

do, and in about a minute along would come a girl with a pitcher; soon would come another, then two, then half a dozen, and in ten minutes time the shop was thronged, some with little pint pitchers, some with affairs that would hold half a gallon, to wash down the Sunday dinners which about the same time would be seen going to their various destinations from the bakers! But in the evening trade was the briskest. The law prohibits shops in general from being open on Sunday, but drinking houses and cigar shops as coming under the head of 'places of necessary refreshment for the people,' are allowed to ply their business. There might be seen the gent dropping in to wet his lips, dry with the cabbage leaf which he fondly believed came from Cuba. The laboring man, the artizan, the mechanic, all found their way there. Many a time were we astonished at the evident respectability of parties whom we could see through the glass fronts over their beer or gin. A man and wife well dressed, just returned from their Sunday evening walk, whom we should have imagined much too respectable to sit drinking in a public house, would nevertheless continually drop in and spend perhaps half an hour there among a set far inferior to them in position. One would think that they would prefer to send out for their beer and enjoy it in comfort in their own parlour; but the history of wine-bibbers tells us that half their enjoyment is found in being out of their own homes. You will see a man possessed of a comfortable house in which he might sit in his easy chair and smoke his cigar and quaff his wine 'like a gentleman.' You will see this man leave this comfortable house and betake himself to some recess off a wine shop, where sitting on a barrel or a bag of nuts in company with persons whom in his heart he despises, he will booze away his hours. Perhaps he does so on the principle that leads people picnicing, and carries them off to enjoy themselves heartily in a style which they would think very uncomfortable at home. Be the cause what it may, certain it is that into the public house opposite us walked many a highly respectable couple that would have been better away, for among the frequenters of the same house was many a member of the sinful sisterhood, fair to the eye but rotten at the heart, many a painted and bedizened girl who lost to society yet preyed upon it as a cankerworm, and sought to quench in the fumes of one deadly sin the pangs and the despair with which she was racked by the remembrance of, and yet compelled continuance in, another.

Our street was great for organs. It is the fashion to abuse street music, but even this like all other music to me hath charms. I speak not of the hurdy gurdy and one or two other instruments of the same genus, but these are the Pariahs of the profession and street music should no more be condemned because the hurdy gurdy will claim to bear a part in it, than should the science in general be vilified because the bagpipes call themselves instruments of music. Nor again is it to be denied that there is such a thing as having too much of it, but this is not a fair argument, because the finest music will weary