

I go into his house, and he give me some bread, and some meat, and some beer, and a shilling, and I do my exercises for him. That is the only house where I was called to perform inside. He spoke Italian, and French, and English, so that I not know which country he belongs to. Another day I was doing my exercises and some little children called to their mamma, 'Oh, look! look! come here! the soldier! the soldier!' and the dame said to me, 'Come here and perform to my little boys;' and she gave me sixpence. Those are my fortunes, for to-day I may take two or three shillings, and to-morrow nothing but a few miserable sous; or perhaps I am ill in my stomach with shouting, and I cannot come out to work for my living.

"When it is cold it makes the end of my leg, where it's cut off, begin to tremble, and then it almost shakes me with its shivering, and I am forced to go home, for it is painful.

"I have been about fourteen months. They wanted 4s. to bring me from Boulogne to London; but I had no money, so at the bureau office they gave me a ticket for nothing. Then I came straight to London. When I came to London I couldn't speak English, and I knew no one; had no money, and didn't know where to lodge. That is hard—bien dur. I bought some bread and eat it, and then in the evening I met an Italian, who plays on the organ, you know; and he said, 'Come with me;' and he took me to his lodgings, and there I found Italians and Frenchmen, and I was happy. I began to work the next day at my exercises.

"One day I was in the quarter of the palaces, by the park, you know, and I began my exercises. I could not speak English, and a policeman came to me and said, 'Go on!' What's that? I thought. He said, 'Go on!' again, and I couldn't comprehend, and asked him, 'Parlate Italiano?' and he kept on saying, 'Go on!' This is drôle, I thought; so I said, 'Vous parlez Français?' and he still said, 'Go on!' What he meant I couldn't make out, for I didn't know English, and I had only been here a week. I thought he wanted to see my exercises, so I began, 'Portez ar-r-r-mes!' and he still said, 'Go on!' Then I laughed, and made some signs to follow him. Oh, I thought, it is some one else who wants to see my exercises; and I followed him, enchanted with my good fortune. But, alas! he took me to a police office. There I had an interpreter, and I was told I must not do my exercises in the street. When I told them I was a soldier in the army of the ally of England, and that I had been wounded in battle, and lost my leg fighting for my country, they let me go; and since the policemen are very kind to me, and always say, 'Go on,' with much politeness. I told the magistrate in Italian, 'How can England, so rich and so powerful, object to a pauvre diable like me earning a sou, by showing the exercises of

the army of its ally?' The magistrate laughed, and so did the people, and I said, 'Good day,' and made my reverence and left. I have never been in a prison. Oh, no! no! no! no! no! What harm could I do? I have not the power to be a criminal, and I have the heart to be an honest man, and live by my exercises.

"I have travelled in the country. I went to Cheltenham and Bristol. I walked very little of the way. I did my exercises at one place, and then I got enough to go to another town. Ah, it is beautiful country out there. I went to Bristol. I made 7s. in two days there. But I don't like the country. It does not suit me. I prefer London.

"I one day did my exercises by—what do you call it? where the people go up—high, high—no, not St. Paul's—no, by a bridge, where there is an open space. Yes, the monument of Nelson; and then, O! what a crowd! To the right and the left, and to the front and behind, an immense crowd to see my exercises. I made a good deal of money that day. A great deal. The most that I ever did.

"I make about 8s. a-week regularly; I make more than that some weeks, but I often don't go out for a week, because in the rain nobody will come to see my exercises. Some weeks I make 15s., but others not 5s. But I must make 8s. to be able to pay for lodgings, and food, and washing, and clothes, and for my shoe; for I only want one. I give 3d. a-day for my lodgings; but then we have a kitchen, and a fire in it, where we go and sit. There are a great many paysans there, a great many boys, where I lodge, and that gives me pain to see them; for they have been brought over from their country, and here they are miserable, and cannot speak a word of English, and are made to work for their master, who takes the money. Oh! it's make me much pain.

"I cannot say if there are any others who do their exercises in the streets; but I have never seen any. I am, I think, the only stranger who does his exercises. It was my own idea. I did it in France whilst I was travelling; but it was only once or twice, for it was défendu to do it; and the policemen are very severe. Ils sont bêtes, les policemen en France. The gentlemen and ladies very good heart, and give a poor diable des sous, or offer wine to pauvre diable qui a perdu sa jambe en combattant pour sa patrie; mais les policemen sont bêtes. Ah, bêtes! so bêtes I can't tell you."

II.—STREET MUSICIANS.

CONCERNING street musicians, they are of multifarious classes. As a general rule, they may almost be divided into the tolerable and the intolerable performers, some of them trust-

ing to their skill in music for the reward for their exertions, others only making a noise, so that whatever money they obtain is given them merely as an inducement for them to depart. The well-known engraving by Hogarth, of "the enraged musician," is an illustration of the persecutions inflicted in olden times by this class of street performers; and in the illustrations by modern caricaturists we have had numerous proofs, that up to the present time the nuisance has not abated. Indeed, many of these people carry with them musical instruments, merely as a means of avoiding the officers of the Mendicity Society, or in some few cases as a signal of their coming to the persons in the neighbourhood, who are in the habit of giving them a small weekly pension.

These are a more numerous class than any other of the street performers I have yet dealt with. The musicians are estimated at 1000, and the ballad singers at 250.

The street musicians are of two kinds, the skilful and the blind. The former obtain their money by the agreeableness of their performance, and the latter, in pity for their affliction rather than admiration of their harmony. The blind street musicians, it must be confessed, belong generally to the rudest class of performers. Music is not used by them as a means of pleasing, but rather as a mode of soliciting attention. Such individuals are known in the "profession" by the name of "pensioners;" they have their regular rounds to make, and particular houses at which to call on certain days of the week, and from which they generally obtain a "small trifle." They form, however, a most peculiar class of individuals. They are mostly well-known characters, and many of them have been performing in the streets of London for many years. They are also remarkable for the religious cast of their thoughts, and the comparative refinement of their tastes and feelings.

"OLD SARAH."

One of the most deserving and peculiar of the street musicians was an old lady who played upon a hurdy-gurdy. She had been about the streets of London for upwards of forty years, and being blind, had had during that period four guides, and worn out three instruments. Her cheerfulness, considering her privation and precarious mode of life, was extraordinary. Her love of truth, and the extreme simplicity of her nature, were almost childlike. Like the generality of blind people, she had a deep sense of religion, and her charity for a woman in her station of life was something marvellous; for, though living on alms, she herself had, I was told, two or three little pensioners. When questioned on this subject, she laughed the matter off as a jest, though I was assured of the truth of the fact. Her attention to her guide was most marked. If a cup of tea was given to her after her

day's rounds, she would be sure to turn to the poor creature who led her about, and ask, "You comfortable, Liza?" or "Is your tea to your liking, Liza?"

When conveyed to Mr. Beard's establishment to have her daguerreotype taken, she for the first time in her life rode in a cab; and then her fear at being pulled "back'ards" as she termed it (for she sat with her back to the horse), was almost painful. She felt about for something to lay hold of, and did not appear comfortable until she had a firm grasp of the pocket. After her alarm had in a measure subsided, she turned to her guide and said, "We must put up with those trials, Liza." In a short time, however, she began to find the ride pleasant enough. "Very nice, ain't it Liza?" she said; "but I shouldn't like to ride on them steamboats, they say they're shocking dangerous; and as for them railways, I've heard tell they're dreadful; but these cabs, Liza, is very nice." On the road she was continually asking "Liza" where they were, and wondering at the rapidity at which they travelled. "Ah!" she said, laughing, "if I had one of these here cabs, my 'rounds' would soon be over." Whilst ascending the high flight of stairs that led to the portrait-rooms, she laughed at every proposal made to her to rest. "There's twice as many stairs as these to our church, ain't there, Liza?" she replied when pressed. When the portrait was finished she expressed a wish to feel it.

The following is the history of her life, as she herself related it, answering to the variety of questions put to her on the subject:—

"I was born the 4th April, 1786 (it was Good Friday that year), at a small chandler's shop, facing the White Horse, Stuart's-rents, Drury-lane. Father was a hatter, and mother an artificial-flower maker and feather finisher. When I was but a day old, the nurse took me out of the warm bed and carried me to the window, to show some people how like I was to father. The cold flew to my eyes and I caught inflammation in them. Owing to mother being forced to be from home all day at her work, I was put out to dry-nurse when I was three weeks old. My eyes were then very bad, by all accounts, and some neighbours told the woman I was with, that Turner's cerate would do them good. She got some and put it on my eyes, and when poor mother came to suckle me at her dinner-hour, my eyes was all 'a gore of blood.' From that time I never see afterwards. She did it, poor woman, for the best; it was no fault of her'n, and I'm sure I bears her no malice for it. I stayed at home with mother until I was thirteen, when I was put to the Blind-school, but I only kept there nine months; they turned me out because I was not clever with my hands, and I could not learn to spin or make sash-lines: my hands was ocker'd like. I had not been used at home to do anything for myself—not even to dress myself. Mother was always out

at her work, so she could not learn me, and no one else would, so that's how it was I was turned out. I then went back to my mother, and kept with her till her death. I well remember that; I heard her last. When she died I was just sixteen year old. I was sent to the Union—'Paneridge' Union it was—and father with me (for he was ill at the time). He died too, and left me, in seven weeks after mother. When they was both gone, I felt I had lost my only friends, and that I was all alone in the world and blind. But, take it altogether, the world has been very good to me, and I have much to thank God for and the good woman I am with. I missed mother the most, she was so kind to me; there was no one like her; no, not even father. I was kept in the Union until I was twenty; the parish paid for my learning the 'cymbal.' God bless them for it, I say. A poor woman in the workhouse first asked me to learn music; she said it would always be a bit of bread for me; I did as she told me, and I thank her to this day for it. It took me just five months to learn the—cymbal, if you please—the hurdy-gurdy ain't it's right name. The first tune I ever played was 'God save the King,' the Queen as is now; then 'Harlequin Hamlet,' that took me a long time to get off; it was three weeks before they put me on a new one. I then learnt 'Moll Brook;' then I did the 'Turnpike-gate' and 'Patrick's day in the morning:' all of them I learnt in the Union. I got a poor man to teach me the 'New-rigged ship.' I soon learnt it, because it was an easy tune. Two-and-forty years ago I played 'The Gal I left behind me.' A woman learnt it me; she played my cymbal and I listened, and so got it. 'Oh, Susannah!' I learnt myself by hearing it on the horgan. I always try and listen to a new tune when I am in the street, and get it off if I can: it's my bread. I waited to hear one to-day, quite a new one, but I didn't like it, so I went on. 'Hasten to the Wedding' is my favourite; I played it years ago, and play it still. I like 'Where have you been all the night?' it's a Scotch tune. The woman as persuaded me to learn the cymbal took me out of the Union with her; I lived with her, and she led me about the streets. When she died I took her daughter for my guide. She walked with me for more than five-and-twenty year, and she might have been with me to this day, but she took to drinking and killed herself with it. She behaved very bad to me at last, for as soon as we got a few halfpence she used to go into the public and spend it all; and many a time I'm sure she's been too tipsy to take me home. One night I remember she rolled into the road at Kensington, and as near pulled me with her. We was both locked up in the station-house, for she couldn't stand for liquor, and I was obligated to wait till she could lead me home. It was very cruel of her to treat me so, but, poor creature, she's gone, and I forgive her

I'm sure. I'd many guides arter her, but none of them was honest like Liza is: I don't think she'd rob me of a farden. Would you, Liza? Yes, I've my reg'lar rounds, and I've kept to 'em for near upon fifty year. All the children like to hear me coming along, for I always plays my cymbal as I goes. At Kentish-town they calls me Mrs. Tuesday, and at Kensington I'm Mrs. Friday, and so on. At some places they likes polkas, but at one house I plays at in Kensington they always ask me for 'Haste to the Wedding.' No, the cymbal isn't very hard to play; the only thing is, you must be very particular that the works is covered up, or the halfpence is apt to drop in. King David, they say, played on one of those here instruments. We're very tired by night-time; ain't we, Liza? but when I gets home the good woman I lodges with has always a bit of something for me to eat with my cup of tea. She's a good soul, and keeps me tidy and clean. I helps her all I can; when I come in, I carries her a pail of water up-stairs, and such-like. Many ladies as has known me since they was children allows me a trifle. One maiden lady near Brunswick-square has given me sixpence a week for many a year, and another allows me eighteenpence a fortnight; so that, one way and another, I am very comfortable, and I've much to be thankful for."

It was during one of old Sarah's journeys that an accident occurred, which ultimately deprived London of the well-known old hurdy-gurdy woman. In crossing Seymour-street, she and her guide Liza were knocked down by a cab, as it suddenly turned a corner. They were picked up and placed in the vehicle (the poor guide dead, and Sarah with her limbs broken), and carried to the University Hospital. Old Sarah's description of that ride is more terrible and tragic than I can hope to make out to you. The poor blind creature was ignorant of the fate of her guide, she afterwards told us, and kept begging and praying to Liza to speak to her as the vehicle conveyed them to the asylum. She shook her, she said, and intreated her to say if she was hurt, but not a word was spoken in answer, and then she felt how terrible a privation was her blindness; and it was not until they reached the hospital, and they were lifted from the cab, that she knew, as she heard the people whisper to one another, that her faithful attendant was dead. In telling us this, the good old soul forgot her own sufferings for the time, as she lay with both her legs broken beneath the hooped bed-clothes of the hospital bed; and when, after many long weeks, she left the medical asylum, she was unable to continue her playing on the hurdy-gurdy, her hand being now needed for the crutch that was requisite to bear her on her rounds.

The shock, however, had been too much for the poor old creature's feeble nature to rally against, and though she continued to hobble round to the houses of the kind people who had

for years allowed her a few pence per week, and went limping along musicless through the streets for some months after she left the hospital, yet her little remaining strength at length failed her, and she took to her bed in a room in Bell-court, Gray's-inn-lane, never to rise from it again.

"FARM-YARD" PLAYER.

A QUIET-LOOKING man, half-blind, and wrapped in a large, old, faded black-cotton great-coat, made the following statement, having first given me some specimens of his art:—

"I imitate all the animals of the farm-yard on my fiddle: I imitate the bull, the calf, the dog, the cock, the hen when she's laid an egg, the peacock, and the ass. I have done this in the streets for nearly twelve years. I was brought up as a musician at my own desire. When a young man (I am now 53) I used to go out to play at parties, doing middling until my sight failed me; I then did the farm-yard on the fiddle for a living. Though I had never heard of such a thing before, by constant practice I made myself perfect. I studied from nature, I never was in a farm-yard in my life, but I went and listened to the poultry, anywhere in town that I could meet with them, and I then imitated them on my instrument. The Smithfield cattle gave me the study for the bull and the calf. My peacock I got at the Belvidere-gardens in Islington. The ass is common, and so is the dog; and them I studied anywhere. It took me a month, not more, if so much, to acquire what I thought a sufficient skill in my undertaking, and then I started it in the streets. It was liked the very first time I tried it. I never say what animal I am going to give; I leave that to the judgment of the listeners. They could always tell what it was. I could make 12s. a-week the year through. I play it in public-houses as well as in the streets. My pitches are all over London, and I don't know that one is better than another. Working-people are my best friends. Thursday and Friday are my worst days; Monday and Saturday my best, when I reckon 2s. 6d. a handsome taking. I am the only man who does the farm-yard."

BLIND PERFORMER ON THE BELLS.

A HALE-looking blind man, with a cheerful look, poorly but not squalidly dressed, gave me the subjoined narrative. He was led by a strong, healthy-looking lad of 15, his stepson:—

"I have been blind since within a month of my birth," he said, "and have been 23 years a street performer. My parents were poor, but they managed to have me taught music. I am 55 years old. I was one of a street-band in my youth, and could make my 15s. a-week at it. I didn't like the band, for

if you are steady yourself you can't get others to be steady, and so no good can be done. I next started a piano in the streets; that was 23 years ago. I bought a chaise big enough for an invalid, and having had the body removed, my piano was fitted on the springs and the axle-tree. I carried a seat, and could play the instrument either sitting or standing, and so I travelled through London with it. It did pretty well; in the summer I took never less than 20s., and I have taken 40s. on rare occasions, in a week; but the small takings in the winter would reduce my yearly average to 15s. a-week at the utmost. I played the piano, more or less, until within these three or four years. I started the bells that I play now, as near as I can recollect, some 18 years ago. When I first played them, I had my 14 bells arranged on a rail, and tapped them with my two leather hammers held in my hands in the usual way. I thought next I could introduce some novelty into the performance. The novelty I speak of was to play the violin with the bells. I had hammers fixed on a rail, so as each bell had its particular hammer; these hammers were connected with cords to a pedal acting with a spring to bring itself up, and so, by playing the pedal with my feet, I had full command of the bells, and made them accompany the violin, so that I could give any tune almost with the power of a band. It was always my delight in my leisure moments, and is a good deal so still, to study improvements such as I have described. The bells and violin together brought me in about the same as the piano. I played the violoncello with my feet also, on a plan of my own, and the violin in my hand. I had the violoncello on a frame on the ground, so arranged that I could move the bow with my foot in harmony with the violin in my hand. The last thing I have introduced is the playing four accordions with my feet. The accordions are fixed in a frame, and I make them accompany the violin. Of all my plans, the piano, and the bells and violin, did the best, and are the best still for a standard. I can only average 12s. a-week, take the year through, which is very little for two."

BLIND FEMALE VIOLIN PLAYER.

I HAD the following narrative from a stout blind woman, with a very grave and even meditative look, fifty-six years old, dressed in a clean cotton gown, the pattern of which was almost washed out. She was led by a very fine dog (a Scotch colley, she described it), a chain being affixed to the dog's leather collar. A boy, poor and destitute, she said, bare-footed, and wearing a greasy ragged jacket, with his bare skin showing through the many rents, accompanied her when I saw her. The boy had been with her a month, she supporting him. She said:—

"I have been blind twelve years. I was a servant in my youth, and in 1824 married a journeyman cabinet-maker. I went blind from an inflammation two years before my husband died. We had five children, all dead now—the last died six years ago; and at my husband's death I was left almost destitute. I used to sell a few laces in the street, but couldn't clear 2s. 6d. a-week by it. I had a little help from the parish, but very rarely; and at last I could get nothing but an order for the house. A neighbour—a tradesman—then taught me at his leisure to play the violin, but I'm not a great performer. I wish I was. I began to play in the streets five years ago. I get halfpennies in charity, not for my music. Some days I pick up 2s., some days only 6d., and on wet days nothing. I've often had to pledge my fiddle for 2s.—I could never get more on it, and sometimes not that. When my fiddle was in pledge, I used to sell matches and laces in the streets, and have had to borrow 1½d. to lay in a stock. I've sometimes taken 4d. in eight hours. My chief places, when I've only the dog to lead me, are Regent-street and Portland-place; and, really, people are very kind and careful in guiding and directing me,—even the cabmen! may God bless them!"

BLIND SCOTCH VIOLONCELLO PLAYER.

A stout, hale-looking blind man, dressed very decently in coloured clothes, and scrupulously clean, gave me the following details:—

"I am one of the three blind Scotchmen who go about the streets in company, playing the violoncello, clarinet, and flute. We are really Highlanders, and can all speak Gaelic; but a good many London Highlanders are Irish. I have been thirty years in the streets of London; one of my mates has been forty years,—he's sixty-nine;—the other has been thirty years. I became partially blind, through an inflammation, when I was fourteen, and was stone-blind when I was twenty-two. Before I was totally blind I came to London, travelling up with the help of my bagpipes, guided by a little boy. I settled in London, finding it a big place, where a man could do well at that time, and I took a turn every now and then into the country. I could make 14s. a-week, winter and summer through, thirty years ago, by playing in the streets; now I can't make 6s. a-week, take winter and summer. I met my two mates, who are both blind men,—both came to England for the same reason as I did,—in my journeyings in London; and at last we agreed to go together,—that's twenty years ago. We've been together, on and off, ever since. Sometimes, one of us will take a turn round the coast of Kent, and another round the coast of Devon; and then join again in London, or meet by accident. We have always agreed very well, and never fought. We,—I mean the street-blind,—

tried to maintain a burying and sick-club of our own; but we were always too poor. We live in rooms. I don't know one blind musician who lives in a lodging-house. I myself know a dozen blind men, now performing in the streets of London; these are not all exactly blind, but about as bad; the most are stone-blind. The blind musicians are chiefly married men. I don't know one who lives with a woman unmarried. The loss of sight changes a man. He doesn't think of women, and women don't think of him. We are of a religious turn, too, generally. I am a Roman Catholic; but the other Scotch blind men here are Presbyterians. The Scotch in London are our good friends, because they give us a little sum altogether, perhaps; but the English working-people are our main support: it is by them we live, and I always found them kind and liberal,—the most liberal in the world as I know. Through Marylebone is our best round, and Saturday night our best time. We play all three together. 'Johnny Cope' is our best-liked tune. I think the blind Scotchmen don't come to play in London now. I can remember many blind Scotch musicians, or pipers, in London: they are all dead now! The trade's dead too,—it is so! When we thought of forming the blind club, there was never more than a dozen members. These were two basket-makers, one mat-maker, four violin-players, myself, and my two mates; which was the number when it dropped for want of funds; that's now fifteen years ago. We were to pay 1s. a-month; and sick members were to have 5s. a-week, when they'd paid two years. Our other rules were the same as other clubs, I believe. The blind musicians now in London are we three; C—, a Jew, who plays the violin; R—, an Englishman, who plays the violin elegantly; W—, a harp player; T—, violin again; H—, violin (but he plays more in public-houses); R—, the flute; M—, bagpipes; C—, bagpipes; K—, violin: that's all I know myself. There's a good many blind who play at the sailors' dances, Wapping and Deptford way. We seldom hire children to lead us in the streets; we have plenty of our own, generally—I have five! Our wives are generally women who have their eyesight; but some blind men,—I know one couple,—marry blind women."

BLIND IRISH PIPER.

Of the Irish Pipers, a well-dressed, middle-aged man, of good appearance, wearing large green spectacles, led by a young girl, his daughter, gave me the following account:—

"I was eleven years old when I lost my sight from cold, and I was brought up to the musical profession, and practised it several years in Ireland, of which country I am a native. I was a man of private property,—small property—and only played occasionally

at the gentle-people's places; and then more as a guest—yes, more indeed than professionally. In 1838 I married, and began to give concerts regularly; I was the performer, and played only on the union pipes at my concerts. I'm acknowledged to be the best performer in the world, even by my own craft,—excuse what seems self-praise. The union pipes are the old Irish pipes improved. In former times there was no chromatic scale; now we have eight keys to the chanter, which produce the chromatic scale as on the flute, and so the pipes are improved in the melody, and more particularly in the harmony. We have had fine performers of old. I may mention Caroll O'Daly, who flourished in the 15th century, and was the composer of the air that the Scotch want to steal from us, 'Robin Adair,' which is 'Alleen ma ruen,' or 'Ellen, my dear.' My concerts in Ireland answered very well indeed, but the famine reduced me so much that I was fain to get to England with my family, wife and four children; and in this visit I have been disappointed, completely so. Now I'm reduced to play in the streets, and make very little by it. I may average 15s. in the week in summer, and not half that in winter. There are many of my countrymen now in England playing the pipes, but I don't know one respectable enough to associate with; so I keep to myself, and so I cannot tell how many there are."

THE ENGLISH STREET BANDS.

CONCERNING these, a respectable man gave me the following details:—

"I was brought up to the musical profession, and have been a street-performer 22 years, and I'm now only 26. I sang and played the guitar in the streets with my mother when I was four years old. We were greatly patronised by the nobility at that time. It was a good business when I was a child. A younger brother and I would go out into the streets for a few hours of an evening, from five to eight, and make 7s. or 8s. the two of us. Ours was, and is, the highest class of street music. For the last ten years I have been a member of a street band. Our band is now four in number. I have been in bands of eight, and in some composed of as many as 25; but a small band answers best for regularity. With eight in the band it's not easy to get 3s. a-piece on a fine day, and play all day, too. I consider that there are 1000 musicians now performing in the streets of London; and as very few play singly, 1000 performers, not reckoning persons who play with niggers or such-like, will give not quite 250 street bands. Four in number is a fair average for a street band; but I think the greater number of bands have more than four in them. All the better sort of these bands play at concerts, balls, parties, processions, and water excursions, as well as in the streets. The class of

men in the street bands is, very generally, those who can't read music, but play by ear; and their being unable to read music prevents their obtaining employment in theatres, or places where a musical education is necessary; and yet numbers of street musicians (playing by ear) are better instrumentalists than many educated musicians in the theatres. I only know a few who have left other businesses to become musicians. The great majority—19-20ths of us, I should say—have been brought regularly up to be street-performers. Children now are taught very early, and seldom leave the profession for any other business. Every year the street musicians increase. The better sort are, I think, prudent men, and struggle hard for a decent living. All the street-performers of wind instruments are short-lived. Wind performers drink more, too, than the others. They must have their mouths wet, and they need some stimulant or restorative after blowing an hour in the streets. There are now twice as many wind as stringed instruments played in the streets; fifteen or sixteen years ago there used to be more stringed instruments. Within that time new wind instruments have been used in the streets. Cornopeans, or cornet-à-pistons, came into vogue about fourteen years ago; opheicleides about ten years ago (I'm speaking of the streets); and saxhorns about two years since. The cornopean has now quite superseded the bugle. The worst part of the street performers, in point of character, are those who play before or in public-houses. They drink a great deal, but I never heard of them being charged with dishonesty. In fact, I believe there's no honester set of men breathing than street musicians. The better class of musicians are nearly all married men, and they generally dislike to teach their wives music; indeed, in my band, and in similar bands, we wouldn't employ a man who was teaching his wife music, that she might play in the streets, and so be exposed to every insult and every temptation, if she's young and pretty. Many of the musicians' wives have to work very hard with their needles for the slop-shops, and earn very little in such employ; 3s. a-week is reckoned good earnings, but it all helps. The German bands injure our trade much. They'll play for half what we ask. They are very mean, feed dirtily, and the best band of them, whom I met at Dover, I know slept three in a bed in a common lodging-house, one of the very lowest. They now block us out of all the country places to which we used to go in the summer. The German bands have now possession of the whole coast of Kent and Sussex, and wherever there are watering-places. I don't know anything about their morals, excepting that they don't drink. An English street-performer in a good and respectable band will now average 25s. a-week the year through. Fifteen years ago he could have

made 3*l.* a-week. Inferior performers make from 12*s.* to 15*s.* a-week. I consider Regent-street and such places our best pitches. Our principal patrons in the parties' line are tradesmen and professional men, such as attorneys: 10*s.* a-night is our regular charge."

THE GERMAN STREET BANDS.

NEXT come the German Bands. I had the following statement from a young flax-haired and fresh-coloured German, who spoke English very fairly:—

"I am German, and have been six year in zis country. I was nearly fourteen when I come. I come from Oberfeld, eighteen miles from Hanover. I come because I would like to see how it was here. I heard zat London was a goot place for foreign music. London is as goot a place as I expect to find him. There was other six come over with me, boys and men. We come to Hull, and play in ze country about half a year; we do middling. And zen we come to London. I didn't make money at first when I come, I had much to learn; but ze band, oh! it did well. We was seven. I play ze clarionet, and so did two others; two play French horns, one ze tram-bone, and one ze saxhorn. Sometime we make 7*s.* or 8*s.* a-piece in a-day now, but the business is not so goot. I reckon 6*s.* a-day is goot now. We never play at fairs, nor for caravans. We play at private parties or public ball-rooms, and are paid so much a dance—sixpence a dance for ze seven of us. If zare is many dances, it is goot; if not, it is bad. We play sheaper zan ze English, and we don't spent so much. Ze English players insult us, but we don't care about that. Zey abuse us for playing sheap. I don't know what zair terms for dances are. I have saved money in zis country, but very little of it. I want to save enough to take me back to Hanover. We all live togeder, ze seven of us. We have three rooms to sleep in, and one to eat in. We are all single men, but one; and his wife, a German woman, lives wis us, and cooks for us. She and her husband have a bedroom to themselves. Anysing does for us to eat. We all join in housekeeping and lodging, and pay alike. Our lodging costs 2*s.* a-week each, our board costs us about 15*s.* a-week each; sometime rather less. But zat include beer; and ze London beer is very goot, and sometime we drink a goot deal of it. We drink very little gin, but we live very well, and have goot meals every day. We play in ze streets, and I zink most places are alike to us. Ladies and gentlemen are our best friends; ze working people give us very little. We play opera tunes chiefly. We don't associate with any Englishmen. Zare are three public-houses kept by Germans, where we Germans meet. Sugar-bakers and other trades are of ze number. There are now five German brass-bands, with thirty-seven performers in zem, reckon-

ing our own, in London. Our band lives near Whitechapel. I sink zare is one or two more German bands in ze country. I sink my countrymen, some of them, save money; but I have not saved much yet."

OF THE BAGPIPE PLAYERS.

A WELL-LOOKING young man, dressed in full Highland costume, with modest manners and of slow speech, as if translating his words from the Gaelic before he uttered them, gave me these details:—

"I am a native of Inverness, and a Grant. My father was a soldier, and a player in the 42nd. In my youth I was shepherd in the hills, until my father was unable to support me any longer. He had 9*d.* a-day pension for seventeen years' service, and had been thrice wounded. He taught me and my brither the pipes; he was too poor to have us taught any trade, so we started on our own accounts. We travelled up to London, had only our pipes to depend upon. We came in full Highland dress. The tartan is cheap there, and we mak it up oursels. My dress as I sit here, without my pipes, would cost about 4*l.* in London. Our mithers spin the tartan in Inverness-shire, and the dress comes to maybe 30*s.*, and is better than the London. My pipes cost me three guineas new. It's between five and six years since I first came to London, and I was twenty-four last November. When I started, I thought of making a fortune in London; there was such great talk of it in Inverness-shire, as a fine place with plenty of money; but when I came I found the difference. I was rather a novelty at first, and did pretty well. I could make 1*l.* a-week then, but now I can't make 2*s.* a-day, not even in summer. There are so many Irishmen going about London, and dressed as Scotch Highlanders, that I really think I could do better as a piper even in Scotland. A Scotch family will sometimes give me a shilling or two when they find out I am a Scotchman. Chelsea is my best place, where there are many Scotchmen. There are now only five real Scotch Highlanders playing the bagpipes in the streets of London, and seven or eight Irishmen that I know of. The Irishmen do better than I do, because they have more face. We have our own rooms. I pay 4*s.* a-week for an empty room, and have my ain furniture. We are all married men, and have no connexion with any other street musicians. 'Tullochgorum,' 'Moneymusk,' 'The Campbells are comin',' and 'Lord Macdonald's Reel,' are among the performances best liked in London. I'm very seldom insulted in the streets, and then mostly by being called an Irishman, which I don't like; but I pass it off just as well as I can."

SCOTCH PIPER AND DANCING-GIRL.

"I WAS full corporal in the 93rd Southern Highlanders, and I can get the best of cha-

acters from my commanding officers. If I couldn't get a good character I wouldn't be orderly to the colonel; and wherever he and the lady went, I was sure to be with them. Although I used to wear the colonel's livery, yet I had the full corporal's stripes on my coat. I was first orderly to Colonel Sparkes of the 93rd. He belonged to Dublin, and he was the best colonel that ever belonged to a regiment. After he died I was orderly to Colonel Aynsley. This shows I must have been a good man, and have a good character. Colonel Aynsley was a good friend to me, and he always gave me my clothes, like his other private servants. The orderly's post is a good one, and much sought after, for it exempts you from regimental duty. Colonel Aynsley was a severe man on duty, but he was a good colonel after all. If he wasn't to be a severe man he wouldn't be able to discharge the post he had to discharge. Off duty he was as kind as anybody could be. There was no man he hated more than a dirty soldier. He wouldn't muddle a man for being drunk, not a quarter so much as for dirty clothing. I was reckoned the cleanest soldier in the regiment; for if I was out in a shower of rain, I'd polish up my brass and pipeclay my belt, to make it look clean again. Besides, I was very supple and active, and many's the time Colonel Aynsley has sent me on a message, and I have been there and back, and when I've met him he's scolded me for not having gone, for I was back so quick he thought I hadn't started.

"Whilst I was in the regiment I was attacked with blindness; brought on, I think, by cold. There was a deserter, that the policemen took up and brought to our barracks at Weedon, where the 93rd was stationed in 1852. It was very wet weather, and he was brought in without a stitch on him, in a pair of breeches and a miserable shirt—that's all. He was away two years, but he was always much liked. No deserters ever escape. We made a kit up for this man in less than twenty minutes. One gave him a kilt, another a coat, and I gave him the shoes off my feet, and then went to the regiment stores and got me another pair. Soldiers always help one another; it's their duty to such a poor, miserable wretch as he was.

"This deserter was tried by court-martial, and he got thirty-one days in prison, and hard labour. He'd have had three months, only he gave himself up. He was so weak with lying out, that the doctor wouldn't let him be flogged. He'd have had sixty lashes if he'd been strong. Ah! sixty is nothing. I've seen one hundred and fifty given. When this man was marched off to Warwick gaol I commanded the escort, and it was a very severe day's rain that day, for it kept on from six in the morning till twelve at night. It was a twenty-one miles' march; and we started at six in the morning, and arrived at Warwick

by four in the afternoon. The prisoner was made to march the distance in the same clothes as when he gave himself up. He had only a shirt and waistcoat on his back, and that got so wet, I took off my greatcoat and gave it to him to wear to warm him. They wouldn't let him have the kit of clothes made up for him by the regiment till he came out of prison. From giving him my greatcoat I caught a severe cold. I stood up by a public-house fire and dried my coat and kilt, and the cold flew to the small of my back. After we had delivered our prisoner at Warwick we walked on to Coventry—that's ten miles more. We did thirty-one miles that day in the rain. After we got back to barracks I was clapped in hospital. I was there twenty-one days. The doctor told me I shouldn't leave it for twenty-eight days, but I left it in twenty-one, for I didn't like to be in that same place. My eyes got very blood-shot, and I lost the sight of them. I was very much afraid that I'd never see a sight with my eyes, and I was most miserable. I used to be, too, all of a tremble with a shiver of cold. I only stopped in the regiment for thirty-one days after I came out of hospital, and then I had my discharge. I could just see a little. It was my own fault that I had my discharge, for I thought I could do better to cure myself by going to the country doctors. The men subscribed for me all the extra money of their pay,—that's about 4*d.* each man,—and it made me up 10*l.* When I told Colonel Aynsley of this, says he, 'Upon my word, M'Gregor, I'm as proud of it as if I had 20,000*l.*' He gave me a sovereign out of his own pocket. Besides that, I had as many kilts given me as have lasted me up to this time. My boy is wearing the last of 'em now.

"At Oxford I went to a doctor, and he did me a deal of good; for now I can read a book, if the thread of it isn't too small. I can read the Prayer-book, or Bible, or newspaper, just for four hours, and then I go dim.

"I've served in India, and I was at the battles of Punjaub, 1848, and Moulton, 1849. Sir Colin Campbell commanded us at both, and says he, 'Now, my brave 93rd, none of your nonsense here, for it must be death and glory here to-day;' and then Serjeant Cameron says, 'The men are all right, Sir Colin, but they're afraid you won't be in the midst of them;' and says he, 'Not in the midst of them! I'll be here in ten minutes.' Sir Colin will go in anywhere; he's as brave an officer as any in the service. He's the first into the fight and the last out of it.

"Although I had served ten years, and been in two battles, yet I was not entitled to a pension. You must serve twenty-one years to be entitled to 1*s.* 0½*d.* I left the 93rd in 1852, and since that time I've been wandering about the different parts of England and Scotland, playing on the bagpipes. I take my daughter Maria about with me, and she dances whilst

I play to her. I leave my wife and family in town. I've been in London three weeks this last time I visited it. I've been here plenty of times before. I've done duty in Hyde-Park before the 46th came here.

"I left the army just two years before the war broke out, and I'd rather than twenty thousand pounds I'd been in my health to have gone to the Crimea, for I'd have had more glory after that war than ever any England was in. Directly I found the 93rd was going out, I went twice to try and get back to my old regiment; but the doctor inspected me, and said I wouldn't be fit for service again. I was too old at the time, and my health wasn't good, although I could stand the cold far better than many hundreds of them that were out there, for I never wear no drawers, only my kilt, and that very thin, for it's near worn. Nothing at all gives me cold but the rain.

"The last time I was in London was in May. My daughter dances the Highland fling and the sword-dance called 'Killim Callam.' That's the right Highland air to the dance—with two swords laid across each other. I was a good hand at it before I got stiff. I've done it before all the regiment. We'd take two swords from the officers and lay them down when they've been newly ground. I've gone within the eighth of an inch of them, and never cut my shoe. Can you cut your shoes? aye, and your toes, too, if you're not lithe. My brother was the best dancer in the army: so the Duke of Argyle and his lady said. At one of the prize meetings at Blair Athol, one Tom Duff, who is as good a dancer as from this to where he is, says he, 'There's ne'er a man of the Macgregor clan can dance against me to-day!' and I, knowing my brother Tom—he was killed at Inkermann in the 93rd—was coming, says I, 'Don't be sure of that, Tom Duff, for there's one come every inch of the road here to-day to try it with you.' He began, and he took an inch off his shoes, and my brother never cut himself at all; and he won the prize.

"My little girl dances that dance. She does it pretty, but I'd be rather doubtful about letting her come near the swords, for fear she'd be cutting herself, though I know she could do it at a pinch, for she can be dancing across two baccy-pipes without breaking them. When I'm in the streets, she always does it with two baccy-pipes. She can dance reels, too, such as the Highland fling and the reel Hoolow. They're the most celebrated.

"Whenever I go about the country I leave my wife and family in London, and go off with my girl. I send them up money every week, according to what I earn. Every farthing that I can spare I always send up. I always, when I'm travelling, make the first part of my journey down to Hull in Yorkshire. On my road I always stop at garrison towns, and they always behave very well to me. If they've a

penny they'll give it to me, either English, Scotch, or Irish regiments; or I'd as soon meet the 23d Welsh Fusiliers as any, for they've all been out with me on service. At Hull there is a large garrison, and I always reckon on getting 3s. or 4s. from the barracks. When I'm travelling, it generally comes to 15s. a-week, and out of that I manage to send the wife 10s. and live on 5s. myself. I have to walk all the way, for I wouldn't sit on a rail or a cart for fear I should lose the little villages off the road. I can do better in many of them than I can in many of the large towns. I tell them I am an old soldier. I don't go to the cottages, but to the gentlemen's houses. Many of the gentlemen have been in the army, and then they soon tell whether I have been in service. Some have asked me the stations I have been at, and who commanded us; and then they'll say, 'This man is true enough, and every word of it is truth.'

"I've been in Balmoral many a dozen of times. Many a time I've passed by it when it was an old ruin, and fit for nothing but the ravens and the owls. Balmoral is the fourth oldest place in Scotland. It was built before any parts of Christianity came into the country at all. I've an old book that gives an account of all the old buildings entirely, and a very old book it is. Edinbro' Castle is the oldest building, and then Stirling Castle, and then Perth Castle, and then Balmoral. I've been there twice since the Queen was there. If I'd see any of the old officers that I knew at Balmoral, I'd play then, and they might give me something. I went there more for curiosity, and I went to see the Queen come out. She was always very fond of the 93rd. They'd fight for her in any place, for there isn't a man discharged after this war but they're provided for.

"I do pretty well in London, taking my 4s. a-day, but out of that I must pay 1s. 9d. a-week lodging-money, for I can't go into apartments, for if I did it would be but poorly furnished, for I've no beds, or furniture, or linen.

"I can live in Scotland much cheaper than here. I can give the children a good breakfast of oatmeal-porridge every morning, and that will in seven weeks make them as fat as seven years of tea and coffee will do here. Besides, in Scotland, I can buy a very pretty little stand-up bedstead for 2s., which here would come to 4s. I'm thinking of sending my family down to Scotland, and sending them the money I earn in London. They'll have to walk to Hull and then take the boat. They can get to Aberdeen from there. We shall have to work the money on the road.

"When I go out working with the little girl, I get out about nine in the summer and ten in the winter. I can't work much more than four hours a-day on the pipes, for the blowing knocks me up and leaves me very weak. No, it don't hurt my chest, but I'll be just quite

weak. That's from my bad health. I've never had a day's health ever since I left the regiment. I have pains in my back and stitches in the side. My girl can't dance without my playing, so that when I give over she must give over too. I sometimes go out with two of my daughters. Lizzy don't dance, only Maria. I never ax anybody for money. Anybody that don't like to give we never ax them.

"I can't eat meat, for it won't rest on my stomach, and there's nothing I take that goes so well with me as soup. I live principally on bread, for coffee or tea won't do for me at all. If I could get a bit of meat that I like, such as a small fowl, or the like of that, it would do with me very well; but either bacon or beef, or the like of that, is too strong for me. I'm obliged to be very careful entirely with what I eat, for I'm sick. A lady gave me a bottle of good old foreign port about three months ago, and I thought it did me more good than all the meat in the world.

"When I'm in London I make about 4s. a-day, and when I'm in the country about 15s. a-week. My old lady couldn't live when I travel if it wasn't for my boy, who goes out and gets about 1s. a-day. Lord Panmure is very good to him, and gives him something whenever he meets him. I wouldn't get such good health if I stopped in London. Now there's Barnet, only eleven miles from St. Giles's, and yet I can get better health in London than I can there, on account of it's being on rising ground and fresh air coming into it every minute.

"I never be a bit bad with the cold. It never makes me bad. I've been in Canada with the 93d in the winter. In the year '43 was a very fearful winter indeed, and we were there, and the men didn't seem to suffer anything from the cold, but were just as well as in any other climate or in England. They wore the kilt and the same dress as in summer. Some of them wore the tartan trousers when they were not on duty or parade, but the most of them didn't—not one in a dozen, for they looked upon it as like a woman. There's nothing so good for the cold as cold water. The men used to bathe their knees and legs in the cold water, and it would make them ache for the time, but a minute or two afterwards they were all right and sweating. I've many a time gone into the water up to my neck in the coldest days of the year, and then when I came out and dried myself, and put on my clothes, I'd be sweating afterwards. There can't be a better thing for keeping away the rheumatism. It's a fine thing for rheumatism and aches to rub the part with cold frosty water or snow. It makes it leave him and knocks the pains out of his limbs. Now, in London, when my hands are so cold I can't play on my pipes, I go to a pump and wash them in the frosty water, and then dry them and rub them together, and then they're as warm as ever. The more a man leans to the

fire the worse he is after. It was leaning to a fire that gave me my illness.

"The chanter of the pipes I play on has been in my family very near 450 years. It's the oldest in Scotland, and is a heir-loom in our family, and they wouldn't part with it for any money. Many's a time the Museum in Edinburgh has wanted me to give it to them, but I won't give it to any one till I find myself near death, and then I'll obligate them to keep it. Most likely my youngest son will have it, for he's as steady as a man. You see, the holes for the fingers is worn as big round as sixpences, and they're quite sharp at the edges. The ivory at the end is the same original piece as when the pipe was made. It's breaking and splitting with age, and so is the stick. I'll have my name and the age of the stick engraved on the sole of the ivory, and then, if my boy seems neglectful of the chanter, I'll give it to the Museum at Edinburgh. I'll have German silver rings put round the stick, to keep it together, and then, with nice waxed thread bound round it, it will last for centuries yet.

"This chanter was made by old William McDonnall, who's been dead these many hundred years. He was one of the best pipe-makers that's in all Scotland. There's a brother of mine has a set of drones made by him, and he wouldn't give them for any sit of money. Everybody in Scotland knows William McDonnall. Ask any lad, and he'll tell you who was the best pipe-maker that ever lived in Scotland—aye, and ever will live. There's many a farmer in Scotland would give 30l. for a set of pipes by old William McDonnall, sooner than they'd give 30s. for a set of pipes made now. This chanter has been in our family ever since McDonnall made it. It's been handed down from father to son from that day to this. They always give it to the eldest. William McDonnall lived to be 143 years old, and this is the last chanter he made. A gentleman in London, who makes chanters, once gave me a new one, merely for letting him take a model of my old one, with the size of the bore and the place for the holes. You tell a good chanter by the tone, and some is as sweet as a piano. My old chanter has got rather too sharp by old age, and it's lost its tone; for when a stick gets too sharp a sound, it's never no good. This chanter was played by my family in the battles of Wallace and Bruce, and at the battle of Bannockburn, and every place whenever any of the Macgregor clan fought. These are the traditions given from family to family. I heard it from my father, and now I tell my lads, and they know it as well as I do myself. My great grandfather played on this stick when Charley Stuart, the Pretender, came over to Scotland from France, and he played on it before the Prince himself, at Stirling and the Island of Skye, and at Preston Pans and Culloden. It was at Preston Pans that the clans were first

formed, and could be told by their tartans—the Macgregors, and the Stuart, and the Macbeths, and the Camerons, and all of them. I had three brothers older than me, but I've got this chanter, for I begged it of them. It's getting too old to play on, and I'll have a copper box made for it, and just carry it at my side, if God is good to me, and gives me health to live three weeks.

"About my best friends in London are the French people,—they are the best I can meet, they come next to the Highlanders. When I meet a Highlander he will, if he's only just a labouring man, give me a few coppers. A Highlander will never close his eye upon me. It's the Lowlander that is the worst to me. They never takes no notice of me when I'm passing: they'll smile and cast an eye as I pass by. Many a time I'll say to them when they pass, 'Well, old chap, you don't like the half-naked men, I know you don't!' and many will say, 'No, I don't!' I never play the pipes when I go through the Lowlands,—I'd as soon play poison to them. They never give anything. It's the Lowlanders that get the Scotch a bad name for being miserable, and keeping their money, and using small provision. They're a disgrace to their country.

"The Highlander spends his money as free as a duke. If a man in the 93rd had a shilling in his pocket, it was gone before he could turn it twice. All the Lowlanders would like to be Highlanders if they could, and they learn Gaelic, and then marry Highland lassies, so as to become Highlanders. They have some clever regiments composed out of the Lowlanders, but they have only three regiments and the Highlanders have seven; yet there's nearly three to one more inhabitants in the Lowlands. It's a strange thing, they'd sooner take an Irishman into a Highland regiment than a Lowlander. They owe them such a spleen, they don't like them. Bruce was a Lowlander, and he betrayed Wallace; and the Duke of Buccleuch, who was a Lowlander, betrayed Stuart.

"I never go playing at public-houses, for I don't like such places. I am not a drinker, for as much whisky as will fill a teaspoon will lay me up for a day. If I take anything, it's a sup of porter. I went once into a public-house, and there was a woman drinking in it, and she was drunk. It was the landlord told me to come inside. She told me to leave the house, and I said the master told me to come: then she took up one of these pewter pots and hit me in the forehead. It was very sore for three weeks afterwards, and made a hole. I wouldn't prosecute her.

"My little boy that goes about is fourteen years old, and he's as straight and well-formed as if he was made of wax-work. He's the one that shall have the chanter, if anybody does; but I'm rather doubtful about it, for he's not steady enough, and I think I'll leave it to a museum.

"If I had a good set of pipes, there's not many going about the streets could play better; but my pipes are not in good order. I've got three tunes for one that the Queen's piper plays; and I can play in a far superior style, for he plays in the military style. McKay, the former piper to her majesty, he was reckoned as good a player as there is in Scotland. I knew him very well, and many and many a time I've played with him. He was took bad in the head and obliged to go back to Scotland. He is in the Isle of Skye now. I belong to Peterhead. If I had a good set of pipes I wouldn't be much afraid of playing with any of the pipers.

"In the country towns I would sometimes be called into Highland gentlemen's houses, to play to them, but never in London.

"I make all my reeds myself to put in the stick. I make them of Spanish cane. It's the outer glazed bark of it. The nearer you go to the shiny part, the harder the reed is, and the longer it lasts. In Scotland they use the Spanish cane. I have seen a man, at one time, who made a reed out of a piece of white thorn, and it sounded as well as ever a reed I saw sound; but I never see a man who could make them, only one."

ANOTHER BAGPIPE PLAYER.

"My father is a Highlander, and was born in Argyllshire, and there, when he was 14 or 15, he enlisted for a piper into the 92nd. They wear the national costume in that regiment—the Campbell tartan. Father married whilst he was in Scotland. We are six in family now, and my big brother is 17, and I'm getting on for 15—a little better than 14. We and another brother of 10, all of us, go about the streets playing the bagpipes.

"Father served in India. It was after I was born (and so was my other brother of 10) that the regiment was ordered over there. Mother came up to England to see him off, and she has stopped in London ever since. Father lost a leg in the Punjaub war, and now he receives a pension of 1s. a-day. Mother had a very bad time of it whilst father was away; I don't know the reason why, but father didn't send her any money. All her time was taken up looking after us at home, so she couldn't do any work. The parish allowed her some money. She used to go for some food every week. I can remember when we were so hard up. We lived principally on bread and potatoes. At last mother told Jim he had better go out in the streets and play the bagpipes, to see what he could pick up. Father had left some pipes behind him, small ones, what he learnt to play upon. Jim wasn't dressed up in the Highland costume as he is now. He did very well the first time he went out; he took about 10s. or so. When mother saw that she was very pleased,

and thought she had the Bank of England tumbled into her lap. Jim continued going out every day until father came home. After father lost his leg he came home again. He had been absent about eighteen months. The pipers always go into action with the regiment. When they are going into the field they play in front of the regiment, but when the fighting begins they go to the side. He never talks about his wound. I never heard him talk about it beyond just what I've said; as to how they go into war and play the regiment into the field. I never felt much curiosity to ask him about it, for I'm out all day long and until about 10 o'clock at night, and when I get home I'm too tired to talk; I never think about asking him how he was wounded.

"When father came home from India he brought 10l. with him. He didn't get his pension not till he got his medal, and that was a good while after—about a year after, I should say. This war they gave the pension directly they got home, but the other war they didn't. Jim still continued playing in the streets. Then father made him a Highland suit out of his old regimentals. He did better then; indeed he one day brought home a pound, and never less than five, or nine or ten, shillings. Next, father made me a suit, and I used to go out with Jim and dance the fling to his bagpipes. I usen't to take no carpet with me, but dance in the middle of the road. I wear father's regimental-belt to this day, only he cut it down smaller for me. Here's his number at the end of it, 62, and the date, 1834—so it's twenty-two years old, and it's strong and good now, only it's been white buff leather, and my father's blacked it. We didn't take much more money going out together, but we took it quicker and got home sooner. Besides, it was a help to mother to get rid of me. We still took about 10s. a-day, but it got lesser and lesser after a time. It was a couple of years after we come out that it got lesser. People got stingier, or perhaps they was accustomed to see us, and was tired of the dancing. Whilst I was doing the dancing, father, when I got home of a night, used to teach me the bagpipes. It took me more than twelve months to learn to play. Now I'm reckoned a middling player.

"When I could play I went out with my big brother, and we played together; we did the tunes both together. No, I didn't do a bass, or anything of that; we only played louder when we was together, and so made more noise, and so got more attention. In the day-time we walked along the streets playing. We did better the two playing together than when I danced. Sometimes gentlemen would tell us to come to their houses and play to 'em. We've often been to General Campbell's and played to him, whilst he was at dinner sometimes, or sometimes after. We had 5s. or half-a-sovereign, according to the time we stopped there. There

was about six or seven gentlemen like this, and we go to their houses and play for them. We get from one shilling to five for each visit. When we go inside and play to them it's never less than 5s. They are all Scotch gentlemen that we go to see, but we have done it for one Englishman, but he's the only one.

"When my little brother John was old enough to go out, father made him a Highland suit, and then he went out along with my big brother and danced to his playing, and I went out by myself. I did pretty well, but not so well as when I was with Jim. We neither did so well as when we were together, but putting both our earnings together we did better, for the two separated took more than the two joined.

"My little sister Mary has been out with me for the last month. Father made her a suit. It's a boy's, and not a girl's costume, and she goes along with me. Whilst I play, she goes up to ladies and gentlemen and asks for the money. They generally give her something. She never says anything, only makes a bow and holds out her little hand. It was father's notion to send her out. He said, 'She may as well go out with one of you as be stopping at home.' She stops out as long as I do. She doesn't get tired, at least she never tells me she is. I always carry her home at night on my back. She is eight years old, and very fond of me. I buy her cakes as we go along. We dine anywhere we can. We have bread and cheese, and sometimes bread and meat. Besides, she's very often called over and given something to eat. I've got regular houses where they always give me dinner. There's one in Eaton-place where the servants are Scotch, and at the Duke of Argyle's, out Kensington way, and another at York-terrace, Camden-town. It's generally from Scotch servants I get the food, except at the Duke's, and he orders me a dinner whenever I come that way. It ain't the Lowland Scotch give me the food, only the Highland Scotch. Highlanders don't talk with a drawl, only Lowlanders. I can tell a Highlander in a minute. I speak a few words of Gaelic to him.

"So you see I never have occasion to buy my dinner, unless I'm out at a place where I am too far to go, but I generally work up to my eating places.

"It's about three years now since I've been out playing the pipe. Jim and Johnny go together, and I go with Mary. Between the two we take about 5s. a-day, excepting on Saturdays. I get home by ten, and have supper and then go to bed; but Jim he sometimes doesn't come till very late, about one in the morning. At night we generally go down to the Haymarket, and play before the public-houses. The ladies and gentlemen both give us money. We pick up more at night-time than in the day. Some of the girls then make

the gentlemen give us money. They'll say, 'Give the little fellow a penny.' The highest I ever had given me at one time was a Scotch lady at a hotel in Jermyn-street, and she gave me a sovereign. I've often had half-a-crown give me in the Haymarket. It's always from Scotch gentlemen. English have given me a shilling, but never more; and nearly all we take is from Scotch people. Jim says the same thing, and I always found it so.

"I've had a whole mob round me listening. Some of them will ask for this tune, and some for that. I play all Scotch tunes. 'The Campbells are coming' is the chief air they like. Some ask for the 'Loch Harbour no more.' That's a sentimental air. 'The Highlander on them. He makes our shoes, too, with the little buckle in front. Mother knits the stockings. They are mixed—red and blue mixed. I wear out about three a-year. She makes about twelve pairs a-year for us all. We buy our tartan and our bonnets, but make the pewter thistles at the side and the brooch which fastens the scarf on one shoulder. A suit of clothes lasts about twelve months, so that father has to make four suits a-year for us all; that is for Jim, myself, Johnny, and Mary. The shoes last, with repairing, twelve months. There's twenty buttons on each coat. Father has always got something to do, repairing our clothes. He's not able to go out for his leg, or else he'd go out himself; and he'd do well playing, for he's a first-rate piper, but not so good as the Duke's.

"I get the reeds which go inside my pipes, and which make the noise, from the Duke of Argyle's piper. He's a good friend to me, and very fond of me. They're made of thin pieces of split cane, and it's the wind going through them that makes them jar and give the music. Before I play, I have to wet them. They last me six or seven months, if I take care of them. The Duke of Argyle's piper never grumbles when I go for new ones. When I go to him he makes me play to him, to see how I've got on with my music. He's a splendid player, and plays from books. I play by ear. His pipes are of ebony, and with a silver chanter or flute-pipe. He plays every day to the Duke while he's at dinner. My pipes are made out of cocoa-nut wood.

"I know the Duke very well. He's very kind to his clan. He's Campbell clan, and so am I. He never spoke to me; but he told the servants to give me dinner every time I came that way. The servants told me the Duke had promised me my dinner every time I came. When I touch my bonnet, he always nods to me. He never gave me only a shilling once, but always my dinner. That's better for me.

"I wear the regular Highland costume, but

I don't wear the Campbell plaid, only the Stuart, because it's cheaper. My kilt ain't a regular one, because it's too dear for me. In a soldier's kilt it's reckoned there's thirty-two yards; mine has only got two and a half. My philibeg ought by rights to be of badgers' skin, with a badger's head on the top, and with tassels set in brass caps; but my philibeg is only sheep-skin. The centre is made up to look like the real one. Father makes all our clothes. He makes the jackets, and the belts even, down to the German silver buckles, with the slide and the tip. He cuts them out of sheet metal. He casts our buttons, too, in pewter. They are square ones, you see, with a Highlander on them. He makes our shoes, too, with the little buckle in front. Mother knits the stockings. They are mixed—red and blue mixed. I wear out about three a-year. She makes about twelve pairs a-year for us all. We buy our tartan and our bonnets, but make the pewter thistles at the side and the brooch which fastens the scarf on one shoulder. A suit of clothes lasts about twelve months, so that father has to make four suits a-year for us all; that is for Jim, myself, Johnny, and Mary. The shoes last, with repairing, twelve months. There's twenty buttons on each coat. Father has always got something to do, repairing our clothes. He's not able to go out for his leg, or else he'd go out himself; and he'd do well playing, for he's a first-rate piper, but not so good as the Duke's.

"We go about with our bare legs, and no drawers on. I never feel cold of my legs; only of my fingers, with playing. I never go cold in the legs. None of the Highlanders ever wear drawers; and none but the rich in Scotland wear stockings and shoes, so that their legs are altogether bare.

"When I'm marching through the streets, and playing on the pipes, I always carry my head high up in the air, and throw my legs out well. The boys will follow for miles—some of them. The children very often lose themselves from following me such a way. Even when I haven't my pipes with me the boys will follow me in a mob. I've never been ill-treated by boys, but a drunken man, often on a Saturday night, gives me a push or a knock. You see, they'll begin dancing around me, and then a mob will collect, and that sets the police unto me; so I always play a slow tune when drunken men come up, and then they can't dance. They'll ask for a quick tune, and as I won't play one, they'll hit me or push me about. The police never interfere unless a mob collects, and then they are obliged, by their regulations, to interfere.

"I never carried a dirk, or a sword, or any thing of that. My brother used to have one in his stocking; but one day he was called up into a public house, where there was a lot of French butlers and footmen, and they would have him to play; and when he had

for some time they begun to pull him about, and they broke his pipes and snapped the chanter in two; so Jim pulled out his dirk, and they got frightened. They tried to take it from him, but they couldn't. He's a bold fellow, and would do anything when he's in a passion. He'd have stuck one of the French fellows if he could. When father heard of it he took the dirk away, for fear Jim should get into mischief.

"When I've been playing the pipes for long I get very thirsty. It's continually blowing into the bag. I very seldom go and get any beer; only at dinner half-a-pint. I go to a pump and have a drink of water. At first it made me feel sick, blowing so much; but I very soon got used to it. It always made me feel very hungry, blowing all day long; I could eat every two or three hours. It makes your eyes very weak, from the strain on them. When I first went out with my brother, playing, I used to have to leave off every now and then and have a rest, for it made my head ache. The noise doesn't affect the hearing, nor has it Jim: but my father's quite deaf of the left ear, where the drones goes. I never have the drones on, only very seldom. When I have them on I can't hear anything for a few seconds after I leave off playing.

"Sometimes, of wet nights, I go into public-houses and play. Some publicans won't let you, for the instrument is almost too loud for a room. If there's a Scotchman in the tap-room he'll give me something. I do well when there's good company. I only go there when it rains, for my usual stand of an evening is in the Haymarket.

"The bagpipes I play on were sent from Edinburgh. Father wrote for them, and they cost 30s. They are the cheapest made. There are some sets go as high as a 100l. They are mounted with gold and silver. The Duke of Argyle's piper must have paid 100l. for his, I should say, for they are in silver. The bag is covered with velvet and silk fringe. There's eight notes in a long pipes. You can't play them softly, and they must go their own force.

"I know all those pipers who regular goes about playing the pipes in London. There's only four, with me and my brother—two men and us two. Occasionally one may pass through London, but they don't stop here more than a day or two. I know lots of them who are travelling about the country. There's about twenty in all. I take about 15s. a-week, and Jim does the same. That's clear of all expenses, such as for dinner, and so on. We sometimes take more, but it's very odd that we seldom has a good week both of us together. If he has a good week, most likely I don't. It comes, taking all the year round, to about 15s. a-week each. We both of us give whatever we may earn to father. We never go out on a Sunday. Whenever I can get home by eight o'clock I go to a night-

school, and I am getting on pretty well with my reading and writing. Sometimes I don't go to school for a week together. It's generally on the Wednesday and Thursday nights that I can get to school, for they are the worst nights for working in the streets. Our best nights are Saturday and Monday, and then I always take about 5s. Tuesday it comes to about 3s.; but on Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, it don't come to more than 2s. 6d.; that's if I am pretty lucky; but some nights I don't take above 6d.; and that's how I put it down at 15s. a-week, taking the year round. Father never says anything if I don't take any money home, for he knows I've been looking out for it: but if he thought I'd been larking and amusing myself, most likely he'd be savage."

FRENCH HURDY-GURDY PLAYER, WITH
DANCING CHILDREN.

"I PLAY on the same instrument as the Savoyards play, only, you understand, you can have good and bad instruments; and to have a good one you must put the price. The one I play on cost me 60 francs in Paris. There are many more handsome, but none better. This is all that there is of the best. The man who made it has been dead sixty years. It is the time that makes the value of it.

"My wife plays on the violin. She is a very good player. I am her second husband. She is an Italian by birth. She played on the violin when she was with her first husband. He used to accompany her on the organ, and that produced a very fine effect.

"The hurdy-gurdy is like the violin—it improves with age. My wife told me that she once played on a very old violin, and the difference between that and her own was curious for sound. She was playing, with her husband accompanying her on the organ, near the chateau of an old marquis; and when he heard the sound of the violin he asked them in. Then he said, 'Here, try my violin,' and handed her the old violin. My wife said that when she touched it with the bow, she cried, 'Ah, how fine it is!' It was the greatest enjoyment she had known for years. You understand, the good violins all bridge where the bridge is placed, but the new violins sink there, and the tune is altered by it. They call the violins that sink 'consumptive' ones.

"I am Dijon. The vineyard of Clos Nantgen is near to Dijon. You have heard of that wine. Oh, yes, of course you have! That clos belongs to a young man of twenty-two, and he could sell it for 2,500,000 francs if he liked. At Dijon the bottles sell for 7 francs.

"My mother and father did not live happily together. My father died when I had three years, and then my mother, who had only twenty years of age, married again, and you know how it often happens, the second father

does not love the first family of his wife. Some Savoyards passed through our village, and I was sold to them. I was their slave for ten years. I learnt to play the hurdy-gurdy with them. I used to accompany an organ. I picked out note for note with the organ. When I heard an air, too, which I liked, I used to go to my room and follow the air from my memory upon the instrument. I went to Paris afterwards.

"You see I play on only one string in my hurdy-gurdy. Those which the Savoyards play have several strings, and that is what makes them drone. The hurdy-gurdy is the same as the violin in principle. You see the wheel of wood which I turn with the handle is like its bow, for it grates on the string, and the keys press on the string like the fingers, and produce the notes. I used to play on a droning hurdy-gurdy at first, but one night I went into a café at Paris, and the gentlemen there cried out, 'Ah! the noise!' Then I thought to myself—I had fifteen years—if I play on one string it will not produce so much noise as on two. Then I removed one string, and when I went the next night the gentlemen said, 'Ah, that is much better!' and that is why I play on one string.

"I used to sing in Paris. I learnt all that of new in the style of romances, and I accompanied myself on my hurdy-gurdy. At Paris I met my wife. She was a widow then. I told her that I would marry her when her mourning was over, which lasted nine months. I was not twenty then. I went about playing at the cafés, and put by money. But when we went to be married, the priests would not marry us unless we had our parents' consents. I did not know whether my mother was dead. I hunted everywhere. As I could not find out, I lived with my wife the same as if we had been married. I am married to her now, but my children were all born before marriage. At last I went to the Catholic priest at Dover, and told him my life, and that I had four children, and wished to marry my wife, and he consented to marry us if I would get the consent of the priest of the place where I had lived last. That was Calais, and I wrote to the priest there, and he gave his consent, and now my children are legitimate. By the law of France, a marriage makes legitimate all the children born by the woman with whom you are united. My children were present at my marriage, and that produced a very droll effect. I have always been faithful to my wife, and she to me, though we were not married.

"When my wife is well, she goes out with me, and plays on the violin. It produces a very good effect. She plays the seconds. But she has so much to do at home with the children, that she does not come out with me much.

"My age is twenty-five, and I have voyaged for seventeen years. There are three months

since I came in England. I was at Calais and at Boulogne, and it is there that I had the idea to come to England. Many persons who counselled us, told us that in England we should gain a great deal of money. That is why I came. It took three weeks before I could get the permission to be married, and during that time I worked at the different towns. I did pretty well at Dover; and after that I went to Ramsgate, and I did very well there. Yes, I took a great deal of money on the sands of a morning. I have been married a month now—for I left Ramsgate to go to be married. At Ramsgate they understood my playing. Unless I have educated people to play to, I do not make much success with my instrument. I play before a public-house, or before a cottage, and they say, 'That's all very well;' but they do not know that to make a hurdy-gurdy sound like a violin requires great art and patience. Besides, I play airs from operas, and they do not know the Italian music. Now if I was alone with my hurdy-gurdy, I should only gain a few pence; but it is by my children that I do pretty well.

"We came to London when the season was over in the country, and now we go everywhere in the town. I cannot speak English; but I have my address in my pocket, if I lose myself. *Je m'elance dans la ville.* To day I went by a big park, where there is a chateau of the Queen. If I lose my way, I show my written address, and they go on speaking English, and show me the way to go. I don't understand the English, but I do the pointed finger; and when I get near home, then I recognise the quarter.

"My little girl will have six years next February, and the little boy is only four years and a-half. She is a very clever little girl, and she notices everything. Before I was married, she heard me speaking to my wife about when we were to be married; and she'd say, constantly, 'Ah, papa, when are you going to be married to mamma?' We had a pudding on our marriage-day, and she liked it so much that now she very often says, 'Oh, papa, I should like a pudding like that I had when you married mamma.' That is compromising, but she doesn't know any better.

"It was my little girl Eugénie who taught her brother Paul to dance. He liked it very much; but he is young yet, and heavy in his movements; but she is graceful, and very clever. At Boulogne she was much beloved, and the English ladies would give her packets of sugar-plums and cakes. When they dance, they first of all polk together, and then they do the Varsoviennne together, and after that she does the Cachuca and the Mazurka alone. I first of all taught my girl to do the Polka, for in my time I liked the dance pretty well. As soon as the girl had learnt it, she taught her brother. They like dancing above all, when I encourage them, for I say, 'Now, my children, dance well; and, above all, dance

gracefully, and then I will buy you some cakes.' Then, if they take a fancy to anything, if it is not too dear, I buy it for them, and that encourages them. Besides, when she says 'Papa, when shall we go to France, and see my little brother who is out at nurse?' then I say, 'When we have earned enough money; so you must dance well, and, above all, gracefully, and when we have taken plenty of money we will be off.' That encourages them, for they like to see me take plenty of money. The little girl accompanies the music on the castanets in the Cachuca. It is astonishing how well she plays them. I have heard grown-up artists in the cafés chantants, who don't play them so well as she does. It is wonderful in so young a child. You will say she has learnt my style of playing on the hurdy-gurdy, and my movements; but it is the same thing, for she is as clever to other music. Sometimes, when she has danced, ladies come up and kiss her, and even carry her off into their houses, and I have to wait hours for her. When she sees that I gain money, she has much more courage. When the little girl has done dancing with my Paul, then he, when she is dancing alone, takes the plate and asks for money. He is very laughable, for he can already say, 'If you please, misses.' Sometimes the ladies begin to speak to him, he says, 'Yes! yes!' three or four times, and then he runs up to me and says, 'Papa, that lady speaks English;' and then I have to say, 'No speak English.' But he is contented if he hears anybody speak French. Then he runs up to me, and says, 'Papa, papa, Monsieur speaks French.'

"My little girl has embroidered trowsers and petticoats. You won't believe it, but I worked all that. The ends of the trowsers, the trimmings to her petticoats, her collars and sleeves, all I have worked. I do it at night, when we get home. The evenings are long and I do a little, and at the end of the week it becomes much. If I had to buy that it would cost too much. It was my wife who taught me to do it. She said the children must be well dressed, and we have no money to buy these things. Then she taught me: at first it seemed droll to me, and I was ashamed, but then I thought, I do it for my living and not for my pleasure, it is for my business; and now I am accustomed to do it. You would fancy, too, that the children are cold, going about in the streets dressed as they are, but they have flannel round the body, and then the jumping warms them. They would tell me directly if they were cold. I always ask them.

"The day I was married a very singular circumstance happened. I had bought my wife a new dress, and she, poor thing, sat up all night to make it. All night! It cost me five shillings, the stuff did. I had a very bad coat, and she kept saying, 'I shall be gay, but you, my poor friend, how will you look?' My

coat was very old. I said, 'I shall do as I am;' but it made her sad that I had no coat to appear in style at our marriage. Our landlord offered to lend me his coat, but he was twice as stout as I am, and I looked worse than in my own coat. Just as we were going to start for the church, a man came to the house with a coat to sell—the same I have on now. The landlord sent him to me. It is nearly new, and had not been on more than three or four times. He asked 12s., and I offered 8s.; at last he took 9s. My wife, who is very religious, said, 'It is the good God who sent that man, to reward us for always trying to get married.'

"Since I have been here, my affairs have gone on pretty well. I have taken some days 5s., others 6s., and even 8s.; but then some days rain has fallen, and on others it has been wet under foot, and I have only taken 4s. My general sum is 5s. 6d. the day, or 6s. Every night when I get home I give my wife what I have taken, and I say, 'Here, my girl, is 3s. for to-morrow's food,' and then we put the remainder on one side to save up. We pay 5s. a-week for our room, and that is dear, for we are there very bad! very bad! for we sleep almost on the boards. It is lonely for her to be by herself in the day, but she is near her confinement, and she cannot go out.

"It makes me laugh, when I think of our first coming to this country. She only wore linen caps, but I was obliged to buy her a bonnet. It was a very good straw one, and cost 1s. It made her laugh to see everybody wearing a bonnet.

"When I first got to London, I did not know where to go to get lodgings. I speak Italian very well, for my wife taught me. I spoke to an Italian at Ramsgate, and he told me to go to Woolwich, and there I found an Italian lodging-house. There the landlord gave me a letter to a friend in London, and I went and paid 2s. 6d. in advance, and took the room, and when we went there to live I gave another 2s. 6d., so as to pay the 5s. in advance. It seems strange to us to have to pay rent in advance—but it is a custom.

"It costs me something to clothe my children. My girl has six different skirts, all of silk, of different colours, grey, blue, red, and yellow. They last the year. The artificial flowers on her head are arranged by her mamma. The boots cost the most money. She has a pair every month. Here they are 3s., but in France they are dearer. It is about the same for the little boy; only as he does not work so much as his sister, he is not dressed in so distinguished a style. He is clean, but not so elegant, for we give the best to the girl.

"My children are very good at home. Their mother adores them, and lets them do as they like. They are very good, indeed.

"On Sunday, they are dressed like other children. In the morning we go to mass, and

then we go and walk a little, and see London. I have, as yet, made no friends in London. I know no French people. I have met some, but they don't speak to me. We confine ourselves to our family.

"When I am in the streets with good houses in them, and see anybody looking at the windows, then if I see them listening, I play pieces from the operas on my hurdy-gurdy. I do this between the dances. Those who go to the opera and frequent the theatres, like to hear distinguished music."

POOR HARP PLAYER.

A poor, feeble, half-witted looking man, with the appearance of far greater age than he represented himself, (a common case with the very poor), told me of his sufferings in the streets. He was wretchedly clad, his clothes being old, patched, and greasy. He is well-known in London, being frequently seen with a crowd of boys at his heels, who amuse themselves in playing all kinds of tricks upon him.

"I play the harp in the streets," he said, "and have done so for the last two years, and should be very glad to give it up. My brother lives with me; we're both bachelors, and he's so dreadful lame, he can do nothing. He is a coach-body maker by business. I was born blind, and was brought up to music; but my sight was restored by Dr. Ware, the old gentleman in Bridge-street, Blackfriars, when I was nine years old, but it's a near sight now. I'm forty-nine in August. When I was young I taught the harp and the pianoforte, but that very soon fell off, and I have been teaching on or off these many years—I don't know how many. I had three guineas a-quarter for teaching the harp at one time, and two guineas for the piano. My brother and I have 1s. and a loaf a-piece from the parish, and the 2s. pays the rent. Mine's not a bad trade now, but it's bad in the streets. I've been torn to pieces; I'm torn to pieces every day I go out in the streets, and I would be glad to get rid of the streets for 5s. a-week. The streets are full of ruffians. The boys are ruffians. The men in the streets too are ruffians, and encourage the boys. The police protect me as much as they can. I should be killed every week but for them; they're very good people. I've known poor women of the town drive the boys away from me, or try to drive them. It's terrible persecution I suffer—terrible persecution. The boys push me down and hurt me badly, and my harp too. They yell and make noises so that I can't be heard, nor my harp. The boys have cut off my harp-strings, three of them, the other day, which cost me 6½d. or 7d. I tell them it's a shame, but I might as well speak to the stones. I never go out that they miss me. I don't make more than 3s. a-week in the streets, if I make that."

ORGAN MAN, WITH FLUTE HARMONICON ORGAN.

"WHEN I am come in this country I had nine or ten year old, so I know the English language better than mine. At that time there was no organ about but the old-fashioned one made in Bristol, with gold organ-pipe in front. Then come the one with figure-dolls in front; and then next come the piano one, made at Bristol too; and now the flute one, which come from Paris, where they make them. He is an Italian man that make them, and he is the only man dat can make them, because he paid for them to the government (patented them), and now he is the only one.

"I belong to Parma,—to the small village in the duchy. My father keep a farm, but I had three year old, I think, when he died. There was ten of us altogeder; but one of us he was died, and one he drown in the water. I was very poor, and I was go out begging there; and my uncle said I should go to Paris to get my living. I was so poor I was afraid to die, for I get nothing to eat. My uncle say, I will take one of them to try to keep him. So I go along with him. Mother was crying when I went away. She was very poor. I went with my uncle to Paris, and we walk all the way. I had some white mice there, and he had a organ. I did middling. The French people is more kind to the charity than the English. There are not so many beggar there as in England. The first time the Italian come over here we was took a good bit of money, but now—!

"When I was in Paris my uncle had to go home again on business. He ask me too if I would go with him. But I was afraid to be hungry again, for you see I was feel hungry again, and I wouldn't, for I got a piece of bread in France.

"My uncle was along with another man, who was a master like, you know; for he had a few instrument, but common thing. I don't know if he have some word wid my uncle, but they part. Den dis man say 'Come to England with me,' and he said 'you shall have five franc the month, and your victual.' We walk as far as Calais, and then we come in the boat. I was very sick, and I thought that I die then. I say to him plenty times 'I wish I never come,' for I never thought to get over.

"When we got to London, we go to a little court there, in Saffron-hill; and I was live there in the little public-house. I go out, sometime white mice, sometime monkey, sometime with organ—small one. I dare say I make 10s. a-week for him; but he wor very kind to me, and give me to eat what I like. He was take care of me, of course. I was very young at dat time.

"After I was in London a-year, I go back to Paris with my master. There I could have made my fortune, but I was so young I did

not know what I do. There was an old lady who ask me to come as her servant. My master did not like very well to let me go. She say to me, 'You shall not have no hard work, only to go behind the carriage, or follow with the umbrella.' But I was so young I did not know my chance. I tell her I have my parent in Italy; and she say she go to Italy all the years, and I shall have two months to visit my mother. I did not go with this old lady, and I lose the chance; but I had only thirteen years, and I was foolish.

"Then I come to England again, and stop here three years. Where my master go, I was obliged to go too. Then I go to Italy, and I saw my moder. The most part of my family never know me when I went home, for I was grown much, and older. I stop there six weeks, and then I come back to England with anoder man. He give me 12 franc a-month, and very kind indeed he was. He had some broder in this country, so he take me along wid him. There was only me and him. My other master have two beside me.

"The master of organs send to Italy for boys to come here. Suppose I have a broder in Italy, I write to him to send me two boys, and he look out for them. They send money for the boy to come. Sometimes he send 3l., sometimes 3l. 10s. or 4l. Then they walk, and live on the pear or the grape, or what is cheap; and if they put by any, then they keep what they put by. They generally tell them they shall have 12 francs a-month. But sometime they was cheap; but now they are dear, and it is sometime a pound a-month. They'd sooner have one who have been here before, because den they know the way to take care of the instrument, you know.

"I stop in England two year and six month, when I come over with my second master. He paid me like a bank, and I saved it up, and I take it over to Italy with me. When I had a bit of money I was obliged to send it home to my broder in Italy, for to keep him, you know. When I go home again I had a bit of money with me. I give it to the gentleman what support my mother and sister; but it was not enough, you know, not three part, so I was obliged to give him a good bit more.

"Then I came back to England again, to the same master. It take about a month to make the voyage. I was walk it all the way. I was cross the Alps. You must to come over here. I dare say I walk thirty miles a-day, sometime more dan that. I sleep at the public-house; but when you not get to the public-house, then when it begins dark, then I go to the farm-house and ask for a bit of straw to lodge. But I generally goes to the public-house when I get one. They charge 3d. or 2d., or sometimes 1d. I never play anything on the road, or take de white mice. I never take nothing.

"After that time I have been to Italy and

back three or four times; but I never been with no master, not after the second one. I bought an organ of my master. I think I give him 13l. No, sir, I not give the money down, but so much the week, and he trust me. It was according what I took, I paid him. I was trying to make up 1l: and bring him down. It take me about eighteen months to pay him, because I was obliged to keep me and one things and another. It was a middling organ. It was one was a piano, you know. I take about 1s. 3d. or 1s. 6d. a-day regularly with it.

"I have now an organ—a flute organ they call it—and it is my own. It cost me 20l. A man make it come from France. He knows an organ-maker in France, and he write for me, and make it come over for me. I suppose he had a pound profit for to make it come for me; for I think it cost less than 20l. in Paris.

"I have this organ this twelve months. It has worn out a little, but not much. It is not so good as when it come from France. An organ will wear twenty year, but some of them break. Then you must have it always repaired and tuned. You see, the music of it must be tuned every five or six months. Mine has never been tuned yet, the time I have it. It is the trumpet part that get out of tune sooner. I know a man who goes out with de big organ on the wheels, and he tune the organ for me. I go to him, and I say, 'My organ wants de repair;'; and he come, and he never charge me anything. He make the base and tenor agree. He tune the first one to the base, you know, and then the second one to the second base. When the organ out of tune the pipe rattle.

"The organ fills with dust a good deal in the summer time, and then you must take it all to pieces. In London they can tune and repair it. They charge 10s. to clean and tune it. Sometime he have something to do with the pipes, and then it come to more. In winter the smoke get inside, and make it come all black. I am obliged to keep it all covered up when I am playing.

"My organ play eight tunes. Two are from opera, one is a song, one a waltz, one is horn-pipe, one is a polka, and the other two is dancing tunes. One is from 'Il Lombardi,' of Verdi. All the organs play that piece. I have sold that music to gentlemens. They say to me, 'What is that you play?' and I say, 'From Il Lombardi.' Then they ask me if I have the music; and I say 'Yes;'; and I sell it to them for 4s. I did not do this with my little organ; but when I went out with a big organ on two wheels. My little flute organ play the same piece. The other opera piece is 'Il Trovatore.' I have heard 'Il Lombardi' in Italy. It is very nice music; but never hear 'Il Trovatore.' It is very nice music, too. It go very low. My gentlemens like it very much. I don't understand music at all. The

other piece is English piece, which we call the 'Liverpool Hornpipe.' There is two Liverpool Hornpipe. I know one these twenty years. Then come 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter;' he is a English song. It's get a little old; but when it's first come out the poor people do like it, but the gentlemens they like more the opera, you know. After that is what you call 'Minnie,' another English song. He is middling popular. He is not one of the new tune, but they do like it. The next one is a Scotch contre-danse. It is good tunes, but I don't know the name of it. The next one is, I think, a polka; but I think he's made from part of 'Scotische.' There is two or three tunes belongs to the 'Scotische.' The next one is, I think, a valtz of Vienna. I don't know which one, but I say to the organ-man, 'I want a valtz of Vienna;' and he say, 'Which one? because there is plenty of valtz of Vienna.' Of course, there is nine of them. After the opera music, the valtz and the polka is the best music in the organ.

"For doing a barrel of eight tune it come very near 14l., one thing and another. You can have a fresh tune put into an old barrel. But then he charge 10s. He's more trouble than to put only one. I have my tune changed once a-year. You see most of the people gets very tired of one tune, and I'm obliged to change them. You can have the new tune in three or four days, or a week's time, if he has nothing to do; but sometime it is three or four weeks, if he has plenty to do. It is a man who is called John Hicks who does the new tunes. He was born in Bristol. He has a father in Bristol. He live in Crockenwell, just at the back of the House of Correction. You know the prison? then it is just at the back, on the other side.

"It won't do to have all opera music in my organ. You must have some opera tunes for the gentlemens, and some for the poor people, and they like the dancing tune. Dere is some for the gentlemens, and some for the poor peoples.

"I have often been into the houses of gentlemens to play tunes for dancing. I have been to a gentleman's near Golden-square, where he have a shop for to make the things for the horse—a saddler, you call it. He have plenty customers; them what gets the things for the horse. There was carriage outside. It was large room, where you could dance thirty-two altogether. I think it's the boxing-day I go there. I have 10s. for that night. He have a farm in the country, and I go there too. He have the little children there—like a school, and there was two policemen at the door, and you couldn't get in without the paper to show. He had Punch and Judy. He has a English band as well.

"I have some two or three place where I go regular at Christmas-time, to play all night to the children. Sometime I go for an hour or two. When they are tired of dancing they sit

down and have a rest, and I play the opera tune. I go to schools, too, and play to the little children. They come and fetch me, and say, 'You come such a time and play to the little children;' and I say, 'Very well,' and that's all right.

"My organ is like the organ, but he's got another part, and that is like a flute. Some organ is called de trompet, and that one he's called the flute-organ, because he's got de flute in it. When they first come out they make a great deal of money. I take 2s. 6d. or 3s., and sometimes 1s. 6d. You see, in our business, some has got his regular customer, and some they go up the street and down the street, and they don't take nothing. I have not got any regular customers much, sir.

"On the Monday when I goes out, I goes over the water up the Clapham-road. I have two or three regular there, and they give me plenty of beer and to eat. I know that family those twenty year. If I say to that lady, 'I am very ill,' he give me his card and say, 'Go to the doctor,' and I have nothing to pay. There was three sister, but one he died. They is very old, and one he can only come to the window. I dare say I have six houses in that neighbourhood where they give me some 1d. and some 2d. every time I go there. In the summer-time, when it is hot, I walk to Greenwich on the Monday. I have, I dare say, fifteen houses there where I go regular. I can make up 1s. I pay 4d. sometime to ride home in the boat. My organ weight more than fifty pounds, and that tire me. The first time when I'm not used to it, you know, I feel it more tired than when I'm used to it.

"On the Tuesday I go to Greenwich, now that it is cold, instead of the Monday. On Wednesday I ain't got no way to go. I try sometime down at Whitechapel, or some other way. On Thursday I goes out Islington way, and I go as far as Highbury Barn, but not further. There is a bill of the railway and a station there. I've got three or four regular customers there. The most I get at once is 2d. I never get 6d. One gentleman at Greenwich give me 6d., but only once. On the Friday I've got no way to go; I go where I like. On Saturday I go to Regent-street. I go to Leicester-square and the foreign hotels, where the foreign gentlemens is. Sometime I get the chance to get a few shilling; sometime not a halfpenny. The most I make is sometime at the fair-time. Sometime at Greenwich-fair I make 5s. all in copper, and that is the most I ever make; and the lowest is sometime 6d. When I see I can't make nothing, I go home. It is very bad in wet weather. I must sit at home, for the rain spoil the instrument. There is nothing like summer-times, for the regular money that I make for the year it come to between 9s. and 10s. the week. Sometimes it is 6d., sometimes 1s., or 1s. 6d. or 2s. the day. For 12s. the week it must be 2s. the day, and

that is more than I take. I wish somebody play me 12s.; there is no such chance.

"I live in a room by myself with three others, and we pay 1s. each, and there is two bed. If I go to lodging-house I pay 1s. 6d. the week. In the Italian lodging-house they give you clean shirt on the Sunday for the 1s. 6d. It is my own shirt, but they clean it. This is only in Italian house. In English house it is 1s. 6d. and no shirt. I have breakfast of coffee or what I like, and we club together. We have bread and butter, sometime herring, sometime bacon, what we likes. In the day I buy a pen'orth of bread and a pen'orth of cheese, and some beer, and at night I have supper. I make maccarone—what you call it?—or rice and cabbage, or I make soup or bile some taters; with all four together it come to about 9d. or 10d. a-day for living.

"In the house where I live they are all Italians. They are nearly all Italians that live about Leather-lane and Saffron-hill. There is a good bit of them live there. I should say 200: I dare say there is. The house where I live is my own. I let empty room; they bring their own things, you know. It is my lease, and I pay the rent.

"It is only the people say that the Italian boys are badly used: they are not so, the masters are very kind to them. If he make 1s. he bring it home; if 3s. or 4s. or 6d. he bring it home. He is not commandé to bring home so much; that is what the people say. I was with the magistrate of police in Marlborough-street four days ago, about a little Italian boy that the policemen take for asking money. Some one ask to buy his monkey and talk with him, and then he ask for a penny, and the police take him. A gentleman ask me about the boys. I tell him it is all nonsense what the people say. There is no more boys sent here now. If a boy comes over, and he is bad boys, he goes and play in the street instead of working; then, after paying so much for his coming to England, it is a loss. It does not pay the boys. If I was a master I would not have the boys, if they come here for nothing.

"Suppose I have two organs, then one is in the house doing nothing. Then some one come and say, 'Lend me the organ for to-day.' Then I say, 'Yes,' and charge him, some 4d., some 6d.; or if somebody ill and he cannot go out, then he's organ doing nothing, and he lend it out for 4d. or 6d. There is two or three in London who sends out men with organs, but I don't know who has got the most of us. Then they pay the men 1l. a-month and their keep, or some 15s. Then, some goes half and keep him: then, it's more profits to the man than the master.

"Christmas-time is nothing like the summer-time. Sometimes they give you a Christmas-box, but it's not the time for Christmas-box now. Sometimes it's a glass of beer: 'Here's a Christmas-box for you.' Sometimes it's a glass of gin, or rum, or a piece of pud-

ding: 'Here's a Christmas-box for you.' I have had 6d., but never 1s. for a Christmas-box. Sometimes on a boxing-day it is 3s., or 2s. 6d. for the day.

"I have never travelled in the country with my organ, only once when I was young, as far as Liverpool, but no further. Many has got his regular time out in the country. When I go out with the organ I should say it make altogether that I walk ten miles. I want two new pairs of boots every year. I start off in the morning, sometimes eight, sometimes nine or ten, whether I have far to go. I never stop out after seven o'clock at night. Some do, but I don't.

"I don't know music at all. I am middling fond of it. There is none of the Italians that I know that sings. The French is very fond of singing.

"When first you begins, it tries the wrist, turning the handle of the organ; but you soon gets accustomed to it. At first, the arm was sore with the work all day. When I am playing I turn the handle regularly. Sometimes there are people who say, 'Go a little quick,' but not often.

"If the silk in front of the organ is bad, I get new and put it in myself; the rain spoil it very much. It depend upon what sort of organ he is, as to the sort of silk he gets: sometimes 2s. 6d. a-yard, and he take about a yard and a half. Some like to do this once a-year; but some when he see it get a little dirty, like fresh things, you know, and then it is twice a-year.

"The police are very quiet to us. When anybody throw up a window and say, 'Go on,' I go. Sometime they say there is sick in the house, when there is none, but I go just the same. If I did not, then the policeman come, and I get into trouble. I have heard of the noise in the papers about the organs in the street, but we never talk of it in our quarter. They pay no attention to the subject, for they know if anybody say, 'Go,' then we must depart. That is what we do."

ITALIAN PIPERS AND CLARINET PLAYERS.

"THE companion I got about with me, is with me from Naples, not the city, but in the country. His is of my family; no, not my cousin, but my mother was the sister of his cousin. Yes! yes! yes! my cousin. Some one told me he was my nephew, but it's cousin. Naples is a pretty city. It is more pretty than Paris, but not so big. I worked on the ground at Naples, in the country, and I guarded sheep. I never was a domestic; but it was for my father. It was ground of his. It was not much. He worked the earth for yellow corn. He had not much of sheep, only fifteen. When I go out with the sheep I carry my bagpipes always with me. I play on them when I was sixteen years of age. I play them when I guard my sheep. In my

country they call my instrument de 'zampogna.' All the boys in my country play on it, for there are many masters there who teach it. I taught myself to play it. I bought my own instrument. I gave the money myself for that affair. It cost me seven francs. The bag is made of a skin of goat. There are four clarionets to it. There is one for the high and one for the bass. I play them with different hands. The other two clarionets make a noise to make the accord; one makes high and the other the low. They drone to make harmony. The airs I play are the airs of my country. I did not invent them. One is 'La Tarentule Italien,' and another is what we call 'La Badend,' but I not know what you call it in French. Another is the 'Death of the Roi de France.' I know ten of these airs. The 'Pastorelle Naopolitan' is very pretty, and so is the 'Pastorelle Romaine.'

"When I go out to guard my sheep I play my zampogna, and I walk along and the sheep follow me. Sometimes I sit down and the sheep eat about me, and I play on my instrument. Sometimes I go into the mountains. There are plenty of mountains in my country, and with snow on them. I can hear the guardians of sheep playing all around me in the mountains. Yes, many at once,—six, ten, twelve, or fifteen, on every side. No, I did not play my instrument to keep my sheep together, only to learn the airs. I was a good player, but there were others who played much better than me. Every night in my village there are four or six who play together instruments like mine, and all the people dance. They prefer to dance to the 'Tarentule Italien.' It is a pretty dance in our costume. The English do not dance like nous autres. We are not paid for playing in the village, only at fêtes, when gentlemen say, 'Play;' and then they give 20 sous or 40 sous, like that. There is another air, which is played only for singing. There is one only for singing chansons, and another for singing 'La Prière de la Vierge.' Those that play the zampogna go to the houses, and the candles are lighted on the altar, and we play while the bourgeois sing the priere.

"I am aged 23 years next March. I was sixteen when I learnt my instrument. The twelfth of this month I shall have left my country nine months. I have traversed the states of Rome and of France to come to England. I marched all the distance, playing my zampogna. I gain ten sous French whilst I voyage in the states of France. I march from Marseilles to Paris. To reach Marseilles by the boat it cost 15 frs. by head.

"The reason why we left our native land is this:—One of our comrades had been to Paris, and he had said he gained much money by painters by posing for his form. Then I had envy to go to Paris and gain money. In my country they pay 20 sous for each year for each sheep. I had 200 to guard for a

monsieur, who was very rich. There were four of us left our village at the same time. We all four played de zampogna. My father was not content that I voyage the world. He was very sorry. We got our passport arranged tout de suite, two passport for us four. We all began to play our instruments together, as soon as we were out of the village. Four of our friends accompanied us on our road, to say adieu. We took bread of corn with us to eat for the first day. When we had finished that we played at the next village, and they give us some more bread.

"At Paris I posed to the artists, and they pay me 20 sous for the hour. The most I pose is four hours for the day. We could not play our instruments in the street, because the serjeant-de-ville catch us, and take us directly to prison. I go to play in the courts before the houses. I asked the concierge at the door if he would give me permission to play in the court. I gain 15 sous or 1 franc par jour. For all the time I rest in Paris I gain 2 francs for the day. This is with posing to artists to paint, and for playing. I also play at the barrière outside Paris, where the wine is cheap. They gave us more there than in the courts; they are more generous where they drink the wine.

"When I arrive at Paris my comrades have leave me. I was alone in Paris. There an Italian proposed to me to go to America as his servant. He had two organs, and he had two servants to play them, and they gave him the half of that which they gained. He said to me, that he would search for a piano organ for me, and I said I would give him the half of that which I gained in the streets. He made us sign a card before a notary. He told us it would cost 150 francs to go to America. I gave him the money to pay from Paris to Folkestone. From there we voyaged on foot to Londres. I only worked for him for eight days, because I said I would not go to Amérique. He is here now, for he has no money to go in Amérique.

"I met my cousin here in Londres. I was here fifteen days before I met him. We neither of us speak Anglais, and not French either, only a little very bad; but we understand it. We go out together now, and I play the zampogna, and he the 'bifore Italien,' or what the French call flageolet, and the English pipes. It is like a flageolet. He knows all the airs that I play. He play well the airs—that he does. He wears a cloak on his shoulders, and I have one, too; but I left it at home to-day. It is a very large cloak, with three yards of étoffe in it. He carry in his hat a feather of what you call here peacock, and a French lady give him the bright ribbon which is round his hat. I have also plume de peacock and flowers of stuff, like at the shops, round my hat. In my country we always put round our hat white and red flowers.

"Sometimes we go to pose to the artists, but it is not always. There are plenty of artists near Newman-street, but in other quarters there are none at all. It is for our costume they paint us. The colours they put on the pictures are those of our costume. I have been three times to a gentleman in a large street, where they took our portraits photographique. They give a shilling. I know the houses where I go to be done for a portrait, but I don't know the names of the messieurs, or the streets where they reside. At the artists' they pay 1s. par heure, and we pose two or three heures, and the most is four heures. When we go together we have 1s. each for the hour. My cousin is at an artist's to-day. They paint him more than me, because he carries a sash of silk round his waist, with ornaments on it. I haven't got one, because I want the money to buy one.

"We gain 1s. each the day. Ah! pardon, monsieur, not more than that. The artists are not for every day, perhaps one time for the week. When we first come here, we take 5s. between the two, but now it makes cold, and we cannot often play. Yesterday we play in the ville, and we take 7d. each. Plenty of persons look at us, but when my comrade touch his hat they give nothing. There is one month we take 2s. each the day, but now it is 1s. For the three months that we have been here, we have gained 12s. the week each, that is, if we count what we took when first we were arrived. For two months we took always a crown every day—always, always; but now it is only 1s., or 2s., or 7d. I had saved 72s., and I had it in my bourse, which I place under my head when I sleep. We sleep three in a bed—myself, my cousin, and another Italian. In the night this other take my bourse and run away. Now I have only 8s. in my bourse. It nearly broke the heart when I was robbed.

"We pay 2d. for each for our bed every night. We live in a house held by a Mossieu Italian. There are three who sleep in one bed—me, and my comrade, and another. We are not large. This mossieu let us lodge cheaper than others, because we are miserable, and have not much money. For breakfast we have a half-loaf each one. It is a loaf that you must pay 4d. or 4½d. We pay 2½d. each for that, and ½d. each for a cup of tea or coffee. In the day we eat 2d. or 3d. between both for some bread, and we come home the night at half-past eight, and we eat supper. It is of maccaroni, or potatoes boiled, and we pay 2½d. each. It costs us 9d. each the day to live. There are twenty-four Italian in the house where we live, and they have three kitchens. When one is more miserable than the others, then he is helped; and at another time he assists in his turn. We pay 2d. a-week to wash our shirt. I always share with my cousin what he makes in the day. If he goes to work and I stop at home, it is the same

thing, and the same with me. He carries the money always, and pays for what we have want to eat; and then, if I wish to go back to my own country, then we share the money when we separate.

"The gentlemen give us more money than the ladies. We have never had anything to eat given to us. They have asked us to sing, but we don't know how. Only one we have sung to, an Italian mossieu, who make our portraits. We sang the 'Prayer of the Sainte Vierge.' They have also asked us to dance, but we did not, because the serjeant-de-ville, if we assemble a great mob, come and defend us to play.

"We have been once before the magistrate, to force the mossieu who brought us over to render the passport of my native village. He has not rendered to me my card. We shall go before a magistrate again some day.

"I can write and read Italian. I did not go much to the school of my native village, but the master taught me what I know. I can read better than I write, for I write very bad and slow. My cousin cannot read and write. I also know my numbers. I can count quickly. When we write a letter, we go to an Italian mossieu, and we tell him to say this and that, and he puts it down on the paper. We pay 1s. for the letter, and then at the post they make us pay 2s. 2d. When my parents get a letter from me, they take it to a mossieu, or the schoolmaster of the village, to read for them, because they cannot read. They have sent me a letter. It was well written by a gentleman who wrote it for them. I have sent my mother five pieces of five francs from Paris. I gave the money, and they gave me a letter; and then my mother went to the consul at Naples, and they gave her the money. Since I have been here I could send no money, because it was stolen. If I had got it, I should have sent some to my parents. When I have some more, I shall send it.

"I love my mother very much, and she is good, but my father is not good. If he gain a piece of 20 sous, he goes on the morrow to the marchand of wine, and play the cards, and spend it to drink. I never send my money to my father, but to my mother."

ITALIAN WITH MONKEY.

AN Italian, who went about with trained monkeys, furnished me with the following account.

He had a peculiar boorish, and yet good-tempered expression, especially when he laughed, which he did continually.

He was dressed in a brown, ragged, cloth jacket, which was buttoned over a long, loose, dirty, drab waistcoat, and his trowsers were of broad-ribbed corduroy, discoloured with long-wearing. Round his neck was a plaid handkerchief, and his shoes were of the extreme "strong-men's" kind, and grey with dust

and want of blacking. He wore the Savoy and broad-brimmed felt hat, and with it on his head had a very picturesque appearance, and the shadow of the brim falling on the upper part of his brown face gave him almost a Murillo-like look. There was, however, an odour about him,—half monkey, half dirt,—that was far from agreeable, and which pervaded the apartment in which he sat.

"I have got monkey," he said, "but I mustn't call in London. I goes out in cuntry. I was frightened to come here. I was frightened you give me months in prison. Some of my countrymen is very frightened what you do. No, sir, I never play de monkey in de town. I have been out vare dere is so many donkey, up a top at dat village—vat you call—I can't tell de name. Dey goes dere for pastime,—pleasure,—when it makes fine weather. Dere is two church, and two large hotel,—yes, I tink it is Blackheath! I goes dere sometime vid my monkey. I have got only one monkey now,—sometime I have got two;—he is dressed comme un soldat rouge, like one soldier, vid a red jacket and a Bonaparte's hat. My monkey only pull off his hat and take a de money. He used to ride a de dog; but dey stole a de dog,—some of de tinkare, a man vid de umbrella going by, stole a him. Dere is only tree months dat I have got my monkey. It is my own. I gave dirty-five shilling for dis one I got. He did not know no tricks when he come to me first. I did teach a him all he know. I teach a him vid de kindness, do you see. I must look rough for tree or four times, but not to beat him. He can hardly stir about; he is afraid dat you go to hit him, you see. I mustn't feed him ven I am teaching him. Sometimes I buy a happorth of nuts to give him, after he has done what I want him to do. Dis one has not de force behind; he is weak in de back. Some monkey is like de children at de school, some is very hard to teash, and some learn de more quick, you see. De one I had before dis one could do many tings. He had not much esprit pas grande chose; but he could play de drum,—de fiddle, too,—Ah! but he don't play de fiddle like de Christian, you know; but like de monkey. He used to fight wid de sword,—not exactly like de Christian, but like de monkey too,—much better. I beg your pardon to laugh, sir! He used to move his leg and jomp,—I call it danse,—but he could not do polka like de Christian.—I have seen the Christian though what can't danse more dan de monkey! I beg your pardon to laugh. I did play valtz to him on de organ. Non! he had not moosh ear for de musick, but I force him to keep de time by de jerk of de string. He commence to valtz vell when he die. He is dead the vinter dat is passed, at Sheltenham. He eat some red-ee paint. I give him some castor-oil, but no good: he die in great deal pain, poor fellow! I rather lose six pounds than lose my monkey.

I did cry!—I cry because I have no money to go and buy anoder monkey! Yes! I did love my monkey! I did love him for the sake of my life! I give de raisins, and bile dem for him. He have every ting he like. I am come here from Parma about fourteen or fifteen year ago. I used to work in my cuntry. I used to go and look at de ship in de montagnes: non! non! pas des vaisseaux, mais des moutons! I beg your pardon to laugh. De master did bring me up here,—dat master is gone to America now,—he is come to me and tell me to come to Angleterre. He has tell me I make plenty of money in dis cuntry. Ah! I could get plenty of money in dat time in London, but now I get not moosh. I vork for myself at present. My master give me nine—ten shilling each veek, and my foot, and my lodging—yes! everyting ven I am first come here. I used to go out vid de organ,—a good one,—and I did get two, tree, and more shillan for my master each day. It was chance-work: sometimes I did get noting at all. De organ was my master's. He had no one else but me wid him. We used to travel about togeder, and he took all de money. He had one German piano, and play de moosick. I can't tell how moosh he did make,—he never tell to me,—but I did sheat him sometimes myself. Sometime when I take de two shillan I did give him de eighteen-pence! I beg your pardon to laugh! De man did bring up many Italians to dis cuntry, but now it is difficult to get de passports for my countrymen. I was eighteen months with my master; after dat I vent to farm-house. I run away from my master. He gave me a slap of de face, you know, von time, so I don't like it, you know, and run away! I beg your pardon to laugh! I used to do good many tings at de farm-house. It was in Yorkshire. I used to look at de beasts, and take a de vater. I don't get noting for my vork, only for de sake of de belly I do it. I was dere about tree year. Dey behave to me very well. Dey give me de clothes and all I want. After dat I go to Liverpool, and I meet some of my countrymen dere, and dey lend me de monkey, and I teash him to danse, fight, and jomp, mush as I could, and I go wid my monkey about de cuntry.

"Some day I make tree shillan wid my monkey, sometime only sixpence, and sometime noting at all. When it rain or snow I can get noting. I gain peut-être a dozen shillan a week wid my monkey, sometime more, but not often. Dere is long time I have been in de environs of London; but I don't like to go in de streets here. I don't like to go to prison. Monkey is defended,—defendu,—what you call it, London. But dere is many monkey in London still. Oh, non! not a dozen. Dere is not one dozen monkey wot play in Angleterre. I know dere is two monkey at Saffron hill, and one go

in London; but he do no harm. I don't know dat de monkey was train to go down de area and steal a de silver spoons out of de kitchen. Dey would be great fool to tell dat; but every one must get a living de best dey can. Wot I tell you about de monkey I'm frightened vill hurt me!

"I tell you dey is defended in de streets, and dey take me up. I hope not. My monkey is very honest monkey, and get me de bread. I never was in prison, and I would not like to be. I play de moosick, and please de people, and never steal noting. Non! non! me no steal, nor my monkey too. Dey policemen never say noting to me. I am not beggar, but artiste!—every body know dat—and my monkey is artiste too! I beg your pardon to laugh."

THE DANCING DOGS.

I RECEIVED the following narrative from the old man who has been so long known about the streets of London with a troop of performing dogs. He was especially picturesque in his appearance. His hair, which was grizzled rather than grey, was parted down the middle, and hung long and straight over his shoulders. He was dressed in a coachman's blue greatcoat with many capes. His left hand was in a sling made out of a dirty pocket-handkerchief, and in his other he held a stick, by means of which he could just manage to hobble along. He was very ill, and very poor, not having been out with his dogs for nearly two months. He appeared to speak in great pain. The civility, if not politeness of his manner, threw an air of refinement about him, that struck me more forcibly from its contrast with the manners of the English belonging to the same class. He began:—

"I have de dancing dogs for de street—now I have nothing else. I have tree dogs—One is called Finette, anoder von Favorite, that is her nomme, an de oder von Ozor. Ah!" he said, with a shrug of the shoulders, in answer to my inquiry as to what the dogs did, "un danse, un valse, un jomp a de stick and troo de hoop—non, noting else. Sometime I had de four dogs—I did lose de von. Ah! she had beaucoup d'esprit—plenty of vit, you say—she did jomp a de hoop better dan all. Her nomme was Taborine!—she is dead dare is long time. All ma dogs have des habillements—the dress and de leetle hat. Dey have a leetle jackette in divers colours en étoffe—some de red, and some de green, and some de bleu. Deir hats is de rouge et noir—red and black, wit a leetle plume-fedder, you say. Dere is some 10 or 11 year I have been in dis cuntry. I come from Italie—Italie—Oui, Monsieur, oui. I did live in a leetle ville, trento miglia, dirty mile, de Parma. Je travaille dans le campagne, I vork out in de cuntry—je ne

sais comment vous appelez la campagne. There is no commerce in de montagne. I am come in dis cuntry here. I have leetel business to come. I thought to gagner ma vie—to gain my life wid my leetel dogs in dis cuntry. I have dem déjà when I have come here from Parma—j'eu avait dix. I did have de ten dogs—je les apporte. I have carried all de ten from Italie. I did learn—yes—yes—de dogs to danse in ma own cuntry. It did make de cold in de montagne in winter, and I had not no vork dere, and I must look for to gain my life some oder place. Après ça, I have instruct my dogs to danse. Yes, ils learn to danse; I play de music, and dey do jomp. Non, non—pas du tout! I did not never beat ma dogs; dare is a way to learn de dogs without no vip. Premièrement, ven I am come here I have gained a leetel monnaie—plus que now—beaucoup d'avantage—plenty more. I am left ma logement—my lodging, you say, at 9 hours in de morning, and am stay away vid ma dogs till 7 or 8 hours in de evening. Oh! I cannot count how many times de leetel dogs have danse in de day—twenty—dirty—forty peut-être—all depends: sometimes I would gain de tree shilling—sometime de couple—sometime not nothing—all depend. Ven it did make bad time, I could not vork; I could not danse. I could not gain my life den. If it make cold de dogs are ill—like tout de monde. I did pay plenty for de nourriture of de dogs. Sometime dey did get du pain de leetel dogs (de bread) in de street—sometime I give dem de meat, and make de soup for dem. Ma dogs danse comme les chiens, mais dey valtz comme les dames, and dey stand on dare back-legs like les gentilhommes. After I am come here to dis cuntry two day, am terrible malade. I am gone to hospital, to St. Bartolomé, de veek before de Jour de Noël (Christmas-day). In dat moment I have de fevre. I have rested in l'hospital quatre semaine—four veek. Ma dogs vere at libertie all de time. Von compagnon of mine have promised me to take de care of ma dogs, and he have lose dem all—tout les dix. After dat I have bought tree oder dogs—one espanol, anoder von appelé 'Grifon,' and de oder vas de dog ordinaire,—non! non! not one 'pull dog.' He no good. I must have one month, or six semaine, to instruite ma dogs. I have rested in a logement Italien at Saffron-hill, ven I am come here to London. Dare vas plenty of Italiens dare. It was tout plein—quite full of strangers. All come dare—dey come from France, from Germany, from Italie. I have paid two shillings per semaine each veek—only pour le lit, for de bed. Every von make de kitchen for himself. Vot number vas dare, you say? Sometime dare is 20 person dere, and sometime dere is dirty person in de logement, sometime more dan dat. It is very petite maison. Dare is von dozen beds—dat is all—and two sleep demselves

in each bed. Sometimes, ven dere arrive plenty, dey sleep demselves tree in von bed—but ordinairement dere is only two. Dey is all musicians dere—one play de organ, de piano, de guitar, de flute, yes, dare vos some vot played it, and de viol too. De great part vas Italiens. Some of dem have des monkeys, de oders des mice white, and des pigs d'Indes, (guinea-pigs) and encore oders have des dolls vid two heads, and des puppets vot danse vid de foot on de boards. Des animals are in an appartement apart vid de moosick. Dare vos sometime tree dancing dogs, one dozen of mice, five or six pigs d'Indes, and ma monkey, altogether vid de moosick, by demselves.

"Dare is all de actors vot vas dare. Ma tree dogs gained me sometime two shillan, sometime von shillan, and sometime I would rest on my feet all day, and not gain two sous. Sometimes de boys would ensault ma dogs vid de stones. Dare is long time I have rested in London. Dare is short time I vas in de campagne de coundree here, not much. London is better dan de campagne for ma dogs—dare is always de world in London—de city is large—yes! I am always rested at Saffron-hill for 10, 11 years. I am malade at present, since the 15th of Mars; in ma arms, ma legs, ma tighs have de douleure—I have plenty of pains to march. Ma dogs are in de logement now. It is since the 15th of Mars dat I have not vent out vid ma dogs—yes, since de 15th of Mars I have done no work. Since dat time I have not paid no money for ma logement—it is due encore. Non! non! I have not gained my life since the 15th of Mars. Plenty of time I have been vitout noting to eat. Des Italiens at de logement dey have given me pieces of bread and bouilli. Ah! it is very miserable to be poor, like me. I have sixty and thirteen years. I cannot march now but vith plenty of pains. Von doctor have give to me a letter for to present to de poor-house. He did give me my medicine for nothing—gratis. He is obliged, he is de doctor of de paroisse. He is a very brave and honest man, dat doctor dare. At de poor-house day have give to me a bread and six sous on Friday of de veek dat is past, and told me to come de Vednesday next. But I am arrive dere too late, and dey give me noting, and tell me to come de Vednesday next encore. Ma dogs dey march now in de street, and eat something dare. Oh! ma God, non! dey eat noting but what dey find in de street ven it makes good times; but ven it makes bad times dey have noting at all, poor dogs! ven I have it, dey have it,—but ven dere is noting for me to eat, dare is noting for dem, and dey must go out in de streets and get de nouriture for themselves. Des enfans vot know ma dogs vill give to dem to eat sometimes. Oh! yes, if I had de means, I would return to Italie, ma coundree. But I have not no silver, and not no legs to

walk. Vot can I do? Oh! yes, I am very sick at present. All my limbs have great douleur—Oh, yes! plenty of pain."

CONCERTINA PLAYER ON THE STEAMBOATS.

"I WAS always very fond of music, and if ever I heard any in the streets, I always followed it about. I'm nearly fifteen now; but I can remember when I was seven, being particularly taken with music. I had an uncle who was captain of a steamer that run to Richmond, and I was always on board with him; and they used to have a band on board. It wasn't in particular a passage-boat, but an excursion one, and let to private parties, and a band always went along with them. I was taken along to run after orders for the steward; and when I had nothing to do, I used to go and listen to them. I learn all their tunes by heart. They mostly played dances, and very seldom any sentimental songs, unless anybody asked them. For myself, I prefer lively tunes. I don't know much operatic music, only one or two airs; but they're easier to play on the concertina than lively music, because it's difficult to move the fingers very quickly. You can't hardly play a hornpipe. It makes the arm ache before you can play it all through, and it makes such a row with the valve working the bellows up and down, that it spoils the music.

"I had not got my instrument when I was in this steambot. When I heard a tune, I used to whistle it. I asked my father to buy me a instrument, but he wouldn't. I was always on the steambot, helping uncle; and I could have had lots of time to learn music there. When they, the musicians, put the harp down in the cabin, I'd get playing on it. There was a hole in the green baize cover of the harp, and I used to put my hand in and work away at it. I learnt myself several tunes, such as the 'Sultan Polka.' I must have been eight years old then. I didn't play it with both hands: I couldn't do the bass.

"I never had any lessons in music. I've done it all out of my own head. Before I had a concertina, I used to go about amusing myself with a penny tin whistle. I could play it pretty well, not to say all tunes, but all such as I knew I could play very well on it. The 'Red, White, and Blue' was my favourite tune.

"I have a brother, who is younger than I am, and he, before he was ten, was put out to a master to learn the violin. Father's a labourer, and does something of anything he can get to do; but bricklaying generally. He paid so much a quarter for having my brother Henry taught. I think it was about 16s. a quarter. It was a great expense for father at first; but afterwards, when we was hard up, Henry could always fly to the fiddle to earn a crust. Henry never took to music, not to say well. I can play more out of my own head

than he can by notes. He's a very good player now.

"I was about getting on for twelve when father first bought me a concertina. That instrument was very fashionable then, and everybody had it nearly. I had an accordion before; but it was only a 1s. 6d. one, and I didn't take a fancy to it somehow, although I could play a few tunes on it. I used to see boys about my own height carrying concertinas about the streets, and humming them. I always wanted one. There was a little boy I knew, he got one, and then I wanted one worse. He used to come to our house, and play all sorts of tunes, for he played very well. I liked the concertina, because it's like a full band. It's like having the fiddle and the harp together. I used to ask this little boy to lend me his instrument, and I'd work the keys about a little, but I couldn't do any airs.

"I play entirely out of my own head, for I never had any lessons at all. I learn the tunes from hearing other people playing of them. If I hear a street band, such as a fiddle and harp and cornopean playing a tune, I follow them and catch the air; and if it's any sort of a easy tune at all, I can pick it up after them, for I never want to hear it more than twice played on an instrument.

"At last, after bothering father a long time, he bought me a half-crown concertina. I was in bed when he brought it into my room, and he put it on the bed; when I woke up I see it. I instantly set to work, and before I had got up I had learnt 'Pop goes the Weasel.' I was just pleased. I was up and dressed, and playing it all day long. I never used to let anybody touch, not even my own father hardly, for fear he should break it. I did break it once, and then I was regular dull, for fear I should lose my tunes.

"It took me six months before I could play it well, and then I could play a most any tune I heard. The fingers had learnt the keys, and knew where the notes was, so that I could play in the dark. My brother could play the fiddle well, long before I could do any tunes. We used to play together duets, such as 'A Boat, a Boat unto the Ferry.' We never hardly went out together in the streets and play together, only once or twice, because a fiddle and a concertina don't sound well together unless a harp's with it, and then it's beautiful.

"How I came to get on the steamboats was this: father went to take a trip up to Kew one day, so I wanted to go, and he said if I could earn my fare I might go. So I thought I'd take my concertina and try. So I went, and I earned that day about 9s., all in halfpence and 4d. bits. That was only by going up to Kew and coming back again. It was on a Whitsun-Monday. Then I thought I'd do it again the next day, and I think I took about the same. Then I kept on them all together. I didn't keep to the Kew boats, because they had got

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their regular musicians, and they complained to the superintendent, and he forbid me going. Then I went to the Woolwich boats, and I used to earn a heap of money, as much as 10s. every day, and I was at it all the week for the season.

"I usen't to pay any fare, but I got a free pass. It was mostly the crew. When I got out at the pier, I used to tell them I'd been playing, and they would let me pass. Now I know near every man that is on the river, and they let me go on any boat I like. They consider I draw customers, and amuse them during the trip. They won't let some hardly play on board only me, because I've been on them such a long time—these three years. I know all the pier-masters, too, and they are all very kind to me. Sometimes, when I'm waiting for a boat to go up anywhere, I play on the piers, and I always do pretty fair.

"In winter I go on the boats all the same, and I play down in the cabin. Some of the passengers will object to it if they are reading, and then I have to leave off, or I should put my own self in a hobble, for they would go and tell the captain; and if he wouldn't say anything, then they would tell the superintendent. In winter and wet weather is my worst time; but even then I mostly take my 3s. In the winter time, my best time is between three o'clock and six, when the gentlemen are coming home from office; and I never hardly come out before two o'clock. In summer its good from twelve till eight o'clock. The passengers come to go to the Crystal Palace in the morning part. Those that are going out for pleasure are my best customers. In the summer I always take at the rate of about 6s. a-day. Pleasure-people mostly ask me for dancing tunes; and the gentlemen coming from business prefer song tunes. I have got a good many regular gentlemen, who always give me something when they are coming from business. There are some who give me 6d. every day I see them; but sometimes they go up by a different boat to what I'm in. There's one always gives me 6d., whether I'm playing or not; and it's about four o'clock or half-past that I mostly see him.

"In winter my hands gets very cold indeed, so that I can scarcely feel the keys. Sometimes I can't move them, and I have to leave off, and go down below and warm my hands at the cabin fire.

"In the summer I sometimes go out with a mate of mine, who plays the piccolo. He's very clever indeed, and plays most extraordinary. He's a little bigger than me. He lives by playing music in the boats. We don't play in the streets. I never played in the streets in my life. He don't play in the winter, but works with his father, who makes hair-oil and that, and sends it out in the country. He's a regular perfumer; and serves chandlers' shops and that like.

"There's a tune we play together called the

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'Camp at Chobham.' It begins with my doing the bugle, and he answers it on his fife. Then we do it in the distance like. Then come all the different marches the soldiers march to. Some people are so fond of it, that when they see us they come up and ask us to give it them. It takes a good quarter of an hour to play it. When I'm with him, I earn about the same as when I'm alone; but I like to go with him, because it's company.

"One of the songs I play is, 'Mother, is the battle over?' That's lately come out. It is a lady's song, and they generally ask me for it. They also ask me for the Varsoviene. At the present time, the girls mostly ask me for 'Polly, won't you try me, oh!' They like anything that is new, if it is a very pretty tune like 'Polly, won't you try me, oh!' Sometimes I forget the tunes; they go right out of my head, and then, perhaps, a month afterwards they'll come back again. Perhaps I'll be fingering the keys, and I'll accidentally do the beginning of the air I'd forgot, and then I remember it all of a sudden the same as before. Then I feel quite glad that I've got it back again, and I'll keep on playing it for a long time.

"When once I begin to play, I can scarcely leave off. I used at first to play as I went along the streets, but now I feel too tired to do it. If I haven't been out in the boats, I must have a play just the same. I like it very much. I don't like any of the other instruments, now I've learnt this one so well. The fiddle is pretty good, but nothing, to my fancy, like the concertina.

"The concertina I use now cost me 16s. It's got twenty double keys—one when I pull the bellows out and one when I close it. I wear out an instrument in three months. The edges of the bellows get worn out: then I have to patch them up, till they get so weak that it mostly doubles over. It costs me about 1s. a-week to have them kept in order. They get out of tune very soon. They file them, and put fresh notes in. I get all my repairs done trade price. I tune my instrument myself. The old instruments I sell to the boys, for about as much as I give for a new one. They are very dear; but I get them so cheap when I buy them, I only give 16s. for a 25s. instrument.

"I've got a beautiful instrument at home, and I give a pound for it, and it's worth two. Those I buy come from Germany, where they make them, and then they are took to this warehouse, where I buy them.

"Once I was turned off the penny steam-boats. There was such a lot of musicians come on board, and they got so cheeky, that when they was told not to play they would, just the same, and so a stop was put to all music on board. If one was stopped all must be stopped, so I was told not to go. I still had my fourpenny boats. I never used to go on the penny boats hardly, for I never used to

get much money in them. Now I am allowed go on them just the same as before.

"I can't say how often I've been up the Thames. I never go as far as Chelsea hardly, only about twice a-day, for most of the people get out between London-bridge and Nine-elms. My general run is down to Hungerford and back to Blackfriars; and I do that about fifty times a-day.

"I never go out on the Sunday. I mostly go to a Sunday-school, and then take a walk. Father wants me to be a scholar: I can read and write. I'm a teacher at the Sunday-school, and make the children read their lessons. I know multiplication, and addition, and all them. I go to school every night at half-past six and come home at nine. Father makes me and my brother go to school every day, and we pay 1s. each a-week. It's a very good school, and the master is very kind. There are about 30 night scholars and 50 day ones, besides about 20 girls. His daughter teaches the girls.

"At night when I leave school I go and play music three nights a-week at a ball. My brother goes with me. We go to a place in the Westminster-road on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. It's a very nice ball-room, and there are generally about 200 there. They pay 1s. each. There are four musicians, a fiddle, a harp, a fife, and a concertina. It isn't a Casino; it's an assembly-rooms. We teaches on three nights in the week, and the pupils assemble and practise on the other nights.

"The room is like a street almost, and the music sounds well in it. The other three play from notes, and I join in. I learnt their airs this way. My mother and father were very fond of dancing, and they used to go there nearly every night, and I'd go along with them, and then I'd listen and learn the tunes. My brother regularly played there. He was about ten years old when he first went to play there; but he could play any music that was put before him. In the day-time he blows the bellows at a blacksmith and engineer's. The first time I played in an orchestra I felt a little strange. I had been to rehearsal. I went twenty times before I was confident enough to appear at night. I could play the tunes well enough, but I didn't know when to leave off at the exact time they did. At last I learnt how to do it. I don't have any stand before me. I never look at any of the others' music. I look at the dancing. You've got to look at the time they're dancing at, and watch their figures when they leave off. The proprietor knew father, and that's how I came to have the job. I get 2s. 6d. a-night for playing there, and plenty to eat and drink. There's bread and cheese and a drop of beer. On the other three nights when I'm not at the ball I stop at home, and get a bit of rest. Father sends us to bed early, about half-past nine, when I come home from school. On

ball-nights I'm sometimes up to two o'clock in the morning.

"I take all the money I earn home to father, and he gives me a few halfpence for myself. All the year round it comes to 5s. a-day. I buy my own food when I'm out on the boats. I go to a cookshop. I like pudding or pie better than anything, and next to that I like a bit of bread and butter as well as anything, except pie. I have meat or veal pies. They charge you 6d. a-plate, and you have potatoes and all. After that I have a couple of pen'orth of pudding with sugar. I drink water. My dinner comes to about 9d. a-day, for I generally have a pen'orth of apples as dessert. It makes you very hungry going about in the steam-boats—very much so.

"I'm the only boy that goes about the steam-boats with a concertina; indeed, I'm the only boy above-bridge that goes about with music at all on the boats. I know the old gentleman who plays the harp at the Essex pier. I often go and join in with him when I land there, and we go shares. He mostly plays there of a morning, and we mostly of an afternoon. We two are the only ones that play on the piers."

TOM-TOM PLAYERS.

WITHIN the last few years East Indians playing on the tom-tom have occasionally made their appearance in the London streets. The Indian or Lascar crossing-sweepers, who earned their living by alternately plying the broom and sitting as models to artists—the Indian converted to Christianity, who, in his calico clothes, with his brown bosom showing, was seen, particularly on cold days, crouching on the pavement and selling tracts, have lately disappeared from our highways, and in their stead the tom-tom players have made their appearance.

I saw two of these performers in one of the West-end streets, creeping slowly down the centre of the road, and beating their drums with their hands, whilst they drawled out a kind of mournful song. Their mode of parading the streets is to walk one following the other, beating their oyster-barrel-shaped drums with their hands, which they make flap about from the wrist like flounders out of water, whilst they continue their droning song, and halt at every twenty paces to look round.

One of these performers was a handsome lad, with a face such as I have seen in the drawings of the princes in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." He had a copper skin and long black hair, which he brushed behind his ears. On his head was a white turban, made to cock over one ear, like a hat worn on one side, and its rim stood out like the stopper to a scent-bottle.

The costume of the man greatly resembled that of a gentleman wearing his waistcoat out-

side his shirt, only the waistcoat was of green merino, and adorned with silk embroidery, his waist being bound in with a scarf. Linen trousers and red knitted cuffs, to keep his wrists warm, completed his costume.

This man was as tall, slim, and straight, and as gracefully proportioned, as a bronze image. His face had a serious, melancholy look, which seemed to work strongly on the feelings of the nurses and the servant-girls who stopped to look at him. His companion, although dressed in the same costume, (the only difference being that the colour of his waistcoat was red instead of green,) formed a comical contrast to his sentimental Othello-looking partner, for he was what a Yankee would call "a rank nigger." His face, indeed, was as black and elastic-looking as a printer's dabber.

The name of the negro-boy was Peter. Beyond "Yes" and "No," he appeared to be perfectly unacquainted with the English language. His Othello friend was 17 years of age, and spoke English perfectly. I could not help taking great interest in this lad, both from the peculiarity of his conversation, which turned chiefly upon the obedience due from children to their parents, and was almost fanatical in its theory of perfect submission, and also from his singularly handsome countenance; for his eyes were almond-shaped, and as black as elder-berries, whilst, as he spoke, the nostrils of his aquiline nose beat like a pulse.

When I attempted to repeat after them one of their Indian songs, they both burst out into uproarious merriment. Peter rolling about in his chair like a serenader playing "the bones," and the young Othello laughing as if he was being tickled.

In speaking of the duties which they owed to their parents, the rules of conduct which they laid down as those to be followed by a good son were wonderful for the completeness of the obedience which they held should be paid to a father's commands. They did not seem to consider that the injunctions of a mother should be looked upon as sacredly as those of the male parent. They told me that the soul of the child was damned if even he disputed to obey the father's command, although he knew it to be wrong, and contrary to God's laws. "Allah," they said, would visit any wickedness that was committed through such obedience upon the father, but he would bless the child for his submission. Their story was as follows:—

"Most of the tom-tom players are Indians, but we are both of us Arabs. The Arabs are just equally as good as the Indians at playing the tom-tom, but they haven't got exactly to the learning of the manufacture of them yet. I come from Mocha, and so does Peter, my companion; only his father belongs to what we call the Abshee tribe, and that's what makes him so much darker than what I am. The Abshee tribe are now outside of Arabia, up by

the Gulf of Persia. They are much the same as the Mucdad people,—it's all the same tribe like.

"My name is Usef Asman, and my father has been over here twelve years now. He came here in the English army, I've heard him say, for he was in the 77th Bengal Native Infantry; but he wasn't an Indian, but enlisted in the service and fought through the Sikh war, and was wounded. He hasn't got a pension, for he sent his luggage through Paris to England, and he lost his writings. The East India Company only told him that he must wait until they heard from India, and that's been going on for now six years.

"Mother came home with father and me, and two brothers and a sister. I'm the second eldest. My brother is thirty-six, and he was in the Crimea, as steward on board the Royal Hydaspes, a steam screw she is. He was 17 and I was 6 years old when I came over. My brother is a fine strapping fellow, over six feet high, and the muscles in his arms are as big round as my thigh.

"I don't remember my native country, but Peter does, for he's only been here for two years and five months. He likes his own country better than England. His father left Arabia to go to Bombay, and there he keeps large coffee-shops. He's worth a little money. His shops are in the low quarter of the town, just the same as Drury Lane may be, though it's the centre of the town. They call the place the Nacopora tale moulla.

"Before father went into the army he was an interpreter in Arabia. His father was a horse-dealer. My father can speak eight or nine different languages fluently, besides a little of others. He was the interpreter who got Dr. Woolfe out of Bokhara prison, when he was put in because they thought he was a spy. Father was sent for by the chief to explain what this man's business was. It is the Mogul language they speak there. My father was told to get him out of the country in twenty-four hours, and my father killed his own horse and camel walking so hard to get him away.

"We was obliged to put ourselves up to going about the streets. Duty and necessity first compelled me to do it. Father couldn't get his pension, and, of course, we couldn't sit at home and starve; so father was obliged to go out and play the drum. He got his tom-toms from an Arab vessel which came over, and they made them a present to him.

"We used before now, father and myself, to go to artists or modelers, to have our likenesses taken. We went to Mr. Armitage, when he was painting a battle in India. If you recollect, I'm leaning down by the rocks, whilst the others are escaping. I've also been to Mr. Dobson, who used to live in Newman-street. I've sat to him in my costume for several pictures. In one of them I was like a chief's son, or something of that, smoking a hubble-bubble. Father used to have a deal of

work at Mr. Gale's, in Fitzroy-square. I don't know the subjects he painted, for I wasn't there whilst father used to sit. It used to tire me when I had to sit for two or three hours in one position. Sometimes I had to strip to the waist. I had to do that at Mr. Dobson's in the winter time, and, though there was a good fire in the room, it was very wide, and it didn't throw much heat out, and I used to be very cold. He used to paint religious subjects. I had a shilling an hour, and if a person could get after-work at it, I could make a better living at it than in the streets; in fact, I'd rather do it any time, though it's harder work, for there is a name for that, but there is no name for going about playing the tom-tom; yet it's better to do that than sit down and see other people starving.

"Father is still sitting to artists. He doesn't go about the streets—he couldn't face it out.

"It's about eight years ago since father got the tom-toms. They are very good ones, and one of them is reckoned the best in England. They are made out of mango tree. It grows just the same as the bamboo tree; and they take a joint of it, and take out the pith—for it's pithy inside, just like elderberry wood, with the outside hard. Father had these tom-toms for a month before we went out with them.

"The first day father went out with me, and kept on until he got employ; and then I went out by myself. I was about for four years by myself, along with sister; and then I went with Peter; and now we go out together. My sister was only about seven years old when she first went out, and she used to sing. She was dressed in a costume with a short jacket, with a tight waistcoat, and white trowsers. She had a turban and a sash.

"When we first went out we done very well. We took 6, 7, or 8s. a-day. We was the first to appear with it; indeed there's only me and my cousin and another man that does it now. Peter is my cousin. His real name is Busha, but we call him Peter, because it's more a proper name like, because several people can call him that when they can't Busha. We are all turned Christians; we go to school every Sunday, in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn, and always to chapel. They are joined together.

"I and Peter take now, on a fine day in summer-time, generally 5 or 6s., but coming on winter as it does now it's as much as we can do to take 2s. or 3s. Sometimes in winter we don't take more than 1s. 6d., and sometimes 1s. Take the year round it would come, I should think, to 3s. a-day. On wet days we can't do nothing.

"We were forced to become Christians when we came here. Of course a true Mussulman won't take anything to eat that has been touched by other people's hands. We were forced to break caste. The beasts were

slaughtered by other people, and we wanted meat to eat. The bread, too, was made by Christians. The school-teachers used to come to father. We remained as Mussulmen as long as we could, but when winter came on, and we had no money, we was obliged to eat food from other people's hands.

"Persons wouldn't believe it, but little family as we are it takes 4s. a-day to keep us. Yet mother speaks English well. I'm sure father doesn't go out and drink not half-a pint a beer of a night, but always waits till we come home, and then our 3s. or 4s. go to get bread and rice and that, and we have a pot of beer between us.

"Peter's father married my father's sister, that's how we are cousins. He came over by ship to see us. He sent a message before to say that he was coming to see his uncle, and he expected to go back by the same ship, but he was used so cruelly on board that he preferred staying with us until we can all return together. Because he couldn't understand English and his duty, and coming into a cold country and all he couldn't do his work, and they flogged him. Besides, they had to summon the captain to get their rights. He very much wants to get back to India to his father, and our family wants to get back to Mocha. I've forgot my Arabic, and only talk Hindostanee. I did speak French very fluently, but I've forgot it all except such things as Venez ici, or Voulez-vous danser? or such-like.

"When we are at home we mostly eat rice. It's very cheap, and we like it better than anything else, because it fills our bellies better. It wouldn't be no use putting a couple of half-quartern loaves before us two if we were hungry, for, thank God, we are very hearty-eating, both of us. Rice satisfies us better than bread. We mix curry-powder and a little meat or fish with it. If there's any fish in season, such as fresh herrings or mackerel, we wash it and do it with onions, and mix it with the curry-powder, and then eat it with rice. Plaice is the only fish we don't use, for it makes the curry very watery. We wash the rice two or three times after looking over it to take out any dirt or stones, and then we boil it and let it boil about five minutes. Rice-water is very strengthening, and the Arabs drink a deal of it, because whenever it lays in the stomach it becomes solid. It turns, when cold, as thick as starch, and with some salt it's not a bad thing.

"Our best places for playing the tom-tom is the West-end in summer-time, but in winter we goes round by Islington and Shoreditch, and such-like, for there's no quality at home, and we have to depend on the tradespeople. Sometimes we very often happen to meet with a gentleman—when the quality's in town—who has been out in India, and can speak the language, and he will begin chatting with us and give us a shilling, or sometimes more.

I've got two or three ladies who have taken a fancy to us, and they give me 6d. or 1s. whenever I go round. There's one old lady and two or three young ones, at several houses in different places, who have such kindness for us. I was in place once with Captain Hines, and he was very kind to me. He had been out in India, and spoke the language very fluently. I didn't leave him, he left me to go to the Crimea; and he told me he was very sorry, but he had a servant allowed him by the Government, and couldn't take me.

"Some of the servant-girls are very kind to us, and give us a 1d. or 2d. We in general tries to amuse the people as much as we can. All the people are very fond of Peter, he makes them laugh; and the same people generally gives us money when we goes round again.

"When we are out we walk along side by side beating the tom-toms. We keep on singing different songs,—foreign ones to English tunes. The most favourite tune is what we calls in Hindostanee,—

'Tasa bi tasa, no be no
Mutra bakooch, no arber go;
Tasa bi tasa, no be no
Attipa ho gora purgeen
Mara gora gora chelopageen.
Tasa bi tasa, no be no.
O senna key taho baroo
Dilla chungay gurrey kumahayroo.
Tasa bi tasa, no be no
Lutfellee karu basha bud
Shibbe de lum sesta bud
Tasa bi tasa, no be no.'

"This means:—

"I want something fresh (such as fish) in the value of nine. And after he went and bought these fresh goods he looked at them, and found them so good, that he was very pleased with them ('mutra bakooch' is pleased), that he says to his servant that he will give him leave to go about his business, because he's made such a good bargain."

"That's all the meaning of that, sir, and we sing it to its original Indian tune. We sometimes sing Arab songs—one or two. They are very different, but we can't explain them so well as we can the Hindostanee. They're more melancholy, and towards the parents sentimental-like. There's one song they sing in Arabia, that it puts them in that way they don't know what they are doing of. They begin the song, and then they bend the body about and beat their knees, and keep on so until they tumble off their chairs. They nearly strangle themselves sometimes. It's about love to their parents, and as if they left them and went far away. It's a sort of a cutting song, and very sentimental. There's always a man standing in one corner, looking after those singing, and when he sees them get into a way, he reads a book and comes and rouses them. He's a kind of magician-like. Father sings it, and I know a verse or two of it. I've seen father and another man singing

it, and they kept on see-sawing about, and at last they both fell off the chair. We got a little water and sprinkled their faces, and hit them on the back very hard, and said, 'Sallee nabbee,' which is just the same as 'Rise, in the name of the Lord,' and they came to instantly, and after they got up was very calm—ah, very tame afterwards!

"The tom-tom hasn't got much music in it beyond beating like a drum. There are first-rate players in India, and they can make the tom-tom speak in the same way as if you was to ask a gentleman, 'How do you do?' and they'll answer you, 'Very well, thank you.' They only go to the feasts, which are called 'madggeless,' and then the noblemen, after hearing them, will give them great sums of money as a handsome present. The girls, too, dance to the tom-tom in India. Peter is a very good player, and he can make the tom-tom to answer. One side of the drum asks the question, that is the treble side, and the bass one answers it, for in a tom-tom each end gives a different note.

"Father makes all our clothes for us. We wear flannel under our shirts, which a lady made me a present of, or else we never used to wear them before. All through that sharp winter we never used to wear anything but our dress. All the Arab boys are brought up to respect their parents. If they don't they will be punished. For myself, I always obey mine. My father has often called shame on the laws of this country, to hear the children abusing their parents. In our country, if a son disobeys his father's command, he may, even though the child be as tall as a giant, take up his sword and kill him. My brother, who is on board ship, even though he has learnt the laws of this country, always obeys my father. One night he wouldn't mind what was said, so my father goes up and hit him a side slap on the chops, and my brother turned the other cheek to him, and said in Arabic, 'Father, hit this cheek, too; I have done wrong.' He was about 30 then. Father said he hoped he'd never disobey his orders again.

"The Arabs are very clean. In our country we bathe three times a-day; but over here we only go to the bath in Endell-street (a public one) twice a-week. We always put on clean things three times a-week.

"There's a knack in twisting the turban. A regular Arab always makes the rim bind over the right ear, like Peter's. It don't take more than five minutes to put the turban on. We do it up in a roll, and have nothing inside it to stiffen it. Some turbans have 30 yards in them, all silk, but mine is only 3½ yards, and is calico. The Arab waistcoat always has a pocket on each side of the breast, with a lengthways opening, and a bit of braid round the edge of the stuff, ending where the waist is, so that the flaps are not bound.

"The police are very kind to us, and never interfere with us unless there is somebody ill,

and we are not aware of it. The tom-tom makes a very humming sound, and is heard to a great distance."

ANOTHER "TOM-TOM" PLAYER.

A VERY handsome man, swarthy even for a native of Bengal, with his black glossy hair most picturesquely disposed, alike on his head and in his whiskers and moustache, gave me, after an Oriental salute, the following statement. His teeth were exquisitely white, and his laugh or smile lighted up his countenance to an expression of great intelligence. His dress was a garb of dark-brown cloth, fitting close to his body and extending to his knee. His trowsers were of the same coloured cloth, and he wore a girdle of black and white cotton round his waist. He was accompanied by his son, (whom he sometimes addressed in Hindoostanee), a round-faced boy, with large bright black eyes and rosy cheeks. The father said:—

"I was born in Calcutta, and was Mussulman—my parents was Mussulman—but I Christian now. I have been in dis contree ten year. I come first as servant to military officer, an Englishman. I lived wit him in Scotland six, seven mont. He left Scotland, saying he come back, but he not, and in a mont I hear he dead, and den I com London. London is very great place, and Indian city little if you look upon London. I use tink it plenty pleasure look upon London as de great government place, but now I look upon London, and it is plenty bad pleasure. I wish very often return to my own contree, where everyting sheap—living sheap, rice sheap. I suffer from climate in dis contree. I suffer dis winter more dan ever I did. I have no flannels, no drawer, no waistcoat, and have cold upon my chest. It is now near five year I come London. I try get service, but no get service. I have character, but not from my last master. He could not give me; he dead ven I want it. I put up many insult in dis contree. I struck sometime in street. Magistrate punish man gave me blow dat left mark on my chin here. Gentlemen sometime save me from harm, sometime not. De boys call me black dis or de oder. Wen I get no service, I not live, and I not beg in street, so I buy tom-tom for 10s. De man want 30s. De 10s. my last money left, and I start to play in streets for daily bread. I beat tom-tom, and sing song about greatness of God, in my own language. I had den wife, Englishwoman, and dis little boy. I done pretty well first wid tom-tom, but it is very bad to do it now. Wen I began first, I make 3s., 4s., 5s., or 6s. a-day. It was someting new den, but nine or ten monts it was someting old, and I took less and less, until now I hardly get piece of bread. I sometime get few shilling from two or three picture-men, who draw me. It is call model. Anyting for honest bread. I must not be

proud. I cannot make above 6s. a-week of tom-tom in street. Dare is, well as I know, about fifty of my contreemen playing and begging in streets of London. Dose who sweep crossing are Malay, some Bengal. Many are impostor, and spoil 'spectable men. My contreemen live in lodging-house; often many are plenty blackguard lodging-houses, and dere respectable man is always insult. I have room for myself dis tree mont, and cost me tree shilling and sixpennies a-week; it is not own furniture; dey burn my coke, coal, and candle too. My wife would make work wid needle, but dere is no work for her, poor ting. She servant when I marry her. De little boy make jump in my contree's way wen I play tom-tom—he too little to dance—he six year. Most of my contreemen in street have come as Lascar, and not go back for bosen and bosen-mate, and flog. So dey stay for beg, or sweep, or anyting. Dey are never pickpocket dat I ever hear of."

PERFORMER ON DRUM AND PIPES.

A STOUT, reddish-faced man, who was familiar with all kinds of exhibitions, and had the coaxing, deferential manner of many persons who ply for money in the streets, gave me an account of what he called "his experience" as the "drum and pipes":—

"I have played the pandean pipes and the drum for thirty years to street exhibitions of all kinds. I was a smith when a boy, serving seven years' apprenticeship; but after that I married a young woman that I fell in love with, in the music line. She played a hurdy-gurdy in the streets, so I bought pandean pipes, as I was always fond of practising music, and I joined her. Times for street-musicianers were good then, but I was foolish. I'm aware of that now; but I wasn't particularly partial to hard work; besides, I could make more as a street-musicianer. When I first started, my wife and I joined a fantoccini. It did well. My wife and I made from 9s. to 10s. a-day. We had half the profits. At that time the public exhibitions were different to what they are now. Gentlemen's houses were good then, but now the profession's sunk to street corners. Bear-dancing was in vogue then, and clock-work on the round board, and Jack-i-the-green was in all his glory every May, thirty years ago. Things is now very dead indeed. In the old times, only sweeps were allowed to take part with the Jack; they were particular at that time; all were sweeps but the musicianers. Now it's everybody's money, when there's any money. Every sweep showed his plate then when performing. 'My lady' was anybody at all likely that they could get hold of; she was generally a watercress-seller, or something in the public way. 'My lady' had 2s. 6d. a-day and her keep for three days—that was the general hire. The boys, who were climbing-boys,

had 1s. or 6d., or what the master gave them; and they generally went to the play of a night, after washing themselves, in course. I had 6s. a-day and a good dinner—shoulder of mutton, or something prime—and enough to drink. 'My lord' and the other characters shared and shared alike. They have taken, to my knowledge, 5l. on the 1st of May. This year, one set, with two 'My ladies,' took 3l. the first day. The master of the lot was a teetotaler, but the others drank as they liked. He turned teetotaler because drink always led him into trouble. The dress of the Jack is real ivy tied round hoops. The sweeps gather the ivy in the country, and make the dresses at their homes. My lord's and the other dresses are generally kept by the sweeps. My lord's dress costs a mere trifle at the second-hand clothes shop, but it's gold-papered and ornamented up to the mark required. What I may call war tunes, such as 'The White Cockade,' the 'Downfall of Paris,' (I've been asked for that five or six times a-day—I don't remember the composer), 'Bonaparte's March,' and the 'Duke of York's March,' were in vogue in the old times. So was 'Scots wha hae' (very much), and 'Off she goes!' Now new tunes come up every day. I play waltzes and pokers now chiefly. They're not to compare to the old tunes; it's like playing at musicianers, lots of the tunes now-a-days. I've played with Michael, the Italy Bear. I've played the fife and tabor with him. The tabor was a little drum about the size of my cap, and it was tapped with a little stick. There are no tabors about now. I made my 7s. or 8s. a-day with Michael. He spoke broken English. A dromedary was about then, but I knew nothing of that or the people; they was all foreigners together. Swinging monkeys were in vogue at that time as well. I was with them, with Antonio of Saffron Hill. He was the original of the swinging monkeys, twenty years ago. They swing from a rope, just like slack-wire dancers. Antonio made money and went back to his own country. He sold his monkeys,—there was three of them,—small animals they were, for 70l. to another foreigner; but I don't know what became of them. Coarse jokes pleased people long ago, but don't now; people get more enlightened, and think more of chapel and church instead of amusements. My trade is a bad one now. Take the year through, I may make 12s. a-week, or not so much; say 10s. I go out sometimes playing single,—that's by myself,—on the drum and pipes; but it's thought nothing of, for I'm not a German. It's the same at Brighton as in London; brass bands is all the go when they've Germans to play them. The Germans will work at 2s. a-day at any fair, when an Englishman will expect 6s. The foreigners ruin this country, for they have more privileges than the English. The Germans pull the bells and knock at the

doors for money, which an Englishman has hardly face for. I'm now with a fantoccini figures from Canton, brought over by a seaman. I can't form an exact notion of how many men there are in town who are musicians to the street exhibitions; besides the exhibitions' own people, I should say about one hundred. I don't think that they are more drunken than other people, but they're liable to get top-heavy at times. None that I know live with women of the town. They live in lodgings, and not in lodging-houses. Oh! no, no, we've not come to that yet. Some of them succeeded their fathers as street-musicians; others took it up casualty-like, by having learned different instruments; none that I know were ever theatrical performers. All the men I know in my line would object, I am sure, to hard work, if it was with confinement along with it. We can never stand being confined to hard work, after being used to the freedom of the streets. None of us save money; it goes either in a lump, if we get a lump, or in dribs and drabs, which is the way it mostly comes to us. I've known several in my way who have died in St. Giles's workhouse. In old age or sickness we've nothing but the parish to look to. The newest thing I know of is the singing dogs. I was with that as musician, and it answers pretty well amongst the quality. The dogs is three Tobies to a Punch-and-Judy show, and they sing,—that is, they make a noise,—it's really a howl,—but they keep time with Mr. Punch as he sings."

III.—STREET VOCALISTS.

THE Street Vocalists are almost as large a body as the street musicians. It will be seen that there are 50 Ethiopian serenaders, and above 250 who live by ballad-singing alone.

STREET NEGRO SERENADERS.

AT present I shall deal with the Ethiopian serenaders, and the better class of ballad-singers. Two young men who are of the former class gave the following account. Both were dressed like decent mechanics, with perfectly clean faces, excepting a little of the professional black at the root of the hair on the forehead:—

"We are niggers," said one man, "as it's commonly called; that is, negro melodists. Nigger bands vary from four to seven, and have numbered as many as nine; our band is now six. We all share alike. I (said the same man) was the first who started the niggers in the streets, about four years ago. I took the hint from the performance of Pell and the others at the St. James's. When I first started in the streets I had five performers, four and myself. There were the banjo-player, the bones, fiddle, and tambourine. We are regu-

larly full-dressed, in fashionable black coats and trousers, open white waistcoats, pumps (bluchers some had, just as they could spring them), and wigs to imitate the real negro head of hair. Large white wrists or cuffs came out after. It was rather a venturesome 'spec, the street niggers, for I had to find all the clothes at first start, as I set the school a-going. Perhaps it cost me 6s. a-head all round—all second-hand dress except the wigs, and each man made his own wig out of horse-hair dyed black, and sewn with black thread on to the skin of an old silk hat. Well, we first started at the top of the Liverpool-road, but it was no great success, as we weren't quite up in our parts and didn't play exactly into one another's hands. None of us were perfect, we'd had so few rehearsals. One of us had been a street singer before, another a street fiddler, another had sung nigger-songs in public-houses, the fourth was a mud-lark, and I had been a street singer. I was brought up to no trade regularly. When my father died I was left on the world, and I worked in Marylebone stone-yard, and afterwards sung about the streets, or shifted as I could. I first sung in the streets just before the Queen's coronation—and a hard life it was. But, to tell the truth, I didn't like the thoughts of hard labour—bringing a man in so little, too—that's where it is; and as soon as I could make any sort of living in the streets with singing and such-like, I got to like it. The first 'debew,' as I may say, of the niggers, brought us in about 10s. among us, besides paying for our dinner and a pint of beer a-piece. We were forced to be steady you see, sir, as we didn't know how it would answer. We sang from eleven in the morning till half-past ten at night, summer time. We kept on day after day, not rehearsing, but practising in the streets, for rehearsing in private was of little use—voices are as different in private rooms and the public streets as is chalk from cheese. We got more confidence as we went along. To be sure we had all cheek enough to start with, but this was a fresh line of business. Times mended as we got better at our work. Last year was the best year I've known. We start generally about ten, and play till it's dark in fine weather. We averaged 11. a-week last year. The evenings are the best time. Regent-street, and Oxford-street, and the greater part of St. James's, are our best places. The gentry are our best customers, but we get more from gentlemen than from ladies. The City is good, I fancy, but they won't let us work it; it's only the lower parts, Whitechapel and Smithfield ways, that we have a chance in. Business and nigger-songs don't go well together. The first four days of the week are pretty much alike for our business. Friday is bad, and so is Saturday, until night comes, and we then get money from the working people. The markets, such as Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square (Tottenham-court-road's no good at any time). Carnaby-market,

Newport-market, Great Marylebone-street, and the Edgeware-road, are good Saturday nights. Oxford-street is middling. The New-cut is as bad a place as can be. When we started, the songs we knew was 'Old Mr. Coon,' 'Buffalo Gals,' 'Going ober de Mountain,' 'Dandy Jim of Carolina,' 'Rowly Boly O,' and 'Old Johnny Booker.' We stuck to them a twelvemonth. The 'Buffalo Gals' was best liked. The 'bones'—we've real bones, rib-of-beef bones, but some have ebony bones, which sound better than rib-bones—they tell best in 'Going ober de Mountain,' for there's a symphony between every line. It's rather difficult to play the bones well; it requires hard practice, and it brings the skin off; and some men have tried it, but with so little success that they broke their bones and flung them away. The banjo is the hardest to learn of the lot. We have kept changing our songs all along; but some of the old ones are still sung. The other favourites are, or were, 'Lucy Neale,' 'O, Susannah,' 'Uncle Ned,' 'Stop dat Knocking,' 'Ginger Blue,' and 'Black-eyed Susannah.' Things are not so good as they were. We can average 11. a-piece now in the week, but it's summer-time, and we can't make that in bad weather. Then there's so many of us. There's the Somers-town 'mob' now in London; the King-street, the four St. Giles's mobs, the East-end (but they're white niggers), the two Westminster mobs, the Marylebone, and the Whitechapel. We interfere with one another's beats sometimes, for we have no arrangement with each other, only we don't pitch near the others when they're at work. The ten mobs now in London will have 50 men in them at least; and there's plenty of stragglers, who are not regular niggers: there's so many dodges now to pick up a living, sir. The Marylebone and Whitechapel lots play at nights in penny theatres. I have played in the Haymarket in 'the New Planet,' but there's no demand for us now at the theatres, except such as the Pavilion. There are all sorts of characters in the different schools, but I don't know any runaway gentleman, or any gentleman of any kind among us, not one; we're more of a poorer sort, if not to say a ragged sort, for some are without shoes or stockings. The 'niggers' that I know have been errand-boys, street-singers, turf-cutters, coalheavers, chandlers, paviours, mud-larks, tailors, shoemakers, tinmen, bricklayers' labourers, and people who have had no line in particular but their wits. I know of no connexion with pickpockets, and don't believe there is any, though pickpockets go round the mobs; but the police fling it in our teeth that we're connected with pickpockets. It's a great injury to us is such a notion. A good many of the niggers—both of us here likes a little drop—drink as hard as they can, and a good many of them live with women of the town. A few are married. Some niggers are Irish. There's Scotch niggers, too. I don't know a

Welsh one, but one of the street nigger-singers is a real black—an African."

STATEMENT OF ANOTHER ETHIOPIAN SERENADER.

"It must be eight years ago," he commenced, "since the Ethiopian serenading come up—aye, it must be at least that time, because the twopenny boats was then running to London-bridge, and it was before the 'Cricket' was blown up. I know that, because we used to work the boats serenading. I used to wear a yellow waistcoat, in imitation of them at the St. James's Theatre.

"The first came out at St. James's Theatre, and they made a deal of money. There were five of them—Pell was bones, Harrington was concertina, I think, White was violin, Stanwood the banjo, and Germain the tambourine. I think that's how it was, but I can easy ascertain. After them sprang up the 'Lantum Serenaders' and the 'Ohio Serenaders,' the 'South Carolina Serenaders,' the 'Kentucky Minstrels,' and many other schools of them; but Pell's gang was at the top of the tree. Juba was along with Pell. Juba was a first class—a regular A 1—he was a regular black, and a splendid dancer in boots.

"As soon as I could get in to vamp the tunes on the banjo a little, I went at it, too. I wasn't long behind them, you may take your oath. We judged it would be a hit, and it was fine. We got more money at it then than we do at any game now. First of all we formed a school of three—two banjos and a tambourine, and after that we added a bones and a fiddle. We used to dress up just the same then as now. We'd black our faces, and get hold of a white hat, and put a black band round it, or have big straw hats and high collars up to the ears. We did uncommonly well. The boys would follow us for miles, and were as good as advertisements, for they'd shout, 'Here's the blacks!' as if they was trumpeting us. The first songs we came out with were 'Old Joe,' 'Dan Tucker,' and 'Going ober de Mountain,' and 'O come along, you sandy boys.' Our opening chorus was 'The Wild Raccoon Track,' and we finished up with the 'Railway Overture,' and it was more like the railway than music, for it was all thumping and whistling, for nobody knowed how to play the banjo then.

"When I went out pitching first I could sing a good song; but it has ruined my voice now, for I used to sing at the top—tenor is the professional term.

"It wasn't everybody as could be a nigger then. We was thought angels then. It's got common now, but still I've no hesitation in saying that, keep steady and sober, and it works well to the present day. You can go and get a good average living now.

"We could then, after our 'mungare' and 'buvare' (that's what we call eat and drink, and I think it's broken Italian), carry home our