

Backbone.

When you see a fellow-mortal
 Without fixed and fearless views,
 Hanging on the skirts of others,
 Walking in their cast-off shoes,
 Bowing low to wealth or favor,
 With abject, uncovered head,
 Ready to retreat or waver,
 Willing to be drove or led,
 Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
 Throw your moral shoulders back,
 Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
 Just the things which his must lack.
 A stronger word
 Was never heard
 In sense and tone
 Than this—Backbone.

Sunday in England in 1760.

Would you like to know how the people in England spent their Sunday 150 years ago? The churches were open, of course, and there were two services in every one, and in some there were three; also the responsible and respectable citizen took his family to church, as a matter of course.

He made his apprentices go to church as well, and demanded the text when they came home as a proof of attendance. Alas, he little knew that the boys were larking all the morning, and when the congregation came out stopped the old women and got the text from them.

However, those who went elsewhere formed the majority. The fields round the town were filled with companies of men, called rural societies, who rambled about all the morning and dined together at a tavern. The high constables went their rounds among the villages pretending to prevent profanation of the day, but they were squared by the publicans.

Informers were about threatening publicans, barbers and greengrocers for carrying on trade on Sunday morning unless they paid a little blackmail. A shilling was understood to meet the case. Barbers sent their apprentices on Sunday morning to shave the prisoners in the Fleet for nothing, so that they might get practice.

Children were baptized after afternoon service and a supper was given afterward to celebrate the occasion. At this supper the nurse, it was allowed, could blamelessly get drunk.

The beadles of churches were bribed by beggars to let them sit on the steps and ask charity of the congregation coming out. It was the best business of the week. The rails before the houses of gentlemen were crowded with beggars.

When the ladies got home after church they did not disdain to slap the servant if dinner was delayed. The fields between the Tottenham court road and the foundling hospital were the resort of the sporting fraternity, who were assembled to enjoy the innocent diversions of duck hunting and cat hunting, with prizefighting, quarterstaff, wrestling and other sports.

The pleasure gardens were open all day long. People crowded to

them in the early morning for breakfast and staid all day. At 2 there was an ordinary, in the afternoon and evening an organ recital; there was tea in the alcoves and in the evening there was supper.

In the evening when they reluctantly came away, with as much punch as they could hold, they formed themselves into bands for purposes of protection, while the footpads looked out on the road for single passengers, or, haply, drunken passengers, whom it was easy and a pleasure to rob.

And this was the way of a Sunday in June or July, 1760—[London Queen.

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