

TUFT-HUNTERS

AND

TOADIES.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. MINE.

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TUTT HUNTERS

TOADIES

THE BIRD BOOK

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BY T. T. HUNTERS
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PREFACE.



E

VERYBODY has some natural antipathy. There are a great many persons of good sense and taste that entertain a rooted objection to Trafalgar square, and

its practical jokes denominated fountains, around which the little boys of the metro-

polis love to congregate, and into which the maid-servant threatens to dip the refractory brat which crieth for the what's-his-name at the top of the great column.

A great many persons dislike the Ethiopian Serenaders, the scenery at the Haymarket Theatre, and the farces at the Princess'. Some very good people have a cordial detestation for Joinville ties, halfpenny steam-packets, "gents," and amateur performances at the Olympic; and there are equally respectable persons who shun railway speculators, Cheap Clothing Marts, and tariff pine apples. We do not affect singularity, but have our antipathies too, and first and foremost of those antipathies, an unmitigated detestation of, and hostility against all Tuft-hunters whatsoever.

Most people have heard of Tuft-hunters,

and are aware that "Tuft" means a nobleman, and "Tuft-hunter" a hunter after noblemen at the university. For as every class must



have its badge in a well regulated community, there is as much necessity for a gilt tassel to distinguish a nobleman from a scholar,

as for the mysterious numbers worn by cabmen and police-officers.

But it is a tremendous mistake to suppose that Tuft-hunting is confined to Oxford and Cambridge. Quite the contrary; Tuft-hunters are sent thither ready made, and only find their name and their victims in the universities. This practice is as universal as every other species of "humbug;" and since humbug is as easily found in an inscription of the Pharaohs at Memphis, or at the summit of Pompey's pillar, as in "French in six lessons," or "a new political romance by the Author of ——," so Tuft-hunters, like fungi of every species, spring up and ripen in every part of the world. They are coeval and co-existent with the great family of the "toadies," but, like them, they are a family which antiquity could never make respectable.

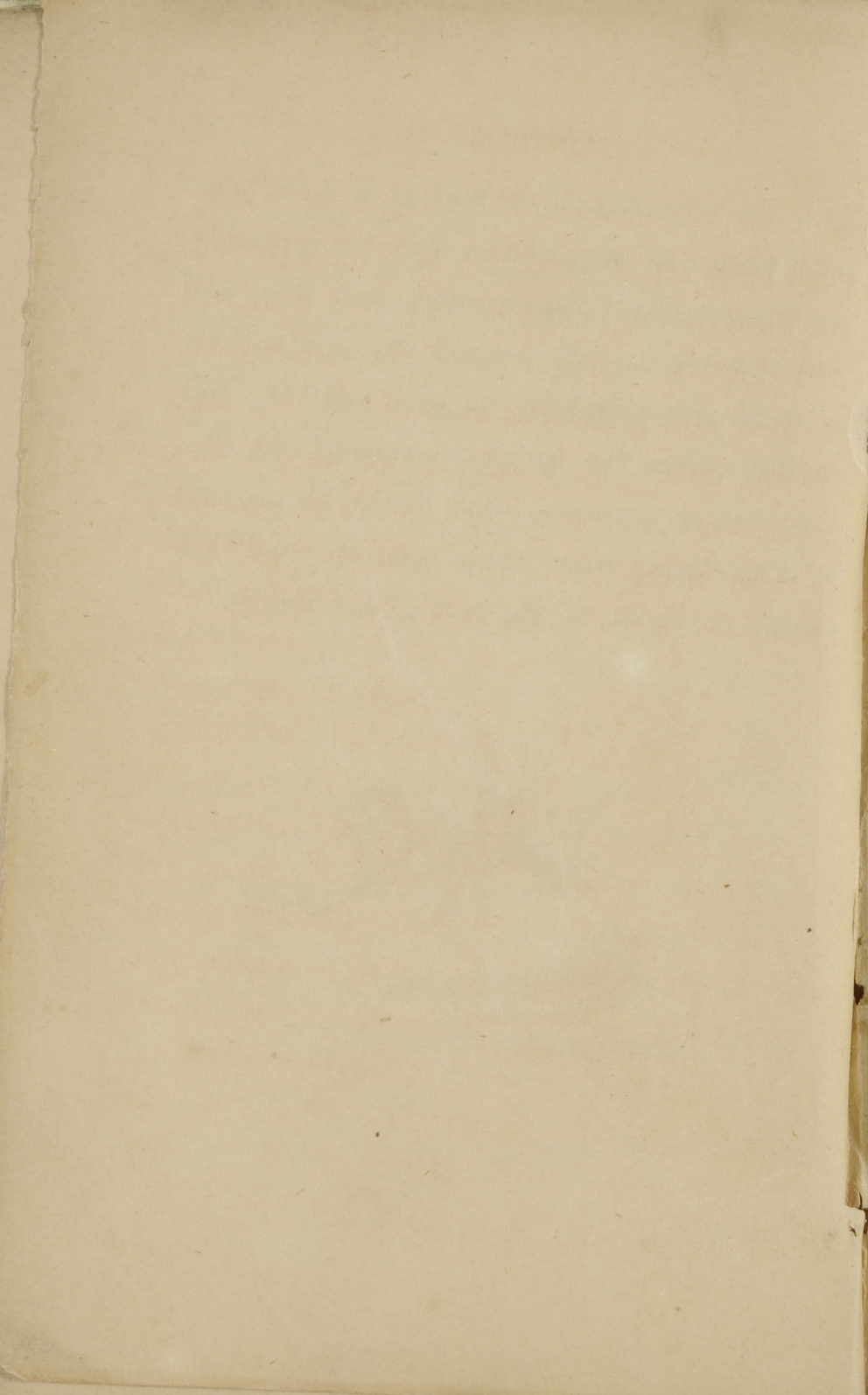
Walk down the streets of London, and they are almost as great a nuisance as the wood-pavement, or the milliners in Cranbourn alley of old. Some of them stare you into stupefaction, and others, if you know them, oblige you with a nod of so doubtful a character, that you remain uncertain whether to acknowledge and return the salutation, or kick the person who offers it. There is the Tuft-hunter in full feather, dressed out like a fashionable *pose-plastique*, and there is the seedy Tuft-hunter, dressed like a poet, and looking as if he had been to the gallery of her Majesty's theatre to hear Jenny Lind the night before. Enter the shops, and you see Tuft-hunters on both sides of the counter, and it is difficult to tell which are most obsequious to their Tufts, or insolent to the rest of the world. In Bond street, we find riding Tuft-hunters; in Regent

street and the Arcade, gambling and swaggering Tuft-hunters: enter a fashionable divan or coffee-house, and we find the dinner-hunting, cigar-smoking, do-anything species in full force. Go to Pimlico, and we find military Tuft-hunters, who make calls in Sloane street and Cadogan place, and talk of Belgrave and Grosvenor. Enter the Parks, and you find specimens of all the species congregated together, and each plying trade in his peculiar "line." There, especially, you will see the perfumed Tuft-hunter on a horse, leaning three quarters out of his saddle, in order to talk to Lady Divinella Curricie, or bending forward to talk (and be seen talking) with the Right Honourable Augustus Fitz-Diddle. Oh! the Tuft-hunters, like the flies in summer, are everywhere.

Those persons, then, who read these pages

with the expectation of finding a mere lampoon upon our universities, will be agreeably (or disagreeably) disappointed: and they will find that we, having roamed through nations of men and kingdoms of pen and ink, and having, unlike the knights-errant of old, discovered our monsters, shall forthwith proceed to drag them from their security, and kill them—on paper, to the best of our ability.





THE NATURAL HISTORY
OF
TUFT-HUNTERS.

CHAPTER I.

OF TUFT-HUNTERS IN GENERAL.



WHEN this most unfortunate race of mortals was proposed as a subject for our pen, we felt inclined to weep heartily at the task, and to leave the wretched troop of Tuft-hunters to the mercy of some writer possessed of more gall, and a larger assortment of iron pens than ourselves. But

we reflected upon the act of philanthropy we should perform in tearing away one, at least, of the masks under which the defects of society lie hidden, and being, like Charles Surface, "of a communicative disposition," we determined to lay our experience, and its results, before the eyes of the rising generation.

The Tuft-hunter is a creature of relative, not actual, existence; and is, therefore, a most anomalous and uneven animal to deal with. In the general run of society he is an exaggerated "bore," and partakes of the qualities of most different and dissimilar characters. In manners he is partly gentleman, partly gent, and struts with an ample display of vulgar assumption, while he betrays a moderate knowledge of the small talk, habits, and lounges of the higher classes. But in the society of noblemen his vulgar assurance generally deserts him, and changes into a dandyish kind of servility; and as wax melts when it approaches

the fire, so our Tuft-hunter is a nuisance, if not a bully, in middle-class society, but collapses into a very *figurante* of complaisance in presence of the dreaded Tuft.

His most leading characteristic is an entire freedom from anything like a taste or opinion of his own. We have heard Tuft-hunters praise the Wellington Statue, and declare Westminster Bridge perfectly convenient and useful, simply because their Tuft had said so in the House the day before. We have heard thousands of Tuft-hunters express their implicit confidence in the New Poor Laws from a like reason; and we even know some of that unhappy species, who admire the architecture of Buckingham Palace. But of this hereafter.

The talents of the Tuft-hunter are doubtless great—in their way, but his perseverance is much greater. One of them has assured us on his honour (and we believe it on *this* occasion) that he was ordered out of the room twenty-

seven times, kicked out fifteen times, "cut" three hundred times, and snubbed five hundred and ninety-seven more, before he got a single



invitation to dinner with a lord. At length, a young Irish peer, who had been "cut" by all his own equals, and therefore possessed a fellow feeling, took pity upon our Tuft-hunter,

asked him to dinner, and, in the most bland and condescending manner, borrowed fifty pounds. Our acquaintance lent it with the most rapturous delight; but as he took care to tell all his friends of the condescending behaviour of his Lordship, he was, in a few years, ruined by similar loans. He now looks very seedy, and dresses more so, but yet finds a melancholy satisfaction in the consciousness of having lost his money aristocratically; for it is a strange fact, that although men seldom impute their good deeds or fortune to the influence of society, they are most liberal in charging it with the weight and blame of their vices or misfortunes, and find that to moralize upon the influence of the world is a comfortable salvo for the little command they possess over themselves.

Although Ben Jonson has written enough on "Every man in or out of his own humour," we much doubt if any five-act play, even of the Elizabethan length, would include all the

humours of a Tuft-hunter. He is a species of Peripatetic weather-cock, and is turned in an



instant by the breath of his Tuft. If his lordship feel tired, the Tuft-hunter immediately declares talking "a bore;" if his lordship wish for amusement, he rattles as fast as Charles Mathews in a farce. If Lord Heavi-

swelle yawns, he immediately twitches his muscles, and writhes in all the pride of being permitted to yawn in company with a lord. Then, if Viscount Listless, being facetiously disposed, should abuse anything or anybody, even if it be his own nearest relation (Tuft-hunters never have friends), he laughs heartily at the fun of the thing, and wonders how he ever came to feel affection or respect for what a lord despises.

The same spirit of imitation leads him to dress "at" every nobleman he sees; and we well remember a very dazzling specimen of the breed, who informed us that his waistcoat was cut out of the very same piece with that of the Duke of Truffles, that his coat, (or whatever it was, whether horse-cloth, paletot, or rug,) was made after the last Parisian cut, as introduced by Lord Cutemoute, and that his boots were fellows to the last new pair of the Right Honourable Archibald Pinchumme.

His position in society is even more doubt-

ful than his humours. Respectable people don't know him, and his aristocratic acquaintance won't, unless it be for some purpose of their own. He seems to hang between two stages of society, never ascends, but often comes down; or, if he do make a momentary ascent, his progress only resembles that of a globule issuing from the clay pipe of some juvenile practitioner in science, which swells and rises, but becoming too big for itself, and too weak for the surrounding atmosphere, breaks and dissipates.

Nothing shows the contemptible nature of the Tuft-hunter more than the impossibility of getting any man to avow himself such in public. Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, and a few other characters quite as respectable and useful as some Tuft-hunters, boasted of *their* profession, and gloried in *their* infamy. But what Tuft-hunter will do this?

When we see the rich Tuft-hunter exchanging his hard-earned gold for the courtly smiles

and private sneers of the old and worn-out peer, or the green and budding profligate of nobility, it calls to our mind the memory of a rich grocer, who got knighted, took a house of unexampled height, and commenced the profession of gentleman by cutting all his former acquaintances, for fear of meeting them when he had a duke or an earl upon his arm. The friends were quickly lost, but the dukes and earls were never found.

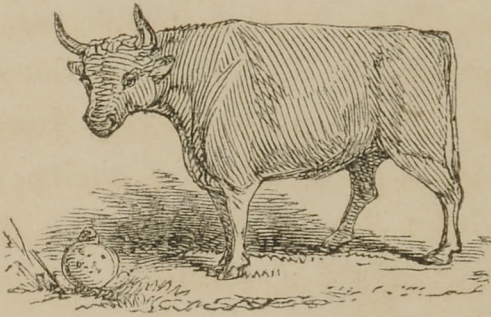
In fact, the largest number of Tuft-hunters springs from the hot-bed of traffic—where gold is sown in the pockets of greenhorns and country cousins, and reaped tenfold by the speculator—London. The rich *parvenu*, exulting in his new-made greatness, which becometh him as much as a decent suit of clothes becometh a “gent,” struts forth with “Baronet” ticketed on every look and gesture, an “plum” written on every smile. But still he has not reached the height of things; his neighbours *are* only what he *was*; they num-

ber no proxies in the House, no close boroughs as family property, no emblazoned specimens of heraldic ingenuity. No, he must cut his old associates, and turn Tuft-hunter. And what does he gain by this? Is he less a tradesman than before? Assuredly not; he is still a tradesman, a dealer in self, a wholesale profligate of his own character, a bankrupt in reputation, and a false coinage passed current upon society.

What, then, is the motive for Tuft-hunting? If this question be asked, there can be but one answer: "I may be taken for a lord or a great man, because I associate with such." This is as great a mistake as reading a novel by Eugene Sue for amusement. A man's respectability depends upon himself, and he cannot expect to enter society in order to obtain a character, but must possess a character in order to be fit to enter society.

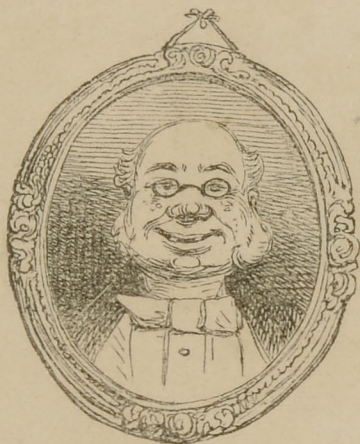
But as we have stated that Tuft-hunting,

like its great parent Humbug, is not confined to class or country, we will forthwith lay before our readers a description of some forms, under which Tuft-hunting and Tuft-hunters are most frequently developed.



CHAPTER II.

OF TUFT-HUNTING FAMILIES.



UR friend, Sir Jeames Sawduste, Baronet, and his lovely family, furnish a choice example of a house of Tuft-hunters. While Sir Jeames lends money to noblemen, who dine with him in return,

Lady Sawduste calls on all the Peeresses who will return the visit, and on some who won't. Miss Clarinetta Sawduste screams "*Vedrai carino,*" in a voice resembling a whistle on the Great Western, while the Right Honour-

able Adolphe Auguste Fribble standeth by, and sayeth, "Bra—vo," and thinketh of the



thousands which chink in her father's pockets, and his own debts on the turf. Meantime,

Miss Laurinetta Albonetta Julia Sawduste worketh portraits of Lord Brougham in Berlin Wool, and the youngest sister, Floretta Lucilla Sawduste, writeth small notes on small scented



paper, requesting the pleasure, honour, and condescension of the Dowager Duchess of Plushington's company at a *déjeuner* the next morning.

We called upon them one day, and were really diverted at the strange mixture of affected fashion and real vulgarity they exhibited. At our entrance, the footman honoured



us with a fixed stare, and having, in King's Bench *parlance*, "taken our portrait," for fear of our clandestinely removing the hall chairs and umbrella-stand, he stared next at our card; much scandalized at finding it was neither a lord nor an earl, he tripped up stairs with prodigious celerity. After we had waited sufficiently long to feel

that "marble halls," however some people

may wish to dwell in them even in their dreams, are very cold during the brisk month of November, the aristocratic patent footman returned, and with a slight unbending, of collar and manners, ushered us into a room much too large to be comfortable, and filled with furniture which had been bought merely because it was expensive, and recommended by the Countess of Druggetsfield.

After conversing a great deal about nothing for ten minutes, the Tufts were introduced with a most delicate touch of science, and a most amusing affectation of accident in mentioning the names of great people. "I beg your pardon, Sir," says the wife, "but will you allow me to answer a slight note from Lady Cheapside?" "Oh, Mr. H. will excuse you, my dear!" says the husband, "and you had better say that we shall be at the Lord Chief Baron's this evening, and tell her Ladyship that Lord Beaubelle looked very well at the Duchess' the other day." It is impossible to

conceive a quieter way of informing visitors that you are acquainted with a Chief Baron, a Ladyship, a Lord, and a Duchess. Even the old tricks of a pier looking-glass stuck with cards procured from a stationer's, and a salver to carry in the tradesmen's bills, must yield to this graceful aristocracy *per accidens*.

The letter, the Chief Baron, the Ladyship, the Lord, and the Duchess being dispatched, our hostess proceeded to entertain us with an enumeration of the different presents of hot-house grapes, pine-apples, French clocks, and sweetmeats sent by herself to all the nobility that would accept them. She then launched out into a pleasing description of the juvenile wit of the heir-apparent, who was so exclusive in his society at Eton! Poor boy: we afterwards found that his mates were the exclusive party, and that he was the excluded.

At length, the house was thrown into an awkward and graceless confusion by a most

unmistakeable West-End rap at the street-door. Miss Clarinetta nearly fell over the music stool in rushing to one window, Miss Floretta upset the inkstand upon the rich white ground of the carpet, in running to another; Lady Sawduste discomposed her turban, her lapdog, and herself with a sudden start, and Sir Jeames shuffled to-and-fro, and tried to look unconcerned and self-possessed. But that was in vain—the Countess of Baden Wells had arrived, in company with her charming daughters, and the gay Count Loveticque, whom she had “taken up” from the perfumer’s opposite. Finding that we, with our quiet dress, plain manners, and ignorance of the Peerage and Drawing-room, were likely to prove a “bore,” we pleaded an excuse, and went to call upon our friends the Jones, in a rather retired quarter between Baker street and Camden Town.

Mr. Chandos Fitzwilliam Davenport Jones

was a respectable man with a government situation worth seven hundred a-year, nine children, a governess, and a ten-roomed house. There are a great many such in the world, very good people in their way, but generally "slow" and unpretending. Mr. Chandos Fitzwilliam Davenport Jones was neither; he kept a "turn-out," dined with a Lord, a very distant relation, twice a year, and christened all his children after the most fashionable names of nobility. In fact, he seemed anxious to wash out the bitter name of "Jones" by a thick layer of aristocratic Christian names, and, as a necessary consequence, half the world could neither write, read, nor spell half the epithets of the Jones family.

Mr. Chandos Fitzwilliam Davenport Jones was sitting in a "too luxurious easy chair" when we entered. He rose, and received us with a bow savouring strongly of Pecksniff and Walter Lacy. His lady made a languid

apology for not rising, and declared that her nerves were in such a state of excitement, that she knew not what to do, especially as she had lost the recipe given her by Lady Cologne. The elder daughters were picking an old satin dress to pieces, in order to convert it into pin-cushions for a fancy fair, and the younger ones were tearing up an old Peerage to make paper matches. From the yawning of the sons, we concluded that a family lecture was going on, and we were right.

In fact, Master, we mean Mr., De Vernon Plantagenet Jones, the eldest, and hopeful son of the family, was going to college the next day, and every member of the Jones family felt themselves bound to give him some good advice on his bearing in the little world he was to enter. His father told him to take care of his money, that is, to spend it only in first-rate society, and to be sure and get a Double First; his sisters entreated him to dress well,



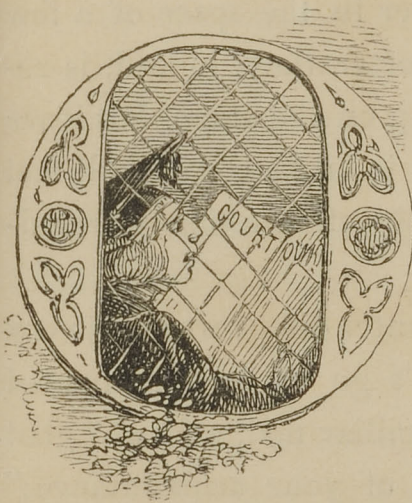
and invite them at Commemoration; his mother, who had been reading "Lays of a young Jesuit," by a *popular* preacher, besought him to beware of the Pope and Maynooth; but all agreed in exhorting him to keep

“tip-top” society, and to try and get acquainted with the nobility. Thus was Mr. De Vernon Plantagenet Jones set forth a Tuft-hunter at once,—how he succeeded in that capacity, will be seen in our next chapter.



CHAPTER III.

OF AN UNIVERSITY TUFT-HUNTER.



UR young gentleman was now arrived at college. In the course of the journey he had forgotten the best part of the advice he had received, but resolved to dress well, and associate with noblemen. In a place where the tailors “tick” to eternity, the first of these proceedings was

easy, and in three weeks our young "gent" (for he was fast relapsing into that abbreviated state of name and existence) had as many waistcoats as his tailors showed patterns, and had a coat to match that of every nobleman in the university.

But about the second point there was considerable difficulty. It is not fashionable even out of the university, for men to slap one another on the back, and "old fellow" and "old boy" one another in the space of a few weeks. A much shorter time, indeed, is requisite for a friendship on the stage, but if we reflect how soon that is broken, we shall feel the truth of the old objection to hasty friendships in general.

Our young Tuft-hunter discovered this very quickly. He couldn't go up to the dreaded gold tassel with a familiar nod, and a "glad to know you, proud of your acquaintance;" and he felt almost as much afraid of a noble-

man on his staircase, as of the approaching terminal examination at "Collections." But there is no knowing what human perseverance will achieve when the purpose is improper. By dint of breakfasts, suppers, cigars after breakfast, and throwing the plaster effigies of popular characters out of his window, and other whimsical habits, our young "gent" began to seem a "fast" man. This, though no recommendation to his tutor, was eagerly appreciated by some aristocratic heroes of his very "small" college, and he at length was completely "stodged" by a real *bonâ-fide* Tuft asking him to breakfast. Although this Tuft was of late creation, and had more of the blood of Smithfield in him than of the Plantagenets or the Conqueror, yet he was a Tuft, and that was sufficient.

But our Tuft knew too well what his nobility had cost his grandfather, to be at all disposed to retail it at a cheap rate, and his con-

cessions were always tempered with the good-natured ease of a Chinese mandarin, who nods graciously to every one, but always honours them with a fixed stare, lest they should be tempted by his condescension to grow familiar.

Our young Tuft-hunter was now a doubtful animal, an ill-digested mixture of gentleman and footman. Sometimes he thought it rather



troublesome to be patronised, but then he resolved to satisfy his feelings by patronising every body else. The consequence of this was a summons from his tailor, who suspected that his peculiar style of politeness covered an inability to pay, and a smile, and subsequent "cut" from all his reputable friends.

At length, a "lark" in which the Tuft and his hunter took part, produced the expulsion of both. But its effects were very different upon each. The Tuft was well supported by wealth, but his hunter had run over a respectable parish functionary in his expenditure very often, and left Alma Mater in crippled circumstances. He had, however, so implicit a faith in nobility, that he assured his family that nothing was more "brickish" than expulsion, and that it would save him an anxious walk in the Pig Market,* further comforting

* The cloisters under the Bodleian, where candidates "funk" previously to the public examination, and amidst the compassionate exhortations of their friends to "keep the pecker up."

them with the assurance that had he stayed, he should never have got his Degree; to the truth of which assertion all who knew him bore evidence.

But although he had given up what he never intended to pursue, he was by no means disposed to lay aside his darling profession. The little gold tassel glittered still before his eyes, and he followed it with as much pertinacity as if it had been a mysterious, unsociable sort of ghost in a melodrama. Tuft and Tuft-hunter seemed to have grown necessary to each other, and the one felt almost as much pleasure in flattering, as the other in being flattered. Mr. De Vernon Plantagenet Jones still spends half the year at Codsheade Villa, and the rest in a seedy, half-gent, half-snob style in town. Sometimes we have seen him driving a very shady cab down Bond street, and sometimes riding a horse of seven-and-six-penny appearance on the margin of Piccadilly. Of late he groweth older, and seemeth more

seedy, whence we conclude that business begins to grow unprofitable, and that he will gradually collapse into a mere "gent," and talk of Lords as things that once were.



CHAPTER IV.

OF PROFESSIONAL TUFT HUNTERS.



ALTHOUGH the abstract idea of Tuft-hunting is generally associated with a large amount of listless laziness and a would-if-it-could-be aristocratic ease, yet there are few professions in which it is not an ingredient. Indeed, if we bear in mind its close relation to "humbug," and consider how much professions owe to the latter, it will require

little sagacity to perceive that Tuft-hunting is at all events a large ingredient in the composition of the law, physic, and other recondite sciences.

It is amusing to see a young "gent" hunt Tufts at college, in order to "doctor" them, when the addition to his name of two ominous-looking initials shall have given him legal right to cure, kill, and anatomize her Majesty's servants (we don't mean the players of the *National Theatre*), as occasion may demand. And then, what a sleek and dapper creature is the fashionable physician! With words and step as regular as the plaits of his own shirt-front, he trips lightly into the room, where the Lady Belvidera Belinda Fitzlanguish reclines gracefully on the graceful *fauteuil*, and sighs forth her piteous complaint in scraps from "La Figlia" of last night. The doctor waits till the notes of Donizetti die away in the pastilled breeze of the boudoir, and taking off his faultless glove, feels the fair pulse that

never beats to any but an operative sorrow. Nothing the matter, but the doctor—we mean the physician—dare not say so. Too well he knows that fair nobility is seldom well except when interestingly ill; and so he prescribes rest to one who never works, nourishment to one who never has an appetite through excess of luxury, and a little healthy excitement to one who sees fearful melo-dramatic operas three times a week, and turns night into day during the rest.

And then the doctor goes to another fashionable patient, an old Lord, one whom the ladies call a “naughty” man. He is in great distress because the gout prevented his attending the ballet last night, and is reading in the Morning Post an eloquent description of Mademoiselle Skipjinnie’s pirouettes and flying leaps. The doctor good naturedly rallies the old gallant, and gives him advice that none but a Tuft-hunter could give. They

laugh, and chat, the doctor flatters, and the old Lord chuckles, till at last a sudden twitch produces a grimace quite as inimitable as one



of Farren's as Lord Ogleby, and flannels and hot water put Giselle and Undine out of all thought or imagination.

But the Tuft-hunting Lawyer! Here, indeed, we have the quintessence of all Tuftyism. A quiet, plain, and neatly-finished personage, with small eyes, and a back literally bent by the numerous bows made daily to his Tuft. His suit is black; he goes regularly to the parish church which his Tuft's tenantry frequent, and reads the clerk out of countenance. He never smiles except when his Lordship hazards a joke, and keeps his countenance so well under command, that you would almost think each feature and muscle had been separately drilled to the service. He is the reputed enemy of farmers and tenants, although he shakes hands with both on a canvassing day; for that is a great day for your Tuft-hunting lawyer. He knows every disqualification in a voter for the opposition, every qualification of the Lord for whom he canvasses; no flaw in the election of a political opponent can escape him, and for a little bit of delicate indirect bribery, no one can surpass him. He

it is who gives twenty pounds for a couple of terrier puppies, because he has taken a fancy, not to them, but to the vote of the chandler, whose wife sells them. He it is who gives ten pounds to the younger son in corduroys to buy cakes with. The younger son cries when the money is taken away from him as soon as the lawyer's back is turned, and, poor fellow! sees no policy at all in such conduct. Then the Tuft-hunting lawyer "coaches" his Lordship in little matters of politics, jurisprudence, and patriotism. He writes paragraphs in county journals, and "supports" his Lordship on the hustings. To say the truth, this class of Tuft-hunters, half lawyer, half politician, does more real work than any other species, and, from the ascendancy they acquire, these men are most frequently rewarded by subordinate situations, in which they are likely to be useful, without becoming powerful enough to be independent.

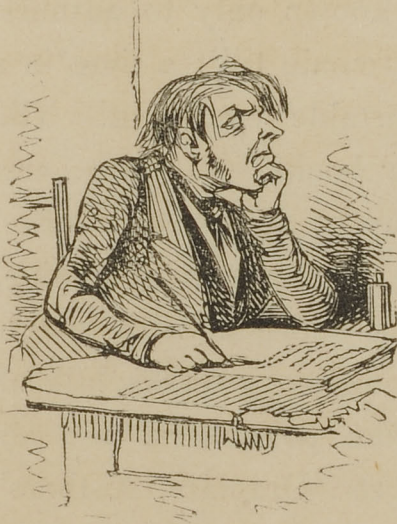
But political Tuft-hunting is not confined

to lawyers; on the contrary, authors and editors are but too readily disposed to regard "men" rather than "measures;" but such matters are too dull for our present subject.



CHAPTER V.

OF TUFT-HUNTING AUTHORS.

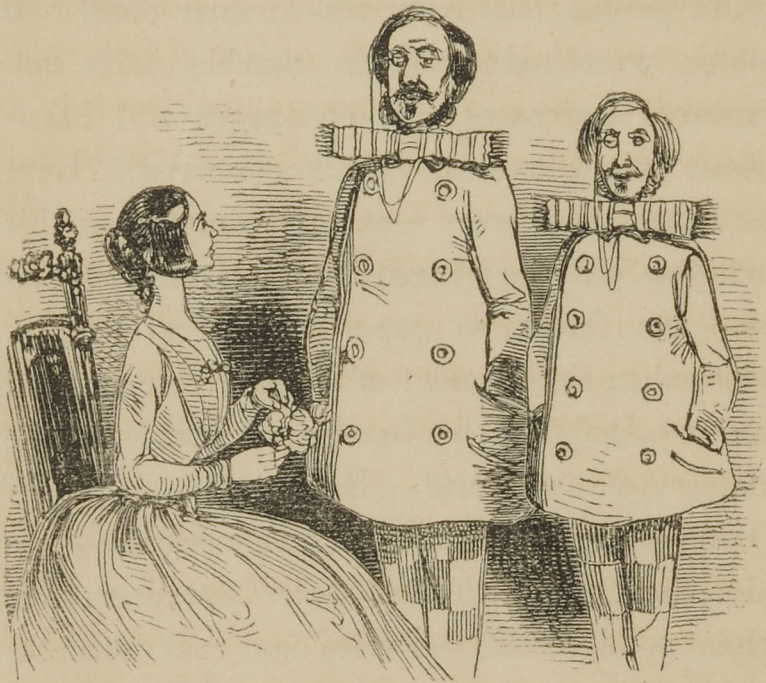


is curious, but nevertheless a fact, that scarcely a novel is written, but the heroes and heroines are all aristocratic. The writer, perhaps, lives in the fifth story of a house in some retired court in London, with no prospect but the chimney-pots and tiles, varied by an

occasional discharge of smoke from a neighbouring brewery, or by the picturesque evolutions of some linen on a line, shaken by a breeze replete with the villanous compound of tobacco, gas, and other elements of London existence. A dull sound of traffic below, resembling the distant roar of the sea, is agreeably diversified by the wrangling altercation of two cats on opposite roofs, and the occasional rattling of a broom in a chimney pot. The room is small and dingy-looking, and its furniture arranged in that peculiar style known only to authors. The breakfast things remain till tea time in a hapless and uncomfortable confusion. The floor is covered with books, play-bills, and perhaps half blocked up by a gigantic clothes' basket filled with the memoranda of genius. The chimney-piece is adorned with rough sketches to illustrate imaginary works, bills of laundresses, letters from publishers, and an invitation card from the Dramatic Authors'

Society. In this dull room, and by that meagre, pale object in the dirty and ill-arranged robe-de-chambre, are those fashionable novels concocted, in which not a single creature mentioned has less than four thousand a year. It is surprising that from this dismal room and more wretched prospect, marble halls and bronzed staircases, gilt equipages and luxurious opera boxes, should be conceived. Here is a man who never sees any woman from his window but the virago laundress next door, and yet forms on paper legions of beauty, clothed in the raiment of fashion, and petted and spoiled by the luxury of home or the flattery of the world. Such is the spirit of Tuftyism, that a man will rather associate his mind and pen with ideal peers and peeresses, than condescend to write on real subjects within his own experience; and hence spring the amusing ideas of nobility on the stage, where we see such images of aristocracy as can

only arise from a Tuft-hunting determination that a nobleman and a couple of baronets are essential to the formation of a comedy. And what is the stage nobility of such writers?



What was never witnessed in the family of any nobleman fit for the hero of a drama. Men

without dignity, whose whole wit consists in the length of their waistcoats and the shortness of their coats, flippant young ladies ready to run off with every sharper or trifler the fertile mind of the author chooses to create, speculating dowagers and scandalous widows make up the *repertoire* of our fashionable comedy. It is said that genteel comedy is growing out of fashion. Not so; it is that comedies begin to lack gentility, and we, for our part, would rather listen to a really clever and brilliant farce or a dashing extravaganza, than to a namby-pamby string of five farces, yclept a comedy, but destitute of character or connexion.

But among all slow things, and they are pretty numerous, nothing can equal a novel written with a merely aristocratic tone. Punch has done so much of late towards reducing such books to their proper level, that we will let them alone; but not before we give a table

of the essentials for a real Tuft-hunting novel. They run as follows:

Two noblemen, with ruined fortunes and flourishing debts.

Two sons of ditto, who have expensive and aristocratic tastes, without the means of gratifying them.

Two rich heiresses, of rather city parentage, with money enough to satisfy anybody, and pay any debts on earth.

Two card-playing duchesses, to make mischief.

Two benevolent anybodies, to counteract the card-playing duchesses.

Twelve pounds of small talk and twaddle.

Twenty-four French phrases, such as *blasé*, *parbleu*, *au revoir*, *allons*, and a couple of titles from Italian operas.

Two or three houses in fashionable squares.

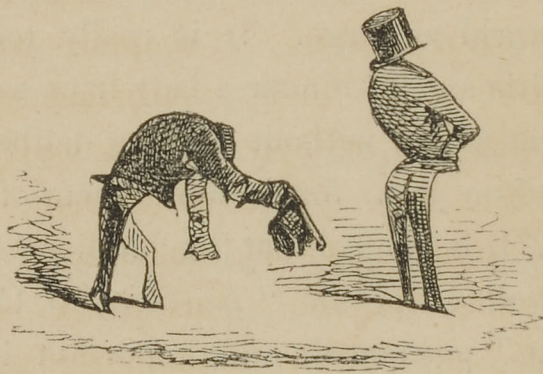
St. George's Church, Hanover-square, for a conclusion.

And a little—mind, a very little—fraction of common sense, just sufficient to make people wonder how it got into such company.

What shall we say of Tuft-hunting journals and paragraph writers? Truly they belong to the worst order of Tuft-hunting, since they detail facts under so artificial a covering, that they sometimes extend their own absurdities to the world at large. It is really too bad, that a title should hinder a lady from wearing a dress at a ball, without it being deliberately unpicked on paper for the amusement of small Tufties. It is too bad that the “leader” should be shrivelled up, the “Answers to Correspondents” postponed, and important intelligence omitted or rendered unintelligibly brief, in order to inform us of the number of grouse killed by Lord Blunderbuss, or to make way for illustrations of a progress through half-a-dozen country towns.

The palmy days of prefaces and dedications are gone by; no one will read the former, or

pay for the latter; and in this respect at least we may congratulate ourselves on being wiser than our forefathers, which is a great comfort.



CHAPTER VI.

OF SOME HABITS OF TUFT-HUNTERS.



WHEN we had put this title to our chapter, we felt surprised at our own temerity, and wondered what could have made us think of attempting to describe the habits

of a set of men, who have really no habits but those of their Tufts, and whose dispositions must therefore be perpetually on the change, and as impossible to discover, as the use of the Strand Theatre, or the meaning of some speeches at Exeter Hall.

Our zeal, however, in hunting out Tuft-hunters compelled us to observe certain traits of character, and certain habits, which will enable our readers to distinguish them with tolerable accuracy, and to shun and persecute them accordingly.

In the first place, a Tuft-hunter is never at ease. If he is in the society of inferiors or equals, he is uncomfortable, because he is not surrounded by noblemen. If he is in company with his Tuft, he is equally ill at ease, and dreads that an involuntary laugh at the joke of some other person in company, or a rebellious affectation of having an opinion of his own respecting a waistcoat, may drive him from the society of the great man for ever.

Secondly, a Tuft-hunter weighs everything, real or ideal, by the one standard of nobility. Ask him his opinion of Shakspeare, and he will tell you that he never reads him, because Lord Noodle considers him a "bore." Speak of the Theatre, and he instantly praises the

Opera, because the Marquis of Loveleggs once took him behind the scenes. If you talk of eating, he never knows any dish that has an English name, but descants at length upon *Chablis*, or *paté de foie gras*, and asks you if you ever dealt with Lopresti. In dress, he is even more amusing. He wouldn't know a pair of boots but as Prince of Wales', or any other aristocratic appellative. He measures gentility by calculating how much thicker one's waist is than Lord Leneslippe's, and his whole ideal of female beauty is regulated by a comparison with the Lady Flabella Rougement. With regard to the fine arts, a picture is never valuable, in his estimation, till it finds its way into the collection of a nobleman; and he prefers family portraits with bob-wigs to the finest landscape by Claude.

His religion consists in thinking the service in his lordship's chapel a very slow affair, but quite respectable and correct. He will speak to a clergyman, if he be of good family, and

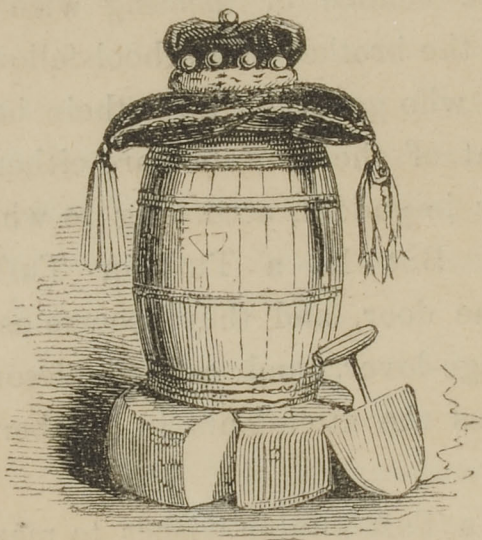
has no objection to kneel in St. George's, if the hassock is soft. Besides performing these duties, he is a great stickler for Church and State, though wise people doubt his knowledge of either; and he thinks that college prayer would be quite proper, if he could only sit on the same bench with his Tuft.

His acquirements are regulated by chance or ability, and we have seen very clever men Tuft-hunters. But these deserve even greater blame than the shallow set who usually make up the great mass, and we can conceive nothing more contemptible than the waste of fine talents in so unprofitable and unworthy a pursuit.

If the Tuft-hunter has a family, his domestic arrangements are either totally neglected, or formed upon those of any married Tuft of his acquaintance. The sons are taught pride, conceit, and an affectation of exclusiveness, and the daughters are immured in the most fashionable boarding-school, in order to

run some chance of meeting with a titled suitor in the brother of a school-fellow. The servants, who generally form their behaviour upon that of their master, are either supercilious or impudent, according to whom they address. But let a Tuft or Tuftess approach the door, and they become as humble as a stage-lover, and as troublesome and officious as the attendants in a haberdasher's shop.

But if a Tuft-hunter wishes to marry, it is surprising to see the sacrifices he and his relations will make to obtain an aristocratic alliance. Stores of wealth, realized from countless Dutch cheeses and endless tubs of Yarmouth bloaters, are brought into play, and the city millionaire determines to "spare no expense," as the playbills say, in the "getting up" of the family name and connexions. At length, the Lady Bella, fifteenth daughter of the Earl of Runtoseedie, takes pity upon the longing of her Tufty suitor, and having be-



stowed half his wealth in jointures, concessions, and loans, our Tuft-hunter, proud of the honour, leads the Lady Bella to the altar. Now, there are some marriages made between poor silly people, who marry through love and partiality; but there are also marriages in which the bride or bridegroom is merely a kind of incumbrance taken with a certain number of acres or a specified amount of coin. Such is the marriage of the Tuft-hunter with



the Tuftess. The bride heartily despises her husband; and the husband cares nothing about his bride, beyond the pleasure of reading the announcement of his marriage in the papers.

The domestic happiness of the Tuft-hunter is in proportion to the wisdom of his choice. While he pays his court to Tufts abroad, his wife entertains them at home, and loses her husband's money to their wives.



CHAPTER VII.

OF "IMAGINARY" TUFT-HUNTERS.



AD as are the Tuft-hunters who are tolerated by some nobility, there is a yet more contemptible race of those who practise Tuft-hunting without possessing the least ac-

quaintance with the aristocracy, or who, upon the strength of having stood next to a lord at a concert, claim a familiar hand-and-glove association with the same.

Of this kind was a friend whom we met going through Hyde Park every morning at nine o'clock for three months, and who always informed us that he was going to visit in "the Square." We wondered much what denizen of Grosvenor square rose thus early, and were astonished at the magnitude of our friend's breakfasting-out connexion. But our wonder subsided into a very different feeling when we found that the breakfast in Grosvenor square covered a visit, of a commercial description, to an upholsterer's in Regent street.

Another acquaintance used to entertain all he knew with the story of Lord Fitzwhipper's horse, and what the aforesaid lord said to him at the races, and what fine champagne Lord Deepswigge kept, and what a punster Lord Stalewitte was. And this reminds us of a favourite habit of small, imaginative Tuft-hunters. When their wits or memory suggest a small joke or an hieroglyphical pun,

they do not pass it current under their own name, but stamp their bad coinage with the title of some "nob," who bears a reputation for wit; thereby proving that Sheridan is not the only victim to fathering the offspring of small punsters.

A practical joke is also a great point, and an Oxford Tuft-hunter would dwell with delight upon the noble exploits of some expelled "Tuft." He will tell of the brave heroes who rose at dead of night, with tufted caps and silken gowns, and spirits for the fight, how they with pokers armed, the "dons" at twelve alarmed; and how when they with drink far gone, lay senseless, obfuscated, the proctor and his "dogs" came up, and they were rusticated.

Better still is the tremendous *sang-froid* with which men who were never at Oxford or Cambridge in their lives, talk of their "larks" there with lords and marquises, and having

read the "Art of Pluck," the "Gradus ad Cantabrigienses," and certain other popular treatises, pass themselves off, by dint of memory and impudence, as thoroughbred Oxford "swells." For their edification, and that of the world, we exhort every university man to abuse and kick them whenever he meets with such counterfeits.



A more modest breed of the ideal Tuft-hunter is found to consist of men who don't

know lords themselves, but who know somebody that does. Such "snobs" always speak of "a cove they know that's as thick with Lord —— as if they were brothers," or else of what Lord —— said to a friend of theirs about the Marquis of ——.

But the lowest set of all—those who are even scarcely respectable enough for the society of the other Tuft-hunters—are those "gents" who claim an acquaintance with the servants of the aristocracy, and who pride themselves upon knowing Lord Hedgeandditche's whipper-in, and Count de Villeduste's groom. The talk of such men is always of the stable, and such characters are easily discovered among "gents" of a sporting tendency.

They may be found sometimes in that anomalous and equivocal region denominated a "mews" in London. This is usually a long, narrow court with stable-doors and narrow windows abounding in very red flowerpots

with very town-looking flowers in them, on either side. A line of communication is kept up across the road by frequent cords and very un-perpendicular props, upon which Jerseys and quilts of an indefinite variety of colour and pattern annoy the heads of inexperienced passengers, and are peculiarly offensive to a refractory quadruped, who has taken French leave of his stable. Pumps, and cocks and hens, complete the scene, while gaunt, stuccoed, four-story-high-without-attic houses frown above the stable roofs on either side, and effectually prevent any admission of air to men, horses, or fowls.

In this murky atmosphere the smallest species of Tuft-hunter rejoices to tarry. With anxious care he hearkens to the praises of "Jenny Lind," who is to "run" to-morrow. He admires the sturdy build of Lord Cutan-run's "Thunderbolt," and gets by heart the pedigree of the Count's "Destruction." He drinks freely out of the same "pewter" with



the groom, and feels nearly as much “the thing,” as if he were seated *vis-a-vis* to the Duke of Pall Mall, sipping Lafitte from a

glass, the dimensions of which might qualify it for the table of one of the red brick domiciles so often seen in toy-shop windows.



CHAPTER VIII.

OF TUFT-HUNTING MAMMAS.



E now come to a more interesting subject, the Tuft-hunting mammas; but grieved as we are to make ladies the subject of satire in any shape, we cannot show more mercy to a female Tuft-hunter, than to the male of the same wretched species.

The true Tuft-hunting mamma is generally a lady of a "certain age," with a very high

turban, still higher notions, and several unmarried daughters, who look as if they had been brought up upon starch and tight lacing since childhood. Three of them, who are we won't say how many years distant from twenty, are resolved that nothing less than a coronet or a Ladyship shall ever tempt them into the indiscretion of marrying. The fourth, a fair creature of eighteen, is greatly detested by her sisters for the crime of being the youngest, and entertaineth romantic notions of ensigns on half pay, and interesting young gentlemen with small dependencies: she hath also great desire to have a clandestine attachment, like Lydia Languish, and run away, like a heroine in one of Mr. Bourcicault's comedies. She worketh initials of charming young men in Berlin wool, loveth a comedy, in which there is plenty of love and elopement, and thinketh an author in a turn-down collar the most interesting creature in the wide world. Her mother, by advice of her sisters, locks her



up in her bedroom every night, and never lets her walk in the "square" unless in safe keeping. Yet we shouldn't be surprised to see her name in the Morning Post some of these days, under the head, "elopement in high life," for

“love laughs at locksmiths,” and a mysterious French pianoforte has excited suspicion of late by his decent appearance and frequent visits to the dining-room window. Several substantial offers of marriage have been declined by the other sisters, at the instigation of their mother, who was formerly Lady Mayoress, and recollects too well the delight with which she first felt herself addressed as My Lady, to dream of debarring her daughters from the same pleasure. For our part, we fear that, while the Ladyship is insisted upon thus pertinaciously, our ladies will collapse into that very respectable, but much shunned state of old maidishness, and that the late trip to Boulogne shows that they entertain similar fears.

Their lady mother is very particular about etiquette, French accent, and the height of her “tiger.” She never allows her daughters to read such dreadfully radical publications as *Punch*, or anything else that people will buy; but delighteth in “*Genteel Miseries*,” by the

authoress of "Ducks and Dears," and "George de Vivianne, or the Faithful Inconstant," by the author of "Scraps of High Life," "The Duchess," "Patrician Revenge," &c. &c. In fact she prefers French novels, as being more improving and moral than English, but hath a great dread of Eugene Sue because he is "so very radical." She goeth often to the St. James', but prefers Perlet to Rachel. She hath weak nerves, and is in a fearful state of excitement whenever an "interesting event" is anticipated in the papers. She cannot bear the sight of rags or distress, but giveth freely to charities that are "well supported." Her daughters are perfect champions of fancy fairs, and paint more flowered screens, make more card racks, and distribute more tracts than all their acquaintance; while the mother subscribes handsomely to every "testimonial" given to an Italian singer.

At a ball, rout, (a rather bygone affair in these days,) or evening party, your Tuft-hunt-

ing mamma is a very dragon of vigilance and etiquette. With anxious care she scans the *souvenir de danse* of each of her fair daughters, and notes down the men whose rank and fortune may qualify them for partners in the dance of—marriage. But woe betide all younger brothers! Woe betide the men who have generous hearts, fine persons, and no titles! We remember a friend of ours, Adolphus Fitzclarence Charlestown Bumble, fifth son of the Earl of Bumble, who used to say that he made a point never to make an offer in a family wherein there was a Tuft-hunting mamma. After this example, “ladies, beware!” Another friend, the Duke of Modern Greece, assured us that he never allowed his sons to enter a family at all, in which Tuft-hunting was pursued; but we lament to say, that through this prohibition, his grace had few visitors besides his chaplain, lawyer, and barber.

But our Tuft-huntress is equally great in

other public places. She goeth to the Royal Academy, and findeth likenesses to aristocratic friends in every "Portrait of a Gentleman." She remarketh how like Brutus Lord Killandcutte is, the nobleman in question being at her elbow. She liketh portraits of young ladies and gentlemen nursing dogs and kissing puppies, with aristocratic names underneath, and she sendeth once a week to Colnaghi's for the new portraits of Prince Albert and "The Duke." She loveth Heath's book of beauty, because the beauties are all genteel; but hateth vulgar rustics, and can't think how people can admire Wilkie.

The Tuft-huntress thrives best as a widow; and, to make a fearful pun, her ill "weeds" grow apace. If she hath sons, she generally allows them to hunt down their acquaintance in order to keep them out of the way; if not, she is in her full glory, and layeth nets for her daughters and herself. Distraction!—while we are writing this, a messenger comes with

the news that the fair Dolorosa Clarabella De Smythe has gone off in company with the French pianoforte—we mean, with the Honourable Augustus Tippetywitch. The house is in confusion; Lady De Smythe shrieketh loudly, and calleth for hartshorn and—her daughter. The other three Miss De Smythes sob—because they are not on the road, too; and old Lord Tippetywitch sweareth they are all accomplices in marrying his son, who has got no money, to an heiress in the same condition. We write in haste, for fear the news should get into the papers first. But we foresaw it all.

To return from this melancholy digression, the Tuft-huntress hath but few of the feminine virtues and gentler graces which adorn women. Her mind is crippled with vapid and narrow views of society, and knows no culture save the garbled pictures of humanity vended by the paste-scissors-and-polish writers of fashionable literature. Ungenteel nobility, unfemi-

nine women, and men whose whole essence is made up of their waistcoats, ties, and titles, are the encyclopædia of human nature which she studies. Her taste, like that of the Tuft-hunter, is never independent, but always vitiated by the glitter of fashion. And here we would observe that fashion is the cause of all the evils attendant upon society. Without it, we should have no "gents," "snobs," "stuck-up people," or "Tuft-hunters." Their whole aim is to be "the thing," to come "up to the mark," or "ticket," to "come out strong," "cut a dash," "make a hit," and all the vulgar things to which the vulgar words of hybrid society have given names.

It is for this reason that we find the Tuft-huntress a perfect slave to milliners and bonnet makers. Of course she doesn't go to Cranbourn alley (or street); but she proceeds to some fashionable-looking shop in Regent street, where there is no danger of being followed over the pavement, and annoyed by a

couple of Gorgon-headed bonnet makers, (“ ’tis true, ’tis pity—pity ’tis, ’tis true.”) Here she dismounteth from her carriage, and, with her fair daughters, ascendeth to the “show room” of what seemeth like an elegant private residence. Then cometh the grand consultation about the bonnets, somewhat to the following effect :

Tuft-hunting Mamma. “ Well, my dears, what colour shall these bonnets be?”

First Daughter. “ I prefer pink; Lady Jessamy looked quite fascinating in hers yesterday.”

Mamma. “ Yes, but she’s only a baronet’s wife, and her taste is therefore not first-rate.”

Second Daughter. “ For my part, I like green, with a white veil; the Countess of Mucklegeare looked charming in one at the morning concert.”

Third Daughter. “ I don’t like green—blue is much prettier.”

Mamma. “ Yes, but we must wear what the

aristocracy wear, whether it's pretty or not."

Fourth and youngest Daughter. "I don't see the use of that at all."

Mamma. "Be silent, you naughty girl, how should you know anything about gentility?—What colour must it be?"

Fourth Daughter. "Let them be white, Ma! Oh, I saw such a dear, darling white bonnet at the Haymarket, the other evening!"

All the three Sisters together. For shame, child!"

Fourth Daughter. "I'm no more a child than you, but you're all three *old* enough to know better."

Dead silence, indignation, and determination to wait till lady Sheepsheere comes, and abide by her taste.

Such is the anxiety about dressing aristocratically, and such are the heartburnings which vex the bosoms of our Tuft-hunting fair ones. Furniture is a subject of equal anxiety, and it is a known fact that Tuftesses

always select the newest and most useless in the whole city. Even the contents of a Cheap Furniture Mart are preferable to the collection of *prie-dieux*, *causeuse*, *dormeuse*, French clocks that tell any hour of day but the right one, tables as useless as the Wellington Statue, and nearly as ridiculous; *bagatelles* of every form, size, and species, which are collected together by the ingenuity of our Tuft-hunting mamma.

But what shall we say of the daughters? Simply that they are what their education has made them—stiff, pert, and disagreeable. They are tricked out with a view to display, envy all their own sex, and despise half the other. To all dictates of the heart they are taught to turn a deaf ear; to regard nature as a defect to be corrected, simplicity as identical with folly, and the nobility of the mind as a dull fiction. They are women, but have lost the greatest charms that adorn the female character; ladies, bereft of real gen-

tility; educated, but yet more ignorant; thrust into society, and *tolerated* therein. In short, the practice of Tuft-hunting makes a man a fool, but what it makes of the other sex, we can neither discover nor say. Perhaps they form a fresh class of female "bores."



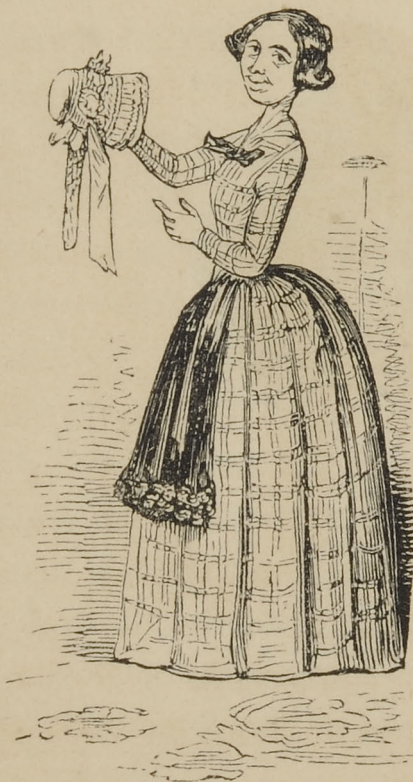
CHAPTER IX.

OF TUFT-HUNTING TRADESMEN.

H

ow is it that we never see a cravat, stock, shirt, or any other article of dress, without a fashion-

able and aristocratic name? Why are the names of nobility employed to distinguish things neither elegant nor useful, and to designate waistcoat patterns which none but a confirmed "gent" would patronise? Simply because tailors and tradesmen in general will imitate the manners of



their customers, and hunt Tufts, after their fashion, as well as their betters.



The other day we stepped, by some unforeseen accident, into a very large, plate-glass-

fronted haberdasher's, in Oxford-street. The master, radiant in white frills, and stark staring gold chain, stepped forward, like a master of the ceremonies, to welcome two ladies who had just descended from their carriage, and with a bland smile commended them to the care of two young men, respectable enough to have been better employed. Then the display of shawls and bonnets, ribbons and feathers, and the eternal reiteration of "My Lady," "your Ladyship," in every variety of tone, and the quotation of Duchess' names, who had "bought a whole piece the very day before," and Ladyships, whose complexion so resembled the complexion of the fair customers before them! It was endless to listen, so we came away, leaving the two Ladyships disputing whether the three-halfpenny ribbon would not do as well as that at twopence-halfpenny.

In Oxford or Cambridge, tailors are probably as dangerous a species of Tuft-hunter as any other tradesmen, confectioners not ex-

cepted. In a dashing front first-floor apartment, bedecked with mahogany chairs, and with a *cheval* glass frowning with blank dignity upon the stone walls and Tudor windows opposite,—here lie an assemblage of caps of all grades of university society. The cloth caps lie in a dense heap in sober sadness, and as if wondering what strange heads they may hereafter be doomed to cover. On a chair lies, exclusive and sublime to behold, the dreadful tufted cap, exulting in its ounce of gold fringe, which is to bring tutors to a level, tradesmen's noses to their feet, and to transfix the delighted gaze of the Tuft-hunter. Here is the great warehouse of badges; nobility and commonalty are created by nature, but it is the tailor who licks them into shape, and gives them their distinctions.

As the tailor is the great maker of "Tufts," so he hunteth them most savagely. He nameth strange creations in drugget after my Lord —, of Trin. Coll., Camb., and suspicious

plaids after his Grace of Ch. Ch. He getteth by heart the town fashionables, and affixeth their names to suits, before which we should prefer a respectable policeman's attire, or park-keeper's livery.



CHAPTER X.

OF TUFT-HUNTERS, HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

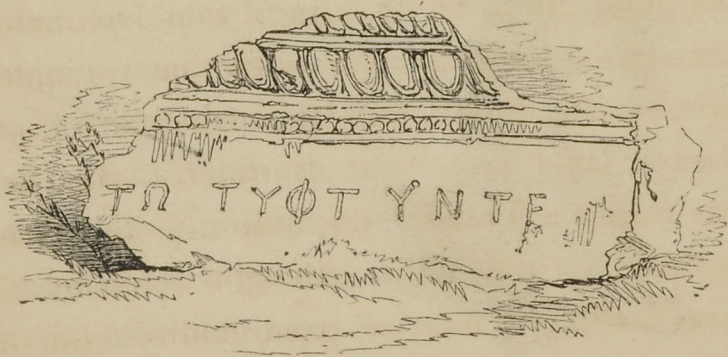


any reader should find fault with us for not commencing with the ancient history of Tuft-hunting, we can only excuse ourselves by observing, that so many writers have adopted the principle of beginning at the beginning, that we thought a change of treatment was for its own sake desirable,

and accordingly first treated of Tuft-hunters
“as they are.”

But we have said that Tuft-hunting is an ancient practice, and as we scorn to say anything without proof, we will produce historical examples of Tuft-hunting and Tuft-hunters from the remotest periods of the ancient and mediæval world.

An enlightened modern traveller, who was once a member of the British and Foreign —, assures us that he met with the following inscription, embedded in a damp field of chaff, in the Island of Humbuggeia, in the Ægean Sea.



“TO THE TUFT-HUNTER,” ETC.

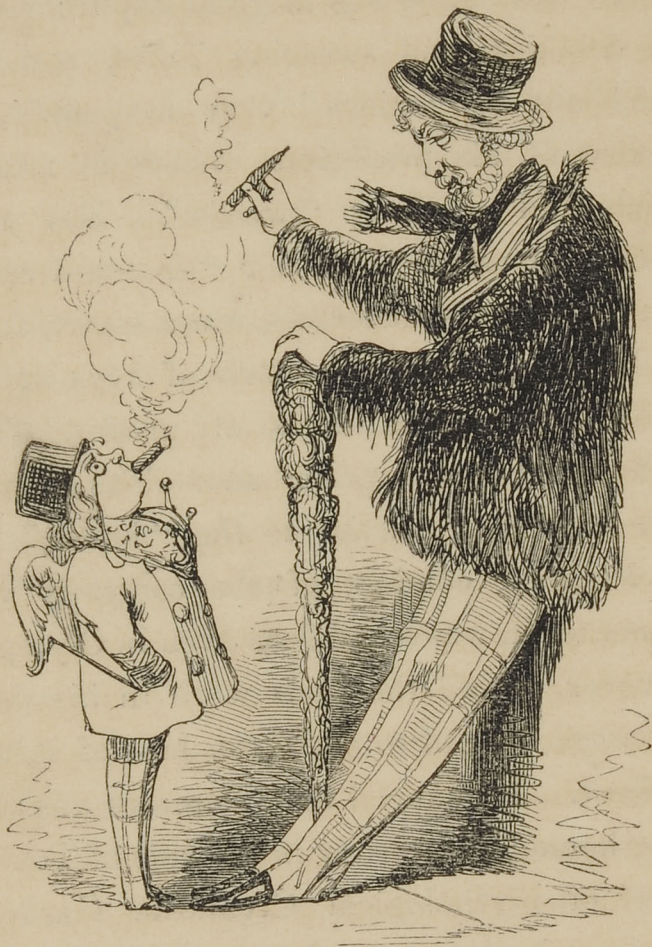
for the rest was destroyed by age and damp. We are surprised this inestimable monument has never found its way into the British Museum, especially as it tends so evidently to show that man has always been the same creature.

We have no doubt that it was an inscription in honour of Aristotle, and its being found in a field of "chaff" strengthens the belief. It is well known that this great philosopher was a great Tuft-hunter in his way, being tutor to a king, who, when the philosopher was going to talk fine ethics, politics, poetics, analytics, and other ticks, (for the king had to pay for the publication, no doubt, and would probably have run a large account with our respected printer, Mr. Savill, had he lived in this day,) always bade him "cut it short." Socrates was rather a Tuft-hunter too, and used to be snubbed by one Alcibiades on account of his nose. Plato, a man of good family himself, but with a slight touch of the boa-constrictor

in his parentage, enjoyed great popularity in the same way.

But those persons who read the classics for amusement must be well aware of the antiquity of humbug of every kind. Jupiter was decidedly an old humbug, or he would never have witnessed the Greeks and Trojans fighting for ten years about nothing, like dogs contending for a marrow-bone. Yet Jupiter and his court had their Tuft-hunters;—there was the light-fingered skipjack Mercury, ever ready to fetch and carry from one to another, a kind of winged Parcels Delivery agent, and ready to “cut” his friend Prometheus for quarrelling with the great Tuft, Jupiter. There was Momus, too, a kind of paid, privileged, pun-possessed Tuft-hunter, who sharpened his appetite by making dull jokes, and then retailed them in order to satisfy it. There was Bacchus, a licensed dealer in liquors “to be drunk on the premises,” and in cigars of every variety. Notwithstanding

his low calling, he was in great request among the drinking and swearing Tufts, and was asked out to "wines" very frequently, on account of his prodigious talents in mixing punch and smoking "weeds." His wife, Libera, so called from her "free-and-easy" manner towards customers, was a smart, dashing little body, with a bunch of keys at her girdle, and a head-dress of grapes. The Tufts, gents, and other anomalous deities, were extremely partial to the "house," but the irregular conduct of the company who frequented it, was scandalous even in Olympus. However, as all the gods were in his debt, they were obliged to make the best of it, and be silent. It chanced that Hercules was once going home from a party in the vale of Tempe, a sort of mythological Cremorne Gardens, being much the worse for sundry glasses of pale ale and brandy (for he always took his spirits "neat"); on turning a corner, he met



Cupid, a spruce sort of "gent," who had been at half-price to stare at the ballet girls of the

Lyceum, and was puffing away at a penny Cuba which he had procured out of the change which his mamma Venus had given him for the night's pleasure. Hercules, staggering against a post, asked him "what was the row?" To which Cupid replied by jerking a strong puff (as strong as a penny cigar will bear) into the face of the hero, at the same time winking one eye with a downy sort of expression. Hercules sneezed vehemently, put himself into a very effective attitude of defence, and offered to fight Cupid for Love. Our young "gent" rather shirked this, and professed an instinctive dislike to fighting in general. At length, it was amicably arranged that they should go halves in a cab to the inn kept by Bacchus, and "make a night of it," Cupid further expressing a resolution not to "go home till morning." As they were going along, Hercules recollected that he had already a small "chalk" at the inn, and expressed a

desire to borrow five shillings; but Cupid informed him that he never had any money in his pockets longer than five minutes, and that he had lost the whole of his last quarter's allowance by betting against the "favourite" Pegasus at the last Derby, in company with two medical students, yclept Podalirius and Machaon. He, however, bade Hercules make himself easy about the matter, for that as Bacchus allowed free "tick" to himself, who never paid for anything, he couldn't possibly refuse it to Hercules, who had a fair reputation for honesty; furthermore asserting that he didn't mind standing treat for both, as he had not the least intention of paying for a single drop. Hercules was greatly scandalized at this laxity of principle, but wisely reflecting that a man without sixpence in his pocket mustn't be particular, continued his ride, and they reached the inn. Bacchus, however, "had a large sum to make up," and gratified

our two gentlemen with their "little accounts." Hercules looked rather sour at this, and began to meditate "turning on" a neighbouring river upon the premises; but wisely reflecting that he should himself get wet, he desisted, and remained looking like a man who is asked for a bill. Cupid, who was a great deal more used to such demands, looked at the vintner with scorn, and asked him how he dared charge three-halfpence for his infernal British weed. "To-Bacch-e-e, three bob-and-a-tiz-zy!" lisped out our young swell, and hence the weed derived its name of Tobacco, and, in allusion to the non-payment of certain bills by this flash young "gent" the cry of I. O. Bacche, grew nearly as famous as the celebrated three letters used among money-borrowing acquaintances. It is said that Cupid, disgusted at the amount, politely expressed a wish that Bacchus might live till he got paid, and walked out with his companion on his arm; when, after pulling

the knockers off the street door of a testy old gentleman named Saturn, they were taken and locked up by a gloomy policeman named Pluto, who took them before Sir Peter Rhadamanthus the next morning. Both were fined five shillings, which was not "instantly paid," and our "gents" were therefore locked up in default.

Apologising for this digression, we must observe that Tuft-hunting was by no means confined to the gods of the ancients. The poets were fair specimens. Pindar, for instance, (a lineal ancestor of the great Peter,) wrote ballads, like Noisy Jack, upon the winning horses or pet boxers of his aristocratic friends, and, although a water-drinking gentleman by principle, was a fast man in practice, and lived "upon town" in Sicily with great success. There was Æschylus, who wrote courtly plays, and played the courtier, but whose Tuft-hunting came to a bad end. An eagle,

mistaking his head for a stone, (or a Poor Law Commissioner, we forget which,) dropped a tortoise upon it, and killed him; thereby proving that a tortoise-shell comb may be too heavy even for the head of a poet.

But if we come to the "good old times" of which quizzes love to talk—the happy days when there were no morning concerts, no Casinos, no "gents," Trafalgar Squares, or gaunt pillories 'yclept monuments, on which an unfortunate statue of an unfortunate great man is doomed to stand looking at nothing—no savage-coated human monsters, nor ingenious authors to write their natural history—no ballet girls, nor painted shirts—no Jenny Lind to charm the senses and the purses of a whole country—in those "glorious old days" such as Macaulay would describe, when all was poetry, Spanish armada, and bear-baiting—in those days of hoops and stiff collars, Tuft-hunting flourished gloriously. Fairfax

and Spenser were sad boys in this respect, but glorious fellows in everything else, unlike the modern race; Sir Walter Raleigh, of



cigar-smoking infamy, was a victim to the same passion. Turning over the Cottonian

MSS. the other day, we met with the following curious illumination:—



How y^e tuft^e and y^e tuft^e hunterre
 were walkynge downe Bonde his streete,
 and how y^e tuft^e saw his ladye love at
 a windowe.

The undoubted age of the manuscript, and the peculiar style of its orthography, prove the antiquity of Tuft-hunting beyond all doubt, and show that the follies of mankind have been pretty much the same at all periods of history.

CHAPTER XI.

OF TUFT-HUNTERS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

IT is said that everything, government-works always excepted, is brought to its greatest perfection in the present day.



We have four opera houses, plenty of railways and accidents, ab-

undance of new houses with small rooms and

large street-doors; we have Macready and Phelps "doing" tragedy at two houses, and a number of people trying to do it at others. We have weekly volumes and monthly volumes, penny almanacks, and penny everything-elses, exhibitions without number, tunnels without end, books with or without purpose (the latter generally translated from the German), amusing tragedies and melancholy farces, "gents" and cheap tailors, "stuck up people" and low-priced pokers from Rippon and Burton's; ballet girls and opera glasses, new Royal Exchanges, and oil-cloth frescoes. In fact, everything swims around us in one sea of exaggerated perfection. The print shops dazzle us with their endless portraits of Giselle, "bore" us with Field Marshals, and terrify us with snow and rein deer. The hand-organs benumb our senses, and Jullien electrifies them. Walk down Piccadilly or the Strand, and (if you don't break your legs over the wood pavement before you reach the end,

which we will not promise) you will be bewildered by the variety of objects, if you be a stranger, and if not, at least amazed at some new and excessive changes since you last passed that way.

No wonder, then, that Tuft-hunters should flourish also, flourish in greater perfection than was ever known before. Nobility increases its numbers, new tufts are made, new baronets licensed, and, as a natural consequence, a new race of Tuft-hunters spring up. Humbug progresses, and Tuft-hunting follows its course. Railway *millionaires* start into a sudden existence, and purchase society with its own gold. A large house, huge gold chain, and infinite plausibility, render the *parvenu* a suitable companion for the nobleman whose estate is out at elbows. He marries into a great family, keeps great company, and is at length raised to the "nobby" state himself. He is a Tuft, and must be hunted as he hunted others of old. He assumeth fashionable indifference,



but preserveth his sordid passion for wealth. His establishment is like modern confectionary—all show and plaster-of-Paris: but in his crowd of worthless adherents and Tuft-hunting flatterers, he rivals every peer of his acquaintance.

All trades and professions join in the “tally-ho” after Tufts, and the world scrambles along in the mighty race, some nearer, some more

remote—now abreast—now distanced. Now the Tuft shows fight, and stands at bay, disdainful of the crowds which follow him—and now he yields, bland and patronising—now he suffers himself to be disgraced for their diversion—and so the Tufts, and the world after them, scamper away together, and go—no matter whither.

Reader, are you a Tuft-hunter? The question is abrupt, perhaps harsh. If you are, you deserve no apology; if not, you will not feel offended, and will, therefore, not need any. But, reader, dear, kind, benevolent reader, we exhort thee by all the tender entreaties ever found in prefaces to ladies' novels, or "tags" to modern comedies—don't be a Tuft-hunter, if you are not already. Avoid the unnatural imitation of nobility, which can only make you more distant from that you wish to be, and far worse than what you already are, whatever that may be.

Another vice akin to Tuft-hunting, and a

natural consequence thereof, is the universal desire of people to seem richer than they are. This springs from the "snobbish" character of society, which weighs virtue by the same scale as that by which it detects a light sovereign. "All humbug, all humbug," says one of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's heroes. "All money, all money," say the world. A good man is a rich man; a good woman, a widow with a large jointure and no incumbrances; a good maiden, a ward in Chancery, or a shrivelled West Indian heiress. As gold is virtue, so the possession of it is identical with the enjoyment of every virtue of mind and prowess of body.

This species of humbug leads men to pinch their necessary expenses, and practise any meanness in the economy of their establishments, in order to make a show, and that they may seem to smack of high life. Thus a clerk on eighty pounds a year goes once or twice to the "stalls" of the Theatre, and pays double

price to see plastered rouge, dirty drop scenes, and the prompter. The entertainment is spoilt, but the stalls are aristocratic, and he may chance to sit near Lord ——, and pick up his Lordship's remarks upon the dancing, in order to retail them to his less aristocratic, but equally vulgar companions.

For the same reason we see Chinese temples and wire bridges reared in gardens belonging to East End folk; who astonish their neighbours, by copying the designs of Kew Gardens and the Pavilion; thereby wasting the price of many good acres, and putting the kitchen upon true Chinese diet.

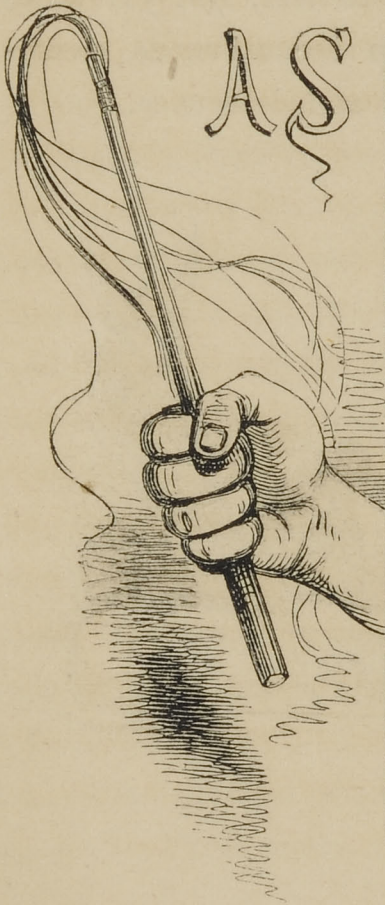
We live in an artificial state of society, at a time when every one tries to be something that he is not. Fashion is ever the rule of taste, money the rule of fashion; and every encouragement is afforded to Tuftyism by the listlessness of nobility, and the servile, but cool, insolence of "gents" and "stuck up people." From these great classes of society

the Tuft-hunter springs. His career is one of meanness and endless concessions to what better judgment would condemn; and he lives under a shadow of his own raising, dancing attendance night and day upon a being who despises him for his politeness, and yet lacks courage to cast off the incumbrance, sweetened as it is by flattery and deference.



CHAPTER XII.

OF THE MEANS REQUISITE FOR THE EXTINCTION OF TUFT-HUNTERS.



it is of little use to point out the evil without suggesting some correlative remedy, we will lay before our readers certain rules of conduct, which, we have some hope, may ultimately lead to the extinction of Tuft-hunters; and we trust that as we now laugh at the barbarism of ages in which court fools

flourished, so the Tuft-hunters may, even in our time, be spoken of as belonging to the indications of an obsolete, ill-favoured period of society.

The public spirit of society at large is indeed the only cure for these excrescences upon its body corporate. Let the Tuft-hunter be regarded and treated as a disreputable person, and he will sink into insignificance. If you meet a Tuft-hunter in company, show yourself utterly unconscious of his presence, and pay the strictest possible attention to every other surrounding object, how insignificant soever. He will straightway begin to fidget, and strive to attract your notice, and perhaps enter into conversation, for he loveth display as much as the "gent." Of course, he will not speak ten words without mentioning his acquaintance with a nobleman. If the Lordship in question be a favourable specimen of nobility—though the odds are as much against that as against the chance of seeing a decent public building set on foot by the taste of a

government, you must look supercilious and doubtful, and say nothing. Finding that the Lord faileth, he will try a Marquis, or perhaps an Earl. Look doubly supercilious, trebly doubtful, and say nothing still. Disgusted at the uselessness of a "nobby" acquaintance, the Tuft-hunter will quit your side in despair, and perhaps be so much out of humour the whole evening, that he will not be able to annoy any one else. A repetition of such behaviour will spoil his whole out-door business at least.

If you meet a Tuft-hunter dressed in some ridiculous costume, and lounging aristocratically, (according to *his* idea,) look at him with an intense stare, and give a look of pity, such as you would bestow upon a friend who had just bought a suit at Mosheesh and Co.'s.

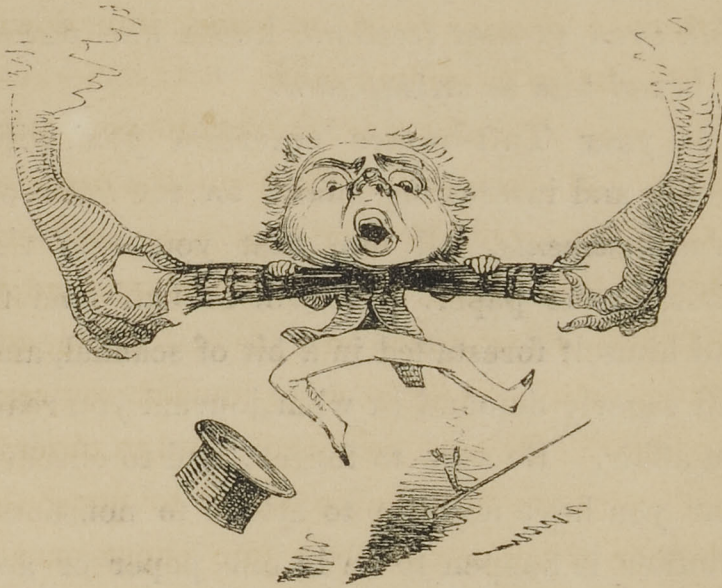
When a Tuft-hunter asks you if you know the Earl of Softsoape, say at once that you never heard of such a person. If he offer to



introduce you, express a decided objection to forcing yourself upon any man, to whose acquaintance you have no claim, and with whose circumstances you cannot cope on an independent and gentlemanly footing.

In matters of taste, express your own opinion, and do not be humbugged into the belief that the drama is on the decline, because a Tuft-hunter tells you the aristocracy have deserted it. If they have done so, the greater their shame; if they have not, 'tis a foolish cant of bad managers, bad actors, and worse authors. If you consider that a fashionable coat is more suited to an excavator, a waist-coat more fitting a "gent" in an Adelphi farce, a pair of railway trousers more fit for keeping the draught out of a room, and a "tie" more serviceable to hang the biped whom it is meant to adorn—do not be persuaded to wear these garments, because a Tuft-hunter tells you he saw the Count Montmuggins in precisely the same habiliments; and do not think that the way to seem fit for the society of noblemen consists in making yourself unfit for the notice of your fellow-men.

If a Tuft-hunter talks of the Blue Book,



Army List, or Peerage, especially the latter, talk immediately upon some sensible subject, and he wont trouble you long.

Above all, if he makes free with the names of the gentler portion of nobility, and boasts of the notice with which Lady —— or the Countess of —— honours him; regard him as an impertinent coxcomb, and treat him ac-

cordingly. If his impudence lead him to speak with even greater freedom, knock him down, or brand him as an impostor.

If your Tuft-hunter entertain you with *on dits* and interesting affairs on the *tapis*, or *éclaircissements*, tell him that you read the whole in the paper. He will be half mad to find himself forestalled in a bit of scandal, and will eagerly demand in what journal you read the affair. Be sure to forget; and to observe that you have no time to attend to nonsense, whether it happen to be in one paper or another.

If you see two Tuft-hunters together, let them alone. Each injures the other in his trade, and the closer they herd, the surer their destruction.

Avoid all persons who consider that the respectability and moral excellence of a man's character are determined by the number of peers who condescend to drink his wine, and

all people who talk about making use of the Duke of ——'s box, in order to hear Alboni.

Give the dead cut to the man who treats you coldly, because he has a peer on his arm.

Tradesmen, if you have a Tuft-hunter on your books, make up your minds that your chance of getting your money is much smaller than your somewhat natural desire to do so—and act accordingly.

But ye noblemen—how shall I address *you* on this subject? You do not indeed make Tuft-hunters, but you foster them, and are guilty of their error by connivance.

If you would avoid them, detest all cringing flattery and meanness, and believe that they can never make you more than men, though they may render you less. Choose your acquaintances, dependents if you will, not by their impudent assumption of your attributes, their shameless profession of your follies, but by their own value as men. Choose them

that they may derive honour from your names, not that they may make those names ridiculous.

What shall we say to the world at large? Tuft-hunting is part of their vanity, and that is great enough. Yet, is there a man who does not express the most cordial detestation for Tuft-hunting, although his own practice condemn his words? Politicians talk of equalization of rights, and public spirit, and then dine with peers, and sell themselves, and their constituents. Editors talk of nature, liberty, religion, and fashion on the same page, as if they were naturally associated. Even the Church has its fashion, and people whose whole life is one of heartlessness, if not profligacy, enter warmly into questions of Church and State, and affect the championship of what they can only disgrace.

We have now written twelve chapters of

and against Tuft-hunters, and our artist has assisted us in exposing this race of humbugs to the scorn of mankind. But do we believe that we shall reform the world, and abolish Tuft-hunting? Sincerely, then, we do not.



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