

# THE LOWLY OF LIVERPOOL

## Wakeman Tells What He Saw in This Wonderful City.

A Readable Picture of the Lowly as They Are Seen in Their Homes and How They Live—There is Plenty of Work, But the Pay is Meager.

(Copyrighted 1891.)

Liverpool, Aug. 5.—With its outlying boroughs and suburbs, Liverpool houses well nigh 1,000,000 souls. Its maritime interests are enormous, and commercially it no doubt ranks as the second city in the empire. It is a hard, practical city. Its business men and factors are grim, severe fellows, stern of decision as New York millionaires, and restless, diligent and unconquerable as the men who have set the killing pace in Chicago.

There is little room for pleasant things in Liverpool. Its chief and almost sole gallery of paintings was given the city by a graduated runner, whom Victoria, out of surprise and wonder, no doubt, made a baronet. Although one of the world's greatest depots for the book collector, it has but one library of note available to the public. Charities are done in a perfunctory, petulant manner, although the helpless were most ill-mannered in selecting busy Liverpool to starve in. And its hundreds of thousands of working men and women are treated with less consideration than cattle.

With a few shining examples, it is a city of commercial gradings on the one hand and public house devil-fish on the other. The lowly have a sad lot between them. Nobody here wants it that way. A few men, like Sir James Poole, are endeavoring to help the masses to better things, and are finding a little time from business affairs to do something practical and good. But as a rule the men who own great fleets, who exchange half the English-speaking world's raw and manufactured products, push forward in their money grabbing career like automata of stone, and their fellow humans are counted as coal, iron, or cotton are computed in loss or gain.

In studying the condition of the lowly of any great city, the demand for labor, wages paid, and the cost of living, are the first things to be considered. These things indicate how the people might live if possessed of all prudence and sobriety. How they really live, and why, is another matter. There is seldom a dearth of labor in any great seaport. Liverpool has always stood high in percentage of labor demand. The city has never been subject to the relentless overcrowding of manufacturing towns like Leeds, Manchester and Birmingham, or the destructive greed of tremendous and endless immigration, as at New York. It is the greatest entrepot in Europe. The landing, handling and reshipment of nearly all North and South American products exported to Europe, and the reshipment to all quarters of the globe of the greater part of the stupendous quantities of British manufactures are done at this one port. Its warehouses and docks are almost inconceivably numerous and extensive. Fifty thousand men are alone constantly required in the various forms of dock labor. This fact will sufficiently indicate the almost measureless business ramifications requiring uninterrupted service.

Steady labor and plenty of it is the rule. The least possible wages upon which the workers may exist also prevail. The best paid men among the 50,000 laborers employed upon the docks are the stevedores who load and unload the ships—"lumpers" they are called—who get 5 shillings per day, and the dock porters or "good" handlers, who receive a 6 pence less. "Lor-rummen" or cartmen with two horses tandem earn 30 shillings, and with one horse 25 shillings. The police are paid from 20 to 32 shillings, with corresponding deductions to eventually pay for their own pensioning when too old for further service. A gateman at the Exchange railway station told me he had been in the same service sixteen years and had never received above 19 shillings per week; and no manner of employe about these great stations is paid upwards of 20 shillings.

All grades of clerks, porters and sales men and women about the markets receive from 8 to 18 shillings. Tram car drivers get as high as 24 shillings, but conductors, never above 21 shillings. Barbers, caretakers or janitors and watchmen, milkmen, bakers' men, grocery and market trap drivers, express and railway package and freight collectors, receive only from 10 to eighteen shillings; while corporation day laborers are paid from sixteen to twenty shillings per week.

Liverpool cabmen are the most woe-begone lot of their kind in the world. Cab owners occasionally rent a hansom or brougham to a trust-worthy fellow at a stated sum, but there are not fifty out of nearly 3,000 that have arrived at this dignity in their calling. The remainder get from twelve to eighteen shillings per week. One pitier these fellows. They are lame, halt, blind, venous-nosed and parried, without sufficient spirit for genuine viciousness. I had thought the Havana cocheros the most beggarly set of these fellows on earth. But if you wish to observe at one study all that could be seen in all the British workhouses, reformatories and hospitals for incurables, station yourself anywhere on Crosshall street opposite the municipal buildings, near St. George's Hall, or at the landings on any steamer arrival day, and cast a glance down along a line of waiting Liverpool cabmen.

The clerks of Liverpool are not to be envied. Male clerks employed in the great washhouses, refineries, insurance offices, in the gigantic cotton trade, and in the myriad shipping offices, are the victims of a most iniquitous system. It is true that a few head clerks, accountants and officers receive from 20 to 40 shillings per week, and manage to lead comparatively comfortable lives. But fully 90 per cent. give their best years, from 16 and 18 to 30, at from 6 to 18 and 20 shillings per week. They are deluded into this sort of slav-

ery by the glittering hope of "advancement." Tremendous wealth and its power are all about them. They slave like beasts and dream of ultimate place among the money kings of Liverpool. After years of faithful service, and at a time of life when no new career is possible, they are met by the stone wall of indifference on the part of their employers; helplessly see the posts of trust about them and above them filled by still cheaper imported help from Germany and Holland; and come to be hopeless old men at 40. Clerks in retail establishments, of whom the greater number are women, fare better in one respect. While their wages are even less than those in offices, a system is in vogue here which gives them at least the necessities of life. A large number of establishments provide food and dormitories for their staffs. A regime of the utmost severity exists. But employers thus secure the advantage of absolute surveillance, of the miserable "truck" system in another form, where all they give is got back with profit, and the docile, unquestioning labor of their prison-kept white slaves, from 8 in the morning until 8 and sometimes 10 o'clock at night.

Looking at the great army of more lowly toilers and house servants, the study is certainly not a pleasant one. There are large gangs of girls known as "cotton pickers," who may be seen at the noon hour wandering bare-headed through the streets, their beggarly garments covered with cotton lint. Those who are not barefooted wear heavy clogs without stockings, and they will kick shins with any rough in Liverpool for a pot of beer. Many cargoes of damaged cotton arrive here. It is sold by auction to a class of dealers who dry it and prepare it a second time for the market. Two or three thousand of the hoodlum class of young women sort or "pick" this stuff in filthy noisome pens. The employment is not steady, and they get what the renovators have a mind to pay; all the way from 4 to 10 shillings per week. These girls and women are about as respectable as men would be under like circumstances; drink gallons of beer per day while at work, "clubbing" their pennies for its purchase; ferociously beat those who do not "drink fair"; and live in any manner they may; there being absolutely no effort on the part of any person or society to better their condition.

Plain cooks in houses, restaurants and the common grade of inns, will earn eight shillings per week. A general house servant receives six shillings. A housemaid, nurse and waitress combined, who is regarded as the highest grade of house servant, may receive eight shillings. Charwomen or scrubwomen receive three shillings per day and breakfast, that is, ten and bread and butter, and they may possibly secure two engagements per week. Washerwomen are very glad to earn altogether ten shillings per week, and perhaps their assistants may get from a shilling to one and four-pence a day, and "tea," or "three ha'p" worth of bitter," which translated means three cents' worth of bitter beer. Girls in tobacco, confectionery and stationers' shops will receive from four to six shillings per week; and waitresses in restaurants, considering the severity and hours of their labor, are the poorest paid of all. Many of these girls are required to serve meals in gentlemen's chambers and in offices, at all hours, after the manner of the Havana coolie cantineros, and are subject to all manner of insult which they endure with a dogged bravery and cheery invulnerability entitling them to be regarded as real heroines in any other land.

But what may be the amusements and diversions of the Liverpool lowly? Is a natural inquiry. They are drink, drink, drink, and "scumping" the rents. Not all are drunkards. Most of them are regular drinkers. Most of the horror of it all is women predominate. From Saturday noon until 11 at night, and again from Sunday noon until 10 at night, excepting closing hour between half past 2 and 6 o'clock, in the bar, smoking rooms, "smugs" and parlors of each of the about 2,000 licensed public houses of the city and environs, an average of fifty persons may be found in all conditions of "cheeriness" and semi-consciousness. That will account for about 100,000 persons. I do not know how often these gatherings will wholly change their personnel, but I believe a quarter of a million people in Liverpool drink whenever they can get it, and that one-half of that number are confirmed tipplers and drunkards. The homes of most of these are bare walls and squalid belongings. The public house is the only cheerful place they know in their lives. Rent collectors assert that over 10,000 of such families "scump the rents," that is, get possession of any sort of habitation and remain rent free until warned out or thrown out by a bailiff. There is not in any ten leading American cities as much actual squalor and beastly hopelessness as may be found in this one. And yet nearly every one of this class does something and earns something here. Whatever may be the "purchasing power" of money in America, it is a good thing to remember that American laborers are not yet the subjects of such studies as these.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

**Economic Pleasuring.**  
City Cousin—I see the farm house next to this one is closed. Why is that?

Rural Relative—Mrs. Hayfork, who lives there, has gone to the sea-side for the summer. She says it's cheaper than staying on the farm and feedin' city relations.

No Mosquitoes.  
Summer Boarder—Look at my face, Mrs. Starvem, it's full of mosquito bites.

Mrs. Starvem (of Mayfield Cross-Roads)—That's not mosquito bites. That's high livin'.

Not Hard to Do.  
She—Do you think you will be thoughtfully bringing me boxes of candy after we are married just as you do now?

He—Oh, yes, yes, indeed. Candy is getting cheaper every year.

They Didn't Chatter.  
Doctor—Did you have a heavy chill? Fair Patient—It seemed so.  
Doctor—Did your teeth chatter? Fair Patient—No; they were in my dressing case.

# VIRGINIA AFTER THE WAR

## Judge Keatley Writes Another Sketch on This Subject.

Some Pathetic and Humorous Incidents of This Period From the Judge's Personal Experiences—Great Changes Made in After Years.

Some time ago I gave to your readers a brief sketch of certain conditions that existed in southeastern Virginia in the summer which succeeded the close of the civil war. My observations were the result of a personal examination of that region, visiting almost every farm house in the five counties in that part of the state. The region had not been the scene of any battles and only a few minor skirmishes varied the monotony of the disastrous life the people had been living.

After visiting all that was left in the immediate vicinity of Dismal Swamp, it became necessary to visit with my cavalry escort the country toward the south bank of the James river. Here little destruction had occurred to dwellings, farm houses and other farm improvements, but portable property, such as horses, mules, cattle and food, were carried off by raiding troops on both sides, and by bushwhackers acting under the pretense of regular commissions.

The first halting place of our expedition was at Isle of Wight Court House, a mere hamlet of less than half a dozen dwellings, beside the court house, and rude county jail. Court had not been held since hostilities had commenced, and more than half the men liable to jury duty, had gone into the confederate army, or into the Virginia militia, while all the lawyers in the country, had become confederate officers, and many of them never returned to their homes. All the negroes in that country were at work with such worn out farming implements as remained, and nearly all the farms were directed by the women whose husbands had taken up arms for their state and section. Most of these ladies too, were clad in faded and well worn weeds of mourning, indicating the sad losses they had suffered, and the great cost which insurrection had been to them.

Our duties of inspection, however, were often enlivened by incidents which were not entirely sad and pathetic. After leaving Isle of Wight court house, we halted at a farm house on the high road to Smithfield, a larger hamlet than at the C. H. on one of the small inlets of the James river. The officers and men of the cavalry escort found forage for their horses in a long shed which flanked the green space or lawn about the farm. I alone rode up to the porch, where sat a middle aged, matronly lady, and with her a beautiful young girl of about 18 years. I wore a small metal badge of an organization, to which I belonged that had a membership in all the states of the union. This was partly concealed by the coat of my undress uniform, but the young lady noticed it before I dismounted and remarked it in a playful manner, saying that her brother, who was dead, had belonged to the same society. She said, too, in the same good natured way, that she had a special attachment for persons of that order, on that account. While her aunt and the negro servants were preparing dinner from the slender means which war had left to them, she expressed herself very bitterly against northern men, and especially against northern soldiers, several regiments of which, as cavalrymen, had been quartered in that neighborhood, and had made quite free with the smoke houses and the chicken roosts of the section. With much spirit she censured their vandalism. Notwithstanding her apparent hatred of northern soldiers, I made the remark several times during the conversation, that when she married, if she ever did, it would be to a "hated Massachusetts Yankee," as she designated all northern men. To this statement she made reply that, if she ever married such a man, it would be for the purpose of an opportunity to cut his throat some night.

Dinner over, we started on our way to Smithfield. We soon overtook three young men in an old North Carolina cart. One of them, not over 20 years old, was dressed in a confederate uniform. His first salutation was the inquiry whether I had stopped at the last farm house; and said that if I did so, I must have found quite a lively girl there. He said: "That is my sister, but I can't stay at home; she is too lively for that. I was on General Lee's staff, as a signal officer for nearly four years. While I was gone to the war, both my parents died. My father made a will, giving me the forty negroes that were slaves on the farm when I left home; while to my sister he gave the farm of a thousand acres. Your 'cussed Lincoln' set all my negroes free, and now I have nothing but this uniform and that sorrel horse I am driving." I advised him to go to work and help his sister raise a crop, but he insisted that it was impossible for him to live in the same house with her. I left the party and rode on. About a year afterward, when I had got home north, I received a letter post-marked "Isle of Wight, C. H.," and upon opening it found a pair of wedding cards, on one of which was the young lady's name, and that of a stranger. Down in one corner of one of the cards was a pencil inscription: "Married to a Massachusetts Yankee." Years afterward I had news of the fate and condition of this young lady, and found that she and her northern helpmate were living in the utmost prosperity and happiness.

A journey made through the same section of Virginia in 1880 showed a wonderful change in the aspects of this once desolated region. The signs of the ravages of civil war had wholly disappeared, and peace and prosperity had again taken possession of one of the most interesting portions of the "Old Dominion."

JOHN H. KEATLEY.

—The Jeannette drifted through the Arctic ocean at the rate of two miles a day.

# INTERESTING ITEMS.

## The only woman who is a United States deputy marshal is Miss Olive Buchanan, of St. Louis. All the men like to be arrested by her.

Justices Brown and Brewer are the only members of the Supreme court who do not own their own houses in Washington, but they will soon do so.

Little Willie Hawkins, while in swimming in the mill-pond near his home at Burrowton, Iowa, caught four minnows in his mouth and swam ashore without swallowing or losing them.

The wife of the well-known member of parliament, Thomas Power O'Connor, is an American, the granddaughter of the late Gov. Duval, of Florida. Her father was Judge Pascal, of Texas.

The manager of the Zoological Garden at Frankfurt and two of his assistants were arrested for manslaughter in refusing to kill the polar bear which was eating the woman who lately climbed into his cage in order to commit suicide.

Mrs. Logan has left the general's library just as it was when he last occupied it, untouched, except by the dust brush, and unchanged. His arm chair still retains its customary position, and hardly a paper has been removed from his desk.

Mrs. Julia Averill, an aged Kansas City lady who writes poetry for amusement, sent a few congratulatory verses to Prince Bismarck on his 82d birthday. The ex-chancellor responded in a brief note expressing his sincere thanks for the courtesies.

Baron de Gondoritz, the Brazilian india rubber merchant who is trying to corner the entire rubber output of the Amazon region, is an energetic man of Portuguese birth, 41 years old. He is of short and very portly figure, with light complexion and red hair.

Since Cabanel, the French portrait-painter has pronounced Miss Mattie Mitchell, the Oregon senator's daughter, the most beautiful woman ever seen in Paris, the claim of her admirers that she is the prettiest girl in Washington will probably be no longer disputed.

An Arizona boy who has a tame, harmless snake tied his little brother's rattle on its tail the other day, and when two tramps tried to break into the kitchen they were frightened nearly to death, supposing that Henderson—which is the snake's name—was a rattlesnake.

John D. Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company, is at his summer home, near Cleveland. He has completely lost his nerve and is afraid he will never get well again. The care of his vast wealth has used him up completely, and yet he is by no means an old man.

Captain D. M. White, of the Tenth Texas Dismounted Cavalry, who captured a sword belonging to Gen. Sill, who was killed on the first day of the fight at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1863, still has it and would be glad to return it to any of Gen. Sill's relatives who may care to claim it.

An old table in the reading-room of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad depot, at Wilmington, possesses a peculiar interest for the people fond of relics. It is the table on which the body of President Lincoln rested while being conveyed to Springfield, Ill., for burial. It attracts but little attention, however, for not one person in a hundred of those that use the depot is familiar with its history.

Undertakers say that it is a common thing with the families of the poor in New York to send for them as soon as a member of the household is pronounced to be dying. On a recent occasion an assistant in a west side funeral establishment waited four hours in the outer hall for the last breath to be drawn, and then ventured a mild suggestion to the family that they should wait in turn and send for him again in the morning.

The Mexican president, Porfirio Diaz, is a straight, dignified man of medium height, who impresses the beholder with his strength of character. There is nothing ostentatious about him. He dresses as quietly as a plain citizen of the republic, and exhibits a contempt for the gaudy regimentals in which many Central American leaders array themselves. He has a striking face and figure, and is undoubtedly the greatest man of modern Mexico.

A woman of Great Barrington puts a higher value upon her life than most women do. A year ago a man rescued her from under the wheels of a moving train, and she has been anxious ever since to do him some substantial favor. About a month ago she signified a desire to go into the grocery business, whereupon the woman, Mrs. Hopkins-Searle by name, bought him a house and furnished it, fitted over the ground floor into a shop, liberally supplied it with stock, and gave him a handsome sum of money for capital.

Lafcadio Hearn writes to a friend that he has become professor in a college in the interior of Japan, married a fair Japanese, and renounced the white man's world and all that appertains thereto. He is said to have visited Japan in the interests of a firm of New York publishers, for whom he was to make a study of the Japanese religion. America has lost a brilliant and original writer in Mr. Hearn, if these reports are true. Still there's nothing like marrying into a new civilization to get a thorough understanding of it!

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Mr. Grumps—No; only married.



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How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy. @

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