

has been erected some ten feet off, either to prevent passers by from defacing its beauties or to hinder them from approaching too close and thereby losing the full effect. The outer railing consists of a strong iron bar, about two inches square, supported at every dozen feet or so by an upright, on the top of which by way of further appropriate ornament squats an absurd little gothic lion. But the interior of the Museum is admirable. All the wonders of nature and art are concentrated here. Splendid collections in every department of science and natural history are here to be found. The student of zoology, geology, entomology, ichthyology, all the ologies, may here find what he wants. The mammoth and the moth may both be here examined. Lately the Assyrian sculptures, the long buried triumphs of the artists of thirty centuries ago, have been placed in this Museum, and we gazed on the winged bull and other vast mysticisms, and wondered what England was when the mighty kings whose palaces and temples those sculptures graced, looked down from their balconies upon the majestic cities that owned their sway and fancied themselves gods.

Our windows, as has been said, commanded a great thoroughfare, and it was amusing to watch the passers by. Now Punch would come with his peculiar cry, and if he met an encouraging face at a window would set up his diverting establishment. Now a butcher's cart would rush by at full trot, as only butcher's horses *can* trot, the boys head ever guiltless of hat or cap, no matter how heavy the rain, his hair being well plastered down with mutton fat, and quite water-proof. Then along would come a trim looking damsel holding before her a pie neatly covered with a brilliantly white linen cloth,—at least it always looked like a pie, but I subsequently found that the article was a baby! Then it was always amusing to watch the corner opposite, which was occupied by a public house. It must have been a good stand, for the custom seemed to be incessant. From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve, was the tapster at work. There was a coachman who used to deal very regularly with this house; he used to appear driving a very elegant carriage and pair, without a footman. He had evidently left his master somewhere in the neighbourhood, and was taking a drive round to prevent the horses catching cold. He would pull up at the 'public,' and in a minute or so the boy knowing what his customer's taste was, would appear with a creaming glass of old ale. Coachey would imbibe this slowly and carefully, and no one could doubt that he enjoyed it. He then would wipe his mouth, and as he did so regularly look around at all the windows to see if any one was watching him. He would then pay his two pence, gather up his ribands, and drive off staidly and with dignity.

On Sunday the law requires public houses to be closed during divine worship, consequently the traffic on that day was confined to the evening and the hours between one and three. Precisely at one o'clock the door of 'our' public house would open, not wide, but about two inches as all the public house doors