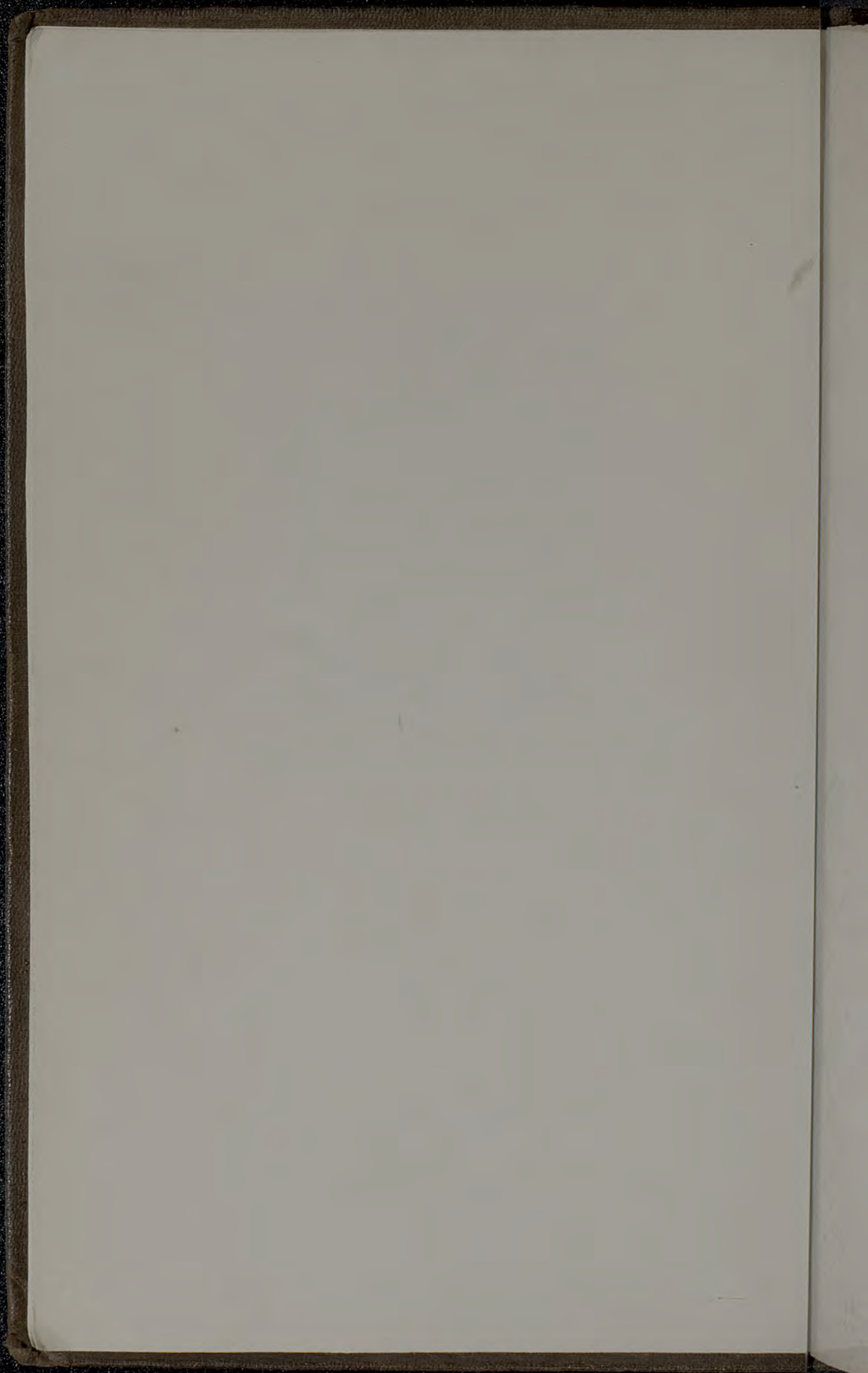


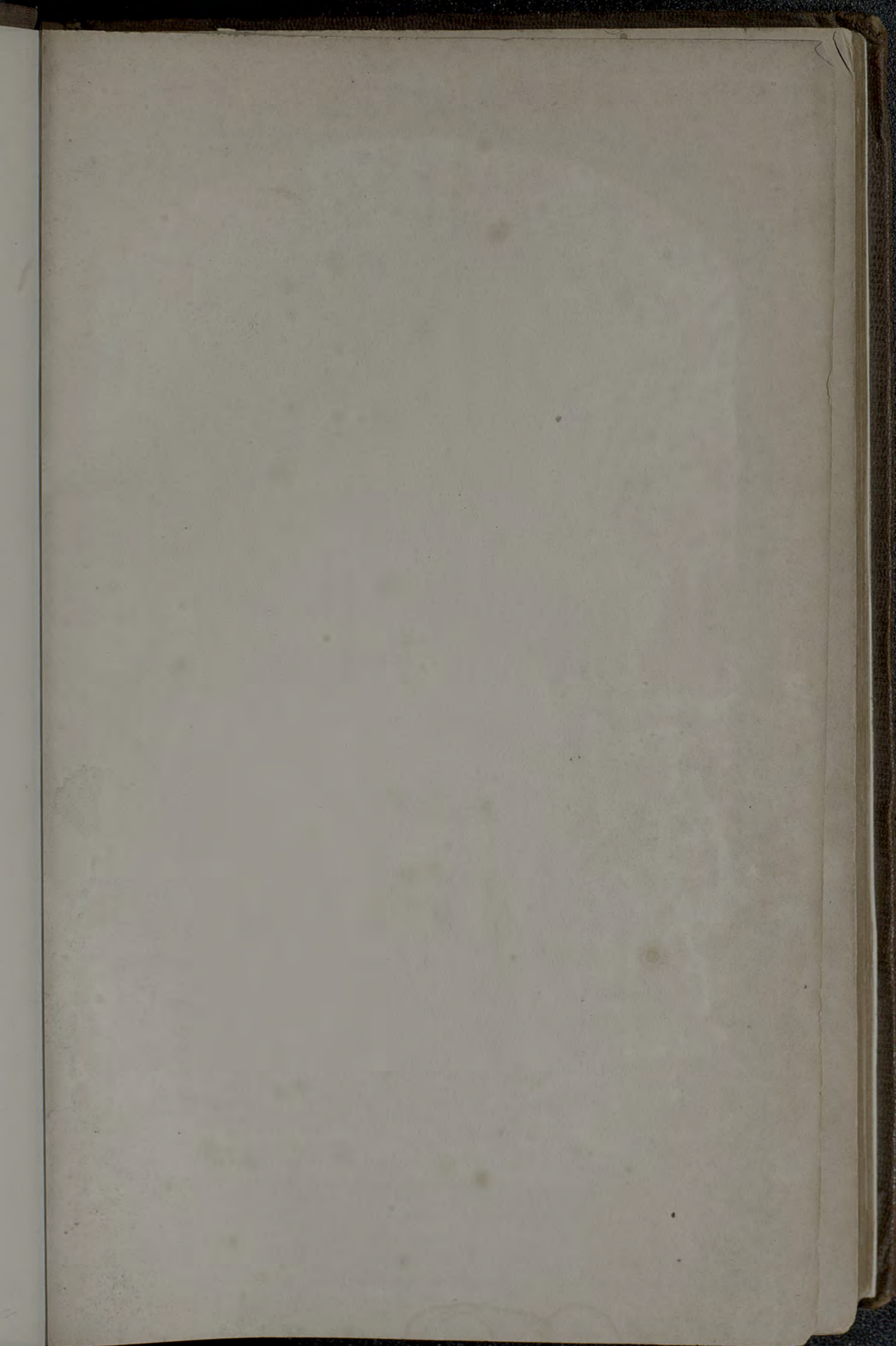
SB
HALL, THOMAS
ROWLAND
1848



37131 039929 146

II 893





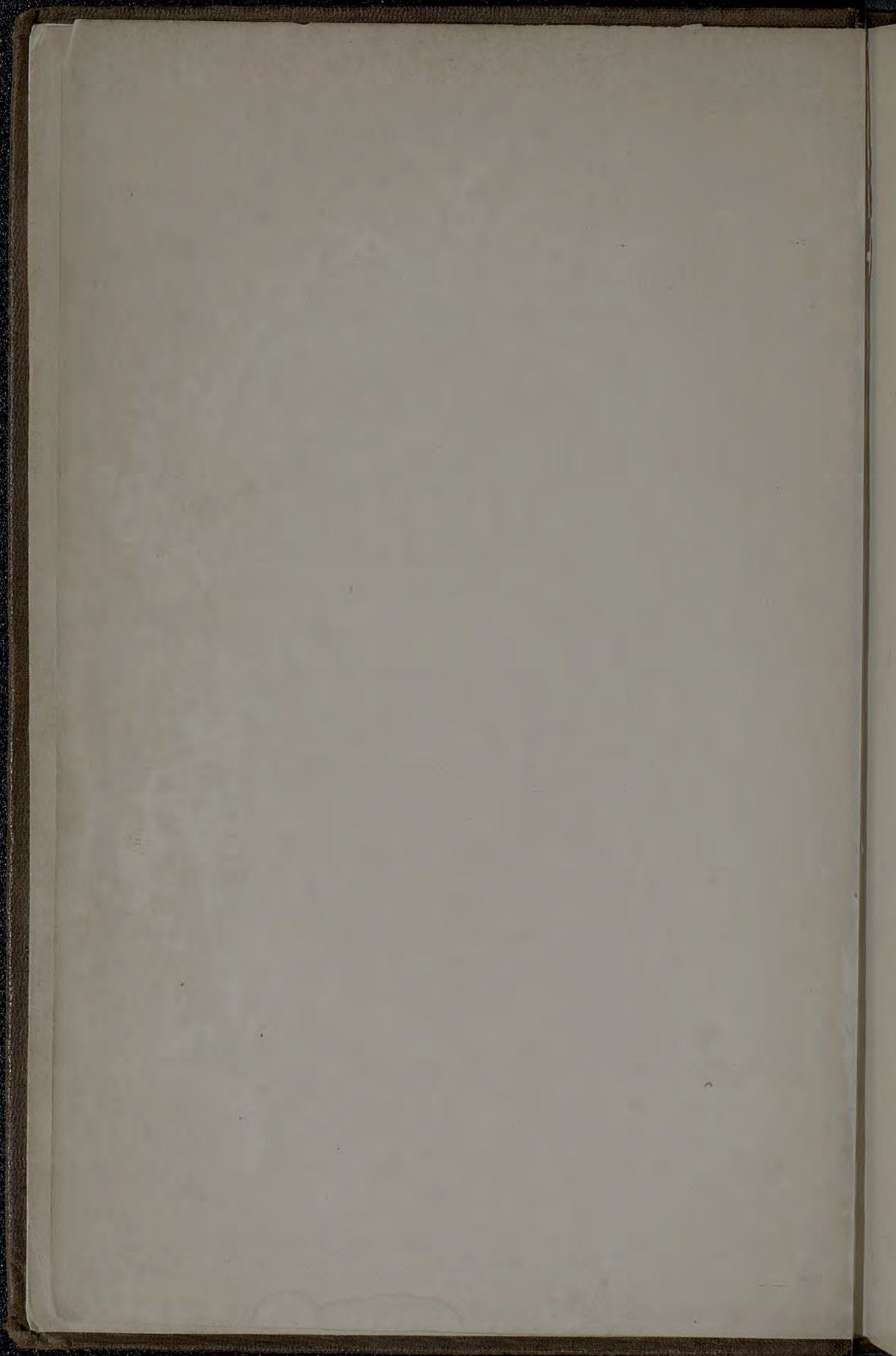


J. F. Fletcher

Remembrance

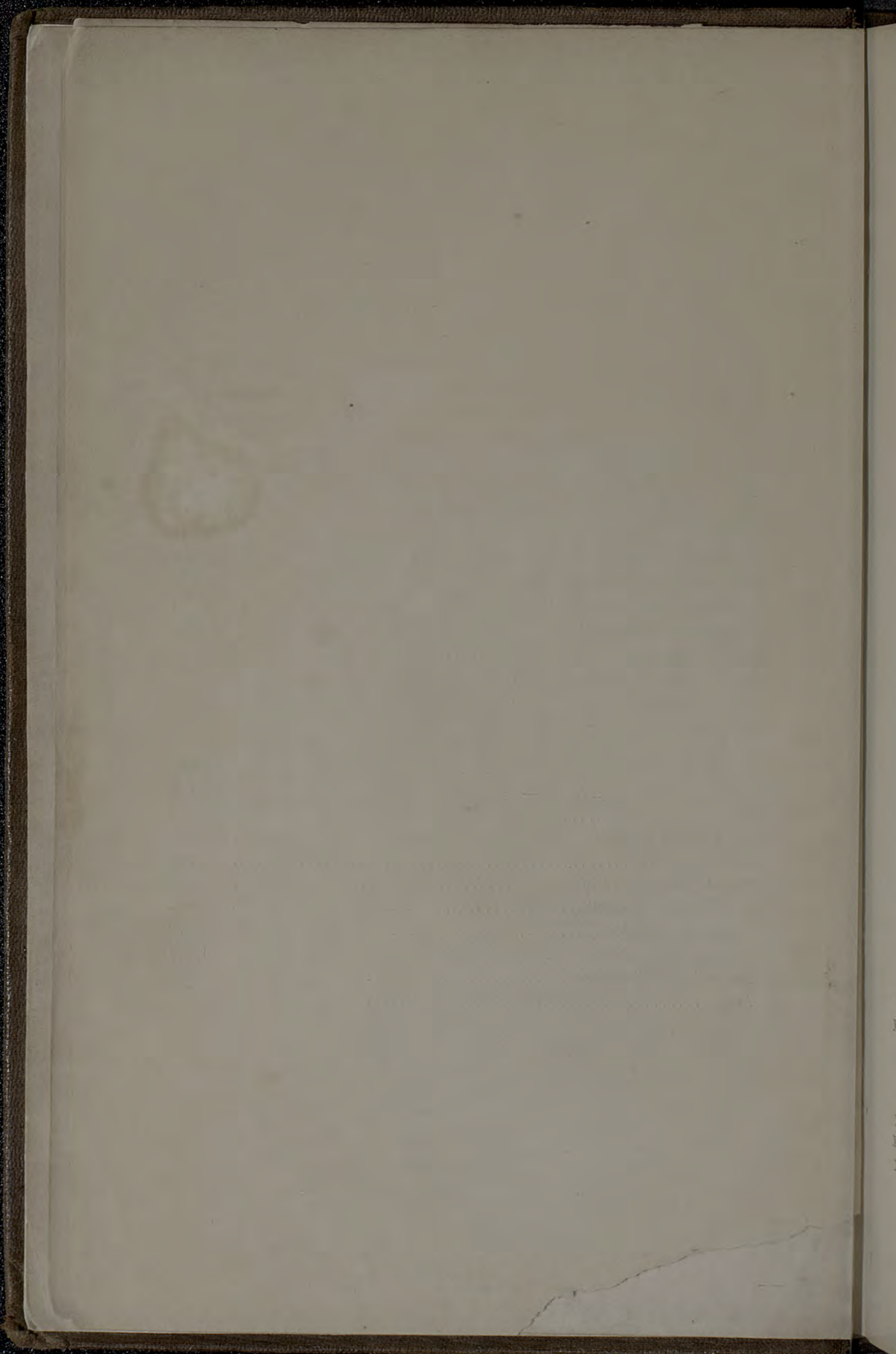
[By T. Hall]





DIRECTIONS FOR THE BINDER.

The Denouement	to face	Title.
The Race.....	to face page	16
Old Peggy consoles Mrs. Windley.....		31
Bryrant Gow's Humiliation		37
The Philosopher Wildingair		51
Paddy's Politeness		62
The Ford		76
The Sheriff and his Chaplain do combat		108
Lord Wandly recognises Rowland.....		120
"And the whistle was made"		137
"'Twas a cowardly shot"		139
The two Secretaries.....		150
Lord Wandly and Knurly Pryet		178
The Chartist Meeting		186
The Bail		224
The Bench		226
Mr. Chipster's Pedigree.....		244
The Gipsy's visit		256
The Chipster Banquet.....		269
The Wounded Messenger		309
The Surprise		320
English and Foreign Diplomacy		361
The Election at Freseoth.....		371
The Secret demanded		379
Jack Lout and Rowland.....		386
Rowland visits the School		397
Adieu		427



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER,	PAGE.
I.—A Chapter that may be skipped.....	1
II.—How Rowland Bradshaw goes on trial to Mr. Windley	6
III.—A faithful description of the hero	12
IV.—The White Horse bar.....	19
V.—The Ghosts	27
VI.—Mr. Rowbottom advises Master Bradshaw	31
VII.—Rowland cannot avoid becoming the repository of all the family secrets	38
VIII.—A lesson to plagiarists.....	43
IX.—The philosopher Wildingair	47
X.—The Dantskipp family.....	54
XI.—Parish affairs of Fleigh	62
XII.—A road-side adventure	70
XIII.—Adventure in the "Deluge"	78
XIV.—The landlady's benediction.....	82
XV.—The boarding-school	84
XVI.—More secrets	88
XVII.—Mr. Rowbottom's notions of things	94
XVIII.—Small Sessions of Frescoth.....	100
XIX.—Frescoth Riots—Mr. Rowbottom's opinions of tyranny.....	110
XX.—A mysterious acquaintance.....	117
XXI.—The dinner and the battle	121
XXII.—Colonel Dillon consults Lord Wandly	131
XXIII.—The sequel	135
XXIV.—Mrs. Bradshaw's fireside	136
XXV.—Should be read by all young men	142
XXVI.—The two Secretaries.....	149
XXVII.—Mr. Rowbottom leaves his native town.....	156
XXVIII.—Great doings at Frescoth.....	159
XXIX.—A surprise for the reader	181
XXX.—The Flight	188
XXXI.—Liverpool.....	189
XXXII.—The Dinner Party at the Fox and Glove	198
XXXIII.—Further doings at the Fox and Glove	202
XXXIV.—The Royal Circus	206
XXXV.—Another spoke in the wheel	214

patois "Fleizh," which signifies "start," when used, as we should use it, in the imperative. No, instead of all this, we shall give the record, and enable the reader to exercise those faculties which have been so abundantly supplied to the elaborate topographer of Fleigh. We agree with the above authority so far—indeed we have no means of disproving it, when he says, that where now stands the town pump, with the Latin inscription shewing it was put there by subscription of a few who recommend, in all large towns, the blessing of a good supply of water—the new cast-iron stocks, which have recently displaced the old oaken ones, the two butchers' shambles, the two white Elizabethan-built cottages; the quarter-sessions room over and the new Mechanics' Institute under, together with the church, its yard, and the two hearses' house—was a mighty castle—a castle of such amazing antiquity that, although our historical friend has given us a most graphic picture of its appearance, as it stood in its latter days, he has not been able, so he confesses, to ascertain its name. Thus we see there has ever been a difficulty about castles, whether in building them in the air, or getting anything like correct data respecting those whose humbler projectors had only founded them on rocks, which we are assured was the case with the one where Fleigh, or nearly so, now stands.

But now to the Etymology. Although this black and frowning castle had thrown terror into most of its foes, certainly had been subdued by none, and, as we have seen, withstood with amazing fortitude the subtle attacks of the conquering hero of the scythe-blade himself: yet, we say, although deemed impenetrable to all its foes, it was at last not only taken, but so possessed, that the stoutest heart quaked even at a distant glimpse of its turrets. What then must have been the fear inspired by one peep at its dread owner. This was a temerity that the most besotted rashness voluntarily shrank from. And we need not wonder, nor will the reader, when we once inform him of the host's name. It was no other than our eternal enemy, who has alike despoiled Eden and the old black castle that stood on the spot we have so graphically pointed out.

How long this unholy host had possession is not recorded, though most of the devilries of his household are. And it is not unlikely that he might have remained in quiet possession, and his rash servants have still gone on in their old way, but, two jackdaws, who had for half a century pertained to the castle, found that they could no longer, at least with that comfort and security for their young that well affected parents are accustomed to expect at such times, attend to their brooding seasons; if indeed to anything else; such were the junketings and infernal noises heard all over their abode, and that, too, at a time when every other well regulated household is the quietest; we need not perhaps add night. This, to a people like the daws, who had to be up early, not only to earn their daily worms, but to pick up something of a more delicate texture for their unconscious little ones in the castle *louvres*, was truly unendurable.

It fell to the lot of this discreet couple to act as sentinels to a number of their brethren who were on a slight predatory excursion, and, for the better reconnoitring of the country, they took their perch upon a clump of amazingly lofty beech trees. They had scarcely

chattered over their discontents, when, to their surprise, and indeed much to their dismay, they beheld, exactly under them, a kneeling figure. They both sprang up about a yard from their perch, as at the first glance they mistook the kneeler's long staff and some small sticks that lay by his side, for a stout bow with plenty of arrows. They were soon convinced of their mistake, and as soon blessed themselves, when they discovered the stranger to be a holy father, instead of, what their first fears painted him to be, a stout fowler.

Now this pious kneeler happened to be no other than the good, and now great, St. Jubean, banished, as everybody knows, from Spain, and who was, at that very moment, vowing, if Heaven would help him, to found, on that very spot, a Benedictine monastery. His prayers were heard; his vow was to be fulfilled; nor were the sable listeners over his head to be uninstrumental to the great and good design. The female had, it is true, to attend to the cares of her family, the husband was destined for higher purposes: for though high and holy were the duties imposed upon the good St. Jubean, he could not perfect them without occasional hunger. This the good daw saw, and forgetting his own, was resolved to alleviate that of the saint; so at once procured from the deserted castle a small loaf, and repeated the task as often as he perceived the *cænobite* require it. A disciple joined the good father; then the female daw joined in the laudable duties of her husband, and two loaves were procured for the founders of the monastery.

Nay, it is said, that more delicacies than appearances would warrant, were supplied to the srips of the pious founders. These, it is asserted, were nightly presented by a neighbouring owl. This is, however, denied; and at a solemn council held some hundreds of years after the apotheosis of the good St. Jubean, for the purpose of for ever settling the question, it was carried by a majority of three, there being only six hundred present, that it was an angel, and not an owl. Some, however, to this day, say the owl portion is altogether apocryphal, and assert, as their reason, that it is derogatory to the good saint to suppose, that, with the assistance of the daws, he could not have founded twenty such religious abodes.

Be all this as it may, one thing is certain—and now we have come to the Etymology—that the entire of the old black castle was pulled down to make the more useful edifice—dedicated to hospitality and piety. Now, great as were the reputations of all concerned in the new erection, the reader will probably not be surprised if there was a difficulty in obtaining hearts stout enough to raze the old one, or, at least, before it was disbursed of its terrible tenant. Twenty-one of the good Benedictines were deputed to this important duty, who entered upon it with the enthusiasm of men who are engaged in so great a benefaction to mankind, as well as the inspiritive hope of canonization in a better state, which they, to a man, all entertained.

There is an accommodation in all things; great emergencies call out great generals; great crimes arouse greater virtues; epidemics, countless antidotes. Thus the more frequent visits of him that should be visitless, called forth a potency in the exorcisms of that day, of which the entire astrology, assisted by all modern divinity, could not now get

through a dozen sentences of the proemium, and would distinguish themselves in pirouette, whilst they would be labyrinthed in the mazes of their astounding peroratio. So we see that a maniple of the holy band was dispatched to effect a task that thousands, in our more sinecure days, durst not undertake. It is true the good Benedictines had weary work; but they fairly hemmed him, after a myriad subterfuges, into a small chamber that, of yore, had been used for a groom's bed room, and there, for a long time, both sight and smell of him were lost. Nothing is so "crawling as evil;" and so it would seem, for a timid lay brother, rather from curiosity than duty, turned the quilt of the deserted bed. And then a sight, to the more skilled, presented itself, that called forth a thousand requests that heaven would pour upon them immediate protection, with all the blessings of which the emergency of the case would admit.

The phenomena presented by the creature, as it ran about the bed, differed little from those which are exhibited, to the uninitiated, when a couple of interesting (to zoology and microscopes) insects of the hemiptera order, longitudinize your big toe, or taste the quality of the skin covering the lower, as juxtaposed to the higher part of your reposing vertebræ. And here is the comfort of Ignorance, as it bore itself with its usual quietness of demeanor, whilst Learning frittered itself into an attitude, the contrary of which is ever supposed to convey magnanimity, or at all events to those who have had the good fortune to witness it.

The twenty disciples of St. Benedict tried the coaxing system first, not, it must be understood, desiring the concentration of evil to come out of the bed; but to go out; and bade it *involare, circumvolare, volitare, fugere, vitare*: and as they did so, they began (to) *involare, circumvolare*; and even in expressing these desires, they had a proper respect to the dignity of the infernal visiter; for the most temeritous never spoke without receding an inch, and the rest in proportion as their Latin was supposed to be rusty. When, however, they got to such a distance that they thought bolder experiments might be tried, they changed the modus of the verbs we have just seen used; from the coalescive, to the more resolute of its forms—the imperative, which was given most desperately. Still all was impotency, when an agency, which some of our modern theologists most unlearnedly ascribe to a wrong proprietary—we mean, when they say that heaven is adored through dread of another place—effected the liberation of the old black castle. Fear, then, was the instrument, and he was introduced into the terrible chamber by a servitor lad, just as he produced the morning refreshments to the twenty Benedictines. Fear, as now, was no scholar, still he had enough of learning to know from the spluttering Latin he had heard at his entrance, that the object of the hunt was at bay. He felt for his introducee, so jogged his elbow, the effect of which was, to cause the poor servitor to drop his salver, crystal, and chalice, and this vocative, "O FLEE."

Then did Sathan as the lad desired, and from then, or nearly so, did the argument commence; how was the verb in those days spelled? was it as we have given it? or, was it not flea? was it a noun, as we have

it—was it an apostrophe or a command? The whole learning of Fleigh says “no;” the entire of Fleigh’s enemies says “aye.” Every child belonging to the town we have described, is taught, almost as soon as he is the use of his clogs, to believe the name of his birth place to be a concentration of that sentence, “flee from the wrath to come,” when quaintly spelled; and kicks, with hob-nailed clogs and love-of-town feeling, every belligerent who asserts that the whole tale about the derivation is humbug. But though they laudate in these efforts, still their opponents have an ugly argument, which is often used, with some hundreds of fists, at their merry meetings, toll-bar meetings, or central workhouse-meetings, and which argument is, that the derivation is a vulgarism, not from any absurd exordium, could not be, however ingeniously put, but is, was, and *will* be, either from the verb “flay,” or the noun “flea,” and this, the more merciful say, is the likeliest, and is taken from the redoubtable town of our history. The one or the other, contend they, must be it, or why this singular motto, which can be proved to belong to their arms, *Ne cui obtrectato*; which has been liberally translated upon ever shutter in Fleigh, “do not back-bite *nobody*.”

We need not, perhaps, hint at the number of little tributary arguments which have run into the great streams of reasoning so often urged by the contentents, of whether the good people of Fleigh were so little skilled in orthographical attainments as not to know how to spell Flea correctly; or, did they more cunningly devise the present mode to elude the real origin of their name.

Where there has been such evident exultations on one hand, and unwarrantable envy and detraction on the other, the reader will not feel much surprised at the difficulty we find in coming to that happy equipoise which stamps the historian’s labor with candor and all-accessible truth. We have given the fors and againsts, and the facts, and as readers should have employment as well as authors, the deductions we shall deem their part of this solemn enquiry.

Thus we have briefly come to the conclusion of our promise, the Etymology of this distinguished town, and which we think it will be confessed is of more use to the reader than the most elaborate description of its resources, polity, &c.; and perhaps we could not conclude our remarks and chapter better, than by giving a quotation from the learned folio that now lies before us, for although it was merely written to shew the advantages there would be to the modern Fleighers in turning the town-field and brook into a bleacher’s croft, instead of the latter through the principal cellars in the town, which in floody weather too frequently happens,—the sentences are so accordant with our views upon the subject, that we shall not apologize for their transcription.

“The Fleighers were always loyal! their militia shewed it, when they attacked the shuttle-takers; their special trains to the seat of royalty, prove it.

“And who shall doubt their devotion to religion? If any, let yon ancient pile answer it; a christian bulwark so large and strong that even Cromwell made a barrack of it: so well ventilated that though the last diocesan confirmation saw within its mural enclosures the protestant population of eight townships, yet not one fainted. And though

dissent has been as busy as their improved machinery, still there is not one of its victims but as readily submits to a church-rate as a pacha does to the Sultan's bowstring.

"The men of Fleigh glory in their town, appreciate its rising honors, but above all are proud of the epithet that distinguishes them in their densely situated districts. 'We are Fleighers,' say they, 'at home or abroad, nay, shew the time we were ever attacked that we did not prove the fitness of our name!'" It may not be unfitting to mention here, that most of the middling classes and all the lower orders of Fleigh pronounce the word as if it were written *Fleigth*.

CHAPTER II.

HOW ROWLAND BRADSHAW GOES ON TRIAL TO MR. WINDLEY.

The reader will perceive, from the brief way in which we bring facts before him, that he must be on his mettle, or many of our happiest conceits may escape him, and thus be a waste of time to both of us. With this hint let us proceed.

In a tolerably wide street, and one that is honoured with forming an obtuse angle with the one which the town hall distinguishes, might be seen a remarkably grand sign, every word, and in some lines, every letter being in different colors; though none but what was either gilded in the raising, perspective, or in the letter itself. Some of the letters were sloping and graceful, some thick where it is usual to make them thin, some were running three or four yards in the ground, whilst others appeared as though they were resolved to spring into the passing carts. It was one mass of flourish and grandeur, light and shadow, and as the artist had discovered that the sun shone on it from the left hand in the morning, and reversed his beams in the afternoon, he had resolved to meet the contingency; so, judiciously shadowed one word on one side, and another on the other, alternately. The ground was to imitate no less than twenty different woods, so lined as to form quiet radii, whilst outside the border was half as many different sorts of the richest veined marbles. Of course a concentration of so many glories a little confused the delighted orbs of the Fleighers, as not one in three could make it out; but this, perhaps, added to, rather than diminished, the gorgeousness of the mass.

The announcement it bore was this, "Ornamenting, decorating,

painting, plumbing, and glazing, by H. Windley, from London." These smiling gerunds had thrown more terror into the painters' shops of all the adjoining neighbourhood, of course including Fleigh itself, than bricks thrown at their crown-glass crates would have done. And it, perhaps, were needless to observe, at least to painters, plumbers, and glaziers, that the more Mr. Windley had saddened the faces and contracted the hearts of his opponents, the more his own became expanded and overflowing with benevolence. Yes, there was a greatness, a goodness towards them all—no sneering, no blustering; of course excepting in his cups, and then we are all alike. No: when his attention was called to the overpowering beauties of his own sign, as juxtaposed to those of his neighbours', he would only mildly observe, "Ah, poor fellows, what can they know? when they have worked two years in London, as I have done, and written 'private' on the Lord Chancellor's retiring room, as I have done, then they might appreciate a little; but, though I thank them for their praise of my board, it's not their applause I look after. No; we must wait for some London-men coming this way, or the completion of the trigonometrical survey, and then we may find other things mentioned, save Fleigh Church and Davidson's new mill, although their engine is 500 horses."

The sign sensation was getting a little sobered, at least amongst the Fleighers, but not amongst distant carters and market people, when might be seen viewing it, a respectably clad female—if, indeed, not a lady, should we judge of her education by her appearance—and a stripling. They had not looked at it long, when they crossed the street, knocked at the door next the shop door, and being answered, asked if they could see Mr. Windley. Mr. Windley could be seen, and his lady also if necessary. It was intimated by the stranger, who, we had forgotten to observe, was in deep black, that probably Mr. Windley would be sufficient.

They were desired to walk in, and were scarcely seated, when entered the artist and master of the establishment, who, at once, by his carriage and breeding, shewed that other towns, if not climes, had been honored by his residuary selections, as well as that of Fleigh, for he not only desired them to select chairs for their accommodation, but preceded the ceremony by giving a personal example. No sooner were all seated, after the usual comforting remarks on the fineness of the weather, when the lady we have just described said—

"I am the person who wrote to you, Mr. Windley, respecting the apprenticeship of my son. My name is Bradshaw, of Willowton. This is my son. But, pardon me, I think I did not hear you say how Mrs. Windley and family are."

"Indoor?" interrogatively looked Mr. Windley.

"Of course; but as we are going to reside within about twelve miles, he can come over whenever it may suit your convenience, or pleasure."

"Aye, aye, Mrs. Windley has read your letter, and we think we can make room for him. What age is he ma'am? I hope he has been to school—nothing to be done now without education; we are laying the gutters of the new Mechanics' to-day, and shall flash the chimnies to-morrow. I'm a life subscriber; one hundred and eight volumes given

to the library already, and immense curiosities. I suppose I must give um something in that way. I was thinking of the section of a self-acting closet; there was not room on my sign, or I would have had it there—put my name at the bottom of the painting—for I shall do it in oil—and it might do me some good you know.”

“It might.”

“Then, when the annal exhibition comes, I’ll give something rum; perhaps, what’s his name here? by that time may be——”

“Rowland Bradshaw,” said the lady mildly.

“Aye—may be able to lend me a hand. I’ll let um see I did not work two years in London for nothing—that I, suppose you knew ma’am?”

“I was not exactly aware; I perhaps need not—pardon a mother’s anxiety—ask if he will be thoroughly initiated in his business, should we agree upon the terms, as that you know is everything——”

“His business?” reiterated the plumber, glazier, and life subscriber to the embryo institution. “His business? here, young-un, just go and look at my sign, and when you have done so, go from the grainers’ to the putty bench and ask if any man touched it but myself. No, ma’am, I actually knotted the wood it’s painted upon; primed it, grounded it, grained it, marbled it, wrote it, raised it, shadowed it, varnished it, and put the first wall-hook into it, I’ll not say the last, or will I say that I reared every ladder, I keep men ma’am and there’s reason——”

“I beg pardon, I am not for a moment sir, doubting your capability to teach my son, if your many duties may not prevent that attention to him which we all know youth require. He has always shewn a taste for drawing, and in his absence I may say, I think, has some skill in that way; I thought you would not deem it offensive if I were to bring you a few of his drawings—they will probably enable you, sir, to judge whether the boy has talent or otherwise, for I am one who thinks it of little purpose to put a youth to a profession that may jar with his early tastes and bent of mind. With this impression, and entertaining the belief I have expressed, I thought your business might suit him. Here are the sketches—you will probably think me silly, it was against Rowland’s wish I brought them, but I supposed you might deem it necessary to judge of his taste and studies: your wishing to know the amount of his education has further emboldened me to submit them for your examination,” concluded the lady, producing a portfolio full of Bristol-board drawings.

“Aye, hum, very good, aye, now you see, ma’am, these things is done, done actually by women in London. There was one lodged, would you think? it in the garret of the same house I did: many a quartern—we call ’em quarterns in London, ma’am—I have had with her, and I say, would you believe it? she used to do these sort of things for half the country drawing-masters in the kingdom! took ’em to a ready-made drawing warehouse. But, however, the lad’s not gone so far in his distemper and pasteboard——”

“In his what—distemper said——?”

“Ha, ha! we call everything painted”—and Mr. Windley did this as a man always does when he is gratuitising instruction—“in the water vehiele, as distinguished from oil, distemper painting;—and, as I was

observing, I think he's not gone so far but we can unlearn him in a month or two. I think the best plan would be, to put him to labor for the plumbers, or turn window lead for the glaziers, it might change the bent of his mind; as whenever I want to stop myself when I'm in a fit of laughing—dangerous you know—I always try to think of my father falling off Jackson's factory, eight stories high, ma'am, with half a sheet of lead falling after; that's my plan. Well, young-un, what d'ye think of that?" said Mr. Windley to Master Rowland, as he saw that young gentleman return into the little parlor after his survey of the wonder of Fleigh. "How long will it take you to do a job of that sort? all those ornaments at the corners, brackets and cetera, is done without pounces—if it was in London!"

"I don't know, sir," said Rowland, shaking his head, "I am bewildered with looking up at it."

"Ha, ha, you should go and see the annal exhibitions in London, Greenwich, Dulwich, Hampton Court, and then you might talk of being bewildered and having neck-aches; but, however, if you stay here, you must look at that sign two hours a day; that is, your breakfast half-hour, dinner, and then a touch by gaslight. That is the way to get a taste for the beauties of its grouping and coloring. That ornament round it, and that bracket supporting the whole design, is rather original—eh?"

"Beautiful," replied the intended apprentice, but as he said so, he cast his eyes with the sharpness of one that thinks he has made some discovery, to the bottom of the little parlor fire-grate. Though it was little more than a glance, it did not escape the future master, who looked at Rowland's eyes quite as keenly as they did at the bottom of the grate.

"Then, if you please, Mr. Windley, we will let him have a month's trial, and should you, as I trust you will, approve of him at the end of that time, we can have him bound," said the mother of the eye-enquiring boy.

"Just so—terms we can easy settle; my letter is my terms. As to his morals and virtues, they will be tightly looked after; I expect the painting of the church next spring; we have put a new sucker in the vicar's pump this week, so it would not do to neglect our duties there. No, twice every Sunday until the job; then you know we can slacken by degrees, if we should be overdone. Well, as you may have a parting word or two to give—mind and don't cry, young-un, I will see how the putty is going on, and I have to make a sketch of a clog, late as it is—to be the biggest anywhere—Mrs. Windley will have tea ready just now, she'd a been in before this, but wants to smarten a bit—you know what you ladies is, in that way, ha, ha!" and Mr. Windley kept his word with Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Your master," said Mrs. Bradshaw, not looking exactly at her bright-eyed, son but still not looking off him, as though she was speaking at either the portrait of Mr. or Mrs. Windley, which were from the pencil of the masculine portrait's representative, "is apparently an honest man; a little blunt or so, but that I am told is a signification of a good heart; and I have no doubt his understanding, or that of his establishment at all events, will procure for you every means of per-

fecting yourself in your business. Alas," and then the lady sighed, "but, however, I am told it is an excellent trade, and will enable you to pursue your favorite study of painting, I need not say reading, or, even should you make up your mind—the use of your pen. You will secure yourself that of which thousands, even with better expectations than ever you had, have bitterly lamented the absence—an independent resource within yourself, a mechanical acquirement, a trade, a living in any location; should any thing else come in your way better, well; if not, I shall thank God I have not been unmindful in securing you the means of honorable employment and a channel for your industry.

"And, now, my love, let me press upon you the necessity of an extreme prudence in your behavior. The difference in your education, I know, will sometimes render it difficult. And especially remember one thing, there is nothing the illiterate are so loath to pardon as a sneer at their educational deficiency. Recollect—and this is too often the mistake of youth—that though there are many things which you may know and they do not, yet they know a business by which they can affluently exist, it is obvious you do not. The scions of both our colleges could not conduct yon huge cotton mill, although they might discover that a sentence of plain English would be Greek to the principal proprietor; and yet he might be of the most extraordinary intellect in another way; and there is not a more palpable affectation, though I admit vulgar pedantry contends for it to this day, that there can be no wisdom without what is called learning. No, my dear, you must make your education of use to yourself; but I know of no abuse so great as causing it to be an instrument of pain to others. In few, this, or any of your supposed accomplishments, strictly withhold, rather than in the most trifling degree obtrude; nothing is so dangerous as making your superiors—and recollect the lad immediately before you is so, until you know more of your trade than he does—appear in an invidious position.

"Advancement, in all cases, depends upon ourselves. Show an assiduity, a capability with a good will, and the mere rotation which time gives shall be reversed—he of a year, preceding the one of four, whilst the dullness of age shall readily submit to the aptitude of juvenility—intellect governing all things.

"I do not know whether I have a right, from all I have known of you—though this is the most important of all—to make one remark about the honesty of your actions, or the honor of conduct in which honesty is not exactly concerned.

"There is a doctrine at the present time held in high repute, which says 'teach religion and all things shall be added thereunto;' meaning, that by propounding the higher and holier precepts of our Redeemer, that all minor virtues, such as honesty, fair dealing, and straight forwardness are sure to fall in the train of the other paramount duty. This may be true, and, perhaps, were I leaving my child at Eton, instead of this establishment, I might say, 'learn honor, and be, at all times, its unflinching champion.' implying, that honesty, truth-telling, and integrity, were virtues so certain to be attendant upon honor—honor always being supposed to possess ample means for the support of its dignity—that to enumerate them, would be superfluous.

"But, here, my child, I would say, let honesty be your guide; the commoner the better, and stride up to honor as you step up the ladder. The process will not make a step the more, or, if it do, you will never dread its breaking, nor look from your height with fear of a fall;—and if my school only answers, and I think there is——"

"Now, mamma, don't——"

"There," said the object of Rowland's very tender look, "I told you not to call me——"

"I know; *mother*, when you are gone; but I must call you what I have ever called you, when we are alone: so long as I live our misfortunes have not, cannot deprive us of that."

Perhaps the two would have got into a nice little sob or so, as Rowland was trying to sophisticate a tear by pretending there was some wet on his nose instead of the tops of his cheeks, when the tea things first, and then, in great dignity, entered the good lady of the better master of Rowland.

The tea was excellent, nor was Mrs. Windley chary of her pikelet or her rum; for, before Mrs. Bradshaw, or her protegee was aware of it, one-third of every tea cup was filled with that cheering beverage. Mrs. Bradshaw thanked her hospitable hostess with both her hands placed against the glass jug, but, of course, Mrs. Windley very properly attributed this to shyness, told her not to be "halo," and so popped in more the second cup than the first.

The party was most cheerful; Mr. Windley expatiating on the great advantages of two years' experience in London, promising to take his wife thither; hoped that even Rowland some day might get a glimpse at that improving vicinity, and was evidently bent upon telling some of his feats of workmanship, when he again caught the eye of the youthful Rowland busily criticising the bottom of the foolish-looking parlor fire grate. Extraordinary as this may seem, it appeared quite to check the reminiscent achievements of the artist, either whilst in London or elsewhere. Mrs. Windley, though not so great a talker before strangers as she was to her husband or servant girl, admirably chimed in, just as the conversation began to lag. And though she spoke out of an aperture which would not have admitted a pea—not that we would be understood to insinuate that Mrs. Windley wanted capaciousness of mouth; the extreme contrary was the fact—still, all she said was of the deepest interest, and the little room she allowed for her words to creep through, made all her sentences delightful, as every one knows that squeezing them, is a great concession made in honor of those to whom we speak.

Well, all things were comfortably arranged for Rowland's trial, and then Rowland must take his mother agait; and as they went along she crammed into his hand an eightpenny piece, and when they got to a corner where they thought no one could see them, Mrs. Bradshaw kissed her only son, and in tolerably succinct English, bade God for ever bless him, and then in a few half-stifled words bade him be a man and act a manly part. And Rowland reduced the precept into practice by cramming into her pocket, during the final embrace, the eightpenny piece she had just given him.

CHAPTER III.

A FAITHFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE HERO.

Now, as we have a dislike to retrospects, we think we could not do better than bring up any lost reckoning that we may be supposed to have made with the reader—for we confess he has a right to look after the usual entry of a description of the hero: we admit the reasonableness of the demand and shall ledger it at once; although an unusually short one, still, here it is.

The youth, then, that is evidently destined to figure in these pages was, at the time of our introduction, about fifteen or may be sixteen years of age, and if we ratiocinate upon the principle of colt connoisseurs, gentlemen who predicate the height of the horse by the length of the colt's legs; we should affirm that he would be decidedly tall, as even a glance from bashfulness itself would testify that our friend's stridables, were certainly long enough to admit of an extra two inches of body without shocking the proportionate eye of his tailor. However, they were very straight; they were not very stout, but no pair of legs had ever a much nicer pair of boots to stand upon—we do not mention the feet because it is evident the boots fit to a toe. Our trying to keep up the figure of the colt, has betrayed us into a nice method, certainly, of taking a portrait—commencing with the wrong end of the lad first, but it is too late now: so we will start fairer this time. His head was small, or at least appeared so, and was particularly round, the forehead was what the scientific would call of intellectual order, we would tell why but cannot grope in the dark. Now comes the worst, at least for the ladies, and so we must squeeze out the fact with a gentle negative—he was decidedly not handsome. It is true his hair was black and glossy, his cheeks were red and tawney, his eyes were mild and, when pleased, brilliant; when vexed they were startling and black as they were bright. His mouth was good and quiet, and yet would startle you with one of the most knowing smiles that you could suppose. The teeth were faultless, the neck was well proportioned and exquisitely turned; and then we have done, and some may think pretty well too.

Aye, but his nose was too square to be aquiline; his cheek bones too high to be sloping; the whole face too short to be oval, and, some say, all of it too sharp to look flat.

His whole body was so round that, his schoolmaster used to say, if ever he could get his sentences anything like it, they would do for parliament speeches. In short, although there was some grace and decided springyness in his action, he was a gentleman that would have had some difficulty to pass in a crowd; though in a solitary walk, no one was better calculated to escape particular observation.

As to his habits, morals, and the rest, we shall have plenty of opportunities of exercising and altering our judgments as we proceed. Thus, and we have done for the present, it often happens that the most elaborate personal description does not convey to the reader the vividness of expression which a single observation will. Taking that view, we shall give the opinion of a sentimental lady, after her first introduction to our hero. "I like that boy, Bradshaw," she would say, "he's so mild and intellectual, he's not handsome,—and I think liable to impetuosity, nay, seems as if he could twist that top lip of his, into a good deal of scorn, and I'll warrant you, when a man, will soon learn to frown; but, then, he has such a beautiful little frill to his shirt, so neat and so white, and always looks as if he could burst into tears when you speak to him of his mother."

When Rowland returned from his pious walk, he found his master waiting for him at the half door of the painting shop. Rowland asked him if it was his will that he should then commence his duties, as he was desirous to try his hand. Mr. Windley said that he thought it scarcely worth while, as the evening was advancing, and, although in the early part of August, and consequently a good deal of daylight, he thought it would be as well to make a holiday of the rest of the day.

"Not but," observed the good natured master, "I ought to have got that clog laid in to-night, and would have done, but I don't know whether the sole is to be gilded—rather a slashing clog that, young man?"

"Tremendous," said the astonished pupil. He not, at that time, having experimentalized upon the difference of a sign down, and one up; same as many want to know why the moon looks so much larger down, than up.

"Well, now, I'll give you a chance, just try, any time will do, as we must keep the job a fortnight, or the chap will think we can paint clogs as fast as he can make 'em—and charge no more for 'em, eh? but I say, you may pop a little clog, one the size of nature—the pattern one there in the back ground; just to give pictorial effect, put in that candlestick or a clogger's knife or so—just to tell the size of the great one; the sole will take a few books of gold—if he has it gilded—speaking of these things, what age is your mother?"

"I think thirty three, sir."

"By George, what a magnificent woman! I never seen such a neck in my life; damn me, she made my wife look like putty. You'll not be long without a stepfather, old fellow." Rowland's eyes flashed and his tawney red cheeks went white.

"By George, why now in London she could get—speaking of gilding—aye, five pounds a week to have Didos, Cleopatras, and—aye, that's where she'd make it—Venuses painted from her."

Rowland's cheeks, in the struggle to resume their wonted color, outstepped their usual economy, unless they were resolved to balance the singular pallor they had just exhibited by a redundancy of the opposite phenomenon. The lip performed the part assigned to it by the sentimental lady—he shewed a young frown before he was a man; and verified all the old lady had prophesied, save the opinion she offered, as to what would be his conduct at the mention of his mother.

"Well, I suppose she was quite satisfied with what I said about the attention that would be paid to your virtue? ha, ha, that going to paint the church was a good move. She couldn't doubt the sincerity of our religious duties when I informed her, that upon them depended the painting and coloring of Fleigh Church. Ah, we'll give you virtue enough. But I say, young man—now look at me, what was you looking so busily at the bottom of the parlor grate for—eh? I observed that you scarcely took your eye of it."

"The parlor grate?"

"The parlor grate!"

"The parlor—oh, aye, why it is so very like one where I went to school—so I thought;" and then he looked as if the whole, query and answer, were not worth a thought at all.

"Sure that was all?"

"What other motive?"

"Then go to your clog. There's yon three chaps as you see coming this way, now they are about three of the greatest devils—mind they never pump you about anything, particularly about me. If ever I know you tell 'em when I get drunk—but mind."

"Well, Harry," said the first of this terrible triumvirate, "how's your wife—I mean your *clog*? I was sorry to hear this morning that you'd a batch of bad putty. I understand it made the mistress look quite doughy. O! by George, news. I saw the chap who ran away with your wife before you married her, you know; and whilst you were at the *rearing* of the Mechanics' he was supporting her in your absence; but never heed, Harry, she'd not *pine* in that way, if you were not the *apple* of her eye. Holo, is there another admirer of the clog; what member of the spindle genus have you got there, Harry?"

"Oh, the new apprentice! a chap that'll douse you vast shortly, Master Rowbottom."

"Will he? then why don't you reverse your positions, and you go apprentice to him, you imposter;—Here, I say, young victim, how d'ye do, what's your name?"

"Bradshaw—Rowland, sir."

"Coming here to be a brush, eh? come to unbend? Well, I should think your soul, after the contemplation of the one before you, must be wandering in the inspiring realms of imagination. How many hours a day has your master commanded you to look at the sign? week-days I mean; Sundays can be reserved to get into the *clog*, I mean the *mysteries* of his *art*.—Now, Harry, don't look so glump, I'm not metaphorical."

"Well, well," said the other two that formed a part of the three of the greatest—but we have heard Mr. Windley's description.

Now this "well, well," was said as if they would, had it been prudent, have said "don't lessen Harry before his pupil." This, no doubt, was the intention, and seemed to have the proper effect upon Mr. Rowbottom, as we shall see.

"Can you run any, Master Bradshaw?" demanded Mr. Rowbottom.

"A little, sir."

"Can you swim?"

"At school, sir, I was accounted a very good one."

"Here, do you see yon little house—the one that has got a still less at the back?"

"Yes, sir—where the railings are?"

"The same; run thither, and give your mistress' compliments—it's I who want to borrow it, but you can say it's for her—as it's prime—and say she will feel obliged if he will lend her about four pounds of his best rowed bacon, until she kills her pig."

"Very well, sir," and away Rowland ran.

"By George, he'll be killed;" said Mr. Styrrup, one of the three.

"If they come here," said the proprietor of the paint shop, beginning to clear away a lot of lead lights and other new glazed sashes, "every thing will be smashed; recollect you tip, Mr. Bob, whatever's the damage, and if he gets his skull split, there will be the doctor's—and there will be his mother—she may kick up a rumpus."

"Oh, a dozen to your rump and fuss, and to your fears of old Bacon; he can never catch him. If the lad should make through here, which he's sure to do, I'll leg Bacon, and that will give him the start through the garden and down the croft."

Here we must follow Rowland and give also a little information to the reader. It must be known, then, that amongst other peculiarities and customs of the Fleighers, they hold in great veneration that one, of giving to every member of the good town of Fleigh, save at elections and christenings, any name except the one they should bear. For instance, the gentleman's name to whom Mr. Bradshaw is delivering his message, is Foster; but on account of his eating an inordinate quantity of pork at a Christmas feast, he and his family have been called *Bacon* ever since; and ever will be. At the same time, however, from the hour this savory cognomen was bestowed upon him, up to the present, he or any of his family would think little of sacrificing any man and family, who did displace the name of Foster for that of Bacon. Mr. Foster was a silk weaver.

Now, Rowland delivered the polite intimation of his mistress exactly as it was suggested by Mr. Rowbottom. Mr. Foster was peaceably raising a new pattern upon a new warp; or rather he was preparing the warp for the operation of the many-bobbined shuttle; when he put a straight forward question to his ears, and asked them if they had not grossly imposed upon his senses, after Rowland had finished his request. Mr. Foster was a quiet man, and thought he would give the youth another opportunity, and his ears another and a fairer trial; and for this reason ordered the wielder of every lathe in the whole establishment to "stop."

"What was it that you axed for?" demanded Mr. Foster, and not a shuttle stirred.

"About four pounds of your rowed bacon for Mrs. Windley, until we kill our pig, and then, I suppose—"

"Here, stop a bit till I cut it off; I'm coming reaund."

"No hurry," said Rowland, and perhaps the reader will not be surprised at Mr. Rowland's remark, when we tell him, that although this was but a weaver's cottage, still there was a very tidy mirror hanging at an angle of about thirty two from the wall, close to where

Rowland stood. It is an awkward way, it must be confessed, of hanging a glass, for although it gives the whole figure, yet it is strangely foreshortened and perspectived, instead of giving the more agreeable face-to-face conference. Still it enabled Rowland to see his nice little frill; the beautiful twist of his side locks; the tips of his new boots—and old Mr. Foster's approach, which the said Mr. Foster was making coolly enough—not with the bacon, but with the identical weaver's drying iron with which he had just been warping; the flat end half-red hot. Now, whether he was going to do the same to the admiring boy's coat, that he had just been doing to the yarn, is not known; but he lifted it in such a menacing manner, that Rowland preferred a bolt out of the cottage even to another perspective touch at the frill.

The original promoters of the visit were standing in front of the paint shop anxiously awaiting the start. One rapturous burst told that what they were so wishful for, was effected.

"By G—d, they're off," shouted—we don't know which to accuse of the exclamation, as there were more voices than one.

"The lad clears the half door before Bacon hits him with the drying iron—five pounds," shouted Rowbottom."

"Done," said Styrrup.

"They're coming this way—run for your lives, lads!" said Mr. Windley—"devil of a job if he's killed first day." And Mr. Windley uttered the last sentence as he was pursuing the advice he had just given to the workmen.

"I'll leg old Bacon," said Rowbottom, compressing his eye-brows, a sure sign that he thought the task not so easy as his boasts would appear to convey.

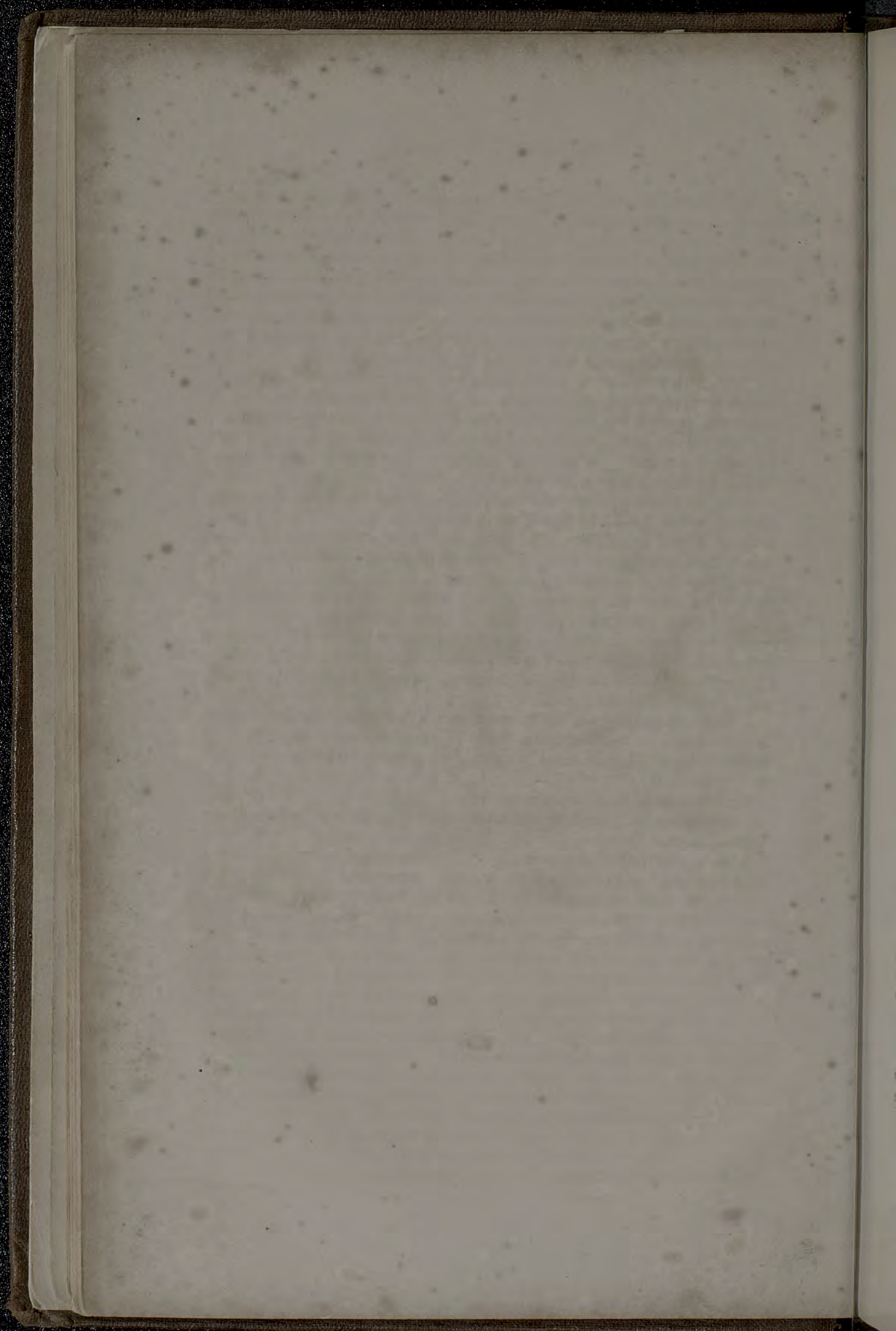
"Now, boy, jump the door," cried the others, but did not do this until they were almost ready to commit a similar feat upon the garden wall.

Rowland threw himself over the half-door of the paint shop, whilst his terrible pursuer threw the drying iron over him again, the lad dropped into the shop, the drying iron into a crate of crown glass. The boy soon recovered himself, and so did the abused neighbor his drying iron. The yard was quickly made, but not in less time than about a score of packed sashes were, to fly into cullet sufficient to cover the garden wall that we see the pursued youth now springing over. Nor was Foster long after the smashing of the sashes, it was only a flying episode in the chase—no delay.

The crackling of the glass, so far from startling the revenge from whatever place it had rooted itself in Mr. Foster's lanky body, seemed to give it new vigor, and re-string every sinew of it's strong though somewhat aged proprietor. He soon made the garden wall, but, instead of clearing it, as a less experienced greyhound would; he made the top, and then stood upon it until he saw the course of the daring youth. One swing round of the drying iron, just to give an agreeable celerity to the tangent force, before he withdrew the impetus that had given it its centripetal—and then it proceeded on its mission. It missed the lad. The counteractive power, however, was too great for the old emuced wall, down it came, and with it the ungarnished figure of revenge, now in its fierceness; for there was undoubtedly reason to fear an escape.



The Race



The wicked triumvirate, though considerably in advance in the race, saw this last discomfiture of the outraged weaver, and cheered the lad on with the whole strength of their lungs. Now they start fairly, for the heavy iron is relinquished, and, at the end of about three hundred yards, it was as clear, as the fact, that, for the first time, fastened on all their memories, that old Foster had been considered the best runner, in his younger days, in the county, and must catch his game. They saw, with dismay, that whatever deteriorations time might have effected in his original powers, revenge was creditably replacing them.

"Off with your coat and waistcoat, lad," shouted Rowbottom, as the racers were passing the sportsmen, and, as Rowbottom shouted this, he threw off his own, an example followed by the rest.

Rowland did as he was desired, and though a prudent act, yet it gave his pursuer a fearful advance in the race. It nevertheless permitted him to keep a score of yards a-head.

Now, Rowbottom, being well stripped, entered the race with every inch of speed he could bring to it, as did the rest. The lad knew nothing of the locality, so kept straight forward, depending upon his speed, and what never failed him in similar encounters, his wind. Rowbottom, who was losing ground, holloed to him to double; this he did to intercept the progress of Mr. Foster, for he well saw that however long the affair might last, it must end in a capture. The reason he thought so was, not from fearing either the youth's game or speed, but the field they had now made was bounded by a tremendous high-edge on each side, and was nearly a quarter of a mile long, narrow, and terminated by the canal.

Foot and foot they go, not an inch can either gain; the lad cannot be stimulated to another grass-blade in his stride—nor the other be deterred by the hundreds of threats and promises that are shouted after him.

"He'll have him, if he does not take the canal!"

"If he does, he'll be drowned, after such a frightful run, and—ah, you infernal coward."

This last exclamation was made by a dozen voices at once, and was caused by seeing Foster pick up a spade which had been left upon a potato but. On nearing the canal, the old man could not give utterance to his revenge, the race had stopped that; but a yell almost as savage as an Indian's love-song, burst forth. But though this derided the pursuers, it did not terrify the game, unless making it take the canal can be so construed; for this it did, and with a plunge that could be heard almost as distinctly as the effect could be seen, by the dead-beaten promoters of the savage joke. The place where the canal was taken was remarkably wide, and, being just after some floody weather, was full of fresh, as might be discerned by the yellow muddle, and the slow stream down the centre. It was some time before Rowland's black hair came up after the plunge, and just did so, as the peering eyes of the triumphant huntsman, were looking for the prey. He did not swing his present instrument as he had done the more javelin-formed drying-iron, but just raised the spade so as to make certain of hitting, if not splitting, the floating part of the enfeebled swimmer.

It is lifted ; a second's decimate and the fatal flight—but short though the time was, a threat, fulminated from the opposite bank, caused a moment's reflection to the savage.

This threat was from a gentleman, who held in his hand a double-barrelled gun—had seen the last part of the race, and was, now, reserved to save a life that was destined to cause some bustle in the world.

“If you do, by all that”—and the double cock of the gun locks, and the steady gape of its muzzles, completed the sentence, and stayed the murderous missile.

“Ha, ha, there'll be no occasion,” said the breathless old man, “it'll do without me, no more insults from that strip, at all events ;” and then, the old gentleman, instead of throwing the spade at the floating object in the canal, put part of the blade into the soft bank, and his foot upon the top of it, and his elbow on that of the handle, and he rested, and he laughed. “Ha, ha, he's dreaming, nothing can save him, so dream all that propagate that curst name.”

Old Foster was right. Rowland, instead of making for the opposite side, where stood the gentleman with the but-end of his gun for him to seize, swam down the clayey stream, or rather whirled in circles and with no direct aim, save the one the stream influenced. It was just at this time that Rowbottom came up ; and seeing, at once, the state of affairs, though almost as exhausted as the drowning lad, he sprang into the canal, soon neared him, and with the caution of an old swimmer, seized the sinking lad's shoulder ; but, unfortunately, though he had had experience in saving lives, poor Rowland had had none in losing any ; and, instead of being grateful for this shoulder gripe, returned it, as the base do favors, and grasped, with the tensiveness of death, the throat of his preserver. The preserver was the first to sink, as he was a few seconds after to rise. A score of offers are made for their rescue, a dozen lusty swimmers spring for the prize ; but though loud the shouts, and louder the plunges, they were noiseless as compared to the bursts of laughter howled forth by Foster. An old bargeman was the individual that fortune selected from the now thronged banks, on whom to bestow her distinction ; to this day he can, as he does, crow with delight, when he recounts how he saved the lives of two men, one as good as the other is extraordinary.

Instead of jumping like the rest, though as good a swimmer as any there, he awaited their approach to his barge ; put out the long barge-oar, and soon had the pleasure of seeing them *stick*, as he terms it ; and, in a very little more time, the two swimmers were seen drying, upon the coal-dusted planks of the flat.

There was not much difficulty in causing both the patients to eject the doses of the clayey stream. Mr. Rowbottom was the first to perceive he was in possession of his usual faculties, and as soon as he could exercise that one which enables us to make demands, or reply to them when made, he feebly asked if the poor lad was saved, and when he heard the agreeable affirmation, he sprang into a sitting posture, seized the still unconscious boy's hand, and said—

“The best—ha, ha,” and he rested, “the best bred-one,” and then another faint laugh, and another rest, “I ever saw ; I would not he should have been killed for twenty thousand pounds.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE HORSE BAR.

Before we proceed much further, we think it necessary to give some little information respecting the three gentlemen who have been so unceremoniously introduced to the reader. We might not deem it expedient if all we were to see of them were the parts they took in the joke just recorded; but as he will frequently meet with them in the course of our proceedings, particularly Mr. Rowbottom—it is reasonable he should know a little more respecting themselves and their operations.

The gentleman, then, who distinguished himself in the last chapter by the outrageous trick we saw him play upon our young hero, and the youngest apprentice to Mr. Windley, was, at the time of this feat, about thirty years of age. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards placed under the care of one of the largest law firms in Manchester; where, it is said, he made considerable proficiency; and would, probably, have been distinguishing one of the Inns, as he ultimately intended to try the bar, when an event happened that completely changed all his prospects, at least, as far as the law was concerned; and that was, the death of his father, the most extensive, as well as the wealthiest cotton-spinner in the neighborhood of Fleigh. And, though but a member of a somewhat large family, yet, as it chiefly consisted of girls, it was thought impossible to carry on, or, at least, carry out, all the great undertakings of the late spinner, unless "Robert" left the law and attended the joint management of the extensive business we have named.

It is probable many of our fair readers will be surprised that Mr. Rowbottom should have attained the age we have stated, without being captured, when we inform them that he was undoubtedly one of the very finest men within the manufactural range of Manchester; added to which, a great wit—or at all events of the Manchester order, and immensely wealthy. No neighboring hunt would be considered patronized if his splendid stud, and magnificent boots, buckskin breeches, scarlet coat, and brilliant hollo, did not honor it. He was a favorite with the workmen and the poor, but awfully attached to punning, waggery, and his bachelor's buttons.

Now his punning, it must be observed by the reader, was not of that manufactured, vulgar class, which requires in the delivery a strong emphasis on the words played upon; and in writing Mr. Rowbottom's puns, whenever they come in our way, we shall be careful never to mark them at all, unless there would obviously be a mismeaning, if we did not.

No, the easy manner in which they were introduced, caused them seldom or never to be noticed, unless by those who were best acquainted with his mode, and felt an interest in getting the first laugh. This

plan of Mr. Rowbottom's, if anything can excuse punning, it must be confessed, does, and is not so boring as the pre-studied. It was no study with him; nay, he would have been most happy to have broken himself of so bothering and, if not careful, dangerous habit.

From all this, it may appear somewhat singular, that a gentleman of Mr. Rowbottom's standing, education, and fortune, should elect, as an associate, the preceptor of our hero. Why, so it does, no doubt, and particularly to a gentleman luxuriating in a town of a quarter-of-a-million of inhabitants. But, in the first place, the painter was considered a genius in his way, a boon companion, and a topper at practical joking; and, then, in a town of the circumscribed society of Fleigh, you must not be over nice. Besides, the proprietor of the flaming sign was of a good family, with plenty of capital, for the size of his operations, had been two years in London, and was not afraid of his wife.

Mr. Styrrup, the second gentleman in this terrible lot, was the son of a large coal-proprietor, who had caused him to be carefully educated for a physician, kept him his hunter while he did so, and allowed him an annual sum which enabled him to keep a terrier, a couple of greyhounds, and another expensive favorite: which keepings, the old gentleman did not think so inimical to the pursuit of medicine, as some of the examiners did at Surgeons' Hall. In short, after two years spent in fruitless attempts to obtain his diploma, the old gentleman said that the examiners should not jostle him any longer—sent them a letter to that effect, and concluded it with asseverating that the next time he asked them for a diploma, even if it were for himself, they would grant it; sent for his victimised son home, said that no doubt the examiners had their price, and so had he; that price was his darling's company, and the saved bribe.

Now, Mr. Joseph Styrrup had also qualities that made him fitting for the high honor of sharing that confederacy which Mr. Rowbottom led, and all the town of Fleigh admired. This consisted in what his more enthusiastic admirers called illimitable imagination, but those who despaired in rivalling him in his peculiar walk admitted the imagination, but observed, it so far exceeded theirs, that it could not be considered as speaking enviously when they said, they were prepared to believe him as far as they could go with him, but must remain in doubt, though, perhaps, agreeably so, when their limited experience, or education, could convey them no further.

The last of this *sable* crew was a Mr. John Marsh, a machine-maker's son, also in the neighborhood; also a wag, a firm ally and admirer of Mr. Rowbottom's.

With these little sketches, let us get on with our history. In the first place, then, we must recount what was done with Mr. Rowland Bradshaw, after the extraordinary beginning we have seen him make in his apprenticeship. After the usual methods that are resorted to in cases of drowning, had been successfully employed, Mr. Bradshaw offered to walk to his new home; this was at once objected to by Mr. Rowbottom; who caused him to be supported to the nearest house, until his own fly could be fetched—saw Rowland well wrapped up, and ordered the driver of the fly to take him home—tell his sister *partly* what had happened, and request her to take every care of him—after which, he was to bring a

dry suit of clothes for himself, take them to Mr. Styrrup's house, and there his mission ended.

Mr. Styrrup's house being close to, Mr. Rowbottom was soon refitted for the evening, which, by this time, had set in. The evening after the glorious race, was to be spent, where indeed few of them were not, and that was at the White-horse, or, rather, in the jovial White-horse inner-bar; a room set apart for that portion of the aristocracy of Fleigh, who chose to honor it with their attendance. This was a splendid place, and was nightly filled by about thirty of the first men in the parish, consisting of the magistrates, manufacturers, and principal tradesmen of the town.

The extraordinary circumstances of the race had met most of their ears; and a tremendous muster was the consequence. The landlord, who, we shall see, was quite fitting for the high honor, was permitted to face the chair on the occasion. The chair itself was dignified by the mayor of Fleigh.

Our party, that is, Messrs. Rowbottom, Styrrup, Marsh, and the embryo master of poor Rowland, arrived a little before eight, and, as soon as they did so, the first named gentleman threw his hat, bran-new, on the table, and thus essayed—

"If you do not respect me, bestow a little adoration on my hat."

"Certainly," said the polite chairman, and the chief magistrate certainly did, but in a way, that, to a stranger, must have had a strange effect, for he took up his walking cane, and, with it, struck the crown of the said hat, with all the impetus he could give it.

"Well," said the owner of the smashed beaver, "I suppose we must do as we are done to, so pass it round," saying which, he took a neighbor's stick, and flattened the shining hat of the mayor. The mayor did the same to the next. The next, to the next but one, as he saw him putting it under his seat, so the stick came upon his head. This little episode caused a roar; all agreed it served him right, and right and left the hat smashing went on; and only left off, when the last crown had saluted the brim. When they had finished, Mr. Rowbottom asked them all what they would be *at*, and said, it certainly *capped* every proceeding he had ever seen, unless, indeed, they were merely throwing their hats about to shew their knowledge of *projectiles*.

"Bravo," said the Vice, "shall we commence with the glasses, or wait until the respected quartet, who entered last, have called for theirs? It might appear invidious, perhaps, if we did not."

"Oh, fair play," replied the courteous Chair, "besides, as I hear one has been in a *row*, as well as at the *bottom* of the canal, he may want to mix a little rum to the clay sediment—rather in the mud there, eh?"

"Now, do you think he has *said* what he *meant*, because, if I was in the mud, why does he not *ad-mire* me," interrupted the subject of the mayor's inuendo.

"Devilish smart runners; let the lad and oud Bacon lick the lot on yo. Bacon would have killed the lad if he hadn't heard the click of my gun locks. Lord, lads, how you would have laughed, if you'd only heard Bob, there, skriek 'sister,' when he thought he was going down the last time."

"No, you're wrong, Mr. Chair, I was using that bleaching-croft

word to you, and said, half *in* water, half *out* of breath; 'tell your sister she must die an old maid.'"

This produced a roar against the presider of the festivities, not, however, without his participation; a good-tempered signal of defeat.

"Well, well," said the Vice, "I hear the humane society is going to present its gold medal to the flatman, particularly as he did it with the oar—"

"They'd sooner believe you did it with *one*, so don't *meddle* in their affairs, or else they'll say you're a flat, man."

"But, why did not Jack Marsh, here, pull you out first? for you was both on yo near enough, twice," demanded the mayor.

"A likely thing," responded Marsh, "when I'd a ten with Joe, here, he'd be drowned."

"Ay, that's true," said Styrrup, "I'd forgotten—tip."

"After the ten you laid me to five, that he wouldn't faint if he got out, is paid," replied Mr. Marsh.

"I say Bob, what were your last thoughts, now tell us the truth, just when you thought it was all over, was it about your then drowning, or your future burning?" asked Mr. Styrrup.

"Neither; my last moments were spent as your last shillings are."

"How are they?"

"In repentance; I repented, without any bitterness, that I had always been in the habit of winning Marsh's weekly allowance from him; that I had stated last Tuesday, at Manchester, that I once heard you speak the truth, and that our vice—our in-place-of, there, had once refused to sing.—"

Mr. Styrrup placed a silk handkerchief to his nose, and then ejected as much breath into it, as he thought would enable him to smell his way a little better than before.

"Come," said Rowbottom, "Joseph, that's *not* so very polite—Here, landlord, ring the bell and order these divers gills *agin* (gin)"

"If divers had always gills," retorted Mr. Styrrup, "they would, perhaps, flounder less when they were drinking clay water, and respire some of its sludge at the time, and not play the grampus here; imagining they are jetting pure streams of wit, when only snorting forth a shower of mud."

"Why, what's so refreshing to tadpoles?" in a very small tone, demanded Mr. Rowbottom.

"Why, a dark hole to a toad, such a one as you would have been in, if you had not known that screaming was easier to learn than swimming."

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" cried they all, after making the tables dance again.

"Another half-guinea bowl," shouted out the Mayor, "grand! and see to the tap-room, let 'em have enough," said the Chair, looking at Rowbottom.

"As much as they like, of course," answered that gentleman.

Now, all this meant, that every one who had assisted at the canal accident, and who was in the "tap," was to imitate the laudable example we see is in carrying out, in the sanctum of the White Horse.

The bowl entered, and the waiter whispered to Mr. Rowbottom, that the new apprentice was doing well.

"Then I will try to imitate him. Gentlemen, by way of antidote to the poison contained in the assassin-like speech of Mr. Styrrup—oh you may stare, but it spoke of darkness, a hole, a piercing look, and, sure, your laugh has thrown venom enough into it, to annihilate bolder men than one, who, when he found he could no longer swim, had to encounter the horror of discovering that, rending as his screams were, he could not induce even an attempt to save, from a lot of very noble fellows truly, although they saw drowning the best bit of game that ever it had been their fortune to witness—a boy, a victim to a trick, and a stranger, and, I repeat, the best pluck'd one that ever ran down that croft, and there have been some good ones too, or jumped that canal. He ran three quarters of a mile, with, of his day, the best man of this country, and, although one is getting fifty, yet the other is probably not more than fifteen; still, the lad did not know his ground, and, although I am sure it will be granted by all that saw it, that in going round Marsh's meadow he lost ten yards, yet Bacon could not take him. We all got the start; all cut in, still the best of us was dead-beaten thirty yards. That proves the speed, but the way he took the canal, would have staggered old Bess herself. So, without another word, gentlemen, here's three-times-three, in gill bumpers, to the stranger—Rowland Bradshaw."

The toast was drunk most glowingly, and the race was run over again; and, of course, infinitely better done than before.

"It might have been a sad job, though," rather musingly, said his master, after the vehemence had a little subsided—"might have been killed!—too bad, after what I said to his mother."

"Oh, the fact is," chimed in Styrrup, "it was a damned cowardly trick. Killed, of course he might, the breaking of all the glass, was a very proper judgment on us *all*."

"Ay, and it would be an appendix to the frolic, not at all ill-judged, if Harry's wife should split his skull for allowing such doings after the promise held out to the lad's mother," said the serious Mr. Rowbottom.

"Ay, the glass, by George," said the open-eyed Mr. Windley, "by gew I never thought of that; who is to pay for that?—a precious smash, no doubt."

"Why, Harry," said the Chair, "wasn't you cracking, the other night, you did not owe a shilling, either to a lead or glass merchant?"

"And what then?" looked the glazier.

"What then!" roared a dozen, "why the glass *is* paid for."

"Oh," said Rowbottom, "I thought any body could *see* through that, or, at all events, after such a *wipe*."

"I wonder if Harry told the lad's mother that he was going to do the church next spring?" asked the Vice.

"No, I told her that the church had done *you*, two springs before."

"Bravo, Harry, and you might have added that, although his quiver is getting pretty well stocked with arrows, he will not put his wife into a position *to be* served the same way."

"Oh, come," said another, "we'en all been church'd enough, I dare say. There'd be awkward work without it, though."

"As how, pray?" demanded the Chair.

"Why, during the week, we'en fifty excuses, but, if it wasn't for going to church of a Sunday, we should have to be taking pastoral walks with our wives—setting examples to our children, and the devil knows what."

"Gentlemen, as we have a fresh bowl, and that, too, I see, a double jorum, I will give you the magistrates of the town of Fleigh; may their present infamy be supported by that spirited contempt which they have ever shewn for the opinions of the virtuous, and that callosity of design which they so industriously pursue, in supporting the polity of the wicked," concluded Mr. Rowbottom, lifting a bumper.

The health was solemnly drunk, all rising, the magistrates who were there, of course, sitting, whilst the ceremonies were ratified, which was done with the greatest enthusiasm.

One of them, a large factory-proprietor, returned thanks in a luminous parliamentary-like speech. It was clever, no doubt, but rather abounded too much in metaphor; talked much of their decisions being free from "selvages;" said that they never put justice upon the "loom," but they were at the same time liberal with the "fents." That their judgments never required new "calendering," and, above all, their intentions were pure enough without "bleaching" or "dyeing;" their quarter-session speeches were so good that they often required "printing." That they "consumed their own smoke," and, consequently, did not injure their neighbors' "calico-crofts." They worked nothing but "high-pressure engines;" or "over-shot water-wheels," and the like; and concluded by saying, that much as they respected justice, still friendship had claims of a higher, a holier nature. Thus, on behalf of his friends, as well as himself, he should pursue the advice so ably, so eloquently recommended by his friend, Mr. Rowbottom; but, unless all present were considered their friends, they should have some difficulty in complying with the request—viz: "industriously supporting the polity of the wicked!"

It were as needless to observe, that this speech was met with uproarious applause, as it would be to say, that the sixth bowl of punch, which they were now lessening, helped, most wonderfully, both the applause and the speech. Mr. Rowbottom, himself, admitted that it was splendid, and that no man who had ever partaken of the atmosphere they then guzzled in, was more fitting for the vocation the late speaker pursued, that of—a cotton lord.

"For," said he, "the speech was beautifully 'spun out,' shewing that there was lots of 'yarn' in it, and well 'wefted.' No 'rovings,' unless to 'unravel,' no 'dant,' without 'twist.' No 'devilling,' but what a sweet-voiced 'throstle' might have inflicted, all of which prove, that the speaker's brains are as surely compounded of 'cotton,' as his hair is of 'wool.'"

The evening was thus proceeding in its magnificence, when one of the company, a large coal proprietor, asked our friend, Mr. Styrrup, if he had asserted that they could draw more up their "six feet," than the speaker could up his shaft of a similar depth of mine.

"I said our new hundred-horse engine could."

"We'll draw more in a fortnight with our eighty," rejoined the other.

"Pay or play?" asked Mr. Marsh, whose eyes were twinkling at the gas.

"Pay or play," said the other.

"Done for a hundred," said Mr. Styrrup, letting his chin touch his breast.

"Done for two, if you like," returned the other, doing the same to his ruffled shirt.

"Here's my hundred," said Mr. Styrrup, pulling out a bank-of-England voucher for the exact amount.

"Here's my cheque for the same," replied Mr. Styrrup's opponent, saying which, he bade them good night, as though he were resolved to go about it straight.

"You'll lose," said Rowbottom,— "I've heard a thing or two about that affair."

"Will I?" said Styrrup, giving as knowing a wink as incipient drunkenness generally does, when it is somewhat doubtful; "here, Harry, come this way—Bob;" and Mr. Styrrup beckoned them out, and winked again.

They all three went into a small parlor to concoct the winning, and after many schemes had been offered, and rejected, this was the one to do it.

"I can, that is, I could, I think, win it for you, that is——"

"Oh you're drunk, but what is it?" asked Rowbottom—"devil of a go if you're done—a hundred!—and precious jawed, I wouldn't have it for twice the sum—out with it."

"I'll win it for twenty," double-winked Mr. Windley.

"Well, it's yours then, now let's have it," said the acceptor of the bet.

"It's the shaft where they had two men killed about a fortnight since?"

"The very exact."

"Could you get me down without any one knowing?"

"No, but I can get you down without their knowing, if that'll do, although three hundred yards."

"We must be two, and then it'll do. What time can I get down?"

"Why any time between this and four, their engineer is in the tap; I can hear him singing."

"Then I and another must be the ghosts of those two men as were killed. We'll be ready to receive the first gang of colliers in the morning—white shirts and faces, fire brands and—'we're come to tell you to repent!' and there'll be no work in that shaft, till a parson's bin down, I know."

"Bravo, by George, Harry, thou'st saved my life—that'll do for a thousand; a sovereign for th' engineer—he dar'n't blab, after that; I'll go about that, who will you get to help.—"

"The landlord's my man," said the knowing glazier. "Holo! why Rowbottom's in a snore. Here, let's go see th' engineer."

And as soon as they went out for the purpose we have heard, Mr. Rowbottom got up from his snore, and went into the bar-maid's room.

"Jane—a thousand times handsomer than ever," commenced Mr. R., as soon as he fairly got seated beside the presiding goddess.

"Oh, what a man! Mr. Rowbottom, if you was to talk that way to ladies, as you do to me, what wives might you ha' had before this; why don't you get married?" simpered the subject of Mr. Rowbottom's attack.

"Why don't you?—fie fie."

"Mr. Rowbottom?"

"Ay, you'll rue, for I know you love him at bottom!"

"Me sir, who do you mean?"

"Whom do I mean? why that poor lad, poor Will—but now, mark, shut the door—"

"Now which is most proper, 'shut' or 'close'—?"

"(Go swim;) why, my demi-angel, when you shut your mouth you close it, and when you close the door you shut it; so open your ears. I saw that poor lad in Manchester. He throws himself into the old river to-morrow morning at eight, unless you are there in time to stop it. Here, take this, be off by the half-past five train, have a parting look, if nothing else;" and the large India-silk handkerchief of Mr. Rowbottom's was lifted to his eyes, and the maiden's white one to hers.

"Poor lad! be there in time; I'll tell the mistress all about it, as soon as she misses you in the morning; don't name it to a soul."

The girl whimpered her thanks, and promised obedience.

The party in the sanctum, long ere this, was getting uproarious. Mr. Rowbottom just gave them a parting flourish; paid the whole reckoning, as it was his turn, and then made for home; but made more attempts to walk like a gentleman to it, than he had to out-pun his compeers of the evening. The fresh air, it would seem, however, was more hostile to the wag's walking capabilities, than to his mental, for though he had a difficulty in keeping the middle of the street, it would appear he had none in knowing those whom he might either meet or pass; whether it should be rambling bipeds like himself, or decrepit old women; who, being sleepless, often amuse themselves by opening their windows to see who are nocturnalizing it; whether by straggling home drunk, or rising before their neighbors, too eager of their task.

Mr. Rowbottom had not proceeded far, when such a person accosted him with a "good morning."

"Ah, that's you, Peggy, (the very old hag.) Here, call at the White Horse about eight in the morning—ask for Jane; if you can't see her, go to Mrs. Windley, tell—are you listening, Madam Hecate?"

"Perfect, Mester Rowbottom, perfect."

"Go to her, I say, and tell her you saw her husband and Jane White-horse go away together in the first train—anywhere—I'll leave that to you."

"No hurt, Mester Rowbottom?—you're sich a sad—"

"Go float—here's a shilling—no bungling, and I'll give you another next time no one sees us together—no bungling."

"Lord bless you, no, I know it's only for a bit of innocent mirth—bungling!—lord bless you—and the promise of another shilling."

CHAPTER V.

THE GHOSTS.

Hasty would be the conclusion, by whomsoever formed, if based upon the opinion that the good people of Fleigh were alive to no interests save the samples that we have given in our last pair of chapters. We say hasty, indeed, and, without being paradoxical, we think we can prove it; for, although an unusual amount of recklessness and dissipation has been already exhibited to the sober reader, yet, we think, we may adventure the assertion, that this very extravagance of demeanor proves that the worthy folks of Fleigh are, or have been, tolerably alive to their number ones. No, what a glimpse, and particularly of youthful peepers, would proclaim unthinking squander, a more deliberate survey would assever to be the mere over-boilings of prosperity; and that prosperity which is resultant from any, or all things, save a disinclination to our own interests.

It might be inferred too, from the boonship and jollity which we have seen select the White Horse for their display, that there would be no jealousy, no fear of secrets being discovered, no dread of impropriety, no domestic apprehension;—indeed, we shall see just now, and probably shall find that that which binds together cabinets, and sometimes shatters them, has a pretty similar duty to perform, when requested to attend on the good people of Fleigh.

Mr. Windley and his coadjutor, the worthy landlord of the head inn, found themselves, long before they were sober, at the very bottom of the very shaft of which we have heard mention. They had plenty of time, however, both to get sober and personate the shrouded miners, whose fate has been recorded. They had, perhaps, too much time, for they now began to consider that the task of ghosting the silly colliers, would not, or might not, be half so difficult as that of getting a clear view of either broad daylight, or murky moonlight—should the engineer, when sober, be frightened at the trick played his employers, or what was worse, the taker of the bet, Mr. Styrrup, wishing to make certain of it, keep them down a week; or that dreadful wag, Rowbottom, want to console their wives—those wives, whom, to tell, would be to lose the bet, their credit, their comfort, and, perhaps, personal graces:—oh! all was as terrible and gloomy as the forest of props that surrounded them; props, whose duty it was to uphold the rugged roof, and conduct slow-dropping yellow water down their shagged sides.—They, themselves, if left long, might form a less dignified appearance; or, if found by the wrong party, why then the aforesaid props' position would be an accumulation of dignity as compared with their own.

And then Mr. Windley looked at Mr. Latham's face, and then Mr.

Latham looked at that of his watch. Then each gave a furtive glance at each other's external man; and then each an internal inversion. Then one rolled his silver and copper, the other both his eyes. Mr. Latham, being the taller gentleman, then did try, whether he could be of any use to the props, as was evident from the busy comparison he instituted whenever he came to one of his own height.

Mr. Windley proposed a survey of the workings, as also a visit to the stables, and, for these purposes, both started, and went about it as merrily as sobriety ever does, when, in the furtherance of a feat, inspired by midnight punch bowls.

"If we don't succeed?—"

"If we what?—don't—"

"Ay," said the first speaker, "if we should not succeed, we shall get a rather, precious laughing at."

"Oh, by George," said the other talker, "we must—I say, Harry, if we frighten everybody, so that nobody will come near the works—and, by George, I should not wonder if we did;—I say, if we frighten them so, we might be here for—oh! Lord, what a thing if we have to live on pony flesh."

"Or asses' ;" said the other, with a very thrill of dismay. "I say, Latham," interjected Mr. Windley, as a sudden horror burst upon his mind—"Oh, my—oh, Heaven! if we should fire the damp;—oh! oh! and we might, with two such lanterns as these."

And the other, ready-dressed ghost, looked at his terror-stricken friend, as he jutteth forth his last remarks, with such a pair of eyes that, though the light was murky, his friend could not mistake the tone of feelings which had inspired such fearful vision. The thought was too dreadful to find utterance in either, but when both recollected that the miserable creatures they were then personating, had perished, perhaps on the very spot they then stood upon, their legs became too feeble to locomote their bodies, or their fears, to what might be deemed safer ground. Both their lanterns dropped at once, they following the example, as they well knew that that was the best chance to avoid the blast, should their ill constructed lights fire the gas. They soon crawled to the tram-road, and, keeping in the middle of it, worked their way by this blind-worm process, until sundry noises denoted the contiguity of the shaft.

Their ghost dresses, as well as their purpose, were woefully marred by the emucid tram-road. But loss of dress, bets, a little caste, were more tolerable in contemplation than the one which had forced its convictions—that this slimy retreat had probably saved them from furnishing employment to inquisitions on human cinders.

They made the shaft, and, with the usual difficulty of intense darkness, succeeded in placing themselves in a position to seize upon the first tub which might descend; and, as it was now getting nearly four o'clock, they well knew that it might be momentarily expected.

Nor were they mistaken, only, in this, that the nice dry corner in which they had both placed themselves, was the very machine in which they had descended. An involuntary "Oh, Lord," escaped them both, for scarcely had they heard the distant rattle of the head gear, when they

discovered they were in rapid motion; but whether ascending, descending, going sideways, or what way, it was impossible for them to conjecture. Going somewhere they certainly were, and, at last, in despite of their fears, they made a pretty knowing guess as to their route; for six seconds of their career had not transpired, when a descending tub, in which were six male and female colliers, told them that they were speedily traversing the same shaft, that, a few hours before, they had descended; for any purpose save the one they were now engaged in—ignoble flight.

To escape the brow-man was now the difficulty; one swing and they are both landed by that unconscious ministrant. One look, and one jump, told that it was not the first time that the miserable mine had been haunted. His screams brought the engine-man and some early coal-carters to his assistance; but all fled when he told them he had seen two boggarts, and so did he, with half-a-dozen gangs of colliers, when he perceived the retreating figures of Mr. Windley and Mr. Latham.

The whole works were as deserted as if they were fearful of them all falling down the shaft. Not a soul was about, except the wretched six we have seen descend; and they had something to encounter far more dreadful than the dirty shirted gentlemen, who so speedily ran away from the landed tub. Yes, there might be some delusion about the first phenomena; there could be none about those which met the startled eyes of the industrious six. For, before them, on the very spot, or quite near enough, where the two men had so recently perished, were seen two lights, than which, the major planets were but glimmerers. Two persevering lights, which, alas, told too true a tale of their late companions' fate in another country. Both had been dreadful swearers, and now had come thither to warn their equally culpable brethren. A very race to the shaft, was the consequence of this terrible vision. There was the shaft, there the tub, but no noise, no appearance of others coming to their labors. Some prayed, some shouted, all shook the rope—but no response. The terrible lights they had left were not more silent, nor more motionless the surrounding props, than was the rope that had effected their descent. They had often heard of, but had not seen such spirits before. And wrecked men on a shivering bark, never pierced the air for assistance more desperately than did the ghost-stricken miners.

Now the causers of this grievance, fled with their best speed, and, considering their project a misarrriage, were most strangely bothered how to act. Whether to creep to their warm beds, or, leaving that as dangerous, to lurk elsewhere during the day, until they could devise some plausibility. A thought struck them and was acted upon; they would spend the day in Manchester. Go by the first train, renovate at a place where they were known, and then hit upon something that would save them from eternal ridicule. Many aid-de-camps could tell of great successes, when fear had trampled down conquest, just as their masters thought they were running away. Many times were opportunities afforded Messrs. Latham and Windley to tell how they had obtained a lasting renown amongst the wits of Fleigh, but they never availed themselves of one of them.

The beautiful barmaid of the White Horse, just stepped into the second carriage of the train, as her graceless master skulked into the third, and Mr. Windley into the last. The beautiful barmaid was extensively muffled; her half slouched master, crept into the dark corner of his coach;—it is not recorded what Mr. Windley did—but it is what the boots of the White Horse did. He did go home, and tell his wife, (though, at the same time, he told her he would break her back if, what he was going to tell her, she ever told again, even if she repeated it after death,) what he had seen from first—to the second, and even his suspicions about the last. No doubt, the obedient wife, obeyed the admonishment, and somebody else must have betrayed the fatal secret; for before the landlady of the White Horse had taken her bed-cup of coffee, or breathed the first sentence of her matins, seven hundred and eight people of the parish of Fleigh, knew of the flight, and knew it was sure to be so, of Mr. Latham and the beautiful Jane White-horse.

Mrs. Windley was one of the first to hear of this dreadful intelligence; and probably the reason she was so, was, because she had been sitting up, partly in her two-armed chair, and partly in bed, for her own graceless lord. It was certainly shocking for a young husband to stay out until that time of morning, half-past seven, still it was not like that infamous, nasty, oh, shocking fellow—the abducer of poor Jane. No, it was bad, and Mr. Windley would not repeat it; she would repeat it, that he durst not; it was scandalous; but, to run away with a servant, one's own servant; or, indeed, any one's else's.—Oh, and then she wished she was Mrs. Latham, just to show the customers of the White Horse how she would manage affairs, if she was only landlady during the time Mr. Latham might dare to cloud her presence by his return.

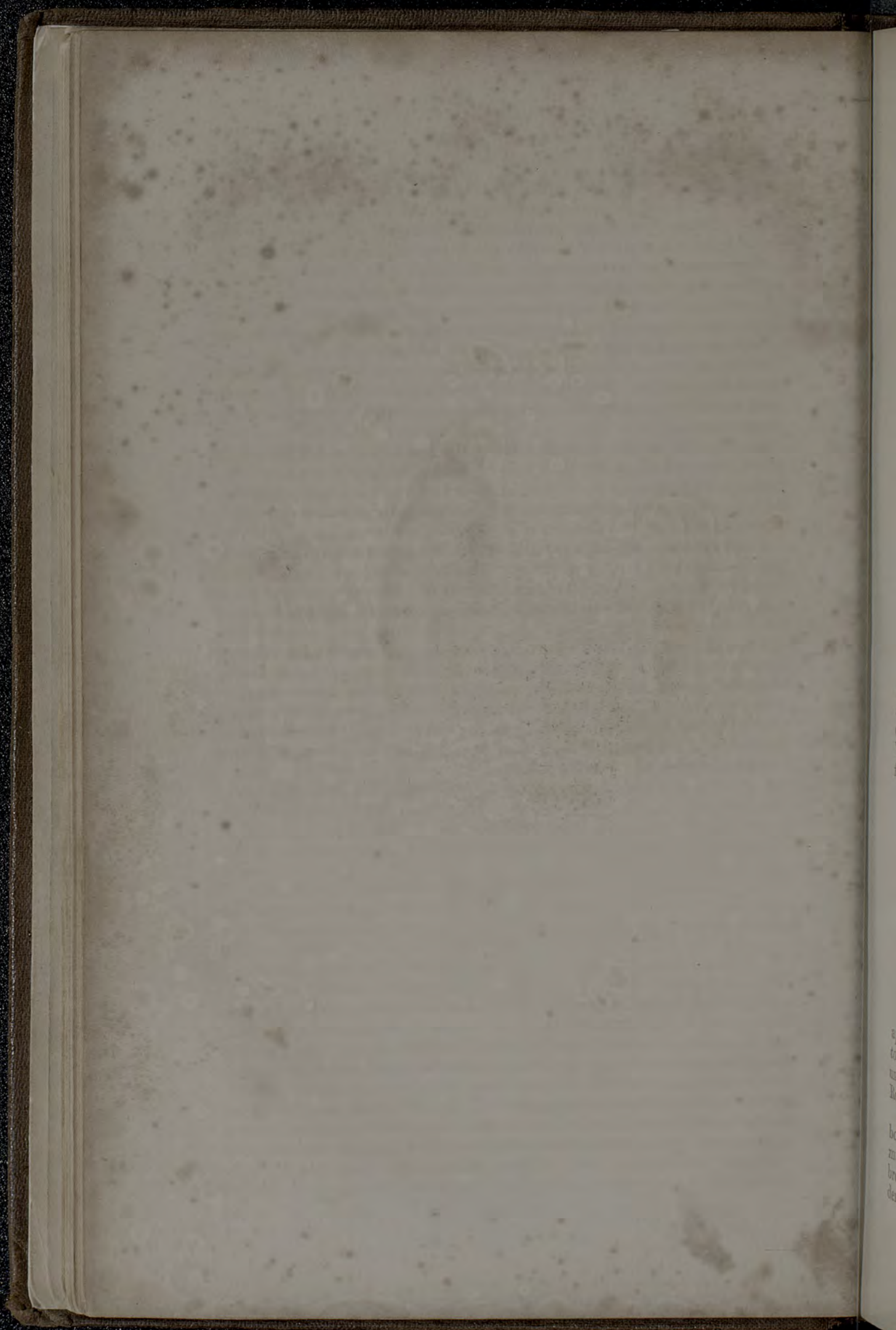
“I wish I was her,”—and Mrs. Windley heard a slight rap at the front door. “Oh, this is him; I'll let him see—but, perhaps, he's bin wi'th' new 'prentice—now or never.” She opened the door, her eyes and mouth, but very fortunately closed the latter without making any betrayal, as in the place of her supposed truant, stood the old lady, whom we saw Mr. Rowbottom accost, as he was returning from the previous evening's jollities.

It was evident that the lady inside the door, was going to treat the one outside, though her senior, as if she were not disposed to enter into the most friendly communication. The one at the bottom of the steps, saw her appearance did not inspire that reception which the subject of her communication would have done; at all events, a month before their marriage. She saw Mrs. Windley expected some one else; told her so, and added she had some friendly information to communicate respecting the very one himself.

The door widened, and in walked the communicant; the door was closed, when she essayed a few preliminary croaks. Mrs. Windley's thoughts relating to the respective positions of herself and Mrs. Latham, began going through that tedious process of transposition, as her aged friend's little jokes became more coherent. They had just entered that stage of scandal, which is managed by assuasives, as, “no doubt, no hurt,” and “perhaps it may be a mistake,” and the like, when Mrs. Windley toppled over, simply observing—



Old Peggy consoles Mrs. Windley



"Oh! to think we married for love, and was own cousins. Oh, my bab—my ba—" and the commiserator of Mrs. Latham directed her expiring look at the little bunch of little bed clothes that was involuntarily motioning the swing cradle before her.

Then little Miss Windley began to weep, and the visitor to express an assertion, that that alone should rouse the mother into a friendly feeling with this world. Mrs. Windley was advised, and snatched the tender mourner to her arms.

"Oh, my poor dear;—even my only baby, as isn't four months' old, sobs for its bad pa; don't you want pa?" asked the afflicted mother, placing her lips to those of such precocious sympathy;—"does it cry for pa—pa—?"

And the little rosebud of affliction said, "pa—pa," and hid its little griefs, face and all, under its mother's neckerchief, and again it said "pa—p—a," and not finding its mother lips to kiss, began exhibiting its sympathy by not only kissing, but biting—sucking something which satisfied both parties quite as well.

This was too much for the old lady, so she at once made her way to the White-Horse tap, to drug her griefs; she not having, like Mrs. Windley, a tender baby to participate in them. She had not been there long, ere she was made the seven-hundred-and-ninth being who knew of the White-Horse *faux pas*.

Then did the old lady feel much relieved; the rum had comforted her, as the tale had satisfied her conscience. Jane *was* run away with; of course, it was dark when she went; her eyes were getting weaker—a mistake only as to the man—the more thankful then Mrs. Windley ought to be. A drop more rum, and the old lady bethought her it was Wednesday, and she must attend morning prayers, or not expect either flannel or coal in the ensuing winter.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. ROWBOTTOM ADVISES MASTER BRADSHAW.

We think it but reasonable that we should, now, turn to the new apprentice; as we but left him in an awkward predicament, and that, too, in a strange house. Had he slept the first night of his novitiate under his master's roof, it would have been new, but in that of Mr. Rowbottom's, it was both new and strange.

Rowland had every attention that the family surgeon and Mr. Rowbottom's kind-hearted sister could afford him; not without a hundred murmurings on the part of the latter, such as "Had ever sister such a brother? What could have induced Robert, to such an act of imprudence. The boy—bless and save us, to go—and a stranger, and—but

I am sure Robert had some hand in all this—oh, my dear young friend, don't tell me about his saving your life—he would not have done that, if he had not first endangered it. I certainly will leave his house; and you, sir, are too ill to eat a mouthful. I should not be at all surprised, if you have taken a cold, that may cause a cough, which may engender a decline;—had ever sister—but I will go to sister John's; let him manage his—oh—you what—how dare you?" said the lady, trying to get her breath, and the best blow she could, at the very subject of her anathemas, as that very subject itself, was just releasing her from a strong grasp, and a still more forcible kiss. "If I had not made up my mind before, I have now;—don't think of getting out of it that way. The poor boy might have been drowned—ay, sure to laugh—you would if you were sitting upon barrels of gunpowder."

"Not at your entrance."

"Why, sir?"

"Because I should expect a good *blowing-up*!"

"Some careless person had left the hall door open, and I found there a pertinacious jew-pedlar, who would insist upon opening his case," said the lady.

"Then, my dear, I hope you *replied*."

"—Bored me beyond endurance to purchase something."

"No doubt, a pair of *ear-rings*."

"One pun more, and on my honor—oh, you look beautifully this morning—"

"Why, my dear, I know I do; It was through taking my breakfast fasting."

"Almost a pun, you will—you think you can joke me out of it, sir!"

"I never was more serious;—I took it before, instead of after, your scolding; as my fast, you know, is generally broken by that."

"I will go to my sister John's," said the lady, with great desperation—rising to quit the room.

"Don't, for when I saw you go into the green-house this morning, for all your scoldings, I could not help saying, 'there is my *garden* angel.'"

"Here is poor Mr. French writes, that he is so reduced, he is obliged to live in a court," continued the lady

"No wonder, my dear, since he is now an old man, and was ever so fond of *law*!"

"I *will* go to my sister John's."

"If jokes send you thither, may not *coax* bring you back; and since you journey both ways by rail, why al-ways be *railing* here?" and the lady left the room.

"Ha! ha! best in the world; but I wanted to say a word to you before you went," said Mr. Rowbottom to the somewhat pale-faced Master Bradshaw; "give me your hand, I am heartily sorry for the trick, and you must pardon it. It was wrong, but will be of use to you; you will understand the thing, should any one else try it on; and that they are sure to do here, for you must know, that this is the metropolis of practical joking. It was a *wrong* act."

"Do not name it, sir."

"But I must name it. I almost think my genius for foolery was a little on the rampant, yesterday. I shall go with you to your mistress, for I have some muddled recollections of playing her some—but she is used to jokes, else it was too bad; I must drop it. Now, mark; your master is a decent fellow, honorable, and, I have no doubt, will do his best for you. One thing, I have to observe; your business you will learn in less time than he and his numskulls take to keep it from you; learning a mere trade is little to most, to the intelligent, when young, nothing; but study him, and most of his acquaintance, and imitate closely, the *reverse* of them all. I have some thoughts of doing it myself—I am getting tired of the fool. I find, instead of pursuing folly, I am a leader; the head of a school. And it must ever be so, when men, at my age, play the pranks of boyhood, it admits of no wonder that sedateness should say the world is getting more absurd. I was told yesterday, that a young ass, now at Oxford, was 'plucked' for his 'little go,' and, his father hearing of it, at once said, 'that all comes of being a friend of Rowbottom's;' and yet I am not aware I ever met him more than half a dozen times. Another fellow broke his neck in riding a steeple chase!—'all through imitating Rowbottom of Fleigh—' another ran away with—but it must be so, the head of a school always shares the infamy of his pupils;—their successes are divided by every member of his own family; even to the great aunts. I'll drop it, and do you never begin it. My task, however, is a thousand times harder than yours. Well, coarse parents have often lovely issue, as the tenderest sympathies have derived their forms from the greatest dangers. Our being three parts drowned together, may cause us to think, if not to feel, a strong interest in each other the rest of our lives. I shall keep an eye upon you, though we must have none upon us. I do not wish you so ill as that the world should think me your friend. Wait till I dress, get scolded by my sister, another bottle of soda water, and I am with you." And the magnificent Rowbottom left the room.

"What," thought Rowland, when alone, "can such a splendid man as that have regrets?—speak in softening words of sorrow; shook me by the hand, as though an equal; sorrow in such a bosom! regrets and pains, in this splendid mansion! nay, loneliness; speaks and seems, as I always do when absent from—God bless her, not twenty hours since I left her—but she must never know:" and then Rowland found time to do that which he had felt several powerful incentives to before; he wept, but was prepared with his handkerchief to prevent a surprise. "I don't know about sympathies, but I am certain that I can never love any man, in this world, so well as"—the man who just entered the room.

"Now," said Mr. Rowbottom, "let us go." They did so, and, arriving at the senior gentleman's tailor's, Mr. Rowbottom asked Mr. Bradshaw to step in; they did, nor did they step out, until the inviter caused the invited, to go through a process that, the proprietor of the establishment asserted, was, at all times necessary, to such as were wishful to dignify the promenades of Fleigh, adorned by his unerring cuts.

Mr. Bradshaw was bewildered at this act of his patron, and looked at Mr. Rowbottom, whilst in measuring, with as much astonishment, as the artist's assistant did, at the proportions he was writing. Mr.

Rowbottom perceived there was going to be a speech, and so thought he would make one too; did so, got the start, and concluded by observing, that he could not do less than replace the suit he had caused to be spoiled.

They soon arrived at the paint shop; and as soon discovered, that their arrival was not to be welcomed, either by the proprietor, or his help-mate. Mr. Rowbottom saw the state of things, and instructed the nurse of Miss Windley to inform her mistress, that the gentleman who stood in the relative of master to the first, loving husband to the last, and tender papa to the middle one, was gone, on particular business, to Manchester, and, would not be at home until the evening. "Although I cause some pain to the wife, it will be for both their good in the end." And then Mr. Rowbottom went to see the state of affairs at the White Horse.

Rowland had scarcely got on his working attire, when the foreman asked him if he thought he could manage to write a cart-tin. Singularly enough, the name was precisely that of his own, but not the vocation—"Rowland Bradshaw, ass-cart driver, No. 3." Rowland said he thought he could effect it; took up a short camel-hair pencil, and, after about two hours' care, concluded his task. The foreman was in raptures! the three apprentices said that they should never make another attempt.

Now, if Master Bradshaw had only paid a modicum of that attention to those around him, which he devoted to the highly-praised performance before him, he would have seen some of the funniest gesticulations he had ever witnessed. These progressive manifestations, which, as we have seen, finally heightened into a burst of admiration, consisted of slight pinches of each other's trowsers; dropping the under jaw, and, then, letting the upper follow the example, as Rowland made his down-strokes; and, then, reversing the phenomena, as he did the up-strokes. Then, if one letter was a little too far off its neighbor, they all four leaned the same way; should the next be too near, again, the gentlemen bent themselves to the left. Now, all their mouths are wide open; a suddenish turn by the artist, and, they are as quickly closed.

Sudden, however, as the last part of the performance was effected, Rowland imagined he twigged a something, which he did not exactly understand, but was resolved to improve that faculty which, it is said, is of great use to those who would have any understanding at all. He had no other chance of its immediate exercise; but, when he found his performance was to be nailed up in the shop, just, as they said, as a specimen of what one of its members could perform, he began to think, that the preceding day's humorous lesson, as well as the admonition he had so recently received from Mr. Rowbottom, had not much sharpened the angle of his natural obtusity. He promised himself, though, that he would try to make them of use. For this prudent purpose, he walked out and, rather suddenly, returned; when, to his satisfaction, he found his fellow-apprentices industriously exhibiting his specimen, to about half-a-score of gentlemen, of something like their own age and appearance. They appeared to be as intent upon the inspection, as Mr. Bradshaw had been upon the writing; for he fairly walked behind them all—heard most of their friendly criticisms, without either being seen, or suspected.

The youngest apprentice, that is the one immediately older than our hero, was in the act of nailing the tin up; when Master Bradshaw said:—

"Pray, Master Gow—Mr. Bryant Gow is your name, is it not?"

"Reather."

"What may be your motives for nailing up that name? when I thought it was to be put on a cart shaft!—wrote it on purpose."

"Ass-cart's?"

"Ass-cart's."

"Oh, it's too good," answered Mr. Bryant Gow, "it's more fitter to ornament an ass's forehead on the first of May; or decorate the shop, so I shall put it up."

"May be so; but if you do, I shall put you down; so drop it, Sir Cub; or I flatten your thick lips! your nose is level enough already," said Rowland.

Now Master Bradshaw knew from school experience that there is nothing like tackling a big one, if you wish to be respected in a community wherein you are destined to figure. In this case Rowland had rather been greedy; for, although, the young gentleman of the cart-tin, was but a couple of years older than the threatener, he was fairly half as heavy again. It is true he was rather loutish, and, certainly, appeared a nice mark for a good marksman. However, the threat appeared, to all the bystanders, as monstrous; for, all the "bravos!" were given with that sort of happy humor, which we generally see, when a very tiny dandy-cock has a running flirt at a gentleman of the game-school, of three times his proportions. These little jokes, however, did not deter the disgraced painter; he knew, as we have said, that you lose no caste, even if defeated by one that is much above your match; whilst, on the other side, it is but equivocal glory to worst one less; or even your own size.

He was resolved to shew such portions of the youth of Fleigh, as happened to be there and then present, that, if he could not beat one half as big again as himself, he would be an awkward customer to one of his own age and dimensions.

Master Gow, at once, received the challenge, and, since he seemed quite willing,—or, rather, since he said he was, it would be bad taste, on the part of his friends, to dissuade him from the purchase of such cheap glory. Mr. Gow, however, when he saw the steady preparation of his slimpy, but well-rounded opponent, asked "what mester would say, when he coom home:" his friends all said, "never mind what he says, it'll soon be o'er." Then, Mr. Gow, all at once, remembered that he had not his "purring" clogs. This was confessed to be a difficulty; at last, one, rejoicingly, pulled out the study for the large clog on the sign; but, then, there was no fellow, besides, it was not shod, so, clearly, was not a war-clog like those that Mr. Gow had left at home, and which, having been made for the express purpose, had a pound of iron on each!—what was to be done?

All this Mr. Bradshaw did not understand, and said he should not fight upon the Lancashire kicking-principle.

Then the other said, and said it in a hurry, that he should "feight no other way."

"Oh," said Rowland, "you may kick, if you like, and have the largest pair of clogs on to be found in Fleigh: all I have to say is, that I shall not kick—that's all."

"Oh, oh, cum, cum," said the bystanders, "that's fair, at aw events; thee cannot get off that, Bryant." So away one of the speakers ran, and soon returned, with a pair five pounds weight; and told them all, that they had smashed some scores of skulls during their time; that they had caused three coroners' inquests, and were, altogether, as reputed a pair of clogs, as any in the confluent parishes.

They all went into the croft we have seen the race in, for fear of smashing any more glass; and, to give Bryant more room for his running kicks; as he said to his second, that if he could only manage to give the young divil a run-bar pur, of abeaut six yards; and manage to catch him a little bit under th' nable, he thought it might make Mr. Bradshaw sick; "and, then, if he goes deaun, one smeller upon his een, another or two at th' back of his yed, and aw think he'll caw me 'Sur Cub,' no moor."

Mr. Bryant's friends agreed that it would be a sufficient dose; and, now, they are on the sod; Mr. Bryant strips to the skin, upwards; but carefully adds the ponderous clogs, downwards.

Mr. Bradshaw simply took of his coat and stock—rolled up his shirt sleeves, and, then, down his shirt collar. He then carefully took off his trowser-straps—put them into his pocket—walked up to his opponent, and put out his hand to shake hands,

"What, doesn't mean t' feight, then, after aw?" asked the massive Bryant.

"Oh, yes, but let us shake hands—we may never have another opportunity!"

"What for?"

"Because, when ever I fight, I always have killing *in*!"

"Oh, the divil thee has; then I'll have nout do with thee; I shouldn't like to have to face my Maker, yet, nor thy mother, if I kilt thee;" and Bryant began to shake with horror at the mere thought: "wee'n a big family aw fort' go eh black, now, now, a black eye or so, or cracked rib, on thy part, or so; or even thy neck put eaut, on thy part, or so; I shouldn't a minded, but no buns, hot ale and rosemary!"

And, then, Bryant began putting on his shirt.

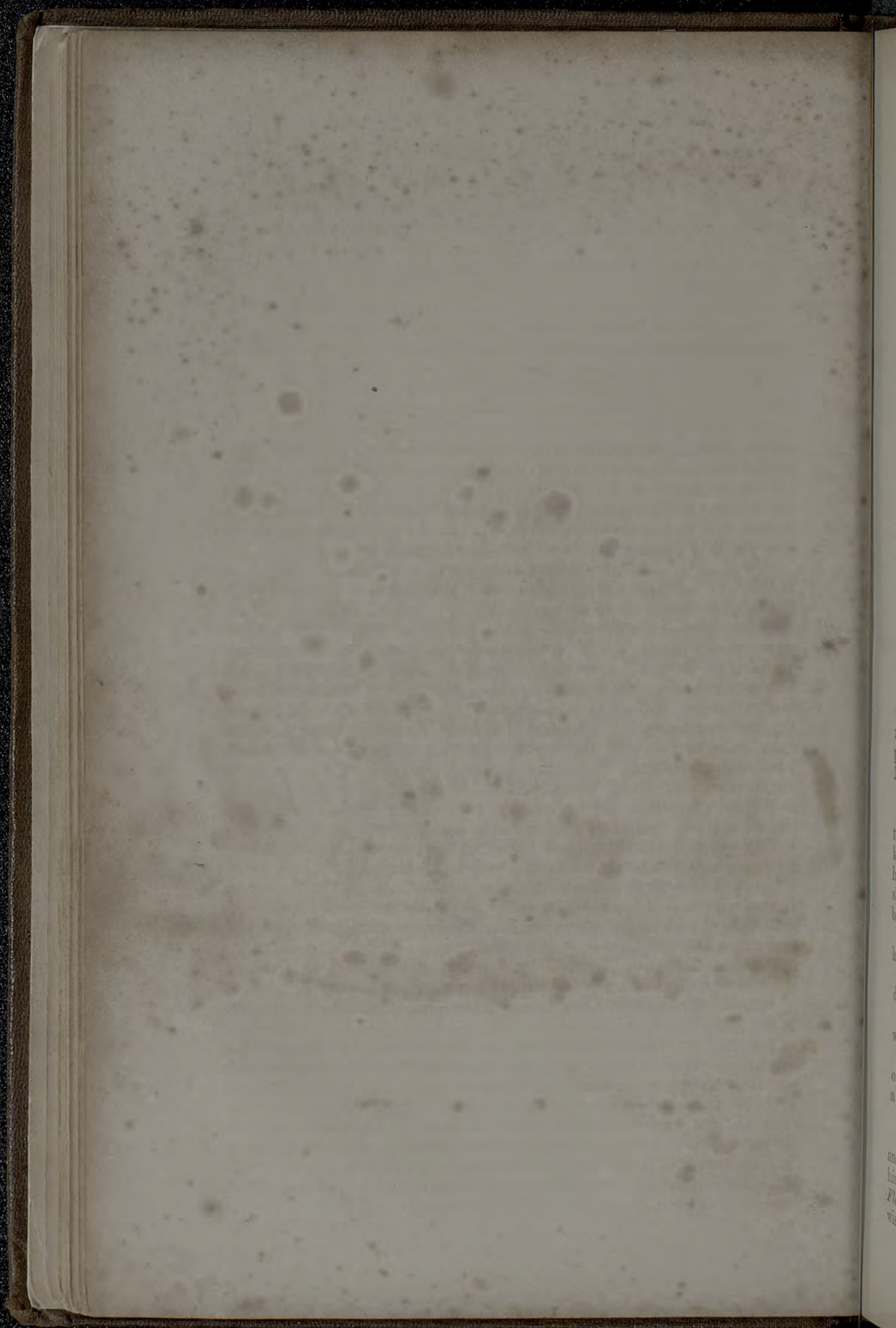
"Hollo! hollo!" said Rowland, "we must not drop it in that way; we are out, stripped, and you are clogged; and I am resolved to murder or be butchered; where I was brought up, it was death or nothing! but, then, we made it up not to prosecute; so now for it!"

"Oh! oh!" said the bystanders, and two or three of the more *knowing* ones crept sliely away, as, they said, they had no wish, either to be witnesses, or principals, at the next assizes. Nay, he that had borrowed the clogs, verily insisted that they were given up, and almost tore them off the feet of the paralysed glazier.

Still, militant, stood the slight, straight figure of Rowland; still, rampant, or what was more fearful, still, cool in his determination to kill or be slain, before he quitted the smooth grass on which he stood. The other said he would not feight him for the world and aw it had in



Byrant Go's humiliation



it. "Then," said Bradshaw, "on your knees, before you put a rag on your dastardly shoulders, ask my pardon for what you have done; or else, coward, give your master orders for the best leaden coffin he ever made!"

"I will:" said the other, and down he dropped.

"Say word for word after me—I, Bryant Gow"

"I, Bryant—by Gew here's nice work—I, Bryant Gow—"

"Keep your hands up together, as though you were saying your prayers;—humbly beg your pardon, and will never insult you again."

"Not unless they'll leave killing out, if we han to feight abeaut it—'I do humbly beg pardon'—a dang'd shame I should, the oulder 'prentice—has fort' teach thee thy business—eh—'humbly beg pardon.'"

"Why, in the name of all Harry Windley's apprentice lads, what is all this about," demanded a strange voice, and one, that evidently proceeded from some gentlemen, who had come up unperceivedly.

"What does it mean?" asked Mr. Bradshaw, rather hurriedly, at the same time turning from his victim to the demandant. "It means—it means, Mr. Rowbottom, this fellow has grievously insulted me, and so I am making him ask pardon—on his knees as you see!"

"See! I do," said Mr. Robert Rowbottom.

"See!" said Mr. Joseph Styrrup and the other member of the Fleigh trio—"see, who can help seeing."

"And have you been asking pardon, on your knees, Bryant, from one, two-thirds your size?" demanded the first enquirist.

"Ay, am dang'd if I havn't, and dang'd glad to get out that way.—Hat-bands and scarfs, alone, in a big family like eaur's, is no joke. Coffin, hearse, hot ale, buns, rosemary, th' parson's gloves and scarf, my two sisters goeing to be wed—shearing time on—my soul unprepared—twelve miles off whom—aw think aw geet devilish well out on't, Mester Rowbottom."

"Out of what—what does it all mean?"

"It meauns this, these two yeauths coom eaut to feight," said one of the lookers on, "and this yeauth, here, said he wouldn't feight unless killing was in; and Bryant was no sich a foo; and so, Mester Robert, he thought it was better to ax his pardon, than be carried back to th' shop on a shutter:—and aw think so too—th' tother would ne'er ha bin so anxious to have killin in, unless he'd *some* way a doin it."

"Thee'rt reet there," said all the bystanders, save the gentlemen who last arrived.

"Then, that was the way?" looked Mr. Rowbottom, to the now dressed Mr. Bradshaw; "that was the *way*, was it?"

"Ye-s," quietly said the other, "better than fighting—I hope you will think so."

"I do, I do," musingly observed Mr. Rowbottom; "what d'ye think of that?" asked he of the other two gentlemen; and he asked it with a sort of an approving twitch of the upper lip.

"Slap," said they.

"Give me your hand—what was it all about?" Rowland told him, and added, that he thought he should be unworthy of the caution given him that morning, by Mr. Rowbottom, if he allowed himself to be *Fleighed* any more. Mr. Rowbottom laughed, and so did his friends, wished him good day, and said "there was no fear."

CHAPTER VII.

ROWLAND CANNOT AVOID BECOMING THE REPOSITORY OF ALL THE FAMILY SECRETS.

We have no record, nor, we trust, will our readers require one, of the time and method of Mr. Windley's return to the bosom of his family, and the control of his graceless apprentice lads. Neither, of the reception with Mrs. Windley; nor, do we know of the remarks of her relations, servant girl, and the charwoman. Returned he was, and all his movements were marked with that bustle and energy, which drunkenness ever shews when on a desperate fit of sobriety.

He was a little cross, and Rowland thought he could not do better, during the breakfast half-hour, or, rather, whilst that grateful meal was in preparing, than to see the effects the rising sun would produce on his master's noble performance—the sign. For this purpose, he went, and reared himself against a waggon wheel opposite. The sun shone fiercely, and the gold twinkled again. The marbles and different gay woods, which were so admirably grained, almost overpowered each other, and, certainly, at times, seemed to vie with the gold letters and raisings, themselves. It was a mass of grandeur, effulgent, and, at least, equal to the umbellated glories of a sun-flower. Mr. Bradshaw was busy conning its beauties, when a youth, evidently of the student genus, came up to the admiring pupil of Mr. Windley, and, seeing his centre of attraction, said; “young man, I think that sign forms, to you, a mental parallax.” The young painter gaped, “you think it a rising sun?”

“Come,” thought Rowland, “I will let him see, I can pursue a metaphor as well as he—rising,” said Rowland, “I think it up.”

“Which shews you are not; tell your master, that whatever he and his wife think—(‘prentice lads are not presumed to think about anything but their thick-porridge) it is not yet at the horizon, and never will be only to those who get upon Rivington-hill, to watch its aspirings: I grant, it may look far off at a distance, or splendid to yon bull-headed fly, that seems, so industriously to be adding to the beauty of the crippled R.’s leg;—but I see no reason why you should be blocking up the way, with your mouth wide open, unless you think of swallowing him, when he has done!” and the slender young gentleman walked on.

Mr. Windley was ever jealous of his performance; what author is not? and, thinking the slender youth was bestowing the most fascinating praise upon his sign, beckoned Rowland to him, and, with the modesty of a man of genius, asked what they had been talking about?

“Oh—about the sign—fofh!” for Rowland was rather hot.

“What did *he* think?—seemed a niceish chap—of course, no judge

in a thing of that sort, but, I suppose, he would say something—will talk!”

“Ye-s—that is, y-es—he said, it was a mental parallax!” Rowland still wiped his brow.

“The devil he did!—come, that’s grand, that, I apprehend, is the greatest praise it has ever had. Yo must tell your mistress that; mind, and tell it Rowbottom and Joe Styrrup, when I’m not present. I always knew it was good, but certainly never thought it classical before. Come in to breakfast; I thought he looked a clever chap. If you should see him go past again, find out who he is; shew him a section of my force-pump; parallax! I tell you what; ax him to tea, on your own account, and I’ll come in—and, then, he can see me. And, after a time, I will be quite familiar—mental—by Gew!—Parallax—come.”

Well, they went into breakfast; and someway or other, Rowland seemed to have a most unaccountable desire to look at the ornaments round the oven door; he eyed them over, and over again; and, at last, went into the parlor, for a book, he had either left, or supposed he had; and, then, began poring over the bracket of the little fire-grate. He was just taking a nearer view, when his master seized him by the collar; his hands trembling, his face white, and his lips delicately tinged with blue: which appearances have ever been deemed unerring criteria of people being under the unpleasant influence of that vicious gentleman—Rage.

“I thought, villain, what yo was after!”

“Sir?” demanded the greatly-startled apprentice.

“It’s not the first time I have catched yo at this, young man; and, now, I’ll have it out—what was yo looking at th’ oven door for, eh? You never had your eyes off it; and now I catch yo at th’ parlor grate; out with it. What are yo looking at the grate for?”

“Oh!”

“Come, sirrah, and th’ oven? I suppose you smoked something, eh?”

“What, in the oven?”

“Or i’ th’ parlor grate—the bracket?”

“Well, sir, don’t be angry, I was not aware there could be any harm, but, I certainly thought there was some similarity between the bracket of the sign, and the one of the grate:—of the border of the sign and—”

“That of the oven door! did you, Sir Scamp?” and, now, Mr. Windley’s face was as red as the rose held by his wife’s portrait. “And, I suppose, all Fleigh and the six adjoining parishes will know all about it, in a damn’d deal less time than they will about the mental par—parrall—hax!”

“Oh, pardon me—what harm if they did?—but it is impos—”

“What harm?—where would be th’ originality of its copy? Why, I should be ruined—I wouldn’t, for five hundred, it should get into th’ Manchester papers—mental parallax! I should be called oven-door and parlor-grate as long as I lived.” And Mr. Windley looked as if he was going to complain of a broken heart.

Rowland saw the extreme pain, the discovery had given him, so, at once, put out his hand, theatrically, slapped his white waistcoat, and said, that death itself should not wrench it from there.

The master seized the hand, eagerly, but looked at his pupil, as though he would say—"Is there no way of preventing a similar discovery?"

"Perhaps, the best plan would be," mused Rowland, "to take off the bracket from the grate—"

"And smash the oven door!" followed his master, in desperation. "There is three master-painters in this neighbourhood, would not mind spending a hundred a-piece, to make it known. Yo go to work at the bracket, and I'll soon fettle the oven door!"

This was a painful secret, and, perhaps, there is nothing more dangerous than the possession of fatal facts. To the ingenuous mind of our hero, it appeared nothing, but, to the master, everything. So much did the fear of detection haunt the heart of the sign painter, that, by a singular stratagem of torture, he actually insisted that Rowland should, under some vague pretence or other, go to half the houses in Fleigh, to see if there were any more oven-doors or parlor-grate brackets, of the same pattern as the destroyed ones. There were *four*; and scores were the restless hours, as to whether it would be best, to let the sign *fall* down and be smashed to a thousand shivers, or bribe the servant girls, where they were, to crack, past all chance of repair, the horrid oven-doors. Rowland could not well get into the parlors, or, perhaps, there might be grate brackets also; and Mr. Windley felt the pangs that all plagiarists must ever do.

Talking of bushes resembling officers to naughty people; why, there is not an old crumbling book-stall, or fusty library—a bit of butter or bacon paper, if printed, but will palpitate the literary thief. Mr. Windley wished he had not done it—or, at least, had been more sly over it—but it had gone to the world. All Fleigh had luxuriated in the fact of his being their townsman—he must live, or die, by the consequence.

Luck, of either description, it is said, is never retailed, and so it would seem; for Mrs. Windley, to dissipate any scandalisms that might be floating about the atmosphere of Fleigh, through the reports of the previous morning's visitor; resolved that her husband should, with almost the care of their bridal morn, dress himself, and take her arm through two or three of the principal shops, in the principal streets of Fleigh. However trifling the purchase, it would show they were fully as happy as in their courting days; and, that, if any abduction had taken place of the White Horse bar-maid, it was likely to be some other gentleman, save the one that was so tenderly conducting her up, and still higher up, the parades of Fleigh. Nor was this all;—Mrs. Windley had caused her sister to invite them to tea, and—torture, to poor Harry, we mean supper. For, although the attentive husband of Mrs. Windley was saying knowing things, and eating tart and toasted cheese, his heart, and the rest, were in the White-Horse bar; such is habit. He winked to his wife to break up the affair as soon as she could; pretending he wanted to go home, as the men were working late. Of course, their departure was permitted, and the happy couple walked with that delight, we ever experience, when strolling—star and moon gazing with those we love. Mrs. Windley had never felt so happy in her husband's company before, nor he in hers; a thousand little

promises of happiness were asked, and given to each other ; but, at last, just as they reached the White Horse, or, rather, the loud laugh that resounded from the select bar-window, one was asked that seemed a poser ; and which was, that the lady would step her way home herself, whilst Mr. Windley promised to pursue a similar process, until he got into the White-Horse bar.

The wife miffed, sniffed—said she saw her heart was to be *broke*, but, at once, remembered her marriage vow, and obeyed it, on the present occasion. Now, it has been said by many very old ladies ; and the older, and the homelier the better—for philosophy ; whatever the young ladies or their brothers may say, that many events in life, which have given heart-sicks and other unpleasant pains at the time, have, eventually, turned out to be of the greatest benefit and use after, and, hence, they argue—like poor old women, no doubt—that we should not be too declamatory in our grief ; too soon cast down by apparent evils, nor too exultant at seeming joys ; for these old ladies have lived, which the young ones may not, to see joyful resurrections from the first, and eternal heart-sores from the last.

Something, like this, happened to the obedient Mrs. Windley ; for, just as she approached her dwelling, she heard the distinctive rebuke of little Miss Windley against her mamma, for not having, in readiness, that solace which Miss Windley's mamma would have had, had she been at home. This did not surprise her, but the appearance of her darling's nurse, not only did, but made her thank the unknown being who had caused Mr. Windley to drop into the White-Horse bar, instead of the kitchen, in which sat the dissatisfied Miss Windley and nurse. Mamma ran to dear baby, and, as she thought, to its soothing supporter, but, guess her surprise, when, instead of Susan, it was Master Rowland, who was trying a series of the most tender comfortings to the little bereaved one. She soon eased him of his care, but nearly fainted, when she saw his appearance.

"Gracious me ! Rowland, what are you doing with my lappets, and those strings under—"

"Oh, the fact is, Susan is gone out ; I tried every way to soothe Jane Maria, but she cried the more. I went into the parlor, and, by good luck, saw these curls and cap, and so I put them on to deceive her : thinking, perhaps, she might imagine her mamma had returned."

Again Mrs. Windley felt a most powerful inclination to topple off the chair.

"Oh, but what is that big bunch of ribbons pinned at the back of your head for ?"

"Oh, that, Madam ; that was to imitate your splendid head of hair !"

"Oh, go and find Susan—r-un !"

And Rowland did as his mistress desired, whilst she dropped the tender pledge into the swing cradle ; and, with some adroitness, avoided placing herself in a parallel position with her infant ; the cradle and the kitchen floor forming the only difference of their resting places.

It was long ere poor Mrs. Windley might be said to be able to think ; and longer, before the most crude thought could meet with anything like intelligible utterance. As soon as she was capable of giving some-

thing like suitable arrangement to it, even for soliloquy, she said "Oh! I am ruined! whatever could I be thinking on to leave m-y my *curls* in such a place:—but I have bin so distracted about Jane White-horse, that I have not known what I was doin'; and now, yon monkey has found out what Henry never suspected, though we have bin married goin' in two years; and Henry always said, both before and after marriage, that if he'd a wife, as had anything false about her, he'd deforce her. I never heard him say it, but my heart beat in my breast, like a little throstle in a big cage. It's all o'er now; ever since I'd the fever, I have bin obliged to wear false hair, back and before. That big bunch of ribbons, shews that the young monster has fund it out. I'll get my sister here, to-morrow, to pump him;—now, if he should also know that I have two false peggies, although they cost six guineas at Manchester—oh! I'm ruined;—what a blessing Henry didn't come home with me, or else, he would have fund it out too. Heaven's mercy, spare my teeth! It's too late, or I certainly would have gone and ask't the old conjuror, whether a man can put by his wife, for having false hair, when married, and not telling. Oh! you're come back, Rowland—I must be civil with the lad, but, the Lord knows, I shall never see him again, without my poor heart—you may go to bed, Rowland—whatever made you think about puttin' my cap on?"

"Oh, when at home, I often put ma—mother's on!"

"And curls?" simpered Mrs. Windley, as feelerishly as possible—"perhaps plaits?"

"N—ay, I think not, I think mother does not wear them."

"What! why every respectable woman does—my great grandmother kept her carriage, and wore them to her dying day."

"I think I have heard mother say, she once was obliged to wear a regular wig, for a time, through the fever—"

"A-fore—afore, or after she was married?" asked poor Mrs. Windley, a little hysterically,

"Oh—I do not know; but, I imagine, before; she said she had to be so sly about it—but, she used to say, those things are sure to come out—so it is better not to keep them secret at all."

"Go to bed, Rowland—I am a deforced woman, unless I can get him to keep it a secret. I'll call him back—Rowland," said Mrs. Windley, throwing herself down on her knees—"Rowland, I'm a heart-broke woman, unless you promise never to unclose my secret!"

"What secret?" exclaimed the astounded apprentice, as he viewed the earnestness of his mistress—"in Heaven's name, what secret?"

"My wearing false—I, like your poor mother, once had the fever—and had to wear—but, of course, you found that out; but how cruel to imitate me to my own tender babby, when your own mother, once, had to wear a wig too. If you go and tell, I'll lift up the pump flag, I will; and you will be the cause of it, ten yards deep; will you keep it unclosed?"

"What, whilst you are in the well?—oh, think—"

"No, my dreadful, dreadful secret?"

"I'll keep it for ever," said Rowland.

"Go to bed, Rowland, and after you have said the 'I belief,' pray an odd ten minutes or so—that I may never have occasion, when thinking of you, but I may say, 'I belief he'll keep what he has promised!'"

CHAPTER VIII.

A LESSON TO PLAGIARISTS.

No doubt the honest reader must feel a little indignant at the ridiculous apprehensions of Mr. Windley and lady, and, perhaps, a little bit snappish at us, for trying to impose upon his understanding. We say *his*, because, had we said *her*, we should have made a lamentable blunder, as the Pythoness of one of nature's oracles. No, no, *her* would not complain at all, at least, of the apprehension of the lady. There is none of our fair perusers, but will admit that the last scene, is one of the choicest bits of nature we have yet been able to bring before her. We shall not apologize to *her* then. The case is different, perhaps, to our masculine critics. They will, at once, assert that Mr. Windley was a very stupid, if not, a very pusillanimous fellow, to be afraid of any such discovery, as that which the oven door and grate bracket could make. Why, probably, he is, to a gentleman that lives a hundred miles off Fleigh, or to one that lives in it, if he has never had the ambition to become a public man. But, if he has, we ask him, are there no little, very little things, that he would very much fear being printed at the bottom of his speech; or, if he be an artist, like Mr. Windley, would he like every plate in his portfolio, exhibited beside the picture, that all his friends say is to have the prize. We think not. To our elder readers, we shall presume to offer very little advice, at any time; but, to our young ones, and for those more particularly were our labors undertaken—we shall say, pause a little, and offer no opinion, until, at least, you have ventured at such great efforts for eminence, as those of Mr. Windley's.

"Rowland," said his master, at the same time calling our hero out of the shop, in a great hurry.

"Yes sir."

"Just look; yon's a chap taking a sketch of th' sign;—now I'd give five pounds to know whether it's to imitate some part of it—just nailing an idea; or to see whether the border, or the bracket agrees with something he's seen. I'd give five shillings just to see his mother's parlor-grate, or oven door: or, by George, he may see something of th' sort where he goes a courtin—what d'ye think?"

"Impossible to say. I'll run round, and get a chat with him."

Rowland soon effected his promise, and, much to the satisfaction of his master, who saw the stranger and him evidently in close conversation.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, still they were at it. Mr. Windley could not bear the torture of suspense any longer, so despatched Bryant Gow, to listen to what the pair were saying: and, in the meantime, sought out a small crow-bar, took it up into his bed-room, lifted the sash, and made ready, (should the intelligence be, what he most dreaded, a disclosure of the fatal secret) slyly to prize it from the tightened embrace of the wall-hooks; those hooks which had been made doubly strong, lest corrosion might cause them to cede to oblivion an epoch of Fleigh, whilst it was clear, that but for such laxity, it might be reserved in its annals; if not actually filed in its archives.

Mrs. Windley, seeing her husband's wild manner, was suffering still greater torture than her unfortunate partner; she saw he was in a similar state of mind to the stolen-property purchaser, when he has heard of a warrant being granted for the searching of his house. She saw this, but she felt exactly like one that was going to have her private drawers smashed open, or crow-barred, by a jealous husband, who was anxious to have a peep, although that peep might be, as a peep generally is to jealous husbands, fatal to the peace of three generations. Mrs. Windley was determined to watch her first love and cousin, and try to prevent the breaking open of her bureau; and, if she could not succeed in this, she was resolved to succeed in giving a scream, that might disturb all that locality of Fleigh, if her husband should attempt to hang himself, or make the melancholy discovery.

Mr. Windley looked fearfully pale, and most steadily at the crow-bar; then all around the room; and next, more cautiously, about the street; the sash is up, and so is the terrified wife of the rash man. He seizes the head of the willing bar, whilst the afflicted mother of Miss Windley verily grasps her husband by the throat, that is, she throws both her arms around it. And then, an act of compression commences, similar to that we see when revising a poem, after a friendly hint, that it would be improved if fourteen verses could be squeezed into one. "Oh, my dear, dear Hen-ry—Wind-ley, I'll go back to my friends, sooner than you should do that; oh—oh—that I had told you myself."

"What!" said the half-strangled husband—"did you know? oh, Sarah, Sarah; you to keep it a secret! and, no doubt, half Fleigh knows afore this; had you told me at first, I'd not have been made the laughing stock for one hundred and fifty miles round Fleigh. A little man may fall, and get up again; but a great-un, ne-ver, never!" and, of course, Mr. Windley concluded by slapping his hand to his burning forehead, whilst the other hung round his wife's waist; but, though the one that had immortalized Fleigh, yet it rested there, as if he never intended to use it more.

"I thought you'd never a forgiven me, if I had told—I durs—durst not—"

"I wish I had smashed th' oven door, the day after it was hung!"

"O, God! who was hung?" cried poor Mrs. Windley, now fearing there was something disturbing her husband's mind of tantamount consequence with the false hair itself. "What, who does my love mean?"

"I'll wait till it's dark, then down, down it goes!"

"Down, where my tender chuc—k—chick—ing—"

"Why, under the pump flag, until we can find some other place; or, I think, it would be best to sit up all night and burn it, and mind and shovel th' nails out of th' fire, afore th' girl gets up to riddle the ashes."

"But, oh, my dear tender lamb, who hung it? and to think of puttin' th' corpse under—"

"Why, don't be a stupid idiot; who hung it? as if you didn't see it yourself. D'ye think any of the lads knows besides Rowland?"

"Oh, I think not; and he, oh! the base bad boy, he promised he'd never tell; and, now, to cause all this affliction between lawful man and wife; oh, the cruel—"

"Run down stairs; yon's Bryant coming back, send him up here." The wife was obedient, and her hurried descent was affectingly antithesised, by the mildness and steadiness with which the youngest apprentice, but one, made his way to his master.

"Now, Bryant, what did you hear?"

"Why, a good deal, but not mich as I could make eaut."

"Well, out with what you did hear."

"Well, one thing was, Rowland said, he know'd, you'd keep it up to th' last; and th' tother said, 'I think he'll not, when he sees it's all i'th' next week's advertiser; we're goin' to make four volumns on't!'"

"Off with you, start, it's all over, so here goes;" and, immediately, the little bed-room window was thrown up, and the unfortunate sign being considerably below the sill, the wretched artist had to bend his body half-way through the window to enable him to operate, effectually, with the small crow-bar. Rowland saw this movement of his respected master, and, fearing that there was some mis-apprehension, left the stranger, and ran, with all his speed through the shop, and, seeing Mrs. Windley, shouted out, "what is the master doing through the room window?" When the devoted wife heard this, she verily flew up the stairs, not, however, without preceding her ascent with a scream; so thin, so clear, and of such volume, that her husband had like to lose his balance, and go, some imagine, head first, first passing the sign, into the street. Mrs. Windley, however, was just in time to catch him round his bent waist, and screamed far more hysterically than before, to which, little Miss Windley formed echoes of the sweetest cadence and sympathy in her snug bed at the other end of the room.

By this time Rowland was up, and lent his unimpassioned assistance to the extraction of his master.

"Oh, Hen-ry—Harry, why do this? tell me, do tell—"

"Oh, only do—leave the room; I want to ax Rowland a question."

The wife was again, as she generally was, obedient; but she gave a pitiable look at Rowland, as much as to say, "Remember your 'I belief!'"

"So, it's all up! do you think I should pull it down now, or after dark; who is yon black-legged scamp?"

"I think a reporter from Manchester."

"So going to put two volums in, eh?"

"Columns, columns, only columns."

"By George, enough too! one would wonder what he could have to

say, to fill up two columns, about a bracket and an oven door!—columns, eh?”

“Bracket and door—oh, I fear, something worse than that, from what I could pump out of him; I am to see him again, just now—oh, the bracket business would be nothing to this!”

“To this, what the devil does he mean? I suppose it’s all about the sign; going to expose the copying, and the devil knows—”

“Sign! nothing of the sort; nothing of the kind.”

“What then?” said the other, in wild amazement.

“From what I could glean, something respecting the playing of the ghosts in an adjoining coal-pit, and some act of gallantry about the fair bar-maid of blank hotel, in blank town, not a thousand miles off Fleigh.”

“What, then, is it not about the sign?”

“Phut! nothing touching the sign; unless, indeed, where he says, ‘the celebrated painter of one of the most celebrated signs, ever given as a token to the world.’”

“Praises the sign?”

“Undoubtedly!”

“Huzza! damn all the rest; coal-pit boggarts, and Jane White—do me good. I say, Rowland, go and see this youth, and give him a hint, that the bigger the man the more will the extraordinary circumstance be read; first, mind and do it cautious—just tell him of the mental parallax compliment. By gad, I am so happy; what a thing it would have bin if I had thrown it down into the street!”

“Thrown yourself into the street, Henry,” said Mrs. Windley, as she cautiously entered the room; “Oh, never, here on my knees, I will confess—”

Rowland winked at her.

“That it’s your jealousy as set out this affair of Jane White Horse; and now, you see, they’re goin to put it into the papers, about her and one of the most extraordinary sign painters, that ever graced the annals of Fleigh history. I suppose we can guess who that means—be no great difficulty there, I suppose? It’ll do me no hurt though,” said Mr. Windley, proudly.

“What, then, my poor love, they’re not going to say nothin’ about false hair?”

“False, be damned! what reader would believe that any man would run away with a woman with false hair!”

“Oh, don’t be so blasphemus; if th’ poor thing had had the fever, and could not help it! was that her fault?”

“Why, no, Mrs. Wisdom, but he could help running away with her! she must look a miserable robin when it was all off.”

“But if he never found it out?”

“For Heaven’s sake, Sarah, don’t be a fool. Rowland, after yon chap, and cram him with a bit about th’ parallax. Here, take this half-crown to spend, and put on your surtout.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE PHILOSOPHER WILDINGAIR.

The order of Mr. Windley was gladly obeyed by his pupil. Rowland had ever had a great thirst to be acquainted with literary men; almost felt that desire which the theatre's devotee does to see the actors, when they are not playing, or, rather, when they are, with their fiddles, dressing gowns, and poodles; or, even with their rum and water and cubas. Rowland found the stranger at the place appointed—the White Horse; there he was, changing his short-hand into more current paragraphs. He was, doubtless, a man of business, for, as he wrote with his right hand, he, every convenient moment, kept eating some soft roll and butter with the other, as well as taking a chop, now and then, of some monstrous white-bottomed lettuce. Then, before him, stood a porter bottle and a large porter glass; behind him, the waiter, to know his respected commands. One of them was to fetch of the same vintage—so he called it—another bottle of porter, and another tumbler, but obviously, not a portered one, like the one before him.

He welcomed Rowland, with a regular twist of the hand, asked him to be seated, and, when the fresh glass came, he gave it a tremendous slap on the mahogany table, to ascertain, as he informed Rowland, if it were sound. Blub went the porter, and, in one second, a foaming half-pint of that delightful cordial, so he called it, was placed before the respectful nose of the visitor.

"I am just thinking—rather a deep young gentleman, too, to be coming the pump-handle upon me in the middle of the street, and, now, I find you are nothing but a bucket, a sucker to the pump, that I was going to assign to the next three weeks' scan."

"Oh, I trust you will think better, or, if you are obliged, keep out the *mag*. The great should ever feel for each other, and, as you have discovered, he is my master."

"Well, I'll feel for him, and, I trust I shall find him, Now, tell me, as this seems a flourishing little place, and as we intend to have a column, indeed, have had, headed FLEIGH, who would be a likely youth for an agent. A woman would be best, if you could inform me of one who piques herself on her spelling, and one that has plenty of time for what are called the Christian duties; in short, one who has everything to do for every body save herself."

"If you would not deem me over-bold, I think I could give you short reports, *on dit*, and accounts of parish meetings—though reporters are not admitted there, I believe."

"Afraid of being laughed at—their speeches being given verbatim—they are quite right; well?"

"Then, laying stones, casualties of coal-pits, factories, through

intoxicating drinks, speeches and lectures at the Mechanics' Institute, and the other facetiæ of the week."

"Ha! ha! ha! nice dish-washings—a soup that no sow, however enervated through family tugs, would take, even if her dinner was deferred two hours. Speeches at the Mechanics! give me the flourishes of the White-Horse bar: the casualties of gentlemen being found in wrong bed-rooms, the lectures the next of affinity give to them. Facetiæ! Give me the name of a lady who dropped her wig at a ball, when all Fleigh had ever praised the luxuriance of her raven tresses. Tell me of a gentleman, who threatened all sorts of naughty things to his wife, if ever she wore a bustle: and, at last, makes the awful discovery, that she not only wears one, but ties it round her neck to sleep in. Find out that the vicar, pretending to recruit his old bell-ringing choir, has a lot of young bumpkins ringing the miserable old bells every night, when, in fact, it is to annoy his neighbor, the physician, who has had a pamphlet war with him."

"By the by, I believe that is the case."

"Is the case! I had not been here an hour before I discovered it. Give wrong motives to acts benefactory; and, at least, plausible ones for consummations the most vile, if the projectors are powerful, and can give anything like opposition. In short, we must be philosophical. This coal-pit affair is grand.—I shall fire the damp of Fleigh," said the literary man, still writing with amazing celerity.

"Philos—philosophical!"

"Oh, what you are staring—philosophical; not that order of well-woven fustian, that M. A.'s and fellows of colleges call the like: not that which a man will learn from Aristotle's rhetoric or Plato's Phædon, nor the plays of Aristophanes, nor the metre of Juvenal or Persius. Reading history from Herodotus to Pliny, and down again to the hundred moderns, with as much learning as an ass could carry, or a mule could draw;—none of these can teach you the philosophy I can. No, that wisdom which the vulgar decry or value not, and which the learned have no means of obtaining, until matriculated in the broad world—is *the* philosophy I wished to call your attention to, when you talked about an agency. Well, there is one thing, which is certain; if anything were to happen that the church were to slip from government, the heathen mythology would go down as well as most of the brutality of the ancients; but so long as a knowledge of the mythology and heathen writers, and the dead languages are considered as indispensable to Christian ministry, why so long we shall have what for generations has been called learning; and so long as it is so called, in truth we shall have none, though we are pretty safe of heathen morals."

"But you think a classical education necessary to men of letters?"

"Oh, very, to men of *letters*; because they are nothing but men of letters, unless, indeed, they add that useful knowledge virtuosoship; collecting coins and beetles."

"Pardon me, when I said men of letters, I meant literary men; I am aware the terms have got jumbled."

"Only say what you do mean, that's all."

"Well, then, you would think it necessary that a young man should be well skilled in Latin and Greek; if he wishes to study belles lettres or science—of course, sir, you think it useful."

"Why, I think, Latin would be peculiarly useful in a country where there was no other language spoken; probably it is in this, since Newton, Herschel, Davy, and others, *perhaps*, thought in it, but wrote in the vernacular. Then Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Brindley, and a few more, would have been sadly bothered in the inventions, which caused such mills as those we see yonder, if they could but have found only latinists, since they, poor men, did not know a word of it. Then it's true we should be puzzled to know much of Grecian history, poetry, or science, only in most large towns there are proportionate old-book stalls, where crack translations may be found, at about fifteen-pence a-piece, of Zenophon, Plutarch, Tacitus, and clever paraphrases, even of the Jewish *historians* themselves. Then translations of the poets can be bought by the cubic yard, and often are, for the slave and convict colonies. And as to science, Euclid, Archimedes, and Aristotle, are surely known; not a gauger but knows something of the first's geometry, I'll be bound that the landlady, of this establishment, knows as much of the screw, and as to the science of Aristotle, there are few servant-girls, at twenty-two, that are not mistresses of his master-piece."

"Still, I have often thought, I should like to be master of many languages."

"Yes, to be master! is, perhaps, well enough; but it generally happens that the professor of many languages is too excellent in all to know any one. A painter and Italian linguist quarrelled the other day, when the painter threatened the professor that he would paint his portrait, with a dagger in his hand—assassinizing him a bit. 'Then,' said the teacher of languages, 'I will curse you in dam bad Engleesh!' No doubt the man of tongues would have returned the compliment, similarly, in any of his other languages."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"No, the same of art! if there were no works but in Greece and Italy of Phidias, Praxiteles, or Angelo, why then, the student would have to go to those seats of barbarity, to view their remains of classic grandeur; but since there are now several valuable public collections accessible, as well as plenty of as good legs, arms, and boxing attitudes at home, with as symmetrical horses, having also the advantages of no men growing out of their chests, with bows and arrows in their hands: no mutilations—all of this country—why it would scarcely be worth the trouble of journeying thither. Then of painting; the disciple, even in our national gallery, will find that its protecting genii have not been regardless of his immortality; as they have cautiously selected for his matured study—that nothing may be wanting, not only some of the best works of the worst masters, but with amazing zeal, and some fortitude, have ransacked—in some cases sacked other countries—for the very worst pictures of the best schools. Then the museum has brought into one focus wonderful heaps of Hindoo art; plundered temples for his improvement. It were needles to mention the vast amount of classic lore which China and Japan have had to yield up for the advancement of

the artistical portion of this isle. So, you see, since everything that is worth having in literature is translated, even to your countryman, Timothy Bobbin; why devote ten years of the best part of life, to obtain nothing but what a patient dunce can ever acquire—I mean, half-a-dozen languages.

“Then as to art, why wander over half of Europe and some of the neighbouring continent, to see what can be obtained in a radius of twelve miles round Bow Church—or, at all events, quite enough for the foundation—ay, or the first story of ORIGINALITY.”

“Bravo! but, of course, you could do nothing at college without a knowledge of Latinity and some Greek—or, at least, at Oxford?”

“Neither could you without copious acquirements of your church catechism; you, perhaps, could not imagine it, but I read there for a first class, and, damn me, I never think of it but I grow savage—I got plucked upon my church catechism. No, no, the days of college degrees startling the world, are amongst those things which are gone. They rest as do our forefathers, and since both are venerable, let us not cur at them, like the vulgar; or sneer, like the more *fortunately* educated.”

“A good place, though, for forming connexions, may be of use, in after life,” ventured Rowland.

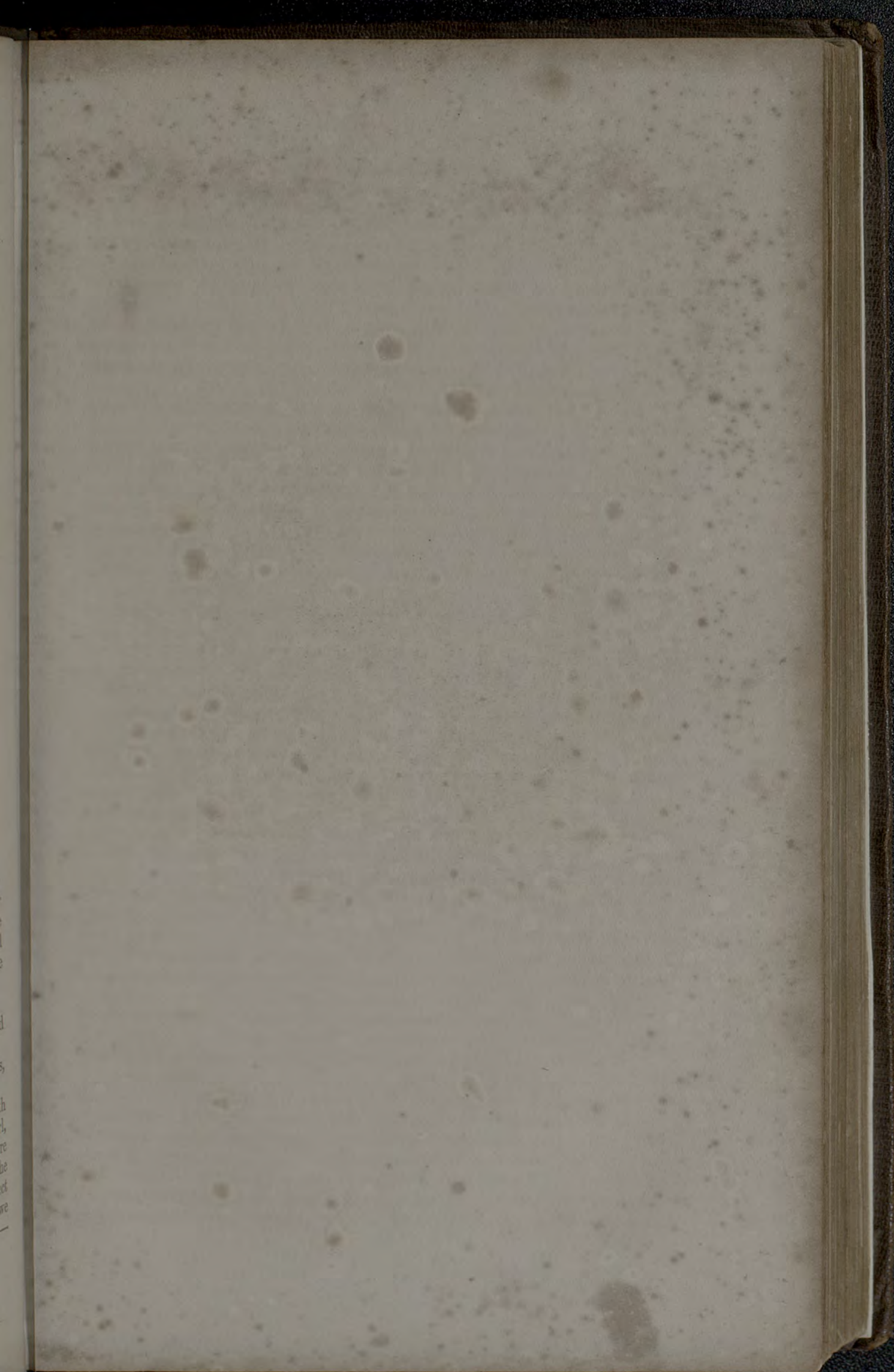
“Why, yes, if you have some wealth it may; and if the turf be your future career, there could not be a better school for knowing how to make up a book. If you are poor, as you have every chance of first-rate sporting information and training, why few men succeed better in editing boxing newspapers or sporting magazines. Should you get a seat, why then what another man would have to learn—I mean to cad for your patron—a college man has received ample instruction upon. Come, come, swallow your froth, and we’ll have another bottle; I suppose you cannot afford to graduate, and so long for college acquirements, as those who cannot travel, ever think what wonders there must be even across the channel. Now, the fact is this, that twenty miles round St. Paul’s, with perhaps a week in Lancashire, epitomizes the world. And the reason why travellers gape so on the continent is, because they never look at home. They speak of the wonderments of Notre Dame, yet live opposite Westminster’s glorious pile. I *read* up in Oxford, ay! and took a second class; since I left it, not embracing the church, I have had to *work* up, and do not exactly find myself in any class at all.”

“Still you pursue literature, I presume, sir?”

“Why, do you think that a man, who aimed at anything else, would prate to a youth of your dimensions, and a stranger?”

“The fact i-s, I always imagined that literary men, of all others, were the most difficult of access.”

“No doubt, if you come to talk to them; but only go to listen, with just enough of enquiry to show them that you are devouring—here, girl, bring two glasses of rum punch and cigars—and three hours are nothing;—is that the beautiful bar-maid?” Rowland nodded in the affirmative. “I must have a sketch of her.—You’ll please to recollect this is not my job, coming among the rurals, for a local press, but we have been falling off;—had some infernal essays—science—economy—





The Philosopher Wilding

and some blackguard clerical correspondence—losing ground, we must pull it up. Now, the difference between pulling up a hundred and fifty a-week, and decreasing in that, will make an invidious alteration with our cotems, when the stamp list comes out. A prize fight is but a lanky affair in it self, but when a slap-up Metropolitan man comes down, tells how he travelled to the scene of action, must joke, the inn he stayed at, the locality where each man and suite rendezvoused, the approach of the morning towards the spot of the forthcoming contest; compares it to that of Cannæ—must be classical; would not the sixty-four emperors of Rome have left their circuses and clumsy gladiatorial attempts, to see the modern science he is about to witness?—must be read. Then a quarter of a column for the first blow, an eighth for the first blood; each round more graphical than the last—still he goes on; the hundredth does not diminish his powers, he must have a climax and he gets it, though he numbers eighty more. Then the piquancy he throws into the robberies by the gentlemen who formed each principal's suite;—avoidment of the beaks: breaking a dissenting chapel windows, because its members were singing and giving their tracts—whips in a few Latin sentences to begin with, and as many Greek to finish, which shew he's been reared a scholar, and that his readers do not understand them."

"Ha ha, I am glad to hear you say so, for I ever thought the introduction of foreign sentences very absurd."

"Unless you translate them, and then, obviously, they are of use; they fill up. There was some excuse for some of the early writers indulging in their use; because of their readers' ignorance in such matters; as there is for some of the moderns, who are not only as unacquainted with them as the early readers were; but very properly treat English itself with contempt."

"And yet how very fond you gentlemen of the press are of that style to this day."

"Why, you see, many of us are charity-boys to begin with; well then, as we get on, we have perhaps a daughter in France and a son in Ovid, then daddy must caper it in French, and write sentences to match one in Latin."

"Oh."

"But come, either drink or change the subject. I am not going to teach you philosophy and prudence at the same time. If I do, when next we meet you will expect a dose of divinity and an improvement of your morals:—Jane, my plump cherub, two more glasses and cigars. If you *could* fancy the being at the opposite side of the table to yourself; sooner than have a jealous mistress, and so that you are moderate, financially—you may make the most inordinate demands of love the first fortnight, and if dissatisfied, quit the next. If you can, I say, I am your slave; but mind, sooner than exceed thirty shillings a week I'd marry you out and out, and save it. Your mistress would give you a ring to get quit of you."

"Now, young gentleman," said the simpering Jane, turning to Rowland, "if Mister Wildingair had said that when he was eating his bread and butter and porter, I should have thought it a perposal, but I

never entertains any offer serious, after the third glass of spirits and water, be it rum or gin, and perticlar from gentlemen as rides with Lord Francis in his carriage."

"Oh, oh, that accounts for my name then, ah, ha."

"Oh, speaking of him, do you not think a course of literary study requisite to make a senator?"

"Or anything else, if you intend to do it well."

"Then would you advise that the senate should only comprise literary men?"

"Why yes, if I were afraid of a plot in the National Guards, and knew there was no antidote but employment; they would have enough of it, if they had to keep order in anything like an assembly, solely comprised of literati. No, mongrels are the best for statesmen—as much learning as will enable them to prate about it, and to be classical enough to stare the reporters in the face; but travel, gambling and the drawing-room are the great compounds. The first give a man nerve, the last, that agreeable suavity which makes him lick and bow the more he's cudgelled: that's making up a statesman synthetically; to decompose and proceed analytically after twenty years' experience! would, I must confess, be done best in another state, as no mortal nostrils would be able to stem the stench: the most indurate would shudder at the callosity of career the process would exhibit.

"No, no, though literary men in assembly would be little else than one vast *sum* of *egos*, still we must exempt them from the censure, experience has taught us to deal out to the other. Though they would be impatient, either of rebuke or contradiction, as men must ever be who are, perhaps, birthed in obscurity, glad that they have no enemy but indigence in youth, and finally, the worn creatures of solitude; can we wonder then, that though the moving power, and the regulators of senates, that they themselves are unfitting for the brass machinery of their own works. Can we wonder that men who have made a closet sacred, and given immortality to some favorite walk, should not succeed at bar or senate; where Impudence is specially retained and Lorded in the first, and Sir Adaptive Bounce nightly thunders in the last: and yet both men who have brewed their wine from the others' sap.

"And Etiquette will compel an artist, author, or composer, however knowing he may be, and great as his compeers may think him, to carry the gown-tail of a gentleman in the first employment, however low he may be, and however much *his* compeers may deride him.

"Solicitor, Attorney-generalships, Judgeships, Chancellorships, and Peerages, await the first. Ambassadorships, Ambassadors, their Ladies, Governships, Premierships, Dukeries, and sometimes the Monarch wait upon the last.

"And the sons of art, and children of genius wait upon them too, but that is all they are vouchsafed, at least in our present reign! And they in turn are waited upon; certainly, with much sincerity, by Privacy, Neglect, and the other ones' coachmen and footmen, with some of their carriages; but that is only when they are borne to their lasting homes. And a public funeral is to atone for public ingratitude."

"And shall there be no justice?" asked Rowland, eagerly, his eyes flashing with anxiety.

"Oh yes, though monarchs neglect, and inquisitors banish, still there shall be a certain arbitress, unerring, immutable: and where holds she her court? supports she yon marbled judge, with ponderous wig and chancellor's chain; or is it yon stooping sylph bending to enwreath the late premier's brow? No! the Parian mountain, were it marble all, would not make her wings; Phidias could not chisel her trumpet, nor a nation give room for a single foot. The poles shall see her hands; eternal sun-shine shall brighten her looks, while sacred her person from vulgar observance, covered with midway clouds. The tropics shall be her walking, as the world her speaking place, when she hurls Neglect from his charge; claims her lost son, and fits the eternal laurel. This is FAME."

"And, this is as it should be; better than all the rest. I love men of genius," cried Rowland. "I do—I love you, sir," continued he, springing up, and slightly struggling to his new friend—I should think you the cleverest man in the world; and, though, I have no doubt of the last Deity eventually laying claim to you, I hope it will not be for years, unless she'll crown you, without making you sail the Styx."

"Bravo! I find there is more mettle in this rum than I thought—but, however, if we both begin to talk; it's time we both left off, and—"

"The omnibus, for Manchester, is now ready," entering the waiter.

"Well, then, one glass a-piece, and I am ready for it."

"Then do, I entreat, let me pay for them," said Rowland, pulling out his half-crown.

"No, your share of the shot has been to pay the attention, which you have honestly discharged; it shall be mine to settle the grog and waiter; and, perhaps, the buss-driver before I get to Manchester yet—but, what's your name?"

Rowland declared it formally.

"Well, this is the name of the vehicle through which I humbug," said the editor, "a man must get bacon and potatoes, particularly if he intends to have the whole hog at last. You are apprentice to the painting chap?"

"I am going to be sir."

"That's right, make a certainty of bread, the other will come: your questions, and something, I shall not name, satisfy me you are of the breed—of the family—of the genius kidney—cannot be mistaken; well, if you intend to scribble, send it privately directed to that; and, as you are poor, at least I suppose so, and without patronage, it's very likely I may burn eight-tenths of all that come; I never trifle with the feelings of the friendless, nor with any one, unless—now, Jane, I must have a kiss this time; as you are engaged, just select for me—one with a sixteenth of your charms and accomplishments will do—send her to me with your name written at the back of a card, and the introduction will be sufficient."

"Oh, Mr. Wildingair, if you was but to talk to real ladies as you do to me, what a many wives and mutual pledges you might have had."

And the philosopher fell back into his chair, and laughed, so loud and long, and so very much in the way of other men, that Jane said

afterwards, when told of the high honor conferred upon her, that it might be so; but contended that he nearly choked himself, from a remark at which a cotton spinner, or even a chief magistrate would not have laughed at all, all which did not shew much scholarship.

The omnibus was announced; and Mr. Wildingair carefully put all his notes into the bottom of his pocket; then buttoned them fast. "That will do," said he, "there is a fellow, from the Royal Society, kicking up a great bobbus at the Institution, and he has asserted, that if I deny his theory of radiated atoms, or attempt to write it down, he'll cudgel me. I am going to meet him at supper, and as the Doctor is a wet one, particularly now that he has given it out that he is almost a tee-totaller, I expect we shall get lushy together—if we do, and have a row, and go to the lock-ups, I do not care what they find, so that they leave me these—nothing like being prepared, is there, Jane? Good by, Bradshaw, I shall drop upon you again, if not, should you ever light upon me—although averse to Newton's theory—I shall say it was mutual attraction—good by! Oh, you have a clever chap in this place—Rowbottom, devilish clever—I heard him speak the other day—clever—wants style though, and what I think I could give—a little propriety—too exuberant. Now, Mr. Buss, I'll either drive or I'll stave your ribs, the first by-place we come to."

"Oh, Mr. Wildingair, you upset us afore."

"Well, the doctor at Worsley paid you well for the accident! Now, there is one only half-a-mile further on, will give half-a-crown a-head more than he, and that's the place where the deed must be done," said the editor, fiercely.

"Oh, for that matter, I know you to be a gentleman, but I rea-ly—yo'll pardon me, but I must drive to-neet. I know you wish me well, but there is so mony informations, just now."

"Well, well, is there any way then that I can get at the lynch pin."

CHAPTER X.

THE DANTSKIPP FAMILY.

Master Bradshaw had now been nearly a fortnight on trial, and during that time had made sketches and small oil-paintings all over the premises. The foreman, who, at first, disliked the novice, candidly confessed that all these attempts shewed genius; and had nearly lost his place, not only in the affections of Mr. Windley, but in Mr. Windley's employ, by telling some one, that a sketch of Rowland's, in

which he had introduced the study for the big clog, a mouse trap, a paint-brush, glazier's diamond, putty-knife, and several other such articles, was infinitely better than—in an under-tone—the master's. This, the master, all but heard; but heard quite enough to make him jealous of Rowland. Having, not only this feeling, but all the secret fear we have seen, he was resolved to humble the bepraised master Rowland. Mrs. Windley's feelings had also received a great shock, for Rowland had, the very night before, been invited to a party, in which Mrs. Windley's accomplishments had never been at all consulted; but then Mrs. Windley should have considered, that it was a young-people's party, and she should also have thought, that Rowland's invite, saved the mamma of the young people, who gave the party, one guinea in not having to engage a pianist to rattle along the quadrilles—these things should have been considered, but probably they were not, or if they were looked into, the wrong way about. Under all circumstances, Mr. Windley sent Master Bradshaw, with two or three others; the others to paint some factory windows, and Rowland to scrape them, or help to rear the ladders; and, in short, to convince him that he was the youngest apprentice, for Master Gow was directed to paint the sashes as soon as Rowland had prepared them. Now, the proprietor of this large mill, though by no means one of the largest in Fleigh, had received the most puzzling communications that ever fell to his lot to receive, even in the days of his apprenticeship, for that he once was, as well as his good lady, apprenticed at a cotton mill, was too painfully recollected in the parish of Fleigh. He had fought poverty manfully, and stuck to fortune when she picked him up, as a man generally does, when neither he nor any of his friends ever thought he would be noticed by her. He had done many things well, but the difficulty before him was evidently effecting a woeful change, both in self and helpmate, in that placidity which all agreed they so wonderfully possessed.

"A tell thee what, Joseph, yon skimping young youth, as coom into th' back kitchen just now, fort' heat somethin', looks a vast likely youth to know somethin' about such a thing."

"Ay, no deaut, and scores beside him in sich a town as Fleigh; but, then, who the devil dare ax um, for if we have made a mess of it, we should get a much stronger dose in that paper, as had all about Windley and Latham in last week, than even they had. They may manage t' laugh off that in th' course of a year or so, or may be in a month or so; if *this* coom out, it would be a settler for life; if it's ever known, we mit sell up, and go live on the beautiful Rhine."

"Well, but could we not get it out of him without his suspectin' what we was about?"

"It'll be a dang'd difficult job, I know that; I'd reather have th' buying of a thousand bags of cotton in a risin' market, I know that—but just fotch yon printed circular down again—it appears to me to be clear enough."

"Ay, so it is to me—but yon darlin' child says, there is summit wrong—but that's what th' paper says."

"Well, then, we mun be reet; 'each pupil will be expected to bring a fork and a spoon, with a pair of sheets, and one dozen napkins,'"

continued Mr. Dantskipp, the proprietor, reading from a boarding-school circular.

"Well, thoose I put up mysel, and a pair of th' best too; and as to the napkins," said his lady—

"Ay, as to thoose napkins, I'm not exactly sure what thoose are."

"Oh, no doubt, they're towels."

"Well, thou sent *um*, at all events."

"Why, for sartin."

"Well, then, what the devil con there be wrong," said the perplexed husband.

"I cannot say but somethin' there is, depend upon it, and I'll pump yon young chap—for yo know he may have a boordin-school edication, and, if he has, he could tell us everythin' about it. I'm resolved to try it, at all events."

Rowland was again sent into the kitchen of the proprietor's house, to warm some size, when the proprietress, by mere chance, also went into that useful apartment. After she had asked Rowland how he liked Fleigh; whether he had been in so large a town before; what age he was; how many children his mother had had; how many were living; and then guessing how many were dead; she all at once bethought her, that the place Rowland had come from was the place where her daughter, Miss Eliza Jane, was at boarding-school.

Rowland said he thought she was mistaken—oh, no, she was not, and at last to convince him, carelessly shewed him the boarding-school circular, from which we have seen the good lady's husband reading.

Rowland glanced at the top, and at once said, "I thought, madam, you were wrong, as I never either heard of such establishment before, nor do I know the locality of 'Lammerhed-green.'"

"Oh, indeed, when you went to school what was th' terms?—I reckon somethin' like those?"

"Indeed, these appear very moderate."

"Do they? p'rhaps you will take off your apron, and as we are just going to tea, you will may be come in and take a cup with us."

Rowland felt obliged, but could not intrude, &c.; the lady told him she should consider it the reverse of intrusion, and would take no denial—Rowland then *did* expect he should be ordered into a chamber, where there was, at least, a washstand, towel, and soap, and the other instruments so useful in a casual toilet. He was a little surprised, however, when instead of all this, the mistress, herself, took a large brass-bowl, pumped it half-full of water, and then handed Rowland about a quarter of a pound of brown soap; said that Nelly would give him a towel, and desired him to go to work. He did so, whilst the lady went to her anxious lord in the parlor.

"I have axed him to tea, now leave him to me, depend he knows summut abeaut these things, for the minit I shewed him Miss St. Augustine's advertising things, he said the terms were very moderate, which shews he has been used to somethin' better still."

"Be vast cautious," softly said Mr. Dantskipp, "it's no use of being worth a hundred thousand pounds, if neither us nor ours learns to be gentlefolks; husht! he's comin', mind thee be still enough, and

when he's talkin' about boordin'-school, mind and keep saying there was no such doings when thou went there. I think we shall get it out, he's here. Well, young gentleman, it's a good height is yon cat-head ; yo did but look a small-un when you was at th' top ; eight stories high ; you must tell those other yeauths, who is with you, to do their work well, for yon mill will cost me altogether, about forty-thousand ; and tell um to mind and scrape th' sashes well, and not to be lookin' at the girls through um, when they are paintin' um, for every look at th' wench's room costs me threepence ; so, if you want a look, or anythin' else with um, let it be after hours."

Rowland promised obedience.

"I'm a parent mysel, and so I ought for to consider the morals of those poor girls."

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"But where there is two-hundred on um, and where if one looks, all looks ; you may guess whether I was right, when I said a young mon lookin' through th' top-room window, would cost me threepence, besides their being refractory for a week."

"No doubt, sir."

"Factory girls are like a flock of sheep, if one on um jumps o'er a hedge, every soul on um follows, and either jumps o'er or drops into th' ditch ; and same with yon wench's ; if one does wrong, they all do th' same, or worse—one follow another in everything ; that's why we are so feared of one having a illegitimate offspring ; there's sure to be two or three and twenty more in the course of two or three weeks."

"Ay, speaking of that," said the lady, who presided at the large China tea-pot, "what is your opinion of the latter part of that ere circular of Miss St. Augustine's, where she says somethin' of every young lady bringing with um a spoon, a fork, and you see what else besides," concluded the factory-proprietress, pointing out to the bottom of the same mystical missile.

"Oh, I believe, madam, it is quite regular."

"Now, sir, let me pour you out another cup, p'rhaps you'd like rum in it. Joseph, just hand it out of the side-board, it will make it a little more fresher ;" and the lady winked to her husband ; a lot of rum was at once popped into Rowland's cup, and indeed, into the other two ; but it is only honest to say, the guest had by far the best share.

"Now for it," thought the lady, "ay, Mr. Bradshaw, there is different gooin's on since I was at one of those places." Now this was not exactly saying that she had ever been at a boarding-school, but did just as well, for it conveyed that impression to Rowland, without, what she afterwards said was, telling a lie.

"No doubt, madam."

"There was no talk of *forks* and *spoons* then ; I recollect a big young lady, a Miss Jackson going, and she took nothing with her but four shillings worth of twopenny Eccles-cakes, four jars of preserves, and a cheese ; and, though the poor thing eat it without bread, as she could get none out of her box till night, they used to smell her breath ; she was as fat and as bonny a girl as need be when she went, but my word, in less than three months, she was two stone and a half leeter ; but as to

these *forks* and *spoons* they get over me, as they are not over fed, at any of um; and you'd hardly think they was worth mentioning in papers like that, or, indeed, carrying them with um, they are so cheap."

"Cheaper than they had used to be?" interjected Rowland.

"Cheaper, Lord bless you, when I was your age, you could not buy a good tooth and ague spoon under ninepence, and forks, with boo-on handles, at less than ten shillings a-dozen; and the other day, there was an hawker was offering me beautiful, big spoons, as good as need be, for threepence a-piece; and, as to forks, good steel-prongs, you can get them at any price—six for a shillin."

"Yes, ma'am, but—" and Rowland suspended his cup, and looked in the lady's face."

"Well, then, I wonder at any one ever thinkin' of such things at school, where they charge sixty guineas a year."

Rowland had just drunk, and had in his mouth, about an eighth part of a cup of hot tea and cold rum, when this last remark was concluded, and, we regret to relate that, with the exception of a little which went up his nose, the entire draught flew over the tea tray, but, unfortunately, not over Mrs. Dantskipp, and scarcely so, over the bewildered husband of the unfortunate lady.

In despite of every remonstrance that Mr. Bradshaw's prudence did, and could make, to Mr. Bradshaw's laughing apparatus, still the laugh would have its way. It had it for some time, prudence looking blushing on, but like all other fools when at the end of their tether, begged of prudence to get him out of his hobble.

Prudence did it, and in this way—"I really, madam, entreat your pardon; but, no doubt, you have had as hearty a laugh at the idea as myself; but I trust with less rudeness than I was guilty of, for which, again, permit me most humbly to entreat your pardon, or else, really"—and the laugh was going to jostle prudence again—"what a rattling joke it would be, just for a young lady, going to Miss St. Augustine's academy, and taking a large tutenag spoon and a good two-pronged fork. Ah! ah! oh! oh! really it would be entertainment even for the servant-girls, during a winter's season. And the locality from which it was sent, ho! ho! Heaven help the parents; in short, the whole affair is so highly ridiculous—'pon my word, it might injure the young lady's prospects—school ridicule is so lasting; but, madam, what is to do—pray do, sir, call assistance—Mrs. Dantskipp is surely fainting."

"Call assistance," said Mr. Dantskipp, as he went to support his wife, "it's all over—a nice job! we may sell up, and go and live on the beautiful Rhine—buy a German baronetcy. Have to learn Dutch in our poor old days," continued the husband, savagely, "It'll soon be all over Fleigh, then thou may go to Manchester every Tuesday thysel—I go no moor."

"Joseph, Joseph, man, man, do you want my life—how could I help it; go into th' counting house, and I'll—" said the half recovered, though deeply affected wife of the gentleman, who was desired to go out; "I'll do it," continued she, winking to her husband.

"We are ruined, that's all," said the distracted spinner, as he left the room.

As soon as he had done so, Mrs. Dantskipp rose, and approached Rowland, who was in a bewilderment; threw her arms round his neck, and the rest of her person on the part of the sofa, unoccupied by Rowland. This was so sudden, that Rowland was actually frightened.

"Oh, my dear, dear child, have you, have you a mother? a mother as you love, one as you love dearly?"

"I—I have, very dearly, very."

"Could you then feel for a poor mother, who had, unknowingly, disgraced her child, as she loves as well as you love your poor mother, and was as sorry for it, as your mother would be, if she had been the unsuspecting cause of your ruin."

"Oh, madam, undoubtedly," said Rowland, in real affliction.

"Then, somebody must know! I can unbosom myself, for I durst not tell another soul in all Fleigh, for fear they might betray us, and then, as poor Joseph says, we should have to flit; so, you see, riches as moor to contend with than the poor ever dreams about; you will keep it secret?"

"For ever! bless me."

"Oh, then, my poor dear sweet—I love her better, I am sure, than your mother does you; Eliza Jane—you'll never tell—has gone to this very school, and we, without giving it a thought, packed up a spoon; it is true, it was a new one, but nothing but iron plated; with a big two pronged—I cannot say it—but the very one you described, and we have had some misgivings ever since we received this note from the sweet creature; oh, if she knew what a sad blunder, her poor little heart would be in halves before this night was over. This is the note, read it, sir."

"Dear mamma—I do much fear that there is something wrong respecting my spoon; no one has said anything to me about it; but, I am sure I heard roars of laughter when my trunk was unpacked—I do not mean that in which the pies were, but that in which the napkins, spoon, and fork were. Miss Augustine will not let me eat with my own spoon or fork; but one with A. M. on, and the fork has a sheep's head on; and all the young ladies ask me where my own are. I am sure there is something wrong, and I have been so unhappy, that I have only eaten one pie yet. Give dear pa, and my loving sisters and brothers, a kiss a-piece; and pardon this short letter, from your afflicted and affectionate daughter,—ELIZA JANE DANTSKIPP."

"Oh, this is a sad mistake, there must be something done, at once,—"

said Rowland, pityingly.

"What, then, there has been a blunder, after all?" said poor Mr. Dantskipp, who just then entered. "What is the mistake?" He was told; "this is a worse job than the new chimney fallin'. If the vicar's wife—but she'd not be so very bad; but, if Doctor Frigin's wife—in short, there's the wives, I have been reckoning, of thirteen spinners, in this neighborhood, would give a hundred a-piece, to find such a thing out, though they have all made as big slips themselves."

"Well, it's of no use despairing; I have it," said Rowland, "you shall write a letter to the principal of the academy; we'll manage it, never fear."

"Oh, if there is any writin' to do, you must do it yourself, Mr. Bradshaw, for I am in too great trouble to touch a pen, let alone anythin' else," said Mrs. Dantskipp.

"Give it to me then," and Rowland dashed off a letter at once; in which Mrs. Dantskipp informed the worthy Miss St. Augustine, that she had discovered certainly the most laughable mistake ever recorded in boarding-school history, and which was no more than this, that the young lady's nurse reading of the necessity of sending, with her, to school, *a fork and a spoon*, had taken two out of the kitchen, whilst, in fact, Mr. Dantskipp had left the two silver ones, that were *to be sent*, at his engraver's, in Manchester, to have the family crest on. "There," said Rowland, "that will do, and, we will only add, that Miss Dantskipp's papa, is coming over to Lammerhed academy, when he will bring the real fork and spoon, either in the course of to-morrow, or the day following."

"Grand, grand, grand," said Mr. Dantskipp, "that will do."

"Then, my dear sir, go by the very next train to Manchester, and take them to an engraver, he will find out the crest, from the heraldry book; and, should there be no such name, tell him to put something appropriate—supposing we put a nag's head with a shuttle in his mouth, being in the power-loom trade."

"Grand, grand," said the spinner, in great admiration of Rowland's genius, "and, what is moor, I'll make um sit up all neet, but I'll bring it back."

"You have eased my poor heart; it cannot go wrong now, or, at least," said she, looking tenderly at Rowland, "if a certain young gentleman, that I know, will never, never—mention—"

"Oh, fear not, madam," said that certain young gentleman.

Mr. Dantskipp winked to his spouse; who at once said, "by the by, we have a lot of hats, that my husband took for a bad debt; just come, Mr. Bradshaw, and see if there is one that will fit you." Rowland objected, but the lady would not be denied; and after trying on half-a-dozen, there was one the very thing; and then she bethought herself that they had a lot of boots, that came into their possession, just in a similar way. Again, the bountiful lady would take no denial, and, there was again, a pair that was quite high enough in the instep, thin enough in all respects, and perfectly satisfactory at the toe-points. They were exactly all that could be wished.

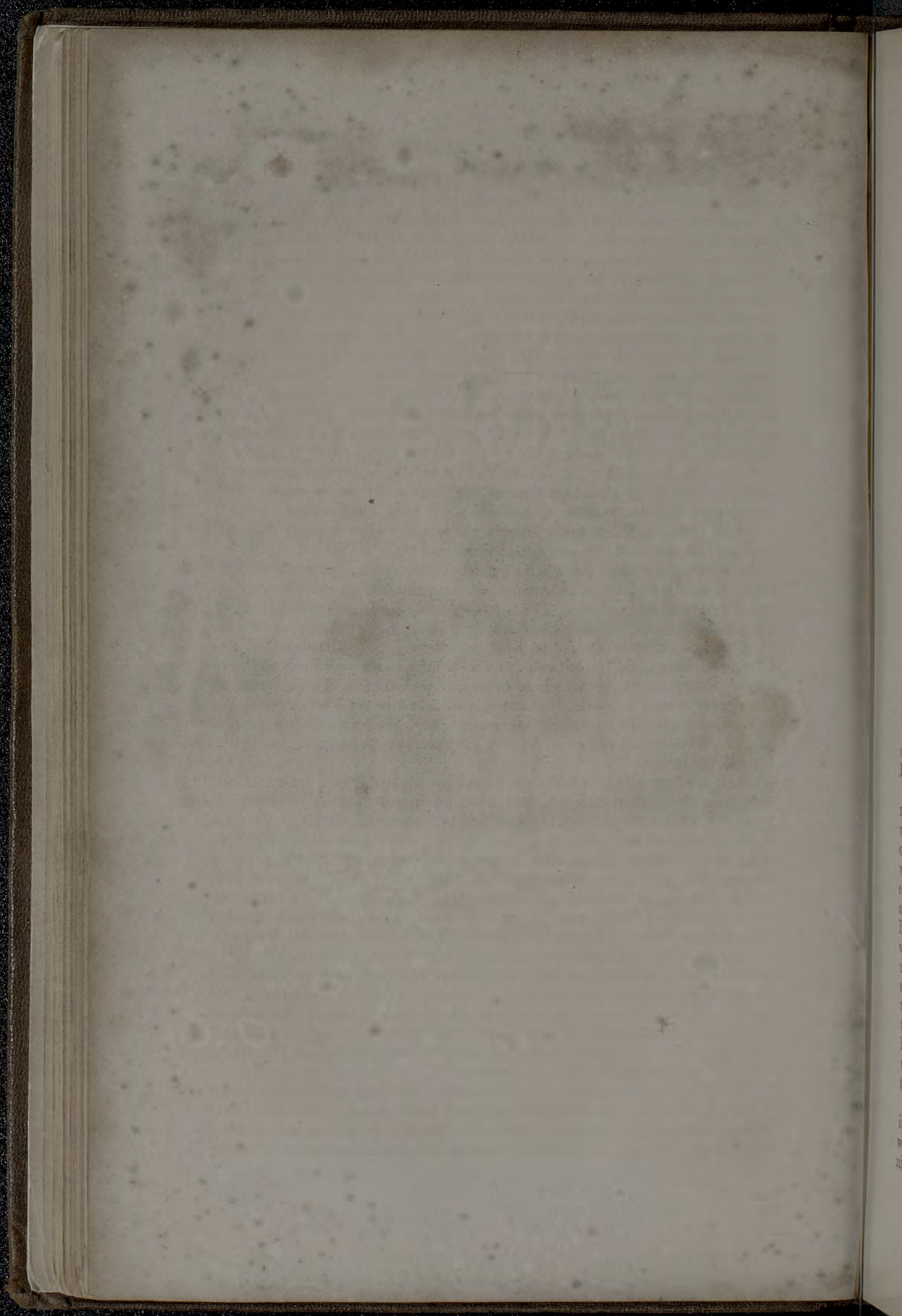
Now, though this did not take a very long time, there is very little doubt, that the worthy sire of Eliza Jane was some miles on his journey; certainly before Rowland was suited, or had taken his departure.

Mrs. Dantskipp would by no means allow Rowland to carry the things home with him, she pretending that she could not permit such an act of condescension, but in reality, was afraid that such a proceeding might cause suspicion, as, certainly, to bring home a new hat and pair of boots, was enough to do so. For, although, the good lady had told her adviser and secretary, that the aforesaid articles were taken for debt, Rowland half suspected it was nothing of the kind, and was right; the fact being, they were simply out of the stores of the "Tommy shop."

"There," said Mr. Windley's new apprentice, as he went musing



Paddy's politeness



home, "that will make up my suit complete. What mother will say I know not; one thing I fear, that is, in despite of my very self, it seems I am destined to be the recipient of half the secrets of Fleigh. It will be well if there is not a blaze yet." Just in this part of Mr. Rowland's soliloquy, he received a smartish slap on his back, with—"I say, I should like for t' know, why yo was takin' your tea with th' mester and mistress, when we had nout but a gill of ale a-piece, sent us out. I don't understand, nor does any of th' tother chaps; the youngest 'prentice to be sitting, mincing, in a dang'd grond parlor; suppin' his tea, and writin' letters; I seed thee do it through the Venetianer blinds; and me, as is an older 'prentice than theesel, and all th' tother chaps, was never axed further than the kitchen, nor then, unless we wanted somethin'. I know I shall not stand it, so long as my name's Bryant Gow."

"And, who wished you, Mr. Gow? it will be your turn to-morrow night. Mrs. Dantskipp says she always begins with the youngest first; so then, to-morrow, you may show what sort of a letter *you* can write."

"Oh, that's it, I can tak a letter with me, for that matter. I must be a bit cleaner, then, to-morrow afternoon."

Rowland got quit of Bryant as quickly as possible, and slunk back to poor Mrs. Dantskipp, and made her acquainted with every word of the preceding conversation. The hospitable mother of Eliza Jane, quite approved of all that Rowland had done, quite; but desired him to give his fellow-workmen a hint, as their turns arrived for the afternoon honor, to be as well-attired as the nature of their business would permit; and, above all, to have a clean shirt or so, as, perhaps, the doctor's wife, or, indeed, there was no knowing who might drop in.

Rowland gave the necessary information, and, for nine afternoons, one of Mr. Windley's—either apprentice or journeyman—sipped his tea at Dantskipp house.

And, it is recorded, that they all paid proper attention, both to their manners, clean shirt-breasts, and to their sunday stocks; indeed, all went off well, save a slight mishap, that occurred, during the visit of the ninth and last, who happened to be a dirty Irishman; but one, who, nevertheless, was always boasting of his tinder rairing, family connexions, and, above all, piqued himself upon his good breeding and knowledge of tea-table etiquette. This sprightly sample of an old Irish gentleman, then, put on for the occasion, a rusty black cravat, with a large diamond-shaped brass brooch of his landlady's; polished up her husband's funeral coat, though very much too large for him; selected a white waistcoat, with burnished buttons, and the painting trowsers he worked in; but these, he said, he could keep under the table. As the hour of tea drew nigh, he fortified himself, (as he said it was a long time since he had visited much,) with a noggin of grain whisky. The hour is arrived, and now see him, with great formality, take his seat, with the host and hostess.

The rum is again brought in, in a little glass jug, and the third cup is just finished, amidst the writhings and heart-shakings of the hosts; when—bang enters—Mrs. Frigins, the doctor's lady, and her dashing niece from Oxford; they rush to their friends, the Dantskipps to them,

and then a funny squeesy introduction to Mr. Windley's last man, takes place; then two extra tea cups and saucers are run for; whatever do Mr. Dantskipp's eyes run for? the cups are brought, Mr. Dantskipp simply desires them to fall to.

Paddy is better bred, so rises up, and hands the toast-plate, in one hand, and the pikelet one, in the other. It is done with a deal of grace, though the rum makes him lean a little too much forward; he recovers his balance, however, as well as the rum jug, and pours into the new-comers' cups—copious libations—they both object—he anticipates—knew they would have preferred whisky, the rum is however prime, and, in the absense of the other, they must try some. They are bewildered! the hosts talk with the greatest fascination to their visitors, but their piercing looks are directed to their officious, and, now, somewhat gallant friend of the rusty stock. The rum is getting into his head—good heavens! there is a lady getting out of her carriage! were people ever so wretched? she's coming up the walk!—she's here—'tis their broker's wife, from Liverpool!—must see how they are; she is handed to a seat, by the obsequious gentleman with the glazed trowsers. The hour of departure is arrived—that is for the ladies—not for the gentleman; he intends to take a quiet glass with Mr. Dantskipp. The ladies are curtsyng, and backing out: the polite painter is bowing, and facing after; a final shake of the hands; he wishes them panceable drames, good night, and gives Mrs. Frigins a kiss.

All this was posted up at the news room, at three o'clock next day; on the same afternoon, arrived thirty copies of the paper, containing the information who were the *real* coal-pit ghosts.

And the whole town of Fleigh was proclaimed to be in a high state of fever, for three weeks afterwards.

CHAPTER XI.

PARISH AFFAIRS OF FLEIGH.

Mrs. Windley was thunderstruck, when she was informed that the new apprentice had been "perk'd" up at th' tea table of the Dantskipp's; and had no doubt whatever, that the invite was only made to make some enquiries about herself—perhaps heard a whisper about false hair, or may-be the unfortunate peggies; and then she began to shudder. If Rowland should have told, but that she would endeavour to find out. Her good lord was equally puzzled; he had sent him thither to humble him, and to his surprise, he had met with an honor that had not been

conferred upon himself. Was the invite, could it possibly be, about the sign? Dantskipp was a great wag, and of all others, or nearly so, he should be most afraid of his knowing. Could the parlor grate, or the oven have told anything? but he would find all that out. His being invited to tea, but so were they all; surely every one in the shop did not know about it? Rowland was called into Mr. Windley's presence, who soon satisfied his master, that there was not the slightest allusion ever made to the sign, unless, indeed, once, when he was asked, if ever he thought he should be able to do one so well. Thus satisfied, Mr. Windley told his pupil that there was a small job for him to do at the church; that is if he thought he could manage it, which was no more than putting a new crest upon one of the pew doors.

Rowland said he thought he could succeed, particularly if his master would be so good as, occasionally, to call up and give *his* advice and instructions.

Mr. Windley said, he thought it would have been very bold, on the part of his disciple, if he had undertaken so serious an affair, without both his instruction and assistance.

Rowland repaired to the church, and had scarcely traced his design from his sketch upon the door, when one of the churchwardens told him he was not to work during divine service.

Rowland was puzzled to know what he meant, but looking to the other end of the building, he saw about a dozen women, with each, or nearly so, a little squalling love, that was about to be made into a little christian.

Rowland rested himself against one of the large columns, and had not been there many minutes, when a rather good-looking woman came up to him, and made this somewhat singular offer.

"If you pleasen, young felly, my god-fayther hasn't come, and th' new curate is so strict towards what th' old one was, ween some difficulty eh gettin' childer born out of wedlock christened at all—though I can see no difference, poor things, and don't think he could tell if he did not know. Now, as my little darlin' love, happens to be one, although I have had three afore, and there never was a word; yet, as I said, this man is so strict, that I'll give you half-a-crown if you'll come and stand god-fayther;—yon's a man, yonder, will do it for fourpence; but I'd like somebody respectable, for though I have had my slips, my fayther's worth ten thousand, and I'm the only daughter;—beside, I took a likin' to your little black handkerchief and frill on your shirt; and I should not like a low felly to come and see his god-daughter; so come up, and we'll have lots of rum and hot water when its o'er;—d'ye like sage-cheese, young felly? because I'll send you one, and yo mun come and see us; wee'n a bonny orchard; if yo have a sweetheart, bring her, hoo shall be welcome—if yo have not, I'll find you one. What don yo say?"

"Why, my dear woman, do you know what you are about? asking a stranger to do so serious a thing; so terrible an obligation—in both ways;—a most important duty; one, I am sure that, situated as I am, I can by no means fulfil—It were impossible."

"Tut—nonsense—I'll see it confarmed, and yo have no more to do

with it; there is two beautiful god-mothers, both on um very rich, and would be quite glad of such as you for a sweetheart—and yo'll find your little god-daughter better dressed than any o'er yonder;—come, now, be persuaded, and we will go into th' Lamb as soon as ever it's over. If you had rather, we will have a fiddle, both of the god-mothers dances grand, and, I know, there is some moor that will jine us;—you don't need say anything—you could not find in your heart to disappoint us, and give the poor babby bad luck as long as it lives—we'll have lots of fun—it'll soon be over—will you? God love you, I could see you was good-natured."

The woman was so earnest, and Rowland, though we have not told it before, was of so yielding a temper, that ere he was well aware of it, he found himself in the throng of god-fathers, mothers, and babies.

"Recollect, I don't take anything for doing it; I am fearful I do wrong enough without that," whispered Rowland, in the mother's ear.

"So much more rum and hot water," returned the other, in just an audible response—"there are th' god-mothers—if you hannot a sweetheart, I'll speak a good word to um booth; sweet babby, isn't it? th' fayther will be up at th' Lamb; I'd feel obliged to yo, if yo would speak a word or two to him, and tell him you think it's quite time we got married; he'd take it better from yo than me—will yo? thank yo—I could see you was good-natured; *he* says it's time enough yet, as we have both good homes, but *I* begin to think it's a shame."

The ceremony was completed; Rowland signed the books, and was looked at most tenderly by the young maidens, who had done the god-mother parts. They and the mother went to the Lamb, not before obtaining a promise that Rowland would follow so soon as the leaving-off time arrived.

The artist had fairly rubbed in his crest, and done all to it that he well could at that sitting, when the same churchwarden, who had addressed him before, again approached him, and seeing him preparing to depart, said—"Now, I tell thee what, young man, if thou'st nothin' else to do, thou'lt hear such a speech in that vestry, that thou never heard before; indeed, there never has been one like it, sin the same mon made th' last, and that's above twelve yers sin. They say he's a second Kinkinatus; he left parish affairs in disgust, and now we have fetcht him back, if not from the plough, at the least, from the sign of it, as that was the place that the depetation fond him at; and, now, he's come back, and, no doubt, things will go on as they'd used to do."

Rowland learning all this, felt a much greater curiosity to hear this veteran, than he did to see the fayther of his god-daughter; so at once got into a corner of the vestry. He who was to do all this, was a gentlemanly, farmer-looking sort of a man, and was evidently about eighty. He was received with the most outrageous applause, and was soon placed next to the chairman—the Vicar of Fleigh. After about twelve or thirteen rounds, the old gentleman was permitted to try his powers of articulation, and though he did it with all his might, seemed strangely bothered for some time. Every failure was succeeded with another round of sympathetic applause, and at last he got fairly to it, and that, too, in something like the following manner:—

"My dear friends, I need not tell yo, I'm sure, how deeply affected this welcome has made me. I thought I had done with public life, but it seems that you are resolved to see if there's anythin' left in me. If there be anythin' in me that will be of any good, either to yoursels, or to my native parish, Fleigh, you are quite as welcome to it, as this church-yard will be to my boo-ons, when I can give no more. I think what we are met here for this day is, if possible, to solve the anomaly, that is,—why trade should be better than it has been for many years, in Fleigh, and yet there should be a much greater burden on the parish rates; why there should be moor employment, and yet pauperism should be fearfully on th' increase, that is what I believe we are met for?"

A muttering "yes, yes," was the anxious response, and again, as the revered speaker cleared his lungs, complete silence prevailed.

"Before we go into the main question before us, let us see if there's not moor things to wonder at, than that which has brought us moor immediately together. Let us see whether the fault does not rest with ourselves, sometimes, as well as th' poor. Let us see whether those who put th' law into force, are not sometimes as bad, or worse, than those who have to obey; and for this purpose I'll tell yo a bit of a tale, and judge for yoursels.

"Yo all know Jonathan Blursy? a hard-worker is Jonathan; a decent mon is Jonathan; for although he never had moor than two shillings and threepence a day, nor less than one wife and four children to keep, he never had a penny from th' town, a cob-coal, or half-a-yard of flannin, yet. Well, poor Jonathan, afther attending afthernoon service, last Sunday, went to th' 'Flying Pig.' Well, as far as I con larn, they were all very decent and sober there—some praising, and some reather differing from certain points i'th' vicar's sermont, here. They did not get angry o'er it till they'd had about three pints a-piece; nor then, so mich, but they begun to talk whether th' vicar here or curate preached th' longest; and then there was a bet took place, of a quart of ale, which preached th' longest—the curate, next Sunday forenoon, or the vicar, next Sunday afternoon (hear, hear, hear, but the chairman writhing in his chair), but, unfortinitly, a dispute arose, whether, if th' order of preaching was reversed, which could claim; each contended he could; so I have told yo enough to satisfy yo (booth bein' thoroughbred Fleighers, and in their fourth pints) that a battle must follow, and one, shure enough, did, but with no very sarious consequences. Ogden geet a broken rib, and I think a tooth or so knocked out. Jonathan a good deal mault and shook, but not so bad but he could come to his work i' th' mornin'. I thought somethin' was to do with him, but he said nout, and so I sent him for to sow th' eight-acre.

"Now, mark! all this geet to old Colonel Dillon's ears; and now for a specimen of one of our magistrates (hiss, hiss, hiss). You may weel do that, but listen; before he'd heard half of Jonathan's tale, though he'd a proved to him, that they was speakin' upon a very proper subject, I think, religion of a Sunday afternoon, he fined him in ten shillings, or eight hours i' th' stocks, which he liked best.

"'Nay, nay, Mesther Dillon, be a bit more reasonable,' said poor Jonathan; 'dang it, I have only two-and-thrippence a day, and yet

you're gooin' to charge me ten shillin' for eight heurs; be a bit more proportionate'—yo all know Jonathan can speak a bit, and yo'll hear he did so there—'or else I tell you what,' continued he, 'Mesther Dillon, if yo'll put it off until a weat day, or when th' frost sets in, when I con do nout, why then I don't care what you charge, because I'll sit it out, but hang it, only earning two-and-threepence for twelve hours, you ought to be content with twenty-pence for eight—fair play, Mr. Dillon.'

"'Thou mun either pay, or sit it out on Thursday next,' said the magistrate.

"'By Gew, but I cannot, Mesther Dillon; I'm workin' for oud Squire Sweetlove, and yo known he's perticular; I'm sowing for him, and if I was to be away, I should keep four teams waiting, and that would be a sarious thing, this fine spell of weather, as yo known.'

"'Oh! oh! thee'rt workin' for *him*, art to?' Now you known Dillon has never lik't me since that turnpike job. 'Oh! it's for him thee'rt workin'; think on, thee'rt i' th' stocks a Thursday, or else I'll double it a Friday, or pay th' ten shillin'.'

"'Well, I'll tell yo, Mesther Dillon, if yo are in such a hurry, and will tak no less, may be yo'll let me sit an hour of a mornin', and one or so of a neet, until I have finished my task; but it would play the divil to let yon field stand, it is in sich good order, and th' weather so broken of late.'

"'On Thursday next,' said old Dillon, stampin' his foot; 'the eends of justice demand it.'

"'Th' eends of be damned,' said Jonathan; 'what justice con there be in makin' eight horses, ploughs, harrows, men, and lads, play um in sich weather as this, and all that too for a mon as kept me for near six weeks, when I and two o' th' childer had the fever,' said Jonathan (huzza, roared the entire vestry—immense cheers). 'Houd,' cried Jonathan, 'I have it, only put it off till a moor convenient time, and I'll send yo three o' th' childer to pick th' stones off yon meadow yo have just been brushin'—theyst work all wick for yo!'

"'Oh! oh!' said Dillon, 'that will do me no good now; ever sin' th' parish school was built close to, I con get as mich *stone picking as I want, by just lettin' um play prison-bars up o' th' workhouse ground*' (a yell of execration).

"'What mun I do,' said th' poor fellow; 'I cannot disappoint th' old mester—I have it now,' shouted out Jonathan; 'yo cannot refuse this—let th' wife sit it out! and hoo shall sit twelve heurs, as hoo's moor time!'

"'I tell thee no,' roared out old Dillon.

"'And th' three childer shall sit with her,' said Jonathan, anxiously.

"'Get out th' coort; Thursday, or double' (further yelling).

"'Well, Jonathan came to me, and said he must go off on Thursday; I axed him what for—he would not tell me; still I tried—was it a funeral he was gooin' to? 'No.' Where was it? at last it coom out; he said—'the fact is, Mesther, I want for t' sit i' th' stocks for about eight hours, on Thursday next.' I said, 'a very funny want, isn't it?' He said it was; but he wanted to sit eight hours on Thursday, to save

him from sixteen on Friday, or thirty-two on Saturday, or sixty-four on Sunday, and so on; and then Jonathan smashed his fist at a brick, and burst into tears (and so did some of the vestry), and then it all coom out. To-morrow is th' day," continued Mr. Sweetlove; "I called on his wife, as I coom here, she was preparing a clean shirt, his best one; clean stockings, and mending a slit he geet in his breeches on Sunday neet. 'I have heard speak, Mr. Sweetlove, of folk as would disgrace a gibbet,' said Jonathan's wife, 'but my husband shall never disgrace thoose stocks, nor th' mester he works for; he shall go there clean, and Jenny shall read th' testament for him; Betty can take him his meals, and when I have done my work, I'll go mysel and comfort him; I suppose th' law doesn't prevent that,'" and the speaker's top lip began to twitch a little, as did many in the vestry; "to-morrow is the day he's to do it," continued the speaker, "but it shall never dawn upon such infamy! look you, my old friends, here's th' receipt for th' fine" (the applause was deafening).

"So much for a sample of our magistrates," said Mr. Sweetlove, wiping his brows.

"There's my ten shillin', towards a cow for Jonathan's wife," called out one of the vestry.

"And mine," "and mine," and so it went round; and "stop," cried one, "suppose the overplus of buying th' cow should, as soon as you're done sowin', Mester Sweetlove, should go towards paying Jonathan for to sit a day or two, with his feet through oud Dillon's front gate, and sitting upon a sheaf of straw, just to burlesque his judgment?" The motion was carried without a dissenting opinion.

"Well, now gentlemen," said the Rev. Chairman, no doubt a good deal chagrined, though fearful to shew it, "suppose we go into the business we met for."

"Exactly," said Mr. Sweetlove; "you'll pardon the *digression* I have made, and now for it. I believe we are complainin' of the creeping excess of late years on the parish expenditure. Trade in many respects better, and yet more pauperism; now we want to find out the reason of this; and, in my opinion, it's all through the discouraging, or rather the entirely stopping the breed of bull dogs! (amazement) yes, gentlemen may stare, but, perhaps, they'll stare less when they look more closely in the subject. I have no objection to th' destruction of bull-dogs, no more than I have of hand looms, so that you will give the weavers enough to do under the new invention, in the last case, and in the first to educate the people to relish more refined amusement. However good new inventions may be, and I'm willin' to admit this country could not exist without them, yet they never should be done at the expense of thousands of waste labor, unless there was a reasonable channel for its reception. The same of amusements; yo' have tan away thoose they had, and given 'em none i' th' place; same as to take away the Spanish bull-fights, and give them English horse-racing, or th' tother way abeaut to th' English, and see if either would be satisfied. If yo will take away bull and bear baiting, so educate the risin' generation, that they may have amusements of a more social nature, and not only educate them for them, but give them *some* amusements: instead

of that, all is taken away from the poor, and none supplies the place. Thus, I say, these sudden changes deranges, for a time, their social state, and if a poor man is not happy in his amusements, or rather has none, he will become sulky, lazy, and finally, a burthen to the parish. They surely require play as well as those who do nothin' else. Now when I was the paying overseer to this parish, trade was never worse, nor was there before or since, in my time, so much downreet starvation, and yet th' parish rates was not half; and it was done in this way—we made it a rule that every one that kept a *dog*, and there was little else but bull-dogs kept in those days by th' poor, was not to receive parish relief, and the consequence was, we had frequently scenes as tender and affecting as this, when sitting at th' weekly board.

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ a miserable half-hungered-to-deeth woman would say, ‘I’m come for relief; we are thirteen on us, all on us out of work but two, and they con but get twelve shillin’ a week, and th’ price of everythin’ now, yo know, is terrible, and we shall all dee of a ruck, unless yo allown us six or seven shillin’ moor.’

“ ‘Well, th’ case was listened to, an order given for five shillin’ a wick, and another order was also given to enquire if there was any dog kept at this starvin’ establishment—ay! sure to be one; well, th’ week after this woman would come again, her tale had all been found to be true, and, sartinly, now hoo looks more hungered than before.

“ ‘Well, Mary, we have ordered you to have five shillin’ a week, than things are better.’

“ ‘God a meety bless yo gentlemen.’

“ ‘Here’ the young curate would say, who was fond of a bit of fun, ‘here’s the money;’ the woman puts out her hand, and curtsies half to the ground: ‘hold, stop,’ then one of us would say, pretending to look at a book, ‘stay, stay; why Mary it seems yo keepen a dog!’

“ ‘That was a chopper; th’ woman would say, ‘why not exactly, but —’ ‘well but there is one in your house, as fat as a pig—so we are informed.’ ‘Why, ay, there is one that somebody lent my mester.’ ‘He mun be destroyed, Mary, and then there is th’ five shillings.’ ‘well, shall I go whom, and tell um fort’ either kill him or send him away?’ ‘Oh no, Mary, yo mun bring him here, and we’ll shoot him for you; we must see it done! nothin’ else will do by th’ law!’ ‘We are all clemmin of a ruck!’ ‘Bring him here, Mary, and then there is the five shillin’ for yo.’

“ ‘Well, she would go home and tell th’ family; we’d see no moor of her that day. In two or three she would come again: ‘they had sent him thirty miles off; not one had broken their fasts; they were all deein’.’ ‘We, and we only must see him shot or drowned, or what death yo likin’, but he must die, or not five farthin’s of the five shillin’!’ Away hoo’d go again; there is a desperate, I may say, a dreadful family consultation: must Snurcher be shot? or must they clem? perhaps in a few days more he’d have to starve with them. His fate is concluded on, he must be shot. Snurcher is called, and a string put round his neck, he just rubs his sleek sides, and shews two rows of ivories, whisks his short fine tail, and thinks there is a bull ready staked, and he’s gooin’ to show ’em a thing or two; there is not a dry

cheek. 'Feyther,' says th' eldest lad, 'just let us see him once moor to run at th' poker before he dees.'

"'Make it hot then' says th' feyther: they do so, and Snurcher pins it whilst his lips are frizzled—nothin' con get him off; the moor they try, the moor he wags his tail. All applaud. The neighbors see, no one doubts what he'll do at Easter, or Whistentide, ay, or any other tide or place.

"'Feyther, mun he be shot?'

"'Never!'

"'Mother, con yo find in your heart; recollect you used to feed him with a tea-spoon when he was a little chubby-yedded thing—con yo find of yer heart, mother?'

"'Never!'

"'My dear sisters, brothers, whether will yo clem a day or two longer, or have Snurcher shot; must he part with us for ever? see where he bit my hond through, when only five months oud!'

"'Never!' cry they all, 'never!'

"'Never!' cries the feyther; 'and thee go and tell yon hard-hearted parish monsters that we'll put them to a greater expense than their five shillin': they will have to find coffins for us all, and buryin's too, but they'st never shoot Snurcher.'

"Well, that was the way we used to get quit of them all, but now havin' no baits, they keep no dogs. And that's *sole cause* of th' parish-rate increase. For you see, that a people who have no Amusements for their leisure days, will have no Fortitude for those of their misery."

The profound respect with which Mr. Sweetlove had been listened to, now gave way to the most vociferous applause.

It was evident that all this while the Reverend Chairman was suffering the very deepest mortification; but as he had a new church-rate to propose, he durst not show symptoms that might be construed into dissatisfaction. He was evidently scheming for an excuse to break up the meeting, as he perceived the garrulity of Mr. Sweetlove would be as lasting as his hearers' applause. Chance presented him with an opportunity that his invention could not, and that was his seeing our young artist very elaborately taking 'notes on the back of the pounce used for the crest. The Chairman at once sprang up, and unbottled, smoke and all, all the rage that had been smouldering in his breast for the last half hour, upon the unconscious artist. He said the question he should immediately raise was, whether reporters were to be admitted in that place: he had his eye upon such a fellow, and ordered the sexton to turn him out. Mr. Bradshaw was accordingly ejected; and as the debate became rather stormy than instructive in consequence, we shall leave, for the present, the parish affairs of Fleigh.

CHAPTER XII.

A ROAD-SIDE ADVENTURE.

Rowland's inaugural month was now up, and so he was permitted, by his indulgent master, to go home on the Saturday evening, spend the Sunday at home, and make his way to the door 'neath the gorgeous sign sometime early on Monday. Rowland's services on the whole had been satisfactory to Mr. Windley; still, we cannot disguise the truth, there were sundry jealousies and misgivings, for although the pupil was most obsequious to his master, yet, some way or other, the preceptor had his doubts whether the youth was serious; in short, he felt as a lesser mind must ever do in the presence of a much greater. Then Mrs. Windley was harping on a similar string, for whatever one she commenced her airs upon, she generally ended with a rapid transposition, and bang came at last to the common chord. The truth is, both master and mistress were puzzled; they had not one thing against him, not one; still there had been nothing but equivocal since his presence added an additional unit to the dinner table. Then, only the night but one before, he had been invited out to a most respectable quadrille party. It might be true, and Mrs. Windley had no wish to deny it, that he was asked because it would save the old lady a guinea in getting some one to play the piano all night; but, for all that, it was getting into society that had always crowded above the Windleys or even the name she bore before marriage. And as to Mr. Dantskipp there was something very queer about that altogether; Mrs. Dantskipp was always sending for him; indeed, that affair she would bottom yet, and if he had made a certain disclosure, she'd have his life, and then she would be at rest. Then every man and lad about the place was afraid of him, there could be no doubt about that; nay, the master himself was often caught whispering to him. But the most extraordinary thing of all was Squire Rowbottom talking to him half an hour at once; he had been four times up to his house; Miss Rowbottom had given him a posy, it's true he had given it to Mrs. Windley: well then, most wonderfulest thing of all was the vicar being in such a rage with him in the vestry, ordering him out, and the next day when he went to finish his job, took him into the vicarage, and shewed him every picture in the house; now that was a thing that the vicar had never done to Mr. Windley himself, although he had painted a sign that all the men in England could not paint, if they all tried at once on the same board.

Mrs. Windley was puzzled and bothered and dithered—she said so.

Mr. Windley was resolved to find him out.

Every man and lad in the place was resolved to turn him out. For if Mr. Bryant Gow had not succeeded in placing the bell round his neck, it would be strange if the whole of the shop could not.

Well, as we have had a pretty fair stay at Fleigh, suppose we

accompany Rowland home, and see how things get on there; and as the afternoon is beautiful, the reader will probably manifest no discontent at a ten miles' walk with our youthful hero, and particularly as it is the first time of his seeing all he truly loved in the world, after, to him, one of the most important months in his pilgrimage—the first stepping towards the business he had to learn, and by which to live.

Rowland was up by four in the morning; his singing was more like crowing, than that which comes under the denomination of an agreeable warbling; his arms swang about as if he had no feel in them; would his mother see him coming from the garden gate? would she come and meet him? perhaps with Miss Jane and Sarah; no, if she came to meet him, she would be sure to come alone; they would have so much, oh, what a deal to say to each other, he alone had enough to last the entire time allowed for his stay. And an entire new suit of clothes too! It was a most awkward tale to tell how he got them. Well, he always had told her all, and he would, must tell her then. So at one o'clock Rowland bolted off, putting his new hat on his head, and his brand new suit in a bundle under his arm. As soon as Rowland had got through the market, bustle, and past the last factory of Fleigh, and found himself in a nice green lane, then did his day dreams commence. What a stranger he should be at Rinwick; what staring there would be at him in church; what mighty contemplations there would be as to where he had been; the wonderful knowledge he must have attained during his sojourn. With what contempt he should visit the writing and gilding of the ten commandments, the marbling of the altar; nay, he thought he knew a little more of oak graining than the ancient pew-doors did, although three hundred years old, and, of course, must have been invented before oak graining was; still he could tell them a thing or two. Then he would sniff at all the signs in and about Rinwick. Would the rector's daughters' eyes ever be off him when at church? he was convinced Marian's would not; wondered if she would ever sit to him for her portrait, of course, not before he was, at least, an associate of the Royal Academy. Whether kings and emperors would invite him to their courts; or should he become either a great poet or statesman, and when ennobled, whether or not there was any precedent for giving his mother a title. Whether his mother would be living until then; or whether Mr. Windley's prophecy would ever be verified—and Rowland made a dead stop, and then a spring as if some fowler's stray shot had struck him, when he thought it was possible she might get married again! and then he ran as hard as he could, until it is supposed the speed, together with loss of wind, formed arguments in favor of his mother's celibacy. Then Rowland rested himself under a huge sycamore, and listened to the heavy drops of rain that pattered upon the dark green leaves, and from the distant bright markings in the heavens, he knew that they must fall heavier and quicker nearer home. And now the birds begin to make the old sycamore a merry choir, as they see the storm draw in his wings, and light upon a distant hill. Then the sun smiles in distant patches on the wide landscape, and soon every weeping leaf glitters him a welcome: all nature kisses his beams; and what gloometh the soul of the eye-uplifted youth? are all his

bright suns sombred o'er, even as the newly painted sky was?

The heavens weep, that the earth may gladden, and the soul may dress in russet, that her holiday attire may be the more resplendent. Then Rowland thought he might die,—die long before his first aspiration met with welcome from the world; to droop, and drop, and lie there for ever; and the silver tear slowly globules from his dark eyes, but now they roll apace, and stifled gaspings, with broken cries, and then a heavy heart sob, tell that more fearful bodings chasm his way. Oh! if one were to droop before him—die—to feel that he was in this wide large world, and she not: seek everywhere, and not find her. Oh! he must think no more, another such thought, and it might be his last. But might he live to cause her shame! What, and disgrace himself? Oh, never! and Rowland recovered his spirits: yes, but he might be innocent, and shame might whip him past his mother's door. He had read of such horrors; nay, no one could doubt that ignominy, with his countless mob, had often yelled his youthful victim to the gallows, though he was innocent as all, save ONE, that he had ever dragged thither before; and the pale-faced youth dropped upon his knees: and agony was idealized.

But well springs the bow in youth; soon rise the trampled flowers in May; wounds are cured with mothers' kisses, when we ask no other aid; but doctors have no anodynes for grand-children's kicks. And so with our slender traveller; the noise of a distant carriage not only sprang him from his knees, but caused him to wipe them ere its approach. Perhaps it was well he did, for the carriage had not passed him many yards when a lady's bonnet popped out; and soon the two-horse chariot came to a stand. The instant it did so, a waving hand was seen, and no doubt could be entertained it was for the pedestrian to advance.

Rowland hastened up, and was astonished to find it contained his patrons, the Dantskipps; that is, not only the lady and gentleman of that name, but all their family, save the young lady who, we have seen, was at Lammerhed boarding-school. There was mutual astonishment, but Mr. Dantskipp immediately jumped out, told the coachman to drive slowly up the hill they were approaching, and desired Rowland to take his arm, at the same time taking the other's bundle, and popping it over the carriage door.

As soon as they were alone, Mr. Dantskipp gave a short look, not without a long face, at Rowland, and after several very slow but solemn shakes of the head, said, with a deeply drawn sigh, "I tell yo whot, young gentleman, I have had some serious questions with mysel, as to whether th' cure was not a good deal worse than th' spoon-and-fork attack, after that infernal Irish idiot giving Mrs. Frigins, th' stiffest woman in Fleigh, a kiss! and almost squeezing, so she says, th' finger ends off of my Liverpool broker's wife, th' proudest woman in that proud neighborhood. I think th' quickest way of puttin' an end on it, would be to get a cotton-bag rope, tie one eend to th' engine-beam, and th' tother to my neck, and th' first few strokes of th' piston would soon settle me. There was two girls winked, actually winked at me, last Tuesday, as I walked up Market-street, in Manchester; whilst another axed me if she might give me a kiss; so yo see it's all out, even there, about Mrs.

Frigins bein' insulted at my house, as th' kiss was an allusion to it; and I fear I have somewhat more direct to tell yo still, dang it, I dread that th' whole of th' tother affair is all out. Poor Mrs. Dantskipp knows nothin' about this, but hush, I heard it with my own ears; yon poor boy, as yo seen sittin' with his mother yonder, was playin' at marbles, with a nephew of the Rowbottoms', a lad as goes to the same school as mine. There was a dispute about a taw, our Joe had it in his hand, and I heerd th' tother say—will swear it; 'FORK that out, you young SPOON, or I'll give yo *some rum in your tea!*' now, if yo recollect, or at least I suppose yo'd hear of it, that infernal Irishman put rum into Mrs. Frigins' tea! Oh! oh! it's all over, I fear. *Fork, spoon, and rum, and a kiss in Market-street.*"

"Oh, nonsense," said Rowland; "I'll swear it's not, if it had, I should have known of it in fifty ways. Indeed, I know it is not, because I have had my ears open too, without the fears that were calculated to delude yours; so make yourself happy. As to the affair of Paddy's politeness, now mark,—"

"Yon's my wife gettin' out, she thinks perhaps there is somethin' else up; when people have once done wrong, they're ever after in fear."

"Well, I'm glad she is coming, for, as I was saying, every one, so far from making jeers at your hospitality, says it shews that you have not forgotten your origin and that the whole did you great credit; and as to the salute business, they say it served such a piece of starch quite right, and the laugh is against her, and not you."

"Dost hear that, my dear?" demanded, in a feeling manner, Mr. Dantskipp, from his wife.

"Do I hear? yes, I should think so, and what's moor, I perfectly agree with all thoose who expressed themsels so well. How could we help it? Why should there be such stuck-up stuff for? Are we not all th' same flesh and blood? I should think so."

"Why, ay," said her husband; "that is, such as we that have carriages and so on, are of th' same flesh and blood, as not only dukes and lords, but th' queen hersel, and any of th' royal family, but not of th' same flesh and blood with an old dirty Irishman; one as chews tobacco, and only earns about eighteen shillin' a wick—and, indeed, of no low people."

"I don't know that; when he's dressed up, and only axed to a cup of tea, a time and away; so long as he was at our table, his flesh and blood ought for t' be respected. See how he handed the toast and pikelets!"

"Well, it's o'er," said the husband, with a groan; "I suppose Bradshaw, th' misses here, tould you that the fork and spoon, and every thing else was all right; wee'n a letter from th' school-mistress to that effect, and also an invitation to come and spend to-morrow with her, and go and hear a new organ at their church; so that's where we are off to, and as we did not want two or three o' th' neighbors to know, we are takin' this round-about way. I suppose yo are goin' home; we'll drive yo a few miles, as we have plenty of time for Lammerhed, yet."

Rowland heartily thanked his warm friend, and all three made for the carriage, and were just going to open the door, without desiring

the coachman to leave the box for that purpose, when Rowland sprang back almost as quickly as though the carriage dog had not only sprung at him, but had given him an hydrophobiacal stare, before he did so.

"In Heaven's wonder, Mester Rowland, whot con be to do with yo?" demanded the alarmed Dantskipp, just as he was seating himself on the little low cushion; "what?—"

Rowland beckoned him to descend again, which he did, with a bulky alacrity; Rowland retired a few paces behind the coach; "you surely are not going to drive that vehicle up to the school in which the young lady is?"

"Why? why not? it's now new painted and lined—patent axles—dang it."

"What, have a crest on the spoon and fork! and not one *on* your carriage? why there should be your arms; instead of which, you have merely an heraldic D.; this would satisfy them that the first version of the fork and spoon was the right one; don't you see it yourself?"

"I do, I do! it will come to the engine-beam at last! It's well said that the Lord loveth those as he humbles, and if he does not love me and my poor wife just now—stop the carriage," bawled Mr. Dantskipp;—"at least he ought for t' feel for us. There will be a precious row, just now, with the childer; promised this last fortnit for t' go and see their poor sister, Eliza Jane—I shouldn't wonder if there's a row about that some day, for her name is only Jane, but her mother got ashamed of it, and so would, do what I could, stick Eliza before it. It might be all found out for sixpence—see the register.—"

"Don't be precipitate, my dear sir; drive to the next railway station, send back the carriage, so rattle off that way, and should the line not go near the school, post-chaise it thither, and there can be no remarks respecting your family arms. Send the carriage doors to our place on Monday, and I will put them on; keep the carriage up for a week or two, and take it out as if they had always been there, and so quietly introduce them to the world."

"If anything can save me from an old cotton-bag rope, and th' engine-beam, it will be yo," said Mr. Dantskipp, shaking Rowland, affectionately, by the hand. "We'll drive off to th' station, and I'll tell yo whot; jump in with us, and make one o' th' party. I suppose yo have got some clothes there? do come; I should feel more courage. I know how to eat fish with a fork, and when to use my knife; I have not had time exactly to show it th' misses, but hoo's goin' to prefer soup, so that'll do; but, dang it, jump in. I don't know that I ever told yo, but our Jane, now Eliza Jane, is allowed to be the prettiest girl in all England, and though not much past fourteen, mind, as I can give her a hundred thousand, I intend her for a lord at least. Well, will yo come? There is th' new organ; a crack preacher is goin' to preach; there will be rare doings. I am told th' alehouses has been preparing for a fortnit."

"My dear friend, don't you see the great impropriety of all this;—if this were discovered, and it would be, all Fleigh might begin to investigate, beside there would be such jealousy—I'll not say where—but as wishing you well, not on any account would I accept your invitation."

Mr. Dantskipp persisted a good deal, but Rowland overruled all his reasonings upon the subject—promised to do the arms on his return, and bade them “good by.”

The truth is, that Rowland’s mind was in such a feverish state respecting home, and all he loved there, that nothing could have tempted him to depart from his plan of seeing it, and all it contained.

And now Rowland’s spirits became as exuberated as before they were depressed: every step neared home. He was truly sorry for the mortification that the poor Dantskipps were doomed to labor under; but for the fun of him he could not help, now and then, breaking out into little soliloquy chuckles. Then Rowland strides away like a prize pedestrian; now sings, and then whistles, and beats the midges off with his bundle. At last he comes to Oughton ford, and there the water is out, and at least two hundred yards across it. Phew! He ascertains that it is not more than a yard deep or so, even in the very middle of the stream, except in the ditches on either side the road, and there, of course, it would vary from a yard to three; he must mind and keep out of those.

“It is of no use looking at it, here goes;” and Rowland took off his trowsers, stockings, and boots, tied them, as well as he could to his bundle, and easily patted for some time in the stream, but soon got to such a depth, as to require him to tuck his shirt under his waistcoat, or else he found the nether part of it would be very disagreeable when he again renewed his toilet. The middle part cost him more sighs than ever Cupid had done, for it was very cold, or so it seemed, after walking so very fast. Soon are surmounted impediments, which would stop vacatory school-boys from preparing, waiting parents. Shall bridges, thrown down, stay the far-travelled lover, when his anxious mistress trembles for his steps? What shall keep Rowland from the other shore? Nothing, unless a young lady were sitting there; and then he would certainly like to dress himself, if practicable, even in the water. Now this history must relate that what he feared, exactly happened; nay, worse, there sat a young lady, and so far from even turning her head, at his approach, or giving him time to re-dress such part of his body that now stood in open nudity, she said—

“I have been watchin’ yo, young felly, and yo’ are th’ very chap as I want. Roger, here, was goin’ to strip, for t’ carry me over, but I said ‘tak’ th’ time a bit, yon’s a yeauth comin’, and if he’s a decent body, now as he’s stripped, he’ll tak’ us booth.’ What dun yo say, young mon? I’ll give yo as many plums as yo’ll eat, if yo will be so civil.”

“Well, well, but,” said the young man who sat by the damsel’s side, and whom Rowland took to be her brother, “wind, wind a bit, because if yo are goin’ to carry Miss Nelly and me over too, yo’ll find it a toughish job, as hoo’s a basket of plums, and I have two of butther, so rest a bit; yo seem a likely chap; not as fat as me, but clean i’ th’ leg; what sort of a wind have yo got? con yo feight any? yo seem, I must say, as likely a lad as need be, and I’ve no deaut yo con, for a chap of your own size; tak’ a plum or two before yo starten with Nelly.”

“Here, and shall I wipe that duck-meat off your feet; I’ve no towel,” continued Nelly, “but I con do it with this,” said the rosy-cheeked maiden, rising from her seat, to put her offer into execution.

"Pardon me," said Rowland, popping his trowsers before him; "it will wash off, if I am to be favored with you for a passenger across the stream." And perhaps it would have been well if the speaker could have placed his garments over his face, as well as the green-marked legs, for Rowland was never more bothered to make a speech in his life.

"Oh, don't be halo," said the brother; "and if ever you should be in our parts, we have two raspin' orchards; yo'll be welcome to anythin' in um;—con yo swim?"

"Anythin' in um? ay, or anythin' i' th' house either, I should hope," continued the maiden; "but if yo're thinkin' yo cannot carry me and th' plums—here goes—I must be at Fleigh; it's not th' plums I care so much about, but I want four yards of ribbin for my new bonnet; th' flood will be down by I've gotten back, so what don yo think? I've not mich to strip, yo seen."

Rowland looked at her; she was really beautiful, and she was really innocent, whatever the prudish reader may aver to the contrary. Rowland saw it; slipped on his trowsers, left his bundle in the young gentleman's care, and got the beautiful burden upon his back. But though exquisitely beautiful, and perhaps not more than fourteen, Rowland soon discovered that he almost had as much as he could well carry, and certainly enough in either arm to grasp.

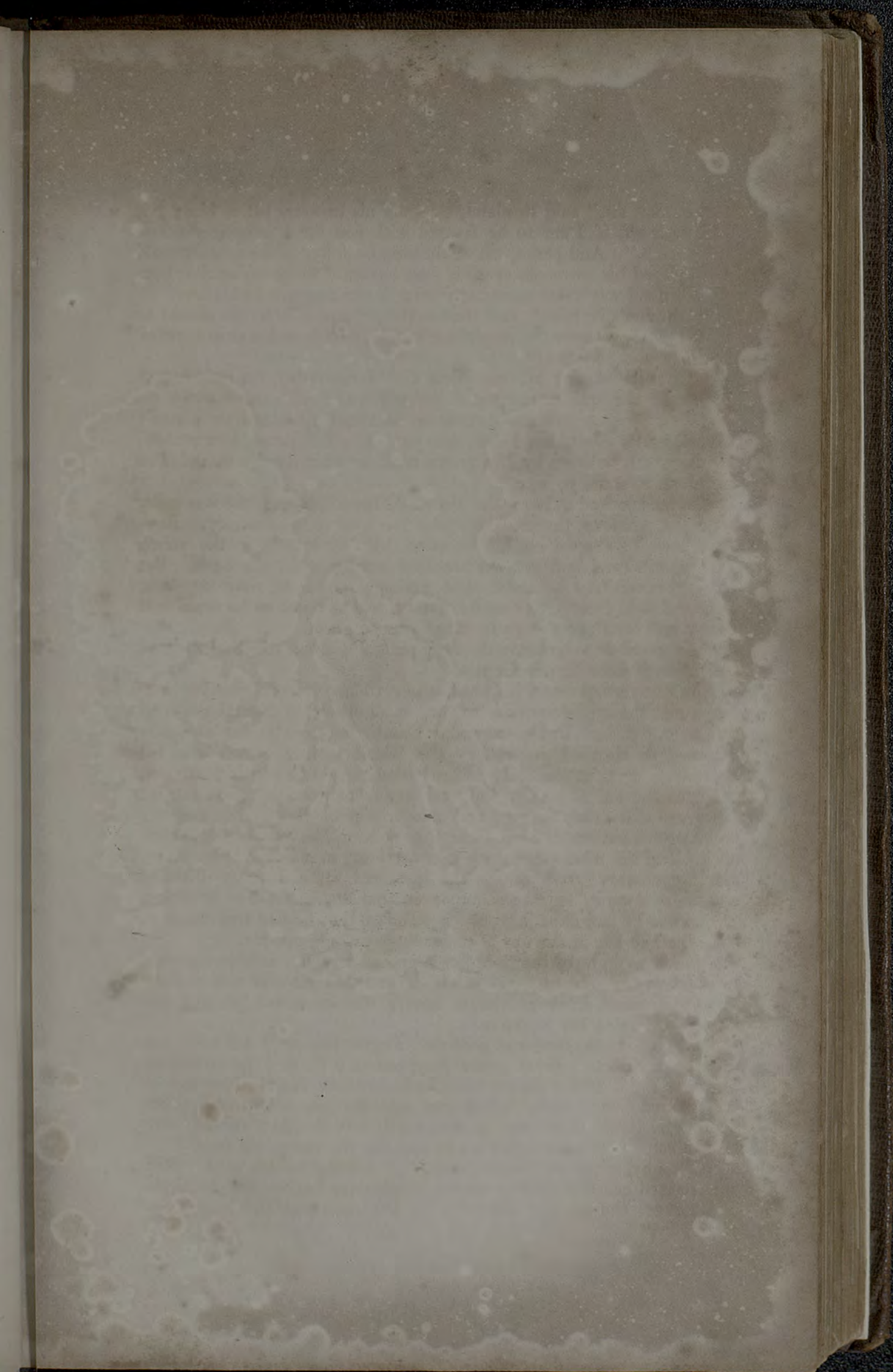
"As soon as we get into the deep part, I'll swim the basket, that will make it some lighter for you."

Rowland turned round his head, and certainly if ever budding loveliness met the eye of mortal man, or, at all events, of mortal youth, it was then. A face almost of ruddy health, too plump, but evidently disposed to classical propriety. The luxuriant hair, which now fell around his neck, as she clung to her basket, might be a little too flaxen, but then she was so young, and, oh! what a pair of lips! good angels! never was there such a pair; and now a slip of Rowland's, and her cheek comes pat beside his; those rosy pouting lips are not two inches off his, and say what power, whether presiding over evil synods, or regulating amatory lovers, causes the rash act? some naughty Divinity must have done it, for we solemnly aver, that Rowland had no intention, nay, when he had done it, could not believe that he had that much in him—he had kissed the lips of the sweet-breathing maiden.

The fair nymph started from her supposed security, and sprang from the back of her betrayer, and would have fallen into the now shallow water; Rowland however caught her in his arms, and, despite her struggles, landed her in safety.

"May I crave a thousand pardons; forgive me, or I will never see this country more. What could have caused it?" said the trembling fordsman; "whatever could?" and he looked into the blushing face of the agitated damsel:—he looked and saw she was a thousand times handsomer than before; still he demanded if she could inform him why he had committed an act that would embitter the rest of his days.

"Good by, sir, it was ungentlemanly;" and the maiden wept. Still she received gentle support from the supplicating swain; but she wept, and looked, though not unkindly, on the causer of this sorrow;—"good by."





The ford

"Oh, but say you pardon me."

"I d—o."

And one trembling shake of the hand, and again Rowland dashed into the water. He was fast making the opposite side, for the purpose of carrying the good-natured countryman, when, to his surprise, he met him coming with all his might. He had not time either to strip or anything else, but was making his way through the middle of the stream, with the large butter-baskets, both of which were transversely strapped round his neck. So soon as he met the returning gallant, he rather spluttered, than spoke, the following address to him, after first getting hold of the youth's waistcoat and one brace, at a grasp.

"I say, my young felly, did yo kiss yon young woman, as yo have just put down, and which I see is running off, and leaving my plums for me to carry mysel? answer me, because I seed yo do it, or if yo sayn yo didn't, I'll shake yo, and if yo did, I'll drown yo. Answer, or here goes."

"Why, d'ye think I did not deserve a kiss for what I did? If I had a dozen sisters, and you were equally courteous, I should tell them every one to give you one, let alone scold you for taking it."

"Y-es, yes, Mester silvery-tongue; I have only eight sisters, and yo may kiss um all, from th' biggest to th' least, if yo did nothin' moor than hand um o'er a slough a-piece; but yon young woman, who could talk as fine as yo did before yo coom up, is another thing. I bin coortin' her all th' way we have come together, hoo carried my plums, and I was just thinkin' which would be a nice turn i' th' road to give her a kiss in, and yo did it befoor my face; now suffer for it! I shall stick to yo until I get yo out of this water, and then I'll break as mony boons in your skin as will make yo remember cheeating again: come on—"

"Oh, ridiculous, let me go."

"Come on I tell thee."

"Don't be an idiot," and Rowland gave a terrible twist to loosen himself; but still the young farmer held to. "Now I don't wish to upset your basket, but loose me, or I'll smash this in your face," and Rowland lifted up a pound of butter out of the basket next him.

The countryman grew savage, and made a spring to get back his property; Rowland eluded his grasp, slipped, and got hold of the next basket to save himself; but down he fell, and after him, Roger, baskets and all. Now they no sooner went down, but the butters went up, and formed themselves into little fleets, whether for discovery or amusement, the God who superintended the battle has not recorded; but this much information it has been our good fortune to secure, that no sooner did the assailant discover, which he did as soon as he could get his eyes open, the extraordinary phenomenon that butter would swim, float he knew it would from seeing it in the churn, than he left his hold upon Rowland, to get one upon the hurrying, unthinking navigators. He certainly took up a number, whilst his rival did the same thing to his heels; but three of the wary explorers were too knowing either to obey threats, letters-of-marque, or men-of-war, for though both warriors tried to delude them, they made right off to the bridge, and then got into the flood.

And the next morning several honest villagers were hurrying to church, and perceived that not only had the waters been out, but two noted witches also. They had been informed of injuries done to cattle, churnings spoiled, and the like, and here was a melancholy proof of these terrible creatures' ferocity. No wondering at the mishaps of dairies, when butter was found growing upon trees, bushes, and sticking to slices of bread in a neighboring cottage; a disaster that had not happened there, for years before.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADVENTURE IN THE "DELUGE."

"Curse the fool," said Rowland, shaking himself, "of course, I have not a dry thread, I am glad I *did* salute the girl; I wish I had done it a score of times, not but I would have saved the goose his butter; had I not fortunately got loosed when we were both down, I should have been drowned; not a month since I was at home, and have had two such escapes: to be in such a pickle. It's clear I am not to die that death, and she is not his sister? Ran away and left the plums, well, I wish I had such a—oh, what a beautiful sister—I don't though, all the world would want her—very troublesome. Whatever am I to say for being in such a mess. Not a month older than I was when last I walked past these chestnuts, and I have seen surely enough to occupy an apprenticeship. That untoward bumpkin, I had no notion of being drowned, but had the row taken place out of the water, I would have made him more cautious in his customer another time. It will break mamma's heart if I go home in this state. I have it; I'll call at the first alehouse I come to, strip, and put on my new suit, leave these until Monday—not take cold—and all will be right."

This was a happy thought, and Rowland smashed away rarely, and soon made a church, and, of course, the other place he sought for. A nice snug little public house it was, with a most singular sign, and as some few of our readers may not journey that way, they may not deem a description obtrusive. It was called the "Deluge," but the artist had intended, like Mr. Windley, to distinguish himself, and so had not merely painted the deluge, but the earth *during* the deluge, as it *appeared* from the *moon*. And thus he had done it. There was the earth without any pedantic oblateness, but round as the artist's compasses could make it; it was about a six-inch sphere. The ark was there of course, and sailing in great majesty, (being quite as long as the

diameter of the earth's circle) amidst torrents of rain, hail, and the most fierce lightning, with barbed points. There was Noah's family taking a peep out of the well glazed window, as well as heaps of quadrupeds, and one camel with his head out, as if he wanted a drink, and the dove was going to an olive tree that was growing luxuriantly on a small hill opposite the globe. The clouds, round our unhappy sphere, were dense in the extreme; still there was a small hole in one, quite large enough to admit a few lunar beams, and a peep from the man in our great satellite, with such of his family and neighbors to whom he thought proper to point out the instructive, though dreadful lesson. There he was, and might be known by his bundle of sticks, as also were his family and friends; and it must be confessed they appeared to shew a very proper sympathy for their neighbor's fate, for some had their hands thrown up, some their knees thrown down, shewing that the lunarians' mode of devotion is something like our own; then some were weeping, whilst some were putting down rope ladders. None, however, had touched the earth at that time, but they thus shewed the kindness of their feelings towards, what some authors have called, our "suffering progenitors."

The whole affair was wonderful, and would, no doubt, have done the inventor lasting credit; but there was a mortifying drawback upon his fame; he had been obliged to send to Fleigh for some lesser genius no doubt, but probably more practical, to write and gild the letters which described the effort, also the landlord's vocation. The unfortunate painter had been reared before the discovery of Sunday-schools, and, consequently, though capable of so faithful a delineation as the one we have seen, did not know his letters, except by sight, he never having been taught their names.

Rowland rang the bottom of his trowsers, as well as his coat sleeves, tails, and all the other dripping points of his clothes, previous to entering the newly sanded lobby; and though his rage had helped to keep him tolerably warm, yet he found his teeth begin to manifest some inclination to hack, as he asked the landlady if he could have a room in which he might change his clothes.

The good lady was expeditious, and soon put him into a little apartment for the purpose required. Rowland soon discovered, however, that though he had a good change of outer garments, there was obviously no change of inner.

The landlady probably suspected the young man's dilemma, but being extremely delicate, would not knock at the door, for fear her new customer might half open it, when he was half undressed; to open it herself was out of question, so she called through the latch hole, that if he would accept the loan of her husband's shirt, until his own could be dried, he was heartily welcome to it. He was as heartily glad to hear this, as he found he might as well have all wet on, if that indispensable garment had not the chill, at least, taken off it. The same delicacy was observed in handing in the loan, that there was in requesting its use. The lady knocked, Rowland stood at the back of the door, the lady stood exactly opposite to him,—that, is the one, so that he could just reach the latch, the other, so that she could exactly put the garment to the edge of the door.

It was effected, Rowland got the shirt, and though with a little difficulty, he had still less to get into it. Well, if it were of double the proportions of the one taken off, it was at least very white, smelled very sweetly, was dry, and had three-quarters of a yard of ruffle to it. Now the ruffle was as long again as the little looking-glass that hung against the small quarried window; but Rowland, knowing something of the principles of refraction, so angled the mirror that he could not only see the whole of the huge frill, but what he was still more anxious to have a peep at, that part of his body which was above the well starched collar. It had certainly suffered no deterioration, that is if his judgment had not; the hair was as glossy and as ready to *curly* as it was when his mother dressed it last. Rowland was satisfied, as we may gather from a few remarks with which he privately indulged himself.

"The idea of a bumpkin wanting to carry such a beautiful creature as that, when there was such a tempting physiognomy approximate as this—and not his sister! so it would seem, humph! why now I think on't her hand was as soft and as white—but hang it how difficient in education, and yet the moody clod said she spoke like a lady before my approach; but, of course, he might easily be deceived. And now for Mr. Rowbottom's present, I did not intend to put them on until tomorrow; as to that kiss, the position might be said to form the very romance of amenity—very excusable, I should think, and as I may never see her again, asked her pardon; got nearly drowned,—I don't see why I should keep torturing my conscience about it. Beautiful view through this window; surely these trowsers are too long; holo, who are these coming in such style, a van full at all events: by George it is—it is"—and bang opens the little casement window, and out pops the head that was just imagined so handsome, and out it bellows, to a passing vehicle,—“ma.” The vehicle stops, and all within it look up to the little public-house window, and then some one says, “save us, it is Rowland! what can have happened.” The vehicle is slowly turning round; before it does, one of the ladies, probably the stoutest, springs out, rushes into the Deluge, and, without a word, makes her way to the room whence the voice had come. The good landlady saw something of this singular transit, and ran up stairs after. We have seen a specimen of the good creature's breeding and delicacy; we have seen the care she used to prevent any sudden shock upon her own sensibility, and the propriety that she was ever anxious should characterize her establishment, she naturally ran up the stairs, seeing a stranger do so, with so little ceremony, if the lady went into the gentleman's room, it could never be deemed improper for her to have a peep. The door was open, she succeeded in her object without the usual difficulty in such matters, she had not only got a peep, but, before she was half aware of it, a good stare. One was enough! she was staggered to the old oak hand-rail, and then with its assistance, as well as the polished oak steps, her hands, her strong arms, her tottering knees, and good broad feet, managed to make her descent, and stagger into the parlor, in which were now entering the rest of the new party; the good lady managed to twirl to the chintz covered squab, and then souse she dropped upon it.

“Why, whatever is to do?” demanded the entire of the new party.

"Oh, oh," said the lady, who was trying to faint, but could not, same as we may have witnessed in sea-trips, parties suffering under a similar difficulty, in almost a similar complaint. Getting it over, in both cases, is generally considered the best, and as the mention of fat bacon often effects the last, so, in the former, much solicitation, as to the cause of such a phenomenon, generally causes its removal.

It was so this time, but not all at once. In answer to several "what can have happened?" the good lady remarked—

"Well, I have been a sweetheart myself; I have had four, and I was six myself to several young men and one gentleman. I had four sisters as had sweethearts; my mother had nine, three before she was married, and six after, of course; I do not recollect the first three—that is when they were coorting my mother; one of 'em I did, which was my father. Well, when he died, I knew all th' tother. We have a great number of sweethearts comes here, both male and female, indeed, for that matter, they generally come together—after divine service of a Sunday evening, indeed, they come straight out of th' church, eat apples together, drink porter together, bread and cheese together, some times rum and water together, hot, with sugar and lemon in; nay, I have heard 'em take a kiss together, just when I had served 'em, or just before I was gooin' in, but never afore my face—even got married together; I have seen all this, and may be a bit moor now and then, but I have seen moor impidence between two sweethearts this day, than either I ever felt or seen sin I was capable of observing such work, even amongst ladies and gentlemen, who comes here sometimes, and we must make allowance for them, as they are never taught modesty when they are young.

"Well I say, until this day, I never saw any young lady jump whop out of a coach, run up a strange body's stairs, bang into a young man's room, he not half dressed, catch him in her arms, kiss him all over, and then put him on her knee, and ditto as before."

"And who has been guilty of all this?" demanded the driver of the elegant vehicle, who, though an elderly gentleman, was the only one of the party.

"Why yon grand lady as just jumped out of your conveyance. I seed it! My husband never kissed me but about seven times afore marriage, and twice sin'; and one was when I had my two hundred pounds left me, and th' tother when he was tipsy, and thought it was Jane, and I threw nine pints of cold water over him. But there never was such work in the 'Deluge' as this afore——"

The good landlady was thus running on, when Rowland and his mother came down stairs; indeed they were both standing at the door, but the worthy censurist was so employed in the defence of the orderly doings at the Deluge, that she did not see or hear their approach, when she did, she had merely time to utter one "oh!" and avert her head.

Mrs. Bradshaw smiled.

"Oh, fy!" said the landlady.

"My dear madam," said the other, in certainly very sweet sounds for one who had acted so improperly, "he is my son."

"What?" demanded the other, in great amazement, "your—let me

see," turning Rowland round, so as to fix him beside the elegant claimant.

"I suppose you could kiss this little fellow," said Mrs. Bradshaw, taking up a rosy-cheeked gentleman who then entered, "if he were to be from you some time," and Mrs. Bradshaw kissed him twice.

"Oh, my dear madam," said the deeply affected mother, "he is, he is your poor half—he was half-drowned boy, I can see he is your son though, bless me!"

"And it was for your goodness and humanity that I came in here, to tender a mother's thanks—he is my only son—my only child;" and the mother kissed this only son again, not but Rowland tried to dispense with it, as he was most anxious to shake hands with all around, not forgetting the terribly frightened hostess.

"Well, thank the Lord," said the last, "the reputation of the Deluge is safe, as I trust everything will be as is taken from the bible. It has been a good deal called, for nothing that is good, but is sure to be attacked, but nobody in future will disbelieve, if we can get such witnesses to its truth as those I see around me."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LANDLADY'S BENEDICTION.

Now the reason of this unexpected meeting may be told in few words. The elderly gentleman, who drove the party, had that afternoon brought his two little wards to the new boarding-school, which, though recently commenced, had obtained considerable reputation. This little, though in every way, neat establishment, was presided over by the mother of our hero. The two new boarders made her number six. These, with some good yeomen's daughters, as day pupils, bade fair to make the rising establishment a prosperous one. Saturday afternoon was a holiday with the day scholars, and a walking afternoon for the boarders, but such an immense addition, as the one we have recorded, and Rowland's expected return, caused it to be devoted to a sort of party. Tea was ordered on a proper scale, and all at once, the guardian of the new scholars proposed, since his horse was fresh, to drive out as many of the ladies as the vehicle would hold, and "go to meet your son, madam." Oh, this was the very thing, in all ways, for the young ladies. Their poor governess could scarcely contain her delight; so she, with five others, loaded the body part of the vehicle, whilst the seat part was properly filled by the driver and two young ladies who could not,

or did not, wish to avail themselves of a *stand* inside. It was during a dashing progress of six miles an hour, that Rowland saw them passing as we have seen.

When the landlady withdrew, all parties agreed she had behaved herself in a very feeling and very proper manner. The old gentleman was so satisfied of this, as well as to make their entrance welcome, should they ever visit the Deluge again, that he ordered in a bowl of spiced wine, as they would have plenty of time to get to the academy for tea. Of course no one could urge an objection to this, though all protested they could not touch a drop; the master of the ceremonies said he did not care how little they touched, so that they sipped a good deal.

This stroke of humor put the company into one roar of laughter. The old gentleman followed up the blow. He had known, during his time, many young ladies—nay, many who could not eat an ounce before very handsome young gentlemen, but as soon as the company had retired, could devour whole corners of loaves, without the usual incentives of butter and sugar; this produced louder merriment than before.

And now comes the smoking wine, with some gratuitous sweet-cakes; there must be no glasses—they tell tales—no, all must sup out of the large bowl, as their grandmothers before them had; and why not? so the merry old gentleman handed it round.

Well, Mrs. Bradshaw would not form an exception to so laudable, and so ancient a custom, and she sipped four times, or rather took, so the gallant old gentleman said, four swallows.

"Now," said he, "since one lady has taken four sips, I don't care how young another may be, she shall take three. I do not want you to touch it, since all of you say you can do nothing of the kind, I will do the touching, but every one three gulps a-piece."

Then there was a tremendous laugh, by all, but the poor creature whose turn it was to be first put through the fearful ordeal.

"One, two, three! Huzza. Recollect, my dear, you have not broken your vow; well, love, is it so bad?" and the young lady recovered her breath, and then closed her lips twice, looked most solemnly, then clapped her hands, and shouted out "excellent!"

"Oh, what a girl you are!"

"Now Louisa; one!" said the gentleman.

"One," said all the ladies, breathlessly; every eye strained to see it was a fair swallow.

"Two," continued the gentleman; "THREE! holo, four, five, six! bring in the water-engines;" called out the lusty Ganymede, "why she has scarcely left a drop."

Oh, then there was a very screech of laughter.

Well now all the ladies have drunk, Rowland and all; then comes their waiter's turn. He takes off his hat—shall he his coat?

"No, no, no."

He must have as many swallows, surely, as Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Yes, yes, yes," and just one more for his trouble, or nearly so; then the old gentleman prepares.

It is now to his lips, and so are most of the young ladies, to see fair play; he makes one pull, so long and so strong, that his cheeks are ready to burst. "ONE."

"Oh, you are cheating!" from them all.

"Two."

"Oh, what shocking cheating, your sups are too large,"

"Are they? well then, we will begin again, and then I shall be able to measure mine better next time."

And now the bowl is done, and merriment is at the highest. They must re-load, with an extra passenger. The worthy and discreet landlady assists. Oh, such tumbling in and out; now sitting on a seat, now on a knee; all standing; the car moves, all tumble—all scream—all laugh, and soon they are all off, with Rowland in the middle.

"Good by," said the curtsyng landlady. "God bless you, pretty little creatures—well-bred little loves—did you ever see such a happy lot of little beings afoor; see, and I declare they wave their little hands, as far as they can see one—oh, bless your pretty little faces;" and the landlady waved her hand too.

And why not say with the good hostess, "God bless you, bless you all?" for in the whole range of our speculations, is there, can there be so interesting a contemplation as the one inspired by a boarding-school cluster of little feminine buds, breaking upon your solitary walk? Little girls, already far from the fond roof that reared them, and, save the one that now covers their studies, some may have no other.

Even in yon little band two owe its blessings, and still more—early education and moral training, to the good man who has just given such mirth to their holiday.

Little girls, no mother's kiss; no father in their dreams; still for them midsummer shall have its hay-days, and christmas its merry nights. Each little friend will be a sister during term; and share her home, her joys, and fond mamma, when Vacation smiles the welcome news, that Term is dead, and she must reign.

Little girls, with coming cares and shortening years, bright and blessed be your path, long and loving your journey, for none shall be so happy as the one ye take. Time hath no frowns for schoolhood's days, distance no prison for their recollections. Pain is blended by their soothings, and joy sobers when she feels they are no more.

God bless you all, for you are little girls in a big world.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

Now, the small academy that Mrs. Bradshaw had the honor to preside over, had been one for nearly half-a-century. And though of some

repute, the predecessor of its present conductor, had through age and competency, suffered it much to decay ; not but it had been the agreeable resort of the most respectable yeomen in the neighbourhood, as well as occasionally dignified with a fortnight's stay of the town pupils' mothers, and grown-up sisters, as well as sometimes their fathers and grown-up sisters' beaus.

The good-will which Mrs. Bradshaw had to pay to the deceased's executors was not much ; but to the neighborhood was perhaps more, until a little known, and then, nothing could be more convivial. For, independently of the new proprietress' suavity and lady-like manner, she was admitted by all to be, by far, the handsomest woman within crow flight of the parish rookery. Some say the rector and squire's wives objected to some points in this widely-spread theory ; but as they were unable to combat it in their own persons, or produce refutations in those of any one else, why the doctrine widened, and, perhaps this little opposition added that permanency which theory only requires to become what is termed knowledge.

But her beauty was never troublesome to herself, so to others could not.

That the new mistress was polished there could be no doubt ; that she was travelled, even the doctor's wife asseverated, although, she had been to Cheltenham, and through many places as she returned home, and intended visiting London the next summer ; still she admitted, that Mrs. Bradshaw had evidently seen more of the world than herself. That she was well educated, the testimony of the exiseman and two clergymen carried conviction even to the rectory ; nay, conviction could walk, without their aid, into every cottage door, the moment the parish school master, his wife, and usher opposed their opinions. The great difficulty, and only thing likely to mar the accomplished stranger's popularity, was the singular reserve she ever manifested in everything that related to her early life ; from no clue could any one trace information enough to point a single question, without the most obvious rudeness ; and she had such skill at a parry, and such unconsciousness at a thrust. It was true, but, perhaps, that only worked up the enigma, that she seemed to have no curiosity as to the movements of her neighbors. Their affairs she never touched upon, their wounds she did, but it was with a feather dipped in balm.

Early, she was with her pupils ; late, with her domestic arrangements. From her frugality the foolish might infer poverty, the judicious some secret draw upon her resources. Her charities were active ; for though she could not find flannel and worsted, she could knitting-needles and leisure hours, and her pupils had to devote to such duties equal time with their church catechism. She had the positiveness of a mother during study hours, and the playfulness of an elder sister so soon as the school door was closed.

She could lead a romp till it mazed, and impertinence till it bashed.

Nor can we wonder that her pupils make such advancement, when not a rustic maiden but is welcomed to her advice.

Now it is the opinion of many, who are fond to inquire into the origin of things, that some such being as the one we are contemplating, must have given birth to the now popular mode of education—a boarding

school. For of all cares that were ever imposed, surely those of tutoring the youthful female, are the most important. It may require prudence to direct us in the trust of our money; caution in that of our lives; chariness of our time ere we take a wife; but these in one, and surely the selection of another home, and training which for ever make, or quite undo the mothers of our generation, paramounds them all.

Hence a responsibility that cannot be tested by any balance sheet, save the one where Error and Death may be the final auditors.

In consequence of so many kind neighbors coming to visit Rowland, on his first return from Fleigh, together with visitors, new pupils, and the rest, he could not get one social hour from his mother; that hour of all so dear to us after separation. He judged from the hilarity of his beloved parent, that she had prospered, or was likely to do so, in his absence. Still he knew the terrible difficulty they had had in getting all that was necessary for his mother's new vocation, for she was as young at her duties as was her eldest pupil. She was not only in a strange place, among strange friends, but had a new trade to learn; the more difficult, perhaps, as she had never learned one before.

The mother was as anxious as the son to inform, and to know all since their parting; and for this purpose, she started early with him on his road to Fleigh. Much was said no doubt, but it will be our business, only to relate such as is of importance to this history, knowing that the taste of our readers is not of an order to require us to pry into the affairs of a poor mother and an only son.

Rowland had however to account for his new clothes, and could not but shew a little pride at the great amount of secrecy, with which the discreet people of Fleigh had already entrusted him.

"My dear, I should be truly unhappy at what you tell me, but that I am sure you have not sought these things; secrets are very flattering to young people; the very cunning often turn them into advantages; but I should almost fear, in those I love, the reversion of an inordinate sum, as much as I would the possession of a large amount of important secrets; for as it is in the nature of things to hate those whom we wrong, how can we love those who have the power to injure ourselves? It may be asked, why either is so? but it is a question that should be put to no breast but our own; as it would only discover our ignorance, were it put to another."

"I want no secrets save those of my business and such as would make a man of me."

"Properly said, and let me counsel you, dear Rowland, to avoid them; for there is a sort of evil spirit in those who have imposed them upon our ears, to weary us with our faithfulness, and like children smashing toys to see what is inside, they sometimes goad us to disclosures, and quarrels arising from revealed secrets, never end; for they are told, and countered; and it will be well if the depositor and recipient are not both brought into vulgar collision."

"Mamma, I want no secrets, only o—ne," and Rowland stopped, seized his mother's hand; put his head upon her bosom, and looked at her tenderly in the face. "I am now, dear, dear mother, at an age when I ought to know more of myself."

"My son!" said the mother, turning to unusual pallor.

"Do, do not, dear mamma, look so; think not that a thought, even in my wonder hours, ever tinged your honor. No, no, I know I am honorably born, but I am rising to a man—I will be one—but do, do tell me who I am," and Rowland then threw his arms around his mother's neck, and shook more than the beech leaves over his head.

"Bless you! God bless you! oh what a terrible question from the lips you have suckled; and more terrible, when the answer must be, 'alas, dear son, I know little more than yourself;' a little—a lit—tle time, and I shall be better prepared; but of one thing stake thy life, that thou art honorably born—it may be more—do not distract me. I have sacrificed all, everything for my child, and soon, I trust, you shall know the rest."

"Oh dear, dear mother, on my knees pardon me; I know it, I know. And, oh God! enable me to be dutiful; this I pray; but, mamma, I dare not, I cannot leave you, for it has haunted me, and ever must, unless I have your promise—you must make it—and I will with all my strength wait for the other; but this—it makes me shiver—it never crossed my mind—never could have done, but through an expression which fell from Mr. Windley, when you were good enough to take me first to his house."

"What can you mean?"

"He said—oh pardon me—it would kill me; but he said I should not long want—want another father."

"What," cried the roused mother, "how could he or any one dare—but the unmeaning will ever foresee. Though to answer your first, was not within my power, this is; to you one word is enough—never! I have lived for you—live in you: I would rather be the mother of greatness, than the besought of princes. Fear nothing in your mother, save her overweening thirst for that day—the day of your elevation. I have only *one* chance for the prize, and that might have been lost, had our fortunes been what they once were. Greatness is only achieved through difficulties; our poverty now, throws many in my poor boy's way; but he who would run quickly, must practice up a hill; that hill is before thee, dear Rowland; let a mother's love be thy staff, and though she is not able to give thee a full scrip, yet she gives thee a clean one; and she trusts, has furnished thee with such directions, that thou wilt need no other guide. Firm as thy foot, be the coolness of thy head; nor pant to keep up with him who rides; for should he lose his horse, he may not walk so well; and in the journey, as thou fearest nothing above thee, be most chary in thy contempt; a sheep may teach thee to foot a precipice, a goat to leap a chasm; for there is a mutuation between the great and the little, that the young do not see, and the proud will not own.

"To offer further directions might suggest an inference that those from thy birth, dear son, have met with no listenings; for that general who always requires counsel, would do well to doff his coat, and do as travellers in sultry days, carry it under his arm, or change it for the lighter appointments of his aide-de-camp. Therefore farewell, and remember as thou walkest, a mother's love, hope and life journey with thee.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORE SECRETS.

Rowland had not long arrived at his master's, when he perceived, from the sulky tone of the foreman, as well as one or two of the apprentices, that there had been some ill feeling aroused against him, in his absence. There was an imperiousness in the style of the little foreman, as well as a "wondering what things would come to," on the part of the others, which clearly proved to the sagacious new apprentice, that everything was not quite in its place.

"Oh, Rowlan' Bradshaw, Eskire! here is two carriage doors as is come from the Lord of Dantskipp, and he says you know what to do with um. Now I must tell you what I shall find it my duty to do with you, young man; if you go and take orders, either without my orders, or Mr. Windley's directions, I must order you to the putty bench, window-lead machine, or perhaps a dose of boot and shoe cleaning. Bryant says he'll stand it no moor, no moor would I."

"No *moor* would I, if I were a Turk," said Rowland.

"Come sir, let's have no heathenish language. Mr. Robert Rowbottom was here, too, axing for you, and that's vex'd th' master, and I don't wonder. But if I was th' misses, I would make you drop that fine ruffle; it's nothing else as makes your superiors—and being a stranger—to enquire and make such a fuss about you; but, as the master said this morning, 'what's a stranger in London.'"

"Well, I cannot help people coming to enquire about me; if it be wrong to get the master jobs, why I have committed another error just now, in passing Tindletum-bangs; the landlord it would seem knew me; called me into the 'Jolly Sportsman,' and gave me an order to get a large target made, painted with a bull's-eye in the centre, and the usual rings round it. He said *you* would know all about it, as you were a crack shot yourself; the entrance only half-a-crown a-piece; even the second prize would be a large copper tea-kettle, to be filled with rum, and every one that entered would be entitled to as great a pull as he could make through the spout, that is, without taking his breath."

"The devil!" said the foreman, rubbing his hands, "and he said the whole management of the job was to be left to me?"

"Not only the target—he said he had seen a nut-board painted by you, and that satisfied him you would be the man."

"Yes, and I'll prove it on this occasion; that pulling rum through the kettle spout is brilliant. It will cause a deal of innocent mirth."

"Ay, you are right there. He said that ever since the brilliant speech made by Mr. Sweetlove in the select vestry, respecting the reviving the breed of bull-dogs, it was the talk of everybody, that the days of honest, manly, and truly Fleigh-like sports were not far off."

He said that this rifle-shooting, sack-racing, and two or three more things of that sort—duck-swimming, and the like, were only a precursor, and that bear and bull-baiting, with all their former glories, would soon follow."

"By George, that's grand; where will be the Mechanics' Institute then? I should advise master to get paid for his work, as soon as he con——he's here."

"Good mornin', Rowland—got back—I don't exactly understand this sort of thing; here comes two carriage doors from Dantskipp's, with just a 'Rowland will know what to do with 'em.'"

"Well, so I do, I was to tell you, sir, that *you* were to put the family arms on, so soon as they came from the herald office."

"Oh," said the mollified master.

"Mr. Dantskipp said he supposed you were the only man, without sending them to Manchester, who could do them. I told him, if he should not see you first, I would tell you all about it."

"Well, but what are you strippin' for, until you have had somethin' to eat? go into th' kitchen—I think he's not been making too much of himsel' after all;" concluded Mr. Windley, to the foreman, after Rowland had obeyed his orders.

"Oh, no, he's young, but I think we may make somethin' on him in time; havin' but one mother, and being too much to school, and learnin' the piano and drawing; it's enough to bother any lad when he goes to be a regular painter—and then he's spoilt a good deal; he's so touchy, he's like a cock at a lookin' glass, he'd strike at you if he cut his fingers off; but, still I think he knows how to bemeen himsel' to his superiors." And then he related to his master all about the copper kettle business. "As to tellin' a lie," continued the sagacious foreman of Mr. Windley's establishment, "we have set more traps for him than ever we did for that old rat! but with less success. We couldn't catch either; but, if you recollect, sir, we did nail a half of one of his legs, one time, and specimens of his tail and ears, at others; but this youth, either appears to smell a long way off, or else he understands th' constructions of such machines, as well as we; but he's not to be had."

"Oh, we can soon break him off that, he's perhaps not been used to it, the way to learn him to lie is always to be tellin' him he must not do it, but, never let him hear anythin' else; not that I would blame the lad for telling me the truth—nay, I would break his neck if he didn't, just same as I would for tellin' it to th' customers."

"There's Mr. Dantskipp."

"Ay, so there is, I'll send Rowland in to him, so if anything goes wrong it will be his own fault—I know nothin' about heraldry; and you fix yoursel' so that you can catch a word or so."

Mr. Dantskipp entered, and, of course, asked for the head of the establishment, but being told he was out, he informed the foreman of the nature of his errand, which was no other than to give directions respecting the carriage doors. Rowland was then called in, and the other went out. Mr. Dantskipp shook Mr. Bradshaw hardly by the hand: and when he thought the shop was clear, asked the usual questions we

generally do, when we have a very important one to put, or a difficult one to answer.

"Well, sir, and how did you get on?" ventured Rowland, when he thought the other was sufficiently prepared.

"Get on,—why just as yo advised, and when we got there found that Eliza Jane was gone home, or at least a young lady, a friend of ours, was taken very ill, and would insist of bein' carried home, and takin' our Jenny with her; this was *planned*; so our poor child rode with her friend, within about five miles off home; and there secretly came to her aunt's, about a mile and a-half off here, and sent for her mother or me, as th' case might be; at the same time, we were at Lammerhed Green, and did not get back than ten at night."

"But why did the young lady come home so suddenly?" asked Rowland.

"Why? to prevent us from going there; bless her sagacious little soul, and it was done in this way. The mistress axed her one day, when by them two selves, if her papa had the *same* coat of arms upon his carriage as he had upon th' new fork and spoon!

"Now, poor Jenny won't tell a lie for the world—she's no occasion—like her poor father and mother; we are obliged, as yo known; but then, as I say, as we have had to tell vast numbers, to make her and th' tother children their fortunes, why, then, as her soul is safe, hoo must make it up for us, by doing a good deal of praying, sin' we do th' workin', and is obliged to do all th' sinnin'. Well, as I was sayin', Jenny wouldn't tell a lie, so just said she had never paid any particular attention; but as her mind misgive her that all was not right, she was resolved to come to Fleigh, to prevent us going; or, at all events, in our chariot! And th' poor thing would have walked every inch of th' neet, to keep her poor parents from disgrace." And then Mr. Dantskipp put his handkerchief to his eyes; for what purpose, the reader, if his sympathies are as accessible as another's, will readily guess.

"How very fortunate you did not go in your carriage."

"Fortunate we met thee, my dear lad, because her comin' would not have stopped us you known, if yo hadn't; yo see we was but to have gone on the next day; oh, what a grand mistake, if yo had not told us. Why, if th' story should ever have got wind, I might have bid farewell to th' thoughts of ever marrying her to a lord—unless his family name was *Cotton*!"

"Ha, ha, is the young lady at home now?"

"No, no, I tell yo she's at her aunt's. I wouldn't that any one in all Fleigh knew but yourself, not for any—why, we had to hide oursel's at th' same place all yesterday, because we did not want any body to think but we was at Lammerhed all day."

"Well, as soon as your arms come from the Heraldry office, I will tell Mr. Windley to do them, straight," said Rowland, seeing the prying foreman enter—"here, take this chap out, to look at a broken square of glass somewhere," continued he, in a whisper.

"Oh, are yo the foreman?" demanded Mr. Dantskipp, working upon Rowland's hint.

"Yes sir," said the other.

"Put on your coat, and follow me—yo manage to call up some time to-day."

Rowland nodded, but not as if he were sleepy; and scarcely had the large factory-proprietor and little glazier gone out, when in burst Mr. Windley.

"I tell you what it is, my young conjuror, there's some secret goin' on between you and old Dantskipp, an' I'll either have it out, or out yo go, one o'th' two."

"Oh, no secret, I assure—"

"He has sent these doors here; thinkin' I shall make a mull of 'em, I suppose, and so then get up a laugh at me; or, I am to try first, and after messin' 'em, you are to succeed after, because you can draw a bit; or—"

"Mr. Windley, I am surprised, a gentleman that has been in London two years, and the painter of a sign that has made such a sensation!"

"Oh, come, no butter, young man; every one in th' shop says you are the deepest young file that ever rasped cold iron; but mind you, the foreman will perhaps be as deep as yourself, and I'll smash the sign to tooth-picks, before I'll be continually afraid of a youth like you."

"Here goes," thought Rowland—" (I see they will compel me.) Why, now look you—you say that I must tell everything."

"Ay—that is, about any body but myself."

"Well, Mr. Dantskipp wants to pump me respecting the sign; he says he is convinced that you never did it, but got somebody in London; or, at all events, some assistance; he thinks it incredible that any Fleigh-man could have done it, and he wants to be certain, and then he says if ever he catches you at the White Horse, as you have rigged him a good deal, he'll not only do that to you, but he'll mast and spar you, and conclude by making you sail out of the bar for ever."

"Oh, that's it, is it? ha, ha—and so, depend upon it, he wants to put me to th' proof, in the new arms. Thinks I shall break down—because what the devil can he want with arms. Ha, ha, Rowland, we must manage 'em between us. I can do th' gilding, if you can do all th' rest. He mentioned nothin' of an iron oven—or—"

"Oh, ridiculous."

"Ay, then the fact is, that Rowbottom has given him such a desperate dressing about Pat kissing Mrs. Frigins—that he wants to have a rasp at us—ha, ha—" and Mr. Windley again invited Rowland into the kitchen, and was in the manifest enjoyment of the very best spirits.

Rowland was then ordered to go and write some letters over a small tailor's shop.

Now it seemed actually impossible that our hero could proximate to, or with, any individual, without some advice being wanted, or some secret being let out. We have seen these things besetting him in many places; and it would seem, the little tailor, whose sign the artist was distinguishing, was resolved to place Rowland in the same predicament that the Windleys and Dantskipps had done before; for just as Rowland had finished the required performance, and was about to retreat, he was very civilly asked into the small establishment, by the smirking pro-

prietor, Mr. Peter Ince, who would insist that Rowland should partake of some allowance, as Mr. Ince was pleased to say the job was so exquisitely performed. Rowland wished to decline it, but Mr. Ince would not permit him to say nay. They had not been many minutes seated, when the host began thus;—

“They tellun me, Mr. Bradshaw, yo are about th’ deepest chap as ever visited these parts; or, at all events, for these last hundred years or so. Now yo see I got to be serjeant in the twenty-third, so you may think that I am up to a thing or so, as I have thirteen-pence a-day pension. I am principal tenor i’th’ Fleigh church bell-ringing, and tailor a bit; but I think since Mr. Sweetlove’s speech i’th’ vestry, I have hit upon a much better thing than any of ’em all, if the Lord wills it, and it does not all at once kick up too much of a row.”

“May it be fair to ask what?” looked Rowland.

“Why, to be straight forward, that’s why I called you in; I suppose you are aware there is nothing now spoken of but the breed of bull-dogs; they say if it will better th’ condition of th’ poor, every man should put his hand to the tail. Now every reform is not worked out at once;—first, private meetings, and then, more public demonstrations. I have a slap-up shed here, and being a public man, both as one of th’ best bell-ringers in th’ country, a psalm-singer—rather, and mending for th’ principal families, I thought—what do you think?—of having private bear-baits! Sixteen bull-puppies brought into this neighborhood within this last fortnight; be of no use—you know—without bears or bulls. Cannot do things, as I say, all at once. Get all the bloods; they’ll come miles off to patronise. I don’t think th’ Vicar would interfere, even if it come to his ears, because it would vex Doctor Frigins, same as we ring th’ bells for th’ same purpose—sure to pay well.”

“’Pon my honor, but this is the strangest affair I ever was consulted upon yet. You really must excuse an opinion, for, in truth, I cannot give one.”

“Well, but you can give a bit of advice, about a very serious accident that has happened to me, to that you can offer no objection.”

“Certainly not, if it be a subject upon which my advice is worth having.”

“Well, I think so; you must know, I have had a badger-bait for some time back, and as if Satan must have it, just as I am expecting the arrival of my bear, the badger dies, winter nights coming on, Mechanics’ Institute going to open, and I have nothing to keep up my connexion with, I think I could do it,” said the old sergeant slyly, “but I am afraid it would not be the right thing, my wife is afraid too, that we should never prosper if we resorted to such means to make the filthy lucre of gain; I wish to do all that’s straight forward, if I don’t leave my children a shillin’, we should not set them a bad example, as they’re young, and their tender minds, like window lead, if once bent, and nothing’s so easy, never straightens without leaving a crimple; and, though, there’s a good deal of duplicity taught at school, I shouldn’t like them to learn any here, or else, if you think it honest, I know a plan, and you think it wouldn’t come out, would enable me to carry on,

until th' bear comes," and then the sergeant looked knowingly at the gentleman with the maul-stick and palette, and would fill him another glass.

"Well, I think I could judge of the *honesty* of the thing."

"Why, the fact is, I could stuff the badger, fasten him down in the box, put two or three burnt bones in, to make th' dogs run—eh?"

"Would not the owners be too cunning?"

"Tut, tut," said Peter, eagerly, "you never seed a gentleman bulldog fancier that ever knew as much as the hanimal himself; th' only difficulty is in satisfying th' dogs, mine and wife's conscience, and keeping the children from letting it out—"

"The badger?"

"Bah! the secret of his demise, and their parent's dishonesty, cunning things about naughtiness are childer, always."

Rowland looked seriously, it certainly was a feature in ethics that he had not met with amongst his classics; the point was knotty; the character for shrewdness, which it appeared he had obtained at Fleigh, he was anxious should not suffer in the eyes of the ingenious tailor; on the one side of the equation, was his verity, on the other, the tailor, who was evidently working in jeopardy, rather than in algebra, to find the unknown quantity.

"I cannot see anything dishonest, if both dogs and proprietors are satisfied; I am satisfied as to the fairness—" said Rowland, as if a new thought had tickled him, "but should not the badger knock about a good deal—scuffle?"

"He should."

"And scratch his opponents' faces?"

"Chip 'em a bit."

"Ah then."

"I suppose you are afraid his poor effigy would not do all that, ha, ha; no, but a good spring would do the first, and a few sparrowbills, nicely put round where their heads have to move, will do the second, or the points of two or three penknife-blades will help—make 'em bleed, quite as well as th' badger—better."

"Cruel?"

"Phit, they don't feel it; besides, do you think their owners would pay me a shilling a run, and common spectators sixpence admission, if th' dogs did not get precious well marked, even when he was alive I had to do a little in that *way*."

"Well, then, candidly, I think the dead badger infinitely more honest than the other; there can but be cruelty on the part of the aggressors; the first affair I should think stupid in the extreme, but the latter, ha, ha, I should not only like to witness myself, but I am sure two-thirds of the philosophers in Europe would."

"Well, then," said the other eagerly, "I have been doing it now for three weeks, but I have marked th' dogs rather too much this last night or two. There was two young 'parsons, I believe they call it rustivating, from Oxford, last night, wanted to see how the badger looked; they said, they was sure he must be desperately marked, when both their dogs was so chiselled; indeed, several wants to see him," concluded Peter.

"You must mind," said his adviser, "or else it will come out, and then—"

"Never," replied the other, with a triumphant bang upon the table, "it will never come out, I have made a small grating at the top of his box, so that they can all see him bump about."

"Yes, Peter," chimed in his good lady, just entering, and hearing the last part of her husband's remarks, "I say, with that young gentleman, it *will* come out."

"When?" asked the other a little contemptuously.

"At the last day of judgment," said the wife solemnly.

"Ay, that's the divel," and Mr. Ince dropped his head.

"When the trumpet shall sound! Peter?"

"Well, now, hold thy noise, we must hope it's a long time till then, and I must then say, it was all through Mr. Sweetlove and my bear not coming from Congleton."

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. ROWBOTTOM'S NOTIONS OF THINGS.

Our hero had now been apprenticed several months, and the indulgent reader will perceive that had we been as minute, through the latter part of his career, as we were in the earlier, our history would already have arrived at a length, which would have precluded us from giving that portion of it, which, in our opinion, is of more importance. For, though much bustling incident may be expected to have befallen him, in so rife a country as Fleigh; yet, as it partook so much of the character of what the reader, perhaps, is tired with already, we durst not intrude it upon his notice, suffice it that Rowland was considered to have made great progress in his profession, and, consequently had to encounter much rival-ship, if not actual enmity itself. We shall, however, see that he had a pretty fair knack of stemming the most virulent of its attacks, and, though a stranger, he was looked upon by some of the most learned in Fleigh, as being one that had become tolerably erudite in their ways, and was by this time considered as being amply competent to take care of himself; for Rowland seemed to know that his power lay in others' weakness, rather than in his own strength.

In short, it was considered that he was in possession of half the secrets of, at least, a third of the most opulent people in the curious vicinity of his apprenticeship. He was alike unaccused of wishing to possess, or of betraying them, but some way or other he had

them, and the general prayer of the "third" was, that he might stick to them, that is, severally, but, of course, to let their neighbors' slip, as they would their greyhounds, supposing the others' secrets were hares.

The only difficulty was this, that if there was the most obtuse wipe at any of these arcana, there would be some sharp queries put to their mutual recipient, which to feelings like Rowland's must, without dwelling upon it, be very unpleasant; should one arch give way, the whole conduit might fall, and, though small streams make a river, Rowland knew that it was held by Lowlanders to be awkward when a river made its way into a small stream.

Small, or large, Rowland was resolved his course should not be puddled, but be like the little brook that wound round his native valley. If no more, it should be this, it might have many turns, and never be a river; no stately barge might float upon its breast; then, no mother's tears should augment its waters, for her one son drowned. If not so deep its streams, they might cool the weary traveller's foot, or be more welcome to his thin lips.

And; though bridge, and wharf, and laden warehouse, give river pride, might not the other have dreaming banks, where flowers grow, wild as youthful fancies, where the rippling waters mirroring their blushes, flow on, easily as his limbs' repose.

In such a place Rowland had too early learned a lesson, a wild, an undefined one, but one that bore upon his life; he had learned that mighty Perseverance, without his chance, may like the good ploughman, device his furrows well, but may have bad seed, or no spring. So Rowland had often placed in the middle of this sacred stream, the neat and buoyant boat, side by side of the churlish log. Fairly they are placed, and off they go, and joyous plaudits urge on the fleet and distancing model of *symmetry* called GENIUS, whilst the merry jeers, taunt dull CHANCE, through his dundering course. The race is too easy, even for the speculative to watch its goal. But, stay, what does GENIUS? she's eddying from her course, her success is safe; still the other is working on, and though her stern is first, she's making way. Ah, GENIUS sees her approach, and leaves the kisses of yon rosy fox-glove, to fly to the glowing prize. She must avoid yon little Scylla, and she will rather rest upon yon eddy, to shew her seamanship, than fear the fate of Ulysses' bark; and Scylla she avoids, and the eddy she almost jumps, whilst the other's prow gets banged, and now, in mazing twirls, half gives up the race, and only waits an harbor, then rest in sullen laziness. GENIUS too, rests, but it is to wonder at his speed, and view the thousand glories that now burst to his tranced view; not a flower but what smiles success; every throat in yon shrill choir warbles his praise. His soul dances, yet will he on to the goal; but a pendant willow, that sips rather than weeps into the clear waters, tangles, in sweet dalliance, his further stay; a gentle Calypso.

Once more his rival is forced to the ultimity of his career, and with trochilic progress, wanders on the chase. GENIUS sees his approach, and then a thousand struggles in the race. No, like the fly, he is only more enwebbed; when, blantly, and full of surly pride, rude

CHANCE rolls on; asks what GENIUS means, and far outstrips the goal.

Rowland was midst these gentle musings, when a smart rap at the door, told him that he had an appointment to fulfil, and that the gentleman who was to assist in the rites, was probably at the door; nor was he mistaken; for on opening it, he discovered his early friend, Mr. Rowbottom, sitting in a most elegant vehicle. There was a vacant seat beside him, and one behind; the first was intended for our hero, the second probably for the top-booted gentleman, who had just knocked at the door.

"Well, are you *ready*, Rowland?"

"Yes sir."

"I should think so, for your eyes look as if they were going to *fire*."

"They always looked so," returned Rowland, with a smile, "when they are going to *water*."

"Bravo! What, are you infected too? How's your mistress?"

"My master's is well—she's here sir."

"How do you do, Mister Robert?" said the last-mentioned lady, in a very fine small tone, whilst rubbing her hands and four rings, with the appendix of a small curtsy. "I hope your sister is well."

"She's as deep as *one*, Mrs. Windley."

"Oh! Mr. Rowbottom. Rowland, you will want your pocket-handkercher," said the lady, beckoning him to follow her. "Here Rowland, you will find my poor tender babby without one mother in the world, if I thought, when you were riding with that terrible gentleman, you said anythin' about my misfortin of my hair. Yo known it's growin' now, beautiful; and a fortin-teller—that is, he's partly that, and a herb-doctor, says that he should not wonder, if I will take his five-shilling gill-bottle of balsam—one every other day—that I have two as nice and as white peggies, in the place of those with gold clasps, as ever sprang in a innocent babby's mouth; so Rowland, in time, I may be able to shew my teeth, even to yo."

Rowland told her he was actually shocked, to find she could, for a moment, suppose him capable of conduct, that even a young gentleman studying for the hulks would be ashamed of, and begged of her never to dream of such a thing again, as his telling. Rowland soon got seated beside the elegant driver, and away they rattled. They had not proceeded far, when the coachman was asked, by the new fare, if they were in the right way for Hescott Park.

"No," said the other, "the fact is, I am more anxious to see how Joe Styrrup gets on at Frescoth petty sessions, than I am to see Lord Wandly. If we have not time to get to Hescott to-day—but I think we shall; or else we can on Friday. Now mark, if his lordship should be in one of his amiable moods, he may talk a good deal, and you be on the look-out; for, like all designing men, he's ever scenting; and though he knows he has it not, there is not a man alive more anxious for popularity. He'll make you into a barometer, to ascertain the political and popular pressure of Fleigh. He will not try it upon me—nothing but art—and his new principles of draining. He puts his questions as hawks do their claws upon little unthinking birds' necks—

generally before any one is aware. He suspects I don't like him, and before this we should have had a row about yon stream that supplies our upper works, but for the old lord, who, though he has ceded every thing to him—being self-superannuated—still, as my father and he were great friends, the other scarcely likes to begin; else I am sure he would, simply because it would throw us and others to terrible inconvenience, and do himself no good. The voters of our neighborhood have not pleased him of late."

"Indeed, sir! I thought that nearly all had recorded their votes on the interest he now advocates."

"Ay, that is true; and he would never have been made Prince Regent of Hescott, if he had not gone on the other side, as his father is so decided a liberal, and that is the reason why he hates both of us, because he knows that we are aware it ill suits with his own secret opinion. Well, but before we see the ancient seat of the Hescotts, we shall have a far more interesting scene; one, if it does not afford much instruction, I'll pound the amusement, and probably there will be a little of both. Indeed it is seldom otherwise to a philosophic cranium. You will have an opportunity of judging of the purity of the justices of petty sessions, and don't get it into your head that they are worse here than in all the rest of the world beside; nothing more absurd. Why is a lot of country, and for the most part grossly illiterate fellows, so anxious to be on the commission? Young men may do it for pride, never old ones; it is either for interest, or to indulge in right good old men's passions—tyranny, selfishness, and power; for since most of their other passions are tame, or altogether evanescent, these get tolerably clawish, and like to work upon those whose follies, once like their own, are now in the meridian.

"If I mistake not, all this you will see in full glow at Frescoth: thistle-down blown by every wind in the compass; for I hear that old Gibbon has been retained for the defence—an old attorney they have fetched twenty miles; one who entertains a deadly hate to old Colonel Dillon, the chairman, and who intends to tell him what old Gibbon calls his mind. The charge, as I am told, is against Styrrup and two more of our Fleigh youth, for kicking up a row in the vicinity of Frescoth, kissing the landlady of the Jolly Sportsman, a general smash, and striking the local constables, whilst in the exercise of their lawful truncheons. It's well I was not there, as now, under this improved system of sending down reporters to such seats of judicature as the one of Frescoth, not a piece of local foolery but stands a chance of going the round of every wire-drawn sheet in the kingdom, for it is much easier to get a column a-piece devoted to such trash, than it would be to get a paragraph of three lines, announcing the best written book in the kingdom. And then philosophers complain of novelists not shewing man in his greatness, in his glory—who the devil would read it, when we see with what greediness he is read of in his littleness—in his nastiness; for it is absurd to suppose that chronicles would devote so much space to the record, if there were not hungry readers.

"It's a melancholy truth, but it seems that a war is the only thing, not only for clearing away tyranny, and religious craftiness of all sorts,

but to sweeten the atmosphere of this morbid pestilence ; to give vigor and signality to our authors ; more sinewy employment to our youth, and a worthier appreciation of letters ; for these things ever have, and by necessity ever must flourish most, when mankind's fears are their stimulants, and all they look for in amusement are their cares.

"For, certes, letters, and strange to say, the arts, have always flourished most, during, or on the conclusion of a war ; and stranger still, often after the most dire of all—civil strife—as our own history (without referring to ancient, a foolish practice as we are alone) shews. Man must have incentives to wisdom ; and feeding him well, and sending him to extravagant seats of learning, assuredly are not the way to give them. Hence, lads brought up on mountains, crusts, and oatmeal desserts, become the strongest men, and, perforce, the sturdiest thinkers ; it is in war that these are wanted, in both capacities. They give muscle to a phalanx, and fierce knowledge, for that is what is required, to a council.

"But the use of their hands is ever applauded before that of their heads ; or else surely that man who by an act of either judicious forbearance, or of sound diplomacy, averts national bloodsheds, ought to be honored more than he who shews skill in their murderous contests. Is it so ? Oh, no. The general who succeeds in the first and saves the latter, is civilly mentioned, and tritely spoken of ; but should he bungle in the first, ay, and bungle in the last, so that he win, or that the other general, being a greater bungler still, loses—why then, no matter if it be his first battle—a peerage, a ribbon, and a levee lionship awaits him—supposing, of course, the bleeding on both sides has been copious—and the destruction GLORIOUS.

"Now it would seem that military science differs in the acquirement from every other ; for as war is procrastinated, and its professors really begin to know something about it, its honors diminish ; so tyros in chess ever shout more when a victory has been obtained over the village schoolmaster, than when they have successfully coped for the honor of a kingdom, amidst the meridian of its professors. Juvenile philosophers, when in the profound labyrinth of one of the first rules in arithmetic—subtraction, are told that all may be cleared away by adding the figure with which they subtract to the remainder, and if these agree with the whole, it is called proof. Now this simple rule will not satisfy the leaders of arms, for not only they, but their gazettes, assert that they subtract with a very few, have an enormous remainder, and that, as to adding up, with their prisoners, they have undoubtedly more than when they begun—both sides say so—of course the adverse slaughter has been enormous ; both say so ; both win ; which is the proof!—that it is the most bamboozling of all the higher walks in what we are assured to be science."

"Well, that has ever been my opinion."

"And mind you, Rowland, never be satisfied with what are called demonstrations, unless you can fasten a little of your own understanding upon them. I do not mean to say that you are to reject all you cannot comprehend ; for instance, if you were to see a most complicated shawl-loom, and shown one of its performances, don't, because you cannot discover how, deny its capability, for though you may, the weaver

has not given fifty strokes of his shuttle, but you are satisfied it is right, and that is the proof. Those theories that have no other than the warrior's, ought to rank their professors, as some few of us do those of the occult, divination, witch, and priestcraft; phreno- and modern theo-logy. Thus then, although arts and letters have flourished during such times, they are doubtless not the fitting; peace should, and would, be the time for all mental improvements, but our rulers and the nobility become apish, and treat either with indifference, or direct contempt, vigor and originality; because, it seems, they do not want them; so that admirers of war may be like those who are ever complimenting the grandeur of Mount Etna, when they say they do not wonder at the fond attachment the natives have for this mountain, with all its horrors. For although he sometimes chastises, destroying thousands of vineyards, dwellings, man, woman, their cattle, and all both within and without their gates, yet, like a fond parent, he so mixes such blessings—that is, ten generations after—along with his chastisements, that their affections can never be reasoned from this world's epitome—Etna.

"Now it is quite clear, that the first of these admirers, he who loves war, must have drawn his inspiration rather from the illumination consequent on, than during battle. Without warring my brains further, I'll wager my new whip here, that the first never lost his two arms, let alone his legs, in the most glorious action which ever birthed a title, nor did the other lose his beeves, his grapes, his bees, his wife, putting at rest his effects or himself, like poor Pliny, or the mountain would have wanted an enthusiast, and I a simile."

"Indeed!"

"Is not yon Mr. Dantskipp's carriage before us?"

"I think it is; I am almost certain it is, sir."

"Why then he's off to Frescoth; let us rattle past him; I have never had a quiz at his new arms yet. By-the-by, they tell me, Rowland, you had some hand in that, ha! ha! I did hear he had some thoughts of getting himself upon the commission, but as you are his adviser, I suppose you know all respecting it, eh?"

"I, sir?"

"You, sir! Now he will be going to Frescoth to pick up a bit; hear old Colonel Dillon. But now mark, the moment he sees me enter into the solemn court, see if he does not look as though he were come to attend an information against one of his carters, rather than to learn the process of adjudicating upon an affair of the sort himself. Ay, they're looking back; I am afraid they'll know my trap. Ah, see, by Jupiter, if the women are not throwing their shawls and cloaks over the chariot doors. Now they are going as fast as they can. Sis—kuk—kuk—we'll try; I'll pass 'em, for a thousand. He was exchequered last week, for what he calls his new *cresses*; I'll ask him, just now, what *harms* can there be in it. But you see they have covered them with their cloaks."

"Stay!" said Rowland, catching hold of Mr. Rowbottom's arm; "did you see the young lady who just looked out of the carriage?"

"Why, how could I miss?"

"Who is she?" demanded the gentleman who sat upon the lower

seat of the trap, of the one who gave dignity to the higher, in a very hurried manner.

"Who is she; why Dantskipp's daughter, Eliza Jane—"

"—The finger post says that's the way to Frescoth, sir."

"Yes, I know it, sir, but it is not the way to pass Dantskipp, which I am resolved I will—"

"Just let me jump out, and I will be walking slowly on until you return, or if you are driving round I will meet you at Frescoth."

"Why as the—what has come over you?—nay, if you think Dantskipp will be jealous at seeing *me* with you, do as you like; it's only a mile off the sessions-house, and I'll meet you there."

Rowland jumped out.

And the surprised master of the whip could not help saying, as he did so, "how devilish funny yon lad looked all at once."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SMALL SESSIONS OF FRESCOTH.

Rowland made for the court of petty sessions, and just as he was entering, Mr. Rowbottom joined him. Two or three of the magistrates seeing them come in, beckoned to the elder gentleman to take a seat on the bench, as the place was densely crowded. Rowbottom was going to avail himself of this courtesy, when the chairman, Colonel Dillon, caught the movement, by the use of his cold twinkling grey eyes, and he did it too without much movement of his bushy pepper and salt eyebrows. As soon as he saw Mr. Rowbottom making way, through the little attorneys, rural constables, informers, and the rest, he just called out "officers, see that no gentleman, who is not in the commission, occupies the bench, as we shall be so crowded to-day."

Mr. Rowbottom and pupil stopped at hearing this request, and so got a seat immediately behind the four advocates; Rowbottom observing that he should be able to see all he wished, and nodded to his friends, in dignity, that he should do where he was.

In a little time, the gentleman of special retainers, old Gibbon, entered, took his seat next to our friends, not, however, before recognising the elder of them, whom he shook very heartily by the hand, presented his snuff box, took a double pinch, and said "Robert, I wish your poor feyther was here this day, to hear the pepperin' I'll give to ou'd Dillon. I am devilish glad, however, to see your neighbor, ou'd Sweetlove, on the bench; it's a long time since I seed him act, but I suppose he's heerd that I was comin'. There's one or two moor I'll let fly at before

I have done ; it's twenty years since I practised in this court. There's bin damned little justice done in sin'—I do appear for him, Colonel," said the learned Advocate, in reply to some question asked by the polite Chairman.

"I'll be civil as long as I con Rowbottom, and then for a sneezer ; recollect Joe Styrrup's feyther with yours was about two o'th first clients I had before I left these parts. Oud Dillon always hated Styrrup and me, and all th' witnesses in that action we had against him—I am ready now, Mester Chairman."

Mr. Joseph Styrrup and two others were then charged with a riot, or next door to it, so the advocate for the prosecution called it—smashing windows, doors, pulling down a barber's pole, a cart shafts, when in a state of repose, after a hard day's work of manuring ; mauling three factory girls, kissing the landlady of The Merry Sportsman, bar-maid, &c ; in the latter case, he must say that he was afraid some bribery had been at work, for the young ladies had refused to appear against the defendants ; did not wish to be invidious, but neither persuasions nor threats could induce the landlady, nor bar-maid of the inn, in which these singular events appeared to have originated, to come forward ; of course, as they would not give their testimony, that part of the charge must be abandoned. Not so the barber's pole, cart, windows, constables ; they must be protected, and he trusted that the law would stretch out her arm, and hold it with such firmness that would prevent others from lifting theirs against defenceless poles, carts, squares of glass, and aforesaid constables, with nothing for their protection, but their insignia of office, vest-pocket truncheons, on which were little Queen's crowns, gilded thereon, and Victoria Rex written thereon.

A laugh against the town-clerk.

"Well, V. R., then," shouted the little fat town-clerk, he knew as well as others—surely all which was written on those legal instruments, was V. R. abbreviatory ; surely if they saw A. M., could not they say master of arts ; or £ s. d., pounds, shillings, and pence ; who, he would like to know, in seeing a column, headed cwt. qrs. lbs., would read them cutes, quars, hell-bees ; surely, then, he was right in reading to the full, V. R. Who in finding viz., would read viss, unless it was to shew his ignorance of Latin.

A roar.

The attorney-general looked for sympathy from the judge, but found old Dillon looking as coldly as a poor law commissioner, and, who at length, waved his hand savagely, and said, "get on with your case."

The attorney-general continued, and so did the laughter, in despite of all admonition ; he should be able to prove the fact, as stated, and trusted, that though his learned friend had been specially retained, and brought from a great distance, yet, he hoped, with his powerful assistance, the laws of the land and the peace of Frescoth should not be found suitable playthings, even for the aristocracy of their rivals, the Fleighers, and that he would venture at a prediction, which was, that the laugh would vary its side of the mouth ere that forenoon's proceedings. And, though the solemn name of their beloved sovereign had been

ridiculed, he was horrified to say, in that court, yet—(old Dillon pulled a little of one side of his face to him)—He should call witness to prove the disgraceful proceedings with which the defendants stood charged.

The learned magistrate's clerk did so, and called the senior constable, who detailed, at great length, the horrors of the preceding night, and when he said he had done—

Mr. Gibbon rose, and quietly observed, *he* had not; and then, after pulling up his breeches, and down his waistcoat and protruding shirt, demanded—

"You've been abroad, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, mind yo are not so in your replies. Were yo ever in a town that was shocked with a earthquake?"

"Once, at Palermo, sir; at night, sir."

"Now, in your judgment, which kicked up the greatest row, the earthquake in Sicily, or these gentlemen in Frescoth?"

"Stay," said the Chairman. "I wish to know, Mr. Gibbon, are you beginning for good?"

"Why that's rather a queer question; but of course I am."

"Then let the court be cleared of all ladies—women and all," glowered the Chairman, and then uttered an "ah-hem!" after.

"What mun they go for?" enquired the learned counsel, a little bit surprisedly.

"Why, because I know you will be so beastly!" And then the Chairman moved a little bit on his chair, and squeezed his lips together.

"Oh! and pray, with great respect, Mr. Chairman, mun th' old ladies go out too?"

"Of course;" replied the Judge, snappishly.

"Then ma'am," addressing the chair, "so soon as you have put your bonnet on, and left the court, I'll go on," returned the advocate; and then he put his tongue into one side of his mouth, and leaned his head, as if waiting for a reply.

This was followed by a new storm of laughter and applause.

Old Dillon went as pale as his chief functionary was red. The first however pointed to the latter, to take down the retained advocate's words; and having at length recovered himself, coolly said—

"Now mind, Gibbon, another such remark, and I'll commit you. I will; and as to those yelling scamps at your back, let me tell 'em, I have my eye upon a few; another such laugh, and I'll find all the stocks within half-a-dozen miles off this place, something to do—mind—go on."

"I think, Bob, he'll lose his temper;" whispered the advocate to Mr. Rowbottom.

"Go on—not a doubt of it," replied the other.

"I wish, Robert, your poor feyther had heard this last bit, it would have reconciled him to a few years' moor life."

"Hush! go on."

"Well, now my friend," said the cross-examining counsel, "respectin' the earthquake and these young gentlemen; which caused the greatest alarm?"

The constable, before he answered, shuffled about a good deal, but

catching a slight look from the prosecuting counsel, at last demanded, "the earthquake, or this?"

"Just so."

"Why, this!"

Dillon stroked his beard, and rose his bushy eye-brows, at the respondent.

"Oh, this was a greater night of terrors than that of the earthquake?" asked Gibbon.

"To *me* it was."

"Oh, stop theer; to *yo*, was it? What, was yo a galley-slave then, at th' other place, Palermo, and thought if th' whole town was knocked down, there was a chance of escape—eh?" and old Gibbon leaned his body half over the table, so anxious was he for the reply. "Come, sir, out with it;" in a voice of thunder.

The other quailed.

"Come, sir, no waiting for winks—was yo?"

"I was a pris—oner there."

"I thout so; must have bin a thief, or yo would not have been a constable of this coort."

This was followed by tumultuous applause, and would have been more so, but there was not sufficient room for the clapping of hands.

"I think he'll lose his temper, Bob?"

Mr. Rowbottom kicked the counsel's shins.

"Well, so much for the earthquake; now, wasn't yo an informer for this court, before yo benefitted it by your services in your latter capacity—eh?"

"But before I go further, I want to explain about being a prisoner," said witness.

"Oh, never heed your explaints; yo can do that to thoose who drilled yo, when all's o'er. Wasn't yo an informer, I ask? answer me!"

"What, about publicans and—"

"Ay, and also against carters, for fallin' asleep on their cart-shafts; and, in short, any body as could pay; hawkers without licenses; takin' their baskets from 'em, and such like—eh?"

"Why, I did a little in that way."

"Did yo? Well, now tak' thy time; how much a week did yo get for that—for such honest sweat-of-brow work?"

"One week with another?"

"Just so."

"Well, about—a—thirteen or fourteen shillin'."

"Very good; but yo had time for odd jobs beside; didn't yo do a bit of weeding in th' Colonel's garden, there; rollin' his grass-plats; rake th' gravel i' th' walks—eh?"

"Sometimes; now and then, sir."

"How much a week did yo get for that?" And Gibbon leaned his body further than ever. "How much did yo get?"

"Oh, I'd nothin' for that"—a little reluctantly.

If possible, a louder roar than the preceding.

"Nothin' for that? But I reckon if yo did not do one job, yo must not have had th' tother?"

"I suppose so." A storm.

"I think, Bob, he'll lose his temper."

"You are crucifying him; he'd not give a sovereign, but he would one of the best stumps in his mouth, to be off that bench."

Here the Attorney-general for the petty-sessions of Frescoth rose, and in a very whirlwind of bluster, said he would not submit to such conduct; the questions of his friend had not the remotest proximity to the case whatever. The whole was personal, and he should, &c., &c.

So soon as he had finished his arguments against the course pursued by his friend, in his cross-examination, Mr. Gibbon rose, and argued in favor of them, and concluded a sympathetic appeal to the bench, by saying that he did not wonder at his friend's anxiety to smother the course he had pursued, as he doubtless thought his turn would come next.

This was rather an unfortunate allusion on the part of defendants' counsel, as it gave a little squat gentleman—a parson—who supported the chairman, on his right, an opportunity of spluttering away a quarter of an hour; in which he characterized the whole conduct of the defence as being not only disgracefully personal, but evidently calculated—nay, had a greater brawl in view—than the one that had led to the present shamefully-conducted enquiry.

Dillon took courage at this, and briefly re-examined the retiring constable, and asked if all the defendants were not drunk.

He was answered, "most undubitedly."

"Drunk, at all events," said the little fat parson.

"No doubt," concurred the Chairman, his cold grey eye just slightly rolling.

"Now, Robert, yo'll see I have 'em; I wanted the parson to talk; I'll not cross-examine any of th' tother witnesses, because I have no doubt they were drunk, and will have to pay for th' windows; but I have 'em now."

The other witnesses only helped out the principal constable; one adding that Mr. Joseph Styrrup had nearly knocked him down, by running against him, as he was trying to escape the infuriated barber, and the chief constable.

The examination being concluded for the prosecution, in this extraordinary case, Mr. Gibbon once more arose; once more titivated his breeches and waistband, when thus—

"Mester Chairman and gentlemen, may it please you, my friend to my right, the one who, it will be recollected, in his opening address, shewed such learning, and uttered such eloquence, has charged me with being personal. Now, although he has *charged* me with it, and used patent wadding, with a good deal of ramming down, he'll find when he lets me off, I was loaden with missiles capable of making more formidable attacks than those which are considered personal. If any shots have been misunderstood,"—here the advocate trod upon Mr. Rowbottom's boot toe—"I am sorry; but, surely, when you fire at a fortification, though you kill half-a-dozen, or so, the shot cannot be said to be personal. Even the few discharges I made at your senior constable, perhaps would be considered personal; but if any of my bullets, when

aiming at him, either grazed, flew off, or even went through him, and then hit somebody else, surely, I say, such party could not say I intended to be personal to him, at all events.

"Now, when I was twitted with all this, by my friend of learning to my right, I apprehend he did not allude to my pokes at the constable, but the way in which the bullets might have glided off so hardened a body, and entered something *softer*. A proper fear to many, I grant; but why should I be accused of being personal? I see a reverend gentleman opposite, who is pulling his face, as if he would say I am sophisticating a bit; what nonsense; if I were to be more *pointed*, why I should be the subject, rather than the apologist of a rebuke so properly made, by those who imagined they labored under the grievance."

"Bravo, by George," whispered Rowbottom to the defendants.

"Mark how he'll do it," said Styrrup.

"Well, that cleared away," continued the advocate, "let us see, my clients have been charged with bein' drunk—"

"And something else," thrust in the Chairman.

"And somethin' else. Well, now, with the bench's permission, I'll tell a tale of two gentlemen, who also got drunk, and did 'somethin' else.'"

"But will it bear upon this case?" asked the little parson-justice.

"I trust so," said Mr. Gibbon; "and I entertain a very lively hope, that no gentleman will consider it personal; nor any two, for that would be still more absurd; since we are so timerous about it—and what a proper feeling. I dare say I shall meet with your pardon, if I cannot recollect the parties' names, dates, and places; for at my time of life such indulgence is requisite, as not only my faculty of memory, but many others, as no doubt will have been painfully perceived, are very much impaired, if I can use so flattering a word; perhaps my friends will say they are quite gone; but as far as my recollection will serve, thus the tale ran.

"It may be known to some of you, that the chief sheriffalty of this county, a few years since, was given to a gentleman, whose acceptance of it surprised every body but himself, and the noble donor who procured it for him. But when men's minds calmed down to something like a level; when their thinking was not so much up and down; why, they began to perceive, there might be some reason for the appointment; as it was known that the appointed had considerable influence with the Lord-lieutenant, or rather his regent; or to put the thing moor squarely, the Lord-lieutenant, or rather his regent, had a good deal of influence with him; for he was an active magistrate in the neighborhood of his lordship's preserves, so that the appointment was perhaps not made upon the principle of one good turn deserving another, but upon a better arithmetical series—that is, a great many good small turns deserving one big one as an equivalent.

"Well, the high sheriff must have a chaplain and javelin men, and as he had not many tenants to make 'em from, why, his lordship lent him a few, with saddles, bridles, and black gaiters; he also obtained the loan of, from the preceding sheriff, th' two trumpeters, coach-man, th' postillions' wigs and cocked hats; the carriage and horses he hired (for

he could not borrow those,) from a livery stable; cost him some money, no doubt, but th' writ season had bin a good one, that year; and, I had it from the county prothonotary, that, after all, there was a handsome profit left for their chief sheriffalty.

"Now, the parson was th' only thing that this elevated justice of petty-session did not borrow, for yo can hardly call that borrowing, although yo don't pay for th' use of it, if a *thing* lends itself; and that this one did so, even though it had to borrow a cocked hat and wig, I can asseverate. Nor was it th' first time that th' parson had been so good to th' justice; indeed he was not ill-natured, for he'd lend himself to any one, so that they, in return, would give him the loan of good dinners, and the use of their wine cellars, during his stays.

"Well, th' justice had another considerate friend, who also offered him somethin' towards the support and dignity of the high sheriffship. This was his chief clerk at petty sessions; who said he did not want anythin' for doin' it, if he would only make him his under sheriff. This was kind, but it was a loan that the good high sheriff could not prevail with himself to accept. 'For,' said he, 'I don't care a pin about th' parson gettin' laughed at by th' judges, either when preaching, or punning instead of making grace after dinner, but as the town-clerk cannot keep me out of hobbles at quarter sessions, how is he likely to do it there; besides I think I can get somethin' for that post; and it will go towards payin' for th' parson's brandy and soda water.' So the Sheriff, on the grand day, met all his vassals and great state-officers, and a bit after, th' judges themselves. It is said the whole was rather a cock-tailish affair, and might have done for some parts of Ireland; but was considered not to have added much to the juridical grandeur of this (for such displays) noted county. The judges looked rather stony at first, but as they entered th' assize town, two factories parted; all the waiters from th' different hotels and public houses, came to shove their cards into th' hands of th' javelin men, th' trumpeters, sheriff-officers, and the like. Indeed, what with lodgin'-house keepers, and a muster of th' town-council and scholars from the free-school, the judges' chamberlains said that, after all, the thing was creditable.

"Then the high sheriff asked their lordships if they intended to have divine service. But as they were both old men, they had some objection at first; but upon seein' th' parson, who looked so cosey and sleek, and thinkin' that if they refused to hear him preach, he might make devilish bad punch after dinner, or not properly attend to th' butler, or to th' wine, should he get drunk, as that is what parsons are taken to the assizes for, they agreed. Well, service they had, and although he had a hint from both of the chamberlains, as well as sixteen anonymous letters, tellin' him not to preach too long, yet his sermon lasted thirteen minutes. There was divine service again, next Sunday, and he promised to cut things shorter than before, but one of th' judges, just as he was entering th' carriage, was seized with th' gripes, and th' other was so sorry, that he stayed at home; and to alleviate his learned brother's sufferings, let him win half-a-dozen games at chess from him.

"There was no more preaching during their sojourn; and the consequence was, that the parson became such a favorite, both with the

judges, and more particularly with their clerks, that one of th' latter gentlemen, as he carried one of th' former to bed, said that he would feel obliged to his lordship, if, in future, he would permit the parson to dine at *their* table, as he had done such *extraordinary* things at their lordships'.

"The request was granted; and, save the last day, that was *the place* his reverence regaled at.

"At length th' assize was over. The sheriff and the parson waited to see th' judges off; the men that were hung; the assize ball; and then they went off themselves. Not, however, before taking a whacking dinner with their lordships, and a few moor right wet ones. For a long time, the high sheriff and his spiritual adviser felt as happy and snug, as the carriage and four rattled on, as men generally do, who have eaten a good dinner, and have under their waistcoats two bottles of old port a-piece; th' sun shining through th' carriage windows, upon their moor glowing faces, and feelin' that they had been doing a public duty, and gettin' some of its money too; and, although some of th' jolts caused their heads respectively to pitch into each other's stomachs, yet it only caused those agreeable guggling laughs, which tell that the mind's at ease, whatever else may not."

"But what has this rigmarole to do with the case?" asked the Chairman, fiercely, "you mind what you are about—or—I say you mind—"

"A pack of unmeaning balderdash," said the chairman's dexter supporter, "an infamous insinuation against some gentleman's character, I will not listen to such foolery—"

"Oh, gentleman, I must claim your pardon, old men are often garrulous, I grant yo, but you'll find that I shall not be guilty of wasting the valuable time of this coort. (Robert, they'll both lose their temper,) You'll find, with a little patience, it is only the meanderings of my logic, and as I am specially retained, yo must give me a little time—must do somethin' for our money; I'll bring all my points to a focus you'll see. Well, at length, these two representatives of sovereigns, the one of an earthly, and the other, without being profane or tire-some, of an heavenly one, arrived at th' place, where they must give up th' hired stage-coach, silver-bays, th' trumpeters, and the javelin men; and in their place was waiting his worship's own private carriage and pair of horses, with the like number of men. Now th' wine and dinner had for some time been dying, and as they did so, both of their possessors got gloomy, and if not sulky, yet it was evident, they became a little drowsy. Each, unknown to the other, got two glasses of brandy a-piece, to remedy his unpleasant attacks, and then, each in the presence of the other, took one a-piece, and tea for an excuse. The new coach did not carry them so easily as the state carriage; and the brandy, instead of actin' as a refresher, seemed determined, probably vexed at being mixed with the tea, to have no affinity with the old port; and in place of those agreeable little sallies we have seen as resultants from the wine, there were slight feelings of sickness; incipient feelings of tetchiness; and the most rampant feelings of combativeness. Now, although the ancient geldings had not been drawin' th' carriage during 'size time,

they had the plough; we need not feel surprised, then, that they did not ascend the hills with that alacrity their predecessors had done; being also two less. There was a good deal of swiss-swissing, and kuck-kucking by the coachman, to get them up; and now some positive lashing; this aroused the representatives, inside, from a half-stupid, rolling, jolting sleep, when thus the sheriff—"what's he whippin', behind for?"

"Somebody's got up."

"And the sheriff bit his lip; still the floggin'. Now the fear of not being taken to the next assizes, just entered the muddled cranium of the little fat parson, and he was resolved to give his patron a proof of his fidelity and personal attachment; so, for that purpose, just turned the handle of the carriage-door, and determined, that if he heard the lash again, he would jump out, and seize the daring offender.

"The Sheriff thought he would just shew the other what was *his* duty, and to shame him by doing that duty for him; so also slily turned the handle of the door next to him.

"Again are several whiskin' strokes of the whip, and in one instant, both make a savage spring out of the carriage, not before kicking down the steps. They both rush to the back; each seize the other (for there was no one else); the parson was a good one *then*; the other had been; and what he wanted in youth, he had decidedly in size. Not a single remark was made; save this, (and they certainly made up by wonderful repetition for their bareness of invention,) 'ah, ha, you villains, you'll get up behind, will you? ha, ha;' and then they at each other's ribs, as hard as they could dig; 'you'll get up behind.' Th' coachman, by chance, looked down the hill, over his coach top, and seeing, at a distance, the deadly strife, shouted out to his master, to look at the highway robbery and murder case, that might be seen through the little piece of plate glass, over where he sat. He shouted twice, at last perceived that the carriage-door was open. The footman saw an equally alarming phenomenon on his side. They both jumped down, th' carriage was empty; ran down th' hill, and found that the parties who were now down, and busy twisting each other's neckerchiefs, and who, but for the providential interference, must have been strangled, were, with sorrow I relate it, two men who sit at quarter session, *to adjudge upon others who get drunk, 'and somethin' else.'*" (a tornado of applause.)

"You are an infernal scoundrel," shouted old Colonel Dillon, at the very top of his voice.

"You are a cursed old hoary-headed villain, and a liar," thundered out his right-hand man.

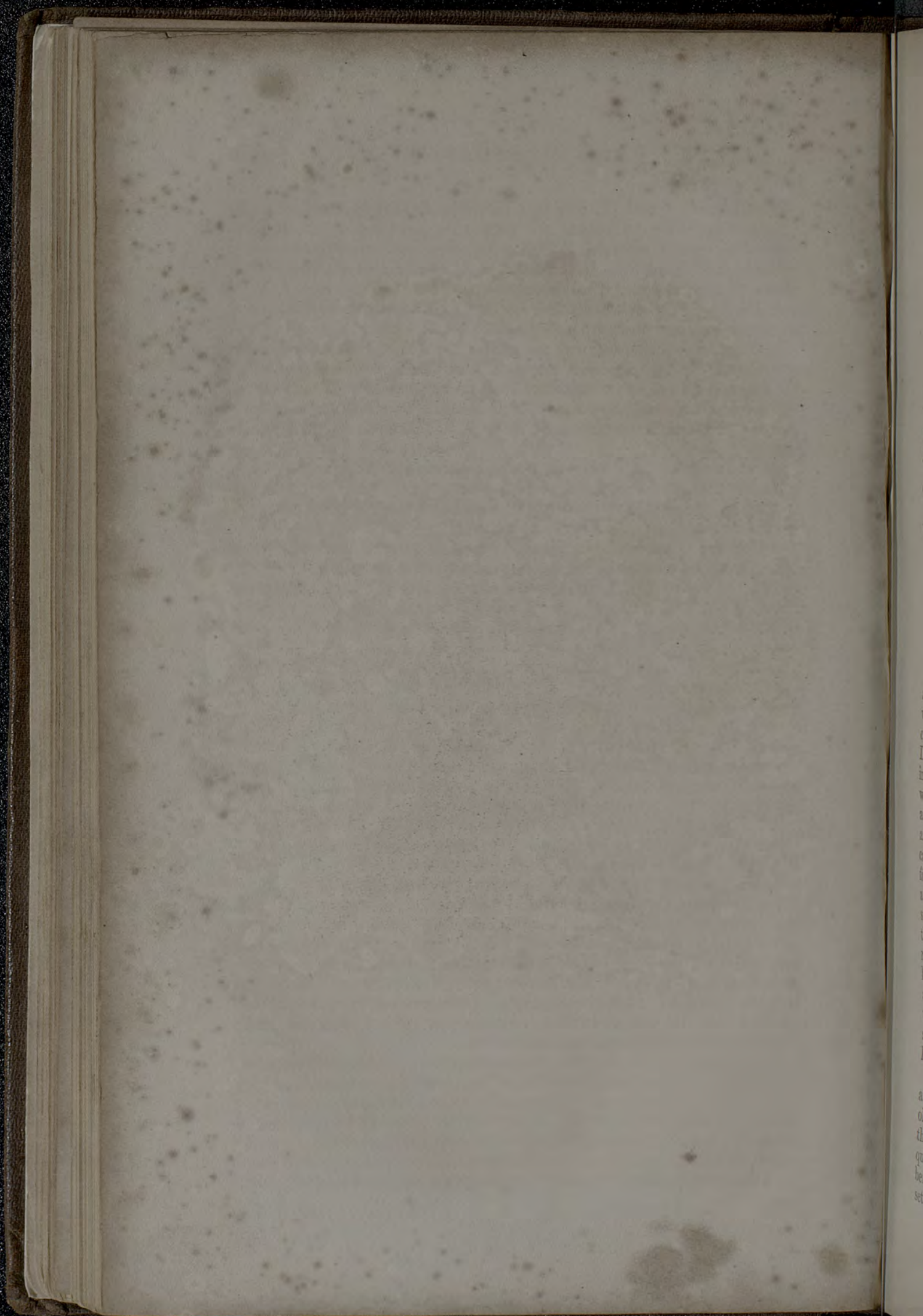
"Robert, my love, I think I've done enough; I told thee they'd lose their tempers."

"I'll make this a dear day's work, Mr. Gibbon," spluttered the town-clerk.

"I stay at Th' Three Legs, Mister Town-clerk; I've no pistols, but I dare say I con borrow a pair; or, as you are twenty five years younger man, I'll feight it out: but stay, hear th' judgment of th' coort; I may want a pen and ink. Now Robert, see if he doesn't mull it, and if he does, I must appeal."



The Sheriff and his Chaplain do combat



"Now listen," said old Dillon, his hands shaking again from rage, "listen, and let your clients see what they have got by retaining a ruffian like you; listen, I say, but for this very brilliant defence, I perhaps should not have fined Mr. Styrrup and friends more than five shillings each, and to pay all damages; now, mark—"

"I will," said Gibbon, dipping his pen, after taking down the chairman's preliminary observations, "I do."

"I fine 'em all five shillings a-piece for being drunk and shamefully disorderly, five pounds each for assaulting the constables, and Mr. Styrrup twice that, as he assaulted both the officers, and the damages I will have valued, and they must pay that too, with all costs; and as to you sir," continued the chairman, looking at Mr. Gibbon, "I'll mark you."

Mr. Sweetlove then rose from his seat, on the bench, and said, "recollect that I do not agree with that sentence."

"Thee agree with it," shouted out the chairman, "I think thee as big a rascal as the learned advocate himself."

"Call me a rascal!" cried the venerable magistrate, as he made a spring to catch at the chairman; just as he was doing so, however, he caught the eye of Mr. Rowbottom, who gave him a most positive nod not to touch him. The chairman, town-clerk, and one or two others on the bench, called, with all their strength, to the constables, to clear the court; all their endeavors were at once directed against old Gibbon, who was nearly himself splitting with laughter. This so irritated the attorney-general, that he put his shoulder to the retreating attorney's waist, and amongst them, almost carried the retained gentleman out of court. In the mean time, an aspirant to the bench, whispered to Dillon, that in the town where Gibbon resided, they called him "tin-pan," in consequence of his first wife keeping a tin-shop when he married her, which the attorney kept on for years, in conjunction with his law shop, and that nothing mortified the pride of the now rich solicitor, so much as an allusion to it; more particularly since a counsel in a late trial had called him "the tin-pan attorney." Dillon immediately recollected the fact, sent out for a large milking can, and the instant he got it, seized a constable's staff, and began to lay upon it with all his strength; the suggestor doing the same, and the parson assisting so soon as informed the nature of the revenge. By this time the learned advocate was rolled into the street, when the mob rescued him, and, at once, carried him to the "Three Legs Hotel." Gibbon then mounted the balcony, and addressed the people. Dillon dispatched all that durst undertake the task, to beat cans and pans right under the balcony of the now red-hot speaker, for the advice to the chairman was correct, nothing could have maddened the lawyer so much as this.

He was getting furious, when Rowbottom ran up through the window at the back, and just whispered "mind and don't lose your temper, you old ninny." This brought Gibbon to his senses, he never wanted more than a hint at any time; "I'll not, Bobby, my love—go and fetch me a quart of water. I intend to speak for an hour—I intend to settle th' bench and all th' practitioners of that abominable court," and then upset a septet of pans and kettles. Gibbon, with admirable tact, and with-

out *inciting* the people, stretched his tall person to its greatest altitude; put his arm over the railings, and then, in a solemn tone, called out, "Men of Frescoth, give me silence that I may speak to you."

This was enough, in one minute every pan was smashed as well as its drummer. Dillon and his party saw this massacre; and, at once, declared that Frescoth was in a state of revolution; ordered the fire bell to be rung, and sent off for a troop of light horse from the barrack.

Nothing could daunt Gibbon, who was getting a thousand times more sarcastic than he had been, before, to the bench, and was trying a magnificent climax in that way, when a window at the opposite side of the street was thrown open, and soon was heard the well known voice of the town-clerk, who commenced in this ominous style—"O, yes, O, yes, O, yes!" and then the same voice, which was attended by the magistrates, one of whom was the chief, read the whole of the RIOT ACT.

Gibbon waited patiently until the reading was over; then shouted out, "three cheers for Victoria REX," which was given by acclamation.

Gibbon's clients seeing how things were going, got him, not without immense difficulty, into the inside of the hotel, where a dinner was ordered for twenty, and long before the light horse appeared; the ancient town of Frescoth was tolerably quiet.

CHAPTER XIX

FRESCOTH RIOTS—MR. ROWBOTTOM'S OPINIONS OF TYRANNY.

Perhaps, we need not remark, that the dinner which was ordered for seven o'clock, by the Styrrup faction, was to be honored by our friends, Mr. Rowbottom and his amazed protege, as well as the veteran Mr. Sweetlove; together with all friends of civil and religious liberty. So Mr. Styrrup called it; and said that the annals of the earth did not present them with such a struggle for it, as the one they had made that day—"for," continued the eloquent Mr. Styrrup, "we kicked up a shindy for it the other night, and, by sending for our venerable champion here to defend us, we have made a hole through the oppression of this town, that the children of liberty, with perseverance, will speedily be able to creep through, and let them know, that the youth of these realms are not to be governed by such grutchy old gripuses."

All this time the great producer of the sensation sat fanning himself, with his pocket handkerchief, and bursting out into the most agreeable little titilatory chuckles; he was just in the elysium of them, when Rowbottom and his slender friend entered.

"Ah Bobby, Bobby, my dear, hug, hug, hic, didn't I tell thee, my dear, they would lose their tempers; I wish th' old squire could have seen it—hig, hig, ha, ha, it would have reconciled him to life for many years yet. Well and Bobby, what stripling hast' got here," pointing to Rowland; Mr. Rowbottom told him, and added that he was a very promising artist.

"Well, then, Bobby, let him look at me, and may he remember what I am going to tell him—you see before you, young man, a living model of that admirable specific in ethicks, 'keep your temper;' I have known the *wisest* dog go *mad*, when overheated. I saw yo in court, and, I think, yo must have seen the advantages of one who could foster his placitude over those who could not. An enormous secret; and one, let me beg of you to remember, whatever happens—keep your temper. Damn it, Bobby, I'll give your young friend here a commission. We'll have an historical subject, and th' thing reversed. We'll have my portrait in length, and Dillon's sat down, and we'll call it—ha, ha, hig, hig—we'll call it old Dillon before a *gripper*."

The satisfaction of the Styrrup party was fairly a-cockstride the meridian, for Gibbon had ordered his fees to be given in beer in three public houses, and a collection was made to illuminate the town, and a trifling sum was got together to smash such windows whose proprietors did not comply with the general mandate. A county election was nigh at hand, and the Styrrup party thought they could not do better than test their strength against the Wandly interest. And as the town of Frescoth had ever bowed to that nobleman's nod, as well as to the juridical misdoings of Colonel Dillon, it was thought this would be a fair time to try their real powers.

In the meantime Rowland was dispatched, by Mr. Rowbottom, to fetch into the "Legs" yard the gig-whip, coats, and the rest, whilst he and the servants got the trap ready, in order that they might proceed to Hescott Park, the seat of the Earl of Hescott, or, as we have hinted, the now residence of his son, Lord Wandly, and then get back to the dinner. Rowland entered into the little parlor where he knew Mr. Rowbottom's servant had left them, and there found a gentleman who was writing with amazing speed. Rowland got half round the table, and then got a bit of a peep under the hat of the industrious stenographer, and with equal surprise and delight, said—

"Ah, my dear sir, how do you do? who would have expected such good fortune."

"How are you?" said the other, putting out his hand behind him, "how are you? I saw you catching flies in court; lord, how you can open your mouth! and so *you* are come to Frescoth riots? nice lot of you, by George! saw your muscular friend urging that brilliant advocate on; an action must start somewhere, and should there be a revolution in these realms, and a national convention sit to ascertain who struck the first spark, I should say Mr. Rowbottom's boot toe against the soft part of old Gibbon's leg; a precious lot in this neighborhood; have the military begun to fire yet? if they have, I will throw some flashes into my dispatches here; sell ten thousand extra copies. How are your master and his sign? Here, if you don't like to drink out of my

glass, have a swig out of the decanter there. I was muddling on porter when first you found me ; this is a better job ; just enquire if they have got the water engines out. ' Even now, whilst I write, a youth has run into this dark hole for shelter—he tells me the water-engines are galloping towards the barrack ; if it is on fire, as I am told there is a considerable magazine there, then the consequences must be dreadful. The drums are beating a lengthened tattoo ; (I suppose it is Dillon's tin-kettle party, we must call them drums here). Gibbon's party have barricaded the house in which I now write. They swear (great swearers are they not, Bradshaw ?) to sell their lives'—why, you young punk, why do you laugh ?"

"Now, Rowland, why don't you bring the whip," demanded Mr. Rowbottom, who was then entering.

"Permit me, since you have so often expressed a desire, to introduce you to my most talented friend, if I don't offend him by calling him so—Mr. Wildingair—Mr. Wildingair, my most esteemed friend, Mr. Robert Rowbottom, of Fleigh."

"Mr. Rowbottom, I kiss your hands in this way," and Wildingair very cordially shook the hand of Mr. Rowbottom, nor was Mr. Rowbottom far behind his new friend. The truth is, he was heartily glad of this addition to the Styrrup dinner ; for he was resolved that the editor should be one, and then for an evening.

Mr. Wildingair accepted the invitation.

And Mr. Rowbottom apologized for his absence, until dinner, as he said he and their mutual introducer were going to Hescott Park.

"You must make haste, or the news of this row will be there before you. I don't know whether Wandly is at Hescott or not, as I hear he speaks in the house to-night."

"How can he be at Hescott, then, a couple of hundred miles off town, and now noon ?"

"I thought you had been acquainted with the regent of Hescott?" said Wildingair.

"Why, so I am."

"Surely you must know a bit more of his moves, because this is one of them. To dine at Frescoth, speak that night in the House, and be back again, for breakfast, in the morning."

"Why, how is it possible?" demanded Mr. Rowbottom. "I know his lordship's fondness for astonishing ; but surely that is carrying it to a very inconvenient length."

"Few things are impossible to special engines, with only one carriage attached ; and nothing is inconvenient to a man who, when speaking to his confidential friends, starts in this way ; 'in some respects, Napoleon may have the best of me, and probably, for the next few centuries, he may in many, but, even by the earlier posterity, the superior rapidity of my movements will be ceded, &c., &c.'"

"Ha ! ha ! you will have your joke, Mr. Wildingair."

"I am as fond of my joke as any man, but not when I wish to be serious ; this row to day will make him precious savage. That little speech from the balcony of Gibbon's, I shall give in the first person. I rather think it will be high treason at Hescott. The old man surely

thinks he has not long to live, and supposes he might as well make his exit with the assistance of an axe, as any other way; for if Wandly does not play choppy with him for this, I have drunk port with his chamberlain for very little purpose—four editions to-morrow. Ring the bell, Rowland—I must send what copy I have got—only get Gibbon to strike the Attorney-General,—Sweetlove, don't you call him? to have a whack at old Dillon—set two chimnies on fire—and our new steam-press may smoke away for the next forty hours. I would have gone with you to Hescott, but I intend to write from here every forty minutes; that is, if I don't get drunk after dinner. Well, off with you, and make haste back; tell Wandly, if he will correspond with us, not to give false names any more; I know his style, and his Sec.'s hand, though disguised."

"Well," said Mr. Rowbottom to his young friend, when they had fairly got out of the carnage of Frescoth, "what do you think of all that?"

"I am bewildered," replied Rowland. "I certainly was taught a few definitions, when studying school logic; amongst the rest, that of standard sarcasm, as a somewhat useful figure, but, certainly, I have only seen it in its benevolence, as compared with the withering elegance of Mr. Gibbon's school: surely my preceptor must have been too abstracted in his notions of it, or Mr. Gibbon singularly material, or what is more likely, I have mistaken the figure altogether."

"Why, Rowland, I think that's it. We may often imagine that we are satirical, or sometimes sarcastic, when, in real truth, we are only personal. The whole of Gibbon's speech, like thousands of others of his craft, had nothing on earth to do with the real defence. The story of the 'whipping behind' I have often heard my father relate, and probably it was true; ridiculous enough in itself, but was not enough for the sly advocate, so he cunningly introduced the whole of the sheriffship, to shew its meagreness, and, in short, to prove Dillon's speculation on the public purse. The wipe at the parson was equally adroit, but it must be admitted, equally vulgar, and outrageously personal. Now mark, there never was any one, who dealt in personalities, but was himself afraid of them; and had Dillon kept his temper, which anyone but a fool would have done, and in return told, during his juridical remarks, for being his turn he could have introduced what he had chosen, the little waggish story of the tin-shop!—had he done so, I'll bet my life, with all his boasting of placitude, Gibbon would have been the most vulgar. His advice to you, about keeping your temper, under every circumstance, is quite right; for it certainly gives a man extraordinary advantages; but you see public business could never be carried out, if the elasticity of each other's temper was to form the subject of trial, instead of the cases that came before him. And it is clear, Gibbon durst not have done this, if it were in a court wherein he did, or ever intended to practice. As to the infamies of such courts as Frescoth, it perhaps might be judicious for society to send such men as he, in order to bring them into contempt, and, at whatever price, particularly in rural sessions—in large towns there is more talent, and better watched—to have a stipendiary magistracy, the more distant,

perhaps, their local interests and residences the better, for even stipendiaries are men, and we cannot have too little proximity."

"Do you think, sir, that Lord Wandly will like the proceedings of to-day?"

"Upon my word, that was the very question that I was asking myself. I should say far from it; for although he does not profess to know that there is such a court, it is well known there are few things done there but with which he is well acquainted. Indeed, to such widely-spread demesnes as those of his lordship, such a bench as the Frescoth is as indispensable as his thirty-two gamekeepers; so that you see the curse of these tribunals. Dillon, his lordship keeps there; and three days' shooting on the outside of his preserves, with his lordship's arm, should he ever meet any of the other magistrates, and he can always have a bench that gladly demonstrate the excess of his goodness, by anticipating—rather than by requesting—his will, in any case where his interest may be concerned. Such courts, then, are rather to enforce the law *for* the land, than *of* it; or, over a bottle, I should say *of* the land-lord."

"Why, that is awful, a man might be innocently committed in a poaching case, or anything of that."

"Hung."

And Rowland compressed his shoulders, and then let them repose.

"For, if there are men ready to commit, I need not remark, there are plenty ready to swear. Yes, yes, they who can put on the screw, are the kings of parishes, rather than the rulers of empires. I have often heard of terrible gentlemen, and in tragedy have seen them, who are called eastern princes, and who, upon the slightest crossing of their will, bow-string, poison, or decapitate as may be; who not only seize the most beautiful creatures who have to pass through their kingdoms, sure to be Christians; but should they have lovers—which beautiful creatures in remote lands are certain to have, he, after allowing the most tender parting scenes, amuses himself with the first in the harem, and the other, on some such instrument as the rack. The lover persists to the last that she is eternally his, and, with his last breath, he will stick to it; the lady being equally unflinchable, he presents, as a dernier, the considerate alternative, either to turn mahometans, and live in peace, or be tied up in a sack together, and whirled from a battlement into a dark-watered river; all their attendants must see their fate, and though some of them are of the first quality, must be sold into remote slavery! In short, dramatists, and those still greater dealers in fiction—travellers, want to make it out, that princes can be personal tyrants. That all are less or more so, there is, perhaps, little doubt, since all govern for themselves; but it is evident that tyranny must have its admirers, and that which desolates a part of its own or the whole of a subordinate kingdom, must have supporters of its policy: but no royal tyranny ever tried to crush both parts, or all its kingdoms at once. Now the lord of the manor, both does and can, and inflicts more tyranny, in its real meaning, during a year, than Victoria could in a reign. He can start when he likes, and his leaving off—like good men's erections, are both to be finished by their coming heirs—the one to bare humanity to its

bones, the other to find houses for its reception. The first inherits countless acres; the last all that is left—our woes—still he builds a hospital and a home for the other's tenants, thus saving humanity from a general stench.

"I know such a man now; one who came to his estate when young, and instead of the usual regalings on such occasions, presented almost every cottage-tenant with a fortnight's notice to quit. He boasted that he would break all the old women's hearts, and he did; for, remove a poor old creature from her hearth-stone, or worse, the flag from her, and no other place will fit her old feet; no other hob will hold her pipe; no other garden seem green again. Well, his attack commenced there, ostensibly, because the cottages were in a great state of decayedness, but truly, to lessen the parish rates. There was a calculation for a young man! and he put them into his own pocket, by placing their amount upon his rental. His next discovery was that all his tenantry were restricted in their amount of ploughing; that is, such were the agreements, but had never been acted upon; he, without giving them notice of his intention to enforce the letter of their takings, did so to the very up-strokes. Then, where the out-houses were bad, and the general buildings dilapidated, he threw a small farm, or perhaps two, to the next large one; thus playing upon feelings, that in a tenantry are, and ought to be held sacred—taking their neighbors' farms over their heads. But this was still worse, for they were taking that which they did not want, and perhaps could not manage, from those that had now nothing left; causing alike ruin to both. No doubt you know that tyranny, although affording a great deal of amusement, is perhaps the most expensive one that man ever indulged in; because, as it is ever unpopular with the sources of its means, it is most anxious to be distinguished where it dissipates them. And so it happened with our new landlord, for his foolery at home and prodigality abroad, now brought this hereditary claimant of the soil to the real science of finance, and being a bungler at that, and the cards, he once more puts on the screw, but finds that—though he can give it hydraulic powers—there is very little more to be crushed. The last of the wine is squozen from the grapes. This did not disturb his industry; and, that you are young, and to save my own feelings, I shall not tell of the thousand schemes that have, from time to time, shocked my ears; but if our feelings suffer from the recital of such an amount of oppression, how must be those who have still to writhe upon its wheel. This is what heroical writers call tyranny, but which humbler chroniclers denominate oppression; and I will leave you to judge which has the best opportunity of mastering its functions, that of a village—or a kingdom's governor."

"I see;" said Rowland, and then, after some time, he proceeded, "but cannot a tenant leave so cruel and unthinking a landlord?"

"And whither is he to go? and what is he to take with him? I have already hinted at the distress caused by the razing of a cottage. Now, it is almost as difficult a process to remove a man from the farm he was grown upon, as it would be to snatch a mountain from the breast of one that threw it from its crater. No, I have heard my father say, that he once knew a farmer who pined for years, because he had to be re-

moved to the farm next his own edge. They are a humble, simple race, and always fear ruin and dismay if they leave—what they call—their *home*. And cursed be the man who unthinkingly, or unnecessarily, drives them from it.”

“But surely a bad landlord will in time injure his rent-roll, and have, eventually, many of his farms on his own hands.”

“Why, this is the very refinement of his oppression; and he would sooner have dozens so, not producing what the other would have to pay in tithes and taxes; yet oppression will not cede an inch, or if it does, it is to turn off an old and valued tenant, to receive an adventurer at half the price the other has paid, but could pay it no longer.”

“And can there be no remedy for all this?”

“Why, yes, smash up the hereditary system at once; or do that which would be quite as useful, compel the hereditarist to give long leases, and deduct all really requisite repairs, alterations, damages, &c. That would be paring a born-possessor’s fangs; or let him squander that which he is not fit to govern, the same as any other property. The fellow I have alluded to would have done so long since, but could not; and does in every way worse; for being only a life tenant, and raising sums upon it, he has, obviously, to pay an enormous centage; the lender having to insure his dissipated, dirty life: and then the same style has to be kept up upon his lessening means. Upon such a state of the law in a mercantile country like this, it were needless to dwell. There is a pious horror in breaking up an ancient estate like this!—why what trumpery—let it like other property find its way from the improvident to those whose carefulness enables them to purchase; for men who save to buy, generally buy to save; and the only way to do so is to make it valuable to a tenant, and surely we must have a new order of thinking before we can satisfy ourselves that, that which fructifies him must not give permanency to the owner. Tyranny, then, though keeping its shape, would startle us, rather like the lizard, than devour us, as would the fiercer crocodile.”

“No doubt—and this is the noble and ancient seat of Hescott?” said Rowland, as that magnificent pile broke upon his view. “Oh, what boundless demesnes, what glorious trees, streams, lakes, and marble bridges. I thought even the lodge, as we entered, fine; but this is surpassing. Humph! it would seem that those marble lions, though exceedingly good and monstrous, have no fears for the gaping deer. A very kingdom of wealth has been expended, though I suppose we are a mile off the mansion, still. Ay, and the thousands of acres which seem to have little use, save giving breadth and landscape to the scene.”

“Ay, ay, but you are mistaken if you think there is no use in stately lodges, long entrances, various carriage-roads, and protracted admissions. They are as essential as porters, valets, chamberlains, ante-rooms, and state introductions; for we might have our perceptions of greatness wonderfully lessened, if we were to come upon it with no more ceremony than we do at the folding-doors of a works, which tell you there is no admission unless you have business; whilst a good kick at them may bring the master himself to demand the cause of it. Greatness wonderfully diminishes by proximity; our notions apotheosise or lower to a

bug-bear, the great King of evil himself, either as we see him drawn with archangel beauty, or pictured with horn and cloven-foot deformity."

"No doubt; the excitement of Frescoth, I feel, is wonderfully cooling down, even to think of what must be the possessor of such enchantments as these. How happy must he be."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"Why do you laugh, sir?"

"To think what a ninny I must be, to be prating philosophy to a gentleman who has such a happy tritism at his command; but, pah! I, long after your age, thought the same. Well, it is our duty to give our experience, but was it my business to sell it, I should take care the purchaser should not be more than two years younger than myself."

"For what reason, sir?"

"Because he would not understand it; and both of us would lose our time. We are here: should his lordship be from home, I will leave you in the picture gallery, as I can manage my business either with his secretary or agent; should you not find enough to amuse you amongst the pictures, the aviary is but a step from it, and those who have a taste for ornithology may find ample means for its gratification."

"Oh, the picture gallery for me."

CHAPTER XX.

A MYSTERIOUS ACQUAINTANCE.

A very garrulous old lady—probably the house-keeper—had offered to initiate Rowland into the mysteries, as well as the names, of the different pictures; when bought, where from, or how presented. Rowland, we may suppose, was wishful to save the good lady's time, and succeeded in some respect; but the genealogy of the Hescotts she would trace, both mater- and pater-nally. She shewed the usual erudition in these things, but confessed she was puzzled, when she offered to discover why Lord Wandly's nose was so much less than the smallest of his forefathers. "Look," continued the good lady, "at the present Earl's—his father's—indeed all, I may say, of the family have bigger noses, and—"

"Ay, but my good Mrs. Daisy, could they smell better, think you?" This was said by a gentleman who had entered, as if by magic, through a private door; indeed the door was nothing more than a picture, which was the size of a small one. The lady seemed surprised, made the stranger a curtsy, and retired; simply observing, that she supposed the stranger would no longer need her services.

The unceremonious gentleman was a man approaching forty; some-

what slight in his build, light complexion, a restless eye, gait, and speech, and appeared to Rowland to be at least an under secretary, or one of the upper domestics. He bowed, somewhat formally, to the youth, and asked him, seeing he was marking his catalogue, if he might have a peep at it; "for," said he, "I have always a great curiosity to see the judgments of those who honor our trifling collection with a visit. Humph! is this your sketch, here? Ah—very like—you draw, then?"

"A little, sir."

"A good deal, sir—this has not been done at once—humph, so I see you have only put one cross to poor Rembrandt, here. I presume that your number of crosses is the criterion of your approbation or disapproval?"

"Why, yes sir; that is—a-h—I was merely marking them that I might recollect which pleased *me* the most, without any pretensions to judgment whatever; as no doubt you have perceived, sir."

"Humph! Then I suppose you don't think the Rembrandt genuine, eh? A copy, or imitation? Was that you with Mr. Rowbottom, of Fleigh, I saw drive up, about an hour since, eh? Came through Frescoth?"

"We did, sir."

"And you think this an imitation?"

"In my opinion, the picture is remarkably—"

"Were you in time to see the bustle that I hear has given such amusement in the quiet old place?—unusually merry this morning, there?—are you a judge in frescos?—this is said to be a genuine one, now put on canvass. Are you aware what led to all this confusion, which you witnessed in your journey hither?"

"Pardon me," said Rowland, smiling, "but which must I answer, the fresco query, or the Frescoth?"

"Humph!" and the other jerked his head a little, as if he were a small bit surprised; "oh!—ah!—either."

"I would rather talk of the fresco; for, indeed, the other was so unusual a scene, it would require more graphic powers than I possess, to describe it; besides, we shall have it in the morning's paper, for we left Mr. Wildingair writing away at a prodigious rate, and I believe he is unrivalled at—indeed in—anything he undertakes."

"Wildingair? humph! it must be a mighty affair, truly, if he is going to dignify it with his pen; humph! I thought he had used it on his own account, not to give the foolery of others. You know him?"

"Why, y-es sir."

"Rowbottom?"

"I introduced him to-day."

"Do you expect your friend to be long?"

"I am not sure; he is with his lordship's secretary; and, speaking of Wildingair, he will probably deliver a message from him, that he would not like to give to Lord Wandly."

"Indeed; I see you have been lavish of your praise here, of the water-color collection. Now, if you will come here, I will shew you the perfection to which the moderns have brought the art—this way—humph! by the way, what was the message—droll fellow, I believe, that Wildingair?"

"Oh, it was only one of his jokes. Upon my word, but that is splendid; indeed, the moderns, particularly the English, have done surprising things; and in a vehicle too, that was, until very late years—so I have read—thought too circumscribed and feeble for the production of anything great in art; but you see, sir, it is the admirable way in which they can now introduce the opaques. Well, there are many valuable works, no doubt, in your ancient gallery, but this is the picture I could luxuriate upon."

"Perhaps you are an artist—oh, but Wildingair's joke."

"Oh, sink the jokes, or take me to worse pictures."

"Ah! ah! goo-d. Then you cannot joke and admire at the same time."

"Cannot I? nothing easier, to joke with a dunce and admire your own wit at the same time; ay, and face too, with the twist of your curls, should there be a convenient looking-glass; but I must confess to be rapturising, and telling others' smart sayings—but he merely said to Mr. Rowbottom, knowing we were coming hither, to tell his lordship to get some one else to copy his letters, when he corresponded with their paper; 'for,' said he, 'tell his lordship I know his Sec.'s handwriting, when disguised;' that was all. Why, sir, you seem surprised; nothing to those who know his dashing way. He'll sacrifice anything for his—that is—to get his rap."

"Ha, ha, ha—humph! he's so fond of a joke, is he?"

"Yes, but, perhaps, entertains that feeling for his own, which many do for their birth place; though the worst in the world, there's none like it."

Rowland said this because the other appeared strangely disconcerted at the praise of Wildingair.

"Oh, oh, humph! ha,—now, sir, what do you think of that for a forcibly painted head—the three quarter, there; one of Douw's not celebrated for force so much as finish; but you see he could do both; but, perhaps, it was the dignity of the subject that threw an additional spirit into his pencil—he was a great poet and orator, a Dutchman, though you would think that the low lands were not favorable to either; speaking of oratory, what did you think of Mr. Gibbon's, this morning?"

"Did you hear it, sir?" asked Rowland, carelessly.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I would prefer receiving to offering an opinion upon it."

"Was it such a mighty effort of forensic display, that you seem so diffident of your capability to give an estimate?" asked the other quickly.

"Ah, if it were, I could have no hesitation; if it were not, when I say that I and Mr. Rowbottom dine with him, on our return, would it not be a sufficient reason for declining an opinion?"

"Humph, do you like Fleigh?"

"Why, yes; people, at my time of life, I believe, like any place, though, probably, there is but one they cherish; for we may revere, may love thousands, but we only cling to one. Our social system, in that, may be like the solar, without hard words to explain it; no pulling to, or running off forces—no gravities—attractions; we round and round, in larger or smaller circles, but are held to an immutable axis; simple

as the process a gardener uses when curving a parterre; one stick curves, whilst another gives certitude to its course, and like the connecting string, so the invisible fibre that cords us to one centre; and as sticks and string are thrown together, the scheme complete—so may I, when all is done, fall on the same spot where my race began." This was spoken in so melancholy a tone, as well as the eye of the speaker being all the time fixed upon a little rural landscape, that the strange gentleman could not but be surprised; indeed, it was manifest from the question he put to him, not, however, without looking at the youth for some time.

"But, why spoken so sadly?" demanded the stranger.

"That is a portrait of my native—oh—my native village—"

"(Heavenly mercies, can it be!) and, may I ask you your name, if not intrusive?"

"My name? oh, my name is Bradshaw."

"(By all my senses 'tis he,) Pardon me," and the stranger hurried out, and as he did so, he met another, a younger man, of similar appearance; a hurried conversation took place; at parting, the first said, "fix him so that I can see him, and do not let him move thence, until you think I have had sufficient time to see him well. I will send the miniature to you, let him see it as if by chance; and, Mr. Tennyson, be sure to obtain all the intelligence possible respecting this lad; but, mind you, be more cautious than the ermine hunter, or this extraordinary chance may impede, instead of promoting success. Send some one to detain Rowbottom, and on no account let him think I am at Hescott."

"What would your lordship like to be done as to this Frescoth business?"

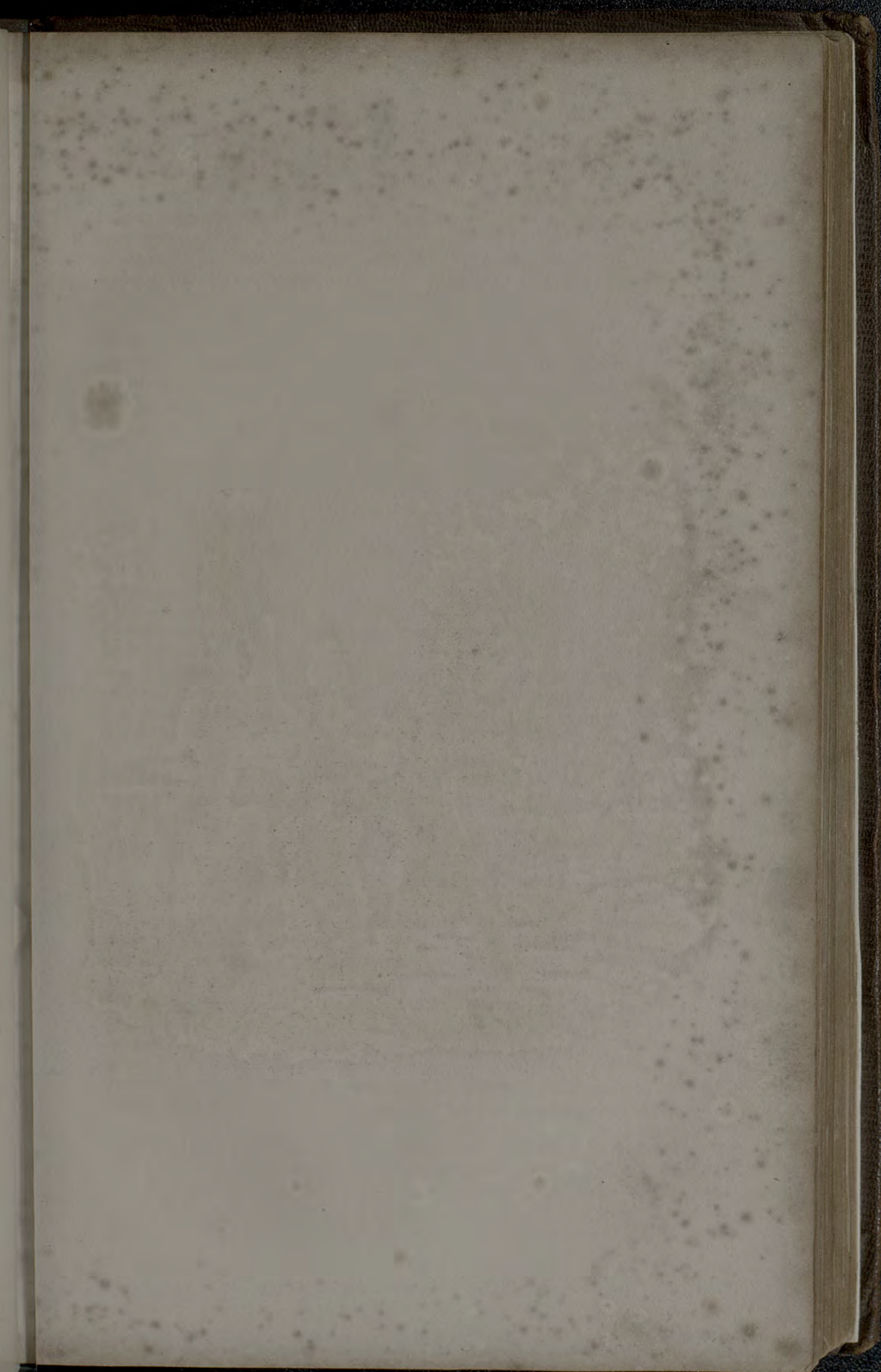
"Burn a thousand Frescoths; until I know more of this, mind you he appears to be the personification of subtlety—he startled me more than once."

"Your lordship's dispatches are arrived, and—"

The rest of Mr. Tennyson's speech was cut short, by one withering look from him whose orders he now hurries to execute. When he got to the part of the gallery where Rowland stood, he still found him absorbed in the beauties of the scene, which, as we have seen, had conjured up such tender fancies in the youthful artist. The fresh comer said he should be happy to show him the aviary, "or," said he, as if bethinking himself, "you, perhaps, have not seen the family miniatures. I perceive you look—the fact is, I am aware that in the earlier times of the ancient and noble family of Hescott, there were not many of what are now called miniatures, or, at least, done in water on ivory; but these have been copied, by an extraordinarily clever man, from all the family pictures, and are convenient for the drawing-room table, equally faithful, and save us from wandering through half-a-score of rooms."

"Must be extremely convenient," replied Rowland, "but tell me, know you the unceremonious gentleman who just left me?"

"This way," said the other, as if not hearing what Rowland had said; "you can examine them here; pray sit; probably, by turning your face this way, you will have the best light. I will go and see your





Lord Waddle recognizes Rowland

friend, and when he has done with Mr. Ferredon, I will bring him to you—”

“But cannot you tell me who—humph! as mysterious as the other; singular!”

And Rowland began to open the red morocco cases, in which the large miniatures were placed. He had opened several, and at last took up one in quite a different case, and was about to take off the lid, when he sprang from his chair, and was evidently much startled, as might be seen, by the wildness of his looks, and the tone of his exclamation.

“Good heavens! I thought I saw the first stranger before me. I could have sworn some reflection, or some such thing—but perhaps it is not the first time to-day in which I have been mistaken; for that beautiful creature I saw in Mr. Dantskipp’s chariot equally—good God, my mother!” and the youth staggered to his seat; his face assuming the most singular pallor, and every fibre in him trembling. “How came her miniature here? I—” and the last gentleman again entered, announcing that Mr. Rowbottom would be with him in a few minutes. Mr. Tennyson looked at Rowland, as if surprised at the difference of his appearance; then lifted up the miniature from the floor, screwed down the lid, looked once more at Rowland, and, placing it amongst the small edition of the family portraits, again retired.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DINNER AND THE BATTLE.

“I really think, Rowland, his lordship’s hospitality has depressed, instead of cheered your spirits. Madeira seems to be wasted upon such a stomach. The butler of Hescott would not feel complimented by such aberration from the usual strain that follows a bottle or two of such wine as we had to our lunch. You may depend we shall have a night of it; so come, Sir Disnal, let any looks but those be carried with us to the *soiree* of the glorious old Gibbon. Why, by the by, you have never given me any reason, nor indeed an attempt at one, for the way in which you deserted my vehicle, upon the appearance of that of the worthy Mr. Dantskipp; you’re surely not in love with Jane? She’s a pretty little girl, ay, and a merry little girl, too; indeed I have often wondered how such a pair of stupid devils, as Dantskipp and his poor ‘Misses,’ ever bred such a girl, for she has spare brains under her bonnet, enough to supply her whole family. But if anything of that sort is troubling you, just a word in your ear, the sooner you let it trouble some other swain, the better; for nothing will suit old Dantskipp, simply because

he married a mantua-maker himself, but either a real lord, without money, or a cotton lord, with; but it must, in the latter case, be in plenty. And as I am afraid you have neither—beside, I should like to see a clever chap made of thee, Rowland—so sink all sweethearts, save your studies, be a man, Rowland.”

“Ha, ha, my dear sir, I think I have heard you out.”

“Well, and why not, you young monkey?”

“Only that I never saw the lady, to *know* it was she, in my life; that’s all.”

“Well, I am devilish glad to hear it, that’s all too; study—I wish I had—study with all—but indeed I need not prompt you, for I think you do too much already; but study when you are at it. I suspect we shall have a jolly spree to-night. This old Madeira has just started my mettle. It will be a night, I think, of which the good people of Frescoth will have cause for long remembrance. But, hang it, Rowland, you do not appear so happy as when we drove out this way—coming.”

“Oh, never fear me. We are all timid soldiers, a little before the attack; get me into the engagement, I’ll not be a bad aid-de-camp, you will see.”

“Oh! damn it, you must shew mettle, for I know the lot; and either go at it, or else we had better make up our minds to drive by it, which I should not relish, as I certainly should like a night with Wildingair. I have no doubt he will be brilliant, when drunk.”

Our pair just arrived in time to hear grace for dinner, at the “Three Legs’ Hotel,” and as the dinner was given in token of the triumphs gained by the learned advocate, Mr. Gibbon, as well as for his other virtues, and conduct as a man: (that of a modern gentleman, he himself always despised,) he, of course, could not take the chair. The founder of the feast, Mr. Styrrup, was then requested to do the honor, but could not think of accepting it, whilst men like Wildingair and Rowbottom were present. After the usual capering in such affairs—the waiters ready to uncover—Rowbottom popped into one end chair, and Wildingair was thrust into the other. But still this did not determine which was the “chair;” until one of the aforesaid waiters, being requested to give his opinion, pointed first at the height of the back of the one in which Mr. Rowbottom sat, and said that it was *the* chair; “besides,” added he, “the salmon is at that end, and only soup at this.” This was enough, and soon the guests got to work.

Well, the utmost, we may say the most freezing decorum prevailed over dinner; whilst some very enchanting music was rattling from the gallery, and at the end of the long dining room, some national and patriotic airs. “Non nobis” is sung, by the Frescoth church singers, who had clean shirt-collars, their best clothes on, and all Handel and Haydn’s music, in great books, for the occasion.

The band then played at one of Haydn’s symphonies.

The singers then gave “Life’s a thumper.”

The Frescoth bell-ringers then, with instruments more portable than those to which ropes are attached in the church-loft, gave a series of favorite airs, but not one of a political or party tendency, for they had the fear of the rector and Colonel Dillon before their eyes, as well as those

gentlemen's influence at Hescott; and, indeed, at every bread and bacon shop in the town of Frescoth.

"Nid noddin," was very much encored.

"Julia to the wood-robin," was very un-sweetly warbled by the gentleman who played the serpent in the band, and the devil in it too in their last symphony. He excused for his first failure, to his leader, by telling him that he had to kill and prepare a lamb, and dress himself, for the present festivities, all in the hour before he started; if he was too hot before he played, no wondering that he had unmeritably obtained a cold before he sang, and thus, as Mr. Rowbottom said, both Haydn and "Julia to her robin red-breast" were *butchered*.

"Oh Bobby, my love," said old Gibbon, tenderly, to the chairman, "this appears sadly too much like dining in state. Let the band go and play up and down th' streets, whilst th' bell ringers can rattle away, a bit, in th' bar, and as we don't want every body to hear us, let th' singers—"

"Go and sing Haydn anywhere, so that we give them no *Handle* upon what we say, eh?"

"Ay, Bobby, if I could only get thee to punning a bit, things would soon be right."

"Well, well, but we must not let the band go too far; my plan is rather to let them get drunk, because I intend, about twelve o'clock, to parade you through the town, just when the drink and the illumination are nicely up, and then they must play the 'conquering hero;' although the singers and ringers are a little icy now, let them play and drink away, and instead of yon minor pan-mugs, we will get them into the church tower, and have a real peal. Old Dillon once caused one when we lost that great mill-dam action. It is quite time such men as Dillon were vulgarized; I intend to wipe off both Mr. Styrrup's scores and my own family's. Now, I know that one of yon fellows can sing that famous satire, of the 'Loyal Frescoth Volunteers,' in which Dillon got so wiped; let them get drunk enough, and the whole town will roar a chorus."

"By gad! Bobby, if we only mind, we shall have a good deal of innocent amusement. I am gettin' a very old man, Bobby, but if Wildingair, yonder, will only give my speech a bit of a polish, and at full length, I'll, in return, present him with my youngest wench, and £20,000; that is, Robert, if yo would not like her yoursel'. If they should mob and murder me to-neet, when I am struttin' after th' band—but I'll have a devilish big cudgel in my hand, when I am full of wine and triumphant-entry feelin'—I say, it would make a splendid finish to th' first day's report—'fourth edition—we have just learned that the noble-hearted, patriotic, and brilliant advocate, Mr. Gibbon, is dead!' That would ruin Dillon or th' devil's in it. The way to do it will be to get th' ringers, and singers, trumpeters, and big drummers, drunk, as soon as we can. Now, sin' I saw you, I hear that th' magistrates have sworn in thirty special constables. I say, Robert, a couple of sovereigns given them, now they are her Majesty's servants, to drink *their* mistress' good health—all our party devilish merry—there would be a great deal of balcony amusement to-night, for those who are not in too great a hurry to go to bed."

"Ha, ha, put our Vice there into a pretty hot part of the night's amusements, and if he gets a mawling, he'll devote a couple of pages to the account; must tell of the roars of applause, firing of the nine bells, and all the pistols in the vicinity, when the cause of all this triumph arrived at the church great-gates."

"By George! Bobby, if he will only make a secretary-of-state affair of it, I'll give him Ann; that is, if he has either no wife, or a divorce for her. Push the wine, as the devil does sinners, until we are all hot; if he gets half-murdered in the row, it will make him sore."

"Soar, you mean," said Rowbottom.

"Ay, then for the next six weeks there will be no party or feelings represented in his paper, but himself and his own," said another.

"Damn it! he does not drink as I could wish him. Bobby, I'll talk smutty, and you begin to pun; or, as I am told he is the devil for paradoxes, just give him a bit of plain sense; that'll start him. We are too sober for religion, or else we could soon get up a row."

"Mr. Vice, Mr Gibbon is sorry to see you look so sad," called Rowbottom, to the other end.

"Why did he invite me to *dine* with him?" demanded the Vice.

"Two or three trite things, Bobby, my love, and he'll go off like a squirt; nothin' will cause a bit of froth in a philosopher so soon, as avoiding metaphor. I knew a tailor who was one, and he said he could endure being accused of cabbaging, but never could tolerate the tritism of thief!"

"Mr. Gibbon here, informs me that he recollects our landlady, when she was much thinner, (that is trite enough)" said Rowbottom.

"May be; I have known the pious advocate long, but I am sure he gets *thicker* every day."

"No, Mr. Vice, I only asked our Chairman if he did not think she got *stouter* in the middle, with age."

"And I made you no reply," replied the Chair.

"Certainly not," said the advocate.

"Because it would only have been like the subject of your enquiry, a *waste of time*."

"And why be invidious, Mr. Chair; are not we all at it; and in order that we may save some, I shall, as the duty devolves upon me, propose the health of our worthy and learned guest at once. To do it at a later time in the evening, would only be to continue in our wasteful career, as we might then have a speech of an hour; and there is nothing we labor so hard at, as wasting time. The glorious Gibbon's health; as a man, as an advocate! here, my friends, I want words; but the few I can clutch at, are these—may we long, very long, be without the necessity of his services." (great fun).

"Now, Bobby, I thought we could start a few paradoxes, and as they are now in open field, we must keep up the chase. I'll slip Smutty, and you let go Punny, and you'll see a course that will neither want turns nor leaps. They are knowing things to hunt, no doubt, and 'cute at a double, but keep 'em from cover, and we will have a mouthful of their hind legs, and though they have two left to stand on, they'll not have many to run with."

"Now drop your slate-pencil, and less figuring, if you are going to reply to the toast."

Mr. Gibbon then arose, amongst the most outrageous applause, which was beautifully heightened by about a score of crashes from the hand-bells, shivered glasses, the singers, and the Frescoth band, outside. The learned speaker, when he arose, intended to be jocose, particularly after the waggish manner in which his health had been given, by the erudite Vice. He intended it, but was completely bedizened by the thunders that every where rolled around him; and, instead of being funny, he snivelled, at last he showered, and then the thunder rolled again.

"My dear friends, I believe that meteorologists say, that when the vulgar speak of the heaviness of the air, they, on the contrary, affirm it to be the lightest; 'or else,' say they, 'how could clouds and rain descend?' I am an old man, and of the old school; for clouds, like the heart, must be heavy when affected to tears. The flint was once a sponge; now, succulent as a baby, now, firing cannon, when a man. In peace, we weep with a touch; in battle, we hiss living sparks at the fiercest steel. Think not then of my weakness here; when we essay, neither special constables' staves nor magistrates' baton shall enforce that, which your sudden kindness and my declining years caused me to betray." Deep admiration. ("Bobby, I am afeared that was rather too soft; you think so too? I wish Dillon's party would throw a volley of stones through the window). Gentlemen, your kindness, and the crawling thoughts of old Dillon, are like meetin' a very beautiful woman and a stink at the same time; we have scarcely time to luxuriate upon the one, ere the other compels us to evacuate its blisses; to avoid its own noxiousness; thus, then, I can scarcely manifest my thanks; but I am choked to think that this day's efforts have not better deserved yours. But in the morning we are weak stomached; at noon, it may be, too full; but it is at night, such a night as this, when its fullness is alleviated, and its squeamishness is toned by the third bottle; it is then we can meet the beauty and kiss her rosy lips, without expecting every other sense to be as nicely treated as would a snivelling lover of eighteen. Whether in the camp of love, or jars of Frescoth's special guards, soon will be the hour. This morning the flails were poised; this night must prove that we be good thrashers. Every man, then, must be to his sheaf; only shew the people of Frescoth that they have good corn, and they'll find means to winnow it. (Glows of patriotism.) 'Will you lend our dog your bull to play with?' was a request made by a very little, to a somewhat elder neighbor, the other day; and when asked what for, 'because,' said the young philosopher, 'I should like to see little Frisk bite big bully's nose off.'"

"Keep to the bull-dogs," shouted Mr. Magistrate Sweetlove; "times will never be good, until they're as common as parsons, at least."

"Will nobody else like to see a few little Frisks go and nose the fiery bulls of Frescoth petty sessions?" I think, without vanity, one little Frisk, though his teeth were nearly gone, nosed a couple this mornin'; he was not so savage as the little philosopher's; as I have said, he was

* The supporters to the Frescoth arms are a couple of bulls.

squeamish in the mornin', but let them come out to-night, and we will try, at least, to bite big bullies' noses off. (roars.) That's right; I like to hear you *roar* that way. But what sort of a one will big bully and his lady's calves set up, just now? (Imitations of what would be supposed to be their effusions.) (I am not so maudlin as I was, Bobby. I think you told me to drop my slate-pencil; but you see they are fonder of figures than you thought.) We will make a *sin* offering of them, and kick up a local row; to shew all Europe we have a general peace! Let us, then, nourish the incense that rises so gloriously from the altar, in libations, copious as shall be our children's children's praise. (Tornados of applause.)

"Bring us pint bumpers.

"You have a monument here, that, when my fancies were young, I have journied oft to see. It is of a slight, thinly-draped maiden, for ever and for ever in the quietness of sleep. Two gentle Peris bend over her; and, as in my childhood, so, even now; they look, and point, and eternally weep. The tableau is supported by sweet-faced Cherubim, and terminated by rich-swelling fruits and clustering grapes. Why, what is this? It is Freedom, entombed ere she was adolescent! This night shall see her glorious resurrection. Gentle Angels, ye shall soon dry your cheeks, by the speed with which you carry the glad tidings; and shall not our smiling children, to late generations, celebrate this day, with ripened *fruits* and bruised *grapes*? and say, 'the ægis of tyranny had turned Liberty to stone; our sires rescued her from its cold embrace, gave her vitality, and a home. Great sires, glorious mother—for we are her children—let us emulate your deeds, and now, as then, make mighty our names, by their addition to the glorious record!'"

This was received with dead silence, resembling that we often feel between the vivid flash and the rattling peal of thunder, which we know will suddenly follow. The tables were almost shivered with applause. Rowland, who stood near to the eloquent speaker, was so touched with the peroration, and about a bottle of wine, that he seized one of his big hands, and shook it with the fervor that the youthful Romans did Cicero's. Indeed, he was deeply affected, and this enthusiasm evidently pleased Gibbon as much as the whole uproar around him.

Even Wildingair mazed for some time, when catching Rowbottom's eye, he gave his face a bit of a shake up, and said "clever! by George."

"(I think, Bobby, I'll go no further, but you see, Bobby, they are as fond of figures as ever, and, though I were to give them a geometrical series they'd never tire, even if the line got across the slate, and, of course, not comprehensible to our limited ideas, yet that would add to its charm. There is nothin' more agreeable than sounds without meanings—Billions of trillions of millions of thousands—and so on.)"

"Ah, ha, ha, make no apology, the fact is you cannot speak without them; but here is the wine, I'll see that no one flinches. They will be all right after that."

Now, although the wine came in, there was nine times nine again ordered; but the chairman would not permit the starting of such lengthened solemnities before the libations. The wine was drunk!

Gibbon then sat down, and the vociferating commenced ; and as it did so, the tears of delight streamed from his eyes, in truth, he never was so happy in his life. Wildingair was then called upon for a song, when he essayed as follows, without saying he had a cold :—

THE GODS.

In these orthodox times let Collegians prate
Of their heathenish Venus and Cupid,
As if learning, like wine, drew its worth from old date,
And 'twere wisdom to swig till you're stupid :
But for me, less refined, 'tis consoling to know,
That to Venus I never was married !
That I ne'er had from lofty Dame Juno, a blow ;
Nor my purse by light Mercury carried.
So fill up the bold tankard with bright British beer ;
And a fig for their Helicon's waters :
Here's to beauties more prudent and friends more sincere,
Than Olympian scamps, wives, and daughters.

Why make bold sons of Mars of militia recruits,
In a watch-house locked up by Bellona :
And yon Lancashire witch with a dish of ripe fruits,
Lovely Mary—why call her Pomona ?
Whilst sweet Phoebe presents the brown ale with a smile,
Why should Phoebe a Hebe to me be ?
For old Jupiter's stupider taste I revile,
By no Ganymede equalled could she be ;
So fill up the bold tankard, &c.

But a truce with the list, it is not worth the time,
And has long ceased to gull the discerning ;
Though our gown'd and capp'd sages still vote it sublime,
And, because they have learn'd it—'tis learning !
To be skill'd in dead tongues—with your own be perplex'd,
Should no more be the rule of our nation ;
What original skull seeks original text ?
Even *Bishops* prefer a *translation* !
So fill up the bold tankard, &c.

Come, give things their right names, we have English enough,
To invest them with beauty and glory ;
Then why wade through such beastly incredible stuff,
To be skill'd in obscenities hoary ?
When nor courage nor wit in our Islands are found ;
Truth in man, nor affection in woman ;
When where Shakespere has trod is no classical ground,
Then we'll turn to the Greek and the Roman.
So fill up the bold tankard, &c.

No sooner had Wildingair finished, and Gibbon was entering the third apartment of Elysium, but there was a regular peal of tin-pans outside. This roused him ; his eyes assumed the appearance of the infuriated bulls' that support the Frescoth shield, and he at once seized a large decanter, and was preparing to get up the sash, for the purpose of hurling it at the audacious besiegers below, when Rowbottom got hold of his

hand, and drew him to one side of the room, whilst the most desperate threats were being uttered at the other end.

"Now, mark me well, Gibbon, the next three minutes will show whether we are to consider you a hero or a madman! are you such an ass as to permit this rubbish to rouse you? They saw the effect it had upon you to-day, and have only been waiting, evidently, until they supposed you were cocked with wine, to let you off with an air trigger, or a flint and *tin*. Now, mark, instead of showing your sore, order half-a-dozen of these instruments to precede and follow our procession—don't you see this will take the clatter out of them at once?"

"Thank you, Bobby, thank you, save me from makin' an old woman of mysel' after all. Oh, damn those tin-pan—yo mun keep close to me, Bobby, or, by gad, I shall be letting fly, even at one of our *own* kettle drummers."

"Now, one word more, and I'll take out my trap, and Fleigh is the word."

"Well, well, I'll fortify—I'll fortify, I must think of a penny subscription for my monument, and th' excitement there would be, if we were all tried for manslaughter, for murdering old Dillon."

"Now, gentlemen," at last called out the Vice, (another terrific peal of tin-pans.) "Ah, we'll lend your drums a whistle just now; mind what you are all going to do. We must not infringe the law; recollect the riot act has been read, of course, on that account we have a right to be more riotous than we otherwise should be; but, mark, there is no nursery lesson better known, than that of the way in which Rome was saved. Now the way we will do it, must be this, let the band play agreeable airs, and when we come to any of the specials, or, indeed, to anything hostile, we will all flutter our wings, and cackle like geese; thus conveying the moral, that like those sapient birds of old—we are trying to save the liberties and town of Frescoth."

This was highly approved of, and, in order that none might disgrace themselves, in the execution, all commenced cackling and hissing; and not one but did it as well as a gosling. Rowland said he could not cackle, but he could gabble as well as any turkey; this he did, and, we are happy to say elicited deep admiration. Some could bleat like sheep; others had powers more blatant, so said they should ask the Town arms, why they had not more sympathy with this *generation*. Well, they all could imitate something; and the Vice said it did not matter what, so that their opponents could make nothing but *geese* of them—but added, in whatsoever their forte might lie, he should advise them not to forget that a good knob-stick a-piece would help them to wade through the sludge, as from his personal knowledge, some parts of Frescoth stood notoriously in want of scavengers. Let them submit plans and specifications for the better cleansing of the streets, and he had no doubt that respectable *contractors* would be *found*.

The band now strikes up. Then two and two follow this select committee. The applause we have seen bestowed upon the hero of the feast, inside the Legs Hotel, was but incipient to that which welcomed him outside. All the gentlemen who had been drinking his retaining-fees were in readiness; in short, all but the sly and interested were

there; not forgetting the *civil* force, which to do it justice was so literally; for though sworn on one side, it is probable it would like to have been assisting the other in drinking the liberal fees, of the now triumphant-entry advocate.

Every thing was in peace, that is, of course, peaceable, as we generally are when in the celebration of one of her achievements. Not a flap of her wing, or turn of her beak, but denoted that good-will, which is ever the sweet contrast to eagles,' or even ravens,' when militant. All was in this way, until the migratory fowls arrived at the house of one of the magistrates, one too of Dillon's clique; and then, it must be confessed, there was some cackling, flapping of wings, preening of feathers, and twisting of tails; in short, they were all in a flutter. However, it is possible that they would have made off, like geese at feeding time, with their wings high up, and their legs low down, when just as they were preparing for their accompanying flight, a regular rattling volley of tin-pans, with some extraordinary missiles, took place. This was returned with a tremendous cackle, our party resolving not to be drawn into a trap by such vulgar baits as these—but a bucketful, or, perhaps, two or three of an indescribable composition being hurled into the midst of them, the hero of the day getting more, even than his share, though we are obliged to confess all got enough of this singular fluid, there was a regular rush for vengeance—the BATTLE had begun.

"Stay, who is to command?" cried Wildingair, "nothing without a leader."

"You, you," shouted the rest.

"Then, mark; twelve run down to the brook, and fill your hats with pebbles. Some pull down that garden wall; and until the young brood of stones come, we can be letting fly at the doors, and the lighter missiles' arrival is the signal for the windows."

"Look," cried another, "they are running down the garden, and, no doubt, intend to flank us."

This was scarcely said, when a shower of brick bats, pieces of slate, and hard mortar, came rattling from the top of an adjoining out-house. The stones had not arrived, so the commander ordered it to be taken by storm, which was attempted amidst a very tempest of missiles. And now the ammunition is come, and every hand is prepared to make the air whistle with the largest stone its possessor can get. One of the general's staff saw the error of a diversion against the out-house, and pointed it out to the chief, adding, he was convinced it was done to save the windows and interior of the old chateau; and as the attack had commenced from its windows or roof, why not humble its haughty walls the first!—even, if it were necessary, by bricks, from the insolent out-building, when pulled down.

Wildingair saw the soundness of this counsel, and a hurricane of stones and threats obey his orders against the solemn-looking bay windows. The party in the out-house, with those in the gardens, now deploy, as well as about a dozen of the specials. One tremendous shout of Freedom and Victoria Rex rallies a crowd, who had hitherto only spectatorised; and pell-mell—club to club, and fist to fist, and, despite the commands on either side, without any regard to discipline, or even

keeping their lines, the Gibbon party fairly smashed what ranks the other had. So fierce was the charge, that no less than thirty of the magisterial party were fairly run down; and like the ungenerous flood, when the dam-gates give way, the body that ran them down, also ran over them. Gibbon was as great in the battle as he had been in the senate; already had he drawn blood from about a dozen skulls, though we must admit, not without losing some of his own. Rowbottom had also smashed three clubs, but was now down with a portion of six of the specials and two of the regulars: the only two of Frescoth, upon him, Wildingair seeing this, bellowed for about a score to his assistance; leading them himself. Now this was the hitch of the struggle, the nucleus that a new fight was to be formed upon. For it would seem that the most positive orders had been given, to select him, whatever else was left undone: or whoever might escape,

Rowland, Styrrup and a heap of others, were at another wing of the terrible battle, but were soon brought to the rallying point, when they heard of the position of the gallant Rowbottom. They quickly rescued him, and bore all before them; only such as fell sooner, right down the declivity into the brook. It must be confessed, though the struggle at Jena was not greater than in this spot, the engagement wanted that sublimity which generally characterizes dire war. For what with the splashing of water, the duckings, the pelting each other with handfulls of sludge, and small pebbles; even the women took courage to laugh, as the whole could be tolerably seen by the aid of numerous illuminations and the quiet moon. The legal party finding that further resistance was futile, fled most magnanimously amidst the yells of triumph from the Gibbon party. When we say fled, of course we mean only such as had the gift of running left to them; for many were denied that function, as the roads, brook banks, and bottom, strewn with wounded, could terribly testify.

Seeing the hurried retreat, of what the magistrates called the protective party; though the others also said they were fighting for the protection of Frescoth, the Gibbonites ordered the band to play the air which was set to a song, describing a similar accident to Colonel Dillon's Loyal Frescoth Volunteers; then followed the band to battle, but though they could see themselves, they did not permit a peep in return; for their eyes were covered with mountains of flesh, and strange to say, though the flesh had been so considerate to those tender organs, the heaps all about their shoulders and ribs had not received equal attention, either from coat, waistcoat or shirt, as except a few tattered attempts, all was bare; then came Rowbottom with two rattles, and the chief constable's baton; next Wildingair with three tin-pans and half a shirt, which he put to the end of one of their clubs, and waved it rather as a trophy, than a truce flag. Triumph was then clamored on in her return to the Legs' when in turning the large stable yard, there defiled the troops of the Frescoth Volunteers, with Colonel Dillon at their head, not as he had been seen that morning on the bench; but with "au his sooderin cloo-oths on, and with drawn sword in hand," Dillon's men soon formed line, and as soon as he saw Gibbon's party fairly wedged into the angle of the street, he cried, "recollect the riot act has been

read." Gibbon hearing this, and seeing the scowl as well as the triumphant grin on his opponent's face, cried out "Damn the riot act! on lads on, we'll scare a thousand such feather-bed vermin—on!" "steady men," said Dillon, "make ready!"

A terrible scream from the women, and a rush round the stable yard through such doors as were open, and in every direction made, by what the news papers called the mob, followed this.

"Present!"

"Wait a second," cried the flying multitude, and now the whole of the yard-gates give way and about half a thousand are squozed into the Legs' yard, and amongst the rest, and who indeed got undermost; were Rowbottom, Wildingair and others of the dinner party. During this consternation, a four horse-coach was seen to drive to the opposite corner, and seized as many, so it appeared, as could be placed within; then rapidly dashed off.

"Now," cried Gibbon, "why not stand on one side, and give the last word of command,—to butcher. "Here," said he, looking round and seeing no one in danger, I will give it; "Fire," and the magnanimous Gibbon had no occasion to bare his breast, but he stood like one that would; if he had had anything to take off.

Dillon merely lifted up his sword and called "as you were" and then approaching Gibbon, but pretending not to know him, added, "arrest that man, and as he is nearly naked, get him some clothing from the work-house."

"Work-house!" roared Gibbon; "the first man that puts hands upon me, I'll dash out his brains; you try yourself Mr. Magistrate Colonel, you have read the act you say, and why not order them to fire? again I say here I am, I have fought for Frescoth freedom, and you shall not enslave it; you tinselled craven!"

Dillon pointed his sword, and in one instant the gallant Gibbon was a prisoner, amidst the tears and hisses of such as saw the event from the room-windows, house-tops, and the like, nay the men who took him did it in such a feeling manner, that Gibbon at last became affected, entreated them to bear witness, that he had two Constables' staves and other trophies; and that he had faithfully discharged those high duties which had been placed upon him to fulfil.

And some when they saw the old man's white hairs and battered carcass, testified all this with tears; for although they had their, 'sooder-in cloo-oths' *on, in*, they had the feelings of the tyranized Frescothers.

CHAPTER XXII.

COLONEL DILLON CONSULTS LORD WANDLY.

"And so, Sir Sapiant! you must commence by reading the riot act, and end with calling out a body of men, when the slightest accident would

have caused not only the destruction of your notable seat of justice, but through the late poaching prosecutions, would have extended incendiaryism to the seat of Hescott. I thought you had known in what a deplorably nervous state, my venerated Father is; a tumult like this might have been fatal. Every precaution for quietness, and there were the Frescoth pan-mugs ringing, or rather clanking, their infernal alarms all night; I, having to sit up every inch of it, to prevent the many expresses from telling him the real cause. Had to feign they had mistaken his birthday morn, and were thus attending the celebration too soon."

"I am greatly grieved," humbly, it may be said crouchingly, returned the other, "but as one of the messengers told me that your lordship was rabbit shooting, contiguous to the hall, I entertained a hope that your noble father the earl, was better, and—"

"Did you sir? could it not occur to you, that I was at that very unaccustomed sport, merely to delude the fellows you sent, into a belief that I was not cognizant of the fooleries going on under your, and other equally sapient gentlemen's command. But I must make further enquiry into the whole of this; so far it seems to me now, that you have eternally upset the noble session of Frescoth, your chairmanship look you, phit for it! upon my conscience, the Rowbottoms, Styrrups, Wandmoths, Gibbon's ire; ay, and popularity too, and in short you have brought down upon us all the manufactural wealth, (and what's more devilish, these times ha, ha, and a county election on too,) I may say within twenty miles of us; indeed I do not know to what extent.

"There was opposition enough between our orders before this, and upon my credibility, but you have helped matters on wonderfully; I actually think the whole of such importance that I have countermanded a special train, for I should be in Downing street at this very minute; but for this." And then the impetuous speaker walked quickly about the room, his dressing-gown tails slung over his arm. Whilst the other looked paler, than did the mob on the preceding night, when he had ordered his soldiers to fire; for it is probable the reader will suspect that the present humble gentleman is no other than the same somewhat imperious one of the Frescoth petty sessions, and Colonel's uniform of the night before, Colonel Dillon.

"I assure your lordship I did all for the best, and I trust my lord will also do me the justice to say, partly under your lordship's commands."

"What?" said the other sternly, "reading the riot act, and your last display, and taking them all into custody too: a nice fellow that Wildingair, to make a prisoner of, and all through an after-dinner row, too, oh sir stare! but that is what the world will call it."

"I thought my lord, so I, my lord, understood Mr. Tennyson to say, that your lordship would be glad if they would *illuminate* the town, or at all events, some part of it in some other way, save that of additional *gas* and—"

"Well but did *they*?" asked his lordship drily—

"N—o, no."

"It would have been time enough *then*, to have called, or rather led out

the ha, ha,—if three had stuck to Gibbon, it's more than would have adhered to you, general—the military !”

(“The malignant villain, and yet he knows I obeyed his orders to an inch) I have certainly, so far as I could glean from Mr. Tennyson, acted up, at least to what I thought your lordship wished.”

“Humph! *thought.*”

“But my lord there was a mysterious event occurred, just as the arrest or a little earlier, took place,—a coach drove up, and as I am informed.”

“Well now as you are informed?”

(“Ah I thought he knew something about it, he shall not have it all his own way yet.”)

“Your information?”

“Ah, a coach and four and—a—seized, so they say—”

“Who say, what? the fact is Dillon, you have almost got into as veritable a plan of telling a tale, as any old lady in the parish: ‘they say’ ‘some say,’ out with it”—Lord Wandly as he finished, saw the dry look of the now-a-little more composed chief-magistrate Colonel Dillon; one little peep was enough, and his lordship became the very easy-chair of indifference.

“Ah, three or four of, or indeed I do not know how many of Gibbon’s party, perhaps *not* so many were seized.” And Dillon dropped his cold grey eye upon the richly slippered toes of the musing lord.

“Humph—well?”

“Oh I know nothing more my lord. How would your lordship like the prisoners to be disposed of: perhaps I had better keep off the bench?”

“Summarily; treat it as an after-dinner row, that is, if *they* are agreeable.”

“They! my lord?”

“Ay they, there is sure to be an appeal as to the fines of the morning against Styrrup, a nice thing to admit that your ‘judgement would have been *different* had it not been for the saucy advocacy of that blundering Gibbon,’ ha ha! upon my honor Dillon, I see nothing but a resignation.”

“I am quite willing if your lordship is!” said the other placidly.

“Well, that as may be, but tell your coadjutors to be summary, paying of course for such damages as may be produced against them. From what I hear, though great, there will be but little charged, unless on your side and I should advise them to moderate their desires. Now you had better get to the scene of your achievements, and let me know what you can by three; as I speak to night, good morning, Colonel Dillon,—Heaven send that these things may end well!”

“Good morning my lord;” and the Colonel began to shuffle on an old pair of thick wash-leather gloves. “So this is it after all, but my good lord I’ll be in with you. Ah Mr. Tennyson, met his lordship going out I suppose? speaks to-night I hear? breakfasts here to morrow? 200 miles off town: not bad work, resolved to be a Napoleon (in something) eh? then I suppose the world would never think that he could have been cognizant of these outrageous doings at Frescoth; but then the world is not aware of the merit of special trains, when carrying one of her Majesty’s secretaries,—eh, ha, ha, wonderful days—eh?”

“Don’t you admire despatch Colonel?”

"Oh y—es, in its way, but certainly starting from here to London, after three o'clock, rubbing up with his secretary, and thus appearing as one of the crown's, the same night concluding the debate, and on so great a question too: back again for breakfast, and then walking leisurely amongst his new road cutters, drainers, stone getters, brick makers, morning calls to petty gentry; when they (the gentry,) see the "*Times*" at night and find five columns to Lord Wandly; eh, ha, ha, enough to bother their eye sight, is it not? could swear they had seen him shooting on the preceding day; that morning had made a call upon them, there could not be a mistake about that, and to have shattered the opposition the same morning in the space of two hours, eh? ha, ha, two hundred miles off town; used in my early days be a three days' journey eh? enough to bother us all, eh; Mr. Tennyson?"

"So you do not like despatch?"

"Why yes, I tell you I do, am I not telling you all along?"

"Well I am glad to hear it; now here is an opportunity Colonel for your display in that way, for there is a messenger; pardon me if I did not name it sooner, but when first told, you were engaged with my lord. And then you ran on so in his praise, in which you know, it was not my place to stop you; so that I could not speak to the purpose sooner: however there has been a messenger here to say, that the mob has surrounded Colonel Dillon's house and—but the youth was so flurried, the house—but you may guess the state he would be in; intend, so it is feared, are going either to pull it down, or set fire to it; "I suppose it is insured?"

Long before the garrulous Mr. Tennyson had delivered his message, the gallant and active dignitary had left the room.

"Ha, ha, ha," said a voice through a pannel in the wall, "well done Tennyson, that certainly was the way to cure him of his snarls as to my quick travelling, but now Tennyson as to my speech, have you got that list of the imports?"

"'Tis here my lord."

"The duties, drawbacks, seizures?"

"All here my lord."

"Well take the usual route, and give orders for the train to pick up where you like; I shall take a bed in the carriage, for I have been up every inch of this infernal night. The Earl has been so ill; you can read these as we go along, as well as all the newspapers in which my movements are noticed; now go Tennyson. I have other things to watch, the newspapers for, save those that Mr. Tennyson imagines I want watched; watched, peered into; for I fear there has been some bungling, pah! another booby magistrate from Frescoth. I shall have to grant audiences to farmers next," and then his lordship touched a bell spring, which to those for whose ears it was intended, was perfectly understood; his lordship was not at home.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SEQUEL.

Dire and oft have been the struggles for what is called freedom, but seldom has it fallen to the lot of the more humble historian to read one, in all respects, more fearful than this we have witnessed at Frescoth. Both parties it would seem suffered fearfully, both had drunk luxuriantly, as all the ale houses had been compelled, though with fear of petty session before their eyes, to keep open all night. The round-house was filled with subordinate persons. The leaders-on, as they were termed, were prisoners of honor; not without a strong guard at the Legs Hotel, some of them made but woeful resemblances to their own portraits of the preceding morning; and certainly the most pitiably mauled, was the great Stentorian advocate. Mr. Rowbottom had had his share of the mauling, but fortunately all was under *cover*, or would be so when he could get properly attired, for which purpose he had despatched his servant to Fleigh, not to take news, but bring back some whole clothing and decent linen. Wildingair had got his face snipped in about a dozen places, and was tolerably rib-sore; but like the great Gibbon, heart-whole. Styrrup, indeed all of our crew, manifested the not unusual spectacle of even a thoroughly *successful* campaign; a sad difference in appointments, between the going out, and the coming in.

They seemed disposed, but did not look blank, for before the sixth bowl of mulled wine was drunk, and just as breakfast was coming in, and the guards had gone below to get theirs, a tremendous mob surrounded the front, and demanded of Gibbon to lead them up for the purpose, as they stated in the deputation, of going to pull Dillon's house down; or, if required, setting fire to it, as the revered Mr. Gibbon might think most fitting and commendable. This was the first time that the learned gentleman's eyes were fairly opened. Rowbottom shuddered when he looked through the window, and might be said to be in a still greater state of alarm when he presented himself on the balcony. Gibbon he durst not trust, and to say he was too ill to present himself to them, might have been still more dangerous; it was a desperate point, for he saw that if the thing was not most delicately handled, the most terrible, nay fatal consequences must follow. He at once hit upon it, told Wildingair and others as they valued their lives, not to allow Gibbon, who was very anxious to come to the front; that if he persisted, actually to lay hands upon him. This done he addressed the enormous crowd, after waiting several minutes for the subsidence of their applause at his appearance.

He at once told them that his friend and theirs (obliged to say so) was gone down to Manchester for legal assistance, and consequently could not have the honor of addressing them until his return; which might

be in a few hours. In the mean time he exhorted them to a peaceable behaviour, pointed out to them the madness of assembling in the way they had done. The town being declared in a state of riot, and therefore liable to military law; soldiers within half an hour's ride and the like—Wildingair followed, then Mr. Sweetlove, who had evidently more power than both the other gentlemen, and at last the crowd quietly dispersed.

The magistrates seeing the fevered state of the whole neighborhood, sent a message to the defendants, stating, that they had no doubt, the defendants' advisers would agree with *theirs*, that it would be injudicious to go into charges against them, until something like a reasonable quietness might settle upon the town. Under these circumstances they should require only their pledge to be in readiness when called upon to submit to the investigation. This was deemed satisfactory to all parties, and all agreed to adjourn until the time fixed. It was not until this arrangement was finally concluded that one of their party was found to be missing, and to every inquiry which was at once set on foot; not the slightest information respecting him could be obtained: although every thing was done that was in any way calculated to discover his concealment, or the cause of his absence. Parties were despatched in every direction; to make enquiry if anything could be known respecting the slender youth who had been so conspicuous in the evening's fight.

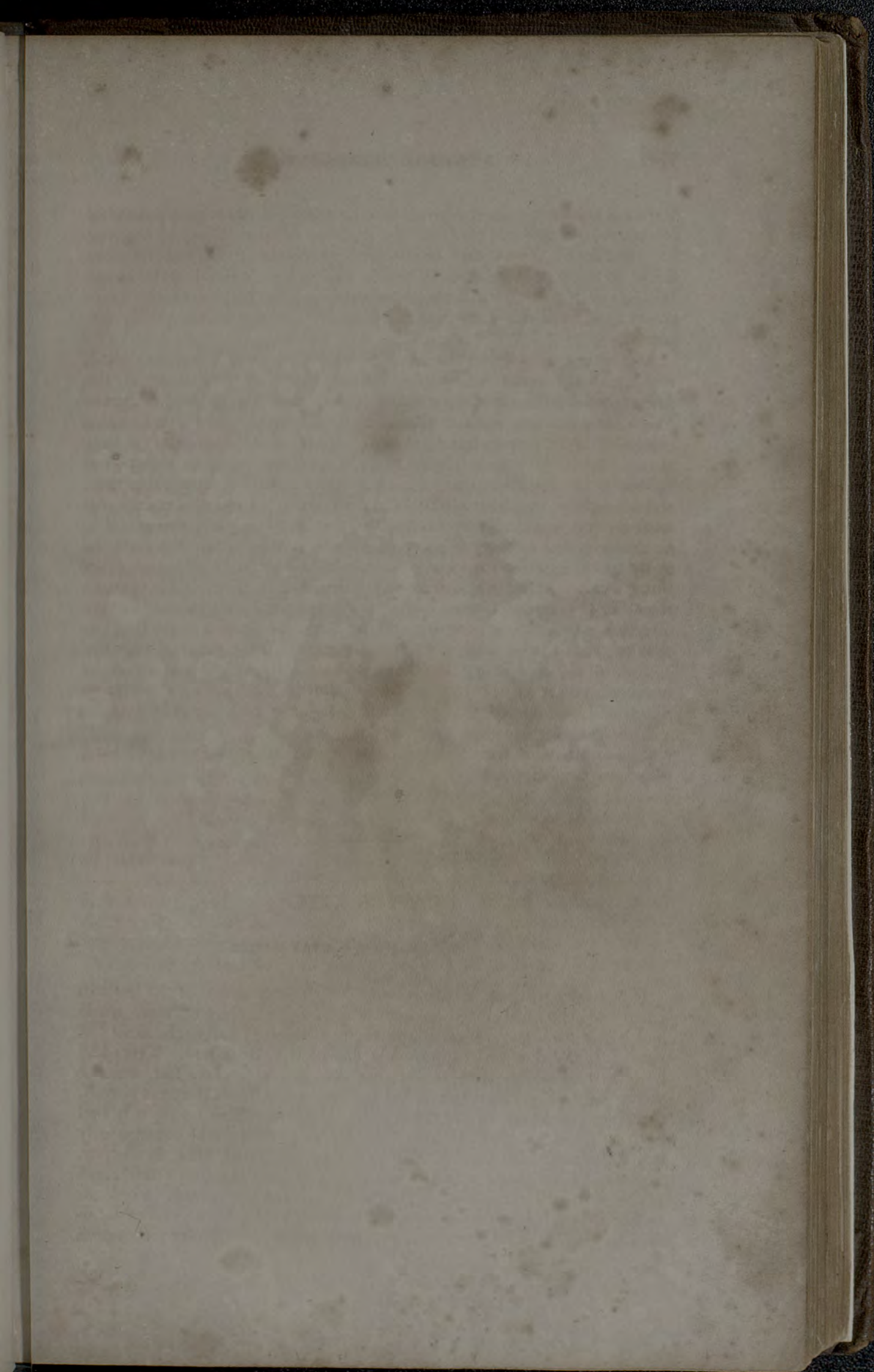
But in all, and every such search, not a single glimpse could be obtained, either as to where he was, or how he had been abducted: as his friends all agreed that he would not have fled, nor indeed gone, without giving them his reason for doing so.

The youth who had disappeared so mysteriously, was our poor hero, Rowland Bradshaw.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. BRADSHAW'S FIRE-SIDE.

The reader will not be displeased after the turbulence of the last two chapters, if he be removed to quieter scenes; to a place of more gentle and better feelings: we carry him then to Rainford lodge, the small but beautiful, and now well supported school of Mrs. Bradshaw. There had been several additions to it since we saw Rowland there last, and one young lady, of perhaps the rarest beauty, save the conductress herself, that ever spread wonder in those quiet districts. This young lady had been on a visit in the neighborhood for some time; and consequently got acquainted with some of the pupils of the gifted Mrs. Bradshaw. She was so delighted with the arrangements and manifest attainments of the principal and assistant, that she entreated her parents to consent to her removal from the seminary she was then in, to the one of Rainford lodge. Her requests were granted after proper inquiry; as indeed





"and the whistle was made"

most of her wishes, for independently of her great beauty, sprightliness, and wit, she was the eldest daughter of an immensely rich manufacturer, a gentleman residing at Fleigh, and whose name was Dantskipp.

Thus then we have Eliza Jane, transferred from Lammerhed seminary to that of our hero's mother, and this too without either his knowledge or Mr. and Mrs. Dantskipp's. Indeed she took up her permanent abode on the very day after the Frescoth riot, and on the one following that, we shall again introduce the reader to this seat of innocency and happiness.

Mrs. Bradshaw was in unusual spirits, and told the young ladies, that in the evening, after tea, she had a little treat for them.

"Now you will recollect, Miss Sarah, when Rowland was here last, you were pestering us all about your determination to go to a convent, in consequence of some young ladies going to one at that time. There is a legend, I may call it one, in my family of one of its members, a Sir Rowland De Blois, who was desperately enamoured of the third daughter of a neighboring noble, and who in consequence of some correspondence with a relation, a lady abbess in Sicily, she would receive the veil. The youth pursued her to her retreat, a convent in the low lands, and there lost his life; but I am anticipating the plot: suffice it the tale is true, and I perceive my son has not varied it, only altering names and calling the hero Sir Life, probably, as you will see, for the sake of moral. He promised me he would attempt to versify it, though the thing has been done in several ballads, when he was last here, for our amusement he has done so, and what is more, has succeeded in getting it into one of the monthly serials. Now listen and I will read it for you.

The Nun Frances.

"Oh, oh," said little Life
To one he called his wife,
"Let's away to the sicamore tree,
Come and fetch me a knife,
My own pretty wife,
And a whistle I'll whittle for thee."

And the whistle was made
As with the cut of a spade,
The old, into the new but is slic'd:
Then futings and flutings
And all sorts of cutings,
Danc'd the midges as though two were
splic'd.

Now the youth of man's youth,
Is much shorter in truth;
Than of most things, as most things have
seen,
For the stout sicamore,
Was as young at three score;
As young Life and his wife at sixteen.

Soon young Life grew a squire
And stood very much higher,
In his spurr'd boots, than when in his
shoes;
The lady grew shyer
Her Ma must deny her,
Still Sir Life thought, she couldn't refuse.

Now the sadness of love
Is the ark to the dove,
Its sulks form the arc of its gravity;
For the maid would be pent,
In a close barr'd convent,
Sure this is love's centre of pravity.

Nor the sicamore tree,
Nor the song of a bee,
Or grasshopper, could stop her; in vain
Did young Life of times tell her
When oft' with charmed spell, her
Honied kiss, summon'd his bliss from
pain.

He spoke of their happy days,
 E'en to their pappy days,
 Where they'd been prickl'd, thistl'd, nettled;
 Then pointing to his spurs,
 Said that all should be hers
 With him, if to him, she'd write, 'settled.'

No, she must be a nun,
 That couldn't be undone,
 And her name should be sister Frances;
 He mustn't pursue her,
 For that would undo her!
 And destroy her, the sweetest of fancies.

To Ypres in Flanders,
 She for a kiss wanders,
 From an abbess, whose ungentle office;
 Forms th' abyss to affections,
 Earth's hopes and connections,
 So poor Life's woe's adept, since his love
 is a novice.

O'er the dreary ploughed fields,
 (When autumn's stubble yields,
 To the grave of yon winter fallows)
 Is seen the pierced lover,
 Seeking the bare cover,
 Of the tree that fond mem'ry hallows.

And he laid down to weep,
 But he fell fast asleep,
 When came the saint-guard of his Frances
 And said, "come be cheery
 Of a convent she's weary,
 And now prefers you, to such romances."

Then he called in his year rents,
 With some stout adherents;
 Said, wading the sea, ardor would
 show,
 They, liking his plan well,
 All rush'd through the channel,
 In a big ship, called the mighty Po.

Now the day they took sail,
 Miss Frances took the veil,
 All her hair being cut save her lashes,
 When a week after that,
 As she was in her third *pat*,
Er noster, up a well armed troop dashes.

Soon they rapped at the gate
 Soon they find they're too late;
 The novice now is a nun:
 Who dropp'd her rosary,
 She was so, oh very
 Happy to hear the fun had begun.

Poor Life was maddened,
 Sickened, saddened,
 As he glimps'd upon her dormitory;
 And, bothered what to do,
 Penn'd her a billet doux,
 To ask if he must storm or tarry.

He must tarry p'rhaps for years,
 But storm not, if the spheres
 Storm on him, for two score nights and
 days,
 He must wrench stones and spars,
 Spring wood and iron bars,
 Yet noiseless, as his muffl'd post chaise.

Gallant Life was resolv'd,
 That the spirit involv'd,
 In her vervel, he'd strictly pursue,
 Then with pick axe in hand,
 He, and his brave band,
 Made a big hole (all for) to creep through!

Now in this nunnery,
 Was a maid from Hungary
 Thither pursued by a very fierce Duke;
 Who swore he would fracture,
 Each stone in the structure,
 If abbess, or guard, his rage durst rebuke.

Scarcely had the vesper,
 Descended the west, ere
 Arriv'd the black Duke, the great Sedan,
 The secreted post chaise,
 Puts his breast in a blaze,
 His rival's first!—belov'd Estevan.

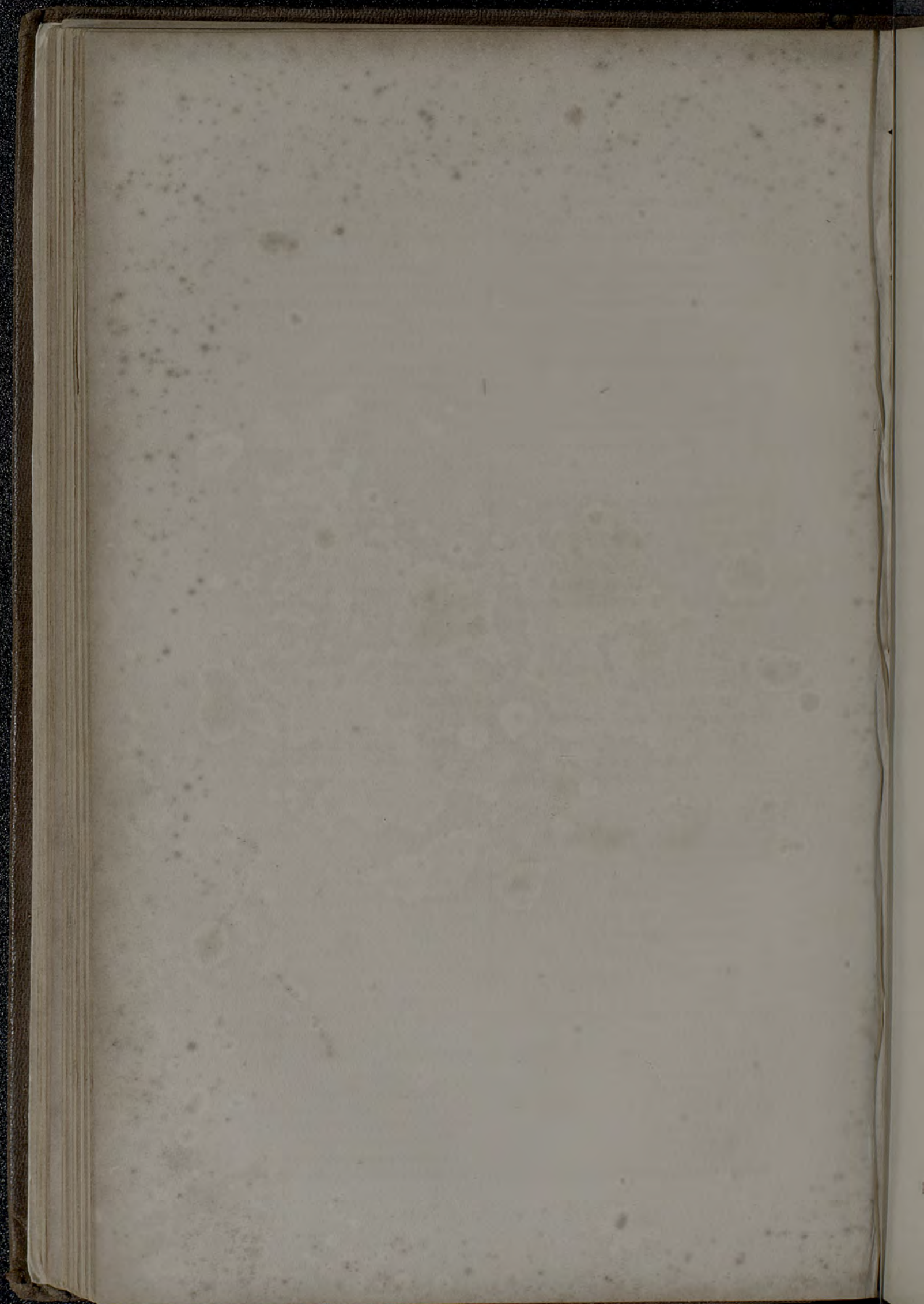
Under the west corner,
 The Duke and suite all are;
 Waiting the abduction of sister Ann,
 Swearing the abductor,
 Should form an instructor,
 To those who'd impose, on the Duke
 Sedan.

Nobly adventuring,
 Life's crew are entering,
 Where waits the prize; Life in a trance is,
 As his joy mix'd with fear,
 Lest the Abbess should hear,
 The escape of the good nun Frances.

The Abbess heard it not,
 And they out scot and lot,
 So snugly, the lady was in shocks;
 Lest in tale or romance,
 The tale should not advance,
 E'en to the episode of her locks.



"twas a cowardly shot"



Now up the narrow ridge,
Near the turn of the bridge,
Young Life soon bears his first sweet
away,
His heart beating gladly,
His friends jumping madly;
Resolv'd to count leagues ere peeps
the day,

As the earthquake's first growl
Shoots dismay to the soul,
Of lonely pilgrim, in dreadful way,
So the Duke's revenge shout,
Puts all the boasts to rout,
Of Life's friends, but nought else they
say.

"Let me thank thee Estevan,
And thee too, lovely Nan,"
(The Duke thought 'twas they who were
flying.)
"Come love jump up behind,
Sir, 'Stevan will not mind,
My horse carries double without shying."

Now had the noble Peer,
Fulminated this sneer,
In expressions howe'er slightly English'd
The dire strife and fight.
Of Duke and Life that night;
These verses had never distinguished.

Like a meteor light streaming,
Soon the Duke's sword was gleam-
ing,
O'er the bent form of peaceful Sir Life.
Who to his warm breast,
The only earth-form prest,
That e'er gave peace, or roused it to
strife.

Soon the burden with care,
Is plac'd in the rear,
Soon from band to band the battle is
spread,
But quicker than either,
Or both put together,
Flies the cold bullet through poor Life's
head.

'Twas a cowardly shot,
But to Life mattered not;
There end his days, there runs out his
span.
Now she the Duke fought for,
Was not the one sought for,
But won, was preferr'd to sister Ann.

When the Duke got her home,
She his wife must become,
And merge in "her grace"—"nun Fran-
ces,"
Then three days she did fret,
Until in the gazette
She read "part first" of her roman-
ces.

'Twas a very sad job,
But her heart 'gan to throb,
As she thought of the stir it would make;
Such wood cuts and pictures,
Such news-paper strictures,
On fight and flight, "Laws! how it will
take."

Now all things are quiet
Until the next Diet,
The Duke is impeach'd by young Estevan
They could not go further,
Than charge him with murder,
Save proving it, before which he ran.

He left the young Dutchess,
Who said 'twas as much as
Her life was worth, to sleep there and
feed,
Complains how she's fated
Of the world she's sated
So now, she's an Ypress nun indeed.

On the very same day,
That young Life went away,
A very old peerage to him fell,
On the very same morn,
He's expected to return,
Dully booms the first knoll of his knell.

On the very same night,
Is observed his last rite,
Yon torch stream leads the sable array:
Slowly peals the sad choir,
As they reach the old spire,
Near which Lord Life sleeps well to this
day.

The sicamore was green,
When 'neath it might be seen
A widowed mother; ay she weeps,
The sicamore was sear,
No mother weepeth there,
But with her murder'd son ever sleeps.

"Sleep ye well, sleep ye well,
Young Life and Lady Bell,"
Still is the song by little lips sung,
"Run a post run a post,
Lest the nun Frances' ghost,
Comes to ask grace from the hearts
she hath wrung."

Some say that LIFE'S ages,
Have several stages,
Mixing grief with joy. Thus it would
seem,
That as the bad man sows,
Most of the good man's woes,
The best but reaps the wealth of a dream.

"I feel sorry," said Mrs. Bradshaw as she laid the ballad down, "that Rowland should have dismissed, nay conducted most of his subject so pettishly; but the fact is, the poor boy has completely adhered to the one as his great grandfather ever told it; for this being an imaginary relation to the good old man, he ever told of the terrible doings of nun Frances with proper descendant bitterness, and his descendant again, has not disgraced him; for he appears to have been equally severe with this unfortunate lady."

Well, the criticisms were exactly as numerous as there were hearers, all agreeing however, that if they had such a lover as Sir Rowland De Blois, they would have been more true to him, or at least gone into mourning, even if the Duke would not have deferred the nuptials for a single hour. Then they all began to wonder what she was like; what the Duke was like; whom the lover favored; was lady Bell as handsome as her descendant Mrs. Bradshaw; what was Rowland like? but this was only asked of course by the new comer. One we may mention seemed particularly anxious to know what he was like; this was Miss Dantskipp.

"Why," said Mrs. Bradshaw, "some say that he is so like me, that it would be impossible to see us without guessing at the relation-ship."

"Ay, but that is impossible from the age, or else I saw a young gentleman I could have affirmed to be your son, only, as I have said, for the age."

"What age might that be,?" asked Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Oh probably about seventeen."

"Oh!" smiled the other, "that is the age of my son."

"The age of your son madam? why you surprise me, but though a wonderful likeness, very, I think you do not know him, he was riding with a neighbor of ours Mr. Rowbottom."

"Of Fleigh?"

"The same."

"That is my son—why surely my dear you are not alarmed, why you look as pale as death!"

"Oh I am a little unwell, oh but touching your son ha, ha, ha, I have met him before; I think so, if that be he, and when we are alone I will tell you of such a joke, but of course only, I must have your secrecy madam."

"Oh, Mrs. Bradshaw, if you once begin with Eliza's jokes, they will never be done."

"Oh, fie!"

"Why, you know you are one of the little maddest wags in the county."

"And with the kindest heart," said one of the orphans, who the reader will recollect was introduced to him when he was first carried to the academy of Rainforth Lodge.

"There is one thing, I must confess, I feel proud of in this little attempt of Rowland's, and that is, he appears to have avoided, in the old ballad style, that archaism which is now so much the fashion with modern writers, when on ancient customs. I am also happy that he has avoided the introduction of those classic puerilities, a fault so common in first attempts; particularly if the author has had, what some think, the good fortune to be matriculated in one of our renowned classical seminaries. Those, and the introduction of big words for little meanings, are almost the inseparable faults of youthful composition. A chapter of hard words is like the earth, when, in her orbit, intercepting a shoal of falling ærolites; we see them, admit their glowing appearance, and if both be made to wonder at, their use is defined; but like other ignes fatui, their lights delude those who would be guided by them: and to the more forbearing, they only make darkness more painful. But neology has become a virtue of late, for here is a book, and, in other respects, of considerable talent, that although I thought I had a tolerably copious knowledge of words, yet here are some scores, which not being able to get at by the usual roots, I have been obliged to read with a dictionary by my side, and even then have met with dozens, that it would seem the honest lexicographer had not, or probably he would have enrolled them; but certes he has not. Now, my dears, it will not be uninteresting just to make a list of them; nor, I am sure, shall we want amusement, when we come to see what very little, very common, and familiar expressions will be found to convey the same meanings. This, you must do; and, I have no doubt, it will act as a preventive either to their use, should you attempt composition, or to the undue admiration of them, when in the works of others.

"Now, without wishing to speak unseemly, or arrogating too much in favor of our own sex, I am convinced that the reason why the generality of women write better than that of the men, is, in consequence of, what the latter call, the defect of the formers' education—that is, through not undergoing a classical regimen. Having seven or ten years' Greek and Latin cramming, is like the aspirant to the easel, eternally copying—he may tell you, and truly, they are the works of the best masters, the ancients, and the rest, and that, by this labor, (Greek and Latinity) he shall *get their touch, their color, and feeling!*—why, so he does, but obtains none of his own; his taste becomes so pure, so classic, and so *learned*, that he has no time to originate, and must ever be content with pointing out beauties, which he first thinks, and then finds, that the power of giving birth to them, on his own account, is for ever impossible. The education which gives less of what is termed *opportunity*, causes men to think and write for themselves, and not being learned, are often wise. Thus, in the present state of things, I think the girls have the best chance; if, however, the day should come, when learning and knowledge are considered distinct, or, in other words, when youth are taught that tools are meant to work with, and not to admire; that education is the means, and not the end; why, then, they may take a position as a body—which is now only supported by some few of them, who come under the denomination of self-taught.

"And even then, I am satisfied there is not that miraculous disparity

of capacity between the sexes, which the men would make us believe exists. I cannot see why they should have more head to begin with; and women are infinitely more industrious; are more domesticated, and, probably from habit, more unwearied in their labors. Four of the best miniature painters in the world are ladies; many have distinguished themselves in the higher walks of the art, and, of course, had to encounter amazing difficulties in their study of external anatomy, and other departments which their sex renders highly inconvenient. Not only belles-lettres, but scientific literature has been amazingly adorned and improved by their pens. This is very cheering, and surely will become the fashionable, as they are the proper accomplishments of that portion of the community, which, until late, has been carefully excluded from such distinction; and, in return, cede the praises arising from a very extensive acquirement of piano, harp, pattern-working, dancing, and surely the so mis-named accomplished young lady of the present day."

Mrs. Bradshaw would probably have extended her views of female education, but a loud knock called her attention to another part of the house, and as it concluded her remarks, the reader will pardon it, if it has the same effect upon this chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHOULD BE READ BY ALL YOUNG MEN.

The surprising doings of Frescoth had, for several days, occupied even the more serious of Fleigh, when a whisper got out that, extraordinary as had been the events during the late days of riot, there was one that excited more than all the rest. This was the singular abduction of Rowland; abduction it was called, because they never, for an instant, supposed that he would have absconded without some intimation. That he was either kidnapped or had got into some mysterious place, there could be no doubt. It was impossible that he could have been drowned, or fallen into any old coal shaft, as all had been dragged and carefully examined, though as privately as possible, under the personal management of Mr. Rowbottom and Mr. Styrrup. A week had elapsed, when the mysterious hints in the newspapers rendered it impossible to keep the terrible event any longer a secret. Nay, it was known, that though Mr. Rowbottom had not been seen, he had been at home for two days, and the hints further stated that he was yielding to the most intense sorrow.

Now, we are grieved to add, that when the whispers became certainties, that poor Rowland was not, nor could, be any more, the worst feelings of his friends enjoyed that singular gratification, that is too often

felt when we hear of some terrible mishap—nay, death itself to any of our acquaintance—that sort of inward cosy congratulation, which says “well, it might have been myself—but it is not.” This, we say, was the first impression. Indeed, some imagined they stood relieved from one, who held so many painful secrets. In those of the last, we regret to mention his master’s name; Mrs. Windley, his good wife; Mr. and Mrs. Dantskipp, and Mr. Peter Ince, who now thought the story of his badger safe. Even Mr. Bryant Gow could now assert, and maintain his supremacy with his fellow-apprentices. The little foreman feared no longer a secret that he knew, no breast possessed but the lost young Bradshaw; in short, some dozens felt relief—though, to a soul, all pitied his fate; they said so, and what a strange heart is the heart of man—all told the truth—their own selfishness was allayed, and then love and pity re-acted for the most rising genius of Fleigh, or of “a theausand mile reaund.”

And now came the proper consultations as to the best method of informing his friends, or, at least, all they had ever heard of them—his poor mother, and arrange the few affairs that a young and, it was supposed, but a poor apprentice-boy might have. For these purposes, Mr. Windley waited upon Mr. Rowbottom, or rather upon the good Miss Rowbottom, whom he found in deep grief. Mr. Windley acquainted her with the import of his errand. The amiable sister of Rowland’s patron then informed him, that such was the intensity of her brother’s sorrow, as he considered he had been the sole cause of all the misfortune, that he had been quite unable, for the last two days, to act in any way. “And,” added the pious sister with tears, “his wretchedness grows upon him; he appears to be for ever past reconciliation, and our old physician says that the best thing is quietness; nay, that we must not attempt to disturb him in any way, and particularly in affairs relating to this unhappy youth. He bursts into fit after fit of tears; for papa’s death did not appear to affect him more, nor perhaps so much, as the event had long been expected; and in this he wanders about being the poor child’s destruction; alas, alas,” and the scene soon became so affecting, that Mr. Windley wept. “Something, however, must be done, and that promptly, as all attempts now to discover him are likely to be in vain.

“I have spoken to the Curate, who, with Mr. Dantskipp, as he was on very friendly terms with Rowland, have agreed, of course, with your acquiescence and advice, to-morrow, to acquaint his mother with the terrible affair.”

“Ah but,” interrupted Mr. Windley, “the worst of it is, madam, we do not know where his mother lives, for that is the most extraordinary part of it. He never gave us the most distant hint of where she dwelt; indeed, that is what always vexed both me and my misses—that, I don’t know how we are to find it out.”

“Well, nothing but extraordinary circumstances, certainly, could excuse the steps that I would suggest you should take; but the only plan, it appears to me, would be—in the presence of his friends here—to open his box, and, doubtless, as he corresponded a good deal, there will be some papers which may give you a clue, and then, of course, act upon it, in the most advised manner possible.”

"Well—that certainly seems—but I don't know—for he was uncommonly close about that, as to who and what he had been—in nothing else."

"Well, Mr. Windley, with it we have now nothing to do; he appears to have now the love of all who knew him; and his discretion—so I have often heard my poor brother Robert say—was not less to be admired than his extraordinary parts and attainments."

"Why, yes madam, I think before I had done with him, he would have been a pretty tidy workman; and if he had gone to London, as I did, madam, for two years or so, why, I think, he then would not have disgraced my shop!—but that's over; when I first wrote to his mother, it was a long way off here—Willowton—but now I know they live nearer," concluded the late master of the lost apprentice.

"That is over; alas, poor boy, and God help his poor—yon's Robert's bell now—pardon me dear Mr. Windley—but I am anxious to know how he is, and in a short time, the curate, with other suitable gentlemen, will be in attendance—when Mr. Windley will be good enough to give them access to his papers, or whatever else is likely to lead you to a knowledge of his friends."

Mr. Windley returned home, and his good lady made the necessary preparations, and shortly after, the Curate, Mr. Dantskipp, Mr. Styrrup, and two or three others arrived.

The Curate said that if any others were wishful to come in, they had best be admitted, as there ought to be no secrets in an enquiry of the nature before them.

The locks of Rowland's trunks and box were then picked, and soon were discovered in singular confusion; heaps of papers, sketches, drawings, music, manuscript, and other miscellany; and that too in such abundance, that all were astonished, though Mrs. Windley said she had known him frequently to be in his own room for six hours at once, after working hours, or at any time when not called off by his business.

There was a difficulty in the beginning, but it was in some means obviated by Mr. Peter Ince, who suggested that the correspondence, and that too the latest written, would be the most likely to give them the information required—"or some of those little scraps," said the foreman, "as I know if ever any ideat struck him, he used to whip it down on a bit of paper—anything pithy," concluded the little foreman of Mr. Windley's.

"Humph," said the good divine, "this appears to be of amazing length, and would seem a copy of a letter to what the poor boy styles to be the 'dearest and most beloved of mammas.' But truly," said the worthy gentleman, laying down the paper, "I am fearful we have no right to read this. I wish sincerely that Mr. Rowbottom was here."

"Well," said Mr. Dantskipp, "what is to be done—we cannot know anythin' without readin'—you don't like to read it private—you think it is very wrong to read his private affairs public—what is to be done?"

"Oh," said Mr. Windley, "I think you can read, at all events, until I say stop, as his master, (and that I *shall* do, if I hear anythin' of either oven-door or grate.)"

"Well then," said the Curate, "here we will commence—as from

the glance I have taken of it, this will be the last, or one of them, of his effusions. 'I am now going, since you say that nothing gives you so much joy as one of my epistles, to write you a most astounding one, for Mr. Windley has kindly told me, that any time when I feel disposed to take an afternoon to myself, I am at liberty to do so; and, indeed, whilst speaking of him, here let me say, that since we have properly understood each other, his conduct is uniform, kind in the extreme, and gentlemanly. As to his merits, you are as well acquainted with them as I; indeed, nothing can exceed his goodness towards me, unless that of his worthy wife; poor Mrs. Windley, she has, in all things, been a second mother: I hope some day to prove to them that I have not been unmindful of their worth.'

"Oh! stop, stop, stop—read no more, Mr. Williams—that's his last will and testament," cried out poor Mrs. Windley, almost dropping off her chair, as if disposed to faint. "No one writes so forgiv'ly as that, but they have a presentimentation that it is the last they'll write in this world. You see he has been makin' his peace with all mankind, for what have I done that he should write so tenderly? oh, oh, read no more." And then Mrs. Windley toppled into her watchful husband's arms, in tears.

"Come, my dear," said her husband, "it's our duty to listen, and so far from not wishin' any more read, I could listen to such piety all day; come support yoursel', and please read on, sir."

The Curate continued, "'unmindful;' oh, 'indeed I may say the people of Fleigh are extraordinary; for under a rough exterior, and sometimes illiterate rudeness, I have met with kindness that was as lasting as it was unmerited. Nay, even my reserve—and nothing is so puzzling to those who would cultivate your acquaintance—has not prevented many from heaping favors upon me; and I know it will be grateful to my dear mammy's heart, when she learns that I have visited most of the families in this vicinity, and not private visits, a family tea, comic songs for the children, and a presidency at the piano, whilst the rest improve their knowledge of quadrilles; nor visits when everybody is invited, and you fill up; but visits when their most respected friends have honored them, and you are asked to give greater roundness to the welcome.

"Nor have they confined their kindness to such tokens, but often have honored me with seeking and acting upon my advice, and some of them of the most opulent of Fleigh. I have mentioned to you before of my acquaintance with the Dantskipps,' (at the mention of his name, preceded by taking the writer's advice, Mr. Dantskipp colored, and began to work about on his chair) 'and you will, perhaps, be a little astonished when I tell you that I have been, so he himself says, the cause of his building a new school, and supplying it with teachers, all free, for the children of his work-people. I spend many hours there, and, I assure you, nothing can be more delightful. Poor Mrs. Dantskipp was affected to tears when she saw the amazing improvement they have already made, and both she and her good husband have often regretted that they had not similar opportunities when young. Now I have discovered two or three things in this truly good man's character, and

which, I have no doubt, will generally apply to proprietors of huge manufactories. When I first knew him, I thought him austere and exact in the extreme; but when you consider that the slightest laxity of discipline, where, say, a thousand hands are employed, would be attended with ruin, the operations being so extensive, this must ever be the case: and were it not for this extreme regularity, this country could never have achieved her present glory; and silent would have been the boast which asserts that we are the greatest manufacturers in the world. But of Mr. Dantskipp, these things granted, I would unhesitatingly say, that no man has a righter heart when he sees his object, and though the sphere of his bounty is great, I am convinced there is no man doing a more active, more practical, and more permanent good.' "

"I cannot listen to another word; poor, poor boy; I would—would give half I'm worth, in the world, if I had such a son," said Mr. Dantskipp, and his grief made his cheeks twitch again. "Mr. Williams I will leave a cheque of two hundred pounds to offer as a reward for this poor lad; but I cannot listen any more, my heart would burst," and Mr. Dantskipp walked out, muttering to himself, "I'll go and tell yon frightened woman; oh, what fools—fools we have been, ever to suppose that he would betray a secret." Mr. Dantskipp having left the room, the Curate proceeded.

"I have numbers to speak of, but shall content myself with doing a tribute to a man, the splendor of whose heart and feelings is, certainly, eclipsed by the brilliancy of his attainments; a man who has the wonderful gift of knowing *everything*. I have often read of such, but never met with the remotest approach to the knowledge and nonsense of the magnificent Rowbottom: wisdom, abundant as fruit in overflowing summers; nonsense, which would make stoop, ay, and laugh, the stiff-necked philosopher that ever galloped a charge at raillery's phalanx; and more, much more, one of the noblest and most affectionate—the last is the best word—hearts that I have, and, it is most likely, ever shall meet with. He is called here the Magnificent, and, surely, it shows great aptness in those who first hit upon the epithet, as nothing could be more suitable, for there is a magnitude in all about him; everything has breadth, boldness, and originality! or, whether in giving a member of parliament his lesson, or a gentlemen of my proportions a hint as to the chiaroscuro, when painting a leg of mutton sign! there is a vividness or drollery that neither will be disposed to overlook. But true greatness is a *gift*, the same as any other, and can never be attained; and its weaknesses, without being paradoxical, are often the best proofs of its strength. The little can ever understand the one, and think by its imitation they achieve the other; thus there is a race of simpletons here, who are his professed disciples; good powers! what a singular delusion! Another proof of this gift is the easiness with which it can descend, of all, the most bothering to a pseudo. Now, he can join you in the street, and make your working clothes no trouble to you. Should another be so good, it always resembles that inversion of an over tall man thrusting his hand into the bent arm of a very dumpy lady.

"Added to this, the Rowbottoms are the richest family in this wealthy district; and, as I have hinted, there is nothing so trying in

friendship, as when you carefully avoid all communication respecting yourself: we are, at least, expected to tell what we know of our natals, even if we cannot be more communicative. But though the closest friendship has existed between us, he has never made the slightest enquiry either as to my country or history; nay, in the absence of all this, on Thursday next, he takes me to the noble seat of Hescott, and, should it be convenient, he will introduce me to Lord Wandly, the heir, and, as he is called here, in consequence of the procrastinated sickness of the Earl of Hescott, the Prince Regent of that wealthy domain; oh, what a long letter may dear mammy expect when I return hither! or may I not come to Rainford Lodge, and then you must arrange all the young ladies, to hear the great things of the, 'traveller returned.'

"Now, why all this uniformity of kindness here? and that to one of whom they know nothing; an old lady opposite told Mrs. Windley that it was all through the shape of my nose, the black silk stock you first sent me, the twist of my shirt-ruffle, and, above all, that white waistcoat and little spots; she says they not only made, but have left an impression; and she has pursued this theory so far, that she has caused about a dozen young apprentices to imitate me, adding, that the only bar to her success was in their mothers not paying the same attention to their nasal quantities, that Rowland Bradshaw's attentive mamma had done to his. Thus, you see, the steady blessing which will ever follow the parent who has done her duty to her unmindful offspring.

"The Fleighers are the most practical wags in the universe, for even this circumstance has been turned to account by some of the professors here. Mr. Styrrup had discovered that Doctor Frigins' new pupil had got *the* ruffle, waistcoat, black stock, and—a pug nose; here was a parent's neglect for you! but, under Mr. Styrrup's direction, the son is resolved to make up by industry, for her want of application, and so puts it into a hand-vice three hours a day and night: the youth says himself that last night he squeezed it "till it squoke." Mr. Rowbottom calls these genii, with some of his own admirers, sculptors of the living turnip, or professors of the ideal, upon the rhino-cerian and conoid principles. Whilst I think on; in your last, you again urge the necessity of my avoiding any pecuniary obligations, adding, that no one knows our means, so long as we ourselves do not betray them. Surely I know enough of the abstract of independence, never to make so fatal a disclosure. I would sooner want three, out of the four, meals a day, than borrow a penny of any one living. I am not indebted one farthing; indeed, my finances are in every way flourishing, Mr. Windley allowing me all over-hours, and giving me what paints I may want; the consequence is, I have painted the portraits of most things in this neighborhood, and have been honored by sitters from Miss Rowbottom down to Miss Windley; nay, her new doll and prettier kitten, have all bowed to the fashion which has, for sometime, raged in Fleigh, I mean of receiving most unfaithful representations of themselves and things from your thriving correspondent. Our worthy vicar himself has fallen into the mania, for he has just honored me with a request to prepare the stretching frame. Heaven help the good man, for I intend to nail him in more ways than one. He is sure to offer me something for his

counterfeit resemblance, and as Mr. Rowbottom says he is a man of prodigious learning, I'll give him sittings enow. I shall go upon differential calculus, and, probably, before I have done with him, I may be able to give more expression to it than X and a *dot* convey to me at present. It will be *vacuitas plus plenitudo*, minus a daub; I will find the unknown quantity, without putting Z for it; or else I will allow him to put it for me with plus—A, N, Y, when next we meet."

"Poor youth," said the Curate, "what pleasure it would have been to fill a mind like this," and then he proceeded with the letter.

"Now stare! the little picture, I have hinted at once or twice, and which was rejected at Liverpool, and hung eleven feet high at Manchester! of which events I never hinted at neither once nor twice, has been hung, hung, too, a little, only a little, so I'm told, under the line in the National Exhibition! The first intimation I had of this great event was by my friend, Bryant Gow, who came capering into the shop with the newspaper which made the announcement. (Here is the paragraph.) The whole of Mr. Windley's establishment is exultant with my success; and, surely, this is not the least delightful part of my position, I mean the great friendship that one and all, both men and apprentices, appear to have for me; and whatever may be my future career, it will always be a great source of happiness to think that I have a steady place in their recollections.

"Mr. Rowbottom regrets that the thing is so well known here; for, says he, some injudicious friend, when in town, may purchase it, merely for the purpose of seeing *sold* placed on the top. Now these tricks are always suspected, and may cause some little sneering with the other pupils, should I enter myself, as a student, at the Royal Academy.

"As soon as I have dismissed my portraits and *faithful* representations, I then study the *real* elements of my art; the classical and the ideal. I generally manage to get about two hours a day at this; but I don't know; Mr. Rowbottom predicts that, if I start for the laurel, I must enter *Pen*, and not *Easel*, for the race; at present I am training both, if galloping them in a paddock can be so called, and on their respective developments will depend my choice for the *naming* day.

"Now if any eyes, save those it is intended for, were to see this epistle, what an inconsecutive affair it must appear. I think I hear one say, 'whatever else this youth knew, he certainly was ignorant of the rules of composition, was unacquainted with the unities.' Why, yes; but then, he should recollect, I am not writing a modern drama, nor to *him*. It is only when we strut or walk in embroidered fustian, that we have time to *rule* our lines, when we have something to conceal, or feel that we write what we do not think; but when we address those we love, and are by them beloved, farewell the *units*; they are *surds*, which can never be expressed by the common rules: and when I love you less, I will write you a more criticisable letter; when better, a more nonsensical, unless you think that the last few sentences, in that respect, are at their acme. Well, then, my love is correspondent; but think what you will; ascribe my blunders to what you will; anything, save, dear mother, my want of duty and love to my own dear, dear mammy, and then you make for ever happy your affectionate son,

ROWLAND BRADSHAW."

The Curate, when he had done, said, "heaven bless us! who is to carry the tidings of this poor child's loss to such a mother as he seems to have possessed. As to the address, it is here, and I know two or three of the families in the neighborhood, well; but, surely, such a tale of woes as this, was seldom told before."

And there was a deathly silence in the room, or what was still more affecting, it was as loudly broken, when the Curate ordered all to be sealed up, as though they were taking a last view of the youth's remains, instead of his papers; and paying their last tributes, as orphans sob theirs, for their for-ever lost parents.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TWO SECRETARIES.

The interests of the reader will be best consulted, by visiting with us the secretaries of the Right Honorable Lord Wandly—Mr. Tennyson, his country, and Mr. Crabbs, his town officials in these capacities, both of which—parliament being prorogued—were staying at Hescott. Both had dined, dined as men at their ease can, and often do, at Hescott. Both had dined, and both had liberally washed down their dinners with a portion of a vintage that neither the Earl, Prince Regent, nor any one else knew of, except the head butler, head steward, and the heads of the two gentlemen to whom we have just introduced the reader.

"Ah, ha," commenced Mr. Crabbs, "make Wandly devilish savage if he imagined the cellars of this ancient pile contained such liquid amber as this, clarified amber, with a flavor that proves, better than anything else, the defunction of the old deities, or we should have all the mythology fluttering through the windows, like pigeons to ginned peas, to get a taste of it."

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Tennyson; "Wandly is not only fond of, but can carry as much as any man I know; and as to eating, well, by Jupiter! I saw him do a few tricks at dinner the other day; ay, and he was twigged too, but no matter, he stuck to—"

"Carving, I suppose?"

"Catch him missing that, and out of about sixteen birds, beasts, and crawling things that he whipped his knife into, didn't he fogle out the *bits* for himself?"

"Ah, ha; he certainly is the most impudent devil I ever saw at a dinner table; and if it was not that there are more stags than one in his Lordship's park, hares in the keeper's room, pheasants, and other winged fowl, it is very likely he would dine a devilish deal better than we. It would not do to put everything into the *larder*."

"Larder, eh? he knows every joint and jack-snipe in it better than his cook," quietly remarked the country secretary.

"Well, there is nothing like husbandry, when a man has only an estate of a hundred thousand a year."

"Yes, particularly since peerages were given in a state, not so much to be one of its advisers, protectors, or to give dignity to its institutions as for self aggrandisement, money making. Thus, his Lordship has journeymen in every trade under his own employ, and apprentices to them! ha, ha, to wheel-wrighting, brick-setting, joinering, painting, plumbing, blacksmithing, and the rest; keeps regular shops and stores; one day is busy auditing an account for cart wheel-spokes, red lead, linseed oil, and a nomination of county magistrates; next, is receiving tenders for the supply of paint, brushes, joiners' tools, parish apprentices, plaster of Paris, and cement."

"And his talented secretary waiting to know what answer he's to give to the gentleman who officiates in the same capacity, the Secretary of State, whether the convicted robber is to be hung or not."

"Ay," said Mr. Tennyson to his city brother, at the same time shaking his head, "that has done Wandly a good deal of hurt; it was too bad. I could have saved that poor fool's life; I wish I had."

"You look serious," smirked Mr. Crabbs; "how could you have done it?"

"Why, his Lordship was in the very mazes of his head paver's account, head keeper's account, head baker's, miller's, and two sub-editors', when he received the under sec.'s request for instructions. I need not say, after what I have observed as to the engagements of my Lord, that he handed it to me to reply, and I could as easily have said 'reprieve' as 'hang;' and should his Lordship have received some intimation of her Majesty's prerogative being exercised, through the public prints, or from the assiduous Chaplain, he would have submitted to the trick, rather than let me suppose he could ever have a moment's aberration; or, what would still be more tickle, hint to himself that *I* durst play him such a joke."

"Devil of a trick. I have often wondered that old L——, wasn't it who tried him? did not, in despite of either Wandly or his chum, advise a reprieve."

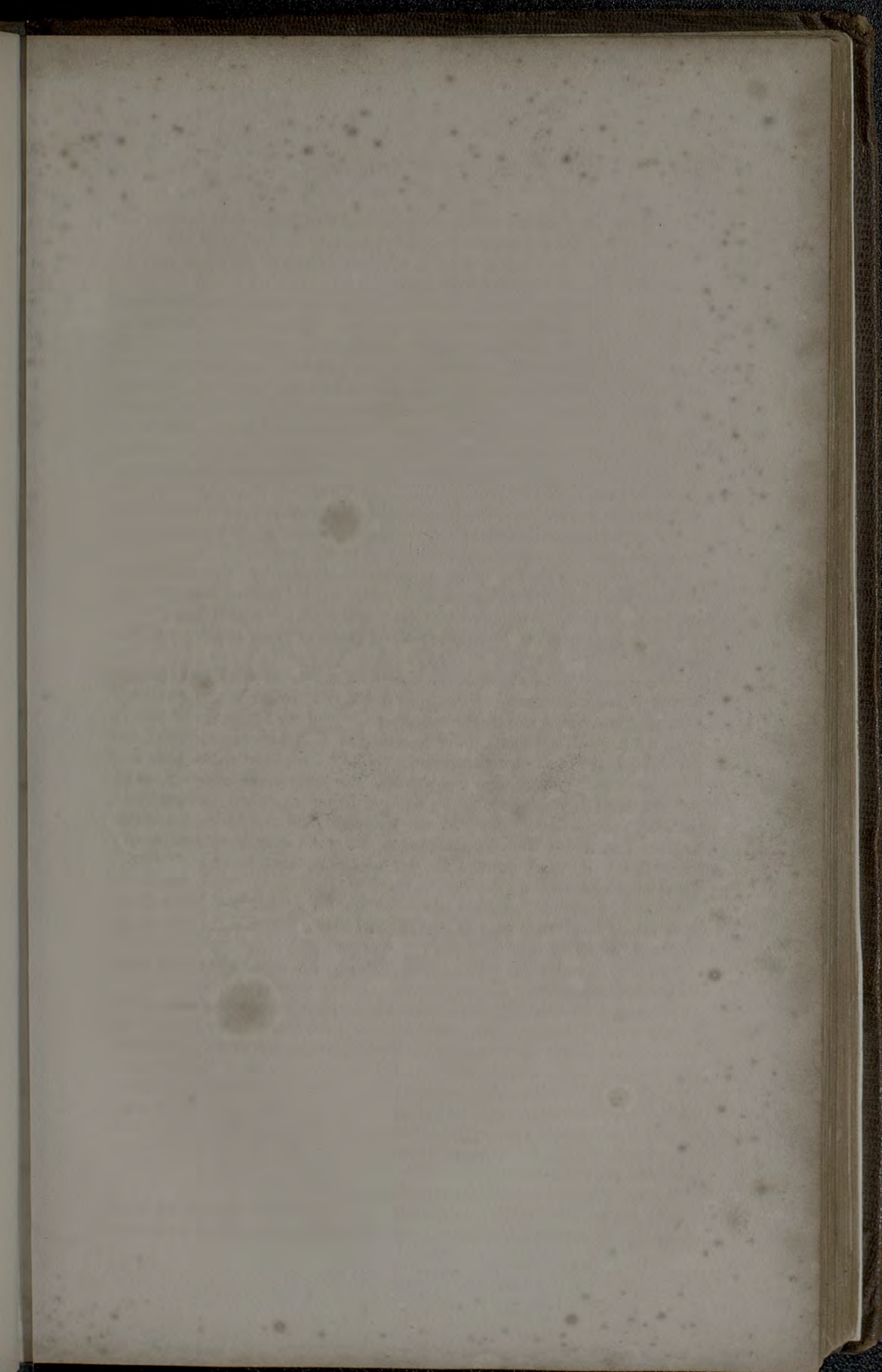
"What! against the wishes of a cabinet minister, when the same minister wants to make an improvement in his preserves?"

"Oh, come Tennyson, that's too bad, damn it; I say you are getting keener than I; come, come, that's too bad; why the devil should old L—— care either for Wandly, or any half-dozen ministers; he is not like us; they cannot sack him."

"No, Mr. Crabbs, they cannot; but they might, perhaps, place some slight interdictions to his son's, the gallant captain's progress to a colonelship; or the youngster we had down here some time ago, to a rectorship; and then there are eight more in his own family, besides brothers, nephews—"

"Stay, quite enough, I did not think of that."

"So the ingenious Mr. Crabbs fell into that profoundism, which talks about a judge being independent, even when a sovereign feels no longer





The two Secretaries.

disposed to wear a crown, or, indeed, a pair of shoes, and so shuffles them off to another."

"Ah, I see, I see."

"Besides, my *Lud* likes shooting as well as my Lord; oh, I like the demise-of-the-crown boon; do you think if it had been one, it would have ever come from old Bag-wig the Third!"

"Strong petitions, were there not, in this last case?"

"One by the lad's mother, signed by several hundred ladies, to Lady Wandly; she said she never interfered (let her) with my Lord's business."

"They should have told her that somebody must have interfered, when, her son, her eldest, too, one of the noble heirs to these very noble grounds, used a knife at E—; it was lucky for him it was to one of his own family. Well, for the honor of the English nobility, I am glad that was dropped."

"And if it had not, do you think that the demise-of-the-crown glory would have given any of the judges courage enough to transport him? transport the son of a cabinet minister, and heir to a hundred and fifty thousand a year!"

"Is some one going to rival you here, Tennyson? as you seem so merry with my worthy master; come, confess; his wine is prime."

"Why, yes, I think the new Chaplain is trying, and (I know Crabbs you will laugh) his head delf-man, paver, and general looker out. They certainly have taken a deal of nast off my hands. They must not go too far, however, or else I may take them off his hands, or remove his Lordship off theirs, which they like."

"I can easily guess how the Chaplain is useful, but how his nabbs the paver dare compete, I must confess is above my learning."

"Ah, ha, the best joke is, the Chaplain is courting his Lordship's fourth sister, Lady Jane, and thinks her absent brother and statesman doesn't know; now he does, and that makes his slender Reverence ten times as industrious, and, of course, his uses are upon a corresponding ratio with his Lordship."

"Ha, ha, ha, come drink; damn me, Tennyson, but you have a variety here; I think I shall beg of his Lordship, next session, to let us change places."

"Indeed, Mr. Crabbs you will find it a little difficult to write half a dozen leaders, a score of paragraphs and letters, having to disguise your hand in seven cases out of ten; drill his political scouts, look into every newspaper in the United Kingdom, America, France, to see what is said of him, ay, and must read every word, for I dare say, I need not hint to the ingenious Mr. Crabbs, that, should I find anything unpleasant it is sunk; I say all this is rather more than getting materials for a speech, facts, arrangements."

"Writing them Mr. Tennyson, writing them word for word, Mr. Tennyson."

"Well, be it so, and giving general hints for replies, seeking out if you like, from your brother sec.'s of the opposition, what wires they are going to pull, what their scions are to say, what they are to reply; then suggest what you shall rejoin, all this is rather sinecureish to mine, my dear Mr. Crabbs."

"Why, damn it, do you think I have no newspapers to read, and none to write? come, no caricatures to get drawn? I have invented hundreds, I have put him right through the mythology, Plutarch's lives, Æsop's fables, and forced his head upon every animal but the cat's, and you know his antipathy to that, in the creation; I had one bemonstering him in ugly geese and gabbling turkeys, another showing his beauty in swans and peacocks; in short I put him through all the domestic poultry, and am now reading the colored work on ornithology, to carry him further. Here is an idea, you see, making him into an eagle, carrying from the fond arms of an old lady at the other side, her darling babby, (a pet speaker) whilst all the house of commons are made into fowlers with pointed guns, to bring him down. Why, damn it how you talk, no work eh? Besides Mr. Tennyson, how comes it, I thought I had nothing to do with the country; but I say, how was it, that I had to write the laying of the stone speech, for your new church here, and his agricultural dinner speech, with the suitable observations on the distribution of prizes?"

"Oh, depend upon it, I had something to do in place of it, but it was you, was it? well, to do Wandly justice, he does not often attempt to blink one by a trick of that sort; but, he certainly left me to understand, that they both naturally forced their way on their own accord."

"I should say, the leaving you to understand it, was the most natural part of it; but what was up here that it came to me?"

"Now mind, you heard of the Frescoth riots, and were rather taken in with his special trains?"

"Why, certainly he out-did himself, there was nothing before the house of any thrilling interest; particularly in his department, and yet nothing less than fifty miles an hour would do, I suspected some private hobble."

"Do you call the late affairs of Frescoth private?"

"Why, in the first place, he'll take care not to be seen in them, and as to what he cares, if it, and the adjoining parish had been burnt down, so that they had kept from Hescott, or, not have disturbed his new plantations, and—but in short, phit! for Frescoth, and its august magistracy."

"Well Crabbs, thirty years in the government office have rendered you indispensable to those, who for a time, are the heads of them; but, still a year or two's matriculation in the country, like its air, would have made you keener. I must confess, when I left Downing street to come hither, I had a good deal to suck, though I had long imagined I was in possession of one, at least of my wisdom teeth; the other had been gone some time,—oh the country department for vigour! too much *form* with you."

"Well, out with it, has he discovered that some of his fields will yield coal, when he thought they would not grow anything but potatoes with a middle-drill crop of rushes? has he stumbled upon a stone quarry, where he had to make draining tiles? has his Steward discovered that an extra hedge belongs to him? or, will chopped straw added to a second crop of clover, supersede the necessity of oats for his cart horses? what the devil is it, since you are so keen here."

"Bravo, I think you are dipping your olives in vinegar, instead of salt-water, come that's better, ha, ha, huk, out though,—speaking of stone

quarries, I mustt ell you this ; Wandly, as you know, is always inventing fresh pleasures for, what he terms, his beloved father. The old man played himself a long time with his aviary, but got tired of it, Virginian sparrows and all, though two of the latter have amused him for this half dozen weeks, Sunday and work day, by fighting on a tea tray ; but at last one got killed, and the old peer fell off in his eating for several days, as well as his benevolence to all around him. The Regent saw this, and here is invention for you ; he would insist upon carrying the Earl to see his, the *Earl's* new quarry. The old gentleman snubbed for some time, said it would have looked more dutiful of the Regent, if he had supplied the gladiatorial Virginian sparrows. The Dutiful promised that it should be done, even if they had to freight a bark for the Indies for them, but in the mean time he must consent to visit the quarry ; at last he did, and the cushioned landau wheeled him to the spot. When there, he was to get into a splendidly adorned basket and to be let down by the windlass to the bottom. This certainly was new, but down, then was the treat. All the stone getters were at work, but all dressed in their sunday clothes. The old man almost shed tears when he saw how happy and prosperous his very laborers were. He at once ordered them a holiday. And then in a most magical manner a table sprang before him with a magnificently cooked dinner ; ay, and in the very best style :—when I say the Regent was to dine.”

“Quite enough, sure to be a dinner worth eating.”

“There was, the head steward, head paver, and the chaplain, merrily offering their services as waiters ; the dinner was good, the old Earl had not eaten so much for a month, at once ; the wine was cool, the quarry was cool. The cloth was removed, a large tray was produced, and on it, in one second, were two Virginian sparrows whacking away in brilliant style. The good Earl shed tears, said he did not think there had been such a pleasure left him, sent for his attorney, made the Regent's power more absolute, and like another Lear, gave him all.”

“Ah, ha, and what did the Regent give to the happy peasantry ? the men who could afford to dress up, to get draining and walling stone ?”

“Why, Wandly was going to give them a sovereign, since the Earl had ordered them a holiday, but, the paver said, as there were only eighteen, half a sovereign was plenty ; the Prince would give fifteen shillings however, and did so ; the paver, Mr. Pryet, gave them nine, and divided the six between the parson and himself, only in a joke, as they had both been waiting, ha ha, ha ha, ha kik.—”

“Three days after, the aged Sovereign, as planned by the Regent, was to be lowered down one of the collieries, but he had taken such a terrible cold, through the quarry, that he has been obliged to amuse himself with the red nosed sparrows ever since !”

“Ha ha, a damned deal of variety here, only let him be lowered down two or three more times and it will put an end to the regency ; well but you were going to tell me something of those Frescoth riots ?”

“Now, this is serious and private ; Wandly was at bottom of the whole !”

“Cat-pawed Dillon ?”

“And, Dillon the rest, but never expected what an infernal shindy it would make.”

"Well, but what's the thing that Wildingair is so dark about? How does the Regent relish Wildingair rustivating so near Hescott? I suppose you are aware he was sent down by the club. In his last, he appears to have some personal bitterness against us; there is certainly something besides party politics. There was also a fierce letter, extremely well written, I suppose you know by whom, as you pay well for information of that sort."

"That was Rowbottom of Fleigh!"

"Oh, oh, surely Wandly, for once in his life, had left his cunning in his nightcap; he must mind, or he's in a devil of a mess; but fill, come, we have nothing to do with it, that's one joy," and Mr. Crabbs finished.

"Oh, quite out of your hands, but I suppose you have heard of that singular abduction, which took place during the melee, of a very extraordinary youth, so we have since gleaned; for, of course his lordship was most anxious that I should procure him all the *information* I could; not that he wanted any, if I am not mistaken. In short, Mr. Crabbs, this is an extraordinary affair; I am dead beaten, though I think I know as much as any one else, Mr. Paver Pryet, and perhaps one or two of his family, excepted. On the morning of the riot, Rowbottom came hither with a stripling, say, perhaps about seventeen; Wandly denied himself, he has a terrible hate, as you know, towards Rowbottom, who left the lad in the picture gallery and then went to the office, having some business with the agent; in the mean time, Lord Wandly, he was studying his speech, that for the wind-up of the session, by chance got into the picture gallery, and you know his plan, began to pump the boy. After some time however, he came out tremendously excited and sent for me. He desired me to fix him opposite the fresco, the place, you know where he could see him by reflection; I kept the youth in conversation and so that his lordship could see him well; and after a short time, upon the usual intimation, I rejoined him; his assumed calmness and indifference told me that he had some great move to make, and I was not mistaken. He went to his private *escritoire* and brought a miniature of a lady, superbly set in diamonds and fixed in a red case; he desired me to place the stranger where he was before, and give him the family miniatures, the miniature of the lady amongst the rest. Wandly fixed himself, and the lad looking into a dark plate-glass saw his reflection and was startled; he then turned over the miniatures, and when he came to the one I had placed, he nearly fell from his chair. His lordship hurriedly said, 'tis he,' and then looking at me for some time, in his quiet grey manner, asked me, nay, commanded me to get him all the information I could; I had no one in readiness, and was just considering whom to employ, when his lordship returned and simply said, 'oh, Tennyson, I have found out the lad, I was mistaken after all: he's Rowbottom's friend, you need not mind any further enquiry.' I was resolved I would though, and placed myself so, in the observatory, that no one could either approach, or take their departure without my knowledge; I had not been there half an hour, when Mr. Pryet's jigling little pony was seen making its circuitous way to Frescoth, with Mr. Pryet junior, on his back; I was just stretching my neck for the purpose of making sure as to the route, when his lordship patted my shoulder, and asked me when I had taken such a liking to the heavenly bodies, as to be viewing them without *smoked* glass: I left the observatory but he did not."

"Humph, well."

"The rows took place as you have heard; his Lordship took a special train, of which, no doubt, you have also heard, but somebody else rode in it; in short, the boy I have described was stolen that night. Thousands went to see the mad illuminations of Frescoth, and what they called the downfall of old Dillon; but, *certainly*, the worthy Colonel never expected that the event would be witnessed by one of the new sovereign's cabinet ministers and — secretary, but it is quite true that it was."

"Oh, surely, he could never; he must have been mad."

"Mark, I had some suspicions when I heard the sudden order for the train. I despatched one as knowing as himself, who twigged his Lordship's travelling cloak, that, at least, can be sworn to. Mr. Pryet and two of his sons were certainly watching the fight, it is likely, for I know they did not sleep at home that night."

"A damned deal of variety here. Humph! what the devil can it all mean. I suppose the knowing gentleman was—"

"My—self."

"Humph! antidotes for monotony here. And there are three hundred pounds reward offered?"

"And Rowbottom gone mad, or nearly so. This lad was an apprentice at Fleigh, that's all, and the Fleighers are wild, as you perceive by the amount of subscription; put off their annual ringing match through it, so that may give you some notion of their excitement."

"And Mr. Rowbottom to take up the thing so!"

"As I have said, it was he who took him thither, and he, in consequence, thinks that he is the cause of the sad event; advertised, at Manchester, the sale of his stud of hunters, dogs, and, in short, all his sporting appointments: mine, and, of course, his Lordship's last advices say, that he is going to the bar, his original intention, giving up his present business to his brothers, two of the younger now getting up, and all this, it is thought, through this singular incident."

"Wandly wont like that."

"I tell you he does not, and despite all his caution—"

"Gentlemen," said a waiter just entering, "Colonel Dillon's compliments, with Mr. Ferredon's, and would be happy to spend an hour."

"What say you, Mr. Crabbs?" looked his brother secretary.

"Humph, a little familiar; however, we can punk 'em a bit, or else, damn the fun of sitting with gentlemen of the quorum."

The door again opened, and entered, not the Colonel and Steward of his Lordship, but a gentleman, who is familiarly called at Hescott, his Chamberlain, and at once desired both town and country secretary to follow him into his Lordship's presence.

"I'll wager you anything," whispered Tennyson to Crabbs, "Wandly has heard us."

"Phit! my boots to him if he has; a *damned* deal of variety here."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. ROWBOTTOM LEAVES HIS NATIVE TOWN.

The wonder and sympathy excited by Rowland's abduction had lasted eight days at Fleigh, and, no doubt, would have lasted the ninth, but for a great public event that was about to take place, or what was more exciting, it was feared would be postponed, if not altogether broken off, in consequence of the late disaffections at Frescoth, and the other strange event. This was the great annual ringing match that was to come off this year at Frescoth, between that disturbed city, Fleigh, and two more parish churches, but more particularly between the former. This was the reason why the wonder ceased, and the falling-off of the sympathy was in consequence of some very industrious reports, which asseverated that Rowland had been seen; ay, seen, painting on a ladder, not more than twenty miles off: and, that though his mother's establishment at Rainford Lodge had been discovered, they had not met with the same success when looking for the lady, so that the carriers of the tidings returned as they went. The school, it is true, was not given up, but the proprietress had been absent several days, when the mission intended to wait upon her: and to put the matter finally to rest, a stranger met Mr. Windley at a small public house, a few miles off Fleigh, where he and his men were working, quite by chance, and told the deploring master that his amiable apprentice and mother were imposters; had left the South of England in consequence of some infamous impostures, swindlings, and, in one case, a most ingenious forgery; that their names had been changed, and then he pulled out two or three offers of rewards in their old names, both for mother and son; and, lastly, but this was in secret, he was come to effect, if possible, their apprehension. "This, no doubt," concluded the stranger, "they expected, and so took this cunning *method* to escape."

Mr. Windley would not believe all this, that is, all at once, and, after conning the thing well over in his own mind, first doubting, and then having no doubts at all, at last triumphantly showed the stranger the letter, the one we have heard read; "no one," knowingly observed Mr. Windley, "if he had been an imposter, would have written such a letter as that," handing the epistle.

The stranger took rather a hasty glance, and then burst into a loud laugh. "See here," said the gentleman, as soon as he could well dispose of the boisterous titulations which had possessed him, "here is a similar epistle, breathing compliments and forgiveness in the last shop he was at, when in London: cast your eye over that; rather a young un then; written in a very friendly spirit that."

"Phit!" said Mr. Windley when he glanced at it, "it is not his hand-writing; besides, I never heard him speak of London in his life. He work in London! I have; beside, he knew nothing of the business when he came to me."

"No, perhaps, not *yours*; I did not say he did; and d'ye think its likely the office I work for would give up original documents; not *very* likely, I think; no, that's a *copy*, but the signature I imitated; look at the two, pray; is not this his hand-writing?" demanded the officer, handing in a small scrap of written paper.

"Humph, ay, the signatures are alike, that's certain; and this, ay, that is his hand, I have no doubt. Well, damn it," at last said the master of the late Rowland Bradshaw, "if he's a imposter, there's nothin' else in this world."

The other was going to give him more proof, but Mr. Windley waved his hand, saying, "tell me no more; I would rather have lost the best job I have had this summer, than ever had to change my opinion about the poor fellow, and I don't know, nay, I want to hear no more, I don't know that I have yet."

The stranger sneered, and said, "Lord! how easily people are gulled, if there only be a few soft words said about them. Ha, ha, ha, I could soon make you believe every word. Be no more bounce about this—but, however, believe what you like—or else I could—"

"Well, why the devil don't you? and mind, I say, old fellow, if you go to Fleigh, and tell it there, that he's an imposter, they have a canal there, and though you say you have the power to apprehend others, look out for yoursel', or the last apprehension effected in Fleigh, will be the defamer of their pet; for there never was one so beloved. Damn it, I'll not believe that he could do anythin' wrong: wrong! he'd the secrets of half the folks who knew him, and he never told one. The Curate in a lecture, the other night, said—he fetched tears from all present—that that was one of the next virtues to those of religion itself, was keeping inviolate that which we are desired to do, secrets. He had one about my poor wife, and now as he is gone, she has told me all about it; he had one about me, and I have told *her* all about it, and now we are our own repositories, and we are happier every day. What do I care for a pair of false curls, just whilst the new hair is growing, only let me know it."

"Ha, ha, ha, not afraid about a secret?"

"Not *that*!" and Mr. Windley gave an indignant flirt with his finger and thumb.

"Not so long as it is sure, ha, ha, ha."

"I know he would not tell one, and I've none I care about; and once more I say, what you have said may or may not be true, but don't take it to Fleigh."

"No, you'll do that," and then the stranger looked steadfastly into the face of the painter. "He never would betray a secret, eh? have not you a very flaming sign, Mr. Windley?" and then the interrogator put his lips together, as a man generally does, when he thinks he has given a poser.

"Eh?" and the vaunting style of Mr. Windley was gone, but not with it his color; nay, on the contrary, it might be said to have wonderfully increased. "A sign! why what painter, of all other trades, would be without one, ha, ha."

"True, or what painter, but one of Fleigh, would be without an 'iron

oven-door,' or a little 'parlor fire-grate,' ha, ha, ha; good morning," and then the stranger left the room, after just swooping up his glass of hot rum and water.

Mr. Windley sat nearly a quarter of an hour under this mesmeric information, at last he sprang from his chair, took up a pound brush that was in a paint can beside him, half dipped in paint, and smashed it into the fire! burst into a denunciative fit, and hurried off to Fleigh, and gave such an aggravated account of the stranger's disclosures; stated that he had seen every one of their secrets in Rowland's own hand-writing: withdrew his name from the subscription, so did others, and down, down it fell, until it came to Mr. Rowbottom's share, which was doubled, so there was still a large sum offered for the discovery of Rowland.

The banner of Rowland's popularity had floated loftily, beautifully, on the heights of Fleigh. Every heart glowed as it thought it contributed to its size. A fierce storm comes to the attack, the secret party are resolved to tear it down, and burn even the pole.

"Then," said Mr. Rowbottom with a smile, as he placed his foot upon the step of his carriage, which was to convey him the last time from Fleigh, "surely, some one will save the ashes, and I will find an urn for them; it will be some day venerated in Fleigh!"

"Ay," but said a voice, and which belonged to one of the assistants, "they have found some of his writings, and there is a dissentin' minister is gooin' to prove he was a hathen, they have fun'd out his mother, wasn't his mother, and that he never had a proper father."

"A hathen," said another, "eh, Mester, Mester, you have been a good mester to us all, but yo han bin sadly imposed on by this terrible young villain, that is the truth; prove him a hathen, ay, and what's worse, a good deal—a rare job he's gone; to pretend to be th' chief teacher in Mr. Dantskipp's school, nay, some says he was th' cause on it bein' built; so regular at his duties and yet not to believe in a futur state."

"How?" said Rowbottom, sternly.

"Why, in one of his letters, they have found several passages as shows it; one where he says he would never like to go to Heaven unless he was sure to meet his mother there, and all the friends whom he loved upon earth; there is blasphemy for you! as if the Lord could not send as many of his friends to Hell as he liked, without the other taking pet at Heaven: oh, he was a hathen! they are proovin' it now."

"Poor boy," said the Curate, who was standing with his face in the carriage in which Mr. Rowbottom sat.

"Where, do they prove this?" demanded the latter gentleman, and sat where the stern expression of his face could not be seen, or, it is certain the accuser durst not give utterance to another word.

"Where are they proving it, Mester Robert? why in yon chapel with the burning lights."

"A chap—ill with burning lights, must be a man with an inflammation on the lungs, eh, Styrrup? eh, good Mr. Curate? pray Heaven all Fleigh may not be in a similar way. Giles, drive on; God bless you all."

Mr. Styrrup laughed.

"Do not laugh at them," said Rowbottom, "it is cruelty to animals."

"Well, but we must correspond about this," said one by-stander to another.

"You *correspond* already," said Rowbottom, "for *neither of you know how to write!*"

And with these singular jokes, Rowbottom, the magnificent, left his native town.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GREAT DOINGS AT FRESCOTH.

We perhaps need not apologise for intruding upon the reader's notice in this part of his perusal, one or two observations, and especially as we think it will be conceded we have not been over intrusive hitherto; indeed, it is not the business of the biographer, or worse, the historian, to do so. They should, respectively, lay the facts, the more denuded and clear the better, before their readers, and let them adduce or deduct. It is only when the author may fear some misconception, or, where some extravagance, outraging preconceived notions of things, fairly entitles him to the right of a passing observation; and surely, if any stage of our history would claim us that right, the miasmator of the Fleighers in the preceding chapter will give a just one; and since this work is undertaken for the immediate benefit of youth, we must desire their tardity, ere they too suddenly point out the unfitness of the last few scenes.

"What," says some one, "is it possible that any community could be so besotted after what their own eyes had witnessed, their ears had heard of the conduct of Rowland, as even in so short a time to turn round and believe one so singularly ingenuous, to be an impostor and a reprobate?"

This is a worthy question proceeding from a right ground, with good reason and benevolently put; but the querist wears a young head. We would at all times obtain truth both as near home and our own times as possible, else, we might desire our descendant to turn over a few pages of classic Greece, where the greatest virtues were solaced by a poison cup; the less by a lasting banishment; or turn to a holier page, where was one greater than all before or since, and what? but we all know! and as we have said, let us go to the nearest wisdom, and that will be the wisdom of our querist's own breast; however little his experience, however recent his commencement with the world's struggles, has he not gone up to an old friend with extended hand and glowing face, and been appalled, if not with a frown or unaccountable silence, yet, perhaps with a mixture

of both, that has speared his breast, and fluttered his heart, quicker than morning rays race over deserts. If humble, has he not written to his distant, and, perhaps, only well wishers, how prosperous he is, what a kind mother he has found, is never to leave; not the next letter tells of his discharge, but the first newspaper we take up, does; and with some notification, that may blight his efforts for long days and cold ones; yet, in twenty years after, he shall never be able to tell why.

Has he never been the life and joy of some family, when his knock is met by half its anxious members; not a cover must be removed until he is seated at dinner; and the next day he prepares to give the same intense pleasure, when he hears an announcement at his own door, with "needs no answer," he reads, and finds that on his peril he never more must obscure the door-way, he has so often polluted. Alas! alas! how many questions could we ask, and the same melancholy reponse, "true, true, we have met with all these caprices of those whom we honored, and by whom we thought we were, at least, revered, and for which, to this day, though now old, we could never obtain a reason." But this should be *one* to the querist.

And it should, and will be many laboring under some such inexplicable behaviour, be a source of great comfort, to find that a youth of such benignity and right feeling as the now abhorred Rowland Bradshaw, could not save his reputation from the searing brand, from the furnace-mouth of the calumny, though, at the very moment, his own heart may be nursing the softest musings; that whatever may be its pangs, what its trials, *he* shall always meet with a welcome, and the love of all he loved at Fleigh.

There is nothing so devastating, nothing wrinkles the young heart like the resiliation of those who scorn to say why, however humble our entreaties, or however necessary an explanation: and as we are not writing a theory on our own species, but a history, our readers must submit to the ingratitude of our wise men of Fleigh, rather than we shall be turned from the purposes of our labors: to make men combat, or, at least, philosophise the world's jolts; to make men for it, and not experimentalise on the possibility of making it for them; to improve them, and not import them from the stars. In short, nothing shall betray us into that sentimentalism so delusive to youthful studies. How we censure the traveller who, by false coloring, deceives the emigrant; how much worse to furnish the young navigator with a poetical chart; to precede his travels with a gloze, instead of letting him con hard words that represent stern facts; to teach him, they sometimes mean travails, and ever to have in view, that age and dishonor are but gloomy companions, where the remainder of his journey promises nothing but increasing fatigue; when even the memories of past indulgencies appear only as the long array of those irretraceable steps, by which the journeyer has descended from youth and hope, to disappointment and the GRAVE.

We shall find, that Fleigh submitted to the earth's diurnal motion as readily as ever she had, although Mr. Rowbottom had left; several others were disgusted at it, and Rowland had ceased to be an apprentice of the good Mr. Windley.

For independently of the hourly proofs which kept arriving of the terrible duplicity of our once hero, and of the wretched creature who bore him, the great struggle, we have hinted at, was now on; and the gloom which was felt by the Fleighers, when Mr. Rowbottom, and one or two more, refused their patronage and support to the bell ringing prizes, was soon made to shift its quarters, through a donation being received of twenty pounds. The scene of the great event was to distinguish Frescoth on this occasion, and the magistrates, instead of the usual frowardness which they had manifested at such times, were resolved to give that popularity that they had, though somewhat torvous, hitherto held in the enlightened provinces of Frescoth; they too, gave a prize which added to other sums, made it, perhaps, one of the largest amounts that ever fell to the sons of campanology to struggle for.

Now, the mightiest name that ever distinguished the phalanxes of Fleigh, was the recondite Mr. Peter Ince: half-pay serjeant, tailor, and sly-proprietor of the dead badger. His name had been great, and still threw terror into the Frescoth bell-ropes; but some gloomy tales had been spread of him, of late: some were, that he had turned too religious ever to distinguish himself in either church-ringing or church-singing: some, that the badger had bitten his rope-arm—though Peter has had no *badger* but the one we have seen; but the most serious complaint was—and this was with his own party—that he had relinquished, in a great degree, that study and practice which are so necessary to give certitude—and in nothing more than bell-ringing—in those, who not only have to take a part, but watch the management of all the rest. The reasons assigned for this singular apathy were almost as various as the changes he had so often, and so nobly conducted on the eight bells of Fleigh; ay, and in most of the peals in that ringing county. Never was there a greater enthusiast—as greatness must ever be—none was ever more stern or severe in the exercise of his pupils. But, melancholy aberration! for the preceding six months, although attending to the drillings—say, four hours each night—he had been blowing, almost night and day, a long sliding trumpet. This singular and pertinacious study had puzzled all the right thinkers of Fleigh; but, we are resolved, it shall *not* the reader.

Be it known, then, that Mrs. Ince was perpetually harrassing her husband's mind about the last day of judgement! dinned it in his ears that *that* day would come, and with it a sublime inquiry about the counterfeit badger. On the contrary, he had had the assurance of Rowland, and, subsequently, of Mr. Rowbottom, whom he admitted into his secret, that there was no sin in it whatever, but a very innocent recreation; highly improving to the Fleigh breed of dogs and their patrons; and, then, it paid so rarely—beat all his other resources hollow—and though his comforter said he would have to burn for it, she was very fond of taking to the drapers' shops the shining half-crown-pieces—the rewards of his baits—to purchase ribbons and other little articles of feminine ornament, both for herself and her sweet little daughters—the little Miss Inces.

Peter was bothered; when, at last, he laid all his fears before Mr. Justice-of-the-peace Sweetlove; and it bothered him too, when he laid

he whole before another "fauce felly," and that gentleman said there was a ready way to get out of it, which was, for Peter to become a loud, skilful, and shrill trumpet-player!

Peter naturally—before venturing on such labors—wanted to know what that could avail him, at the day mentioned. This was answered, that trumpeters would be of such use on that great occasion, having to arouse the accumulation of so many ages, that their services would be too much needed, ever to expect any serious censure, let alone anything like final damnation for themselves.

This was enough; and hence the complaints of his neighbors, and the fears of his troop.

Mrs. Ince, however, does not abate, neither in her dissemination of the half-crowns, nor her prophecies as to her spouse's final retribution. She says that such a trick will be seen through, and she begs him to recollect, that it is not she who vamps off the badger, nor any of her poor dear children.

The vast increase of the prizes had acted as an expander to the trammelled mind of poor Peter. He laid down his trumpet, until a more convenient opportunity, as a neighboring grocer always did his prayer-book, when no one was in but himself; when, instead of improving his soul, he began that of his sugar and flour, by putting pulverized rice into the one, and the most delicious barytes into the other.

"I can play the trumpet after I have played the devil with these Frescothers and the sleep of all the neighbors of the old church choir; so, here goes. I'll drill um all, night and day, and Peter Ince will let succeeding generations see that, when duty called, he would attend to its commands, though the only reward he should ever receive would be a niche in the hearts of his countrymen, and the rope he pulled that day to be preserved in the British Museum."

The morning was carolled in by a discharge of little pistols, and the twelve bells of the celebrated Fleigh choir. For, besides the ringing-matches at Frescoth, three clubs were to walk; two of ladies, and one of gentlemen, each preceded by a band of exhilarating music, followed by countless hordes of delighted little ones, and flanked—the ladies—by their sweethearts, or more adoring husbands; the gentlemen—similarly. The gentlemen's was superb—guild-like—with, perhaps, a becoming mixture of coronation parade; indeed, they and their chevals were of divers colors. Their weapons and appointments were in admirable unison with the quiet times, and triumphant-arch-device appearance of the whole; consisting of wooden battle-axes, painted and silvered at the edges, so as to look like real steel; then they had bows, with fiercely-barbed and fledged arrows; but, even they carried mercy, without the shadow which often makes it appear brighter—terror: for the arrows were only tipped by the same considerate pigment that had fierced the axes. Then they wore green tunics; some russet, whilst others preferred odd boots; gallashed breeches; huge slouched hats, white above and green, at least, underneath the brim, some with red feathers, some green, sprouting luxuriantly above the crown; some with swords drawn; some carrying them like field-marschals' batons, others as if they were going to commence the seven divisions; some used them only with the

flat side—as we should riding whips—when their capering chevats had become a little drowsy. Others of their steeds were equally giglotish.

Next came the great state-officers, with their different insignia. First, abreast, were two of their great and learned professors, each carrying an artificial sphere, fixed in its stand, with proper regard to the earth's inclination, as well as the heavenly one being equally exact in her bearing and condition. These two gentlemen created unmixed sensation, as the multitude witnessed their attainments, which they properly deduced from the learned apparatus they supported. Wonder, indeed, they might, and this shows the advantage of such societies, as before these worthy men became parts of the one now parading the brilliant streets of Fleigh, it was known, neither could read nor write. They had only been members nine months, “and see, they can now carry what moo-ost learned men couldn't work!” and indeed it was very clever, as the one was merely a fire-man at one of the Rowbottoms' mills; the other was one of Mr. Dantskipp's carters.

Then we have another grand officer, dressed in a spotted garment, somewhat like the one a leopard wears; he supports a three-legs and pullies. Though the young man did it very well, yet it did not go down like the—the “terestial globs,” did. “Any one—I could carry thoose things,” was uttered by even very young boys.

And now comes one in deep black, with a small coffin of the same gloomy hue; only enlivened by small pewter (silver) headed nails. This made every one shudder, and think of their latter ends; and this is what—it is said—it was intended for.

And still worse, next was a silver-leafed skull and shank-bones.

Next came four gentlemen, riding in a square, and carrying, as well as the wind and their frisky steeds would permit, the great flag of the society! painted on some scores of yards of silk, by the late Rowland Bradshaw, Esq.! so hundreds said; though, in justice, we must admit, that the script at the bottom was in these words, “H. Windley, Fleigh, Pinxit.” The subject was the good Samaritan, on one side, and Adam and Eve standing on the other, at each side of a large Devonshire-cyder looking tree, loaded with apples, one of which, a very large boa-constrictor was slyly cramming into the hand of Eve, whilst she, with merited adroitness, was offering another to the unthinking Adam.

This was the first time these thrillingly-treated subjects had had an opportunity of eliciting the sympathies or plaudits of the—to a man—connoisseurs of Fleigh, and five miles round. The wind slightly, though not ungracefully, swang to and fro this gorgeously-gilded and silvered main-sheet of the club; and, though loud the cries to clear the way, and to take care of the small jutting flags which were waved out of room-windows: from the tops of the smith's, barber's shops, &c., still it was nothing to the roars of applause, and the firing of crackers, as it approached, and wantoned past each delighted crowd. Mr. Windley was on horseback, and, with great perseverance, was keeping the crowd off his new flag; his face was blood-hot with his exertions, and his anticipations of three-times-three—if not that number actually cubed—when they arrived at the church-gates, as a slight testimonial of the respect, and the steam they would get up, for the talented production we see him

guard with such care, although he had been paid for it long ere the great day.

Now guess! They are arrived at the main gates; the flag rests; so does Mr. Windley, and takes off his hat, and out his kerchief, and—with it and his coat sleeve—wipes his exuding brow. “Now for it,” and he was right.

“Three-times-three for the painter of Adam and Eve!” “There,” thought Mr. Windley, “I must return thanks.” “Three-times-three for the ditto of the good Samaritan—the cleverest lad that ever lived—young Bradshaw!”

“He has got murdered, becos he could o’er-paint any one else,” cried another. The applause was every thing which Mr. Windley could have desired, if the proposer had concluded his loud harangue with Windley, instead of the abhorred name of his defunct apprentice.

His mortification was at its utmost, when another startling feature of the shows shoved up, and somewhat appeased the teasing confusion which was so industriously annoying the poor artist.

This was no other than a coach containing the twelve celebrated bell-ringers of Fleigh, dressed in knee-breeches, real old fashioned Fleigh fustian; *skim* white shirts; some, curiously festooned with various ribbons. The Leader looked somewhat pale, it is true, but he was bedizened and certainly would have been proclaimed the chief, even by a band of Indians, or to heighten our assertion, by a knot of the feeble eyed Esquimaux. This was Mr. Peter Ince, who was also a Bradshawite, or as some called them; Rowlanders, as juxtaposed to the unbelievers in that young gentleman’s consistancy and great (once) popularity. As soon as Peter, then, got up to the standard of this glorious troop; he ordered his band to three-times-three it again; they all did, and the tenor brawled out “once moor;” and then “again! again! again!” Now this tenor was Mr. Bryant Gow: and his master, when Bryant had done bell ringing, was the same gentleman who had been seized with such cloudy feelings, as he heard the wrong name given, when the hooraws were ordered for the flag—Mr. Windley; of course he had to shout, and wave his hat, like the rest; and without waving anything, or ever intending to waver his resolution, he made up his mind to hate Bryant Gow as much as he had done the memory of his younger pupil, Mr. Rowland Bradshaw.

Now the two ladies’ clubs first, and then the gentlemen’s. The Royal Foresters have arrived. The ladies pass two at once through the *narrow* gate of the church (more lucky than the broad road, too many hearses go up it) and are there no palpitating hearts as they walk under the small ornamental arch? oh yes, there are, thumping about quite as much as in an entry at Almack’s; or, perhaps, as the Queen’s itself, when she sees her maids of honor an inch a piece taller; and with noses better turned at the end than her own. And why? because a committee of gentlemen have formed themselves, for presenting, under this little arch-way, the *belt*—dropped over the shoulders of the thrice happy she to whom awarded through the excess of beauty and finery exhibited between her club house and the before mentioned gate. The young lady so complimented on the present occasion, was a drawer of one of the neighboring collieries; and the present, as compared with the former applause,

was an ululation ; so much so, that the young lady—who was in good health, tolerably adipose, and able, when at work, to draw up half a ton of coal, and eat two quarts of porridge—fainted through her great excitement upon being belted.

The lady in the second club was more fortunate, she did not faint but when the overwhelming bliss encircled her neck, she at once called out, “no mon in Fleigh or out on’t shall ha me unless he con make me a lady, ride me in a coach, and feed me with goud.”

Then the Royal Foresters marched through, but here was no belt : they were all grand and consequential enough ; indeed they might be said all to be belted. The clubs then all went to church to while away the long two hours before their *annual* dinner, and hear a discourse fitting the sobriety of the occasion. Mr. Ince and the other eleven went on to Frescoth.

Now it was arranged, that so soon as the Royal Foresters had feasted, they should proceed also to the seat of war ; and, when the Fleighers had won the contest, as they were sure to do, escort them in triumphant procession to Fleigh.

The two ladies’ clubs were to proceed slowly, just to meet the heroes on their return, to make their entry into the seat of our scenes more imposing and solemn.

First then, the entrance, and for two miles preceding it, was to be a battallion of the Royal Foresters, then their band.

Fleigh gentlemen, two and two.

Next, all the school children bearing and beating instruments of triumph consisting of broken tongs, tin pans, brass, or anything that the juvenile mind could select to animate its feelings of triumph and exceeding joy.

Mr. Peter Ince !

Little girls throwing wild flowers.

The other seven ringers.

Royal Foresters again.

Phalanx of the Ladies’ Club.

Their band.

Two gentlemen with whips and bladders at the ends of the lashes, to jocosely mob off the procession. Two ditto, with chalked imprints to stamp the backs of intruders.

Ladies again.

Band.

Pupils of Mr. Ince, with hand-bells.

Different trades, with their tools and other insignia,—as blacksmiths, with their new leather *barmskins* and bow legs ; colliers, with their picks and round shoulders ; and so on.

Miscellaneous horsemen.

Fleigh—and five-miles-round-it—multitudes, all to shout, “Fleigh bells for ever !” and, “We have won !”

This was the arrangement of the return ; and we shall, perhaps, see, just now, how the whole was carried out. But, in the first place, let us leave the three clubs at their devotions, and proceed with the vehicle that conveys the champions to Frescoth.

Mr. Ince had arranged that his force should not debouche, until the rest of the quires had finished their operations, knowing well the danger of their being excited, which would sure to be the case, if they were within hearing of the others' performances; and it being the Fleigh men's turn to ring last, it will be conceded, by those who have led, on such great occasions, that the arrangement of the present commander was in every way agreeable to the soundest usage.

We must observe, that the referees and umpire, three in number, sat at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the proud steeple of Frescoth. Mr. Longworth, the celebrated blind organist, was appointed by the parish of Fleigh; an equally great musician, from Manchester, represented the great interests of Frescoth.

These two again—although they had met on similar proud occasions hundreds of times, and, generally, with great equanimity; yet as the greatest affair of all, that was, if possible, to settle the lengthened dispute, which were the best men of the two countries—selected a third; that third was our old philosopher, Mr. Justice-of-peace Sweetlove. It is true he belonged to Fleigh parish, but that said nothing; his character for sterling, stiff-headed honesty put at rest the thought, even for a second, that he would give a judgement differing from his real opinion: and though now in a different capacity, it may be well to inform the reader, that he had once been a noted bell-ringer himself: hence his peculiar fitness for the great event upon which he was called to decide.

As we have observed, the other choirs had rung, and there could be no doubt how the thing lay at the present time, the Frescothers being immeasurably the best of all that had preceded. They were cheered out of the belfry, as their opponents winded up the spiral staircase that brought them into it,—we mean the men of Fleigh.

The Fleigh men had but few cheers; for, it must be recollected, they were on adverse ground. "But wait till we get whoum!"

As soon as they got into the bell-room, Mr. Ince selected his second *bell* to proceed with him to the belfry, for the purpose of examining all the bells, wheels, purchases, &c., Peter observing that he had known treachery in church affairs before then, and was resolved there should be none in that steeple.

The survey was satisfactory; the ropes were correct; and then the two descended, the general fixing a person on whom he could rely, to watch the manœuvres of the referees and umpire; to report with a wink to him, but *always* favorably to those under his command; or, more properly, always to be winning, Peter knowing there is no way to support courage like that of asserting it is rampant, and cannot lose.

The leader was a deep chap; for although he spoke the Queen's English quite as well as some of her domestics do, he always made himself understandable; dropped his style, or advanced it, as most suitable to his auditory. Now the good men of his band, though exceedingly fond of the language vernacular, still preferred it when garnished with the good old Fleigh idiom. They could not imagine that any man could deliver himself soundly in any other way, and almost doubted the efficacy of a death-sentence, if delivered in too inflated a style, or in one that did not smack of the real old lingo of the real old town. Peter, we say

knew this feeling, therefore mollified his periods and pronunciation accordingly, and addressed them in something like the following manner, so soon as every man had stripped and got to his respective rope.

MR. PETER INCE'S ADDRESS.

"My friends, countrymen, brothers of Fleigh, and in the divine art of campanology! this day is to decide the fate of some thousands of quarts of ale; to raise Fleigh to a distinguished place in nations, and more particularly in this country. It is said the church is at the head of the people!—granted—then what are we? why, we are the ring-leaders of um. How wisely to lee-ad um well!

"To win it, is to will it; these ropes may hang in Fleigh church as trophies, or they may hang us as cowards, and betrayers of our native soil. I ax the question with my looks. I dar'n't put it in any other way. I am eloquently answered by yours. They are to be pendant among the shot-tattered flags—taken from the French—over the tombs of our great gron-feythers!"

"They are!"

"That answer has warmed from here to here—my friends;" said the eloquent leader, stretching his hand from the nether to the upper part of his stomach. "Nothin' but a slave would ever be one! Nothin' but fee-or con make us lose. Is there a slave here? Is there one who fears? because, if there be, let him say so; and, in the event of a defeat, we con lay all the blame upon his shoulders. I wait for an answer—not one! Why, exactly so, if we lose, it will—as it always should—be laid upon your leader. When men speak of great engagements they say 'Alexander won!' 'Napoleon was defeated!' 'If Blucher had debouched sooner!' and so on; but they never mention the names of those who formed their armies. And of this day, when spoken of, some thousands of years from now, they will say if Ince hadn't called 'taw,' when he did, or 'bob,' in the treble-eights, and so on, his triumph would have been moor glorious; or, the reverse; or—as may be—'Ince won;' 'Ince lost;' 'Ince's men;' 'Ince's band;' but no other name will ever be handed down to our postinherity. Shudder when you think then, though answerable for the whole, a part may be the whole's ruin. I am aware that you have your alls at stake, but then, I have all your alls and my own too. Thus, who would be great if he could be little? but greatness, like its hopposite, is forced upon a man. I'st not shrink from the task it has thrust upon me this day, but I wish it had been placed upon the shoulders of any one else.

"Which of you here that does not love the fair sex, generally, and dote on some one of its kingdom? because, it is as impossible to become great in the enthusiastic art of bell-ringing, without some such invective to excellence, as it would to weed a bed of young onions on a moonlight neet. I have a wife which, after what I have said, you must know that I *love*; but great, very great, as it is, and has bin, I would give up her—her society; her admonitions on 'the last day!' you may stare, my friends, I am in a church, and do not wish to give way to blasphemy, but I say this—I would resign her—resign, ay—for the next three months, if all was well, and it was five o'clock.

"For, recollect, there are other uses in bell-ringing, besides calling folks to church; it windows the fetid and musty air that arises during th' week, from th' graves, tombs, old pews, cushions, bass-mats, th' bone-house, and th' like: and so makes the air pure and fitting for divine service.

"Man was never intended for shame, or his Creator would have given him the same method of exhibiting it, that he has to those who clearly come within such arrangements—a tail to carry between his legs, to sneak with, as dogs do, when accused of licking the bacon which has been prepared for dinner.

"Since, then, he has not made shame for us, let us not make it for ourselves; and as he has made tails for beasts, so he has made boasting for fools and the degenerate; so, as we cannot expect that our remotest grand-childer shall inherit much of our greatness—save our names—nay, as they must weaken into positive fools, let them have their boons—workin' out nature's ways—their *boasts* of their great and glorious ANCESTORS."

This was received with immense applause, every man grasping the end of his rope, as though eager for the *fray*—the part by which bell-ringers hold on.

"Nay, we must win, if it be only for the honor of Fleigh; or what will the Frescothers think of Fleigh, its men, its charities, and things; this little band of twelve, representing that extraordinary community.

"As when a farmer goes to market to sell the produce of his farm, he selects—certainly not the worst portion of his sheafy produce as a sample; by this the market judges of the whole, and the price is raised or depressed accordin'.

"Now we are that sample; we are the picked wheats of Fleigh; and shall we disprove the wisdom of the selection? No, let the dealers say, as they turn us over and scrutinize, 'it certainly is a thin-skinn'd sample—well-fed—well-dressed;' then biting one in two, 'well-flavored—round and sweet as a *bell*—a good sample—a rare sample—name your price, and we will buy—do for dumpling flour.' (Immense cheers.)

"So now, my glorious lads, make ready. Remember, the ears of old Bill Longworth is upon you; and though great the pleasures I have described, besides the eatin' and drinkin'—drinkin'! ay, first a fortnit to tell how we did it not, and then a month, to tell how we did it do. But if we lose, we must not even tell how we did not do it. For though th' old man has come for us, you know him, and you have heard his fiddle. He'll ring the changes upon that; and, with the memory of all the blind, make false ones, and give the *bell* that did them. Oh! insupportable horror! Not to go into a public-house, these three months, but the ghosts of this day's blunders will haunt us. Yonder he sits, with the stern chalk in his grip, more terrible to us, than the picture of Jupiter, with his hands full of ready-made lightning.

"Much talkin' looks as if there was some doubt, I have none in mysel' and let every mon say the same; so now, lads, strip. One word to thee, Bryant Gow, and I've done. Thou 'rt th' only one among us that has not fought in many glorious fields—I mean bell-lofts; now mark, as I have said, all that thou hast to do is to *cover*, cover, cover, cover;

so what we change in the Royal Fleigh majors, thou never changes, but covers ours; and let this inspire thee, that during a number of seasons we rang some scores of matches, and he that you succeed covered all the time—you're sure they would not be a few—still I defy any one to accuse him of a dry bob.

"I know their boast is, that they con give a peal of Major Royals in the Tiddums of 5040 in three hours and twenty-seven minits; we con, and has done 'em in seven minits less. But you'll see we shall bother both Steadman's principle, and that of their grand-sire cators.

"So now, lads, the regular Fleigh fire, and then every mon steady his rope.

"Now fire," bang; "twice moor," bang, bang; "now then—."

Ding, ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, "Now Bryant thy tenor," DONG.

"Well done, lads; God love ho; be as 'cute as devils," ding ding; "cover."

DONG. "Wee'l done again: tor, William. Now, Ruchert! Roger th' fourth, God bless thee, never did it better, even at th' King's deeoath. Ha, ha, Gilbert, by th' heart a gou but they had like—there that's better—stiddy, stiddy—Wee'l done, Bryant—Heaven bless thee, Bill—what the Hell are yo afther George?—there, damn it, I miss'd mysel' through some on yo; it was either with thee, Roger, skenning so—for the Lord's sake don't look like a boggart. How does old Bill Longworth look?" this was asked of the looker-out of the top window. "Never used his chalk yet, Peter!"

"Sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Why then I didn't miss—I thought it. Jack: toss—now, a seventh—damn strange if I did—has the tother referee used his?"

"He was gooin' to do it just now, but Oud Bill has stopped him."

"God bless Oud Bill."

"Two carrier pigeons just let drive."

"The devil."

"Th' Frescoth referee is scratting his yed."

"It's moor than I con do—don yo hear that, lads? stiddy, stiddy, come Dicky, Dicky, don't be talking—thou what? *thou forgot th' key of th' cupboard door?*

"Dost feel how this steeple is shakin'? artn't afeard it'll tumble on thy miserable yed, for havin' anythin' like a thought abeaut a cupboard door, at sich an awful moment as this? oh, *there's a bottle of rum, and art feert of the wife gettin' to it;* carry the rum in thy guts next time they goes a prize-ringing: hold thy din, not another word; I know *thou con talk and keep in, and so con mony beside thee.* Now, now, now, Gilbert, just be good enough to count from th' treble next time—all but; all but! Gilbert—oh, it was thy *wooden leg, was it, as slipt?* they has no nick for th' peg here, eh? same as at whoom. Thou should get down on thy odd knee, before we begun, I mean, and a cut one i'th floor. *Well, if the Churchwardens had a grumbled?* better they grumble than for thee to start a third, had not they? Now, William, very near—Bryant Gow, damn thee, cover, and keep thy foot in the strap—now,

William, again; *thy top hond is sweaty?* thy topknot yo mean, I think William: for the love of all the little angels in paradise, don't thee sken so, Roger, thou looks like as if 'twas frikken'd. Is Oud Bill using th' chalk yet? *he's not*; thank au th' big angels in and out of paradise—can't see any Fleighers? *lots all ready are there! look in rare glee!* do they, Toss—cover, Bryant Gow.

"There, that's the finish: how does Oud Bill look?"

"How does he look? why, as if he could not see. Hurrah! but he con throw up his hat though: there, by gou, yo han won now. He's shoutin' as if he was mad; the tother referee is scrattin' his ear."

"Three times three, my lads: see at Oud Bill, he's gooin' crazy: wee'n won," and Mr. Ince almost turned a summerset for joy, whilst the rest of his noble band jumped upon each other's shoulders, to get a peep through the crowded window: there could be no doubt.

"Now, every man cut off his rope! none of you but what merits one; see, moor pigeons are off. Now mind, let us walk to th' prize room, not with any triumph, but wait 'till we getten whoum for that, or a mile or two before, and then split your pipes as soon as you like."

The Fleigh men descended, but guess their surprise when at the bottom, though met by howls of applause from some two or three hundred Fleighers, the Frescoth men said there had been some unfair play; disputed, before they even asked the decision, and rushed to the bell-room, for the purpose of insisting it was rung over again, or claiming the prize.

The Fleighers were indignant; but guess the wrath of the men of Frescoth when they discovered the sacrilegious and audacious act of cutting and carrying off their bell-ropes. This was enough; they had some pretext before, this needed none: a war shout—a shibboleth—was sounded, when soon sprang to the fight a lot of Lord Wandly's roadmen, stone getters, and under keepers, who had been making holiday during this great event, and were in a happy state of half-drunken savageness: these led the attack.

The Fleigh men fought as gloriously as their ringers had rung, and were resolved to support their claim to the prize, and fairly beat the Frescoth men to the same brook which had formed the lines of the great battle, when the great Gibbon fought, as we have before seen.

Here, however, a strong party came to the retreating side, and the stones being plentiful, the Fleigh men were obliged to give ground. This the brave men of Frescoth saw, and being proverbially game upon their own clod, laid on the Ince party most desperately, and on all that took side with them.

The referees and umpire tried to negotiate, but to no purpose; nay, were glad to make way for the storm that was about to overwhelm them. Mr. Peter Ince seeing how all was to turn, immediately commanded every man to take care of himself, and away all ran for the high road to their beloved town of Fleigh.

This made their opponents more desperate, and the cry was for "every man to catch and kill one."

Now it must be remembered that the Royal Foresters, together with the two Ladies' Societies, were to meet the conquering heroes of Fleigh,

and it may be fairly supposed, that the ladies would not be permitted to walk thither, or return, in any other company but that of ladies. No, if there was no gallantry in the youth of Fleigh, there was a good deal of courting inclination, and so we may calculate that there were nearly as many gentlemen as ladies going to meet and welcome, and triumph home the redoubted champions of Fleigh. And then a few hundreds of thousands—one historian asserts there were—but we say hundreds, it may reasonably be supposed, through the usual curiosity on glad occasions like the one we are describing, also went out: indeed their number was so large, that had the Frescothers known of even a third, it is likely they would not have chased their conquerors—we mean in the ringing—further than a good and sure retreat was compatible. But all this they did not know, and so the terrible race went on, such of the poor Fleighers as could not keep pace, fell prisoners, or worse, were almost beaten to atoms by their merciless pursuers: indeed, every little nibble of this sort only whetted their purpose. But the ringers; *they* were the men they were anxious to clutch—any one—but Mr. Ince—Heaven help you! Mr. Peter Ince, for it is more than your friends can, if once they grasp you: and this Mr. Ince well knew, and, without compliment, he never ran faster, even when seeking his laurels during his military career.

They had now tugged at it for three miles, many of the wretched Fleighers begging of their leaders to offer a parley; give up their trophies, and throw themselves upon the others' mercy.

"Mercy!" sneered Peter, as well as his wind would allow him, "mercy when men have run after you three miles! we shall certain to be butchered if we don't run, nothin' can save you, so at it again! mercy when men have their blood boiled—at it again I say." And the poor Fleighers did, and a terrible struggle brought them to the top of a short but pinchy hill, still to the horror of them all, there was no sight of the Royal Foresters, nor the fair portion of that day's promenade. This was dismal; it is true they have down hill to go, and away they pelted, but soon, too soon, the foremost of the terrible stone-getters was on the top they had just left: nay, his yell of triumph is in their ears, and in a few short minutes a shower of stones fall in their rear.

"That's right my lads, let them throw, that'll soon waste 'em if they'll keep to that; so run (another shower) that'll do—we must meet the Foresters soon, oh, if they had only known this!" Peter had scarcely finished his lament, when the Frescothers were on them, or so near that their stones began to take effect, and as they did so—now in the *rear*, *debouche* the Royal Foresters: all on their magnificent chargers with *their* swords, truncheons of office, battle axes; indeed all their paraphernalia, save globes, three-legs, and other instruments of mere science not fitting for the storms of fight.

This thunderstruck both parties, certainly the Fleighers the most, but to their credit not so much but that when they perceived their new allies, they at once formed into line and returned, in the most brilliant manner, the fire which had been for a long time galling them and that too, not only with showers of stones but even mud, sods, anything in their rage to annihilate the dreadful men of Lord Wandly, and the rest of the

Frescothers. Nor did they in return shrink from the attack, though they most cunningly retreated until they got to a macadamised bed of stones. The havoc then became dreadful, and to take this terrible magazine or to retreat out of the reach of its guns, for a moment became a question with the Captain of the Royal Foresters.

He at once ordered a charge and was resolved to take it by storm, and being no theoretical general but a gentleman who contended there was more soldier-like virtue in the sentence "follow me" than "now up and have at 'em whilst I stand here," he gallantly sent his russet-boot toes, heels he had none, into the ribs of his fiery charger; the charger whisked his stumpy tail and made a rush at the savages of the stone beds: the gallant rider lifted his terrible battle axe, when lo! a stone rattled off his large slouched hat, another nearly did the same to his jaw, whilst a third smashed his bridle hand and thus the fierce steed sprang into the melee, without that direction which even the coolest requires when resolved on the breaking of lines or the dislodgement of cannon. Now a volley of fracted stones pepper about the horse's head, and a stinger hitting him on the shin he lost all patience, just dropped upon his knees probably to utter a prayer for his success, turned his stump-tail towards his fierce assailants; and never was battering ram more savage: the first fly of his heels was a little short of his mark, but not so his shoes; the off one struck the leader of the Frescoth men—Mr. Bobbin Twist felt his head was scalped, whilst two of the twisted nails, jagged out in a most unskilful way, large pieces of smoking flesh from his nose and cheek bone. It is not recorded whether Mr. Bobbin Twist felt much pain at the time, but it is, that he immediately on the receipt of the shoe and iron fangs, went head over his three-quarter boots into the space between the unbroken, and whole wedges of stone.

Now this was bad, but Fate had not decided upon Mr. Twist, or if she had, her ministrants had not put all her present judgements into execution and for this purpose, waited until the nag of the Royal Foresters began her resiliation and then it was evident that the God of battles had other woes for Bobbin, for souse came upon him, head first, (and though Bobbin tried to give some another reception, he was obliged to offer no part but his stomach to the Royal Foresters) the general and the late rider of the now rampant short tail; and both were jammed together in the chasm we have described.

Which of these two great men suffered most from this decision of sanguinary fate, we have not time to enquire; but we have to remark, that this simple movement of the gallant nag completely broke the lines of the Frescoth men, and, in one minute, not only were the Royal Carbiniers, but most of the foot phalanxes of Fleigh, slap on the apex at the largest stone-hill: and whiz went the stones at the—retiring, *their* historian says, but we must say—the running-away-as-hard-as-they-could Frescothers. The route was general, and complete; when a horseman appeared, enveloped in a large coat, buttoned half over his face, and the one too, so it was afterwards asserted by the men of Fleigh, that had met the Foresters, when slowly proceeding towards the scene of the great ringing match, and urged them to speed, as there was an infamous plot laid against the Fleigh choir, to rob them of their prize, and to murder the m

if found necessary; this was found to be true, and was the cause of their hiding in the place, until both parties had passed, and then debouching on the rear of the pursuers, as we have observed. This man, then, arrested the flight of the original attackers, and told them, that if they would just dip into the little adjoining young forest, they would meet with abundance of colliery prop-wood. "And now, mark," said the stranger; "every man get the longest piece he can; then wheel round yon turn; charge them; they cannot have many stones; and if they have—what are a dozen apiece—charge! rout them, and then lay on."

This threw amazing vigor into the retreaters. They at once acted upon his counsel, and found, not only the sort of weapons he had described—short and stumpy—but five lengthy, lance-like poles, as though they had been cut and *left* there on purpose. Every man—armed—wheeled, as instructed; breasted, and received the gallant charge of the horsemen; who were also flanked by the numerous foot battalions of their triumphant adversaries. The charge, however, was too impetuous; they were not prepared for this new equipment, and newer tact, of the Frescoth men. Their plan was simple, but obviously must be effectual; and was no other than putting one end of the long pole in the ground, and lifting the other to an angle, answering about the height of the horses' breasts of the royal troops. It would be impossible to say how many generals, colonels, and smaller officers, fell by this manœuvre; but it is undoubted, the tumblers must have been as numerous as if ambushed grape had been distributed amongst them. General Ince again ordered a retreat to be sounded; and those who were able soon obeyed him, by rattling their shoes, clogs, or bare feet, as the case might happen, on their way to Fleigh.

And, again, the Frescothers are the pursuers; using their huge staves as if they were flails, and the heads and backs of the retiring troops as though they were nothing more than thrashing floors, where laden sheaves are cudgelled. Soon, however, the retreaters make the lessened stone beds, and a faint resistance is offered; but the steady advance of the fatal lances soon caused them to be evacuated; though it must be confessed, that if the Frescoth lines had not shed oceans of blood, there was scarcely a face which was not parting with sanguinary streams. But if their blood slackened the dust through which they now advance, it had by no means alleviated their revenge; and though from such terrible exercise, we might augur that a draught of cold water would be wished for, yet strange to say, every Frescother said he should prefer a drink—however hot—of the detested blood of his old opponents; nay, many said they would wash their faces in it; and they were not long before they had them well sprinkled, if not actually abluted, when the Frescothers attempted to seize that, which as men—as Fleighers—as Royal Foresters—nay, even as bell-ringers—all are resolved to retain—even as that breath which had been given them to take care of, almost as soon as life itself—the prize the Frescoth men now grasp—the large flag of Adam and Eve! the one we have seen wave so proudly in the morning, and which had been left in the care of the four carriers, ere the Foresters were informed of the plot against their fellow-citizens. On this daring

manceuvre, every man of the pursued felt re-animated, if not actually a second creation swelling his veins and tightening his sinews.

To attempt a description of the battle here would be as fruitless, as, were it possible, it would be to attempt its comprehension; or to give, or to cause the reception of ideas suitable to the grandeur, bravery, nay, actual, magnanimity of both armies. The glorious standard was taken; clutched back; wrenched away again; silk torn; the holders thrown; the pole smashed; the seizers also. Rent, rip, crash, tear, both silk and the hair off the heads on all sides. Dust, painted silk, fringe, pole, blood,—all in terrible mystification. But the grand flag, the standard of the Royal Foresters, was no more; nor, it is feared, would any synthetical operations bring it back. And again the Fleigh men must make for assistance. “Heavens! will the Ladies’ Clubs never come?” a sudden burst of triumph, from the advanced part of the retreat, tells they are on the march. They were right; they were coming with prepared garlands; but poets in after days will have to sing other Amazonian feats, save those led on by Queen Hippolyte; and here again, the same, or from compared accounts after, just such another horseman, dressed the same, with the same colored horse, told the ladies of the terrible attack upon the Fleigh bell-ringers, and the way in which the Royal Foresters themselves were in suffering annihilation from the sanguinary hands of the fierce Frescothers, and without their assistance, as well as that of their beaux, they would all be slain, and, no doubt, Fleigh itself burned down; and the horseman concluded by urging them all to arm, and push to the terrible field, with the despatch that men would use to save their burning houses, and ladies if their babes lay asleep in them.

They took the stranger’s advice, and the Fleigh men, thus reinforced, again charged with no other knell of tocsin or sound of the trumpet, than the sweet voices of their new allies, who all cried out “now, devils, we have yo!” and in one quarter of an hour the ladies realized their threat. The route was continuous, sanguinary, wide, and brilliant.

The battle was finished; the Fleigh men alike triumphant in field and belfry. And just as the terrible struggle was ending, might be seen, on a small eminence, probably three hundred yards from most of the battle ground, a slight, tallish figure, with a short marshal’s glass in his hand, and a large cloak carelessly thrown over the rest of his body. The marshal’s glass was still fixed to the only open-eye, the other being firmly closed, when another figure approached, and who, in all respects, answered to the description of the one we have seen so busily riding round the two forces. As he neared the former, he took off his hat, bowed, and then pulled down the large neckerchief that had so amply covered the lower part of his face, and so soon as he saw the other had taken down his glass, and dismissed his contemplations, again bowed, and thus—

“My lord.”

“O, you’re there—ha! ha! well, well done, Pryet.”

“I trust, my lord, I kept ’em well to it!”

“Excellent, excellent; I’ve not been so amused since I was in (watched) a real engagement; to do the fools credit, they fought with great industry!”

"Does not your lordship think with great bravery?"

"O, excellent—so much so, that long ere they cool themselves, I'll have a few fifes and drums, and a score of swashing, recruiting sergeants, eh? a pity such bravery should be allowed to waste; or only to ripen for poaching, or the ranks of chartism—did any know you?"

"I think not, I think not—had not time for that."

"You must have yon farm;—has the lad given way, said anything?"

"Not a word—sulky as ever; indeed, he's getting rather vicious."

"Take care of him—don't let your father know too much—an old ass; call up at Hescott to-night—I'll take care to see you;—let *him* court your sisters—five girls—he might talk to them."

"He wont, my lord."

"At all events, we have given the good men of Fleigh enough to muse upon, *without thinking upon us.*"

HERE ENDETH PART THE FIRST.

AND to conform to the ancient usage of following the first part by the second, the second by the third, and so on, in a proper seriatim form, we here commence the second part of our history, with a few remarks made by the gentleman who had the last word in our first. Our readers will probably not grieve at this, as his lordship has been very sparing, both with his company and his interference in any of our scenes. And as we know the balancing affection that we all have for the moments of patrician, as side by side with the more humble portions of humanity, who have long enough been capering to their strings in the history before us, let us listen to the few observations which the right honorable Lord Wandly is making of himself and contemporaries, to himself and a clump of old trees, under which he now stands.

We know it is not usual to listen to the mutterings of the by-passer, nor to take much notice of those, though similarly engaged; who are deemed not precisely sane, but when the great afford us an opportunity of acquainting ourselves with what is passing within, we fear there are few without who will not at once avail themselves of it: particularly when we consider that cabinet arcana themselves may be the interesting subjects brought under our observance.

Which, or whether lord Wandly was occupied in most, the affairs of state, or those of his own will be best known to the reader, by what we are about to transcribe for his use.

"Humph, Pryet not come, the more strange as subordinates, particularly when assisting the great to be vile, are generally noted for the great

care they observe in their punctualities. Ah, ha, ha, his father the worthy paver is a prodigious rascal, a honest, blunt, loud spoken, upright knave. A gentleman who looks you in the face, wipes the sweat off his seemly brow, talks so loud that you could hear him through a crowded orchard: a man who wishes to live as he can die, ha, ha, ha. But upon the conventionalism of a nobleman, and that nobleman a bit of a rogue too, when he has a mind to put it in force: the son, this active agent of mine, will soon strip the generous-minded paver. Would it be thought? when he first embarked in this affair, he only wanted a small but very good farm, which—ha, ha, his father wanted too. Now he's driving at a landing-waiter's place—God help the owners of all good ships that he has to discharge—but, bah! if he wants it, he must have it; though my next presentations my worthy father has promised to half-a-dozen sons of old servants, 'fitting men'—'honest families.' Ha! ha! my dear father, we have something else to do with our waiterships, than to be bestowing them upon the befitting. Virtue can plod; it is only the sons of infamy or the vile themselves, that are reserved for state, or even custom-house pickings—and they are not bad, I'm told.

"Humph, but this Mr. Tennyson—humph—the daring way in which he has been making appointments, and without asking how my list stands—stagger me. I'm greatly deceived if that mild gentleman does not know—indeed, during the sojourn of Mr. Crabbs at Hescott, his conduct, nay, both of them, almost became bullying; and yet I cannot suppose he can be acquainted—I must give him a mission, some flattering one; may not that make him a little more foxy? This is a curse unknown to any but the great, is the way in which we are eternally watched. Some may think that the rich have a thousand, for one ways in obtaining those pleasures called unlawful; why, so they have—and there are the like number of odds, that they are detected in them. Watch, watch, watch: ay, and you little suspect by whom. Something must be done with Mr. Tennyson, and—ha, ha, this subtle young Pryet: but, thank Heaven, his blessed ignorance will always be a gentle nullitive—oh! you are arrived? well, may I ask what has detained you?" This was addressed to the son, and, indeed, heir of his lordship's head-paver, and under-bailiff. And as the gentleman, though somewhat unknown to the reader, has already been very active in Lord Wandly's services, and may be of considerable use to him for some time yet, we think it advisable to make the reader better acquainted with this young aspirant, to the confidence and affections of so great a nobleman and statesman as Lord Wandly.

As we have said, he was the eldest son of Mr. Pryet; a big, and somewhat powerfully-built young fellow of twenty-five. He had had in early life, lots of schooling; for impudent as it may appear, even, when but a boy, his father had some floating visions of getting him the chief-agent's situation at Hescott. Indeed, the progenitor of the subject of our sketch was, at that time, merely a quarry-man, but already had distinguished himself as a "clat," a useful office in a great estate, and so he thought of bringing up his first offspring to the same craft—adding that which he himself did not possess, a knowledge of reading, writing, and the elements of compound interest. Now the son was called after

the maiden name of his mother, Mrs. Pryet, which was Knurly; so Knurly Pryet was the youth's name. Now poor Knurly loved all sorts of sports better than those in which his schoolmaster would join; so, although Knurly achieved some fame as a buffer when at school, in the other portions of his study he was, what the old preceptor called, a "precocious dunce." However, he told his father he was as high as he could go; and the worthy clat, not being a judge in scholastic altitudes, asked the pupil's master himself, who said, and that very calmly, that the boy had spoken the Lord's truth. The senior Pryet was satisfied, and so took the child of attainment home. Well, he was too learned and too strong to work, and though he fancied thirteen trades, upon trial, there was not one which he liked; and, in some cases, the expounders of the trades did not like Master Knurly. So the father took to the lad, whilst he again affianced himself to a double-barrelled gun. This was all that he lawfully loved; but it must be confessed he had several liaisons with several comely young ladies, who were entertained in a few of the adjoining farm-houses, in the capacities of dairy-maids, and one or two who were retained in more dignified positions still. This was expensive work for the new under-bailiff, as the bastardy laws were still unabolished. Now there could, also, be no doubt, that Mr. Pryet, jun., did, at sundry times, transgress the laws which were ordained for the protection of bumping hares and whacking pheasants, but still ever found peculiar favor in the eyes of Colonel Dillon, and, in despite of all this, had sought and found singular affection in the eyes—not, never could, of the King of Hescott—but in those of the Prince Regent.

He had gradually risen, and at last distinguished himself as the principal witness in the great poaching prosecution, through which two or three of the gang got hung, and the rest Botany-Bayed for life. Indeed, Knurly was complimented by the judge himself; and this, with the hate, and being the fear of all the neighborhood, completed his success with the nobleman with whom we now see him in active colloquy. Indeed, it is supposed, he must have had considerable, perhaps state employment,—for all they knew to the contrary—for some time, as he had often been away for several months at once; some say he had even been on most parts of the Continent, and, indeed, the Lord knows where. And perhaps the funniest part of Knurly's character has to be told: which is, that although he was a terrible dunce when young; a village bully when older; both of these and a great deal worse when matured; all at once he had taken a fancy to be a scholar, and, if not too late, a gentleman; for he never moved but a portable dictionary and grammar were always to be found in his pocket; and, when at leisure, one might be seen in his hand, and the other in a position so convenient, that he could soon, at least, get it into his fingers. With this we will proceed.

"I had to cross the lower end of the big wood, as I did not wish to be seen coming in this direction."

"Well?" said Lord Wandly.

"And there were three of your lordship's under-keepers shooting rabbits."

"Shooting what? Are you sure?—all shooting—what names?"

"All, my lord; all three had guns." And then Mr. Pryet concluded by telling the astonished lord their names.

"Humph! any one else see them but you? (Three of the witnesses in the poaching prosecutions) The fact is, they have been pestering me for some time to carry guns; I consented, upon being told they were merely for the destruction of vermin, magpies, jays, hawks, and the rest. Now, mind me, Pryet; call at Dillon's to-morrow, or perhaps the tax-office will be best, and lodge the information; surcharge the honest vermin-slayers—ha! ha! there will not be many more requests to carry guns after that, as they have no certificates. Well, now?"

"Well, then—pardon me, my lord, but the Chaplain is always hammering away at me. There may be nothing in it, but he has made about a dozen frivolous excuses to call at our house; nay, it's no use mincing the thing—damn me, if I don't think he's pretending to court our Jane; of course, it's nothing else but pretence—all done to pump—and if a woman courts, my lord, she'll blab."

"Pump! he had better mind, or I may turn him into one—I have enough for him to do."

"Yes—but, my lord, he would like to monopolize; I know he would, same as he would like all the livings in your lordship's gift—indeed, he said he would."

"Ha, ha, ha, said so, did he? Like them all?"

"Ay; and then he said he would not care if he *never* was a bishop so long as he lived."

"Well, keep snug, and tell Jane that you will give me a hint—or, rather, the amorous Chaplain. Just be indignant; say you will ask me if I know anything of these calls, and there will be no more prying."

"Why, my lord, it is only taking coals to where they are grown. He should consider it's a good deal like our family name."

"Well, now, what news?"

"Oh, he's as merry, good-tempered—nay, good-natured, as ever, and as—"

"Secret as ever?"

"Or, indeed, I may say more so!"

"The girls—can they make nothing of him?"

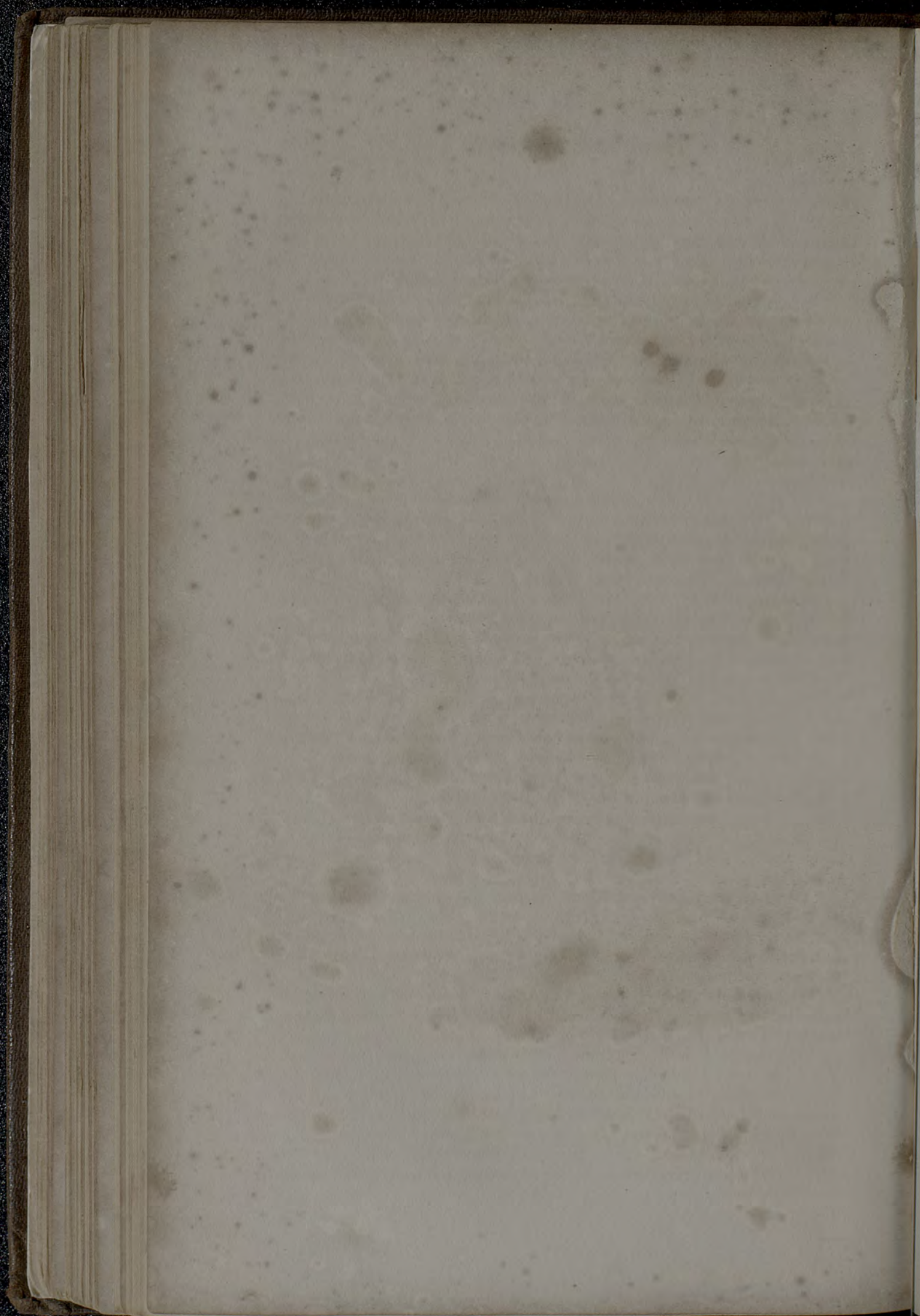
"Oh, but they soon would, if they were not devilish closely watched. He seems to have more prudence than they—indeed, I sometimes think that he conceives them to be the trap: for certain—I don't know which is the worse—but I suppose they'd all bolt with him: and would you believe it, my lord, that wise gentleman, your lordship's head paver, stone-getter, and small adviser, my respected father, flatly told me—ay, and without speaking up, which is a proof, at all times, of his sincerity—that he wished *he would* take a liking to one of the girls."

"What, would he like his first grandson to be a bastard?"

"No, not so bad as that—no, lawful marriage—because, says he, 'his lordship would never have made all this stir about the lad, unless he is his own son; or, as great a man's—and the blood's the same, whether he was married to his mother'—and daddy (ha, ha, the old man may be right, his lordship has changed color—groans! ah, then there may be something in it) is so anxious to have some good blood in the veins



Lord Wandly and Knurby Pryet.



of our succeeding generations, that I verily think, if the lad was to beg, and die a beggar, the old man (now, I'll try my lord) would not care—that is, if he thought there was any chance of mixing—even if a little improperly—the bloods of the great house of the Pryets, with the ancient one of Hescott. (I'm not so far wrong, I perceive.)”

“Infernal old idiot! (I must not let this bumpkin see too much) ha, ha, then this will be the machinery by which, no doubt, the youth's mother was apprized of his situation?”

“No doubt, whatever, my lord: and though I have intercepted every letter—directed, as I informed your lordship, to a friend for re-direction—depend upon it, the girls have carried one unknown to me, or my father. Besides, my lord, I think it is impossible to make him believe, much longer, that he stays there—that is, by his father's wish that he stays there, and the rest!”

“Seems to have no distrust?”

“Why, the *letter*, and indeed the other papers which I gave him, greatly affected him; he has, of course, no doubt as to their genuineness, as he was well acquainted with his father's hand-writing, and though he seems as if he could lay his life down, could he once see him, still, I think, he is beginning to suspect some trick.”

“And never, in any way gives the remotest¹ hint of where, or how his mother is to be found? of course, there must have been some communication; or why the strange (but stranger still that she should ever have been so near—and, heavens, to be keeping a school too) story of her leaving—never coming back—humph?”

“Ay, my lord, if she be gone—but you see, from all I could glean—she is such a prodigious favorite with her pupils—that there is not one, I am sure, would say a word—and her principal domestic came with her from Devonshire, (I'll try him) I believe, *nursed* this stripling.”

“Poh, poh, ridiculous; if she were at Rainford Lodge—don't you call it?—academy, it would be certain to be known: nay, our Chaplain has been on a visit to the Rector, of course, you are aware, the living is in our gift, and she is well known at the rectory—but they say, undoubtedly, she has left, and that too, suddenly and mysteriously. Humph!”

“I thought, my lord, the Chaplain was to—to know nothing about it?”

“Neither does he, only what I chose he should know, but tell me, (curse the difficulty we have in asking such questions as these,) I think you say, you have seen her?”

“(I have not) why, O, yes my lord, but, but a slight glance at her, and that was enough, (I have heard her pretty well described,) and that was enough!”

“H—ow, how, what was enough; what do you mean?”

“(This time I *will* try him,) oh, as to her beauty!” Mr. Pryet looked as boldly as he durst into the face of his lordship, or, perhaps, it would be considered a gloar by a looker on; but, Mr. Pryet thought it would be sufficient for his purpose, and so it was; “beauty my lord, not my opinion, though in my opinion—if that were worth—”

“Well Sir, well Sir,” cried the lord, stamping his feet, “your opinion; any one's.”

"Well, mine is, that if ever there was perfection—but every one says so—"

"Every one says so, why Sir you must be getting very preciously noodled, what are you talking about Sir; who are you talking of?"

"You have my lord, forbidden me to mention her name."

"Well, Sir Sapient! but we both know what we mean, but what I aver to be ridiculous, and I question if you know of whom I speak, when you talk of the transcendent beauty of a woman that must be getting into middle life; what the mother of, now actually a young man, being still so beautiful—impossible!"

"(I don't understand him, but as I'm telling the truth I'll go on) Indeed my lord be not offended, her great beauty is the subject of general—I may say the only one of remark; please to recollect that I lived in Bath two years, and may be supposed to have seen, at least, some respectable specimens, and I, not knowing, should have said, some five or six and twenty at most, to be her age, but as to her beauty!"

"Pah, pah, no more Sir, (this is so maddening that I must end it, or I shall betray)—does *he* appear to have no wish; but that shows, there has been some intercourse—to see his mother?"

"Silent as death, but one eternal, painful, indeed I may say, pitiful, enquiring as to when 'the stranger's promise,' your lordship's, would be verified, as to the appearance of his father; and I think the only slip he has ever made, was, that he has either never seen him, or has no recollection of such event, so I construed a remark he made, but always with the same evenness of temper."

"Never offers to run, or make off?"

"May be knows that that would be sure to forfeit the chance which his very soul seems to exist, for one—one little (and Mr. Pryet in saying this, gave another and a more palpable glare at the noble, but irascible, listener) peep, one moment with what he calls, his adored father."

Lord Wandly paced round the spot, in which he had for some time stood, in attempted circles, and in a few minutes said "what will be the best to be done? it is—how dare you look at me Sir in that way?"

"My lord!"

And Mr. Pryet's lord looked Mr. Pryet in the face for a space of time not less than the one he had occupied in his fruitless attempts to scribe a reasonably formed circle. His lordship then dropped his eyes, not however, until he had fairly closed the audacious looking ones of his agent, and heir to his principal paver. "What was I saying? how does he spend his time?"

"Drawing and reading, reading and drawing; he had pledged his word not to write, but he has sketched—really I don't think there is a bucket or a milking can, of which he has not made a drawing; I think he calls these still life; he has drawn the girls in all attitudes: on my word I think he is a most honorable youth too."

"Pah, may I ask, Sir, what his honor has so suddenly to do with his employments, or methods of varying his hours?"

"Well, my lord, I think he does all this in order that the few who do see him, may not suspect any mystery; that, as he has pledged his word not to give the remotest hint, as to why and what he is there for; I think he gives himself all this business as if he had merely taken his

abode at your lordship's paver's for his own purpose, probably for his health, landscape sketching, any thing, rather than for the purpose or motives of any one but his own."

"Saw the reward that the honest Fleighers had offered for him?"

"He has."

"How did it seem to affect him?"

"So much so, that he almost swooned and wept, at what he called their goodness, for hours; indeed this may be another reason why he assumes so much the airs of one at ease, and is so full of application."

"But, what did he say, when both he and his beloved—pah, mother were *impostors*? how did he feel that? of course you allowed the newspaper to drop into his hands, as if you were unconscious of any such paragraph being in it?"

"I did, he seemed puzzled, said he feared some mis-information had been given, but indeed said very little; he makes great moan, but no enquiry, about Rowbottom of Fleigh, but seldom else speaks respecting anything. It's his imperiousness and silence that have struck the old gentleman with such a vast opinion of his superiority and high birth—my lord, I was not looking—solemnly, at your lordship: I say that is a fact and the governor will have it, but no matter; the only ones at all he seems to unbend with are the lasses, he certainly will romp with them, and that not a little."

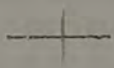
"Humph, now briefly, for something must be done, though I will take care you are all well out of it; is there any chance, however remote, of catching the old bird—by inveigling her only—"

"My lord, yon's Mr Tennyson and the chaplain."

"Where?"

"Coming this way!"

"Humph, run: three thousand curses if they should have seen us!"



CHAPTER XXIX.

A SURPRISE FOR THE READER.

Mr. Joseph Styrrup had just arranged with his father to take a six-months' trip on the Continent, for ever since his old friend and preceptor had left Fleigh, the school to which he, though but a very young pupil belonged, was considerably broken up. The proceedings of the White-Horse-bar could scarcely be considered as the ghosts of the great departed spirits who had assembled there; thus kingdoms fall, so they rise, the coming or departure of one great soul being often the cause of both.

Mr. Styrrup, it must be observed, had ever been, as well as his friend,

Mr. Rowbottom, an unflinching defender of the conduct and fortunes of, what he was pleased to call "that poor lad, Bradshaw;" nay, by this time, had discovered, quite to *his* satisfaction, that the reports which had been so assiduously floated, to the ruin of Rowland's character, were false. Of this he had written to Mr. Rowbottom, who was at the time supposed to be reading for the bar, with a learned and highly-gifted sergeant, then at Marseilles. He had also given him most of the information, since his departure, which we have thought it our duty to lay before the reader, with a good deal more, that we may have to intimate by and by; nay, but for a determined curiosity to sift the affair, as far as practicable, it is likely he would have been on his trip to the South of France, long ere this; as to live long without seeing his old friend, Rowbottom, seemed to be out of question. But it was Rowbottom's wish, as well as his own, that he should not proceed on his visit, until he had made himself as far acquainted as possible with the extraordinary doings, which we have partly seen, but which, in reality, affected the position of Rowbottom, and one or two others, far more than it has been in our power to lay before the reader. Things were in this position, and Mr. Styrrup was preparing for his departure, when, one evening, as he was leaving the White-Horse sanctum, the following letter was thrust into his hands.—

"My dear Mr. Styrrup,

"In the absence of the only gentleman of Fleigh whom, as I am situated, I should have dared to trouble—Mr. Rowbottom—I have, from kindnesses received at your hands, almost equal to those of your friend himself, presumed, Sir, to address you, and, after what has transpired, as well as doubtless what you have been obliged to listen to—should you still feel any interest in my welfare, or in the extraordinary events since our last meeting—the bearer of this—my late fellow-apprentice—Mr. Bryant Gow, will conduct you to where I now am, and where I am most anxious to see you.

"But ere you do this, of course you will cause the reward, which I perceive, with great pain, is still offered for my discovery, to be withdrawn. I fear that I have been the victim of a strange, perhaps unmeaning, but very subtle plot—of this I shall soon convince you; or, if I fail to do so, of the two reports which have been spread of me, believe the one which has heaped disgrace and imposition upon my head.

"Here, I can only say, that such representations are false; but, still, from what I learn of poor honest Bryant, I never could, under any circumstances whatever, for one moment, and more especially, through my mysterious departure, think of seeing Fleigh more; let alone the thought of ever resting in it another day.

"To you, Sir, and to those to whom I deem it of importance, I shall scrupulously clear everything—I do not fear that you will think it too much—and, therefore, shall feel lastingly obliged to you by making some arrangements with my esteemed master, Mr. Windley. He for sometime before I left him said, that it was a pity I should be losing my time in Fleigh. From this, I feel certain, you will have little difficulty, with the assistance of my worthy friend, the bearer, in making arrangements for the release of my indentures, and other effects—of course, whatever Mr. Windley may demand shall be paid on return of the post.

"I cannot explain any more in a letter; suffice it, I have much to say, but whether of any importance to any one but myself, will be amongst other things for your consideration; but in this, as well as in all, do not take one step, unless you now think, what I know you once did, that I am incapable of acting, and that of another, in the way which has been imputed to us; and, believe me, whatever you may think it your duty to do, you can never alter the opinion and lasting respect which I trust will ever animate the bosom of

"Your sincere, though very humble friend,
"ROWLAND BRADSHAW."

"Good God!" said Mr. Styrrup, as he concluded the unlooked-for epistle; "can all this be possible? are you sure, Mr. Gow, that this is the poor dear boy's own writing? or, after the singular, and I fear infamous tricks, which have been played upon us benighted Fleighers, is it not some imposition? It is true, he says, you will take me to the place," said Mr. Styrrup, looking at the letter—"but are you—can you be sure?"

"Quite." Replied Bryant, with a look of self-approbation. "I have seen him," continued the speaker, still more proudly, "and, what is more, should you wish it, Mr. Styrrup, I will take you where he now is."

"God be thanked! Let me see—you are out of your time, Bryant? but I suppose you can get your late master's pony?—I could have lent you a horse, but my father, who you know, since these Frescoth rows, is a little fidgety and inquisitive, might suspect something; or, at all events, it will be better, for every reason, not to be seen riding out of the town together, and at this late hour too; now I can easily pretend I am going to see how the new charcoal ovens act; so I will meet you at the further Edge Green colliery, in half an hour, Bryant—stay, is it far?"

"A good hour's riding."

"I will be there. Good God!" repeated Mr. Styrrup once more, as the important and delighted fellow-apprentice of the writer's ran off to steal, from his quiet stable, the pony of Mr. Windley. "I am almost so astounded, and the more so when I begin to ruminate, that I can scarcely breathe and move. Thank God! and yet what a strange feeling it is to meet one whom you have long thought dead, and worse, dreamt nightly he was living. This will be great news indeed. I'll write to dear Bob at once; no, perhaps, that will be hasty: I will see the poor lad, and then. Poor fellow, and to make me his first confidant. Now if there has been foul play, *somebody* look out," and Mr. Styrrup at once prepared for his journey.

Mr. Styrrup had scarcely got to the roaring charcoal-furnaces, when the smart pattering feet of Mr. Windley's Jacky could be heard, and soon Jacky, with Mr. Bryant on Jacky's saddle, came clattering up; for Jacky had been new-shod that day, and he was a little gentleman that was ever fond of making a good rattle as he travelled, and, for which reason, preferred the good old-fashioned bolder-pavement, to the more effeminised new plan of making roads for ponies to trot upon.

Well, the spanking hunter of Mr. Styrrup went side-above-back of little Jacky, and though the hunter took great big strides, yet Jacky

managed to make his little ones to locomote his rider quite as fast as his friend's—we may fairly call him so; for although Spanker's nose kept jobbing Jacky's cropped ears, yet Jacky kept breast to breast with his lofty fellow traveller. And nothing could be more cheerful, for the night was dark, and the roads somewhat bad, so we will leave it to any one, either of Jacky's kidney, or the more august Spanker's, whether company, under such circumstances, is not only agreeable, but, as we have adventured, cheerful: and when the two equestrians began to chat, Jacky merrily whisked his newly-cropped tail; for Jacky had not only been shod that day, but had had his beard singed, mane pulled, and his nose, too, with a twitch—for Jacky was somewhat afraid of fire so near his jaws—tail cropped, and, indeed, a regular furbishing on that day.

Well, soon Spanker himself begins to take an interest in the conversation, and so does his sly friend and stable companion, which managed to creep out as Spanker was saddled—the little black terrier. All are absorbed listeners; for Jacky ceases to pretend biting at Spanker; Spanker carries his head with great sobriety, and his ears mark his attention; whilst Frisk gives up crossing every gap he comes to, or jerking through gate-bars, smelling rat-holes, or for inducements to linger at sundry posts which he might come to; and in this agreeable way all parties jogged on.

Mr. Styrrup was just asseverating that if he found Rowland had met with unfair play, he would endeavor to rectify it, when suddenly Frisk left the side of his friend Spanker, and gave a piano growl at some being who stood in the corner of an old road, and who was covered by a dense holly hedge. Mr. Styrrup slightly pulled up, and was about to make some remark, or, probably, to ask some question, when the other anticipated him with a "good night." Both riders returned the wish, and again rode on.

"That chap, whoever he was, must have heard us come up, and so stood there to catch what we were saying." Remarked Mr. Gow to the gentleman on Spanker.

"No matter; but he was on horseback, was he not?"

"Oh, decidedly; on one, I should say, quite as large as the one you ride, sir."

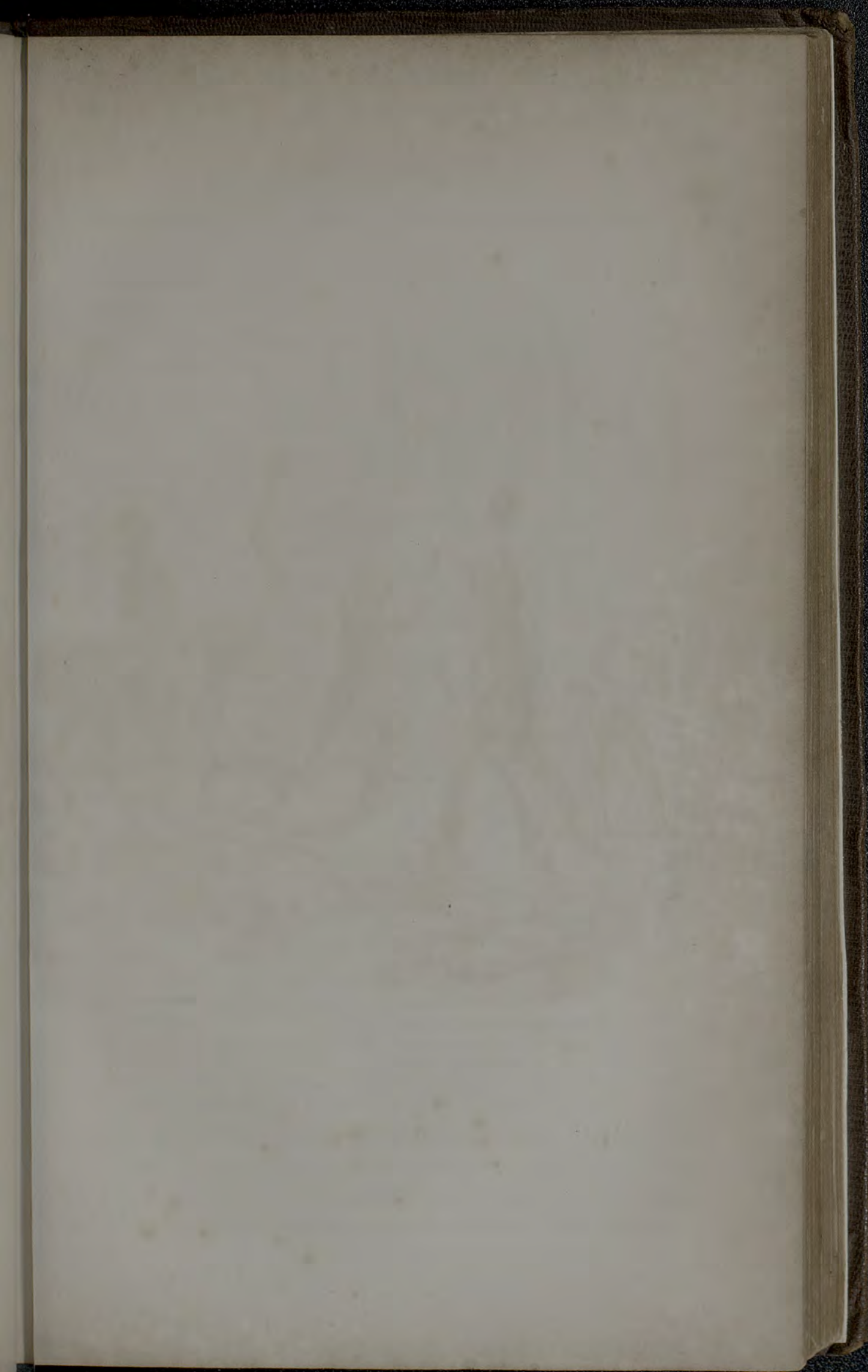
"Let him go to the devil; I have got a brace of clickers, and should he, or any one, come too near, I would let him see some kindled gunpowder."

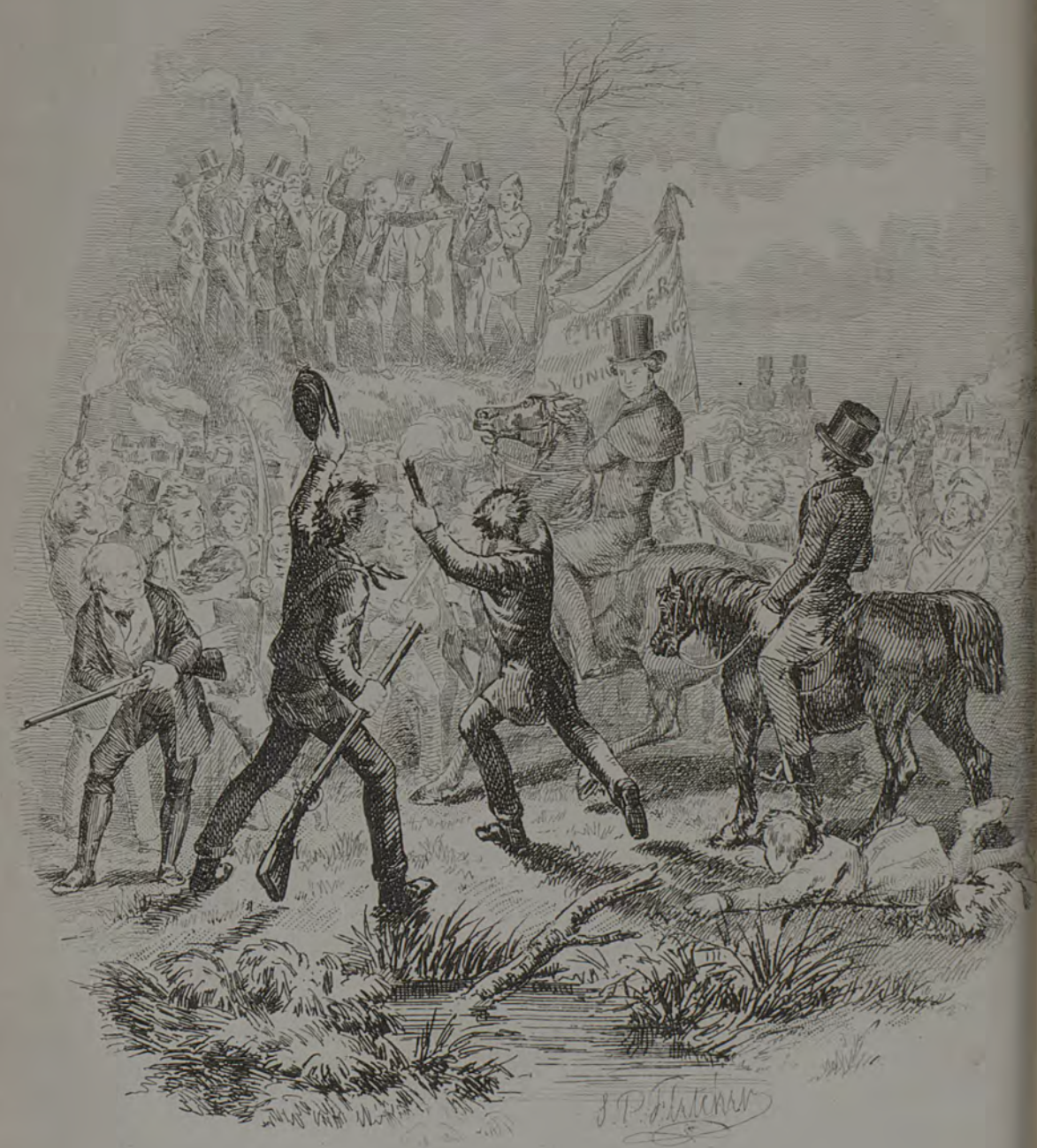
"No wondering that the chartists carry pistols for midnight meetings, when such gentlemen as those go to such places, and with such weapons too." All this was said by a smashing horseman, to one almost of equal calibre, both as to horse and rider, and who dashed past both Spanker and Jacky.

"Did you hear that, Bryant?" Demanded Mr. Styrrup. "Humph! those fellows—very mysterious—must have heard what I was saying."

"Heard, of course he did; and, what is more, the nearest one was the very horseman who stood at the corner of that lane."

"Pah! the fact is there has been so much mystery, treachery, by heavens! of late, that no one knows how to act; but once give me a fair chance; only let me find out who is working the wires, and I may





The Chartist meeting

amaze somebody yet. I have not forgotten that diabolical Frescoth business ; and I'll make some one else think of it, or I'll try. Holo ! why, what are all yon lights about ? Ah ! and don't you hear shouting ? What the devil can it all mean ? Draw up, and let us look over that gate a bit."

"Oh, I'll tell you, sir ; it is a chartist meeting ; yon will be Furzy Moor ; how very unlucky, for that is the place, at least, near the bottom, in the old barn there, where we are to meet Rowland."

"We are too soon by half an hour yet, are we not ?"

"About that, Mr. Styrrup."

"Supposing we hear what the strange beggars are saying ; a bit of an adventure I expect ; I never witnessed a thing of the sort. My word, but they have plenty of lights ; this is what is called a torch-meeting, I suppose ?"

"Torch, pistol, and potato-fork meeting ; pike, and old rusty-bayonet meeting, or anything else they can bring ; there, don't you hear them firing ?"

"By George ! it must be rare sport ; quite a refinement on the fifth of November ; but, however, let us get a nearer peep." Saying so, Mr. Styrrup gave his horse the rein, Mr. Gow paid the same compliment to Jacky, and at a good dashing pace, both horsemen found themselves within ten yards of the animated speaker of the mob, and fairly in the crowd of his vociferous, not to say yelling, applauders. The instant our horsemen were perceived, Mr. Styrrup was recognised, and to his surprise, a great number of his own workmen were forming part of this illuminated and mid-night congregation. The speaker was apprised of his presence, and immediately stopped in his speech, and proposed three huzzas, as a welcome to the Junior Styrrup, of Fleigh. It was rapidly seconded, and as quickly thirded, the last gentleman adding that it was such choice souls as Joseph Styrrup, Esq., that they wanted. This was met with about thirty desperate peals of applause, and the discharge of a score of pistols. Way was then made for the subject of all their eulogia and friend to get nearer the platform, which, upon closer inspection, turned out to be an embarrassed mound of stable manure. The speaker then proceeded in, if possible, a still smarter style, and though slightly turning from his subject, yet, it must be admitted, the applause was more sonorous, and the firing of pistols, waving of pitch-forks, more brilliant than anything which had preceded it ; for the speaker went on in something like this style.

"My dear friends I was just reverting to the tumuli which had covered the bands of the liberty-workers, like ourselves, amidst the mighty ancients, ere, we were favored with the presence of the worthy Mr. Styrrup. What mounds have we to perpetualise such greatness, in this, our smock-faced country ; perhaps this may be one on which we now stand ! (great applause, and the discharge of two rip-raps) the thing being reversed. Tyrants have monuments in this land, as have run-aways on the Waterloo plains, and this is a fitting one ; a right sort of English tumulus this, covering demised grubs, maggots, and hatching serpents' eggs to bite, nay, venom our children unborn ; why, what a proper site for the poor, who do not wish to be slaves—to demand their rights upon.

"And though we have not the great lawyer Gibbon here, through indisposition, to direct our counsels, have we not the man who first made his services known in these districts; who taught the Frescoth Magistrates, and, this is not the place to mince things, Lord Wandly himself, a generous lesson? why, the great Gibbon! Who brought his services, I say, into action, and helped that action out? why, Joseph Styrrup of Fleigh, and well is this journey for Mr. Joseph Styrrup of Fleigh; because, when we get our rights, when we share such estates as the noble one of Hescott; it is quite clear that the estates of those who had fought with us, will meet a ready exemption; (whorror) when each man has got his own field; when each man is his own freeholder; proud then must be the man of wealth who fought for us; for it will be our good will that he shall retain all he had, and an equal share in the general division; and this will be the new NOBILITY; for we must have rulers and depots, and who, I ask, are so fitting to be they, as the men who saw virtue in the struggle, and justice in the distribution, *before*, and not *when* victory has given us the prize. Such men are like those who think it a duty to plough the land they would reap, and not like the modern savages who would give us all the tillage, and then prohibit us the use of the sickle; nay, some more refined still, would take the corn after it's winnowed: pray God we do not put them through the same process. (Immense shouting, loading, and firing.)

"I shall, as the hour is getting late, defer what I have to say until next we meet, and give place to our new and powerful ally, Mr. Styrrup, and, perhaps, his friend may also have something to say."

Mr. Styrrup was almost forced off his horse, as well as the humble rider of Jacky, and with equally good-natured impetus, both were carried to the mound, which we have seen so graphically described.

Now, Mr. Styrrup, when he first rode into this nocturnal band of rural projectors, had no more intention of making a speech there, than they had of omitting one, when they should be members of parliament, or presidents of a new republic. He had no intention, but arriving on the spot, which the last speaker had just immortalized—all the torches flaring closely around his face—all breathlessly silent, he found himself giving utterance to an oration—breathing almost the same prognostics that his predecessor's had. The subject, however, was more local; for somebody in the crowd, as if to give him the key, had derisively called out for three cheers for the Right Honorable Lord Wandly. This threw yest into the leaven; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, threw thunder into the beer, rendering it fit for nothing but vinegar; for if ever man did acerbate, nay, commit high treason, supposing it possible to commit it against a king apparent, that is of the kingdom of Hescott, surely Mr. Styrrup was guilty! for, although, perhaps not so cosey and sequent as the speech of Mr. Gibbon's against the Frescoth Magistrates, it certainly was as savage, and infinitely more daring; indeed, it would seem, that until this, Mr. Styrrup had not known his powers in that way; nor did he exactly perceive them then, though vast the applause, until a voice from the crowd, made the modest proposal of going in a body, and setting fire, at least, to the hay stacks and out-houses of the venerable pile of Hescott. This was vehemently seconded, and put a hasty con-

clusion to the furious harangue of the orator—Mr. Styrrup desiring to know who was the incendiary. Now, although, an immediate inquiry took place, no one could discern the proposer, unless, indeed, it was a big man, who was top-coated and well muffled; and who, with another, had departed as mysteriously as he had joined the throng.

Mr. Styrrup, upon this, was just entering the first stages of repudiation of such threats and dangerous conduct, when a sudden alarm of a detachment of cavalry coming towards them, with a posse of civil force, to apprehend as many as they could *catch* and *carry away*, caused almost as great a sensation, as we are told one wolf is capable of producing amongst any given number of sheep.

Now, it appears, there was not one in that vast and animated concourse, who wished to go through the tedious process of going, for the present, to some temporary lock-ups; thence to some ignorant, besotted, self-willed, one-sided magistrates—again to find bail—perhaps some difficulty, first in getting permission from the gentlemen of limited sides—and, then, in obtaining from others, with not only the usual sides, but good broad backs, should the bailors give them an additional *leg* to those they were already blessed with. Then, the assizes, traverse, trial day, sentence day, departure day, petition, government in want of examples, could not select better, so, Lord Wandly, would be sure to say; arrival at Sydney, &c., &c., and so all fled!

Mr. Styrrup tried to rally them—no, first the torches, and then the pistols were put out; the first, by batting them against the peat; the other, by ramming them as deeply into the turf as the hurried retreat would permit them. Styrrup and Mr. Gow made for their steeds, and were just in time to prevent them from carrying the young gentlemen who merely had had the care of their bridle reins:—such was the desire for distance, from Furzy Moor—Mr. Gow was on first, making a jump on Jacky's saddle, instead of the accomplished method of placing the left foot in the styrrup, and then the usual swing. The rider of Spanker obeyed the more dignified usage, and instead of being in for a dig, either of broad-sword or head-constable's baton, he was merely in for a piece of useful intelligence, and a face-to-face conference, just as he swang his body over the capering Spanker, with a most unlooked for messenger. The intelligence was this—"Mr. Styrrup, ride for your life—there is an infamous plot against *you*." And the messenger was ROWLAND BRADSHAW.

"Is that Rowland? God a thousand times bless thee! Jump up behind—ready? Away, Bryant, and catch us who can."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FLIGHT.

And away, and away, and still dashed on the noble Spanker, not clearing toll-bar gates, in his career, but all the edges and ditches in their immediate neighborhood, whatever route they were taking, being resolved to circuitize a little to avoid those tell-tales.

Never was a more truly-astonishing pace; nor could anything surpass the magnificence of the horse's leaps, with his double huntsman. Now, although Sir Spanker had cost his master four hundred guineas, and secured him half-a-dozen brushes, this was the only really useful act of his life, and he did it well. Nor did the riders do much worse: for nothing could throw Mr. Styrrup, and Rowland was resolved that the like negative should not induce him to part with the saddle portion of Spanker's load. Eight miles were thus made in a few seconds of time less than Jacky and Bryant were made prisoners! and still Spanker's wind was as good as the gentleman's waistcoat buttons, though few things are more trying to them, than a jolting ride in the dark, and over a rough country.

And soon they near a hill; Rowland springs off, whilst Mr. Styrrup urges his somewhat flogged steed to the top; they make it! but the descent is roughish, defilish, and slightly intersected with rural stone-delfs. "Lead him," cried Rowland; "stay, I think he will be safe here."

"Hold," shouted Styrrup, "I now see where we are; there is a noted horse-dealer a mile hence; thither—turning him amongst his tits, or within a field's breadth—he'll soon find them—and then we will take the saddle and bridle to some convenient place. Now, away again."

They soon made the neighborhood; stripped the gallant Spanker, and as quickly were half-a-mile off him, with saddle, bridle, and all complete; but where to put them was, for a long time, a puzzle. "Stay," said Mr. Styrrup; "I have it; I recollect when I was past this locality, nearly a month since, there were two or three encampments on a small heath close to; one or two, I believe, were itinerant potters; the other was a large gipsy camp; either will do, but the latter I should prefer; they will never—indeed they dare not—give them up, so we will cram them into some part of their premises, and then off until we hear how things have gone on."

"Oh, miserable night; to think—think that all this, and I know not what, has been brought upon you, and all—every thing—through such an unfortunate, miserable wretch as myself."

"Tut, Rowland, do not play the child here; I don't care a phit for them, only I should like to foil 'em, and I will. Why, now Rowland—dear Rowland—do not give way in that manner. I am too happy," continued Mr. Styrrup, feelingly, and taking the hand of his long-lost and deplored friend, "in finding—seeing—you, either to think, or care a damn, for this; but, still, let us prepare; get somewhere in safety,

and, as I have said before, beat them all! Here we are; stay just there, I'll—give me the bundle—I'll go place them."

And Rowland did as his adviser requested.

"Ha, ha, all right; now then, off! try to reach the main line—the Liverpool will be as good as any—just get an eighteen-penny ride on a luggage-train; not like other dolts, think of flying by the regular ones, when there are—rather—regular watches, as well as bookers! no, ride with the pigs, or coal-waggon; a bit of romance, eh, Rowland? I've not much money with me, but I'll damned soon find some, as soon as I meet our broker in the morning. Ah, hush! did not you hear some one whistle? Ay, there again, now—oh, I'll tell you; this is a manor that Wandly has bought, so he's going to crowd it with game; not a bad plan, since the tenant's are not *his*. Here, let us cause a diversion; I'll discharge my pistols here! this will create a great poaching excitement; then off up that road, and let us see if you can run as well as you did on the first day of our acquaintance. Now, here goes;"—rap—rap—"ha, ha, that'll do; now, away."

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN LIVERPOOL.

"So, now we are in the great English port; and is this Liverpool?" Demanded Rowland, of the chartist speaker of the previous evening. "What a wonderful assemblage of ships we have seen; how vast their treasures; and, indeed, all is wealth about me—I wonder whether poor Bryant got home safely—dear me, what splendor! such streets, shops—eh, bless us! this is a handsome building; surely, Thebes itself had never such! my heart always sinks within me, when I see and think of great cities like this: I ever feel as if I should have no chance in such wonderful places. I hope poor Bryant would be safe."

"Ha, ha; why have no chance?" Asked Mr. Styrrup. "I labored under a similar feeling when first I went to London; ah, a week took the glitter out of my eyes, as a couple of days will enliven yours."

"You had friends, fortune, introductions, and all means attendant: I, but I scorn to complain, because, if I had my choice, so satisfied am I of the necessity of working yourself up, instead of either pushes behind, or the coat-tails of those before, to assist your progress up the ladder, I should prefer that which fortune compels me to adopt—making my way with my own hands, and seeing it with no other assistance, save that which is afforded by my own eyes."

"Nobly resolved; had I had *other* opportunities, save those you were

pleased, just now, to enumerate—fortune, introductions, and the rest, I had had my diploma. No; the way to fame and greatness is not so easily and familiarly trodden; and though for a moment you are dazzled and cowed by the grandeur, extent, and sudden bustle around, your mind and habits will soon acquire their accustomed tone; and I have no fear of you, then why be seized with an affection of the trembles for yourself. But come, let us in here, whilst I go and fork out our broker, and advise with him as to the best plan of blinking the chartist hunters; damn it, I cannot help, for the soul of me, laughing when I think about it; that only this time yesterday my father and I agreed, hearing that some of our men had privately joined one of their associations, first to admonish them as to the absurdity of such proceedings, and then, should they persist, finally discharge them; and—ha, ha—damn it, but I have had to bolt in a train of returned pig-drovers, for being—ha, ha—a chartist leader. Well, the devil is in it, if that is not a touch of the mutability-complaint; but, however, I will go and advise as to the best method of apprising the governor, and also which will be the surest way to effect a blink, should we be pursued, or arrested for my first attempt of last night; so step in here; it is not a place in which we are likely to be sought, and since you are so anxious to study character, and see a little life, I think you could not do better than regale here until my return. I say, Rowland, between ourselves, I cannot say but I am devilish glad of all this; for yon' old daddy of mine has kept such an infernal tight hand upon me of late, that I could scarcely ever get a peep at the world, let alone a jovial spell in it. It is true I might do what I liked in Fleigh; but now that Rowbottom's gone, and one or two others; besides even then—damn it, I want to see a picture or two which no masters in Fleigh are able to design, let alone paint; in short, I wish to be at it, and at it I will."

Saying all this, Mr. Styrrup bolted into a rather dapper house in the vicinity of the theatres, entered a room whose walls were judiciously covered, even from the skirting boards to the ceiling, with highly colored prints, and *oily colored* paintings.

Rowland was beginning to connoisseur, but was stopped by Mr. Styrrup, who, upon seeing the waiter enter, together with two or three drowsy looking gentlemen, ordered a pint of ale; and as soon as his commands were fulfilled, he took out of his pocket a small, and somewhat homely, handkerchief, in which something was doubtlessly rolled, placed it upon the table, then asked the young lady who had brought him the beer if she could supply him with a clean plate, as also with a pardon if he were to request her to select him a little lump salt—she need not mind the salt-cellar, in lump would do, he could soon make it fine. And the lady did as desired, and then out came the contents of the bundle, which, to the internal astonishment of the half-famished Rowland, was a small hand of boiled pork, and about a pound of coarse bread. Then came the plate, and Mr. Styrrup added to it his large pocket knife, and the young men set industriously to work, and soon pared to the bone the cold joint, and settled the bread, with an extra penny-roll which Styrrup fetched from a neighboring huxter's cellar.

"Now, Rowland," said the bread messenger, when they had finished

their repast, "was not that sweet, economical, romantic, and a regular *blink*? ha, ha, there's a bit of life for you, you sentimental puppy; d'ye think now I am not fit for the coadjutor, at *least*, of genius? You see they would scarcely ever think of enquiring for us here, and if they did, I think that homely meal would satisfy them, quite as quickly as it did us, ha, ha, ha." And then Mr. Styrrup laughed most triumphantly. "You see, Rowland, I am the boy to introduce you to the world; poor Bob would have been so devilishly philosophic; I'm practical. Well, now then, fish out the excellencies of those charming productions—those black jokes appear to be practical—whilst I go and partly gammon, and partly advise with Old Brouds. I say, mind, Rowland, don't be exercising your penmanship in the way of correspondence, either to the lovely Miss Pryet, or any other Miss, until I come back and tell you of the arrangements I have made with Mr. Brouds; now mind that, or even your mother; curse it, man, don't look so seriously; I'll be back soon." And away Mr. Styrrup went, leaving Rowland to his ruminations, and the pictures. And such pictures they were! first, there was a whacker over the chimney; portraits of, no doubt, the landlord and a few select customers. The landlord in his shirt, pouring wine out of a decanter; the latter, with white-tape angles, in glasses of similar materials. In his mouth was a fore-shortened cigar, lit with vermillion; a gorgeous ring on each of his fingers; a watch-guard, quite as substantial as a curb-chain; and for watch, seals, and breast pin! well, it is enough to say, that they would be ample stock-in-trade for a young Jew, or an old one, if a refugee. And must not his friends have cigars, and wine-glasses held by the tips of their fingers? and all look as if they were going to say, "hip, hip, hip, horrah," as one of them is going to propose the host's good health, with the hostess' good health, and the little hosts—all theirs. Then were bunches of grapes, as natural as heaped up alabaster marbles, and lots of fruit, with fruit-knives, the blades made of the same useful material that the decanters and dozen-of-wines were—tape. Then there were trotting ponies, in anatomical gigs; phenomenon this, and phenomenon that; cocks ready clipped and spiked. The dog William, with an amazing number of mutilated rats, and a fat, fearless gentleman standing amongst them, with blooded top-boots, and a stop watch in his hand! there they both for ever stand! Then a series of stage-coaches and four; only when they are changing horses, and then there is a slight mutation, varying from four to six and eight; generally four very sweaty, and sometimes sludgy, and the rest nice and dry, with cloths partly on, and partly in pulling off, by gentlemen with breeches funnily buttoned at the knees, and long sloppy waistcoats, long past their waists: everything is done in a precious hurry, and still not quick enough, as we may see by the guard blowing his long tin-horn. Well, then comes a row of famous racing-stallions, game-dogs; and now the popular pugilists, some in very quiet, and others in very bustling attitudes; some stripped, and squaring their fists at a distant cloud, having no other opponent; but all shewing an immensity of muscle, forbearance, and an unusual sympathy for knee-breeches, white stockings, three-quarter boots, and cropped heads, and standing with tightened fists, and without either hat, coat, waistcoat,

under garment, or even flannel shirt; indeed, quite nude, until you get to the nether man, and spotted handkerchief which supports part of the garments which covers it.

Oh, and as to representations of greyhounds, half as long as the field in which they are chasing cunningly shaped hares, oh, dozens; and then darkly colored and bronzed profiles of the same gentleman in the large picture, with all his family: and next:—Rowland was going to look for other specimens of the truly English school, when rather a smartish dispute was running on amongst the gentlemen we have seen enter with the waiter, and one or two more who had augmented the party, whilst our hero was trying—if such powers of criticism of which he was master would be sufficient—to test the different studies, on whose contemplation he had been engaged.

“And you say as no one can spell inflammation?” Asked a young gentleman, with a pair of greasily twisted whiskers, and a fostered moustache.

“I say you cannot.” Rejoined another, and it would seem the original puzzler as to the orthography of the word, that we all would rather attempt to spell than feel.

“Pah, my togy foggy; phit, go look.”

“Oh, I may go, and I may look—and, no doubt, you could spell it if you was to do the same—at a dictiona-a-ry.”

“Walker.” Said a voice just entering, and which belonged—from the portrait and the shirt sleeves—to the hero of the big picture—the landlord. Rowland saw that almost as soon—certainly, without going to look.

“Oh, Swill, Jack says I cannot spell inflammation.”

“Nor no more you can; nor what’s more, ne’er a one in this room can.”

Rowland smiled.

“Oh,” said the one who had originally made the assertion about the difficulty of the task, “certain young gentlemen may give incredulity-grins, but they cannot spell the same word themselves, for all that.”

Rowland was silent, and all at once began to look at the fearful conflagration of York Minster; spectatorizing, like dozens of the red beings below the entrance of the clock tower, on the dark masses of smoke, sparks, and twinkling stars, which, to extinguish, the water-engines appeared to struggle in vain.

“Oh, oh, certain young gentlemen turns their attention to more improvin’ subjects, than that here of attemptin’ to spell the English of their own vernaclar tongue. I *thought* no body durst bet half-a-crown they could spell—I’ll repeat the simple sentence—inflammation.”

Rowland, upon this, turned his head, and drank the remainder of his beer, out of the pint jug; not without first putting it into a tall-boy.

“Well, young-un, can you do it now? you have wet your whistle, now dry it with a attempt.”

“Oh, try, if in case you think that the trial will not be attended with a failure,” said Mr. Swilling, the landlord, “lay him half-a-crown.”

“Oh,” said Rowland, after this eloquent appeal, “I don’t think there is any occasion to bet: *flamma*, a flame.” And then Rowland rang the bell, and ordered, what he termed, “a little more beer.”

"Ah, ha, ha," said one, and nothing else.

"Ah, ha, ha; why, what the devil has a flame to do with it? ha, ha, that is the newest method—that must go to Bell's, Swill—of spellin' yet."

Rowland reddened, and at last said, "you, surely, cannot be serious, gentlemen, in requesting any one to attempt that, which he cannot fail in, if he knows the root, which, you see, I have given you."

"Is a potato a root?"

"No doubt," said Rowland, in his usual bland and quiet way.

"Well, if I was to give that, or even a turnip, which is, I suppose, synimous, would either spell it?—ha, ha, ha."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"Never heed um, young-un; bet him half-a-crown, since he is so perticular positive."

"Oh, I have no objections," said Rowland, feeling in his pocket, and drinking some more from his tallboy. But Rowland put down his glass, and his hand down his side, and blushed almost before the beer could have reached even the estuary of the wrong throat.

"You durse not."

"Why, really, I dare—but, the fact is, I have no money, until my friend comes back, only—only—a sixpence."

"Oh," said Swilling. "I'll be answerable, if you likes, you know."

"Why, then, I must say I feel obliged—of course, there is no trick—nay," said Rowland, "there shall be none, so I will write it down; here," continued he, tearing a piece of paper out of his little memoranda book, and then taking the little brass-topped lead-pencil, wrote the word, and handed the spirited effusion to Mr. Swilling.

"Stay," said the learned gentleman, "I always leaves this to the barmaid; I never likes, in my own house, that is, to give a decision as generally must be reverse to one party."

"Here," said the offerer of the bet, impatiently, "let me look—what is the use of sending for Jane—a knowing cully, for a thousand," continued he, just glancing at the paper—"oh, you are a sweet innocent youth, you are, I have no doubt; I must look for your description in the Hue and Cry to-morrow;—there, there is your half-crown—I suppose (in an under-tone) this is a plant, Mr. Swill?"

"Ha, ha, ha, rather *in*fortunate—the spellin's right enough, any how," laughed the landlord.

"What's *in*fortunate?" called out another gentleman, who had but taken a very *partial* interest in the conversation hitherto; "I never heerd of that word before!—*in*fortunate, eh?"

"Unfortunate," snarled another; "is it not so?—you as won the half-crown."

"Poh," said Rowland, after a moment's consideration—"either, I should think, would do—*im*, *in*, or *un*, *not opposite to*, I suppose, you mean? either, of course, would be correct; but, I suppose, gentlemen, you are joking with me; the prepositions differ in composition."

"I dare say," growled the originator of the intellectual chat we have just heard—"and give you half-a-crown a time, eh?—(damn the inflammation; I was told no man on earth could spell it, unless he was fly—I

never met with one!—why, there is not one at the Circus, nor, I don't think, at the Royal, as could—he's a prig!")

"Well, well, make your wagers, gentlemen," said the landlord, "is infortunate right, or the reverse of that ere position which some have assumed, and others, with equal dauidity, have give a negatation to?"

"Well," said the gentleman of the lost half-crown, "I lost before with you, now what do you say—first pledgin' yourself as a gentleman—did you ever try it afore?"

"Never," said Rowland.

"Well, which is right for a shillin'?"

"Well, as I won half-a-crown, I'll try a shilling; indeed, the whole half-crown, for I detest betting, and particularly on subjects of this nature—here it is."

"Oh, I'll only stand a shillin'," said the first, "so I will cover it with one—here is mine."

"Well, then, they are obviously both correct; for the reasons I have given."

"Is it right to say infortunate? no shuffling;" demanded the young man of the shilling.

"Undoubtedly;" replied Rowland.

"And, just now, you b—— prig, you said you had never been asked before; here, take that," and the disappointed philologer threw the pewter pint at Rowland's curly head, and, though it slightly grazed one of his shining ringlets, it did the seat of his learning, and other general functions, not the slightest injury.

But for all this, and for all his having added three shillings and a half to the other he had in his pocket, Rowland waxed furious—made a spring over the table, and a savage blow at the other's peepers; but it is quite clear that their owner used them for another purpose, save the one that Rowland intended to devote them to—to be bunged-up, and that was to see with. This he did, and perceived the projectile at a distance, so was resolved to meet it half-way, which is called by the fancy, stopping; and, this audacious gentleman not only stopped the fierce fist of Rowland, but countered with the arm he did not use in stopping, and made the orthographist fairly spin round. At this, Rowland stepped back, threw off his coat and waistcoat, went to it again, and, in despite of all the caution of his assailant, broke his guard; and, after a desperate scuffle, though we must admit, it was through the accident of the landlord putting his boot between those of Rowland's opponent, threw him.

This was received with immense applause; Rowland jumped off his man, and prepared again.

"Hold;" said Mr. Swilling, addressing the gentleman that was thrown, "you b——y cur; here keep back young-un—quite enough; and so you are going to fight for the championship of the light weights, and would practise on a lad half-a-stone lighter nor yourself. You are a b——d nice fellow to want to make a match for five hundred; you are, aint you? a very good temper; you'll drop it, or I'll expose you; couldn't take him in, you ignorant hilliterit brute; and so you would flatten my pewter upon a stranger's head, and, damn me, one as could take it out on you in a couple of years; you take care, old fellow, or you'll have a

nice chance of gettin' up your fightin' money.—Recollect, no one will back a cur, or one as loses his temper—mind what I tell you!"

"Oh, shameful," said another.

"I never seed a quiet un yet, but had the right sort of pluck in him; but, I think, my good fellow, had you known you was going to have a fling with the chap that beat the Oxford Pet-Chickin, you'd not a tried. Look, there is his faithful representation; don't you see he has no bridge to his nose, only one as is supported with grizzle?—ha, ha, ha." This was addressed to our hero by the landlord, pointing to the portrait of his opponent. And then they all laughed at the good-tempered way in which the last speaker had given a turn to the hostile feelings that seemed to have animated the bosoms of the two bloody-nosed gentlemen.

"I would have struck him, or a man of thrice either his reputation or weight. I never shall give way to the attack of any ruffian; and, but that I am convinced that he is not only a ruffian, but, from what I now hear, a vulgar, contemptible, brute—I would have passed him through an ordeal, in which his knowledge, of what the scampish call 'self defence,' would have availed him but little; as it is, if he does not immediately ask my pardon, I will scalp him with his own half-crown."

This produced a general roar of laughter.

"Laugh away, gentlemen; but here I stand: now," said Rowland, preparing the half-crown, as we do, or, perhaps, used to do, when we have got a nice suitable stone, near a nice pool, with which to make ducks and their masculine companions.

"Here, stay, my pluckt-un," called out the landlord, gently staying the duck and drake hand of Rowland. "Now, Mr. Plural Dick, what's it to be? a apology, or a defeated red Indin—a awkward thing to be skelpt—what is it?" once more, asked the landlord, with a wink to the surly Plural Dick.

"Well, if he can prove he's a gentleman, and not a plant, I don't mind makin' a abject apology—but I rather think that ere youth could tell what dictionary aint got '*statement*' in; could may be spell 'unparalleled,' or 'scroyle,' or 'a cobbler's pony eat plum pudding out of a barber's basin in a bow window,' tell 'three-thirds of fourpence;'—it's my opinion he can do all that, and if he can, it's impossible he can be a gentleman."

"Well, sir, and if I could do all this?" demanded the youth with the horizontal half-crown, "what then?—I have no hesitation in saying I could."

"Oh, then, my dear lad, I'll shake thee by the hand!"

"Why, sir?"

"Because, in that case, you are either a prig or a pugilist, which latter profession I am of, and a sincere admirer of the former; and since you are a downy, wide-awake cove, here's my cluster."

"Pah," ejaculated the other, putting his half-crown into his pocket, "I have had satisfaction enough, or else, mind you, had you shewn the slightest education or breeding, I would have compelled a humble apology for your brutal attack; or, mark me, so soon as my friend had returned, I would have blown out your brains!"

"Oh, well, come, come," cried another of the company, "Plural," and the gentleman nodded his head advisingly.

"Well, well, have I not said if he's one of us, I'll shake him by the hand, and pull with him from this minute; if he's a young man of education, then it becomes a dooty, and one, I trusts, I shall ever foster, for me to ax pardon for the insult as I, in a moment of hexitement, giv to that gentleman, and particular as it's afore dinner, and none of the usual incentives to cause ungentlemanly conduct—why, I'm the more sorry, and I axes pardon in a feelin' correspondin' to those sentiments."

"Bravo, bravo, well done, Plural!—come, young-un, you cannot refuse?—I have no hesitation in sayin' that was about the most handsomest apology that I ever heerd made, even from a gentleman to a blackguard, let alone—we'll suppose, visa verser—and I think I ort to know what is the extreme point in those things."

"Rather," said an admirer, and slightly hanger on, on the landlord's customers.

"I should suppose so," chimed in another, who was waiting to sell a box of cigars—"if Mr. Swilling doesn't know!—why, I seed him walk arm and arm with Lord George!"

"Lord George?" dipped in another, Swilling's cyder merchant—"ay, en Lord William Bedtick—and I may say—"

"You may say," interrupted the now—very—grand Mr. Swilling—"yes, you may say I have walked on Wolverhampton grand-stand—that is in the betting-room—arm and arm, for two and twenty minutes, with J. Gully himsel'!—Lord George, ch?"

"Indeed!"

"Nay!"

"Well done, Swill; you little thought of that, did he? when he fought the Fibbing Slasher?"

"Ay, there," said the whole company, clapping their hands at seeing Rowland and the Plural shake theirs—"that's what it should be; you will be better friends than ever. There is no doubt you are a well, uncommonly edicated young man; the Plural did wrong, but certainly the apology was almost affectin', and I'm glad to see that you forgued him like a true British haspirant to distinction and a cultivation of the acquaintance of the public men of the day. Gentlemen, the stranger's good health, with musical honors."

All this was done in such glowing style, and Rowland's sweet temper getting a little the better of his sour one, that he returned thanks, with the three and sixpence he had won, to the erudite Plural; saying that he did not wish to pocket the money, which had unfortunately caused the respectable company present so much unpleasantness; so concluded by expressing a desire that the amount might be expended for the gratification of all present.

This was at once met in the spirit intended; one of the guests proposed an addition of sixpence a-piece all round—the Plural excepted, as he had been *in*fortunate, and the entire amount was to defray the expense of a flowing bowl of Swilling's peculiarly-brewed punch.

This put the Plural himself into a good temper, who would insist of expressing a further regret, and a hope that the whole proceedings of that mornin' would cause them, to the end of time, to be little else than sworn brothers, and intermarryings of sisters.

Thus things were carried on gloriously for some time, Rowland's spirits gaining, or fast approaching, the exhilarative point. Then were songs, and some attempts at *catches*, and a variety of other very ingenious sources of amusement, brought into *play*.

At last, Rowland getting a little into the spirit of the proceedings, and bethinking himself of an illustration of gravitation, though very trite, he thought it might be new to the learned body around him. The experiment will be at once seen through by the scientific reader, but it seems it was not by either Mr. Swilling or any of his merry customers.

"Come," said Rowland, "since these sort of things appear to be the order, I will show you something. Now, I dare say, Mr. Swilling thinks himself a much stronger man than I, and perhaps he is; but I will engage to carry the heaviest man in the room—you, Sir, if you like!—and pull Mr. Swilling, or any one present, from one end of this place to the other."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, a crown bowl of punch on it, that is, if the landlord will trust until my friend returns, should I lose."

A nod was passed round by Mr. Swilling, as much as to say, "you'll all share?" A counter nod said, "undoubtedly;" and the bet was taken. Rowland got the stoutest gentleman in the bar on his back, got hold of Mr. Swilling's hand, asked him if he were ready, and, upon a friendly assurance from that gentleman that he was perfectly so, Rowland said, "then stick to," and soon, though after a somewhat turbulent voyage, easily and fairly landed him at the other end of the room, whence they had embarked.

"By George!" said they, as they all let out their breath and admiration of this astonishing feat. "Oh, oh!" And then those who were smoking, pulled away, and those who were not, slightly sipped at their cooling punch, and, perhaps a little more visibly, gave each other a wink of perfect humiliation.

Mr. Swilling ordered the last bowl in, though he went out himself, and in doing so, just nodded for Rowland to follow him. Rowland did as he was desired, and soon found himself in a *tete-a-tete* with the worthy ex-pugilist, in the inner bar, who, after a very steady and lengthy look at the truly astonishing young man, began in this way. "Well, now, my young feller, I thought I would take you in *privit'*, before I put, in my hopinion, a question which I am sure will be of use to you, whatever it may be to me, and which is in the words—though, as I say, I would not let him do it publicly—of the Plural: are you a prig or a gentleman?"

"Ha, ha; why I believe, good Mr. Swilling, I am about equally remote from either, that is, as I know *you* would put gentleman—meaning a man of fortune, and, perhaps, title."

"Ah, well, that's very ingenious and open, candid; but, for all that ere, you know there is somethin' perticular, mysterious; because, I quite agree with the Plural, that nothin' but a plant could a spelt the words as you did; nay, you may look! I have made some hundreds out of those fetches of the Plural's, and perticular from young bloods from the Colleges during recess, when they are coming to see Liverpool—that is ostentatiously to their friends, but more perticular me, to take lessons in that

ere hart which you, in your address to the Plural, took such care to deride and under vally; but, no matter, I say *they* cannot do it; then, if you are a gentleman, why should you? and, again, if you are—oh, if you pulls your face a thatuns, I'll not name it: well, but say a plant; if you are one, I say, why be ashamed to own it to lads of the fancy. Beside, young man, that cold hand of ham, and the rest of the repast, has created intense exhitement through the whole of this establishment. You know it aint my place to be too inquisitive; but your last feat has put the staggers on me! beside, you are a hinterestin' youth, and I should not like to see you lagged, that's the truth, or even seven-yearred."

"Ha, ha, ha—well, now you seem more puzzled, you say, about mine and my friend's lunch, than at, what you are, at the enormous extent of my learning?"

"Why, that is the truth of it. I should like to know what was the meanin' of that caper?"

"Well, we thought that we had a right to eat and drink what we liked in a public tavern, so that we paid for that which we had, and did what we supposed was the business of the landlord to do, interfere with no one."

"Oh, indeed! that was it, was it? (I must set the women to work; astonishing young feller this.) Well, be it all as it may, I suppose you will have no objection, as your friend has not returned, to take pot luck with us? and as you're a stranger in town, I'll either take you through it, after dinner, in my trap, or my wife's daughter, who has just finished her heddication; had her at one, a first-rate boardin' school, seven years. She'll show you through the town; one of the finest, I say the very finest girls in this division of the county. If you should prefer the latter as a guide to the trap, you must polish up those togs a bit—oh, mind, I don't mean to say they are not good enough, but they want a good deal of dustin' and brushin'; yer boots you had better slip 'em off now, and I'll soon get 'em made into reflectors for you; indeed, as all the ladies in my establishment are unkommon perticular at dinner, you hed better come this way, and Jack will make you fittin' to take the arm of Miss Swillin' hersel'; (the women will be them for the job) now walk this way, will you? (I shall not repose to-night, unless I know how he pulled me across of that ere room) this way."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DINNER PARTY AT THE FOX AND GLOVE.

Rowland was mightily curious to know what sort of company would assemble, as also what sort of dinner would be the gift of Mr. Swilling;

guess that young gentleman's surprise, when he found the former to consist of five extremely well-dressed ladies: indeed, their attire could not be made of much better materials—as well as Mr. Swilling himself and two others. The dinner consisted of three courses, and was exquisite in all respects, both as to the number and quality of the dishes, as well as the evident skill with which all had been prepared. Then the wines were choice, in great variety and prime condition.

Rowland had been honored with the arm, from the drawing-room—which was used as a singing one at nights—to the dining-room, of the fair step-daughter of the host, and who honored him with using his name—Miss Swilling. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of her garments, unless it was the splendor and size of her jewellery, or perhaps the brilliancy of her conversation. Grace was said, and all were seated, when the return of Mr. Rowland's friend was announced. The announcement was enough to cause an immediate invitation to dinner, and a pressing one too.

Joseph greatly stared when he was ushered into the room, and saw his metamorphosed friend Rowland sitting in such great style, elegance, and surrounded by beauty in such profusion. Stare he did, for Joseph was bent upon a bit more romance, and had brought with him half-a-pound of pig's cheek, with two rolls of bread, and one of small notes, which he had borrowed of the elder Styrrup's broker. Now this was the plan: the notes he only intended Rowland to see the ends of—then order in some mustard and vinegar to their brawn, another pint of ale, and the waiter, if she would be so obliging, to pawn his watch to pay for the whole. This, he thought, would cheer Rowland's spirits, and look like distress and adventure.

And as he knew Rowland was one of those enthusiasts who will, whatever may be their prospects, work their own way—"just," as Mr. Styrrup often said, "as if they expected all their actions would meet with a record in some very fashionable novel." Joseph, though astonished on the whole, was disappointed.

He damned the pig-cheek, for there could be no fair pretext of poverty, since such a dinner as the one he was looking at was spread before him; so he thought he would sulk. Sulk he would have done—but the thought struck him, that if, just in the midst of the feast, a posse of officers were to rush into the banquet-room, and, in the midst of the ladies and their screams, arrest Rowland and himself upon a charge of high-treason, it would compensate for all. Still he would rather have been taken from the utmost bough of an oak tree, with the last mouthful of the cheek in his, and the feeble grasp of his sunken though unaltered friend beside him.

These were the speculations of Mr. Styrrup.

These, of Mr. Swilling—that he had two truant, and somewhat eccentric, young noblemen at his table.

These were the ruminations of the splendid and in-every-way capacious step-daughter of Mr. Swilling—that she should like Rowland for a beau, and both he and his friend to dress themselves after dinner, in the same way that they did when at court, and one to take one of her arms, the other to foster the other, then lounge up the principal streets; talk

loud, and look loving by turns at her, and saucy at all other ladies; and not look at all at any other gentlemen. And, then, which was the greatest lord, or which would be; and, then, nay whether or not, how she would like to be eloped with! either would do—but, in particular, the younger—he that went under the assumed name—sure to be assumed, of course, of Mr. Rowland Pierpoint; he, certainly, was the handsomest youth she had ever, ever, ever seen. So soon as the cloth was removed, the ladies retired; Miss Swilling to re-dress for her guideship, and even Mr. Swilling excused himself, after a few slices of pine apple and a hot glass of brandy and water, in preference to wine. The other gentlemen also, had duties of importance, ere the hour of their respective tasks. The first being the greatest summerset thrower in the world, the other being the principal tragedian at the Royal Circus; being, as Mr. Swilling said, the best Timour that ever appeared upon castle walls—Napoleon that ever strode a horse—or Mazeppa, that ever was tied across one. The last gentleman would persist in presenting orders to the two strangers for that night's performance at the Royal Circus; whilst the strangers, at least, the elder one, would compel three of the young ladies to accept of an invitation to accompany them, which they did after a great deal of the usual denials on such momentous occasions.

Mr. Styrrup and Rowland were then left by themselves, Mr. Styrrup smoking a cigar, and Rowland eating an American apple, that is substantially, and desultoriating on now a red apple, then a white one, a nut, and an eighth of an orange; and, then, apple again.

"Damn this sort of thing—I wonder, Rowland, you would have accepted such a feed as this, when I had prepared such a romantic repast as that," said Mr. Styrrup, slapping the sliced brawn upon the polished dining table. "See what a blinker that would have been, as well as having another pint of ale to it? and, then, an additional gill—and then have got the girl to pawn the watch. Stay! I'll tell you what we could do—we could go and dine somewhere else upon the cheek—that would be grand—get a halfpenny worth of pickled red-cabbage, beg a bit of mustard, and stir it up with the vinegar, and smack our lips as though we had never tasted food for a month; but the curse of it is, I don't think we could do it naturally, after such a feed as this. Poh! I fear we shall have to wait until to-morrow," concluded Mr. Styrrup, with a cabalistic moan.

"Ha, ha, ha." And then Rowland laughed at the solemn face of Mr. Styrrup, until he coughed, and coughed till he got a glass of wine, and even then until he had gargled his throat with it. "Why, my dear Sir Joseph, how could we have faced the ladies; or, indeed, have expected such an honor as that they are about to confer upon us?"

"Damn the honor!"

"Then the treat to the theatre?"

"Ha—then look here, that's pretty tidy," said Mr. Styrrup, showing Rowland the notes; "and when they are done, Old Brouds said I must come again; besides, I don't know, he's most anxious to see you: he recollected your name the moment I mentioned you, and in consequence of what Bob has often said about you—has ordered his carriage to be in readiness at five, to take us to his house, six miles off, and then to dine

again ; so I suppose we shall not be in pig-cheek humor I don't know when. I'll tell you how we will do it : I'll write a note, and say that we have heard a something, which induces us to believe that it would be dangerous to go thither, eh ? That will be the thing—besides it would be so mawkish sitting with him, and what he calls his splendid daughters and amiable wife ; piano, Joe's flute, his solo, perhaps whist, or perhaps a friendly twist to flute and piano quadrilles ; by gad, I'll tell you what, Rowland," proceeded Mr. Styrrup, with real horror ; "we should perhaps have to parade his daughters, go to the theatre with them, instead of the daughters and other ladies of Mr. Swilling ; once pinned, we are nailed ! damn the pig's cheek," concluded Mr. Styrrup, once more slapping it, this time, without the piece of cap paper that covered it, on the table.

"Oh, we certainly must keep our promise here, because of their civility, and their revenge, should we not meet it, or reward it with indifference : but have you sent home ?" asked Rowland, with a heavy sigh.

"Sent home—poh ! I have written four letters from Dover, put 'em into the post-office with one hand, just as I was putting the other on the bulwark of the steamer, which was to carry me to my banishment !"

"With the Liverpool post marks on ?"

"No, my lord, no ; Old Broud has sent them by post to-night, to his agent in Dover, and he will post 'em for daddy in the morning, or some time to-morrow ; then sent his son Jack, to the same worthy man, to say I am safe at his house. Father dares not to come over, for fear of causing suspicion ! so heigho for liberty, until they catch me, and a spree ! Of course, the letters will be opened at our respectable post—can be no doubt—its being my hand-writing, and they are done."

"I must find some employment !"

"Not so long as these last," said Mr. Styrrup, feeling at the notes in his pocket.

"Pardon me, there is but one way, and that is making your own resources, and them depend upon, but no other ; because to obtain them is to get practice, experience, and that position which both give, but which you both lose, as well as your honor, when you depend, nay, avail yourself of the resources of another. If I become great, through the means of the first—well, but I never can become so through the assistance of the other ; and even wealth I should despise, if not the result, instead of the means of eminence."

"Ha, ha, ha ! why, damn it, it is only for a time ; you have not half-a-crown in your pocket—your wardrobe on your back ; and now, Rowland, mark—don't be a puppy or a jackdaw ! nay, I should be unworthy of Bob's acquaintance, and the secrets you have reposed in me, if I did not insist, that you availed yourself of my purse at least, until you get what clothes you want, and employment to your liking. Now don't speak—you will make me truly unhappy if you are not my guest, if you like it so—so long as we sojourn here, or until you are settled, as I have said."

"W-ell."

"Not another word," said Styrrup, extending his hand kindly.

"I will pay it back then!"

"Nay, Rowland, that is unkind—I am no housekeeper, cannot play the host at home; but I thought the laws of hospitality permitted a man to entertain a friend at an hotel, or, if he like it, half-a-dozen; take him a trip; and—now, Rowland, you are smiling, as much as to say that all I am saying is a mass of sophistry? You smile again, but I am resolved."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FURTHER DOINGS AT THE FOX AND GLOVE.

"Hush!" said Mr. Swilling, to his elegant, and, we may say, be-dizened step-daughter, "hush!" Now, mark, Amelia Caunt Swilling; I have overheard quite enough, not so much as I expected, for they, infortinitely, went to the other end of the room: but I heerd one call the other, Sir Joseph! and, now listen, Amelia Caunt Swilling—but I see you are—don't you think, marm—although you treat, what you are pleased to term my ortheopy, isn't it? with contempt—that on this occasion I have shown, rather, some fortitude in invitin' um to dinner, and giving an impressive one, when they did sit down, eh?"

"Heaven, and all its goodness, what are they?"

"What! nay, I don't pretend to say—nor, indeed, what I am mysel—you think not; now I think I am, rather a clever feller."

"Well, what are they then?" demanded Miss Swilling, stamping her foot.

Now the ex-pugilist was going to squeeze a bit more in, in his own favor, but the stamp of Amelia Caunt's foot brought him to a sense of her greatness, and what he was pleased to call his own want of her opportunities in early life.

"What are they, Amelia, my love? either, a fortune for you—nail either, and he'll do—and if you cannot just do it at once, pump a bit that young-un—for he, or I am mistaken, is—"

"Well, what is he?" and then Amelia stamped both her feet, and jogged both her elbows.

"A rejector of the loan of a roll of notes, and the other called him *my lord!*"

"Humph," said Miss Swilling, with a mortifying indifference that quite chilled her father, by prescription—"and you think him one?"

"Why not?"

"When did you hear of a young lord refusing the loan of notes, for the purpose of depending upon his own merits, I suppose? and his friend

calling him a lord in private ; besides—" continued she, with increased indifference and apparent contempt of her step-father's penetration—" I thought you said there was not a lord in the kingdom could spell all your favorite words ; and, in short, puzzle you all—as you all say he did ?"

"Humph!" and Mr. Swilling stroked his chin. "Well, you must find it out then ; I eaves-dropped as you desired me, and now, damn—oh, I had forget I was *afore* a lady, one as can speak French too—you are turning round, I suppose ? find it out yoursel', that's all ; but I know I'm right."

Now, although, the young lady was so cool, and the middle-aged gentleman so hot, her heart batted her stays in great glee, to think that she was about to languish in the rays created by the most delightful eyes she had ever seen ; and those eyes, whatever she had pretended to the contrary, belonging to a lord ; oh, it was heavenly, even if the young nobleman would not elope with her at the end of the Royal-Circus performance ; and the other a Sir Joseph ! well, that would not have been so much amiss, at another time ; oh, but the other's eyes—shining and gracefully flowing locks—such a brilliant figure—such a magnificent instep and haughty lip—such a thrilling hand, if only to touch—how in the name of wonder would it feel on your waist ; not but if he *wouldn't* elope with her, perhaps Sir Joseph would. Besides, it was quite clear he was the richest, as he had offered the notes. But what are riches—and here Miss Swilling drew up her nose, her breath, her stays, and lastly her new silk stockings—to do with love ? Almighty Omnipotent love—a passion which the Queen was not ashamed to exhibit, and which an unsentimental heart could never conceive, or one of less beauty, ardor, and refinement than herself inspire.

"Amelia, your mother says, that before you dress, you must help me to tilt yon three barrels of sixpenny, and tap two more ; the pump has quite gone out of order. There is six American vessels come in—your father has gone out vext about summit, and there is a new singer coming to-night, so we shall be so busy ; your mother does not know whether you can go to the *the-atre* to-night, as Jane cannot come to wait—"

"Vile centipede, take that!" said the horrified and love-stricken Amelia, throwing her Berlin wool slippers at the rude unsentimental messenger. "To have the most heavenly range of ideas, that ever entered a susceptible bosom, broken down by tilting, tapping ; out, monster ! Now all this comes of having a servant-girl for a mother, or through my being a lady, or a mother thinking of the servile means of life ; I, of nothing but its extacies—true, eternal, unalterable love, which ever I may fix my choice upon."

Meanwhile, Mr. Styrrup and Rowland were very judiciously preparing for the parading, and then for one of the principal boxes in the Royal-Circus. For this purpose, Mr. Styrrup went and bought each a shirt-front, and a pair of wristbands a-piece. After which, they brushed and scoured down, and also wrote a note full of apologies and fears to the gentleman who had invited them to dinner, and lent the roll of notes.

"Stay," said Joseph Styrrup, when he had properly surveyed Rowland ; "I don't know how it is, you don't look so well in anything as a ruffle ; and as we shall be obliged, whatever else we may suffer, to have a change

of linen, I will go and buy each a calico shirt, with cambric fronts, and yours shall have a ruffle, or else I'll wait until one is made;" and without saying another word, off he went.

Rowland saw it was of no use to attempt an interference with any of Joseph's whims; he knew that all sprang from the purest well that ever overflowed into flowery meads, to freshen the strong, to water and enliven the weak. But though the waters were pure, and constant the streams, their banks were zigzaggy. They were so, and ever would be so; well, then, they irrigate a greater extent. And may not this differ from mechanic laws, giving power without losing time? power to diffuse copious good; and what pendulum shall time the fountain whence goodness flows? who shall give new *lines* for its course? Is not the *one* it has chosen the best? and will it not rather regulate, than be subjected to that which corrects all other things—time.

"Oh, just whilst your friend is out, I'd like to have a word or two, if agreeable, young man," said Mr. Swilling to Mr. Bradshaw, entering the room, as Mr. Styrrup departed on his errand. "You'll pardon the liberty I am a takin' but that pullin' on me out of the room has been a draggin' of my vitals ever since! Now, I'll put you up to a few moves, if you'll teach it me, as will be always of great sarvice to you, should you ever perambulate these realms in search of either yer fortin' or adventur'."

"My dear Mr. Swilling," cutting the other rather short, "you can do it as well as I."

"Humph! then you won't tell, my lord? (he didn't seem moved at that! a terrible deep youth I am afeared.)"

"Don't I tell you, you can do it as well as I; only getting something either on your back or in your pockets, so as to make you heavier than the party you pull at; that is giving yourself more *gravity*, and he must come!"

"Gravity! that's the word, nay, stop, is there not another called atmospheric pressure?" demanded Mr. Swilling eagerly.

"There is such a phrase, also meaning weight or gravity, but it is used in a very different sense to the other."

"Oh, damn the sense; I am perhaps too old, ever exactly, to learn the meaning, but now listen my very dear friend," continued Mr. Swilling, drawing his seat nearer that of Rowland, "if you will put me up to talk about atmospheric pressure, specific gravity, and perhaps if you can carry me so far as to oxygen; and if it should be convenient, I'll put you up to some bets as are certain; hydrogen, damn if I don't know what I'll do for you, and I'll tell you why—"

"There is a infernal young puppy, it's true, he's reckoned the champion of the light weights, but he wants to combine the characters of champion, dandy, and would you think it? by heavens, a scholar. Damn me, he comes, here, just after his successful fight, right to our bar, and he says to my misses—'mother', to the very young lady as is going to trot you out, 'hollo' says he 'where's Swill? aint you mother Swill?' says he, well, of course, she said she was 'you don't know me?' continues he, 'now mother Swill, would you think it, I'm the champion!' my wife stared at hearin' this from sich a monkey 'of the light weights'

continued he surveying her surprise 'what would you think if I were to marry your daughter?' you may guess Mrs. Swilling's answer, it was that large pewter-jug you seed standing on the bar-counter there, water and all, 'if I was once done by a blackguard' said she 'my daughter shan't says she, so my little customer laughed, went some wheres, re-tivated, and at night came more grander than ever—I was cheerman that night with that little hammer as you see—slap into the room 'Swill' says he, extending his digits 'how are you? I did not like leaving here for *town* without giving you a call, although your wife was a little brutish this mornin' but I thought you would show more breeding, and so was resolved to see a sample, and also to have a tangible;' I believe that was the word, 'proof of your repentance for your wife's playing the b—h.'

"Well, in course, I said I was sorry, and all that sort of gammon. Well, the conversation turned upon similar topics to what it did the first half-hour you was here, there being a few Raws from the country to look at me, after seeing my portrait in Boxiana and in various ways; when the same gentleman, as bet with you, said he could make a solid bar of iron or steel swim; one of the Raws said he could not, and bet him five shillin' to that effect. Well the Plural got a glass of water and put a small, very fine needle on the top, and then swimmied it as usual; and as usual the Raw paid, said he would make money out of it, and so on for a few more bets. The Raws then left quite delighted with their evening's amusement and instruction, when thus Mr. Horbit the small champion—

"I was half disposed to punish you Mr. Plural, and make the bumpkin win! just to make your practice neater, and 'pon my honor' continued he a turnin' to me 'Swill, your English is a consummate adaption of blunders, disgraceful to the fancy of which you are a member, as a man, and thank Heaven you're not, or else, as a parent.' I stared at this when he perceeded in this way, 'in the first place, the Plural here, and *you* know no better Swill; bet that the bar would swim! and I once thought of punishing you all by tellin' the countryman it only *floated*, that when you bet you could *push* that ere large tumbler through the *bow* of that small jug; I was half disposed to say, that you only *pushed* yer finger *at* the glass through the *bow*, and not the glass through it; but all this I could have borne sooner than the answer given by our enlightened host here, when ask'd how it was, as solid iron could swim; that answer was, that I don't know, and all the remarks was in the vulgar mood, and most furious tense he had ever heard.'

"At this, you may suppose we was all a good deal struck, perticular as he had only been a striker to a smith before he had entered the ring; so we asked him to enlighten us a bit, as I said, if he only struck an additional spark on the subject I should be grateful.

"Well then,' said he a drawin' on himsel' up, 'it's atmospheric pressure!'

"That was enough, we durst not ax another word, for fear we let out more ignorance; and he seein' that, was more sniffy nor ever; but, however, I did ax him how he made it out that, when I laid him the bet as I could put the glass through the bow of the jug with my finger which I did, putting my finger through the bow and movin' the glass; he said

it was impossible, because the glass had more *specific gravity* nor the jug.

"We was all as silent as before.

"Then, my cigar would not light, and he said the reason was, there was too much *oxygen* in the tobacco.

"And all our pipes was put out again.

"And then another chap's burnt too fast, and he said it was through excess of hydrogen in the outer envelop.

"And we all run into cover once more.

"And then Mrs. Swill happened to come into the room and use one of her waspish remarks to me, and vicious looks towards him, through the insult of the daughter, and that, and the pewter-jug business in the mornin'—he ascribed to *electricity*.

"And after that, there wasn't one of us durst use steel to our flints. Now all this learnin' got to the ears of our women; and damn me, when I came down to my breakfast next mornin', there won cocked at the table, Mr. Horbit, my wife makin' apologies, her daughter smiles, and a handin' him toast and crampet; and after all this was over, they told me he was honor to that perfession, that my ignorance and swearin' had disgraced;" and Mr. Swilling looked at Mr. Bradshaw for the most endearing sympathies, and concluded all by saying, "now my dear young friend, if you will put me up to the gammon, get me the hepithet, for that's what he's a goin' for, of the intelectal pugilist, will you? you see how much I have it at heart," and Mr. Swilling was going to shed some crystal tears, when Mr. Styrrup entered with his purchase; and Mr. Swilling retired after obtaining a nod of promise from Rowland observing, "I will now go and try the hexperiment of hauling a man out of the room with another on my back."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ROYAL CIRCUS.

After a most stately introduction before going to walk, Mr. Styrrup was dignified with the white kid-gloves of Miss Swilling's friend, a young lady of great personal embarrassment, when too suddenly glanced at, and appreciable beauty when viewed, even at a moderate distance; she had been to the same boarding-school as Amelia, and was a carcass-butcher's daughter in the neighborhood, whose name was Hoxhorn. They went out first, and it would be difficult to exceed their grandeur, that is, if Rowland and his fair, and transcendently adorned partner, did not step a few yards after them, but they doing so, all the rising wonder excited by the first couple fell, as an aspiring sediment does for want of another shake.

Fortunately all their gloves, as well as the color of the ladies' ribbons and bonnets, differed, or else they would have been proclaimed a wedding party; that is, after *the* happy couple had set off.

The first pair was just going to turn the corner of the street, when it waited for the second, and as soon as that arrived, said the gentleman of the first to the one of the second, "by George, Rowland! I never, until this moment, thought of what would become of poor Frisk, as now, I recollect, he went out with us; damn me, if he's lost, I shall wish those chartists at the devil!"

"Oh, fy!" said Mr. Styrrup's sweetheart.

"Yes, I shall fy through vexation, instead of shame, if he be lost; you have, perhaps, heard of Peter Ince's badger? he's drawn him; but, however, his feats, perhaps, will not be interesting to a young lady!"

"Not, I am sure, if she be of my feeling and sentiment; I love nothing but the most tender subjects—the muses, love, and all that a lady should like."

"Good action that off-side horse coming this way; why, damn it, I have seen him before. Rowland, turn your head the other way, there's Old Broud's carriage, by George, and all the young ladies."

Rowland did as he was desired, but still both he and Mr. Styrrup were recognised; Joseph by the broker's family, and Rowland by a young lady from the country—or, at least, she did, if her eyes did not do that to their possessor, which many, equally good and equally susceptible, of very fine angles, have; that is, deceive her.

The equipage was a most elegant one; and though the gentlemen turned their heads to avoid recognition, not so the young ladies who languished on their arms, and they were quite satisfied that those inside the coach, though of quite the opposite sex, knew those out of the coach, which convinced the young ladies of the quality of their gallants, and the propriety there would be in making them into permanent beaus.

Well, they went every where, and, as usual on such occasions, saw every thing: then they returned to the Fox and Glove—the young ladies telling their friends and mammas the incident of the carriage, and of the staring young ladies therein. Amelia Caunt said, she should lose no time, for out of the many thousands who had sighed at her feet, and kissed her feet, if necessary, but was only permitted that honor to her fingers, her beau was the only man she could ever love. Miss Hoxhorn would not go so far, because there was a great number of young gentlemen whom she had very tender regards for; but still, if the other was a knight, that made all the difference; certainly, his talking of nothing but dogs and horses, and swearing before a lady looked like high breeding.

They, however, would see, and find out more at the theatre. In the meantime, Miss Caunt—she had dropped her last name, ever since she had heard Rowland's; she had never exactly liked it, though but young when given to her, but could not indure it now, even in soliloquy, since she had begun to bewilderise on that of her new beau—pushed on tea, as there would scarcely be time to luxuriate upon that truly lover's meal, and be ready for the centre box of the Royal Circus,

And, indeed, Rowland was as eager as the young ladies to see a regular

patent large theatre ; all that he had hitherto witnessed had been of the barn genus, the largest legitimate orchestra being two fiddles and a drum, with a maudlin one-keyed flute. But here was grandeur, and here a band ; for it was just in that part of its evening duties wherein the crash was in tickling up to its grand climax, when the box-keeper unlocked the door : Miss Caunt led the way, and Rowland followed, as gracefully as he could stumble after. The ladies and Joseph were seated, but Rowland still stands ; the music is now slightly in petto, when now, rolling like a grasping wave that has outstripped all which washed the smooth sands before it, the kettle-drums are beginning the distant thunder ; the big one occasionally firing heavy shots ; the trumpets sounding to the charge ; every fiddle waxing fiercer ; clarionet, flute, and hautboy, forgetting that they are solo instruments ; the tenors assuming, for the time, they are splendid ones ; the violoncello rasping ; the double bass actually hurdy-gurdying to keep up ; the slides of the trombones flashing like the tails of rockets 'midst the storm of bombardment ; the conductor's impetuous baton ; the leader's stamp ! crash ! crash ! bang !! Then after this tornado, came the most dulcet and tender tones that ever softened the heart of an obdurate lover.

Miss Hoxhorn said it was melting ; Mr. Styrrup trusted, however, it would be cooler presently. Then the young ladies began to talk as loudly as they could, to show that they were accustomed to such enchantments ; and when they perceived Rowland criticising the drop-scene, Miss Caunt particularly called his attention to excellencies still lower, asked him how he liked the devices in the ring ; told him, that exquisite and singular as those saw-dust designs might appear, it was all done in the riddling.

And then she asked him, as he sat down, if man—meaning in the grand abstract—was not a riddle.

Then Rowland made placid his ruffle, and also his face, and said, “why, perhaps so, if there was nothing but saw-dust in the world ; but since there is that beautiful enigma—woman—to sift, it is clear the interstices would be too small for the purpose to which you would vote him—a riddle.”

“Rather wire-drawn.” Said Mr. Styrrup.

And now the gorgeous curtain is lifted. The piece was what is called a grand Eastern spectacle ; and it would have been one to the Easterns themselves. It would seem the Emperor had signified his intention of making a lovely village maiden into his thirty-fourth wife ; an honor that was treated with great scorn by the maiden's lover, and with singular indifference by herself, though with peculiar satisfaction by both her immediate and remote relatives, who are already calculating on the delicious sops in the pan which they shall achieve at court. The rising of the curtain presents the cottage of the maiden, who, with her sister, friends, and parents, are waiting the Prince's arrival ; the Emperor's approach is signalled.

Now distant music is heard to float through the perfumed atmosphere ; now near and louder, and at last come two horses caparisoned so profusely, that to describe which, more time might be required for one of the bridles and champing bits, than we have to devote to the whole

procession. The horses did not walk, nor amble, nor gambol, canter, gallop, prance, nor caper; but kept jerking first one fore leg, and then the other, the hind feet shuffling after, as if they were walking on hot iron; their hind feet shod, those before wanting that protection. Then the music was evidently nearing the sylvan spot; and though the cottage, trees, and flowers were strictly English, it was clear that the scene was in an Asiatic clime, from the dress of the maidens and the appointments of the approaching cavalcade. The music still nears, and soon the imperial band itself arrives, all mounted on mottled chargers. The instruments of the performers—much to the surprise of the uninitiated Rowland—were all of silver—that is silver gilt; for in despite of every attempt to blow through them—young as our hero was in connoisseurship of such pageants—yet he was solemnly convinced that every trumpet—and there was no other instrument, save the cymbals and big drum—was made of paper, save the said cymbals and big drum, which were such in good faith.

Then Rowland perceived how the distant music had been effected; it was all done by the same orchestra which had so wonderfully finessed, and then thundered out its powers in the overture.

Now comes the advance guard of the Sun's brother and Moon's cousin; they had all of them the same hot-iron movements, but managed to cross the stage in less than two minutes, crippled as this sort of action might seem.

Next a couple of dromedaries, laden with golden fruits and apparel for the bride, with immense treasures for her friends. Then Secretaries of State, riding two-and-two, with the great Ministers of the Bow-string and Supporters of the State Axe, all crossing in due form.

Now a great number of the seraglio, whom the considerate user of the earth for his foot-stool had brought out for an airing, and to witness their great keeper's purchase of another addition to his collection, which, no doubt, the same as catching a wild elephant, they were to prepare, tusk, beat, and tame, and finally make her submit to her cage.

Still two and two the many colored chargers; and now they are seen at the back of the meek cottage, and again up an incline to the very top of the firmament, and then along the horizon—that is, to youths of the gallery—as we know in getting up a mountain, the horizon or point of sight gets up with us. Their numbers at last became bewildering, and Rowland actually thought of commencing the difficult process of counting them; and, perhaps, had got up to a few hundreds of this dappled stud, when his calculations were broken upon by a youth in the next box—a young gentleman of about four-and-a-half—saying, "Oh, dear, pa, they are the same again; they get up yon high mountain, and then come round to the front, and patter across once more. I know 'em by that *real* black man, see, on that white horse!"

Now two zebras, carrying two crape-faced mutes, and eight more following on foot, carrying the palanquin which is to be taken back with the additional weight of the fairest—so report has stated to the royal ear—fairest nymph that lives in any of his Majesty's stars, and he owns not a few. These were also crape-faced—and ought to have made the rest of this glorious procession shame-faced, as they were the only

parties that had made up—that is in their faces for the climate—the rest all being as chalky—waxy—or as reddy as the same personages were in a Scotch ballet which followed.

Now a rhinoceros! with an additional silver cork-screw horn, to make him into the ancient—or, indeed, modern unicorn. Whatever he was intended for, he had more gold, silver, precious stones, and scarlet garments, than the most daring heraldry painter would think of presenting him with on the royal arms.

After the rhinoceros, two lions—but that the gentlemen in the orchestra might not be alarmed, or, indeed, the ladies of the travelling harem—they were moved along in a large wire box, running on golden wheels, as their debut in this way was in peaceable times, and also being recently fed, they made their progress couchant.

Two (but not so that they could see or smell the lions) giraffes, led with golden chains, by real Arabs. Another band of silver trumpets, louder than the preceding.

“Ah,” said Rowland, with a chuckle at his penetration, “the little fellow was right; they must come round the base of the mountain, like the Welch under Ap Quillan, for I am satisfied, that is the same band!”

More horsemen, courtiers, executioners, and—

Hage-a-baby, with his immediate friends and privy council, all in a strongly embattled castle, on a huge, small-eyed, long-trunked, and fiercely-tusked elephant.

An immense flourish of trumpets, cymbals, drums, banners, distant cannon, and an anthem, commencing with—

“O, Hage-a-baby!” and ending with three times three—and one bad *girl* falling out of the gallery, being too eager to see—every instrument in the orchestra storming as it had done soon after our party’s entry.

Now both front, middle, incline, horizon, firmament, sides, all are filled with the imperial splendor of Hage-a-baby and suite. Even the cottage and good old family tree are completely hidden by Hage-a-baby’s dobbin and the silver-horned unicorn.

Hage-a-baby descends, not until his charger has to his knees; and then, with one spring, takes the still little bit of front, which has evidently been reserved for him, and demands the fair—oh, wonderfully so—Fattyma, who is admirably in accordance with the oriental etymology of her name, and for which she was selected for her august suitor, being one of the stoutest young ladies in that part of his dominions.

This hero of the genus Sardanapalus, though with great improvements, demands his bride in the most bewitching manner, and in the true oriental poetry; the manner, to *look* at all the ladies in all the boxes, as well as *out* for all the applause, in both of the galleries or any where else: the poetry consisted of Eastern rhapsodies, ending with—although he should love the young Fattyma with more ardor than two-thirds of his wives and one-eighth of the muffled ladies in his train, yet, if she ever was untrue to him, even in thought, the crape gentlemen, who danced with both elbows and feet at the avowal, would most assuredly make her more quiet than his foot-stool—which he then stamped, and the mutes danced on—the earth.

It was at the end of this noble piece of declamation, that Rowland discovered, in the person of the Emperor, one of his friends at the dinner table of Mr. Swilling.

Rowland was awe-struck at the recognition, as was the unfortunate country swain in the piece, who had from babyhood loved the plump Fatty-ma, and who was now writhing and wrestling with that young lady's papa and maternal uncle, to get a rap at the abductor of his own true, true—and nobody else's—love, Fat-ty-ma.

"Good heavens!" thought Rowland, "how apt young people are to form erroneous judgments. I am horrified to think that only at the dinner—can it be possible?" and Rowland looked at the performance bill. "Ay, the very man I declare; the man whom I had set down as illiterate, stupid, nay, vulgar; and now what a wonderful mortal! almost looks the monarch he assumes. He appeared to me to have a coarse cockney slang, and now, good powers! what a grand man; ay, I declare, I can actually hear all the ladies calling him a love."

Miss Caunt Swilling saw her protector's surprise and humiliation, and she preferred a smile that only made him more so.

The mass of gorgeousness we have attempted to describe, as well as the beauty and glitter of the ladies, did not prevent Rowland from an attempt at due appreciation of the fable, which had called all this glorious pageantry into request.

And thus it seemed that Hage-a-baby, with all his speciousness, elephant, and horses, was a bit of a tyrant, in the place which philosophers have described as the very worst, that is, at the bottom of his heart. He soon picked a quarrel with Fattyma, as well as with her beloved, and the Empress's pa-pa: told his new, bewilderingly dressed spouse, that although he possessed her bosom, with all that was hers, its fluttering tenant, he feared, was wandering in that paltry district wherein he had found her, and whence he had been graciously pleased to transplant her, and drunken daddy, into the red and purple gilded palace, in which every one trembled at even her smile: "Why is this?"

Hage-a-baby sets a watch.

And they one night find a peasantly attired youth lurking 'neath the Princess Fattyma's window. They seize him.

He is not a peasant, nor a minstrel, although with a guitar at his back, and a poniard concealed under his cloak: what was the *eloak* for?

Hage-a-baby suspects the treason; slightly loads him with chains and some hard words; puts him into a dreadful dungeon, and Fattyma's papa into the possession of the key to it.

The stranger is Fattyma's true lover.

Then the jailor and the jailed soon get thick.

But not unobserved.

Positions reversed: papa is doubly locked up, and the other brought to the presence of the Sun's brother, who is seated on a throne of golden lions, with emerald eyes, and diamond butter teeth; the grinders are supposed to be of paste; the claws alone are a Western regalia.

"Am not I a father and a parent?"

How nobly the youth bears himself. What a thing is conscious virtue; what a reverse its antithesis, though seated on lions, with emerald eyes.

Fattyma, with a train of other princesses, enters: she starts! upon beholding the noble youth with his arms folded, and his chain hanging as low as his knees! she soon recovers her *nous*, not, however, before my lord, the king, had twinked their pre-acquaintance.

The king tantalizes a little.

The young man gets surprisingly haughty.

Fattyma has *never seen* him before.

The youth has seen her; disdains all chicanery; avows his love; flies into his mistress's arms, and disdains the tyrant's power.

The youth's doom, and Fattyma's poor father's.

"Dismember that foul trunk; let the task be Meshick's—Fattyma's pa—and be it the business of many loving friends to select suiting places on which to nail each dastard member, should the hoary traitor, Meshick, refuse the task; you know yours."

And four mutes salammèd, and examined their bow-strings.

Fattyma will never, never, never leave her first, her last, her only love. Then the Emperor.

"Traiteress; but as she was once our wife, let her in a golden sack be thrown from the loftiest minaret of our castle, into the black waves below!"

Twenty-two guards, with shining cimèters, cannot shake the lover's vows of, never, never parting, nor them asunder.

This was a trying bit for the audience.

"Then hew them down!" cried the Emperor, losing all patience at the obstinacy of the lovers, and stupidity of the Royal Guards.

What alarm is that?

A breathless messenger rushes into the Royal Palace; he craves pardon for his rudeness, but the news he brings is such—

"Well, fool, thy news."

Twenty-two sickle like swords are raised to commence the hewing, but this singular intrusion suspends them! but all are lifted up! they have only to come down with half the velocity of the audience's tears, and *so much* for poor Fattyma, and the noble, though peasant-clad youth.

The news is,

That a terrible revolt, led on by the lover's friends, no doubt organised by himself, is now thundering at the outer portal.

Fattyma's father has escaped, opened a private gate, and already some of the most desperate are making their savage way even to the seraglio.

The King, who is as brave as he is amorous and tyrannical, will repel the traitors' base attempt. Six only are left to execute the hewing down.

They all attack the wretched Ahasem—the lover—at once.

He knocks the first down with his heavy chain, and Fattyma rushes between her lover and the gleaming sickle of the second.

"Cowardly caitiff! wouldst thou a wretched woman slay?"

Ahasem seizes the sabre of the fallen assassin.

Now a combat of six; that is, five against one, that one, though with chains, is Ahasem.

Fattyma gets a Scotch broad-sword out of the Emperor's closet,

perhaps placed there as a curiosity in the royal armoury; she selects two of the black assassins; combats of three to one, and two to one, and that a feeble, loving woman.

The audience now stand up; what sort of an audience would they be if they did not?

The battering-rams can be distinctly heard at the outer walls.

Fattyma's prowess would not have disgraced the best of the least amazons; for now with her lover and sixteen ladies, who ran screaming from the harem, with a cry of "fire, fire," they drive off the remaining sickle men; that is, all who were not slain.

The scene shifts to the open battle, and a fierce one enough it is. Now come on the Emperor's light troops on one side; then more rude, but still gallant charges of the insurrectionists. Clash go their swords. Hark yon distant gong!

Still screams of the dishevelled ladies.

Soothsayers in the front calling, "Hage-a-baby's land is no more!"

Is it not?

For here comes Hage-a-baby himself, mounted on a brilliant and royal snow-white charger. The armour of the Prince alone is enough to drive terror into the black hearts of his disaffected subjects, and, perhaps, would have done so, but, behold! now dashes in Ahasem, on a cheval, almost as prancive, gallant, and champish, as that on which the glorious Prince commands, ay, and fights too.

Now Ahasem is a *Prince*, was, and had always been one; but had loved the maiden for herself alone, and she only would he wed; and what was more, was the true heir to the throne the other had not only usurped, but polluted; nay, that he was the true HAGE-A-BABY.

This took all by surprise, but most of all, probably, the audience, who certainly were not prepared to see Ahasem so well mounted, so gloriously apparelled, and in so short a time as that used for this extraordinary, though most agreeable metamorphosis, as they had seen him but a minute before, fighting in his peasant's dress.

The princes called each other some bad names, and were getting to blows, when hold! and in enters, with two of the royal prophets—a little bit too bad, for both had been court poets—also with Fattyma, her reputed, though not her father—the gentleman that had all through the piece been called so—and they all declared that Fattyma was not Fattyma, but the only surviving child of the great—though now no more—Emperor Hamergloth. Hage-a-baby called them very improper names, and concluded with exclaiming—by the prophet and all his heavenly host, that he would not have his senses *juggled* with an instant longer, and so ordered his guards to charge.

The terrible tocsin now begins to knell.

Whole towers to topple, although some of the distant ones had single archers upon them as big as themselves.

One wing of the harem is on fire.

Hundreds of horsemen are galloping up the very walls of the now tottering edifices.

Now enters the elephant, with a castle full of archers.

The lions in the golden car—red lights.

The giraffes, with little blacky-moors on their backs, and in their hands baskets of flowers, to welcome the true prince's return and his intended, the undoubted Princess Fattyma. Hage-a-baby and Ahasem have been fighting, until even their steeds themselves are wishful to make an end of it.

Hage-a-baby is slain—blue lights and shooting stars and other celestial phenomena.

"Hoozai!" by, even the late Hage-a-baby's troops—many colored rockets.

Ahasem proclaimed Hage-a-baby the thirty-first. A blaze of fire wheels.

The new king and queen come to the front, and so does the royal elephant; water plays upon the burning castle in the back: the faithful elephant turns to do homage to the new sovereign, whom she recognises—drops down on her knees for the purpose—and *real* water puts out some of the foot-lights, with the conductor, leader, second fiddle, and piccolo of the orchestra, though playing to the chorus of "Long live Hage-a-baby."

CHAPTER XXXV.

ANOTHER SPOKE IN THE WHEEL.

When the whole of the performance was over—though lasting three hours after the gorgeous affair we have so partially witnessed—our gentlemen, in the most gallant manner, saw our ladies to the Fox and Glove, where Mr. Swilling received them in great splendor. The good landlord nodded his head for the ladies to retire, and, perhaps, to see that supper was on a scale of comfort and style to meet the expectations of his mysterious, though undoubtedly rich—if not noble and talented—that he was certain of—guests.

They were scarcely seated, when the enactor of Hage-a-baby and the great summerset thrower entered. Rowland almost received the former with open arms, if not open mouth, for he said—

"My dear sir, what sort of refreshment will you take, after your terrible task and the more than noble way in which you executed it?"

"Oh," said the deposed Hage-a-baby, in a tone of singular indifference, "it's in the legitimate you should see me; what you saw, might glitter—as genius will make something of every thing—but if you wish to see me shine, instead of offering to the drama of this glorious land a mere coruscation, it is Shakspeare—he and he only in which it must be done. It is the steady glow of the planet, although a fixed *star* here,

that I would aim at, and not the transient twink of an auditory, who could think a great actor's entrance enlivened by being on the back of that monster, though styled in the bills, the intellectual Elephant of Siam—wretch! which made such a finish to the last act; as I have been endeavouring to infuse into Mr. Swilling here, the now—ready—cash fact—that a man should know more than his profession, only one spoke in the ponderous wheel of greatness, whilst in its gyratory existence. How have you got on, Swill?" concluded the great actor, looking at the great landlord, as a master would when he is going to interrogate as to his pupils' researches in his absence. This jump from acting to additional spokes in the wheel, puzzled our pair; but listen—"Oh, tidy," said the pupil, suspending a dram measure.

"Now for it then; these gentlemen will take no notice," and the great actor took none of them—"Aries?"

Mr. Swilling.—Is a ram!

Great Actor.—The devil as like—Aries *the* ram!

Mr. Swilling.—Oh, ay! Aries the ram; Taurus the—humph!

Great Actor stamping his foot.—Pardon me, Mr. Swilling, it is very remote from a "humph" being *the* bull!

Mr. Swilling.—Damn it, ay! and the next is *Gemini*, a word I have used for years, and never knew than I commenced this course of study that it was a—

Great Actor.—The—

Mr. Swilling.—I am a comin' to it; *the* twins; *Cancer*, now I forget what that is, though my mother died of one; (great actor pulling his face—our friends not doing so, though looking as if something else was doing it for them, if not actually twitching Rowland's) but, however, *Leo* is *a—the* lion; *Virgo* the scorpion; isn't it? and *Sakitarious* is—why, damn it, they are a laughin' at *us*.

This was rather sly on the part of the pupil; laughing, roaring our friends were, but not so immediately at the great actor, as the greater host would intimate, but at him particularly; and perhaps at the pair, agreeably.

The great actor gave our friends a toss up of the head, as much as to say, "oriental pearls before a pig."

"Well, come," said the humbled host, for although he had tried to generalize the laugh, he saw that it meant himself; "I have only been at it a week, and you have been running it o'er this last *twelve* months."

This time the laugh was decidedly at the great actor, who, however, looked deplorably on, and said, "Phit!"

"Oh, come," interjected Rowland, seeing that mine host and his preceptor were about to paraphrase the sign that the pupil had stuck at, and which was not exactly the thing signified, as they were both getting, and Rowland told them so, slightly *crabbed*; but trusted the pleasures of the evening might not—like the zodiacal sign—have a *retrograde* movement.

So then they all got laughy, and by the advice of Mr. Stvrrup, who said, "let us drop science until a more convenient season;" and then they ordered *drops* round, being all standing at the bar counter.

"Oh, let it be nips," inducted the ex-Hage-a-baby, and scientific preceptor to the head of the Swillings; but he looked as if he still embittered his breast with the figure of oriental pearlism and hoggeries.

Then every one got a nice little wine glass of rum, nett; the great actor was the fogleman, and gave the word of command; as "now gentlemen?" and then the whole of the rum found its way into the mouth of each gentleman, and made, of course, no more than one mouthful; all did the same—all looked at the commandant—he gulped it, and so did they.

"There," said the great actor, "that is my invention, and it is called 'squibbing'; there have been many treatises on the nature of a fluxion, many practical illustrations; gentlemen, that is mine!" finished the great actor.

"Splendid," said Rowland, "and worthy of a man; but this is the way we used to flux when at school," continued Rowland, taking a piece of lump sugar, and putting it into the gas before him, until it began to exhibit its streaming gore; "this is the way we did it!" and then the young philosopher got the running mettle in his mouth; "that was the way we learned to flux!"

"Phit!" said the great actor, but was not quite sure what to make of it; he did not know whether to consider it as bravo, with the tongue in the usual place; or that word of approbation when the same organ is in the cheek.

Rowland saw that the great actor could only stand one sort of wit, and that was being, at all times, in a deep admiration of him and his legitimate acting; and our hero being in the most delightful flow of spirits and exquisite tone of temper—nay, actual benevolence with every thing and every one—proposed another discharge of the squibs, as well as the health of their inventor.

This did it, particularly as it was coupled with an opinion, freely given by Rowland, that he believed the object of the toast the greatest of living actors.

Then in the same way, with the same charges, another volley was fired in compliment to the greatest living summerset-thrower.

And he threw in a hobobservation or two, and said, though greatly venerating all parties for the heaped honor that might be conferred, still, he must say, he was a little surprised that a gentleman of the learning and attainments of the great actor should, he trusted in a unguarded hinstant, have called him the greatest living tumbler; he was no tumbler; the *gentleman* had not called him one; it was in the response that he had first heard the objectional phrase. "Summerset-thrower" might be right; still he should have preferred the epithet vaulter, artiste, or gymnast; and as to the other spokes in the wheel, he had one or two; he could repeat the twelve *signs* without boggling.

"Or understanding them," popped in the great actor.

"Ay," continued the offended still-vaulter, "or knowing so little of taste as to descend from an elephant's back, down a golden ladder, in a great Eastern pageant, in the bear fashion: did such a descent argue fear? or, that the Prince making it, had studied the graces from the first-mentioned hanimal, when coming down a prop in his father's

Royal Zoological Gardens? Surely the elephant of this night has not shewn a greater want of breeding in the last act, than her royal rider did in the first."

Now this was sport that Mr. Styrrup loved, and would have promoted it, but he perceived it gave Rowland pain.

"A wise man," observed the great actor, and he acted as he said it, "never pays for a condescension more than twice; the first to himself, for having done it; the second to public opinion, when he redeems the sacrifice. The first I have long discharged, and, gentlemen," said he, looking at the miserable artiste, the same look that virtue in the play ever does to the tyrannical robber of female innocence, "you will all bear me witness, that I now take a receipt for the other; there, sir, our communion is at an end."

"Oh," said Mr. Swilling, "gentlemen, learned, educated, highly-talented gentlemen, shouldn't have any jealous feeling a that sort; it is only worthy of men of the prize-ring; but great men, as is destined to play such conspicuous parts on the world's—as well as the Royal Circus'—stage, should always speak and act as they would like it to be written, when their lives are published to the world. That's what I have ever done of late. Awkward bits these for your life-writers."

"Biographers," interjected the great actor.

"The very gentlemen I mean," concluded Mr. Swilling.

"Oh; hum to all this; let's have the nips," called out Mr. Styrrup.

"Well, I must say," followed Mr. Bradshaw, "this is the nicest fun yet—particularly after being shut up for a few months—is this drinking squibs, before a fine blazing gas like this. Here is the health of our host, and my individual thanks for his extreme courtesy and gentlemanly behaviour to myself and friend, during *my* first day, of my first visit to Liverpool."

The health was squibbed with great enthusiasm, and the host was going to put his hand to his breast, call the place his heart, and teem forth his thanks, when the great actor gave him a wink, and then nodded his head towards our friends, as though to say, "mind you're not laughed at."

Mr. Swilling perfectly understood the token, so was exceedingly brief, but contrived, however, to do a great deal of good, by proposing, as a toast, "the reconciliation of the greatest living actor, and the greatest of all kim—"

"Gym—" hinted his preceptor.

"Gymnasts, artistes, and whatever else he likes to title himself with, barring tumbler." The offended summerset-thrower also had to mention the state of his feelings towards the company.

"The ladies; commencing with the beautiful hostess, nor stopping until those charming young creatures, Miss Caunt Swilling and Miss Hoxhorn are enumerated."

Done in double squibs.

And again the host had to lift his hand to what, he again, called his heart.

And then supper was announced, and a secret came out in about five minutes after all the parties were seated; that is, the four young

gentlemen whom we have seen squibbing it at the bar counter, and the two young ladies who had dignified our friends in the first box of the Royal-Circus; and that secret was this, that the greatest actor in the world and the greatest summerset-thrower, were wishful to be considered, nay, thought themselves, the undoubted and accepted lovers of the young ladies we have just mentioned.

Now the young ladies had no objection, when there was no other young gentleman, but a romantic handsome young lord and a gallant knight, materially darkened the prospects of the Royal-Circus stars. Indeed so tender and attentive were the two angels, that the other celestials—and being, from their position, a little ubiquitous—could not but see the false state of the tender-sex world. Several actresses of the Royal-Circus they knew wore false hair, teeth, and other articles, and now they were equally certain that Amelia Caunt Swilling, and her dear friend, Eliza Ellen Hoxhorn, wore, used, entertained, false, deceitful, treacherous hearts.

Now Rowland and his friend had been so smitten, during the evening, with those very ladies whom the ubiquitous gentlemen knew to be so prone to making-up with the falsities named, that on hearing the great actor say that most of them were his personal friends, and knew where they all lodged; our friends were resolved to make the stars into their friends, and to cede, as soon as gallantry could devise a decent reason, all title and love-making to the angels before mentioned.

This being also found out by the ubiquitories—as what could be kept from them—things went on far more agreeably; and as soon as supper was over, and it now being after twelve, the actors proposed they should go somewhere where they could spend the evening; and for which purpose, at the suggestion of the greatest of them, they should first go to the saloon, it being rather too late for a ranting chapel in the neighborhood; then to the dive; and then to the finish; not that they were to conclude there, merely because it bore a name which seemed to familiarize such an idea. And so away they went, after kissing hands, or lips, as might be, with the ladies, and having two rounds of brandy squibs with Mr. Swilling as they passed the counter.

“Now,” said Styrrup to his friend, as they were leaving the Fox and Glove, “as this is your first day in Liverpool, and as we had no bed last night, let us make a philosophical, rather than a shop-keeper’s day of it: ships sail twenty-four hours to the day, sea gulls about the same time.”

“Bravo,” said the great actor, “and are we less than they?”

“What, after a dozen squibs a-piece?” demanded Mr. Styrrup. “I once kicked up a row at Frescoth: what are your watchmen and other guardians of the night made of here?”

“Oh,” said the great actor, “I don’t know, that is generally, but chiefly of the younger sons of Irish peers, undiplomaticed physicians, disappointed merchants, and some few of the respectable ones—superintendants and so on—are of small farmers’ sons, or decayed large ones.”

“Are the *ladies* respectable here?” demanded the same enquirer.

“Some of the lower sort are tidy; but the dashers, such as you see in the flies at the theatre, are a terrible lot, being the wives chiefly of

the first and the mistresses of the magistrates, towards whom they act in the additional capacity of masters and spies.

"Well done, Hage-a-baby; the squibs have brightened your head, let us see if they have exhilarated your heels, for see you, gentlemen, yon cluster of them, having, no doubt, a general consultation: now mark, let us all get hold of hands, and gallop them down; are you all right; hold fast; prepare; make ready; RUN!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BRIDEWELL AND BREAKFAST.

"And you say as all on 'em got into bridewell last night; the strange young gentlemen, and that vast, overbearing—did all he could to take me down afore 'em last night—great actor, and summerset too?" demanded Mr. Swilling, as he got into the parlor in his scarlet gown and the same color of slippers, from the girl who was washing it out.

"Yes, Sir; a policeman was here to let you know, as he seen 'em going out of here, and he says the magistrates always expect all hinformation such people as you can give."

"If he'd made such a insineation to me, I'd a pervented him from ever delivering sich a message again; but, however, I must go up: may want bail."

"Yes, sir; said as how they had given their names and address as the Messrs. Cratchcake, associates and members of the royal swell mob, London! oh, here it is, writ down; and he said their robberies in Liverpool must ha bin of the most successful char-ac-ter, as, he said, one on 'em, when searched, was found to have concealed, in his trowsers' pocket, two hundred and ten pounds in notes, besides gold, silver, and copper, all mixed together, which he had not changed. He said, no doubt, they was the heads of a terrible young gang; took eighteen on 'em to captivate them."

"Ha, ha, ha! I am right then; such a sum as this, and—ha, ha—such a address; and these boobies to take 'em for prigs, for that excellent rason! they, theirsels, *says* so; ha, ha! there never will be much done, than I get upon that bench mysel; prigs! I must let the young ladies know—take them their breakfasts—they're two romantic young devils, and this may just suit a part of their plan. Prigs! there is no time to be lost; and that youngest is such a good-tempered fellow. If I'll mind my hits, I shall be able to teach the great actor, instead of his reversin' the compliment. Why, let me see, the head beak himsel' was here last night, now I recollect; a coming to watch the Plural and the

junior Nonpareil to set-to. He'll be devilish severe this mornin' upon larkin' and drunk-and-disorderly cases, he was so dreadful swipy last night himsel'. Miss Caunt Swilling:—go and tell your young mistress to get up; give her the news, and also her compliments to Miss Hoxhorn; but I'll tell her mysel'—I knew I was right."

Now all this information at the Fox and Glove was quite correct; and, perhaps, whilst Mr. Swilling is at his toilet, we could do no better than pay a visit to the Messrs. Cratchcake and members of the swell-mob, once, it would seem, of London, but now in the principal room of the principal bridewell of the spot where our principal scenes have, for some time, been laid.

"That's right, Rowland, let *them* see that you can draw a bit; it's a rare job the place is newly white-washed, and so go on: cartoon the whole of it—make a vatican of it—make an indelible record, that, for once in its career, it had a man of genius within its mural, and iron-bar enclosure! I'll burn the crusts for you: as soon as you have done, I'll ask one of the turnkeys what sort of a codger the magistrate is, whom we are to go before, and then you can burlesque him."

That our readers may understand all these advices, which are evidently from Mr. Joseph Styrrup to Mr. Rowland Bradshaw, we will a little explain.

About an hour before the time of our visit to this large, and as we hear, newly white-washed room in the bridewell, a small door had opened into it, a hand had been thrust through, as well as an observation; the hand contained four wedges of very brown bread, and the observation was simply this—"LOWANCE!"

There was plenty of water in a great pewter jug, and so satisfied was Mr. Styrrup of the reasonableness of this corporation boon, that he at once began to eat of the 'lowance, and drink of the pipe water from the large pewter-vase. He desired Rowland to do the same, and he did, a little of the soft; but the crust offered a more tempting employment, at least, when roasted a bit at the end, making at once a very delicate crayon; and what could be better than the newly-renovated walls to sketch upon. The two great actors were asleep at the other end of the room, and it would be two or three hours before their company would be expected in the magistrates' state room, or, as some called it, the court.

Rowland could draw the naked figure well, and for the use of others who may have to pursue a similar profession to the one of our young artist, we shall tell them how he in part attained it; that is—to draw the figure as large, or, in many cases, twice the size of life! And we can tell it whilst he and Mr. Styrrup are examining the bruises received in the rencontre with the police.

After great labor from the best models, many of which Mr. Rowbottom had procured him—generally cabinet size—he had, during his singular retirement, obtained the use of the capacious walls of an old, plastered granary. These he well lime-washed, and for days, whole days, not what some would-be-students call such, but twelve, thirteen, and sixteen hours a day, drew naked figures upon them, with simple sticks of charcoal. These he treated strictly in the outline, scarcely

giving any shadow at all, never *chiaro-scuro*. Thus no sophisticating—real severe drawing. The servant lads and one or two of the young ladies of the establishment, became quite enamored with the young artist's efforts, and thus, at all spare time, would honor him with their well developed limbs and bodies as models; so he got—what the parlor artist can never have—roundness, freedom, and right *measurement* for distances, and could draw a nine feet figure with as much ease and truth as one in a corresponding scale of inches. Some scores of times had the walls been covered with every sort of design, from the naked classic to modern battle-pieces. Wild horses, ferocious boars, growling lions, and Neddy going to market, with his panniers of eggs, and Nelly riding on the top, and her good-looking lover urging him on; but all in line, severe, stern, black and white. And so, it is said, Rowland learned to draw; and, perhaps, we may have to tell of something else that he acquired during the days of his solitude. Anatomy he had mastered long before.

"Bravo! well done, Rowland; and that is poor blind Lydia! now as soon as you have drawn her mother praying for the recovery of her eyesight, draw me fighting the damned cowardly scoundrel who brought us hither; not but I am devilish glad—I am resolved to shew you life, Rowland: devil of a scalp this on my cheek!"

"Well, but my dear Mr. Styrrup, do we not sometimes mistake as to what is called *life*? Does what is called knowing life always consist in attaining a knowledge of street rows, brothels, watch-houses, boxiana, and finishes?"

"Oh, mind your drawing: here, here is some more burnt crust! what stuff you ask about life; all that I know, the sort of thing we have been engaged in for the last dozen hours, is what is called *seeing*, if not learning life. As to high life, it is clear it cannot be much, because it is generally its members who are most anxious to participate, and become the heroes, of what I can assert to be life: the other is too monotonous to deserve so congruous a description."

And Rowland sighed.

"Ay, that is as much as to say I'm wrong; by George, Rowland, draw the portrait of Hage-a-baby there, just when he is going to plunge his diamond hilted rapier into the plump, but dreadfully afflicted, bosom of poor Fattyma! Ha, ha."

"As soon as I have done this," said the artist, still working away.

"Burlesque him, Rowland, that's a dear boy, and then I'll wake him, and perhaps we can get a quarrel up between him and the sunmer set; though I don't know whether that would be right, as independently of their vanity, and what actor is without? I don't think 'em bad fellows."

"Better, in my opinion, I never met with. I am afraid the bread will be getting done. We have all our vanities you know, Mr. Styrrup?"

"Call me Mr. again, and I shall never like you Rowland; do think on and call me Joe. I hate anything else, for I never make a friend of a man I don't love; and I never would have a friend that I could not call in an abbreviatory way, that is if his name is capable; yours is an

awkward one to shorten, but I have some serious thoughts of calling you Row! oh, and hang it, we must seriously fix what our names are to be, in future; or, at least, until we hear whether we—that is, I—am to be honored with a government indictment; but always call me Joe—perhaps the names we gave the young ladies will be as good as any.”

Big door opens—big turnkey enters—and says—

“Two ladies wishes to speak with you gentlemen, with a servant girl and a big basket.”

“Not with us.” said the gentleman, who had so recently declared his displeasure at being called out of his name—that is, his name for his friends.

“Must be,” remarked the large official; “be no hurt in letting ’em come in, I suppose!”

“We cannot refuse the entrance of ladies.”

“Oh, my first, my last, my only true, true, true—” and Rowland was obliged to desist designing, for round his neck were thrown—and not carelessly—two as white and as round arms as had ever encircled it before; or, at all events, since those of his mother had been equally familiar.

“Why, nay; it is, indeed, my dear Miss Swilling.”

“It is; oh! to think of such a meeting!” and it *was* Miss Caunt Swilling.

“And so sweet a parting,” observed another lady, with her arms in the same sympathetic, if not actually loving, position. The arms that so tightly circled—that is allowing for the slightest angles of the elbows—were Miss Hoxhorn’s; the manly neck, Mr. Joseph Styrrup’s.

Hageababy waking, or, perhaps, dreaming that he was, called out, “Subtle traitress! is this thy true love for me?”

“Alas! that well known voice.” Miss Caunt Swilling.

“Oh, keep your head off my stomach; do you hear, Hage-a-baby?” roared out the sunmer-set, the great actor being laid across the great sunmer-set-thrower.

“Oh heavens! we are ruined! how; why hither came they?”

“Hush,” said the gentleman who had met with the second embrace, “hush,” seeing the state of affairs, and being glad of it, “I’ll wake them; say you came to see them.”

“Oh, odious!” exclaimed both the ladies, in as loud a tone as they durst, without risking the chance of waking their would-be true lovers. “That would be a fatal admission; could anything be so unfortunate.”

“Hush,” said the other young lady; “stay, we can get another room, I have no doubt; prepare breakfast, and send the watchful Argus, your cruel jailor, when it is ready;” and the ladies vanished.

“‘A fatal admission,’” said Rowland; “well then, if we allow this visit to go to our account, is it not also a fatal admission on our part?”

“Why, damn it, Rowland, what an unromantic puppy you must be; what the devil, is not this an adventure! Why there are young noble-men who would give a quarter’s income for such a night and morning as we are likely to spend! Hang it, what would you have? did not you see they were in tears; bothered when they saw the great actors there? ha, ha! now *I* think it slap!”

"Yes, but to engage, or even to trifle with the affections of those who, in every way, seem to wish us well, and have evinced such a regard and tenderness—"

"Well, and what then; is it not their nature? Ha, ha! don't think, my dear fellow, that Miss Caunt Swilling and Miss Hoxhorn have not had a hundred such lovers as we are; trifling with their affections! what a positive puppy; their affections—and only knew them yesterday. Tut, tut! it's an adventure on both sides. But hold your noise, we will have some fun yet; so go on and finish Hageababy."

Scarcely had Mr. Styrrup concluded these philosophical and timely remarks, and the young ladies entered another room for the purpose of preparing the breakfast table, when two more friends were announced, as wishful to see the Messrs. Cratchcake; and who should these new comers be, but Mr. Swilling and his particular friend and neighbor, Mr. Hoxhorn. The young ladies—who were preparing a glorious breakfast, to which Miss Swilling gave a French name, and which, in English, signifies a knife and fork affair—were the first to know the voices of their papas. They had come, no doubt, to offer bail; but—oh, oh—what a dreadful disclosure! Both young ladies desired both the young professors to save their reputations, if they yielded their lives in the attempt.

"This will be the way then," said the elder of the beloveds; "I will waken the two great actors, say it is to them you come to offer the solaces of a sympathetic soul, and we two will go into the breakfast-room to meet your considerate papas."

"Oh, oh, in what a terrible situation we have placed ourselves; but do not, as you value our everlasting peace, awake the other gentlemen! We'll breathlessly stand behind them."

Now all this may appear somewhat curious to the reader, particularly as to the fears of Miss Caunt Swilling, since, no doubt, he recollects that the step-papa of that young lady, not only wished her to see the young gentlemen, but also dispatched a messenger to Miss Hoxhorn for a similar purpose. Nay, there is no doubt that the worthy host knew what viands had been taken out of his stores, and what fish (and at what price) was sent for from the market, for the very breakfast that he had interrupted in the preparation; but then the young ladies did not wish the young gentlemen to have such knowledge; and are therefore left in the same situation—their lovers gone to meet their sires—that we may suppose, any one would be in, who either was, or dreamed so, cowered down in the corner of a double-grated den, and in it lay a terrible, a monstrous lion—asleep it is true—but on his first waking, or the keepers' opening the door, depends your being crunched up, or escaping.

So the ladies trembled, and so slept their cranchers-up, when our pair of worthies welcomed the visitors we heard announced in the breakfast-room.

"Ah, ha," commenced Mr. Swilling, twiggling Miss Caunt's basket, reticule, and other articles with which he was familiar; "there is nothin' like paying a visit when one is sure to find the parties at home—humph, and a tidy set out too; now I was just thinking of orderin' one of the

keepers to get you some breakfast, but I see somebody has bin' afore me. Well, but I must introduce him—my friend Hoxhorn: we thought as you might stand in want of an immediate friend or two, we would offer our humble sel's to be bail, should you be disposed to get out till the hearin' comes on; rather got scratch't a bit! what become of the great hactors? aching heads, I dare say, both on you has got! Well, I'm come to tell you how to make the best of it."

"Upon my honor, Mr. Swilling, your kindness—"

"Real goodness," juttet in Rowland.

"Indeed, real goodness," continued Mr. Styrrup, "for you and your kind friend's offer; I trust, Miss Hoxhorn got home safely and well last night, Mr. Hoxhorn? and pray how is your beautiful and accomplished daughter, Mr. Swilling? don't tell them of this mishap, it might lessen us in the estimation of those more than angelic creatures!"

Mr. Swilling winked to his brother-bail, as much as to say—"you see what it is to do with real gentlemen; of course, the girls are here, but you see what a thing honor is."

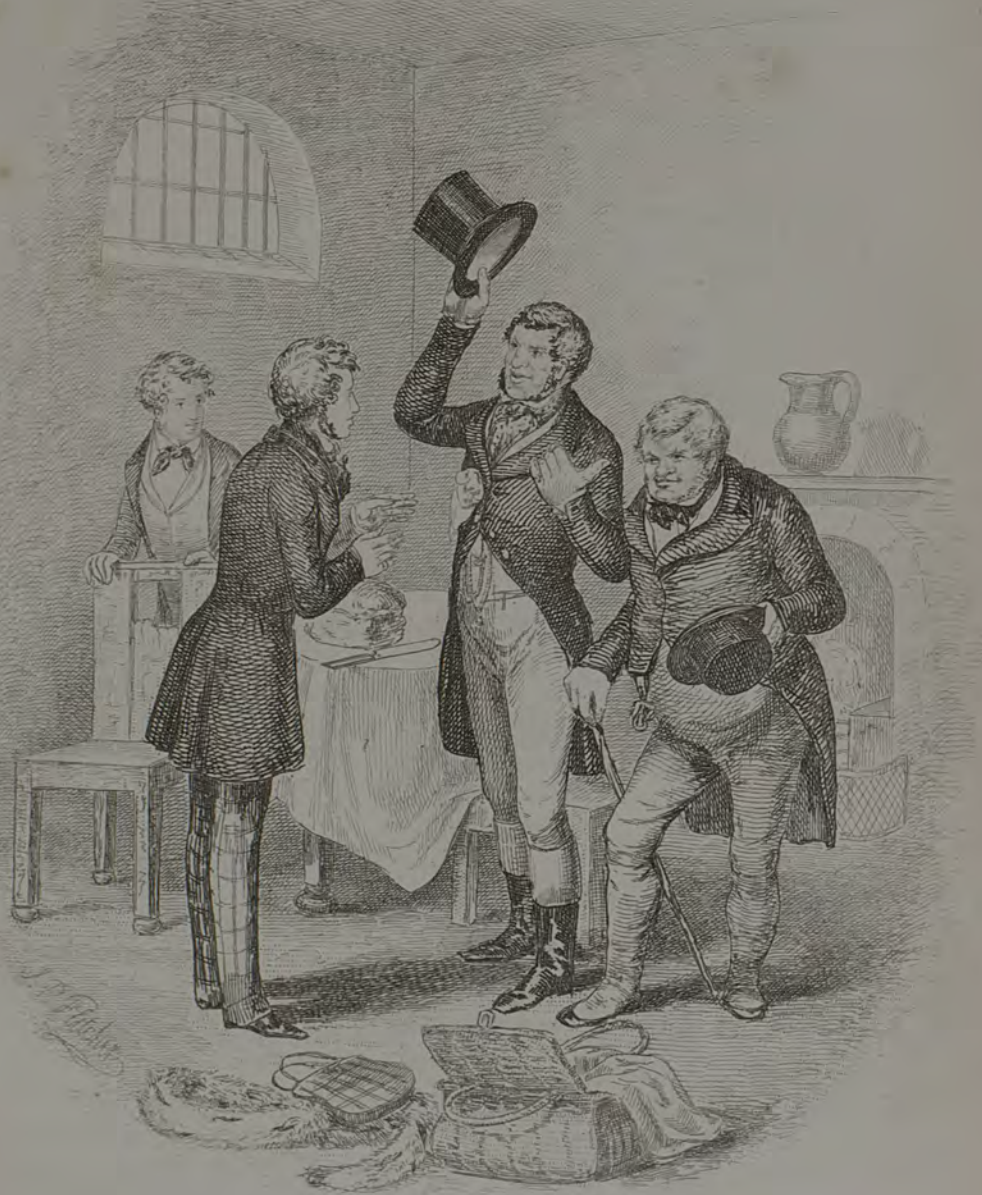
"You will take breakfast with us, gentlemen, or else I shall not listen to any offer of bail, or indeed of any other business?" concluded Mr. Styrrup.

"Breakfast, my dear young friend, if you will allow me to use that friendly hepitaph—yes, if I had eaten six afore, I would; it is so romantic having it in a prison with locked doors, and yet you can go out when you like. It's like eatin' salt junk on board a ship, and drinkin' raw Hollands; it's romantic, and makes you enjoy your liberty on the one hand, and fresh meat on the other."

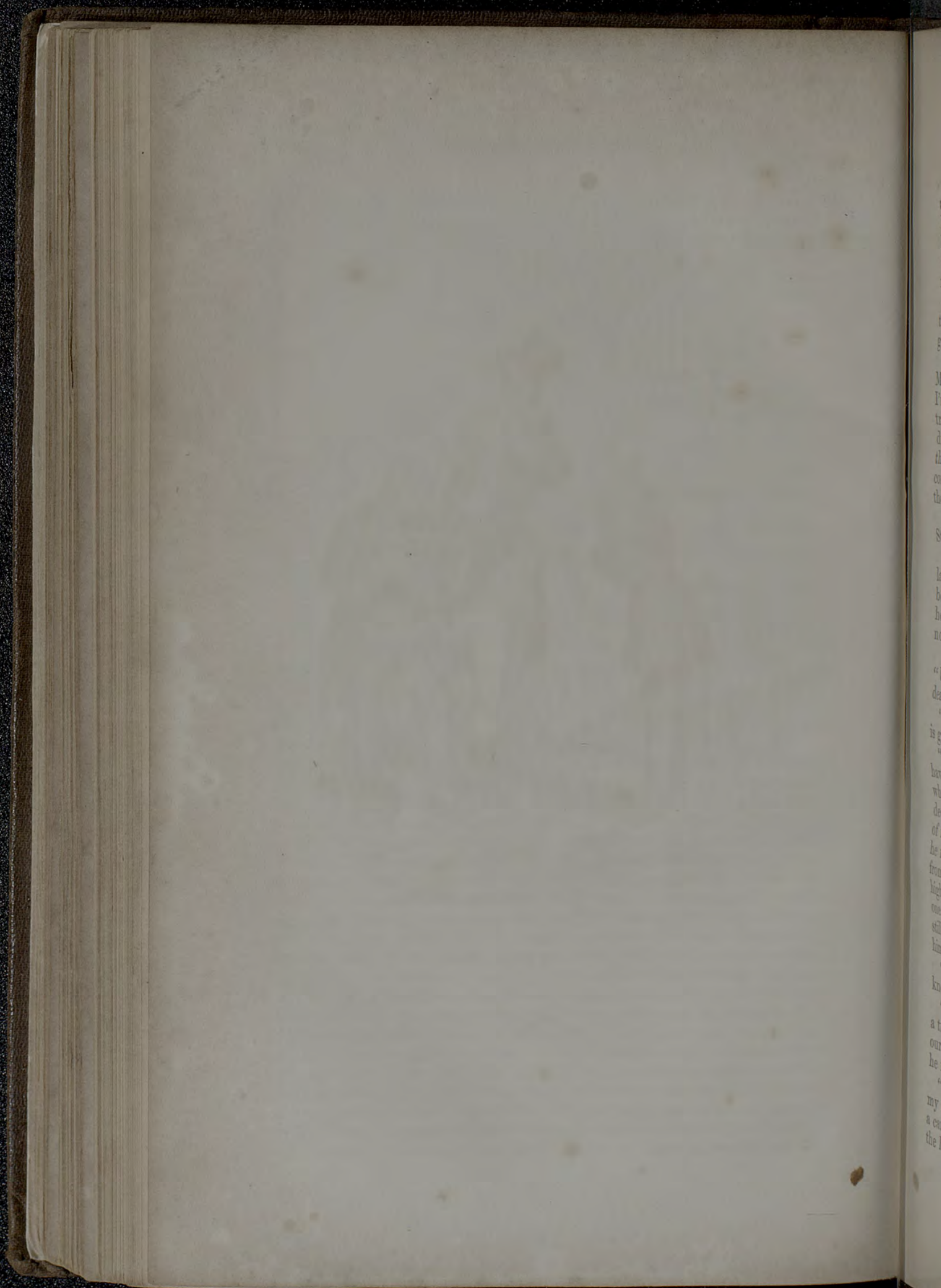
One of the turnkeys now brought in breakfast in grand style, and showed that he had waited on other gentlemen save those he had occasionally to sit up with in the condemned cells.

"We can do now, waiter," said Mr. Swilling, motioning that functionary to leave the room, which he at once did, and not like an ill-bred waiter, who merely closes the door after him, but like one who not only closes, but latches it and locks it. "Now I wish to promulgate a word or two of advice," continued the kind-hearted host of the Fox and Glove; "I hear in the office that the damages are pretty considerable, and that one or two of the women are going to try to make a quarter-session affair of all this, yet that I think I can manage; but as I am also informed the magistrate, as you will have to be put afore, has been terrible drunk for many nights together—last night I know he was—I know he's devilish savage against all sorts of disorderly work, when he's in one of these fits; and more especial as a favorite woman of his has given him the slip—or some say worse—bin thick with the very constable as he used to send her money by—so he's sure to be wrathful in young ones being so immoral. Now this is the way, or, at least, as I does—and I've had two or three rough jobs afore him—eh, Hoxhorn? and I dare say many may think, because he comes to see a bit of life at the Fox and Glove, that he'd favor me—nothin' of the sort; nay, worse to me than another, for fear any one was to suspect."

"Then this is the way I do—I always insist on callin' him *my lord*! always pretends I am afore the Lord Mayor a London, or the lord of



The bail



anythin', at an assize, and that does him. If you recollect, Hoxhorn, I put a youth up to the same thing—even the day after the other had had the stomach-pump—and it did him; ha, ha—he'll keep sayin' 'I'm not a lord!' but never heed—pitch into him all the faster—you must win!"

"What, is he a low fellow then? sprung from something, I suppose, that he thinks others may deem not quite compatible with his present greatness?"

"Why, the truth is, he's now a terrible size!" continued the erudite Mr. Swilling; "and his father was a very little and a very good man, I'm told, but very poor; and that, it is said, is the grudge. Then he's troubled with a bad temper; a fat, but, it is true, a very short neck; a drunken head-ache, and a good deal of public approbation—nay, I think, that is not the word—no, approbriation; so that they say he's continually under the apprehension that he'll be carried off either by the Home Secretary's order, or a fit."

"Ha, ha, ha; what, I suppose he's a tyrant?" demanded Mr. Styrrup.

"No, no, I think every body will acquit him of that; no, he's too lazy to be a regular tyrant, which—as I know, from my old mester—must be by hard work; nothin' requires more industry than tyran-ny; no, our head beak here is a bully; would be a tyrant, but is too fat, and does not like the trouble."

"Upon my honor, quite metaphysical, Mr. Swilling," said Rowland, "but still more dangerous in a magistrate, because there must be a good deal of chance work."

"Stick to, *my lord*, and you are as right as this piece of sole, which is grand;" still pursued Mr. Swilling.

"Pardon me, good Mr. Swilling, and I am sure you will, when you have heard my reasons. This being a low fellow, or what is worse, one who you say, has sprung from something, which he foolishly, I think, deems low. The lording might do for the ignorant, but sure to savor of ridicule from the educated; nothing such a man is so afraid of: no, if he is flattered by being thought a lord, or even a lordly-looking person, from the order I have described, the way would be to treat him with high aristocratic familiarity; address him rather as though you were one yourself, and as if you knew he neither was nor ever could be; but still as if you really thought nature, and his great endowments, intended him for one."

"By George, Rowland, you are right; was he ever at college, do you know, Mr. Swilling?"

"Never, as ever I happened to hear about. I hattended when I was a training for the championship, to give perfeessional instruction at both our seats of learnin', as they are called; but I never—nay, I know that he never was at either on 'em."

"Then," said Mr. Styrrup, "I'll tell him slap, that I have heard my father once say, that the greatest spree he was ever engaged in, when a cantab, was with that glorious fellow, Brawl, (don't you call him?) now the highly-gifted, and one of the chief magistrates of the greatest port

in the world; who would have thought it in those gay days! ha, ha, ha."

"Grand, grand!" said Mr. Hoxhorn, speaking for the first time.

"That'll do it; this young-un is quite right; for hedicated gentlemen, perhaps *my lord* would *not* do; same as one time I was on the Wolverhampton grand-stand, when I happened to give some offence to Lord George Bedtick, and he said he would soon make my rump a present of his boot toe, if I did not march off that there place! and when Mister Bully—who, you know, was no more nor I once, but has hedicated himsel'—when he, I say, give him a bit of offence, the other demanded that which is jue from one *gentleman* to another. That is why I am wishful to improve my mind, and then there would be no more such degradin' association, as rumps and boot toes! No, 'that which is jue from one gentleman to another,' is what I want." And poor Mr. Swilling looked quite dejected.

And now let us not forget our gallantry, but see how the ladies are in the next room, where lie the terrible cranchers.

It was just as a *dream* would have had it. The fierce animals awoke before the fair damsels, whom the demon Fate—always a sad fellow in a dream—had thrust them there. The terrible lions stared, arose, shook their manes, and now they grind their teeth and roll their dreadful eyes; already the blood, bones, and stays of the dismayed maidens are churned by the long white prongs we have just seen ground and set for the canniballian feast—that is, they would have been; but seeing their prey dressed in rustling silk and dishevelled hair—and, perhaps, some virtuous spirit, knowing that of the fair prisoners, interfering—caused the royal and noble-minded creatures, at least, to change the purpose of their savage attack, from cranching them up, to seizing them in their strong arms and mollified claws; from making crackers of their own jaws and nuts of the poor young ladies' heads—to turning up their beauteous faces and licking their lips and pawing their waists.

And then the great lion of Hage-a-baby said—not before the miraculous gift of utterance, as of old, was awarded to him—

"In cimmerian vaults methought I lay, list'ning to the epinicion of him who thither sent me; my fair love, the while, to my dungeon's bars had sprung. His black guards the tyrant calls, and bids them hew her down. 'Cursed chains,' I apostrophizing said, 'and manacles cold, why not be to my anxious hand my own, my known, my well-tried sword!' sooner than my wish, from the groin'd roof hung my never-failing falchion, I clutch'd it, and ere then, thou—for 'twas thee, my 'Melia—had wrench'd the cruel bar: that done, I sped to my trusty guards—"

"But not without thy liberator?" in hurried interruption and tone of languishing softness, demanded the palpable heroine, who was seated on the lion's hind leg.

"Bearing in my arms my soul's enslaved; and as my strong steed, 'midst showery shots did fly, I a thousand foes did slay! in grateful joy, thy soft bosom panting for the huge slaughter, my vengeful sword did make. A thousand joyful shouts now rent the air. The battle's won—the savage Prince is slain—but, ah! who shall the rest relate?"