

provides for his education in a way not common among her class of life.

"In a word, she was desirous that he should receive an education far superior to those whom he saw around him. And attributing like most ignorant persons, too great advantages to learning, she conceived that, in order to live as decorously as the parson of the parish, it was only necessary to know as much Latin."

The education of Paul is discussed by the landlady and a cronny of her's, a ragman—and his tutor is pointed out in a dialogue, which is rich in Cockney diction:—

"You sees, Dummie, though I often beats the boy, I loves him as much as if I war his raal mother—I wants to make him an honour to his country and an ixception to my family!"

"Who all flashed their ivories at Surgeons' Hall!" added the metaphorical Dummie.

"True!" said the lady,—"they died game, and I ben't ashamed of 'em. But I owes a duty to Paul's mother, and I wants Paul to have a long life. I would send him to school, but you knows as how the boys only cerrypt one another. And so, I should like to meet with some decent man as a tutor, to teach the lad Latin and vartue!"

"My eyes!" cried Dummie, aghast at the grandeur of this desire.

"The boy is 'cute enough, and he loves reading," continued the dame. "But I does not think the books he gets hold of will teach him the way to grow old."

"And ow came he to read, anyhow's?"

"Ranting Rob, the strolling player, taught him his letters, and said he'd a deal of janius!"

"And why should not Ranting Rob tache the boy Latin and vartue?"

"'Cause Ranting Rob, poor fellow, *was lagged for doing a panny!*"* answered the dame, despondently.

"There was a long silence: it was broken by Mr. Dummie: slapping his thigh with a gesticulatory vehemence of a Ugo Foscolo, that gentleman exclaimed—

"I 'as it—I 'as thought of a tutor for leetle Paul!"

"Who's that? you quite frightens me, you 'as no marcy on my narves," said the dame, fretfully.

"Vy, it be the gemman vot writes," said Dummie, putting his finger to his nose,—"the gemman vot payed you so flashly!"

"What! the Scotch gemman!"

"The werry same!" returned Dummie.

"The dame turned in her chair, and refilled her pipe. It was evident from her manner that Mr. Dunnaker's suggestion had

*Transported for Burglary.