

NED FORTESCUE;

OR,

ROUGHING IT THROUGH LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

*“Omne beni sine pœnâ
Tempus est ludendi;
Venit hora absque morâ,
Libros deponendi.”*

BURST joyfully from the throats of at least a dozen youths of various ages, from eight to eighteen, who crowded the in and out sides of the smart stage coach, with its splendid four grey horses, on the morning before Christmas. Among this happy group, figured conspicuously my brother and your humble servant, comfortably located in the rumble, which afforded us an excellent view of the surrounding country as we bowled along the turnpike road to London. As we turned out of the little village of Pinner, through an opening in the now leafless trees, we caught sight of the numerous gables and quaint old chimneys of the Manor House, where, for the past six months, our preceptor, the learned Dr. Bogue, had endeavored to inculcate in our minds the beauties of Johnson, Lindley Murray, vulgar fractions, and scraps of classic lore. The glimpse was but a short one; and, as the scene faded away in the distance, it passed from my memory—my thoughts being turned to the coming festivities, the pantomimes, and the sights that we were usually indulged in during the vacation, at this season of the year.

On reaching the metropolis, we were met by my father, and