

**MY HAUNTS AND  
THEIR  
FREQUENTERS**

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My Haunts and Their Frequenters by Edmund H. Yates

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BY  
EDMUND H. YATES.

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1854.

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Printed by G. BARCLAY, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

TO

ALBERT SMITH, Esq.

MY EARLIEST AND KINDEST LITERARY FRIEND,

*This little Book*

IS INSCRIBED.

*Gloucester Place,  
July 1864.*

## PREFACE.

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IN offering this little volume to the public, I lay claim to no particular originality of style nor power of description by which to move the purse-strings and enchain the attention of that large class of persons to whom the "shilling book" on a railway journey is as necessary as the ticket itself. I have no "darling of a hero" for the ladies' nor any "stunning party" for the gentlemen's admiration. Should, however, the truthfulness of my sketches be admitted—should they for one half-hour be enabled to relieve the tedium suffered by the traveller, or to win a smile from the middle-aged lawyer, curate, or doctor, as he glances over the description of what were once *his* "haunts," my aim will be accomplished and my purpose achieved.



## MY HAUNTS.

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### CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

I THINK it is Paul de Kock who makes one of his heroes say, "*J'ai vécu beaucoup dans peu d'années.*" I am not quite certain of my author, but I think I must be right, for I recollect meeting with the sentiment, and adopting it as my motto, in days when my whole notions were filled with *Bals Mabilles*, *Valentinos*, *Chaumières*, *Etudiants*, and *Grisettes*: in a word, when I used to study Paul de Kock and imagine him superior to any writer of any age or country. I have not the same opinion of him now, I frankly confess; my experience and a different style of life have changed my style of reading, and my notions of excellence in literature altered simultaneously: but I still think the aphorism is applicable to myself. It must be, else why should I, at an age when most men of my own time and position are just entering upon London life, its amusements, its wildness,

its thousand channels of pleasure and regret,—why should I be sitting here at my desk, entirely *blasé* as to what is called “the world,” only seeking amusement by my fireside and among my books, and endeavouring to pen my own experiences?

I close my last paragraph with a note of interrogation, and to the query my critics have a ready answer. “Why, indeed,” say they, “unless you were a very foolish young man, with a Byronic tendency! Had you lived at the commencement of this century you would have turned down your shirt-collar, knitted your brows, and written poetry; the metre of which would have been Spenserian,—the theme, your aversion to your fellow-creatures.”

All this I deny: my fellow-creatures have, instead of my aversion, my warmest regard. I have no Byronic tendency, nor any poetical aspirations. My simple object in quoting the French sentence was to make an apology to those to whom I may happen to be known for having ventured, at so young an age, to give my opinions and experiences of the subjects of which I purpose to treat; and this apology thus made, I will commence.

In common with most men, I believe, I have my haunts,—places where I am in the habit of being seen at stated periods, at occasional intervals; places where I am known and respected; places where I

am recognised and abused. In London, there is scarcely a young man who is called "on the town" (I mean it in no invidious sense) who has not certain places of resort, which, after a short time, become, and are known to him and his friends as, "his haunts." These, of course, vary, according to his means, his temperament, and his profession; but they are easily recognisable by any one who has studied London life with any degree of attention.

For instance, when I hear that young Brownsmith has left the paternal mansion in Norfolk, and come up to London to be articulated to Nisey, Prious, and Bankow, the eminent solicitors of Bedford Row, I, being slightly acquainted with old Brownsmith, and guessing therefrom his son's means and notions, know where to lay my hand upon him at any hour of the day or night. As old Brownsmith is one of the principal clients of the firm (always getting into a mess with turnpike trusts, poor-law guardians, poachers, and other benevolent persons, who kindly give a great deal of trouble for the purpose of killing country gentlemen's time), young B. will not be required to attend too punctually in the morning. In all probability he will drop into the office about eleven o'clock, in a state of faultless attire and semi-seediness from the fatigues of the previous night, and after a bottle of soda water, fetched by the junior