

an usurer." I am not indifferent to the fact that Samuel Titmarsh was a clerk in an Insurance office in Cornhill; that Mr Carker, showing all his teeth, used to ride up Cheapside on a "gleaming bay" on his road home of evenings from Mr. Dombey's warehouse, which lay in a byway towards Leadenhall Street; that Dobbin and Joe Sedley stayed at Slaughter's Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane; that Ferdinand Armine, of *Henrietta Temple*, and old Sedley, with little George Osborn, of *Vanity Fair*, were fond of roaming in Kensington Gardens; that Clem Peckover and Bob Hewett, of Gissing's *Nether World*, loitered on the Embankment and leaned over the parapet between Waterloo Bridge and Temple Pier looking at the river, whilst Clem was subtly tempting Hewett to murder her husband, so that the two might go off together with his money—I am not indifferent to those and scores of other such memories though I have said nothing about them in these pages. I could take you to Tower Hill and show you where Vincent Scattergood, of Albert Smith's *Scattergood Family*, gazed about him and ruminated, leaning up against the railings of Trinity Square; and the last time I crossed Waterloo Bridge and noticed the shot tower, I remembered that, in the same story, Fogg, the dramatist, who lived in a blind court off Drury Lane, used to cross it too, on his way to the Surrey Theatre, in Blackfriars