

**HINTS ON THE NATURE
AND MANAGEMENT
OF DUNS**

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Hints on the Nature and Management of Duns by A Younger Son

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A YOUNGER SON

**HINTS ON THE NATURE
AND MANAGEMENT
OF DUNS**



HINTS
ON THE
NATURE AND MANAGEMENT
OF
DUNS.

BY THE HONOURABLE _____,
A YOUNGER SON.



Hand ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

VIRGIL.

Myself a victim to insatiate Duns,
I learn to pity other Younger Sons.

Free Translation by the Author.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, BY R. J. HAMERTON.

LONDON :
T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER STREET.

1845.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

YOUNGER SONS OF ENGLAND.



ELLOW-SUFFERERS,
I dedicate the following
pages to you—to you, who
are not the dandified phi-
lanthropists called “Young
England,” but the unhappy
Pariahs y’clept the “young-
er sons” of *Old* England—
because the subject of which

these pages profess to treat, is one in which
you, of all men, must feel the greatest interest.

To you, then, melancholy victims of "primogeniture"—holocausts offered up at the shrine of that monstrous Juggernaut, an "Eldest Brother"—to you, penniless phantoms, that haunt the dreams of fashionable mothers—to you, "the Detrimentials" of Great Britain, be the labours of a brother Detrimental inscribed. Many of you have been "clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously," for a time—and then, when every whim, when every passion has grown invincible from indulgence, you have been cast out into the world, to get your living—and what a living!—by the drudgery of a "profession." Some of you have eaten your way to the Bar, and added to the interminable list of briefless barristers; some have lounged for years in the idle dulness of the barracks; and others have played their little parts on a village stage, as *Reverend* dispensers of coals and consolation, to aged ladies in scarlet cloaks. Some, again, have dared the shoals of a London life, and achieved the perilous distinction of "the

Man about Town." But each, and all of you—the parson, the lawyer, the officer, and the *roué*—will, I flatter myself, find something useful in the following Treatise. Which of you, fellow-unfortunates, has not suffered, at one time or another, from attacks of that fatal disease, Dun-o-phobia? Which of you has not shrunk with horror from the ominous single tap, and the wafered letter? Which of you has not felt anything but "merry," at the approach of Christmas? True, of late years, some changes have taken place to your advantage; and great ought to be your gratitude to the framer of "The Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt Bill," and to



MY LORD BROUGHAM,

for his still more recent enactment. Steam, also—gigantic steam—has done wonders for you: France—*la belle France*—with its *grisettes*, *lorettes*, and its matchless *cuisine*, is now within a few hours' reach, and from the deck of the steamer which wafts you to her shores, you may take leave of your



HORROR-STUCK TAILOR,

by the expressive gesture of Ingoldsby's sacristan, who

“ Put his thumb unto his nose, and spread his fingers out.”

Yes, Detrimentials, much has indeed been done for you; but still your lot is a dreary one,