

table frankness, which your
called saucy impudence,'
but they will,' said Michael
commodity we must carry
with us.—Uds daggers! I
own stock of assurance was
I; I was fain to take in a
pass at every port where I
of life; and I started
ty and scruples I had re-
ke room for the stowage.'
Foster, 'touching scruples
d hence in ballast.—But
honest Mike!—is he a
ce thyself!'

laster Tressilian, bully
ne, presenting his friend's
question; 'know him
is a gentleman of many
t though he traffies not
least so far as I know,
st respect and admira-
ss. He will come to in
at as yet he is only a
te, and frequents the
game, as a puny fencer
sters, to see how a foil
of defence.'

I will pray your com-
onest Mike, for what
or thy private ear.—
, to abide us in this
leaving it—there be
ld be alarmed by the

d the two worthies
in which he remained

IV.

a youth will try it—
the devil his due;
d of villany,
when 'tis acted.
OLD PLAY.

master of Cumnor
visitant, was of
which they had at
re the appearance
resses, filled with
ounded the room,
the arrangement
s, many of which
ed, covered with
ps and bindings,
on the shelves,
and abandoned
The very pressed
ed the hostility
had destroyed
d been hereto-
al places dis-
erwise broken
mantled with

e Black Bear.

'The men who wrote these books,' said Lam-
bourne, looking round him, 'little thought
whose keeping they were to fall into.'

'Nor what yeoman's service they were to do
me,' quoth Anthony Foster.—'the cook hath
used them for scouring his pewter, and the groom
hath had nought else to clean my boots with this
many a month past.'

'And yet,' said Lambourne, 'I have been in
cities where such learned commodities would
have been deemed too good for such offices.'

'Pshaw, pshaw!' answered Foster; 'they are
pepish trash, every one of them,—private studies
of the mumping old Abbot of Abingdon. The
nineteenthly of a pure gospel sermon were
worth a cart-load of such rakings of the kennel
of Rome.'

'Gad-a-merey, Master Tony Fire-the-Fagot!'
said Lambourne, by way of reply.

Foster scowled darkly at him, as he replied.
'Hark ye, friend Mike; forget that name, and
the passage which it relates to, if you would not
have our newly-revived comradeship die a sudden
and a violent death.'

'Why,' said Michael Lambourne, 'you were
wont to glory in the share you had in the death
of the two old heretical bishops.'

'That,' said his comrade, 'was while I was in
the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, and
applies not to my walk or my ways, now that I
am called forth into the lists. Mr. Melchisedek
Maulst compared my misfortune in that matter
to that of the Apostle Paul, who kept the clothes
of the witnesses who stoned Saint Stephen. He
held forth on the matter three Sabbaths past,
and illustrated the same by the conduct of an
honourable person present, meaning me.'

'I prithee peace, Foster,' said Lambourne,
'for I know not how it is, I have a sort of
creeping comes over my skin when I hear the
devil quote Scripture; and besides, man, how
couldst thou have the heart to quit that con-
venient old religion, which you could so slip off
or on as easily as your glove? Do I not re-
member how you were wont to carry your
conscience to confession, as duly as the month
came round? and when thou hadst it scoured,
and burnished, and whitewashed by the priest,
thou wert ever ready for the worst villany which
could be devised, like a child who is always
readiest to rush into the mire when he has got
his Sunday's clean jerkin on.'

'Trouble not thyself about my conscience,'
said Foster, 'it is a thing thou canst not under-
stand, having never had one of thine own; but
let us rather to the point, and say to me in one
word, what is thy business with me, and what
hopes have drawn thee hither?'

'The hope of bettering myself, to be sure,'
answered Lambourne, 'as the old woman said,
when she leapt over the bridge at Kingston.
Look you, this purse has all that is left of as
round a sum as a man would wish to carry in
his sloop-pouch. You are here well established,
it would seem, and, as I think, well befriended,
for men talk of your being under some special
protection; nay, stare not like a pig that is
stuck, mon, thou canst not dance in a net and
they not see thee. Now I know such protection
is not purchased for nought; you must have

services to render for it, and in these I propose
to help thee.'

'But how if I lack no assistance from thee,
Mike? I think thy modesty might suppose
that were a case possible.'

'That is to say,' retorted Lambourne, 'that
you would engross the whole work, rather than
divide the reward—but be not over-greedy.
Anthony. Covetousness bursts the sack, and
spills the grain. Look you, when the huntsman
goes to kill a stag, he takes with him more dogs
than one.—He has the staunch lyme-hound to
track the wounded buck over hill and dale, but
he hath also the fleet gaze-hound to kill him at
view. Thou art the lyme-hound, I am the gaze-
hound, and thy patron will need the aid of both,
and can well afford to requite it. Thou hast
deep sagacity—an unrelenting purpose—a steady
long-breathed malignity of nature, that surpasses
mine. But then, I am the bolder, the more
ready, both at action and expedient. Separate,
our properties are not so perfect; but unite
them, and we drive the world before us. How
sayest thou—shall we hunt in couples?'

'It is a currish proposal—thus to thrust thy-
self upon my private matters,' replied Foster;
'but thou wert ever an ill-nurtured whelp.'

'You shall have no cause to say so, unless you
spurn my courtesy,' said Michael Lambourne;
'but if so, keep thee well from me, Sir Knight,
as the romance has it. I will either share your
counsels or traverse them; for I have come here
to be lousy, either with thee or against thee.'

'Well,' said Anthony Foster, 'since thou dost
leave me so fair a choice, I will rather be thy
friend than thine enemy. Thou art right; I
can prefer thee to the service of a patron, who
has enough of means to make us both, and an
hundred more. And, to say truth, thou art well
qualified for his service. Boldness and dexterity
he demands—the justice-hooks bear witness in
thy favour; no starting at scruples in his service
—why, who ever suspected thee of a conscience?
an assurance he must have, who would follow a
courtier—and thy brow is as impenetrable as a
Milan visor. There is but one thing I would
fain see amended in thee.'

'And what is that, my most precious friend
Anthony?' replied Lambourne; 'for I swear by
the pillow of the Seven Sleepers, I will not be
slothful in amending it.'

'Why, you gave a sample of it even now,' said
Foster. 'Your speech twangs too much of the
old stamp, and you garnish it ever and anon
with singular oaths that savour of l'apistrie.
Besides, your exterior man is altogether too
debosht and irregular to become one of his
lordship's followers, since he has a reputation
to keep up in the eye of the world. You must
somewhat reform your dress, upon a more grave
and composed fashion; wear your cloak on both
shoulders, and your falling band unrumpled and
well starched—You must enlarge the brim of
your beaver, and diminish the superfluity of
your trunk-hose—go to church, or, which will
be better, to meeting, at least once a month—
protest only upon your faith and conscience—
lay aside your swashing look, and never touch
the hilt of your sword, but when you would
draw the carnal weapon in good earnest.'