

might be said to have little or no control over his conduct. If there was a redeeming trait in his character, it might be this: he never sought the company of these youths who had the character of being light fingered. Notwithstanding his reckless and boisterous demeanor, he seemed to be preserved from mating with felons, though nothing were easier and more likely. Bob was a daring, uproarious street-brawler; but strictly honest.

We must now be allowed to pass over a few years spent in the factory, during which time, nothing had been done towards elevating his mind. Everything to debase and brutalize, but nothing to enlighten and refine. If he ever was found reading, it was a play bill, some obscene song, or the announcement of an *alehouse ball*. In person he was athletic and manly, but the noblest part being utterly neglected, what a pity it seemed to us to call such a clever-looking young man, "an ignorant brute." It would indeed be an untruth, to say that his mind had never received any impressions, for it had been moulded by the associations with which it had ever been most familiar, to a great amount of depravity and low cunning.

The small *beer houses* offer great opportunity for every species of juvenile wickedness. Gaming, prostitution, thieving, and every filthy thing that disgraces the annals of the working classes, and fills our prison calendars, may be traced directly home to those haunts of the devil!

In a house of this description, it was now Bob's delight to be considered a lion, ready for anything. He had arrived at man's estate—he still wrought his day-work at the factory; but the greater part of his nights he passed in the beer-house. Such conduct had certain ruin in the face of it; but the ignorant mind rests at ease beneath the veil of its own making, and is blind alike to cause as to effect. Brutal sports are the pastimes of such characters, not only are their week-day hours of leisure mis-spent, but their Sabbaths are devoted to the most revolting acquirements.

Very frequently, large numbers of the factory operatives of a commercial town may be seen coming out in groups, unshaven, unwashed, from their narrow streets, proceeding in the most disorderly way towards the suburbs.

The sun shines upon them, the birds sing around them, and the very breeze that fans their unwashed cheeks seems to whisper them a kind invitation to peacefulness and virtue. But what calls them forth into the fields? Is it, that having been imprisoned within thick walls for a long and toilsome week, the mind seeks for a holiday in-revelling among the green world of nature's beauty? Is it, that finding their health impaired by having to spend the greatest portion of their lives in a most injurious atmosphere, they come out to the wood and glen, wooing the genial *breath* that would invigorate and bless? Ah no, we must speak the truth;—it is the time of all others, that blessedly glorious and beautiful Sabbath morn, that is the very period they have fixed upon for some debasing spectacle; some pugilistic encounter, some dog fight, cock fight, or other degrading amusements of Sabbath-breaking notoriety. Among such a group, Bob Burley was quite at home. He was generally very conspicuous among the clique to which he attached

himself. With a short black pipe in his mouth, and his hideous-looking bull-dog at his heels, there was our hero! You would hear him profusely thundering out (with a voice hoarse and unpleasant from his Saturday night's debauch), fearful oaths! breaking the serenity, and awfully disregarding the solemnity of that morn of rest.

As it is the object of the writer to give a recital of facts, the lovers of fiction may be disappointed in not finding anything of a very romantic character in the *true* history of Bob Burley. We are wishful to show that as the *boy* had been neglected in early years, and left to the sad training he received at the street corners, and in the beer house: so, as the *man* developed those grown and fully matured vices, he was a desperate character—a pest to society—and a true production of what we may ever look for, from all who have been surrounded and actually nurtured, among the dark elements of brutality and ignorance.

It was one beautiful morning in the autumn of 18— that we saw our hero, figuring among a wedding party, and then on his way from the parish church, where he had just been performing the part of "old father," (giving away the bride) to a fellow worker in the same factory. The whole party seemed to have been indulging at the tavern.

There is a practice too common among the working classes generally, of stepping into a public house, the moment they get out of the church. Perhaps we may be told that some of the more respectable classes drive off immediately to a distant town; and there the bride is ushered into her nuptial chamber by the landlady, with her carbuncled nose—redolent of tap droppings—this, friends is too true. It is a disgrace to the better educated—the polite—the superior class in our country. Still, there is a marked difference in the two cases, though both are socially wrong. The artisan spends his honeymoon at home; and why indulge in riotous and boisterous exhibition? Will the years of connubial bliss he looks for, compose a sweeter domestic picture, because the drunken wedding party figures in the foreground? Can he say hopefully,

Bright be the coronal of bliss,

That future days shall date from this?

is there ought of the delicacy of the young bride, or the usefulness of the future mother mixed up in the besotted lessons of the pot house "wedding spree?" Young factory workers, reason answers—no. On this occasion they were evidently *louched* at an early hour with what they had been drinking. Such scenes are quite common in large mercantile towns, and as an usual sight we passed it by.

However, on the following morning, rumour had a thousand versions concerning a murder that had taken place during the night; and all seemed to include the name of Bob Burley! Having so often witnessed the daring and heartless conduct of the man implicated, we walked down to the Town Hall, and there saw the bridegroom standing at the bar of justice, about to be committed to take his trial at the county assizes, for the manslaughter of Bob Burley! The story of the night's debauch would not benefit any one, nor have we any desire to emulate some of the filthy caterers for the pub-