

and Best House in the Neighborhood for Cord and Cloth Clothing of every description.

**THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND SLAP-UP TOG AND OUT-AND-OUT KICKSIES BUILDER,**

Nabs the chance of putting his customers awake that he has just made his escape from Canada, not forgetting to clap his mawleys on a rare dose of stuff, but on his return home was stunned to tumble against one of the Tip-top Manufacturers of Manchester, who had stuck to the gill, cut his lucky from his drum, and about vamous-ing off to the Swan-Stream, leaving behind him a Valuable Stock of Moleskins, Cords, Velveteens, Plushes, Doeskins, Box-Cloths, Pilots, &c. &c., and having the ready in his kick, grabbed the chance, stepped home with the swag, and his now safely landed at his crib; he can turn out Togery very slap-up, to hok all the Slop shops in the Neighborhood, at the following low prices—  
—for

**READY GILT—TICK BEING NO GO:**

Upper Benjamins, built on a downy plan, a monarch to half-a-finnuff. Proper-cut fogs, for Business or Pleasure, turned out slap, 1 pound; Sneaking or Lounging Togs, at any price you name. Fancy Sleeve Blue Plush, Pilot or Box-Cloth Vests, cut saucy, a cutter; Black or Grey Vests, made to flash the dicky or tight up round the scrag, from six and a tanner; Ditto ditto Sealskin, Buckskin, Doeskin, Moleskin, Deerskin, Chamolskin, or any other skin, made to order at 6 hours' notice. Pair of Kerseymere or Fancy Doeskin Kicksies, any color, cut peg-top, half-tights, or to drop down over the trotters, from nine and a tanner to 21 bob; Double-milled Drab or Plum Box, built in the Melton-Mowbray style (by men) at four-and twenty bob; Worsted or Bedford Cords in every color, cut very slap, with the artful dodge, a canary; Pair of Out-and-out Cords, built very serious, from six bob and a kick, upwards; Rare Fancy Cords, cut awfully loud, 9 times; Pair or Bang-up or Constitution Cords, 14 and a half; Pair of Moleskins, any color, built hanky-spanky, with a double fakement down the sides and artful buttons at the bottom, half a monarch; Out-and-out Black Doe Trousers, which stun all comers, made to measure in any style, 14 and a tanner.

Beware of the Worthless Imitations made by the Roughts at the same price.  
Liveries, Mud Pipes, Knee Caps, and Trotter Cases built very low.  
A Large Assortment of Caps to fit all sorts of Nuts.  
A decent allowance made to Seedy Swells, Tea-Kettle Purgers, Quill Drivers, Mushroom Fakers, Counter Jumpers, Organ Grinders, Bruisers, Head Bobbers, and Flunkies out of Collar.  
Shallow Cozes, See Sailors, or Fellows on the High-fly rigged out on the shortest notice.  
Kid's Clothing of every description kept ready-made or made to measure.  
Gentlemen finding their own Broady can be accommodated.

"That's his way of advertising, Tony," said Stocks. "Very good way it is, too, considering the neighborhood. Whitechapel people rather like to be thought a bit 'fly,' and he seems to know it. We ain't above five minutes from the Alfred now; best chuck away the stump of cigar. Down here!"

And we diverged into a narrow dirty thoroughfare of wretched little one-story houses, the occupants of which seemed to have devoted themselves almost exclusively to shoe-binding, cobbling, artificial-flower making and mangling—though were the linen came from that required mangling was a mystery indeed.

At the door of one of these habitations lounged a somewhat untidy and unwashed gentleman in shirt-sleeves none of the cleanest. He was holding sweet commune with a kindred spirit in the chimney-sweeping line, and they seemed together to have arrived at a mutual agreement upon some point; for as we approached, he of the shirt-sleeves turned lazily and unsteadily round, and yelled up the passage of his mansion:

"Bill-ee!"  
"Ulo-o-o!" from the far end of the passage.  
"Kim 'ere! Look sharp!"  
Bill-ee appeared in person forthwith.  
"Bill-ee (Give us tuppence, Joe?), cut round to Webb's—Webb's this time, mind yer!—cut round to Webb's, and fetch another pot of 'umble. 'Old 'ard, now. Do as yer told, and go to Webb's. You're—fond of the Lion, 'cos it's a yard or so nearer. Go on, now, an' look sharp back. Ah," added shirt-sleeves, leaning round with a fishy gaze and a maudlin shake of his unkempt head, "blow them as 'ud rob a poor bloke of his ponghelo! Lord send as 'ow it war a penny a gallon, so as hevery cove could git a skilful for 'arf a dollar!"

His friend gave vent to an expressive "Ah;" and the sentiment seemed to meet with general sympathy from five or six tattered demitons who were leaning round the next doorway.  
We proceeded on; and arriving at the end of the street, turned sharply to the right.  
"Here we are; 'bout fifty yards farther on," said Stocks. "Wait half a minute outside, while I go across the road and get two or three smokes—they've got nothing but pickwicks in there, and bad at that!"  
He left me contemplating the exterior of a dirty and very questionable-looking little beer-shop—on the collar-flap of which a gentleman, dressed in a "guernsey," was executing an elaborate "double-shuffle." The survey wasn't re-

assuring, and I walked round the corner, where I was suddenly confronted by a young lady in a very low-necked dress, with short sleeves that displayed a pair of muscular red arms to their fullest advantage; head-covering she had none, unless a mammoth chignon may be considered such; and one eye was very suggestive of a fading rainbow.

"Porkey up-stairs, young man?"  
I had an idea that I'd heard the name before somewhere.

"Porkey, Porkey!" I said. "Who on earth's Porkey? Can't say I know him."  
"You know; Porkey Cannon—Joe Cannon; got a sleeve-weskit on, and a billycock. He's a-sparrin' now—leastways, he oughter be. He said he wouldn't be later than seven or a quarter-past, an' he's alwis in about time."

I would have answered, but my fair interlocutor, catching a glimpse of a bullet-head and a square pair of shoulders inside the bar, said:  
"Cuss 'im, there he is!" and pushed her way in forthwith.

I, seeing Stocks crossing the road, followed after, in time to catch a murmur of complaint from Mr. Cannon that

"It was — 'ard as a man couldn't drop into a 'ouse to 'ave a civil pint with 'is pal, but wot he must 'ave — wench fly-blowin' about arter 'im."

And the lady of his love, feeling herself thus indirectly rebuked, excused herself on the ground that it wasn't her intention to have disturbed Mr. P. C. in his moments of relaxation, only that a young man outside had informed her that he (Mr. C.) was one of the company present, and "ad bin a-sparrin'."

"Wot young man?" inquired Porkey, scowling round the bar in a manner that boded ill for the object of his resentment.

"Why, a 'spectable-looking young chap as wos— O, there he is!" And the fair one directed an appealing and expressive glance at me, which obviously showed that she wished me to corroborate her.

"That ain't good enough for me," scornfully remarked Mr. Cannon; "the gentleman and me is puffed strangers. Wos that right, sir, wot she was a-sayin' of jist now?"

"Well, that wasn't exactly the way it occurred," I said, with what I intended for a conciliatory smile.

"No, I knowed—well it wosn't; that kid ain't good enough for me, old duchess. 'Ave a drop 'long o' me," said Porkey, in a mollified tone. "Wot's it to be?"

"Drop o' stout-and-mild, Joe," curtly answered his lady.

"Drink, old man," said Porkey, extending the pot towards me; and I drank deeply—so deeply, in fact, that by the expression on Mr. Cannon's countenance I fancied I had secured a place in his esteem. Then he indulged in a little affectionate horseplay with his beloved; and on Stocks handing me a cigar, I stepped to the other side of the bar for a light, and to inspect a long yellow placard which was tacked to the bar partition. *Verbatim et literalim* it ran:

**Immense Attraction! Grand Extra Night!**

THE SKULL-CRACKER'S ARMS, COBWED-STREET, CATSMEAT-SQUARE.

**A GRAND CONCERT AND BALL**

Will take place at the above House, in aid of the Funds of the Laisly Cabman's Society, they having exhausted all their ready Cash during the late severe Weather.

Chairman: LONG SNOW, the Haymarket Ghost.

The following talented gents have consented to appear:

Industrious CHARLEY JONES and UPHAM, from Clapham, will sing a duet.

Little CURLEY, by permission of Mr. Lotton of the Lord Raglan, will appear in Character.

Long JIM will squint Blink Bonny, 30 minutes, for 25 a-side.

Signor PHEBY will sing "Nix my Dolly, Pais, fake away."

Mr. JACK BROWN will sing "We've swept the Seas before, Boys," and, by the kind permission of Mr. Fakes, the Pawnbroker, will exhibit his Wonderful Lamp.

PIN WIRE will appear, he having pledged his work to drink all the rum that may be called for, and go home sober!

ARTHUR STEVENS will recite "The Faker and the Flatman," after which he will be permitted to sleep in the corner until further notice.

I removed this effusion from the wall, and addressing myself to a listless-looking hobbledohy, who was puffing a long clay at my elbow, asked if he knew what was meant by it, or if it alluded to anybody or anything in particular. He seemed to brighten up for a moment, and looked round the compartment intently. Then he craned his neck over the partition he was leaning against for a second or so, and said, "D'ye hear! Look e're—see 'im wots a-'avin the bread-and-cheese-an' pickles in the fur corner there?"

"Yes," I said.  
"Well" (with significance), "you arst 'im!"  
I refrained, for I thought from the gentleman's appearance, that he mightn't relish impertinent inquiries; and just then in tumbled some seven or eight young men and women,

who very soon made a bear-garden of the place, with their "larking" and horseplay, and, as the din began to abate, I noticed a sound overhead as of a vigorous shuffling of feet, with now and then a scrambling noise followed by a dull heavy thud, of which I half divined the meaning.

"Sparring up-stairs, ain't they?" I asked of the youth I had last spoken to.  
"Ah, Paddy's got 'em on now 'long o' Joe Gardner—leastways 'e wos a-puttin' 'em on wen I come down!"

Presently the noise up-stairs ceased, and suddenly a stream of about twenty or so young fellows came tumbling pell-mell down-stairs into the bar, and the place commenced to ring with shouts for pots of "arf-an-'arf," &c.; then the door separating our compartment was suddenly opened, and a face thickly pitted with small-pox and surmounted by a rather concave nose was protruded inside.

"Good luck t'yer, Paddy! Wot cheer, old man? Wots it ter be? Kim inside," was the greeting accorded our new acquisition from half a dozen throats.

Paddy accordingly came in, and hinted his inclination to partake of the bowl by a suggestive wipe across his lips with his jacket-sleeve.

"Drink, old son!" was his first invitation, from an ugly little man in a corner, who proffered a quart-pot for the hero's acceptance. (I didn't see anything smaller than a quart-pot, by the bye).

Paddy drank, and, having availed himself of about eleven other invitations of a similar nature, must have absorbed into his system at least five pints of malt liquor without being affected thereby—at least to all appearance. Then he turned his attention to business, and inquired hoarsely of a friend,

"Any o' the blokes in the front room, 'Arry? I didn't stop to see as I was a-comin' down."

"Only Stevey," responded the gentleman addressed, "and he is bloomin' well brewed, there's no kil; they put 'im right up there to 'doss' for 'arf a hour, so as to git 'im right a bit. He wos on, s'help me 'atur!"

"Well," quoth Mr. T., meditatively addressing his friends, "ow are we a-goin' on, chaps? Are we a-goin' up now, or wait for Cuttle? It's a-gettin' late!"

Somebody suggested that "Cuttle" was probably "flath kennard" by this time (he was evidently familiar with the habits of the gentleman). So it was decided that festivities should commence forthwith, and Stocks and I, preceded by the bulk of the company, wended our way up-stairs, into a larger and dimly-lighted front room, where upon turning up the gas the recumbent form of Stevey the somnolent was observable on a bench, snoring away mellifluously. This worthy, having been aroused by means of a lighted tobacco-pipe being held under his nostrils, arose, sneezed violently for a minute or so, shook himself, and, giving a stupendous yawn, said,

"Give us 'old o' some ponghelo, some ov yer, good luck t'yer! I wos dry though, s'help me!" said Stevey apologetically to his companion, as he surveyed the tankard with a rueful air. Stevey had absorbed about a pint and a half from the pot proffered him, and his friend didn't half seem to like it; the goblet was therefore duly replenished at Mr. Stevey's expense.

Things didn't seem to be making much progress towards conviviality up to now; the company seemed to be rather conversationally disposed, and sat chatting in little groups of three or four all over the room. I overheard a fragment from the lot nearest me. A stalwart red-faced young woman inquired huskily of a male friend,

"Wot's the matter o' Jarvey?" indicating by a nod a young man with a frightfully-contused optic, who was playing a game of "shove ha'penny" by himself on a bench at the other end of the room.

"'Ow d'yer mean? 'is heye?"

"Ah! Bin in a row, hain't he?"

"H'm! Ah, bin a-sloggin' long o' Nobby Morgan. D'ye hear, Jarvey! Kim 'ere!"

"Now wot is it?" savagely responded the gentleman addressed.

"Who's bin a 'moulin' on yer, old man?" Jocosely asked his friend, for which considerate inquiry he was exhorted to proceed to a place unmentionable to ears polite, and to mind his own sanguinary business.

The first gentleman scoffed at this display of peevishness on his friend's part, and besought him (Mr. Jarvey) to "keep 'is 'air on;" then turning to the lady who had been so solicitous in her inquiries respecting Jarvey, he asked for a reel of cotton, remarking that "Jarvey 'ad got the needle, and wanted something to threadle it with."

Mr. Turner and my friend were holding converse together at the end of the long table just as a gaunt bony man of about fifty odd years entered the room bearing a tin soup-plate, which contained probably fifteen or sixteen shillings in sixpences and three-penny and fourpenny pieces. He came in with a shambling gait and a half-apologetic sort of air, and bore the appearance of a sort of superannuated costermonger—did such a thing exist—and he seemed to suffer from a chronic depression of spirits. Approaching Stocks, he silently presented his plate and received therein a shilling; he brightened up a bit at this and approached me, where upon getting another he assumed quite a joyous expression of countenance, and moved round the room at a thoroughly brisk pace, when, having completed his collection, he made a dive at the door, turned round, gave a violent tug at the peak of his cap by way of a bow, and disappeared into space.

Paddy then suddenly arose, cleared his throat, and said, "Ji t a moment, gentlemen, please;" and silence being established, he commenced to inveigh bitterly against the delinquent "Cuttle."

"Wot I grumbles at," quoth Paddy, "is not 'is disappointin' only myself, but other blokes as wosn't behind in comin' forrard when he (Cuttle) wanted a bob or so bad enough hisself. Any chap take 'is place tiff 'e turns up—if he is a-goin' to turn up? It's bloomin' 'ard lines to be sucked in like this. He's a-boccin' somewhere, you may lay yer life, and forgot all about it. Perhaps Mr. Stocks 'ud oblige—might I ha' the pleasure, sir?"

Stocks assented, and seated himself at the foot of the table, where, having armed himself with a small boxwood hammer, he rapped loudly on the table therewith, called "Order!" three or four times, and announced that "our worthy chair would oblige with the first song."

Mr. Turner coughed, cleared his throat, and having sought inspiration from a long contemplation of the ceiling, together with an equally long pull at a quart-pot, started something in a husky quavering note, and breaking down, said, "That's too 'igh—'old 'ard." Then he went a bit lower, and delivered himself of a quaint chant—you couldn't call it a song—which he told us afterwards was "The Tanyard Side." The chorus ran

"O, no, kind sir, I'm a factory gal, she modestlee replied,  
An' I daily labour for my bread down by the tanyard side."

A hammering of pots and shouts of "Brayvo, Paddy!" greeted Mr. T.'s attempt to break the ice of the evening, and then Stocks inquired,

"What shall we say after that, Paddy?"—an intimation to the singer that a toast or sentiment of some kind was expected of him.

Paddy was prompt to respond. He lifted his goblet, and looking across it, said, "May the road to 'Tiffy 'Hades'" "grow green for the want o' travellers!"

They drank that with gusto.

The chairman then announced that "our worthy wive 'ud oblige;" and Stocks accordingly sang a doleful ballad, of which a certain "Lord William" seemed to be the hero—or villain. He "proved the overthrow" of some confiding maiden, if my memory serves me, and was duly haunted by her in consequence.

Memesis having overtaken the base betrayer in some form or other, this depressing song, with its equally depressing chorus, was brought to a close; but however it was received among the men, it certainly found favour with the female portion of the community. That sort of thing always does among women of that type.

"The call rest with you, brother Chair," said Stocks; and Paddy informed us that our old friend "Young Cocklin" would oblige with the next.

Cocklin then arose, and removing a huge quid from his mouth, took off his cap, flung the quid therein, and replacing the cap on his head, said,

"Well, I'll try 'Flash Company,' chaps; 'an' if I break down, you'll ha' to pick me up."

If Mr. Cocklin's song was descriptive of his own habits, he must have been a bad lot and no mistake. This was the chorus:

"O, darnein', an' drinkin' was all my delight,  
O, drinkin' an' a-darnein' an' a-stoppin' out all night;  
O, a-stoppin' out all night, my boys, like a great many more,

If it 'adn't a-bin for flash company, I should never a-bin so poor!"

This last singer had a pretty tolerable voice, and whatever he lacked in harmony he made up in sheer lung power. A little ovation greeted him on resuming his seat. "Goodo, Cocklin!" "Brayvo-o!" "Anchor!" "Way-oh! Cocklin! D'ye hear, last wass over agin!" And wetting his lips from his neighbour's pot—everybody present seemed to prefer drinking from somebody else's pot rather than his own—Cocklin gave us the last verse again, and on finishing remarked that he believed he was entitled to a call, and he should like to hear some lady sing, as the chaps 'ad bin a-'aving on it all their own way. Would Kate Gallagher oblige? He could see she was a-bustin' to sing.

This little pleasantry was resented by Miss Gallagher playfully hurling an arrowroot biscuit at the last speaker's head. Then she said she didn't mind tryin' one as she knowed on; and Paddy having established order, Katie, after the usual number of little coughs and giggles necessary to the occasion, started on a theme eminently well chosen. She sang a ditty called "The Prisoners' Van," and right manfully did the company give mouth to the chorus:

"Into a vehicle long an' black  
They shoved my fancy man;  
O, my cuss upon the driver  
Wot drove the prisoner wan!"

Miss Gallagher finished; and from the applause and the general remarks made concerning her contribution to the "harmony," it seemed to be considered the song of the evening. It took me by surprise, however, when the chairman rose and said:

"We've 'ad the pleasure o' 'earin' Mr. Stocks, gentlemen; an' I should be werry 'appy 'is friend 'ud oblige. I mean the gentleman wot's a-doin' 'is cigar in the corner there, and a-takin' stock."  
A subdued and anything but enthusiastic rapping of knuckles seconded this jocose invitation.

Now, I didn't care about making a fool o