

rush at him, struck him violently, exclaiming loudly that he must be quiet or leave the house. This was resented with apparently great vigour by Bob Jackson and Ottiwell, and then came cries from the upper gallery, and the back part of the middle gallery of "Down with Dobbs!" "Put him out!" "Throw him over!"

From the violence of the attack our lay friend was thrust from his original seat on the second bench to the front, and there the fight raged with increased fury, while the cries of "Down with Dobbs!" "Throw him over!" were echoed from all parts of the house.

At this moment, I perceived my four friends in the lattices, or upper boxes, and my two friends at each end of the middle gallery, quietly shaking the pillows, which they had concealed under their coats, having previously ripped them up, over the pit. In a moment the whole atmosphere of the house was filled with feathers, floating away gently in every direction, causing laughter from some, anger in others, and inducing almost every man in the pit to put up his umbrella. But the cries and shouts and blows around the unhappy Dobbs, as our lay figure was now denominated, soon attracted all attention; for he was seen as if struggling on the parapet which protected the front row of the gallery, while Jackson and Ottiwell were making desperate efforts to loosen his hold from it, and cries of "Throw him over!" were uttered more vociferously than ever, with cheers and groans as each party appeared to be getting the better of the other. At last, poor Dobbs, after receiving a dreadful blow on the head from a bludgeon, appeared lifeless. When Jackson and Ottiwell took him up in their arms, and, giving him a swing backwards and then forwards, sent him flying through the feathers, into the pit, amidst groans, yells, shouts, and shrieks, from all parts of the house. He fell upon his face, about the middle of the pit, the occupiers of which surged aside in every direction, where he lay with his face downwards, apparently bereft of life. The actors fled from the stage; the galleries were suddenly emptied; the Lord Lieutenant and suite, with the Commander of the Forces, and Lord Mayor, left the house, and Pasley, the Coroner, as he passed along the corridor, called upon every man he met, in the King's name, to sit upon the inquest.

This was the last I saw of the transaction, for, in a few minutes, I found myself at the Carlingford Oyster House, where, after a frugal supper, I retired to my bed. Next day, however, I heard that a very quiet and inoffensive young man, a favourite pupil of Singer, the Fellow, who, from his studious habits and solitary mode of life, was called "Dismal Dobbs," had been summoned before the board, and was rusticated for a