

Thomas Hood (the Elder).

(Cooper) As soon as they were gone, Mrs Peck, having made up the fire, washed her hands & arms very clean, and then seating herself at the deal table, with her elbows on the board, & her chin between her palms, began to calculate her chances of success. The flour, provided Mr. Stone was in the shop ^{it is not his wife,} she made sure of. The fruit was certain - the suet was very possible, the eggs probable - the saucepan as good as in her own hand - in short, being of a sanguine temperament, she dreamed till she saw before her a smoking hot plum pudding, of respectable size, & dappled with dark spots, big & little, like a Dalmatian dog.

In the meantime, Charley, tramping all the way on his jew's harp, arrived at the Butcher's, who was standing before the shop, with his back to the road, admiring, as only Butchers can admire, the rows of fat carcasses & prime joints on the center hooks, before him. Could that meat have known his sentiments concerning it, what proud flesh it would have been! Hearing a step behind him, & anticipating a customer, he turned round with the usual "What d'ye buy?"

"I haven't got no money to buy with," said Charley "or else" & looking round for the desired object, he pointed to it with his finger, "I'd buy that ere lump of suet."

"And what do you want with suet?" asked the Butcher.
"If you please, sir," replied Charley, "it's for our pudding. But mother is out of money; so if you don't let her have that bit of suet either on credit or for charity —"

"Well what then?" said the Butcher.
"Why then," said Charley, "it will be the first time in our lives that we've gone without plum pudding on this blessed festival."

The butcher was a big florid man, bloated & reddened, as persons of his trade are said to be, by constantly imbibing invisible beef tea & mutton broth, or as it is called the smell of the meat. But although this ~~unwashed~~ appropriating by minute particles the flesh & fat of sheep, oxen, & pigs, he was far from becoming a brute. He cast a kindly glance at the poor boy, who looked sickly & illfed, & then a triumphant one at his halvers & quarters, glorious with Nature's red & white, & gay with sprig of holly, suggesting the opportune reflection that Christmas comes but once a year.

"There - take it boy - you're welcome to it, gratis, by way of a Christmas box - and my compliments of the season to your mother".

So saying, he tossed the suet to Charley, who, forgetting in his joy to thank his benefactor, ran straight home with the treasure, as delighted as if he had just won the ^{Prize} _{in a} Beef-Union lottery.

NO. 113

Bacon & Middleston.



33 Wimpole St

May 13. 1886

My dear Gates

Thanks for
your very kind letter.
it is a pleasure to receive
sympathy from so old a
friend as yourself at
such a moment - we can
recall scenes of former
days when we were thrown
together under very different

Boron Duddleston.

circumstances, the
concentration at Stafford
before the age of fifteen
was certainly 40 years ago.
I know you inquire about before
that - Yes my operation
has been most successful
but it took 14 minutes, a
very long time for a bilateral
operation ^{as} far as I know
but it became imperative to
go into every nook & cranny
in my bladder to eliminate every
particle of calculus. We used 10
different instruments of course

as I am under the influence
of ether I felt nothing during
the operation but could hear
strangely after. The last time
I went had the same ordeal
in Aug. 1881 that it only took
4 minutes. I was very ill for
days after, now I have been
quite well though I am
still kept in bed (the writing
is not too heavy I am on my
task) I can be found & enjoy
life in a modified way

What a wonderful
protection that is you call
me, how could a man so
concern himself. I am more
joyous than you all, to

Bacon & Baddesley.

I have very hardly to the in
distress but that in the
Court of Appeal my complete
indication by I am assured
from the other day probably
will be sent over my postage
counter another.

John Mr. Gates is in
good health pray present
what our united regards
with kind remembrances from
my wife Eliza me
my dear Gates.

Ever very sincerely
J. H. Baddesley

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