THE LAMBETH CASUAL'S LATEST SKETCH.

PRIVATE LIFE OF A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

Natural History of the Organ Grinder-His Haunts, Habits, and Humors.

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From London Society.

It is no uncommon thing with folks of an ingenious turn to make "capital," as the saying is, out of what at first sight seems calamity. As, for instance, a friend of mine, an Alpine traveller, and an indefatigable naturalist, whilst on a journey of exploration in his favorite mountainous region, one night retired to his couch exhausted by the fatigues of march and faint for sleep. It was denied him, however, Not that "Nature's soft nurse" was ill-disposed towards him; not that his conscience was ill at ease; not that he had supped rashly or inordinately. It was because he was wanted for supper. That ravenous monster, the Alpine flea. but meagrely fed through many months on hardy herdsmen and chamois hunters, sniffed his tender carcase, and without even the warping of "fe-fo-fi-fum," fell on him from the roof rafters, and commenced his savage and sangulnary repast. A man of common mind and courage would have engaged the enemy until exhausted, and then yielded at discretion. Not so my friend. He struck a light, and calculating his chances of a night's rest, and finding the balance heavily against him, he coolly dressed himself, and un packing his microscopical instruments, selected and impaled a few of the largest and finest of his tormentors, and passed a pleasant and pro Stable night in investigating the peculiarities of the form and structure of pulex irritans. There is no knowing how much of ingenuity dwells in the human brain till it is pressed between the hard mill-stones of necessity. Before now, despairing captives have beguiled the tedium of dungeon lite by a study of the habits and man-ners of the very rats which at first were so much their horror and aversion.

I have an enemy more tormenting than any flea that ever hoppe 1-more voracious than the rat, inasmuch as he feeds not on my bread and my cheese, but on my brain. I have little mouths to fill, and little feet to cover, and little backs to clothe: I have house-rent to pay, and water-rate; I have to contribute shillings and pounds towards the maintenance of the poor and the police and the main drainage; I have to provide against the visit of the income tax colector; and to meet these various demands. being a scribbler of the hard-working sort, am compelled to set my pen dancing over the paper with considerable rapidity and perseverance, And I am very willing to do so. I am willing to sit down in the morning early as any tailor or cobbler, and make my hav while the sun shines. But this my tormentor forbids, He, too, has hay to make while the sun shines. makes his hay out of my green hopes, sapped and withered; he grinds my brain to make him bread. He bestrides my sober pen, all sudden and unexpected, as it is plodding industriously over the paper, and sets it jigging to the tune of "Hop Light Loo" or the "Batcatcher's Daughter." He fills the patient, well-intentioned quill with the jingling idiotcy common in the mouths of banjo-playing, bone-rattling Sambos and Mumbos, and turns the common sense about to be uttered by it into twaddle and profitles nonsense. He breaks into my storchouse of thought and turns its contents topsy-turvy. He seizes my golden hours, and condemns them to a lingering and horrible death, mangling them and pulling them into flinders, and leaving me to make the best I may of the few minutes his monkey mischief has left entire. The name of this blowfly in my larder, this weevil in my meal-jar, is organ grinder.

It is, of course, well known to me that, in accordance with a recent act of Parliament, I am at liberty to set the engine of law in motion annova me: but there is a power much greater than any act of Parliament ever passed and backed by it. My tormentor may grin defiance at his arch-enemy, Bass. No less true than paradoxical, the superior power in question consists in a weakness-the weakness inherent in every free-born Englishman, to succour all such as he may find downtrodden and driven to the wall. Why downtrodden is a question which the noble-minded Briton never stops to inquire. It is enough that a poor fellow is down, to enlist for him the Briton's hearsiest sympathies. Never mind how richly he may have merited the shoulder hit that laid him low, he has only to groan plaintively as he lies in the mire—to whine a little. and beseech pity, and a hundred hands are stretched forth to lift him up, and a handred mouths are opened to cry, "Poor fellow!" There is ointment for his bruises in shape of a gathering of money, and he is set on his legs and halled as a man and a brother. Who did it? A parcel of stuck-up, purse-proud, bloated aristo-crats! Why don't you hit one of your own size? Hit him again, if you dare. This noble senti-ment has been of immense service to the downtrodden organ grinder. The law, acting in behalf of O. G.'s suffering victims, having knocked O. G. down, the high-minded but tough-skinned British mob has set him up again, and taken him under its special protection. I have no inelination to dispute its right to do so. It admires organ grinding. To be sure, the fact of its utter indifference to the existence of barrelorgans and hurdy-gurdies before the passing of the act is calculated to give rise to the suspi cion that pig-headed obstinacy may have something to do with it, but there is nothing for certain. The miller who could sleep tranquilly while his mill was clashing and crunching and rumbling, awoke the moment the mill stoppe The mob is the best judge of what suits it. likes its music full flavored, and with plenty grit in it. A weaker quality falls idly on its tympanum. Some animals are so thin-skinned that the titillation of a hair will drive them to madness, whereas the rhinoceros delights to have his hide rasped with the prongs of a pitch-fork; but that is no reason why the rhinoceros should not be tickled if he likes it.

So it comes about that the organ-grinder finds in the notice of ejectment that was served on him a new lease. But a few months since he was a skulking, surly wretch, with a heavy tread, a hanging head, and the general air of a felon, hopeless as to this life, and by no means comfortably assured of the next; a broad shouldered muscular, doomed for some mon strous iniquity, to tramp the highways and byways of a foreign land, fettered eternally to a demon of discord-a lunatic Orpheus, riding him, old-man-of-the-sea-wise, torturing his sensitive ear, and mocking his weariness with "funny" music, worthy of St. George's-in-the-Fields, or, at the very least of Earls-wood. A treacherous, lean dog, ready for a halfpenny to mow and grin and show his teeth to win the smiles of little chil-dren at the window and consults. dren at the window, and equally ready, should he be rashly informed that the little ones are ill, to haggle and make terms as to his consenting to cease from racking their poor little heads with his horrible din; a worse than ghoul, hunting for sickness that he might make a meal of it, with vulture eves for sadly drooping window-blinds and muffled knockers, he be rashly informed that the little ones are and a keen scent for mercitully strewn tan, that the wooden leg of his engine of torture may find standing in the midst of it.

Distinguished by such unamiable characteristics, it was impossible to love the organ man; still, seeing him go about so evidently conscious of his own un worthiness, so downcast and depressed, and altogether miserable, your indigna-tion was not unfrequently tinctured with pity, and you had at least the gratification of noting that, however much he plagued and tormented you, he never appeared to get any satisfaction out of the transaction beyond the grudged penny flung to him. But since he has been persecuted" the aspect of the case has become

altogether altered. The organ-grinder is no longer a glum viliain serving his term of life as though it were a punishment, and not a privilege. The dull dead log has sprouted green leaves, and become quite a sprightly member of society. True, he has not given un the ghoul business, nor the lean dog business, but now he business, nor the lean dog business, but now he is a ghoul in a cut-away coat in place of a shroud; the lean dog cocks his ears, and carries his tail with an insolent and defant curl in it. He is a man and a brother in pursuit of his honest calling. He has music to vend in ha'porths and penn'orths; and if you don't choose to buy, there are plenty of householders in your street that will. Don't put yourself out of the way, my dear sir; don't stand there at your parlor window shaking your bend and your parlor window shaking your head, and frowning, and making threatening gestures; he frowning, and making threatening gestures; he is now playing for your edification; he is playing to the people next door but one; they are regular customers, and take a penn'orth of music of him every morning as regularly as they take a penn'orth of dog's meat for Mungo. A pretty thing, indeed, that you should presume to order him off just because you don't happen to like music! You might as reasonably prohibit the dog's-meat man from calling at number thirteen because nobody on your premises has an appe-tite for dog's meat. This is the argument provided for the organ-grinder by his noble cham-plons and supporters, and he is not slow to avail himself of it. How can you be out of temper with a poor fellow who knows not a word of the language in which you are abusing him, and, therefore, cannot retaliate? It is mean, it is cowardly, it is un-English. It would not surprising if he turned round on you d pelled you with such broken bits of English as he is master of. But he is a good-humored fellow, and does nothing of the kind; you shake a stick at him, he replies by thrusting out his tongue, and making a funny face at you. If you appear at your gate and order him off, he is moved to no worse than playfully applying his thumb to the tip of his nose, and twidding his outstretched fingers. Yah! Go in. Stuff your ears with wool. It will be quite time enough for him to go when he sees you rushing down the street m search of a policeman. Even if you have the good luck to find one in time, and the courage to give the ruffian into custody (which means accompanying the "charge" to the station house, and being hooted and chaffed by the organ-grinder's friend, the mob, all the way you go), you will probably find the game hardly worth the candie. The prisoner does not know one word of English, explains the interpreter to the magistrate, and was quite unaware that the gentleman wished him to go But, says his worship, the gentleman states that he took the trouble to come out into nis garden to motion you away. s true, replies the interpreter, after referring his worship's remarks to the now deeply peni-tent grinder, but the prisoner misunderstood he thought that the gentleman was come out to

It may occur to the inexperienced that all this is most unnecessary tuss, the remedy for the alleged grievance being so obvious. The organ-grinder is no fool; all he seeks is your penny, and cares not how little he does for it; what, therefore, can be easier than to save your time and your temper by sending him out so paltry a sum with the civil message that you won't trouble him to play? You may be making some sacrifice of principle, it may cause you momentary annoyance to suspect that your enemy grins as he turns from your gate with your penny in his pocket; but look on the other side of the question. The blow-fly banished from your larder, your meal-jar freed from the devouring weevil, your quill rescued from its impish rider, your golden hours round and sound and all your own!

You are right, oh innocent adviser! Cheap, dirt chesp, would it be if, on payment of a penny, immunity from persecution might be purchased. It would be a stroke of business on the accomplishment of which we might well be proud, if one bought off the whole brigand army at a like figure. But beware of the Should you be weak enough to yield that first single penny your doom is sealed. It is merely a hushing fee, entitling you to rank amongst the organ man's regular customers. The torturer will now consider himself as regularly engaged, and exactly a week from the time when you committed the fatal error, he will turn up again, his countenance beaming with a smile of recognition as you amazedly look out on him from your window, and he won't budge until he gets his penny. Nor is this all. You are duly reported at the head-quarters of the sworn brotherhood of grinders as another to the long list of victims willing to pay for peace, and for the future no organ or hurdy-gurdy bearer will pass your door without giving you the opportunity for exercising your philan-thropy. There is no cure for the evil; organgrinding has become a settled institution of the

country, and as such must be endured.

And having arrived at this conviction comes in the example of the Alpine traveller quoted at the commencement of this paper—of the poor prisoner who beguiled the tedium of mearceration by an examination of the habits and manners of the rats which were at first his horror. Might I not be better employed than to sit moping in my chamber with vinegar rags adorning my throbbing temples because of these Italian rats squealing under my window? Were their habits and customs less interesting than those of the four-legged vermin? Did I know more about one than the other? Decidedly; but the advantage was with the quadrupedal animal. I do happen to know some-thing about mus decumanus. I know that its hind legs are longer than its front ones, that it has a propensity for burrowing under walls, and that it commonly sits on its hind legs and holds the food it eats in its fore paws. I know that its nature is very cunning; that, acting in concert, rats have been observed to cart off unbroken eggs from a basket, one, acting as "cart," lying on his back and cradling the egg between his forepaws, while two other rats, acting as teamsters, have dragged home the "cart" by its tail. I have heard, and place equal reliance in, the story of the rat that emptied a narrow flask of oil by lowering his caudal appendage into it, withdrawing it, licking it clean, lowering it again, and so on. But I don't know half as much about the organ-grinder. That his fore limbs are shorter than his lateral may be assumed, but what about his burrowing? That he does burrow is certain, because during certain hours of the twenty-tour he, happily, disappears. He must hours of the day as far away as Highgate, Hammersmith, and Sydenham, but come night wherever he may be, he is invariably found to be turning his steps in a northwesterly direc-However far away, he is rarely seen refreshing himself at an inn; he was never yet known to apply for a bed at the wayside country public-house. It is doubtful if he made such an application whether it would be entertained. If a man on horse-back applied for lodging the matter might be easily arranged, the man to his chamber and the horse to the stable; but a man with an organ! They are inseparable. He is an organ man—a man with an organ on his back, as other unfortunates have a lump on theirs-with the difference that the former, for business purposes, admits of being occasionally slewed round to the front part of the man's body. Fancy

etting a clean and decent bed to a man with an Then as to the grinder's family. Has he a wife and children? How do they employ themselves. Are the white-mice boys and the guineapig boys, the monkey-boys and the boys with the hurdy-gurdies, the organ grinder's children? Are those his daughters who go about with a silk handkerchief about their heads, singing and playing on a tambourine? Where is his wite? Is she still to be found working in the vineyards of the sunny South, or does she the vineyards of the sunny South, or does she reside with her "old man" on Saffron Hill, occupying a snug little room, ironing the grinder shirts and mending his stockings and preparing shirts and mending his stockings and preparing something comferting and savory for the poor fellow's supper, when at midnight he stumps in from Sydenham or Brentford? Does Mrs. Grinder ever go out washing or charing to eke out her husband's earnings? What were his earnings? Did the little Grinders go to school? Was it all work and no play with father Grinder? or did he occasionally take his pipe and his pint, and seek diversion like another working man?

I had frequently observed that the organ-grinder ceased from his persecution earlier on Saturday than all the other days of the week. On other evenings he was to be heard as late as ten, and even eleven o'clock; but on Saturdays, even thoughyou wanted an organ-man, it would be difficult indeed to find one after four would be difficult indeed to find one after four or five o'clock in the afternoon. How was this? Was Saturday evening an "of-time" with the grinder? Was he a patron of the Saturday half-holiday movement? If so, how did he profit by the indulgence? Did he belong to some corps of volunteers?—not likely. Did he make one of four for a quick pull up the river? He could not well accomplish such a feat without divesting himself of that neculiarly blue out divesting himself of that peculiarly blue corduroy jacket of his; and the sight of an organ-man in his shirt sleeves is one that never yet met human gaze. Did he take a cheap ex-cursion ticket and go to the Isle of Wight or Margate? What! without his organ? Preposterous. How did he spend the only work-aday evening he could spare from dradgery The only way to set the question at rest was by personal investigation. No time like the present, which happened to be a Saturday after-Putting on a slovenly coat and a slouchy cap, I at once set out for Saffron Hill, making it my business to call on my road for an artist irlend

whose sketches have often delighted the readers of this magazine. My pretense for desiring his company was that there was a probability of his finding a picture worth sketching in some one of the many strange places I purposed taking him to; but my main object in soliciting his company was that I might be benefited by his protection in the event of my being forced into doubtful company—our artist being a man of extraordinary size and muscular development. It was a lonely evening for such a wild-goose chase as was ours-dark over head, miry under foot, and drizzling wretchedly of rain. I call it a wild-goose chase, and it was little less, for beyond the popularly accepted belief that the home of the organ-grinder was "somewhere in the neighborhood of Hatton Garden," we were in utter ignorance of the abiding place of individual of whom we were in search. Hatton Garden, as the reader is possibly aware, is a

long and wide street opening from the crown of Holborn Hill. At 7 P. M., the darkness and the drizzling rain nothing abated, we arrived at Hatton Garden, and diligently perambulated that lengthy and retired street from this end to the other, but either in or out of harness not a solitary organ-man did we meet. I say out of harness on my companion's account, not mine own; he was quite sure, he said, that he could detect an organ man even though disguised in the garb of a Quaker. No opportunity, however, for a display of his extraordinary sagacity occurred; and we arrived at the end of Hatton Garden and found ourselves at Hatton Wall, no wiser, as far as the object of our search was concerned, than when we turned out of Holborn. Hatton Wall is by no means a nice place for

a stranger to find himself blindly groping about

on a dark February night; indeed, making an allowance of sixty per cent, for ti and wealth, I should be inclined say it was one of the ugliest, if not the most ugly, spots in London. There may be uglier. In one's peregrinations round about London you never know when you have arrived at the worst. I thought I had done so when first beheld Neal's Buildings in Seven Dials, but was fain to acknowledge my error on an inves-tigation of Brunswick street, Ratcliffe Highway, and even this-the hideously renowned Tiger Bay-must, as I afterwards discovered, knock under to Little Keate street, Whitechapel. Yet it is hard to award the palm, the claim to the supremacy of ugliness being based each on difterent grounds. Neal's Buildings is nothing worse than the stronghold of Irish squalor and all manner of filthiness and rags and beggary. The women squat in groups on the squelchy pavement of Neal's Buildings on hot summer days, airily garbed, and with a toothed instrument of horn sleeking their golden tresses, and smoking stumpy pipes, and singing good old Irish songs, and holding cheerful converse with their male friends, some sprawled over the door thresholds, some lounging half out of first and second-floor windows, their shocks of fiery hair surmounted by a nightcap, and so full of gaping and yawning as to give rise to the suspicion, that they are not yet entirely out of bed. Tiger Bay is less repulsive at first sight; indeed, it is only when night closes in, and the women, turned wild beasts, leave their lairs to prowl abroad and hunt for sailors, and the born whelps and jackals and hyenas in man shape congregate and lurk in washhouses and coal-holes, ready to pounce out on, and beat and worry nigh to death the hapless wretch the females of their tribe have lured to the common den, that Brunswick street appears uglier than its neighbors. Little Keate street, again, taken as a street, is not particularly ill-looking; and the traveller might inno-cently enough take it as a promising short cut to eastern parts of the metropolis. Nevertheless it is a terrible street. It is from thence that the midnight burglar sallies with his little sack of "tools" and his bits of wax candle and his lucifer matches and his ife-preserver. These, however, are amongst the better sort of tenants inhabiting Keate street - fellows who can pay their way hardsomely, and being to a man liberal dogsthe stay of any poor wretch of their acquaint ance who may stand in urgent need of assist ance. Ask the shopkeepers of the neighbor-hood—ask the butcher and the cheesemonger concerning his Keate street customers! If they tell you as they told me when a year or so since it was my business to be making such inquiries. they will say that they live luxuriously. "It's nothing, bless you," said the butcher, "for them to order a quarter of lamb-and that when it's a shilling a pound—as late as 10 o'clock, to be cooked that night for supper. They like their knicknacks too, and often my boy is running all over the town to get them sweetbreads for breakfast." "You'd think, to stand a-top of the street and take a view of it both sides of the way, right to the bottom, that they wouldn't way, right to the bottom, that the for butter-trouble me much except it was for butter-scrapings and bacon hocks and that sort of thing," said the cheesemonger: "Lor' bless you! It ain't single, no, nor yet double Glo'ster that'll do for 'em. It must be best Cheshire or none. Same with butter. Same with ham and eggs. The very best and never mind the price is their The ruffians of Keate street, ever, are not all of this superior order. common pickpocket finds a home there, and the "smasher," and the area sneak, and the "snow-gatherer," as the rascal who makes the thieving gatherer, as the rascal who makes the thieving of linen his special study poetically styles himself; and, worse than all, a swarm of likely young fellows who as yet cannot lay claim to be called robbers, but who are satisfactorily progressing under the teaching of Moss Jacobs and Barney Davis. If romery stands there would Barney Davis. If roguery stands there would be no approaching Little Keate street by a mile. I should not like to say that Hatton Wall was,

in a Keale street sense, as ugly as Keate street. I have not such great enmity against the organ-grinders as to wish that it might be. To look at, however, it is uglier: a horribly dark, dingy, antiquated place, all gutter and cobble-stone, and smelling as strong of Irish as Neal's Buildings itself. The police, as we observed, went in pairs; and when this is the case in a neighborhood way. when this is the case in a neighborhood, you may mark it as one in which it would be unsafe to openly consult your sold lever in order to ascertain the time. I ventured the insinuation that perhaps we had better retrace our steps, and come again some other night—some moonlight night, but our artist, who is as brave as he is big, at once taunted me with cowardice, and declared that since I had drawn him into the mess he would see the end of it, even though he searched every nook and alley in the place: and immediately proceeded to carry out his valiant determination by inquiring of a little boy, that moment emerging from a scowling little public-house near Bleeding Hart Yard hugging a gin bottle, whether he would be so obliging as to inform us where the organ men

were to be found.

The little fellow replied that he was jiggered The little fellow replied that he was piggered if he knew—that they lived almost anywhere about there, "down here, mostly, and over there; and a good many up that there way if you means their lodgings:" and he indicated "down here" and "over there" by pointing the large man and the the same man that with his gin-bottle, and in the same man-ner gave us to understand which was "that there way," which was not at all an inviting

principality of the file of the color

way, being more dismal than any one we had yet traversed-narrow, mirs, and flanked on either side by little-windowed houses, tall, dingy, and mysterious "looking enough to be dingy, and mysterious "looking enough to be haunted—or at least in Chancery. However, it was the organ man's lodgings" that we did mean, and so we manfully struck into the unclean crevice known as Little Saffron Hill.

But though we peramoulated the dingy thoroughfare in the most careful manner, no organ man could we find, either entering or emerging from his domicile. Once my companion thought that he descried the object of our pursuit ascending the steer of a district.

our pursuit ascending the steps of a distant house, and with a subdued exclamation of triumph, he started off to see; in a few seconds, however, he returned disconsolate to report the mistaken figure a woman with a clothes-basket. At that instant, however, and while we were at a standstant, however, and while we were at a stand-still, the lively notes of a polka suddenly greeted our ears, and eagerly following the welcome sound, we presently arrived at the house from whence it proceeded. It was a pri-vate house, quite an ordinary-looking habita-tion, with the same closed shutters and dingy oor as the rest, and no more than the averag amount of light glimmering through the chinks to bespeak it a place of amusement. Still of the house, we were convinced that it must be. The polka ceased, and was instantly however, as we stood and listened on the steps followed by a jig in the same lively measure; moreover, there was the hum of many voices, and the sounds of the shuffling of feet.

"It is a threepenny hop—there can't be a doubt of it," said we; and feeling in our pocket for the necessary entrance money, we boldly pushed opened the door and entered. The passage was dark, but at the end of it

there was a door of a room, in which there was evidently plenty of light, and in which, as we could now plainly make out, the music and dancing was. Without a moment's heatation we stepped up to this door, as to the first, and

Our expectations, however, were not exactly realized. In an instant we found ourselves not in a dancing-room, but in a workshop—an esta-blishment for the manufacture and repair of street organs. It was a small place, no bigger, probably, than an ordinary dining room, but it was chock full of organs, old and new, stacked against the walls, on the floor, and on work-benches. Eight or ten bare-armed, bearded Italians were busy patching an i polishing and tinkering at the instruments. The jig tune that had attracted us was still proceeding as we entered, the organ from which it was produced standing on the ground, and the performer kneel ng before it gravely grinding at the handle. It was the property, as it seemed, of an unmistakable street grinder, who stood by watching the music doctor as he examined the ailing organ, with as anxious and distressed a countenance as though it were nothing less precious than his eldest born brought to be tested on account of some sustested on account of some sus-

pected intestinal disorder.

Patchers, polishers, tinkers—even the man that was grinding the jig-paused in their various occu pations and regarded us inquiringly. The situation was embarrassing, the more so that the door had slammed to, and we labored under the disadvantage of not knowing

a word of the Italian tongue.
"Vat you bisniss?" demanded the street grinder, presuming on his knowledge of our language to be spokesman. We had no business—none, at least, that

could be explained in an off-hand and satisfactory manner. My companion attempted the explanation, however.
"It's all right," said he, with an insinuating

little laugh-"it's a little mistake-we thought there was something going on-don't mind us.' The organ-grinder merely replied "Aha!" as far as we could make out; but, turning to the workmen, the traitorous villian must have altogether misinterpreted to them my companion's observation, for they rose, with warlike gestures and ejaculations, land turned as one man against us,-luckily, however, with so much noise that the proprietor of the premises, who was engaged in an adjoining apartment, was disturbed, and came hurriedly in to see what the row was about. He was a civil fellow, and listened with polite attention to what we had to say. His knowledge of English, however, could scarcely have been so "perfect" as, at starting, he assured us it was; that is, judging from his answers.

"Oh yes! what you say is exact, gentlemen; but you cannot do ace here for threepence or for any money. If you will dance, you must go to Badessa, or to Sugar Loaf, or to Golden Anchor, Good evening, gentlemen." And he showed us to the door.

Although this little adventure could not be said to be in all respects gratifying, it was so in the main, inasmuch as it provided us with a clue. Clearly the places enumerated by the worthy organ-builder were places of public entertainment - places where dancing was encouraged. Where was the Golden Anchor? Opportunely there came by a policeman 'Keep straight on and cross the road, and it's

the second public on the left," "It is a place where organ men assemble for their amusement, is it not? "You'll precious soon find the sort of place it is before you get within a dozen yards of it,"replied the policeman. And so directed we

ce more stepped out through the mire and the drizzling rain, with hope revived. Since we paid a visit to the Golden Anchor, that hostel has earned for itself a hideous noto-riety. Murder has been done there. At least that is how the law misled by police pig-headedness and the reckless oath-taking of false witnesses, at first called it; but now, as it appears the result of the bloody broil there enacted was merely a man slaughtered and not murderedone man slaughtered and two or three others maimed and gashed and prodded! It was a pity that the disgraceful bungle was not com pleted by the hanging of an innocent man before Newgate. The Golden Anchor would have Newgate. The Golden Anchor would have "drawn" then with a vengeance, and done such a trade as never was the like; as it is, the enter-

or no advantage from the perpetration in his house of the pretty little tragedy.

At the time we were in search of it, however, it had no special attraction; and it was not without some little difficulty that we discovered it—a low, broad house, gay with gas, clean looking, and standing at the corner of a lane leading to that dismal waste opposite the railway station in New Victoria street, patronized by that miserable dreg of humanity, the besting

prising and conscientious landlord reaps little

In the distance the house looked so quiet and decent that, despite the emblem of hope biazoned in gold above the doorway, we should have thought ourselves again at fault had it not been for the tokens the policeman had hinted at, and which were made known to us, not at one dozen yards' distance off, but at three at the very least.

It was not a sound of mirth, neither could it be mistaken for quarrelling. It was an uproar composed of single ejaculations, delivered by many voices, and with a vehemence that was absolutely startling. It was as though a multitude of strong-lunged religious fanatics had seized on a victim, and were, in set form. in set form, cursing him, dwelling with demoniac relish on each syllable of the anothema, by way of transfixing the soul of the poor wretch with horror. At the same time there smote on the instening ear a hollow thumping noise that would well have passed as the rearrange of paignard handles on the lid of the rapping of poignard handles on the lid of an empty coffin.

Nor did a glimpse of the interior of the mysterious caravanseral, afforded by the swinging ajar of its centre door, do much towards dispelling the suspicion that some mystic and pelling the suspicion that some mystic and terrible ceremony was in progress within. There was to be seen a feroclous band seated about a long table, while one stood up in their midst, in a fiercely excited attitude, and continually raising both his clenched fists above his head and bringing them down on the table with a bang. And yet, marvel of marvels! the individual that opened the door was a little girl, with a beer jug in her hand, and she went elbowing close by the fierce denouncer, with no more apparent concern than though he had elbowing close by the herce denouncer, with no more apparent concern than though he had been a peep-show man, describing the wonders of his theatre. Surely where so helpless a creature went we might venture, iso in we went.

A glance explained the mystery. The bar was very long, and the space before it. was very long, and the space before it ample.

There were butts and tables and forms in this space; and about the tables and the butts were grouped knots of Italians, young and old, playing at their national game of more—a simple game enough, as the reader is perhaps aware; a sort of combi-nation of the English boys' games of "buck" buck" and "odds and evens," the scated players watching the upraised hands of "buck," and in their turn anticipating the number of fingers "buck" intends displaying by the time rapidly descending fists reach the table-top. the hands of these Italians, however, it was a terrible game. With flashing eye and dis-hevelled hair, the callers, too cager to keep their eats, half rose and leant over the table, roaring out their guesses, with their noses nearly touching that of "buck"—the deep chest voices of the men, the hieb-pitched clamor of the lads, the languager of the lucky guessers, and the disappointed growls of the inlucky ones, blending to make a scene most bediamitish. It seemed a conflict for blood rather than for beer. Nevertheless, they were a jolly, good-tempered crew enough; and as the ames came to an end (there were at least halfa dozen games in progress at the various tables), they came jovially to the bar and drank their liquor, with much joking and friendly shoulderslapping. They paid down their losings, too, with the air of fellows who had spare sixpences to spend; indeed, they seemed to be so flush of money that we began to doubt if they could possibly be men who mucked up a day's earnings a halipenny at a time by grinding at an organ, and took opportunity to ask the waiter (the poor wretch, probably, who alterwards was so nearly fatally stabbed in the stomach) if such

were the case. They ain't all organ men," he replied; "some of 'em are picture-frame makers, and image coves. They are about half organ meu." They seem to spend their money pretty freely.

"So they ought; they earns enough."
"What, the organ men?"
"Organ men, ah! A pence tells up, don't yer know. They picks up a jolly sight more than me and you, as works hard for our livin'."
There was nothing in the dress of the moro layers to distinguish the organ-grinder from his friend the "image cove." All were dressed alike—and very well dressed, after a style. More than anything they looked like a body of seafaring men—foreign sailors, recently paid off, Their long blue jackets were those of holiday-dressed sailors, as were their black satin waistcoats, their "navy" caps, their pumps and their earrings, and their abundance of silver watch-guard. Moreover, most of them were brightcolored worsted comforters, asdo foreign sailors invariably when dressed in their best and ashore. Altogether, their appearance was such as to entirely change one's views concerning the beggarly trade of organ-grinding. Meanwhile our friends carouse, and the more

players cluster thicker about the tables and butts, and the din becomes such that the tall and muscular landlord has to hold his hand to his ear that he may catch the orders of his customers. Suddenly, however, a sound of music is heard, and instantly there is a commotion amongst the players, and all but those who are in the middle of a game hurry towards a door at the end of a passage beside the bar. Joining the throng, we too approach the door and enter the room it opens into.

It is that to which the organ builder recom-mended us, "if we must dance." Is is a spacious room, with bare, dirty walls, and scant of furni-ture as the casual ward of a workhouse. There is only one large table in the place, and a-top of that is mounted a hard-working grinder, in his every-day clothes, with his organ at his side, and laboring at the handle of it as stolidly, and with the same business air, as though he were standing in the gutter in the Edgeware road. Amongst the throng that crowd the room he haps—but he looks as unconcerned as a soldier on duty in a barrack yard. Perhaps he would not get so many halipence if he affected to regard his services as merely friendly. As it is, he does not fare badly. Between each

polka and waltz he makes a significant pause, and the dancers fee him. There are female dancers as well as male; and, strangely chough, the females are not one of them Italian. They are chiefly English and Irish girls, working in the neighborhood as looking-glass frame pollshers. We were informed by one of the damsels in question that the Italians never bring their countrywomen with them to the dancing-room. Perhaps this may they bring their countrywomen with them they would naturally expect to be treated with some degree of generosity; whereas the grinder's treatment of his English or Irish partner was as shabby as can well be imagined her only reward being a pull at the pewter pot out of which he himself regaled. True, he did not ask much of her; indeed, his contract with her could scarcely be said to amount to a partnership, the dance being managed in this strange fashion:—Jacko and Antonio make up their minds for a dance, and select each i damsel: but Jacko and Antonio dance together and the two damsels dance together alongside Jacko and friend. When the dance is over, Jacko orders four pen'north of beer, and the four divide it amongst them.

"Stingy beggars, ar'n't they?" whispered the damsel who bad given us the bit of information concerning the organ man's peculiar method of dancing; "thinks as much of a shilling as another man would of five. It ain't as though it was every night,"

"They don't come here every night in the "Bless you, no! a few on Mondays sometimes. but nothing to speak of. Saturday night is their time-their time out, I mean: Sunday is their

time at home. "Their time for what?-not dancing?" "Dancing, no! no room for dancing, with twelve or fourteen of 'em in a bit of a back parlor. Drinking and cards and dominoes, that's what they get up to. Let 'em alone; they

can come out strong enough enough amongst their own set. Plenty to eat and drink, plenty of rum, plenty of everything."
"I shouldn't have thought that they earned sufficient money to indulge in such luxuries." "They don't earn it all: see what their wives earn at artificial-flower making and cigar-

"Then they have pretty comfortable homes?"
"Well, comfortable as they look at it, you see, they are people of such strange ways, all for 'clubbing.' They club together to pay the rent of a room; to buy a joint of meat; for their beer, for their tobacco, for everything; eating and drinking and smoking together, a whole houseful of 'em, just as though they were all brothers and sisters. Plenty of everything, you know, but such a hugger-mugger."

The young woman spoke as one that knew and it was very much to our aunoyance that, just at this moment, Jacko ouce more advanced towards her, and invited her to stand up and earn another drink of bad beer; and so we lost We had gleaned enough one way and another.

however, to convince us that Jacko makes a very decent livelihood out of his organ. He hves well, takes his amusement, has a bettermost suit of clothes, and a silver watch and

"Which is crowning evidence," triumphantly observes the grinder's champion, "that the public are well disposed towards the poor fellow, that they appreciate his humble efforts to amuse them, and properly reward him."

But isn't there another point of observation from which the flourishing grinder may be viewed? We humbly and hopefully think so. Assuming—and surely it is fair to assume—that at least half the grinder's gleanings accrue to him as "smart money" to send him and his nuisance packing. Our ever are opened to the nuisance packing, our eyes are opened to the immense strength of this section of the army of opposition—a section more powerful than any other, and one that has only to vigorously assert itself, and the days of the organ monster's reign are numbered.

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