

ket, notice their "company manners," and follow them into the privacy of their homes. The customs of Twelfth Night, May Morning, and St. Valentine's Day assume a fresh interest when we see how they were observed by our hapless ancestors who had yet to learn that time was money. We watch the hackney coaches ply their slow course over the stones, mark the gleam of the link which escorts belated banqueters home at night, and are roused by the monotonous call with which the sleepy watchman breaks the dull silence of the dawn.

London and Its Old Diarists.

From The Quarterly Review.

The diarist was always on the move, opened every door through which he could gain admittance, listened to the talk of every circle, and set down all that he observed and heard. As we read, the old London, which the fire swept away, rises from its ruins, as well as the more stately city which so speedily replaced it. We see the river alive with traffic, (nervous people dreading the almost inevitable drenching as they "shoot the bridge,") and feel almost as though present in person at the yacht races, pleasure trips to Greenwich or "More-clacke," and the sumptuous water-pageants which are so picturesquely described. The great palaces of the town and its ancient churches reappear in their splendor; we are jostled along the narrow streets, with their quaint signs, and pick our way about the dirty squares.

The life of the Court and the city, the resorts of the learned, the haunts of the loungers, the excitements on 'Change, the civic functions, the royal masques, and balls, the "revels" at the Inns of Court, the festive dinners, the promenades in the parks and public walks, the recreations in the Mall, the diversions of Fox Hall and Mulberry Garden, the savage sports of the Cockpit and of Southwark Fair, the cruel sights at Tyburn and at Temple Bar, the pillory in Cheapside, the duels and street brawls, the accessories of the restored theatre, the humors of "Fops' Corner" and of Fleet Alley, Slingsby's Lottery, Lely's studio, and Nell Gwynne's dressing room; all move before us in living tints on the canvas of this marvelous panorama. We can watch our forefathers at church and mar-