

"A West-End'er" thus discourses in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—The tunnel in which the foul deed was done is crowded with sightseers. A chalk cross marks the fatal spot, and that is what they crane their necks and strain their eyeballs to see. Hitherto come the porters off the job; hither come the postmen off the beat; hither come the railway guards; hither come the draymen. And, most of all, hither come the women, a blowsy, touzley crew with mouth agape, and stridently discuss the deed. Hither the mother brings her children; in arms, at her breast, or by her side. "All free, Lizzie, they makes no hextry charge," says Mrs Boozy to Mrs Blowsy. "A pretty howd'yr do, haint it?" "My word, Betsy, and it might ha bin you or me." "That's right, Lizzie. Whose turn next? that's wot I say. Wots the use o' the likes o' you?" scoffing at the poor policeman. Here the interesting couple is joined by a group of workgirls, who begin to exchange some lively banter with the postman. "He'll 'ave *you* next, Mary, tickling her with his forefinger." And Mary tittered at the mere idea of such a huge joke. "An' just to think as how he may be amongst the crowd now, a-lookin' on at this very momink!"

The tunnel is bisected by a wooden boarding, bound together by rusty iron bands. The timber is painted black, and shines with grease. The spot itself is right in the middle of the tunnel, at the further end of which is a children's school. On the left are a number of open arches, grimy, weather-stained, and horrible. There is a small court lower down, in which the washing of the neighbourhood is fluttering in the wind; and round the curve again are more arches. A more convenient place for a murder you would never find. It has as many passages as a rabbit warren.

It is only eleven o'clock, but, as I have said, the tunnel and approaches are blocked with the foulest crew of men and women, who evidently rejoiced in the unusual excitement. The variety of hats and bonnets, the selection of shawls, ulsters, and feathers; the studies in neckcloths and petticoats—all these were endless. Most of the men despised braces, but showed an astonishing taste in waistbelts. The ladies who met this morning, too, most of them despised corsets, and adopted a loose and easy form of attire. The odour of beer, fried fish, gin, tobacco, and locomotive smoke was one of the most curious atmospheric mixtures my nostrils ever encountered. I counted three young women with a black eye each; one old woman had only one eye, and that was discoloured. You see the ladies were a strenuous lot, though they *had* half-an-hour to spare this morning. The sun was shining brightly on the mouth of the tunnel. There was a "good old murder," as one of the crowd called it; the wind was warm, there was a chalk cross to see "all for nothink." Many a British workman went without his dinner this morning, I dare swear, to judge from the array of jugs and baskets which lingering housewives carried in their hands. The strains of a distant barrel organ, the raucous cries of the newsmen in the tunnel, where they stopped to get the benefit of the echo, the ringing of a peal of church bells, the laughter of the factory girls, the cries of the children coming out of the school at the tunnel mouth, all mingled together, and contributed to make my stay on the scene of the murder a very lively ten minutes.