

"When I goes into the public-houses, part of my performance is to play the whistle up my nose. I don't do it in the streets, because if I did there'd be thousands looking at me, and then the police would make a row. Last night I did it. I only pitched at one place, and did my night's work right off. I took 4s. 3½d. and lots of beer in an hour, from the cabbies and the people and all. At last the police told me to move on. When I plays the whistle up my nose, I puts the end of it in my nostril, and blows down it. I can do that just as easy as with my mouth, only not as loud. I do it as a variety, first in my mouth, then in my nose, and then back again in my mouth. It makes the people laugh. I've got a cold now, so I can't do it so well as at times, but I'll let you see what it is like."

He then inserted the wooden tongue of the whistle into his nostril, and blowing down it, began a hornpipe, which, although not so shrill as when he played it with the mouth, was still loud enough to be heard all over the house.

IV.—STREET ARTISTS.

I now come to the Street Artists. These include the artists in coloured chalks on the pavements, the black profile-cutters, and others.

STREET PHOTOGRAPHY.

WITHIN the last few years photographic portraits have gradually been diminishing in price, until at the present time they have become a regular article of street commerce. Those living at the west-end of London have but little idea of the number of persons who gain a livelihood by street photography.

There may be one or two "galleries" in the New-road, or in Tottenham-court-road, but these supply mostly shilling portraits. In the eastern and southern districts of London, however, such as in Bermondsey, the New-cut, and the Whitechapel-road, one cannot walk fifty yards without passing some photographic establishment, where for sixpence persons can have their portrait taken, and framed and glazed as well.

It was in Bermondsey that I met with the first instance of what may be called pure street photography. Here a Mr. F—I was taking sixpenny portraits in a booth built up out of old canvas, and erected on a piece of spare ground in a furniture-broker's yard.

Mr. F—I had been a travelling showman, but finding that photography was attracting more attention than giants and dwarfs, he relinquished the wonders of Nature for those of Science.

Into this yard he had driven his yellow caravan, where it stood like an enormous Noah's ark, and in front of the caravan (by means of clothes-horses and posts, over

which were spread out the large sail-like paintings (show-cloths), which were used at fairs to decorate the fronts of booths), he had erected his operating-room, which is about as long and as broad as a knife-house, and only just tall enough to allow a not particularly tall customer to stand up with his hat off: whilst by means of two window-sashes a glazed roof had been arranged for letting light into this little tent.

On the day of my visit Mr. F—I was, despite the cloudy state of the atmosphere, doing a large business. A crowd in front of his tent was admiring the photographic specimens, which, of all sizes and in all kinds of frames, were stuck up against the canvas-wall, as irregularly as if a bill-sticker had placed them there. Others were gazing up at the chalky-looking paintings over the door-way, and on which a lady was represented photographing an officer, in the full costume of the 11th Hussars.

Inside the operating-room we found a crowd of women and children was assembled, all of them waiting their turn to be taken. Mr. F—I remarked, as I entered, that 'It was wonderful the sight of children that had been took;' and he added, 'when one girl comes for her portrait, there's a dozen comes along with her to see it took.'

The portraits I discovered were taken by Mrs. F—I, who, with the sleeves of her dress tucked up to the elbows, was engaged at the moment of my visit in pointing the camera at a lady and her little boy, who, from his wild nervous expression, seemed to have an idea that the operatress was taking her aim previous to shooting him. Mr. F—I explained to me the reason why his wife officiated. "You see," said he, "people prefers more to be took by a woman than by a man. Many's a time a lady tells us to send that man away, and let the missis come. It's quite natural," he continued; "for a lady don't mind taking her bonnet off and tucking up her hair, or sticking a pin in here and there before one of her own sect, which before a man proves objectionable."

After the portrait had been taken I found that the little square piece of glass on which it was impressed was scarcely larger than a visiting card, and this being handed over to a youth, was carried into the caravan at the back, where the process was completed. I was invited to follow the lad to the dwelling on wheels.

The outside of the caravan was very remarkable, and of that peculiar class of architecture which is a mixture of coach-and-ship building. In the centre of the front of the show were little folding-doors with miniature brass knockers, and glass let into the upper panels. On each side of the door were long windows, almost big enough for a shop-front, whilst the white curtains, festooned at their sides, gave them a pleasant appearance. The

entire erection was coloured yellow, and the numerous little wooden joists and tie-beams, which framed and strengthened the vehicle, conferred upon it a singular plaid-like appearance.

I mounted the broad step-ladder and entered. The room reminded me of a ship's cabin, for it was panelled and had cross-beams to the arched roof, whilst the bolts and fastenings were of bright brass. If the windows had not been so large, or the roof so high, it would have resembled the fore-cabin of a Gravesend steamer. There were tables and chairs, as in an ordinary cottage room. At one end was the family bed, concealed during the day by chintz curtains, which hung down like a drop-scene before a miniature theatre; and between the openings of these curtains I could catch sight of some gaudily attired wax figures stowed away there for want of room, but standing there like a group of actors behind the scenes.

Along one of the beams a blunderbuss and a pistol rested on hooks, and the showman's speaking trumpet (as large as the funnel to a grocer's coffee-mill) hung against the wall, whilst in one corner was a kind of cabin stove of polished brass, before which a boy was drying some of the portraits that had been recently taken.

"So you've took him at last," said the proprietor, who accompanied us as he snatched the portrait from the boy's hand. "Well, the eyes ain't no great things, but as it's the third attempt it must do."

On inspecting the portrait I found it to be one of those drab-looking portraits with a light back-ground, where the figure rises from the bottom of the plate as straight as a post, and is in the cramped, nervous attitude of a patient in a dentist's chair.

After a time I left Mr. F—I's, and went to another establishment close by, which had originally formed part of a shop in the penny-ice-and-bull's-eye line—for the name-board over "Photographic Dépôt" was still the property of the confectioner—so that the portraits displayed in the window were surmounted by an announcement of "Ginger beer 1d. and 2d."

A touter at the door was crying out "Hi! hi!—walk inside! walk inside! and have your c'rect likeness took, frame and glass complete, and only 6d.!—time of sitting only four seconds!"

A rough-looking, red-faced tanner, who had been staring at some coloured French lithographs which decorated the upper panes, and who, no doubt, imagined that they had been taken by the photographic process, entered, saying, "Let me have my likeness took."

The touter instantly called out, "Here, a shilling likeness for this here gent."

The tanner observed that he wanted only a sixpenny.

"Ah, very good, sir!" and raising his voice, the touter shouted louder than before—"A

sixpenny one first, and a shilling one afterwards."

"I tell yer I don't want only sixpennorth," angrily returned the customer, as he entered.

"At this establishment the portraits were taken in a little alley adjoining the premises, where the light was so insufficient, that even the blanket hung up at the end of it looked black from the deep shadows cast by the walls.

When the tanner's portrait was completed it was nearly black; and, indeed, the only thing visible was a slight light on one side of the face, and which, doubtlessly, accounted for the short speech which the operator thought fit to make as he presented the likeness to his customer.

"There," he said, "there is your likeness, if you like! look at it yourself; and only eightpence"—"Only sixpence," observed the man.—"Ah! continued the proprietor, "but you've got a patent American preserver, and that's twopence more."

Then followed a discussion, in which the artist insisted that he lost by every sixpenny portrait he took, and the tanner as strongly protesting that he couldn't believe that, for they must get some profit any how. "You don't tumble to the rig," said the artist; "it's the half-guinea ones, you see, that pays us."

The touter, finding that this discussion was likely to continue, entered and joined the argument. "Why, it's cheap as dirt," he exclaimed indignantly; "the fact is, our governor's a friend of the people, and don't mind losing a little money. He's determined that everybody shall have a portrait, from the highest to the lowest. Indeed, next Sunday, he do talk of taking them for threepence-ha'penny, and if that ain't philandery, what is?"

After the touter's oration the tanner seemed somewhat contented, and paying his eightpence left the shop, looking at his picture in all lights, and repeatedly polishing it up with the cuff of his coat-sleeve, as if he were trying to brighten it into something like distinctness.

Whilst I was in this establishment a customer was induced to pay twopence for having the theory of photography explained to him. The lecture was to the effect, that the brass tube of the "camerer" was filled with clock-work, which carried the image from the lens to the ground glass at the back. To give what the lecturer called "hockeylar proof" of this, the camera was carried to the shop-door, and a boy who was passing by ordered to stand still for a minute.

"Now, then," continued the lecturer to the knowledge-seeker, "look behind here; there's the himage, you see;" and then addressing the boy, he added, "Just open your mouth, youngster;" and when the lad did so, the student was asked, "Are you looking down the young un's throat?" and on his nodding assent, he was informed, "Well, that's the way portraits is took."

STATEMENT OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC MAN.

"I've been on and off at photographic-portrait taking since its commencement—that is to say, since they were taken cheap—two years this summer. I lodged in a room in Lambeth, and I used to take them in the back-yard—a kind of garden; I used to take a blanket off the bed, and used to tack it on a clothes-horse, and my mate used to hold it, if the wind was high, whilst I took the portrait.

"The reason why I took to photographing was, that I thought I should like it better than what I was at. I was out busking and drag-pitching with a banjo then. Busking is going into public-houses and playing, and singing, and dancing; and drag-pitching is going out in the day down the little courts—tidy places, little terraces, no thoroughfares, we call drags. I'm a very determined chap, and when I take a hide into my head I always do it somehow or other. I didn't know anything about photographs then, not a mite, but I saved up my money; sometimes a 1s.; if I had a good day, 1s. 6d.; and my wife she went to work at day boot-binding, and at night dancing at a exhibition, or such-like (she's a tolerable good dancer—a penny exhibition or a parade dancer at fairs; that is, outside a show); sometimes she is Mademoiselle, or Madame, or what it may be. I got a loan of 3l. (and had to pay 4l. 3s. for it), and with what I'd saved, I managed to get together 5l. 5s., and I went to Gilbert Flemming's, in Oxford-street, and bought a complete apparatus for taking pictures; 6½ by 4¾, for 5l. 5s. Then I took it home, and opened the next day to take portraits for what we could get—1s. and over. I never knew anything about taking portraits then, though they showed me when I bought the apparatus (but that was as good as nothing, for it takes months to learn). But I had cards ready printed to put in the window before I bought the apparatus. The very next day I had the camera, I had a customer before I had even tried it, so I tried it on him, and I gave him a black picture (for I didn't know how to make the portrait, and it was all black when I took the glass out), and told him that it would come out bright as it dried, and he went away quite delighted. I took the first Sunday after we had opened 1l. 5s. 6d., and everybody was quite pleased with their spotted and black pictures, for we still told them they would come out as they dried. But the next week they brought them back to be changed, and I could do them better, and they had middling pictures—for I picked it up very quick.

"I had one fellow for a half-guinea portrait, and he was from Woolwich, and I made him come three times, like a lamb, and he stood pipes and 'bacca, and it was a thundering bad one after all. He was delighted, and he

swears now it's the best he ever had took, for it don't fade, but will stop black to the end of the world; though he remarks that I deceived him in one thing, for it don't come out bright.

"You see, when first photography come up I had my eye on it, for I could see it would turn me in something some time. I went and worked as a regular labourer, carrying pails and so on, so as to try and learn something about chemistry; for I always had a hankling after science. Me and Jim was out at Stratford, pitching with the banjo, and I saw some men coming out of a chemical works, and we went to 'nob' them (that's get some halfpence out of them). Jim was tambo beating, and we was both black, and they called us lazy beggars, and said we ought to work as they did. So we told them we couldn't get work, we had no characters. As we went home I and Jim got talking, and he says, 'What a fine thing if we could get into the berth, for you'd soon learn about them portraits if you get among the chemicals;' so I agreed to go and try for the situation, and told him that if I got the berth I'd 'nanti pankka his nabs snide;' that means, I wouldn't turn him up, or act nasty to him, but would share money the same as if we were pitching again. That slang is mummies' slang, used by strolling professionals.

"I stopped there for near twelve months, on and off. I had 10s. at first, but I got up to 16s.; and if I'd stopped I've no doubt I should have been foreman of one of the departments, for I got at last to almost the management of the oxalic acid. They used to make sulphate of iron—ferri sulph is the word for it—and carbonate of iron, too, and I used to be like the red man of Agar then, all over red, and a'most thought of cutting that to go for a soldier, for I shouldn't have wanted a uniform. Then I got to charging the retorts to make carbonate of ammonia, and from that I went to oxalic acid.

"At night me and Jim used to go out with the banjo and tamborine, and we could manage to make up our shares to from 18s. to a guinea a-week each; that is, sharing my wages and all; for when we chum together we always pankka each other bona (that is, share). We always made cur ponta (that is, a pound) a-week, for we could average our duey bionk peroon a darkey; or two shillings each, in the night.

"That's how I got an idea of chemicals, and when I went to photography many of the very things I used to manufacture was the very same as we used to take portraits, such as the hyposulphate of soda, and the nitrate of silver, and the sulphate of iron.

"One of the reasons why I couldn't take portraits was, that when I bought my camera at Flemming's he took a portrait of me with it to show me how to use it, and as it was a dull afternoon he took 90 seconds to produce the picture. So, you see, when I went to work

I thought I ought to let my pictures go the same time; and hang me if I didn't, whether the sun was shining or not. I let my plate stop 90 seconds, and of course they used to come out overdone and quite white, and as the evening grew darker they came better. When I got a good one I was surprised, and that picture went miles to be shown about. Then I formed an idea that I had made a miscalculation as to my time, and by referring to the sixpenny book of instructions I saw my mistake, and by the Sunday—that was five days after—I was very much improved, and by a month I could take a very tidy picture.

"I was getting on so well I got some of my portraits, when they was good ones, put in a chandler's shop; and to be sure I got first-rate specimens. I used to go to the different shilling portrait galleries and have a likeness of myself or friends done, to exhibit in my own window. That's the way I got my samples to begin with, and I believe it's done all over London.

"I kept at this all the winter, and all the time I suppose I earned 30s. a-week. When summer come again I took a place with a garden in the Old Kent-road, and there I done middling, but I lost the majority of my business by not opening on a Sunday, for it was a religious neighbourhood, and I could have earned my 5l. a-week comfortable, for as it was I cleared my 2l. regular. Then I had a regular tent built up out of clothes-horses. I stopped there till I had an offer of a good situation, and I accepted of it, at 2l. a-week.

"My new place was in Whitechapel, and we lowered the price from a shilling to sixpence. We did well there, that is the governor did, you know, for I've taken on the average from 60 to 100 a-day, varying in price from sixpence to half-a-guinea, and the majority was shilling ones. The greatest quantity I ever took was 146 in one day, and 124 was taken away as they was done. The governor used to take 20l. a-week, and of that 8l. clear profit, after paying me 2l. the men at the door 24s., a man and woman 29s., and rent 2l. My governor had, to my knowledge, 11 other shops, and I don't know all of his establishments; I managed my concern for him, and he never come near us sometimes for a month.

"I left on my own accord after four months, and I joined two others on equal shares, and opened a place of my own in Southwark. Unfortunately, I begun too late in the season, or I should have done well there; but at first we realised about 2l. a-week each, and up to last week we have shared our 25s. a-head.

"Sunday is the best day for shilling portraits; in fact, the majority is shilling ones, because then, you see, people have got their wages, and don't mind spending. Nobody knows about men's ways better than we do. Sunday and Monday is the Derby-day like, and then after that they are about cracked up and done. The largest amount I've taken at Southwark

on a Sunday is 80—over 4l. worth, but then in the week-days it's different; Sunday's 15s. we think that very tidy, some days only 3s. or 4s.

"You see we are obliged to resort to all sort of dodges to make sixpenny portraits pay. It's a very neat little picture our sixpenny ones is; with a little brass rim round them, and a neat metal inside, and a front glass; so how can that pay if you do the legitimate business? The glass will cost you 2d. a-dozen—this small size—and you give two with every picture; then the chemicals will cost quite a halfpenny, and varnish, and frame, and fittings, about 2d. We reckon 3d. out of each portrait. And then you see there's house-rent and a man at the door, and boy at the table, and the operator, all to pay their wages out of this 6d.; so you may guess where the profit is.

"One of our dodges is what we term 'An American Air-Preserver;' which is nothing more than a card,—old benefit tickets, or, if we are hard up, even brown paper, or anything,—soap wrappings, just varnished on one side. Between our private residence and our shop, no piece of card or old paper escapes us. Supposing a party come in, and says 'I should like a portrait;' then I inquire which they'll have, a shilling or a sixpenny one. If they prefer a sixpenny one, I then make them one up, and I show them one of the air-preservers,—which we keep ready made up,—and I tell them that they are all chemicalized, and come from America, and that without them their picture will fade. I also tell them that I make nothing out of them, for that they are only 2d. and cost all the money; and that makes 'em buy one directly. They always bite at them; and we've actually had people come to us to have our preservers put upon other persons' portraits, saying they've been everywhere for them and can't get them. I charge 3d. if it's not one of our pictures. I'm the original inventor of the 'Patent American Air-Preserver.' We first called them the 'London Air-Preservers;' but they didn't go so well as since they've been the Americans.

"Another dodge is, I always take the portrait on a shilling size; and after they are done, I show them what they can have for a shilling,—the full size, with the knees; and table and a vase on it,—and let them understand that for sixpence they have all the back-ground and legs cut off; so as many take the shilling portraits as sixpenny ones.

"Talking of them preservers, it is astonishing how they go. We've actually had photographers themselves come to us to buy our 'American Air-Preservers.' We tells them it's a secret, and we manufacture them ourselves. People won't use their eyes. Why, I've actually cut up an old band-box afore the people's eyes, and varnished it and dried it on the hob before their eyes, and yet they still fancy they come from America! Why, we picks up the old paper from the shop-sweeping, and they make first-rate 'Patent American

Air-Preservers.' Actually, when we've been short, I've torn off a bit of old sugar-paper, and stuck it on without any varnish at all, and the party has gone away quite happy and contented. But you must remember it is really a useful thing, for it does do good and do preserve the picture.

"Another of our dodges,—and it is a splendid dodge, though it wants a nerve to do it,—is the brightening solution, which is nothing more than aqua distilled, or pure water. When we take a portrait, Jim, my mate, who stops in the room, hollows to me, 'Is it bona?' That is,—Is it good? If it is, I say, 'Say.' That is,—Yes. If not, I say 'Nanti.' If it is a good one he takes care to publicly expose that one, that all may see it, as a recommendation to others. If I say 'Nanti,' then Jim takes it and finishes it up, drying it and putting it up in its frame. Then he wraps it up in a large piece of paper, so that it will take sometime to unroll it, at the same time crying out 'Take sixpence from this lady, if you please.' Sometimes she says, 'O let me see it first;' but he always answers, 'Money first, if you please ma'am; pay for it first, and then you can do what you like with it. Here, take sixpence from this lady.' When she sees it, if it is a black one, she'll say, 'Why this ain't like me; there's no picture at all.' Then Jim says, 'It will become better as it dries, and come to your natural complexion.' If she still grumbles, he tells her that if she likes to have it passed through the brightening solution, it will come out lighter in an hour or two. They in general have it brightened; and then, before their face, we dip it into some water. We then dry it off and replace it in the frame, wrap it up carefully, and tell them not to expose it to the air, but put it in their bosom, and in an hour or two it will be all right. This is only done when the portrait come out black, as it doesn't pay to take two for sixpence. Sometimes they brings them back the next day, and says, 'It's not dried out as you told us;' and then we take another portrait, and charge them 3d. more.

"We also do what we call the 'bathing,'—another dodge. Now to-day a party came in during a shower of rain, when it was so dark it was impossible to take a portrait; or they will come in, sometimes, just as we are shutting up, and when the gas is lighted, to have their portraits taken; then we do this. We never turn business away, and yet it's impossible to take a portrait; so we ask them to sit down, and then we go through the whole process of taking a portrait, only we don't put any plate in the camera. We always make 'em sit a long time, to make 'em think it's all right,—I've had them for two-and-a-half minutes, till their eyes run down with water. We then tell them that we've taken the portrait, but that we shall have to keep it all night in the chemical bath

to bring it out, because the weather's so bad. We always take the money as a deposit, and give them a written paper as an order for the picture. If in the morning they come themselves we get them to sit again, and then we do really take a portrait of them; but if they send anybody, we either say that the bath was too strong and eat the picture out, or that it was too weak and didn't bring it out; or else I blow up Jim, and pretend he has upset the bath and broke the picture. We have had as many as ten pictures to bathe in one afternoon.

"If the eyes in a portrait are not seen, and they complain, we take a pin and dot them; and that brings the eye out, and they like it. If the hair, too, is not visible we takes the pin again, and soon puts in a beautiful head of hair. It requires a deal of nerve to do it; but if they still grumble I say, 'It's a beautiful picture, and worth half-a-crown, at the least;' and in the end they generally go off contented and happy.

"When we are not busy, we always fill up the time taking specimens for the window. Anybody who'll sit we take him; or we do one another, and the young woman in the shop who colours. Specimens are very useful things to us, for this reason,—if anybody comes in a hurry, and won't give us time to do the picture, then, as we can't afford to let her go, we sit her and goes through all the business, and I says to Jim, 'Get one from the window,' and then he takes the first specimen that comes to hand. Then we fold it up in paper, and don't allow her to see it until she pays for it, and tell her not to expose it to the air for three days, and that if then she doesn't approve of it and will call again we will take her another. Of course they in general comes back. We have made some queer mistakes doing this. One day a young lady came in, and wouldn't wait, so Jim takes a specimen from the window, and, as luck would have it, it was the portrait of a widow in her cap. She insisted upon opening, and then she said, 'This isn't me; it's got a widow's cap, and I was never married in all my life!' Jim answers, 'Oh, miss! why it's a beautiful picture, and a correct likeness,'—and so it was, and no lies, but it wasn't of her.—Jim talked to her, and says he, 'Why this ain't a cap, it's the shadow of the hair,—for she had ringlets,—and she positively took it away believing that such was the case; and even promised to send us customers, which she did.

"There was another lady that came in a hurry, and would stop if we were not more than a minute; so Jim ups with a specimen, without looking at it, and it was the picture of a woman and her child. We went through the business of focussing the camera, and then gave her the portrait and took the 6d. When she saw it she cries out, 'Bless me! there's a child: I haven't ne'er a child!' Jim looked at

her, and then at the picture, as if comparing, and says he, 'It is certainly a wonderful likeness, miss, and one of the best we ever took. It's the way you sat; and what has occasioned it was a child passing through the yard.' She said she supposed it must be so, and took the portrait away highly delighted.

"Once a sailor came in, and as he was in haste, I shoved on to him the picture of a carpenter, who was to call in the afternoon for his portrait. The jacket was dark, but there was a white waistcoat; still I persuaded him that it was his blue Guernsey which had come up very light, and he was so pleased that he gave us 9d. instead of 6d. The fact is, people don't know their own faces. Half of 'em have never looked in a glass half a dozen times in their life, and directly they see a pair of eyes and a nose, they fancy they are their own.

"The only time we were done was with an old woman. We had only one specimen left, and that was a sailor man, very dark—one of our black pictures. But she put on her spectacles, and she looked at it up and down, and says, 'Eh?' I said, 'Did you speak, ma'am?' and she cries, 'Why, this is a man! here's the whiskers.' I left, and Jim tried to humbug her, for I was bursting with laughing. Jim said, 'It's you ma'am; and a very excellent likeness, I assure you.' But she kept on saying, 'Nonsense, I ain't a man,' and wouldn't have it. Jim wanted her to leave a deposit, and come next day, but she never called. It was a little too strong.

"There was an old woman come in once and wanted to be taken with a favourite hen in her lap. It was a very bad picture, and so black there was nothing but the outline of her face and a white speck for the beak of the bird. When she saw it, she asked where the bird was? So Jim took a pin and scratched in an eye, and said, 'There it is, ma'am—that's her eye, it's coming out,' and then he made a line for the comb on the head, and she kept saying, 'Wonderful!' and was quite delighted.

"The only bad money we have taken was from a Methodist clergyman, who came in for a 1s. 6d. portrait. He gave us a bad sixpence.

"For colouring we charge 3d. more. If the portraits are bad or dark we tell them, that if they have them coloured the likeness will be perfect. We flesh the face, scratch the eye in, and blue the coat and colour the tablecloth. Sometimes the girl who does it puts in such a lot of flesh paint, that you can scarcely distinguish a feature of the person. If they grumble, we tell them it will be all right when the picture's dry. If it's a good picture, the colour looks very nice, but in the black ones we are obliged to stick it on at a tremendous rate, to make it show.

"Jim stands at the door, and he keeps on saying, 'A correct portrait, framed and glazed, for sixpence, beautifully enamelled.' Then, when they are listening, he shows the specimen

in his hands, and adds, 'If not approved of, no charge made.'

"One morning, when we had been doing 'quisby,' that is, stopping idle, we hit upon another dodge. Some friends dropped in to see me, and as I left to accompany them to a tavern close by, I cried to Jim, 'Take that public-house opposite.' He brought the camera and stand to the door, and a mob soon collected. He kept saying, 'Stand back, gentlemen, stand back! I am about to take the public-house in front by this wonderful process.' Then he went over to the house, and asked the landlord, and asked some gentlemen drinking there to step into the road whilst he took the house with them facing it. Then he went to a policeman and asked him to stop the carts from passing, and he actually did. By this way he got up a tremendous mob. He then put in the slide, pulled off the cap of the camera, and focussed the house, and pretended to take the picture, though he had no prepared glass, nor nothing. When he had done, he called out, 'Portraits taken in one minute. We are now taking portraits for 6d. only. Time of sitting, two seconds only. Step inside and have your'n taken immediately.' There was a regular rush, and I had to be fetched, and we took 6s. worth right off.

"People seem to think the camera will do anything. We actually persuade them that it will mesmerise them. After their portrait is taken, we ask them if they would like to be mesmerised by the camera, and the charge is only 2d. We then focus the camera, and tell them to look firm at the tube; and they stop there for two or three minutes staring, till their eyes begin to water, and then they complain of a dizziness in the head, and give it up, saying they 'can't stand it.' I always tell them the operation was beginning, and they were just going off, only they didn't stay long enough. They always remark, 'Well, it certainly is a wonderful machine, and a most curious invention.' Once a coalheaver came in to be mesmerised, but he got into a rage after five or six minutes, and said, 'Strike me dead, ain't you keeping me a while!' He wouldn't stop still, so Jim told him his sensitive nerves was too powerful, and sent him off cursing and swearing because he couldn't be mesmerised. We don't have many of these mesmerism customers, not more than four in these five months; but it's a curious circumstance, proving what fools people is. Jim says he only introduces these games when business is dull, to keep my spirits up—and they certainly are most laughable.

"I also profess to remove warts, which I do by touching them with nitric acid. My price is a penny a wart, or a shilling for the job; for some of the hands is pretty well smothered with them. You see, we never turn money away, for it's hard work to make a living at sixpenny portraits. My wart patients seldom come twice, for they screams out ten thousand blue murders when the acid bites them.

"Another of my callings is to dye the hair. You see I have a good many refuse baths, which is mostly nitrate of silver, the same as all hair-dyes is composed of. I dyes the whiskers and moustache for 1s. The worst of it is, that nitrate of silver also blacks the skin wherever it touches. One fellow with carroty hair came in one day to have his whiskers died, and I went clumsily to work and let the stuff trickle down his chin and on his cheeks, as well as making the flesh at the roots as black as a hat. He came the next day to have it taken off, and I made him pay 3d. more, and then removed it with cyanide, which certainly did clean him, but made him smart awfully.

"I have been told that there are near upon 250 houses in London now getting a livelihood taking sixpenny portraits. There's ninety of 'em I'm personally acquainted with, and one man I know has ten different shops of his own. There's eight in the Whitechapel-road alone, from Butcher-row to the Mile-end turnpike. Bless you, yes! they all make a good living at it. Why, I could go to-morrow, and they would be glad to employ me at 2l. a-week—indeed they have told me so.

"If we had begun earlier this summer, we could, only with our little affair, have made from 8l. to 10l. a-week, and about one-third of that is expenses. You see, I operate myself, and that cuts out 2l. a-week."

THE PENNY PROFILE-CUTTER.

THE young man from whom the annexed statement was gathered, is one of a class of street-artists now fast disappearing from view, but which some six or seven years ago occupied a very prominent position.

At the period to which I allude, the stea-boat excursionist, or visitor to the pit of a London theatre, whom Nature had favoured with very prominent features, oftentimes found displayed to public view, most unexpectedly, a tolerably correct profile of himself in black paper, mounted upon a white card. As soon as attention was attracted, the exhibitor generally stepped forward, offering, in a respectful manner, to "cut out any lady's or gentleman's likeness for the small sum of one penny;" an offer which, judging from the account below given as to the artist's takings, seems to have been rather favourably responded to.

The appearance presented by the profile-cutter from whom I derived my information bordered on the "respectable." He was a tall thin man, with a narrow face and long features. His eyes were large and animated. He was dressed in black, and the absence of shirt collar round his bare neck gave him a dingy appearance. He spoke as follows:—

"I'm a penny profile-cutter, or, as we in the profession call ourselves, a profilist. I commenced cutting profiles when I was 14 years of age, always acquiring a taste for cutting out

ornaments, &c. My father's a very respectable man, and been in one situation 27 years. I left school against his wish when I was 10 years old, for I didn't like school much, though, mind you, I'm a good scholar. I can't write much, but I can read anything. After leaving school, I went arrand-boy to a printer, and was there nine months. I had 4s. 6d. per week. Then I went to a lithographic printer's, to turn a double-action press, but the work was too hard for a boy, and so I left it. I stopt there about nine weeks, and then I was out of work some time, and was living on my parents. I next went to work at a under-priced hatter's, termed a 'knobstick's,' but I was disgusted with the price paid for labour. I was a body-maker. I learned my first task in four hours, and could do it as well as those who'd been at it for months. I earn'd good money, but I didn't like it, for it was boys keeping men out of employment who'd served their seven years to the trade. I left the hatter's after I'd been there two seasons, and then I was out of work for some months. One day I went to a fair at the Tenter-ground, Whitechapel. While I was walking about the fair, I see a young man I knew standing as 'doorsman' at a profile-cutter's, and he told me that another profile-cutter in the fair wanted an assistant, and thought I should do for it. He know'd I was handy at drawing, because he was at the hatter's along with me, and I used to chalk the men's likenesses on the shop door. So I went to this man and engaged. I had to talk at the door, or 'tout,' as we call it, and put or mount the likenesses on cards. I was rather backward at touting at first, but I got over that in the course of the day, and could patter like anything before the day was over. I had to shout out, 'Step inside, ladies and gentlemen, and have a correct likeness taken for one penny.' We did a very good business the two days of the fair that I attended, for I was not there till the second day. We took about 4l., but not all for penny likenesses, because, if we put the likeness on card we charged 2d., and if they was bronzed we charged 6d., and if they were framed complete, 1s. My pay was 4s. per day, and I was found in my keep.

"When the Tenter-ground fair was over, the profilist asked me if I'd travel with him, and I agreed upon stated terms. I was to have 4s. for working days, and 1s. and keep, and lodgings &c. for off-days. So we started next day for Luton 'Statties,' or Statues as it should be called. Luton is 32 miles from London, and this we walked, carrying with us the booth and every requisite for business the whole of the distance. I had not got my father's leave; I didn't ask for it, because I knew he'd object. We started for Luton at 12 o'clock in the day, and got there by 10 o'clock at night, and our load was not a very light un, for I'm sure the pair of us couldn't have had less than 3 cwt. to carry. I was so bent

that I dropt down about a mile before we got to the town, but a stranger came up and offered to carry my load for me the rest of the journey. I went to sleep on the bank, though it was so late at night. While I was sleeping the horse-patrol came along and woke me up. He told me I'd better get on, as I'd only a mile to go. I got up and proceeded on, and turning the corner of the road, I distinctly saw the lights of Luton, which enlivened me very much. I reached the town about a half-an-hour after my mate. We had a very good fair. Fossett was there with his performing birds and mice, and a nice concern it was; but since then he's got a fust-rate circus. He travels the country still, and his concern is worthy a visit from any body. There was Frederick's theatrical booth there, and a good many others of the same sort.

"We did very well, having no opposition, for we cut out a great many likenesses, and most of them twopenny ones. It's a great place for the straw-plaiters, but there's about seven women to one man. There was plenty of agricultural men and women there as well, and most of the John and Molls had their profiles cut. If a ploughman had his cut, he mostly gave it to his sweetheart, and if his girl had hers cut out, she returned the compliment.

"From Luton we went to Stourbitch fair, Cambridge, and there we had very bad luck, for we had to build out of the fair, alongside of another likeness-booth, and it was raining all the while. We cut out very few likenesses, for we didn't take above a half a sovereign the whole three days.

"After leaving Stourbitch, we took the road for Peterborough-bridge fair. Being a cross-country road, there was no conveyance, and not liking the job of carrying our traps, we got a man who had a donkey and barrow to put our things aside of his own, and we agreed to pay him 4s. for the job. After we'd got about ten miles on the road, the donkey stopt short, and wouldn't move a peg. We didn't know what to do for the best. At last one of our party pulled off his hat and rattled a stick in it. The donkey pricked up his ears with fright, and darted off like one o'clock. After a bit he stopt again, and then we had to repeat the dose, and so we managed at last to get to Peterborough. We had out-and-out luck at this fair, for we cut out a great many likenesses, and a rare lot of 'em were bronzed. We took in the three days about 6l. This is supposed to be a great fair, and it's supported principally by respectable people. Some of the people that came for profiles were quite gentlefolks, and they brought their families with them; they're the people we like, because they believe we can cut a likeness, and stand still while we're doing it. But the lower orders are no good to anybody, for when they enter the booth they get larking, and make derisions, and won't stand still; and when that's the case, we don't take any trouble, but

cut out anything, and say it's like 'em, and then they often say, 'Ah, it's as much like me as it's like him.' But we always manage to get the money. There was a good many dashing young shop chaps came and had their portraits taken. They dress very fine, because they've got no other way to spend their money, for there's no theatre or concert-rooms in the place.

"We went, after leaving Peterborough, to two or three other fairs. At last we got to a fair in Huntingdonshire, and there I quarrelled with my mate, because he caught me practising with his scissors; so I went into a stall next to where we stood and bought a penny pair; but the pair I picked out was a sixpenny pair by rights, for they had fell off a sixpenny card by accident. I practised with them, whenever I got a chance. We got on pretty well, too, at this fair. We took about 3l. in the three days. When we got to our lodgings—the first night was at a public house—I got practising again, and my mate snatched my scissors out of my hand, and never gave them to me any more till we got on to the road for another fair. When he gave them to me I asked what he took 'em away for, and he said I'd no business to practise in a public-house; and I told him I should do as I liked, and that I could cut as good a likeness as him, and I said, 'Give me my money and I'll go,—for he'd only paid me a few shillings all the time I'd been with him—but he wouldn't pay me, and so we worked two or three more fairs together. One day, going along the road, we stopped at a public-house to get some dinner. There was a little boy playing with a ship. 'Now,' says I, 'I'll show you I can cut a better likeness than you, or, at all events, a more saleable one.' I took my scissors up for the first time in public, and cut out the little boy full length, with the ship in his hand and a little toy horse by his side, but could not bronze it, because I'd not practised the brush. I pencilled the little landscape scene behind, and when I showed it to my mate he was surprised, but he found many faults which he himself could not improve upon. I sold the likeness to the boy's mother for a shilling, before his face, and of course he was nettled. After dinner we started off again, making for Bedford fair; we'd sent our things on by the rail, and we soon begun talking about my cutting out. He wondered how I'd acquired it, and when I told him I'd practised hours unbeknown to him, he agreed that I should be a regular partner—pay half the expenses, and have half of the profits, and begin the next fair. When we got there the fair was very dull, and business very bad; we only took 11s.; he cut out all the busts, and I did all the full-lengths. He was very bad at full-lengths, because he'd got no idea of proportion, but I could always get my proportions right. I could always draw when I was a boy, and cut out figures for night-shades. Many a time, when I was

only eight years old, I've amused a whole room full of people with 'Cobbler Jobson' and 'The Bridge is broken.'

"As things were so bad at Bedford, we agreed to come up to London, and not stop the other two days of the fair. When I came down stairs in the morning at 9 o'clock, I found my mate had bolted by the five-o'clock train, and left me in the lurch. He'd paid the reckoning, but he hadn't left me a shilling of the money that he owed me. I had very little money in my pocket, because he'd been cash-taker, and so I had to tramp the whole fifty miles to London. When I reached London, I found out where he lived, and succeeded in getting my money within a few shillings. The next thing I did was to join another man in opening a shop in London, in the profile line—he found capital and I found talent, and very well we did. Most of our customers were working people, and often they'd come and have two or three likenesses, to send to their friends who'd emigrated, because they'd go easy in a letter. There was one old gentleman that I had come to me regularly every morning, for nearly three months, and had three penny likenesses cut out, for which he would always pay sixpence. He had an excellent profile, and was easy to cut out; he was one of those club-nosed old men, with a deep brow and double chin. One morning he brought all of them back that I had taken, and asked us what we'd give for the lot. I told him they were no use to me, for if I had them for specimens, people would say that I could cut only one sort of face, because they were all alike. After chaffing for about half an hour, he said he had brought them all back to have shirt collars cut, and to have them put on cards. We put them all on cards and he paid us a penny for each one, and when he took 'em away he said he was going to distribute them among his friends. One day a gentleman rode up and asked us how much we'd charge to cut him out, horse and all. I told him we hadn't any paper large enough just then, but if he'd call another day we'd do it for 3s. 6d. He agreed to give it, and call the following morning. I knew I couldn't cut out a horse perfect, so I bought a picture of a race-horse for 6d., and cut it out in black profile paper, and when he came the next day as he sat on his horse outside, so I cut his likeness, and when I'd finished it I called him in, and he declared that it was the best likeness, both of him and his horse, too, that he'd ever seen; and it appears he had his horse painted in oil. When he paid us, instead of giving us 3s. 6d. as he'd agreed, he gave us 5s. After being at this shop for five months, trade got so bad we had to leave. The first month we took on the average 16s. a-day, but it gradually decreased till at last we didn't take more than about 2s. a-day. It was winter, to be sure. Before we left this shop we got another to go into, a mile or two off; but this turned out quite a failure,

and we only kept on a month, for we never got higher than three or four shillings a-day, and the rent alone was 8s. per week. The next shop we took was in a low neighbourhood, and we got a comfortable living in it. I always did the cutting out, and my partner the touting. We stopped in this place nine weeks, and then things begun to get slack here, so we thought we'd try the suburbs, such as Highgate, Clapham, and Kensington, places three or four miles out. We used to hang specimens outside the public-houses where we took our lodgings, and engage a room to cut in. In this way we managed to get the winter over very comfortable, but my partner was taken ill just as we'd knocked off, and had to go in the hospital, and so I now thought I'd try what is termed 'busking'; that is, going into public-houses and cutting likenesses of the company. I often met with rough customers; they used to despise the ingenuity of the art, and say, 'Why don't you go to work? I've got a chap that ain't so big as you, and he goes to work;' and things of that kind. On Saturday nights I'd take such a thing as 6s. or 8s., principally in pence, but on other nights not more than 2s. or 2s. 6d.: these were mostly tap-room customers, but when they'd let me go in a parlour I could do a good night's work in a little time, and the company would treat me better. I soon left off busking, because I didn't like the people I had to do with, and it was such a trouble to get the money when they were half tipsy. I never worked in theatres, because I didn't like the pushing about; but I've known a man to get a good living at the theatres and steam-boats alone. I took to steam-boats myself when I left off public-houses, working mostly in the Gravesend boats on the Sunday, and the ha'penny boats on the week-days. I've taken before now 14s. of a Sunday, and I used to vary in the ha'penny boats from 2s. to 4s. a-day.

"I always attend Greenwich-park regularly at holiday times, but never have a booth at the fair, because I can do better moving about. I have a frame of specimens tied round a tree, and get a boy to hold the paper and cards. At this I've taken as much as 35s. in one day, and though there was lots of cheap photographic booths down there last Easter Monday, in spite of 'em all I took above 8s. 6d. in the afternoon. Battersea-fields and Chalk-farm used to be out-and-out spots on a Sunday, at one time. I've often taken such a thing as 30s. on a Sunday afternoon and evening in the summer. After I left the steam-boats I built myself a small booth, and travelled the country to fairs, 'stattles,' and feasts, and got a very comfortable living; but now the cheap photographs have completely done up profiles, so I'm compelled to turn to that. But I think I shall learn a trade, for that'll be better than either of them.

"The best work I've had of late years has been at the teetotal festivals. I was at

Aylesbury with them, at St. Alban's, Luton, and Gore House. At Gore House last August, when the 'Bands of Hope' were there, I took about a pound."

BLIND PROFILE-CUTTER.

A CHEERFUL blind man, well known to all crossing Waterloo or Hungerford-bridges, gave me the following account of his figure-cutting:—

"I had the measles when I was seven, and became blind; but my sight was restored by Dr. Jeffrey, at old St. George's Hospital. After that I had several relapses into total blindness in consequence of colds, and since 1840 I have been quite blind, excepting that I can partially distinguish the sun and the gas-lights, and such-like, with the left eye only. I am now 31, and was brought up to house-painting. When I was last attacked with blindness I was obliged to go into St. Martin's workhouse, where I underwent thirteen operations in two years. When I came out of the workhouse I played the German flute in the street, but it was only a noise, not music, sir. Then I sold boot-laces and tapes in the street, and averaged 5s. a-week by it—certainly not more. Next I made little wooden tobacco-stoppers in the street, in the shape of legs—they're called 'legs.' The first day I started in that line—it was in Tottenham-court-road—I was quite elated, for I made half-a-crown. I next tried it by St. Clement's-church, but I found that I cut my hands so with the knives and files, that I had to give it up, and I then took up with the trade of cutting out profiles of animals and birds, and grotesque human figures, in card. I established myself soon after I began this trade by the Victoria-gate, Bayswater; that was the best pitch I ever had—one day I took 15s., and I averaged 30s. a-week for six weeks. At last the inspector of police ordered me off. After that I was shoved about by the police, such crowds gathered round me, until I at length got leave to carry on my business by Waterloo-bridge; that's seven years ago. I remained there till the opening of Hungerford-bridge, in May 1845. I sit there cold or fine, winter or summer, every day but Sunday, or if I'm ill. I often hear odd remarks from people crossing the bridge. In winter time, when I've been cold and hungry, and so poor that I couldn't get my clothes properly mended, one has said, 'Look at that poor blind man there;' and another (and oft enough, too) has answered, 'Poor blind man!—he has better clothes and more money than you or me; it's all done to excite pity!' I can generally tell a gentleman's or lady's voice, if they're the real thing. I can tell a purse-proud man's voice, too. He says, in a domineering, hectoring way, as an ancient Roman might speak to his slave, 'Ah, ha! my good fellow! how do you sell these things?'

Since January last, I may have averaged 8s. a-week—that's the outside. The working and the middling classes are my best friends. I know of no other man in my particular line, and I've often inquired concerning any."

WRITER WITHOUT HANDS.

THE next in order are the Writers without Hands and the Chalkers on Flag-stones.

A man of 61, born in the crippled state he described, tall, and with an intelligent look and good manners, gave me this account:—

"I was born without hands—merely the elbow of the right arm and the joint of the wrist of the left. I have rounded stumps. I was born without feet also, merely the ankle and heel, just as if my feet were cut off close within the instep. My father was a farmer in Cavan county, Ireland, and gave me a fair education. He had me taught to write. I'll show you how, sir.' (Here he put on a pair of spectacles, using his stumps, and then holding the pen on one stump, by means of the other he moved the two together, and so wrote his name in an old-fashioned hand.) 'I was taught by an ordinary schoolmaster. I served an apprenticeship of seven years to a turner, near Cavan, and could work well at the turning, but couldn't chop the wood very well. I handled my tools as I've shown you I do my pen. I came to London in 1814, having a prospect of getting a situation in the India-house; but I didn't get it, and waited for eighteen months, until my funds and my father's help were exhausted, and I then took to making fancy screens, flower-vases, and hand-racks in the streets. I did very well at them, making 15s. to 20s. a-week in the summer, and not half that, perhaps not much more than a third, in the winter. I continue this work still, when my health permits, and I now make handsome ornaments, flower-vases, &c. for the quality, and have to work before them frequently, to satisfy them. I could do very well but for ill-health. I charge from 5s. to 8s. for hand-screens, and from 7s. 6d. to 15s. for flower-vases. Some of the quality pay me handsomely—some are very near. I have done little work in the streets this way, except in very fine weather. Sometimes I write tickets in the street at a halfpenny each. The police never interfere unless the thoroughfare is obstructed badly. My most frequent writing is, 'Naked came I into the world, and naked shall I return.' 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' To that I add my name, the date sometimes, and a memorandum that it was the writing of a man born without hands or feet. When I'm not disturbed, I do pretty well, getting 1s. 6d. a-day; but that's an extra day. The boys are a great worry to me. Working people are my only friends at the writing, and women the best. My best pitches are Tottenham-court-road and the West-end tho-

roughfares. There's three men I know who write without hands. They're in the country chiefly, travelling. One man writes with his toes, but chiefly in the public-houses, or with showmen. I consider that I am the only man in the world who is a handicraftsman without hands or feet. I am married, and have a grown-up family. Two of my sons are in America, one in Australia, one a sailor, the others are emigrants on the coast of Africa, and one a cabinet-maker in London—all fine fellows, well made. I had fifteen in all. My father and mother, too, were a handsome, well-made couple."

CHALKER ON FLAG-STONES.

A SPARE, sad-looking man, very poorly dressed, gave me the following statement. He is well-known by his coloured drawings upon the flag-stones:—

"I was usher in a school for three years, and had a paralytic stroke, which lost me my employment, and was soon the cause of great poverty. I was fond of drawing, and colouring drawings, when a child, using sixpenny boxes of colours, or the best my parents could procure me, but I never had lessons. I am a self-taught man. When I was reduced to distress, and indeed to starvation, I thought of trying some mode of living, and remembering having seen a man draw mackerel on the flags in the streets of Bristol 20 years ago, I thought I would try what I could do that way. I first tried my hand in the New Kent-road, attempting a likeness of Napoleon, and it was passable, though I can do much better now; I made half-a-crown the first day. I saw a statement in one of your letters that I was making 1*l.* a-day, and was giving 14*d.* for a shilling. I never did: on the contrary, I've had a pint of beer given to me by publicans for supplying them with copper. It doesn't hurt me, so that you need not contradict it unless you like. The Morning Chronicle letters about us are frequently talked over in the lodging-houses. It's 14 or 15 years since I started in the New Kent-road, and I've followed up 'screeving,' as it's sometimes called, or drawing in coloured chalks on the flag-stones, until now. I improved with practice. It paid me well; but in wet weather I have made nothing, and have had to run into debt. A good day's work I reckon 8*s.* or 10*s.* A very good day's work? I should be glad to get it now. I have made 15*s.* in a day on an extraordinary occasion, but never more, except at Greenwich fair, where I've practised these 14 years. I don't suppose I ever cleared 1*l.* a-week all the year round at screeving. For 1*l.* a-week I would honestly work my hardest. I have a wife and two children. I would draw trucks or be a copying clerk, or do anything for 1*l.* a-week to get out of the streets. Or I would like regular employment as a painter in

crayons. Of all my paintings the Christ's heads paid the best, but very little better than the Napoleon's heads. The Waterloo-bridge-road was a favourite spot of mine for a pitch. Euston-square is another. These two were my best. I never chalked 'starving' on the flags, or anything of that kind. There are two imitators of me, but they do badly. I don't do as well as I did 10 years ago, but I'm making 15*s.* a-week all the year through."

V.—EXHIBITORS OF TRAINED ANIMALS.

THE HAPPY FAMILY EXHIBITOR.

"HAPPY Families," or assemblages of animals of diverse habits and propensities living amicably, or at least quietly, in one cage, are so well known as to need no further description here. Concerning them I received the following account:—

"I have been three years connected with happy families, living by such connexion. These exhibitions were first started at Coventry, sixteen years ago, by a man who was my teacher. He was a stocking-weaver, and a fancier of animals and birds, having a good many in his place—hawks, owls, pigeons, starlings, cats, dogs, rats, mice, guinea-pigs, jackdaws, fowls, ravens, and monkeys. He used to keep them separate and for his own amusement, or would train them for sale, teaching the dogs tricks, and such-like. He found his animals agree so well together, that he had a notion—and a snake-charmer, an old Indian, used to advise him on the subject—that he could show in public animals and birds, supposed to be one another's enemies and victims, living in quiet together. He did show them in public, beginning with cats, rats, and pigeons in one cage; and then kept adding by degrees all the other creatures I have mentioned. He did very well at Coventry, but I don't know what he took. His way of training the animals is a secret, which he has taught to me. It's principally done, however, I may tell you, by continued kindness and petting, and studying the nature of the creatures. Hundreds have tried their hands at happy families, and have failed. The cat has killed the mice, the hawks have killed the birds, the dogs the rats, and even the cats, the rats, the birds, and even one another; indeed, it was anything but a happy family. By our system we never have a mishap; and have had animals eight or nine years in the cage—until they've died of age, indeed. In our present cage we have 54 birds and animals, and of 17 different kinds; 3 cats, 2 dogs (a terrier and a spaniel), 2 monkeys, 2 magpies, 2 jackdaws, 2 jays, 10 starlings (some of them talk), 6 pigeons, 2 hawks, 2 barn fowls, 1 screech owl, 5 common-sewer rats, 5 white

rats (a novelty), 8 guinea-pigs, 2 rabbits (1 wild and 1 tame), 1 hedgehog, and 1 tortoise. Of all these, the rat is the most difficult to make a member of a happy family: among birds, the hawk. The easiest trained animal is a monkey, and the easiest trained bird a pigeon. They live together in their cages all night, and sleep in a stable, unattended by any one. They were once thirty-six hours, as a trial, without food—that was in Cambridge; and no creature was injured; but they were very peckish, especially the birds of prey. I wouldn't allow it to be tried (it was for a scientific gentleman) any longer, and I fed them well to begin upon. There are now in London five happy families, all belonging to two families of men. Mine, that is the one I have the care of, is the strongest—fifty-four creatures: the others will average forty each, or 214 birds and beasts in happy families. Our only regular places now are Waterloo-bridge and the National Gallery. The expense of keeping my fifty-four is 12*s.* a-week; and in a good week—indeed, the best week—we take 30*s.*; and in a bad week sometimes not 8*s.* It's only a poor trade, though there are more good weeks than bad: but the weather has so much to do with it. The middle class of society are our best supporters. When the happy family—only one—was first in London, fourteen years ago, the proprietor took 1*l.* a-day on Waterloo-bridge; and only showed in the summer. The second happy family was started eight years ago, and did as well for a short time as the first. Now there are too many happy families. There are none in the country."

THE ORIGINAL HAPPY FAMILY.

"THE first who ever took out a happy family to exhibit in the streets was a man of the name of John Austin, who lived in Nottingham. It was entirely his own idea, and he never copied it from any one. He was a very ingenious man indeed, and fond of all kinds of animals, and a fancier of all kinds of small birds. From what I have heard him say, he had a lot of cats he was very fond of, and also some white-mice, and the notion struck him that it would be very extraordinary if he could make his pets live together, and teach creatures of opposite natures to dwell in the same cage. In the commencement of his experiments he took the young, and learnt them to live happily together. He found it succeed very well indeed; and when he gets this to his liking he goes from Nottingham to Manchester, and exhibits them, for he was told that people would like to see the curious sight. He then had cats, mice, and all sorts of little birds. He was a weaver by trade, was Austin—a stocking-weaver. He didn't exhibit for money in Manchester. It was his hobby and amusement, and he only showed it for a curiosity to his friends. Then he was persuaded to

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come to London to exhibit. When he first came to London he turned to carpentering and cabinet-making work, for which he had a natural gift, and he laid the happy family aside. He didn't know London, and couldn't make his mind up to exhibiting in a strange place. At last he began to miss his pets; and then he gathered them together again, one here and one there, as he could get them into training. When he had a little stock round him he was advised by people to build a cage, and take them out to exhibit them.

"There was no bridge to the Waterloo-road in those days, but he took up his pitch in Waterloo-road, close to the Feathers public house, where the foot of Waterloo-bridge is now. He had a tremendous success. Everybody who passed gave him money. Noblemen and gentlepeople came far and near to see the sight. When first he went there he could go out at four o'clock in the afternoon, on any fine day as he thought proper to leave his work to go out, and he could take from his 14*s.* to 1*l.* He stopped on this same spot, opposite the Feathers public-house, from his first coming to the day he left it, a short space before he died, for 36 years all but 5 months. He's been dead for four years the 17th of last February, 1856, and then he wasn't getting 2*s.* 6*d.* a-day. Many had imitated him, and there was four happy family cages in London. When the old man saw people could do as much as he did himself, and rather got before him in their collections, it caused him to fret. He was too old to return to carpentering, and he had never been a prudent man, so he never saved anything. He was too generous to his friends when they were distressed, and a better man to his fellow-men never walked in two shoes. If he made 5*l.* in a week, there was money and food for them who wanted. He found that people were not so generous to him as he was to them; that he proved to his sorrow. He was a good man.

"In the year 1833 he had the honour of exhibiting before Her Majesty the Queen. She sent for him expressly, and he went to Buckingham Palace. He never would tell anybody what she gave him; but everybody considered that he had been handsomely rewarded. A few days after this there was a gentleman came to him at Waterloo-bridge (he was there all the time the bridge was building), and this party engaged him and his happy family, and took him down to exhibit at the Mechanics' Institution, down at Hull. I don't know what he got for the journey. After that he was engaged to go to the Mechanics' Institution in Liverpool. He travelled in this way all about the country, engaged at the different Institutions.

"I was with him as assistant for eight years before he died, and a better master there could not be living in the world. I had been travelling with him through Kent,

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