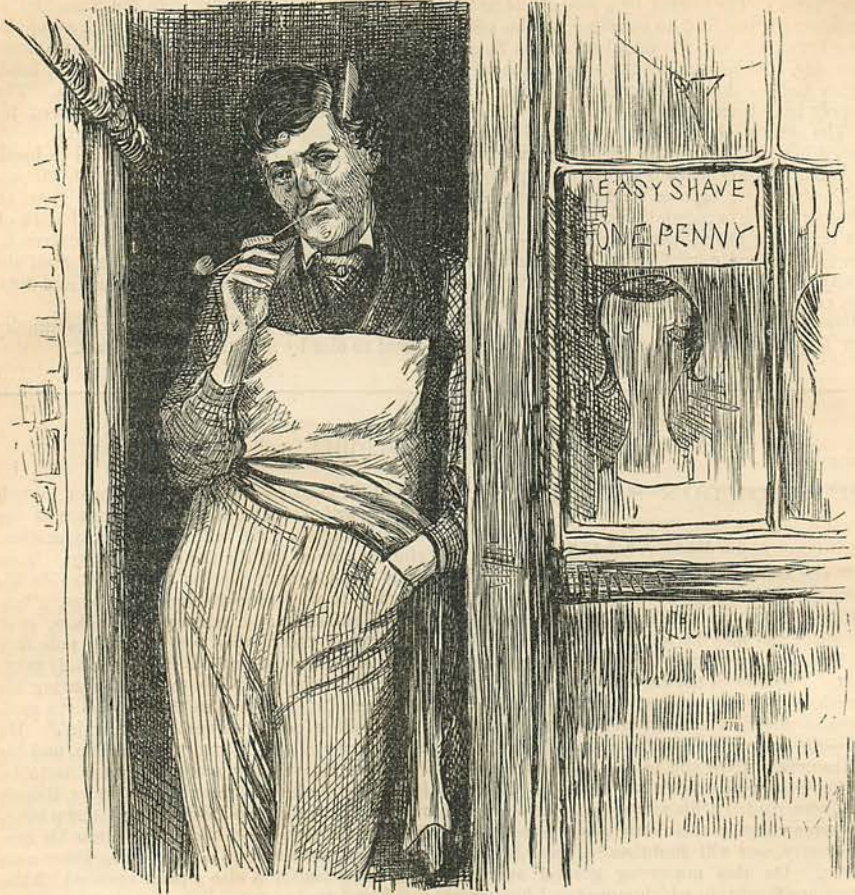
#### ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

IF you were to stop and ask a London policeman to oblige you with a list of the localities which are known in official parlance as "dangerous," you may be sure that the Seven Dials would occupy a prominent place in his enumeration. Nestling in the centre of the disreputable parish of St. Giles—a parish to which the allusions of novelists have given a universal notoriety—the Seven Dials forms a sort of rendezvous for roughs. Here and in the immediate neighborhood the police news is discussed by individuals who read it with sympathetic eyes; for in the same columns their own names have figured frequently, and will doubtless reappear in future issues. On this mustering ground animated fights are fought, in which stones and bludgeons and occasionally knives are freely used. It is a focus formed by the convergence of seven streets or lanes. The individual who called it by the name which it bears had evidently a genuine genius for metaphorical conceits, though perhaps his figure had reference only to the locality itself, and was innocent of an insinuation to the effect that its inhabitants are persons particularly well aware of "what's the time of day."

But just noticing the huge poster bearing the inscription "MURDER—£200 REWARD" that is displayed on a board in the centre of the focus, we will enter one of the seven thoroughfares forming the spokes of this extraordinary wheel. The name of the thoroughfare is St. Martin's Lane. London, like most large cities, has given over certain localities to a traffic in particular commodities. St. Martin's Lane deals chiefly in birds and other pet animals. Various other branches of commerce assert themselves, but to a very trifling extent, and are only such as dispense to the true merchants of the place the necessities of life, or impart its luxuries. So that the accidental trades are in a manner connected with the leading business. Barbers' shops, for example, are distinctly a necessity, seeing that the bird-fanciers and dog-merchants are, for the most part, as closely shaved as acrobats. A bar-

ber in St. Martin's Lane, however, has a branch quite unconnected with the head or face of the human animal. He will, for a consideration, clip the ears or cut the tail of a bull-pup. That curly-headed man yonder standing beside his window, in which are displayed two wigs, a bottle of hair-oil, and some paper collars, over whose shop protrudes a party-colored pole that looks like a piece of sugar-stick wonderfully magnified, and who is at this moment enjoying his morning pipe, informed us that he cuts "a matter of 'alf a dozen dawgs in a mornin'." He looks very clean in his long white apron, and his curls are marvelously scented; but it is to be hoped that he keeps two pairs of scissors, though the fact that he carries his comb in his own odoriferous head suggests that neither he nor his customers are particular to a hair. The inner man of the bird-fancier is also a point upon which the accidental trades are solicitous. One need not mention the reeking gin-palace, as it is an institution unfortunately not peculiar to St. Martin's Lane. But the peripatetic vendor of ices, that unhealthy and gesticulative child of Italy, attracts our notice. Retailers of that fearful decoction sold at a penny a bottle—that ginger-beer which neither cheers nor inebriates—abound. There is a fair sprinkling of coffee shops, too, with the inevitable fly-blown play-bills in the window, and the greasy waiter standing at the door. Was it not to this very lane that little Charles Dickens was wont to resort during the blacking-bottle period of his existence to snatch an economical repast? Possibly that shop opposite is the very establishment which he honored with his slender patronage; for surely there is the identical glass door, with the legend "Coffee-Room" written upon it, which, read backward by the future novelist, remained with him always a sickening memory, as "moor eeffoc." A small business in cast-off clothing—old coats, old hats, and old boots—makes up the sum of what we have called the accidental trades.

The peculiar trade of the lane is its great attraction. The song of innumerable birds fills the air. Were you to shut your eyes you might imagine yourself, if it were not for the prevailing odors, and the occasional shriek of a hungry parrot, in some country scene a hundred miles



BARBER.

away from town, wandering between hedge-rows and under the foliage of trees. St. Martin's Lane, however, is a place in which it is well to keep one's eyes open. These tumble-down houses are, after all, but a poor substitute for hedge-rows, and the warble of the birds is a trifle less gay than under other circumstances it might be. That bird must indeed be divinely gifted with imagination that can sublime the six-inch sod of grass into a sward, a diminutive tin of dirty water into a stream, and the cubic contents of its cage into the universe. The larks seem to feel it most of all, and the linnets appear quite conscious of the ticket which, suspended above their cages, offers them at "six-pence each" to any chance customer. To describe one of the numerous bird shops is to describe all. Here is one, however, which seems to have a peculiarity or two. Over the shop window is an elaborate and pictorial sign-board representing a group of animals—notably some dogs with eyes preternaturally large, and cocks standing uncomfortably on one leg. The proprietor's name figures beneath this work of art in modest letters. His name is Ravenscroft. Can this dealer in live stock be a descendant of the only Ravenscroft of whom we have any rec-

ollection—that free-and-easy dramatist who flourished at the time of the Restoration, and wrote for the delectation of King Charles and his court comedies that exceeded in indecency even those of the notorious Mrs. Aphra Behn?

A pile of large cages stands at each side of the portal of Mr. Ravenscroft's establishment. In those lowest down are packed, with cruel tightness, a number of Cochin China hens; above them a couple of apoplectic rabbits lazily nibbling a cabbage leaf. In one of these wicker-work jails a rebellious infant—probably a young Ravenscroft—has been immured for his misdeeds, and keeps up a hideous howl, caused by the strange proximity of a ferocious bull-dog similarly cooped on one side, and a pair of noisy paroquets on the other. A passing street Arab, too, calling to his companion, "'Ullo Bill, 'ere's a lark!" and stopping on his way to taunt the incarcerated Ravenscroft, adds considerably to the little creature's agony. The proprietor, a portly man in shirt sleeves, and displaying a quantity of jewelry, fails to admonish the aggravating *gamins*, as he sees in every looker-in a possible customer whom it were not well to insult. Besides, he turns now to converse with a simple servant-girl, who tries to cheapen a

chaffinch, without much success. "Couldn't think of takin' a farden less for him, miss. He's jest wuth his weight in gold, is that 'ere bird. 'Alf a crown or nothing, that's my price; and wot I says I sticks to."

Opposite all the shops stand little crowds of admirers, clustering most largely before those emporiums where gold-fishes and dog-collars are added to the ordinary attractions. Every where there is fluttering of wings and yelping and crowing. St. Martin's Lane is, in fact, a Zoological Garden where the visitors have nothing to pay. The curb-stones are infested by vendors who pay no house-rent, and who carry all their live stock about with them. Here is a healthy and vigorous specimen of the *genus* London cad. He is dressed in a velvet shooting-coat, supplied with pockets innumerable and capacious; a pair of corded trowsers, a bright orange vest, a seal-skin cap, from under which two large locks of hair are carefully brushed down the side of his face instead of whiskers; he wears a flaring scarlet neck-tie, and has a straw in his mouth. From every one of his pockets peer the frightened eyes of a small puppy. Under one arm he carries a King Charles dog, and under the other a Skye terrier; he holds by means of a string a surprisingly white Pomeranian dog, gayly decorated with light blue ribbons, and evidently meditating on how he shall cut the string that holds him and bolt back again to the mistress from whom he has been feloniously abstracted. He is a persuasive rascal, this wandering dog-fancier, and understands the art of flattery in all its branches. His favorite customers are old maids, whom he half frightens and half coaxes into purchasing. He uses all his invention and exhausts all his eloquence to make his animals appear the very pink of canine perfection. He has wonderfully accurate stories about their ancestry. Their immediate progenitors he can, if called upon, produce. "Thorough-bred un she is, my lady! If ye don't believe me, just hold 'er hup by the tail—like this 'ere, and see if she'll yelp. Her parrients is in 'Ounds-ditch, if yer ladyship would like to see 'em. A strange locality, did yer say? Well, that's all accordin' as 'ow yer looks at it—a genteel neighborhood I calls it myself, my lady." Should the timid old lady—thus flattered by the insinuation that she is a member of the upper ten thousand, a species of flattery to which the English are ever open—purchase the animal in question, she will have every reason to regret her bargain. For, having dis-

posed of the dog, the fancier (who is the most gallant of mortals) offers to convey it to its new home. He takes particular notice of the house and its surroundings, and when an opportunity offers will abstract it again, and resell it to some equally aged and confiding dame. By selling the same dog over and over again, it is evident to the meanest comprehension that a dog-seller may make a very good thing out of his profession, though one would hesitate a good deal before characterizing it as a strictly honorable calling.

But the crowds begin to thicken, and we are being continually driven off the footway. Taking a last look at the poor, pent-up songsters—most miserable of feathered bipeds—we rush boldly into the maze of streets to right or left, and emerge into the open space of Oxford Street or of the Strand.



DOG-FANCIER.

One of the special and most important characteristics of the Vienna Exhibition will be the collection of information regarding the financial and social position of working men and women. The London Exhibition showed the productions of human labor; the Paris Exhibition, the instruments of human labor; the Vienna Exhibition will show who the laborers are. In this department particular attention will be given to the work performed by women; and from the information already collected on this subject, it appears that women play a much more important part in Austrian manufactures of all kinds than is generally supposed, and that in all departments of work where sheer muscular power is not required, the labor of women is quite as valuable as that of men. It is also observed that as machinery improves, the work of women becomes more and more available, and that in some factories there are as many female as male "skilled artisans."

An example of how even some of the minor departments of the trade of the Mediterranean have been affected by the opening of the Suez Canal is afforded by a circumstance mentioned in the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale*—namely, that the Italian coral-fishers contemplate petitioning the canal authorities to allow their boats to pass the Isthmus on such favorable terms as may make it worth their while to go and toil in

the waters of the Red Sea. Although there are also a few French vessels, manned chiefly by Spaniards, engaged in this industry on the eastern parts of the Algerian coast, the coral trade may be said to belong almost exclusively to Italy. Last season appears to have been a favorable one for the prosecution of this industry, in which were employed 311 vessels, manned by 3150 fishers—almost all Neapolitan sailors from Torre del Greco—without reckoning a score or so of craft equipped at Genoa. The value of the coral obtained is estimated at 3,000,000 francs, and the only accident recorded this year is one boat run down by a steamer.

## OBITUARY.

A London dispatch informs us of the death, November 30, of Mary Somerville, at the age of seventy-seven. She is best known as the author of a popular work on Physical Geography.

Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, died in London December 15.

Count de Kisseleff, aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander in the French campaign, died in Paris December 13, aged eighty-four years.

Kamehameha V., King of the Sandwich Islands, died December 11, without naming a successor. There is no legitimate claimant to the throne.

## Editor's Drawer.

## OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

## THE TEMPLE.



"A WELL-ORDAINED work-house or prison," says Thackeray, "is much better provided with the appliances of health, comfort, and cleanliness than a learned Inn." The inhabitants of learned Inns, however, and more especially the inhabitants of the Temple Inns, seem to accept very cheerfully the fate condemning them to residence there. Doubtless there are numerous advantages, not elsewhere in such full measure obtainable, to atone in some degree for the obvious drawbacks. The sound of revelry by night is not uncommon in these dreary mildewed buildings. And from a staircase too dirty to drive pigs up you may by day enter chambers

furnished with that attention to luxurious comfort which is one of the most distinguishing char-

acteristics of your London lawyer. A luncheon of chicken and well-iced Champagne is proceeding in rooms of which the exterior says, plainly (for walls have tongues as well as ears), "squalid garrets." And what convivial gathering can for a moment compare with a well-conducted "call-supper?"

We will enter the Temple from Fleet Street. Temple Bar—recently renovated—shall not detain us, nor the Cock Tavern with its quaint oaken mantel-piece, by which many a time the great Samuel Johnson has sat and grumbled to Boswell, and for haunting which our present laureate once confessed a weakness:

"O stout head waiter at the Cock,  
To which I most resort!"

We pass under an archway with huge gates lying open, and walk down Middle Temple Lane. On our right is Brick Court, where Goldsmith's old chambers remain, and we remember that in another part of the Inn his grave lies covered by a plain stone slab. On our right, too, the renowned fountain sends a thin, translucent column into the air, which falls with a most musical splash into its basin. In the surrounding trees, which show by contrast wonderfully green, half a dozen city sparrows keep up a delightful chirrup. This fountain, sung of in eulogistic strains by poets, and mentioned with the tenderest pathos by innumerable prose writers, has been reduced by modern and irreverent benchers to a mere brass squirt, the antique and allegorical vase from which the spray once rose having been, by the same sacrilegious hands, removed to an adjacent corner, where it has been ignominiously convert-



THE LEARNED SERGEANT.

ed into a flower-pot! Passing by the entrance to little squares of houses, on every floor of which lawyers live swarming like bees, we penetrate to the Temple gardens and see before us the southern boundary of the Inns—the Thames, odoriferous as of yore—with the penny steamboats puffing and paddling along its surface, and the huge warehouses staring at us from its remote shore. Between us and the river the new embankment stretches, with cabs dashing along it, and hurrying pedestrians, who invariably stop and gaze through the rails at the cool green spaces of the classic inclosure, catching a glimpse of verdure, and then hurrying on.

We will stroll back to the close squares, and see, if possible, an inhabitant or two. From Paper Buildings Sergeant Smith issues, rustling along in his silk gown, and quite unaware of the air of utter absurdity which his freshly powdered wig gives to his good-humored face. He is followed by a clerk carrying an immense bag of briefs. The learned sergent jumps into his brougham—appropriate designation for a lawyer's vehicle—his clerk puts the big bag in after him, and off he drives to the courts at Westminster. Robinson, the briefless, glances contemptuously at the departing brougham. He has the smallest possible opinion of Smith's merits—or, indeed, of the merits of any successful man; and he frequently expresses his great surprise that “these fellows get as much business as

they do.” He then lights a cigar and lounges off to his club, where over the morning papers he ceases to wonder at any thing. That gentleman in the raven locks, the large hooked nose, and the showy diamond rings is evidently an attorney of the Hebrew persuasion. True to instinct and tradition, the modern Jew sticks tenaciously to the law. The little man in spectacles, with the printer's boy at his heels, is Rawkins, of the *Times*. And the stupid-looking man with the eyeglass, just crossing Pump Court, is Minchin, whose magazine articles are pronounced to be “awfully clever.”

The lawyer's clerk is a peculiarity of the place. He is of two kinds—the extremely useful, and the useful. The extremely useful is clerk to some barrister in large practice. He is pale-faced and scorbatic. He reads and pages his employer's briefs. He sees to his correspondence. He attends him at court, and

knows in a moment where to find a particular law journal or act of Parliament, or to find in either the case or the section required. He works hard during the day, and is given to gay relaxation at night. His dress betrays his tastes. The hat with curled-up edges, the shirt collar bearing strange devices of dogs and other quadrupeds, the resplendent neck-tie, the mock rings and scarf-pins, will all be displayed under the gas of the music-hall. He knows all the choruses of all the comic songs, and late at night, reeling homeward by suburban roads, he occasionally contrives to make night hideous by howling them. Sometimes he attends a discussion forum in Shoe Lane, where he delivers spirited attacks on the ministry, which lose some of their force, perhaps, owing to the slight attention which he pays to the placing of his aspirates. Here come two of the genus. “Ullo, 'Arry,” says Number One, “'ow are you, old boy? Be in the old place to-night, eh?” “No,” replies Number Two, with all the languid grace of a debauched duke. “No; I'm reg'lar used up. Must reform, really. By-by!” They are not so bad as they would have themselves believed. Their dissipations are generally of the mildest form. But the London snob thinks it rather a good thing to act the character of a rake.

The second class of clerk is that attached to the chambers of barristers who have not an extensive practice. His principal duty is to at-



THE LAUNDRESS.

tend to his employer's door, to admit friends, and give to duns the stereotyped response of "Not at home." He varies his occupation by occasionally directing newspapers to the young barrister's friends in the country; and, in a word, is supposed to make himself generally useful. He is a meek, intelligent boy, in a scrupulously clean collar. One can not help feeling that he has been prematurely abstracted from school. However, he has learned civility—a lesson which, notwithstanding a long course of study, even cabinet ministers have sometimes failed to imbibe.

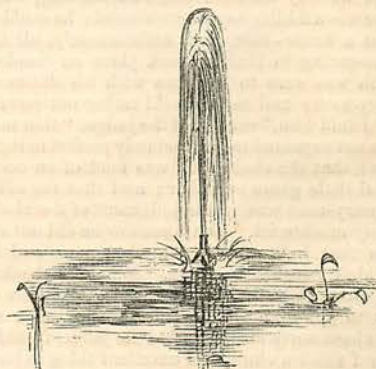
There is one institution connected with the Temple without which any description of the place would be deplorably incomplete—the laundress. The laundress has no mangle. She never does up fine linen. The mysteries of clear-starching are unknown to her. She is one of those beings who pass through life under the incubus of a misnomer. To each set of chambers a laundress is attached—an ancient dame, ill dressed and garrulous. Her duties are simple and clearly defined. She possesses a key to the chambers, and lets herself in every morning, and lights the fire and arranges the breakfast-table. She is, in fact, a servant that doesn't live on the premises—a visiting housekeeper. If you are wise, never enter into conversation with this old lady. Her powers as a conversationalist are considerable. What agonies have been endured by the unfortunate but forgiving scribe now penning these lines through the unexampled garrulity of Mrs. Crips, now happily deceased! Why would she commence every

morning, without a note of warning, to dilate on the virtues of Mr. Jennings, the late occupant of the chambers, and why, having commenced, would she refuse, in spite of indifference or of menace, to leave off? She has been known after a forcible ejection from the apartment to continue the monologue in the scullery, with no audience but the saucepans. The ways of the laundress are wonderful. She never removes her bonnet, because her "air is so very thin atop, Sir." She might be more cleanly in her person with advantage to her employers. But with all her little eccentricities she has her strong point. She is honest. Your brandy is safe, and your lump-sugar lying exposed will remain intact. You are not insulted by fictions of half-lobsters devoured by cats, or sherry leaking through the bottom of new decanters. You—

But the old-fashioned dial standing in Pump Court, with its quaint superscribed intimation,

"SHADOWS WE ARE,  
AND LIKE SHADOWS DEPART,"

tells us that we have lingered long. Here once lingered Charles Lamb, and recalling the sensations that this very dial awakened in him when a boy, dwelt on its dearly loved perfections. "What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood eager to detect its movement, never catched—nice as an evanescent cloud or the first arrests of sleep!"



TEMPLE FOUNTAIN.

TOWARD the end of that very instructive and entertaining work, Nordhoff's *California*, recently published by the Harpers, are a few anecdotes that are so racy of the soil and so good that we transfer them to the Drawer:

"That a new place like Bakersfield should not have a church is not surprising," said I to the judge; "but you Havilah people ought to be ashamed that your town has neither church nor Sunday-school."

We were lying about the fire, after supper, smoking our cigars with that lazy contentment which follows a long day in the saddle. There were half a dozen of us—a Californian who had lived in Arizona; an Englishman who had lived



## Editor's Drawer.

### OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

#### COVENT GARDEN.



**Y**OU remember how charmingly the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table describes the way in which memory and imagination are reached through the sense of smell? Well, if you wanted an illustration of Dr. Holmes's theory,

you would be sure to get it by walking through the main avenue of Covent Garden Market. The scent of English fruit, of rosy apples and melting pears, sends one back to the paternal orchard, with the juvenile and secret excursions across its wall; or, again, a wave of air charged with the luscious odor of the melon calls up that happy holiday when you "did" Southern Europe; while the scent of the immense bouquets, in their holders of lace-like paper, sends you back to the night of Madame Contraltolini's benefit—stalls, foot-lights, stage, all suddenly appear before you, with the prima donna bowing low as the applause deepens, as the huge shower of brilliant vegetables falls about her, as the Princess Mary of Cambridge claps her plump hands in the royal box and smiles benignly.

But Covent Garden Market is a pleasant place to walk in for other reasons than its stim-

ulating effect on the memory. There are interesting sights and sounds to see and to hear, as well as pleasant odors to inhale. In the very early morning, when the first streaks of light begin to frighten away the gray shadows, while as yet the city is wrapped in slumber, and the air so free of the clamor and rattle of commerce that we can hear the distant city clocks striking, and catch the *tramp, tramp* of some untimely pedestrian a street off—at this unearthly hour there is bustle and noise in the surroundings of the market. Immense wagons laden with fruit and vegetables have drawn up, and are being unloaded. Carters in white smock-frocks and corduroy trowsers, on the extremities of which layers of country mud are visible, smoke the early pipe and imbibe the early pint of beer. The drowsy policeman, anxiously anticipating relief, gazes stupidly on the noisy bucolics, and yawns. From an adjacent archway a beggar crawls out,

"Homeless, ragged, and tanned;"

he has passed the night in an empty case. He stretches his arms, rubs his eyes, glances furtively in the direction of the policeman, and shuffles away uneasily to commence the duties of a new day.

But the proper time to visit the market is about mid-day or in the afternoon. The shops and stalls are gay with a show of fruits and flowers, while the pavement of the main avenue is





MAIN AVENUE.

crowded with purchasers or promenaders. That elegantly dressed lady, with the profusion of flaxen curls (they were a brilliant auburn last month) is an actress tripping off to rehearsal. The white-faced, eager man in seedy black is a clerk out of work. That clergyman with the dark shaggy eyebrows and the gold spectacles is the celebrated Dr. Cumming, whose church is within a minute's walk. And observe how the High-Church curate, with the long coat and preposterous hat, calmly turns up his nose as the Presbyterian divine, unheeding, ambles past. Here a bevy of merry girls, followed by a footman, stand admiring the huge bunches of grapes, and the immense pears at "two guineas each." And admiring the bevy at a respectful distance, but in an effective attitude, stands the irrepressi-

ble 'Arry, smoking the rankest cigar ever manufactured, and passing his fingers, glittering with mock jewelry, through his reeking locks. A great number of the shop and stall keepers are of the Hebrew persuasion. The Jewish features, the loud attire, the wonderful rings and watch-guards, the marvelously scented curls, bespeak their descent almost as distinctly as the names inscribed above their establishments: Moseses, Isaacs, Davids, Abrams, meet you at every turn. Above the entrance of the market is a broad balcony, to which we mount by two flights of stone steps. Here is quite an array of ever-greens in flower-pots, of birds, and of gold-fish. On one side you look through a window into the market. The color and movement make an effective picture. On the other side are the streets.

Yonder is Drury Lane, and there is the dome of the Opera-house glittering in the sunshine, while on every hand stretches a monotonous panorama of chimney-pots. We descend. Outside the central avenue of the market, and seeming to be a continuation of it, are a number of extemporized stalls, kept for the most part by Irish-women. They cater for those of moderate desires and small purses. "What'll yer honor be afther buyin' this mornin'?" "Arrah, look here, Sir. Did ye ever see such apples as thim? Sure they're rale beauties." On the roadway in front are a number of flower-girls making persistent efforts to dispose of little bunches of roses and geraniums suitable for the adornment of the button-hole of adolescence.

In the square surrounding the market are one or two London institutions worth visiting. Rockley's is one of them. Rockley's is a wine bar, much frequented by actors and the small fry of literature. On any day in the year you will be pretty sure to meet a considerable number of London performers here, if you select the right hour. We have selected the right hour. That tall, gaunt man with the heavy black mustache is a "celebrated tragedian whom no one ever goes to see." He has his little peculiarities, like the best of us, his most engaging characteristic being his sublime conceit. His adventures and the conspicuous merit of his impersonations form the staple of his conversation. "Ave you ever seen me play 'Amlet, Sir? No? Ah! then you never 'ave seen 'Amlet played." The dapper little gentleman who slaps every body on the back, and is so full of sly jokes, is an author. He has written a farce or two, and innumerable poems in magazines. You observe that the back pocket of his coat sticks out a good deal. That's his volume. If you wait long enough you'll see him take out the volume and indicate its most meritorious contents to some admirer. The piebald man with the Astrakhan collar to his coat is editor of a moribund magazine; he promises more and pays less to his contributors than any editor in London. The shy young gentleman with the languid eyes is *jeune premier* at one of the small comedy theatres. He is a great admirer of the funny bard, and whenever he sees the object of his admiration on the brink of a joke he says to those nearest him, "Hush! he's going to say something original." One likes to witness such tender evidences of hero-worship. The small gentleman with the eyeglass is the most famous low comedian in the country—the



IRISH APPLE-WOMAN.

life and soul of a company in the Strand during one half of the year, and the delight of the provinces during the other. The conversation of Thespians, however, is seldom very exhilarating, and, indeed, to the uninitiated is generally unintelligible.

There is another institution in Covent Garden worthy of a visit. Who that has read Thackeray does not remember the Back Kitchen? Hither Pendermis was wont to resort and enjoy social converse with the other writers on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Here it was that dear old Colonel Newcome so surprised the company by denouncing tipsy and disreputable Captain Costigan, and roundly abused the assembled wits for encouraging that Hibernian officer in singing his nasty songs. But the Back Kitchen of Colonel Newcome's days is no more, or, at all events, has so sadly changed that none of its old frequenters would be likely to recognize it. In place of the rough and homely room in which one actually saw the chops and steaks cooked, in which the beer went round in dingy tankards, in which a chairman was installed—pompous but affable—calling to the gentlemen present to give their orders in the intervals between the songs, there has sprung up a spacious and beautifully decorated supper-room, with a multitude of frescoes, innumerable mirrors, a whole army of act-



"'AVE YOU EVER SEEN ME PLAY 'AMLET, SIR?"

ive waiters, and a choir of well-trained boys singing glees and choruses. It is true that the literary man and the artist still stroll in of a night to hear the fresh voices of the boys warbling,

"Oh, who will o'er the downs with me?"

It is true that Paddy Green, once proprietor, now manager, still hovers about the scene with rosy cheek and twinkling eye. He still has a cheery welcome for his guests, and is as full of joke and anecdote as of yore. Stimulated possibly by the success of Mr. Planche's *Recollections*, this most jovial of hosts is at present engaged in writing a history of his house, which will, no doubt, be supplemented by a chatty and interesting record of his memories of celebrated customers.

But the Back Kitchen is no more. It is gone as absolutely as the Mermaid of Shakspeare's time, the ordinary of Congreve's day, the Turk's Head of Dr. Johnson's period, and its large and gaudy successor has a larger and gaudier audience than that which erewhile assembled to hear Captain Costigan sing his melodies. Thus one by one institutions pass away. Can't we see from Hogarth's picture that Tom King's Coffee-house once stood near this very spot? And a pretty row is taking place as we glance through the door which the artist has left open. Fielding many a time has passed this way; and Addison, himself "not incapable of Bacchus," has walked this pavement, while Dick Steele has been hauled from its neighborhood by bailiffs, and ignominiously immured in a dungeon. Earlier still, in "King Charles his time," the gallant and the wit, as it was the custom to call the empty-pated and aristocratic bullies of the time, attended ordinaries here, and dined, and fought the watch, and arranged abductions, and insulted inferiors, and got drunk nightly, swearing by the king and the constitution,

"Like fine old English gentlemen,  
All of the olden time."

The Covent Garden Opera-house, with its great portico and imposing columns, is full of mem-



CHILDREN SEEKING ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

ories. As we pass the main entrance the sound of children's voices is borne on the air, and proceeding in the direction of the noise we turn down a side street and arrive at the stage-door, round which a crowd of little boys and girls are pressing. Some are accompanied by their mothers; most of them have come alone. Poor little souls! they are seeking for engagements for the forthcoming pantomime. Some of them are merry enough, but the majority are pale and anxious-looking. All bear more or less distinctly the marks of poverty. The battle of life begins untimely with a London child.

As part of the current humorous history of the West we are furnished with the following from a late number of the *St. Louis Democrat*. It shows, in playful terms, the gentle spirit that pervades the bosom of the man of the frontier:

"DOVER, October 3, 1872.

"MY DEAR BOY,—The double-barrel that you sent came safely to hand, and I was only shot at once while I was carrying it home. Bill Slivers popped at me from behind the fence as I was passing his house, but I had loaded the two-shooter as soon as I got it, and he didn't jump from behind that fence but once.

"I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I needed it for long-range practice. The other I can fill with buck-shot, and can riddle a man nicely at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jett's when I meet them. You see, old man Jett stole a mule from him in the war, and when it was over pap laid for him and killed him. Then Nigger Tom Jett, as we called him—the black-faced one—he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked a fuss with Tom, and cut him into giblets, and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know it is his turn, but I think my double-barrel will prove too much for him.

"If you want to see fun, come down for a while and bring a rifle. It don't make any difference which side you belong to, and it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It is easy to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig-pen is one of the sweetest hiding-places I know of, and it is so handy! A good many people come within range in the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly.

"I wish you would send me a catalogue of Sunday-school books, with the prices, if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time, we will take a big lot of books. I am superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school now, and am running it under a full head of steam. Old man Byers, who was turned out, is right mad about it, and swears that he will claw me up; but he will claw lead if he don't keep clear of me.

"My wife wants to know if you can't send her a set of teeth without her getting measured for them. Her \$25 set was busted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth; but it didn't hurt her tongue. Write soon to your friend and pard,

P.S.—That sneaking, ornery cuss, Sam Jett, crept up last night and fired at me through the window, but he didn't happen to kill any body except a nigger girl. I mean to go for him, though, to-day, and will be glad of a chance to try the double-barrel."

VERY much of the pine wood which gave name to the region so long known as the Pines of New Jersey has been cut and taken away, some as cord-wood for fuel, and a good deal as charcoal. This is especially so near the shore, where it was convenient for shipping. It is on the coasts of the pine lands that many boarders are to be found in the summer, and gentlemen also are to be found frequenting these places later in the season for the purpose of wild-duck shooting. A number of years ago the minister of the then little Methodist church gave notice that as it would soon be time for the city gentry to come out with their families, it was necessary to have the church cleaned and whitewashed, and for

that purpose a collection would be taken up. The steward was directed to pass the plate, and the people were enjoined to give liberally. It was in the old time of the multifarious bank-bills and the huge copper pennies. The steward had passed the plate, and returned with the collection. This the preacher counted, and found to be seventeen cents. After citing the stale example of Alexander the coppersmith, he said: "My friends, we can't clean and whitewash this meeting-house for seventeen cents. Brother, you will pass the plate round again." It happened that a New York gentleman was present, much in the character of the first swallow of summer, and he deposited a five-dollar bank-bill in the plate. When the plate was returned it contained, besides the bill, six more of the big cents. Not noticing the cents, the minister took up the bill, looked at the denomination, and was astonished; then rubbed the paper to test its quality, then held it up to the light, seemingly dubious of its character. Then he spoke:

"Brethren, we've got enough this time to clean and whitewash the meeting-house—that is, if this 'ere bill is good!"

Just imagine the felinx of that New York gentleman! But then it is good gospel to suffer in well-doing.

THE following came under the writer's own notice. The subject of this anecdote has also gone the way of the fathers. We were going to a preaching which the good man was anxious to sustain. On the way he and the minister got talking on religion. Said the minister:

"Mr. Thomas, I am afraid that very few of us pay sufficient attention to spiritual matters."

The reply, given with genuine seriousness by the old man, was,

"That's a fact, dominie; there ain't none of us that attends as we'd ought to to the solar system."

BISHOP VAIL, of Kansas, tells a little tale that illustrates forcibly the free-and-easy way of life of the frontiersman, and the scant ceremony with which his funeral services are conducted. "In one little grave-yard where I happened to be walking," said the bishop, "there were twenty-seven graves, and my informant, who discharged the office of undertaker, told me that the occupants of twenty-six of them were killed in affrays, or, as he pithily expressed it, died and were buried *with their boots on*." The twenty-seventh grave was that of a child.

THERE are many who hold in blessed memory the sainted Dr. Cannon, Professor of Pastoral Theology and Church History in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church. He was indeed a gentleman of the olden time, preserving even to the last the costume of a hundred years ago. He held the relation of a brother in affection to Dominie Comfort, of the Presbyterian church of Kingston, New Jersey. On one occasion he heard Mr. Comfort preach, and at dinner remarked,

"Brother Comfort, I overheard an old lady saying this morning the dominie's sermon was very comforting."

To which the said Comfort responded,

"Only a natural consequence, my good broth-

# Editor's Drawer.

## OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

### THE ARTISTS' QUARTER.



**SITUATED** on the borders of Bloomsbury, bounded on one side by Oxford Street, and on the other by Euston Road, within easy walking distance of the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Royal Academy, lies what was at one time very distinctly the Artists' Quarter in London. It is less distinctly so now. The great men have taken their flight to the suburbs, and set up their easels in the respectable atmosphere of Kensington or St. John's Wood. Their exodus, however, has not effected a change amounting to revolution. Their memory clings round the spot. Flaxman had a house here. Maclise's studio was hired here. And even still some celebrated painters remain within its sacred borders. In Fitzroy Square resides the founder of the pre-Raphaelite school. In Fitzroy Street dwells Mr. Frost, whose nudities have given him universal reputation, and who may be seen, habited in sober black, quietly feeding the sparrows in Regent's Park on any morning in the year. Charlotte Street and Newman Street still shelter a number of followers of the arts. The long windows of good aspect attract inmates, and nearly every first floor is a studio. The locality has a faded look. An air of gentle melancholy pervades it. The tenements have clearly seen very much better days. The immemorial presence of artists has not improved the moral tone of the region. Peter Pindar relates in one of his poems how he wandered hither once, and how his wanderings had no very virtuous result. Models from Hatton Garden flit about—the Italian girl, with dark glittering eyes, wonderful black hair, and picturesque costume; the Swiss peasant in

dirty sheep-skin and faded sombrero ornamented with quantities of gay ribbon; the disreputable native model—the old man with shaking

hand, faded eye, unwashed face, and a constantly expressed desire for "half a quartern of cool, refreshin' gin." Street musicians, themselves artists of a sort, affect the streets. A German band of some twenty performers will bray under unoffending houses by the hour, and actually send round for contributions at the conclusion of the infiction. Organ-grinders, unmindful of gentle entreaties or rough commands to depart, ex-

haust their entire repertoire to the delight of the children, who dance on the greasy pavement. An elderly performer on a tin whistle regularly patrols the streets, and manages to maintain himself on bribes given him to "go away."

In this net-work of streets is your true Bohemia. In the dingy first floors of these houses what dreams have been dreamed by young Salvator Rosas coming to town for the first time!



MR. FROST FEEDING SPARROWS.

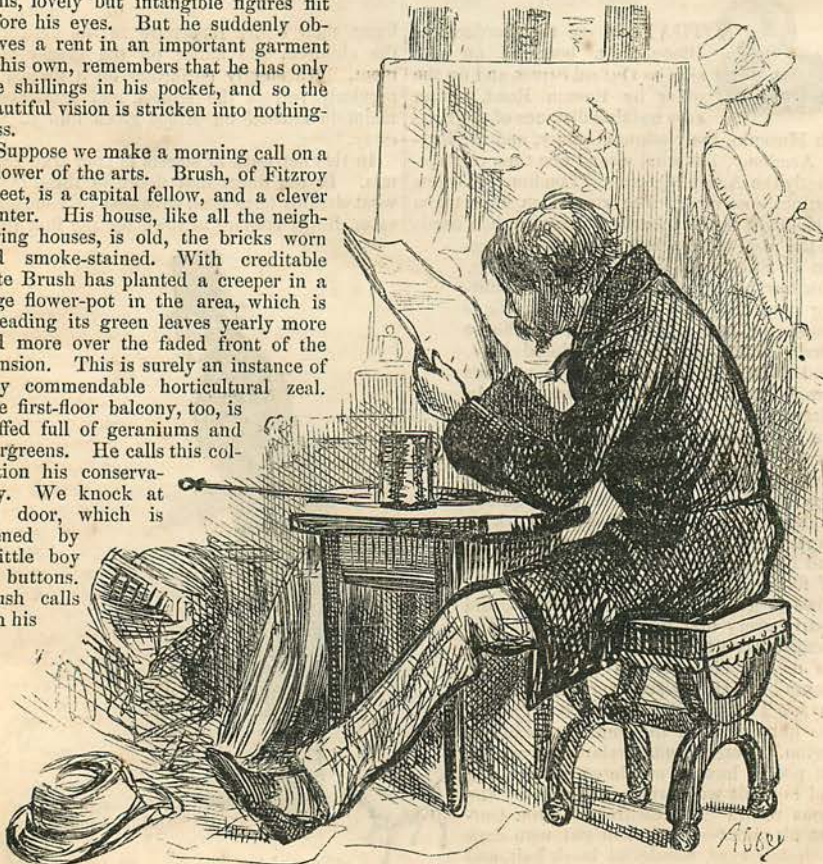
The British student looks to this metropolis as the Italian to Rome—

And at night, along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn,  
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men.

But the distant view is often superior to the near experience. The light is frequently discovered to be a dull yellow flickering illumination, and the throngs of men cruelly unsympathetic and jostling. However, he has his first floor in Bohemia, and can console himself with dreams. What pictures he will paint! What Academy honors he will win! What lasting fame he will achieve! How sternly he will set about correcting the public taste so notoriously degraded! Aerial architecture is the favorite occupation of your young artist. With a short clay pipe in his mouth he sits by the fire and constructs most elaborate edifices out of the blue smoke. He erects vast and beautiful temples which reach away toward heaven, gloriously fretted and inwrought with imaginary gold. Divine and thrilling sounds of many instruments, intrinsically choruses of sweet voices, float upon the air, filling the dim and misty aisles; fair scenes are described upon the gossamer walls, lovely but intangible figures flit before his eyes. But he suddenly observes a rent in an important garment of his own, remembers that he has only five shillings in his pocket, and so the beautiful vision is stricken into nothingness.

Suppose we make a morning call on a follower of the arts. Brush, of Fitzroy Street, is a capital fellow, and a clever painter. His house, like all the neighboring houses, is old, the bricks worn and smoke-stained. With creditable taste Brush has planted a creeper in a huge flower-pot in the area, which is spreading its green leaves yearly more and more over the faded front of the mansion. This is surely an instance of very commendable horticultural zeal. The first-floor balcony, too, is stuffed full of geraniums and evergreens. He calls this collection his conservatory. We knock at the door, which is opened by a little boy in buttons. Brush calls him his

body-servant, and declares that the effect of the young gentleman's livery upon visitors is very great. "Is Mr. Brush in?" "Which he is in, Sir. You'll find 'im hup stairs in 'is stewjo." The studio is the front-room with the balcony and the geraniums. It is a very large apartment, having three tall windows facing the street. A scene of unutterable confusion bursts upon us. There is a place for nothing, and therefore every thing is scattered about haphazard. A lay figure, on the extended arm of which hangs the artist's coat, and on the head of which is a Roman helmet, occupies the centre of the floor. A suit of old armor has tumbled down in an adjacent corner, looking like a warrior who had become very drunk indeed, and then suddenly collapsed. A red curtain on a brass rod cuts the room into two parts. The curtain, however, is drawn, and we see a couple of easels beyond with canvases on them. Small tables besmeared with paint, and covered with palettes, brushes, color-tubes, and maul-sticks, impede the way. Brush himself is sitting at the fire, smoking and reading. He is habited in an old dressing-gown much bedaubed with burnt sienna and other pigments. He is reading in the *Athenæum* an account of one of his own pictures. He declares it to be the only interesting reading going nowadays. Brush is about



BRUSH "AT WORK."

twenty-six years of age, so that what the very old days of his inference were like is difficult to say. He greets his morning visitors kindly, and having with some difficulty conveyed chairs to the fire, knocking down several articles of furniture in the effort, he enters gayly into conversation. It is amusing to notice the easy familiarity with which he talks of the great Academicians, for the majority of whom he has nicknames, and concerning all of whom he has an endless variety of anecdotes more or less founded in fact. For men whom the public patronize largely he expresses ineffable contempt, and settles the claims of leading painters by a shake of the head or a skeptical sneer. Even newly discovered specimens of the old masters dissatisfy him. If a new batch of Raphaels were unearthed, he would describe them as one or two things that the distinguished artist had forgotten to burn. But notwithstanding this growling under-tone, Brush is genial, hearty, and hospitable.

He kindly permits us to inspect a nearly finished picture on one of the easels. It represents a fiddler at a fair in the last stage of intoxication. The expression is admirably caught, and the work as a whole full of humor. We ask for the title of the picture. "Well, I had intended calling him 'The Drunken Fiddler,' which describes him literally. However, I'm afraid I'll have to consult the wishes of a chaste public, and call him 'The Inebriated Violinist,' with a line from Tennyson or Browning under him in the catalogue." From which it will be seen that Brush can joke about his own pictures as well as about those of other people. While we are examining the work the door opens, and the original of the inebriated violinist sidles in, keeping close to the wall, and nervously turning his hat round in his hands. He smells horribly of whisky- and-water. "Good-mornin', Mr. Brush, Sir. I 'ope as 'ow I'm not be'ind my time, Sir; but the rheumatiz is very bad this mornin', an' my heyes isn't wot they was. Doctor says I must 'ave a hoperation, though wot with the price of coals an' butcher's-meat, I dunno 'ow I'm to pay for it, Sir." Brush checks the torrent of his model's garrulity; and knowing that his day's work must now commence, we take our leave.

In the smaller streets a good many French artists of small ability have set up their tents. They dress chiefly in black velvet coats with very broad braid, allow their locks to grow to an abnormal length, and carefully wax the extremities of their mustaches. Every man among them believes himself to be a second Horace Vernet, regards English art with infinite contempt, and describes English artists as Philistines of the most unperceptive type. They never joke, these men, but their conversation is enlivened by accompanying theatrical gestures, shrugs of the shoulders, elevation of the eyebrows, and strange facial contortions. They paint pictures in the grand style, but it is to be feared that they don't often sell them, and have to make out a subsistence as best they can by copying, by assisting in the studios of distin-

guished Philistines, or by aiding the undistinguished Philistines in Percy Street to manufacture "old masters" by the yard.

Rathbone Place is the strait by which the voyager from Oxford Street approaches Bohemia. The shops in it bear witness to the neighborhood of artists. Windsor and Newton and Rowney dispense their colors and other studio materials here, the Autotype Company displays its copies of celebrated pictures, and a number of print and photographic establishments invite the attention of the passer-by. The wine-merchant and the tobacconist, too, seem to do a thriving trade, and the fat and sottish publican who stands at the door of the Red Lion appears to be a prosperous man. But now we have reached Oxford Street, near the spot where De Quincey met with Anne, and here our sketch of the Artists' Quarter must end.



## ARTISTS MATERIALS

WHEN Newman Hall was in Philadelphia in 1870 he lectured the short time he spent there constantly, sometimes on Sundays preaching four or five times. Your correspondent, with a party, started to hear him at an evening service. He was announced at six at a church far up town, and for eight o'clock at St. Thomas's. Though we none of us knew the church by name, its location and the hour were so convenient, we decided upon hearing him there. Arriving an hour before the time, in the hope of thus securing seats, we found St. Thomas's to be a colored people's church, and the services already fully under way—having their own services beforehand, we discovered upon getting in.

We were received at the door by ushers in dress-coats and white ties and gloves, and taken to seats in the galleries, the rest of the church being already packed, aisles and all, with a mixture of white and black folks.

A moment after we were seated, as a prayer was ended, "Brother Newton" was announced—and it is to record some of his pungent utterances this is being written. Among other things he said:

"We are going to beg to-night, while we've got a lot of you of both colors here, for some