

were there present, certainly all who pretended to any degree of civilization: had tasted this beverage, for there is no part of the world to which it has not found its way. In the frozen north, in the sunny south, at the top of the Pyramids, amid the snows of Russia, in the parched sands of the desert, by the well watered valleys of Cashmere, at the north pole, at the south pole, and in the centre of the earth—every where may English bitter ale be had for the asking. Manchester cotton fabrics, which are considered tolerably penetrating goods quite lose their color when they reflect on the triumphs of bitter ale, and Birmingham hardwares forget for a moment how brassy they are. But though this sublime conception has thus created for itself a name and a market throughout the habitable world, yet out of London no man got it in its prime: for alas! for exportation it must be bottled. Grand as it is when issuing from its glassy prison, yet to be enjoyed in its prime it should be drunk fresh from the cask. It is not to be tasted in perfection save in London. When foreigners who had hitherto refreshed themselves from the bottle, got their first taste from the cask, a new light seemed to steal upon them. 'Twas like the opening up of a new branch of knowledge to a mind that had hitherto been kept dark for want of competent instruction. Those who had been so neglected as not to have ever tasted the draught before, acknowledged their barbarism, but soon drowned their shame in their delight. The Dutchman forgot his phlegm, forswore *schnapps* for ever thereafter, and vowed he would have a brewery at Amsterdam. The Chinaman raised his eyebrow till his little oblique eyes became perpendicular, and his pigtail sympathetically curled so tight that his heels were lifted from the ground; his forefathers had raised tea, but *he* would cultivate hops henceforth. The Turk laughed at the beard of his prophet; declared that if Mahomet had ever tasted bitter ale, he would have added a chapter to the koran and held out a new joy for Paradise, and wondered if the religion of the Giaours could be very bad when it produced such delicious drinks. The Russian thought that Siberia wouldn't be so intolerable if Bass could be established there with his vats. Even the Parisian admitted that if the English had but one sauce, they at least had inimitable beer. Beer was all the rage. And well does it deserve its fame. Soft as first love, with the sweet and bitter so exquisitely mingled that one knows not which most prevails, it steals upon one's senses like its all absorbing prototype. Nor let the son of temperance shrug his shoulders at my description: he might consume a gallon of it, and not be a whit more intemperate than before he drank.

Sitting one morning at our window, the Fantoccini came by. These clever little puppets are well worth looking at. A stand is placed in the street like that of Punch—consisting of a box about four feet square, shewing in front an opening of about two feet. In the lower half of this box the 'manager' sits, and the whole stands on four legs some eight or ten feet high. The machine comes along borne on the shoulders of one man, while another makes