





I speaking of something - doubtless a  
secret - that was being cooked at the  
I think, indeed, that a whiff or two of  
re reached my nostrils, at all events,  
I knew for one that Leicester's hospital  
oldest old domestic - English

is about to depart, when another old woman

plenty are set, but fat, comfortable, and with a ~~pleasant~~  
twinkle in her eyes, came in through the arch, and looked  
curiously at me. This repeated apparition of the gentle  
sex (though by no means under its loveliest guise)  
had still an agreeable effect in modifying my  
ideas of an institution, which I had supposed to be  
of a stern and monastic character. She asked whether

I wished to see the Hospital, and said that the Porter,  
whose office it was to attend to visitors, was dead, and  
would be buried that very day; so that the whole estab-  
lishment could not conveniently be shown me. She  
kindly invited me, however, to visit the apartment oc-  
cupied by her husband and herself; so I followed her

in the staircase, along the gallery, and  
into a small parlour, where sat an old  
man, blue haired, who arose and introduced  
us into a  
parlour. He seemed a very quiet person, and  
I traced an adventurous, and gray experie-

ed face, framed in a Palmer of an  
old likewise have worn a similar coo-  
r - room was carpeted and neatly fur-  
nished. The occupant was hanging on the  
table were two boards crossed, on  
battle-weather, and the other, which  
of the Scabbard, had an inscription







