

12
 hundred vagabonds
 who were crowding about
 a Justice window to see
 some forlorn pickpocket
 receive his sentence for
 the pillory — no sooner
 does one set of faces ap-
 pear in view, than down
 pop their heads again —
 each alternately giving
 the wicket behind him
 an opportunity to peep.

Now as I am not at
 present overstock'd, (as I
 mention'd at setting out)
 I have no chance left but
 to get some unfortunate
 idea into my clutches,
 and proceed to cutting
 it up — let me see —
 let me consider — I mind
 — what a desert! — wild
 vast, and uniform — not
 a single image can I
 come across — not one