

and thinking what great ties God has given her! And presently comes Richard Maldon, with a paper in his hand—a paper in which, not without pride, he finds his own maiden speech to the legislative assembly.

“Here’s a curious case here!” he says, pointing to a criminal report. “Some one we know, I think?”

To understand this report, it will be necessary to refer to the recent career of Mr. Tympan, who is the life and soul of it. Here he is, then, in a dingy piece of ground, surrounded by a low, ancient wall, and overlooked by a dull gaol-like house, against the entrance to which are stuck up various painted boards and printed notices interesting to the poor and to charitable persons who take parish apprentices. Mr. Tympan’s hat is napless and low-crowned; his coat coarse and grey in colour; his trowsers of corduroy, and his shoes large, low, and flat. He is just going up to the master to complain of his soup.