

The lappels of his coat were tinged a little,—but only a little, with snuff,—which *Flee-up*, or *Beggar's Brown* as some call it, is very apt to do. In his hands also, which as I have said were behind his back, he held his snuff box. It is probable that he imagined he had returned it to his pocket after taken a pinch, but he appeared from his very saunter to be a meditative man, and an idea having shot across his brain, while in the act of snuff-taking, the box was unconsciously retained in his hand and placed behind his back. Whether the hands are in the way of contemplation or not I cannot tell, for I never think, save when my hand holds a pen; yet have observed, that to carry the hands behind the back is a favorite position with *walking thinkers*. I accordingly set down the gentleman with the broad-brimmed hat, and silver-mounted spectacles to be a walking thinker, and it is more than probable that I should not have broken in upon his musings, (for I am not in the habit of speaking to strangers,) had it not been that I observed the snuff box in his hands, and that mine required replenishing at the time. It is amazing and humiliating to think how uncomfortable, fretful, and miserable, the want of a pinch of snuff can make a man! How dust longs for dust! I had been desiring a pinch for an hour, and here it was presented before me like an unexpected spring in the wilderness. Snuffers are like freemasons, there is a sort of brotherhood among them; the real snuffer will not give a pinch to the mere dipper into other people's boxes, but he will never refuse one to the initiated. Now I took the measure of the man's mind at a single glance. I discovered something of the pedant in his very stride; it was thoughtful, measured, mathematical; to say nothing of the spectacles, of his beard, which was of a dark colour, and which had not been visited by the razor for at least two days. I therefore accosted him in the hackneyed but pompous language attributed to Johnson:

"Sir," said I, "permit me to emerge the summits of my dignities in your pulveriferous utensil, in order to excite a grateful titillation in my olfactory nerves!"

"Cheerfully Sir," returned he, handing me the box, and for which by the way he first groped in his waistcoat pocket; "I know what pleasure it is—*nauribus aliquid haurire*."

I soon discovered that my companion, to whom a pinch of snuff had thus introduced

me, was an agreeable and well informed man. About a mile before us lay a village in which I intended to take up my quarters for the night, and near the village was a house of considerable dimensions, the appearance of which it would puzzle to describe. The architect had evidently set all orders of defiance,—it was a mixture of the castle and the cottage,—a heap of stones confusedly put together. Around it was a quantity of trees, poplars, Scotch firs, and they appeared to have been planted as promiscuously as the house was built. Its appearance excited my curiosity, and I inquired of my companion what it was called, or to whom it belonged.

"Why sir," said he, "people generally call it Lottery Hall, but the original proprietors intended that it should have been named Luck's Lodge. There is rather an interesting story connected with it, if you intend to hear it."

I discovered that my friend with the silver-mounted spectacles kept what he termed an "Establishment for young gentlemen" in the neighbourhood, that being the modern appellation for a boarding school, then, judging from his appearance I did not suppose his establishment to be over-filled; and having informed him that I intended to remain for the night at the village inn, I requested him to accompany me, where, after I had made obeisance to a supper, which was a duty that a walk of forty miles strongly prompted me to perform, I should "enjoy mine ease" like the good old bishop, glad to hear his tale of Lottery Hall.

Therefore having reached the inn, and partaken of supper and a glass together, and priming each nostril with a separate pinch from the box aforesaid, he thus began:

Thirty years ago there dwelt within a village a man named Andrew Donald. He was merely a day labourer upon the estate of the squire to whom the village belonged, but he was a singular man in many respects, and one whose character very few were able to comprehend. You will be surprised when I inform you that the desire to become a Man of Fashion, haunted this day labourer like his shadow in the sun, and was the disease of his mind. Now sir, before proceeding with my story, I shall make a few observations on this plaything and ruler of the world called Fashion. I would describe Fashion to be a deformed little creature with a chameleon skin, bestriding the shoulders of public opinion. Though we