

the wrinkled leaves of cabbages and the faces of creamy cauliflowers, and here and there the whole place was illuminated by piles of pale gold lemons, of fiery-red tomatoes, and rose-coloured stacks of radishes. Farther on one came upon trays of comfits, on gelatinous strips of *nougat*, and great masses of a peculiar pallid sweetmeat, of the colour and the texture of putty, with the large knives sticking in it, that were ready to cut it into slices.

In another street we came upon the shops of the barbers, bare to the public eye as the interior of a doll's house; and not far off were rows upon rows of cafés—deep vaulted rooms, entirely open to the roadway, and showing within, dark in the swarthy twilight, long groups carousing at wooden tables. Not far from these was the more squalid quarter of the shoemakers, where all down an inky alley busy hands were glancing, and boots brown and black, and slippers crimson and yellow, dangled in front of what were less like shops than sheds. Somewhere too in the same neighbourhood a sharp turn brought one amongst the smiths and the iron-workers, where black puffs of vapour floated faintly amongst the awnings, and far away in the gloom forges spat and sparkled.

And through these shadowy ways, from early morning to dusk, the most motley throng kept moving. Greeks and Armenians, in dark, tight-fitting clothing, jostled their way amongst turbans and flowing robes, amongst blue and green and