

is a great deal of business on this circuit—pray, are there many cases of importance? There is a pretty fair business to be done, at least there has been, but the cases are of no great value—we do not make much out of them, we get them up very easy, but they don't bring much profit. What a beast, thought I, is this; and what a curse to a country, to have such an unfeeling pettifogging rascal practising in it—a horse jockey, too—what a finished character! I'll try him on that branch of his business.

That is a superior animal you are mounted on, said I—I seldom meet one that can travel with mine. Yes, said he coolly, a considerable fair traveller, and most particular good bottom. I hesitated, this man who talks with such unblushing effrontery of getting up cases, and making profit out of them, cannot be offended at the question—yes, I will put it to him. Do you feel an inclination to part with him? I never part with a horse sir, that suits me, said he—I am fond of a horse—I don't like to ride in the dust after every one I meet, and I allow no man to pass me but when I choose. Is it possible, I thought, that he can know me; that he has heard of my foible, and is quizzing me, or have I this feeling in common with him. But, continued I, you might supply yourself again. Not on *this circuit*, I guess, said he, nor yet in Campbell's circuit. Campbell's circuit—pray, sir, what is that? That, said he, is the western—and Lampton rides the shore circuit; and as for the people on the shore, they know so little of horses, that Lampton tells me, a man from Aylesford once sold a hornless ox there, whose tail he had cut and nicked for a horse of the Goliath breed. I should think, said I, that Mr. Lampton must have no lack of cases among