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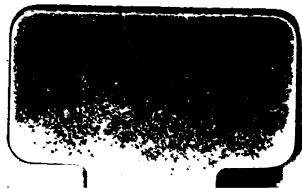
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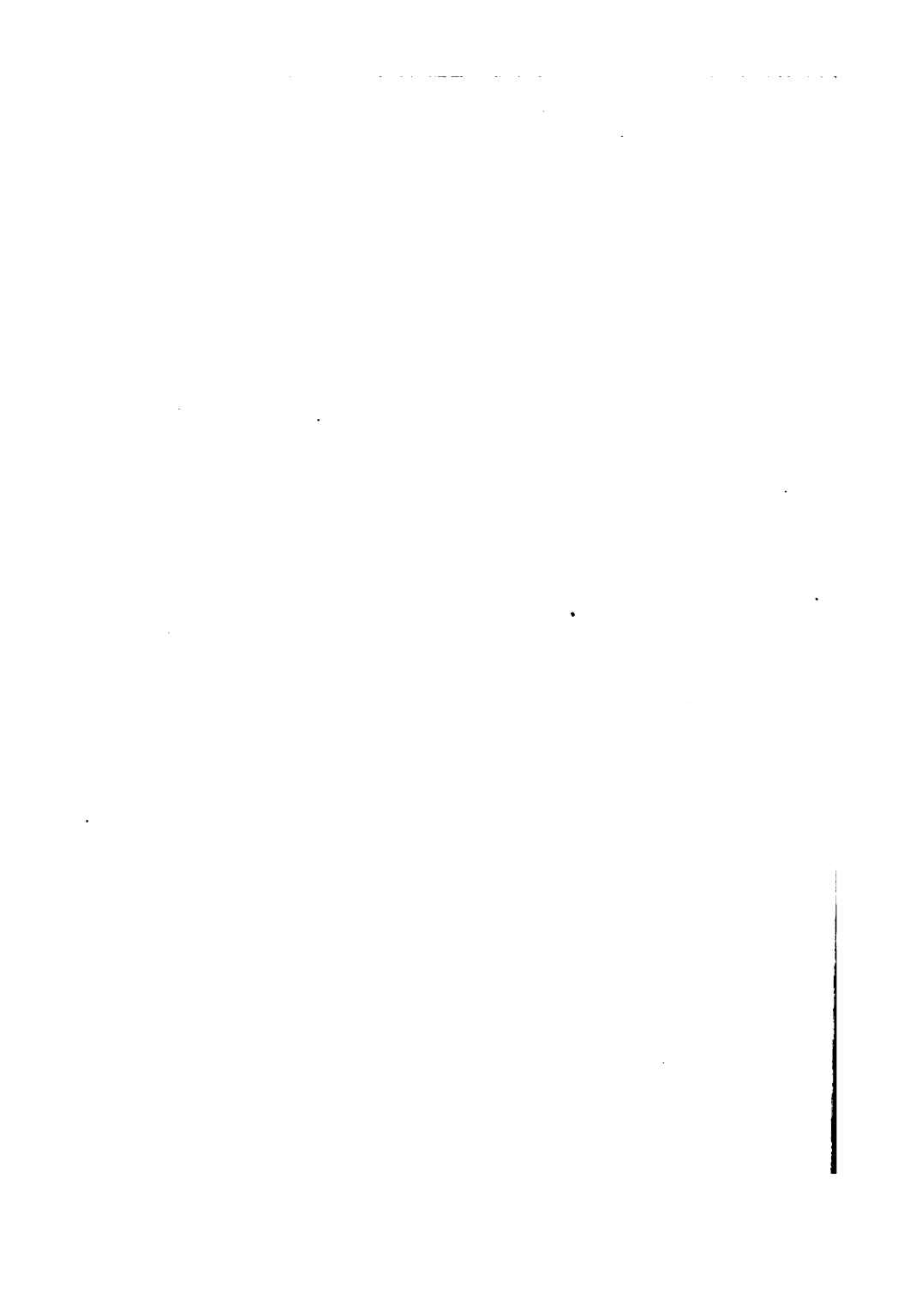


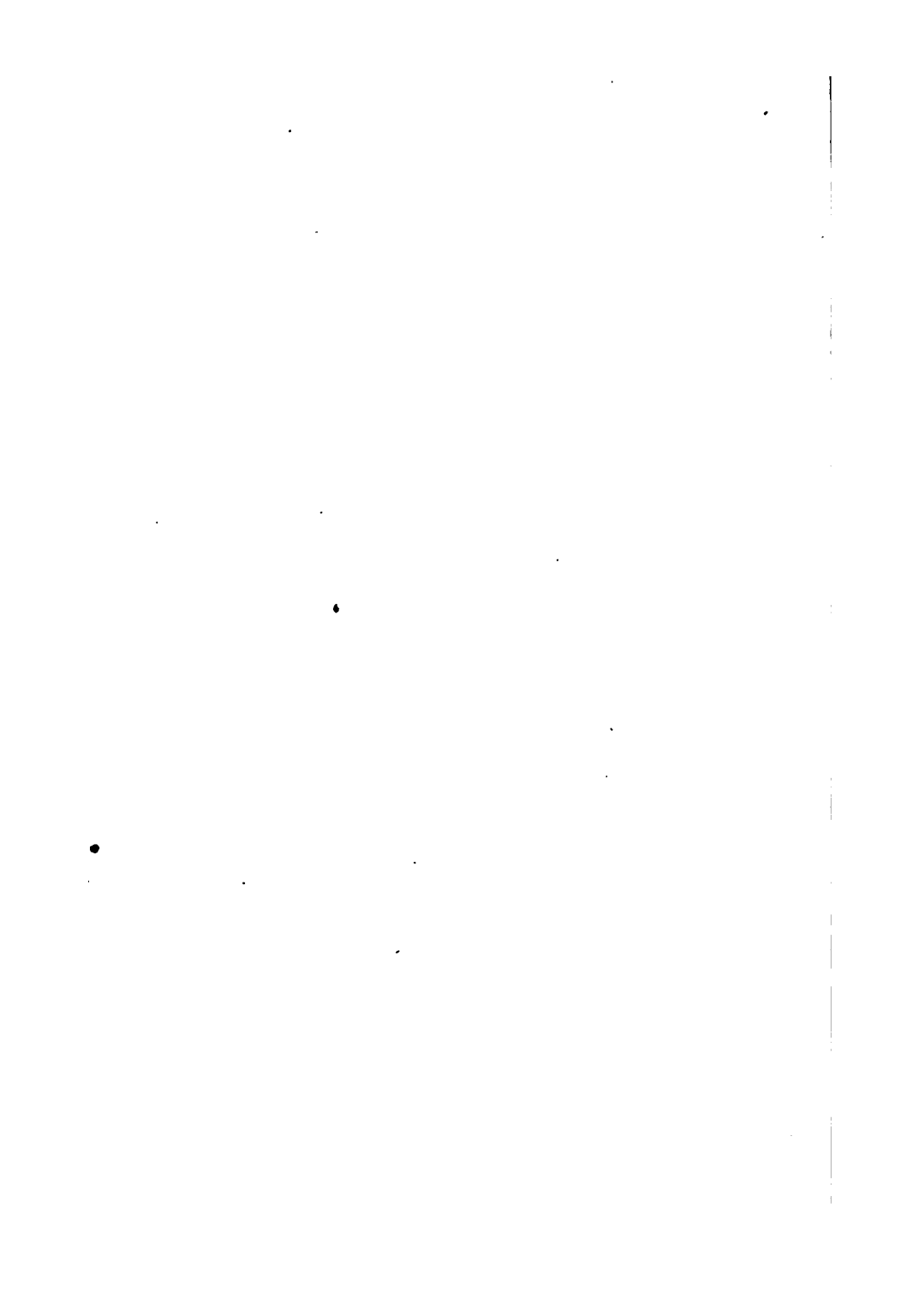
SKETCHES
AND
SCRAPS



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SKETCHES AND SCRAPS.

BY Y. S.
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1854.

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TO

Thomas Russell Potter, Esq.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, THE HISTORIAN
OF CHARNWOOD FOREST, MY EARLIEST AND MOST LENIENT
CRITIC, THESE TRIFLES ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, AS A
MARK OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM AND RESPECT, BY ONE, WHO, FOR
THE MOST PART, DREADS MORE THE CRITICISMS OF HIS FRIENDS
THAN THOSE OF HIS ENEMIES.

Y. S.

LEICESTER,

31st August, 1854.

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SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

THE OLD-FASHIONED YOUNG MAN.

“The old, old fashion.”—*Dombey*.

OLD fashioned—'tis a curious sound, but a deep and pleasant one : there's something solemn, but yet mild about it, that chains fast all our hearts. We like to hear of olden things, and things which call back old remembrances ; but yet it seems an anomaly to call a *young* man old-fashioned, though such ones are, and are, too, very often found. We notice in this world—or, at least, may if we will look—between the young and old a great and noticeable difference. Ask an old man to tell you of his happiest time, and he will say that years gone by were the times of joy and happiness to him, and that the present is but a scene of trouble and of care ; he'll say the sun shines now not half so brightly as it was wont to do in his young days ; the winters now are not half such winters as fifty years ago ; he'll even say the coal burnt twice as brightly then as it does now—and many more like fancies ; for his eyes are dimmed with years ; the novelty has now worn off, and he has cloyed even of all bright and glorious things ; but it is a pleasure—almost his only one—to call back to his memory those

early scenes of youth and joy, and summer days and flowers ;
and though--

When he remembers all
The friends so linked together,
He has seen around him fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
He feels like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
And garlands dead,
And all but he departed ;

yet, to think of such old friends and scenes is indeed a pleasure, though a melancholy one. But, reverse the picture, seek from a young man to know what are or will be, in his ideas, his happiest time, and he will point onward, and exclaim "the future." If he is at school or college, he looks forward to escaping from his thralldom with an almost breathless impatience ; but when that long wished-for hour arrives, he still looks on, and thinks how happy he shall be, when he has gained a plentiful supply of whiskers and of sense, and can throw away the "young," and stand forth "a man." He even thinks the old know nothing, nor ever did, and ne'er enjoyed themselves, nor knew what pleasure was. Ah ! he little thinks that they have had their day, but that their time is past and gone, and soon that his will slide imperceptibly away, and his bright future will seem a little rusted and a little nearer, till at last, instead of being the will-o-the-wisp which he is following, it falls behind ; he thinks the old times after all were *perhaps* the best, and then he is sure they were, and at last, by quick degrees, he, even he, becomes old.

Now the old-fashioned young man—for we have left him

far behind, and must go back to meet him—thinks as old men think; he thinks the days of his childhood were happier than these, and his father's still than his; he looks forward to experience quiet and mild, but dreams not of happy days—no, he thinks those times are long since past, and regrets that he was not born some hundred years before; but, reader, please remember, he but thinks of these things; he tells them not to the world, but wisely follows the example of the sun, and looks only on the bright side of things. He is an oddity in every sense of the term—odd in words, in dress—in fact, in every thing. He makes a point of always following his own ideas. At school he was near the end, because his quaint old ways were more his master than the Dominie. Converse with him on any subject, I care not what, and his ideas will seem new to you, and odd; but look—that is, if you have the patience—into the *Gentleman's Magazine* of some sixty years ago, and you will almost fancy that he had been the editor. With him no poet is a poet till he is dead; they must, like wine, get mellow before they earn the name. Byron has been a poet but a few days with him; Milton and Shakspeare are his idols; and Chaucer—"what beauty! how noble! how divine!"

The real old-fashioned young man contradicts every body, because they are sure to be wrong. How is it likely that people of the present day can be right?—quite impossible. He is a regular Conservative in politics; thinks Lord John Russell a meddler, and Kossuth a humbug; is quite a literary young man; keeps an every-day book to write down brilliant passages and sparkling thoughts in: is a lover of nature; hates Bloomerism, and says that

if his Maria takes to it, he'll cut her, that's certain ; cries out twenty times per diem "*Oh tempora ! oh mores !*" thinks the agriculturists are an injured race, because they were better off formerly, and fancies their distress is not their own fault ; he likes ladies' company, or professes so to do, but hardly ever opens his mouth in their presence, being in that respect like the old man's parrot, who spoke little but thought the more ; does not approve of novels, because they are fashionable, though he generally confesses he never read one, yet notwithstanding can give an impartial verdict ; learns to dance but not to waltz, considering it to be of modern origin and highly improper ; plays some musical instrument, generally the flute ; patronises the theatre only on Shakspearian nights, and then takes the book with him to see that the performers stick to the text, and therefore greatly approves of Hamlet's advice to the players "to speak no more than is set down for them," and always claps his hands at that point. His dress is prim, like himself, and consists, in general, of a surtout coat, grey trousers, double-breasted waistcoat, and tie shoes ; he also wears his neckcloth double, and a double-breasted great coat made single, or a single-breasted one made double, either having a great quantity of stuff to spare behind or before, as if he was in the habit of carrying parcels *under cover*, and therefore had room left accordingly. He is very polite, taking off his hat to gentlemen and bowing low to ladies. In religious matters he is evangelical, because the ancients were so ; and he has a great respect for age. And now, to make an end, and give the old-fashioned young man his due, I like him, for certainly his friendships are sincere and his love is constant, and

that is a little more than can be said of the fashionable young man, a sketch of whom I hope to present next for your approval.

THE FASHIONABLE YOUNG MAN.

“You know, we must go with the stream.”—Miss R.

FASHION, Walker defines to be—“custom, general practice;” and, therefore, a fashionable man may certainly be said “to go with the stream.” We need not, I think, stop to enquire as to whether it is a term applicable to *young* men, for our present subject is a practical one, and one which infers a natural consequence, that, if there is

————— Fash'on to be found in the world,

The man that is young is the one to adopt it.

Fashion is the greatest and most powerful monarch in the universe, and is not stopped by kingdoms, nor by seas; no, not by the law of nations, as other monarchs are; she rules in all regions and all climes, from Iceland's snow to India's heat; and yet she is the same, a wild and wandering, and very fickle spirit, but one that has existed and will exist for ever, even until the time that

“The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”——

Then, and not till then, will Fashion lose its sway; then, and then only, will it cease to be the leading star that

draws along, in its ever-continuing course, the gay, the thoughtless, and the proud; then will they know what an airy vision they have followed through years and years; then will they wish experience had been cheaper, and then will they repent their folly, their maddening, whirling folly, a long, long time too late.

Fashion is an independent spirit, bound by no law, and governed by no king; and a cold and relentless one, leaving its victims in scenes of trouble, sorrow, and often, very often too, of crime; and still bounding on to entice more votaries to taste of her poisoned cup, and luring them into "the web that has ensnared far greater flies than Cassio;" and once therein there is no exit—they must play their part, and, though they often change the scene, they never leave the theatre till the curtain drops.

Fashion is a never dying, but an increasing and a widening spirit. The fashionable young man may, nay *must*, die, and the cold grave, "that old, old fashion," will be an end to all his long-cherished and long-loved ideas; that will be the equalising point—and equality, true equality, can never be in this world—between the old and new fashioned ones there will be no difference there; but Fashion still survives, and its victims, like the hydra's heads, as one falls off a greater number rise, for she is always luring, and never fades nor grows dim, but appears in brighter and in brighter colours as Time rolls on.

But the fashionable young man requires no luring,—he is a willing follower, sometimes, indeed, too forward to be a follower of Fashion, trying, as he does, to outstrip his leader; he has one great idol upon which are centred all his care and all his thoughts, himself; the fashionable

young man is always selfish, living only for, and talking only of, himself; and, certainly, self is a fixed idol, for others may grow distasteful to him, but that he still loves. Though authors write and poets sing against the sin of selfishness, no good will come, for though man will give up many things, he never gives up self—he always sticks to Number One.

The fashionable young man rises late, and is, consequently, out of order and of sorts all day, and yet never can make out the reason why he is so, but fancies it is constitutional; and, as after the rising in the morning comes the dressing, so that is the next thing to be considered by us. He wears generally a shooting jacket and waistcoat—not that he ever even killed a tom-tit, *a la Manton*—and trowsers so wonderfully wide that his toes seem as if they were frightened, and only dare pop their tips out: and his neck tie—not cloth, remember—is very narrow and very long, and very bright in colour, generally blue, and often fringed; he uses scents copiously, wears his hair long, and sometimes cultivates moustaches (that is, if the “governor” will stand it); he is very fond of company, but such company to suit him must converse only on fashionable matters—literature is quite out of the way, except such literature be novels, and then he is in his element; religion was, a little time ago, a favourite topic of his, but since the agitation about the Papal aggression has subsided, that subject has lost his patronage; he loves to talk of music, and speaks of Grisi, pretty practice pieces, and key notes, all in a breath; is a great critic in those matters, and is so fond of the Militia Polka, and the Turkish Quadrilles, thinking them the best out.

In his daily conversation with his friends, he assumes a very patronising and languid air; thinks the weather hot, cold, frosty, damp, foggy, bright, inclined to snow, or looking like rain, as the case may be; enquires for the news, thinks the town dull, and this life a very slow one: tells them how desperately in love Annie Smith is with him; retails his conversation with her, last edition, with great additions and alterations; and generally concludes by telling a tale about being engaged to do some wonderful thing at the request, and for the advantage of, somebody, and therefore thinks he must have been a "good-natured fool," and leaves his hearers unanimously agreeing that the last were the truest words he had spoken that morning.

The fashionable young man is generally the "lion" at evening parties; dances in every dance, no matter what; talks fast, but mostly nonsense, and of himself; flirts with about half-a-dozen young ladies, and thinks the gentlemen unworthy of his attention there; and therefore only nods and utters such sentences as "plaguy hot," "nice party," "pretty girls," "more select than numerous," "who's that in the blue?" to them; thinks all the young ladies present are in love with him, and very kindly pities some *unfashionable* young man, whose lady-love he has been dancing with; tells her that he knows *the* gentleman, "a nice fellow enough, but up to nothing, and precious green; tired before twelve o'clock; never at a ball in his life, he should suppose; quite unaccustomed to fashionable society, he's sure;" for which we may imagine the lady is very grateful, and thinks our hero such a "nice young man," and *so* fond of praising his friends. He generally is the last to take his leave, and then with great reluctance; if practicable,

he hopes to have the pleasure of escorting some young lady home; and so, by these means, scrapes a new acquaintance to fill up for the loss of the old.

The fashionable young man is almost always liked upon the first acquaintance; but as time, which ripens all things, ripens that, he is discovered in his true light, and when he finds that his patronising nod and would-be intimate smile are but coolly returned, and sees that his attentions have ‘notice to cease,’ the acquaintance breaks off, generally with a remark from him as to “how proud the Jones’s girls have got.”

He is often seen at the theatre, and the billiard room—but as I am not a fashionable young man myself, but only an old bachelor, I cannot assert it as the testimony of an eye witness—and, as his conversation is generally there as free and unreserved as with his morning friends, I cannot help thinking how low he would be in the esteem of his lady admirers, could they but know half their sayings as they are thus retailed to the world.

There are many more things which could be told of this class, did they sufficiently deserve our notice; we could dwell on their freethinking principles, their utter rejection of all thoughts of honourable conduct, and many similar things, but we refrain from this; for we trust that, as the world becomes more enlightened, its inhabitants, and especially young ladies,—for they are the chief sufferers from these worthies—will be able to distinguish at a glance those who profess and are actuated by motives of honour and of principle, from those who, devoid of either, and spurred on by pride, selfishness, and ignorance, seek nothing but their own gratification and pleasure. We are thankful that

there are some in the world, and trust that their number may increase; and, ere long, we hope that these things may be subjects of history only, and not of daily experience. This is certainly

“A consummation devoutly to be wished.”

We hope it may be so.

THE LITERARY YOUNG MAN.

——— “*Musam meditaris.*”—VIRGIL.

IN all ages there have been some literary characters in the world: some who have shone forth as stars in the dark night of ignorance, which for so many years encompassed the earth as with a cloak; some who, laying aside the instruments of gain, have sat them down, and thought, not for minutes only, but for years, and then have told their thoughts, their long imaginings; they told of what seemed to them the causes of the almost miracles which day by day they saw and wondered at; they told of the changes of that bright orb in heaven which lights the night, and which, happening month after month, at last seemed certain unto them; they told of that orb's power over the mighty waters of the deep; they told of all her bright companions which shine on all the earth, the wicked and the good, the poor and rich, the learned and the ignorant, and other such like wonders; they told their ideas of man's creation, of cause and of effect, of man's soul, and other things; and they showed, too, by their acts, their faith in immortality; they told of all the wondrous properties of

which the air we breathe consists ; they told what they had gained from earlier men, the history of man and ages ; and they told of that great God, his justice, his kindness, and his love, as they had had heard from his holy followers, and gleaned from Holy Writ ; and thus they played their part, their noble part on earth, and have left their names and works to be handed down to each succeeding generation. And some, too, who, leaving the world and its stern realities, have launched into the glittering sea of poetry and romance, and have gilded " ower true tales " with that bright tinge of fancy which is inherent in every human breast, and which (or woe betide that day !) can never be extinguished.

Age followed age, sage came in fast succession after sage, and the world grew wiser, and extended ; in time the thoughts of men were told as if by magic, and now we see the old closed volumes opened, and the thoughts of other men exposed to the view of all ; and the world has become a literary one.

Now we notice that the thoughts of men appear not so original, not so glaringly brilliant as they were wont to seem, because they have been so told and published, that we, who write now, seem but as plagiarists, and " gatherers of other men's stuff."

There are many dabblers in literature in the world, and yet all of them have different ideas of excellence and style ; no two persons can, I believe, be found, who think that the same passages in any one book are beautiful ; everybody has some distinct idea of sublimity or comicality, tenderness or sentiment, of his own ; and, consequently, we never find two styles alike.

The Literary Young Man, of whom I now speak, is generally one who has received a superficial education at some public school, one who has been crammed with Latin and Greek day after day, and week after week, and yet is never taught to think for himself; and is much more praised for a quotation from a Greek author, than for any idea of his own, however good or however well expressed; and who has been taught to try to excel in—or, in other words, to gain a “gilded” acquaintance with, the classics, rather than a “golden” knowledge of what will be useful to him in after life. I do not wish my reader to run off with the idea that I am writing against the utility of the classics. I am not. I only wish them to be made a *means* of gaining practical knowledge, not the *end* of all our learning at school; for better would it be, were the teachers at our public schools to try to make their pupils men—men, in the noblest acceptation of the term—rather than wise men and “men of learning,”—while, at the same time, no attempt is made to form their character, no endeavour to inculcate the meaning of that golden word, *principle*—as is too often the case; far better also would it be, if the spirit of emulation were not so strongly infused into their minds. Suppose that it were not so, do you imagine that there would be more quarrelling, more envy, more jealousy, more spite, among them than before? I fancy not. The reverse would be the case, perhaps.

This is a digression; but “*quod dixi, dixi*,” so it shall remain. The literary young man is generally possessed of taste, more or less, and has a favourite author, of whose style he is an admirer; may be, he is poetical, and his first composition is, in his own eye, the bud of a flower that

will some day or another bloom and outvie his model ; he shows it to his friends, not owning the "soft impeachment," but leading all, who are not blind or stupid, to know that the proud exhibitor is the prouder author. He goes on in his literary career, thinking he improves daily, until he determines to send something to the paper ; and, in order that it may be in time, it is forwarded at the beginning of the week ; and when the letter is once in the lion's mouth at the —— Office, he sets his mind to conjecture what the editor thinks of it, but as he is not able to find *that* out, he gives it up as a bad job, and counts the moments as they fly, until the day of publication arrives. Even as he lies in bed, he thinks how many more times his eyes will sink in sleep before they are gladdened with the sight of "Lines by X. Y. Z." in print, and in his (now) darling newspaper. He's sure he will recommend it, if they put them in ; and, if not, they will soon see their profits decrease, he knows ; and shakes his head significantly, accordingly. The morning comes at last. "How slow this week has gone," is his first speech at breakfast. Nine o'clock, and no paper ! He goes to the window to look out, and cannot imagine why it is so late. At last he sees the delivery man. Off he flies to the door, seizes the damp paper, and commences searching, in spite of the warnings about people having caught cold from wet papers, and dying—of course. The poet's corner is turned to ; no lines ; a little cloud is visible, portending falling rain ; fast glide his eyes down that side, then the first ; then he opens it, down the second, and the third—no lines ! Where is his boasted indignation now ? "All gone, none left to mock his own grinning, quite chap-fallen," and, silly fellow, the

tears trickle down his face, and he presents another example of disappointed ambition. He has done with the paper. At some other time of the day, perhaps, he resumes it, and after a patient search, finds a notice to correspondents—"X. Y. Z. Declined, the lines not being suitable for the columns of a newspaper." His brow is raised, and he determinedly declares "they shall go to a magazine, then; country editors don't know a good thing when they see it;" but somehow they never do, and the literary tyro, after his nine days' wonder has run its course, sinks into the quiet everyday character. Sometimes, perhaps, his old hobby is resumed, although he has not the courage to send his productions to be quizzed in the editorial sanctum; and therefore his future compositions, however good, remain but "home produce," and are only "born but to die."

But the tyro's composition is not always rejected, and then his loftiest aspirations are aroused; he does nothing but think whether he shall publish his own name to his future productions, or take a comic one, as Dickens did; and his dreams are of nought but laurel wreaths and poet laureates; he sets to work and writes and sends, and writes and sends again, until he gets to be considered as a constant correspondent; then he has a pet piece of poetry, or favourite essay, or something of his, printed on very nice paper with the newspaper type; a little while more and he has a few others printed on sheets; and, at last, he bursts upon the world as an author, with a real preface. His hopes are crowned. "He must do or die." Alas! how many die! Still he goes on, and writes and writes again, until the want of appreciation by a fickle

public makes him retire, disgusted, from the scenes of literary life ; or, perhaps, he goes on and on, increasing in perspicuity of style, and talent, and utility, until he stands forth a man of fame, courted, esteemed, immortal. But as that generally happens after he has lost the privilege of being called young, so he gets out of our province, and our curtain must drop upon him and his works.

THE NOVEL READER.

“ Words, words, words.”—*Hamlet*.

THE age at which a young man becomes a novel reader is generally about fourteen or fifteen ; when, perhaps, it happens that he picks up some three volume “ work,”—as all literary productions are now called : these Sketches and Scraps are a “ work”—and he waits till he can have a “ regular spell ” at it. A regular spell means, by the bye, a regular long sitting (or lying it may be, for this class of people often cultivate the romantic in bed), and not a beginning to learn *letter by letter* how, on a winter’s evening, when Old Sol had long since sunk below the horizon, &c.,—that being only the vulgar meaning of the term—and then, when he has found place “ fit, and time agreeing,” and neither father nor mother seeing, he opens Volume I, and is immediately charmed with the title, “ Sophronisba, or the Lovely Maiden of the Rocky Glen.” He turns on, and reads the early history of a young lady, with hair like the raven’s locks—by the bye, all the ravens which I have seen wear feathers—eyes like sloes,—with a

deal of expression, I should think—teeth like ivory, and other indefinite charms ; and the account of how the son of an enemy of the lovely maiden's father had fallen desperately in love with this said lovely maiden ; how that he had saved her from a watery grave in the rocky glen : how that her father thanked the youth with an ill grace, and very politely informed him that he should *not* be very happy to see him again ; how the lovely maiden goes into hysterics, and the young hero goes and enlists for a soldier at a public house—caravansara, I beg pardon—in a village near the rocky glen, and how he is ordered to join his regiment, as Volume I concludes.

May be, it is now night, and the Novel Reader proceeds to partake of

“Tired nature's sweet restorer,
Balmly sleep.”—

which can always be obtained by a thirteence halfpenny box of —— Vegetable Pills, agents for the sale of which are appointed in all market towns—and then, in bed, he lies enchanted, like a being who suddenly finds himself in a new world of fancy and romance, a really fairy land, whither, since he knows the way, he thinks that he can always retire after the cares of the day are over, little thinking that his nature will make his cares over soon sometimes, or will drive him often there before they begin. He has made up his mind, already, to subscribe to a circulating library. The morning breaks, (after to him an almost sleepless night) and Volume II is clutched ; from side to side he rolls in bed, reading, devouring this unmeaning trash, until Sally's continued knocks at the door, and reiterated warnings about being late at school, at last

make him think of getting up. Just five minutes more—only one more minute. At last he rises; and the book is laid upon the drawers, or balanced on the looking glass, whilst he performs his toilet, that he may improve his mind and personal appearance both together; and, when he finds or thinks that he has done both, he pockets the book, and carries it to school; and there, by fits and starts, he learns that the lovely maiden's father knows a young gentleman whom he wishes to make his son-in-law, but the lovely maiden, in filial obedience, hates him, and papa raves, lover hopes, the lady faints, &c. &c.; then, that the lovely maiden will be consigned by her parent to a nunnery if she will not consent to his wishes; how also that the real lover proves himself a prodigy of valour in foreign lands, and has just obtained leave of absence from his regiment, on account of peace being declared, when the Novel Reader reaches the blank leaf at the end of Volume II.

Our hero has become now a restless mortal, craving after fancy's food, of which the more he takes the more he wants.

Volume III tells him that the lady is to be married that day three weeks to the lover of her father's choice, to save her from the nunnery; that the rocky glen hero meets her, bemoaning her fate, and persuades her to become Mrs. Rocky Glen Hero; how that they afterwards go to ask the father's pardon and blessing, and that he raves "awful;" but, at last, relents, and the lovers "live very happily ever afterwards."

The Novel Reader lays down the book with a sigh; he feels a vacuum, an unsatiated craving, to allay which he feels that he must read and read again; he has become a

slave to honied words ; one moment repenting that he has been so long ignorant of these hidden treasures—at another, fearing that they are few, perhaps, and soon that he will have read all that there are to read, and that he will be left still unsatisfied—still longing. He little thinks that these writings pour from the press as a sweeping tide, increasing as it rolls along ; and that, were it possible for a man to read during every moment of his life, there would remain a very large sea still, on which, alas ! how many have been wrecked.

The Novel Reader, after leaving school, still continues his reading ; unless, indeed, it happens that he possesses a strong mind, and therewith sternly repels his inmost nature. No matter whether in the surgery, at office, or behind the counter, in some dark corner, there lies a novel, which is resorted to at all convenient times ; and often, it is to be feared, at inconvenient ones. Physic, law, trade, all are postponed for the sake of a few minutes novel reading. “ I can read Buchan to-morrow,” “ Blackstone may wait, it will not be the first time.” “ Those bills can be finished in a day or two.” These are the thoughts which pervade the young novel reader, who is ever ready and always glad to find excuses. Constantly procrastinating, he finds that industry becoms every day more irksome to him, and idleness creeps in through the little loopholes in the wall, till the garrison is all its own. He looks out for luck and fortune to carry him on his way through life, and hopes—like the renowned Micawber, and with as much ground for expectation—“ that something will turn up ;” and never imagines, for a moment, that when he goes up to college, hall, or elsewhere, for examination, he may be

“turned down,” or that, when starting into life, he may not know which way to turn himself at all.

The Novel Reader of a few months standing is quite an ignorant being. All the lessons which he may have learned when he was “a whining schoolboy” have quite gone from him. He knows nothing now except what novels have told him; all his polite knowledge he has gained from fashionable, and all his ideas are gleaned from speculative, novels,—or, in other words, novels with “a deep moral.”

I knew a novel reader of this class—in fact, I know him now—whom I happened to meet about the time that the Papal Aggression was the prevailing topic of conversation; and consequently ours—we being a brace of fashionables—turned into the same channel. He was a Puseyite,—at least he owned himself as such—and began by saying that he thought my “broad” views were highly unscriptural; that I was greatly in error, lukewarm, neither hot nor cold; and that the high church party, of which he had the honour to be an humble member, were much nearer heaven than we—perhaps from their very height, but *he* did not say so. I explained my views, and was immediately attacked very strongly with such a conglomeration of “baptismal regeneration,” “Christian tolerance,” “Catholic good meaning,” and other meaningless phrases of a like description, that I was nigh overwhelmed; but as I thought I could gain more, and that more intelligibly, from books than *viva voce*, I asked where he had learned these ideas; and had he read any “work” upon the subject? He said “many,” an answer which I did not think very definite, so I requested him to name a few. He hesitated—I pressed—at last he filed a declaration that he had read “Foxe’s Book

of Martyrs." I turned on my heel and vanished, not wishing openly to laugh on a religious subject ; but, when alone, I could not help indulging a little, though I soon got into a serious mood, deeming it not so strange, when I thought how true it is that many men in our senate sit to make and repeal laws, and never knew the old ones which they alter ; who preach, and never know the text on which they comment ; who have done, and do such things, and have never learned from better sources than my friend, who gleaned *high church arguments* from *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*.

We could dwell much longer on the peculiar traits of the Novel Reader's character ; on his peculiar thoughts, words, and acts ; on his fashionable phrases to his adored one ; on his fighting a duel with a man who had grievously offended his dignity as one of the " noblest animals of the creation," which took place with unbulleted pistols, and which afforded him perfect satisfaction, and healed his wounded honour ; and on many other subjects, but we prefer to turn to other and more important heroes.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."—*Shakspeare*.

I wonder if you ever really required physic, Mr. Shakspeare, and then wished it to be flung to curs ; I wonder if you were ever troubled with the spasms, and did not long for a drop of brandy : or if you ever had the rheumatics, and did not wish for opodeldoc ; or if ever gout took you in *toe*, and you threw away Blair's Pills. No, no, Mr.

William, it will not do; whatever is, is right. Doctors, like lawyers, are a necessary evil, and they, as well as the latter, laugh and tell us that we cannot do without them. But doctors, like every thing in nature, must have a beginning; they do not come upon us suddenly as full fledged M. R. C. S.; they are not born doctors—though the sons of members of the Lords, and often of the Commons, too, think themselves born politicians. Every thing must begin; and therefore, to start *ab initio*, the medical student is born. We will not say anything of his childhood, except that he evinced a thorough dislike to physic himself, being at the same time an eager promoter of the sanatory practice of giving medicine, by frequent instalments, to others; and thus early showing one of the truest characteristics of a medical man. At school, he is noted for his power of curing warts, and his universal recipe of cold water for a black eye, as well as his ability in amputating the limbs of birds and other smaller animals. In the holidays, he studies chemistry; but, after burning his clothes with phosphorus, and scarring himself with acids, he leaves it off, to be resumed in maturer years.

The time has come when the choice of a profession is necessary, and after a deal of *pro* and *con* concerning the spirituality of the church, into which no one ought to go without an inward call; the roguery of the law, which is also so depraving, and narrows people's minds so; and the discomforts of a surgeon's life—in the midst of which discussion, mamma thinks how wretched it must be for a woman to have her husband fetched out of bed every night, and therefore states her opinion to be that surgeons ought to be bachelors; and consequently, if Tom means to

be a surgeon, he must never think of marrying. Papa ridicules, and disagrees with her, and so does the young gentleman, who is, by the bye, a bit of a gallant. However, after sundry bits of comfort administered by mamma to herself in the way of thinking how easily she can get sal volatile, and ditto ditto by dad—or, in common parlance, “the governor”—in the way of thinking that “particulars if required” will be scarcer, it is settled that the young gentleman shall embrace physic as a profession, and strive, in a way, “to allay the ills and thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to;” and also endeavour, to the best of his ability, to get an honest living, which is certainly by every one “a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

We will not linger on the threshold of his professional career, though he did on that of his “new” governor—papa is now the “old” one—to wipe his shoes, but we wish to show, as far and as fast as our humble ability will allow us, how he got on and prospered. He was articled, and the lawyer, rubbing his hands highly professionally, when our hero “delivered his act and deed,” punningly remarked “that he wished it might be a good deed,” whereupon the new governor expressed his opinion that it certainly would be so; and Mr. Tom blushes, and makes up *his* mind that it shall not be his fault if it is not. Would that he adhered to that determination!

Mr. Tom takes his boxes—*a la* inhabitants of Downing-street, and maid servants—to his new abode, or, as he facetiously remarks, where he shall for the present “hang out.” The governor shows him his nocturnal quarters, and the little sitting room which he halves with a half-fledged assistant, who looks and smells uncommonly as if

he had been sitting up the whole night with a patient in a public house bar. The last-named gentleman, I mean the assistant, greets the new comer with great cordiality, and a good deal of palaver and blushing takes place on the occasion. The first few days hang rather heavily on young Tom's hands, and he thinks it rather degrading to make up pills and wrap up powders; however, in time, the pills and powders both go off, and the glory and the honour of his profession appear great, for he has found out how to smoke cigars, imbibe porter, and handle a thick stick; and he has ordered a rough short coat, a white hat, and a "*vade mecum*,"—the two former at the assistant's instigation, the latter at the governor's.

Nothing happens materially during the first few days, except the arrival of sundry letters from home, which, we may here remark, are answered less regularly as our hero gets more initiated into the mysteries of his profession. He is introduced by the governor to the students at the hospital, of which institution he is perhaps one of the visiting surgeons; and Mr. Tom is shewn the museum, the wards, the surgery, and the students' room; in which latter he is invited to sup that evening with a few young friends. Accordingly, about eight o'clock, our hero knocks at the door, and is shown into the presence of some half dozen young students, who are building professional castles in the air, which is certainly a smoky one, and are conning over the merits of a "good case," which happened that afternoon, and which they expect will terminate in amputation. The terms used, and the levity shown on the occasion, rather startle young Tom, who has not yet rubbed off the finer feelings, but who is doing so faster and faster

every day. Our hero is invited to take a "weed," which he, in order to suit himself to his company, accepts, and is in a few moments in a state of muddy-and-smoky-brain-ism, accompanied with symptoms of giddiness and heat. He, however, puffs away, and at their invitation mixes a jorum of the "rosy," *alias* gin and water, which is swallowed by him almost at a draught, in order to allay the burnings of his throat. In a little time supper comes in, and to it they fall, and oyster knives and vinegar are in request. Ale and natives, pepper and vinegar, bread and smoke follow each other in quick succession. Knives clatter, students laugh, tongues chatter, and old 'uns chaff: young ones blush, glasses ring, they all lush, smoke, and sing. Soon the fun grows fast and furious; gin takes the place of ale, and fresh cigars—or short pipes—are lighted, and some one is called upon for a song, which is given with a roaring chorus of some half dozen voices to some six different tunes. Then follow sundry imitations of different animals, by a genius of the company. They are attempted by one and all; but they soon tire of this, and songs again are the order of the day—or rather night—and they, the songs, follow one another like boys on a slide, the students and the sliders being both of one mind, determined to "keep the pot a biling."

But what's that? A chair has fallen, and our hero lies rolled up under the table: his companions, having been better seasoned, and consequently able to take more without the like effects, determine to give him lodgings for the night; and he is dragged and left in the dead room of the hospital, there to recover himself, and "think of his head in the morning."

The others, after achieving this charitable feat, stroll out for a "lark;" and, having broken some dozen windows, and pulled off and out some score knockers and bell pulls, and having been chased and missed some twice or thrice, they return and visit the museum, where, for a "spree," perhaps they smash a skeleton, take a specimen child out of spirits—fit type of their own fate next morning—or spit an artificial incubating duck upon a stair rod. Their noise having attracted the attention of the porter, or some other official, they retreat in haste to their room, whence some, after another cigar and a couple of night-caps, proceed homewards, and, in going, are noticed along every street to have business on both sides the way.

Now, to return to poor Tom; he wakes about nine o'clock, his head aching, his limbs shaking, his mouth hot, and his whole frame feverish; he lies, not knowing where he is, and strives to recall to his recollection the scenes of the past night. When he has succeeded in doing so, the thoughts of having thus broken his father's strict injunctions, of having thus lost his character, and his own self-esteem, almost overwhelm him. His conscience condemns him. He thinks of what his mother will say when she hears, and how she will grieve at the fruit of all her teachings. His thoughts are agonising; and, as he lies, a poor helpless, despairing, and degraded youth, he wishes he had the world to give to wash away the remembrance of the night, and determines never to be guilty of so great a sin again; but to try, by strict self-rule, to earn a name to counteract the infamy of his last error. His better feelings are not yet gone.

A resident student perhaps thinks of him; and, with

forethought gained by experience, brings him a bottle of soda water; and, addressing him as his cove, tells him he looks "seedy," and wants to know how he liked his quarters. Our hero tells him his determination, and is laughed at for his pains, and told that he must not be fool enough to say so to any of the others, but to laugh it off; which, we may here say, that on future occasions he does, because he is more afraid of being the butt of a depraved few, than of again having the feelings which, but lately, he so bitterly experienced. Alas! how circumstances alter cases. The want of moral courage is the cause, and the commencement of his ruin; and, through that want, his feelings of right become subservient to the fear of ridicule.

According to his fellow-student's directions, Mr Tom tells his master that the muster broke up late, and that he shared a companion's bed; and, when this lie has passed, and he has but received a mutter of disapproval, he hastens to his own room, heartily pleased at having got off so easily, and determines, in spite of comfort and conscience, to take advice, and earn the name and character of a "jolly" fellow.

Such are the scenes which occur three or four times a week, at some place or other of their resort. The mornings are passed in making up medicines wrongly, and in drinking bitter beer. Soon, at this rate, the student's blooming looks give way, his face has become pluffed and pale, his eyes lustreless, and his frame weak; all which symptoms are set down by too confiding friends to too much study. Sad infatuation!

His cigar case has now become the *vade mecum*, and the Sporting Cyclopædia has been promoted, *vice* the Phar-

macopeia, laid on the shelf. His time passes away, his medical books are disregarded and uncared for, and the course of his life is one dull, spiritless train of monotony, and void of the satisfaction of having done his duty.

In time he is reminded by the governor that he must soon be thinking of walking the London Hospitals, a walk which he shortly commences, and finds a rather rough one, for stern necessity for study now stares him in the face : he determines that he *will* study, and he *does* study for a time ; but, on some luckless night, a country companion calls to see him, and the morning's lecture on anatomy is followed by the evening's comedy at the Haymarket. The spell is again broken, and he has become a "jollier" fellow than ever. The Coal Hole at night, the Hospital Theatre in the morning ; the dissection of a human body is followed by the debasing of a human mind ; the examination of a dead man's brains is but the prelude to the wilful taking away of his own. The incongruous joining of a student's life and that of a man of pleasure proves impracticable. One must be resigned. Perhaps even now he conquers self. Perhaps not. In the former case, nights and days of study follow each other, and, by dint of almost more than human efforts, he passes both Hall and College ; but in a few days, may be, he is laid on a sick couch, and there his newly earned license seems but a mockery and a jest. Then comes repentance, and the germ of a useful existence is sown on that bed, which may some day ripen fully, and its possessor may become a respected and respectable practitioner, and a valued and valuable member member of society.

In the latter, alas ! he is hurried on headlong, and his life becomes less studious and more depraved. He cares not for his profession now. How that he can satiate his sinful cravings, and revel in pleasure, is his constant and his only thought. Another step, and onward he rushes to disgrace, and perhaps poverty. Time rolls on—still he is no better ; still a dissolute student, in debt, in disgrace, in misery. Time waits not—he approaches to the gulf ; it opens, and he is lost ; in vulgar phrase, he is “ gone to the dogs,” instead of Shakspeare’s physis. Death, now almost acceptable, depravity, and exile are his alternatives. Perhaps he chooses the latter ; and, having passed a more disreputable life than ever, ends his course in a foreign land, unregretted and unknown.

Remember ! this is the worse side of the picture. Think not that our far-famed physicians, our renowned surgeons passed their time thus. No, no, far differently. Their lives were lives of earnest and unwearied study. The sun, rising as well as setting, has shone upon their open well-worn books ; and the stars, in their night watches, have looked upon them at the bedside of sickness and disease, and blessed them ! Days and nights have often been the same to them. Now have they their reward ; and, what is more, *mens conscia recti* gives them inward peace. Others, many others, we doubt not, are following their noble example ; and, like them, will prove themselves an honour to their country, and idols to their profession. May such be the case, is our most hearty wish, and our humble prayer is, that henceforward this our sketch may appear but “ a thing of fancy, or a poet’s dream.”

THE ARTICLED CLERK.

“Why may not this be the *sketch* of a lawyer?”

Hamlet (a little altered).

Do not imagine, from the unromantic heading of this sketch, that it need necessarily be a dull or unromantic one at all. Far from it! None, perhaps, see more of life in its serious, work-day aspect; none see more of the shuttlecock nature of this passing scene; none see more of the secret intricacies of human nature, than the lawyer's clerk; and, therefore, the narrative of some of the more frequent scenes of his life can scarcely well be dull or prosy, even. Should this sketch prove so, it will be the writer's, not the subject's fault.

Nevertheless, there is no subject so repulsive to the general reader as that of law and lawyers; and, therefore, I can well imagine that some may say, and even think, that legal studies are very dull and spiritless, and that the students are but bookworms and mere pettifoggers. Such may be the case with some—with those that only vegetate, and never can be said to live—with those who are composed of matter, without mind. But, I ask, can the history of the ways and means by which the rigid doctrines of feudalism have melted before the sun of freedom and civilization—can the history of the gradual changes by which the liberty of the subject has been extended, without lessening materially the power or prerogative of the monarch—or can the principles on which Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus, and other great and mighty “acts and deeds” are grounded—be subjects unworthy of

the study of any man, the noblest or the best? Well, then, why should not the acquaintance of the offspring of these illustrious ancestors be worthy of cultivation? Why should not the study of the laws by which these liberties have been extended and brought home to us individually, and fitted to each separate case, be a liberal and enlightened study, and a work of mind? And why should the students of these laws be necessarily pettifoggers? Surely if the knowledge of the progress of these great principles of liberty and civilization has been the prize for which men, noble and illustrious, in a long and onerous race, have striven, then need not the study of those men, who with the selfsame principles in sight, search out the minutæ of them and bring them into practice, be considered in any way dull or spiritless at all.

I have often imagined that in this world there is nearly an equal balance of pleasure and pain, of trouble and joy, of dullness and of merriment; and, on this account, I have oftentimes solaced myself, in a fit of *ennui*, by thinking that "there's a merry time coming," in order to be quits. Now, I think this is the case with articed clerks sometimes—and they have some dull moments in their daily lives—they sit hour after hour, plodding, poking, rooting over some old musty deeds, till, as it were, the very spirit of themselves, the quintessence of mouldiness and inflexible antiquity seems a part and parcel of their very nature; but, as the sunshine glimmering on these old muniments takes away the apparent mouldy dampness, so does the glare of recreation and of rest remove the musty dryness, the sort of desert-sandiness, which their minds, suiting and fitting themselves to their occupation, have rubbed off

them, the deeds, upon themselves, the clerks ; and thus with the office coat is put off the dull, and with the other is put on the gay. The duller he has been, the gayer he is now. The closer he has been bottled down, the more he bubbles forth and sparkles when the cork's withdrawn. For a merry time there's nothing like a lawyer's clerk's half holiday.

But, whilst we have been caring for the good name of the profession, we have left the young professor on the bottom step of the dark leaden-covered stairs, that lead to his new office, in a very thoughtful mood ; thinking, no doubt, whether these said stairs had ever, by any chance, been cleaned ; and, if so, how many years ago it was, and whether the old white-headed clerk was alive, or whether he was but a little boy when it happened ; and whether they had a feast at the office that night, or what else was done to commemorate the deed ; and whether all the brighter marks in this said leaden covering were made by hob-nailed boots, and, if so, where the rubbed-off pieces had gone wandering to ; and he wonders if a bit had ever by any accident, come to his father's house—his father just now dead—and he stands ruminating thus, till he finds that he is turning a child again, instead of being, from this time forth, a man—a trouble seeing, care and sorrow meeting man.

He walks briskly up the stairs ; and, through an open door, sees the solicitor, attorney, commissioner, for taking affidavits, master extraordinary in Chancery, perpetual commissioner, &c.—a sort of dozen several characters “rolled into one,”—to whom he is about to be articulated. After an exchange of courtesies, he takes his seat at a desk

in a room shared with him by another pupil, to whom he is introduced. He—our hero, not the pupil—is to have a month's trial previously to delivering "his act and deed," during which time he has a little copying to do, or an easy abstract or two to prepare, conveyancing thus being the first vehicle in which he travels the road to eminence and wealth. When he has just about made the acquaintance of his fellow clerks, discovered the difference between common law and equity, and found out too, to his astonishment, that the latter, as well as the former, is governed by set rules and principles, his month of trial has slipped away; and as he has made up his mind—he had, by the bye, before he went at all—to take to the law as a profession, arrangements are made for articling him. The draft is prepared by himself, under the governor's eye; settled by the latter; fair copied; and sent to papa's solicitor for perusal, by whom it is returned ready for engrossment. For luck's sake, he copies it himself. The £120 stamp is sent for and produced, shabby and meagre looking as it is for the money; it is pricked and ruled, and Frederick Samuel, with a new pen and nervous hand, commences his first deed. Line follows line, scratch here, blot there, and uncouth letters everywhere. However, it is in time completed, the red ink and German text adornments are added by an experienced hand; and the wondrous escrow waits but to become a deed. To-morrow, at three, is the time appointed. True to the minute, all the necessary parties are assembled; the engrossment is read through; the consideration paid; the deed "signed, sealed, and delivered;" and all is over. Our hero is now bound for five long years—long because they are yet future—and

he feels himself not at all an unimportant item in the world's great catalogue. He is, of course, congratulated and wished well by his fellow clerks, and kinsfolk and acquaintance. He looks forward to a course of staid, important study. He procures a Precedent Book, Blackstone's Commentaries, or some other elementary work, and thinks himself a law student in real and downright earnest.

His course has now begun. His said Precedent Book is constantly in use for the first few days, his aim being to have something to show—a real impersonation of some studious labour. He takes notes of what he reads, with still the self-same view. His practical acquaintance with his profession now takes a wider range. Mortgage, Conveyance, Will, are in turns given him to draw. Cases are laid before him to copy, in order that he may understand the points of law which are therein discussed. Declarations, pleadings, petitions in chancery, are placed before him, for his mind to gain some tangible conception of. He is sent to examine abstracts with the title-deeds, in order that he may understand the commoner rules of real property law. His mind is gradually opened to the immense variety of legal and equitable proceedings; and his studies are shaped and regulated accordingly, theory being mingled thus with practice. Wider and more comprehensive fields of learning are presented to his view, and he becomes aware of the necessity of earnest, serious study. But there is a strange malady in human nature, which runs strongly, alas! too strongly, in the minds of students, of what kind soever they may be, which prompts them to put off, from day to day, the commencement of a regular and determined course of study, and favours the desire of in-

dulging in a medley mass of undigested knowledge. Now this is more palpable in the case of law students than of others, perhaps from the very reason that they have the greater need of this same regularity. This malady—this spirit of procrastination—is the greatest drawback in our hero's life. He feels an interest in his profession; and, as he daily prepares the drafts, the abstracts, or what not, he does so in a contented and by no means grudging mood; yet there are little wanderings of the mind, which travels from the serious occupations of the office, to the lighter regions of poetry and romance; his thoughts run riot unrestrained; and the sun, shining through the dusty windows reminds him of its own triumphant course, and he turns, as it were, his face upwards and onwards, creating in his imagination some bright visions of legal eminence, and glorious and substantial prospects, forgetting that there is a dry, and long, and very weary race to run before he can gain that goal; and when that he's in such a mood, he generally thinks no more of study for that day, but puts it off until a "more convenient season." Sometimes, in his bright fancy, perhaps, he pictures himself shining with a far greater brilliancy than others; being, as it were, a bright Bude light in comparison with others' greasy gas, and thereby lighting some of the still foggy practices of equity and law;—but some little thing brings back his mind, thus revelling, and he turns to study the "rule in Shelley's case," instead of longer dreaming of such a fanciful exception in his own.

The amusements of articulated clerks are as varied as their studies. Cricketing, fishing, shooting, boating, and even literature and the fine arts, have each their advocates and

followers; and I will answer for it that, taken as a body, they are greater proficient in, and enter with a more genuine wholesale spirit into their several amusements, recreations, and undertakings, than any other students upon earth. When they give their attention to the duties of their profession, it must be strict and undivided—for the law is in truth a very jealous mistress—and so, on this same principle of doing only one thing at a time, they enter with a sole and separate attention into other, and less grave occupations. And this principle I would recommend to all, knowing, from my own experience, that not only in youth, but in manhood, and even in old age, it is a practical and beneficial good.

The first assizes in a young man's clerkship seems of marvellous importance in his eyes. There he sees the pomp and show of his profession. He even glories in the beauty of the little trumpeter's bandy legs, and in the cracked-pancheon rivalling notes of his lengthy trumpet. He thinks that the javelins and white wands form some part of the *lex non scripta*, and fancies the lion and unicorn in the Royal arms to be impersonations of equity and law, supporting the very crown of England's very self. He knows, from the colour of the judges' gowns, that they are deep-read men, and doubts not they have met with as many cases connected with *heirs* at law, as there are namesakes in their spacious wigs. He listens with all due reverence and attention to the reading of the commission, and the proclamation against vice and immorality, and believes and trusts them both, and never doubts but that there are "well beloved" and "wicked" men on earth, and boasts within himself that all the former ones are lawyers. He,

may be, has a prosecution to attend to, and therefore gets his witnesses sworn, and sent up to the grand jury, whilst their "ludships" have gone to church. His next care is to *find* the barrister, to whom he is about to entrust the brief; and what with cricketing and other pleasures, which draw the bar away from business, that is no easy thing to do. Having delivered it, he repairs to the court to hear the case, and wonders and admires again. The gravity of the judge, the carelessness and indifference of the barristers, the crier's somnolency, the smirkiness of the sheriff and the deputy, as well as the eagerness of the spectators, are things which, in turns, attract his attention. As the cases and causes are called on—his own having been quickly disposed of, the fees paid, the brief returned, and the costs taxed and signed—he marvels at the sagacity and prosiness of the contending counsel, at the same time being amused with the impudence of witnesses, and the caricatures drawn by some of the members of the junior bar, which are gravely handed round the court. A point of law arises; large calf-covered books are consulted; "my lord" looks wise, at the same time, perhaps, feeling uncommonly foolish. At last, a case is reserved, thus making more work, and consequently more pay for the profession. This our hero chuckles at. He takes in, with eyes and ears, all the technicalities and principles of the practice of the courts, as far as he can learn at a country assize, and that is certainly not much. The hearing of the causes is protracted until late; and, instead of seeing the gas lighted, and every thing conducted in a clear and proper manner, he is no less astonished than amused at seeing six fat dips brought in large tin candlesticks, and stuck in pairs about the

court, with a legless pair of snuffers unto each;* and he wonders, and well he may, whether this still lingering "hatred of light" proceeds from the evil nature of the deeds done there, or whether this obstinacy, for it is nothing else, is emblematical of his profession. He thinks not; he hears and reads of County Courts Extension, and new Common Law Procedure Acts, and chancery masters being done away with—would that the candles had been also!—and so he marvels greatly, and fancies that a magistrates' order must be a greater rarity than any Act of Parliament; or, perhaps, that the J. P.'s ways are, like the Medes and Persians' laws, unalterable, though all the world cries shame.

But now

The Court is closed, the night comes on,
 And he and others all are gone
 To supper and to rest.
 He dreams of all the great Q. C.'s,
 And others with enormous fees,
 Well feathering their nest.

As our young gentleman gets more experienced in the mysteries of his profession, he becomes the better acquainted with the cases of the clients, and the legal remedies to be made use of. Now he sees the remorseless gripings of the miserly mortgagee, the harassing struggles of the bankrupt trader, the concealed poverty of worthy and of noble minds, and the exulting tones of ignorant wealth, its possessor having been, perhaps, but a few months back a beggar, but now, by some discovered will

* Since the above was written, the Leicestershire Magistrates have furnished Gas at the Castle for use at the Sessions and Assizes. "Better late than never."—Ed.

or heirship, rendered a "gentleman," in the eyes of a money grubbing, gold idolising world. Now he beholds the honest, upright man, who, having invested in some banking partnership, by its failure becomes ruined. Now he sees the effects of suretyship, of usury, and other similar and thrice-told sorrows; and his sympathies are enlisted in the cause of misfortune and of poverty. He sees, too, the whole range of human life,—and more, he anticipates and he protracts it; he draws settlements to provide for children yet unborn, and he deals with real and personal representatives, when the man himself has left this world and all its riches.

The Articled Clerk is obliged, also, to see somewhat, more or less, of the County Court, where, on his first visit, he stands confused at the more-haste-the-less speed principle upon which the business is conducted. Here sitting his Honour demanding silence, there standing the clerk settling some question of fees. Here speaking, in hurried tones, the advocate, and there standing, in mute astonishment, the witness; money chinking in one place, generally at the clerk's table; plaintiff and defendant quarrelling in another; witnesses' names called out in the hall; cases called on in the court; instructions for plaints here, applications for judgment there; the mighty conglomeration of noisy legality everywhere. He contrasts the present scene with that of an assize court, and wonders how they well can be the offspring of the selfsame system of jurisprudence. He writes these things upon the tablet of his mind, determined at some future time to transcribe the explanation there as well.

There are some calm, happy moments in the studious

hours of a clerk's life. There is a pleasant feeling when he lights his lamp, replenishes his fire, and in the dark nights of winter, holds communion only with the sages of ancient and of modern times, and revels in the accumulated stores of text books and reports.

It would have been somewhat tedious to go through all his daily routine of study and of practice, and the general reader would have been often in the dark, through legal terms and technicalities; therefore, we have, in some degree, taken the exceptions of his life, knowing that if, as the logicians say, they prove the rule, you will have gained some slight conception of his ways.

However, we will now accompany him to London, and see him safely seated in a large room in his late governor's agent's office, well filled with clerks, fully occupied with work. Now his studies become more intense and unceasing. The vast changes in the law which are made every session, render it necessary that he should postpone a part of his study of the common law and rules of practice, until the months which he passes in town. Nor is that all. It is expedient that he should be a frequent attendant at the Courts of Westminster—where, I may say, *en passant*, that he obtains, at last, a correct understanding of the whole system of legal proceedings—consequently, his time is now fully occupied, even from the moment when the country correspondent's letters are opened at the office in the morning, until the time that he closes his prosy book, puts out his glimmering light, and betakes himself to

— “ Bed, delicious bed,
That heaven on earth to the weary head,
But a place that to name would be ill bred
To the head with a wakeful trouble ;

'Tis held by such a different lease,
To one a place of comfort and peace,
And stuffed with the down of stubble geese,
To another with only the stubble."

but *he* cares not much of what it is manufactured.

Days and months fly on, and he still studies "from morn to noon, from noon till dewy eve," and crams himself with knowledge of certainly a heavy, filling nature.

His notices of admission have all been properly given, his articles and answers duly left; and the time approaches for his examination. As he takes an evening's stroll for a little exercise in the comparatively quiet gardens of the Temple, his mind runs back through the days of his clerkship, and he thinks of mispent time and opportunities unimproved, till he almost fears for his own success. He thus follows the example of hundreds of the same, as well as of a higher degree, that have walked in these self-same grounds, and had these self-same thoughts; that have afterwards passed, and that have not; that have gone on to fame and opulence, that have gone back to obscurity and poverty; that have sat in the proudest seats of honour in the land, and that have stood in the lowest places, even the bar of criminals and thieves. But we are growing sublime—or ridiculous, there's but a step betwixt—and must hurry on; we must not attempt to lift the veil of the future, and we profess not to deal with him but while he is a clerk.

The morning comes, and with a nervous heart he hastens to the place of examination, where he finds some hundred others already assembled. They wait but a little time, and then enter a large, sombre looking room, prepared for the

occasion, and they all sit down at desks at a distance from one another. The examination papers are brought round, and they commence reading over them. There generally succeeds, for a moment, a buzz of joy, astonishment, or fear, but which I cannot tell, unable as I always was to analyse it. Pens are soon driving along the paper. One of the examiners walks slowly up and down the room; and the examined keep within themselves, and "go pegging" on their way; or, wandering, look vacantly upon the sooty ceiling, as if they could find some legal learning there—not but that Dickens might say it was a congenial and fitting repository. In an hour or two, some look rather uncomfortable; they have finished their answers, and pumped their memory dry, but are ashamed to deliver up their papers yet; however, one of the boldest breaks the ice, and they soon flow in quickly. After about three or four hours there are but few left, and the papers now come in by twos and threes, though slowly. Soon there are but four remaining—now another has done, a second is wiping his pen, the third finishes his last stroke, and the last one delivers up his answers; and, with rather a more confident look than when he entered, our hero, for it is he, walks quietly through the door, and when he is alone, throws his hat high up in air, in the excess of his ecstasy. He dines at his lodgings, writes a letter home, takes a walk, may be, with a fellow student, and then betakes himself to bed,—but there's no sleep for him that night. Excitement, anticipation, hope, fear, joy; all are against him, and they are long odds. He turns out early, takes a morning walk; returns, and sits and reads, and eats but little, and then wends his way to the scene of yesterday's examina-

tion. He approaches the clerk or official, tells him his number, and asks if all is right. The smile and nod have re-assured him, and his troubles and cares as to that are at an end. The act is finished, but the curtain has not yet dropped. The others are assembling, and he amuses himself in viewing the different countenances of his compeers. Here he beholds the long and anxious face of doubt; there he sees the bright sparkling of a well assured and confident eye. In one place, he sees the almost worn-out frame of one who has begun to study almost, if not quite, too late; and in another, the hearty frame of him whose clerkship's life has been a regular and even one. They are called in; the names of the successful candidates for admission—our hero's one—are read over, and the others slink away, and are seen that day no more. The admitted ones proceed to the courts to take the oaths, pay the enormous stamps and fees, receive their different appointments, sign the roll, and be thus admitted "Ones, &c."

We need not linger longer here. We have been with our hero through his course of legal life; let us now proceed to discuss, with him and fellow clerks, the courses of dinner and dessert at some neighbouring hotel. The case of dinner having been well considered, and "dismissed with costs," the wine is produced. Our hero's health is proposed with all due honours; and he rises, and, after clearing his throat in true professional style, and hemming twice, he addresses his friends as follows—but I forgot, he is now out of our province; he is no longer an Articled Clerk, but a true hero rejoicing after victory; and, with your leave, there we'll leave him.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

“ To point a moral.”

“ WANTED, by a Merchant in the City, an intelligent Youth, between the ages of 15 and 18, to assist in the Counting House. References required. A liberal salary will be given. Apply, &c.”

This advertisement, in a morning paper, caught the anxious eye of a widow, who had an only son, aged sixteen, to further whose prospects in life was now her only care. Her dim eye brightened. It was the very place she was looking for, for Arthur. She called him to her, and told him of the situation; and they agreed to start out and apply for it immediately. They walk fast down Cornhill, by the Royal Exchange; cross there, and pass the Bank; and, turning down a busy street, soon reach the place appointed. To ask if the merchant was within was but a moment's work. They are ushered into his presence, and tell him their errand. He asks her where her son went to school, what his studies had consisted of, and who and what his father had been. The widow told her simple tale; that his father was a farmer in a midland county, who died when he was young; and how that, on a small annuity, she had striven to “ make both ends meet,” and educate him well. She told him, too, what a good, good lad he was. (There are none but mothers who can be half as earnest as was she!) The Merchant, having heard her history, and taken the names of two or three references, requested them to call at that hour to-morrow, at the same time hinting that he liked the youth's appearance. As they return to their

small home, through the never ceasing din of that great city, the mother's thoughts ran on those who, having entered life with no better prospects than her son, had gone on, on, on, till wealth and honours had been theirs; and she pictures him rising upward, ever upward. I know not how long she would have continued dreaming of what was "looming in the future," had not a crossing sweeper's tones, soliciting charity, aroused her from her reverie, and turned her thoughts,

Again they were at the merchant's office. He was out, but soon returned, and, seeing them in the counting-house, requested them to enter his private room, and there he told them that he was willing to take the son into the office; and they, then and there, agreed about his salary, and settled all other necessary matters; and our hero was requested to be ready to commence his duties, and enter on his new life, at nine o'clock on the following Monday morning,

I need not tell you, nor need we dwell on, the happy feelings of the hoping, trusting mother, nor the gayer, and not less hopeful fancies of the son.

It was but Thursday, and the season, summer; so the widow and the fatherless determined for the next two days to leave the mighty city, with its care-worn, toiling, restless race of men, and take a little trip, to see nature in its own bright green, and call back some pleasant, happy, though melancholy remembrances of olden times. They accordingly started the next morning for a friend's house, situate in the neighbourhood of Watford; and on their way our hero's mind was not idle; he was wondering whether there were many Whittingtons in the world, and

whether they were all Lord Mayors; and he thought how strange it would be were the bells to ring to him—yet he half trusted that it might be so.

They passed the two days there, and very short they seemed; and again they stood upon the threshold of their home. Monday morning comes, and the son, with the mother's blessing, proceeds to his vocation. He is taught the principle upon which account books are kept. The uses of the ledger and the cash book are explained. The journal and bill books are all used as primers in the young scholar's first day's learning. His writing having been criticised and passed muster, he has the task assigned him, at present, of copying invoices, a duty to which he turns his attention with right good earnest. Days soon pass when the time has been well spent. Quarter-day arrived in its due course, and when the son gave the cash, which he, by honest industry, had earned, into the hands of his widowed mother, there was a feeling, independent and ennobling, which thrilled through his young heart, better and more satisfying than luxurious idleness e'er dreamed or had the least idea of.

Onward rolled Old Time, and onward was our hero's course through six short, happy years. It was a proud feeling, that of his, when he was promoted, young as he was, to the office of cashier, and a prouder one when he looked round at home upon the comforts which his increased salary had obtained. And how sweetly passed the nights of winter, when, sitting opposite his happy mother, he read aloud "from history's varied page," or "tuned his soul to the poet's song,"—or when, in the clear summer nights, the mother leaning on the son's arm, they strolled

through the half natural parks, and breathed some little of the pure air of heaven. How calmly passed the time, the waters of our hero's life flowing in an onward stream, without a wave of care, or a ripple of discontent. He did his duty, and, of course, was happy. Jealousy was unknown to him. Ambition had never fluttered across his thoughts. Avarice he spurned in the liberality of his youthful heart.

But a trial was to come. Did he fall? Or did he stand? Read on.

It was on an evening in the spring, when he had nearly finished his day's work, and thought of starting homewards, that he heard his name mentioned in the counting house, and, turning his head towards the speaker, noticed a young man with whom he had a casual acquaintance, through their being neighbours. The youth was dressed in the very tip-top of Moses's fashion, and looked as if he had but that minute come out of the window of No. 157, Minories, where he had been stationed as the model of a "Sporting Gent." He addressed our hero in professional slang, and asked him if he was "seeking his nest," as, if so, they might "fly" in company. He answered that he was, and, as it was time to close, he shut up his books, and having put them in a place of safety, started forth with the stranger, whose company, however, he did not exactly relish, particularly as he had been warned by his mother against cultivating his acquaintance. She was absent from home, so he thought it would not matter for "just once." They strolled along, and turned through a bye street, as the stranger had a place to call at. He stopped at a small house, the bottom story of which was occupied as a tobac-

conist's shop, and in addition was, as was told in bright gilt letters on the window, a "BETTING OFFICE;" and, telling our hero to "come along," he entered the shop. The young clerk now saw that he was in improper company, and made up his mind that this first walk home should be the last. He did not enter, but passed slowly down the street, until he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning round, saw his companion, who absolutely dragged him back, asking him whether he thought that "they would eat him," and evidently thinking that he had said a good thing. He at last reluctantly entered, and a strange scene met his eye. On the walls were stuck sheets exhibiting the daily state of the odds upon the different races, and other placards which stated that the advertisers were ready, for all sums, varying from one guinea to eighteenpence, to send a "tip" of what "was to win, and no mistake" for every race in the season, and on all of which a large N. B. told the reader that it was "a dead certainty." The Derby was evidently the all important race now. Behind the counter sat a shabby looking youth, who attended to the wishes of the customers, took their several stakes, and, having entered their names in a large book, gave them a little card or ticket, on presenting which the day after the race, (yelept "settling day") should their horse happen to win, they would be paid the odds that had been betted them. At the counter there were several anxious to "try their luck." Here stood the professed better, taking every thing as a matter of course, and wanting 5 to 1 against Hobbie. There slinked a boy, not yet in his teens, wanting to know "how little they bet," and wishing to back Stockwell for sixpence. In one place sits a man with his

pocket book out, entering the account of his bets therein; and in another leans a *pater-familias* upon the counter, who carelessly remarks that he has a pound to spare, and wants to risk it on Harbinger. Our hero's companion is waiting to see the master of the shop, with whom he is well acquainted, and who is closeted with a customer in a little back room. The latter soon leaves, and the two walk into the same worthy sanctum. After a greeting of the warmest kind between the two friends, our hero is introduced in a manner evidently pleasing to him, for he vastly relishes the being called Sir, and looked up to with deference. The two gents retire to a corner for a private word, and, while so engaged, the young Clerk notices the dress of the owner of the premises. It consisted of a brown shooting coat, with large pockets, a double-breasted green waistcoat with pearl buttons, and a pair of drab breeches and gaiters. His shirt was covered with immense blue spots, and the front was partially hidden from view by a various coloured scarf, fastened with a large headed gilt pin. After having had their word, the quasi tobacconist invited his guests to supper; and our hero, though at first declining, is compelled to stay. Supper having been finished, spirits and cigars are produced. The young Clerk preferring a glass of whiskey and water, a handsome quantity of the spirit is poured into a glass, and gin, instead of water, is purposely added. He thinks it "rather stiffish," and more gin is accordingly poured in. The mixture soon takes effect, and he becomes communicative. His friends—save me from such!—soon know his occupation, the amount of his salary, and everything connected with him. Their purpose has thus been fulfilled. The host, upon

their taking leave, lends him a copy of the *Racing Times*, asking him to be kind enough to return it in the morning. He reaches home, still master of himself, and when the old servant makes bold to expostulate, has the "nous" to dismiss her quickly, and to get to bed. In the morning he feels strangely, but still rather exhilarated, and thinks his friends must be good hearted fellows at bottom. While at breakfast he reads the paper lent him, and begins to think that there cannot be any harm in betting a few shillings upon a horse for a race, if one has a fancy that he'll win. People that bet must expect to lose sometimes; but if they win, why they get double, treble, ten, thirty, sometimes a hundred-fold what they staked. Certainly, children like that one he saw there, should not be allowed; but then, if his friend did not bet with them, other people would. He thought on in this way as he walked to the office, finding excuses for, to say the least, a dishonest practice, which he wanted to paint white, while he knew how black and foul it was—and thus he tried to smother conscience. He knew his mother would fly from the very thought; but women are such timid folks; and, as they told him, he was a man now, and not going to be tied to her apron-strings for ever. He should make an arrangement to allow her so much of his earnings, and keep the rest as pocket money. He just thinks of the money as he again reaches the betting office, and he remembers that he has the paper to return. He sees his last evening's host, and hands back the *Times* with an expression of his best thanks, and a criticism to the effect that it was a very amusing paper, and evidently one that upheld the "noble sport" of racing, of which, however, he said that he him-

self was ignorant, having never seen a race, nor, to his knowledge, a race horse. This statement is a cause of surprise to the "honourable gentleman opposite," who offers him a seat in a phaeton to the Derby on that day week; an invitation which, as his mother would still be absent, our hero accepted, on condition that he could obtain leave of absence from his master. This conditional acceptance, therefore, having been settled, he is asked if he wishes to lay out a shilling or two on any horse. He stammering declines, as he does not know the name of any. The list is immediately handed down. He sees the name of "Daniel O'Rourke," and wishing to get away, and not to be thought "stingy," he lays down half-a-crown, the professor betting 30 to 1 against the horse. He receives a ticket, and hastens away.

His master was struck at his request for leave of absence on such a day, but gave his consent; and our hero accordingly went with his two friends to the Derby. The immense number of vehicles, from the ducal four-in-hand to the humble donkey-cart of the chummy, the beauty of the horses, the gay colours of the jockeys, the strains of music, the excitement of the crowd, were things which, new to him as they were, took a strong hold upon the young man's imagination. And, in addition, the horse upon which he betted had won, and he had been paid the thirty half-crowns, and his own stakes had been returned. The sight of money earned so easily had its effect. A money gaining spirit was at work. 'Tis true, 'tis very true, that the love of gain is the root of all evil, and, however long or beautiful may be the branches, they are still evil altogether. He returns with them, and goes home to-night quite sober.

Had he been otherwise, the horror of self might yet have been a saving principle.

In a few days the mother returned, and immediately noticed a change in her son, and thought he was not well, or that something had rendered him unhappy; and, in her anxiety, was constantly entreating him to say what was the matter. This, naturally, estranged him more and more from home. He did not, though, fulfil his intention of withholding part of his salary, as he shrunk from touching upon money matters with her. His deeds were evil and he hated the thought of light.

Ascot races came soon, and he lost above two pounds, which he had betted with his new friend. The latter, having been a large winner, expressed his determination of giving up the office, as being "low," though he intended to continue betting on a larger scale; and, in order to commemorate his resignation of the shop, and his turning "gentleman," he gave an entertainment at the Hummums, an hotel he had fixed upon in order that it might appear respectable. Our hero was one of the party, and had to make a speech, in which he expressed himself as being quite "unaccustomed to public speaking," (though that was one of the happiest moments of his life;) and which—I mean the speech—was greatly applauded, and obtained him many new friends. The founder of the feast expressed his willingness to "lay the odds" to any amount with any gentleman present, as he was making a book for Goodwood; and, in order to give him a turn—one good one deserving another—the guests, one and all, more or less, had dealings with him. The wine circulated, and the party became more convivial than ever.

“Eleven o'clock, and he not at home.” Twelve the widow counted, and watched anxiously for his coming. The candle had glimmered into its socket; the fire had gone out, and she wrapped herself in her shawl closer than before, yet she still felt cold. Tick—tick—tick—went the clock, as slowly as if the works were almost frozen; the cricket on the hearth sang nearly thrice as fast. As the clock gives warning for one, there is a loud knocking at the door; and, on her opening it, she sees her son, her good, good son, as she had called him—his hands clenched, his hat and clothes all torn and dirty, his eyes rolling and glassy; and, as he attempts to speak and make excuses for his absence, he rambles in his talk about their being ever such g-good fel-lers, and he c couldn't leave 'em, for they-ey m-made him stay, and that w-was all about it, and n-no mis-istake. (O! mothers, that have never seen such sights as these, be ye thankful, deeply thankful unto God!) The tears roll down her face, as she strives to get him to go up stairs. He wants still more to drink; he has'nt had much, not he. She will not yield, and reproachfully asks him if he knows what time it is. To be sure he does—it's “5 to 1 against Cariboo.” She now gains some idea of what he has been doing.—she had seen a *Bell's Life* before, by the bye—but the necessity for present action precludes all yielding to grief. She wants to get him safely in bed; and, when she has done so, and retired to her own room, she falls upon her knees; and, in the fulness of her agony, prays to her Heavenly Father to pity and forgive.

Morning comes soon. The widow's remonstrances and prayers and tears but drive him, racked and spiritless as he is, away from home sooner than he otherwise would

have gone. He manages, however, to escape observation at the counting house. Things soon go on as usual. The widow sees her son more like himself again; and, in this seeming calm, she finds a hope that this dissipation was a sin which had brought its own punishment, and been a useful lesson, and that he would now be what he had been.

He won again at Goodwood, and found himself possessed of twenty pounds and upwards. His friend advised him to lay the odds now instead of taking them, and showed him the way "to make a book." The principle seemed so plain and safe that he immediately determined upon taking the other's advice, and accordingly he opened a book for the St. Leger. About the latter end of August, he had made it almost complete, and found that he was obliged to win a score pounds at the very least, whatever horse might win. He looked forward for the day, and thought of laying out part of his winnings in a present to his mother, in order to buy off, as it were, the remembrance of his night's debauchery.

The St. Leger came off, and Stockwell was the winner. Our hero had won, according to his book, thirty-two pounds. He repaired to the "chambers" of the *quondam* tobacconist, who, having edged with him to a great extent, was his principal debtor. He rang at the door, and asked for him, and was told that he had left there, and it was not known where he was gone. What was he to do? Creditors wanted their money, and he must pay them tomorrow, as it was settling day. If they were not paid, he should be exposed. He hastens home, and finds a letter from his "friend," saying that he had been unfortunate,

was on board ship for Australia, and hoped the want of what he owed our hero would not inconvenience him; and concluded by requesting him not to say that he had "hooked" it, and he remained his "affectionately." He read the letter through, and then tore it in a thousand pieces in his rage and vexation. What was to be done? He had no sleep that night; he lay on his bed, and thought. Should he ask his mother for the money, and tell her all. He knew that she would give it him; but then, her reproaches and her suffering he could not bear. No, she should never know. Should he borrow it of a fellow clerk? He might lend it, but then he would always think that our hero was indebted to him, and, he doubted not, would make the most of it. No, that would never do. But what was to be done? He lay turning over in his bed, and while pondering on his "bad luck," the evil spirit entered into his heart, so ready, so open to receive it. Why, what could be easier? He was cashier; he could take fifty pounds, and nobody would miss it; he could falsify the entries for a time, and would repay it *soon*. He did not know when, but he should win some money *soon*.

Full of this plan, he rose early, and went to the office; and when no mortal eye saw him, he opened the cash book, and changed a figure of eight, in the tens, into a three. While thus employed, a sound of music fell upon his ear; it was a tune that he had heard full many a time in olden days, and his heart, in spite of the thick casement which evil had formed around it, was filled with the remembrance of those pure and happy times; and it now bled at the thought of defrauding him whose property he was bound, both legally and morally, to preserve. He had taken up

the knife again to erase theft from out his list of crimes, but his eye fell upon his betting book, and the thought of present disgrace and shame contended against the love of right. For a little time there was a struggle, earnest and severe; but soon the victory was no longer doubtful, and the evil passions, crowding in to the contest, expelled the last lingering remnants of right and goodness. He closed the book, and was startled at the noise it made; but the sight of that other book of his soon gave him courage, and he opened the cash box, and, taking out fifty sovereigns, put them in his pocket, and having returned the cash book and box to their proper places, he hastened out, and repaired to a city betting office—an imitation Tattersall's—where he paid his “debts of honour” in full, with another's money. Yes! he had become a thief in its worst phase, in order with the stolen property to pay a debt which he was not legally bound to discharge, and for which money he had not “value received”

He returns to the counting house in a pleased, yet miserable mood; pleased at the thought of having avoided exposure, and miserable at the thought of the sin, which hung heavily on his soul; yet he strove to glory in the idea that he was now safe from all detection.

Time went on, and his mind was ever on the rack. He could not bear his thoughts. Conscience, that awful monitor, laid bare his sin, and its memory was ever present with him. The fear of detection, and the hope of escape, kept successively preponderating in his mind. Now he was safe, as he imagined, and now he was detected. Now he had paid it all, and now he was disgraced and ruined. His dreams were filled with the most horrid phantasies,

and his waking moments were no more pleasurable. He hated life. It became unbearable to him, and in some very dark moments he longed for death, and thought of suicide. At last, in his mind's agony, he flew to drink. He sought out the companion who had first led him into error, and they generally passed the nights together in scenes of dissipation. In these excited moments, fresh bets were laid, and the Newmarket Houghton Meeting was expected to bring him round. But it was not to be. His mother saw him now so altered, so changed, without one spark of natural affection towards herself; and her heart was well-nigh breaking. Still he escaped detection by his master.

One morning, however, on reaching the office, a fellow clerk informed him that a mistake had been detected, as the ledger gave credit for fifty pounds more than the cash book, though the cash tallied with the latter; and that, accordingly, the governor would examine the accounts, and inspect the bills with him that morning. Our hero's face turned deadly pale. He had forgotten to alter the ledger, and it was all found out. In one little moment, exposure, with all its shame, appeared before him; he pictured himself committed for the crime, arraigned, found guilty, and transported; and he saw, too, in his mind, his broken-hearted mother die. It was too much. He hastened from the office, and rushed none knew where.

At a later hour in the day there was a crowd assembled round his dwelling, and a murmur ran throughout that crowd that the son had killed himself by poison, and that the mother had gone mad. It was too true. He, who had entered life with prospects, which had become brighter and brighter as he pursued an upright course, had become

from the effect of one "harmless" wager, seed of such direful fruit, though, as it proved, a self murderer. And she, the gentle loving mother, who had pictured such bright things of her son, was, through that son's crimes and violent death, a listless maniac, without one spark of reason. Perhaps 'twas better that it should be so.

* * * *

The inquest is over, and the tap-room customers are conning over the facts, and wondering why a "felo de se" has not Christian burial, when our late hero's first companion enters, and all the rest are silent while he tells his friend's strange history, which he does with a grimace and gusto which none but such worthies can give a tale: and he ends by telling them that poor Arthur got his "tip" at last, and that was a "dead certainty."

The room echoes with the shouts of laughter at this joke, refined and charitable as it is. But let us leave it—it is no place for us. But, before we separate, let me assure you this sketch is no wild imagining of the author's mind; it is, in substance, true; and, gloomy as it has been, and I am sorry for it, but it is not my fault—is finished, FARE YE WELL.

THE LADIES' MAN.

This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again whene'er he please.

* * * *

This fellow pins the ladies on his sleeve,
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.

He can *quôte*, too, and talk : why, this is he
 That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy.
 Mend him who can : the ladies call him sweet.

SHAKESPEARE.

Yes ! I'll bet a shilling that's a ladies' man. What ! you don't bet ? Very well, you will not lose much, either in money or respectability—but that *must* be a ladies' man. Just look at his loose paletot, carelessly thrown open, and the extensive sleeves, and his hat " a Paris " (which he bought, may be, of the manufacturer in London), his waistcoat collarless, with rows of buttons all the way up to the top, and his trousers, with such a fashionable " fall over the boot," shiny as it is. Yes, and his careless way. " La !" says Anna Maria, " What a duck of a man ! How I should like to know him !" Fair reader, if you have the same desire, we will strive, as best we can, to introduce him.

The Ladies' Man is of the genus "swell," and species "man about town." He generally frequents cities and populous places ; is fond of company, and is consequently sometimes intrusive ; is migratory in his habits, wandering, as he does, from town to "country, and back again incessantly. In the summer season he is often seen near the coast, and sometimes rambles into

" Foreign climes and countries."

He is, however, generally near home at Christmas and quarter days. His habits—in more senses than one—are varied. He is quite at home in domestic matters, and seldom "abroad" in unusual situations. But we are describing him too ornithologically.

In childhood, he is listless and slothful, and is seen

" Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school,"

where, however, he manages to be tolerably comfortable. Some good-natured schoolfellows, by turns, tell him his construing, and he is expected to learn, perhaps, two lessons a week, *pro bono publico*, which are by him told to the others. The text of his classics is interspersed with his pencilled translations, and the blank leaves at either end are covered with young ladies' names, sometimes in ink. Perhaps, should he be a thorough Ladies' Man already, he tries how his own surname, at the end of some young favourite's christian name, would look; or whether his own signature would look strange with a "Mrs." put before it. On mathematical mornings he is content with studying a problem in Euclid for the fourth time, or solving an equation in algebra, may be, for the tenth. Some young Porson kindly lets him copy the Latin verses, the making of which his master highly recommends, and wonders at his distaste for, and, perhaps, gives him double time to attend to—I have heard it stated, because they are never likely to be of any earthly use to him, except to astonish ignorant people; and, now and then, perhaps, to take the place of less harmless oaths; but remember, I don't say so. One hour a week satisfies for geography, and consequently our hero has no more acquaintance with that useful science than a practical one with the locality of Ladies'-lane and College-street, and perhaps the way to the Cricket-ground. History is the youth's favourite study, and he ponders over the cruelty of a Nero and a Mary, and the wars of Cæsar and Bonaparte, with more than wonted interest. But what good can he gain from this, having learned, as he has, but effects, without ever having studied causes; and being prone to think only of the man

of action, while he totally neglects the man of thought. Wellington, with him, is great for his wars in foreign countries—not for his political career in his own. Pitt and Fox are but every day, secondary characters in his esteem.

He has plenty of amusement, and, perhaps, never more than on French mornings, when tales are told, conundrums are asked, classical lessons are construed, exercises are copied, and now and then a box on the ear is administered, and a reproof and fearful warning given, with a strong nasal twang, to the great detriment of the Queen's English.

He occupies his spare time in school in reading Dictionaries of Anecdotes, Song Books, Comic Poetry, Plays, and other similar writings. Shakspeare, too, is a bit of a favourite with him; and perhaps, at the half-yearly breakings-up, he takes part in the exhibitions of eloquence, so common in our public schools. May be, he enacts Cæsar, and is "killed in the Capitol," with the violent rant and want of all proper action, so characteristic of boy orators. And then he follows in a comic line, with a wonderful piece of poetry about a disciple of Æsculapius, who thought his patient had been dining off a horse, from the fact of his having seen a saddle and bridle under the bed. This seems so funny, that the whole company grin as though they had the horse's collar round their necks, and were trying against one another for the common price of a new hat. After he has dipped his head down and back again and made his exit, enters a Young Norval, whose father—poor fellow! what a family he must have; I have had a speaking acquaintance with sixteen of his sons—feeds his flock upon the Grampian Hills, and he tells us all about

him. If his life was as monotonous as his son's tones, it must have been a dull one, truly. However, the ladies present like private gossip, and so they applaud the son amazingly. The performances are brought to a close by a parliamentary debate on the education question. The Ladies' Man impersonates Colonel Sibthorp, and my Lord John Russell is represented by the biggest boy in the whole school, except the *pro tem*. Roebuck. The other characters are filled in similar manner. The mimic debate has one advantage over the reality—it is shorter, and “brevity,” we know, “is the soul of wit,” but if such wit were “bottled down,” as one of the speakers told us a delighted audience did their laughter, until a certain clever counsellor “tipped the wink,” I hardly even think it would require the ravelled twine which usually decorates the necks of bottles of imperial pop. When the prizes have been distributed, and a couple of stereotyped words addressed to the prizemen, the usual speeches stammered over, and the usual votes of thanks given; then come some cheers for the ladies—long, loud, hearty cheers—and our hero casts his ogling eye upon the young Misses of a boarding school, to the juvenile balls of which, may be, he has an *entree*, as if they, the Misses, were

“The charm of his soul, the delight of his eye;”

and when he sees them afterwards, he tells each of them, individually, that “she was ever the uppermost in his thoughts, and that her presence was the cause why he spoke so well.”

In the newspaper, criticising the proceedings, he feels uncommonly annoyed at being called an interesting LAD. “Bless us! who are the editors? When they were young

they were called *young gentlemen*. Stick-ups, too, and lad! (And he strokes his bran-new neck-tie). What *will* the Sykes's gals think!"

But school-days do not last for ever. His upper lip gets rather dark, and his troubles, like young bears', are just commencing; but he determines not to be called "Shaver" now, though that was the epithet applied to him when he was younger—

" Ere on his chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man"—

lucus a non lucendo.

He enters a bank, as he considers a bank clerkship a genteel occupation, and the clerks are always considered very respectable members of society. He doubts not that, what with the money his god-father left him, and his bank salary, he shall live pretty comfortably. Now, *I* have always thought that bank clerks buy respectability uncommonly dear, since their salaries, for the first dozen years of their lives, are not worth mentioning in comparison with the never-ceasing and arduous mental labour with which they are earned. (Hem! P. D.)

Day after day, week after week, month after month, at nine o'clock precisely, he enters the bank doors. His walking coat is removed and carefully wrapped up; the office one put on, and the double breasted waistcoat buttoned on the other, and the more worn-out, side. Cast-up, call over, count; count, call over, cast-up—all through the live-long day. Four bare walls around him, a smoke-darkened ceiling over-head, and an ink-spotted floor beneath him. Windows never cleaned but ever dusty, which the sun never shines on, but darkness clings to first. Old

desks with shaly legs, standing or leaning against the murky walls, in front of high, three-legged, leather-covered stools, whose seats are dotted round with dim brass-headed nails, and from which leather coverings grey and black hairs peep out, curling and clinging round each other, determined to resist, as far as possible, all mad attempts to pull them out, and put them one by one in human mouths, as human bank clerks are often wont to do. The desks, adorned with faded green curtains hanging from brass rings, supported by a long brass rod, are covered with ink-tipped quills, broken pointed pencils, and a large-bottomed pewter inkstand, huge books, and india-rubber both in lump and bands, and, may be, a sheet or two of blotting paper, the corners and the ends of which have been nibbled almost quite away. No sound but that of anxious voices, speaking in stage whispers, and money, hard and cold as the world without, chinking on the well-worn counter as it goes to associate with congenial metal in the ever-filling, yet never quite full till. No smell but that of a stifling unventilated room, and of paper,—greasy paper, clean paper, old paper, new paper, paper not much cared for, paper dearly clutched and fastly held, paper which has brought relief to poverty's distress, paper which has paid for sin and misery, paper damp or dry, cheques, notes, or bills, it matters not. No scene from out those dusty panes but black houses opposite, still getting blacker, and white faces still getting whiter, moving fastly through the noisy street; some churchyard getting fuller daily, while the number of the street frequenters is fast increasing also; and, perhaps, the rain coming down handsomely, which the money-making passers-by seldom, if ever, do; the filthy

mud accumulating on their boots—the “filthy lucre” in their pockets, while there is also a metal casing forming round their hearts.

The Ladies' Man daily makes up his mind to resign his situation, but he remembers that “the rolling stone gathers no moss ;” and he pays great respect to proverbs. In the nightly enjoyment, too, of the society of open-minded women, he forgets his connection with close-fisted men by day. But he regrets that he is unable to be the ladies' daily *chaperon*, and he hates to see older and less favoured men enjoying that felicity.

A fit of severe illness, and a legacy bequeathed by a deceased relative, happening, the one to occur, the other to be paid, he determines, in spite of proverbs, to carry out his wish.

In another month his “occupation's gone,” and he is a gentleman ; or, in other words, he does nothing to earn a living. Why such persons should be called gentlemen more than others, I never could make out, nor have I seen the reason yet, not even in *Notes and Queries*.

Now his peculiar talents show themselves. Poetry he cultivates in his “leisure hour,” and poetical phrases become

“Familiar in his mouth as household words.”

The fanciful he blends with the actual, the ideal with the real. He has seasons of “joyous dreaming,” as well as of sombre thoughts. He sees the bright side of humanity when in the society of congenial spirits, and he dwells in his private moments on the gloomy sentiments of Childe Harold, or on the dismal Night Thoughts of the deadly lively Young. His mind becomes sensitive to the finer

feelings, and though he knows of the "stern realities" of "life and of life's circumstance," and of the foul mis-shapen offspring of base minds, and thinks of these last with sorrow, yet he has imbibed somewhat of the beautiful, and he knows, and rejoices that he knows, that

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

and therefore that he daily wreathes

"A flowery band to bind him to the earth,
Spite of dependance and th' inhuman dearth
Of noble actions, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarken'd ways
Made for his searching,"

so his life ought now to be, as far as it can be on earth, a happy one.

The number of his acquaintance quickly increases, his fame for gallantry is spreading far and wide, and invitations come in as

—"thick as autumn leaves that strew
The vale of Vallambrosa."

He accepts all the invitations he receives, and is more frequently away from, than at home; and soon his visions of the beautiful fade like a dream in the morning, and frivolity takes the place of brighter and purer aspirations.

He is a good dresser,

"Costly his habit, as his purse could buy,
But not express'd in fancy, rich, not gaudy,"

and therefore not the less esteemed on that account, for we are told that

"The apparel oft proclaims the man,"

and ladies seldom, if ever, doubt that it does so.

His mornings are passed in complimentary visits, shopping with ladies, or, may be, in morning drives—or rides,

if he numbers an Amazon among his acquaintance. He amuses his fellow visitors, whom he meets, with the sparkling vivacity of his conversation. He discourses on the opera, new music, fashionable dances, balls, or favourite clergymen, with

“ A bright wit that's quite his own,
Which sparkles now, and now 'tis gone.”

He is a very useful companion to ladies in their shopping expeditions, and makes many original remarks on the numberless articles exhibited in the various windows and show rooms.

“ O! mercy, good, what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, up and down, carved like an apple tart?
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop—
Why, what in goodness, ladies, call ye this?”

“ O, dear!” exclaim they, “ what an amusing man you are!” Amusing! he hoped they thought him something more than that, and liked him for other reasons than that he afforded them amusement, though

“ If but amusement were the end of life,
One would not wonder at the eagerness
With which the giddy multitude pursue
The man amusive.”

Silvery laughter rings upon his ear, fed, as it is, by such applause, and

“ What heart of man
Is proof against such sweet, seducing charms?”

But if, instead of strolling through the streets of the busy town, he drives or rides through the quiet country lanes, he expatiates on the “ rustling of the trees, the waving of the zephyrs, the music of the spheres,” till he is

carried above himself, as it were, and has gone (as he himself states)

“ Where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,”

and when he comes down again, and sees his fair companion pleased at his enthusiasm, and she has told him that she is so, he looks tenderly at her, and expresses a wish that they had

—— “ A bright little isle of their own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,”

in order that their congenial spirits might dwell together there. She colours at the thought, and he has the audacity to declare that

“ In rising blushes still fresh beauties rise.”

But you need not think he means anything. Not he. He has said the same thing forty times or more. No, no! he follows the advice of Rochester, and skims over the surface of beauty “ like a swallow,” he does not “ plump in like a goose.”

I cannot describe all the pretty scenes, nor tell you of the pretty speeches which are seen and uttered in his rides, as they are longer than my space, and he has more time upon his hands than I have.

The Ladies' Man is very great at dinner and at evening parties, at the former being a staunch supporter of “ early rising” to join the ladies. He offers his arm to the lady musicians, turns over the music book, counts time, exhibits prints, quotes French and poetry, and joins the “ fair sex” in the foul practice of quizzing the “ noblest of creation.” Men's little foibles, their natural defects, imperfect utter-

ance, unfashionable manners, and even sometimes their constancy and truth are what

—— “The little fiery darts
From ladies' witty tongues”

are unmercifully aimed at ; or, to alter Churchill a little,

“Doth a man stutter, look asquint, or halt,
Quizzers draw humour out of nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortune out to witty scorn.
Even I, whom nature cast in faulty mould,
And, having made, she hated to behold,
Must beneath a load of quizzing groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.”

But our hero is a thorough quiz himself, and so the ladies never dare quiz him, for fear of sharp retaliation.

He is a perfect dancer, and waltzes beautifully, and, though at the risk of looking strange, he pokes out his back and legs, in order, by not trampling on the silks and muslins, to avoid the commission of the unpardonable offence of disarranging the gathers of a dress, and the misery of seeing a vain attempt on the injured one's part to smile when she asserts that “it's of no consequence,” while the gentleman is making apologies at the rate of ten a minute, at the same time wishing that he was, at least,

“Far away, far away from poor Jeannette,”
or whatever her name may be.

You should see a ladies' man at a pic-nic. One never can go off well without him, I'm sure. Who knows the history of the place so well ? Who else can tell you where to go for shelter if a storm comes on ? Who can rub off the cold civility of English folks, like he ? Does *he* not propose a stroll here, and a dance there ; and is he not him-

self everywhere, telling anecdotes, retailing old *bon-mots*, and asking riddles forty times a day? At luncheon time, who hands the wine, and hopes that all will make themselves at home, but he? Does he not propose the ladies' health in a neat appropriate speech? Does he not silence envious rivals with a well-timed joke or cutting satire? Does he not amuse the company with a jovial song, or Shakspearian recitation? Cannot he gain every little argument that may arise by sheer impudence? and cannot he show up to ridicule a poor plodding fool like me "uncommon well?" I'll warrant that you never were at a pic-nic in your life, when the ladies' man was unavoidably absent,—that is, having a prior engagement,—but that you thought that you could well have spared a better man. "Alas! poor Yorick!"

He is quite an acquisition in a concert room; he knows who is the best Figaro; he can tell you the original cast of *La Somnambula*. But you must not ask about the "Bohemian Girl,"—that's low, it has an English title. Jenny Lind he heard at Her Majesty's, Alboni at the Italian. Lablache is vulgar, and only fit to act Falstaff without stuffing. Do you like Miss Pyne's singing! Yes. So does he. Do you? No. Neither does he. His opinion is *semper eadem*, always the same as the ladies.

Have you ever seen one gentleman in company with many ladies? If you have, *he* was a ladies' man. None but he would ever have dared to come within the range of the "concentrated artillery of their tongues." None but he would have risked hearing the many kind remarks which ladies so lavishly bestow on poor "human men."

But there are many kinds of ladies' men. Young curates

and nonconformist divines are often of this class, and they have many advantages over others. Ladies can be seen with them without creating idle rumours, and will even agree to meet them at appointed places, especially if a "work of charity" can be called in "to play propriety."

There are some, too, who look upon this world as a large box of toys, and the ladies as pretty, pleasing dolls, and so dance round them, clapping their small hands like overgrown nurse-children round their precious charges, when in their mothers' arms for some short minute and a half; although, perhaps, they don't cry "Ketch'er," as the latter always do. Whenever ought goes wrong, and the tinsel and the paint come off the bauble, they sorrow and complain, and think the world a hard and stony one to stop their soft and tender pleasures. They will sit all day, and read keepsake rhymes, and poetry in pocket books, and fancy that they are cultivating the sublime, and soon will be able to out-burke Burke. A ladies' man of this description will sit down, and, taking out of his writing desk a sheet of "highly glazed, cream-laid note," and a thin quill of a very bilious appearance; and dipping the latter in the ink, will hold it gracefully in his right hand, while with his left he puts back his locks, and turns down his collar to catch the Byronic air, and then betakes himself to the poetic. He neatly writes

"ODE TO CLARA'S EYES."

And then he stops, and thinks, and sighs, and writes again,

STANZA I.

"O bright eyes of heavenly blue,
That have entranced me quite,
That shine so clear and true,
Like stars on a dark night."

Hem! that's one. Now again :—

STANZA 2.

“ Deep as the blue Mediterranean,
Without longitude or latitude,
I can't fathom them, nor can any one,
Without being o'ewhelled in beatitude.”

Enough, however. He is the “Lysander” of the *Poetic Remembrancer*, for which high title he pays a guinea a month, and a little more when called their “worthy contributor,” so if you will consult the pages of that interesting monthly publication, you will save me time, and these pages from containing more of such poetical trash.

To cease, or not to cease, that is the question,—whether 'tis nobler in the mind to let the ladies' man have his full sway, or, by exposing him, to try to “put him down”—“to put him down”—to rise again. Aye, there's the rub. Better to bear with him just as he is, than make him fly to other courses that we know not of.

But do you know a ladies' man of this last class? If so, give him my address. I do not dislike such. Far from it. I am not so old but that I like to play with forward children; and sometimes when I do so, I give a tap in return for one received. Not that I have received one from any of these “children of a larger growth,” but that I am ready; and shall be glad to wile away a weary hour in a game of romps with some such pretty, poetry-loving, prattling child. I am, meanwhile, theirs to command.

END OF “SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.”

SCRAPS.

A NIGHT IN OUR MUSEUM.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I. *The Tactoon. The Wanderrr.*

I HAD half an hour to spare the other evening, so I strolled into our Museum,—that Noah's Ark like building on the Walk—and looked about me. I was the only visitor. The Saurian room was closed, as usual; so I went to have a look at the Sculptures, and see how they appeared by twilight. I sat down on one of the pedestals, to notice the fast coming on of night. It became darker still, and darker. Wind and rain out of doors. Darker and yet darker. Ugh! what a night; fortunate were those who had a bright, cheerful, glowing, winking fire to go to. Somehow I dropped asleep; and woke with quite a chill all over me. All was now quite dark. I turned towards the door, but that was locked. I paced up and down the room, and thought how I should get out. It was certain
ust stay all night, so I resolved to wrap myself up in

my imagination—though I doubted whether that would keep me warm—and try to go to sleep again. I felt rather lonely, though; for the wind kept rushing against the windows to force an entrance, determined, as it seemed, to make the Wanderer wrap his slender mantle closer round him than before. It, the wind, came through the keyhole, too, whistling and rejoicing at the thought of having tricked old Pick; and then it gambolled wildly round the room, trying to get out again, and making the Elgin horses' manes wave with its breath, and causing the knife-grinding Slave to turn his head to see what made the rustling; and poor old Shakspeare's beard shook more than even when his fools are criticised in an adjoining room. As I was looking at these changes in their nature, a curtain fell before my sight, and quickly rose again; and the room seemed dimly lighted. The Sculptures, all but one, were gone. The Laocoon alone remained. I turned my gaze upon it: the figures seemed to breathe. Was I mistaken, or was it life? As I thought thus, the whole faded like a dissolving view, and I saw instead, upon the right, an altar; and, behind it, the roaring, ever restless sea. I saw old Priam's son offering a sacrifice upon that altar, to propitiate the great sea-god. I saw his sons standing, and assisting him; and two mighty serpents issuing from the deep, and approaching unto them. I saw the young men start, and heard their piercing screams. Still nearer come the monsters; the youths are flying now, now undecided, and anon within their power. Screams and cries for succour rent the air, and the Trojan priest, leaving the altar, rushed to his sons' help. They turn their rage on him, as well; and wind their sinuous folds around them

all. Then came the mighty struggle. (And they were like Sculpture, very, very like !) Closer and closer the serpents wrap themselves around them. Groans, deep, doleful groans ; cries, piercing cries are uttered. Their bodies writhe and swell with agony. The parent strives to save himself, as well, too, as his children. The serpents, dislodged in one place, cling closer in another. The mighty strength of Laocoon seems declining fast ; and his sons' struggles become more frequent, and less powerful ;—and now are over. The father, stronger, and struggling for life, contends still against his mighty enemy, although his almost giant limbs grow weaker still and weaker. The serpents, increasing now their efforts, press him in one last complicated wreath ; and, with an awful cry, that rings now in my ears, the spirit of the Trojan priest joined those of his dead children.

I turned away my head ; and, when I looked again, I saw the father's body lying on those of his two sons ; their muscles contracted, and in knots ; their bodies swollen, and the aspect of their features most appalling. And as they lay,—the serpents looking on the dead,—the curtain dropped, and darkness prevailed again throughout the room.

Apollo, drawing forth a lyre from beneath his mantle, played, while the sculptured figures sang a mournful dirge, to the memory of the prostrate priest ; and the wind outside accompanied it as well, uttering doleful cries, as if lamenting.

After the dirge was ended, I heard a gentle sigh behind me ; and, turning round, I saw the little Wanderer stand,
“ Child of earth with the golden hair,”

his face so calm and heavenly, yet so pinched ; his little fairy form wrapped in its slender covering—like its wearer—more suited for heaven than this cold, wintry world, and his small feet, fitted to tread on the fine carpets of the rich, not to pace the stony path of a poor man's life. I rose from where I had been sitting, at his feet ; and, never doubting but that his nature was changed like that of all the other figures, and that he was as full of life as I myself, I asked him, in as kind a tone as I (rough by nature as I am) could speak in, what was the sorrow or the trouble which he suffered, and why he was wandering, almost naked and alone, on such a keen, chilly night as that. He turned his soft blue eyes upon me, and in a low, sweet, plaintive voice, began his touching history. He knew, he said, that I would pity him—(a mortal pity ! the speech proved he was but young, and had seen but little of the world—) for he had never heard a mother's voice ; had never called upon that sacred name ; had never in his infancy one to rejoice with him in his joy, or to soothe him in his sorrow. He had been, through life, alone. His father had taken another wife, but he could never call *her* mother, for there was no magic in her tones to him, no fondness in her ways ; and so he had sunk into himself, kept his thoughts in his own bosom, and thus had gone on his weary way. His childhood was not like that of others ; he knew no companion to share his joys and troubles with ; no red letter days, which to look forward to, and to anticipate. He said his father, too, had lately died ; and thus the last link that remained to him on earth was broken. Hope he never knew. Joy he had not dreamed of. She, whom he so greatly feared, had kept him

for a while, and then sent him to a stranger ; and had gone herself, none knew where. The stranger had thrown him on the wide world to seek his fortune there ; and so he had gone forth, and travelled onwards, ever onwards, wishing to escape from the dark desert which he had left behind him, and now and then seeing some bright scenes, which had shone the clearer to his view from the dark ground on which they seemed portrayed. The world, he said, was not all black. There were some bright threads in the ravelled tassel of humanity. He had been in many and in varied places, and he told me that he, at last, had come, wearied and wayworn, to partake of the hospitality of those who, by their literary and philosophical attainments, he imagined, had had their minds opened to the claims of their fellow creatures, whether wandering from the path of moral rectitude, or wandering, still pure and innocent, seeking rest and peace, and tender words and treatment. He had seen so many, in that room, lodged—he could not say clothed, nor even boarded—by public munificence ; and the sight seemed so strange to him, that he, short in stature as he was, had mounted on the granite pedestal, whereon he stood, to look at them. But why he sighed, he could not tell.

[Some people to whom I have told these things do not believe that I ever saw them at all ; others that I fancied what I have here set down ; others say that I had a dream, like most modern novels, “founded upon fact,” and that the Wanderer’s father was the sculptor ; the step-mother, who kept him for a time, the Leicestershire Fine Arts Society ; the stranger, who took him then, the Literary and Philosophical Society ; and the world, in which he had

been wandering, the little, though not uninformative one, contained in our Museum. I say nothing—except that, as I turned and looked upon him, lifeless and motionless again, I thought whether, if men would seek out the wanderers on earth, and teach and treat them kindly, they would, when the hour of their departure came, be less prepared to die; or whether they would lie less quietly in their graves, if when dead, there should be

“A tomb of orphan tears wept on them.”

I thought not; what think you?]

Part III. The Quoit Thrower's Lecture.

THE Sculpture Room was still very dark. The wind continued moaning at intervals outside; and I felt very wretched and uncomfortable. But presently, to my great amazement, the room changed. There was a raised dais at the upper end, on which stood a large carved oak chair, and a red baize-covered table, on which was fixed a reading desk, above which hung two gas lights. Several chairs, too, stood upon the dais, and sheets of paper lay upon the table. Across the room, which was brilliantly lighted, there were covered forms and chairs, right up to the bottom door, through which people kept quietly coming in. The room began to fill. Well dressed Venuses and other female Statues, attended by philosophical looking beaux, soon gave an air of beauty to the room. The small hand of a clock upon the wall pointed to seven. Presently the lower doors opened, and a dozen or two of the more noted Statues step forth upon the dais. Apollo, dressed as a

Captain of Militia, takes the chair, as by tacit consent. The Wanderer, Laocoon and his Sons, (without the serpents,) Antinous, the Gladiator, and others, all sit round about the table; but the chair near the reading desk is not yet occupied. A very long silence ensues. At last, the Wanderer rises, and, in a very high-pitched voice, regrets that Mr. Discobolus is not more punctual; and takes that opportunity of noticing the drops of wet which leisurely chase each other down the painted walls; and proposes that a committee be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of better ventilating the room. The Chairman propounds a plan, which is approved of by an old Statue from the upper room, whose name I could not catch, but is sadly ridiculed by Mr. Cupid, sen. At this interesting moment, the Lecturer of the evening enters, and having taken his seat, and then risen, expresses his deep regret that professional duties had prevented him from being present at the hour appointed. An old grumbling Statue thought a man with so many "professional duties" ought to be more methodical, whereupon there were loud cries of "Shame!" The business of the evening was then proceeded with. The Secretary read a list, the purport of which I could not understand, but which mentioned a fly's eye, very green, and a serpent's tongue, very sharp, given by the Laocoon; but why or wherefore I could not make out, unless they were presents to the Museum. However, two gentlemen jumped up, one after the other, and said some few words; and then there was a great shuffling and stamping of feet, as though some of the Statues had the chilblains and were trying friction for the cure thereof. The Chairman then rose, and mumbled something about "An-

CIENT ENGLISH GAMES," and Mr. Discobolus then stood up, and the chilblains were again troublesome. He begged to inform that august assembly, that there were many present who could read a paper on the subject he had undertaken with much greater ability, with far more talent than he possessed. He then went through the whole catalogue, and explained the origin of, and the manner of playing, the games of our forefathers, quoit throwing, quintain, wrestling, foot racing, *et multa alia* ; and I could not help noticing how well acquainted he must have been with Strutt's well known work upon the subject, for almost the whole, including the best parts, were taken from it *verbatim et literatim*. He did not recognise his authority, however, principally, I suppose, for the reason that he did not wish to cause confusion in the reading ; though that could hardly hold good, for he might have followed the plan of the newspapers, and have ended his paper with a short peroration to the praise of *Strutt's Ancient Sports and Pastimes*, in italics. He sat down though, without doing so, amidst "vociferous applause," uncommonly pleased with himself for having reaped so large a harvest of honours, not his own. The Chairman would postpone his remarks upon the subject, until he had heard what might be said in the discussion ; and trusted some of the gentlemen present would propose and second a vote of thanks to the Lecturer for so instructive and entertaining a paper as they had just heard. After a short pause, the eldest Wrestler, a very martial looking personage, rose and expressed the great pleasure which the paper had afforded him. He was intimately acquainted with the present aspect of the subject, through his "professional duties," (a laugh) and begged to

express his opinion that, in his own peculiar study, the system of "cross-buttocking" was most effective; and he accordingly related a long anecdote, touching what happened to him when in Greece, but which did not at all border upon the subject. He proposed a vote of thanks to the talented Lecturer. Another pause ensued; and then the old Statue aforesaid rose, and immediately there was a suppressed laugh throughout the room, but the cause of it I could not discover. He was very much obliged to Mr. Discobolus for his interesting paper. He had learnt a good deal from it. Yes! the ancients liked out-door exercise; it conduced greatly to health; he was a great exercise taker himself, and so he spoke from experience he should not have been half the man he was—and he was not a large one—if he had'n't continually kept walking—walking—walking. But the ancients were barbarous people, very. They had great strength, and good health, but they had not civilization. No! they were ignorant of the accomplishments of life; for instance, they knew next nothing of—music. (Here there was another and a loud laugh.) Now Mr. Discobolus—it's a hard name!—has spoken of the iron quoit; that reminded him of the noise of music which were to be got out of iron. Handel, I know, wrote a piece called "The Harmonious Blacksmith." He had heard a man at work at an anvil, as he had seen in a shed during a shower of rain, and he went home and wrote that sublime composition. Handel was a great and a very good man. And the speaker gave some particulars of the great composer's and his own life, but I did not attend to the particulars, on account of the company of some giddy young Statues near me. A

had sat down, Antinous rose to second the vote of thanks to the Lecturer, which the last speaker had forgotten to do, whereupon the old Statue rose again, and said he meant to do it, "better late than never," so he begged to second the vote, which he did, amid still more laughter than before, Antinous resumed; and, in a very Fraserian style, dwelt upon the great advantages of modern amusements over those of a past age. Then the Wanderer, who seemed to be a very brisk, talkative little fellow, made a grand onslaught upon the ancients, and even went so far as to express his conviction that the reading of the classics should be, to a certain extent, discontinued in our public schools. He had hardly sat down, before Mr. Discobolus, though out of order, rose and stated that he had before defended the classics, and should do so again. He considered them the basis of polite literature, and attacked the little Wanderer's opinions most vigorously. Afterwards a tall old Statue, who I heard always found fault with everything, did not agree with any body about anything; and afterwards asked the Lecturer several questions, and then differed with him about the answers to them all. The Chairman, in putting the vote to the meeting, agreed with everybody, and felt sure that was the best lecture, and the best discussion they had ever had. Then he put a question, personal, I suppose, to every one present, for they all said "I" very quickly, just as if he had offered them "something good," as we did at school, and had asked who spoke first. But he did not give them anything, but turned to Mr. Discobolus, who rose; and being, according to his own account, quite overwhelmed with the Society's kindness—he might have had the "something good" after

all—wished to inform them that that was the happiest moment of his life ; and then he went on very prosily, looking at little pieces of paper, and answering the former speakers' queries. After he had done, there was a putting on of coats, shawls, and other coverings, while the Chairman stated that on that night month, the 1st of April, Mr. Cupid, jun. would deliver a lecture on " The origin of the Moon's being thought to be made of Green Cheese," with illustrations.

And then the door opened wide, making a rustling noise ; at least, I thought so ; but when I awoke, I found the wind was still whistling through the leaden casement, and making a creaking sound, as of turning hinges, and that I was still in " durance."

* * * * *

Not for long, though ; for old Pick, rendered doubly careful by the late coin robbery, came to lock up ; and he and I marched out together, gossiping as of old.

" MY UMBRELLA."

'Tis night, and the rain falls heavily. The streets look in the glare of the gas light, for it is getting late, very, very wet ; and the stray passer-by goes very, very fast through the dirty ways, hopping over little round pools of water, straight into large puddles, which are the effects of Waterworks proceedings ; and the country people—for it is market day—are crowding into the tilted carts, although the horses are not yet put in ; the

wife of the mechanic or the artisan, seeking for cheap night bargains, stays in entries to collect her thoughts, before she goes to beat down in price the butcher or the gardener for something to supply the morrow's table: and the homeless and the houseless, children of vice and poverty, are creeping into gateways and in corners, dark and dreary places, only coming forth at times, with the tale of woe or groan of misery, to excite compassion from their fellow-creatures; and the lost ones, with faces of sorrow and of wretchedness, daubed with mocking paint, smiling with unearthly smiles, and wearing gay dresses, which cover hearts of sadness and despair, stroll each listlessly along, having no bright hearth to go to, no loving face to meet, no one to clasp her hand, and bid her welcome; her future one miserable blank, her *ultimatum* the cold grave, though not near so cold as the bitter, unforgiving looks of a cold world, sinful though itself. The shops are being closed; the drapers' assistants have commenced their long, long task of sorting, and putting in their proper places, the goods, which fastidious customers, who came in to purchase some few yards of ribbon, or of calico, have been overhauling through the live-long day: the Policeman tramps slowly on his beat, the monotony of which is relieved only by some family quarrel, or noisy drunkard; which, and whom having arranged and taken home, he tramps on, on, more slowly than before; and now the wife sits working, by the light of a thin candle, making only "darkness visible," and listening to the ticking of the clock, with its slow and mournful sound, and to the hasty now, and now staggering steps of homeward trudging neighbours, while she waits, in cold and misery, for her

once noble, loving, now degraded, brutal husband ; and the watcher, by the sick bed of some near and dear one, wraps her shawl closer round her than before, though still feeling chilly, but rejoicing, perhaps, in the slumber into which the ailing one has fallen ; and she listens to the dull, ceaseless rain, as it patters on the window, or rolls restlessly through the leaden spouts ; and, may be, she pities, in her heart, those who, ill as he, have not the blessings he enjoys, but who have to wander, seeking rest, on such a cold, wet night as this. I, one little unimportant item in the world's great catalogue, sit by the few live coals, that still remain and throw a hearty glow throughout the room,—for, though summer, I like a fire, when all is cold and wet without—and I listen to the rain, and think of the market folks, and of the unfortunate, the miserable, and the sad around me. I put my feet upon the fender, lie back in my easy chair, and still listen to the rain. My books and papers lie upon the table, and I wonder what to do. If I go to bed, I cannot sleep, and there I shall still hear the rain. I look round to find something to write a word or two upon, Shall it be the hearth-rug ? No ; that is too dry. And Dickens has monopolised the clocks. Myself ? too dull. I have it. There it stands, very, very damp, and out of place,—but I am a thorough bachelor, and keep every thing in my sitting room. Yes ; there stands, fitting subject for the night, my umbrella, my own umbrella ! I love it ; I do, indeed. A fig for borrowed ones ; I hate them, always rubbing round the top of your *chapeau*, until the nap evaporates, because, like many men and women in the world, they never know their proper place. The proper place for an umbrella is upon the shoulder ; they

were never made to be held up by the handle in a perpendicular straight line, not they, but slantingly upon the shoulder. And borrowed umbrellas never do well, slanted ; they are either too large, and, on a sudden false step, the whalebones bonnet you ; or else they are too small, and rub away at the rim of the crown, or gently push your hat off altogether ; and then you attempt to catch it, and you tap it with your right hand, and thump it with your left, until it jumps away ; and the wind, getting up at the moment, as it is sure to do, a very nice chase you have, until some kind friend puts out his foot, stamps the crown in, or rather out, and—stops it. Yes, I hate a borrowed umbrella. But I am proud of mine. I was proud of it, when it was new, some eleven years ago, and boasted a black polished handle, a piece of pearl, with my name engraved thereon, a bright bamboo stick, undeniable whalebones, faultless gingham, and a black painted ferule. I am proud of it now, though it has no handle, and the whalebones are as ricketty as though they had the rheumatism, like its owner, and the colour has gone, and the paint is rubbed off the ferule. But I am proud of it. The carrying it makes me rather singular, and I like singularity. Mr. James and his umbrella are well known, and often associated. I glory in the thought.

I remember, it was a splendid day when I first carried it. There was not the least sign of rain. I should not have taken it, if there had been, but have been contented with an old one. For a week I carried it, and not a drop touched it. At last, it came one day, suddenly. What was to be done? Was I to be wet through ; or was the umbrella to be used? I looked at it, in its beauty, and I

looked at my coat, in its dampness. The rain came faster and faster. I undid the fastening. Should I use it? It was a pity; but the rain was falling on it, anyhow. Yes; up it went, and it made its first appearance in its own character. There are many who never did the like, until necessity compelled them.

Since then it has served me well. It lost its handle nine years ago, and, though I have had it twice repaired, it is again without one. But it is a true friend, for all that. And a true friend will ever be one: if his means of making an appearance in the world have been reduced, and you have endeavoured to improve his condition, but with no lasting success, he is grateful for what you have done, and will do all he can for you. He does not think you ought to assist him once again, and call you shabby in that you do not—though a false friend would.

My umbrella is never lost. I should like to know who would ever take it. Did you ever take one, faded and without a handle, from a stand, when there was another in? Did you ever choose a poor friend when a rich one could be found? And yet, like my umbrella, he might be, in sterling qualities, the best perhaps. And the rich friend might be very true and constant, while the summer of your world-life lasted, but when the dark and lowering days came, when my umbrella is the truest friend to me, he might be lost to you for ever.

It is very old too, but not to be rejected on that account. Old friends are sometimes the best, although, like it, they may be somewhat out of fashion in their outward form.

Some friends are never able to assist you, in trouble and distress, when they're most wanted; they have so many

calls upon them ; but my umbrella, when required, is ever up and doing to screen me from the rain that otherwise would fall and shower upon me ; and whether it comes, torrent after torrent, like long continuous trouble, or suddenly in a thunder storm, like unexpected woe, it still is the same true friend.

It is unlike those, too, who profess the deepest sincerity and truth, while they, in fact, are only patronising you ; for it screens me well, and does not content itself with being above me, and with riding o'er my head in pride and boasting.

And when it has fulfilled its purpose, and its friendly assistance is no longer needed, it ceases from obtruding on me, and permits me to enjoy the genial change of circumstances, unrestricted. Lucky should we be if our friends did the same ; but, at times like these, they feel such a deep interest in all that concerns you, and *must* congratulate and wish you joy, until their compliments and wishes become as threadbare as the gingham of my friend.

In the summer time, I use it to keep off the sun's too powerful rays, and prevent their dazzling my poor sight. Alas ! how few friends would give a word of caution in prosperity, or warn you from pride, vain glorying or conceit, or strive to prevent your being dazzled by the wealth and pomps and vanities, which it may be your lot to meet with in the world.

I love my umbrella ; and I rise, and lay it on the table before me ; and I think of the hours we two have passed together. I remember the dark and gloomy pictures I have drawn in my "mind's eye," when sheltered by it, in dark and gloomy days. I recollect the ambition I have

felt, and the desire to battle in the world, the "noble longing for the strife," which I have entertained, when I have closed it, fastened it, and put it under my arm, as the clouds have all dispersed, and the sun has shone so brightly and gloriously above me, and the fresh air, so beautiful, so pure at such a time, has seemed clearing, as it were, all obstacles and difficulties from before me. I cannot forget, either, when I have carried it, in expectation of a summer shower, and, while revelling in the beauty of Earth and Nature, have built fairy castles in the air, and dwelt upon the remembrance of one I love; and when, suddenly, the gathering cloud and falling rain have washed down and destroyed those "baseless fabrics" of my fancy; although, even then, that quiet memory, that blessed thought of her, has still been present with me.

It has been my companion in the house of sorrow, and the house of joy; in the mansion of the rich, and the cottage of the poor; in visits of congratulation and condolence, at home and abroad. In good fortune and in ill, in pain and pleasure, in sickness and in health, still present it has been. Hills and vales, town and country, night and day, have seen us both together; and, nothing happening, we will never part.

And now it lies before me, not flattered and conceited, as mankind would be, were I saying such things of them; but still waiting with patience to do my will, and saying in spirit to me, "Old friend, I'm ready!"

Changes have come upon me since first we met. Father, mother, relatives and friends have gone, and are no more with me. I am almost alone. I am altered, too; the stamp of years is now upon me; my hair gets thinner,

though I am but young; my cares have increased, and joys and pleasures have diminished; and, were it not for old remembrances, and hope—for there may be happy days in store e'en yet—I should be sad at times. But I am not so now.

The night is waning fast: the rain has ceased; and no sound is heard, save that of the old clock, which ticks as slowly and steadily as though it was a thing of great importance, as it is; and the little cricket, which chirps as fast and loud as though it would remind me of its old privilege to sing a solo by itself, while I snore bass in the adjoining room.

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I am now in bed; my light is gently flickering, and then jumping, as it were, with joy that its night's work's done, before it goes out quite; and nothing is visible through the door that leads into my sitting room, save a bright reflection on the table, coming, as I find after some little thought and trouble, from the brass, well-polished ferule, which is

THE END OF MY UMBRELLA.

THE LEGAL EXPERIENCE OF A LAYMAN,

WHEN I APPEARED AS A WITNESS.

LAWYERS! There's something repulsive in the very name. It reminds us of smoke-darkened ceilings, ink-spotted floors, dirty bare walls, rickety desks, mysterious green curtains, incomprehensible blue bags, musty deeds, yellow quills,

red tape, and other horrors of the like description. It chills our very blood, and makes it flow as slowly as if mixed with pounce; it causes us to think of bills longer than a pelican's, sucking life blood from us, not from themselves, and nourishing these lawyers, offspring of our human failings, at our expense. But you would never have thought that the dapper little fellow that came to me one morning, dressed in a double-breasted Oxonian coat, figured waistcoat, large collar, little tie, and loud, very loud trowsers, had ever broken the back of a yellow deed, stiff through age, and twisted it in all conceivable directions, in order to compare it with some modern abstract, as if it were half so clean and nice looking as the latter; or ever tried to gain a gleam of light from Coke, dry, hard fuel as it is. But no doubt he had. He wished to know if my name was Jones. I said it was. Very strange, his was Jones; could we be cousins? Was my mother a Brown of Littleton. No! Then he was sure we were. Well, "cousin" Jones wished to know if it was I that had seen a boy, on the same day in the preceding week, steal a bundle of cloths from a draper's door; as, if it was, "they" had the prosecution, and he should be much obliged by my being at the Sessions House, on the following Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock. I assured him I was the very person, and was "bound to appear," and therefore should be happy to accept his invitation. He read the depositions over to me, to sharpen my memory; made a few, far from original, remarks about the weather, and took his leave.

Between that day and Tuesday, I found that my little gentish cousin was only a lawyer's clerk, and not a "Gent. one, &c." on his own account. But, never mind, he was my cousin for all that.

Tuesday morning came, and, at five minutes to nine, I turned into the old Hall, whose only occupants, at present, were some half-wakened policemen, the crier of the court, and a woman witness; so, being early, I had plenty of time to look about me. Over the judge's arm chair, placed with others in a sort of low gallery, hung the Royal Arms, which certainly looked as if they wanted washing: and on either hand, or, rather, at either elbow, stood, in square frames, two old gentlemen, with ruffs or collars looking as stiff as if Glenfield Starch, or colds in the neck were as much in vogue, when they lived, as they are now; and looking themselves as proud as though, even then also, pride was the only virtue, which the great exclusively possessed, and was the only distinctive mark between them and the small. The windows, all on one side, lighted the room—which was very low, and had oaken beams across the ceiling—in a very inefficient manner, so much so, that the gas was lighted, even at that early hour—a proceeding certainly in unison with the artificial nature of the whole procedure. At the end farthest from the judge's seat, was a gallery, communicating with some other rooms, the only visitant of which gallery, and that a casual one, was an elderly dame, rather short and very stout, with a plain apron, and a fine cap, with a little bunch of ribbons, and a large bunch of keys, who kept coming in and dusting the railings in front of the gallery every ten minutes or so. At the right hand of the judge, above a box, in which the jury were afterwards literally packed, and closely too, there was another gallery, constantly full of witnesses, waiting to go before the grand jury, who sat in an adjoining room, the floor of which was an inclined plane towards the

door,—thoroughly emblematical of the jury, who were always plainly inclined to make their exit as soon as possible. In front of the judge, and below him, was an oval table, covered with blue cloth, round which the standing counsel sat, and on which was placed a large desk, tin box, inkstands, pens, calendars,—not of the year, but of the prisoners,—paper and other such likes; and at this table, on a raised seat, sat—tall, thin, erect, and with a tight neckerchief of a colour emblematically chosen—the Clerk of the Peace; and behind him was arranged a whole library of law books, to back and support him, as it were, in the execution of his duties. On the other side of this table, farthest from the judge, were two large boxes, the largest of which, where the prisoners stood, was called the dock, I suppose, because it was occupied by them when cut short in their career of vice; and the smallest was called the witness box, where I afterwards had to stand; and between the two there was a railing, typical, doubtless, of the speeches, which the witness and the prisoner sometimes interchange. And at the end of the dock was a desk for newspaper reporters, who, really, when sitting there, must have been “short of space” indeed. Behind the dock were places for petty jurymen, witnesses in waiting, and for others, to catalogue the whole of which would require the time of an auctioneer between “six for seven precisely,” and the hour of sale. When I had noticed thus much, I found the Hall was pretty well filled; the judge, or rather the Recorder, and the barristers, had taken their places, when the Crier of the Court began shouting out “O yes! O yes!” but what the question was, I do not know—perhaps the Judge had asked them whether all was ready to

begin. And then, the Crier said something more about keeping silence, while he himself made more noise than all the rest; and the Clerk of the Peace read, as quickly and unintelligibly as possible, the usual message from the Queen, which was very dry, and quaint, and long. I wonder who drew it up. Why did they not let D'Israeli, or Bulwer Lytton, and then it would have been done well? But, as it was, it might have been concocted by one of the old fellows in the stiff collars, for the little life and spirit there was in it. When that had been read, the grand jury-men's names were called over; a meditative looking young gentleman, at a back table, began swearing the witnesses; and cousin Jones and a policeman came up to me, and I went with them; and we, and three or four more, stood round the table, each touching the Book, while our names were written on a square of parchment, called a bill. Then we kissed the Book in turns, and were taken up into the gallery I have spoken of. Afterwards we went into the grand jury room, and were examined as to our testimony, standing at the bottom of the table, opposite to the chairman, with whom the jury all agreed, like sheep following a leader. After we came out, we waited in the Hall until our case was called on. Just as we got down, a man was put into the dock, for stealing some beef from a butcher's. The Clerk of the Peace asked him if he was guilty, and he said he wasn't; so then they called out the petty jury-men's names, and told the prisoner, if he objected to any of them, he was to say so before they were sworn, and he would be heard. When they had filled the "box of a dozen each" with that number of jury-men, they were told to stand up, and sit down as they were sworn, which they did accor-

dingly. When this was all done.—the last oath having been a little varied, the crier requesting the jurymen to “well and truly try and—take off your hat there”—a very fat and jovial looking barrister, with a good deal of assurance, and very little business, merry eye, and a dull voice, stood up and asked the Recorder if it might please him, and then, not waiting for an answer, asked the gentlemen of the jury, and, not even caring for a reply from them, called a witness, and after him two more, who proved the case, and the judge summed up, forgetting to ask the prisoner if he had anything to say; and afterwards, recollecting himself, presumed he had nothing, and therefore proceeded, and he was found guilty and sentenced accordingly. The next case was one in which two barristers were employed, one against, the other for the prisoner. The counsel for the prosecution, as they call him, was a little, dark-whiskered, round-faced man, who cracked a lot of jokes, quite derogatory, in my opinion, to any professional man, and especially to a lawyer, but which highly amused the lookers on, particularly one old gentleman, with sandy bristly eyebrows, who was dressed in a brown shooting coat, with metal buttons; and who is ever at the Courts of Law, no matter what is doing. He knows the name of every prisoner that has been tried for years; he can tell how many times such and such an one has been “bound over:” he can inform you who appeared for so and so at the County Court. You never knew a modern case which could not be found in him, the living local legal Register, who had well digested every one, and seemed to thrive upon them all. The counsel for the prisoner was a little man, with black eyes and hair, who kept constantly

pulling his gown closer over his shoulders, and leaning on the desk before him, while he rubbed his fingers down his gown strings. They said he was clever. He got the man off, and that is all a "layman" knows or cares for. There were afterwards some Mint cases, in which appeared an elderly man, opposing whom, in one case, was a tall, dark, bald man, romantic, and noticeable in his appearance, as like one of earth's greatest poets; and who was so high and mighty in his bearing, that he seemed to condescend in every word he uttered.

Our case came on next. The prisoner was "arraigned," and said he was not guilty. The jury were sworn, and then our counsel rose. He was a fine, bluff, stout man, round-faced and bald, with rather a weak voice. He said, addressing the jury, that the case was but a simple one, and that he would simply proceed to lay the simple facts before them; and immediately commenced a very elaborate statement. He then called me, and I stepped into the box; and, after I had been sworn, he requested me to speak up, that those twelve gentlemen might hear: and I told him I would. In answer to his questions, which, I suppose, Jones had written down in his "brief,"—so called because it contained a long, and minute account of the whole case,—I told him about my seeing the boy steal the goods, and then missing him round the corner, and that I believed the prisoner to be the thief. After he had elicited these facts, in about forty-six questions, he sat down, and another counsel rose; and I felt very flurried, as I had often heard talk of the severity of cross-examinations. He was a round, full-faced man, with sharp eyes, and black hair, and his gown seemed always slipping off his shoul-

ders ; and he had a curious habit of throwing, with his right hand, the end of a piece of string, between the finger and thumb of his left, as if he would catch it, though he never did, but let it slip through constantly. He also made a grunting noise, as though his nose was constantly discovering some new feature in the case, and telling the mouth of it, and then the mouth spoke out immediately, with a curious accent. He wanted to know what I might be doing near the prosecutor's shop on the day in question. I said, "nothing." He asked me if I got much by doing it. I told him the public did not treat me as they did barristers, who were paid for that, when prisoners pleaded guilty. (My cousin had just told me of this, by the bye.) You should have heard the laugh. Even the Recorder tittered, and so did the counsel ; and, on the principle that those should laugh who win, they could well afford to do it. Well : never mind that ; could I swear that the prisoner was the thief ? I believed he was. The nose now made a whole host of discoveries. I was to remember I was upon my oath. Certainly, Could I swear, then, that the prisoner was the thief ? I believed he was. That would not do ; so he had it over and over again ; and I had it over and over again ; and, consequently, we both had it over and over again, until the Recorder interfered, and took my part, and said the learned counsel must take my belief, as the remainder of the evidence would shew more of the facts. Other witnesses were called, who proved that the cloths were found upon the prisoner ; and then his statement before the Magistrates was put in, and read by the Clerk of the Peace, who gabbled the first part of it so rapidly that we could not understand one word, but,

towards the last, stopped short, and burst in upon us, in a loud tone, saying, that the said prisoner said as followed, that was, that he bought the cloths of another boy. So ended our counsel's case. The other one rose to address the jury for the defence; and, having had a dozen or more consultations with his nasal adviser, proceeded to request them to throw off from their minds all prejudice which might exist, through cognizance of common rumour; and then he led them to think that I but *suspected* the prisoner to be the boy who took the cloths; and that the fact of their having been found upon him led me to *believe* that he was the person; and the jury were to remember that—

“Trifles light as air

Are to the *suspicious* confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ;”

so that they were to place that reliance only on my evidence, which it seemed to deserve. He then proceeded, much in the same way, expressing his astonishment that the prisoner had not been indicted for having received the goods, knowing them to have been stolen, since he did not, for one moment, think the poor boy would be found guilty of stealing, by so honest, impartial, and intelligent a jury as he had then the honour of addressing. The judge summed up against the prisoner, and the jury found a verdict of guilty; and the counsel did not look astonished at all, but wrote on the back of his brief the sentence of a year's imprisonment, and gave it to a tall, grey-haired man, in a loose, flowing coat, who handed him his fee, in exchange, which he put into his purse; and immediately turned to study another brief, which lay before him.

I had nothing more to do, so I stepped between the

witness-box, and the barristers' table, where the attorneys and their clerks generally stand. The counsel all sat round the table; our one taking snuff, and looking very pleased; another scoring between the lines in his brief; a third putting his hand into the bottom of his red bag, and looking much amazed at finding nothing there, though Jones said it was not the first time he had done so, by some hundreds; two were cutting their nails; one was fast asleep, though he was considered one of the most wide-awake of all the prisoners' counsel; and the rest were talking to some attorneys' clerks, ridiculing men, and grumbling at the Times. I got tired of looking on, and, on taking out my watch, found that dinner time was at hand, and so I took my leave, disregarding the request of the policeman in our case, to "come and have a wet;" and more particularly as it was, to all appearance, going to rain directly, and I preferred to get home dry before it came.

At night, my wife had gone to bed, and I sat alone by the fastly expiring fire. I put my hand into my pocket, drew out a calendar of the prisoners, which my cousin Jones had given me, and began to read. I found, by that calendar, that the boy prisoner, whom we had been prosecuting that day, was unable either to read or write. *Unable to read or write!* Unable, then, to learn God's holy precepts from His own Holy Book! Unable to understand, through ignorance of any but the most common words, the moral and religious teaching of those, who, owning their responsibility, strive to raise their degraded fellow-men from the depths of ignorance, in which they lie, and to make them a little more like rational, and reasoning crea-

tures, instead of so much like brutes, as they are now! Unable, then, to be actuated by one pure principle, or to be touched by one old association! Unhappy lad! His only school had been the school of vice, and poverty, and misery. Lying, swearing and stealing had filled the place of reading, writing, and arithmetic. But still, his had been an expensive education. The gaols, workhouses, and houses of correction cost no trifle in building. The officers' salaries, and rations, and those of the unfortunate inmates, amount annually to no trivial sum. Prisoners are not prosecuted, convicted, and kept for nothing. No, indeed; far from it. And how many, young in life, might have been taught, and led in the right and holy path, for the amount that has been spent on every one, who has transgressed, to punish his transgression, too often the offspring of his ignorance!

I had been to bear witness against the boy, on that day of his trial: and I thought whether his case, and others, would not bear witness against us in the day of ours. What think *you*?

THE END.

J. & T. SPENCER, PRINTERS, LEICESTER.

