

seems to me to "top creation," as the Yankee said,—at least that part of it comprised under the Jehu class. He has a hard, rubicund face, that looks as though it was as insensible to the weather as the waterproof coat on his back. There is, moreover, a certain imperturbability about it, which none of the vicissitudes of his career, amid the swarming life of the greatest of cities, can disturb. I said a "rubicund" face. The explanation of that is not far to seek, when one considers that the "man above," as he is from his position facetiously called, consumes, on the average, about a quart of spirits daily, at a moderate calculation.

I wonder, Sammy, if old Will Shakspeare, when he gave the drinking championship to our land over the Danes, Germans and Hollanders, had Jehu in his eye. Like many another man who seems to see little, not much escapes our friend who handles the reins; and he has a knack of picking the comedy out of the scenes of life in an unusual degree. He has a quiet way of communicating, by sundry winks, nods, monosyllables, etc., his meaning to his fellow-drivers, as he passes them, which serves him well as a sort of untranslatable language (that is untranslatable by the majority). They have their own jealousies, like every other class. My comical friend used, when we got on top of a 'bus, to say: "Now listen, while I talk to the driver." Then he would commence to abuse, disparage, ridicule, or what not the last 'bus-man we had passed, till he had worked up our poor fellow to an extraordinary heat of indignation. To tell you that they will lie and cheat is no news. It is common to the class the world over. But why is this? Is it that this business is more degrading, or that a baser sort of men enter it? I do not think either is the case. The explanation seems to me to be

put thus: Jehu, like other men, seeks his own interests. He conceives they are advanced by lying and cheating people out of their pence. He observes that, as the world goes, people have not the slightest regard for him; they merely wish to be delivered at such and such points safely, and often forget the forms of common politeness, which forms, I hold, are due to all with whom we have dealings, no matter what their station. Cabby gets to believe, probably, that "no man careth for my soul." Now, when any man comes to adopt that article of belief, he is in the very best frame of mind to become some sort of a criminal; the degree to which this actually becomes a fact depends somewhat on the man, and much on other circumstances. With ordinary men, a criminal—that is, in such a case, a *retaliative* career is entered upon. You deny Jehu his rights of civility, etc., he withholds from you your pence. I take it that much the same sort of explanation is applicable to the servant girl question. A few years ago a servant girl was little more than a human drudge, with few recognized rights of a human being. Now she demands her rights, and with a vengeance, Sammy. There is nothing more comforting to me in considering this world's problems, than that justice sooner or later does step on the scene of all human affairs. I have never had the very highest respect for that old Roman poet, Horace. I am afraid he did not quite keep his skirts clear of the sins of his age; but with his utterances on justice I agree—nay more, for there I forgive him much. But we must bid good-bye to the 'bus-man, and take the Underground Railway. But where shall we leave him? Well, where you please; but I happen to know where he generally plays the last scene: in a hospital, the victim of intemperance in alco-