

nothing better than large earthenware pots or lit de wood barrels; the sound fruit put carefully in, and carefully covered down at top, with something almost impermeable to air. We know where apples, pears, walnuts, filberts, are kept as fresh, or fresher by this mode than any other, merely placing a thick turf, grass side downwards, over the top of the vessel, with a sheet of paper or a piece of calico between the fruit and the turf, and no packing is used. All our experiments with packing injured flavour; bran and sawdust were perhaps the worst. In an underground dry cellar, nothing is better than open benches.

Whenever you buy or sell, make a clear bargain, and never rely on the oft-repeated assurance, "We shan't disagree about trifles."

Honest Labour.—There is but one way of securing universal equality to man, and that is to regard every honest employment as honourable; and then for every man to learn, in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, to fulfil with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honour.

NEW YORK STREET MERCHANTS.

I remember very well, when I went to New York, seeing a man pushing about a hand-cart, who kept crying—

"P-aug-e!—P-aug-e!

Paug-e! paug-e!"

And then he would blow a horn as loud as he could. When I asked Bill what he meant? he laughed a little, and said—

"Why, he's a merchant! and sells porgies," which is a kind of fish.

I had always thought of a New York merchant as a gentleman, with warehouses and goods, and clerks, and heaps of money. But I have since learned, that in New York any man is a merchant who acts between the producer and customer; and that this ragged man, who bought the fish from the man who caught them, and sold them to him who eat them, was really a merchant. There is a very large number of people in New York who live in the street, and among them many a merchant who pays no rent. In the first place, early in May, boys and girls, and men and women go about the streets, singing out—

"Rad-shees—Rad-shees."

And most of the people buy their radishes of them at three, or two, or one cent a bunch. Then, in a month or so, you hear them crying at the top of their voices, and some of them cry with a

rough, gruff voice, and some cry with a sharp, shrill voice—

"Straw-breez—Straw-breez,"—that way. And from them people buy little baskets of strawberries at ten, or eight, or six, or five cents a basket. Then, by and by, they cry raspberries, and then huckleberries, and then blackberries, in the same way. But, besides these, oranges, and pine-apples, and potatoes, and peaches, and apples, are sold by the street merchants, many of whom go with an old wagon and horse. And you must know, that away on the outskirts of the city, is a place where many a horse is sold to these merchants for five dollars; and as one of them once told me, a very good pair could be bought for fourteen dollars. Think of it! How the crows must be after them.

Then, when it comes corn-time, you will hear the cry in the evening, first from a rough voice—

"HOT-K-O-R-N—HOT-K-O-R-N."

And then from a small, child voice—

"Hot-K-o-r-n—Hot-K-o-r-n."

And if you go out to buy, you will see people with baskets on their heads, out of which they will take ears of smoking-hot boiled corn, which are kept hot in cloths, and will sell you one for two or three cents. But I don't eat corn that way.

Every day there goes by my house a man who cries, what sounds like

"Vried vish!—Vried vish!"

And my wife said, "Why does that man cry fried fish?" He did not cry fried fish at all—but "Glass-pu'-in." And there are many of these who mend up the broken windows.

Little girls and boys go about with baskets and cry,

"M-at-chez—M-at-chez!"

And they sell a great many.

There are some street merchants who have no cry at all; but have a sort of board, upon which they spread out their apples and pea-nuts, and candy at the corners; and some of these make more than two dollars a day profit. The book merchants have their stands, here and there, where they sell a good many second-hand books. There are men and women, too, who, in May and June, sell bunches of flowers in the streets, and some of them very beautiful ones, too.

There are others who get their living in the streets, who, perhaps, cannot be

called merchants. You will see in the very early morning these little carts drawn sometimes by a man, sometimes by a woman, but almost always with two dogs harnessed underneath; and it is curious to see how those dogs do pull. I had no idea, until I saw them, how much they could drag, and how strong and willing they were. Some of them collect swill, and all sorts of old bones and refuse at the houses; and some collect at the ash-boxes bits of half-burnt coal. These they use and sell, and so get livings for themselves and their dogs.

You will see, too, men and women going about the streets, and they start early, too, with sacks on their shoulders, and an iron hook in their hands; they poke into any pile of rubbish or filth, and hook out anything that has value. These are called "Rag-pickers" here; and there are hundreds of them in Paris, and there they are called "Chiffoniers."

Some of them have done it all their lives; and are as well known there as the Duke of Wellington was in London.

You will now and then hear a rich, loud voice come along the street singing away—"Sweep-o-sweep-o! Ho-o-hie-he-o! Ho sweep-o!" Almost always these are negroes, and they are chimney-sweeps. Now they sweep the chimneys with long-handled brushes. But some years ago, little fellows—sometimes not more than seven or eight years old—would crawl up the fire-places; I would hear him go brushing up; and then, when I ran out of the door, I would see his little head come pop out the top of the high chimney, where for a few minutes he would sing away—"Hi-ho! Ho-ho! Sweep-o! Sweep-o! Hi-ho! Hi-ho!" which sounded better to me than it did to him, I guess.

In London these little sweeps formed quite a class by themselves, but they were white boys.

There was a man in London who had a great fancy for the little rough, dirty fellows; his name was Jem White; and every year he would give them a smoking hot supper at a tavern, where he, Charles Lamb, and other friends, put on aprons and waited on them. When they had eaten enough, White and Lamb would propose toasts and drink their healths, and make funny speeches. They all enjoyed it and had a good time.—*American periodical.*