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a host of other similarly attractive wonders,—fat women and snake charmers included,—drew in the "shekels" in the shape of copper coins. A skeleton of a whale was exhibited to little folks for a penny, and you had the privilege of walking in at the widely opened jaws and going on to the tail, and of having half a dozen Peruvian Mummies thrown in, with the distinct impression that the whale had swallowed them, and a certainty of a fearful crop of dreams that night as an inevitable result. One show will never be forgotten by all who witnessed it. Beguiled to enter by a man at the door, who ate fire instead of soup, took an after course of blue and white paper shavings, by way of entree, and produced from his mouth, which was extra large in size, a barber's pole some five feet in length, as dessert. You saw a woman, with jet-black locks reaching in equestrian style to her heels, who had then fastened about a heavy anvil from a neighboring blacksmith's shop, and lifted it veritably by the hair of her head. And, as if this were not enough for the money, there appeared a learned pig who told your fortune by cards, counted correctly enough to satisfy the juvenile mind, and could pick out the little boy who stole from his mother's sugar bowl, and, strange to say, was correct every time. And then the outdoor man did some prodigious feats in contortions and heavy lifts of ponderous weights, and put himself in a small box, with three or four dozen ginger beer bottles—quantity being no object—and kindly permitted anybody to run a formidable looking sword clear through the box, and wasn't hurt at all. And the climax was reached when he persuaded some unfortunate and credulous boy to drink a quart or less of beer, and drew it all back from him, through a funnel applied

to ear, and mouth, and nose and finger ends, and every part of his person, and finished up by fastening a padlock on the mouth of the obliging lad to prevent him from telling his mother, who surely didn't know that her son was out, all that had happened to him after his day of wild dissipation at the Fair. What a penworth that was! Another penny show gave a view of "Seven-legged Jenny," a presumably well-known race horse, who hadn't, however, yet won the St. Leger, doubtless because so many legs interfered with her running, but who was depicted upon an immense canvas, nevertheless, as making even better time than he of the Seven-legged Boots, and distancing the field of thoroughbreds vainly struggling beyond the distance post. She was accompanied by a wonderful crocodile, captured on the Nile, who, if the large oil painting of the event was worthy of credence, had eaten, or prepared for eating, half a dozen Jack Tars, and demolished twice that number of colored citizens, and had retired from the contest only when espying a British man-of-war lying in the offing ready to receive him. The three extra legs on Jenny, it is proper to remark, were only growths on the side of the normal foreleg, of extra hoofs, and the crocodile was dead and stuffed, so that he might be touched, if you were careful, with impunity. The impression of a "sell" was somehow conveyed to the infant mind, after a sight of the not very remarkable racer, and the inanimate saurian. Viewed from that standpoint the show was decidedly immoral.

Men who ate fire, washed their hands in it, and seemed to relish both operations, were penny wonders in combination with some other performances. The Glass-Blowers, who made ships, and baskets, and pipes, and bottles, and