

good meat ; in fact the beef he does eat is mostly inferior to the Australian or Canadian. As a matter of fact, he may be almost ignorant of the taste of first-class English beef. Twenty-five cents a pound for beef is too high a price for most mechanics, and fish or a small "rasher of bacon" is what he takes to delude himself into the belief that he has had a substantial dinner. At five p.m. he takes his "tea"—*i. e.*, plenty of tea with a little bread and butter, or something of that sort—a light meal. Then after going home follows supper, which may mean something more substantial, with possibly some beer. Such a diet is manifestly not the best for a "working man." There is too much tea, and too little that represents meal, eggs, good milk, etc. The milk of London !!! Beer and spirit drinking is not the only curse of the poorer classes in London—tea-drinking is the foundation of dyspepsia of the worst sort in a large proportion of this class. Probably five pints of tea a day would be a small average for the majority of mechanics. Few stomachs can bear that.

Going higher in the scale, there is something to imitate and something to avoid in the English mode of feeding. The dinners are too heavy, but with the exception of a little wine or a small glass of ale (not so common as formerly), nothing is drank with the food. After dinner comes the coffee or tea, and is taken very deliberately. Yes, deliberation over eating is the great secret of English digestion. This matter has not been exaggerated. I have known a poor man, in a coffee-house, take a full hour over his dinner. Above all other things we need in America is the feeling that when we sit down to eat we have plenty of time to do it, and to enjoy it, and the freedom from the anxiety of work that is to follow. I fancy there must be a good deal of

natural pleasure arising from the healthy discharge of the functions of the body that Englishmen enjoy, and Americans, including Canadians, do not know much about, after twenty-five years of age.

Like myself, Sammy, I notice, you have an interest in the dumb creation. It is surely not an unworthy interest, seeing that they contribute so much to our happiness and prosperity and seem to share, if not our vices and virtues, at least their consequences. Thoughtful men must in their gloomy moments inquire where the justice of many things in this world is to be sought ; but if dogs could think many an unfortunate, bound to a vicious and hard-hearted master, must ask the question with ten-fold significance. Sammy, could you possibly believe in the goodness or piety of the man who abuses his dog or his horse ? It must be against all laws, human and divine.

You want some facts in regard to the donkeys of London at the present day. We have heard our parents speak of them. I'm sorry to say he is the same overworked, underfed brute as ever. I believe in the survival of the fittest, but the poor "cuddy" seems best fitted to call out the brutality of his master, and so perhaps, he had better perish. As a matter of fact, the race seems to be dying out, and a fine class of small ponies is taking its place. Why, only at the Derby of 1881 I saw several donkey carts with four and five big fellows for poor "jack" to draw seventeen miles and back.

Ah ! the Derby ! Sammy, the Derby is an epitome of England ! As you know, everybody goes to the Derby, from Royalty down to the urchin that turns summersaults for half-pence on the dusty roads on the way thither. And, it might be added, every one bets on the Derby ; it may be sixpence or it may be five thou-