

‘This fiction of an occupation’:
Mr Boffin’s Encounter with Blight

Peter Robinson

“Morning, morning, morning!” said Mr. Boffin, with a wave of his hand, as the office door was opened by the dismal boy, whose appropriate name was Blight. “Governor in?”

“Mr. Lightwood gave you an appointment, sir, I think?”

“I don’t want him to give it, you know,” returned Mr. Boffin; “I’ll pay my way, my boy.”

“No doubt, sir. Would you walk in? Mr. Lightwood ain’t in at the present moment, but I expect him back very shortly. Would you take a seat in Mr. Lightwood’s room, sir, while I look over our Appointment Book?” Young Blight made a great show of fetching from his desk a long thin manuscript volume with a brown paper cover, and running his finger down the day’s appointments, murmuring, “Mr. Aggs, Mr. Baggs, Mr. Caggs, Mr. Daggs, Mr. Faggs, Mr. Gaggs, Mr. Boffin. Yes, sir; quite right. You are a little before your time, sir. Mr. Lightwood will be in directly.”

“I’m not in a hurry,” said Mr. Boffin.

“Thank you, sir. I’ll take the opportunity, if you please, of entering your name in our Callers’ Book for the day.” Young Blight made another great show of changing the volume, taking up a pen, sucking it, dipping it, and running over previous entries before he wrote. As, “Mr. Alley, Mr. Balley, Mr. Calley, Mr. Dalley, Mr. Falley, Mr. Galley, Mr. Halley, Mr. Lalley, Mr. Malley. And Mr. Boffin.”

“Strict system here; eh, my lad?” said Mr. Boffin, as he was booked.

“Yes, sir,” returned the boy. “I couldn’t get on without it.”

By which he probably meant that his mind would have been shattered to pieces without this fiction of an occupation. Wearing in his solitary confinement no fetters that he could polish, and being provided with no drinking-cup that he could carve, he had fallen on the device of ringing alphabetical changes into the two volumes in question, or of entering vast numbers of persons out of the Directory as transacting business with Mr. Lightwood. It was the more necessary for his spirits, because, being of a sensitive temperament, he was apt to consider it personally disgraceful to himself that his master had no clients.

“How long have you been in the law, now?” asked Mr. Boffin, with a pounce, in his usual inquisitive way.

“I’ve been in the law, now, sir, about three years.”

“Must have been as good as born in it!” said Mr. Boffin, with admiration. “Do you like it?”

“I don’t mind it much,” returned Young Blight, heaving a sigh, as if its bitterness were past.

“What wages do you get?”

“Half what I could wish,” replied young Blight.

“What’s the whole that you could wish?”

“Fifteen shillings a week,” said the boy.

“About how long might it take you now, at a average rate of going, to be a judge?” asked Mr. Boffin, after surveying his small stature in silence.

The boy answered that he had not yet quite worked out that little calculation.

“I suppose there’s nothing to prevent your going in for it?” said Mr. Boffin.

The boy virtually replied that as he had the honour to be a Briton who never never never, there was nothing to prevent his going in for it. Yet he seemed inclined to suspect that there might be something to prevent his coming out with it.

“Would a couple of pound help you up at all?” asked Mr. Boffin.

On this head, young Blight had no doubt whatever, so Mr. Boffin made him a present of that sum of money, and thanked him for his attention to his (Mr. Boffin’s) affairs; which, he added, were now, he believed, as good as settled.

from Charles Dickens, Our Mutual Friend, Book the First, Chapter VIII.