

may have been an officer, an actor, a literary man, a gambler—anything; whatever he was, he is now broken down—his face is pale, his gait is shuffling, his elbows are gone, his boots are giving at the toes, and—see—the stout red-faced man with the striped waistcoat and the bundle of seals hanging at his fob, has tapped him on the shoulder. That is a sheriff's officer, and he will now be conducted, after certain formalities, to the King's Bench or the Fleet, and in this happy retreat he will probably pass the remainder of his days. Here comes a middle-aged gentleman who looks almost like a coachman in his coat with many capes and his purple cheeks. That is the famous coaching baronet, than whom no better whip has ever been seen upon the road. Here come a pair of young bloods who scorn coats and great-coats. How bravely do they tread in their light trousers, bright coloured waistcoats, and high satin stocks! with what a jaunty air do they tilt their low-crowned hats over their long and wavy locks—you can smell the bear's grease across the road! with what a flourish do they bear their canes! Here comes swaggering along the pavement a military gentleman in a coat much be-frogged. He has the appearance of one who knows Chalk Farm, which is situated among meadows where the morning air has been known to prove suddenly fatal to many gallant gentleman. How he swings his shoulders and squares his elbows! and how the peaceful passengers make room for him to pass! He is, no doubt, an old Peninsular; there are still many like unto him; he is the ruffling captain known to Queen Elizabeth's time; in the last century he took the wall and shoved everybody into the gutter. Presently he will turn into the cigar divan—he learned to smoke cigars in Spain—in the rooms of what was once the Repository of Arts; we breathe more freely when he is gone.

Here comes a great hulking sailor; his face beams with honesty, he rolls in his gait, he hitches up his wide trousers, he wears his shiny hat at the back of his head; his hair hangs in ringlets; he chews a quid; under his arm is a parcel tied in red bandanna. He looks as if he were in some perplexity. Sighting one who appears to be a gentleman recently from the country, he bears down upon him.

"Noble captain," he whispers hoarsely, "if you like here's a chance that doesn't come every day. For why? I've got to go to sea again, and though they are smuggled—smuggled them myself, your honour—and worth their weight in gold, you shall have the box for thirty shilling! Say the word my captain, and come round the corner with me."

Honest tar! Shall we meet him to-morrow with another parcel tied in the same bandanna, his face screwed up with the same perplexity and anxiety to get rid of his valuable burden? You yourself, Eight-seven, will have your confidence trick, your ring dropper, your thimble-and-pea, your fat partridge seller, even though the bold smuggler be no more.

In the matter of street music, we of Thirty-seven are perhaps in advance of you of Eighty-seven. We have not, it is true, the pianoforte organ, but we have already the other two varieties—the Rumbling Droner and the Light Tinkler. We have not yet the street nigger, or the banjo, or the band of itinerant blacks, or Christy's minstrels. The negro minstrel does not exist in any form. But the ingenious Mr. Rice is at this very moment studying the plantation songs of South Carolina, and we can already witness his humorous personation of "Jump; Jim Crow," and his pathetic ballad of "Lucy Neal" (he made his first appearance at the Adelphi as Jim Crow in 1836). We have, like you, the Christian family in reduced circumstances, creeping slowly, hand in hand, along the streets, singing a hymn the while for the consolation it affords. They have not yet invented Moody and Sankey, and, therefore, they cannot sing "Hold the Fort," or "Dare to be a Daniel," but there are hymns in every collection which suit the Gridler. We have also the ballad-singer, who warbles at the door of the gin-palace. His favourite song just now is "All round my Hat." We have the lady (or gentleman) who takes her (or his) place upon the kerb with a guitar, adorned with red ribbon, and sings a sentimental song, such as "Speed on, my mules, for Leila waits for me," or "Gaily the Troubadour;" there is the street seller of ballads at a penny each, a taste of which he gives the delighted listener; there are the horns of stage-coach and of omnibus, blown with zeal: there is the bell of the crier, exercised as religiously as that of the railway-porter; the Pandean pipes and the drum-walk, not only with Punch, but also with the dancing bear. The performing dogs, the street acrobats, and the fantoccine; the noble Highlander not only stands outside the tobacconist's taking a pinch of snuff, but he also parades the streets, blowing a most patriotic tune upon his bagpipes; the butcher serenades his young mistress with the cleaver and the bones; the Italian boy delights all the ears of those who bear with his hurdy-gurdy.

Here comes the Paddington omnibus, the first omnibus of all, started seven years ago by Mr. Shillibeer, the father of all those which have driven the short stages of the road, and now ply in every street. You will not fail to observe that the knifeboard has not yet been invented. There are twelve passengers inside and none out. The conductor is already remarkable for his truthfulness, his honesty, and his readiness to take up any lady and to deposit her within ten yards of wherever she wishes to be. The fare is sixpence, and you must wait for ten years before you get a two-penny 'bus.—*Fifty Years Ago, by Walter Besant.*

A CONSIDERABLE quantity of German red clover is annually imported into New Zealand, where it flourishes, but has not hitherto ripened sufficiently to yield seed for reproduction. This has been explained by the absence of those fructifying insects which, it is well known, contribute so much in Europe to the propagation of many kinds of plants. In 1885 a parcel of 100 wild bees was imported from England and set free in the neighbourhood of Lyttelton. They multiplied greatly, spreading over a considerable district; and already the farmers near Lyttelton were able last season to gather and make use of clover seed from their own fields.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

### THE TEACHER IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

It matters not how broad a man may be by nature, if he rivets his attention upon the minor matters of his profession he is sure to have his common sense submerged in a sea of trifling details. There is no cumulative force in centering on the lesser matters of the school room. Volumes could be written upon the unfulfilled anticipation of teachers who had the native qualities of true greatness, but have been content with the tantalizing substitutes for high aspirations. We are not unappreciative of the true glory of the pedagogical fraternity, but, large as is the teacher's field of usefulness, it is worth the teacher's while to consider those influences which are bracing to his whole system without intrenching upon professional effectiveness. Teachers give as a reason for not doing social, intellectual, religious work outside their immediate requirements that they become so much exhausted with their school duties that they cannot, and they base it upon the fact that teachers break down nervously much sooner than other professional people. One hour of hard work for school out of school hours ought to be sufficient with the ordinary man, and this is usually best given in the morning by a man who rises early. This leaves a man his evenings for culture and breadth. Broaden, broaden every time, broaden at every point.—*Journal of Education.*

### INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION is something more than simply an inconvenience. A body which is served with food by a dyspeptic stomach receives very poor material of which to rebuild its tissues. None of the food is perfectly digested, and hence the quality of all the tissues is deteriorated. The stomach sometimes holds up wonderfully under the heavy burdens laid upon it and digests a much larger amount of food than is necessary to supply the wants of the body. In such cases the excessive amount of nutriment received is either at once excreted or accumulates in the tissues, clogging the various organs and interfering with their proper activity. Accumulations of this sort are the chief cause of gout, rheumatism, biliousness, and numerous other disorders which are usually attributed to other causes. Eating when tired and engaging in active mental or physical exercise immediately after a hearty meal are two of the most common sins against dietetic rectitude in our modern civilization. An old medical writer tells us that a hundred years ago it was the custom among the merchants of Edinburgh to take two hours' "nooning" for dinner in the middle of the day, during which time the shops were closed and all business suspended. It is quite hopeless to attempt a resurrection of this good old-fashioned custom in these fast times; and the best thing we can suggest is that no hearty meal should be eaten during the active business hours of the day, unless at least an hour or two can be allowed after the meal has been taken to give the stomach opportunity to get the digestive process well under way. The plan which our personal experience leads us to prefer is to defer the hearty meal, as did the old Romans, until the latter part of the day, say four o'clock in the afternoon, taking, if necessary, an apple, a bunch of grapes, an orange or two, or some equally simple food at midday to appease the clamouring of the stomach until it has become accustomed to the lengthened interval between the first and second meals. Two meals a day are in every way preferable to a larger number. The ancient Greeks and Romans took but one meal per diem. During the republican era the Roman custom was to eat twice a day, breakfast being simply a light repast of fruit and bread. At the present time the two-meal-a-day plan prevails quite extensively in France and Spain, especially among the better classes. The inmates of the hospitals in Paris are supplied with but two meals a day. The same is true respecting the soldiers of the French army.—*Good Health.*

### WHAT WE LOOK LIKE FROM THE MOON.

SEEN from the moon, which gravitates around us at the mean distance of 240,000 miles, the earth appears four times greater in diameter and thirteen miles wider in surface; and, consequently, more luminous than our satellite does to us. Immobile in the black depths of celestial space, she soars with majesty, seeming to reign over human destinies, and shows phases analogous to those exhibited in the moon, but in inverse order. When the sun covers with his rays the terrestrial hemisphere that faces the moon, the latter is new, and the full earth is shining in the sky, while at the moment of the full moon it is the non-illuminated part of our globe that is turned toward this neighbouring world; the earth is then new. To the first lunar quarter corresponds the last terrestrial quarter, and to the first quarter of the earth the last quarter of the moon. The lunar day, the period during which our satellite successively presents every portion of her surface to the solar rays, and, consequently, makes one revolution upon her axis, equals twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes. During this long diurnal period the earth offers its first quarter at sunset and its last at sunrise. So the "earthlight" contributes much more to the illumination of the lunar nights than the moonlight does to the illuminating of our nights, and the selenites have truly more reasons for believing that the earth exists for the sole purpose of dissipating the darkness of their nights than we have for considering the moon as created to be the torch of terrestrial nights. Our planet is afterward visible, amid the stars, and despite the sun's presence, under the form of a large crescent, which gradually diminishes in width until it entirely disappears at the moment of the new earth. The daily rotation of the earth upon its axis forms a very attractive spectacle. Varied spots mark our continents and