

VANITY FAIR - Volume XXVI

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Cartoons and selected excerpts

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NOTES.

I have read in the *Times* a dismal account of the immoralities of the hop-pickers in Kent. It seems that in the autumn the hop-gardens are invaded by some twenty thousand of the scum of the population of London, who being very slightly, if at all, superior to savages, conduct themselves in a manner which is not inconsistent with their birth, parentage, and education. Men and women herd together without any decency or separation. They get drunk. When drunk, they are uncomfortably violent. Their language is horrible and obscene. They wander in a state of hopeless intoxication about the lanes of Maidstone, and enliven the neighbourhood of that thriving little town with transactions which it is impossible to describe.

All this is very sad, and I do not wonder that it produces a painful impression on so sensitive a paper as the *Times*. But the *Times* should remember that these people are the dregs and scum of our population, who have had little or no education, who read penny papers, and from whom it would be idle to expect either virtue or refinement. Luckily, immorality is almost entirely confined to the lower orders. It is very slightly developed among the middle classes, and among the upper classes it is wholly unknown. But it appears impossible to eradicate it altogether among persons of the class in question, and if they were prevented from being vicious in hop-gardens they would inevitably be vicious somewhere else. The fact is, the London rough, whether you meet him in town or in the country, is not a pleasant object. Anyone who would supply us with a recipe for suppressing him or improving him away would confer an inestimable blessing on society. But the London rough always existed, and I suppose will continue to exist as long as London does. All we can do for him therefore is to endeavour to forget the fact of his existence as long as he keeps quiet, and to introduce him to the magistrate when he doesn't.

The Duke of Norfolk

Henry Fitzalan-Howard, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk, Baron Fitzalan, Clun, Oswaldestrie and Maltravers, Premier Duke, Hereditary Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England, stands next to the Blood Royal in dignity. The splendid name and traditions of his house are found on every page of English history for nigh six hundred years, and he who now bears them is a most admirably well-regulated and worthy young man, who may one day play a personal part in the destinies of his country other than that of bearing the wand of his inherited office. He is not a genius, and will never be a leader of men ; but he is thoroughly honest and good, generous to the poor, and a devout Roman Catholic, known to his co-religionists as “our little Duke.” Though naturally indolent, he conscientiously works several hours every day in answering letters of business and the charitable appeals to which he is condemned as one of the richest men in the country. Withal he takes up both in political and religious matters strong and decided views of his own, to which he adheres with much tenacity ; and being essentially conservative in his notions, he even seemed to disapprove the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland, and to doubt whether any good could come out of a measure apparently tending to strengthen the Liberal Party as much as to emancipate the Roman Catholics. He is of course much courted and influenced by his priests, yet it was in direct opposition to the wishes of the chiefs of the Roman Catholic party (who would have preferred to see the money spent in other ways) that he built the splendid church at Arundel, which overtops his adjacent castle, as a monument to the memory of his father and a record of his own taste for architecture. He delights in hunting, but cares nothing for shooting ; yet he is of a happy and cheerful disposition, and free from affectation. He is also a good, steady officer of Volunteers, and much liked by all who know him, Withal he is not yet four-and-thirty, he has been married nearly four years to the daughter of Lord Dorrington, and he has one son.

JEHU JUNIOR



Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

"Our little Duke"