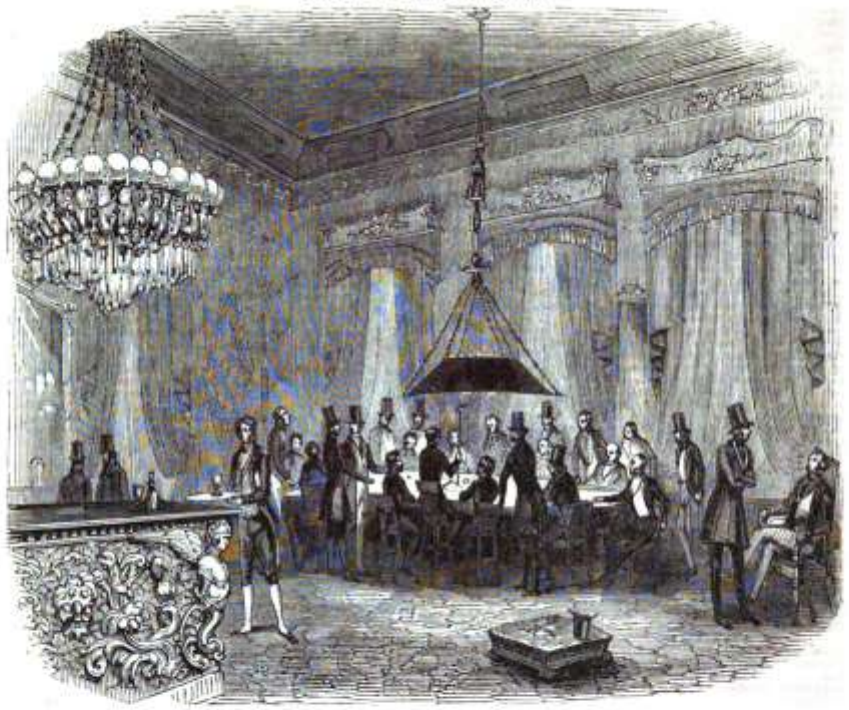
PANDEMONIUM.



LAST week we conducted the reader into the backslums of poverty and crime in the purlieus of fast-decaying St. Giles's, soon we hope to start from its ruins improved in cleanliness and beauty. This number we step into St. James's to pourtray the deserted shrine of avarice and ruin, which still rears its head though its guests have departed and its owner has gone to his last reckoning.

As this article is intended to include not only a description of this magnificent temple of play, but a brief memoir of the public life of its founder and proprietor, we shall waste no space in any preliminary remarks upon the war which has of late been carried on by the police and the parish of St. James's against the various hells of the vicinity, but at once proceed to describe the origin, and trace the history of this interesting building, wherein have been enacted some of the most exciting scenes of LONDON LIFE.

This mansion or pandemonium, as it has been termed, stands on the site whereon formerly stood three or four very substantial dwellings, the leases of which were purchased by the late Mr. Crockford, with a view to the erection of the present stately structure. He had been previously connected with certain parties in other establishments of play, and latterly had been associated with Josiah Taylor, Austin Aldridge, Sutton, and others, at the celebrated aristocratic club, known as Watier's, in Piccadilly, in which place a very large sum of money was realised by the respective proprietors. The game of French Hazard was first introduced at this club, and it is related of Crockford (and we have reason to believe the truth of the report) that in his last season at Watier's, there had been for weeks a continued and uninterrupted run of ill-fortune against the bank, so much so, that it was difficult for the proprietors (although originally considerable capitalists) to raise the funds necessary to make good the repeated losses. Lords Leveson Gower (now Earl Granville) and Foley, Messrs. Bull, Hughes, Kaithe, and others of large fortune and bold adventure, were the parties who nightly entered the field of hazardous speculation, and to whom Crockford and his party lost upwards of 40,000*l*., without the slightest change in the tide of fortune. Under such unlooked-for reverses, every resource had been resorted to to increase the supplies, and a last effort was made to form the required bank of 5,000*l*., which was, however, with the utmost difficulty accomplished and put down, as may be imagined, under no very sanguine expectations.

The hour of operation arrived; Crockford was, as usual, in attendance. Play commenced as on former nights, and little adverse fortune was in the first instance apparent. More than 4,000*l*. had actually disappeared out of the 5,000*l*. The most fearful apprehensions were on all, but mostly so on Crockford, whose nerves were unequal to any other further contemplation of the ruin that appeared inevitable; in a state of the most hopeless despair, he hastily quitted the house, leaving the wind-up of the contest to Taylor, Aldridge, and the croupiers. The freaks of fortune are strange and unaccountable. Scarcely had he left the place, brooding over the ill of poverty, which he believed from thenceforth to be his fate, than the tide of chance took a sudden and determined change; not only were the losses of the evening recovered, but there resulted to the bank, on the night's play, an absolute gain of 20,000*l*. The unexpected news was not communicated to Crockford until the following morning, and it was some time before he could be brought to believe the possibility, much less the truth and reality of the event. From this night the current of fortune was with the bank, and the wind-up of the season is said to have realised to the respective partners, in cash and securities (which at that time of day were of value), the enormous gain of from 150,000*l*. to 200,000*l*. Before the period of another London season arrived, however, Crockford, and his firm adherent Austin, determined on seceding from Watier's. The reason assigned for this apparently impolitic withdrawal from a partnership which had been so largely productive of benefit, was that Josiah Taylor having recently purchased the lease of the club-house over the heads of his partners or associates had avariciously attempted to impose terms on his colleagues at variance with all former arrangements. These Crockford and Austin resisted, and as the former was gifted with a shrewd perception and a bold speculative mind, he knew "what's what," and that, saith the author of Hudibras, is

"as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Crocky, therefore, was convinced that to risk the large capital he had acquired without the chance of a proportionate return of profit, was not the way to augment it; so he separated, and with his *fidus Achates*, Austin resolved to open a bank on his own responsibility. Acting upon this reasonable conclusion, he with peculiar promptitude purchased the lease of a large house in St. James-street, fitted it up in a style of superior accommodation, and *before* the rival establishment of Josiah opened for the season, the new "*St. James Club*" had begun operations. The situation was certainly superior to the old one of Watier's, which stood in Bolton-street, and this advantage, together with Crockford's improved arrangements, secured him the patronage of most of the noblemen and gentlemen who had known him at Watier's, to the great discomfiture of his quondam partner, Josiah. Business increased, members multiplied, and the fishmonger subsequently took two adjoining houses, and shortly after a fourth mansion for the daily augmentation of "friends," who required

further elbow-room. He now resolved on the bold step of pulling down the whole premises, and erecting on their site a magnificent structure, which in beauty, capacity, and style of arrangement, should surpass everything of the kind, and be suited to the wants, wishes, convenience, and accommodation of the aristocracy and gentry of the kingdom.

During the progress of this superb building, to accelerate the completion of which, a large number of workmen were nightly as well as daily employed, St. James's-street presented a singular spectacle.

Nearly the whole of the upper end of the street from Bennet-street to Piccadilly was in a state of excavation for the arrangement of laying down pipes, forming and perfecting drains, &c., but principally for the object of making a most capacious ice-house. Great was the alarm that such extensive underground operations would endanger the foundations of the adjoining and neighbouring houses, and this alarm, as things turned out, was not without cause; for, while the work of excavation was proceeding, one entire side of the Guards' Club House (situate at the northern adjoining end of Mr. Crockford's premises) fell in with a fearful crash, leaving the complete interior of the house, with the beds and furniture of the different apartments in rather a ludicrous state of exposure, and in a most perilous position.

The nocturnal operations of the numerous workmen by torchlight gave to the scene an extraordinary appearance, causing it to resemble more the locality of a manufacturing district than the main fashionable lounge of London, and the chief thoroughfare to the palace of the sovereign. The whole affair, by the magnitude of the project, and the known and somewhat unpopular purpose for which it was intended, caused great and general excitement, and gave rise to daily moral comment and sarcastic witticism in most of the journals and periodicals of the day. The following samples, having reference to the fall of the Guards' Club House, are accredited to the pen of the brilliant T. Moore:—

"'What can the workmen be about?
Do, Crockford, let the secret out
Why thus our houses fall.'
Quoth he, 'Since folks are out of town,
I find it better to pull down
Than have no *pull at all*.'"

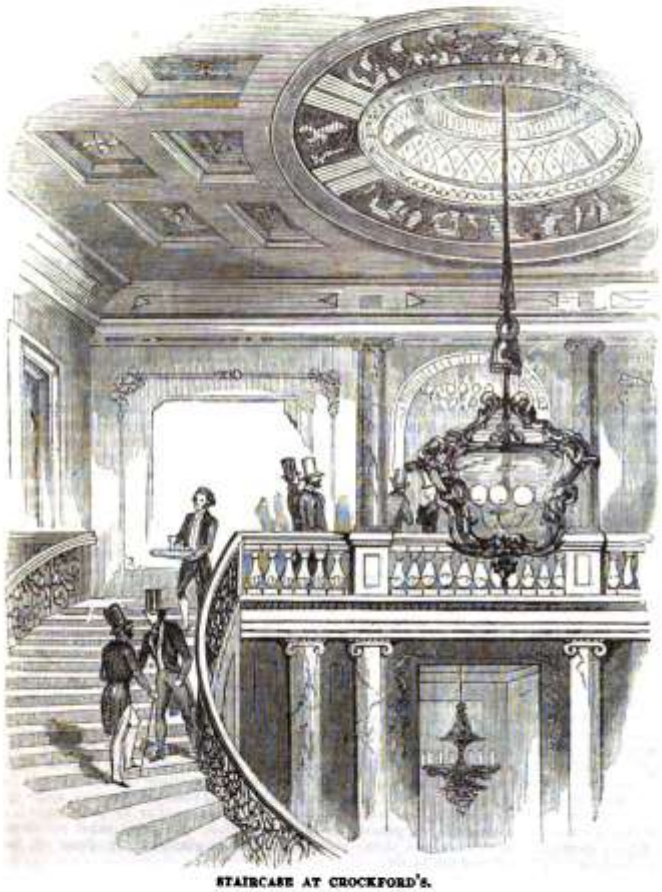
"See, passenger, at Crockford's high behest,
Red coats by *black legs* ousted from their nest;
The arts of peace o'ermatching reckless war,
And gallant *Rouge* outdone by wily *Noir*."

During the time occupied in the erection of the building, Mr. Crockford engaged a spacious house in Pall-Mall as a temporary place of business. To have let one season pass in idleness would have been to endanger the pockets of the sporting members of the Club to the disease of plethora, or to subject them to vacuity from causes non-productive of effects to himself; the entertainments of dice were therefore carried on, and with good result, at the house in Pall Mall in aid of the building fund for the rising mansion or *Pandemonium* (for such was the classic title already bestowed on the progressing structure) which was hereafter to astonish the world, and to stand the great privileged gaming-house of the metropolis. The year 1827 (the period alluded to) is said to have been most successful to Crockford, and to have surpassed in gain all subsequent seasons, excepting the first two of operation in his new establishment.

On the opening of the superb mansion in 1828, the whole fashionable world, male and female, crowded with eager curiosity, under cards of admission from the great proprietor and the old and privileged members of the Club, to view it. The newspapers were lavish of praise, and elaborate in description of its splendour and magnificence, and the population of London thronged to its exterior survey under much greater excitement than was apparent on the day of opening that splendid national edifice, the Royal Exchange. Already had the most distinguished members of the aristocracy formed themselves into a committee of management; the most wealthy of the land had enrolled themselves members, and every sprig and stripling of fashion fed on the hope of sooner or later becoming one of the elect. The number of members completing the club was from 1000 to 1200, exclusive of the privilege or right of *entrée* permitted to ambassadors and foreigners of distinction during their diplomatic sojourn or temporary visit to this country.

We shall now proceed to a description of the house, and of the engravings with which we here illustrate it.

We this week present a view of the gorgeous saloon, and our next number will contain that and two or three minor sketches taken from the gaming-tables of the metropolis.



STAIRCASE AT CROCKFORD'S.

The exterior of this celebrated mansion is extremely plain, exhibiting three compartments, the chief of which is ornamented with four Roman Corinthian pilasters, which spring from the base, sustaining a regular entablature and attic. The space between the pilasters is perforated, on the first story, with three enormous windows, lighting the state drawing-room.

Your arm reader, and let us enter. A magnificent vestibule and staircase break upon the eye. To the right and left of the hall are reading-rooms and dining-rooms, used chiefly in the day time. The staircase (*see engraving*) is of a sinuous form, sustained on its landing by four columns of Doric example, above which are a series of columns of the Ionic order, forming a quadrangle, with apertures to the chief apartments. Above these pillars is a coved ceiling, perforated with luminous panels of stained glass, from which springs a dome of surpassing beauty. From the dome depends a lantern, containing a magnificent chandelier.

The State Drawing Room next claims our attention. This noble apartment is decorated in a style that baffles description: it is in the most florid style of the school denominated *Louis Quatorze*. This room presents a series of panels, or macarons, containing subjects *a la* Watteau, from the pencil of Mr. Martin, a relative of the celebrated historical painter of that name. These panels are alternated with splendid mirrors. A chandelier of exquisite workmanship hangs from the centre of the ceiling. Three tables, beautifully carved and gilded, are in this apartment, covered with blue and crimson velvet. The upholstery and decorative adjuncts are imitative of the gorgeous taste of George IV.; indeed it is doubtful whether royalty itself can vie with the consummate

glories of this magnificent chamber. The three windows to which we before alluded, astonish the beholder on entering the room, from their colossal dimensions. The other apartments in this costly edifice have few claims to distinguished notice. It is quite obvious that the architect, Sir Geoffrey Wyattville, determined to throw all his genius into the staircase and the room above described. That determination has been most felicitously carried out.

The lofty and capacious dining-room, supported by marble pillars, and furnished in the most substantial and aristocratic style of comfort, is equal to any arrangement of the kind in the most lordly mansions. The ascent to the upper apartments is by a magnificent staircase, and the drawing-room is allowed to be one of the most elegant and splendid apartments in England.

The *Sanctum Sanctorum, or Play Room*, is comparatively small, though handsomely furnished; in the centre of which is *the table* on which it may be said Crockford's fortune was manufactured, and for which he had doubtless a greater veneration than for the most costly communion-table that ever graced a church. It is oval in form, covered with green cloth, and marked by yellow lines, denoting the different departments of speculation; that is to say, for betting on or against the hand of the caster, or person throwing. Around these compartments are double lines, within which also are deposited the odds, or proportion between the *main* called and the chance to be thrown by the caster against such *main*. In the centre, on each side of the table, *sat* a croupier, whose duty it *was* to call and mark the main and chance, and to draw and pay the bets, as they lost or gained on each event. Happy are we to write these things in the past tense, for though hot and inconsiderate, may, at the gaming-table, become the prey of cold-blooded criminal avarice, *gaming* in its established form, and as a pursuit, is no more *sporting*, in any legitimate sense of the word, than highway-robbery is fox-hunting, or *vice versa*. Yet dirty "legs" are but too apt to endeavour to confound a love of manly amusements and active recreations with the vilest pursuits of dirty, dishonest avarice. But to return. Little or no money appeared on the occasion of play; the sums risked being represented by counters, of different amount in value, varying from £1 to £200, and the advantage of the table against the player being about 1½ per cent., which, taken on the continual and continued repetition of roll through the night, must have realised an immense amount; were it otherwise, the expense of this princely mansion could never have been supported in the extravagance of its expenditure.

Such was the St. James's Club, or great gaming-house of the metropolis, which in classical allusion has been likened to Pandemonium. It is a lamentable truth, and pregnant with most serious and melancholy feeling and reflection, that, within the narrow limit of the Sanctum, or play-room, described, the ruin has been wholly or partially effected, and the doom sealed, of many noble, high-minded, and opulent men, once proud in position of rank, station, and circumstance, and happy in all the social blessings and relations of life. Many such, fallen from their elevated and envied estate, by the direful infatuation of, and indulgence in play, unable to bear up against the ruin that has overtaken them, have died by their own hands. To such distressing cause, and the fatal influence of the hazard-table, may be ascribed the lamentable suicidal acts of the late highly respected nobleman, Lord R——, and the no less esteemed gentleman, the late Henry B——. Others of like grade and character have, owing to the same afflicting cause, become beggars in means, and outcasts alike from society and their country. To what other cause is to be attributed the impaired patrimony of the present Lord F——, who (worthy son of a scrupulously honourable sire) has nobly sacrificed a portion of his inheritance to redeem the late lord's extensive gaming liabilities and engagements. What can account for the reduced fortunes and incumbered estates of Lords Teynham, C—, H—, L—, A—, S—, Sir V. C—, and that untitled nobleman and worthy specimen of an English gentleman, George F——, but their unfortunate and devoted passion for play? What effected the ruin and expatriation of Ball Hughes, B—, L—, and some scores of others, whose names have been carefully kidden from public sympat hy and whose fortune and commercial wealth and credit seemed at one time to have placed beyond the reach of reverse? What but the fascinations of the gaming table—a cause to which may be ascribed the constrained and pauper condition of half the fashionables and scions of nobility about town? Where, on the other hand, is to be discovered that wonder of a man, who by indulgence in play has benefited his estate, increased his means, or added one jot to his reputation, or to the peace and happiness of those connected with him! Echo answers—"Where?" One of the most steady, temperate, and prudent speculators at Crockford's was the late Lord S—; but with all his calm and imperturbable disposition and bold enterprise, the game conquered him, and he could no more control or defeat the certain pull or per-centage against him than he could have accelerated or retarded the earth's revolutionary motion. He was passionately fond of French hazard; but he had the prudence, and with it, the resolution, to confine his risk within legitimate bounds, and yet he contributed annually to increase the mound of Crockford's profits. The late Marquis of Hertford, who was deeply and practically skilled in the speculative science of play, and who had little love of any game that afforded not advantage to those best acquainted with its principles, was once or twice induced to try his hand at French hazard, but very soon discovered that the only certainty it embraced was *loss to the player, and profit to the banker*. He himself was a loser on the occasion alluded to, an event so unusual in his lordship's practice, that it gave rise to the following couplet:—

"Say, holy prophet, who can hope to win,
Where men like Hertford can be taken in?"

The establishment in St. James's-street being complete in its erection, was opened for the season 1828, in a style of great and costly splendour in its arrangements. Its general direction was under the control of Mr. Crockford, influenced, however, to a certain degree, and in particular respects, by the noblemen and gentlemen forming his committee, some of whom were confidently spoken of as possessing an interest in one department of the club, beyond their position as committee-men,—in plain terms, at having a partnership in the bank. The annual subscription was twenty-five pounds for each member, which gave to the subscribers every kind of first-rate and luxurious accommodation and attendance. Amongst other advantages, it secured the convenience and option of dining, at a low price, from the bill of fare of the unrivalled artist, *Ude*, whose chemical and culinary services were rated at no less a sum than twelve hundred pounds per annum! Crockford's experience and judgment told him that, to keep his patrons and friends in happy mood, their appetites must be consulted, their palates tickled:

"He therefore turned his conjuring book
For a spell to raise a cook;
Thrice invoked, an artist came,
Not unworthy of the name."

(To be concluded in our next.)

REVIEW.

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL. Part I. London: Sherwood and Co.

Shades of the Jacob Tonsons, Lintots, Dodsleys, and Murrays! ye who published your guinea quartos and ten shilling duodecimos, dedicated to high and mighty lords; and ye more modern Sharpes, Whites, Mawmans, Robinsons, and Murrays, who did the emblematical and the illustrated in the days of Corbould, Stothard, and Westall, at no cheaper rate, how would your high-priced souls tremble could "ye revisit the glimpses of the moon," or rather the sun's beams, and see the sort of thing, both artistic and literary, here weekly thrown before the million at what the showman would call "the small charge of twopence." Such a magazine, monthly, at 2s. 6d., or 3s. 6d., as this "Illustrated Family Journal," would have commanded the patronage of the aristocracy twenty years since; but now, thanks to the progress of the taste for reading and the improvements in arts of design and engraving, it is attainable by the slenderest purse. We hail the "Illustrated Family Journal" as the first in the field of a better class of publications, than our cheap literature has hitherto produced. The arsenicated and cut-throat school of romance-run-mad, with which we have been drugged, *usque ad nauseam*, will, we trust, find an antidote in this praiseworthy publication.

The engravings are admirable, the typography correspondent; the antiquarian and topographical papers lively and instructive (a combination rarely met with), and the series of popular flowers, and British birds, with their faithful and neatly executed illustrations, are alone worth the twopence charged for each number. The "ballad" illustrations, too, must tend to diffuse a higher appreciation of imaginative art among classes to whom such designs must, from their high price, have been hitherto inaccessible.

THERESE; OR, THE MANOR-HOUSE OF TREFF-HARTLOG. By Eugène Sue. Cleave, Shoe-lane, 1845.

We have here another of those singular productions of the inexhaustible genius of the author of the "Mysteries of Paris," and the "Wandering Jew," which seem to have of late taken the English reading public by storm. It is neatly got up, with spirited embellishments; and when we add that it is freely and well translated, we may spare space by omitting criticism on the work of an author so well known and universally approved as M. Eugène Sue. Its price must recommend it: the whole three volumes of the original, neatly done up, being offered for 1s. 6d.

TO A TEE-TOTALLER,

ON HIS ASKING WHAT PLEASURE I FOUND IN A GLASS.

Some in a glass find comfort, and a friend,
But others use it to a baser end;
For me, I think it neither crime or treason,
To take a social glass in proper season.
Tee-total nonsense is but fit for fools,
Whose beastial habits know not reason's rules;
But men of sense, who moderation use,
Know when to drink, and when they should refuse:
Nor need that curb placed on them by a priest,
But fit to check the drunkard and the beast. NED RUN.

What is a "fixed" principle?—The adherence of Sir Robert Peel to the *sliding* scale.

Such as are between five or six years old shed their horns about the middle or latter end of March; those still younger in the month of April; and the youngest of all not till the middle or latter end of May.

They generally shed them in pools of water, whither they retire from the heat, and this has given rise to the opinion of their always hiding their horns. These rules, though true, in general, are yet subject to many variations, and it is well known that a severe winter retards the shedding of the horns. A short time after they have gained their horns, they begin to feel the impression of the rut.

Thus much of the natural history part of the question, when the revolving seasons shall bring back again the season of the chase, the reader shall see much pictorial and literary on this interesting animal, for the present we conclude by a rythmical wish of—

SUCCESS TO THE CHASE.

Here's success to the chase; it can never decline,
While the sons of old England are men;
The cloud may obscure it, but soon will it shine
In gladness and glory again!

Let the stern or the careless remember the morn,
That they first heard the wild woodland cheer;
When their hearts were aroused by the mellow-toned horn,
And leap'd with their courser's career.

Bid them pause, and then tell us, though Fortune has crown'd
Their dreams of ambition and power,
In the train of her pageant, one joy have they found,
Like the bliss of that first sylvan hour.

Oh! my life on the chase, it can never decline,
While the sons of Old England are men;
The cloud may obscure it, but soon will it shine
In gladness and glory again.

REVIEW.

THE SOUTHERN JOCKIES OF ENGLAND; from a Painting by Mr. Anson A. Martin. London, 1845.

"The Southern Jockies of England" is a fitting accompaniment to, and partner of, "The Northern Riders," and a praiseworthy sample of the taste and tact of the talented artist, Mr. Anson A. Martin. The south most assuredly cannot cede to the north for elegance of arrangement, or fidelity of likeness, and as we look upon the spirits incarnate,

"Who guide the whirlwind, and direct the storm,"

we fancy that we view them in the future sadills, dispensing the destinies of untold thousands. They are charming "*vis à vis*" for any sportman's sanctum, replete with anecdote and association. The "Old Screw," Sam Chifney, is the centre-piece, the pivot, around which, and above and beneath "Our Jem," the accomplished Robinson, and honest John, who has let lots of *day*-light into the dark caverns of expectancy. Nat, the natty, the antipodes of a *flat* man, with Butler, who, we hope, will get into the right trim again, are here, with young John Day, whose fine riding is not half appreciated, and George Edwards;

"'Tis over; the trick for the thousands is done,
George Edwards the Derby, on Phosphorus, has won,"

as Yates wrote when he slept with both his eyes open. Clustering offshoots of fame and immortality are pendent in every direction, from the veteran Wheatley to the enlarged cabinet curiosity Bell, and the tiny Kitchener who looked as big as "The Duke" when he played the Sussex *Pastorals* to such perfection. Gentlemen—Jockies; far sweeter to us than gentlemen-riders; rife with the breezes of the balmy South, ye shall hang by the side of your hardier brethren of the North; and whatever may have been, or be doomed to be, your race of competition, yet has our impartial limner, Mr. Martin, in point of graphic skill, made it a dead heat. If the Northern group made a splendid *start*, so has the Southern nucleus proved as consummate a *rider* at the *finish*.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

BY THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE following interchange of civilities took place last night by means of the electric telegraph between the superintendents of the railway stations at Gosport and Nine Elms, Vauxhall. The colloquy was begun by the Gosport gent. thus:—

Gosport. Holo there!

Nine Elms. Now then—what's the row?

Gosport. I'm a going out to have a drop of summut warm.

Nine Elms. So am I.

Gosport. Then I mean to go home to bed.

Nine Elms. So do I. Good night.

We are indebted to the politeness of the railway porter No. 24, for furnishing us with this important communication, which only occupied three and a half minutes in the transmission.

A MODEST MAN.—There is a young man in Cincinnati who is so modest that he will not "embrace an opportunity." He would make a good mate for the lady who fainted when she heard of the naked truth.

PANDEMONIUM.—*(Continued from page 68).*

CROCKFORD AND THE CROCKFORDIANS.

WE cannot but feel that the subject illustrated in our sixth number, has grown under our hands; we had at first hoped that another weekly instalment would have completed the interesting detail, we now find that a third will leave us "cabined, cribbed, confined," in the scope we had purposed to ourselves on this extensive theme. We left the fortunate Fishmonger supplied with a cook that might alone have commanded a club,—the unrivalled *Ude*; and we may add, that in the catalogues of luxury at command of each member, were wines too of the finest quality and choicest kind, at a most reasonable rate, with a supply of every other want that reason or even luxury could suggest or fastidious taste require, the whole being conducted upon a scale of splendour and liberality unheard of in club arrangements.

By the terms of Mr. Crockford's agreement with his committee as to play proceedings, he was bound to put down a bank or capital of £5000 nightly *during the sitting of Parliament*,—a rather remarkable specification as to time, and one which seemed to imply, that the members of the legislature were not expected to confine their great capacities to the mere voting of supplies in the Committee of Ways and Means at St. Stephen's, but that they should here practically illustrate the principle of such votes,—indeed there was great similitude of proceeding in the business of Parliament and Pandemonium. At Crockford's, as in the senate,

"Large money bills and loans they tried to raise;
King Crockford took their *means*, and praised their *ways*."

The whole and sole direction and control of the department and operations of play were under the experienced professorship of the proprietor, aided by his steward, agent, and factotum, Guy (a person who had before been most serviceable to Crockford, when indicted), and other operatives, each of whom received a large weekly salary for their services and secrecy. Guy had been originally a groom-porter at an inferior hazard-table in Jermyn-street, frequented by Crockford in his less palmy days, and having in such capacity been serviceable to him, was now appointed to the principal post in the new establishment. Some notion of the lucrative nature of this appointment may be entertained from the fact that, in the course of ten or twelve years, Guy had realized and saved from his salary and emoluments nearly 30,000.; possessed of which, he suddenly, after the example of his master, became a betting man on the Turf; and availing himself of his position at the club, and of the facilities thereby afforded to bet with its members, he gave offence to his employer (who considered the ground exclusively his own), and, words ensuing, he was dismissed. He subsequently took to building speculations in his native town, in Essex; failing in which, he returned to London, tried his hand at divers pursuits, and latterly at the establishment of a club in St. James's-street: in all he proved unsuccessful. Impaired health yielding to paralysis, he became helpless, and ultimately died a pauper in the workhouse of his native place, where it is said he had been much respected for acts of charity in his days of prosperity. Crockford is reported to have been unforgiving in his feeling of resentment towards his quondam friend and associate, and to have been deaf to all entreaty and solicitation made on his behalf in his last days of poverty and distress: this is not to be wondered at, 'tis a sample of the gambler's heart. The successor of Guy was Dasking, another vulgar specimen of Crockford's former associates. This person had also presided in the capacity of groom-porter at the English hazard-table kept by O'Hara, in Oxendon-street, where, as before noticed, Crockford used nightly to pick up his crumbs by all the advantageous pulls that opportunity presented, the secret of which had been no mystery to Dasking, whose countenance of, and silent co-operation in, the profitable method of playing on score with a large note, were in some degree necessary to the success of such a system of ingenious bye-play. Roulette, too, was no mystery; of the tables for which we may say a word or two anon. Such services, doubtless, raised him to the vacant seat at Pandemonium. This man, nearly pennyless at the time of his appointment, died, after a few years' service therein, leaving behind him £10,000. These facts are related to show how immense a profit must have been open to Crockford himself, when his servants and subordinates could thus rapidly rise to fortune from the mere wages of their nocturnal occupations. Some notion may be formed, also, of the extent of business in the department of play, from the fact that the item of expenditure for dice alone (at about a guinea per pair) amounted to £2000 per annum; three new pairs being provided for the opening play each night, and very frequently as many more called for by players, or put down by Crockford himself, with a view to change luck under any marked and determined reverse.

For the accomodation of those who patronised the hazard-table splendid suppers were nightly provided, which, with wines of choice and exciting quality, were at command *ad libitum*, and gratuitously. In fact, no stimulus was wanting to increase the natural propensity for play, and to render men desperate under ill-fortune. During the first two seasons, the business of the hazard-table was tremendous, and the resulting profits immense. Above £300,000 is said to have been transferred in its owner-

ship during this short period, the principal portion of which enormous amount found its way into the coffers of Mr. Crockford. Counts and commoners, peers and professionals, senators and stock-jobbers, were plucked bare as pigeons for a pasty to swell the enormous gains of the great Demon of Pandemonium.

ROULETTE.

Subsequent seasons, although not realising such abundant harvests, continued nevertheless to bring fair grist to the great metropolitan mill. Each succeeding year brought out some newly-fledged pigeons to be plucked at the grand poultry, some recent inheritors of title and fortune to be initiated in the pleasing mysteries of French hazard, and to be charmed out of wealth's superfluity. Crockford was a walking Doomsday Book, in which were registered the day and hour of birth of each rising expectant of fortune; he could tell with the nicest exactitude the rent-rolls of property in perspective, to what extent such rent-rolls had been anticipated by apparent heirs, and what further incumbrance they would reasonably and securely bear; and his favourable report to the committe seldom failed to ensure the election of so qualified an applicant for admission to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of the club, and to the distinguished honour of contributing his quota.

By continued successes and constant drafts on the nightly decreasing resources of the infatuated, Mr. Crockford had now become a large capitalist, and, in all reasonable calculation, above the reach of danger from any sudden reverse. Not only had he levied execution on the ready funds of his community, but he held, under lock and key, dishonoured drafts, bills, I.O.U.'s, with the more solid securities of mortgagees, assignments, deposits, &c., all resulting from the one grand and certain profitable source of speculation. All doubtful debts were, of course available as sets-off against any future successes by the parties indebted, and who, during the continuation of their unsettled accounts, were reduced to the necessity of finding ready cash for all further indulgence in play. Mr. Crockford's betting accounts dovetailed, also, most admirably in such respect, with the business and accounts of the hazard-table, the losses of the one being brought into reckoning with the gains of the other, and *vice versa*. It must be considered, also, that, in spite of the numerous parties who had risen up to oppose his influence at Tattersall's, he had still immense advantages in betting by reason of his connexion with the club. This was his own exclusive and privileged sphere of action, within which few of the Leg fraternity (save and except a few titled and non-titled scamps who of late years had qualified for the class and degree) could possibly trespass.

In the arrangements of the game, Mr. Crockford was not permitted, under the non-success of the bank, to terminate the play until a stated hour, so long as any portion of the nightly capital of £5000 remained: on the other hand, although not compelled to put down any further sum, he was at liberty so to do if he thought it advisable; and he was frequently accustomed to try the result of a second and even a third bank, when there was hope and prospect of recovery; he was, however, always regulated in the policy of such further venture by consideration of the parties to whom his bank was opposed, for he was too wary to risk any unnecessary amount against bold and determined hands, that were likely to re-risk only a small portion of their gains. It has, however, on several occasions, happened, that in his attempts to recover a first loss, he has increased that loss to an amount of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds in one night; a circumstance not at all surprising, when it is known that the player could stake as large a sum as £200 on a main, and could subsequently bet the odds, in proportion to such sum, between the main called and the chance to be thrown in opposition to such main—technical points of the game well known to its amateurs and professors. This extent of stake would in reality admit £1000 to depend upon one event; that is to say, such amount would be the difference between winning and losing the event, as thus exemplified. Suppose the castor to put down £200 in the first instance; he then calls the main of *seven*, and throws the number or chance of *four*: the odds or probabilities then become two to one (or £400 to £200, in proportion to the £200 originally staked) against his throwing the number *four* (the winning chance) in opposition to the number *seven*, the main called: he thus risks, in fair proportion, £400 against £600; the difference, therefore, between winning the £600 and losing the £400, will clearly appear to be £1000. It may, with reason, be imagined, that so apparently small a capital or bank as £5000 would be very inadequate to meet the speculations of bold and enterprising players, under favourable fortune; but it must be recollected, that at the game of hazard there are generally two distinct and opposing interests operating at the table amongst the players: some are betting on the hand of the caster, or person throwing the dice; others are risking their money against such hand; and these respective and opposite fancies frequently cause an equalization of stake for and against, which is the great desideratum of the banker; for in such case he derives the full calculated per-centage of the game, which is taken at about twenty-five shillings in every hundred pounds. It must be taken into consideration, also, that players, with very rare exceptions, seldom risk so large an amount on one event, until they have become desperate by frequent previous loss of capital, which has gone to augment the bank's original fund, and which, consequently, betters the bank's condition to meet the larger demand.

Mr. Crockford, now elevated beyond all former fortune, took a splendid house in the Regent's Park, where for a time he resided with his family in comparative tranquillity; but his love of money, and his restless anxiety to be still adding to his great wealth, permitted him not long to enjoy the *otium* which fortune usually favours. He entered into many and various speculations, promising, as he thought, large return. He was a man of business, and acquainted with most matters favouring success therein. He was cognizant of the value of, and knew the best markets for, everything, from an eel to an earldom, or, as Hudibras hath it,

> "He by geometric scale
> Could tell the size of pots of ale;
> Resolve by sines and tangents straight,
> If bread and butter wanted weight."

His ventures, therefore, generally speaking, were based on the good grounds of knowledge and experience; but, 'tis not in mortals to command success; and latterly he met with some check to his hitherto almost invariably profitable outlay of capital. One of the most prominent instances and examples of failure was the erection of the extensive building originally designed for a bazaar, at the corner of King-street and St. James's-street, a vicinity that had, as already shown, been most favourable to his speculations as a rouge-et-noir banker. The cost of this building, notwithstanding the fact that every brick, plank, and other material was bought at the best market, and every hour's work paid for under the advantageous terms of contract, was immense. The structure was handsome in its exterior, and complete in its proposed arrangements. It was opened as a bazaar, under very favourable auspices, in the full fashionable season. For a time its novelty attracted, and crowds of visiters gave it patronage and support; but, the novelty over, and curiosity subsiding, traffic fell again into its ordinary channels, and the business of the St. James's bazaar became inadequate to the high rents demanded for the counters or standings in it. From this cause it became a total

THE HAZARD TABLE.

failure in its original design. It was afterwards adapted to the temporary purpose of an exhibition-room, where (with the somewhat curious fact having reference to Mr. Crockford's immediate professional occupation and pursuit,) that wonderfully dextrous artist, the Wizard of the North, undertook to expose, and actually did enlighten the public in respect to the frauds and sleight-of-hand tricks that could be practised,

and were, in fact, daily made available to cheating and robbery by cards and dice. His performance was wonderful, and must have effectually opened the eyes of many dupes, and called up in them some unpleasing reminiscences of the practical skill by which they had been mulcted of their material. The lower and under ground departments of the building are now used as counting-houses and cellaring connected with the late Mr. Crockford's business as a wine-merchant, a speculation which is believed to have turned to very fair account.

About three years ago, Mr. Crockford signified his desire to retire from the proprietorship of the Club, and intimated at the same time a wish to dispose of the extensive mansion and premises in St. James's Street, with all its valuable furniture and property; the reason assigned for such proposed secession was, that he felt his health declining and his energies unequal to the constant labour and anxiety attendant on the proper direction and management of so large an establishment. The real cause, however, was not only suspected, but known to be his determination no longer to be controlled by the arbitrary power of his committee: his term of agreement with them had expired, and he had no inclination to renew it upon like conditions. He well knew that a capitalist of sufficient experience was not easily to be met with, who could or would speculate in all the extravagant outlay of so immense an undertaking, and that consequently there was no very immediate prospect or probability of a successor; he was aware also, that before such a one should appear, the committee, tired out in the search, would, rather than risk the complete break-up of so commodious an establishment, fall into his more reasonable views to continue its direction under terms less restrictive and imposing;—and he was not far out in his reckoning. On the first announcement of his intention to retire, a sensation was created throughout the Club. Meetings were held, and schemes devised for continuing the arrangements under a new proprietor; and, with this view, estimates were made and particulars put forth of the capital required to purchase the existing interest; flattering representations were also held out of the great and certain fortune to be derived from the source of the French hazard bank; but all to no purpose,—no millionaire was forthcoming; the only offers made were by divers members of the gaming fraternity in the vicinity to provide a hazard bank for the accommodation of the Club, but under no such restrictions as to amount of capital or stakes as had been imposed on Mr. Crockford. Such offers, coming not within the contemplated arrangements of the proprietor or the committee, were declined; and the ultimatum of the whole business was, that Mr. Crockford *ostensibly* withdrew from all play speculations, still continuing his proprietorship of the Club. He had now gained his object, which was in reality to avoid the provision of so large a capital nightly, and the compulsory condition to play so high a stake as £200 and its proportions on a single event; the real secret of which was, that both players and money had of late been less abundant, partly because he had too heavily taxed the resources of the members, and further that rival establishments had recently been in the ascendant: for it not unfrequently happened that, under the opportunity afforded by the large stakes permitted at Crockfords, a bold and enterprising player would, on a good hand, win a large sum, which he would subsequently (perhaps on the very same night) loose to some rival bank; whereas no equal chance of benefit was afforded to Crockford in such respect, for the reason that the other clubs alluded to restricted their stakes on a single event to the limit of £25 and its proportions.

Out of the necessity occasioned by Mr. Crockford's ostensible retirement from the bank, the committee, good easy men, ceded to a proposal made by Page and Dasking (since dead) *employé* under the old system, to provide a smaller capital under a more moderate rate of risk; and, in pursuance of this agreement, a bank of £2000 only was put down, and the stakes limited to £25. Although the persons named were the ostensible principals and capitalists under the new arrangement, they were but partially and slightly interested in the resulting advantages: the real parties were the former bankers, who had thus freed themselves from their disadvantageous position, and became responsible only through their operatives and representatives. A new man was added to the direction of the table—one of different mould and manners altogether from his own predecessors,—in fact, a man of education and gentlemanly habits and address, and of former good and respectable position in life. The commencement of business under the new regime was not very auspicious; for a certain sporting baronet (one of the many victims sacrificed on the altar of Crockford's wealth, and now more distinguished for his bold and dashing style of play than for any very large capital remaining to him to lose) paid his early respects to the new firm, and under favour of a good hand, which he never failed to turn to the best account, speedily relieved them of the night's capital,—an obligation which he repeated within a week or two. Loss of fortune has too late taught the lesson of prudence to this gentleman, as it has to many others: he now risks but little, and that seldom; but when the ruling passion prompts to the old sport, he dashes at it with a bold energy and determination based on that perfect knowledge of the game which sad experience has given. His meaning on such occasions is mischief to a bank; and, if fair opportunity present itself, he is not very tardy in making a transfer of a bank's resources.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

HORSE-TAMING.

"Managing a fiery steed
Whose stubbornness had foiled the strength and skill
Of every rider."—Douglas.

Mr. Editor,—Some of your readers have probably read Mr. Catlin's account of the method by which the North American Indians tame the wild horse of the Prairie by breathing in his nostrils: others have heard of the miracles performed by the Irish Whisperer; and a few may have met with a pamphlet published by Mr. Ellis, of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1842, where he gives two very striking instances of the wonderful effect produced upon an unbroken filly and an obstinate cart colt, which were severally subjected to this very simple operation. I lately bought a well-bred three-year-old colt, which had, from the day he was foaled, been left entirely to nature and chance, and which was perfectly unacquainted with grooming or handling of any sort; and having a spice of temper into the bargain, was not a very easy one to deal with.

This morning, April 4th, I had him brought into a loose box, and after a good deal of manœuvring and patience, I managed to get hold of a head-stall which I had put on him: he backed immediately away from me until he got his quarters into the corner of the stable, and of course was then stationary. I then told my groom to cover one eye with his hand, and succeeded in covering the other with mine. I own I was rather shy of putting my mouth very near his, as I have a regard for my teeth, which might be in some danger from his tossing his head about and struggling to get away. At last, during a lull, I got a chance, and breathed gently in his nostrils: from the very first inspiration which he took of my breath he never moved; and I even took my hand from his halter, and allowed him to stand as he chose. The only movement he ever made during the (perhaps) five minutes that I continued breathing upon him, was gently to advance his head as if he enjoyed the sensation: and when we removed our hands from his eyes, he still stood perfectly calm and quiet. I was in hopes to be able to finish the first lesson by catching him again; but at this he rebelled, and I did not choose to tire or worry him; therefore I let him alone for the time, with the intention of renewing the experiment to-morrow.

April 5th.—The colt was again brought into the loose box, and the same process was gone through: he evidently enjoyed the breathing, which was to-day continued for ten minutes, and never stirred during the operation: but he was in the first instance just as unwilling to be caught as yesterday, and, after it was over, again refused his head precisely in the same manner.

April 6th.—The same proceedings with the same results: therefore leaving the breathing-system to those who have more time and clearer wind than myself, the old lunging-rein, mouthing-bit, surcingle, and cavesson of former years have resumed their occupation; and "Outlaw" has had his first lesson in walking along a turnpike-road, which he performed very much after the usual manner of all colts who have had the breath of life in their nostrils since the days of Adam.

Here then I close my experiment, and I confess with much disappointment. If I were to proceed constantly in the same method of haltering, coaxing, and breathing, I have no doubt of its ultimate success; but then I think I may fairly expect the same result to arise from the two former modes of rendering a wild colt docile by degrees, without any advantage being gained by the latter. The plan may, and no doubt has succeeded with some. I only give a plain statement of its entire failure with me: and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Catlin, who witnessed the adventure of Beatte taming his wild horse through a telescope, after a chase of two or three miles, was a little too much prejudiced in favour of the breathing or "puff" system, from the recollection of the wonders he had himself achieved in domesticating a bull-calf; and forgot the more cogent arguments of the *lasso*, the fall, the hobbles, the noose under the jaw, and, lastly, the brute courage and long spurs of the Wild Indian. No—Jumper and Sullivan are no more; and until a second Jumper or a Whisperer Redivivus shall re-appear, we have lost the art of breaking a wild colt by a charm.

I am, sir, although no longer boasting the "Tassel" of Cambridge, or the "Scarlet" of the hunting-field, your Correspondent,

A Pretty Old Horsemaster.

TO A LADY,

WHO STATED THAT, AS REGARDED CONSTANCY, MAN WAS BUT A BUTTERFLY.

You bid me mark yon gaudy thing,
With plumaged head and painted wing;
No type in that can I descry,
Of man and his inconstancy.

'Tis true he flutters but a day,
Kisses the flower, then fades away;
Think not with other loves he's rife,—
Lady, that day is—*all his life!*

Ned Run.

the stomach. In the house, it is only summer rape seed, which need not be soaked in water for them, as for the chaffinch, since, having a much stronger crop and stomach, they can digest much better. It is not necessary always to give them hemp seed with it, and they must not be fed abundantly, for taking little exercise, they easily become fat, and sometimes die from this cause; but a little salt mixed with their food is useful, as it preserves them from many diseases, and they like it. When linnets are allowed to run about, they will feed with the other birds on the common universal paste; but they must be given green vegetables, water, and sand, as they are very fond of bathing and dusting themselves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Linnets may be accustomed to go and come at command, by treating them in their youth, or in the winter, in the same way as the house-sparrow; but as they are more timid, it is necessary to be more careful.

It is common for a male linnet to pair with a hen canary, and their progeny can scarcely be distinguished from the grey canary. They sing delightfully, and learn different airs with great facility.

It is well known, that among linnets, some are finer warblers than others, and that, as with many other birds, the old ones sing better than the young; on which account, yellow linnets, being the oldest, are the most valued.

The agreeable, brilliant, and flute-like song of the linnet, consists of several strains, succeeding each other very harmoniously. Our amateurs consider its beauty to depend on there being often mingled with it some acute and sonorous tones, that a little resemble the crowing of a cock, and have made people say that this bird *crows*. Its song is only interrupted during the year by moulting. A young one taken from the nest, which may be easily brought up on a mixture of the wetted crumb of white bread, soaked rape seed, and eggs boiled hard, not only learns the songs of different birds that it hears in the room, such as nightingales, larks, and chaffinches, but if kept by itself, airs and melodies that are whistled to it, and will even learn to repeat some words. Of all house birds, this, from the softness and flute-like sound of its voice, gives the airs that it is taught in the neatest and most agreeable manner.

PANDEMONIUM.—*(Concluded from page 76).*

CROCKFORD AND THE CROCKFORDIANS.

MATTERS having been thus satisfactorily arranged as to the future management of the club, and Mr. Crockford, having become free from all interference and control by the committee, had leisure for other pursuits and pastime; and he resumed, within moderate limits, the keeping of race-horses, having now more time to devote the necessary attention to them than at the former period of his racing speculations. His retirement, however, from his late active duties and constant occupation in St. James's-street left his every busy mind at freedom to wander into other channels of venture and speculation, and doubtless operated as a leading cause to one of his most heavy and unsuccessful outlays of capital. The adventure alluded to was a mining concern in Flintshire, in which, on the most flattering representations of probable success, based on the authority of scientific report, Mr. Crockford was induced to embark, in conjunction with another party professing to have great knowledge, skill, and experience in mining affairs. The lands in which the mines were situate were reported, on like scientific authority, to be rich and abundant in mineral treasure and resource; and on such apparently indisputable report, Mr. Crockford was led from time to time to make considerable advances in the prosecution of the works. Subsequently, a partnership was entered into, and a further large outlay of capital expended in sinking shafts, repairing old and erecting new machinery; fine specimens of ore, the production of the mines in work, were from time to time submitted to the inspection of the great capitalist and wealthy partner, who, thus influenced, continued the necessary supplies to the continuation of the work and to the ultimate realization of his golden hopes and expectations. But time moved on, and large demands on Mr. Crockford's purse being continued, he commenced a system of argumentation within himself, that something like return, or a prospect thereof, should be forthcoming from so great an outlay; reasoning thus, he jumped at once to the pretty correct conclusion, that mining speculations were too profound a pursuit for him, that the mineral specimens exhibited to him as illustrative of the earth's treasure, and promissory of the immense wealth to be obtained, were dross in comparison with the ready refined golden product, brilliant and fresh from the valuable and admired process of the mint, which he had so lavishly gathered from the verdant surface of his venerated hazard table in St. James's-street. A disagreement took place between himself and partner, which led to a dissolution, under which legal separation of interests a partition took place of the mining lands and property. In this arrangement, it is reported, Mr. Crockford was equally unfortunate; for the mines allotted to him, though considered to promise favourably in future return, turned out on subsequent working to be of little or no value; while, on the other hand, the property partitioned to his late co-adventurer proved of much more valuable consideration. The disappointment and severe mortification occasioned by this result, and by the total failure of his hopes, added to the absolute grief and distress at so great a loss of capital, acting on a mind unaccustomed to severe reverse, and on a frame somewhat debilitated by age and growing infirmity, *brought on excess of nervous excitement, which terminated in death.*

For some weeks preceding his decease, Mr. Crockford had been confined to his residence, and fearful apprehensions were entertained that he might not survive the approaching period of the Epsom races, and the great and important event of "the Derby," on which so many thousands were depending in immediate reference to the horse *Ratan*, which at the time stood high in the betting market. Much anxiety was occasioned by the knowledge that, in the event of Mr. Crockford's dissolution before the day of the race, his horse would become disqualified, and hence great confusion would arise in some betting accounts, which, from the short period intervening, it would be impracticable to regulate or amend before the eventful day. Tattersall's yard, on days of business, exhibited a congregation of faces expressive of the most opposite feelings of hope and fear; but anxiety was apparent in all. Ever alive, however, to business, and to any and every event *in futuro* affording opportunity for a bet, the term of Mr. Crockford's mortal existence was the universal theme of the assembled classes of betting men, and became as much a matter of business amongst the leg fraternity as the race in which his horse was engaged. Under the fear entertained of Mr. Crockford's inopportune decease, the parties more immediately and deeply interested in that event endeavoured to effect an insurance on his life for the short term of one week, and large premiums were offered to the different insurance companies, at Lloyd's, and to private individuals, for such guarantee. Neither public company nor private capitalist could, however, be found to accept terms on so hazardous an event. Mr. Crockford outlived the great and important day of the Derby race, but died on the day of the Oaks, the 25th of May last.

The death of Mr. Crockford, occurring as it did close on the day of settlement of the Epsom account, a time most important to the arrangements of the sporting world, occasioned much confusion in betting accounts, and threw many obstacles in the way of full and satisfactory adjustment. With a laudable anxiety to support the credit that had hitherto attached to Mr. Crockford's name at Tattersall's, and with a view also to prevent inconvenience to persons to whom his account was indebted, and who relied thereon for the honourable discharge of their own engagements, his widow (even in the hour of her immediate grief) took the prompt and judicious course of addressing a letter to the stewards of the Jockey Club, and of forwarding to them therewith her late husband's betting books and a draft for the balance of loss which appeared to be due from him amounting to about £700. On receipt of these documents, a meeting of the Turf authorities took place, and the result of this meeting was an announcement by the stewards (Lord Stradbroke and others) that all parties indebted to the late Mr. Crockford's account ought forthwith to pay, and that, on such payment being made, all claimants on the same account would, upon like principle, be entitled to receive their respective demands.

Thus much of Mr. Crockford as a man of notoriety, for such he most unquestionably was—

> "The trump of fame
> Has seldom blasted forth a name,
> Throughout the country or the town,
> Of more invincible renown!"

As the greatest and most successful gamester of the age, his name was familiar in every European capital. The high patronage bestowed on him screened him from the pains and penalties of the law, gave him privileges and protection over minor offenders, and secured to him the full and uninterrupted practice of his lucrative, but destructive profession as the keeper of a gaming-house. Legislators nightly met at his establishment to violate the laws which in their wisdom and anxiety for the cause of public morality they had been strenuous to enact. Churchmen, who from their pulpits were loud and eloquent in their denunciation of indulgence in vicious propensities, and who laboured to impress on the minds of their congregations the fatal and destructive consequences of gaming, here hugged the vice at which they stormed, and "shook in hanging sleeves the box and dice," hazarding together their piety and their patrimony. Magistrates, too, the grave and sapient administrators of the law, scrupled not to offend the law by the practice of that for which, with judicial solemnity, they had sentenced the minor but unprivileged culprit to imprisonment and the treadmill, but

> "Authority, though it err like others,
> Hath yet a kind of medicine in it
> That skims the vice o' the top;"

and as "that in the captain's but a choleric word which in the soldier is flat blasphemy," even such is the proportionate estimate of offence in magisterial wisdom between the unprivileged sinner and the elect of Pandemonium.

"A hell, or common gaming-house," says Lord Byron, "is a place where you risk *little*, and are cheated a great deal. *A club* is a *pleasant purgatory*, where you lose *more* and are *not supposed* to be cheated at all;" a subtle and satirical distinction, finely conceived, and one which may have had some influence on a certain committee, from whom has recently emanated a very elaborate report on gaming, tending to show that Parliament, which De Lolme declares to be so omnipotent that it can accom-

lish any and every object of its will save that of mutation of the sexes, s powerless to control the vice (though in direct violation of law) when arried on within the sanctuary of a club-house; a kind of special pleading most favourable to the growth of the evil, seeing that gamesters are an ingenious and most enterprising set of individuals, and require no ghost to tell them that clubs are easily formed to the law's evasion.

The entire property amassed by Mr. Crockford must have been immense, regard being had to the fact that, exclusively of a sum of money, amounting to nearly half a million sterling, bequeathed to his widow, he is confidently reported to have distributed amongst his children, about two years ago, a sum nearly equalling, if not exceeding that amount; a circumstance not at all improbable in a man of foresight like Mr. Crockford, and one which will fully account, as well for the bequest of the whole bulk of his remaining fortune to his widow, as for such bequest being absolute and free from all condition. In estimating the wealth acquired by Mr. Crockford through the medium and success of his French hazard bank, (for this was the never-falling source of gain,) there must be taken into account the heavy and extravagant expenditure of the establishment in St. James's-street; his own expensive, though by no means foolishly extravagant, mode of living; the maintenance and education of a very numerous family, the advances of money from time to time made to fit them out and further their prospects in life; the expense of a racing-stud; a considerable outlay in suppressing various indictments preferred against him for his former proprietorship in King-street, and the heavy losses more recently sustained by other venture and speculation. It may be fairly calculated that the certain profits of the hazard-table must have embraced millions! and some idea may be formed of the extent of evil to others consequent on such an accumulation of capital extracted from their means.

In person Mr. Crockford was something above the middle stature, and rather crippled in his walk, owing to a paralytic affection; his expression of countenance was by no means intelligent, or indicative in the slightest degree of that quick capacity which distinguished him in the play and betting rings; on the contrary, there was at times a simplicity of feature bordering on the idiotic, that might well have impressed those who knew him not with a very erroneous opinion of his capability. His dress was plain in the extreme, and not in the least approaching any attempt at fashionable formation or arrangement; indeed Mr. Crockford was a man not at all addicted to outward display. In this he certainly exhibited good sense and policy; for any exhibition on his part, to the extent which his means allowed, would have put royalty's self out of countenance, and by exciting public attention and denunciation, would in all probability have given sudden check to his profitable trade. Mr. Crockford has left behind him the numerous family of fourteen children, all of whom have received the advantages of a liberal education, and have been substantially and handsomely provided for. Some are entered of learned and liberal professions, others are engaged in trade, but all employed in honourable and lucrative pursuits. One son is handsomely endowed in the church, and three others are carrying on the business of wine merchants in St. James's-street. Of the female portion of the family, one is married to an eminent medical practitioner.

The widow of Mr. Crockford is a lady of refined manners and amiable disposition, and much and deservingly respected by those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance. To her extreme care and attention in the exercise of such qualities Mr. Crockford owed not only the enjoyment of great domestic comfort, but the correction of much of his early coarse and uneducated manner, and the removal of habits ill-suited to his after associations. Mrs. Crockford was originally governess to the former lady of her husband's love, by whom he had four children. It is pleasing to contemplate the falling of fortune, however questionable its acquirement, into the possession of those who can justly appreciate its value, and through whom it may, by laudable application, communicate benefit to the unfortunate and less-favoured of mankind.

Having thus traced the career of Mr. Crockford, to the extreme position of wealth and a princely mansion in Carlton House Terrace, a locality commanded only by the most opulent of our aristocracy, nought more remains to announce, but that at this residence he died on the 25th of May, 1844, aged sixty-nine years, above fifty of which were devoted to what (in our opinion by a very serious misnomer) are termed *sporting* pursuits.

ON A TEARFUL COUNSEL.

Kelly has borne so many sneers,
That pity for the man is ripe;
But surely one so full of tears
Can never quarrel with a *wipe*.

Singular Fact.—A farmer near Kenmore lately killed a sow, and, upon splitting grumpey's head, found, to his astonishment, a mouse as far up in the nostrils as to come exactly between the poor animal's eyes. It is believed that the mouse has been domesticated there since Hallowe'en, as the pig was three days, at that time, without taking food, and ever since unwell, and not thriving. The truth of this wonderful statement may be relied on, as the writer has had it from unquestionable authority.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDA OF THE FLEET PRISON.

This monument of "man's cold cruelty to man" being now rapidly in course of demolition, and quickly to be numbered among the things that were, a few associations connected with the place, and a slight sketch of its history cannot but afford food for reflection. These fast disappearing walls were erected after the Gordon riots in 1780, when the former building was destroyed by fire; and it is recorded in Knight's *London* that the mob were polite enough to send notice to the prisoners of the period of their coming, and, on being informed that it would be inconvenient on account of the lateness of the hour to postpone their visit to the following day.

The former building also dated its erection from the period of a fire, its predecessor having been destroyed in the great conflagration of 1666.

Strange things have happened in the Fleet prison. This pile of solid brickwork, described in the auctioneer's placards, as "Material for a small town," has contained within its walls many thousands of pining and some hundreds of jovial debtors, but at the time of the passing of the statute consolidating three prisons into one, the number of inmates had dwindled down to a comparative few, including two veterans who had sojourned in the place upwards of thirty years as prisoners of the court of Chancery. One of the parties, named Jeremiah Broad, was a perfect character in his way, and from him a large sum of money was obtained under what is termed a vesting order from the Insolvent Debtors' Court. The parties are now living in the Queen's Prison, which, before the act mentioned, was denominated the Queen's Bench Prison."

In the Reign of Richard the First, the custody of the royal palace at Westminster and of the Fleet Prison were committed to the same person—the Chancellor of England, so that in the twelfth century the keeping of the prison was a matter of importance. Little is known of the history of the place until the sixteenth century. The gaol was burnt by the followers of Wat Tyler. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the prison was filled with the religious martyrs, and subsequently (in the reign of Charles I.) with the Star Chamber prisoners. In the thirteenth century it was used for the confinement of debtors. The prisoners in 1586 complained to the Lords of the Council, and in their petition stated that the warden had let the victualling and lodging of the prisoners to two very poor men who "being greedy of gain, lived by bribery and corruption." In 1593 (according to the work referred to, from whence the principal facts have been extracted) the prisoners again petitioned, but it was not until 1696 that a Committee of the House of Commons brought to light the atrocities which had been committed. In 1727 the systems adopted in the management of prisons were disclosed, and in the preface to the Romance of Dick Turpin the Highwayman, are several remarks and extracts, which will give the reader an idea of the frightful state of the Fleet and other gaols in the reign of the First George. Since that period vast improvements have been effected in the interior of such places. Imprisonment for debt may now be considered as virtually abolished. By the act of last session some hundreds of debtors confined for sums not exceeding 20*l.* were discharged; and, although it is alleged that a corresponding boon has not been awarded to creditors, yet there are but few persons who are now found to support imprisonment—that is, to confine men in the first instance before an examination. It is admitted that the law is in a very defective state, but it is at the same time acknowledged that the place on which the Fleet Prison stands, we shall soon say stood, may be used for a better purpose than the inhuman one of which the walls are a perishing memorial.

PUNCH'S CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

Though the *Child's Guide to Knowledge* has passed through twelve editions, we think there are several errors which are likely to mislead the juvenile student. The following questions and answers may be relied upon for their accuracy:—

Q. Pray, my little dear, what is bread made of?
A. Alum, plaster-of-Paris, and potatoes.
Q. What is tea?
A. That depends a good deal on the shop it is purchased at.
Q. What is port-wine?
A. Weak brandy-and-water, with sloe-juice to give it body.
Q. What is champagne?
A. A wine that is generally made from gooseberries.
Q. To what is man indebted for milk?
A. To the pump and the chalk-pit.
Q. Who introduced nuts?
A. The man who first rapped the boy's head with his knuckles.
Q. What is madder?
A. To buy Talacre is mad, but to expect them to burn is madder.
Q. What did the ancients use to write with instead of a pen?
A. An iron style, which is perhaps the reason of their works being so very hard to read.

"You don't look *a-miss*," as the young lady said to her beau when he had got her bonnet on.