

Opposite M'Gillavery House, one of the hotels before mentioned, stood, or to be mathematically correct leaned, the boarding establishment of Mrs. Doolittle, a popular hiding-place for the great unnamed. This was a narrow house, stretching away to the back of the lot amid brickbats, which winter frosts and spring winds had worked from the wall of the adjoining block, broken crockery, and jagged tins which glistened in dreary splendour whenever an accidental beam of sunlight slanted across the shingles of the disreputable hotel on the other side of the road. Within appeared an almost impertinent paucity of furniture. In the hall there were a rusted stove surmounted by dented pipes which leaked and smelt, two chairs which had long ago discarded their backs, and a row of wooden pegs primarily intended for the support of hats and overcoats of the lodgers, had they been so fortunate as to possess such articles, or so foolish as to leave them there. The dining-room boasted an uneven trestle table, which was overturned on occasion with all its contents during the ordinary course of a fight, a few forms, and a ridiculous square of oil-cloth, nailed to the centre of the floor, like an oasis in the desert, and washed by the Icelandic servant once a week. Upon the calsomined side wall hung an almanack beneath a picture fearfully depicting Jael concluding the earthly career of Sisera. A shelf ran along the entire length of the wall opposite the window, and upon this shelf were arranged a number of meal tickets and a metal punch. Each lodger was supplied with a ticket, good for twelve meals, upon payment of two dollars, which sum also included the use of a straw mattress and a blanket ;