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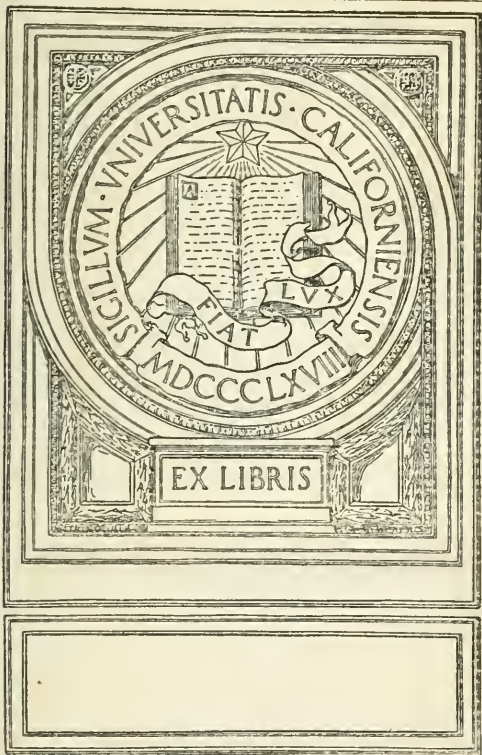




HENRY BATCHELLOR INMAN, M.A.

*Bathoaston:  
Somerset.*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
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PAUL CLIFFORD.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,  
Dorset Street Fleet Street.

# PAUL CLIFFORD.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "DEVEREUX," &c.

Many of your Lordships must recollect what used to take place on the high roads in the neighbourhood of this Metropolis some years ago. Scarcely a carriage could pass without being robbed, and frequently the passengers were obliged to fight with, and give battle to, the highwaymen who infested the roads. — Duke of Wellington's Speech on the Metropolis Police Bill, June 5th. Mirror of Parliament, 1829, page 2050.

Can any man doubt whether it is better to be a great statesman, or a common thief?—Jonathan Wild.

*Which is the better?—Jonathan Wild.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,  
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1830.





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# DEDICATORY EPISTLE,

TO

\*\*\*\*\* , Esq.



SOME years ago, my dear friend, when you and I had more of the poetry of life at our hearts than, I fear, is left to either of us now, I inscribed with your name a certain slender volume of Poems, printed but not published. Of the hundred copies of those boyish indiscretions which, full of all unimaginable errors of type and press, owed their origin to a French printer, I have not to this day given away more than two or three-and-twenty. I dedicated to you then a book only to be circulated among friends, on the tacit understanding that they were to be alike willing to forgive and eager to commend. I dedicate to you now a book which, the moment it passes from me, goes among readers of whom even the kindly are too lukewarm to praise, the hostile are pre-resolved to cen-

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sure, and every individual, with a cruel justice, holds it a right to expect merit in an author upon all points, and to extend him indulgence upon none. This is the natural and established bond of publication; and of course, like all who publish, I am prepared for its conditions. But ere I again appear before an audience not the less critical — scarcely the less unfamiliar, for my having, into her performances, braved its opinion, let me linger a few minutes behind the scenes, and encourage myself with a friendly conference with you. It gives me pain, my dear \* \* \* \* \*, to think that I may not grace my pages with your name; for I well know, that when after-years shall open the fitting opportunity to your talents, that name will not be lightly held wherever honesty and truth—a capacity to devise what is good, and a courage to execute it, are considered qualities worthy of esteem. But in your present pursuits it can scarcely serve you to be praised by a novelist, and named in the dedication to a novel; and your well-wishers would not be pleased to find you ostentatiously exhibiting a sanction to a book, which they would fain hope you may never obtain the leisure to read.

Four years have passed since I dedicated to you the Poems I refer to—they have not brought to either of us an inconsiderable change. We are no longer the rovers of the world, setting sail at our caprice, and finding enterprise at our will. We feel, though with a silent conviction, that life has roads harsher

and more barren than we then imagined ; and we look on the ways through which we pass, not with the eager or the wandering glance of the tourist of pleasure, but with the saturnine and wary eye of the hacknied trafficker of business. You are settled down to the labours—honourable, indeed, but somewhat sterile—of the bar ; and I, “ a mere spectator of other men’s fortunes and adventures,”\* am drawing from the bustle of the living world such quiet observation as, after it has lain a little while within my own mind, you perceive re-produced in the pages of certain idle and very indifferent novels. I cling, however, not the less fondly to my old faith, that experience is the only investment which never fails to repay us tenfold what it cost ; and that we cannot find better and surer guides through those mazes of life, which we have not only to pass but to *retrace*, than the error, or the prejudice, or the regret which, with every interval, we leave behind us, as landmarks, on our way.

When you receive these three volumes, printed, and labelled, and *boarded*, in all the uncut coxcombrity of the very last new novel, I know exactly the half frown, half smile, with which you will greet them, and the friendly petulance with which you will *pish!* and think what a pity it is that “—— should still write nothing else but a novel.”—Is it, indeed, a pity, my dear friend ? Are you sure that in writing something else I should write something better ? For my part, I often ask

myself that question; and, if I could answer it satisfactorily, this work would never have been written. But let us view the matter fairly; what else shall I write? There is Poetry, in the first place!—Will you—will any one read epic or sonnet—tale or satire—tragedy or epigram?—Whatever be the variety, do you not except at once to the species?—and would you not deem it a less fatigue and a greater profit, to skim through three volumes, than to yawn over a single stanza?—A tide of popular opinion has set against poetry; and in the literary world, as in the natural, the tide and the hour can scarcely be neglected, even by the hardiest adventurer.—Putting, then, poetry out of our consideration—and I wish, for I have all the fondness and weakness of first love still clinging about me, that you would even attempt to convince me that I ought not to do so,—shall we turn to Philosophy? shall I write on the mind, or speculate on the senses?—Alas! to what end? we may judge of the demand for moral philosophy, when we reflect that Hobbes's works\* are out of print, and that Mills's Analysis has not been reviewed. I will frankly confess to you, that writing is not with me its own reward; and that in order to write, I must first have the hope to be read. Politics, Essays, Travels, Biography, History;—are these subjects on which one is more likely to obtain a decent, a tolerably durable reputation, than one is by the composition of novels?

\* In a collected shape.



I fear not. Let us look around! What encouragement to any of these subjects is held out to us? Are not writings of this sort far more the ephemerals of literature than writings of fiction? \* Does the biography, or the essay, or the treatise, last even the year for which a novel endures? And if it does not exceed the novel in durability, it can scarcely equal it, you

\* Nor is this, as at the first glance it may appear, owing to the fault or the unimportance of the writings themselves. While "The Sketch Book" is found in every young lady's dressing-room; and "Bracebridge Hall" is still in high request, in every country book-club; "The Life of Columbus," invaluable, if only from the subject so felicitously chosen; "The Wars of Grenada," scarcely less valuable from the subject so consummately adorned, and so stirringly painted; are, the one slowly passing into forgetfulness, and the other slumbering, with uncut leaves, upon the shelf. Compare the momentary sensation produced by the first appearance of Lord King's "Life of Locke," with the sensation, durable and intense, which, replete as it is with the treasure of Locke's familiar thoughts, it would have produced twenty years ago! "Godwin's History of the Commonwealth," one of the most manly and impartial records ever written, lives less upon the memory than "Almack's;" and "Cyril Thornton," produced some four years since, is in more immediate vogue than the admirable history by the same Author—published but the other day. True, that among a succeeding generation, there may possibly be a re-action—lethargic octavos be awakened from their untimely trance, and enlivened quartos "take up their beds and walk!" But now when people *think* as well as *feel*, and the present is to them that matter of reference and consideration which the future was with their more dreaming forefathers—the fame that is only posthumous, has become to all, but to poets, a very frigid and impotent inducement.

will allow, in popularity. The literary idler who receives it from the library, sends it away and waits for the review in the Quarterly; and the friend, the familiar, to whom you make it a present, shuns you during the rest of your life, lest you should inquire his opinion. You see, my dear \* \* \* \* \*, I have viewed the matter on a magnificent scale. I might have checked the question at once;—I might, instead of provoking discussion, by pointing out the unfitness of such attempts, have quieted it by a gentle allusion to the inability of the attempter;—I might have exclaimed “Poetry! I am a poetaster, not a poet. Philosophy! I am a student, not a discoverer. Essays! I have wearied you already with Essays in ‘Devereux,’ or the ‘Disowned.’ Travels! Where, oh! where have I travelled?” But this is not the age in which men are so uninventive in motives as to confess to a want of genius, or a scantiness of knowledge; and consequently, I beg you to believe that I write novels, not because I cannot write any thing else, but because novels are the best possible things to be written.

We live in a strange and ominous period for literature. In books as in other manufactures, the great aim seems the abridgement of labour: the idlest work is the most charming. People will only expend their time for immediate returns of knowledge; and the wholesome and fair profit, slow, but permanent, they call tedious in letters, and speculative in politics. This eager yet slothful habit of mind, now so general,

has brought into notice an emigrant, and motley class of literature, formerly, in this country, little known and less honoured. We throw aside our profound researches, and feast upon popular abridgments; we forsake the old march through elaborate histories, for "a dip" into entertaining memoirs. In this, our immediate bias in literature, if any class of writing has benefited more than another in popularity and estimation, it is the Novel. Readers now look into fiction for facts; as Voltaire, in his witty philosophy, looked among facts for fiction. I do not say that the novel has, in increased merit, deserved its increased reputation: on the contrary, I think, that though our style may be less prolix than it was in the last century, our thoughts are more languid and our invention less racy.\* However this be, the fashion in literature, of which I speak, has, among the wrecks of much that is great and noble, opened to second-rate ability and *mediocre* knowledge, paths that were shut to them before. And I, for one, if I have lost as a member of the Public, have gained more than proportionately as an Individual. I feel that I have just sufficient reading, or observation, or reflection, or

\* In whatever I say of the novel, I cannot, of course, be supposed to include the fictions of Sir Walter Scott. I must also make two exceptions among the novels of his countrymen; the quaint and nervous humour of "Lawrie Todd," and the impassioned boldness of "Adam Blair."

talent of any sort, to make it possible that I may stumble in a light fiction upon some amusing, perhaps even some useful truths; while neither the reading, nor the observation, nor the reflection, nor the talent, are in all probability sufficient to entitle me to a momentary notice in any graver and more presuming composition. Then, too, I fancy at those "post-prandial hours," when a certain self-complacency diffuses its cheering caloric over the mind,—I fancy that I have also by accident stricken out a vein not so wholly hacknied, as that any of my *immediate cotemporaries* share the possession with myself: for the philosophical novel is at present not only little cultivated in any shape, but those who do break up the unpromising soil, are writers essentially grave and didactic. Such is the graceful and all-accomplished author of "De Vere;" or the fine creator of "St. Leon" and "Mandeville," to whose style may be applied the simile applied somewhat too flatteringly to that of Tertullian—that it is like ebony, at once dark and splendid. The novel, blending chiefly the comic, and occasionally the dramatic qualities with those of the reflective and analysing, is that which (except in "Devereux") I have sought out as the province of my own attempts; and in avoiding a competition with the distinguished writers I have just referred to, I aimed originally at prudence, and gained perhaps something of novelty.

You will observe that I have laid a stress on the words *immediate cotemporaries*, for I do not deceive myself with

the idea that I have done any thing the least original ; I have only endeavoured to revive what had passed a little into neglect ; and if my books have had any success, it is owing to the goodness of the school, and in spite of the faults of the disciple. The combination of the philosophic novel with the comic has indeed long since, in two great authors, been carried to a perfection, which, I confess, I think is not likely to be attained, *longo intervallo*, by any succeeding writer. The first, and by far the greater of these, (I speak of Fielding) seems a man, who with an universal fame has never met with a full appreciation. To me, he appears not only incomparable as a Novelist—but also one of the soundest thinkers, and most scientific moralists that ever conferred honour on a country, and instruction on mankind. The second, Dr. Moore, has this remarkable merit ; he has made us forgive in him, two sins that would have been beyond redemption in any other author,—viz. in style an odious affectation of Gallicisms, and in morals a furtive tendency to import the idea ready-made rather than to work out the raw material at home. To these two may be added Miss Edgeworth, the most faultless, if not the most brilliant of all novelists, past and present. I do not class her among immediate cotemporaries, partly because she seems to have altogether retired from the field, and partly because the same settled and quiet judgment has been passed upon her charming and useful tales which is in general reserved for the decision of poste-



rity. Though I can only, then, advance a claim to the merit of the renewer, not the creator,—the furbisher of old pictures, not the artist of new,—I am yet very far from certain that I can reach even an equal merit in any other branch of literature; and thus you perceive a fourth\* novel from my pen, where your unreflecting friendship would have wished to see an attempt in political morals or history:—History! after all, and despite of all discouragement, there is to every student, every man of closet, or academic, recollections, a wonderful stimulus in that word! and, perhaps, I may already, and in defiance of my own judgment, and the warnings around, have nursed within me some project in that most noble yet least ransacked department of intellectual research, which in after-years I may disappoint you and embody. But this is not to be lightly begun, nor even immaturely conceived; and how many casualties may arise to mar altogether the execution of such a project! how many casualties, even at the best, may procrastinate it to the languor of age, and the energies slackened by long familiarity with the crosses and contests of life! Often, when through youth and manhood we imagine we are cherishing our concluding triumph, we are only nursing our latest

\* When I speak of my *fourth* novel, I omit “Falkland” from the number, an early and crude attempt which I have never hitherto owned—beyond my own small circle of friends;—and which I should not now speak of, were it not generally known to be mine—at least among all who have ever heard of it!

disappointment. Meanwhile, at present, if I anticipate but little gain, I can meet with but a trifling loss: I do not set my heart on the success of efforts, which, I allow with my enemies, (for to have enemies is the doom of literature, which even the most ordinary writer does not escape,) are petty and unimportant; I am not so elevated by the praise of this man, or so humbled by the blame of that, as to forfeit "the level temperature of the mind," or transgress the small and charmed circle from which Reason—a sorceress when she confines her efforts, an impostor when she enlarges them—banishes the intrusion of others. Nor do I myself believe that to any one who has formed the habit of application, is the production of books, whatever be their nature, (so long as they are neither in poetry nor abstract science) attended with that utter and absorbing engrossment of time which is usually imagined. Life has hours enough for all but the idle; and for my own part, if I were not in the common habit of turning to more important subjects, as a study, I should never have had the presumption to write even novels, as a recreation. Do not conceive, however, from what I have said, that I am going to write novels all the rest of my life,—I am excusing what has been, and is,—not prefacing what is to be.

I have now, my dear friend, said all that I wished to touch upon in excuse for the nature of my productions. I do not make you, nor, through you, my Readers, an apology for my egotism or my prolixity.

To all writers a Dedication is unchallenged and licensed ground: to all Readers is granted a liberty, no less acknowledged — that of passing over it with whatever rapidity they please. I have been holding intercourse with you with as much frankness as if the letters I now write were not presently to be translated into the unfamiliar characters of the press; and if I have gone a little too largely into general or into individual topics, I must make amends by touching as briefly as possible on the work now before you.

For the original idea of Paul Clifford, I am indebted to a gentleman of considerable distinction in literature, and whose kindness to me is one of my most gratifying remembrances. This idea, had the work been shorter, would have pervaded the whole; as it is, it will be found embodied in those parts which, I believe, will be the most popular in the book. Such as the scene at Gentleman George's, the sketch of Bachelor Bill, &c. As example is more explanatory than detail, I refer to these passages for the illustration of my friend's suggestion, rather than attempt to unfold and enlarge on it here. In justice to my friend, I should add, first, that I feel I have given a very inadequate form to a conception that appears to me peculiarly felicitous; and secondly, that as I have made use of his idea rather as an adjunct to my story, than as the principal groundwork of the story itself, all the faults of plot and deficiencies of invention that may be found in the progress and *dénouement* of my

tale, are solely and wholly to be laid to my charge.\* It were to be wished that my friend had found leisure himself, among labours more important, to embody his own idea ; or that, in giving me the canvass, he could have given me also his skill to colour and his talent to create.

I can scarcely conceive, what you, who are rather fastidious about the niceties of language, will think of the vulgar graces wherewith the greater part of my first volume is adorned. I must own, that I have on this point steeled myself against censure ; for, independent of any latent application or irony in the dialect † I refer to, I am willing to risk an experiment, tried successfully in Scotland and Ireland—though not in the present day attempted in England :

\* I should add, also, that I alone am accountable for the personality of any caricatures in the scenes referred to : all that my friend suggested, was the satirical adaptation of living personages to fictitious characters in the station or profession of life which Old Bags and Long Ned adorn,—for the choice of those personages he is by no means answerable. I mention this, because it is but fair that I should take the chances of offence on myself ;—though the broadness, and evident want of malice in the caricatures referred to, will, I venture to foretell, make those caricatured, the first—perhaps the only persons—to laugh at the exaggerated resemblance.

† It must be remembered, too, that this dialect is not the corruption of uncouth provincialisms. The language of the thieves, or the low Londoners, (a distinction, I fear, without a difference,) is perhaps one of the most expressive—nay, one of the most metaphysical in the world ! What deep philosophy, for instance, is there in this phrase “ the oil of Palms ! ”—(meaning money !)

—of giving descriptive and appropriate dialogue to classes of society, far more capable of yielding interest or amusement to persons of any mental vigour, whatever be their rank, than trite copies of the languid inanities of a drawing-room, or lifeless portraits of originals, whose very boast it is to be scarcely alive.\*

For any occasional retaliation on critics, enemies, or Scotchmen—(with me, for the most part, they

\* In some inimical, and rather personal but clever observations, made on me in a new periodical work, it is implied that people living in good society cannot write philosophically, or, it would seem, even well. I suppose of course the critic speaks of persons who live *only* in good society; and though the remark is not true, as it happens, singularly enough, that the best and most philosophical prose writers, in England especially, have been gentlemen, and lived for the most part, as a matter of course, among their equals, yet I shall content myself with saying, that the remark, true or false, in this case by no means applies to me, who have seen quite as much of the lowest orders as of any other, and who scarcely ever go into what is termed ‘the world.’ By the way, the Critic alluded to having been pleased in a very pointed manner to consider me the hero as well as author of my own book (Pelham), I am induced to say a few words on the subject. The year before Pelham appeared, I published “Falkland,” in which the hero was essentially of the gloomy, romantic, cloud-like order; in short, Sir Reginald Glanville out-Glanvilled. The matter-of-fact gentry, who say “We,” and call themselves Critics, declared that “Falkland” was evidently a personation of the author: next year out came “Pelham,”—the moral antipodes of “Falkland,”—and the same gentry said exactly the same thing of “Pelham.” Will they condescend to reconcile this contradiction? The fact is, that the moment any prominence, any corporeal reality is given to a hero, and the hero (mark this) is not made ostentatiously good,—(nobody said I was like Mor-daunt)—then the hero and the Author are the same person!



have been found three appellations for the same thing,) for many very hard words, and very smart hits against myself—I offer no excuse:—my retaliation is in the spirit of English warfare—blows at one moment, and good humour the next.—As for Scotchmen, I am not quite sure that they have been yet able to expel from my breast the lurking kindness which it once bore towards them.—It is not an easy matter seriously to dislike, however ingeniously one may rail against, the country that has produced Burns, and Scott, and Campbell—a country too, by the way, with which you claim a connection, and of which the distinguished friend I

This is one reason why heroes now-a-days are made such poor creatures. Authors, a quiet set of people, rarely like to be personally mixed up with their own creations. For my own part, though I might have an especial cause of complaint in this incorporation, since I have never even drawn two heroes alike, but made each, Falkland, Pelham, Mordaunt, and Devereux, essentially different; yet I am perfectly willing, if it gives the good people the least pleasure, that my Critics should confound me with Pelham. Nay, if Pelham be at all what he was meant to be, viz. a practical satire on the exaggerated, and misanthropical romance of the day—a human being whose real good qualities put to shame the sickly sentimentalism of blue skies and bare throats, sombre coxcombries and interesting villainies; if he be at all like this, I am extremely proud to be mistaken for him. For though he is certainly a man who bathes and “lives cleanly,” (two especial charges preferred against him by Messrs. the Great Unwashed,) yet he is also brave, generous, just; a true friend, an active citizen—perfect in accomplishments—unshakeable in principles!—What, is this *my* portrait—*my* fac-simile, Gentlemen?—Upon my word, I am extremely obliged to you. Pray go on!—I would not interrupt you for the world!

have mentioned in this epistle is a native.—I return, only, gently enough at present, the first blows with which they have assailed me; I know what to expect in return, and shall scarcely be the one

“ Who first cries ‘ Hold, enough ! ’ ”

But, speaking dispassionately, our good fellow-subjects on the other side of the Tweed have one little unpleasant foible which makes them less charming than they otherwise might be — they lose their temper the moment an Englishman gains a single advantage — they become preposterously angry if we get ever so small a name, nay ever so small a fortune in our own country;—they seem to imagine that God Almighty had made them a present of England to do exactly what they please with, and that the Englishman who interferes with their monopoly commits the very worst species of blasphemy.—Whenever we rise the least little step in the world, we are, it is true, sure to be abused; but I fancy, we shall find, on inquiry, that nine times out of ten, the abuse has been uttered in broad Scotch!

It has been made an objection to this book, that the style of the first volume differs from the style of the second and third: this difference was an especial object with me in writing the work. Scenes in society essentially contrasted, appear to require language suitable to the contrast, and I cannot but think that one of the great and ordinary faults in fiction, is

the narrating all events, and describing all varieties, with the same monotonous and unmodulating tone.

The Hero of the story is an attempt to pourtray an individual of a species of which the country is now happily rid, but which seem to me to have possessed as many of the real properties of romance, especially comic and natural romance, as the foreign Carbonari and exotic pirates whom it has pleased English writers, in search of captivating villains, to import to their pages. For my part, I will back an English highwayman, masked, armed, mounted, and trotting over Hounslow Heath, against the prettiest rascal the Continent ever produced.

In conclusion, let me add that I have endeavoured to take warning from the errors of my preceding works. Perhaps it will be found that, in this the story is better conducted, and the interest more uniformly upheld, than in my other productions. I have outlived the Recluse's desire to be didascular, and have avoided alike essay-writing and digression ; —in a word, I have studied more than in my two last works to write a tolerably entertaining novel. I have admitted only one episode of importance—the History of Augustus Tomlinson ; and I have only admitted that exception, because the History is no episode in the moral and general design, though it is in the current of narration.

And now, my dear friend, it is high time that I should end an Epistle already too long, even for your

patience. Whatever be the fate of this book, or of those which have preceded it; whether they have arisen like the insects kindled from the Sicilian fountain—quicken'd with one moment, and perishing with the next,—or whether, in spite of a thousand faults which no one can detect easier than myself, something, betokening, perhaps, no thoughtless or irreverent inattention to the varieties of Nature, and no unkindly disposition towards her offspring, may detain them on the public mind yet a little while beyond the brief season which gave them birth;—one gratification I have at least secured!—I have associated this novel, which I incline to hope may not be considered my worst, and which possibly may be my last, with such remembrances as will survive defeat, or endear success.

Adieu, my dear \* \* \* \* \*,  
 Wishing you all health and happiness,  
 Believe me your very  
 Affectionate Friend,

E. L. B.

*Hertford-street, April, 1830.*

#### NOTE.

One or two Notes on, or allusions to, Moore's Life of Byron, will be found in these pages. Since they were written, the subject has grown a little hacknied, and the remarks they embody have been in some measure forestalled. At the time of composition, they were, however, new, and appeared to me called for.



# PAUL CLIFFORD.

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## CHAPTER I.

Say ye opprest by some fantastic woes,  
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose,  
Who press the downy couch while slaves advance  
With timid eye to read the distant glance ;  
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease  
To name the nameless ever-new disease ;  
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,  
Which real pain and that alone can cure :  
How would you bear in real pain to lie  
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?  
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath  
Where all that's wretched paves the way to death ?

CRABBE.

IT was a dark and stormy night, the rain fell in torrents—except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies), rattling along the house-tops, and fiercely

agitating the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness. Through one of the obscurest quarters of London, and among haunts little loved by the gentlemen of the police, a man evidently of the lowest orders was wending his solitary way. He stopped twice or thrice at different shops and houses of a description correspondent with the appearance of the *quartier* in which they were situated, — and tended inquiry for some article or another which did not seem easily to be met with. All the answers he received were couched in the negative; and as he turned from each door, he muttered to himself, in no very elegant phraseology, his disappointment and discontent. At length, at one house, the landlord, a sturdy butcher, after rendering the same reply the inquirer had hitherto received, added, — “But if *this* vill do as vell, Dummie, it is quite at your sarvice!” Pausing reflectively for a moment, Dummie responded, that he thought the thing proffered *might* do as well; and thrusting it into his ample pocket he strode away with as rapid a motion as the wind and the rain would allow. He soon came to a nest of low and dingy



buildings, at the entrance to which, in half-effaced characters, was written "Thames Court." Halting at the most conspicuous of these buildings, an inn or ale-house, through the half-closed windows of which blazed out in ruddy comfort the beams of the hospitable hearth, he knocked hastily at the door. He was admitted by a lady of a certain age, and endowed with a comely roundness of face and person.

"Hast got it, Dummie?" said she quickly, as she closed the door on the guest.

"Noa, noa! not exactly—but I thinks as ow——"

"Pish, you fool!" cried the woman interrupting him, peevishly: "Vy, it is no use desav- ing of me. You knows you has only stepped from my boosing ken to another, and you has not been arter the book at all. So, there's the poor cretur a-raving and a-dying, and you——"

"Let I speak!" interrupted Dummie in his turn. "I tells you, I vent first to Mother Buss- blone's, who, I knows, chops the whiners morning and evening to the young ladies, and I axes there for a Bible, and she says, says she, 'I 'as only a

“Companion to the *Halter!*” but you’ll get a bible, I thinks, at Master Talkins,—the cobbler—as preaches.’ So I goes to Master Talkins, and he says, says he, ‘I ’as no call for the Bible, ’cause vy, I ’as a call vithout; but mayhap you’ll be a-getting it at the butcher’s hover the vay—cause vy?—the butcher ’ll be damned!’ So I goes hover the vay, and the butcher says, says he, ‘I ’as not a Bible; but I ’as a book of plays bound for all the vorld just like ’un, and mayhap the poor cretur mayn’t see the difference.’ So I takes the plays, Mrs. Margery, and here they be surely!—And how’s poor Judy?”

“Fearsome! she’ll not be over the night; I’m a-thinking.”

“Vell, I’ll track up the dancers!”

So saying, Dummie ascended a doorless staircase, across the entrance of which a blanket, stretched angularly from the wall to the chimney, afforded a kind of screen; and presently he stood within a chamber, which the dark and painful genius of Crabbe might have delighted to portray. The walls were white-washed, and at sundry

places strange figures and grotesque characters had been traced by some mirthful inmate in such sable outline as the end of a smoked stick, or the edge of a piece of charcoal is wont to produce. The wan and flickering light afforded by a farthing candle gave a sort of grimness and menace to these achievements of pictorial art, especially as they more than twice received embellishment from portraits of Satan, such as he is accustomed to be drawn. A low fire burned gloomily in the sooty grate; and on the hob hissed "the still small voice" of an iron kettle. On a round deal-table were two vials, a cracked cup, a broken spoon of some dull metal, and upon two or three mutilated chairs were scattered various articles of female attire. On another table, placed below a high, narrow, shutterless casement, (athwart which, instead of a curtain, a checked apron had been loosely hung, and now waved fitfully to and fro in the gusts of wind that made easy ingress through many a chink and cranny,) were a looking-glass, sundry appliances of the toilet, a box of coarse rouge, a few ornaments of more show than value; and a watch, the regular and calm clink

of which produced that indescribably painful feeling which, we fear, many of our readers who have heard the sound in a sick chamber can easily recall. A large tester-bed stood opposite to this table, and the looking-glass partially reflected curtains of a faded stripe, and ever and anon, (as the position of the sufferer followed the restless emotion of a disordered mind) glimpses of the face of one on whom Death was rapidly hastening. Beside this bed now stood Dummie, a small, thin man, dressed in a tattered plush jerkin, from which the rain-drops slowly dripped, and with a thin, yellow, cunning physiognomy, grotesquely hideous in feature but not positively villainous in expression. On the other side of the bed stood a little boy of about three years old, dressed as if belonging to the better classes, although the garb was somewhat tattered and discoloured. The poor child trembled violently, and evidently looked with a feeling of relief on the entrance of Dummie. And now there slowly, and with many a pthysical sigh, heaved towards the foot of the bed the heavy frame of the woman who had accosted Dummie below, and had followed him,

*haud passibus æquis*, to the room of the sufferer; she stood with a bottle of medicine in her hand, shaking its contents up and down, and with a kindly yet timid compassion spread over a countenance crimsoned with habitual libations. This made the scene; save that on a chair by the bedside lay a profusion of long glossy golden ringlets, which had been cut from the head of the sufferer when the fever had begun to mount upwards; but which, with a jealousy that portrayed the darling littleness of a vain heart, she had seized and insisted on retaining near her; and save that, by the fire, perfectly inattentive to the event about to take place within the chamber, and to which we of the biped race attach so awful an importance, lay a large grey cat curled in a ball, and dozing with half-shut eyes, and ears that now and then denoted by a gentle inflection, the jar of a louder or nearer sound than usual upon her lethargic senses. The dying woman did not at first attend to the entrance either of Dummie or the female at the foot of the bed; but she turned herself round towards the child, and grasping his arm fiercely, she drew him towards her, and gazed

on his terrified features with a look in which exhaustion and an exceeding wanness of complexion were even horribly contrasted by the glare and energy of delirium.

“ If you are like *him*,” she muttered, “ I will strangle you,—I will!—ay—tremble ! you ought to tremble, when your mother touches you, or when *he* is mentioned. You have his eyes,—you have ! Out with them, out !—the Devil sits laughing in them ! Oh ! you weep, do you, little one ! Well now, be still, my love,—be hushed ! I would not harm thee ! harm—O God, he *is* my child after all !” — and at these words she clasped the boy passionately to her breast, and burst into tears !

“ Coom now, coom !” said Dummie soothingly. “ Take the stuff, Judith, and then ve’ll talk hover the hurchin !”

The mother relaxed her grasp of the boy, and turning towards the speaker, gazed at him for some moments with a bewildered stare : at length she appeared slowly to remember him, and said, as she raised herself on one hand, and pointed the other towards him with an inquiring gesture—

“Thou hast brought the book?”

Dummie answered by lifting up the book he had brought from the honest butcher’s.

“Clear the room, then!” said the sufferer, with that air of mock command so common to the insane. “We would be alone!”

Dummie winked at the good woman at the foot of the bed; and she (though generally no easy person to order or to persuade) left, without reluctance, the sick chamber.

“If she be a-going to pray!” murmured our landlady, (for that office did the good matron hold,) “I may indeed as well take myself off, for it’s not werry comfortable like, to those who be old, to hear all that-’ere!”

With this pious reflection, the hostess of the “Mug,” so was the hostelry called, heavily descended the creaking stairs.

“Now, man!” said the sufferer sternly,—“swear that you will never reveal,—swear, I say! and by the great God, whose angels are about this night, if ever you break the oath, I will come back and haunt you to your dying day!”

Dummie’s face grew pale, for he was super-



stitiously affected by the vehemence and the language of the dying woman, and he answered as he kissed the pretended Bible,—that he swore to keep the secret, as much as he knew of it, which, she must be sensible, he said, was very little. As he spoke, the wind swept with a loud and sudden gust down the chimney, and shook the roof above them so violently as to loosen many of the crumbling tiles, which fell one after the other, with a crashing noise, on the pavement below. Dummie started in affright; and perhaps his conscience smote him for the trick he had played with regard to the false Bible. But the woman, whose excited and unstrung nerves led her astray from one subject to another with preternatural celerity, said with an hysterical laugh, “See, Dummie, they come in state for me,—give me the cap—yonder! and bring the looking-glass!”

Dummie obeyed, and the woman, as she in a low tone uttered something about the unbecoming colour of the ribbons, adjusted the cap on her head; and then saying in a regretful and petulant voice, “Why should they have cut off my hair?—such a disfigurement!” bade Dummie



desire Mrs. Margery once more to ascend to her.

Left alone with her child, the face of the wretched mother softened as she regarded him, and all the levities and all the vehemences,—if we may use the word,—which, in the turbulent commotion of her delirium, had been stirred upward to the surface of her mind, gradually now sunk, as death increased upon her,—and a mother's anxiety rose to the natural level from which it had been disturbed and abased. She took the child to her bosom, and clasping him in her arms, which grew weaker with every instant, she soothed him with the sort of chant which nurses sing over their untoward infants; but the voice was cracked and hollow, and as she felt it was so, the mother's eyes filled with tears. — Mrs. Margery now re-entered; and, turning towards the hostess with an impressive calmness of manner which astonished and awed the person she addressed, the dying woman pointed to the child, and said—

“ You have been kind to me, very kind, and may God bless you for it! I have found that those whom the world calls the worst, are often

the most *human*. But I am not going to thank you as I ought to do, but to ask of you a last and exceeding favour. Protect my child till he grows up,—you have often said you loved him,—you are childless yourself,—and a morsel of bread and a shelter for the night which is all I ask of you to give him, will not impoverish more legitimate claimants !”

Poor Mrs. Margery fairly sobbing, vowed she would be a mother to the child, and that she would endeavour to rear him honestly, though a public house was not, she confessed, the best place for good examples !

“ Take him !” cried the mother hoarsely, as her voice, failing her strength, rattled indistinctly, and almost died within her. “ Take him,—rear him as you will, as you can !—any example, any roof better than—” Here the words were inaudible. --“ And oh ! may it be a curse, and a !—— Give me the medicine, I am dying.”

The hostess, alarmed, hastened to comply, but before she returned to the bedside the sufferer was insensible,—nor did she again recover speech

or motion. A low and rare moan only testified continued life, and within two hours that ceased, and the spirit was gone. At that time our good hostess was herself beyond the things of this outer world, having supported her spirits during the vigils of the night with so many little liquid excitations, that they finally ended in that torpor which generally succeeds excitement. Taking, perhaps, advantage of the opportunity the insensibility of the hostess afforded him, Dummie, by the expiring ray of the candle that burnt in the death chamber, hastily opened a huge box (which was generally concealed under the bed, and contained the wardrobe of the deceased,) and turned with irreverent hand over the linens and the silks, until quite at the bottom of the trunk he discovered some packets of letters; — these he seized, and buried in the conveniences of his dress; he then rising and replacing the box, cast a longing eye towards the watch on the toilet-table, which was of gold; but he withdrew his gaze, and with a long, querulous sigh, observed to himself, “The old blone kens o’ that, od rat her! but, how-

somever, I'll take this; who knows but it may be of sarvice — *tannies* to-day may be *smash* to-morrow\*!" and he laid his coarse hand on the golden and silky tresses we have described,—  
“’Tis a rum business, and puzzles I; but mum’s the word, for my own little colquarren.†”

With this brief soliloquy, Dummie descended the stairs, and let himself out of the house.

\* Meaning what is of no value now, may be precious hereafter.

† Colquarren—neck.

## CHAPTER II.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place.

DESERTED VILLAGE.

THERE is little to interest in a narrative of early childhood, unless indeed one were writing on education. We shall not therefore linger over the infancy of the motherless boy left to the protection of Mrs. Margery Lobkins, or, as she was sometimes familiarly called, Peggy or Piggy Lob. The good dame, drawing a more than sufficient income from the profits of a house, which, if situated in an obscure locality, enjoyed very general and lucrative repute; and being a lone widow without kith or kin, had no temptation to break

her word to the deceased, and she suffered the orphan to wax in strength and understanding until the age of twelve, a period at which we are now about to reintroduce him to our readers.

The boy evinced great hardihood of temper, and no inconsiderable quickness of intellect. In whatever he attempted, his success was rapid, and a remarkable strength of limb and muscle seconded well the dictates of an ambition turned, it must be confessed, rather to physical than mental exertion. It is not to be supposed, however, that his boyish life passed in unbroken tranquillity. Although Mrs. Lobkins was a good woman on the whole, and greatly attached to her *protégé*, she was violent and rude in temper, or, as she herself more flatteringly expressed it, "her feelings were unkimmonly strong," and alternate quarrel and reconciliation constituted the chief occupations of the *protégé's* domestic life. As previous to his becoming the ward of Mrs. Lobkins, he had never received any other appellation than "the child," the duty of christening him devolved upon our hostess of "The Mug;" and, after some deliberation, she blest him with the

name of Paul,—it was a name of happy omen, for it had belonged to Mrs. Lobkins' grandfather, who had been three times transported, and twice hanged, (at the first occurrence of the latter description, he had been restored by the surgeons, much to the chagrin of a young anatomist who was to have had the honour of cutting him up.) The boy did not seem likely to merit the distinguished appellation he bore, for he testified no remarkable predisposition to the property of other people. Nay, although he sometimes emptied the pockets of any stray visitor to the coffee-room of Mrs. Lobkins, it appeared an act originating rather in a love of the frolic, than a desire of the profit; for after the plundered person had been sufficiently tormented by the loss, haply of such utilities as a tobacco-box or a handkerchief; after he had, to the secret delight of Paul, searched every corner of the apartment, stamped, and fretted, and exposed himself by his petulance to the bitter objurgation of Mrs. Lobkins, our young friend would quietly and suddenly contrive, that the article missed should return of its own accord to the pocket from which it had dis-

appeared. And thus, as our readers have doubtless experienced, when they have disturbed the peace of a whole household for the loss of some portable treasure which they themselves are afterwards discovered to have mislaid; the unfortunate victim of Paul's honest ingenuity, exposed to the collected indignation of the spectators, and sinking from the accuser into the convicted, secretly cursed the unhappy lot which not only vexed him with the loss of his property, but made it still more annoying to recover it.

Whether it was that, on discovering these pranks, Mrs. Lobkins trembled for the future bias of the address they displayed, or whether she thought that the folly of thieving without gain required speedy and permanent correction, we cannot decide; but the good lady became at last extremely anxious to secure for Paul the blessings of a liberal education. The key of knowledge (the art of reading) she had, indeed, two years prior to the present date, obtained for him, but this far from satisfied her conscience: nay, she felt that, if she could not also obtain for him the discretion to use it, it would have been wise even to have



withheld a key, which the boy seemed perversely to apply to all locks but the right one. In a word, she was desirous that he should receive an education far superior to those whom he saw around him. And attributing, like most ignorant persons, too great advantages to learning, she conceived that, in order to live as decorously as the parson of the parish, it was only necessary to know as much Latin.

One evening in particular, as the dame sat by her cheerful fire, this source of anxiety was unusually active in her mind, and ever and anon she directed unquiet and restless glances towards Paul, who sat on a form at the opposite corner of the hearth, diligently employed in reading the life and adventures of the celebrated Richard Turpin. The form on which the boy sat was worn to a glassy smoothness, save only in certain places, where some ingenious idler or another had amused himself by carving sundry names, epithets, and epigrammatic niceties of language. It is said, that the organ of carving upon wood is prominently developed on all English skulls; and the sagacious Mr. Coombe has placed this organ at the

back of the head, in juxtaposition to that of destructiveness, which is equally large among our countrymen, as is notably evinced upon all railings, seats, temples, and other things—belonging to other people.

Opposite to the fire-place was a large deal-table, at which Dummie, surnamed Dunnaker, seated near the dame, was quietly ruminating over a glass of hollands and water. Farther on, at another table in the corner of the room, a gentleman with a red wig, very rusty garments, and linen which seemed as if it had been boiled in saffron, smoked his pipe, apart, silent, and apparently plunged in meditation. This gentleman was no other than Mr. Peter Mac Grawler, the editor of a magnificent periodical, entitled the “Asinæum,” which was written to prove, that whatever is popular is necessarily bad,—a valuable and recondite truth which the Asinæum had satisfactorily demonstrated by ruining three printers, and demolishing a publisher. We need not add, that Mr. Mac Grawler was Scotch by birth, since we believe it is pretty well known that *all* the periodicals of this country have, from time immemorial, been

monopolized by the gentlemen of the land of cakes—we know not how it may be the fashion to eat the said cakes in Scotland; but *here* the good emigrators seem to like them carefully buttered on both sides. By the side of the editor stood a large pewter tankard, above him hung an engraving of the “wonderfully fat boar, formerly in the possession of Mr. Fattem, Grazier.” To his left rose the dingy form of a thin, upright clock in an oaken case; beyond the clock, a spit and a musket were fastened in parallels to the wall. Below those twin emblems of war and cookery were four shelves, containing plates of pewter and delf, and terminating, centaur-like, in a sort of dresser. At the other side of these domestic conveniences was a picture of Mrs. Lobkins, in a scarlet body, and a hat and plume. At the back of the fair hostess stretched the blanket we have before mentioned. As a relief to the monotonous surface of this simple screen, various ballads and learned legends were pinned to the blanket. There might you read in verses, pathetic and unadorned, how,

“Sally loved a sailor lad  
As fought with famous Shovel!”

There might you learn, if of two facts so instructive you were before unconscious, that

“ Ben the toper loved his bottle —  
Charley only loved the lasses ! ”

When of these, and various other poetical effusions, you were somewhat wearied, the literary fragments, in humbler prose, afforded you equal edification and delight. There might you fully enlighten yourself as to the “ Strange and Wonderful News from Kensington, being a most full and true relation, how a Maid there is supposed to have been carried away by an Evil Spirit, on Wednesday, 15th of April last, about Midnight.” There too, no less interesting and no less veracious, was that uncommon anecdote, touching the chief of many-throned powers, entitled, “ The Divell of Mascon ; or the true relation of the Chief Things which an Unclean Spirit did and said at Mascon, in Burgundy, in the house of one Mr. Francis Pereaud, now made English by One that hath a Particular Knowledge of the Truth of the Story.”

Nor were these materials for Satanic History the only prosaic and faithful chronicles which the bibliothecal blanket afforded: equally wonderful, and equally indisputable, was the account of “a young lady, the daughter of a duke, with three legs, and the face of a porcupine.” Nor less so, “The Awful Judgment of God upon Swearers, as exemplified in the case of John Stiles, who Dropped down Dead after swearing a Great Oath, and on stripping the unhappy man they found ‘Swear not at all’ written on the Tail of his Shirt!”

Twice had Mrs. Lobkins heaved a long sigh; as her eyes turned from Paul to the tranquil countenance of Dummie Dunnaker, and now, resettling herself in her chair, as a motherly anxiety gathered over her visage—

“Paul, my ben cull,” said she, “what gibberish hast got there?”

“Turpin, *the great* highwayman!” answered the young student, without lifting his eyes from the page, through which he was spelling his instructive way.

“Oh! he be’s a chip of the right block,

dame!" said Mr. Dunnaker, as he applied his pipe to an illumined piece of paper. "He'll ride a oss foaled by a hacorn yet, I varrants!"

To this prophecy the dame replied only with a look of indignation, and rocking herself to and fro in her huge chair, she remained for some moments in silent thought. At last she again wistfully eyed the hopeful boy, and calling him to her side, communicated some order, in a dejected whisper. Paul, on receiving it, disappeared behind the blanket, and presently returned with a bottle and a wine-glass. With an abstracted gesture, and an air that betokened continued meditation, the good dame took the inspiring cordial from the hand of her youthful Cupbearer,

" And ere a man had power to say ' Behold !'  
The jaws of Lobkins had devoured it up,  
So quick bright things come to confusion !"

The nectarean beverage seemed to operate cheerily on the matron's system; and placing her hand on the boy's curling head, she said, (like Andromache' *dakruon gelasasa*, or, as Scott hath it,

‘With a smile in her cheek, but a tear in her eye.’)

“Paul, thy heart be good!—thy heart be good!—Thou didst not spill a drop of the *tape*! Tell me, my honey, why didst thou lick Tom Tobyson?”

“Because,” answered Paul, “he said as how you ought to have been hanged long ago!”

“Tom Tobyson is a-good-for-nought,” returned the dame, “and *deserves to shove the tumbler*;\* but, oh my child! be not too venturesome in taking up the sticks for a blowen. It has been the ruin of many a man afore you, and when two men goes to quarrel for a ’oman, they doesn’t know the natur of the thing they quarrels about;—mind thy latter end, Paul, and reverence the old, without axing what they has been before they passed into the wale of years;—thou may’st get me my pipe, Paul,—it is upstairs, under the pillow.”

While Paul was accomplishing this errand,

\* Be whipped at the cart’s tail.



the lady of the Mug, fixing her eyes upon Mr. Dunnaker, said, "Dummie, Dummie, if little Paul should come to be scragged!"

"Whish!" muttered Dummie, glancing over his shoulder at Mac Grawler,—“Mayhap that Gemman,”—here his voice became scarcely audible even to Mrs. Lobkins; but his whisper seemed to imply an insinuation, that the illustrious editor of the *Asinæum* might be either an informer, or one of those heroes on whom an informer subsists.

Mrs. Lobkins' answer, couched in the same key, appeared to satisfy Dunnaker, for, with a look of great contempt, he chucked up his head, and said, "Oho! that be all, be it!"

Paul here re-appeared with the pipe, and the dame, having filled the tube, leaned forward, and lighted the Virginian weed from the *blower* of Mr. Dunnaker. As in this interesting occupation the heads of the hostess and the guest approached each other, the glowing light playing cheerily on the countenance of each, there was an honest simplicity in the picture that would have merited the racy and vigorous genius of a Cruikshank. As soon as the Promethean spark had been fully



communicated to the lady's tube, Mrs. Lobkins, still possessed by the gloomy idea she had conjured up, repeated—

“ Ah, Dummie, if little Paul should be scragged!” Dummie, withdrawing the pipe from his mouth, heaved a sympathizing puff, but remained silent; and Mrs. Lobkins, turning to Paul, who stood with mouth open and ears erect at this boding ejaculation, said—

“ Dost think, Paul, they'd have the heart to hang thee?”

“ I think they'd have the rope, dame!” returned the youth.

“ But you need not go for to run your neck into the noose!” said the matron; and then, inspired by the spirit of moralizing, she turned round to the youth, and gazing upon his attentive countenance, accosted him with the following admonitions.

“ Mind thy kittychism, child, and reverence old age. Never steal, 'specially when any one be in the way. Never go snacks with them as be older than you,—'cause why? the older a cove be, the more he cares for his self, and the less

for his partner. At twenty, we diddles the public—at forty, we diddles our cronies! Be modest, Paul, and stick to your sitivation in life. Go not with fine tobymen, who burn out like a candle wot has a thief in it,—all flare, and gone in a whiffy! Leave liquor to the aged, who can't do without it. *Tape* often proves a halter, and there be's no ruin like blue ruin! Read your Bible, and talk like a pious 'un. People goes more by your words than your actions. If you wants what is not your own, try and do without it; and if you cannot do without it, take it away by insinivation, not bluster. They as swindles, does more and risks less than they as robs; and if you cheats toppingly, you may laugh at the topping cheat;\* and now go play."

Paul seized his hat, but lingered; and the dame guessing at the signification of the pause, drew forth, and placed in the boy's hand, the sum of five halfpence<sup>7</sup> and one farthing. "There, boy," quoth she, "and she stroked his head fondly when she spoke. "You does right not to play

\* Gallows.

for nothing, it's loss of time! but play with those as be less than yoursel', and then you can go for to beat 'em, if they says you go for to cheat!"

Paul vanished; and the dame, laying her hand on Dummie's shoulder, said—

"There be nothing like a friend in need, Dummie; and somehow or other, I thinks as how you knows more of the horigin of that 'ere lad than any of us!"

"Me, dame!" exclaimed Dummie, with the broad gaze of astonishment.

"Ah, you! you knows as how the mother saw more of you just afore she died, than she did of 'ere one of us. Noar, now,—noar now! tell us all about 'un. Did she steal 'un, think ye?"

"Lauk, mother Margery! dost think I knows? vot put such a crotchet in your ead?"

"Well!" said the dame with a disappointed sigh, "I always thought as how you were more knowing about it than you owns. Dear, dear, I shall never forgit the night when Judith brought the poor cretur here,—you knows she had been some months in my house afore ever I see'd the

urchin, and when she brought it, she looked so pale and ghostly, that I had not the heart to say a word, so I stared at the brat, and it stretched out its wee little hands to me. And the mother frowned at it, and throwed it into my lap!"

"Ah! she vas a hawful voman, that 'ere!" said Dummie, shaking his head. "But howsomever, the hurchin fell into good hands; for I be's sure you 'as been a better mother to 'un than the raal 'un!"

"I was always a fool about childer," rejoined Mrs. Lobkins, "and I thinks as how little Paul was sent to be a comfort to my latter end!—fill the glass, Dummie."

"I 'as heard as ow Judith was once blowen to a great lord!" said Dummie.

"Like enough!" returned Mrs. Lobkins—"like enough! she was always a favourite of mine, for she had a spuret (spirit) as big as my own; and she paid her rint like a decent body, for all she was out of her sinses, or nation like it."

"Ay, I *knows* as how you liked her,—'cause vy? 'tis not your vay, to let a room to a voman! you

says as ow 'tis not respectable, and you only likes *men* to wisit the Mug!"

"And I doesn't like all of them as comes here!" answered the dame: "'specially for Paul's sake; but what can a lone 'oman do? Many's the gentlemen highwaymen wot comes here, whose money is as good as the clerk's of the parish. And when a bob\* is in my hand, what does it sinnify whose hand it was in afore?"

"That's what I calls being sinsible and *practical*," said Dummie, approvingly. "And arter all, though you 'as a mixture like, I does not know a haleouse, vere a cove is better entertained, nor meets of a Sunday more iligant company, than the Mug!"

Here the conversation; which the reader must know had been sustained in a key inaudible to a third person, received a check from Mr. Peter Mac Grawler, who, having finished his reverie and his tankard, now rose to depart. First, however, approaching Mrs. Lobkins, he observed that he had gone on credit for some days, and demanded the amount of his bill. Glancing towards certain chalk

\* Shilling.

hieroglyphics inscribed on the wall at the other side of the fireplace, the dame answered, that Mr. Mac Grawler was indebted to her for the sum of one shilling and ninepence three farthings.

After a short preparatory search in his waistcoat pockets, the critic hunted into one corner a solitary half-crown, and having caught it between his finger and thumb, he gave it to Mrs. Lobkins, and requested change.

As soon as the matron felt her hand anointed with what has been called by some ingenious Johnson of St. Giles's "the oil of palms," her countenance softened into a complacent smile; and when she gave the required change to Mr. Mac Grawler, she graciously hoped as how he would recommend the Mug to the public.

"That you may be sure of," said the editor of the *Asinæum*. "There is not a place where I am so much at home."

With that the learned Scotsman buttoned his coat and went his way.

"How spiteful the world be!" said Mrs. Lobkins after a pause, "'specially if a 'oman keeps a fashionable sort of a public? When Judith

died, Joe, the dog's-meat man said I war all the better for it, and that she left I a treasure to bring up the urchin. One would think a thumper makes a man richer,—'cause why? every man *thumps!* I got nothing more than a watch and ten guineas, when Judy died, and sure, that scarce paid for the burrel (burial)."

"You forgits the two *quids*,\* I giv' you for the hold box of rags,—much of a treasure I found there!" said Dummie, with sycophantic archness.

"Ay," cried the dame laughing, "I fancies you war not pleased with the bargain. I thought you war too old a rag-merchant to be so free with the blunt: howsomever, I supposes it war the tinsel petticoat as took you in!"

"As it has mony a viser man than the like of I," rejoined Dummie, who to his various secret professions added the ostensible one of a rag-merchant and dealer in broken glass.

The recollection of her good bargain in the box of rags opened our landlady's heart.

"Drink, Dummie," said she good-humouredly, —"drink, I scorns to score lush to a friend."

\* Guineas.

Dummie expressed his gratitude, refilled his glass, and the hospitable matron knocking out from her pipe the dying ashes, thus proceeded—

“ You sees, Dummie, though I often beats the boy, I loves him, as much as if I war his raal mother—I wants to make him an honor to his country and an ixception to my family !”

“ Who all flashed their ivories at Surgeons’ Hall !” added the metaphorical Dummie.

“ True !” said the lady,—“ they died game, and I ben’t ashamed of ’em. But I owes a duty to Paul’s mother, and I wants Paul to have a long life. I would send him to school, but you knows as how the boys only corrupt one another. And so, I should like to meet with some decent man as a tutor, to teach the lad Latin and vartue !”

“ My eyes !” cried Dummie, aghast at the grandeur of this desire.

“ The boy is ’cute enough, and he loves reading,” continued the Dame. “ But I does not think the books he gets hold of will teach him the way to grow old.”

“ And ow came he to read anyhow’s ?”

“ Ranting Rob, the strolling player, taught him his letters, and said he’d a deal of janius !”



“And why should not Ranting Rob tache the boy Latin and vartue?”

“’Cause Ranting Rob, poor fellow, *was lagged for doing a panny!*”\* answered the dame, despondently.

There was a long silence: it was broken by Mr. Dummie: slapping his thigh with the gesticulatory vehemence of an Ugo Foscolo, that gentleman exclaimed—

“I’as it—I’as thought of a tutor for leetle Paul!”

“Who’s that? you quite frightens me, you ’as no marcy on my narves,” said the dame fretfully.

“Vy, it be the gemman vot writes,” said Dummie, putting his finger to his nose,—“the gemman vot payed you so flashly!”

“What! the Scotch gemman!”

“The werry same!” returned Dummie.

The dame turned in her chair, and refilled her pipe. It was evident from her manner that Mr. Dunnaker’s suggestion had made an impression on her. But she recognized two doubts as to its feasibility,—one, whether the gentleman proposed would be adequate to the task,—the other, whether he would be willing to undertake it.

\* Transported for burglary.

In the midst of her meditations on this matter, the dame was interrupted by the entrance of certain claimants on her hospitality ; and Dummie soon after taking his leave, the suspense of Mrs. Lobkins' mind touching the education of little Paul, remained the whole of that day and night utterly unrelieved.

## CHAPTER III.

I own that I am envious of the pleasure you will have in finding yourself more learned than other boys—even those who are older than yourself! What honour this will do you! What distinctions, what applauses will follow wherever you go!

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

Example, my boy—example is worth a thousand precepts.

MAXIMILIAN SOLEMN.

TARPEIA was crushed beneath the weight of ornaments! The language of the vulgar is a sort of Tarpeia! We have therefore relieved it of as many gems as we were able; and, in the foregoing scene, presented it to the gaze of our readers, *simplex munditiis*. Nevertheless, we could timidly imagine some gentler beings of the softer sex rather displeased with the tone of the dialogue we have given, did we not recollect how delighted

they are with the provincial barbarities of the sister kingdom, whenever they meet them poured over the pages of some Scottish story-teller. As, unhappily for mankind, *broad* Scotch is not *yet* the universal language of Europe, we suppose our countrywomen will not be much more unacquainted with the dialect of their own lower orders, than with that which breathes nasal melodies over the paradise of the North.

It was the next day, at the hour of twilight, when Mrs. Margery Lobkins, after a satisfactory *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Mac Grawler, had the happiness of thinking that she had provided a tutor for little Paul. The critic having recited to her a considerable portion of *Propria quæ Maribus*, the good lady had no longer a doubt of his capacities for teaching; and, on the other hand, when Mrs. Lobkins entered on the subject of remuneration, the Scotsman professed himself perfectly willing to teach any and every thing that the most exacting guardian could require. It was finally settled that Paul should attend Mr. Mac Grawler two hours a-day; that Mr. Mac Grawler should be entitled to such

animal comforts of meat and drink, as the Mug afforded; and, moreover, to the weekly stipend of two shillings and sixpence, — the shillings for instruction in the classics, and the sixpence for all other humanities; or, as Mrs. Lobkins expressed it, “two bobs for the Latin, and a sice for the vartue!”

Let not thy mind, gentle reader, censure us for a deviation from probability, in making so excellent and learned a gentleman as Mr. Peter Mac Grawler the familiar guest of the lady of the Mug.—First, thou must know that our story is cast in a period antecedent to the present, and one in which the old jokes against the circumstances of author and of critic had their foundation in truth;—secondly, thou must know, that by some curious concatenation of circumstances, neither bailiff nor bailiff’s man was ever seen within the four walls continent of Mrs. Margery Lobkins;—thirdly, the Mug was nearer than any other house of public resort to the abode of the critic;—fourthly, it afforded excellent porter;—and fifthly,—O reader, thou dost Mrs. Margery Lobkins a grievous wrong, if thou supposest that her door was only

open to those mercurial gentry who are afflicted with the morbid curiosity to pry into the mysteries of their neighbours' pockets,—other visitors of fair repute were not unoften partakers of the good matron's hospitality; although it must be owned that they generally occupied *the* private room in preference to the public one. And sixthly, sweet reader, (we grieve to be so prolix,) we would just hint to thee, that Mr. Mac Grawler was one of those vast-minded sages who, occupied in contemplating morals in the great scale, do not fritter down their intellects by a base attention to minute details. So that, if a descendant of Langfanger did sometimes cross the venerable Scot in his visit to the Mug, the apparition did not revolt that benevolent moralist so much as, were it not for the above hint, thy ignorance might lead thee to imagine.

It is said, that Athenodorus the Stoic contributed greatly by his conversation to amend the faults of Augustus, and to effect the change visible in that fortunate man, after his accession to the Roman empire. If this be true, it may throw a new

light on the character of Augustus, and, instead of being the hypocrite, he was possibly the convert. Certain it is, that there are few vices which cannot be conquered by wisdom : and yet, melancholy to relate, the instructions of Peter Mac Grawler produced but slender amelioration in the habits of the youthful Paul. That ingenious stripling had, we have already seen, under the tuition of Ranting Rob, mastered the art of reading ; nay, he could even construct and link together certain curious pot-hooks, which himself and Mrs. Lobkins were wont graciously to term “ writing.” So far, then, the way of Mac Grawler was smoothed and prepared.

But, unhappily, all experienced teachers allow that the main difficulty is not to learn, but to unlearn ; and the mind of Paul was already occupied by a vast number of heterogeneous miscellanies, which stoutly resisted the ingress either of Latin or of virtue. Nothing could wean him from an ominous affection for the history of Richard Turpin : it was to him what, it has been said, the Greek authors should be to the Academi-

cian, — a study by day, and a dream by night. He was docile enough during lessons, and sometimes even too quick in conception for the stately march of Mr. Mac Grawler's intellect. But it not unfrequently happened, that when that gentleman attempted to rise, he found himself, like the lady in Comus, adhering to

“ A venomed seat  
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat ;”

or his legs had been secretly united under the table, and the tie was not to be broken without overthrow to the superior powers; these, and various other little sportive machinations wherewith Paul was wont to relieve the monotony of literature, went far to disgust the learned critic with his undertaking. But ‘the tape’ and the treasury of Mrs. Lobkins re-smoothed, as it were, the irritated bristles of his mind, and he continued his labours with this philosophical reflection—“ Why fret myself?—if a pupil turn out well, it is clearly to the credit of his master; if not, to the disadvantage of himself.” Of course,



a similar suggestion never forced itself into the mind of Dr. Keate. At Eton, the very soul of the honest head-master is consumed by his zeal for the welfare of little gentlemen in stiff cravats.

But to Paul, who was predestined to enjoy a certain quantum of knowledge, circumstances happened, in the commencement of the second year of his pupilage, which prodigiously accelerated the progress of his scholastic career.

At the apartment of Mac Grawler, Paul one morning encountered Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, a young man of great promise, who pursued the peaceful occupation of making for a leading newspaper, "Horrid Murders," "Enormous Melons," and "Remarkable Circumstances." This gentleman, having the advantage of some years' seniority over Paul, was slow in unbending his dignity; but observing at last the eager and respectful attention with which the stripling listened to a most veracious detail of five men being inhumanly murdered in Canterbury Cathedral by the Reverend Zedekiah Fooks Barnacle, he was touched by the impression he had created, and shaking Paul graciously

by the hand, he told him, there was a deal of natural shrewdness in his countenance; and that Mr. Augustus Tomlinson did not doubt but that he (Paul) might have the honour to be murdered himself one of these days.—“ You understand me !” continued Mr. Augustus,—“ I mean murdered in effigy,—assassinated in type,—while you yourself, unconscious of the circumstance, are quietly enjoying what you imagine to be your existence. We never kill common persons: to say truth, our chief spite is against the Church;—we destroy bishops by wholesale. Sometimes, indeed, we knock off a leading barrister or so; and express the anguish of the junior counsel at a loss so destructive to their interests. But that is only a stray hit; and the slain barrister often lives to become attorney-general, renounce Whig principles, and prosecute the very press that destroyed him. Bishops are our *proper* food: we send them to heaven on a sort of flying griffin, of which the back is an apoplexy, and the wings are puffs. The Bishop of ——, whom we dispatched in this manner the other day, being rather a facetious

personage, wrote to remonstrate with us thereon; observing, that though heaven was a very good translation for a bishop, yet that, in such cases, he preferred 'the original to the translation.' As we murder bishops, so is there another class of persons whom we only afflict with letiferous diseases. This latter tribe consists of his Majesty and his Majesty's ministers. Whenever we cannot abuse their measures, we always fall foul on their health. Does the King pass any popular law,—we immediately insinuate that his constitution is on its last legs. Does the minister act like a man of sense,—we instantly observe, with great regret, that his complexion is remarkably pale. There is one manifest advantage in *diseasing* people, instead of absolutely destroying them. The public may flatly contradict us in one case, but it never can in the other:—it is easy to prove that a man is alive; but utterly impossible to prove that he is in health. What if some opposing newspaper take up the cudgels in his behalf, and assert that the victim of all Pandora's complaints, whom we send tottering to the grave, passes one-half the

day in knocking up a “distinguished company” at a shooting-party, and the other half in out-doing the same “distinguished company” after dinner? What if the afflicted individual himself write us word that he never was better in his life,—we have only mysteriously to shake our heads, and observe, that to contradict is not to prove,—that it is little likely that our authority should have been mistaken, and—(we are very fond of an historical comparison)—beg our readers to remember, that when Cardinal Richelieu was dying, nothing enraged him so much as hinting that he was ill. In short, if Horace is right, we are the very princes of poets; for I dare say, Mr. Mac Grawler, that you,—and you, too, my little gentleman, perfectly remember the words of the wise old Roman,—

‘ Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur  
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet.’ ”

Having uttered this quotation with considerable self-complacency, and thereby entirely completed his conquest over Paul, Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, turning to Mac Grawler, concluded

his business with that gentleman, which was of a literary nature, namely, a joint composition against a man who, being under five-and-twenty, and too poor to give dinners, had had the impudence to write a sacred poem. The critics were exceedingly bitter at this; and having very little to say against the poem, the Court journals called the author 'a coxcomb,' and the liberal ones 'the son of a pantaloon!'

There was an ease,—a spirit,—a life about Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, which captivated the senses of our young hero: then, too, he was exceedingly smartly attired; wore red heels and a bag; had what seemed to Paul quite the air of a 'man of fashion;' and, above all, he spouted the Latin with a remarkable grace!

Some days afterwards, Mac Grawler sent our hero to Mr. Tomlinson's lodgings, with his share of the joint abuse upon the poet.

Doubly was Paul's reverence for Mr. Augustus Tomlinson increased by a sight of his abode. He found him settled in a polite part of the town, in a very spruce parlour, the contents of which manifested the universal genius of the inhabitant. It hath

been objected unto us by a most discerning critic, that we are addicted to the drawing of 'universal geniuses.' We plead Not Guilty in former instances; we allow the soft impeachment in the instance of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson. Over his fireplace were ranged boxing gloves and fencing foils. On his table lay a cremona and a flageolet. On one side of the wall were shelves containing the Covent Garden Magazine, Burn's Justice, a pocket Horace, a Prayer-book, *Excerpta ex Tacito*, a volume of Plays, Philosophy made Easy, and a Key to all Knowledge. Furthermore, there were on another table a riding whip, and a driving whip, and a pair of spurs, and three guineas, with a little mountain of loose silver. Mr. Augustus was a tall, fair young man, with a freckled complexion; green eyes and red eyelashes; a smiling mouth, rather underjawed; a sharp nose; and a prodigiously large pair of ears. He was robed in a green damask dressing-gown; and he received the tender Paul most graciously.

There was something very engaging about our hero. He was not only good-looking, and frank

in aspect, but he had that appearance of briskness and intellect which belong to an embryo rogue. Mr. Augustus Tomlinson professed the greatest regard for him,—asked him if he could box,—made him put on a pair of gloves,—and, very condescendingly, knocked him down three times successively. Next he played him, both upon his flageolet and his cremona, some of the most modish airs. Moreover, he sang him a little song of his own composing. He then, taking up the driving-whip, flanked a fly from the opposite wall, and throwing himself (naturally fatigued with his numerous exertions,) on his sofa, he observed, in a careless tone, that he and his friend Lord Dunshunner were universally esteemed the best whips in the metropolis. “I,” quoth Mr. Augustus, “am the best on the road—but my Lord is a devil at turning a corner.”

Paul, who had hitherto lived too unsophisticated a life to be aware of the importance of which a lord would naturally be in the eyes of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, was not so much struck with the grandeur of the connexion as the murderer of the journals had expected. He merely



observed, by way of compliment, that Mr. Augustus and his companion seemed to be “rolling kiddies.”

A little displeased with this metaphorical remark,—for it may be observed that “rolling kiddy” is, among the learned in such lore, the customary expression for “a smart thief,”—the universal Augustus took that liberty to which, by his age and station, so much superior to those of Paul, he imagined himself entitled, and gently reproved our hero for his indiscriminate use of flash phrases.

“A lad of your parts,” said he,—“for I see you are clever by your eye,—ought to be ashamed of using such vulgar expressions. Have a nobler spirit,—a loftier emulation, Paul, than that which distinguishes the little ragamuffins of the street. Know that, in this country, genius and learning carry every thing before them; and if you behave yourself properly, you may, one day or another, be as high in the world as myself.”

At this speech Paul looked wistfully round the spruce parlour, and thought what a fine thing it would be to be lord of such a domain, together



with the appliances of flageolet and cremona, boxing-gloves, books, fly-flanking flagellum, three guineas, with the little mountain of silver, and the reputation—shared only with Lord Dunshunner—of being the best whip in London.

“Yes!” continued Tomlinson, with conscious pride,—“I owe my rise to myself. Learning is better than house and land. ‘*Doctrina sed vim,*’ &c.—You know what old Horace says?—Why, Sir, you would not believe it; but I was the man who killed his Majesty the King of Sardinia, in our yesterday’s paper. Nothing is too arduous for genius. Fag hard, my boy, and you may rival—for the thing, though difficult, may not be impossible—Augustus Tomlinson!”

At the conclusion of this harangue, a knock at the door being heard, Paul took his departure, and met in the hall a fine-looking person dressed in the height of the fashion, and wearing a pair of prodigiously large buckles in his shoes. Paul looked, and his heart swelled. “I may rival,” thought he—those were his very words—“I may rival,—for the thing, though difficult, is not impossible—Augustus Tomlinson!” Absorbed in meditation,

he went silently home. The next day the memoirs of the great Turpin were committed to the flames, and it was noticeable that henceforth Paul observed a choicer propriety of words,—that he assumed a more refined air of dignity, and that he paid considerably more attention than heretofore to the lessons of Mr. Peter Mac Grawler. Although it must be allowed, that our young hero's progress in the learned languages was not astonishing, yet an early passion for reading growing stronger and stronger by application, repaid him at last with a tolerable knowledge of the mother-tongue. We must however add, that his more favourite and cherished studies were scarcely of that nature which a prudent preceptor would have greatly commended. They lay chiefly among novels, plays, and poetry, which last he affected to that degree that he became somewhat of a poet himself. Nevertheless, these literary avocations, profitless as they seemed, gave a certain refinement to his tastes, which they were not likely otherwise to have acquired at 'The Mug ;' and while they aroused his ambition to see something of the gay life they depicted, they imparted to his temper a tone of enterprise and of

thoughtless generosity, which perhaps contributed greatly to counteract those evil influences towards petty vice, to which the examples around him must have exposed his tender youth. But, alas! a great disappointment to Paul's hope of assistance and companionship in his literary labours befel him. Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, one bright morning, disappeared, leaving word with his numerous friends, that he was going to accept a lucrative situation in the North of England. Notwithstanding the shock this occasioned to the affectionate heart and aspiring temper of our friend Paul, it abated not his ardour in that field of science, which it seemed that the distinguished absentee had so successfully cultivated. By little and little, he possessed himself (in addition to the literary stores we have alluded to) of all it was in the power of the wise and profound Peter Mac Grawler to impart unto him; and at the age of sixteen he began (O the presumption of youth!) to fancy himself more learned than his master.

## CHAPTER IV.

He had now become a young man of extreme fashion, and as much *répandu* in society as the utmost and most exigent coveter of London celebrity could desire. He was, of course, a member of the clubs, &c. &c. &c. He was, in short, of that oft-described set before whom all minor beaux sink into insignificance, or among whom they eventually obtain a subaltern *grade*, by a sacrifice of a due portion of their fortune.

## ALMACKS REVISITED.

By the soul of the great Malebranche, who made "A Search after Truth," and discovered every thing beautiful except that which he searched for;—by the soul of the great Malebranche, whom Bishop Berkeley found suffering under an inflammation in the lungs, and very obligingly *talked to death*,—an instance of conversational powers worthy the envious emulation of all great metaphysicians and arguers;—by the soul of that illustrious man, it is amazing to us what a number of

truths there are broken up into little fragments, and scattered here and there through the world. What a magnificent museum a man might make of the precious minerals, if he would but go out with his basket under his arm, and his eyes about him! We, ourself, picked up, this very day, a certain small piece of truth, with which we propose to explain to thee, fair reader, a sinister turn in the fortunes of Paul.

“Wherever,” says a living sage, “you see dignity, you may be sure there is expense requisite to support it.”\* So was it with Paul. A young gentleman who was heir-presumptive to the Mug, and who enjoyed a handsome person with a cultivated mind, was necessarily of a certain station in society, and an object of respect in the eyes of the manœuvring mamas in the vicinity of Thames Court. Many were the parties of pleasure to Deptford and Greenwich which Paul found himself compelled to attend; and we need not refer our readers to novels upon fashionable life, to inform them, that, in good soci-

\* Popular Fallacies.

ety, the *gentlemen always pay for the ladies!* Nor was this all the expense to which his expectations exposed him. A gentleman could scarcely attend these elegant festivities without devoting some little attention to his dress; and a fashionable tailor plays the deuce with one's yearly allowance!

We, who reside, be it known to you, reader, in Little Brittany, are not very well acquainted with the manners of the better classes in St. James's. But there was one great vice among the fine people about Thames Court, which we make no doubt does not exist anywhere else, viz. these fine people were always in an agony to seem finer than they were; and the more airs a gentleman or a lady gave him or her—self, the more important they became. Joe, the dog's-meat man, had indeed got into society, entirely from a knack of saying impertinent things to every body; and the smartest exclusives of the place, who seldom visited any one where there was not a silver teapot, used to think Joe had a great deal in him because he trundled his cart with his head in the air, and one day gave the very beadle of the parish “the cut direct.”

Now this desire to be so exceedingly fine not only made the society about Thames Court unpleasant, but expensive. Every one vied with his neighbour; and as the spirit of rivalry is particularly strong in youthful bosoms, we can scarcely wonder that it led Paul into many extravagancies. The evil of all circles that profess to be select is high play, — and the reason is obvious: persons who have the power to bestow on another an advantage he covets, would rather sell it than give it; and Paul, gradually increasing in popularity and *ton*, found himself, despite of his classical education, no match for the finished, or, rather, finishing gentlemen with whom he began to associate. His first admittance into the select coterie of these men of the world was formed at the house of Bachelor Bill, a person of great notoriety among that portion of the *élite* which emphatically entitles itself “Flash!” However, as it is our rigid intention in this work to portray *at length* no episodic characters whatsoever, we can afford our readers but a slight and rapid sketch of Bachelor Bill.

This personage was of Devonshire extraction. His mother had kept the pleasantest public-house



in town, and at her death Bill succeeded to her property and popularity. All the young ladies in the neighbourhood of Fidler's Row, where he resided, set their caps at him: all the most fashionable *prigs*, or *tobymen*, sought to get him into their set; and the most crack *blowen* in London would have given her ears at any time for a loving word from Bachelor Bill. But Bill was a long-headed, prudent fellow, and of a remarkably cautious temperament. He avoided marriage and friendship, viz. he was neither plundered nor cornuted. He was a tall, aristocratic *cove*, of a devilish neat address, and very gallant, in an honest way, to the *blowens*. Like most single men, being very much the gentleman so far as money was concerned, he gave them plenty of "feeds," and from time to time a very agreeable "hop." His "bingo"\* was unexceptionable; and as for his "stark naked," † it was voted the most brilliant thing in nature. In a very short time, by his blows-out and his bachelorship,—for single men always arrive at the apex of *haut ton* easier than married,—he became the very glass of fashion;

\* Brandy.

† Gin.



and many were the tight apprentices, even at the west end of the town, who used to turn back in admiration of Bachelor Bill, when, of a Sunday afternoon, he drove down his varment gig to his snug little box on the borders of Turnham Green. Bill's happiness was not, however, wholly without alloy. The ladies of pleasure are always so excessively angry when a man does not make love to them, that there is nothing they will not say against him; and the fair matrons in the vicinity of Fidler's Row spread all manner of unfounded reports against poor Bachelor Bill. By degrees, however, — for, as Tacitus has said, doubtless with a prophetic eye to Bachelor Bill, “the truth gains by delay,” — these reports began to die insensibly away; and Bill, now waxing near to the confines of middle age, his friends comfortably settled for him, that he would be Bachelor Bill all his life. For the rest, he' was an excellent fellow, — gave his broken victuals to the poor, — professed a liberal turn of thinking, — and in all the quarrels among the blowens, (your crack blowens are a quarrelsome set!) always took part with the weakest. Although Bill affected to be very

select in his company, he was never forgetful of his old friends; and Mrs. Margery Lobkins having been very good to him when he was a little boy in a skeleton jacket, he invariably sent her a card to his *soirées*. The good lady, however, had not of late years deserted her chimney-corner. Indeed, the racket of fashionable life was too much for her nerves, and the invitation had become a customary form not expected to be acted upon, but not a whit the less regularly used for that reason. As Paul had now attained his sixteenth year, and was a fine, handsome lad, the dame thought he would make an excellent representative of the Mug's mistress; and that, for her *protégé*, a ball at Bill's house would be no bad commencement of "Life in London." Accordingly, she intimated to the Bachelor a wish to that effect, and Paul received the following invitation from Bill.

"Mr. William Duke gives a hop and feed in a quiet way on Monday next, and *hops* Mr. Paul Lobkins will be of the party. N. B. Gentlemen is expected to come in pumps."

When Paul entered, he found Bachelor Bill

leading off the ball, to the tune of "Drops of Brandy," with a young lady to whom,—because she had been a strolling player,—the Ladies Patronesses of Fidler's Row had thought proper to behave with a very cavalier civility. The good Bachelor had no notion, as he expressed it, of such tantrums, and he caused it to be circulated among the finest of the blowens, that "he expected all who kicked their heels at his house would behave decent and polite to young Mrs. Dot." This intimation, conveyed to the ladies with all that insinuating polish for which Bachelor Bill was so remarkable, produced a notable effect; and Mrs. Dot, being now led off by the flash Bachelor, was overpowered with civilities the rest of the evening.

When the dance was ended, Bill very politely shook hands with Paul, and took an early opportunity of introducing him to some of the most "noted characters" of the town. Among these was the smart Mr. Allfair—the insinuating Henry Finish—the merry Jack Hookey—the knowing Charles Trywit, and various others equally noted for their skill in living handsomely upon their own

brains, and the personals of other people. To say truth, Paul, who at that time was an honest lad, was less charmed than he had anticipated by the conversation of these chevaliers of industry. He was more pleased with the clever though self-sufficient remarks of a gentleman with a remarkably fine head of hair, and whom we would more impressively than the rest introduce to our reader, under the appellation of Mr. Edward Pepper, generally termed Long Ned. As this worthy was destined afterwards to be an intimate associate of Paul, our main reason for attending the hop at Bachelor Bill's is to note, as the importance of the event deserves, the epoch of the commencement of their acquaintance.

Long Ned and Paul happened to sit next to each other at supper, and they conversed together so amicably that Paul, in the hospitality of his heart, expressed a hope that "he should see Mr. Pepper at the Mug!"

"Mug—Mug,"—repeated Pepper, half shutting his eyes with the air of a dandy about to be impertinent. "Ah—the name of a chapel—is it

not? There's a sect called the Muggletonians, I think?"

"As to that," said Paul, colouring at this insinuation against the Mug, "Mrs. Lobkins has no more religion than her betters; but the Mug is a very excellent house, and frequented by the best possible company."

"Don't doubt it!" said Ned. "Remember now that I was once there, and saw one Dummie Dumnaker—is not that the name?—I recollect some years ago, when I first came out, that Dummie and I had an adventure together;—to tell you the truth, it was not the sort of thing I would do now. But, would you believe it, Mr. Paul? this pitiful fellow was quite rude to me the only time I ever met him since;—that is to say, the only time I ever entered the Mug. I have no notion of such airs in a merchant—a merchant of rags! Those commercial fellows are getting quite insufferable!"

"You surprise me!" said Paul. "Poor Dummie is the last man to be rude.—He is as civil a creature as ever lived."

“ Or sold a rag !” said Ned. “ Possibly !— Don’t doubt his amiable qualities in the least. — Pass the bingo, my good fellow.— Stupid stuff, this dancing !”

“ Devilish stupid !” echoed Harry Finish, across the table. “ Suppose we adjourn to Fish Lane, and rattle the ivories ! What say you, Mr. Lobkins ?”

Afraid of the “ ton’s stern laugh, which scarce the proud philosopher can scorn,” and not being very partial to dancing, Paul assented to the proposition ; and a little party, consisting of Harry Finish, Allfair, Long Ned, and Mr. Hookey, adjourned to Fish Lane, where there was a club celebrated among men who live by their wits, at which “ lush” and “ baccy” were gratuitously sported in the most magnificent manner. Here the evening passed away very delightfully, and Paul went home without a “ brad” in his pocket.

From that time, Paul’s visits to Fish Lane became unfortunately regular, and in a very short period, we grieve to say, Paul became that distinguished character—a gentleman of three outs—“ out of pocket, out of elbows, and out of

credit." The only two persons whom he found willing to accommodate him with a slight loan, as the advertisements signed X. Y. have it, were Mr. Dummie Dunnaker and Mr. Pepper, surnamed the Long. The latter, however, while he obliged the heir to the Mug, never condescended to enter that noted place of resort; and the former, whenever he goodnaturedly opened his purse-strings, did it with a hearty caution to shun the acquaintance of Long Ned. "A parson," said Dummie, "of wery dangerous morals, and not by no manner of means a fit sociate for a young gemman of cracter, like leetle Paul!" So earnest was this caution, and so especially pointed at Long Ned,—although the company of Mr. Allfair or Mr. Finish might be said to be no less prejudicial,—that it is probable that stately fastidiousness of manner, which Lord Normanby rightly observes, in one of his excellent novels, makes so many enemies in the world, and which sometimes characterised the behaviour of Long Ned, especially towards the men of commerce, was a main reason why Dummie was so acutely and peculiarly alive to the immoralities of that lengthy gentleman. At the same



time we must observe, that when Paul, remembering what Pepper had said respecting his early adventure with Mr. Dunnaker, repeated it to the merchant, Dummie could not conceal a certain confusion, though he merely remarked, with a sort of laugh, that it was not worth speaking about; and it appeared evident to Paul that something unpleasant to the man of rags, which was not shared by the unconscious Pepper, lurked in the reminiscence of their past acquaintance. Howbeit, the circumstance glided from Paul's attention the moment afterwards; and he paid, we are concerned to say, equally little heed to the cautions against Ned with which Dummie regaled him.

Perhaps (for we must now direct a glance towards his domestic concerns) one great cause which drove Paul to Fish Lane was the uncomfortable life he led at home. For though Mrs. Lobkins was extremely fond of her *protégé*, yet she was possessed, as her customers emphatically remarked, "of the devil's own temper;" and her native coarseness never having been softened by those pictures of gay society which had, in many a novel and comic farce, refined the temperament



of the romantic Paul, her manner of venting her maternal reproaches was certainly not a little revolting to a lad of some delicacy of feeling. Indeed, it often occurred to him to leave her house altogether, and seek his fortunes alone, after the manner of the ingenious Gil Blas, or the enterprising Roderick Random; and this idea, though conquered and reconquered, gradually swelled and increased at his heart, even as swelleth that hairy ball found in the stomach of some suffering heifer after its decease. Among these projects of enterprise, the reader will hereafter notice, that an early vision of the Green Forest cave, in which Turpin was accustomed, with a friend, a ham, and a wife, to conceal himself, flitted across his mind. At this time he did not, perhaps, incline to the mode of life practised by the hero of the roads; but he certainly clung not the less fondly to the notion of the cave.

The melancholy flow of our hero's life was now however about to be diverted by an unexpected turn, and the crude thoughts of boyhood, to burst, "like Ghilan's Giant Palm," into the fruit of a manly resolution.

Among the prominent features of Mrs. Lobkins' mind was a sovereign contempt for the unsuccessful;—the imprudence and ill-luck of Paul occasioned her as much scorn as compassion. And when, for the third time within a week, he stood, with a rueful visage and with vacant pockets, by the dame's great chair, requesting an additional supply, the tides of her wrath swelled into overflow.

“Look you, my kinchin cove,” said she, — and in order to give peculiar dignity to her aspect, she put on, while she spoke, a huge pair of tin spectacles,—“if so be as how you goes for to think as how I shall go for to supply your wicious necessities, you will find yourself planted in Queer Street. Blow me tight, if I gives you anöther mag.”

“But I owe Long Ned a guinea,” said Paul, “and Dummie Dunnaker lent me three crowns. It ill becomes your heir-apparent, my dear dame, to fight shy of his debts of honour.”

“Taradididle, don't think for to wheedle me with your debts and your honour,” said the dame in a passion. “Long Ned is as long in the forks (fingers) as he is in the back : may Old Harry fly off with him ! and as for Dummie Dunnaker, I wonders

how you, brought up such a swell, and blest with the wery best of hedications, can think of putting up with such vulgar sociates. I tells you what, Paul, you'll please to break with them, smack and at once, or devil a brad you'll ever get from Peg Lobkins!" So saying, the old lady turned round in her chair, and helped herself to a pipe of tobacco.

Paul walked twice up and down the apartment, and at last stopped opposite the dame's chair: he was a youth of high spirit, and though he was warm-hearted, and had a love for Mrs. Lobkins, which her care and affection for him well deserved, yet he was rough in temper, and not constantly smooth in speech: it is true that his heart smote him afterwards, whenever he had said anything to annoy Mrs. Lobkins; and he was always the first to seek a reconciliation; but warm words produce cold respect, and sorrow for the past is not always efficacious in amending the future. Paul then, puffed up with the vanity of his genteel education, and the friendship of Long Ned, (who went to Ranelagh, and wore silver-clocked stockings,) stopped opposite to Mrs. Lobkins' chair, and said with great solemnity—

“ Mr. Pepper, madam, says very properly that I must have money to support myself like a gentleman; and if you won't give it me, I am determined, with many thanks for your past favours, to throw myself on the world, and seek my fortune.”

If Paul was of no oily and bland temper, dame Margaret Lobkins, it has been seen, had no advantage on that score:—we dare say the reader has observed, that nothing so enrages persons on whom one depends as any expressed determination of seeking independence. Gazing therefore for one moment at the open but resolute countenance of Paul, while all the blood of her veins seemed gathering in fire and scarlet to her enlarging cheeks, Dame Lobkins said—

“ Ifeaks, Master Pride-in-duds! seek your fortune yourself, will you? This comes of my bringing you up, and letting you eat the bread of idleness and charity, you toad of a thousand! Take that and be d——d to you?” and, suiting the action to the word, the tube which she had withdrawn from her mouth, in order to utter her gentle rebuke, whizzed through the air, grazed

Paul's cheek, and finished its earthly career by coming in violent contact with the right eye of Dummie Dunnaker, who at that exact moment entered the room.

Paul had winced for a moment to avoid the missive,—in the next he stood perfectly upright; his cheeks glowed, his chest swelled; and the entrance of Dummie Dunnaker, who was thus made the spectator of the affront he had received, stirred his blood into a deeper anger and a more bitter self-humiliation:—all his former resolutions of departure—all the hard words, the coarse allusions, the practical insults he had at any time received, rushed upon him at once. He merely cast one look at the old woman, whose rage was now half subsided, and turned slowly and in silence to the door.

There is often something alarming in an occurrence, merely because it is that which we least expect: the astute Mrs. Lobkins, remembering the hardy temper and fiery passions of Paul, had expected some burst of rage, some vehement reply; and when she caught with one wandering eye his parting look, and saw him turn so

passively and mutely to the door, her heart mis-gave her, she raised herself from her chair, and made towards him. Unhappily for her chance of reconciliation, she had that day quaffed more copiously of the bowl than usual, and the signs of intoxication visible in her uncertain gait, her meaningless eye, her vacant leer, her ruby cheek, all inspired Paul with feelings which, at the moment, converted resentment into something very much like aversion. He sprang from her grasp to the threshold. "Where be you going, you imp of the world?" cried the dame. "Get in with you, and say no more on the matter; be a bob-cull—drop the bullies, and you shall have the blunt!"

But Paul heeded not this invitation.

"I will eat the bread of idleness and charity no longer," said he sullenly. "Good bye,—and if ever I can pay you what I have cost you, I will!"

He turned away as he spoke; and the dame, kindling with resentment at his unseemly return to her proffered kindness, hallooed after him, and bade that dark-coloured gentleman who keeps the *fire-office* below, go along with him.

Swelling with anger, pride, shame, and a half

joyous feeling of emancipated independence, Paul walked on he knew not whither, with his head in the air, and his legs marshalling themselves into a military gait of defiance. He had not proceeded far, before he heard his name uttered behind him,—he turned, and saw the rueful face of Dummie Dunnaker.

Very inoffensively had that respectable person been employed during the last part of the scene we have described, in caressing his afflicted eye, and muttering philosophical observations on the danger incurred by all those who are acquainted with ladies of a choleric temperament: when Mrs. Lobkins, turning round after Paul's departure, and seeing the pitiful person of that Dummie Dunnaker, whose name she remembered Paul had mentioned in his opening speech, and whom, therefore, with an illogical confusion of ideas, she considered a party in the late dispute, exhausted upon him all that rage which it was necessary for her comfort that she should unburthen somewhere.

She seized the little man by the collar—the tenderest of all places in gentlemen similarly circumstanced with regard to the ways of life,



and giving him a blow, which took effect on his other and hitherto undamaged eye, cried out, "I'll teach you, you blood-sucker, (*i. e.* parasite) to sponge upon those as has expectations. I'll teach you to cozen the heir of the "Mug," you snivelling, whey-faced ghost of a farthing rush-light. What! you'll lend my Paul three crowns, will you? when you knows as how you told me you could not pay me a pitiful tizzy. Oh, you're a queer one, I warrants; but you won't queer Margery Lobkins. Out of my ken, you cur of the mange—out of my ken; and if ever I claps my sees on you again, or if ever I knows as how you makes a flat of my Paul, blow me tight, but I'll weave you a hempen collar: I'll hang you, you dog, I will. What! you will answer me, will you?—O you viper, budge, and begone!"

It was in vain that Dummie protested his innocence. A violent *coup de pied* broke off all farther parlance. He made a clear house of the "Mug;" and the landlady thereof, tottering back to her elbow chair, sought out another pipe, and, like all imaginative persons when the world goes



wrong with them, consoled herself for the absence of realities by the creations of smoke.

Meanwhile, Dummie Dunnaker, muttering and murmuring bitter fancies, overtook Paul, and accused that youth of having been the occasion of the injuries he had just undergone. Paul was not at that moment in the humour best adapted for the patient bearing of accusations, he answered Mr. Dunnaker very shortly; and that respectable individual still smarting under his bruises, replied with equal tartness. Words grew high, and at length, Paul, desirous of concluding the conference, clenched his fist, and told the redoubted Dummie that he would “knock him down.” There is something peculiarly harsh and stunning in those three, hard — wirey — sturdy — stubborn monosyllables. Their very sound makes you double your fist—if you are a hero; or your pace, if you are a peaceable man. They produced an instant effect upon Dummie Dunnaker, aided as they were by the effect of an athletic and youthful figure, already fast approaching to the height of six feet, — a flushed cheek, and an eye that bespoke both passion and resolution. The rag-merchant’s voice

sunk at once, and with the countenance of a wronged Cassius, he whimpered forth —

“ Knock me down!— O leetle Paul, vot vicked vhidz are those! Vot! Dummie Dunnaker as has dandled you on his knee mony’s a time and oft: vy, the cove’s art is as ard as junk, and as proud as a gardener’s dog vith a nosegay tied to his tail.” This pathetic remonstrance softened Paul’s anger.

“ Well, Dummie,” said he, laughing, “ I did not mean to hurt you, and there’s an end of it; and I am very sorry for the Dame’s ill conduct; and so I wish you a good morning.”

“ Vy, vere be you trotting to, leetle Paul?” said Dummie, grasping him by the tail of the coat.

“ The deuce a bit I know,” answered our hero; “ but I think I shall drop a call on Long Ned.”

“ Avast there!” said Dummie, speaking under his breath; “ if so be as you von’t blab, I’ll tell you a bit of a secret. I heered as ow Long Ned started for Hampshire this werry morning on a toby consarn!”\*

“ Ha!” said Paul, “ then hang me if I know

\* Highway Expedition.

what to do!" As he uttered these words, a more thorough sense of his destitution (if he persevered in leaving the Mug) than he had hitherto felt rushed upon him; for Paul had designed for a while to throw himself on the hospitality of his Patagonian friend, and now that he found that friend was absent from London, and on so dangerous an expedition, he was a little puzzled what to do with that treasure of intellect and wisdom which he carried about upon his legs. Already he had acquired sufficient penetration—(for Charles Trywit and Harry Finish were excellent masters for initiating a man into knowledge of the world)—to perceive, that a person, however admirable may be his qualities, does not readily find a welcome without a penny in his pocket. In the neighbourhood of Thames Court he had, indeed, many acquaintances; but the fineness of his language, acquired from his education, and the elegance of his air, in which he attempted to blend, in happy association, the gallant effrontery of Mr. Long Ned with the graceful negligence of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, had made him many enemies among those acquaintances; and he was not willing,—so

great was our hero's pride,—to throw himself on the chance of their welcome, or to publish, as it were, his exiled and crest-fallen state. As for those boon companions who had assisted him in making a wilderness of his pockets, he had already found, that that was the only species of assistance which they were willing to render him: in a word, he could not for the life of him conjecture in what quarter he should find the benefits of bed and board. While he stood with his finger to his lip, undecided and musing, but fully resolved at least on one thing—not to return to the Mug,—little Dummie, who was a good-natured fellow at the bottom, peered up in his face, and said, “Vy, Paul, my kid, you looks down in the chops: cheer up,—care killed a cat!”

Observing that this appropriate and encouraging fact of natural history did not lessen the cloud upon Paul's brow, the acute Dummie Dumnaker proceeded at once to the grand panacea for all evils; in his own profound estimation:

“Paul, my ben-cull,” said he, with a knowing wink, and nudging the young gentleman in the left side, “vot do you say to a drop o’

blue ruin? or, as you likes to be conish (genteel), I doesn't care if I sports you a glass of port!" While Dunnaker was uttering this invitation, a sudden reminiscence flashed across Paul: he bethought him at once of Mac Grawler; and he resolved forthwith to repair to the abode of that illustrious sage, and petition at least for accommodation for the approaching night. So soon as he had come to this determination, he shook off the grasp of the amiable Dummie, and refusing, with many thanks, his hospitable invitation, requested him to abstract from the Dame's house, and lodge within his own, until called for such articles of linen and clothing as belonged to Paul, and could easily be laid hold of, during one of the matron's evening *siestas*, by the shrewd Dunnaker. The merchant promised that the commission should be speedily executed; and Paul, shaking hands with him, proceeded to the mansion of Mac Grawler.

We must now go back somewhat, in the natural course of our narrative, and observe, that among the minor causes which had conspired with the great one of gambling to bring our excellent Paul

to his present situation, was his intimacy with Mac Grawler; for when Paul's increasing years and roving habits had put an end to the sage's instructions, there was thereby lopped off from the preceptor's finances the weekly sum of two shillings and sixpence, as well as the freedom of the Dame's cellar and larder; and as, in the reaction of feeling, and the perverse course of human affairs, people generally repent the most of those actions once the most ardently incurred; so poor Mrs. Lobkins, imagining that Paul's irregularities were entirely owing to the knowledge he had acquired from Mac Grawler's instructions, grievously upbraided herself for her former folly, in seeking for a superior education for her *protégé*; nay, she even vented upon the sacred head of Mac Grawler himself her dissatisfaction at the results of his instructions. In like manner, when a man who can spell comes to be hanged, the anti-educationists accuse the spelling-book of his murder. High words between the admirer of ignorant innocence and the propagator of intellectual science ensued, which ended in Mac Grawler's final expulsion from the Mug.

There are some young gentlemen of the present day addicted to the adoption of Lord Byron's poetry, with the alteration of new rhymes, who are pleased graciously to inform us, that they are born to be the ruin of all those who love them; an interesting fact, doubtless, but which they might as well keep to themselves. It would seem, by the contents of this Chapter, as if the same misfortune were destined to Paul. The exile of Mac Grawler,—the insults offered to Dummie Dunnaker,—alike occasioned by him, appear to sanction that opinion. Unfortunately, though Paul was a poet, he was not much of a sentimentalist; and he has never given us the edifying ravings of his remorse on those subjects. But Mac Grawler, like Dunnaker, was resolved that our hero should perceive the curse of his fatality; and as he still retained some influence over the mind of his quondam pupil, his accusations against Paul, as the origin of his banishment, were attended with a greater success than were the complaints of Dummie Dunnaker on a similar calamity. Paul, who, like most people who are good for nothing, had an excellent heart, was exceedingly grieved at



Mac Grawler's banishment on his account; and he endeavoured to atone for it by such pecuniary consolations as he was enabled to offer. These Mac Grawler (purely, we may suppose, from a benevolent desire to lessen the boy's remorse,) scrupled not to accept; and thus, so similar often are the effects of virtue and of vice, the exemplary Mac Grawler conspired with the unprincipled Long Ned and the heartless Henry Finish, in producing that unenviable state of vacuity, which now saddened over the pockets of Paul.

As our hero was slowly walking towards the Sage's abode, depending on his gratitude and friendship for a temporary shelter, one of those lightning flashes of thought which often illumine the profoundest abyss of affliction, darted across his mind. Recalling the image of the critic, he remembered that he had seen that ornament of the *Asinæum* receive sundry sums for his critical lucubrations.

"Why," said Paul seizing on that fact, and stopping short in the street—"Why should I not turn critic myself?"

The only person to whom one ever puts a ques-



tion with a tolerable certainty of receiving a satisfactory answer is one's self. The moment Paul started this luminous suggestion, it appeared to him that he had discovered the mines of Potosi. Burning with impatience to discuss with the great Mac Grawler the feasibility of his project, he quickened his pace almost into a run, and in a very few minutes, having only overthrown one chimney-sweeper and two applewomen by the way, he arrived at the Sage's door.

## CHAPTER V.

Ye realms yet unrevealed to human sight !  
Ye canes athwart the hapless hands that write !  
Ye Critic Chiefs—permit me to relate  
The mystic wonders of your silent state !

VIRGIL ÆN. B. 6.

FORTUNE had smiled upon Mr. Mac Grawler since he first undertook the tuition of Mrs. Lobkins' *protégé*. He now inhabited a second-floor, and defied the sheriff and his evil spirits. It was at the dusk of evening that Paul found him at home and alone.

Before the mighty man stood a pot of London porter; a candle, with an unregarded wick, shed its solitary light upon his labours; and an infant

cat played sportively at his learned feet, beguiling the weary moments with the remnants of the spiral cap wherewith, instead of laurel, the critic had hitherto nightly adorned his brows.

So soon as Mac Grawler, piercing through the gloomy mist which hung about the chamber, perceived the person of the intruder, a frown settled upon his brow.

“Have I not told you, youngster!” he growled, “never to enter a gentleman’s room without knocking? I tell you, Sir, that manners are no less essential to human happiness than virtue; wherefore, never disturb a gentleman in his avocations, and sit yourself down without molesting the cat!”

Paul, who knew that his respected tutor disliked any one to trace the source of the wonderful spirit which he infused into his critical compositions, affected not to perceive the pewter Hippocrene, and with many apologies for his want of preparatory politeness, seated himself as directed. It was then that the following edifying conversation ensued.

“The antients,” quoth Paul, “were very great men, Mr. Mac Grawler.”

“ They were so, Sir,” returned the critic,—  
“ we make it a rule in our profession to assert  
that fact !”

“ But, Sir,” said Paul, “ they were wrong now  
and then.”

“ Never ! Ignoramus, never !”

“ They praised poverty, Mr. Mac Grawler !”  
said Paul with a sigh.

“ Hem !” quoth the critic, a little staggered,  
but presently recovering his characteristic acu-  
men, he observed—

“ It is true, Paul ; but that was the poverty of  
other people.”

There was a slight pause. “ Criticism,” renewed  
Paul, “ must be a most difficult art.”

“ A-hem !—and what art is there, Sir, that is  
not difficult ?—at least to become master of.”

“ True,” sighed Paul ; “ or else——”

“ Or else what, boy ?” repeated Mr. Mac Graw-  
ler, seeing that Paul hesitated either from fear  
of his superior knowledge, as the critic’s vanity  
suggested, or from (what was equally likely)  
want of a word to express his meaning.

“ Why, I was thinking, Sir,” said Paul, with

that desperate courage which gives a distinct and loud intonation to the voice of all who set, or think they set, their fate upon a cast:—“ I was thinking that I should like to become a critic myself!”

“ W—h—e—w!” whistled Mac Grawler, elevating his eye-brows. “ W—h—e—w! great ends have come of less beginnings!”

Encouraging as this assertion was, coming as it did from the lips of so great a man and so great a critic, at the very moment too when nothing short of an anathema against arrogance and presumption was expected to issue from those portals of wisdom: yet, such is the fallacy of all human hopes, that Paul's of a surety would have been a little less elated, had he, at the same time his ears drank in the balm of these gracious words, been able to have dived into the source whence they emanated.

“ Know thyself!” was a precept the sage Mac Grawler had endeavoured to obey; consequently the result of his obedience was, that even by himself he was better known than trusted. Whatever he might appear to others, he had in reality

no vain faith in the infallibility of his own talents and resources; as well might a butcher deem himself a perfect anatomist from the frequent amputation of legs of mutton, as the critic of the *Asinæum* have laid "the flattering unction to his soul," that he was really skilled in the art of criticism, or even acquainted with one of its commonest rules, because he could with all speed cut up and disjoint any work, from the smallest to the greatest, from the most superficial to the most superior; and thus it was that he never had the want of candour to deceive *himself* as to his own talents. Paul's wish, therefore, was no sooner expressed, than a vague but golden scheme of future profit illumed the brain of Mac Grawler; in a word, he resolved that Paul should henceforward share the labour of his critiques; and that he, Mac Grawler, should receive the whole profits in return for the honour thereby conferred on his coadjutor.

Looking, therefore, at our hero with a benignant air, Mr. Mac Grawler thus continued.

"Yes, I repeat, — great ends have come from

less beginnings!—Rome was not built in a day,—and I, Paul, I myself was not always the editor of the *Asinæum*: you say wisely, criticism is a great science—a very great science, and it may be divided into three branches; viz.—‘to tickle, to slash, and to plaster.’ In each of these three, I believe, without vanity, I am a profound adept! I will initiate you into all. Your labours shall begin this very evening. I have three works on my table, they must be dispatched by to-morrow night; I will take the most arduous, I abandon to you the others. The three consist of a Romance, an Epic in twelve books, and an Inquiry into the Human Mind, in three volumes; I, Paul, will tickle the Romance, you this very evening shall plaster the Epic, and slash the Inquiry!”

“Heavens, Mr. Mac Grawler!” cried Paul in consternation, “what do you mean?—I should never be even able to read an Epic in twelve books, and I should fall asleep in the first page of the Inquiry. No, no, leave me the Romance, and take the other two under your own protection!”

Although great genius is always benevolent, Mr. Mac Grawler could not restrain a smile

of ineffable contempt at the simplicity of his pupil.

“ Know, young gentleman,” said he solemnly, “ that the Romance in question must be tickled ; it is not given to raw beginners to conquer that great mystery of our science.”

“ Before we proceed farther, explain the words of the art,” said Paul, impatiently.

“ Listen, then !” rejoined Mac Grawler, and as he spoke the candle cast an awful glimmering on his countenance. “ To slash, is, speaking grammatically, to employ the accusative, or accusing case ; you must cut up your book right and left, top and bottom, root and branch. To plaster a book, is to employ the dative, or giving case, and you must bestow on the work all the superlatives in the language, you must lay on your praise thick and thin, and not leave a crevice untroweled. But to tickle, Sir, is a comprehensive word, and it comprises all the infinite varieties that fill the interval between slashing and plastering. This is the nicety of the art, and you can only acquire it by practice ; a few examples will suffice to give you an idea of its delicacy.



“ We will begin with the encouraging tickle. ‘ Although this work is full of faults ; though the characters are unnatural, the plot utterly improbable, the thoughts hacknied, and the style ungrammatical, yet we would by no means discourage the author from proceeding ; and in the meanwhile we confidently recommend his work to the attention of the reading public.’

“ Take, now, the advising tickle.

“ ‘ There is a good deal of merit in these little volumes, although we must regret the evident haste in which they were written. The author might do better—we recommend him a study of the best writers,’—then conclude by a Latin quotation, which you may take from one of the mottoes in the Spectator.

“ Now, young gentleman, for a specimen of the metaphorical tickle.

“ ‘ We beg this poetical aspirant to remember the fate of Pyrenæus, who attempting to pursue the Muses, forgot that he had not the wings of the goddesses, flung himself from the loftiest ascent he could reach, and perished.’

“ This you see, Paul, is a loftier and more

erudite sort of tickle, and may be reserved for one of the Quarterly Reviews. Never throw away a simile unnecessarily.

“ Now for a sample of the facetious tickle.

“ ‘ Mr. —— has obtained a considerable reputation! Some fine ladies think him a great philosopher, and he has been praised in our hearing by some Cambridge Fellows, for his knowledge of fashionable society.’

“ For this sort of tickle we generally use the dullest of our tribe, and I have selected the foregoing example from the criticisms of a distinguished writer in the *Asinæum*, whom we call *par excellence, the Ass*.

“ There is a variety of other tickles; the familiar, the vulgar, the polite, the goodnatured, the bitter; but in general all tickles may be supposed to signify, however disguised, one or the other of these meanings. ‘ This book would be exceedingly good if it were not exceedingly bad.’ Or, ‘ This book would be exceedingly bad if it were not exceedingly good.’

“ You have now, Paul, a general idea of the superior art required by the tickle?”

Our hero signified his assent by a sort of hysterical sound between a laugh and a groan. Mac Grawler continued—

“ There is another grand difficulty attendant on this class of criticism,—it is generally requisite to read a few pages of the work; because we seldom tickle without extracting, and it requires some judgment to make the context agree with the extract; but it is not often necessary to extract when you slash or when you plaster; when you slash, it is better in general to conclude with—

“ ‘ After what we have said, it is unnecessary to add, that we cannot offend the taste of our readers by any quotation from this execrable trash.’ And when you plaster, you may wind up with, ‘ We regret that our limits will not allow us to give any extracts from this wonderful and unrivalled work. We must refer our readers to the book itself.’

“ And now, Sir, I think I have given you a sufficient outline of the noble science of Scaliger and Mac Grawler. Doubtless you are reconciled to the task I have allotted you; and while I tickle

the Romance, you will slash the Inquiry and plaster the Epic !”

“ I will do my best, Sir !” said Paul, with that modest yet noble simplicity which becomes the virtuously ambitious ; — and Mac Grawler forthwith gave him pen and paper, and set him down to his undertaking.

He had the good fortune to please Mac Grawler, who, after having made a few corrections in style, declared he evinced a peculiar genius in that branch of composition. And then it was that Paul, made conceited by praise, said, looking contemptuously in the face of his preceptor, and swinging his legs to and fro,—“ And what, Sir, shall I receive for the plastered Epic and the slashed Inquiry !” As the face of the schoolboy who, when guessing, as he thinks rightly, at the meaning of some mysterious word in Cornelius Nepos, receiveth not the sugared epithet of praise, but a sudden stroke across the *os humerosve*, even so, blank, puzzled, and thunder-stricken, waxed the face of Mr. Mac Grawler, at the abrupt and astounding audacity of Paul.

“ Receive !” he repeated, “ receive !—Why you

impudent, ungrateful puppy! Would you steal the bread from your old master? If I can obtain for your crude articles an admission into the illustrious pages of the *Asinæum*, will you not be sufficiently paid, Sir, by the honour? Answer me that. Another man, young gentleman, would have charged you a premium for his instructions;—and here have I, in one lesson, imparted to you all the mysteries of the science, and for nothing. And you talk to me of ‘receive!’—‘receive!’ Young gentleman, in the words of the immortal bard, ‘I would as lief you had talked to me of ratsbane!’”

“In fine, then, Mr. Mac Grawler, I shall get nothing for my trouble,” said Paul.

“To be sure not, Sir; the very best writer in the *Asinæum* only gets three shillings an article!” Almost more than he deserves, the critic might have added; for he who writes for nobody, should receive nothing!

“Then, Sir,” quoth the mercenary Paul profanely, and rising, he kicked with one kick, the cat, the epic, and the inquiry, to the other end of the room,—“Then, Sir, you may all go to the devil!”

We do not, O gentle reader, seek to excuse this hasty anathema:—the habits of childhood will sometimes break forth despite of the after-blessings of education. And we set not up Paul for thine imitation as that model of virtue and of wisdom, which we design thee to discover in Mac Grawler.

When that great critic perceived Paul had risen, and was retreating in high dudgeon towards the door, he rose also, and repeating Paul's last words, said — “ ‘Go to the devil!’ Not so quick, young gentleman,—*festina lente*,—all in good time. What though I did, astonished at your premature request, say that you should receive nothing;—yet my great love for you may induce me to bestir myself on your behalf. The *Asinæum*, it is true, only gives three shillings an article in general; but I am its editor, and will intercede with the proprietors on your behalf. Yes—yes. I will see what is to be done. Stop a bit, my boy.”

Paul, though very irascible, was easily pacified: he reseated himself, and, taking Mac Grawler's hand, said—

“Forgive me for my petulance, my dear sir, — but, to tell you the honest truth, I am very low in the world just at present, and must get money in some way or another; in short, I must either pick pockets or write (not gratuitously) for the *Asinæum*.”

And without farther preliminary, Paul related his present circumstances to the critic; declared his determination not to return to the Mug; and requested, at least, from the friendship of his old preceptor, the accommodation of shelter for that night.

Mac Grawler was exceedingly disconcerted at hearing so bad an account of his pupil's finances, as well as prospects; for he had secretly intended to regale himself that evening with a bowl of punch, for which he purposed that Paul should pay; but as he knew the quickness of parts possessed by the young gentleman, as also the great affection entertained for him by Mrs. Lobkins, who, in all probability, would solicit his return the next day, he thought it not unlikely that Paul would enjoy the same good fortune as that presiding over his feline companion, which, though it had just been kicked to the other end

of the apartment, was now resuming its former occupation, unhurt, and no less merrily than before. He therefore thought it would be imprudent to discard his quondam pupil, despite of his present poverty; and moreover, although the first happy project of pocketing all the profits derivable from Paul's industry was now abandoned, he still perceived great facility in pocketing a part of the same receipts. He therefore answered Paul very warmly, that he fully sympathized with him in his present melancholy situation; that, so far as he was concerned, he would share his last *shilling* with his beloved pupil; but, that he regretted at that moment he had only eleven-pence halfpenny in his pocket; that he would, however, exert himself to the utmost in procuring an opening for Paul's literary genius; and that, if Paul liked to take the slashing and plastering part of the business on himself, he would willingly surrender it to him, and give him all the profits, whatever they might be. *En attendant*, he regretted that a violent rheumatism prevented his giving up his own bed to his pupil, but that he might, with all the pleasure imaginable, sleep upon



the rug before the fire. Paul was so affected by this kindness in the worthy man, that, though not much addicted to the melting mood, he shed tears of gratitude: he insisted, however, on not receiving the whole reward of his labours; and at length it was settled, though with a noble reluctance on the part of Mac Grawler, that it should be equally shared between the critic and the critic's *protégé*; the half profits being reasonably awarded to Mac Grawler for his instructions and his recommendation.

## CHAPTER VI.

Bad events peep out o' the tail of good purposes.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

IT was not long before there was a visible improvement in the pages of the *Asinæum*: the slashing part of that incomparable journal was suddenly conceived and carried on with a vigour and spirit which astonished the hallowed few who contributed to its circulation. It was not difficult to see that a new soldier had been enlisted in the service; there was something so fresh and hearty about the abuse, that it could never have proceeded from the worn-out acerbity of an old *slasher*. To be sure, a little ignorance of ordinary

facts, and an innovating method of applying words to meanings which they never were meant to denote, were now-and-then distinguishable in the criticisms of the new Achilles: nevertheless, it was easy to attribute these peculiarities to an original turn of thinking; and the rise of the paper, upon the appearance of a series of articles upon Cotemporary Authors, written by his "eminent hand," was so remarkable, a quantity of copies,—a number perfectly unprecedented in the annals of the *Asinæum*,—were absolutely sold in one week: indeed, remembering the principle on which it was founded, one sturdy old writer declared, that the journal would soon do for itself, and become popular. There was a remarkable peculiarity about the literary debutant, who signed himself "Nobilitas." He not only put old words to a new sense, but he used words which had never, among the general run of writers, been used before. This was especially remarkable in the application of hard names to authors. Once, in censuring a popular writer for pleasing the public, and thereby growing rich, the "eminent hand" ended with—"He who surreptitiously accumulates

*bustle*\* is in fact nothing better than a *buzz-gloak*!"†

These enigmatical words and recondite phrases imparted a great air of learning to the style of the new critic; and, from the unintelligible sublimity of his diction, it seemed doubtful whether he was a poet from Highgate, or a philosopher from Königsburgh. At all events, the reviewer preserved his incognito, and while his praises were rung at no less than three tea-tables, even glory appeared to him less delicious than disguise.

In this incognito, Reader, thou hast already discovered Paul; and now, we have to delight thee with a piece of unexampled morality in the excellent Mac Grawler. That worthy Mentor, perceiving that there was an inherent turn for dissipation and extravagance in our hero, resolved magnanimously rather to bring upon himself the sins of treachery and mal-appropriation, than suffer his friend and former pupil to incur those of wastefulness and profusion. Contrary, therefore, to the agreement made with Paul, instead of giving that youth the half of those

\* Money.

† Pickpocket.

profits consequent on his brilliant lucubrations, he imparted to him only one-fourth, and with the utmost tenderness for Paul's salvation, applied the other three portions of the same to his own necessities. The best actions are, alas ! often misconstrued in this world ; and we are now about to record a remarkable instance of that melancholy truth.

One evening, Mac Grawler having "moistened his virtue" in the same manner that the great Cato is said to have done; in the confusion which such a process sometimes occasions in the best regulated heads, gave Paul what appeared to him the outline of a certain article, which he wished to be slashingly filled up, but what in reality was the following note from the editor of a monthly periodical.

" SIR,

" UNDERSTANDING that my friend, Mr.—, proprietor of the *Asinæum*, allows the very distinguished writer whom you have introduced to the literary world, and who signs himself ' *Nobilitas*,' only five shillings an article, I beg

through you, to tender him double that sum: the article required will be of an ordinary length.

“ I am, Sir, &c.

“ \_\_\_\_\_ ”

Now, that very morning, Mac Grawler had informed Paul of this offer, altering only, from the amiable motives we have already explained, the sum of ten shillings to that of four; and no sooner did Paul read the communication we have placed before the reader, than, instead of gratitude to Mac Grawler for his consideration of Paul's moral infirmities, he conceived against that gentleman the most bitter resentment. He did not however vent his feelings at once upon the Scotsman,—indeed, at that moment, as the sage was in a deep sleep under the table, it would have been to no purpose had he unbridled his indignation. But he resolved without loss of time to quit the abode of the critic. “ And, indeed,” said he, soliloquizing, “ I am heartily tired of this life, and shall be very glad to seek some other employment. Fortunately, I have hoarded up five guineas and four shillings, and with that inde-

pendence in my possession, since I have forsworn gambling, I cannot easily starve."

To this soliloquy succeeded a misanthropical reverie upon the faithlessness of friends; and the meditation ended in Paul's making up a little bundle of such clothes, &c. as Dummie had succeeded in removing from the "Mug," and which Paul had taken from the rag-merchant's abode one morning when Dummie was abroad.

When this easy task was concluded, Paul wrote a short and upbraiding note to his illustrious preceptor, and left it unsealed on the table. He then, upsetting the ink-bottle on Mac Grawler's sleeping countenance, departed from the house, and strode away he cared not whither.

The evening was gradually closing as Paul, chewing the cud of his bitter fancies, found himself on London Bridge. He paused there, and, leaning over the bridge, gazed wistfully on the gloomy waters that rolled onward, caring not a minnow for the numerous charming young ladies who have thought proper to drown themselves in those merciless waves, thereby depriving many a good mistress of an excellent housemaid, or an

invaluable cook, and many a treacherous Phaon of letters, beginning with "Parjured Villen," and ending with "Your affectionot but molancolly Molly."

While thus musing, he was suddenly accosted by a gentleman in boots and spurs, having a riding-whip in one hand, and the other hand stuck in the pocket of his inexpressibles. The hat of the gallant was gracefully and carefully put on, so as to derange as little as possible a profusion of dark curls which, steaming with unguents, fell low not only on either side of the face, but on the neck, and even the shoulders of the owner. The face was saturnine and strongly marked, but handsome and striking. There was a mixture of frippery and sternness in its expression; — something between Madam Vestris and T. P. Cooke, or between "lovely Sally" and a "Captain bold of Halifax." The stature of this personage was remarkably tall, and his figure was stout, muscular, and well-knit. In fine, to complete his portrait, and give our readers of the present day an exact idea of this hero of the past, we shall add that he was altogether that sort of gentle-



man one sees swaggering in the Burlington Arcade, with his hair and hat on one side, and a military cloak thrown over his shoulders;—or prowling in Regent Street, towards the evening, *whiskered* and *cigarred*.

Laying his hand on the shoulder of our hero, this gentleman said, with an affected intonation of voice,

“How dost, my fine fellow?—long since I saw you!—damme, but you look the worse for wear. What hast thou been doing with thyself?”

“Ha!” cried our hero, returning the salutation of the stranger, “and is it Long Ned whom I behold? I am, indeed, glad to meet you; and I say, my friend, I hope what I heard of you is not true!”

“Hist!” said Long Ned, looking round fearfully, and sinking his voice,—“never talk of what you hear of gentlemen, except you wish to bring them to their last dying speech and confession. But come with me, my lad, there is a tavern hard by, and we may as well discuss matters over a pint of wine. You look cursed seedy, to be sure, but I can tell Bill the waiter—famous fellow, that Bill!—that you are one of my tenants, come to

complain of my steward, who has just distrained you for rent, you dog!—No wonder you look so worn in the rigging. Come, follow me. I can't walk *with* thee. It would look too like Northumberland House and the Butcher's abode next door, taking a stroll together."

"Really, Mr. Pepper," said our hero, colouring, and by no means pleased with the ingenious comparison of his friend, "if you are ashamed of my clothes, which I own might be newer, I will not wound you with my ——"

"Pooh! my lad — pooh," cried Long Ned, interrupting him, "never take offence. *I* never do. I never take any thing but money,—except, indeed, watches. I don't mean to hurt your feelings;—all of us have been poor once. 'Gad, I remember when I had not a dud to my back, and now, you see me—you see me, Paul!—But come, 'tis only through the streets you need separate from me. Keep a little behind — very little — that will do. — Ay, that will do," repeated Long Ned, muttering to himself, "they'll take him for a bailiff. It looks handsome now-a-days to be so attended. It shows one *had* credit *once*!"

Meanwhile Paul, though by no means pleased with the contempt expressed for his personal appearance by his lengthy associate, and impressed with a keener sense than ever of the crimes of his coat and the vices of his other garment—"Obreathe not its name!"—followed doggedly and sullenly the strutting steps of the coxcombical Mr. Pepper. That personage arrived at last at a small tavern, and arresting a waiter who was running across the passage into the coffee-room with a dish of hung-beef, demanded (no doubt from a pleasing anticipation of a similar pendulous catastrophe), a plate of the same excellent cheer, to be carried, in company with a bottle of port, into a private apartment. No sooner did he find himself alone with Paul, than, bursting into a loud laugh, Mr. Ned surveyed his comrade from head to foot, through an eye-glass which he wore fastened to his button-hole by a piece of blue ribbon.

"Well—'gad now," said he, stopping ever and anon, as if to laugh the more heartily—"Stap my vitals, but you are a comical quiz; I wonder what the women would say, if they saw the dashing Edward Pepper, Esquire, walking arm

in arm with thee at Ranelagh or Vauxhall. Nay, man, never be downcast; if I laugh at thee, it is only to make thee look a little merrier thyself. Why, thou lookest like a book of my grandfather's, called 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy;' and faith, a shabbier bound copy of it I never saw."

"These jests are a little hard," said Paul, struggling between anger and an attempt to smile; and then recollecting his late literary occupations, and the many extracts he had taken from "Gleanings of the Belles Lettres," in order to impart elegance to his criticisms, he threw out his hand theatrically, and spouted with a solemn face—

"Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest!"

"Well now, prithee forgive me," said Long Ned, composing his features; "and just tell me what you have been doing the last two months."

"Slashing and plastering!" said Paul, with conscious pride!

"Slashing and what! the boy's mad,—what do you mean, Paul?"

“In other words,” said our hero, speaking very slowly, “know, O very Long Ned, that I have been critic to the Asinæum.”

If Paul's comrade laughed at first, he now laughed ten times more merrily than ever. He threw his length of limb upon a neighbouring sofa, and literally rolled with cachinnatory convulsions; nor did his risible emotions subside until the entrance of the hung-beef restored him to recollection. Seeing, then, that a cloud lowered over Paul's countenance, he went up to him, with something like gravity; begged his pardon for his want of politeness; and desired him to wash away all unkindness in a bumper of port. Paul, whose excellent dispositions we have before had occasion to remark, was not impervious to his friend's apologies. He assured Long Ned, that he quite forgave him for his ridicule of the high situation he (Paul) had enjoyed in the literary world; that it was the duty of a public censor to bear no malice; and that he should be very glad to take his share in the interment of the hung-beef.

The pair now sat down to their repast, and

Paul, who had fared but meagrely in that Temple of Athena over which Mac Grawler presided, did ample justice to the viands before him. By degrees, as he ate and drank, his heart opened to his companion; and, laying aside that Asinaean dignity which he had at first thought it incumbent on him to assume, he entertained Pepper with all the particulars of the life he had lately passed. He narrated to him his breach with Dame Lobkins; his agreement with Mac Grawler; the glory he had acquired, and the wrongs he had sustained; and he concluded, as now the second bottle made its appearance, by stating his desire of exchanging, for some more active profession, that sedentary career which he had so promisingly begun.

This last part of Paul's confessions secretly delighted the soul of Long Ned; for that experienced collector of the highways — (Ned was, indeed, of no less noble a profession) — had long fixed an eye upon our hero, as one whom he thought likely to be an honour to that enterprising calling which he espoused, and an useful assistant to himself. He had not, in his earlier acquaintance with Paul, when the youth was under the

roof and the *surveillance* of the practised and wary Mrs. Lobkins, deemed it prudent to expose the exact nature of his own pursuits, and had contented himself by gradually ripening the mind and the finances of Paul into that state when the proposition of a leap from a hedge would not be likely greatly to revolt the person to whom it was made. He now thought that time near at hand; and filling our hero's glass up to the brim, thus artfully addressed him:—

“ Courage, my friend!—your narration has given me a sensible pleasure; for, curse me if it has not strengthened my favourite opinion,—that every thing is for the best. If it had not been for the meanness of that pitiful fellow, Mac Grawler, you might still be inspired with the paltry ambition of earning a few shillings a-week, and vilifying a parcel of poor devils in the what-d'ye-call-it, with a hard name; whereas now, my good Paul, I trust I shall be able to open to your genius a new career, in which guineas are had for the asking,—in which you may wear fine clothes, and ogle the ladies at Ranelagh; and when you are tired of glory and liberty, Paul, why you



have only to make your bow to an heiress, or a widow with a spanking jointure, and quit the hum of men like a Cincinnatus !”

Though Paul’s perception into the abstruser branches of morals was not very acute,—and at that time the port wine had considerably confused the few notions he possessed upon “the beauty of virtue,”—yet he could not but perceive, that Mr. Pepper’s insinuated proposition was far from being one which the bench of bishops, or a synod of moralists, would conscientiously have approved; he consequently remained silent; and Long Ned, after a pause, continued—

“You know my genealogy, my good fellow?—I was the son of Lawyer Pepper, a shrewd old dog, but as hot as Calcutta; and the grandson of Sexton Pepper, a great author, who wrote verses on tombstones, and kept a stall of religious tracts in Carlisle. My grandfather, the sexton, was the best temper of the family; for all of us are a little inclined to be hot in the mouth. Well, my fine fellow, my father left me his blessing, and this devilish good head of hair. I lived for some years on my own resources. I found it a particularly in-



convenient mode of life, and of late I have taken to live on the public. My father and grandfather did it before me, though in a different line. 'Tis the pleasantest plan in the world. Follow my example, and your coat shall be as spruce as my own.—Master Paul, your health!”

“But, O longest of mortals!” said Paul, refilling his glass, “though the public may allow you to eat your mutton off their backs for a short time, they will kick up at last, and upset you and your banquet: in other words,—(pardon my metaphor, dear Ned, in remembrance of the part I have lately maintained in the *Asinæum*, that most magnificent and metaphorical of journals!)—in other words, the police will nab thee at last; and thou wilt have the distinguished fate, as thou already hast the distinguishing characteristic—of Absalom!”

“You mean that I shall be hanged,” said Long Ned. “That may or may not be; but he who fears death never enjoys life. Consider, Paul, that though hanging is a bad fate, starving is a worse; wherefore fill your glass, and let us drink to the health of that great donkey,

the people, and may we never want saddles to ride it !”

“ To the great donkey,” cried Paul, tossing off his bumper, “ may your (*y*) ears be as long ! But I own to you, my friend, that I cannot enter into your plans. And as a token of my resolution, I shall drink no more, for my eyes already begin to dance in the air ; and if I listen longer to your resistless eloquence, my feet may share the same fate !”

So saying, Paul rose ; nor could any entreaty, on the part of his entertainer, persuade him to resume his seat.

“ Nay, as you will,” said Pepper, affecting a *nonchalant* tone, and arranging his cravat before the glass. “ Nay, as you will. Ned Pepper requires no man’s companionship against his liking ; and if the noble spark of ambition be not in your bosom, ’tis no use spending my breath in blowing at what only existed in my too flattering opinion of your qualities. So, then, you propose to return to Mac Grawler, (the scurvy old cheat,) and pass the inglorious remainder of your life in the mangling of authors, and the murder of grammar ? Go,

my good fellow, go! scribble again and for ever for Mac Grawler, and let him live upon thy brains, instead of suffering thy brains to ——”

“ Hold!” cried Paul. “ Although I may have some scruples which prevent my adoption of that rising line of life you have proposed to me, yet you are very much mistaken if you imagine me so spiritless, as any longer to subject myself to the frauds of that rascal Mac Grawler. No! My present intention is to pay my old nurse a visit. It appears to me passing strange, that though I have left her so many weeks, she has never relented enough to track me out, which one would think would have been no difficult matter: and now you see that I am pretty well off, having five guineas and four shillings, all my own, and she can scarcely think I want her money; my heart melts to her, and I shall go and ask pardon for my haste!”

“ Pshaw! sentimental,” cried Long Ned, a little alarmed at the thought of Paul’s gliding from those clutches which he thought had now so firmly closed upon him. “ Why, you surely don’t mean, after having once tasted the joys of independence, to go back to the boozing ken, and

bear all Mother Lobkins' drunken tantarums! Better have stayed with Mac Grawler, of the two!"

"You mistake me," answered Paul. "I mean solely to make it up with her, and get her permission to see the world. My ultimate intention is—to travel."

"Right!" cried Ned, "on the high-road—and on horseback, I hope!"

"No, my Colossus of Roads! No! I am in doubt whether or not I shall enlist in a marching regiment,—or (give me your advice on it) I fancy I have a great turn for the stage, ever since I saw Garrick in Richard. Shall I turn stroller?—It must be a merry life."

"O, the devil!" cried Ned. "I myself once did Cassio in a barn, and every one swore I enacted the drunken scene to perfection; but you have no notion what a lamentable life it is to a man of any susceptibility. No, my friend. No! There is only one line in all the old plays worthy thy attention—

"Toby or not toby,\* that is the question."

"I forget the rest!"

\* The highway.

“ Well !” said our hero, answering in the same jocular vein—“ I confess, I have ‘ the actor’s high ambition.’ It is astonishing how my heart beat, when Richard cried out, ‘ Come *bustle*,\* *bustle* !’ — Yes, Pepper avaunt !—

“ A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.”

“ Well, well,” said Long Ned, stretching himself, “ since you are so fond of the play, what say you to an excursion thither to-night ?—Garrick acts !”

“ Done !” cried Paul.

“ Done !” echoed lazily Long Ned, rising with that *blusé* air which distinguishes the matured man of the world from the enthusiastic tyro.—“ Done ! and we will adjourn afterwards to the White Horse.”

“ But stay a moment,” said Paul, “ if you remember, I owed you a guinea when I last saw you, — here it is !”

“ Nonsense,” exclaimed Long Ned, refusing the money, —“ nonsense ! you want the money at

\* Money.

present ; pay me when you are richer. Nay, never be coy about it,—debts of honour are not paid now as they used to be. We lads of the Fish-Lane Club have changed all that. Well, well, if I must.”

And Long Ned, seeing that Paul insisted, pocketed the guinea. When this delicate matter had been arranged,

“Come,” said Pepper—“come, get your hat ; but, bless me ! I have forgotten one thing.”

“What ?”

“Why, my fine Paul, consider, the play is a bang-up sort of a place,—look at your coat, and your waistcoat, that `s all !”

Our hero was struck dumb with this *argumentum ad hominem*. But Long Ned, after enjoying his perplexity, relieved him of it, by telling him that he knew of an honest tradesman who kept a ready-made shop, just by the theatre, and who would fit him out in a moment.

In fact, Long Ned was as good as his word ; he carried Paul to a tailor, who gave him for the sum of thirty shillings, half ready money, half on credit, a green coat with a tarnished gold lace, a pair of red inexpressibles, and a pepper-and-salt

waistcoat,—it is true, they were somewhat of the largest, for they had once belonged to no less a person than Long Ned himself: but Paul did not then regard those niceties of apparel, as he was subsequently taught to do by Gentleman George, (a personage hereafter to be introduced to our reader,) and he went to the theatre, as well satisfied with himself, as if he had been Mr. T——, or the Count de M——.

Our adventurers are now quietly seated in the theatre, and we shall not think it necessary to detail the performances they saw, nor the observations they made. Long Ned was one of those superior beings of the road, who would not for the world have condescended to appear any where but in the boxes, and accordingly the friends procured a couple of places in the dress-tier. In the next box to the one our adventurers adorned, they remarked more especially than the rest of the audience, a gentleman and a young lady seated next each other; the latter, who was about thirteen years old, was so uncommonly beautiful, that Paul, despite his dramatic enthusiasm, could scarcely divert his eyes from her countenance to

the stage. Her hair, of a bright and fair auburn, hung in profuse ringlets about her neck, shedding a softer shade upon a complexion in which the roses seemed just budding, as it were, into blush. Her eyes large, blue, and rather languishing than brilliant, were curtained by the darkest lashes ; her mouth seemed literally girt with smiles, so numberless were the dimples that, every time the full, ripe, dewy lips were parted, rose into sight, and the enchantment of the dimples was aided by two rows of teeth more dazzling than the richest pearls that ever glittered on a bride. But the chief charm of the face was its exceeding and touching air of innocence, and girlish softness ; you might have gazed for ever upon that first unspeakable bloom, that all untouched and stainless down, which seemed as if a very breath could mar it. Perhaps the face might have wanted animation ; but, perhaps also, it borrowed from that want an attraction ; the repose of the features was so soft and gentle, that the eye wandered there with the same delight, and left it with the same reluctance, which it experiences in dwelling on, or in quitting, those hues which are found to harmonize the most with its



vision. But while Paul was feeding his gaze on this young beauty, the keen glances of Long Ned had found an object no less fascinating, in a large gold watch, which the gentleman who accompanied the damsel, ever and anon brought to his eye, as if he were waxing a little weary of the length of the pieces or the lingering progression of time.

“What a beautiful face!” whispered Paul.

“Is the face gold then, as well as the back?” whispered Long Ned in return.

Our hero stared,—frowned, and, despite the gigantic stature of his comrade, told him very angrily, to find some other subject for jesting. Ned in his turn stared, but made no reply.

Meanwhile Paul, though the lady was rather too young to fall in love with, began wandering what relationship her companion bore to her. Though the gentleman altogether was handsome, yet his features, and the whole character of his face, were widely different from those on which Paul gazed with such delight. He was not, seemingly, above five-and-forty, but his forehead was knit into many a line and furrow; and in his

eyes, the light, though searching, was more sober and staid than became his years. A disagreeable expression played about the mouth, and the shape of the face, which was long and thin, considerably detracted from the prepossessing effect of a handsome aquiline nose, fine teeth, and a dark, manly, though sallow complexion. There was a mingled air of shrewdness and distraction in the expression of his face. He seemed to pay very little attention to the play, or to any thing about him; but he testified very considerable alacrity, when the play was over, in putting her cloak around his young companion, and in threading their way through the thick crowd that the boxes were now pouring forth.

Paul and his companion silently, and each with very different motives from the other, followed them. They were now at the door of the theatre.

A servant stepped forward, and informed the gentleman that his carriage was a few paces distant; but that it might be some time before it could drive up to the theatre.

“Can you walk to the carriage, my dear?”

said the gentleman to his young charge, and, she answering in the affirmative, they both left the house, preceded by the servant.

“Come on!” said Long Ned, hastily, and walking in the same direction which the strangers had taken. Paul readily agreed; they soon overtook the strangers.—Long Ned walked the nearest to the gentleman, and brushed by him in passing. Presently, a voice cried “Stop thief!” and Long Ned saying to Paul—“Shift for yourself—run!” darted from our hero’s side into the crowd, and vanished in a twinkling. Before Paul could recover his amaze, he found himself suddenly seized by the collar; he turned abruptly, and saw the dark face of the young lady’s companion.

“Rascal!” cried the gentleman, “my watch!”

“Watch!” repeated Paul, bewildered; and only for the sake of the young lady refraining from knocking down his arrester.—“Watch!”

“Ay, young man!” cried a fellow in a great coat, who now suddenly appeared on the other side of Paul; “this gentleman’s watch—please your honour, (addressing the complainant) *I* be a watch too—shall I take up this chap?”

“By all means,” cried the gentleman; “I would not have lost my watch for twice its value. I can swear I saw this fellow’s companion snatch it from my fob. The thief’s gone; but we have at least the accomplice. I give him in strict charge to you, watchman; take the consequences if you let him escape.”

The watchman answered sullenly, that he did not want to be threatened, and he knew how to discharge his duty.

“Don’t answer me, fellow,” said the gentleman haughtily; “do as I tell you!” and after a little colloquy, Paul found himself suddenly marched off between two tall fellows who looked prodigiously inclined to eat him. By this time, he had recovered his surprise and dismay; he did not want the penetration to see that his companion had really committed the offence for which *he* was charged; and he also foresaw that the circumstance might be attended with disagreeable consequences to himself. Under all the features of the case, he thought that an attempt to escape would not be an imprudent proceeding on his part; accordingly, after moving a few paces

very quietly, and very passively, he watched his opportunity, wrenched himself from the gripe of the gentleman on his left, and brought the hand thus released, against the cheek of the gentleman on his right, with so hearty a good will, as to cause him to relinquish his hold, and retreat several paces towards the areas in a slanting position. But that round-about sort of blow with the left fist is very unfavourable towards the preservation of a firm balance ; and before Paul had recovered sufficiently to make an effectual " bolt," he was prostrated to the earth by a blow from the other and undamaged watchman, which utterly deprived him of his senses ; and when he recovered those useful possessions (which a man may reasonably boast of losing, since it is only the minority who have them to lose), he found himself stretched on a bench in the watchhouse.

## CHAPTER VII.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,  
 Apparelled as becomes the brave,  
 Old Giaffer sat in his Divan !

\* \* \* \* \*

Much I misdoubt this wayward boy  
 Will one day work me more annoy.

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

THE learned and ingenious John Schweighæuser — (a name facile to spell and mellifluous to pronounce) — hath been pleased, in that *Appendix continens particulam doctrinæ de mente humanâ*, which closeth the volume of his *Opuscula Academica*, to observe — (we translate from memory,) — that, “in the infinite variety of things which, in the theatre of the world, occur to a man’s survey, or in some manner or another affect his body or his mind, by far the greater part are so contrived as to bring

to him rather some sense of pleasure than of pain or discomfort." Assuming that this holds generally good, in well-constituted frames, we point out a notable example in the case of the incarcerated Paul; for, although that youth was in no agreeable situation at the time present,—and although nothing very encouraging smiled upon him from the prospects of the future, yet, as soon as he had recovered his consciousness, and given himself a rousing shake, he found an immediate source of pleasure in discovering, first, that several ladies and gentlemen bore him company in his imprisonment; and, secondly, in perceiving a huge jug of water within his reach, which, as his awaking sensation was that of burning thirst, he delightedly emptied at a draught. He then, stretching himself, looked around with a wistful earnestness, and discovered a back turned towards him, and recumbent on the floor, which, at the very first glance, appeared to him familiar. "Surely," thought he, "I know that frieze coat, and the peculiar turn of those narrow shoulders." Thus soliloquizing, he raised himself, and, putting out his leg, he gently kicked the reclining form.

“ Muttering strange oaths,” the form turned round, and, raising itself upon that inhospitable part of the body in which the introduction of foreign feet is considered any thing but an honour, it fixed its dull blue eyes upon the face of the disturber of its slumbers, gradually opening them wider and wider, until they seemed to have enlarged themselves into proportions fit for the swallowing of the important truth that burst upon them, and then from the mouth of the creature issued—

“ Queer my glims, if that ben’t little Paul!”

“ Ay, Dummie, here I am!—Not been long without being laid by the heels, you see!—Life is short; we must make the best use of our time!”

Upon this, Mr. Dunnaker—(it was no less respectable a person)—scrambled up from the floor, and, seating himself on the bench beside Paul, said, in a pitying tone—

“ Vy, Laus-a-me! if you ben’t knocked o’ the head!—your poll’s as bloody as Murphy’s face\* ven his throat’s cut!”

\* “ Murphy’s face,” unlearned reader, appeareth, in Irish phrase, to mean “ pig’s head.”



“ ’Tis only the fortune of war, Dummie, and a merè trifle: the heads manufactured at Thames Court are not easily put out of order.—But tell me, how come you here?”

“ Vy, I had been lushing heavy vet—— ”

“ Till you grew light in the head, eh? and fell into the kennel.”

“ Yes.”

“ Mine is a worse business than that, I fear: ” and therewith Paul, in a lower voice, related to the trusty Dummie the train of accidents which had conducted him to his present asylum. Dummie’s face elongated as he listened: however, when the narrative was over, he endeavoured such consolatory palliatives as occurred to him. He represented, first, the possibility that the gentleman might not take the trouble to appear; secondly, the certainty that no watch was found about Paul’s person; thirdly, the fact that, even by the gentleman’s confession, Paul had not been the actual offender; fourthly, if the worst came to the worst, what were a few weeks’ or even months’ imprisonment?

“ Blow me tight!” said Dummie, “ if it

ben't as good a vay of passing the time as a cove as is fond of snuggery need desire!"

This observation had no comfort for Paul, who recoiled, with all the maiden coyness of one to whom such unions are unfamiliar, from a matrimonial alliance with the *snuggery* of the House of Correction. He rather trusted to another source for consolation; in a word, he encouraged the flattering belief, that Long Ned, finding that Paul had been caught instead of himself, would have the generosity to come forward and exculpate him from the charge. On hinting this idea to Dummie, that accomplished "man about town" could not for some time believe that any simpleton could be so thoroughly unacquainted with the world, as seriously to entertain so ridiculous a notion; and, indeed, it is somewhat remarkable that such a hope should ever have told its flattering tale to one brought up in the house of Mrs. Margaret Lobkins. But Paul, we have seen, had formed many of his notions from books; and he had the same fine theories of your "moral rogue," that possess the minds of young patriots when they first leave college for the House of Commons, and think integrity a prettier thing than office.

Mr. Dunnaker urged Paul, seriously, to dismiss so vague and childish a fancy from his breast, and rather to think of what line of defence it would be best for him to pursue. This subject being at length exhausted, Paul recurred to Mrs. Lobkins, and inquired whether Dummie had lately honoured that lady with a visit.

Mr. Dunnaker replied that he had, though with much difficulty, appeased her anger against him for his supposed abetment of Paul's excuses, and that of late she had held sundry conversations with Dummie respecting our hero himself. Upon questioning Dummie farther, Paul learnt the good matron's reasons for not evincing that solicitude for his return which our hero had reasonably anticipated. The fact was, that she, having no confidence whatsoever in his own resources independent of her, had not been sorry of an opportunity effectually, as she hoped, to humble that pride which had so revolted her; and she pleased her vanity by anticipating the time when Paul, starved into submission, would gladly, and penitently, re-seek the shelter of her roof, and, tamed as it were by experience, would never again kick

against the yoke which her matronly prudence thought it fitting to impose upon him. She contented herself then with obtaining from Dummie the intelligence, that our hero was under Mac Grawler's roof, and therefore, out of all absolute evil; and, as she could not foresee the ingenious exertions of intellect by which Paul had converted himself into the 'Nobilitas' of the Asinæum, and thereby saved himself from utter penury, she was perfectly convinced, from her knowledge of character, that the illustrious Mac Grawler would not long continue that protection to her rebellious *protégé*, which, in her opinion, was his only preservative from picking pockets or famishing. To the former decent alternative she knew Paul's great and jejune aversion, and she consequently had little fear for his morals or his safety, in thus abandoning him for a while to chance. Any anxiety too that she might otherwise have keenly experienced was deadened by the habitual intoxication now increasing upon the good lady with age, and which, though at times she could be excited to all her characteristic vehemence, kept her senses for the most part plunged into a lethæan stupor, or,

to speak more courteously, in a poetical abstraction from the things of the external world.

“But,” said Dummie, as by degrees he imparted the solution of the Dame’s conduct to the listening ear of his companion — “But I opes as ow ven you be out of this ere scrape, leetle Paul, you vill take varning, and drop Meester Pepper’s acquaintance, (vich, I must say, I vas always a sorry to see you hencourage,) and go home to the Mug, and fam grasp the old mort, for she has not been like the same cretur ever since you vent. She’s a delicate-arted oman, that Piggy Lob!”

So appropriate a panegyric on Mrs. Margaret Lobkins might, at another time, have excited Paul’s risible muscles; but at that moment he really felt compunction for the unceremonious manner in which he had left her, and the softness of regretful affection imbued in its hallowing colours even the image of Piggy Lob.

In conversation of this intellectual and domestic description, the night and ensuing morning passed away, till Paul found himself in the awful presence of Justice Burnflat. Several cases were dis-

posed of before his own, and among others Mr. Dummie Dunnaker obtained his release, though not without a severe reprimand for his sin of inebriety, which no doubt sensibly affected the ingenuous spirit of that noble character. At length Paul's turn came. He heard, as he took his station, a general buzz. At first he imagined it was at his own interesting appearance, but raising his eyes, he perceived that it was at the entrance of the gentleman who was to become his accuser.

“Hush,” said some one near him, “’tis Lawyer Brandon. Ah, he’s a ’cute fellow! It will go hard with the person he complains of.”

There was a happy fund of elasticity of spirit about our hero, and though he had not the good fortune to have “a blighted heart,” a circumstance which, by the poets and philosophers of the present day, is supposed to inspire a man with wonderful courage, and make him impervious to all misfortunes; yet he bore himself up with wonderful courage under his present trying situation, and was far from overwhelmed, though he was certainly a little damped, by the observation he had just heard.

Mr. Brandon was, indeed, a barrister of considerable reputation, and in high esteem in the world, not only for talent, but also for a great austerity of manners, which, though a little mingled with sternness and acerbity for the errors of other men, was naturally thought the more praiseworthy on that account; there being, as persons of experience are doubtless aware, two divisions in the first class of morality: *imprimis*, a great hatred for the vices of one's neighbour; secondly, the possession of virtues in one's self.

Mr. Brandon was received with great courtesy by Justice Burnflat, and as he came, watch in hand, (a borrowed watch) saying that his time was worth five guineas a moment, the Justice proceeded immediately to business.

Nothing could be clearer, shorter, or more satisfactory, than the evidence of Mr. Brandon. The corroborative testimony of the watchman followed; and then Paul was called upon for his defence. This was equally brief with the charge;—but, alas! it was not equally satisfactory. It consisted in a firm declaration of his innocence. His comrade, he confessed, might have stolen the watch, but

he humbly suggested that that was exactly the very reason why *he* had *not* stolen it.

“How long, fellow,” asked Justice Burnflat, “have you known your companion?”

“About half a year!”

“And what is his name and calling?”

Paul hesitated, and declined to answer.

“A sad piece of business!” said the Justice, in a melancholy tone, and shaking his head portentously.

The lawyer acquiesced in the aphorism; but with great magnanimity observed, that he did not wish to be hard upon the young man. His youth was in his favour, and his offence was probably the consequence of evil company. He suggested, therefore, that as he must be perfectly aware of the address of his friend, he should receive a full pardon, if he would immediately favour the magistrate with that information. He concluded by remarking, with singular philanthropy, that it was not the punishment of the youth, but the recovery of his watch that he desired.

Justice Burnflat, having duly impressed upon our hero's mind the disinterested and Christian



mercy of the complainant, and the everlasting obligation Paul was under to him for its display, now repeated, with double solemnity, those queries respecting the habitation and name of Long Ned, which our hero had before declined to answer.

Grieved are we to confess, that Paul, ungrateful for, and wholly untouched by, the beautiful benignity of Lawyer Brandon, continued firm in his stubborn denial to betray his comrade, and with equal obduracy he continued to insist upon his own innocence and unblemished respectability of character.

“Your name, young man?” quoth the Justice.  
“Your name, you say, is Paul,—Paul what? you have many an *alias*, I’ll be bound.”

Here the young gentleman again hesitated: at length he replied—

“Paul Lobkins, your Worship.”

“Lobkins!” repeated the Judge—“Lobkins! come hither, Saunders—have not we that name down in our black books?”

“So please your Worship,” quoth a little stout man, very useful in many respects to the Festus of the Police, “there is one Peggy Lobkins.

who keeps a public-house, a sort of flash ken, called the Mug, in Thames Court, not exactly in our beat, your Worship."

"Ho, ho!" said Justice Burnflat, winking at Mr. Brandon, "we must sift this a little. Pray, Mr. Paul Lobkins, what relation is the good landlady of the Mug, in Thames Court, to yourself?"

"None at all, Sir," said Paul, hastily,—  
"she 's only a friend!"

Upon this there was a laugh in the court.

"Silence," cried the Justice, "and I dare say, Mr. Paul Lobkins, that this friend of yours will vouch for the respectability of your character, upon which you are pleased to value yourself."

"I have not a doubt of it, Sir," answered Paul; and there was another laugh.

"And is there any other equally weighty and praiseworthy friend of yours who will do you the like kindness?"

Paul hesitated; and at that moment, to the surprise of the court, but above all to the utter and astounding surprise of himself, two gentlemen dressed in the height of the fashion pushed

forward, and, bowing to the Justice, declared themselves ready to vouch for the thorough respectability, and unimpeachable character of Mr. Paul Lobkins, whom they had known, they said, for many years, and for whom they had the greatest respect. While Paul was surveying the persons of these kind friends, whom he never remembered to have seen before in the course of his life, the lawyer, who was a very sharp fellow, whispered to the magistrate, and that dignitary nodding as in assent, and eyeing the new comers, inquired the names of Mr. Lobkins' witnesses.

“ Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert, and Mr. William Howard Russell,” were the several replies.

Names so aristocratic produced a general sensation. But the impenetrable Justice calling the same Mr. Saunders he had addressed before, asked him to examine well the countenances of Mr. Lobkins' friends.

As the Alguazil eyed the features of the memorable Don Raphael and the illustrious Manuel Morales, when the former of those accomplished personages thought it convenient to assume the travelling dignity of an Italian Prince,

son of the Sovereign of the vallies which lie between Switzerland, the Milanese, and Savoy, while the latter was contented with being servant to *Monseigneur le Prince*; even so, with far more earnestness than respect, did Mr. Saunders eye the features of those high-born gentlemen, Messrs. Eustace Fitzherbert, and William Howard Russell; but, after a long survey, he withdrew his eyes, made an unsatisfactory and unrecognizing gesture to the magistrate, and said,—“Please your Worship, they are none of my flock; but Bill Troutling knows more of this sort of genteel chaps than I does.”

“Bid Bill Troutling appear!” was the laconic order.

At that name, a certain modest confusion might have been visible in the faces of Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert and Mr. William Howard Russell, had not the attention of the court been immediately directed to another case. A poor woman had been committed for seven days to the House of Correction on a charge of *disrespectability*. Her husband, the person most interested in the matter, now came forward to disprove the charge; and by help of his neighbours he succeeded.

“It is all very true,” said Justice Burnflat; “but as your wife, my good fellow, will be out in five days, it will be scarcely worth while to release her now.”\*

So judicious a decision could not fail of satisfying the husband; and the audience became from that moment enlightened as to a very remarkable truth—viz.; that five days out of seven bear a peculiarly small proportion to the remaining two; and that people in England have so prodigious a love for punishment, that though it is not worth while to release an innocent woman from prison five days sooner than one would otherwise have done, it is exceedingly well worth while to commit her to prison for seven!

When the husband, drawing his rough hand across his eyes, and muttering some vulgar impertinence or another, had withdrawn, Mr. Saunders said,—

“Here be Bill Troutling, your Worship!”

“Oh, well,” quoth the Justice,—“and now Mr. Eustace Fitz—Hollo, how’s this! where are

\* A fact, occurring in the month of January last, 1830.—*Vide* the Morning Herald.

Mr. William Howard Russell, and his friend Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert !”

“ Echo, answered,—Where ?”

Those noble gentlemen, having a natural dislike to be confronted with so low a person as Mr. Bill Troutling, had, the instant public interest was directed from them, silently disappeared from a scene where their rank in life seemed so little regarded. If, reader, you should be anxious to learn from what part of the world the transitory visitants appeared, know, that they were spirits sent by that inimitable magician, Long Ned, partly to report how matters fared in the court ; for Mr. Pepper,—in pursuance of that old policy which teaches that the nearer the fox is to the hunters, the more chance he has of being overlooked,—had, immediately on his abrupt departure from Paul, dived into a house in the very street where his ingenuity had displayed itself, and in which oysters and ale nightly allured and regaled an assembly that, to speak impartially, was more numerous than select : there had he learnt how a pickpocket had been seized for unlawful affection to another man’s watch, and there,

while he quietly seasoned his oysters, had he, with his characteristic acuteness, satisfied his mind, by the conviction that that arrested unfortunate was no other than Paul. Partly therefore as a precaution for his own safety, that he might receive early intelligence, should Paul's defence make a change of residence expedient, and partly (out of the friendliness of fellowship) to back his companion with such aid as the favourable testimony of two well-dressed persons, little known "about town," might confer, he had dispatched those celestial beings, who had appeared under the mortal names of Eustace Fitzherbert, and William Howard Russell, to the imperial court of Justice Burnflat. Having thus accounted for the apparition, (the *disapparition* requires no commentary)—of Paul's 'friends,' we return to Paul himself.

Despite of the perils with which he was girt, our young hero fought out to the last, but the Justice was not by any means willing to displease Mr. Brandon; and observing that an incredulous and biting sneer remained stationary on that gentleman's lip, during the whole of Paul's defence, he could not but shape his decision accord-

ing to the well-known acuteness of the celebrated lawyer. Paul was accordingly sentenced to retire for three months to that country-house situated at Bridewell, to which the ungrateful functionaries of justice often banish their most active citizens.

As soon as the sentence was passed, Brandon, whose keen eyes saw no hope of recovering his lost treasure, declared that the rascal had perfectly the Old-Bailey-cut of countenance, and that he did not doubt but, if ever he lived to be a judge, he should also live to pass a very different description of sentence on the offender.

So saying, he resolved to lose no more time, and very abruptly left the office, without any other comfort than the remembrance that, at all events, he had sent the boy to a place where, let him be ever so innocent at present, he was certain to come out as much inclined to be guilty, as his friends could desire; joined to such moral reflection as the tragedy of *Bombastes Furioso* might have afforded to himself in that sententious and terse line—

“Thy watch is gone,—watch es are made to go!”



Meanwhile, Paul was conducted in state to his retreat, in company with two other offenders, one a middle-aged man, though a very old '*file*,' who was sentenced for getting money under false pretences, and the other a little boy, who had been found guilty of sleeping under a colonnade: it being the especial beauty of the English law, to make no fine-drawn and nonsensical shades of difference between vice and misfortune; and its peculiar method of protecting the honest being, to make as many rogues as possible in as short a space of time.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Common Sense.*—What is the end of punishment, as regards the individual punished ?

*Custom.*—To make him better !

*Common Sense.*—How do you punish young offenders who are (from their youth) peculiarly alive to example, and whom it is therefore more easy either to ruin or reform, than the matured ?

*Custom.*—We send them to the House of Correction, to associate with the damndest rascals in the country !

DIALOGUE BETWEEN COMMON SENSE AND CUSTOM.—

(*Very scarce.*)

AS it was rather late in the day when Paul made his first *entré* at Bridewell, he passed that night in the “receiving-room.” The next morning, as soon as he had been examined by the surgeon, and clothed in the customary uniform, he was ushered, according to his classification, among

the good company who had been considered guilty of that compendious offence, 'a misdemeanor.' Here a tall gentleman marched up to him, and addressed him in a certain language, which might be called the free-masonry of flash; and which Paul, though he did not comprehend verbatim, rightly understood to be an inquiry whether he was a thorough rogue and an entire rascal. He answered half in confusion, half in anger—and his reply was so detrimental to any favourable influence he might otherwise have exercised over the interrogator,—that the latter personage, giving him a pinch in the ear, shouted out, "Ramp, ramp!" and, at that significant and awful word, Paul found himself surrounded in a trice by a whole host of ingenious tormentors. One pulled this member, another pinched that; one cuffed him before, and another thrashed him behind. By way of interlude to this pleasing occupation, they stripped him of the very few things that in his change of dress he had retained. One carried off his handkerchief, a second his neckcloth, and a third, luckier than either, possessed himself of a pair of cornelian shirt-buttons, given to Paul as a

*gage d'amour* by a young lady who sold oranges near the Tower. Happily, before this initiatory process, technically termed "ramping," and exercised upon all new comers who seem to have a spark of decency in them, had reduced the bones of Paul, who fought tooth-and-nail in his defence, to the state of magnesia; a man of a grave aspect, who had hitherto plucked his oakum in quiet, suddenly rose, thrust himself between the victim and the assailants, and desired the latter, like one having authority, to leave the lad alone, and go and be d——d.

This proposal to resort to another place for amusement, though uttered in a very grave and tranquil manner, produced that instantaneous effect which admonitions from great rogues generally work upon little. Messieurs the "rampers" ceased from their amusements, and the ringleader of the gang, thumping Paul heartily on the back, declared he was a capital fellow, and it was only a bit of a *spree* like, which he hoped had not given him any offence.

Paul, still clenching his fist, was about to answer in no pacific mood, when a turnkey, who did not

care in the least how many men he locked up for an offence, but who did not at all like the trouble of looking after any one of his flock, to see that the offence was not committed, now suddenly appeared among the set; and, after scolding them for the excessive plague they were to him, carried off two of the poorest of the mob to solitary confinement. It happened of course that *these* two had not taken the smallest share in the disturbance. This scene over, the company returned to picking oakum,—the tread-mill, that admirably just invention, by which a strong man suffers no fatigue, and a weak one loses his health for life, not having been then introduced in our excellent establishments for correcting crime. Bitterly, and with many dark and wrathful feelings, in which the sense of injustice at punishment alone bore him up against the humiliations to which he was subjected — bitterly, and with a swelling heart, in which the thoughts that lead to crime were already forcing their way through a soil suddenly warmed for their growth, did Paul bend over his employment. He felt himself touched on the arm, he turned, and saw that the gentleman who

had so kindly delivered him from his tormentors, was now sitting next to him. Paul gazed long and earnestly upon his neighbour, struggling with the thought, that he had beheld that sagacious countenance in happier times—although, now, alas! it was altered, not only by time and vicissitude, but by that air of gravity which the cares of mankind spread gradually over the face of the most thoughtless,—until all doubt melted away: and he exclaimed—

“Is that you, Mr. Tomlinson?—how glad I am to see you here!”

“And I,” returned the quondam murderer for the newspapers, with a nasal twang, “should be very glad to see myself any where else!”

Paul made no answer, and Augustus continued.

“‘To a wise man, all places are the same,’—so it has been said. I don’t believe it, Paul,—I don’t believe it.—But a truce to reflection. I remembered you the moment I saw you, though you are surprisingly grown. How is my friend Mac Grawler?—still hard at work for the *Asinæum*?”

“I believe so,” said Paul sullenly, and hastening to change the conversation; “but tell me,

Mr. Tomlinson, how came you hither? I heard you had gone down to the North of England to fulfil a lucrative employment."

"Possibly! the world always misrepresents the actions of those who are constantly before it!"

"It is very true," said Paul, "and I have said the same thing myself a hundred times in the *Asinæum*,—for we were never too lavish of our truths in that magnificent journal. 'Tis astonishing what a way we made three ideas go."

"You remind me of myself and my newspaper labours," rejoined Augustus Tomlinson: "I am not quite sure that *I* had so many as three ideas to spare; for, as you say, it is astonishing how far that number may go, properly managed. It is with writers as with strolling-players,—the same three ideas that did for Turks in one scene, do for Highlanders in the next:—but you must tell me your history one of these days, and you shall hear mine."

"I should be excessively obliged to you for your confidence," said Paul, "and I doubt not but your life must be excessively entertaining.

Mine, as yet, has been but insipid. The lives of literary men are not fraught with adventure; and I question whether every writer in the *Asinæum* has not led pretty nearly the same existence as that which I have sustained myself."

In conversation of this sort, our newly restored friends passed the remainder of the day, until the hour of half-past four, when the prisoners are to suppose night has begun, and be locked up in their bed-rooms. Tomlinson then, who was glad to re-find a person who had known him in his *beaux jours*, spoke privately to the turnkey; and the result of the conversation was the coupling Paul and Augustus in the same chamber, which was a sort of stone box, that generally accommodated three, and was—for we have measured it, as we would have measured the cell of the prisoner of Chillon,—just eight feet by six.

We do not intend, reader, to indicate by broad colours and in long detail, the moral deterioration of our hero; because we have found, by experience, that such pains on our part do little more than make thee blame our stupidity instead of lauding our intention. We shall therefore only



work out our moral by subtle hints and brief comments; and we shall now content ourselves with reminding thee, that hitherto thou hast seen Paul honest in the teeth of circumstances. Despite the contagion of the Mug, — despite his associates in Fish Lane, — despite his intimacy with Long Ned, thou hast seen him brave temptation, and look forward to some other career than that of robbery or fraud. Nay, even in his destitution, when driven from the abode of his childhood, thou hast observed how, instead of resorting to some more pleasurable or libertine road of life, he betook himself at once to the dull roof and insipid employments of Mac Grawler, and preferred honestly earning his subsistence by the sweat of his brain, to recurring to any of the numerous ways of living on others with which his experience among the worse part of society must have teemed, and which, to say the least of them, are more alluring to the young and the adventurous, than the barren paths of literary labour. Indeed, to let thee into a secret, it had been Paul's daring ambition to raise himself into a worthy member of the community. His present circumstances, it may hereafter be

seen, made the cause of a great change in his desires; and the conversation he held that night with the ingenious and skilful Augustus, went more towards fitting him for the hero of this work, than all the habits of his childhood, or the scenes of his earlier youth. Young people are apt, erroneously, to believe, that it is a bad thing to be exceedingly wicked. The House of Correction is so called, because it is a place where so ridiculous a notion is invariably corrected.

The next day, Paul was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Lobkins, who had heard of his situation, and its causes, from the friendly Dummie, and who had managed to obtain from Justice Burnflat, an order of admission. They met, Pyramus and Thisbe like, with a wall, or rather an iron gate, between them: and Mrs. Lobkins, after an ejaculation of despair at the obstacle, burst weeping-ly into the pathetic reproach —

“ O Paul, thou hast brought thy pigs to a fine market !”

“ ’Tis a market proper for pigs, dear Dame,” said Paul, who, though with a tear in his eye, did not refuse a joke as bitter as it was inelegant ;

“for, of all others, it is the spot where a man learns to take care of his bacon.”

“Hold your tongue!” cried the Dame angrily. “What business has you to gabble on so while you are in limbo?”

“Ah, dear Dame,” said Paul, “we can’t help these rubs and stumbles on our road to preferment!”

“Road to the scragging-post!” cried the Dame. “I tells you, child, you’ll live to be hanged in spite of all my care and ’tention to you, though I hedicated you as a scholard, and always hoped as how you would grow up to be an honour to your —”

“King and country,” interrupted Paul. “We always say honour to king and country, which means getting rich and paying taxes. ‘The more taxes a man pays, the greater honour he is to both,’ as Augustus says.—Well, dear Dame, all in good time.”

“What! you is merry—is you? Why does not you weep? Your heart is as hard as a brickbat. It looks quite unnatural and hyæna-like, to be so *devil me careish!*” So saying, the

good Dame's tears gushed forth with the bitterness of a despairing Parisina.

“Nay, nay,” said Paul, who, though he suffered far more intensely, bore the suffering far more easily than his patroness, “we cannot mend the matter by crying. Suppose you see what can be done for me. I dare say you may manage to soften the Justice's sentence by a little ‘oil of palms;’ and if you can get me out before I am quite corrupted, — a day or two longer in this infernal place will do the business, — I promise you, that I will not only live honestly myself, but with people who live in the same manner.”

“Buss me, Paul,” said the tender Mrs. Lobkins, “buss me, oh! but I forgits the gate! — I'll see what can be done. And here, my lad, here's summat for you in the meanwhile. A drop o' the cretur to preach comfort to your poor stomach. — Hush! smuggle it through, or they'll see you.”

Here the Dame endeavoured to push a stone bottle through the bars of the gate; but, alas! though the neck past through, the body refused, and the Dame was forced to retract the “cre-

tur." Upon this, the kind-hearted woman renewed her sobbings; and so absorbed was she in her grief, that, seemingly quite forgetting for what purpose she had brought the bottle, she applied it to her own mouth, and consoled herself with that *elixir vitæ* which she had originally designed for Paul.

This somewhat restored her; and after a most affecting scene, the Dame reeled off with the vacillating steps natural to woe, promising, as she went, that, if love or money could shorten Paul's confinement, neither should be wanting. We are rather at a loss to know the exact influence which the former of these arguments, urged by the lovely Margaret, might have had with Justice Burnflat.

When the good Dame had departed, Paul hastened to repick his oakum and rejoin his friend. He found the worthy Augustus privately selling little elegant luxuries, such as tobacco, gin, and rations of daintier viands than the prison allowed; for Augustus, having more money than the rest of his companions, managed, through the friendship of the turnkey, to purchase secretly, and to

re-sell at about four hundred per cent., such comforts as the prisoners especially coveted.\*

“A proof,” said Augustus drily to Paul, “that, by prudence and exertion, even in those places where a man cannot turn himself, he may manage to turn a penny !”

\* A very common practice at the Bridewells. The Governor at the Cold-Bath-Fields, seemingly a very intelligent and active man, every way fitted for a most arduous undertaking, informed us, in the only conversation we have had the honour to hold with him, that he thought he had nearly, or quite, destroyed in his jurisdiction this illegal method of commerce, gloriously profitable to the Turnkey ; and therefore, doubtless, (on that excellent principle of the English Constitution, that the more the governors make, the better for the governed,) highly salutary to the public.

## CHAPTER IX.

Relate at large, my godlike guest, she said,  
The *Grecian* stratagems,—*the town* betrayed!

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL, b. ii. Æn.

Descending thence, they 'scaped!

IBID.

A GREAT improvement had taken place in the character of Augustus Tomlinson, since Paul had last encountered that illustrious man. *Then*, Augustus had affected the man of pleasure,—the learned loungeur about town,—the all-accomplished Pericles of the Papers—now quoting Horace—now flanking a fly from the leader of Lord Dunshunner; in a word, a sort of human half-way house between Lord Dudley and the Marquis of Worcester.

Now, a graver, yet not a less supercilious air had settled upon his features; the pretence of fashion had given way to the pretence of wisdom; and, from the man of pleasure, Augustus Tomlinson had grown to the philosopher. With this elevation alone, too, he was not content: he united the philosopher with the politician; and the ingenious rascal was pleased especially to pique himself upon being,—‘A moderate Whig!’—“Paul,” he was wont to observe, “believe me, moderate Whiggism is a most excellent creed. It adapts itself to every possible change,—to every conceivable variety of circumstance. It is the only politics for us who are the aristocrats of that free body who rebel against tyrannical laws! for, hang it, I am none of your democrats. Let there be dungeons and turnkeys for the low rascals who whip clothes from the hedge where they hang to dry, or steal down an area in quest of a silver spoon; but Houses of Correction are not made for men who have received an enlightened education,—who abhor your petty thefts as much as a justice of peace can do,—who ought never to be termed dishonest in their dealings, but, if they are found



out, ‘*unlucky in their speculations!*’\* A pretty thing, indeed, that there should be distinctions of rank among other members of the community, and none among us! Where’s your boasted British constitution? I should like to know — where are your privileges of aristocracy, if I, who am a gentleman born, know Latin, and have lived in the best society, should be thrust into this abominable place with a dirty fellow, who was born in a cellar, and could never earn more at a time than would purchase a sausage? — No, no! none of your levelling principles for me! I am liberal, Paul, and love liberty; but, thank Heaven, I despise your democracies!”

Thus, half in earnest, — half veiling a natural turn to sarcasm, would this moderate Whig run on for the hour together, during those long nights, commencing at half-past four, in which he and Paul bore each other company.

One evening, when Tomlinson was so bitterly disposed to be prolix that Paul felt himself somewhat wearied by his eloquence, our hero, desirous

\* A phrase applied to a noted defaulter of the public money.

of a change in the conversation, reminded Augustus of his promise to communicate his history; and the philosophical Whig, nothing loth to speak of himself, cleared his throat, and began.

#### HISTORY OF AUGUSTUS TOMLINSON.

“ Never mind who was my father, nor what was my native place! My first ancestor was Tommy Linn — (his heir became Tom Linn’s son:) — you have heard the ballad made in his praise—

‘ Tommy Linn is a Scotchman born,  
His head is bald, and his beard is shorn;  
He had a cap made of a hare skin,—  
An elder man is Tommy Linn!’ &c.\*

“ There was a sort of prophecy respecting my ancestor’s descendants darkly insinuated in the concluding stanza of this ballad:

‘ Tommy Linn, and his wife, and his wife’s mother,  
They all fell into the fire together;  
They that lay undermost got a hot skin;—  
‘ We are not enough!’ said Tommy Linn.’ †

\* See Ritson’s North-Country Chorister.

† Ibid.

“ You see the prophecy ; it is applicable both to gentlemen rogues and to moderate Whigs ; for both are *undermost* in the world, and both are perpetually bawling out ‘ *We are not enough!*’

“ I shall begin my own history by saying, I went to a North country school ; where I was noted for my aptness in learning, and my skill at ‘ prisoner’s base :’—Upon my word I purposed no pun ! I was intended for the Church : wishing, betimes, to instruct myself in its ceremonies, I persuaded my schoolmaster’s maid-servant to assist me towards promoting a christening. My father did not like this premature love for the sacred rites. He took me home ; and, wishing to give my clerical ardour a different turn, prepared me for *writing* sermons, by *reading* me a dozen a day. I grew tired of this, strange as it may seem to you. ‘ Father,’ said I, one morning, ‘ it is no use talking, I will not go into the Church — that’s positive. Give me your blessing, and a hundred pounds, and I’ll go up to London, and get a *living* instead of a curacy.’ My father stormed, but I got the better at last. I talked of becoming a private tutor ; swore I had heard nothing was so

easy,—the only things wanted were—pupils; and the only way to get them—was to go to London, and let my learning be known. My poor father!—well, he's gone, and I am glad of it now!—(the speaker's voice faltered)—I got the better, I say, and I came to town, where I had a relation a bookseller. Through his interest, I wrote a book of Travels in *Æthiopia*, for an earl's son, who wanted to become a lion; and a Treatise on the Greek Particle, dedicated to the prime minister, for a dean, who wanted to become a bishop,—Greek being, next to interest, the best road to the mitre. These two achievements were liberally paid; so I took a lodging in a first floor, and resolved to make a bold stroke for a wife. What do you think I did?—nay, never guess, it would be hopeless. First, I went to the best tailor, and had my clothes sewn on my back; secondly, I got the peerage and its genealogies by heart; thirdly, I marched one night, with the coolest deliberation possible, into the house of a duchess, who was giving an immense rout! The newspapers had inspired me with this idea. I had read of the vast crowds which a lady 'at home'

sought to win to her house. I had read of staircases impassable, and ladies carried out in a fit; and common sense told me how impossible it was that the fair receiver should be acquainted with the legality of every importation. I therefore resolved to try my chance, and—entered the body of Augustus Tomlinson, as a piece of stolen goods. Faith! the first night I was shy,—I stuck to the staircase, and ogled an old maid of quality, whom I had heard announced as Lady Margaret Sinclair. Doubtless, she had never been ogled before; and she was evidently enraptured with my glances. The next night I read of a ball at the Countess of ——. My heart beat as if I were going to be whipped; but I plucked up courage, and repaired to her ladyship's. There I again beheld the divine Lady Margaret; and, observing that she turned yellow, by way of a blush, when she saw me, I profited by the port I had drunk as an encouragement to my *entré*, and lounging up in the most modish way possible, I reminded her ladyship of an introduction with which *I said* I had once been honoured at the Duke of Dashwell's, and requested her hand for

the next cotillon. Oh Paul! fancy my triumph! the old damsel said with a sigh, ‘She remembered me very well,’ ha! ha! ha! and I carried her off to the cotillon like another Theseus bearing away a second Ariadne. Not to be prolix on this part of my life, I went night after night to balls and routs, for admission to which half the fine gentlemen in London would have given their ears. And I improved my time so well with Lady Margaret, who was her own mistress, and had five thousand pounds,—a devilish bad portion for some, but not to be laughed at by me,—that I began to think *when* the happy day should be fixed. Meanwhile, as Lady Margaret introduced me to some of her friends, and my lodgings were in a good situation, I had been honoured with some real invitations. The only two questions I ever was asked were (carelessly), ‘Was I the only son?’ and on my veritable answer ‘Yes!’ ‘What,’ (this was more warmly put,)—‘what was my county?’—luckily, my county was a wide one,—Yorkshire; and any of its inhabitants whom the fair interrogators might have questioned about me could only have answered, ‘I was not in their part of it.’

“ Well, Paul, I grew so bold by success, that the devil one day put it into my head to go to a great dinner-party at the Duke of Dashwell’s.— I went, dined,—nothing happened : I came away, and the next morning I read in the papers—

“ ‘ Mysterious affair,—person lately going about, —first houses—most fashionable parties—nobody knows—Duke of Dashwell’s yesterday. Duke not like to make disturbance — as — Royalty present !’

“ The journal dropped from my hands. At that moment, the girl of the house gave me a note from Lady Margaret,—alluded to the paragraph ;—wondered who was ‘ The Stranger ;’—hoped to see me that night at Lord A——’s, to whose party I said I had been asked ;—speak then more fully on those matters I had touched on!’—in short, dear Paul, a tender epistle ! All great men are fatalists : I am one now : fate made me a madman : in the very face of this ominous paragraph, I mustered up courage, and went that night to Lord A——’s. The fact is, my affairs were in confusion—I was greatly in debt : I knew it was necessary to finish my conquest over Lady Margaret as soon as possible ;



and Lord A——'s seemed the best place for the purpose. Nay, I thought delay so dangerous, after the cursed paragraph, that a day might unmask me, and it would be better therefore not to lose an hour in finishing the play of 'The Stranger,' with the farce of the 'Honey Moon.' Behold me then at Lord A——'s, leading off Lady Margaret to the dance. Behold me whispering the sweetest of things in her ear. Imagine her approving my suit, and gently chiding me for talking of Gretna Green. Conceive all this, my dear fellow, and just at the height of my triumph dilate the eyes of your imagination, and behold the stately form of Lord A——, my noble host, marching up to me, while a voice that, though low and quiet as an evening breeze, made my heart sink into my shoes, said, 'I believe, Sir, you have received no invitation from Lady A——?'

"Not a word could I utter, Paul,—not a word. Had it been the high road instead of a ball-room, I could have talked loudly enough, but I was under a spell. 'Ehem!' I faltered at last:—'E—h—e—m! Some mis—take, I—I.' There



I stopped. ‘Sir,’ said the Earl, regarding me with a grave sternness, ‘you had better withdraw!’

“ ‘Bless me! what’s all this?’ cried Lady Margaret, dropping my palsied arm, and gazing on me as if she expected me to talk like a hero.

“ ‘Oh,’ said I, ‘Eh—e—m, eh—e—m, I will exp—lain to-morrow, ehem, e—h—e—m.’ I made to the door; all the eyes in the room seemed turned into burning-glasses, and blistered the very skin on my face. I heard a gentle shriek as I left the apartment; Lady Margaret fainting, I suppose! There ended my courtship and my adventures in “the best society.” I fell melancholy at the ill success of my scheme. You must allow, it was a magnificent project. What moral courage! I admire myself when I think of it. Without an introduction, without knowing a soul, to become, all by my own resolution, free of the finest houses in London, dancing with Earls’ daughters, and all but carrying off an Earl’s daughter myself as my wife. If I had, the friends *must* have done something for me; and Lady Margaret Tomlinson might perhaps have introduced the youthful

genius of her Augustus to Parliament or the Ministry. Oh what a fall was there ! yet faith, ha ! ha ! ha ! I could not help laughing, despite of my chagrin, when I remembered that for three months I had imposed on these ‘ delicate exclusives,’ and been literally invited by many of them, who would not have asked the younger sons of their own cousins ; merely because I lived in a good street, avowed myself an only child, and talked of my property in Yorkshire ! Ha, ha ! how bitter the mercenary dupes must have felt, when the discovery was made ! what a pill for the good matrons who had coupled my image with that of some filial Mary or Jane,—ha ! ha ! ha ! the triumph was almost worth the mortification. However, as I said before, I fell melancholy on it, especially as my duns became menacing. So, I went to consult with my cousin the bookseller ; he recommended me to compose for the journals, and obtained me an offer. I went to work very patiently for a short time, and contracted some agreeable friendships with gentlemen whom I met at an ordinary in St. James’s. Still, my duns, though I paid them by dribblets, were

the plague of my life : I confessed as much to one of my new friends. ‘Come to Bath with me,’ quoth he, ‘for a week, and you shall return as rich as a Jew.’ I accepted the offer, and went to Bath in my friend’s chariot. He took the name of Lord Dunshunner, an Irish peer who had never been out of Galway, and was not therefore likely to be known at Bath. He took also a house for a year, filled it with wines, books, and a sideboard of plate : as he talked vaguely of setting up (at the next Parliament) for the town, he bought these goods of the townspeople, in order to encourage their trade ; I managed secretly to transport them to London and sell them ; and as we disposed of them fifty per cent. under cost price, our customers the pawnbrokers were not very inquisitive. We lived a jolly life at Bath for a couple of months, and departed one night, leaving our housekeeper to answer all interrogatories. We had taken the precaution to wear disguises, stuffed ourselves out, and changed the hues of our hair : my noble friend was an adept in these transformations, and though the police did not sleep on the business,—they never stumbled on us. I am

especially glad we were not discovered, for I liked Bath excessively, and I intend to return there some of these days and retire from the world—on an heiress !

“ Well, Paul, shortly after this adventure, I made your acquaintance. I continued ostensibly my literary profession, but only as a mask for the labours I did not profess. A circumstance obliged me to leave London rather precipitately. Lord Dunshunner joined me in Edinburgh. Damn it, instead of doing any thing *there*, we were done ! The veriest urchin that ever crept through the High Street is more than a match for the most scientific of Englishmen. With us it is art ; with the Scotch it is nature. They pick your pockets, without using their fingers for it ; and they prevent reprisal, by having nothing for you to pick.

“ We left Edinburgh with very long faces, and at Carlisle we found it necessary to separate. For my part, I went as a valet to a Nobleman who had just lost his last servant at Carlisle by a fever : my friend gave me the best of characters ! My new master was a very clever man. He astonished people at dinner by

the impromptus he prepared at breakfast ;—in a word, he was a wit. He soon saw, for he was learned himself, that I had received a classical education, and he employed me in the confidential capacity of finding quotations for him. I classed these alphabetically, and under three heads : ‘ Parliamentary, Literary, Dining out.’ These were again subdivided, into “ Fine,”—‘ Learned’ and ‘ Jocular ;’ so that my master knew at once where to refer for genius, wisdom, and wit. He was delighted with my management of his intellects. In compliment to him, I paid more attention to politics than I had done before, for he was a “ great Whig,” and uncommonly liberal in every thing, — but money ! Hence, Paul, the origin of my political principles ; and, I thank Heaven, there is not now a rogue in England who is a better, that is to say, more of a moderate, Whig than your humble servant !—I continued with him nearly a year. He discharged me for a fault worthy of my genius, — other servants may lose the watch or the coat of their master ; I went at nobler game, and lost him — *his private character !*

“ How do you mean ? ”

“ Why, I was enamoured of a lady who would not have looked at me as Mr. Tomlinson ; so I took my master’s clothes, and occasionally his carriage, and made love to my nymph, as Lord ——. Her vanity made her indiscreet. The Tory papers got hold of it ; and my master, in a change of Ministers, was declared by George the Third to be ‘ too gay for a Chancellor of the Exchequer.’ An old gentleman who had had fifteen children by a wife like a Gorgon was chosen instead of my master ; and although the new Minister was a fool in his public capacity, the moral public were perfectly content with him, because of *his private virtues!* ”

“ My master was furious, made the strictest inquiry, *found* me out, and *turned* me out too ! ”

“ A Whig not in place has an excuse for disliking the Constitution. My distress almost made me a republican ; but, true to my creed, I must confess that I would only have levelled upwards. I especially disaffected the inequality of riches : I looked moodily on every carriage that passed : I even frowned like a second Catiline, at the steam

of a gentleman's kitchen! My last situation had not been lucrative; I had neglected my perquisites, in my ardour for politics. My master too refused to give me a character:—who would take me without one?

“ I was asking myself this melancholy question one morning, when I suddenly encountered one of the fine friends I had picked up at my old haunt, the ordinary, in St. James's. His name was Pepper.

“ Pepper!” cried Paul.

Without heeding the exclamation, Tomlinson continued.

“ We went to a tavern and drank a bottle together. Wine made me communicative; it also opened my comrade's heart. He asked me to take a ride with him that night towards Hounslow: I did so, and found a purse.”

“ How fortunate! Where?”

“ In a gentleman's pocket.—I was so pleased with my luck, that I went the same road twice a-week, in order to see if I could pick up any *more* purses. Fate favoured me, and I lived for a long time the life of the blest. Oh, Paul, you know



not—you know not what a glorious life is that of a highwayman; but you shall taste it one of these days. You shall, on my honour.

“ I now lived with a club of honest fellows: we called ourselves ‘The Exclusives,’ for we were mighty reserved in our associates, and only those who did business on a grand scale were admitted into our set. For my part, with all my love for my profession, I liked ingenuity still better than force, and preferred what the vulgar called swindling, even to the high-road. On an expedition of this sort, I rode once into a country town, and saw a crowd assembled in one corner,—I joined it, and,—guess my feelings! beheld my poor friend, Viscount Dunshunner, just about to be hanged! I rode off as fast as I could,—I thought I saw Jack Ketch at my heels. My horse threw me at a hedge, and I broke my collar-bone. In the confinement that ensued, gloomy ideas floated before me. I did not like to be hanged; so I reasoned against my errors, and repented. I recovered slowly, returned to town, and repaired to my cousin the bookseller. To say truth, I had played him a little trick; collected some debts of



his by a mistake—very natural in the confusion incident on my distresses. However, he was extremely unkind about it; and the mistake, natural as it was, had cost me his acquaintance.

“ I went now to him with the penitential aspect of the prodigal son, and, 'faith, he would not have made a bad representation of the fatted calf about to be killed on my return; so corpulent looked he, and so dejected! 'Graceless reprobate!' he began; 'your poor father is dead!' I was exceedingly shocked; but — never fear, Paul, I am not about to be pathetic. My father had divided his fortune among all his children; my share was 500*l*. The possession of this sum made my penitence seem much more sincere in the eyes of my good cousin; and after a very pathetic scene, he took me once more into favour. I now consulted with him as to the best method of laying out my capital and recovering my character. We could not devise any scheme at the first conference; but the second time I saw him, my cousin said with a cheerful countenance, 'Cheer up, Augustus, I have got thee a situation. Mr. Asgrave, the banker, will take thee as a clerk. He is a most wor-

thy man; and having a vast deal of learning, he will respect thee for thy acquirements.' The same day I was introduced to Mr. Asgrave, who was a little man with a fine bald benevolent head; and after a long conversation which he was pleased to hold with me, I became one of his quill-drivers. I don't know how it was, but by little and little I rose in my master's good graces: I propitiated him, I fancy, by disposing of my 500*l.* according to his advice; he laid it out for me, on what he said was famous security, on a landed estate. Mr. Asgrave was of social habits,—he had a capital house and excellent wines. As he was not very particular in his company, nor ambitious of visiting the great, he often suffered me to make one of his table, and was pleased to hold long arguments with me about the ancients. I soon found out that my master was a great moral philosopher; and being myself in weak health, sated of the ordinary pursuits of the world, in which my experience had forestalled my years, and naturally of a contemplative temperament, I turned my attention to the moral studies which so fascinated my employer. I read through nine shelves full of metaphysicians,

and knew exactly the points in which those illustrious thinkers quarrelled with each other to the great advance of the science. My master and I used to hold many a long discussion about the nature of good and evil; and as by help of his benevolent forehead and a clear dogged voice, he always seemed to our audience to be the wiser and better man of the two; he was very well pleased with our disputes. This gentleman had an only daughter, an awful shrew with a face like a hatchet: but philosophers overcome personal defects: and thinking only of the good her wealth might enable me to do to my fellow-creatures, I secretly made love to her. You will say, that was playing my master but a scurvy trick in return for his kindness — not at all, my master himself had convinced me, that there was no such virtue as gratitude. It was an error of vulgar moralists. I yielded to his arguments, and at length privately espoused his daughter. The day after this took place, he summoned me to his study. ‘So, Augustus,’ said he very mildly, ‘you have married my daughter: nay, never look confused; I saw a long time ago

that you were resolved to do so, and I was very glad of it.'

"I attempted to falter out something like thanks. 'Never interrupt me!' said he. 'I had two reasons for being glad:—1st. Because my daughter was the plague of my life, and I wanted some one to take her off my hands;—2ndly, Because I required your assistance on a particular point, and I could not venture to ask it of any one but my son-in-law. In fine, I wish to take you into partnership!!'

"'Partnership!' cried I, falling on my knees. 'Noble—generous man!'

"'Stay a bit,' continued my father-in-law. 'What funds do you think requisite for the carrying on a bank? You look puzzled! Not a shilling! You will put in just as much as I do. You will put in rather more; for you once put in five hundred pounds, which has been spent long ago. I don't put in a shilling of my own. I live on my clients, and I very willingly offer you half of them!'

"Imagine, dear Paul, my astonishment, my dismay! I saw myself married to a hideous

shrew — son-in-law to a pennyless scoundrel, and cheated out of my whole fortune! Compare this view of the question with that which had blazed on me when I contemplated being son-in-law to the rich Mr. Asgrave. I stormed at first. Mr. Asgrave took up ‘Bacon on the Advancement of Learning,’ and made no reply till I was cooled by explosion. You will perceive, that when passion subsided, I necessarily saw that nothing was left for me but adopting my father-in-law’s proposal. Thus, by the fatality which attended me, at the very time I meant to reform I was forced into scoundrelism, and I was driven into defrauding a vast number of persons by the accident of being son-in-law to a great moralist. As Mr. Asgrave was an indolent man, who passed his mornings in speculations on virtue, I was made the active partner. I spent the day at the counting-house; and when I came home for recreation, my wife scratched my eyes out.”

“But were you never recognized as ‘the stranger,’ or ‘the adventurer,’ in your new capacity?”

“No; for of course I assumed, in all my changes, both Aliases and Disguises. And, to tell you the

truth, my marriage so altered me, that what with a snuff-coloured coat, and a brown scratch wig, with a pen in my right ear, I looked the very picture of staid respectability. My face grew an inch longer every day. Nothing is so respectable as a long face ! and a subdued expression of countenance is the surest sign of commercial prosperity. Well, we went on splendidly enough for about a year. Meanwhile I was wonderfully improved in philosophy. You have no idea how a scolding wife sublimates and rarifies one's intellect. Thunder clears the air, you know ! At length, unhappily for my fame, (for I contemplated a magnificent moral history of man, which, had she lived a year longer, I should have completed) my wife died in child-bed. My father-in-law and I were talking over the event, and finding fault with civilization, by the enervating habits of which, women die of their children, instead of bringing them forth without being even conscious of the circumstance ; —when a bit of paper, sealed awry, was given to my partner : he looked over it—finished the discussion, and then told me our Bank had stopped payment. ‘ Now, Augustus,’ said he, light-

ing his pipe with the bit of paper, ‘ you see the good of having nothing to lose !’

“ We did not pay quite sixpence in the pound ; but my partner was thought so unfortunate that the British public raised a subscription for him, and he retired on an annuity, greatly respected and very much compassionated. As I had not been so well known as a moralist, and had not the prepossessing advantage of a bald benevolent head, nothing was done for *me*, and I was turned once more on the wide world, to moralize on the vicissitudes of fortune. My cousin the bookseller was no more, and his son cut me. I took a garret in Warwick Court, and with a few books, my only consolation, I endeavoured to nerve my mind to the future. It was at this time, Paul, that my studies really availed me. I meditated much, and I became a true philosopher, viz. a practical one. My actions were henceforth regulated by principle ; and at some time or other I will convince you, that the road of true morals never avoids the pockets of your neighbour. So soon as my mind had made the grand discovery which Mr. Asgrave had made before me, that one should live



according to a system,—for if you do wrong, it is then your system that errs, not you,—I took to the road, without any of those stings of conscience which had hitherto annoyed me in such adventures. I formed one of a capital knot of ‘Free Agents,’ whom I will introduce to you some day or other, and I soon rose to distinction among them. But about six weeks ago, not less than formerly preferring by-ways to highways, I attempted to possess myself of a carriage, and sell it at discount. I was acquitted on the felony; but sent hither by Justice Burnflat on the misdemeanor. Thus far, my young friend, hath as yet proceeded the life of Augustus Tomlinson.”

The history of this gentleman made a deep impression on Paul. The impression was strengthened by the conversations subsequently holden with Augustus. That worthy was a dangerous and subtle persuader. He had really read a good deal of history, and something of morals; and he had an ingenious way of defending his rascally practices by syllogisms from the latter, and examples from the former. These theories he clenched, as it were, by a reference to the existing politics



of the day. Cheaters of the public, on false pretences, he was pleased to term "*moderate Whigs*;" bullying demanders of your purse were "*high Tories*;" and thieving in gangs was "*the effect of the spirit of party*." There was this difference between Augustus Tomlinson and Long Ned: Ned was the acting knave; Augustus, the reasoning one; and we may see therefore, by a little reflection, that Tomlinson was a far more perilous companion than Pepper, for showy theories are always more seductive to the young and clever than suasive examples, and the vanity of the youthful makes them better pleased by being convinced of a thing, than by being enticed to it.

A day or two after the narrative of Mr. Tomlinson, Paul was again visited by Mrs. Lobkins; for the regulations against frequent visitors were not then so strictly enforced as we understand them to be now; and the good Dame came to deplore the ill success of her interview with Justice Burnflat.

We spare the tender-hearted reader a detail of the affecting interview that ensued. Indeed, it was but a repetition of the one we have before nar-

rated. We shall only say, as a proof of Paul's tenderness of heart, that when he took leave of the good matron, and bade "God bless her," his voice faltered, and the tears stood in his eyes,—just as they were wont to do in the eyes of George the Third, when that excellent monarch was pleased graciously to encore "God save the King!"

"I'll be hanged," soliloquized our hero, as he slowly bent his course towards the subtle Augustus,—“I'll be hanged (humph! the denunciation is prophetic,) if I don't feel as grateful to the old lady for her care of me as if she had never ill-used me. As for my parents, I believe I have little to be grateful for or proud of in that quarter. My poor mother, by all accounts, seems scarcely to have had even the brute virtue of maternal tenderness; and in all human likelihood I shall never know whether I had one father or fifty. But what matters it? I rather like the better to be independent; and, after all, what do nine-tenths of us ever get from our parents but an ugly name, and advice which, if we follow, we are wretched,—and if we neglect, we are disinherited?"

Comforting himself with these thoughts, which

perhaps took their philosophical complexion from the conversations he had lately held with Augustus, and which broke off into the muttered air of

“ Why should we quarrel for riches ? ”

Paul repaired to his customary avocations.

In the third week of our hero's captivity, Tomlinson communicated to him a plan of escape that had occurred to his sagacious brain. In the yard appropriated to the amusements of the gentlemen “ misdemeaning,” there was a water-pipe that, skirting the wall, passed over a door, through which, every morning, the pious captives passed, in their way to the chapel. By this, Tomlinson proposed to escape ; for to the pipe which reached from the door to the wall, in a slanting and easy direction, there was a sort of skirting-board ; and a dexterous and nimble man might readily, by the help of this board, convey himself along the pipe, until the progress of that useful conductor (which was happily very brief) was stopped by the summit of the wall, where it found a sequel in another pipe, that descended to the ground on the opposite side of the wall. Now, on this opposite side was the garden of the prison ; in this garden was a watchman ; and

this watchman was the hobgoblin of Tomlinson's scheme; "for, suppose us safe in the garden," said he, "what shall we do with this confounded fellow?"

"But that is not all," added Paul, "for even were there no watchman, there is a terrible wall, which I noted especially last week, when we were set to work in the garden, and which has no pipe, save a perpendicular one, that a man must have the legs of a fly to be able to climb!"

"Nonsense!" returned Tomlinson: "I will show you how to climb the stubbornest wall in Christendom, if one has but the coast clear: it is the watchman—the watchman, we must——"

"What?" asked Paul, observing his comrade did not conclude the sentence.

It was some time before the sage Augustus replied; he then said, in a musing tone—

"I have been thinking, Paul, whether it would be consistent with virtue, and that strict code of morals by which all my actions are regulated, to—slay the watchman!"

"Good heavens!" cried Paul, horror-stricken.

"And I have decided," continued Augustus

solemnly, without regard to the exclamation, "that the action would be perfectly justifiable!"

"Villain!" exclaimed Paul, recoiling to the other end of the stone box — (for it was night) — in which they were cooped.

"But," pursued Augustus, who seemed soliloquizing, and whose voice, sounding calm and thoughtful, like Young's in the famous monologue in Hamlet, denoted that he heeded not the uncourteous interruption—"but opinion does not always influence conduct; and although it may be virtuous to murder the watchman, I have not the heart to do it. I trust, in my future history I shall not, by discerning moralists, be too severely censured for a weakness, for which my physical temperament is alone to blame!"

Despite the turn of the soliloquy, it was a long time before Paul could be reconciled to farther conversation with Augustus; and it was only from the belief, that the moralist had leaned to the jesting vein, that he at length resumed the consultation.

The conspirators did not, however, bring their scheme, that night, to any ultimate decision. The next day, Augustus, Paul, and some others of

the company, were set to work in the garden ; and Paul then observed that his friend, wheeling a barrow close by the spot where the watchman stood, overturned its contents. The watchman was good-natured enough to assist him in refilling the barrow ; and Tomlinson profited so well by the occasion, that, that night, he informed Paul, that they would have nothing to dread from the watchman's vigilance. " He has promised," said Augustus, " for certain con-si-de-ra-ti-ons, to allow me to knock him down : he has also promised to be so much hurt, as not to be able to move, until we are over the wall. Our main difficulty now, then, is, the first step,—namely, to climb the pipe unperceived !"

" As to that," said Paul, who developed, through the whole of the scheme, organs of sagacity, boldness, and invention, which charmed his friend, and certainly promised well for his future career ; —" as to that, I think we may manage the first ascent with less danger than you imagine : the mornings, of late, have been very foggy ; they are almost dark at the hour we go to chapel. Let you and I close the file : the pipe passes just

above the door ; our hands, as we have tried, can reach it ; and a spring of no great agility will enable us to raise ourselves up to a footing on the pipe and the skirting-board. 'The climbing, then, is easy ; and, what with the dense fog, and our own quickness, I think we shall have little difficulty in gaining the garden. The only precautions we need use are, to wait for a very dark morning, and to be sure that we are the last of the file, so that no one behind may give the alarm——”

“ Or attempt to follow our example, and spoil the pie by a superfluous plum !” added Augustus. “ You counsel admirably ; and one of these days, if you are not hung in the mean while, will, I venture to argue, be a great logician.”

The next morning was clear and frosty ; but the day after was, to use Tomlinson's simile, “ as dark as if all the negroes of Africa had been stewed down into air.” “ You might have cut the fog with a knife,” as the proverb says Paul and Augustus could not even see how significantly each looked at the other.

It was a remarkable trait of the daring temperament of the former, that, young as he was, it



was fixed that he should lead the attempt. At the hour, then, for chapel—the prisoners passed as usual through the door. When it came to Paul's turn, he drew himself by his hands to the pipe, and then creeping along its sinuous course, gained the wall before he had even fetched his breath. Rather more clumsily, Augustus followed his friend's example; once his foot slipped, and he was all but over. He extended his hands involuntarily, and caught Paul by the leg. Happily our hero had then gained the wall to which he was clinging, and for once in a way, one rogue raised himself without throwing over another. Behold Tomlinson and Paul now seated for an instant on the wall to recover breath! the latter then,—the descent to the ground was not very great,—letting his body down by his hands, dropped into the garden.

“Hurt?” asked the prudent Augustus in a hoarse whisper before he descended from his “bad eminence,” being even willing

“To bear those ills he had;  
Than fly to others that he knew not of,”—

without taking every previous precaution in his power.



“No!” was the answer in the same voice, and Augustus dropped.

So soon as this latter worthy had recovered the shock of his fall, he lost not a moment in running to the other end of the garden: Paul followed. By the way Tomlinson stopped at a heap of rubbish, and picked up an immense stone; when they came to the part of the wall they had agreed to scale, they found the watchman, about whom they needed not, by the by, to have concerned themselves; for had it not been arranged that he was to have met them, the deep fog would have effectually prevented him from seeing them: this faithful guardian Augustus knocked down, not with the stone, but with ten guineas; he then drew forth from his dress a thickish cord which he had procured some days before of the turnkey, and fastening the stone firmly to one end, threw that end over the wall. Now the wall had (as walls of great strength mostly have) an overhanging sort of battlement on either side, and the stone, when flung over and drawn to the tether of the cord to which it was attached, necessarily hitched against this projection; and thus the cord

was, as it were, fastened to the wall, and Tomlinson was enabled by it to draw himself up to the top of the barrier. He performed this feat with gymnastic address, like one who had often practised it; albeit, the discreet adventurer had not mentioned in his narrative to Paul any previous occasion for the practice. As soon as he had gained the top of the wall, he threw down the cord to his companion, and, in consideration of Paul's inexperience in that manner of climbing, gave the fastening of the rope an additional security by holding it himself. With slowness and labour Paul hoisted himself up; and then, by transferring the stone to the other side of the wall, where it made of course a similar hitch, our two adventurers were enabled successively to slide down, and consummate their escape from the House of Correction.

“Follow me now!” said Augustus, as he took to his heels; and Paul pursued him through a labyrinth of alleys and lanes, through which he shot and dodged with a variable and shifting celerity that, had not Paul kept close upon him, would very soon (combined with the fog) have snatched him from the eyes of his young ally.

Happily the immaturity of the morning, the obscurity of the streets passed through, and, above all, the extreme darkness of the atmosphere, prevented that detection and arrest which their prisoners' garb would otherwise have ensured them. At length, they found themselves in the fields; and, skulking along hedges, and diligently avoiding the high road, they continued to fly onward, until they had advanced several miles into "the bowels of the land." At that time "the bowels" of Augustus Tomlinson began to remind him of their demands, and he accordingly suggested the *desirability* of their seizing the first peasant they encountered, and causing him to exchange clothes with one of the fugitives, who would thus be enabled to enter a public-house and provide for their mutual necessities. Paul agreed to this proposition, and accordingly they watched their opportunity and *caught* a ploughman. Augustus stripped him of his frock, hat, and worsted stockings; and Paul, hardened by necessity and companionship, helped to tie the poor ploughman to a tree. They then continued their progress for about an hour, and, as the shades of evening fell around them,

they discovered a public-house. Augustus entered, and returned in a few minutes laden with bread and cheese, and a bottle of beer. Prison fare cures a man of daintiness, and the two fugitives dined on these unsavoury viands with considerable complacency. They then resumed their journey, and at length, wearied with exertion, they arrived at a lonely hay-stack, where they resolved to repose for an hour or two.

## CHAPTER X.

Unlike the ribald whose licentious jest  
Pollutes his banquet, and insults his guest;  
From wealth and grandeur easy to descend,  
Thou joy'st to lose the master in the friend ;  
We round thy board the cheerful menials see,  
Gay with the smile of bland equality ;  
No social care the gracious lord disdains ;  
Love prompts to love, and reverence reverence gains.

Translation of LUCAN to PISO, prefixed to  
the twelfth Paper of THE RAMBLER.

COYLY shone down the bashful stars upon our adventurers, as, after a short nap behind the haystack, they stretched themselves, and looking at each other, burst into an involuntary and hilarious laugh at the prosperous termination of their exploit.

Hitherto they had been too occupied, first by their flight, then by hunger, then by fatigue, for

self-gratulation; now they rubbed their hands, and joked like runaway-schoolboys, at their escape.

By degrees their thoughts turned from the past to the future; and "Tell me, my dear fellow," said Augustus, "what you intend to do. I trust I have long ago convinced you, that it is no sin 'to serve our friends' and to 'be true to our party;' and therefore, I suppose, you will decide upon taking to the road!"

"It is very odd," answered Paul, "that I should have any scruples left after your lectures on the subject; but I own to you frankly, that, somehow or other, I have doubts whether thieving be really the honestest profession I could follow."

"Listen to me, Paul," answered Augustus; and his reply is not unworthy of notice. "All crime and all excellence depend upon a good choice of words.—I see you look puzzled, I will explain. If you take money from the public, and say you have robbed, you have indubitably committed a great crime; but if you do the same and say you have *been relieving the necessities of the poor*, you have done an excellent action: if, in afterwards dividing this

money with your companions, you say you have been sharing booty, you have committed an offence against the laws of your country ; but if you observe that *you have been sharing with your friends the gains of your industry*, you have performed one of the noblest actions of humanity. To knock a man on the head is neither virtuous nor guilty, but it depends upon the language applied to the action to make it murder or glory.\* Why not say, then, that you have testified ‘*the courage of a hero,*’ rather than ‘*the atrocity of the ruffian!*’ This is perfectly clear, is it not?”

“ It seems so,” answered Paul.

“ It is so self-evident, that it is the way all governments are carried on. If you want to rectify an abuse, those in power call you *disaffected*. *Oppression* is ‘*order,*’ *extortion* is ‘*reli-*

\* We observe in a paragraph from an American paper, copied without comment into the Morning Chronicle of to-day, a singular proof of the truth of Tomlinson’s philosophy. “ Mr. Rowland Stephenson (so runs the extract), *the celebrated English Banker*, has just purchased a considerable tract of land, &c.” Most philosophical of Paragraphists! “ *Celebrated English Banker!*” that sentence is a better illustration of verbal fallacies, than all Bentham’s treatises put together — “ *celebrated!*” O Mercury, what a dexterous epithet!

*gious establishment,* and *taxes* are the '*blessed Constitution.*' Wherefore, my good Paul, we only do what all other legislators do. We are never rogues so long as we call ourselves honest fellows, and we never commit a crime, so long as we can term it a virtue! What say you now?"

Paul smiled, and was silent a few moments before he replied:

"There is very little doubt but that you are wrong; yet if you are, so are all the rest of the world. It is of no use to be the only white sheep of the flock. Wherefore, my dear Tomlinson, I will in future be an excellent citizen, *relieve the necessities of the poor,* and *share the gains of my industry with my friends.*"

"Bravo," cried Tomlinson, "and now that that is settled, the sooner you are inaugurated the better. Since the starlight has shone forth, I see that I am in a place I ought to be very well acquainted with; or, if you like to be suspicious, you may believe that I have brought you purposely in this direction; but first let me ask if you feel any great desire to pass the night by this



haystack, or whether you would like a song and the punch-bowl almost as much as the open air, with the chance of being eat up in a pinch of hay by some strolling cow !”

“ You may conceive my choice,” answered Paul.

“ Well, then, there is an excellent fellow near here, who keeps a publichouse, and is a firm ally and generous patron of the lads of the cross. At certain periods they hold weekly meetings at his house : this is one of the nights. What say you? shall I introduce you to the club ?”

“ I shall be very glad, if they will admit me !” returned Paul, whom many and conflicting thoughts rendered laconic.

“ Oh, no fear of that, under my auspices. To tell you the truth, though we are a tolerant sect, we welcome every new proselyte with enthusiasm. —But are you tired ?”

“ A little ; the house is not far, you say ?”

“ About a mile off,” answered Tomlinson.

“ Lean on me.”

Our wanderers now leaving the haystack, struck across part of Finchley Common, for the

abode of the worthy publican was felicitously situated, and the scene in which his guests celebrated their festivities was close by that on which they often performed their exploits.

As they proceeded, Paul questioned his friend touching the name and character of "mine host;" and the all-knowing Augustus Tomlinson answered him, Quaker-like, by a question.

"Have you never heard of Gentleman George?"

"What! the noted head of a flash public-house in the country? To be sure I have, often; my poor nurse, Dame Lobkins, used to say he was the best-spoken man in the trade!"

"Ay so he is still. In his youth, George was a very handsome fellow, but a little too fond of his lass and his bottle to please his father, a very staid old gentleman, who walked about on Sundays with a bob-wig and a gold-headed cane, and was a much better farmer on week days than he was head of a public-house. George used to be a remarkably smart-dressed fellow, and so he is to this day. He has a great deal of wit, is a very good whist-player, has a capital cellar, and is so fond of seeing his friends drunk, that he

bought some time ago a large pewter measure in which six men can stand upright. The girls, or rather the old women, to whom he used to be much more civil of the two, always liked him; they say, nothing is so fine as his fine speeches, and they give him the title of ‘*Gentleman George.*’ He is a nice kind-hearted man in many things. Pray Heaven we shall have no cause to miss him when he departs. But, to tell you the truth, he takes more than his share of our common purse.”

“What! is he avaricious?”

“Quite the reverse; but he’s so cursedly fond of building, he invests all *his* money (and wants us to invest all *ours*) in houses; and there’s one confounded dog of a bricklayer, who runs him up terrible bills,—a fellow called ‘Cunning Nat,’ who is equally adroit in spoiling ground and improving *ground rent.*”

“What do you mean?”

“Ah, thereby hangs a tale. But we are near the place now; you will see a curious set.”

As Tomlinson said this, the pair approached a house standing alone, and seemingly without any

other abode in the vicinity. It was of curious and grotesque shape, painted white, with a gothic chimney, a Chinese sign post, (on which was depicted a gentleman fishing, with the words, "The Jolly Angler," written beneath,) and a porch that would have been Grecian, if it had not been Dutch. It stood in a little field, with a hedge behind it, and the common in front! Augustus stopped at the door, and, while he paused, bursts of laughter rang cheerily within.

"Ah, the merry boys!" he muttered: "I long to be with them!" and then with his clenched fist he knocked four times on the door. There was a sudden silence, which lasted about a minute, and was broken by a voice within, asking who was there. Tomlinson answered by some cabalistic word; the door was opened, and a little boy presented himself.

"Well, my lad," said Augustus, "and how is your master? stout and hearty, if I may judge by his voice."

"Ay, Master Tommy, ay, he's boosing away at a fine rate in the back-parlour, with Mr. Pepper and fighting Attie, and half a score more of

them. He 'll be woundy glad to see you, I 'll be bound."

"Show this gentleman into the bar," rejoined Augustus, "while I go and pay my respects to honest Geordie!"

The boy made a sort of a bow, and leading our hero into the bar, consigned him to the care of Sal, a buxom bar-maid, who reflected credit on the taste of the landlord, and who received Paul with marked distinction and a gill of brandy.

Paul had not long to play the amiable, before Tomlinson rejoined him with the information, that Gentleman George would be most happy to see him in the back-parlour, and that he would there find an old friend in the person of Mr. Pepper.

"What! is he here?" cried Paul, "the sorry knave! to let me be caged in his stead!"

"Gently, gently, no misapplication of terms," said Augustus; "that was not knavery, that was *prudence*, the greatest of all virtues and the rarest.—But come along, and Pepper shall *explain* to-morrow."

Threading a gallery or passage, Augustus preceded our hero, opened a door, and introduced

him into a long low apartment, where sat, round a table spread with pipes and liquor, some ten or a dozen men, while at the top of the table, in an arm-chair, presided Gentleman George. That dignitary was a portly and comely gentleman, with a knowing look, and a Welsh wig, worn, as the Morning Chronicle says of his Majesty's hat, "in a *dégagé* manner, on one side." Being afflicted with the gout, his left foot reclined on a stool; and the attitude developed, despite of a lamb's-wool stocking, the remains of an exceedingly good leg.

As Gentleman George was a person of majestic dignity among the Knights of the Cross, we trust we shall not be thought irreverent in applying a few of the words by which the foresaid Morning Chronicle depicted his Majesty, on the day he laid the first stone of his father's monument, to the description of Gentleman George. "He had on a handsome blue coat, and a white waistcoat;" moreover, "he laughed most good-humouredly," as, turning to Augustus Tomlinson, he saluted him with —

"So, this is the youngster you present to us.

—Welcome to the ‘Jolly Angler!’ Give us thy hand, young Sir;—I shall be happy to blow a cloud with thee.”

“With all due submission,” said Mr. Tomlinson, “I think it may first be as well to introduce my pupil and friend to his future companions.”

“You speak like a leary cove,” cried Gentleman George, still squeezing our hero’s hand; and, turning round in his elbow chair, he pointed to each member, as he severally introduced his guests to Paul—

“Here,” said he, —“here’s a fine chap at my right hand — (the person thus designated was a thin military-looking figure, in a shabby riding frock, and with a commanding, bold, aquiline countenance, a little the worse for wear) — here’s a fine chap for you; Fighting Attie we calls him: he’s a devil on the road. ‘Halt — deliver — must and shall — can’t and shan’t — do as I bid you, or go to the devil,’ — that’s all Fighting Attie’s palaver; and, ’sdeath, it has a wonderful way of coming to the point! A famous cull is my friend Attie — an old soldier — has seen the world, and knows what is what; has lots of guntion, and

devil a bit of blarney. Howsomever, the high-flyers doesn't like him; and when he takes people's money, he need not be quite so cross about it!—Attie, let me introduce a new pal to you." Paul made his bow—

"Stand at ease, man!" quoth the veteran, without taking the pipe from his mouth.

Gentleman George then continued; and, after pointing out four or five of the company (among whom our hero discovered, to his surprise, his old friends, Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert and Mr. William Howard Russell), came, at length, to one with a very red face, and a lusty frame of body. "That gentleman," said he, "is Scarlet Jem; a dangerous fellow for a *press*, though he says he likes robbing alone now, for a general press is not half such a good thing as it used to be formerly. You have no idea what a hand at disguising himself Scarlet Jem is. He has an old wig which he generally does business in; and you would not go for to know him again, when he conceals himself under the *wig*. Oh, he's a precious rogue, is Scarlet Jem!—As for the cove on t'other side," continued the host of the Jolly Angler, pointing to



Long Ned, "all I can say of him, good, bad, or indifferent, is, that he has an unkimmon fine head of hair: and now, youngster, as you knows him, spose you goes and sits by him, and he'll introduce you to the rest; for, split my wig! — (Gentleman George was a bit of a swearer) — if I ben't tired, and so here's to your health; and if so be as your name's Paul, may you alway rob *Peter*\* in order to pay *Paul*!"

This witticism of mine host's being exceedingly well received, Paul went, amidst the general laughter, to take possession of the vacant seat beside Long Ned. That tall gentleman, who had hitherto been cloud-compelling (as Homer calls Jupiter) in profound silence, now turned to Paul with the warmest cordiality, declared himself overjoyed to meet his old friend once more, and congratulated him alike on his escape from Bridewell, and his admission to the councils of Gentleman George. But Paul, mindful of that exertion of "prudence" on the part of Mr. Pepper, by which he had been left to his fate and the mercy of Justice Burnflat,

\* Peter: a portmanteau.

received his advances very sullenly. This coolness so incensed Ned, who was naturally choleric, that he turned his back on our hero, and being of an aristocratic spirit, muttered something about "upstart, and vulgar clyfakers being admitted to the company of swell Tobymen." This murmur called all Paul's blood into his cheek; for though he had been punished as a clyfaker, (or pickpocket,) nobody knew better than Long Ned whether or not he was innocent; and a reproach from him came therefore with double injustice and severity. He seized, in his wrath, Mr. Pepper by the ear, and, telling him he was a shabby scoundrel, challenged him to fight.

So pleasing an invitation not being announced *sotto voce*, but in a tone suited to the importance of the proposition, every one around heard it; and before Long Ned could answer, the full voice of Gentleman George thundered forth—

"Keep the peace there, you youngster. What! are you just admitted into our merry-makings, and must you be wrangling already? Harkye, Gemmen, I have been plagued enough with your quarrels before now, and the first cove as breaks

the present quiet of the 'Jolly Angler,' shall be turned out neck and crop—shan't he, Attie?"

"Right about, march," said the hero.

"Ay, that's the word, Attie," said Gentleman George: "and now, Mr. Pepper, if there be any ill blood 'twixt you and the lad there, wash it away in a bumper of bingo, and let's hear no more whatsomever about it."

"I'm willing," cried long Ned, with the deferential air of a courtier, and holding out his hand to Paul. Our hero, being somewhat abashed by the novelty of his situation and the rebuke of Gentleman George, accepted, though with some reluctance, the proffered courtesy.

Order being thus restored, the conversation of the convivialists began to assume a most fascinating bias. They talked with infinite *goût* of the sums they had levied on the public, and the peculations they had committed for what one called the "*good of the community*," and another, the "*established order*,"—meaning themselves. It was easy to see in what school the discerning Augustus Tomlinson had learnt the value of words.

There was something edifying in hearing the

rascals!—So nice was their language, and so honest their enthusiasm for their own interests, you might have imagined you were listening to a coterie of cabinet ministers conferring on taxes, or debating on perquisites.

“Long may the *Commons* flourish!” cried punning Georgie, filling his glass; “it is by the commons we’re fed, and may they never know cultivation!”

“Three times three!” shouted Long Ned; and the toast was drunk as Mr. Pepper proposed.

“A little, moderate, cultivation of the commons, to speak frankly,” said Augustus Tomlinson modestly, “might not be amiss; for it would decoy people into the belief that they might travel safely; and, after all, a hedge or a barley-field, is as good for us as a barren heath, where we have no shelter if once pursued.”

“You talks nonsense, you spooney!” cried a robber of note, called Bagshot; who, being aged, and having been a lawyer’s footboy, was sometimes denominated “Old Bags.”

“You talks nonsense; these innowating ploughs

are the ruin of us. Every blade of corn in a common is an encroachment on the constitution and rights of the Gemmen Highwaymen. I'm old and mayn't live to see these things ; but, mark my words, a time will come when a man may go from Lunnun to Johnny Groat's without losing a penny by one of us ; when Hounslow will be safe, and Finchley secure. My eyes, what a sad thing for *us* that 'ill be !”

The venerable old man became suddenly silent, and the tears started to his eyes. Gentleman George had a great horror of blue devils, and particularly disliked all disagreeable *subjects*.

“ Thunder and Oons, Old Bags !” quoth mine Host of the Jolly Angler, “ this will never do : we're all met here to be merry, and not to listen to your mullancolly tara tarantarums. I says, Ned Pepper, spose you tips us a song, and I'll beat time with my knuckles.”

Long Ned, taking the pipe from his mouth, attempted, like Lady Heron, one or two pretty excuses : these being drowned by an universal shout, the handsome purloiner gave the following song,

to the tune of "Time has not thinned my flowing hair."

### Long Ned's Song.

#### I.

Oh, if my hands adhere to cash,  
 My gloves at least are clean,  
 And rarely have the gentry flash  
 In sprucer clothes been seen.

#### II.

Sweet Public, since your coffers must  
 Afford our wants relief,  
 Oh! soothes it not to yield the dust  
 To such a charming thief?

#### III.

I never robbed a single coach  
 But with a lover's air;  
 And though you might my *course* reproach,  
 You never could my *hair*.

#### IV.

John Bull, who loves a harmless joke,  
 Is apt at me to grin,  
 But why be cross with laughing folk,  
 Unless they laugh and win?

#### V.

John Bull has money in his box;  
 And though his wit's divine.  
 Yet let me laugh at Johnny's *locks*—  
 And John may laugh at mine!

“ ‘And John may laugh at mine,’ excellent !” cried Gentleman George, lighting his pipe and winking at Attie, “ I hears as how you be a famous fellow with the lasses.”

Ned smiled and answered,—“ No man should boast ; but—” Pepper paused significantly, and then glancing at Attie, said—“ Talking of lasses, it is my turn to knock down a gentleman for a song, and I knock down fighting Attie.”

“ I never sing,” said the warrior.

“ Treason, treason,” cried Pepper ; “ it is the law, and you must obey the law ;—so begin.”

“ It is true, Attie,” said Gentleman George.

There was no appeal from the honest publican’s fiat ; so, in a quick and laconic manner, it being Attie’s favourite dogma, that the least said is the soonest mended, the warrior sung as follows—

### **Fighting Attie’s Song.**

*Air.*—“ He was famed for deeds of arms.”

“ Rise at six—dine at two—  
 Rob your man without ado—  
 Such my maxims—if you doubt  
 Their wisdom—to the right about !”

*(Signing to a sallow gentleman on the same side of the table to send up the brandy bowl.)*

“ Pass round the bingo,—of a gun,  
You musky, dusky, husky son !”

*(The sallow gentleman, in a hoarse voice,)*

“ Attie—the bingo’s now with me,  
I can’t resign it yet, d’ye see !”

*(Attie seizing the bowl,)*

“ Resign, resign it—cease your dust !”

*(Wresting it away, and fiercely regarding the sallow gentleman.)*

You have resign’d it—and you must.

#### CHORUS.

You have resign’d it, and you must !”

While the chorus, laughing at the discomfited tippler, yelled forth the emphatic words of the heroic Attie, that personage emptied the brandy at a draught, resumed his pipe, and in as few words as possible, called on Bagshot for a song. The excellent old highwayman, with great diffidence, obeyed the request, cleared his throat, and struck off with a ditty somewhat to the tune of “ The Old Woman.”



### Old Bags's Song.

“ Are the days then gone, when on Hounslow Heath  
 We flash'd our nags?  
 When the stoutest bosoms quail'd beneath  
 The voice of Bags?  
 Ne'er was my work half undone, least  
 I should be nabb'd :  
 Slow was old Bags, but he never ceas'd  
 'Till the whole was grabb'd.

#### CHORUS.

“ 'Till the whole was grabb'd.”

“ When the slow coach paus'd—and the gemmen storm'd,  
 I bore the brunt—  
 And the only sound which my grave lips form'd  
 Was ‘ blunt’—still ‘ blunt !’  
 Oh ! those jovial days are ne'er forgot !—  
 But the tape lags—  
 When I be 's dead, you 'll drink one pot  
 To poor old Bags !

#### CHORUS.

“ To poor old Bags !”

“ Ay, that we will, my dear Bagshot,” cried Gentleman George, affectionately ; but, observing a tear in the fine old fellow's eye, he added, “ Cheer up. What, ho ! Cheer up ! Times will improve, and Providence may yet send us one good year, when you shall be as well off as ever !

You shakes your poll. Well, don't be humdurgeoned, but knock down a gemman."

Dashing away the drop of sensibility, the veteran knocked down Gentleman George himself.

"Oh, dang it!" said George, with an air of dignity, "I ought to skip, since I finds the lush; but howsomever here goes.

### Gentleman George's Song.

*Air.*—"Old King Cole."

"I be's the cove—the merry old cove,  
Of whose max all the Rufflers sing.  
And a lushing cove, I thinks, by Jove,  
Is as great as a sober king!

CHORUS.

"Is as great as a sober king.

"Whatever the noise, as is made by the boys,  
At the bar as they lush away;  
The devil a noise my peace alloys,  
As long as the rascals pay!

CHORUS.

"As long as the rascals pay!

"What if I sticks, my stones and my bricks  
With mortar, I takes from the snobbish,  
All who can feel for the public weal,  
Likes the public house to be bobbish.

CHORUS.

"Likes the public house to be bobbish.

“ ‘There, gemmen!’ said the publican, stopping short, “that ’s the pith of the maker, and split my wig but I ’m short of breath now. So, send round the brandy, Augustus,—you sly dog — you keeps it all to yourself.”

By this time the whole conclave were more than half seas over, or, as Augustus Tomlinson expressed it, “their more austere qualities were relaxed by a pleasing and innocent indulgence.” Paul’s eyes reeled, and his tongue ran loose. By degrees the room swam round, the faces of his comrades altered, the countenance of Old Bags assumed an awful and menacing air. He thought Long Ned insulted him, and that Old Bags took the part of the assailant, doubled his fists, and threatened to put the plaintiff’s nob into chancery, if he disturbed the peace of the meeting. Various other imaginary evils beset him. He thought he had robbed a mail-coach, in company with Pepper; that Tomlinson informed against him, and that Gentleman George ordered him to be hanged; in short, he laboured under a temporary delirium, occasioned by a sudden reverse of fortune—from water to brandy; and the last thing of which he

retained any recollection, before he sunk under the table, in company with Long Ned, Scarlet Jem, and Old Bags, was, the bearing his part in the burthen, of what appeared to him a chorus of last dying speeches and confessions, but what, in reality, was a song made in honour of Gentleman George, and sung by his grateful guests as a finale to the festivities. It ran thus—

### The Robber's Grand Toast.

“ A tumbler of blue ruin, fill, fill for me !  
 Red tape those as likes it may drain,  
 But whatever the lush, it a bumper must be,  
 If we ne'er drinks a bumper again !  
 Now—now in the crib, where a *ruffler* may lie,  
 Without fear that the *traps* should distress him,  
 With a drop in the mouth, and a drop in the eye,  
 Here 's to Gentleman George—God bless him !  
 God bless him—God bless him !  
 Here 's to Gentleman George—God bless him !

“ 'Mong the pals of the Prince, I have heard it 's the go,  
 Before they have tippled enough,  
 To smarten their punch with the best curaçoa,  
 More conish to render the stuff !  
 I boast not such lush !—but whoever his glass  
 Does not like—I 'll be damn'd if I press him !—  
 Upstanding, my kiddies—round, round let it pass !  
 Here 's to Gentleman George—God bless him !  
 God bless him—God bless him !  
 Here 's to Gentleman George—God bless him !

“ See—see—the fine fellow grows weak on the stumps,  
Assist him, ye rascals, to stand!  
Why, ye stir not a peg!—Are you all in the dumps?—  
Fighting Attie, go, lend him a hand!

*(The robbers crowd around Gentle-  
man George, each, under pretence  
of supporting him, pulling him first  
one way and then another,)*

“ Come, lean upon me — at your service I am!  
Get away from his elbow, you whelp! — him  
You ’ll only upset! — them ’ere fellows but sham! —  
Here ’s to Gentleman George — God help him!  
God help him — God help him! —  
Here ’s to Gentleman George — God help him!”

## CHAPTER XI.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,  
But yet, Oh, Nature! is there nought to prize,  
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?  
And dwells in day-light truth's salubrious skies  
No form with which the soul may sympathise?  
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild  
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,  
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,  
Or blest his noonday walk—she was his only child.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

O TIME, thou hast played strange tricks with us! and we bless the stars that made us a novelist, and permit us now to retaliate. Leaving Paul to the instructions of Augustus Tomlinson, and the festivities of the Jolly Angler, and suffering him, by slow but sure degrees, to acquire the graces and the reputation of the accomplished and perfect appropriator of other men's possessions, we shall pass over the lapse of years with the same heedless rapidity with which they have glided over us, and

summon our reader to a very different scene from those which would be likely to greet his eyes, were he following the adventures of our new Telemachus. Nor wilt thou, dear reader, whom we make the umpire between ourself and those who never read—the critics;—thou who hast, in the true spirit of gentle breeding, gone with us among places where the novelty of the scene has, we fear, scarcely atoned for the coarseness, not giving thyself the airs of a dainty Abigail;—not prating lackey-like on the low company thou hast met;—nor wilt thou, dear and friendly reader, have cause to dread that we shall weary thy patience by a “damnable iteration” of the same localities. Pausing for a moment to glance over the divisions of our story which lies before us like a map, we feel that we may promise in future to conduct thee among aspects of society, more familiar to thy habits;—where the Unquessed Events flow to their allotted gulf through landscapes of more pleasing variety, and among tribes of a more luxurious civilization.

Upon the banks of one of fair England’s fairest rivers, and about fifty miles’ distant from London,

still stands an old-fashioned abode—which we shall here term Warlock Manor-House. It is a building of brick, varied by stone copings, and covered in great part with ivy and jasmine. Around it lie the ruins of the elder part of the fabric, and these are sufficiently numerous in extent, and important in appearance, to testify that the mansion was once not without pretensions to the magnificent. These remains of power, some of which bear date as far back as the reign of Henry the Third, are sanctioned by the character of the country immediately in the vicinity of the old manor-house. A vast track of waste land, interspersed with groves of antique pollards, and here and there irregular and sinuous ridges of green mound, betoken to the experienced eye the evidence of a dismantled chase or park, which must originally have been of no common dimensions. On one side of the house, the lawn slopes towards the river, divided from a terrace, which forms the most important embellishment of the pleasure grounds, by that fence to which has been given the ingenious and significant name of “ha! ha!” A few scattered trees of giant growth



are the sole obstacles that break the view of the river, which has often seemed to us, at that particular passage of its course, to glide with unusual calmness and serenity. On the opposite side of the stream, there is a range of steep hills, celebrated for nothing more romantic than their property of imparting to the flocks that browse upon their short and seemingly stinted herbage, a flavour peculiarly grateful to the lovers of that pastoral animal which changes its name into mutton after its decease. Upon these hills the vestige of human habitation is not visible; and at times, when no boat defaces the lonely smoothness of the river, and the evening has stilled, as it were, the sounds of labour and of life, we know few scenes so utterly tranquil, so steeped in quiet, as that which is presented by the old, quaint-fashioned house and its antique grounds,—the smooth lawn, the silent, and (to speak truly, though disparagingly) the somewhat sluggish river, together with the large hills (to which we know, from simple, though metaphysical causes, how entire an idea of quiet, and even immovability peculiarly attaches itself,) and the white herds,—those most peaceful of

God's creatures,—that stud in white and fleecy clusters the ascent.

In Warlock House, at the time we refer to, lived a gentleman of the name of Brandon. He was a widower, and had attained his fiftieth year, without casting much regret on the past, or feeling much anxiety for the future. In a word, Joseph Brandon was one of those careless, quiescent, indifferent men, by whom a thought upon any subject is never recurred to without a very urgent necessity. He was good-natured, inoffensive, and weak; and if he was not an incomparable citizen, he was, at least, an excellent vegetable. He was of a family of high antiquity, and formerly of considerable note. For the last four or five generations, however, the proprietors of Warlock House, gradually losing something alike from their acres and their consequence, had left to their descendant no higher rank than that of a small country squire. One had been a Jacobite, and had drunk out half a dozen farms in honour of Charley over the water;—Charley over the water was no very dangerous person, but Charley over the wine was rather more ruinous;—the

next Brandon had been a fox-hunter, and fox-hunters live as largely as patriotic politicians: Pausanias tells us, that the same people who were the most notorious for their love of wine, were also the most notorious for their negligence of affairs. Times are not much altered since Pausanias wrote, and the remark holds as good with the English as it did with the Phigalei. After this Brandon, came one who, though he did not scorn the sportsman, rather assumed the fine gentleman. He married an heiress, who, of course, assisted to ruin him: wishing *no* assistance in so pleasing an occupation, he overturned her, (*perhaps* not on purpose,) in a new sort of carriage which he was learning to drive, and the good lady was killed on the spot. She left the fine gentleman two sons, Joseph Brandon, the present thane, and a brother, some years younger. The elder, being of a fitting age, was sent to school, and somewhat escaped the contagion of the paternal mansion. But the younger Brandon, having only reached his fifth year at the time of his mother's decease, was retained at home. Whether he was handsome, or clever, or impertinent, or like his father about the eyes,

(that greatest of all merits,) we know not ; but the widower became so fond of him, that it was at a late period, and with great reluctance, that he finally entrusted him to the providence of a school.

Among harlots, and gamblers, and lords, and sharpers, and gentlemen of the Guards, together with their frequent accompaniments—guards of the gentlemen—*viz.* bailiffs, William Brandon passed the first stages of his boyhood. He was about thirteen when he was sent to school ; and being a boy of remarkable talents, he recovered lost time so well, that when, at the age of nineteen, he adjourned to the university, he had scarcely resided there a single term before he had borne off two of the highest prizes awarded to academical merit. From the university he departed on the “grand tour,” at that time thought so necessary to complete the gentleman ; he went in company with a young nobleman, whose friendship he had won at the university, stayed abroad more than two years, and on his return he settled down to the profession of the law.

Meanwhile his father died, and his fortune, as a

younger brother, being literally next to nothing, and the family estate (for his brother was not *unwilling* to assist him) being terribly involved, it was believed that he struggled for some years with very embarrassed and penurious circumstances. During this interval of his life, however, he was absent from London, and by his brother supposed to have returned to the Continent: at length, it seems, he profited by a renewal of his friendship with the young nobleman who had accompanied him abroad, reappeared in town, and obtained, through his noble friend, one or two legal appointments of reputable emolument; soon afterwards he got a brief on some cause where a Major had been raising a corps to his brother officer, with the better consent of the brother officer's wife than of the brother officer himself. Brandon's abilities here, for the first time in his profession, found an adequate vent; his reputation seemed made at once, he rose rapidly in his profession, and, at the time we now speak of, he was sailing down the full tide of fame and wealth, the envy and the oracle of all young Templars and barristers, who having been starved them-

selves for ten years, began now to calculate on the possibility of starving their clients. At the very first commencement of his career he had, through the good offices of the nobleman we have mentioned, obtained a seat in the House of Commons; and though his eloquence was of an order much better suited to the Bar than the Senate, he had nevertheless acquired a very considerable reputation in the latter, and was looked upon by many as likely to win to the same brilliant fortunes as the courtly Mansfield—a great man, whose political principles and urbane address Brandon was supposed especially to affect as his own model. Of unblemished integrity in public life—for as he supported all things that exist with the most unbending rigidity, he could not be accused of inconsistency—William Brandon was (as we have said in a former place of unhappy memory to our hero) esteemed in private life the most honourable, the most moral, even the most austere of men; and his grave and stern repute on this score, joined to the dazzle of his eloquence and forensic powers, had baffled in great measure the rancour of party hostility, and obtained for him a charac-

ter for virtues almost as high and as enviable as that which he had acquired for abilities.

While William was thus treading a noted and an honourable career, his elder brother, who had married into a clergyman's family, and soon lost his consort, had, with his only child, a daughter named Lucy, resided in his paternal mansion in undisturbed obscurity. The discreditable character and habits of the preceding lords of Warlock, which had sunk their respectability in the county, as well as curtailed their property, had rendered the surrounding gentry little anxious to cultivate the intimacy of the present proprietor; and the heavy mind and retired manners of Joseph Brandon were not calculated to counterbalance the faults of his forefathers, or to reinstate the name of Brandon in its antient popularity and esteem. Though dull and little cultivated, the squire was not without his "proper pride;" he attempted not to intrude himself where he was unwelcome, avoided county meetings and county balls, smoked his pipe with the parson, and not unoften with the surgeon and the solicitor, and suffered his daughter Lucy



to educate herself, with the help of the parson's wife, and to ripen (for Nature was more favourable to her than Art) into the very prettiest girl that the whole county—we long to say the whole country—at that time could boast of. Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen. Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, and a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the colour varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure, virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine,—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! all her movements, as the old Parson said, seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who have received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Every thing joyous affected her, and at once;—air,—flowers,—sunshine,—butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapours. But she never looked



so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in sleep were silent—and her attitude in her sleep took that ineffable grace belonging solely to childhood, or the fresh youth into which childhood merges,—she was just what you might imagine a sleeping Margaret, before that most simple and gentle of all a poet's visions of womanhood had met with Faust, and ruffled her slumbers with a dream of love.

We cannot say much for Lucy's intellectual acquirements; she could, thanks to the parson's wife, spell indifferently well, and write a tolerable hand; she made preserves and sometimes riddles—it was more difficult to question the excellence of the former than to answer the queries of the latter. She worked to the admiration of all who knew her, and we beg leave to say that we deem that “an excellent thing in woman.” She made caps for herself and gowns for the poor, and now and then she accomplished the more literary labour of a stray novel that had wandered down to the Manor House, or an abridgement of antient history, in which was omitted every thing

but the proper names. To these attainments she added a certain modicum of skill upon the spinet, and the power of singing old songs with the richest and sweetest voice that ever made one's eyes moisten, or one's heart beat.

Her moral qualities were more fully developed than her mental. She was the kindest of human beings; the very dog that had never seen her before, knew that truth at the first glance, and lost no time in making her acquaintance. The goodness of her heart reposed upon her face like sunshine, and the old wife at the lodge said poetically and truly of the effect it produced, that "one felt warm when one looked on her." If we could abstract from the description a certain chilling transparency, the following exquisite verses of a forgotten poet\* might express the purity and lustre of her countenance—

" Her face was like the milky way i' the sky,  
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

She was surrounded by pets of all kinds, ugly and handsome, from Ralph the raven, to Beauty the pheasant, and from Bob, the sheep-dog without a tail, to Beau, the Blenheim with blue ribbons

\* Suckling.

round his neck ; all things loved her, and she loved all things. It seemed doubtful at that time whether she would ever have sufficient steadiness and strength of character. Her beauty and her character appeared alike so essentially sexual, soft, yet lively, buoyant, yet caressing, that you could scarcely place in her that moral dependence, that you might in a character less amiable, but less yieldingly feminine. Time, however, and circumstance which alters and hardens, were to decide whether the inward nature did not possess some latent, and yet undiscovered properties. Such was Lucy Brandon in the year ——, and in that year, on a beautiful autumnal evening, we first introduce her personally to our readers.

She was sitting on a garden-seat by the river side, with her father, who was deliberately conning the evening paper of a former week, and gravely seasoning the antient news with the inspirations of that weed which so bitterly excited the royal indignation of our British Solomon. It happens, unfortunately for us—for outward peculiarities are scarcely worthy the dignity to which comedy, whether in the drama or the narrative, aspires,—that Squire Brandon possessed so few distinguish-

ing traits of mind, that he leaves his delineator little whereby to designate him, save a confused and parenthetical habit of speech, by which he very often appeared to those who did not profit by long experience, or close observation, to say exactly, and somewhat ludicrously, that which *he* did not mean to convey.

“ I say, Lucy,” observed Mr. Brandon, but without lifting his eyes from the paper; “ I say, corn has fallen—think of that, girl, think of that. These times, in my opinion, (ay, and in the opinion of wiser heads than mine, though I do not mean to say that I have not some experience in these matters, which is more than can be said of *all our neighbours,*) *are very curious and, even dangerous.*”

“ Indeed, Papa !” answered Lucy.

“ And I say, Lucy, dear,” resumed the Squire after a short pause, “ there has been (and very strange it is, too, when one considers the crowded neighbourhood—Bless me ! what times these are !) a shocking murder *committed upon (the tobacco-stopper—there it is)—*think, you know, girl—just by Epping !—an old gentleman !”

“Dear, how shocking! by whom?”

“Ay, that’s the question! The Coroner’s inquest has (what a blessing it is to live in a civilized country, where a man does not die without knowing the why and the wherefore,) sat on the body, and declared (it is very strange, but they don’t seem to have made much discovery; for why? we knew as much before,) that the body was found (it was found on the floor, Lucy,) murdered; *murderer or murderers (in the bureau,* which was broken open, they found the money left quite untouched,)—unknown!”

Here there was again a slight pause, and passing to another side of the paper, Mr. Brandon resumed in a quicker tone,—

“Ha! well, now this is odd! but he’s a deuced clever fellow, Lucy! (that brother of mine has, and in a very honourable manner too, which I am sure is highly creditable to the family, though he has not taken too much notice of me lately;—a circumstance which, considering I am his elder brother, I am a little angry at;)—distinguished himself in a speech, remarkable, the paper says—for its great legal—(I wonder, by the by, whether

William could get me that agistment-money! 'tis a heavy thing to lose; but going to law, as my poor father used to say, is like fishing for gudgeons [not a bad little fish, *we can have some for supper,*] *with guineas*) — knowledge, as well as its splendid and overpowering — (I do love Will for keeping up the family honour; I am sure it is more than I have done — heigh-ho!) — eloquence!”

“ And on what subject has he been speaking, Papa?”

“ Oh, a very fine subject; what you call a — (it is astonishing that in this country there should be such a wish for taking away people's characters, which, for my part, I don't see is a bit more entertaining than what you are always doing — playing with those stupid birds) — Libel!”

“ But is not my uncle William coming down to see us? He promised to do so, and it made you quite happy, Papa, for two days. I hope he will not disappoint you; and I am sure that it is not his fault if he ever seems to neglect you. He spoke of you to me, when I saw him, in the kindest and most affectionate manner. I do think, my dear father, that he loves you very much.”

“Ahem!” said the Squire, evidently flattered, and yet not convinced. “My brother Will is a very acute fellow, and I make no—my dear little girl—question, but that—(when you have seen as much of the world as I have, you will grow suspicious,)—he thought that any good word said of me to my daughter, would—(you see, Lucy, I am as clear-sighted as my neighbours, though I don’t give myself all their airs; which I very well might do, considering my great great great grandfather Hugo Brandon, had a hand in detecting the Gunpowder plot,)—be told to me again!”

“Nay, but I am quite sure my uncle never spoke of you to me with that intention.”

“Possibly, my dear child; but when (the evenings are much shorter than they were!) did you talk with your uncle about me?”

“Oh, when staying with Mrs. Warner, in London; to be sure, it is six years ago, but I remember it perfectly. I recollect, in particular, that he spoke of you very handsomely to Lord Mauleverer, who dined with him one evening when I was there, and when my uncle was so kind as to take me to

the play. I was afterwards quite sorry that he was so good-natured, as he lost—(you remember I told you the story)—a very valuable watch.”

“Ay, ay, I remember all about that, and so,—how long friendship lasts with some people!—Lord Mauleverer dined with William. What a fine thing it is for a man—(it is what I never did, indeed, I like being what they call ‘Cock of the Walk’—let me see, now I think of it, Pillum comes to-night to play a hit at backgammon)—to make friends with a great man early in (yet Will did not do it very early, poor fellow! he struggled first with a great deal of sorrow—hardship that is—) life! It is many years now, since Will has been hand-and-glove with my (’tis a bit of a puppy) Lord Mauleverer,—what did you think of his Lordship?”

“Of Lord Mauleverer? Indeed I scarcely observed him, but he seemed a handsome man, and was very polite. Mrs. Warner said he had been a very wicked person when he was young, but he seems good-natured enough now, Papa.”

“By the by,” said the Squire, “his Lordship has just been made—(this new Ministry seem very



unlike the old ! which rather puzzles me ; for I think it my duty, d'ye see, Lucy, always to vote for his Majesty's Government ; especially seeing that old Hugo Brandon had a hand in detecting the Gunpowder plot ; and it is a little odd, at least, at first, to think that good now, which one has always before been thinking abominable) Lord Lieutenant of the county."

"Lord Mauleverer our Lord Lieutenant ?"

"Yes, child ; and since his Lordship is such a friend of my brother's, I should think, considering especially what an old family in the county we are,—not that I wish to intrude myself where I am not thought as fine as the rest,—that he would be more attentive to us than Lord —— was : But that, my dear Lucy, puts me in mind of Pillum, and so, perhaps, *you* would like to walk to the Parson's, as it is a fine evening. John shall come for you at nine o'clock *with—(the moon is not up then)—*the lantern."

Leaning on his daughter's willing arm, the good old man then rose and walked homeward ; and so soon as she had wheeled round his easy-chair, placed the backgammon-board on the table, and

wished the old gentleman an easy victory over his expected antagonist the Apothecary, Lucy tied down her bonnet, and took her way to the Rectory.

When she arrived at the clerical mansion, and entered the drawing-room, she was surprised to find the Parson's wife, a good, homely, lethargic old lady, run up to her, seemingly in a state of great nervous agitation, and crying.

“ Oh, my dear Miss Brandon! which way did you come? Did you meet nobody by the road? Oh, I am so frightened! Such an accident to poor dear Doctor Slopperton. Stopped in the King's highway—robbed of some tithe-money he had just received from Farmer Slowforth; if it had not been for that dear angel, good, young man, God only knows whether I might not have been a disconsolate widow by this time.”

While the affectionate matron was thus running on, Lucy's eye glancing round the room, discovered in an arm-chair, the round and oily little person of Doctor Slopperton, with a countenance from which all the carnation hues, save in one circular excrescence on the nasal member that was left, like the last rose of summer, blooming

alone, were faded into an aspect of miserable pallor: the little man tried to conjure up a smile while his wife was narrating his misfortune, and to mutter forth some syllable of unconcern; but he looked, for all his bravado, so exceedingly scared, that Lucy would, despite of herself, have laughed outright, had not her eye rested upon the figure of a young man who had been seated beside the reverend gentleman, but who had risen at Lucy's entrance, and who now stood gazing upon her intently, but with an air of great respect. Blushing deeply, and involuntarily, she turned her eyes hastily away, and approaching the good Doctor, made her enquiries into the present state of his nerves, in a graver tone than she had a minute before imagined it possible that she should have been enabled to command.

“Ah, my good young lady,” said the Doctor, squeezing her hand, “I—nay, I may say the Church—for am I not its minister?—was in imminent danger;—but this excellent gentleman prevented the sacrilege, at least in great measure. I only lost some of my dues—my rightful dues—for which I console myself with thinking

that the infamous and abandoned villain will suffer hereafter."

"There cannot be the least doubt of *that*," said the young man: "had he only robbed the mail coach, or broken into a gentleman's house, the offence might have been expiable;—but to rob a clergyman, and a rector, too! Oh, the sacrilegious dog!"

"Your warmth does you honour, Sir," said the Doctor, beginning now to recover, "and I am very proud to have made the acquaintance of a gentleman of such truly religious opinions!"

"Ah!" cried the stranger, "my foible, Sir—if I may so speak—is a sort of enthusiastic fervour for the Protestant Establishment—Nay, Sir, I never come across the very *nave* of the church, without feeling an indescribable emotion—a kind of sympathy, as it were,—with—with—you understand me, Sir—I fear I express myself ill."

"Not at all, not at all!" exclaimed the Doctor: "such sentiments are uncommon in one so young."

"Sir, I learned them early in life from a friend and preceptor of mine, Mr. M'Grawler, and I

trust they may continue with me to my dying day."

Here the Doctor's servant entered with (we borrow a phrase from the novel of \* \* \* \*) "the tea-equipage," and Mrs. Slopperton betaking herself to its superintendence, enquired with more composure than hitherto had belonged to her demeanour, what sort of a looking creature the ruffian was?

"I will tell you, my dear—I will tell you, Miss Lucy, all about it. I was walking home from Mr. Slowforth's, with his money in my pocket, thinking, my love, of buying you that topaz cross you wished to have."

"Dear good man!" cried Mrs. Slopperton; "what a fiend it must have been to rob so excellent a creature!"

"And," resumed the Doctor, "it also occurred to me, that the Madeira was nearly out—the Madeira, I mean, with the red seal; and I was thinking it might not be amiss to devote part of the money to buy six dozen more; and the remainder, my love, which would be about one pound eighteen, I thought I would divide,—‘for he that

giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!’—among the thirty poor families on the Common; that is, if they behaved well, and the apples in the back garden were not feloniously abstracted!”

“Excellent! charitable man!” ejaculated Mrs. Slopperton.

“While I was thus meditating, I lifted my eyes, and saw before me two men; one of prodigious height, and with a great profusion of hair about his shoulders; the other was smaller, and wore his hat slouched over his face; it was a very large hat. My attention was arrested by the singularity of the tall person’s hair, and while I was smiling at its luxuriance, I heard him say to his companion,—‘Well, Augustus, as you are such a moral dog, he is in your line, not mine, so I leave him to you.’—Little did I think those words related to me. No sooner were they uttered, than the tall rascal leaped over a gate and disappeared; the other fellow then marching up to me, very smoothly asked me the way to the church, and while I was explaining to him to turn first to the right and then to the left, and so on—for the best way is, you know,

exceedingly crooked—the hypocritical scoundrel seized me by the collar, and cried out—‘Your money, or your life!’—I do assure you, that I never trembled so much; not, my dear Miss Lucy, so much for my own sake, as for the sake of the thirty poor families on the Common, whose wants it had been my intention to relieve. I gave up the money, finding my prayers and expostulations were in vain; and the dog then, brandishing over my head an enormous bludgeon, said—what abominable language!—‘I think, Doctor, I shall put an end to an existence derogatory to yourself and useless to others.’ At that moment the young gentleman beside me sprang over the very gate by which the tall ruffian had disappeared, and cried—‘Hold, villain!’ On seeing my deliverer, the coward started back, and plunged into a neighbouring wood. The good young gentleman pursued him for a few minutes, but then returning to my aid, conducted me home; and, as we used to say at school,

‘Te rediisse incolumem gaudeo.’

Which being interpreted, means,—(Sir, excuse a

pun, I am sure so great a friend to the Church understands Latin,)—that I am very glad to get back safe to my tea. He, he! And now, Miss Lucy, you must thank that young gentleman for having saved the life of your pastoral teacher, which act will no doubt be remembered at the Great Day!”

As Lucy, looking towards the stranger, said something in compliment, she observed a vague, and, as it were, covert smile upon his countenance, which immediately, and as if by sympathy, conjured one to her own. The hero of the adventure, however, in a very grave tone, replied to her compliment, at the same time bowing profoundly —

“Mention it not, Madam! I were unworthy of the name of a Briton, and a man, could I pass the highway without relieving the distresses, or lightening the burthen, of a fellow-creature. And,” continued the stranger, after a momentary pause, colouring while he spoke, and concluding, in the high-flown gallantry of the day,—“Methinks it were sufficient reward, had I saved the whole Church, instead of one of its most valuable mem-



bers, to receive the thanks of a lady, whom I might reasonably take for one of those celestial beings, to whom we have been piously taught that the Church is especially the care !”

Though there might have been something really ridiculous in this overstrained compliment, coupled as it was with the preservation of Dr. Sloperton, yet, coming from the mouth of one whom Lucy thought the very handsomest person she had ever seen, it appeared to her any thing but absurd ; and, for a very long time afterwards, her heart thrilled with pleasure when she remembered that the cheek of the speaker had glowed, and his voice had trembled, as he spoke it.

The conversation now turning from robbers in particular, dwelt upon robberies in general. It was edifying to hear the honest indignation with which the stranger spoke of the lawless depredators with whom the country, in that day of Macheaths, was infested.

“ A pack of infamous rascals !” said he, in a glow ; “ who attempt to justify their misdeeds by the example of honest men ; and who say, that they do no more than is done by lawyers and

doctors, soldiers, clergymen, and ministers of state. Pitiful delusion, or rather, shameless hypocrisy !”

“ It all comes of educating the poor,” said the Doctor. “ The moment they pretend to judge the conduct of their betters — there ’s an end of all order ! They see nothing sacred in the laws, though we hang the dogs ever so fast ; and the very peers of the land, spiritual and temporal, cease to be venerable in their eyes.”

“ Talking of peers,” said Mrs. Slopperton, “ I hear that Lord Mauleverer is to pass by this road to-night, on his way to Mauleverer Park. Do you know his Lordship, Miss Lucy ? he is very intimate with your uncle.”

“ I have only seen him once,” answered Lucy.

“ Are you sure that his Lordship will come this road ?” asked the stranger, carelessly : “ I heard something of it this morning, but did not know it was settled.”

“ Oh, quite so !” rejoined Mrs. Slopperton. “ His Lordship’s gentleman wrote for post-horses to meet his Lordship at Wyburn, about three miles on the other side of the village, at ten o’clock

to-night. His Lordship is very impatient of delay."

"Pray," said the Doctor, who had not much heeded this turn in the conversation, and was now 'on hospitable cares intent;'—"Pray, Sir, if not impertinent, are you visiting, or lodging in the neighbourhood; or, will you take a bed with us?"

"You are extremely kind, my dear Sir, but I fear I must soon wish you good evening. I have to look after a little property I have some miles hence, which, indeed, brought me down into this part of the world."

"Property—in what direction, Sir, if I may ask?" quoth the Doctor; "I know the country for miles."

"Do you, indeed?—where's my property, you say? Why, it is rather difficult to describe it, and it is, after all, a mere trifle; it is only some common-land near the high-road, and I came down to try the experiment of *hedging and draining*."

"'Tis a good plan, if one has capital, and does not require a speedy return."

"Yes; but one likes a good interest for *the loss of principle*, and a *speedy return* is always de-

sirable ; although, alas ! it is often attended with risk !”

“ I hope, Sir,” said the Doctor, “ if you must leave us so soon, that your property will often bring you into our neighbourhood.”

“ You overpower me with so much unexpected goodness,” answered the stranger. “ To tell you the truth, nothing can give me greater pleasure, than to meet those again who have once obliged me.”

“ Whom you have obliged, rather !” cried Mrs. Slopperton, and then added, in a loud whisper to Lucy—“ How modest ! but it is always so with true courage !”

“ I assure you, Madam,” returned the benevolent stranger, “ that I never think twice of the little favours I render my fellow men — my only hope is, that they may be as forgetful as myself.”

Charmed with so much unaffected goodness of disposition, the Doctor and Mrs. Slopperton now set up a sort of duet in praise of their guest : after enduring their commendations and compliments for some minutes with much grimace of disavowal and diffidence, the stranger’s modesty

seemed at last to take pain at the excess of their gratitude ; and accordingly, pointing to the clock, which was within a few minutes of nine, he said,

“ I fear, my respected host, and my admired hostess, that I must now leave you ; I have far to go.”

“ But are you yourself not afraid of the highwaymen ?” cried Mrs. Sloperton, interrupting him.

“ The highwaymen !” said the stranger, smiling, “ No ! I do not fear *them* ; besides, I have little about me worth robbing.”

“ Do you superintend your property yourself ?” said the Doctor ; who farmed his own glebe, and who, unwilling to part with so charming a guest, seized him now by the button.

“ Superintend it myself !— why, not exactly. There is a *bailiff*, whose views of things don't agree with mine, and who now and then gives me a good deal of trouble !”

“ Then why don't you discharge him altogether.”

“ Ah ! I wish I could : but 'tis a necessary evil. We landed proprietors, my dear Sir, must always

be plagued with something of the sort. For my part, I have found those cursed bailiffs would take away, if they could, all the little property one has been trying to accumulate. But," abruptly changing his manner into one of great softness; "could I not proffer my services and my companionship to this young lady? Would she allow me to conduct her home, and, indeed, stamp this day upon my memory, as one of the few delightful ones I have ever known?"

"Thank you, dear Sir," said Mrs. Sloperton, answering at once for Lucy; "it is very considerate of you; and I am sure, my love, I could not think of letting you go home alone with old John, after such an adventure to the poor dear Doctor."

Lucy began an excuse which the good lady would not hear. But as the servant whom Mr. Brandon was to send with a lantern to attend his daughter home, had not arrived, and as Mrs. Sloperton, despite her prepossessions in favour of her husband's deliverer, did not for a moment contemplate his accompanying, without any other attendance, her young friend across the fields at

that unseasonable hour ; the stranger was forced, for the present, to re-assume his seat ; an open harpsichord at one end of the room, gave him an opportunity to make some remark upon music, and this introducing an eulogium on Lucy's voice, from Mrs. Slopperton, necessarily ended in a request to Miss Brandon to indulge the stranger with a song. Never had Lucy, who was not a shy girl—she was too innocent to be bashful—felt nervous hitherto in singing before a stranger ; but now, she hesitated and faltered, and went through a whole series of little natural affectations before she complied with the request. She chose a song composed somewhat after the old English school, which at that time was reviving into fashion. The song though conveying a sort of conceit, was not, perhaps, altogether without tenderness ;—it was a favourite with Lucy, she scarcely knew why, and ran thus :—

### Lucy's Song.

Why sleep, ye flowers, ah, why,  
When the sweet eve is falling,  
And the stars drink the tender sigh  
Of winds to the fairies calling ?

Calling with plaining note,  
 Most like a ringdove chiding,  
 Or a flute from some distant boat  
 O'er the glass of a still sea gliding.

Why sleep, ye flowers, ah, why,  
 What time we most must miss you?  
 Like a bride, see, the loving sky,  
 From your churlish sleep would kiss you.

Soft things, the dew, the breeze,  
*All* soft things, are about you;  
 Awake, fair flowers, for scarcely these  
 Fill the yearning sense without you!

Wake ye not yet? Alas!  
 The silver time is fleeing!  
 —Fond idler, cease! those flowers but glass  
 The doom of thy changeless being!

Yea, ever when the hours  
 As now seem the divinest,  
 Thou callest, I know, on *some* sleeping flowers,  
 And finding no answer—pinest!

When Lucy ended, the stranger's praise was less loud than either the Doctor's or his lady's; but how far more sweet it was; and for the first time in her life Lucy made the discovery, that eyes can praise as well as lips. For our part, we have often thought that that discovery is an epoch in life.



It was now that Mrs. Slopperton declared her thorough conviction that the stranger himself could sing—"He had that about him," she said, "which made her sure of it."

"Indeed, dear Madam," said he, with his usual undefinable, half-frank, half-latent smile, "my voice is but so so, and my memory so indifferent, that even in the easiest passages, I soon come to a stand. My best notes are in the falsetto, and as for my *execution*—but we won't talk of *that*."

"Nay, nay; you are so modest," said Mrs. Slopperton; "I am sure you could oblige us if you would."

"Your command," said the stranger, moving to the harpsichord, "is all-sufficient; and since you, Madam," (turning to Lucy,) "have chosen a song after the old school, may I find pardon if I do the same? My selection is, to be sure, from a lawless song-book, and is supposed to be a ballad by Robin Hood, or, at least, one of his merry men; a very different sort of outlaws from the knaves who attacked you, Sir!"

With this preface, the stranger sung to a wild

yet jovial air, with a tolerable voice, the following effusion :—

### **The Love of our Profession ; or, the Robber's Life.**

On the stream of the World, the Robber's life  
Is borne on the blithest wave ;  
Now it bounds into light in a gladsome strife,  
Now it laughs in its hiding cave.

At his maiden's lattice he stays the rein,  
How still is his courser proud !  
(But still as a wind when it hangs o'er the main  
In the breast of the boding cloud)—

With the champèd bit and the archèd crest,  
And the eye of a listening deer,  
And the spirit of fire that pines at its rest,  
And the limbs that laugh at fear.

Fit slave to a Lord whom all else refuse  
To save at his desperate need ;  
By my troth ! I think one whom the world pursues,  
Hath a right to a gallant steed.

“ Away, my beloved, I hear their feet !”  
“ I blow thee a kiss, my fair,  
And I promise to bring thee, when next we meet,  
A braid for thy bonny hair.

“ Hurra ! for the booty !—my Steed, hurra !  
Thorough bush, thorough brake go we ;  
And the coy Moon smiles on our merry way,  
Like my own love—timidly.”

The Parson he rides with a jingling pouch,  
 How it blabs of the rifled poor!  
 The Courtier he lolls in his gilded coach,  
 How it smacks of a sinecure!

The Lawyer revolves in his whirling chaise  
 Sweet thoughts of a mischief done;  
 And the Lady that knoweth the card she plays  
 Is counting her guineas won!

“Ho, Lady!—What, hollo, ye sinless men!  
 My claim ye can scarce refuse;  
 For when honest folk live on their neighbours, then  
 They encroach on the Robber’s dues!”

The Lady changed cheek like a bashful maid,  
 The Lawyer talk’d wondrous fair,  
 The Parson blasphemed, and the Courtier pray’d,  
 And the Robber bore off his share.

“Hurra! for the revel! my steed, hurra!  
 Thorough bush, thorough brake go we!  
 It is ever a virtue when others pay  
 To ruffle it merrily!”

Oh! there never was life like the Robber’s—so  
 Jolly, and bold, and free;  
 And it’s end?—why, a cheer from the crowd below,  
 And a leap from a leafless tree!

This very moral lay being ended, Mrs. Sloperton declared it was excellent ; though she confessed she thought the sentiments rather loose. Perhaps the gentleman might be induced to favour them with a song of a more refined and modern turn—something sentimental, in short. Glancing towards Lucy, the stranger answered, that he only knew one song of the kind Mrs. Sloperton specified, and it was so short, that he should scarcely weary her patience by granting her request.

At this moment, the river, which was easily descried from the windows of the room, glimmered in the starlight, and directing his looks towards the water, as if the scene had suggested to him the verses he sung, he gave the following stanzas in a very low sweet tone, and with a far purer taste than, perhaps, would have suited the preceding and ruder song.

### **The Wish,**

As sleeps the dreaming Eve below,  
Its holiest star keeps ward above,  
And yonder wave begins to glow,  
Like Friendship bright'ning into Love !

Ah ! would thy bosom were that stream,  
Ne'er woo'd save by the virgin air !——  
Ah ! would I were that star, whose beam  
Looks down and finds its image *there* !

Scarcely was the song ended, before the arrival of Miss Brandon's servant was announced, and her destined escort starting up, gallantly assisted her with her cloak and her hood, happy, no doubt, to escape, in some measure, the overwhelming compliments of his entertainers.

“ But,” said the Doctor, as he shook hands with his deliverer, “ by what name shall I remember and” — (lifting his reverend eyes) — “ pray for the gentleman to whom I am so much indebted ?”

“ You are very kind,” said the stranger ; “ my name is Clifford. Madam,” (turning to Lucy,) “ may I offer my hand down the stairs ?”

Lucy accepted the courtesy, and the stranger was half-way down the staircase, when the Doctor, stretching out his little neck, exclaimed,

“ Good evening, Sir ! I do hope we shall meet again.”

“Fear not,” said Mr. Clifford, laughing gaily, “I am too great a traveller to make that hope a matter of impossibility.—Take care, Madam — one step more.”

The night was calm and tolerably clear, though the moon had not yet risen, as Lucy and her companion passed through the fields, with the servant preceding them at a little distance with the lantern.

After a pause of some length, Clifford said, with a little hesitation, “Is Miss Brandon related to the celebrated barrister of her name?”

“He is my uncle,” said Lucy; “do you know him?”

“Only your uncle?” said Clifford, with vivacity, and evading Lucy’s question—“I feared — hem!—hem!—that is, I thought he might have been a nearer relation.” There was another, but a shorter pause, when Clifford resumed, in a low voice, “Will Miss Brandon think me very presumptuous if I say, that a countenance like her’s, once seen, can never be forgotten; and I believe, some years since, I had the honour to see her in

London, at the theatre. It was but a momentary and distant glance that I was then enabled to gain; and yet," he added, significantly, "it sufficed!"

"I was only once at the theatre while in London, some years ago," said Lucy, a little embarrassed; "and, indeed, an unpleasant occurrence which happened to my uncle, with whom I was, is sufficient to make me remember it."

"Ha!—and what was it?"

"Why, in going out of the playhouse, his watch was stolen by some dexterous pickpocket."

"Was the rogue caught?" asked the stranger.

"Yes; and was sent the next day to Bridewell. My uncle said he was extremely young, and yet quite hardened. I remember that I was foolish enough, when I heard of his sentence, to beg very hard that my uncle would intercede for him; but in vain."

"Did you, indeed, intercede for him?" said the stranger, in so earnest a tone that Lucy coloured for the twentieth time that night, without seeing any necessity for the blush. Clifford continued in

a gayer tone, "Well, it is surprising how rogues hang together. I should not be greatly surprised if the person who despoiled your uncle, were one of the same gang as the rascal who so terrified your worthy friend the Doctor. But is this handsome old place, your home?"

"This is my home," answered Lucy; "but it is an old-fashioned, strange place; and few people, to whom it was not endeared by associations, would think it handsome."

"Pardon me!" said Lucy's companion, stopping, and surveying, with a look of great interest, the quaint and Elizabethan pile, which now stood close before them; its dark bricks, gable-ends, and ivied walls, tinged by the starry light of the skies, and contrasted by the river, which rolled in silence below. The shutters to the large oriel window of the room, in which the Squire usually sat, were still unclosed, and the steady and warm light of the apartment shone forth, casting a glow, even to the smooth waters of the river: at the same moment, too, the friendly bark of the house-dog was heard, as in welcome; and was followed by the note of the great bell, announcing the hour



for the last meal of the old-fashioned and hospitable family.

“ There is a pleasure in this !” said the stranger, unconsciously, and with a half-sigh : “ I wish I had a home !”

“ And have you not a home ?” said Lucy, with *naïveté*.

“ As much as a bachelor can have, perhaps,” answered Clifford, recovering without an effort his gaiety and self-possession. “ But you know we wanderers are not allowed the same boast as the more fortunate Benedicts ; we send our hearts in search of a home, and we lose the one without gaining the other. But I keep you in the cold, and we are now at your door.”

“ You will come in, of course !” said Miss Brandon, “ and partake of our evening cheer.”

The stranger hesitated for an instant, and then said in a quick tone.

“ No ! many — many thanks ; it is already late. Will Miss Brandon accept my gratitude for her condescension, in permitting the attendance of one unknown to her ?” As he thus spoke, Clifford bowed profoundly over the hand of his beautiful

charge ; and Lucy wishing him good-night, hastened, with a light step, to her father's side.

Meanwhile, Clifford, after lingering a minute, when the door was closed on him, turned abruptly away ; and muttering to himself, repaired with rapid steps, to whatever object he had then in view.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“Uprouse ye then  
My merry, merry men !”

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHEN the Moon rose that night, there was one spot upon which she palely broke, about ten miles distant from Warlock, which the forewarned traveller would not have been eager to pass, but which might not have afforded a bad study to such artists as have caught from the savage painter of the Apennines a love for the wild and the adventurous. Dark trees scattered far and wide over a broken, but verdant sward made the back ground ; the moon shimmered through the boughs as she came slowly forth from her pavilion of cloud, and poured a broader beam on two figures just advanced beyond the trees. More

plainly brought into light by her rays than his companion, here a horseman, clad in a short cloak that barely covered the crupper of the steed, was looking to the priming of a large pistol which he had just taken from his holster. A slouched hat, and a mask of black crape, conspired with the action, to throw a natural suspicion on the intentions of the rider. His horse, a beautiful dark grey, stood quite motionless, with arched neck, and its short ears quickly moving to and fro, demonstrative of that sagacious and anticipative attention which characterizes the noblest of all tamed animals: you would not have perceived the impatience of the steed, but for the white foam that gathered round the bit, and for an occasional and unfrequent toss of the head. Behind this horseman, and partially thrown into the dark shadow of the trees, another man, similarly clad, was busied in tightening the girths of a horse, of great strength and size. As he did so, he hummed, with no unmusical murmur, the air of a popular drinking song.

“’Sdeath, Ned,” said his comrade, who had for some time been plunged in a silent reverie,—

“’Sdeath! why can you not stifle your love for the fine arts, at a moment like this? That hum of thine grows louder every moment, at last I expect it will burst out into a full roar; recollect we are not at Gentleman George’s now!”

“The more ’s the pity, Augustus,” answered Ned. “Soho, Little John! woaho, Sir! a nice long night like this, is made on purpose for drinking—Will you, Sir? keep still then!”

“Man never is, but always to be blest,” said the moralising Tomlinson; “you see you sigh for other scenes even when you have a fine night and the chance of a God-send before you.”

“Ay, the night is fine enough,” said Ned, who was rather a grumbler, as, having finished his groomlike operation, he now slowly mounted. “Damn it, Oliver\* looks out as broadly as if he were going to blab. For my part, I love a *dark* night with a star here and there winking at us, as much as to say, ‘I see you, my boys, but I won’t say a word about it,’ and a small, pattering, drizzling, mizzling rain that prevents Little John’s

\* The moon.

hoofs being heard, and covers one's retreat, as it were. Besides, when one is a little wet, it is always necessary to drink the more, to keep the cold from one's stomach when one gets home."

"Or in other words," said Augustus, "who loved a maxim from his very heart; "light wet cherishes heavy wet!"

"Good!" said Ned, yawning; "hang it, I wish the captain would come. Do you know what o'clock it is?—Not far short of eleven, I suppose?"

"About that!—hist, is that a carriage?—no—it is only a sudden rise in the wind."

"Very self-sufficient in Mr. Wind to allow himself to be raised without our help!" said Ned; "by the way, we are of course to go back to the Red Cave."

"So, Captain Lovett says——Tell me, Ned, what do you think of the new tenant Lovett has put into the cave."

"Oh, I have strange doubts there," answered Ned, shaking the hairy honours of his head; "I don't half like it; consider, the cave is our strong hold, and ought only to be known——"

"To men of tried virtue," interrupted Tomlinson.

“ I agree with you ; I must try and get Lovett to discard his singular *protégé*, as the French say.”

“ ’Gad, Augustus, how came you by so much learning ? you know all the Poets by heart, to say nothing of Latin and French.”

“ Oh, hang it, I was brought up like the captain, to a literary way of life.”

“ That’s what makes you so thick with him, I suppose. *He* writes (and sings too) a tolerable song, and is certainly a deuced clever fellow. What a rise in the world he has made ! Do you recollect what a poor sort of way he was in when you introduced him at Gentleman George’s ? and now he’s the Captain Crank of the gang.”

“ The gang ! the company you mean. Gang indeed ! One would think you were speaking of a knot of pickpockets. Yes, Lovett is a clever fellow ; and, thanks to me, a very decent philosopher !” It is impossible to convey to our reader the grave air of importance with which Tomlinson made his concluding laudation. “ Yes,” said he, after a pause, “ he has a bold, plain way of viewing things, and, like Voltaire, he becomes a philosopher, by being a Man of Sense ! Hist !

see my horse's ears ! some one is coming, though I don't hear him ! keep watch !”

The robbers became silent, the sound of distant hoofs was indistinctly heard, and as it came nearer, there was a crash of boughs, as if a hedge had been ridden through ; presently the moon gleamed picturesquely on the figure of a horseman, approaching through the copse in the rear of the robbers. Now he was half seen among the sinuosities of his forest-path ; now in full sight, now altogether hid ; then his horse neighed impatiently ; now he again came in sight, and in a moment more, he had joined the pair ! The new comer was of a tall and sinewy frame, and in the first bloom of manhood. A frock of dark green, edged with a narrow silver lace, and buttoned from the throat to the middle, gave due effect to an upright mien, a broad chest, and a slender, but rounded waist, that stood in no need of the compression of the tailor. A short riding-cloak clasped across the throat with a silver buckle, hung picturesquely over one shoulder, while his lower limbs were cased in military boots, which, though they rose above the knee, were evidently neither heavy nor



embarrassing to the vigorous sinews of the horseman. The caparisons of the steed—the bit, the bridle, the saddle, the holster—were according to the most approved fashion of the day; and the steed itself was in the highest condition, and of remarkable beauty. The horseman's air was erect and bold; a small but coal-black mustachio heightened the resolute expression of his short, curved lip; and from beneath the large hat which overhung his brow, his long locks escaped, and waved darkly in the keen night air. Altogether, horseman and horse exhibited a gallant, and even a chivalrous appearance, which the hour and the scene heightened to a dramatic and romantic effect.

“Ha! Lovett.”

“How are you, my merry men?” were the salutations exchanged.

“What news?” said Ned.

“Brave news! look to it. My lord and his carriage will be by in ten minutes at most.

“Have you got any thing more out of the parson I frightened so gloriously?” asked Augustus.

“No; more of that hereafter. Now for our new prey!”

“Are you sure our noble friend will be so soon at hand?” said Tomlinson, patting his steed, that now pawed in excited hilarity.

“Sure! I saw him change horses; I was in the stable-yard at the time; he got out for half an hour, to eat, I fancy;—be sure that I played him a trick in the mean while.”

“What force?” asked Ned.

“Self and servant.”

“The post-boys?”

“Ay, I forgot them. Never mind, you must frighten them.”

“Forwards!” cried Ned, and his horse sprang from his armed heel.

“One moment,” said Lovett; “I must put on my mask—soho—Robin, soho! Now for it—forwards!”

As the trees rapidly disappeared behind them, the riders entered, at a hand gallop, on a broad track of waste land interspersed with dykes and occasionally fences of hurdles, over which their horses bounded like quadrupeds well accustomed to such exploits.

Certainly at that moment, what with the fresh

air, the fitful moonlight now breaking broadly out, now lost in a rolling cloud, the exciting exercise, and that racy and dancing stir of the blood, which all action, whether evil or noble in its nature, raises in our veins; what with all this, we cannot but allow the fascination of that lawless life;—a fascination so great, that one of the most noted *gentlemen highwaymen* of the day, one too, who had received an excellent education, and mixed in no inferior society, is reported to have said when the rope was about his neck, and the good Ordinary was exhorting him to repent of his ill-spent life, “*Ill-spent, you dog!—God! (smacking his lips,) it was delicious!*”

“Fie! fie! Mr. ——, raise your thoughts to Heaven!”

“But a canter across a common—oh!” muttered the criminal; and his soul cantered off to eternity.

So briskly leaped the heart of the leader of the three, that as they now came in view of the main road, and the distant wheel of a carriage *whirred* on the ear; he threw up his right hand with a joy-

ous gesture, and burst into a boyish exclamation of hilarity and delight.

“ Whist, Captain !” said Ned, checking his own spirits with a mock air of gravity, “ let us conduct ourselves like gentlemen ; it is only your low fellows - who get into such confoundedly high spirits ; men of the world like us, should do every thing as if their hearts were broken.”

“ Melancholy\* ever cronies with sublimity, and

\* A maxim which would have pleased Madame de Staël, who thought that philosophy consisted in fine sentiments. In the *Life of Lord Byron*, just published by Mr. Moore, the distinguished biographer makes a similar assertion to that of the sage Augustus ; “ When did ever a sublime thought spring up in the soul that Melancholy was not to be found, however latent, in its neighbourhood ?” Now, with due deference to Mr. Moore, this is a very sickly piece of nonsense, that has not even an atom of truth to stand on. “ God said let there be light, and there was light !” we should like to know where lies the melancholy of that sublime sentence. “ Truth,” says Plato, “ is the body of God, and Light is his shadow.” In the name of common sense, in what possible corner, in the vicinity of that lofty Image, lurks the jaundiced face of this eternal *bête noire* of Mr. Moore’s ? Again, in that sublimest passage in the sublimest of the Latin poets, (Lucretius) which bursts forth in honour of Epicurus,\* is there any thing redolent of sadness ? On the contrary,

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\* “ Primus Graius homo mortaleis tollere contra &c.”

To these instances we might especially add the odes of Pindar, Horace, and Campbell.

courage is sublime!" said Augustus with the pomp of a maxim-maker.

"Now for the hedge!" cried Lovett, unheeding his comrades, and his horse sprang into the road.

in the three passages we have referred to, especially in the two first quoted, there is something splendidly luminous and cheering. Joy is often a great source of the sublime; the suddenness of its ventings would alone suffice to make it so. What can be more sublime than the triumphant Psalms of David, intoxicated as they are with an almost delirium of transport? Even in the *gloomiest* passages of the poets, where we recognize sublimity, we do not often find *melancholy*. We are stricken by terror, appalled by awe, but seldom softened into sadness. In fact, Melancholy rather belongs to another class of feelings than those excited by a sublime passage or those which engender its composition. On one hand, in the loftiest flights of Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare, we will challenge a critic to discover this "green sickness" which Mr. Moore would convert into the magnificence of the plague. On the other hand, where is the evidence that Melancholy made the habitual temperaments of those divine men? Of Homer we know nothing; of Shakspeare and Milton, we have reason to believe the ordinary temperament was constitutionally cheerful. The latter boasts of it. A thousand instances in contradiction to an assertion it were not worth while to contradict, were it not so generally popular, so highly sanctioned, and so eminently pernicious to every thing that is manly and noble in literature, rush to our memory. But we think we have already quoted enough to disprove the sentence, which the illustrious biographer has himself disproved in more than twenty passages which, *if* he is pleased to forget, we thank

The three men now were drawn up quite still and motionless by the side of the hedge. The broad road lay before them curving out of sight on either side; the ground was hardening under an early tendency to frost, and the clear ring of approaching hoofs sounded on the ear of the robbers, ominous, haply, of the chinks of "more attractive metal," about, if Hope told no flattering tale, to be their own.

Heaven, posterity never will. Now we are on the subject of this Life, so excellent in many respects, we cannot but observe that we think the whole scope of its *philosophy* utterly unworthy of the accomplished mind of the writer; the philosophy consists of an unpardonable distorting of general truths, to suit the peculiarities of an individual, noble indeed, but proverbially morbid, and eccentric. A striking instance of this occurs in the laboured assertion that poets make but sorry domestic characters. What! because Lord Byron is said to have been a bad husband, was (to go no farther back for examples,) was Walter Scott a bad husband? or was Campbell? or is Mr. Moore himself? Why, in the name of justice, should it be insinuated that Milton was a bad husband, when, as far as any one can judge of the matter, it was Mrs. Milton who was the bad wife? And why, oh! why should we be told by Mr. Moore, a man who, to judge by Captain Rock and the Epicurean, wants neither learning nor diligence—why are we to be told, with peculiar emphasis, that Lord Bacon never married, when Lord Bacon not only married, but his marriage was so advantageous as to be an absolute epoch in his career? Really, really one begins to believe that there is not such a thing as a fact in the world!

Presently the long-expected vehicle made its appearance at the turn of the road, and it rolled rapidly on behind four fleet post-horses.

“ You, Ned, with your large steed, stop the horses; you Augustus, bully the post-boys; leave me to do the rest,” said the Captain.

“ As agreed,” returned Ned, laconically. “ Now, look at me !” and the horse of the vain highwayman sprang from its shelter. So instantaneous were the operations of these experienced tacticians, that Lovett’s orders were almost executed in a briefer time than it had cost him to give them.

The carriage being stopped, and the post-boys white and trembling, with two pistols (levelled by Augustus and Pepper) cocked at their heads, Lovett dismounting, threw open the door of the carriage, and in a very civil tone, and with a very bland address, accosted the inmate.

“ Do not be alarmed, my Lord, you are perfectly safe; we only require your watch and purse.”

“ Really,” answered a voice still softer than that of the robber, while a marked and somewhat *French* countenance, crowned with a fur cap,

peered forth at the arrester,—“ Really, Sir, your request is so modest, that I were worse than cruel to refuse you. My purse is not very full, and you may as well have it as one of my rascally duns—but my watch, I have a love for—and—”

“ I understand you, my Lord,” interrupted the highwayman. “ What do you value your watch at ?”

“ Humph—to you it may be worth some twenty guineas.”

“ Allow me to see it !”

“ Your curiosity is extremely gratifying,” returned the nobleman, as with great reluctance he drew forth a gold repeater, set, as was sometimes the fashion of that day, in precious stones. The highwayman looked slightly at the bauble.

“ Your Lordship,” said he with great gravity, “ was too modest in your calculation—your taste reflects greater credit on you : allow me to assure you, that your watch is worth fifty guineas, to us at the least—to show you that I think so most sincerely, I will either keep it, and we will say no more on the matter ; or I will return it to



you upon your word of honour, that you will give me a cheque for fifty guineas payable by your *real* bankers to 'bearer for self.' Take your choice; it is quite immaterial to me!"

"Upon my honour, Sir," said the traveller with some surprise struggling to his features, "your coolness and self-possession are quite admirable.— I see you know the world.

"Your Lordship flatters me!" returned Lovett, bowing. "How do you decide?"

"Why, is it possible to write drafts without ink, pen, or paper?"

Lovett drew back, and while he was searching in his pockets for writing implements, which he always carried about him, the traveller seized the opportunity, and suddenly snatching a pistol from the pocket of the carriage, levelled it full at the head of the robber. The traveller was an excellent and practised shot — he was almost within arm's-length of his intended victim — his pistols were the envy of all his Irish friends. He pulled the trigger—the powder flashed in the pan, and the highwayman, not even changing countenance,

drew forth a small ink-bottle, and placing a steel pen in it, handed it to the nobleman, saying, with incomparable *sangfroid*, “ Would you like, my Lord, to try the other pistol? if so, oblige me by a quick aim, as you must see the necessity of despatch. If not, here is the back of a letter, on which you can write the draft.”

The traveller was not a man apt to become embarrassed in any thing — save his circumstances; but he certainly felt a little discomposed and confused, as he took the paper, and uttering some broken words, wrote the cheque. The highwayman glanced over it, saw it was writ according to form, and then with a bow of cool respect, returned the watch, and shut the door of the carriage.

Meanwhile the servant had been shivering in front — boxed up in that solitary convenience termed, not euphoniously, a dickey. Him the robber now briefly accosted.

“ What have you got about you belonging to your master?”

“ Only his pills, your Honour! which I forgot to put in the—”

“Pills!—throw them down to me!” The valet tremblingly extracted from his side-pocket a little box, which he threw down and Lovett caught in his hand.

He opened the box, counted the pills—

“One,—two,—four,—twelve,—Aha!” He reopened the carriage door.

“Are these your pills, my Lord?”

The wondering peer, who had begun to re-settle himself in the corner of his carriage, answered, ‘that they were!’

“My Lord, I see you are in a high state of fever; you were a little delirious just now when you snapped a pistol in your friend’s face. Permit me to recommend you a prescription—swallow off all these pills!”

“My God!” cried the traveller, startled into earnestness: “What do you mean?—twelve of those pills would kill a man.”

“Hear him!” said the robber, appealing to his comrades who roared with laughter, “What, my Lord, would you rebel against your doctor?—Fie, fie! be persuaded.”

And with a soothing gesture he stretched the pill-box towards the recoiling nose of the traveller. But, though a man who could as well as any one make the best of a bad condition, the traveller was especially careful of his health, and so obstinate was he where that was concerned, that he would rather have submitted to the effectual operation of a bullet, than incurred the chance operation of an extra-pill. He, therefore, with great indignation, as the box was still extended towards him, snatched it from the hand of the robber, and flinging it across the road, said, with dignity—

“Do your worst, rascals! But if you leave me alive, you shall repent the outrage you have offered to one of his Majesty’s Household!” Then, as if becoming sensible of the ridicule of affecting too much in his present situation, he added in an altered tone: “And now, for God’s sake, shut the door! and if you must kill somebody, there’s my servant on the box — he’s paid for it.”

This speech made the robbers laugh more than ever; and Lovett, who liked a joke even better

than a purse, immediately closed the carriage-door, saying—

“Adieu! my Lord; and let me give you a piece of advice: whenever you get out at a country-inn, and stay half-an-hour while your horses are changing, take your pistols with you, or you may chance to have the charge drawn.”

With this admonition the robber withdrew; and seeing that the valet held out to him a long green purse, he said, gently shaking his head.

“Rogues should not prey on each other, my good fellow. You rob your master—so do we—let each keep what he has got.”

Long Ned and Tomlinson then backing their horses, the carriage was freed; and away started the post-boys at a pace which seemed to show less regard for life than the robbers themselves had evinced.

Meanwhile the Captain remounted his steed, and the three confederates bounding in gallant style over the hedge through which they had previously gained the road, galloped off in the same direction they had come, the moon, ever

and anon, bringing into light their flying figures, and the sound of many a joyous peal of laughter, ringing through the distance along the frosty air.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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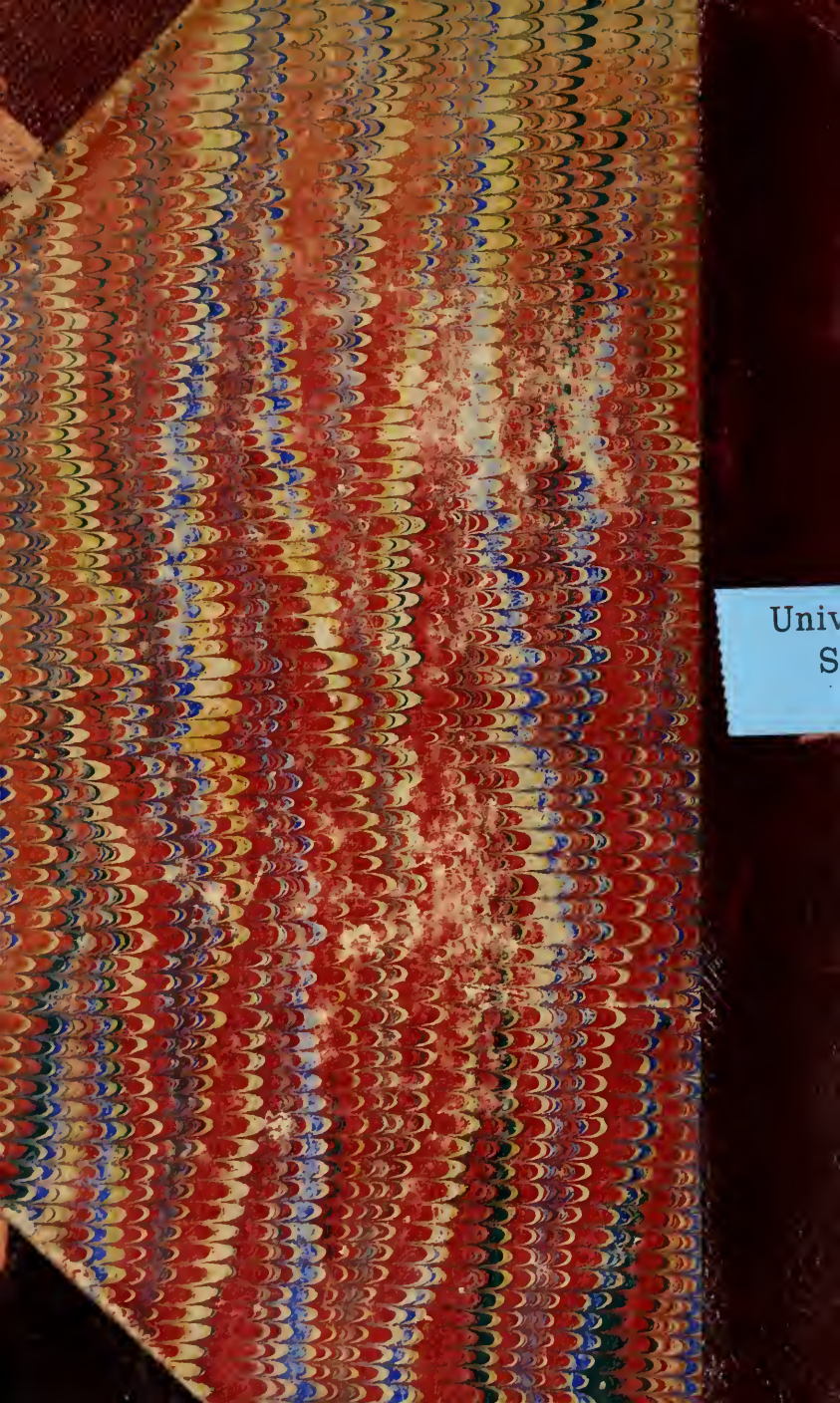


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