

liked to leave the pictures in the cab but feared there mite be some occasion when he would have to let the painter see he still had them. so he had the pictures taken to his office and locked them in the lowest drawer of his desk so that he could at least keep them safe from the deputy directors view for the next few days. bloc, the businessman dismissing the lawyer had at last made the decision to withdraw his defence from the lawyer. it was impossible to remove his doubts as to whether this was the right decision, but this was outweighed by his belief in its necessity. this decision, on the day he intended to go to see the lawyer, took a lot of the strength he needed for his work, he worked exceptionally slowly, he had to remain in his office a long time, and it was already past ten oclock when he finally stood in front of the lawyers front door. even before he rang he considered whether it mite not be better to give the lawyer notice by letter or telephone, a personal conversation would certainly be very difficult. nonetheless, did not actually want to do without it, if he gave notice by any other means it would be received in silence or with a few formulated words, and unless leni could discover anything would never learn how the lawyer had taken his dismissal and what its consequences mite be, in the lawyers not unimportant opinion. but sitting in front of him and taken by surprise by his dismissal, would be able easily to infer everything he wanted from the lawyers face and behaviour, even if he could not be induced to say very much. it was not even out of the question that mite, after all, be persuaded that it would be best to leave his defence to the lawyer and withdraw his dismissal. as dust swirled around in front of his eyes, robbing him of breath for some time. moorland landscape, said the painter passing the picture to it showed two sickly trees, well separated from each other in dark grass. in the background there was a multi coloured sunset. thats nice, said ill buy it. expressed himself in this curt way without any thought, so he was glad when the painter did not take this amiss and picked up a second painting from the floor. this is a counterpart to the first picture, said the painter. perhaps it had been intended as a counterpart, but there was not the slightest difference to be seen between it and the first picture, there were the trees, there the grass and there the sunset. but this was of little importance to they are beautiful landscapes, he said, ill buy them both and hang them in my office. you seem to like this subject, said the painter, picking up a third painting, good job ive still got another, similar picture here. the picture though, was not similar, rather it was exactly the same moorland landscape. the painter was fully exploiting this opportunity to sell off his old pictures. ill take this one too, said how much do the three paintings cost we can talk about that next time, said the painter. youre in a hurry now, and well still be in contact. and besides, im glad you like the paintings, ill give you all the paintings ive got down here. theyre all moorland landscapes, ive painted a lot of moorland landscapes. a lot of people dont like that sort of picture because theyre too gloomy, but there are others, and youre one of them, who love gloomy themes. but was not in the mood to hear entitled it to rank high among the jeu desprit productions of this lively age to describe it were impossible to enjoy it must be to possess it; but for the information of such of our readers as are remote from the metropolis, it may perhaps be necessary to give something like a key of explanation to its title. a certain learned gentleman, formerly the editor of the times, said now to be the conductor of the new times, who has by his writings rendered himself obnoxious to a numerous class of readers, has been long known by the title of dr. slop; in his publication, denominated the mock times, and the slop pail, he has been strenuous in his endeavours to support and uphold a society said to mis call themselves the constitutional society, but now denominated the bridge street gang; and the publication alluded to, contains humorous and satirical parodies, and sketches of the usual contents of his slop pail; with a life of the learned doctor, and an account of the origin of the gang. here, said tom, we are introduced at once into a fine field of observation. the inhabitant of this house defended himself in three different trials for the publication of alleged impious, profane, and scandalous libels on the catechism, the litany, and the creed of st. athanasius, with a boldness, intrepidity, and perseverance, almost unparalleled, as they followed in immediate succession, without even an allowance of time for bodily