

the peripatetic photographer, who declares he can turn out as good work "as any fust-class artis' in the city," and the young man who vends a cement with which he is prepared to 'stick' anything in the world—even his customers. It is a catch-penny show throughout; but then, when we come down to the final analysis, what trade, calling or profession is not? It is only a matter of degree. These people are doing a much more legitimate business than many who are engaged in bigger concerns outside. The art to dissemble is looked upon as an accomplishment not to be ignored by those who would be great, or, rather, who would fill the places of the great. It is the *sine qua non* of the politician, the mask of the merchant, the shield of the ignorant and the seal-mark of society. (Society! what a multitude of incongruous elements is comprehended by the meaning of the word,—if there be any real meaning; how the 'line' winds its tortile way between streets, between houses, betwixt families; what a stretching of the elastic eligibility there is to include one person, and how, in a precisely similar case, the gossamer filament may become a veritable Wall of China to exclude another.)