

are marked with evil passions; red-jerseyed Salvationists; rascally-looking sharps with unpleasant leers; and multitudinous children, for Mrs. John Bull has brought her hapless progeny for a day's outing. We wander idly to and fro with the crowds in the bazaars and look at the whimsical merchandise, the lithographic views, ha'-penny toys, trumpery jewels, knick-knacks and "things wherein is no profit." We inspect illuminated pictures through peep-holes and find them not particularly edifying, or take a turn on the "roundabout" and thus solicit qualms for a mere song. "Oh! if you will only walk into my parlor," cries the man of the camera obscura, and being simple we turn in thither and try to understand the opticalness of it.

The limitations of poverty need deter no one, for in England, you learn the purchasing ability of a farthing. For this tiny bit of money you may buy a toy-trumper, an apple, or even a doll. Being females, we could not throw straight, and so did not waste our substance on the riotous man who dodged the cricket balls thrown at his head. His motions were a revelation in dexterity, for no one secured a prize. We pottered around the raree shows and expressed our superlative admiration in copper coin. A gypsy told me "all the things that ever I did". We were merry with swarthy ragamuffins and their monkeys; with harequins and burnt-cork comedians. The penny-in-the-slot machines wrote us love-letters, told our characters, fortunes, strength, our weight (in stones), the names of our second husbands, and showed us the photographs of our first babies. No need to take anxious thought for the morrow, it is all explained to-day.

An entertainment of the "variety" order was in full blast, and as Sairey Gamp would express it, we happened in quite "permiscuous". The principle feature seemed to be the dancing