1852

Bleak House: Part 02

Charles Dickens

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/bleakhouse

Recommended Citation
Dickens, Charles, "Bleak House: Part 02" (1852). Bleak House. 2.
https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/bleakhouse/2

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Novels at Digital WPI. It has been accepted for inclusion in Bleak House by an authorized administrator of Digital WPI. For more information, please contact digitalwpi@wpi.edu.
EDMISTON’S POCKET SIPHONIA,
OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.

WEIGHT 10 oz.

Sole Manufacturers of the celebrated Pocket Siphonia, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture, adapted for Sportsmen, Travellers, and Tourists, easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle; the most important feature in this Waterproof is being mineralised, which effectually resists the powerful heat of the sun and the most violent rains, also obviating the stickiness and unpleasant smell peculiar to all other Waterproofs. — Price according to size, 40s. to 55s.; all silk throughout, 50s. to 65s. Measurement, length of coat, and size round the chest over the coat.

NOTICE.—NAME & ADDRESS STAMPED INSIDE. NONE OTHERS ARE GENUINE.

EDMISTON & SON, 416 & 69, STRAND,
Near the Adelphi Theatre.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The lightest and most effectual, is the Siphonia, made by EDMISTON & SON, of 69, Strand; they can be carried in the hat or pocket." —Bell's Life, April 20th, 1851.

"A new waterproof garment adapted to the very changeable weather of the season, has been manufactured by EDMISTON & SON. It is remarkably light and soft, and may be carried in the pocket. This is really an ingenious substitute for the cumbersome great coat or the troublesome umbrella." —Home News, May 24th, 1851.


The newly invented Swimming Gloves, Of great propelling power.

FISHING AND SHOOTING BOOTS, soft and pliable, require no dressing, and every description of India Rubber and Gutta Percha Goods, Piping, Tubing for Watering Gardens, &c.

BELFAST — ALBION CLOTH COMPANY. EDINBURGH — GRIEVE & OLIVER, Princes-street. LIVERPOOL — RADCiffe & COLETT, Castle-street; J. H. SMITH, 22, Lord-street. SHAFTESBURY — JAS. WHITE, GUISBoro'—ROBINSON. HANLEY—SHEP SMITH. LIVERPOOL— SEAGROVE, BROTHERS.

LONDON: EDMISTON & SON, 416 & 69, STRAND, near the Adelphi.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Charles Dickens's Works.
CHEAP EDITION.
Uniformly printed in crown 8vo, Corrected and Revised throughout, with new Prefaces by the Author, and a Frontispiece to each Volume.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.
Cloth, 5s.
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
Cloth, 5s.
THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.
Cloth, 4s.
BARNABY RUDGE.
Cloth, 4s.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
Cloth, 5s.
OLIVER TWIST.
Cloth, 3s. 6d.
AMERICAN NOTES.
Cloth, 2s. 6d.
SKETCHES BY BOZ.
Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Mr. Thackeray's Works.
NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CORNHILL TO GRAND CAIRO. With a Coloured Frontispiece. Second Edition. Small 8vo, 6s.
THE IRISH SKETCH-BOOK.

MRS. PERKINS'S BALL; Depicted in Twenty-three Plates. Third Edition. Plain, 7½d.; Coloured Plates, 10s. 6d.
OUR STREET. With Sixteen Illustrations. Second Edition. Plain, 5s.; Coloured Plates, 7s. 6d.

DOCTOR BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS. With Sixteen Illustrations. Plain, 5s.; or, Coloured Plates, 7s. 6d.
REBECCA AND ROWENA. A Romance upon Romance. With Illustrations by Richard Doyle. Plain, 5s.; or, Coloured Plates, 7s. 6d.

Mr. Charles Lever's Works.
CHEAP EDITION.
Uniformly bound in cloth, 7s. per Volume. With Illustrations.
HARRY LORREQUER, 1 Vol.
CHARLES O'MALLEY, 2 Vols.
JACK HINTON, 1 Vol.
TOM BURKE, 2 Vols.
THE O'DONOGHUE, 1 Vol.
THE KNIGHT OF GWYNN, 2 Vols.
ROLAND CASHEL, 2 Vols.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's Novels and Tales.
CHEAP EDITION.
Uniformly printed in crown 8vo, Corrected and Revised throughout, with new Prefaces by the Author, and a Frontispiece to each Volume.

RIENZI; the Last of the Tribunes.
Cloth, 3s. 6d.
PAUL CLIFFORD.
Cloth, 3s. 6d.
PELHAM; or, The Adventures of a Gentleman.
Cloth, 3s. 6d.
EUGENE ARAM. A Tale.
Cloth, 3s. 6d.
The LAST OF THE BARONS.
Cloth, 5s.
PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.
Cloth, 3s. 6d.
GODOLPHIN.
Cloth, 3s.
NIGHT AND MORNING.
Cloth, 3s.
ERNEST MALTRAVERS. Part II. (Being ALICE.)
Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Mr. Carlyle's Works.
THE LIFE OF JOHN STIRLING. Second Edition. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.
SARTOR RESARTUS; or, The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdrockh. Third Edition. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.
LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.
Post 8vo, 9s.
THE LIFE OF SCHILLER. Comprehending an Examination of his Works. New Edition, with a Portrait. Small 8vo, 9s. 6d.
PAST AND PRESENT. Second Edition. Post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
LECTURES ON HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP. Third Edition. Small 8vo, cloth, 9s.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
MESSRS. BLACKWOOD & SONS' PUBLICATIONS.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE,

ATLAS TO ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.
By A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E. Demy 4to, £3 3s.; Crown 4to, £2 12s. 6d.

ESSAYS, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous.
By ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.D. 3 Vols., 8vo, uniform with the Library Edition of "Alison's History of Europe," £2 5s.

THE LIFE OF JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
With some Account of his Contemporaries, and of the War of the Succession. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.D. A New Edition, greatly enlarged. In 2 Vols., 8vo, uniform with the above, 30s.

THE LILY AND THE BEE;
AN APOLOGUE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE. By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Foolscap, gilt, 5s.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS,
AND OTHER POEMS. By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN. Fourth Edition, foolscap 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MISS STRICKLAND'S LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. Vols. I and II., price 10s. 6d. each. Vol. III. will contain the Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

MEMOIRS OF SIR JOHN HEBURN, Knight,
Commander of the Scots Brigade under Gustavus Adolphus. By JAMES GRANT, Esq. Post 8vo, 8s.

MEMORIALS OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.
By JAMES GRANT, Esq. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

CURRAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.
By CHARLES PHILLIPS, Esq., B.A. Fourth Edition, 8vo, 12s. 6d.

LETTERS on the TRUTHS contained in POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS; with an Account of Mesmerism. By HERBERT MAYO, M.D. Third Edition, 7s.

THE SELECT POEMS of DAVID MACBETH MOIR, (DELTA). Edited by THOMAS AIRD. In 2 Vols., small 8vo. With a Portrait and Memoir, 14s.

On April 30th will be published, price Sixpence, the First Part of a New Work for Young People, to be issued Monthly, and to be entitled

THE CHARM:
A Magazine for Boys and Girls.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

"The Smiles of Nature and the Charms of Art."—RET.

No periodical addressed to Young People, with any pretensions to first-class merit, exists at the present time; still, we are led to believe that an entertaining and instructive work, carefully edited, and well illustrated, would be received with much favour.

We have undertaken to produce such a work, and we propose to call it "The Charm." It will have the charm of variety, for we shall have contributions from innumerable sources. It will have the charm of novelty, for we shall rarely give any other than original writings. It will have the "charm of art," for we have engaged some of England's best artists to adorn its pages.

Interesting Tales by well-known authors, each with an illustration, will be continued from month to month.

A Tour through Europe, describing the present state of the country, and the manners and customs of the people, with drawings of the most celebrated scenery, the most renowned cities, and the most picturesque costumes, for Children, and will also appear regularly.

The Zoological Gardens will receive monthly visits, and at each visit a separate class of animals will be brought under notice,—not in too scientific a way, but with many anecdotes of the peculiarity of each in its wild state, and with descriptions of its native haunts, &c.

One portion of our work will be devoted to Scientific Recreations. For this we have secured the aid of a writer of acknowledged abilities, who will endeavour to render the important truths of science in a more attractive way than that which is usually adopted.

Tales of Daring and Adventure will be frequently found in our pages; stories of courage worthy of emulation, or of patient endurance, or of marvellous incidents. And we shall never omit to set apart a space for tales of Legendary Lore, nor forget that Young Folk like a reign as well as their elders. These will always be accompanied by illustrations.

The Sports and Games of boys and girls in other countries; advice about Gardening, and information about Botany and Flowers; and now and then talk upon Rabbits, and Pigeons, and other pets, will all in their turn be treated of.

But we have reserved our best promise for the last. Every month we intend to present our young friends with a Picture towards a Young Folks' Gallery of Art,—a Picture that shall be carefully engraved from a painting by a celebrated man,—one that all boys and girls will like, and one which shall tend to cultivate a pure taste for art.

And, lastly, let us here pledge ourselves, that "The Charm" shall ever have the charm of purity. Its moral tendency shall be plainly apparent. It shall inculcate brotherly love, gentleness, and kindness to all God's creatures; it shall endeavour to instill into young minds the love of the beautiful, and lead them to appreciate "the Smiles of Nature, and the Charms of Art."

On April 30th will be published, price One Shilling, to be continued for Eight Months, the First Part of

GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD STORIES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR LARGE AND TWENTY-FIVE SMALL ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

BY EDWARD H. WEHNERT.

Most of the Stories in the "Räuber und Hausmärchen," of the Brothers Grimm, have appeared in England at various times; but, though the contents of the book are as well known here as in Germany, no complete edition has yet been published. The present is a new translation, carefully following the original text, except in a few necessary instances, and always preserving the integrity of the stories. The illustrations will rambly plentifully throughout; every tale will have its picture, and, besides these, four large Engravings will be added in each part.

On April 30th will appear, price Sixpence, the First Number of a New Book of Engravings for Children, to be called,

THE PICTURE PLEASURE-BOOK.

Each number will contain from fifty to sixty Engravings, taken from a variety of sources, and accompanied by short descriptions. It will form an excellent Morris for Children, and will be invaluable as an amusement book in young families.

LONDON: ADDEY AND CO. (LATE CUNDALL & ADDEY), 21, OLD BOND STREET.
SAM SLICK'S NEW COMIC WORK.
Now ready, in Three Vols.,
SAM SLICK'S TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.
"A budget of fun, full of rich specimens of American humour."—Globe.

Ld. Dip when Law will into this lottery of fun, you are
sure to draw out a prize. These racy 'Traits' exhibit mosst successfully the broad national features of American humour.—Morning Post.

COLBURN & Co., 13, Great Marlborough-street.

THE NEW NOVELS,
NOW READY AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.
I.

II.
ADVENTURES OF A BEAUTY.
By Mrs. CROWE, Author of "Susan Hopley." &c.

"A fascinating interest pervades this tale. The characters are sketched to the life, and sustained in the most telling manner."—John Bull.

Mr. WARBURTON'S DARIEN;

"A romance, embodying imaginations of intense interest. The love scenes are drawn by a master's hand."—Literary Gazette.

THE PERILS OF FASHION.
3 vols.


HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE, fingered by CZERNY. 20th Edition 4s.

"The instructions are clear and simple, the size full music folio, the plates of extra boldness; and more than 140 popular and modern airs, preludes, exercises, &c., 12 chants, and 4 songs, with the fingering marks fill up this complete grammar for the piano-student.—Morning Advertiser, Feb. 14.

From Rowley Cocks & Co., New Burlington-street, Publishers to the Queen.

N. U. COCKS'S MUSICAL MISCELLANY is published on the 1st of every month, price 6d., stamped 6d.

NEW MEDICAL DICTIONARY FOR THE PEOPLE.
In Monthly Parts, price 6d. each, to be completed in 12 Parts. 1, 2, 3 are published.

THE DICTIONARY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND HOUSEHOLD SURGERY. By SPENCER THOMSON, M.D., L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, Illustrated.

This work is intended to be a concise and ready book of reference in cases of emergency, either of severe illness or accident, in the absence of immediate medical assistance, and a guide in the domestic management of slight ailments, and of the sick room generally. Also a Compendium of those sanitary principles on which the attainment and preservation of health depends. It is the book of the intelligent Mechanic, of the inexperienced Mother, of the Clergyman, and of the Emigrant.

"It is most clear and copious, and if continued as it has begun, will prove the most valuable periodical of the year."—Tait's Magazine.

"For Families and for the Clergy, it will be a valuable guide."—Oxford Herald.

"Intended for all classes, and giving a promise of undoubted excellence."—Newcastle Guardian.


SESSION 1851-52.
THE LAW REVIEW;
OR, QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN JURISPRUDENCE.

This Journal has been established to promote, among other Law Reforms:
1. The Free Transfer of Land.
2. The Enfranchisement of Copyhold.
3. Limited Liability in Partnership.
4. The Reform of the Master's Office of the Court of Chancery.
5. A complete Digest of the Statute and Common Law.
6. The Reform of the Legal Profession and the Ins of Court, and a better System of Legal Education.
7. The Establishment of a Minister of Justice.
9. A better System of Legal Procedure in all the Courts, and the Assimilation of Procedure in Courts of Law and Equity, as far as practicable.
10. The Diffusion of Legal Knowledge, and a better System of Law Reporting and Legal Publication.

The Review also contains Biographical notices of Eminent Lawyers, from authentic sources.

Notices of Legal Works, and on all the above subjects, combine to give a complete History of all Legislative Changes and Alterations in Practice.

This work receives support and contributions from many eminent Law Reformers of England, Scotland, Ireland, America, and the Continent of Europe; and contains the Reports and Papers of the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law.

The first number appeared in November 1841. The numbers are regularly published on the 1st of February, May, August, and November. Price 6s. each number, or £1 per annum. Nos. 9, 10, and 11, being Nos. 1 and 2 for the present Session 1851-52, were published on the 1st of November and the 1st of February; and No. 3, being No. 2, will be published on the 1st of May, 1852.

STEVENS & NORTON, Law Booksellers, Bell-yard.

WOMAN.—Contents: Help meet for Man.—Province and Position beneath the Cross.—Her Domestic Relations: Wife, Maiden, Mother, Servant.—Useless, Worldly Bereaved Woman. By REV. J. JASSER, M.A. Preserver at the Orphan Asylum, &c. 3s. 6d.; elegant, 4s. 6d.
A. M. BRIGHT, Aldine Chambers, Paterostrow-street, and 39, Kennington-gate.

MUSIC.—ITALIAN OPERAS.
2s. each, full music size, with Overtures and Airs complete, being a saving of 8s. out of every 10s.
The PIANISTA contains more than 50 Operas, 2s. each—viz. Norma, Puritani, Lucrèce, Don Pasquale, Domino Noir, La Figlia, Roberto, Il Prodigo, Figaro, Fidelio, Nino, and 40 others. Also, Le Prophète, Les Huguenots, Lucia, 4s. each, being very long operas; Beethoven's Symphony in F, and Pastoral ditto, 2s. each; Rossini's Stabat Mater, 3s.; Haydn's six Cantonotitez (28 large folio pages), 2s.; Czerny's 101 Exercises, (2 large folio pages), bold, engraved, note, not music type, 2s.; Czerny's J'Etude, 2s.; and all other Piano music, solo and vocal, equally cheap—Pianista Office, 67, Paterostrow-street, and 14, Argyll-street, Regent-street. * One number, as a specimen, sent post free for 50 stamps; three numbers, 75 stamps, catalogue, and a får gratis.

"Scrupulously correct, and brought out in a style fit for the Pianoforte of any noblemen."—Morning Post.

TO THE LOVERS OF SHAKSPERE.
In Two Volumes, post 8vo, SHAKSPERE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.
By Mrs. JAMESON, Author of "LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS," &c.

"Two truly delightful volumes, the most charming of all the works of a charming writer."—Blackwood.

SAUNDERS & OTLEY, Publishers, Conduit-street.
 Works on Gardening and Botany.

**PAXTON'S FLOWER-GARDEN.**
EDITED BY DR. LINDLEY AND SIR JOSEPH PAXTON.

*Each volume is illustrated by thirty-six highly-finished plates and more than two hundred beautiful engravings on wood.*

Volumes I. and II. are published. Price 33s. each, elegantly bound in cloth.

* This work is also published in Monthly Parts, the whole of which may be procured by order of any bookseller. Price 2s. 6d.

**PAXTON'S BOTANICAL DICTIONARY.**
Comprising the Names, History, and Culture of all Plants known in Britain; with a full Explanation of Technical Terms. Crown 8vo, 10s.

* The Supplement, containing all the New Plants since the First Edition, may be had separately, price 5s.

**THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM;**
OR, THE STRUCTURE, CLASSIFICATION, AND USES OF PLANTS.
ILLUSTRATED UPON THE NATURAL SYSTEM.
BY DR. LINDLEY.

**THE ELEMENTS OF BOTANY;**
STRUCTURAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL.
With a Glossary of Technical Terms, and numerous Illustrations. By DR. LINDLEY. 12s. cloth.

* The Glossary may be had separately, price 5s. cloth.

**THE ELEMENTS OF MEDICAL AND ECONOMICAL BOTANY.**
By DR. LINDLEY. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, price 14s. cloth.

**SCHOOL BOTANY;**
OR, THE RUDIMENTS OF BOTANICAL SCIENCE.
BY DR. LINDLEY.
With nearly 400 Illustrations. 8vo, price 5s. 6d. half-bound.

**ORCHIDACEÆ LINDENIANÆ;**
OR, NOTES UPON A COLLECTION OF ORCHIDS FORMED IN COLOMBIA AND CUBA.
By MR. J. LINDEN. 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

**THE LADIES' COMPANION TO THE FLOWER-GARDEN.**
BEING AN ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT OF ALL THE ORNAMENTAL PLANTS GROWN IN GARDENS AND SHRUBBERIES, WITH FULL DIRECTIONS FOR THEIR CULTURE.
BY MRS. LOUDON.
The Fifth Edition. Price 7s. cloth, with numerous Woodcuts representing the processes of Grafting, Budding, Layering, &c.

**HOW TO LAY OUT A SMALL GARDEN.**
Intended as a Guide to Amateurs in Choosing, Forming, or Improving a Place (from a Quarter of an Acre to Thirty Acres in extent), with reference to both design and execution.
BY EDWARD KEMP, Landscape Gardener, Birkenhead Park.
Price 3s. 6d., bound in cloth.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
New Works and New Editions.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JERDAN,
WITH HIS LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL REMINISCENCES AND CORRESPONDENCE,
DURING THE LAST FORTY YEARS,
AS EDITOR OF THE SUN NEWSPAPER (1812-17), AND OF THE LITERARY
GAZETTE (1817-60),
In connection with most of the Eminent Persons who have been distinguished in the past
half century as Statesmen, Poets, Authors, Men of Science and Artists.
The First Volume, price 5s., with a Portrait of the Author engraved by Robinson, from a Painting by
Harlowe, will appear on the First of May, and it is proposed to complete the work in 4 or 6 volumes, to be
published Quarterly.

Second Edition, with Twenty-three Engravings on Steel, price 14s. cloth, gilt edges, or 26s. morocco elegant,

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES,
IN SYRIA, GREECE, AND ITALY,
A Succession of Visits to the Scenes of New Testament Narrative.
BY W. H. BARTLETT.

Price 16s. cloth gilt, 28s. morocco gilt.

GLEANINGS ON THE OVERLAND
ROUTE. Second Edition, price 18s. cloth gilt,
28s. morocco elegant.

FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.
Fourth Edition, 12s. cloth, 21s. morocco.

WALKS ABOUT JERUSALEM. New
Edition, cloth gilt, 12s., morocco gilt, 21s.

NINEVEH AND PERSEPOLIS: an Historical Sketch
of Ancient Assyria and Persia, with an Account of the recent Researches in those Countries. By
W. S. W. VAUX, M.A., of the British Museum. Third Edition, revised and enlarged, in post 8vo,
with numerous Illustrations, price 8s. bound in cloth; or 17s. morocco antique.

THE CELT, THE ROMAN, AND THE SAXON,
A History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain down to the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to
Christianity. Illustrated by the Ancient Remains brought to light by recent research. By THOMAS
WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.
With numerous Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, Esq., F.S.A.

THE CANADIAN CRUSOES; a Tale of the Rice Lake
Hunting Grounds. By MRS. TRAILL, late MISS STRICKLAND, Author of the "Backwoods of
Canada." In fcap. with numerous Illustrations.

LOVE A REALITY, NOT ROMANCE. By Mrs.
THOMAS GELDART, Author of "Truth is Everything," &c. With Illustrations by GILBERT.
Price 3s. 6d., fcap. cloth, gilt edges.

WOMAN,—Her Mission and Her Life, from the French of

Ye MAIDEN and MARRIED LIFE of MARY POWELL,
afterwards MISTRESS MILTON. New Edition, in post 8vo, with Portrait, price 7s. 6d., antique.
"This is a charming little book; and whether we regard its subject, cleverness, or delicacy of sentiment
and expression in nothing of its type and orography—it is likely to be a most acceptable present to
young or old, be their peculiar taste for religion, morals, poetry, history, or romance."—Christian Observer.

QUEENE PHILIPPA'S GOLDEN BOOKE.
Hand-bound and girt, with Illuminations.

Ye HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO. MORE. Libellus
à Margareta Moræ, qudecim annos nata, Catholice inceptus. Uniform with "Mary Powell."

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., 25, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
SOLD BY J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; AND J. McGlashan, DUBLIN.
NEW WORKS.

Price 3s. 6d. bound in cloth (collected and revised from "Household Words," with a Table of Dates),

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME I. WITH A FRONTISPIECE FROM A DRAWING BY F. W. TOPHAM.

* * * The History will be completed in Three Volumes of the same size and price.

Complete in One Volume, price 2s. 6d., bound in cloth,

HOW TO SEE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

IN FOUR VISITS.

By WILLIAM BLANCHARD JERROLD.

"As a Guide-book through that vast collection it will be prized for the simplicity of its arrangement, and the clearness of its style."—Leader.

In One Volume 8vo, price 11s., illustrated with Ten large Coloured Engravings and numerous Woodcuts by JOHN LEECH,

THE COMIC HISTORY OF ROME.

By G. A. A'BECKETT.

By the same Author, in Two Vols. 8vo, price 21s.

THE COMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY COLOURED ENGRAVINGS AND NUMEROUS WOODCUTS, BY JOHN LEECH.

Price 7d., Part XVI. of the Collected Edition of the

WRITINGS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Volumes I. and II., containing

"ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES," AND "MEN OF CHARACTER,"

are published, price 4s. each, in cloth; and Volume. III., containing

"MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURES," AND THE "STORY OF A FEATHER,"

&c., &c., is nearly ready.

Price 4s. in cloth boards,

PROSE AND VERSE,

BY MARK LEMON.

By the same Author, 3s. 6d.,

THE ENCHANTED DOLL.

A Fairy Tale for Young People. Illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE.

Price 1s. a New Edition Enlarged and Improved,

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

BY LADY MARIA CLUTTERBUCK.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just Published, in Two Volumes, demy 8vo, with Portrait after Colvin Smith., Price 25s.,

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

of

LORD JEFFREY.

By LORD COCKBURN,

ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE COURT OF SESSION IN SCOTLAND.

Nearly ready,

With Frontispieces and Vignettes, Designed and Engraved by the most eminent Artists, Vol. 1. of

A New Library Edition, uniform with the Standard English Authors, of

THE WEVERLEY NOVELS.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

To be completed in Twenty-five Monthly Volumes, demy 8vo, price 9s. each.

" See Prospectus at the end of this Number.

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, EDINBURGH.

New Sporting Work, with Illustrations by John Leech.

Now ready, the Fourth Number (price One Shilling) of

MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

By the Author of "Handley Cross," "Jorrocks's Jaunts," &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ONE COLOURED ENGRAVING AND NUMEROUS WOODCUTS BY JOHN LEECH.

"The peculiarities of 'Sponge's Tour' render it a thoroughly sporting novel, produced by a profound practitioner in the hunting field, and it is admirably illustrated by Leech."—Bell's Life.

"Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour' will be eagerly read in its present form."—Sunday Times.

Complete in One Volume, Price 6s.,

THE MONTH.

A VIEW OF PASSING SUBJECTS AND MANNERS, HOME AND FOREIGN, SOCIAL AND GENERAL.

By ALBERT SMITH,

With numerous Illustrations by JOHN LEECH.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

GRAND GALLERY PAINTINGS,

INCLUDING

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS

OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES, ADAPTED FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS, CASTLES, MANSIONS, &c.

MR. WALKESBY constantly offers specimens of the above for Private sale, at his Picture Gallery.

Rare Objects of Art, &c., procured to order. Choice works sold for the Nobility and Gentry.

5, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.
Now ready, in crown 8vo, 350 pages, price 4s. cloth.

THE HALF-CENTURY:
Its History, Political and Social (1800 to 1850). With a Chronological Table of Contents, and a Tabular Arrangement of the principal Officers of State during that period. By WASHINGTON WILKS.

"The book will be found a useful compendium; striking for the greatness of the events and their contemporary nature; readable from the clear con-
ception and well-compactcd style of the writer."— Spectator.

"It is not a mere chronicle or collection of facts or statistics, but a condensed history of the principal events of the half-century. Nor do we know of any work of the kind that deserves more to form a portion of the reading of persons of all ages and clas-
ses, and especially of the young men of the present age."—Brighton Herald.

London: CHARLES GILPIN, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without.

FOR ALL WHO HAVE A GARDEN.
On the 1st of April will be published, price 1s.,
Grown 4to, No. 4 of THE
ENGLISH FLOWER GARDEN:
A Monthly Magazine of Hardy, Half-hardy, and Window Plants. With Four coloured Figures, from Drawings by ANDREWS, and numerous Wood-
cuts.

Each Number of this cheap and interesting Pe-
riodical contains Figures of a New Shrub, a Hardy Perennial, a Half-hardy Plant, a Bedding or Window Plant, and an Annual or Bulb.


SCIENTIFIC BOOKS AT REDUCED PRICES.

E. and F. N. SPON, 16, Bucklersbury, London, beg to call attention to their CATALOGUE OF SCIENTIFIC BOOKS for April, 1855, which is now ready for delivery. It contains some of the best books by the best authors on the following subjects, viz., Agriculture, Architecture, Chemistry, Engineering, Geology, Mathematics, Me-
chanics, Mining, Shiplbuilding, &c., and on Arts, Trades, and Manufactures in general. The Catalogue may be had gratis on application, or will be forwarded to all parts of Great Britain on receipt of one postage stamp.


NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF
"FAVOURITE FIELD FLOWERS."
On May 1st, 1855, it is intended to issue, in Twelve Monthly Numbers, price 6d. each, coloured Plates—No. 1.

FLOWERS FROM FOREIGN
LANDS; their History and Botany, with concise Descrip-

HOULTON and STONEMAN, 65, Paternoster-row.

COUNTRY BOOKSELLERS
are respectfully informed that orders for Macel-
lamne Books, and Monthly and Weekly Periodicals, are executed with promptitude and accuracy by W. KAVO & CO., 21, 51, 52, Paternoster-row.

Just published, crown 8vo, price 5s., with 8 Engravings and numerous Woodcuts, elegantly bound.

MEMORIALS FROM BEN
RHYDDING, CONCERNING THE PLACE,
its People, and its CURES.

"This is the most handsome and well-embellished volume ever laid upon our table. * * * Besides much that is entertaining, it gives the only real spec-
imen of the water cure that we have met with, and presents it in a light that cannot fail to command it to every unprejudiced judge. The work is pub-
lished from a sense of benefits received, and a desire to enlighten the community."—British Friend.


EVERY MAN his OWN BUTLER.
Second Edition, just published, bound in cloth, price 3s.

EVERY MAN his OWN BUTLER.
By CYRUS REDDING, Author of "The History and Description of Modern Wines.

London: WILLIAM Tegg & Co., 85, Queen-
street, Cheapside.

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE
OF ALL NATIONS. A new Number of
CHAPMAN'S SERIES OF COMPLETE NOVELS,
TALES, &c., finely illustrated, and printed on fine paper, without abridgement, is published on the 1st and 15th of every month. LIONEL LINCOLN, by Cooper, beautifully illustrated, in two Parts, 6d. each, is now ready (1st Part) with the Magazine.

 Already Published:—Manon Lescaut, 6d.; Vicar of Wakefield, 6d.; Sterne's Sentimental Journey, 4d.; Marquis Lecercier, 5d.; Prisoner of Austria, 2 Parts, 4d. each; Goblin's Travels, 8d.; Neil Gwynne, 3d.; Guillotined Woman, 6d.; Devil on Two Sticks, 8d.; Mary Queen of Scots, 6d., &c.


NEW JUVENILE BOOKS.
By the Author of "Peep of Day," "Near Home," &c.

FAR OFF; Or, Asia and Australia described, with Anecdotes and Numerous Illustrations. Fcp., cloth, 5s.

By the Author of "Zella."

LEILA at the Heart of Europe. A Continuation of "Leila in England." By ANN FRASER TYTLER, Authors of "Mary and Florence," &c. Fcp., cloth, 6s.

HARRY BRIGHTSIDE; Or, The Young Traveller in Italy. By AUNT LOUISA. Fcp., cloth, 4s. 6d.

"It will be a very popular Boy's Book, and we trust may exercise a beneficial influence upon the minds of all its young readers."—Dickens's Visitor.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY:
A Book of Thoughts and Arguments, originally treated. By MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., of Christchurch, Oxford. Also, The Same, Translated into French, and sold for the use of schools, 12mo, cloth, 7s.


THE "AMAZON." For the most
Copious and Authentic Detail of this terrific Catastrophe, read the Sermon preached by the Rev. WILLIAM BATESON, one of the survivors, at Plymouth the Sunday Morning following his miraculous escape. Price 6d., post free, 4d.

"A graphic description of the horrors of the great
Catastrophe."—Plymouth Times.

London: (Printed at the City Press, Long-lane); AYLOTT and JONES, 8, Paternoster-row, and all Booksellers.

NEW BALLADS by J. W. CHERRY
(Composer of the "Shells of the Ocean").

"Don't you remember?" words by ELIZA COOK
"Beautiful Leaves," words by J. E. CARPENTER,
"Shadow and Sunshine," words by M. EDWARDS,
"The Days that are No More," words by W. JONES, 5s. each.

London: ROBERT COKES and Co., New Burlington-
street, Publishers to the Queen.

N.B. Gratis, and postage free, their Monthly List of New Music.

GRAND and Important Display of
RIBBONS at the Magazine of FRENCH
RIBBONS.—All Noble Patrons of this novel Depot
are respectfully informed, that on and after the 5th of April the importations of this season will be ex-
hibited, which will form one of the greatest At-
tractions in that useful and necessary appendage to dress hitherto unknown. The new Drawing Ribbons will here be found in every respect perfect: any dress can be matched at once without the trouble of visiting the shop after shop. The Belt Ribbons can always be had to match any dress.

MAGASIN DE RUBANS DE PARIS, 213, Regent-
street (Hardwick's).
FIFTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.
CLERICAL, MEDICAL, AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS,

Read at an Extraordinary General Meeting, held at the Society's Office, the 1st day of January, 1852.

In accordance with the Provisions of the Deed of Constitution, the Directors have called the present Meeting for the purpose of laying before the Proprietors and the Assured the result of an investigation of the Society's affairs for the five years ending June 30th, 1851.

That day the Society had been in existence 27 years; and the results of the fifth investigation, affords, like each preceding one, abundant grounds of congratulation as to the past, and of hope for the future. This will be evident by a consideration of the following facts:

The Income of the Society, for the year ending June 30, 1846, was £116,700; £824,827 being an increase, since the last Quinquennial Division, of £19,800 per annum.

In January, 1847, the Surplus divided was £13,500.

The total Assets on June 30th last, exclusive of the Proprietors' paid up Capital of £50,000, were £824,827. In June, 1851, the Proprietors, £30,000, to be laid by together with £10,000, amounting to £60,000, to be laid by, as a Reserve Fund. This will be evident by a consideration of the following facts:

The surplus of £131,255 has now to be dealt with; but, in order to avoid inconvenient fractions, the Directors have resolved to recommend to this Meeting to Divide the sum of £190,000.

In conformity with the provisions of the original Deed (which alone regulates the present Division), one-sixth part of the Proprietary Expenses, and one-half among the Assured for Life. This will be evident by a consideration of the following facts:

The consequence has been, that there has been no encroachment on, or anticipation of, future profits; and that a mode of valuation has been adopted, whereby a larger sum than is usual with most other offices has been retained to meet such claims as may arise. This will appear by the following examples:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>By Offices valuing by Three per Cent. Table.</th>
<th>By the mode adopted by this Office.</th>
<th>Difference in favour of this Office at future Divisions.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sum set aside as the value of a Policy for £1,000.</td>
<td>£2 5 6.</td>
<td>£2 5 6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Effected at the Age of 40, after 10 years</td>
<td>133 3 7</td>
<td>138 8 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Effected at the Age of 50, after 10 years</td>
<td>197 17 3</td>
<td>215 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Effected at the Age of 60, after 10 years</td>
<td>283 7 5</td>
<td>320 3 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Proprietors and the Assured are aware that hitherto the Profits at each Division could only be appropriated in the proportions of one-sixth to the Proprietors and three-sixths to the Assured, while the remaining two-sixths were thrown back into the general assets of the Society, and formed an ever-accumulating Reserve Fund.

The consequence has been, that the Reserve Fund, which at the Division at the end of the first Seven years, in June, 1831 was only £5,000, had increased in June, 1852 to £25,000.

And in June, 1860, £60,000.

The additional increase of this Fund has up to this time operated to the disadvantage of the Assured, and, has tended materially to diminish the amount of the bonus, which would have been apportioned to them had the whole Profits been distributed at each quinquennial period. In order to obtain more equitable dividends, and for other purposes, the Directors, with the consent of the Proprietors, applied for, and obtained an Act of Parliament in 1850.

By this Act the Reserve Fund is now permanently fixed at £50,000; and the Profits, at the next and all future Divisions, are to be distributed in the proportions of one-sixth to the Proprietors, and five-sixths among the Assured.

The effect of these changes will be to give to the Proprietors hereafter a much smaller proportion of the Profits; but, from the additional inducements held out to Assurers, the Directors venture to hope that a considerable increase of business will afford some compensation for this sacrifice.

As regards Assurers, whether old or new, it is clear that the recent arrangement will prove highly advantageous to them. The difficulties arising from the augmentation of a continually increasing and indissoluble Surplus have thus been removed; and at the Division in 1857 the Assured will participate in the proportion above stated, not only in the Profits regularly accruing from the general business, but also in the five years interest derived from the sum of £50,000 now laid by, together with £10,000, being part of the Principal.

It is confidently anticipated that the interest of the said sum of £60,000, together with the £10,000, will alone produce an amount fully equal to that portion of the Profits to which the Proprietors will be entitled; so that, upon this view, the Assured will have the benefit of the entire Profits produced by the regular business.

The Society will therefore present all the advantages afforded by Proprietary Offices, and more than all those offered by Mutual Offices, since in this estimate no account is taken of the Profits which may be realised by Policies issued on the Non-participating Scale; a branch of business which Mutual Offices do not usually undertake.

Thus, by a wise and judicious Act, brought into operation on the 1st July, 1851, the Directors caused an entirely new Prospectus to be published, embodying every additional facility for Assurers which increased experience had rendered it advisable to adopt. Policies can now be effected either on a participating or a non-participating scale; the Assured have leave to reside in most parts of the world without extra charge; and claims will in future be paid at the end of thirty days after proof of Death, instead of three or six months, as is the general rule.

The Directors, therefore, after a period of 27 years of steady and uninterrupted prosperity, are enabled confidently to invite the attention of the Public to the great advantages afforded to Assurers in this Society. An unusually ample sum has been retained to meet future claims.

A large and Permanent Reserve Fund has now reached the limit assigned by Act of Parliament. The expenses of management are small, and do not exceed 3½ per cent. on the income. And all persons conversant with the details of Life Assurance will at once perceive the highly favourable position of the Society.

The new Prospectus alluded to can now be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or by addressing a letter to Geo. H. Pinckard, Actuary, 99, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.
QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, NEAR STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.

Principal,—GEORGE EDMONSON.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND MATHEMATICS,
{ JOHN TYNDALL, PH.D., Foreign Member of the Physical Society, Berlin.

CHEMISTRY,............................. H. DEBUS, PH.D., Late Assistant in the Laboratory of Professor Bunson, and Chemical Lecturer in the University of Marburg.

CLASSICS AND HISTORY,............. MT. HENRY PHELAN, T.C.D.

MODERN LANGUAGES AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, { MR. J. HAAS, from M. de Fellenberg's Institution, Hofeysl., Switzerland.

GEOGRAPHY ................................ MR. R. P. WRIGHT.

PAINTING AND DRAWING,............. MR. R. P. WRIGHT.

ENGLISH AND ELEMENTARY MATHEMATICS, MR. H. TAYLOR, late Pupil of M. de Fellenberg.

MUSIC........................................ MR. CORNWALL.

FARM SUPERINTENDENT................. MR. R. DAVIS. The Farm contains upwards of 800 Acres.

TERMS.

For Pupils under 10 years of age........................................ £40.

" Between 10 and 15.................................................. £50.

" Above 15........................................................................ £60.

For further information see Prospectuses, to be had of the Principal.

Royal Bank Buildings,
LIVERPOOL, 1852.

WE did not feel justified, until the month of FEBRUARY of the present year, in recommending this season's imports of Black Teas, the quality of the earlier arrivals having confessedly been much inferior to those of former years. This is attributed to the continued rains which have prevailed in some parts of the Tea districts in China, owing to which the crops have been considerably deteriorated.

Our delay, in order to see the result of a general importation, has already proved most beneficial to the interest of our Connexion. Watchfulness and judgment, exercised in the selection of qualities, will we think, be more than usually appreciated this year. With this conviction, we particularly refer Family Purchasers to the following quotations from our general list of prices.

Fine Congou, Souchong kind................................. 3s. 6d.

Strong Congou, Pekoe Souchong kind.................. 3s. 9d.

First Class Congou, Rich Pekoe Sou. flavour.......... 4s. 0d.

The Extra Fine, Very Ripe Pekoe flavour........... 4s. 4d.

The First Cost of good and choice kinds being unusually reasonable, at the same time, there is an increasing demand for the commonest BLACK TEA.—This indicates that—CHEAPNESS—is more regarded by many Dealers than QUALITY—Disappointment is the necessary consequence to Families whose supplies are derived from parties not possessing the requisite advantage in Selection and Purchase.

The present moderate rate of Carriage of Parcels by Railway, affords to Families in the Country facilities for obtaining their supplies without material additional expense. Whenever desired, we pre-pay the Carriage of parcels, including the charge in the invoice.

—Some parties offer to defray the carriage; we take the better alternative, by sending a SUPERIOR QUALITY OF TEA, AT A PRICE which must tend to secure further transactions.—

" This Branch of our Trade—the serving of Families with Tea and Coffee—was opened in 1840, upon a principle calculated to afford the greatest advantage in Price, with every possible security as to Quality.

BANKERS.

The Br. BANK OF ENGLAND........................................ Liverpool.

ROYAL BANK.................................................. London.

BRITISH BANK.................................................. Dublin.

BANK OF IRELAND................................................ Dublin.

Amounts paid into any of these Banking Houses, on our account, advising us of the same, will be duly passed to credit, and acknowledged, without charge for Banker's Commission.

ROBT ROBERTS & COMP.

Royal Bank Buildings (Entrance up the Steps),
LIVERPOOL.

Prepared and

Rodgers

Printed

The general Ready-made Superb Dress Shirts for evening oared Shirts, reaoy made, 3s. 6d.

Patentees of the Concertina, agreeable, art.

most comfortable and perfect-fitting coats. The improvements in the art.

Printed Priced Lists, with directions for self-measurement, and patterns of New Coloured Shirtings, gratis and post-free.

Cough Jujube Lozenges.—

These Jujubes are composed of the most approved expectorants, with pure gum, which, by relieving the irritation in the air passages, present a safe, agreeable, and efficacious Medicine in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Difficult Respiration, Consumptive Complaints, and all other affections of the Chest and Lungs. Prepared and sold by WARWICK BROTHERS, 3, GARLICK-HILL, LONDON; and by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the Country. Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box, with directions. Also Proprietors of the Acidulated Cayenne Jujube Lozenges.

Garden Engines, Syringes, &c., upon the last improved principle, manufactured only by Richard Read, Instrument Maker (by special appointment) to Her Majesty, 35, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.

Caution.—As Instruments of the commonest description are extensively circulated throughout the Kingdom, and sold as “Read’s,” please observe the Royal Arms, and the words, “Read’s Patent,” without which none are genuine.

Gerard's celebrated pomade for the hair. Superior to all nominally-styled restoratives, as Laurels, Greens, Oils, Extracts, &c., &c.; eradicates scurf and dandruff; thoroughly cleanses and renders the hair peculiarly soft and luxuriant, without the greasy clamminess so greatly complained of in similararticles. In cases of premature baldness, from whatever cause, it will be found a complete restorative. The inventor does not assert that it will reproduce hair, but after falling off from declining years, but guarantees that it will greatly prevent it. It is particularly recommended to sufferers from an Eastern climate. To be procured only at 399, Strand, London, in Pots, 2s. each.

F you require family arms, send name and County to the Heraldic Office, Great Turnstile, Lincoln’s Inn. Fee for Search and Sketch, 3s. 6d., or postage stamps. Armspainted and embazoned for Banners, Flags, Needlework, &c. Crest engraved on Seals, Signet Rings, &c., 8s. 6d.; Monumental Brasses for Churches. Observe. ERNEST OAKLEY, Lincolns Inn Heraldic Office.

Infants’ new feeding bottles. From the Lancet:—“We have seldom seen anything so beautiful as the nursing bottles introduced by Mr. Elam, of Oxford-street.” They are adapted to milk, biscuits, and all kinds of food, are the most perfect “artificial mother” ever invented, have an elastic soft nipple, very cleanly and durable, which no infant will refuse, and, whether for weaning, rearing by hand, or occasional feeding, are quite invaluable.—B. ELAM, 190, Oxford-street. 7s. 6d.; or sent by post, free, 2s. extra. Each is stamped with my name and address. Beware of imitations.

Holloway’s pills, a most efficient remedy for bile, indigestion, and debilitated constitutions.—The extraordinary powers of this medicine in curing disorders of the stomach, bile, indigestion, and liver complaints are wonderful. Thousands whose lives were a burden to them whilst suffering from these complaints are now enjoying the best of health by taking these invaluable pills, and now strongly recommend their use to others similarly afflicted. A few doses give relief, and a continuance of them for a short time effects a perfect cure. Persons whose constitutions have been weakened by long residence in hot climates cannot have a more certain remedy to restore them to robust health than Holloway’s Pills.—Sold by all Druggists, and at Professor Holloway’s Establishment, 244, Strand, London.

Hubert’s roseate powder is the most certain and elegant preparation for the removal of superfluous hair on the arms, neck, and face, so inimical to beauty. The genuine is perfectly innocent, is easy and pleasant to use, and has been signed “G. H. Hogard” for the last 40 years. Sold for the proprietor by Mr. Hoors, Chemist, 24, Russell-street, Covent-garden, and 43, London-bridge, City, and by all respectable Perfumers, in packets, price 4s.; double ditto, 7s.; or by post, free, for 50 or 80 postage stamps.
PRIZE MEDAL.

WATERSTON & BROGDEN, Manufacturing
Goldsmiths, Established A.D. 1798, beg to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that in obedience to the numerous calls made upon them since the Great Exhibition, they have resolved to throw open their Manufactory to the public at Manufacturers' Prices, a closer connexion than has hitherto existed between the real worker in the precious metals and the Public, being obviously an advantage to both parties.

WATERSTON & BROGDEN's dealings will be principally to establish confidence in the gold employed in the manufacture of chains, where at present the greatest uncertainty exists, owing to the prevalence of electro-gilt articles, and weighing chains, frequently as low as 11 carats fine = 33s. 11d., against sovereigns of 22 carats fine = 77s. 10d. per oz., when there is no analogy between one and the other; a chain weighing 5 sovereigns being intrinsically worth only 56s. The object of the vendor is wholly to conceal the remaining 50s. Gold is capable of being allowed to any extent, and in order to protect the public, WATERSTON & BROGDEN will make the Mint-price of 77s. 10d. per oz. for British standard, the basis of all their operations, and making their profit on the workmanship alone, will charge the bullion in their chains at its intrinsic value, undertaking to repurchase it at any time at the same price: thus—

per oz.
15 Carat Gold will be charged and will realise ........... 53s. 1d.
18 Carat ditto ditto ditto ........................................... 63s. 6d.
22 Carat ditto ditto ditto ........................................... 77s. 10d.

The price for workmanship will be charged according to the intricacy or simplicity of the pattern. For example—

A Chain weighing 2 oz. of 15 Carat Gold is worth, at 53s. 1d. per oz., i.e. 5 6 2 Intrinsic value.

Supposing the Workmanship to be .......... 2 0 0

Total...............£7 6 2

By this arrangement the purchaser will see at a glance the proportion charged for labour compared with the bullion in a gold chain, and being always able to realise the one, will have only to decide on the value of the other.

WATERSTON & BROGDEN's Stock consists of Gold Guard Chains, Albert Chains, Seals, Keys, Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Diamond Setting, and every description of Goldsmith's and Jeweller's Work, all made on the premises.

MANUFACTORY, No. 16, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London; where the processes of manipulation may be seen by those who are interested in the subject.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

ROMLAND'S KALYDOR.

An Oriental Botanical Preparation, of unerring efficacy in rendering the
SKIN SOFT, CLEAR, AND FAIR,
bestowing a healthy roseate hue on the
COMPLEXION.

Composed of BALSAMIC EXOTICS derived chiefly from the East, and pure and free from all mineral or metallic admixture; it displays in unequalled perfection the following admirable qualities. It exerts the most soothing, gentle, cooling, and purifying action on the skin; and by its agency on the pores and minute secretory vessels, expels all impurities from the surface, allies every tendency to inflammation, and thus effectually dissipates all Redness, Tan, Pimples, Spots, Freckles, and other cutaneous visitations so inimical to Fairness and Beauty. Its constant use will transform the bilious and clouded COMPLEXION to one of clear and spotless white; while it invests the NECK, HANDS, and ARMS, with delicacy and fairness, and perpetuates the charms which it bestows, to the most advanced period of life.

Gentlemen afflicted with tenderness of the Skin in shaving will find the application of the Kalydor alloy all cuticular irritations, removing every pimple, and rendering the skin soft and smooth. Sold in bottles, at 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. each.

CAUTION!—The words "ROWLANDS' KALYDOR" are on the wrapper. Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 26, Hatton Garden, London, and by all Chemists and Perfumers.

SOYER'S RELISH.

"To describe the Sauce would be to make our readers hungry,—rich, savoury, exotic, it infuses an ambrosial flavour into the substance on which it is poured."—Bell's Life.

THIS JUSTLY CELEBRATED SAUCE is now in universal use throughout the world. The great renown acquired by M. Soyer, having induced the introduction of several imitations of his Relish, purchasers are requested particularly to observe that every genuine bottle bears his portrait on the label, accompanied by the names of his wholesale Agents,

CROSE AND BLACKWELL, 21, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON,

of whom also may be had his Original Sauces for Ladies and Gentlemen.

GORE HOUSE, KENSINGTON.
SPENCER'S PULMONIC ELIXIR.
A Certain and Speedy Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthmas, Influenzas, and all Disorders of the Chest and Lungs.

FOR THE NURSERY it is invaluable, as it is as agreeable to the palate as it is useful in all cases of hooping-cough, chinch-cough, or common coughs; arising from colds, teething, &c. To invalids whose ailments are increased in frosty and foggy weather, it is a never-failing source of comfort and ease from suffering; enabling them to breathe with freedom during the keenest frost and thickest fog. In fine, it possesses every property which can be beneficial in cases of COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, and all complaints of the CHEST and LUNGS.

It is of the greatest importance in complaints of the chest to attend strictly to the state of the bowels; therefore, should they be conective, the patient should use a gentle aperient; "PARR'S LIFE PILLS" are, from their mild operation, peculiarly adapted to aid the Elixir in effecting a cure.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

NOTICE.—Persons desirous of testing the efficacy of this Medicine, must observe that on each bottle are the words "SPENCER'S PULMONIC ELIXIR," and that each wrapper has a fac-simile of the Proprietor's signature.

Prepared only by T. ROBERTS & CO., Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and sold Wholesale by EDWARDS, 67, St. Paul's Churchyard; BARCLAY & SONS, Farrington Street; SUTTON & CO., Bow Churchyard; SANGER & CO., Oxford Street, London; MOTHERSHEAD & ROBERTS, Manchester; RAINES & CO., Edinburgh; and NOBLE, Boston; and Retail by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom. In Bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR (as exhibited in the Fountain at the Crystal Palace) is far superior to Eau-de-Cologne as a Tonic and Refreshing Lotion for the Toilet or Bath; a reviving Perfume, a pleasant Dentifrice, and a powerful Disinfectant for Apartments and Sick Rooms. Its numerous, useful and sanitary properties render it an indispensable requisite in all families.

Price 2s. 6d. and 4s.

RIMMEL'S HAIR DYE imparts instantaneously to the Hair, Whiskers, &c., a natural and permanent Black or Brown Shade, without the trouble or danger attending other Dyes.—Price 5s. 6d.

RIMMEL'S Guards' Bouquet, Jockey Club Bouquet, and other fashionable perfumes. RIMMEL'S Odontine for the Teeth, Nutritive Cream for the Hair, &c., are also highly recommended.—Beware of counterfeits. sold by all Perfumers and Chemists, and by E. RIMMEL, 39, Gerard-street, Soho, London.

CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING.

MR. WARREN, of 9, Great College Street, Westminster, continues, with great success, to DELINÉATE THE CHARACTER OF INDIVIDUALS FROM THEIR HANDWRITING. All persons desirous of testing his art are invited to forward a specimen of their ordinary writing, together with Thirteen Postage-stamps, and a mention of their sex and age, to the above address.

THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE PERUCE.—The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruquean Art, at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWN, 47, FENCHURCH-STREET.

P. BROWN'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose</th>
<th>As dotted</th>
<th>Inches.</th>
<th>Rightly.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required</td>
<td>1 to 1.</td>
<td>2 to 2.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3 to 3.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR, ONLY £1 10s.
THOS. HARRIS & SON'S
CHRYSALID SPECTACLES.
THE BEST FOR PRESERVING THE SIGHT.
By using Harris & Son's Spectacles, the many painful sensations in the eyes so frequently complained of by ladies when at Needlework, Music, &c., are removed: they are very beneficial by candle-light, and enable the wearer to continue reading a much longer time, without fatigue, or the risk of injuring the sight.
Best ligned Steel Crystal Spectacles and Case, 1s. 6d.
Steel Glass Spectacles from 2s. 6d.

OPERA GLASSES
Made on a new principle; at very low prices.

RACE GLASSES,
The most powerful that can be, with case, &c. 10s.

THOS. HARRIS & SON'S
Improved Achromatic Telescopes.
Most amusing for Tourists and Seaside Visitors. For eight miles, 1s. 6d.; twelve ditto, 2s. 6d.; sixteen ditto, 4s., twenty ditto, 24s.; Game-Keeper's Telescopes, 20s. THOMAS HARRIS & SON, Opticians to the Royal Family, 141, OXFORD STREET, corner of Old Cavendish-street; and 52, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, opposite the British Museum Entrance, London.

ESTABLISHED SEVENTY YEARS.

PRINCE OF WALES' BAZAAR,
or, THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF REGENT-STREET, 207 to 209, and COSMORAMA. This beautiful Bazaar, fitted up in a style of elegance never before attempted in this or any other country, is OPEN DAILY, from 10 to 6, and includes every useful and fancy article in endless variety, together with a selected AVIARY of native and foreign BIRDS, and also a Fine GALLERY OF PAINTINGS for sale, by the old and modern masters. Admission Free.

USE MARSLAND, SON, & CO.'S
CROCHET AND SEWING COTTON.
TO MEET the increased demand for their SEWING and CROCHET COTTON, which are recommended by the Editors of the Ladies' Newspaper, and in all the leading publications, and which have gained so rapidly in public opinion, MARSLAND, SON, & CO. beg to inform the Drapers, Berlin Wool Repositories, and Smallware Dealers in general, that they can be supplied at the Manufacturer, BRIDGE MILLS, BLACKFRIARS, where any orders, forwarded by post or otherwise, will have prompt attention; or they can be supplied by the leading Wholesale Warehouses in Manchester.
Manufactury: Bridge Mills, Blackfriars, Manchester

GLOVER'S SUPERIOR INKS.—
The lawyer's writing ink, the best standard ink for deeds, conveyances, wills, and other important manuscript documents, strongly recommended to bankers, merchants, traders, the clergy, and others. Encre à la Violette, the ladies' writing ink, the most elegant and unique appendage to the fashionable writing desk; Marking Ink for linen, a permanent black, requiring no preparation. Prepared and sold in bottles, at 6d. and 1s., by GLOVER & Co., Chemists, 19, Goodge-street, Totten-ham-court-road. Sold also at 15, Charing-cross; 23, Cornhill; 21 and 164, Edgware-road; 7, High Holborn; 27, Lamb's Conduit-street; 196 and 315, Oxford-street; 196, Strand; and most Stationers.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR BAD TEA.
A LEADEN PACKAGE, containing FIVE POUNDS of FINE, TRUE, RICH, Ripe, RASS SOUCHONG TEA (which will please everybody), sent, CARVAGE FREE, to any part of England, on receipt of a Post-office Order for ONE SOVEREIGN, by PHILLIPS AND COMPANY, TEA MERCHANTS, No. 8, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY, LONDON.
And will prove indeed a Sovereign Remedy for Bad Tea.

NOVELTY IN SMOKING.
INDERWICK'S NEW SELF-ACTING PIPE TUBE,
By which excellent invention the Pipe may be kept burning during conversation without applying it to the lips, superseding the annoyance of frequent lighting; and it is also recommended to persons afflicted with Asthma or other respiratory disorders, as the irritation produced by inhaling the smoke is entirely avoided, it being conveyed to the lips without drawing the breath. Price Four Shillings, sent free to any part of the Kingdom, on receipt of Postal Stamps to that amount.
Wholesale and Retail at J. INDERWICK's Meerschaum Pipe Warehouse, 58, Prince-street, Leicester-square, London.

USE KIRBY, BEARD & CO.'S
NE PLUS ULTRA NEEDLES,
WITH LARGE DRILLED EYES.
Sold by every Draper &c. in the United Kingdom.

KIRBY, BEARD & CO.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Messrs. POULSON & Co.'s REGISTERED PARDESSUS,
(6 & 7 Vic. Cap. 65.)
The distinguished patronage bestowed upon this really economical and truly elegant
LIGHT SPRING AND SUMMER WALKING OVER-COAT,
(which can also be worn without another,) has had but few precedents. It is made of an extremely fine
though durable cloth, and, from its peculiarly soft and silky nature, produces a sensation of the most com-
plete ease and comfort; it may be had ready for immediate use in all sizes and colours, at the very moderate
charge of TWO GUINEAS, inclusive of silk sleeve linings.
In London only at the sole Patentsee and Manufacturers, B. POULSON & Co.'s, Court, Clerical, Naval,
and Military Tailors, 94, REGENT STREET, and in the country and colonies of their recognised Agents.

CHINA CRAPE PARASOLS.

W. AND J. SANGSTER

Beg respectfully to announce that they have just received from Canton a quantity of China Crape,
embroidered expressly to their order, for Parasols.

This beautiful material, so well adapted for the purpose by its peculiar richness and strength, will form
a most novel and elegant Parasol.

Their stock will likewise comprise a great variety of Parasols made of Glace, Moiré, and Figured Silks from Lyons. Also, some of the richest Brocaded Silks, from Spitalfields, and the Alpaca Parasol, so much approved of for the country and sea-side.

140, Regent Street. 10, Royal Exchange.
94, Fleet Street. 75, Cheapside.
New Weekly Publication.

On Saturday, May 1st, 1852, will be published, Price Twopence,

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE

PEOPLE'S ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

OF

Arts, Manufactures, Practical Science, Literature,

AND

SOCIAL ECONOMY.

PROSPECTUS.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION of 1851, whose splendid pageantry has been the crowning marvel of an age of wonders, has established many important principles which mark the advent of a new era in the history of Industry. Amongst these perhaps the most remarkable and gratifying consists in a recognition of a mutual relationship between Mind and Labour much more extensive and intimate than had ever before been supposed to exist, or to be possible. The glorious result of this most Holy Alliance will be to cheer the brow of toil with the light of genius and the smile of promise, and to elevate the character of the Working-man, by giving him a taste for the Beautiful in connexion with the Useful—principles which in the economy of Nature are so wondrously associated;—in a word, to extend his resources and his usefulness, by inspiring him with an ambition to bring his peculiar industry, however humble in itself, to bear in some manner upon the highest and most honoured fields of enterprise. By such means we may hope to see the jealousies between classes and rival trades removed, and the best exertions of all uniting for the common good.

Extending our regards beyond our own shores, we see another and still more gratifying result of the Great Industrial Congress of 1851, in the conviction brought to the Productive Classes of all nations of a community of interests existing between them, superior to all interests of nationality, above all prejudices of race and birth. Thus, to sum up, we attain, in the first place, increased knowledge of our own resources and of the resources of the rest of the world, which, whilst it creates a just confidence in ourselves, will also create a feeling of respect for our neighbours;—secondly, an acknowledgment of the true principles of reciprocal dealing, by which the peculiar advantages of one community may be interchanged for those of others;—finally, an enlarged field of commerce, and the infusion of a more liberal spirit into commercial transactions, by which commerce will grow, and with it civilisation and peace be extended as the connecting bond of the whole human family.

These new relations of Society, so happily inaugurated, are as yet without an exponent.—"THE PEOPLE'S ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL" will endeavour to fill a post so honourable and so useful. Industry, Commerce, and Intellectual and Social Progress, in their various phases of development, will be the objects to which the Conductor will devote their undivided attention, and of which they will seek to render a faithful and intelligible account from day to day, and from week to week.

The whole family of the Arts—Arts Mechanical and Useful—Arts
Decorative, and the Fine Arts, properly so called,—will come within the scope of "The People's Illustrated Journal." The artisan shall have his Picture Gallery, his Concert Room, and his Theatre, to dissipate his thoughts, and extend the range of his ideas in his hours of relaxation.

In the department of Manufactures, whilst those of Foreign nations will come in for a full share of notice, the "Workshops of England," inadequately represented (as is now generally admitted to have been the case) in the Great Exhibition, will be treated of with a fullness of detail, drawn from the most authentic sources, never before attempted. These Papers when completed will comprise a most valuable compendium of the Manufacturing, Commercial, and Industrial resources of Great Britain in the nineteenth century. The Editor of "The People's Illustrated Journal" has already received much valuable and exclusive information from those personally interested and experienced in "the Workshops of England," and invites further communications of a like kind, which will receive his best attention.

Practical Science is daily discovering and revealing new and important applications of natural products and natural affinities in the fabrication of articles of daily use. Especial attention will be paid in "The People's Illustrated Journal" to these discoveries, so calculated to increase the comforts of the people and extend the resources of industry.

Whilst thus more especially devoted to the Arts of Life, "The People's Illustrated Journal" will not neglect the Intellectual Progress of the Community, as manifested in the Literature of the Age. In selecting Works for Review, and in their treatment, the Conductors will study essential features of great permanent interest, rather than the ephemeral attractions of a light and frivolous class of Literature already sufficiently ministered to by others.

The Social Economy of the Industrial World will receive the anxious consideration of the Conductors of "The People's Illustrated Journal." The resources,—the economic arrangements,—the provident dispositions,—the homes, the hopes, the rights, and the duties of the Working Man, will all be treated of in turn, in a spirit of friendly counsel, dictated only by a sincere desire to increase the comforts, and elevate the position, of the producing millions. In connexion with these important questions, the resources and interests of our Colonial Possessions—labour's future field—will naturally claim a large share of consideration.

Occasional Essays on general subjects, Sketches of Men and Manners, and now and then a few lines of Poetry, will be introduced to add the charm of variety to "The People's Illustrated Journal."

With these purposes before it, and conducted with zeal and fidelity, "The People's Illustrated Journal," it is presumed, will occupy a new position of wide influence and utility; and the Proprietors confidently recommend it to the consideration of the intellectual portion of the community.

The Engravings, which will be numerous, and as varied in character as the subjects treated of, will be executed in the highest style of art. The Paper will be of a superior quality, and the Typographical Arrangements of a class equal to that adopted in Publications of four times the cost; thus rendering "The People's Illustrated Journal" the most useful, readable, and ornamental Periodical of the day.

*Published in Weekly Numbers, containing 16 Quarto Pages, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts.

Published at the Office, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street;

Where all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed; and where Advertisements will be received.
The Lord Chancellor copies from memory.
pewter-pots and a milk-can hung on the area railings; the door stood open; and we met the cook round the corner coming out of a public-house, wiping her mouth. She mentioned, as she passed us, that she had been to see what o'clock it was.

But before we met the cook, we met Richard, who was dancing up and down Thavies Inn to warm his feet. He was agreeably surprised to see us stirring so soon, and said he would gladly share our walk. So he took care of Ada, and Miss Jellyby and I went first. I may mention that Miss Jellyby had relapsed into her sulky manner, and that I
HOUSEHOLD WORDS
A Weekly Journal conducted by CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Smith & Son, London, 1850

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE
OF CURRENT EVENTS

W. H. Smith & Son, London, 1850

CHAPTER V.

A MORNING ADVENTURE.

Although the morning was raw, and although the fog still seemed heavy—I say seemed, for the windows were so encrusted with dirt, that they would have made Midsummer sunshine dim—I was sufficiently forewarned of the discomfort within doors at that early hour, and sufficiently curious about London, to think it a good idea on the part of Miss Jellyby when she proposed that we should go out for a walk.

"Ma won't be down for ever so long," she said, "and then it's a chance if breakfast's ready for an hour afterwards, they dawdle so. As to Pa, he gets what he can, and goes to the office. He never has what you would call a regular breakfast. Priscilla leaves him out the loaf and some milk, when there is any, over night. Sometimes there isn't any milk, and sometimes the cat drinks it. But I'm afraid you must be tired, Miss Summerson; and perhaps you would rather go to bed."

"I am not at all tired, my dear," said I, "and would much prefer to go out."

"If you're sure you would," returned Miss Jellyby, "I'll get my things on."

Ada said she would go too, and was soon astir. I made a proposal to Peepy, in default of being able to do anything better for him, that he should let me wash him, and afterwards lay him down on my bed again. To this he submitted with the best grace possible; staring at me during the whole operation, as if he never had been, and never could again be, so astonished in his life—looking very miserable also, certainly, but making no complaint, and going snugly to sleep as soon as it was over. At first I was in two minds about taking such a liberty, but I soon reflected that nobody in the house was likely to notice it.

What with the bustle of dispatching Peepy, and the bustle of getting myself ready, and helping Ada, I was soon quite in a glow. We found Miss Jellyby trying to warm herself at the fire in the writing-room, which Priscilla was then lighting with a smelly parlor candlestick—throwing the candle in to make it burn better. Everything was just as we had left it last night, and was evidently intended to remain so. Below stairs the dinner-cloth had not been taken away, but had been left ready for breakfast. Crumbs, dust, and waste paper were all over the house. Some pewter-pots and a milk-can hung on the area railings; the door stood open; and we met the cook round the corner coming out of a public-house, wiping her mouth. She mentioned, as she passed us, that she had been to see what o'clock it was.

But before we met the cook, we met Richard, who was dancing up and down Thavies Inn to warm his feet. He was agreeably surprised to see us stirring so soon, and said he would gladly share our walk. So he took care of Ada, and Miss Jellyby and I went first. I may mention that Miss Jellyby had relapsed into her sulky manner, and that I
really should not have thought she liked me much, unless she had told me so.

"Where would you wish to go?" she asked.

"Anywhere, my dear," I replied.

"Anywhere's nowhere," said Miss Jellyby, stopping perversely.

"Let us go somewhere at any rate," said I.

She then walked me on very fast.

"I don't care!" she said. "Now, you are my witness, Miss Summerson, I say I don't care—but if he was to come to our house, with his great shining lumpy forehead, night after night till he was as old as Methuselah, I wouldn't have anything to say to him. Such Asses as he and Ma make of themselves!"

"My dear!" I remonstrated, in allusion to the epithet, and the vigorous emphasis Miss Jellyby set upon it. "Your duty as a child——"

"O! don't talk of duty as a child, Miss Summerson; where's Ma's duty as a parent? All made over to the public and Africa, I suppose! Then let the public and Africa show duty as a child; it's much more their affair than mine. You are shocked, I dare say! Very well, so am I shocked too; so we are both shocked, and there's an end of it!"

She walked me on faster yet.

"But for all that, I say again, he may come, and come, and come, and I won't have anything to say to him. I can't bear him. If there's any stuff in the world that I hate and detest, it's the stuff he and Ma talk. I wonder the very paving stones opposite our house can have the patience to stay there, and be a witness of such inconsistencies and contradictions as all that sounding nonsense, and Ma's management!"

I could not but understand her to refer to Mr. Quale, the young gentleman who had appeared after dinner yesterday. I was saved the disagreeable necessity of pursuing the subject, by Richard and Ada coming up at a round pace, laughing, and asking us if we meant to run a race? Thus interrupted, Miss Jellyby became silent, and walked moodily on at my side; while I admired the long successions and varieties of streets, the quantity of people already going to and fro, the number of vehicles passing and repassing, the busy preparations in the setting forth of shop windows and the sweeping out of shops, and the extraordinary creatures in rags, secretly groping among the swept-out rubbish for pins and other refuse.

"So, cousin," said the cheerful voice of Richard to Ada, behind me.

"We are never to get out of Chancery! We have come by another way to our place of meeting yesterday, and—by the Great Seal, here's the old lady again!"

Truly, there she was, immediately in front of us, curtseying and smiling, and saying, with her yesterday's air of patronage:

"The wards in Jarndyce! Ve-ry happy, I am sure!"

"You are out early, ma'am," said I, as she curtseied to me.

"Ye-es! I usually walk here early. Before the Court sits. It's retired. I collect my thoughts here for the business of the day," said the old lady, mincingly. "The business of the day requires a great deal of thought. Chancery justice is so ve-ry difficult to follow."

"Who's this, Miss Summerson?" whispered Miss Jellyby, drawing my arm tighter through her own.
The little old lady's hearing was remarkably quick. She answered for herself directly.

"A suitor, my child. At your service. I have the honor to attend court regularly. With my documents. Have I the pleasure of addressing another of the youthful parties in Jarndyce?" said the old lady, recovering herself, with her head on one side, from a very low curtsey.

Richard, anxious to atone for his thoughtlessness of yesterday, good-naturedly explained that Miss Jellyby was not connected with the suit.

"Ha!" said the old lady. "She does not expect a judgment? She will still grow old. But not so old. O dear, no! This is the garden of Lincoln's Inn. I call it my garden. It is quite a bower in the summer-time. Where the birds sing melodiously. I pass the greater part of the long vacation here. In contemplation. You find the long vacation exceedingly long, don't you?"

We said yes, as she seemed to expect us to say so.

"When the leaves are falling from the trees, and there are no more flowers in bloom to make up into nosegays for the Lord Chancellor's court," said the old lady, "the vacation is fulfilled; and the sixth seal, mentioned in the Revelations, again prevails. Pray come and see my lodging. It will be a good omen for me. Youth, and hope, and beauty, are very seldom there. It is a long long time since I had a visit from either."

She had taken my hand, and, leading me and Miss Jellyby away, beckoned Richard and Ada to come too. "I did not know how to excuse myself, and looked to Richard for aid. As he was half amused and half curious, and all in doubt how to get rid of the old lady without offence, she continued to lead us away, and he and Ada continued to follow; our strange conductress informing us all the time, with much smiling condescension, that she lived close by.

It was quite true, as it soon appeared. She lived so close by, that we had not time to have done honoring her for a few moments, before she was at home. Slipping us out at a little side gate, the old lady stopped most unexpectedly in a narrow back street, part of some courts and lanes immediately outside the wall of the inn, and said, "This is my lodging. Pray walk up!"

She had stopped at a shop, over which was written, KROOK, RAG AND BOTTLE WAREHOUSE. Also, in long thin letters, KROOK, DEALER IN MARINE STORES. In one part of the window was a picture of a red paper mill, at which a cart was unloading a quantity of sacks of old rags. In another, was the inscription, BONES BOUGHT. In another, KITCHEN-STUFF BOUGHT. In another, OLD IRON BOUGHT. In another, WASTE PAPER BOUGHT. In another, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WARDROBES BOUGHT. Everything seemed to be bought, and nothing to be sold there.

In all parts of the window, were quantities of dirty bottles: blacking bottles, medicine bottles, ginger-beer and soda-water bottles, pickle bottles, wine bottles, ink bottles: I am reminded by mentioning the latter, that the shop had, in several little particulars, the air of being in a legal neighbourhood, and of being, as it were, a dirty hanger-on and disowned relation of the law. There were a great many ink bottles. There was a little tottering bench of shabby old volumes, outside the door, labelled "Law Books, all at 9d." Some of the inscriptions I have enumerated were written in law-hand, like the papers I had seen in Kenge and Carboy's office, and
the letters I had so long received from the firm. Among them was one, in the same writing, having nothing to do with the business of the shop, but announcing that a respectable man aged forty-five wanted engrossing or copying to execute with neatness and dispatch: Address to Nemo, care of Mr. Krook within. There were several second-hand bags, blue and red, hanging up. A little way within the shop door, lay heaps of old cracked parchment scrolls, and discolored and dog's-eared law-papers. I could have fancied that all the rusty keys, of which there must have been hundreds huddled together as old iron, had once belonged to doors of rooms or strong chests in lawyers' offices. The litter of rags tumbled partly into and partly out of a one-legged wooden scale, hanging without any counterpoise from a beam, might have been counsellors' hands and gowns torn up. One had only to fancy, as Richard whispered to Ada and me while we all stood looking in, that yonder bones in a corner, piled together and picked very clean, were the bones of clients, to make the picture complete.

As it was still foggy and dark, and as the shop was blinded besides by the wall of Lincoln's Inn, intercepting the light within a couple of yards, we should not have seen so much but for a lighted lantern that an old man in spectacles and a hairy cap was carrying about in the shop. Turning towards the door, he now caught sight of us. He was short, cadaverous, and withered; with his head sunk sideways between his shoulders, and the breath issuing in visible smoke from his mouth, as if he were on fire within. His throat, chin, and eyebrows, were so frosted with white hairs, and so gnarled with veins and puckered skin, that he looked, from his breast upward, like some old root in a fall of snow.

"Hi hi!" said the old man coming to the door. "Have you anything to sell?"

We naturally drew back and glanced at our conductress, who had been trying to open the house door with a key she had taken from her pocket, and to whom Richard now said, that, as we had had the pleasure of seeing where she lived, we would leave her, being pressed for time. But she was not to be so easily left. She became so fantastically and pressingly earnest in her entreaties that we would walk up, and see her apartment for an instant; and was so bent, in her harmless way, on leading me in, as part of the good omen she desired; that I (whatever the others might do) saw nothing for it but to comply. I suppose we were all more or less curious;—at any rate, when the old man added his persuasions to hers, and said, "Aye, aye! Please her! It won't take a minute! Come in, come in! Come in through the shop, if 't'other door's out of order!" we all went in, stimulated by Richard's laughing encouragement, and relying on his protection.

"My landlord, Krook," said the little old lady, condescending to him from her lofty station, as she presented him to us. "He is called among the neighbours the Lord Chancellor. His shop is called the Court of Chancery. He is a very eccentric person. He is very odd. Oh, I assure you he is very odd!"

She shook her head a great many times, and tapped her forehead with her finger, to express to us that we must have the goodness to excuse him, "For he is a little—you know!—M——!" said the old lady, with great stateliness. The old man overheard, and laughed.
"It's true enough," he said, going before us with the lantern, "that they call me the Lord Chancellor, and call my shop Chancery. And why do you think they call me the Lord Chancellor, and my shop Chancery?"

"I don't know, I am sure!" said Richard, rather carelessly.

"You see," said the old man, stopping and turning round, "they—Hi! Here's lovely hair! I have got three sacks of ladies' hair below, but none so beautiful and fine as this. What color, and what texture!"

"That'll do, my good friend!" said Richard, strongly disapproving of his having drawn one of Ada's tresses through his yellow hand. "You can admire as the rest of us do, without taking that liberty."

The old man darted at him a sudden look, which even called my attention from Ada, who, startled and blushing, was so remarkably beautiful that she seemed to fix the wandering attention of the little old lady herself. But as Ada interposed, and laughingly said she could only feel proud of such genuine admiration, Mr. Krook shrunk into his former self as suddenly as he had leaped out of it.

"You see I have so many things here," he resumed, holding up the lantern, "of so many kinds, and all, as the neighbours think (but they know nothing), wasting away and going to rack and ruin, that that's why they have given me and my place a christening. And I have so many old parchments and papers in my stock. And I have a liking for rust and must and cobwebs. And all's fish that comes to my net. And I can't bear to part with anything I once lay hold of (or so my neighbours think, but what do they know?) or to alter anything, or to have any sweeping, nor scouring, nor cleaning, nor repairing going on about me. That's the way I've got the ill name of Chancery. I don't mind. I go to see my noble and learned brother pretty well every day, when he sits in the Inn. He don't notice me, but I notice him. There's no great odds betwixt us. We both grub on in a muddle. Hi, Lady Jane!"

A large grey cat leaped from some neighbouring shelf on his shoulder, and startled us all.

"Hi! Shew 'em how you scratch. Hi! Tear, my lady!" said her master.

The cat leaped down, and ripped at a bundle of rags with her tigerish claws, with a sound that it set my teeth on edge to hear.

"She'd do as much for any one I was to set her on," said the old man. "I deal in cat-skins among other general matters, and hers was offered to me. It's a very fine skin, as you may see, but I didn't have it stripped off! That warn't like Chancery practice though, says you!"

He had by this time led us across the shop, and now opened a door in the back part of it, leading to the house-entry. As he stood with his hand upon the lock, the little old lady graciously observed to him before passing out:

"That will do, Krook. You mean well, but are tiresome. My young friends are pressed for time. I have none to spare myself, having to attend court very soon. My young friends are the wards in Jarndyce."

"Jarndyce!" said the old man with a start.

"Jarndyce and Jarndyce. The great suit, Krook," returned his lodger.

"Hi!" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of thoughtful amazement, and with a wider stare than before, "Think of it!"
He seemed so rapt all in a moment, and looked so curiously at us, that Richard said:

"Why you appear to trouble yourself a good deal about the causes before your noble and learned brother, the other Chancellor!"

"Yes," said the old man abstractedly. "Sure! Your name now will be—"

"Richard Carstone."

"Carstone," he repeated, slowly checking off that name upon his forefinger; and each of the others he went on to mention, upon a separate finger. "Yes. There was the name of Barbary, and the name of Clare, and the name of Dedlock, too, I think."

"He knows as much of the cause as the real salaried Chancellor!" said Richard, quite astonished, to Ada and me.

"Ay!" said the old man, coming slowly out of his abstraction. "Yes! Tom Jarndyce—you'll excuse me, being related; but he was never known about court by any other name, and was as well known there, as—she is now;" nodding slightly at his lodger; "Tom Jarndyce was often in here. He got into a restless habit of strolling about when the cause was on, or expected, talking to the little shopkeepers, and telling 'em to keep out of Chancery, whatever they did. 'For,' says he, 'it's being ground to bits in a slow mill; it's being roasted at a slow fire; it's being stung to death by single bees; it's being drowned by drops; it's going mad by grains.' He was as near making away with himself, just where the young lady stands, as near could be."

We listened with horror.

"He come in at the door," said the old man, slowly pointing an imaginary track along the shop, "on the day he did it—the whole neighbourhood had said for months before, that he would do it, of a certainty, sooner or later—he come in at the door that day, and walked along there, and sat himself on a bench that stood there, and asked me (you'll judge I was a mortal sight younger then) to fetch him a pint of wine. 'For,' says he, 'Krook, I am much depressed; my cause is on again, and I think I'm nearer Judgment than I ever was.' I hadn't a mind to leave him alone; and I persuaded him to go to the tavern over the way there, t'other side my lane (I mean Chancery-lane); and I followed and looked in at the window, and saw him, comfortable as I thought, in the arm-chair by the fire, and company with him. I hadn't hardly got back here, when I heard a shot go echoing and rattling right away into the inn. I ran out—neighbours ran out—twenty of us cried at once, 'Tom Jarndyce!'"

The old man stopped, looked hard at us, looked down into the lantern, blew the light out, and shut the lantern up.

"We were right, I needn't tell the present hearers. Hi! To be sure, how the neighbourhood poured into court that afternoon while the cause was on! How my noble and learned brother, and all the rest of 'em, grubbed and muddled away as usual, and tried to look as if they hadn't heard a word of the last fact in the case; or as if they had—O dear me! nothing at all to do with it, if they had heard of it by any chance!"

Ada's color had entirely left her, and Richard was scarcely less pale. Nor could I wonder, judging even from my emotions, and I was no party in the suit, that to hearts so untried and fresh, it was a shock to come
into the inheritance of a protracted misery, attended in the minds of many people with such dreadful recollections. I had another uneasiness, in the application of the painful story to the poor half-witted creature who had brought us there; but, to my surprise, she seemed perfectly unconscious of that, and only led the way upstairs again; informing us, with the toleration of a superior creature for the infirmities of a common mortal, that her landlord was "a little—M——, you know!"

She lived at the top of the house, in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of Lincoln's Inn Hall. This seemed to have been her principal inducement, originally, for taking up her residence there. She could look at it, she said, in the night: especially in the moonshine. Her room was clean, but very, very bare. I noticed the scantiest necessaries in the way of furniture; a few old prints from books, of Chancellors and barristers, wafered against the wall; and some half-dozen reticules and work-bags, "containing documents," as she informed us. There were neither coals nor ashes in the grate, and I saw no articles of clothing anywhere, nor any kind of food. Upon a shelf in an open cupboard were a plate or two, a cup or two, and so forth; but all dry and empty. There was a more affecting meaning in her pinched appearance, I thought as I looked round, than I had understood before.

"Extremely honored, I am sure," said our poor hostess, with the greatest suavity, "by this visit from the wards in Jarndyce. And very much indebted for the omen. It is a retired situation. Considering, I am limited as to situation. In consequence of the necessity of attending on the Chancellor. I have lived here many years. I pass my days in court; my evenings and my nights here. I find the nights long, for I sleep but little, and think much. That is, of course, unavoidable; being in Chancery. I am sorry I cannot offer chocolate. I expect a judgment shortly, and shall then place my establishment on a superior footing. At present, I don't mind confessing to the wards in Jarndyce (in strict confidence), that I sometimes find it difficult to keep up a genteel appearance. I have felt the cold here. I have felt something sharper than cold. It matters very little. Pray excuse the introduction of such mean topics."

She partly drew aside the curtain of the long low garret-window, and called our attention to a number of bird-cages hanging there: some, containing several birds. There were larks, linnets, and goldfinches—I should think at least twenty.

"I began to keep the little creatures," she said, "with an object that the wards will readily comprehend. With the intention of restoring them to liberty. When my judgment should be given. Ye-es! They die in prison, though. Their lives, poor silly things, are so short in comparison with Chancery proceedings, that, one by one, the whole collection has died over and over again. I doubt, do you know, whether one of these, though they are all young, will live to be free! Ve-ry mortifying, is it not?"

Although she sometimes asked a question, she never seemed to expect a reply; but rambled on as if she were in the habit of doing so, when no one but herself was present.

"Indeed," she pursued, "I positively doubt sometimes, I do assure you, whether while matters are still unsettled, and the sixth or Great Seal
still prevails, I may not one day be found lying stark and senseless here, as I have found so many birds!"

Richard, answering what he saw in Ada's compassionate eyes, took the opportunity of laying some money, softly and unobserved, on the chimney-piece. We all drew nearer to the cages, feigning to examine the birds.

"I can't allow them to sing much," said the little old lady, "for (you'll think this curious) I find my mind confused by the idea that they are singing, while I am following the arguments in court. And my mind requires to be so very clear, you know! Another time, I'll tell you their names. Not at present. On a day of such good omen, they shall sing as much as they like. In honor of youth," a smile and curtsey; "hope," a smile and curtsey; "and beauty," a smile and curtsey. "There! We'll let in the full light."

The birds began to stir and chirp.

"I cannot admit the air freely," said the little old lady; the room was close, and would have been the better for it; "because the cat you saw down stairs—called Lady Jane—is greedy for their lives. She crouches on the parapet outside, for hours and hours. I have discovered," whispering mysteriously, "that her natural cruelty is sharpened by a jealous fear of their regaining their liberty. In consequence of the judgment I expect being shortly given. She is sly, and full of malice. I half believe, sometimes, that she is no cat, but the wolf of the old saying. It is so very difficult to keep her from the door."

Some neighbouring bells, reminding the poor soul that it was half-past nine, did more for us in the way of bringing our visit to an end, than we could easily have done for ourselves. She hurriedly took up her little bag of documents, which she had laid upon the table on coming in, and asked if we were also going into court? On our answering no, and that we would on no account detain her, she opened the door to attend us down stairs.

"With such an omen, it is even more necessary than usual that I should be there before the Chancellor comes in," said she, "for he might mention my case the first thing. I have a presentiment that he will mention it the first thing this morning."

She stopped to tell us, in a whisper, as we were going down, that the whole house was filled with strange lumber which her landlord had bought piecemeal, and had no wish to sell—in consequence of being a little—M—. This was on the first floor. But she had made a previous stoppage on the second floor, and had silently pointed at a dark door there.

"The only other lodger," she now whispered, in explanation; "a law-writer. The children in the lanes here, say he has sold himself to the devil. I don't know what he can have done with the money. Hush!"

She appeared to mistrust that the lodger might hear her, even there; and repeating "Hush!" went before us on tiptoe, as though even the sound of her footsteps might reveal to him what she had said.

Passing through the shop on our way out, as we had passed through it on our way in, we found the old man storing a quantity of packets of waste paper, in a kind of well in the floor. He seemed to be working hard, with the perspiration standing on his forehead, and had a piece of chalk by him; with which, as he put each separate package or bundle down, he made a crooked mark on the panelling of the wall.
Richard and Ada, and Miss Jellyby, and the little old lady, had gone by him, and I was going; when he touched me on the arm to stay me, and chalked the letter J upon the wall—in a very curious manner, beginning with the end of the letter and shaping it backward. It was a capital letter, not a printed one, but just such a letter as any clerk in Messrs. Kenge and Carboy’s office would have made.

“Can you read it?” he asked me with a keen glance.

“Surely,” said I. “It’s very plain.”

“What is it?”

“J.”

With another glance at me, and a glance at the door, he rubbed it out, and turned an a in its place (not a capital letter this time), and said, “What’s that?”

I told him. He then rubbed that out, and turned the letter r, and asked me the same question. He went on quickly, until he had formed, in the same curious manner, beginning at the ends and bottoms of the letters, the word JARNDYCE, without once leaving two letters on the wall together.

“What does that spell?” he asked me.

When I told him, he laughed. In the same odd way, yet with the same rapidity, he then produced singly, and rubbed out singly, the letters forming the words BLEAK HOUSE. These, in some astonishment, I also read; and he laughed again.

“Hi!” said the old man, laying aside the chalk. “I have a turn for copying from memory, you see, miss, though I can neither read nor write.”

He looked so disagreeable, and his cat looked so wickedly at me, as if I were a blood-relation of the birds upstairs, that I was quite relieved by Richard’s appearing at the door and saying:

“Miss Summerson, I hope you are not bargaining for the sale of your hair. Don’t be tempted. Three sacks below are quite enough for Mr. Krook!”

I lost no time in wishing Mr. Krook good morning, and joining my friends outside, where we parted with the little old lady, who gave us her blessing with great ceremony, and renewed her assurance of yesterday in reference to her intention of settling estates on Ada and me. Before we finally turned out of those lanes, we looked back, and saw Mr. Krook standing at his shop-door, in his spectacles, looking after us, with his cat upon his shoulder, and her tail sticking up on one side of his hairy cap, like a tall feather.

“Quite an adventure for a morning in London!” said Richard, with a sigh. “Ah, cousin, cousin, it’s a weary word this Chancery!”

“It is to me, and has been ever since I can remember,” returned Ada.

“I am grieved that I should be the enemy—as I suppose I am—of a great number of relations and others; and that they should be my enemies—as I suppose they are; and that we should all be ruining one another, without knowing how or why, and be in constant doubt and discord all our lives. It seems very strange, as there must be right somewhere, that an honest judge in real earnest has not been able to find out through all these years where it is.”

“Ah, cousin!” said Richard. “Strange, indeed! all this wasteful wanton chess-playing is very strange. To see that composed Court
yesterday jogging on so serenely, and to think of the wretchedness of the pieces on the board, gave me the headache and the heartache both together. My head ached with wondering how it happened, if men were neither fools nor rascals; and my heart ached to think they could possibly be either. But at all events, Ada—I may call you Ada?"

"Of course you may, cousin Richard."

"At all events, Ada, Chancery will work none of its bad influence on us. We have happily been brought together, thanks to our good kinsman, and it can't divide us now!"

"Never, I hope, cousin Richard!" said Ada, gently.

Miss Jellyby gave my arm a squeeze, and me a very significant look. I smiled in return, and we made the rest of the way back very pleasantly.

In half-an-hour after our arrival, Mrs. Jellyby appeared; and in the course of an hour the various things necessary for breakfast straggled one by one into the dining-room. I do not doubt that Mrs. Jellyby had gone to bed, and got up in the usual manner, but she presented no appearance of having changed her dress. She was greatly occupied during breakfast; for the morning's post brought a heavy correspondence relative to Borriooloo-Gha, which would occasion her (she said) to pass a busy day. The children tumbled about, and notched memoranda of their accidents in their legs, which were perfect little calendars of distress; and Peepy was lost for an hour and a half, and brought home from Newgate market by a policeman. The equable manner in which Mrs. Jellyby sustained both his absence, and his restoration to the family circle, surprised us all.

She was by that time perseveringly dictating to Caddy, and Caddy was fast relapsing into the inky condition in which we had found her. At one o'clock an open carriage arrived for us, and a cart for our luggage. Mrs. Jellyby charged us with many remembrances to her good friend, Mr. Jarndyce; Caddy left her desk to see us depart, kissed me in the passage, and stood, biting her pen, and sobbing on the steps; Peepy, I am happy to say, was asleep, and spared the pain of separation (I was not without misgivings that he had gone to Newgate market in search of me); and all the other children got up behind the barouche and fell off, and we saw them, with great concern, scattered over the surface of Thavies Inn, as we rolled out of its precincts.

CHAPTER VI.

QUITE AT HOME.

The day had brightened very much, and still brightened as we went westward. We went our way through the sunshine and the fresh air, wondering more and more at the extent of the streets, the brilliancy of the shops, the great traffic, and the crowds of people whom the pleasanter weather seemed to have brought out like many-colored flowers. By-and-by we began to leave the wonderful city, and to proceed through suburbs which, of themselves, would have made a pretty large town, in
my eyes; and at last we got into a real country road again, with windmills, rickyards, milestones, farmers' waggons, scents of old hay, swinging signs and horse troughs: trees, fields, and hedgerows. It was delightful to see the green landscape before us, and the immense metropolis behind; and when a waggon with a train of beautiful horses, furnished with red trappings and clear-sounding bells, came by us with its music, I believe we could all three have sung to the bells, so cheerful were the influences around.

"The whole road has been reminding me of my namesake Whittington," said Richard, "and that waggon is the finishing touch. Halloa! what's the matter?"

We had stopped, and the waggon had stopped too. Its music changed as the horses came to a stand, and subsided to a gentle tinkling, except when a horse tossed his head, or shook himself, and sprinkled off a little shower of bell-ringing.

"Our postilion is looking after the waggoner," said Richard; "and the waggoner is coming back after us. Good day, friend!" The waggoner was at our coach-door. "Why, here's an extraordinary thing!" added Richard, looking closely at the man. "He has got your name, Ada, in his hat!"

He had all our names in his hat. Tucked within the band, were three small notes; one, addressed to Ada; one, to Richard; one, to me. These the waggoner delivered to each of us respectively, reading the name aloud first. In answer to Richard's inquiry from whom they came, he briefly answered, "Master, sir, if you please;" and, putting on his hat again (which was like a soft bowl), cracked his whip, re-awakened his music, and went melodiously away.

"Is that Mr. Jarndyce's waggon?" said Richard, calling to our postboy.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Going to London."

We opened the notes. Each was a counterpart of the other, and contained these words, in a solid, plain hand.

"I look forward, my dear, to our meeting easily, and without constraint on either side. I therefore have to propose that we meet as old friends, and take the past for granted. It will be a relief to you possibly, and to me certainly, and so my love to you.

JOHN JARNDYCE."

I had perhaps less reason to be surprised than either of my companions, having never yet enjoyed an opportunity of thanking one who had been my benefactor and sole earthly dependance through so many years. I had not considered how I could thank him, my gratitude lying too deep in my heart for that; but I now began to consider how I could meet him without thanking him, and felt it would be very difficult indeed.

The notes revived, in Richard and Ada, a general impression that they both had, without quite knowing how they came by it, that their cousin Jarndyce could never bear acknowledgments for any kindness he performed, and that, sooner than receive any, he would resort to the most singular expedients and evasions, or would even run away. Ada dimly remembered to have heard her mother tell, when she was a very little child, that he had once done her an act of uncommon generosity, and
that on her going to his house to thank him, he happened to see her through a window coming to the door, and immediately escaped by the back gate, and was not heard of for three months. This discourse led to a great deal more on the same theme, and indeed it lasted us all day, and we talked of scarcely anything else. If we did, by any chance, diverge into another subject, we soon returned to this; and wondered what the house would be like, and when we should get there, and whether we should see Mr. Jarndyce as soon as we arrived, or after a delay, and what he would say to us, and what we should say to him. All of which we wondered about, over and over again.

The roads were very heavy for the horses, but the pathway was generally good; so we alighted and walked up all the hills, and liked it so well that we prolonged our walk on the level ground when we got to the top. At Barnet there were other horses waiting for us; but as they had only just been fed, we had to wait for them too, and got a long fresh walk, over a common and an old battle field, before the carriage came up. These delays so protracted the journey, that the short day was spent, and the long night had closed in, before we came to Saint Albans; near to which town Bleak House was, we knew.

By that time we were so anxious and nervous, that even Richard confessed, as we rattled over the stones of the old street, to feeling an irrational desire to drive back again. As to Ada and me, whom he had wrapped up with great care, the night being sharp and frosty, we trembled from head to foot. When we turned out of the town, round a corner, and Richard told us that the post-boy, who had for a long time sympathised with our heightened expectation, was looking back and nodding, we both stood up in the carriage (Richard holding Ada, lest she should be jolted down), and gazed round upon the open country and the starlight night, for our destination. There was a light sparkling on the top of a hill before us, and the driver, pointing to it with his whip and crying, “That’s Bleak House!” put his horses into a canter, and took us forward at such a rate, up-hill though it was, that the wheels sent the road-drift flying about our heads like spray from a water-mill. Presently we lost the light, presently saw it, presently lost it, presently saw it, and turned into an avenue of trees, and cantered up towards where it was beaming brightly. It was in a window of what seemed to be an old-fashioned house, with three peaks in the roof in front, and a circular sweep leading to the porch. A bell was rung as we drew up, and amidst the sound of its deep voice in the still air, and the distant barking of some dogs, and a gush of light from the opened door, and the smoking and steaming of the heated horses, and the quickened beating of our own hearts, we alighted in no inconsiderable confusion.

“Ada, my love, Esther, my dear, you are welcome. I rejoice to see you! Rick, if I had a hand to spare at present, I would give it you!”

The gentleman who said these words in a clear, bright, hospitable voice, had one of his arms round Ada’s waist, and the other round mine, and kissed us both in a fatherly way, and bore us across the hall into a ruddy little room, all in a glow with a blazing fire. Here he kissed us again, and, opening his arms, made us sit down side by side, on a sofa ready drawn out near the hearth. I felt that if we had been at all demonstrative, he would have run away in a moment.
"Now, Rick!" said he, "I have a hand at liberty. A word in earnest is as good as a speech. I am heartily glad to see you. You are at home. Warm yourself!"

Richard shook him by both hands with an intuitive mixture of respect and frankness, and only saying (though with an earnestness that rather alarmed me, I was so afraid of Mr. Jarndyce's suddenly disappearing), "You are very kind, sir! We are very much obliged to you!" laid aside his hat and coat, and came up to the fire.

"And how did you like the ride? And how did you like Mrs. Jellyby, my dear?" said Mr. Jarndyce to Ada.

While Ada was speaking to him in reply, I glanced (I need not say with how much interest) at his face. It was a handsome, lively, quick face, full of change and motion; and his hair was a silvered iron-grey. I took him to be nearer sixty than fifty, but he was upright, hearty, and robust. From the moment of his first speaking to us, his voice had connected itself with an association in my mind that I could not define; but now, all at once, a something sudden in his manner, and a pleasant expression in his eyes, recalled the gentleman in the stage-coach, six years ago, on the memorable day of my journey to Reading. I was certain it was he. I never was so frightened in my life as when I made the discovery, for he caught my glance, and appearing to read my thoughts, gave such a look at the door that I thought we had lost him.

However, I am happy to say he remained where he was, and asked me what I thought of Mrs. Jellyby?

"She exerts herself very much for Africa, sir," I said.

"Nobly!" returned Mr. Jarndyce. "But you answer like Ada." Whom I had not heard. "You all think something else, I see."

"We rather thought," said I, glancing at Richard and Ada, who entreated me with their eyes to speak, "that perhaps she was a little unmindful of her home."

"Floored!" cried Mr. Jarndyce.

I was rather alarmed again.

"Well! I want to know your real thoughts, my dear. I may have sent you there on purpose."

"We thought that, perhaps," said I hesitating, "it is right to begin with the obligations of home, sir; and that, perhaps, while those are overlooked and neglected, no other duties can possibly be substituted for them?"

"The little Jellybys," said Richard, coming to my relief, "are really—I can't help expressing myself strongly, sir—in a devil of a state."

"She means well," said Mr. Jarndyce, hastily. "The wind's in the east."

"It was in the north, sir, as we came down," observed Richard.

"My dear Rick," said Mr. Jarndyce, poking the fire; "I'll take an oath it's either in the east, or going to be. I am always conscious of an uncomfortable sensation now and then when the wind is blowing in the east."

"Rheumatism, sir?" said Richard.

"I dare say it is, Rick. I believe it is. And so the little Jell—I had my doubts about 'em—are in a—oh, Lord, yes, it's easterly!" said Mr. Jarndyce.
He had taken two or three undecided turns up and down while uttering these broken sentences, retaining the poker in one hand and rubbing his hair with the other, with a good-natured vexation, at once so whimsical and so loveable, that I am sure we were more delighted with him than we could possibly have expressed in any words. He gave an arm to Ada and an arm to me, and bidding Richard bring a candle, was leading the way out, when he suddenly turned us all back again.

"Those little Jellybys. Couldn't you—didn't you—now, if it had rained sugar-plums, or three-cornered raspberry tarts, or anything of that sort!" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"O cousin—!" Ada hastily began.

"Good, my pretty pet. I like cousin. Cousin John, perhaps, is better."

"Then, cousin John!—" Ada laughingly began again.

"Ha, ha! Very good indeed!" said Mr. Jarndyce, with great enjoyment. "Sounds uncommonly natural. Yes, my dear?"

"It did better than that. It rained Esther."

"Ay?" said Mr. Jarndyce. "What did Esther do?"

"Why, cousin John," said Ada, clasping her hands upon his arm, and shaking her head at me across—for I wanted her to be quiet: "Esther was their friend directly. Esther nursed them, coaxed them to sleep, washed and dressed them, told them stories, kept them quiet, bought them keepsakes—"My dear girl! I had only gone out with Peepy, after he was found, and given him a little, tiny horse!—"and, cousin John, she softened poor Caroline, the eldest one, so much, and was so thoughtful for me and so amiable!—No, no, I won't be contradicted, Esther dear! You know, you know, it's true!"

The warm-hearted darling leaned across her cousin John, and kissed me; and then, looking up in his face, boldly said, "At all events, cousin John, I will thank you for the companion you have given me." I felt as if she challenged him to run away. But he didn't.

"Where did you say the wind was, Rick?" asked Mr. Jarndyce.

"In the north, as we came down, sir."

"You are right. There's no east in it. A mistake of mine. Come, girls, come and see your home!"

It was one of those delightfully irregular houses where you go up and down steps out of one room into another, and where you come upon more rooms when you think you have seen all there are, and where there is a bountiful provision of little halls and passages, and where you find still older cottage-rooms in unexpected places, with lattice windows and green growth pressing through them. Mine, which we entered first, was of this kind, with an up-and-down roof, that had more corners in it than I ever counted afterwards, and a chimney (there was a wood-fire on the hearth) paved all round with pure white tiles, in every one of which a bright miniature of the fire was blazing. Out of this room, you went down two steps, into a charming little sitting-room, looking down upon a flower-garden, which room was henceforth to belong to Ada and me. Out of this you went up three steps, into Ada's bed-room, which had a fine broad window, commanding a beautiful view (we saw a great expanse of darkness lying underneath the stars), to which there was a hollow window-seat, in which, with a spring-lock, three dear Adas might have been lost at once. Out of this room, you passed into a little gallery, with which
the other best rooms (only two) communicated, and so, by a little stair-case of shallow steps, with a number of corner stairs in it, considering its length, down into the hall. But if, instead of going out at Ada's door, you came back into my room, and went out at the door by which you had entered it, and turned up a few crooked steps that branched off in an unexpected manner from the stairs, you lost yourself in passages, with mangles in them, and three-cornered tables, and a Native-Hindoo chair, which was also a sofa, a box, and a bedstead, and looked, in every form, something between a bamboo skeleton and a great bird-cage, and had been brought from India nobody knew by whom or when. From these, you came on Richard's room, which was part library, part sitting-room, part bed-room, and seemed indeed a comfortable compound of many rooms. Out of that, you went straight, with a little interval of passage, to the plain room where Mr. Jarndyce slept, all the year round, with his window open, his bedstead without any furniture standing in the middle of the floor for more air, and his cold-bath gaping for him in a smaller room adjoining. Out of that, you came into another passage, where there were back-stairs, and where you could hear the horses being rubbed down, outside the stable, and being told to Hold up, and Get over, as they slipped about very much on the uneven stones. Or you might, if you came out at another door (every room had at least two doors), go straight down to the hall again by half-a-dozen steps and a low archway, wondering how you got back there, or had ever got out of it.

The furniture, old-fashioned rather than old, like the house, was as pleasantly irregular. Ada's sleeping-room was all flowers—in chintz and paper, in velvet, in needle-work, in the brocade of two stiff courtly chairs, which stood, each attended by a little page of a stool for greater state, on either side of the fire-place. Our sitting-room was green; and had, framed and glazed, upon the walls, numbers of surprising and surprised birds, staring out of pictures at a real trout in a case, as brown and shining as if it had been served with gravy; at the death of Captain Cook; and at the whole process of preparing tea in China, as depicted by Chinese artists. In my room there were oval engravings of the months—ladies haymaking, in short waists, and large hats tied under the chin, for June—smooth-legged noblemen, pointing, with cocked-hats, to village steeples, for October. Half-length portraits, in crayons, abounded all through the house; but were so dispersed that I found the brother of a youthful officer of mine in the china-closet, and the grey old age of my pretty young bride, with a flower in her bodice, in the breakfast-room. As substitutes, I had four angels, of Queen Anne's reign, taking a complacent gentleman to heaven, in festoons, with some difficulty; and a composition in needle-work, representing fruit, a kettle, and an alphabet. All the moveables, from the wardrobes to the chairs and tables, hangings, glasses, even to the pin-cushions and scent-bottles on the dressing-tables, displayed the same quaint variety. They agreed in nothing but their perfect neatness, their display of the whitest linen, and their storing-up, whereovever the existence of a drawer, small or large, rendered it possible, of quantities of rose-leaves and sweet lavender. Such, with its illuminated windows, softened here and there by shadows of curtains, shining out upon the star-light night; with its light, and warmth, and comfort; with its hospitable jingle, at a distance, of preparations for dinner; with the
face of its generous master brightening everything we saw; and just wind enough without to sound a low accompaniment to everything we heard; were our first impressions of Bleak House.

"I am glad you like it," said Mr. Jarndyce, when he had brought us round again to Ada's sitting-room. "It makes no pretensions; but it is a comfortable little place, I hope, and will be more so with such bright young looks in it. You have barely half an hour before dinner. There's no one here but the finest creature upon earth—a child."

"More children, Esther!" said Ada.

"I don't mean literally a child," pursued Mr. Jarndyce; "not a child in years. He is grown up—he is at least as old as I am—but in simplicity, and freshness, and enthusiasm, and a fine guileless inaptitude for all worldly affairs, he is a perfect child."

We felt that he must be very interesting.

"He knows Mrs. Jellyby," said Mr. Jarndyce. "He is a musical man; an Amateur, but might have been a Professional. He is an Artist, too; an Amateur, but might have been a Professional. He is a man of attainments and of captivating manners. He has been unfortunate in his affairs, and unfortunate in his pursuits, and unfortunate in his family; but he don't care—he's a child!"

"Did you imply that he has children of his own, sir?" inquired Richard.

"Yes, Rick! Half-a-dozen. More! Nearer a dozen, I should think. But he has never looked after them. How could he? He wanted somebody to look after him. He is a child, you know!" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"And have the children looked after themselves at all, sir?" inquired Richard.

"Why, just as you may suppose," said Mr. Jarndyce: his countenance suddenly falling. "It is said that the children of the very poor are not brought up, but dragged up. Harold Skimpole's children have tumbled up somehow or other.—The wind's getting round again, I am afraid. I feel it rather!"

Richard observed that the situation was exposed on a sharp night.

"It is exposed," said Mr. Jarndyce. "No doubt that's the cause. Bleak House has an exposed sound. But you are coming my way. Come along!"

Our luggage having arrived, and being all at hand, I was dressed in a few minutes, and engaged in putting my worldly goods away, when a maid (not the one in attendance upon Ada, but another whom I had not seen) brought a basket into my room, with two bunches of keys in it, all labelled.

"For you, miss, if you please," said she.

"For me?" said I.

"The housekeeping keys, miss."

I showed my surprise; for she added, with some little surprise on her own part: "I was told to bring them as soon as you were alone, miss. Miss Summerson, if I don't deceive myself?"

"Yes," said I. "That is my name."

"The large bunch is the housekeeping, and the little bunch is the cellars, miss. Any time you was pleased to appoint to-morrow morning, I was to show you the presses and things they belong to."
I said I would be ready at half-past six; and, after she was gone, stood looking at the basket, quite lost in the magnitude of my trust. Ada found me thus; and had such a delightful confidence in me when I showed her the keys, and told her about them, that it would have been insensibility and ingratitude not to feel encouraged. I knew, to be sure, that it was the dear girl's kindness; but I liked to be so pleasantly cheated.

When we went down stairs, we were presented to Mr. Skimpole, who was standing before the fire, telling Richard how fond he used to be, in his school-time, of football. He was a little bright creature, with a rather large head; but a delicate face, and a sweet voice, and there was a perfect charm in him. All he said was so free from effort and spontaneous, and was said with such a captivating gaiety, that it was fascinating to hear him talk. Being of a more slender figure than Mr. Jarndyce, and having a richer complexion, with browner hair, he looked younger. Indeed, he had more the appearance, in all respects, of a damaged young man, than a well-preserved elderly one. There was an easy negligence in his manner, and even in his dress (his hair carelessly disposed, and his neck-kerchief loose and flowing, as I have seen artists paint their own portraits), which I could not separate from the idea of a romantic youth who had undergone some unique process of depreciation. It struck me as being not at all like the manner or appearance of a man who had advanced in life, by the usual road of years, cares, and experiences.

I gathered from the conversation, that Mr. Skimpole had been educated for the medical profession, and had once lived, in his professional capacity, in the household of a German prince. He told us, however, that as he had always been a mere child in point of weights and measures, and had never known anything about them (except that they disgusted him), he had never been able to prescribe with the requisite accuracy of detail. In fact, he said, he had no head for detail. And he told us, with great humour, that when he was wanted to bleed the prince, or physic any of his people, he was generally found lying on his back in bed, reading the newspapers, or making fancy-sketches in pencil, and couldn't come. The prince, at last, objecting to this, "in which," said Mr. Skimpole, in the frankest manner, "he was perfectly right," the engagement terminated; and Mr. Skimpole having (as he added with delightful gaiety) "nothing to live upon but love, fell in love, and married, and surrounded himself with rosy cheeks." His good friend Jarndyce and some other of his good friends then helped him, in quicker or slower succession, to several openings in life; but to no purpose, for he must confess to two of the oddest infirmities in the world: one was, that he had no idea of time; the other, that he had no idea of money. In consequence of which, he never kept an appointment, never could transact any business, and never knew the value of anything! Well! So he had got on in life, and here he was! He was very fond of reading the papers, very fond of making fancy-sketches with a pencil, very fond of nature, very fond of art. All he asked of society was, to let him live. That wasn't much. His wants were few. Give him the papers, conversation, music, mutton, coffee, landscape, fruit in the season, a few sheets of Bristol-board, and a little claret, and he asked no more. He was a mere child in the world, but he didn't cry for the moon. He said to the
world, "Go your several ways in peace! Wear red coats, blue coats, lawn-sleeves, put pens behind your ears, wear aprons; go after glory, holiness, commerce, trade, any object you prefer; only—let Harold Skimpole live!"

All this, and a great deal more, he told us, not only with the utmost brilliancy and enjoyment, but with a certain vivacious candor—speaking of himself as if he were not at all his own affair, as if Skimpole were a third person, as if he knew that Skimpole had his singularities, but still had his claims too, which were the general business of the community and must not be slighted. He was quite enchanting. If I felt at all confused at that early time, in endeavouring to reconcile anything he said with anything I had thought about the duties and accountabilities of life (which I am far from sure of), I was confused by not exactly understanding why he was free of them. That he was free of them, I scarcely doubted; he was so very clear about it himself.

"I covet nothing," said Mr. Skimpole, in the same light way. "Possession is nothing to me. Here is my friend Jarndyce's excellent house. I feel obliged to him for possessing it. I can sketch it, and alter it. I can set it to music. When I am here, I have sufficient possession of it, and have neither trouble, cost, nor responsibility. My steward's name, in short, is Jarndyce, and he can't cheat me. We have been mentioning Mrs. Jellyby. There is a bright-eyed woman, of a strong will and immense power of business-detail, who throws herself into objects with surprising ardor! I don't regret that I have not a strong will and an immense power of business-detail, to throw myself into objects with surprising ardor. I can admire her without envy. I can sympathise with the objects. I can dream of them. I can lie down on the grass—in fine weather—and float along an African river, embracing all the natives I meet, as sensible of the deep silence, and sketching the dense overhanging tropical growth as accurately, as if I were there. I don't know that it's of any direct use my doing so, but it's all I can do, and I do it thoroughly. Then, for heaven's sake, having Harold Skimpole, a confiding child, petitioning you, the world, an agglomeration of practical people of business habits, to let him live and admire the human family, do it somehow or other, like good souls, and suffer him to ride his rocking horse!"

It was plain enough that Mr. Jarndyce had not been neglectful of the adjuration. Mr. Skimpole's general position there would have rendered it so, without the addition of what he presently said.

"It's only you, the generous creatures, whom I envy," said Mr. Skimpole, addressing us, his new friends, in an impersonal manner. "I envy you your power of doing what you do. It is what I should revel in, myself. I don't feel any vulgar gratitude to you. I almost feel as if you ought to be grateful to me, for giving you the opportunity of enjoying the luxury of generosity. I know you like it. For anything I can tell, I may have come into the world expressly for the purpose of increasing your stock of happiness. I may have been born to be a benefactor to you, by sometimes giving you an opportunity of assisting me in my little perplexities. Why should I regret my incapacity for details and worldly affairs, when it leads to such pleasant consequences? I don't regret it therefore."
Of all his playful speeches (playful, yet always fully meaning what they expressed) none seemed to be more to the taste of Mr. Jarndyce than this. I had often new temptations, afterwards, to wonder whether it was really singular, or only singular to me, that he, who was probably the most grateful of mankind upon the least occasion, should so desire to escape the gratitude of others.

We were all enchanted. I felt it a merited tribute to the engaging qualities of Ada and Richard, that Mr. Skimpole, seeing them for the first time, should be so unrestrained, and should lay himself out to be so exquisitely agreeable. They (and especially Richard) were naturally pleased for similar reasons, and considered it no common privilege to be so freely confided in by such an attractive man. The more we listened, the more gaily Mr. Skimpole talked. And what with his fine hilarious manner, and his engaging candor, and his genial way of lightly tossing his own weaknesses about, as if he had said, "I am a child, you know! You are designing people compared with me!" (he really made me consider myself in that light); "but I am gay and innocent; forget your worldly arts and play with me!"—the effect was absolutely dazzling.

He was so full of feeling too, and had such a delicate sentiment for what was beautiful or tender, that he could have won a heart by that alone. In the evening when I was preparing to make tea, and Ada was touching the piano in the adjoining room and softly humming a tune to her cousin Richard, which they had happened to mention, he came and sat down on the sofa near me, and so spoke of Ada that I almost loved him.

"She is like the morning," he said. "With that golden hair, those blue eyes, and that fresh bloom on her cheek, she is like the summer morning. The birds here will mistake her for it. We will not call such a lovely young creature as that, who is a joy to all mankind, an orphan. She is the child of the universe."

Mr. Jarndyce, I found, was standing near us, with his hands behind him, and an attentive smile upon his face.

"The universe," he observed, "makes rather an indifferent parent, I am afraid."

"O! I don't know!" cried Mr. Skimpole, buoyantly.

"I think I do know," said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Well!" cried Mr. Skimpole, "you know the world (which in your sense is the universe), and I know nothing of it, so you shall have your way. But if I had mine," glancing at the cousins, "there should be no brambles of sordid realities in such a path as that. It should be strewn with roses; it should lie through bowers, where there was no spring, autumn, nor winter, but perpetual summer. Age or change should never wither it. The base word 'money' should never be breathed near it!"

Mr. Jarndyce patted him on the head with a smile, as if he had been really a child; and passing a step or two on, and stopping a moment, glanced at the young cousins. His look was thoughtful, but had a benignant expression in it which I often (how often!) saw again: which has long been engraven on my heart. The room in which they were, communicating with that in which he stood, was only lighted by the fire. Ada sat at the piano; Richard stood beside her, bending down. Upon the wall, their shadows blended together, surrounded by strange forms,
not without a ghostly motion caught from the unsteady fire, though
reflected from motionless objects. Ada touched the notes so softly, and
sang so low, that the wind, sighing away to the distant hills, was as audible
as the music. The mystery of the future, and the little clue afforded to
it by the voice of the present, seemed expressed in the whole picture.

But it is not to recall this fancy, well as I remember it, that I recall the
scene. First, I was not quite unconscious of the contrast, in respect
of meaning and intention, between the silent look directed that way, and
the flow of words that had preceded it. Secondly, though Mr. Jarndyce’s
glance, as he withdrew it, rested for but a moment on me, I felt as if, in
that moment, he confided to me—and knew that he confided to me, and
that I received the confidence—his hope that Ada and Richard might
one day enter on a dearer relationship.

Mr. Skimpole could play on the piano, and the violoncello; and he was
a composer—had composed half an opera once, but got tired of it—and
played what he composed, with taste. After tea we had quite a little con-
cert, in which Richard—who was enthralled by Ada’s singing, and told
me that she seemed to know all the songs that ever were written—and
Mr. Jarndyce, and I, were the audience. After a little while I missed,
first Mr. Skimpole, and afterwards Richard; and while I was thinking
how could Richard stay away so long, and lose so much, the maid who
had given me the keys looked in at the door, saying, “If you please,
miss, could you spare a minute?”

When I was shut out with her in the hall, she said, holding up her
hands, “Oh if you please, miss. Mr. Carstone says would you come
upstairs to Mr. Skimpole’s room. He has been took, miss!”

“T ook? ” said I.
“T ook, miss. Sudden,” said the maid.

I was apprehensive that his illness might be of a dangerous kind; but
of course, I begged her to be quiet and not disturb any one; and collected
myself, as I followed her quickly upstairs, sufficiently to consider what
were the best remedies to be applied if it should prove to be a fit. She
threw open a door, and I went into a chamber; where, to my unspeakable
surprise, instead of finding Mr. Skimpole stretched upon the bed, or
prostrate on the floor, I found him standing before the fire smiling at
Richard, while Richard, with a face of great embarrassment, looked at
a person on a sofa, in a white great coat, with smooth hair upon his head
and not much of it, which he was wiping smoother, and making less of,
with a pocket-handkerchief.

“Miss Summerson,” said Richard, hurriedly, “I am glad you are come.
You will be able to advise us. Our friend, Mr. Skimpole—don’t be
alarmed!—is arrested for debt.”

“And, really, my dear Miss Summerson,” said Mr. Skimpole, with his
agreeable candor, “I never was in a situation, in which that excellent
sense, and quiet habit of method and usefulness, which anybody must
observe in you who has the happiness of being a quarter of an hour in
your society, was more needed.”

The person on the sofa, who appeared to have a cold in his head, gave
such a very loud snort, that he startled me.

“Are you arrested for much, sir?” I inquired of Mr. Skimpole.

“My dear Miss Summerson,” said he, shaking his head pleasantly, “I
don't know. Some pounds, odd shillings, and halfpence, I think, were
mentioned.

"It's twenty-four pound, sixteen, and sevenpence ha'penny," observed
the stranger. "That's wot it is."

"And it sounds—somehow it sounds," said Mr. Skimpole, "like a
small sum?"

The strange man said nothing, but made another snort. It was such
a powerful one, that it seemed quite to lift him up out of his seat.

"Mr. Skimpole," said Richard to me, "has a delicacy in applying to
my cousin Jarndyce, because he has lately—I think, sir, I understood you
that you had lately——"

"Oh, yes!" returned Mr. Skimpole, smiling. "Though I forgot how
much it was, and when it was. Jarndyce would readily do it again; but I
have the epicure-like feeling that I would prefer a novelty in help; that
I would rather," and he looked at Richard and me, "develop generosity
in a new soil, and in a new form of flower."

"What do you think will be best, Miss Summerson?" said Richard,
aside.

I ventured to enquire generally, before replying, what would happen if
the money were not produced.

"Jail," said the strange man, coolly putting his handkerchief into his
hat, which was on the floor at his feet. "Or Coavinses."

"May I ask, sir, what is——"

"Coavinses?" said the strange man. "Aouse."

Richard and I looked at one another again. It was a most singular
thing that the arrest was our embarrassment, and not Mr. Skimpole's.
He observed us with a genial interest; but there seemed, if I may venture
on such a contradiction, nothing selfish in it. He had entirely washed
his hands of the difficulty, and it had become ours.

"I thought," he suggested, as if good-naturedly to help us out, "that,
being parties in a Chancery suit concerning (as people say) a large amount
of property, Mr. Richard, or his beautiful cousin, or both, could sign
something, or make over something, or give some sort of undertaking,
or pledge, or bond? I don't know what the business name of it may be,
but I suppose there is some instrument within their power that would
settle this?"

"Not a bit on it," said the strange man.

"Really?" returned Mr. Skimpole. "That seems odd, now, to one
who is no judge of these things!"

"Odd or even," said the stranger, gruffly, "I tell you, not a bit on it!"

"Keep your temper, my good fellow, keep your temper!" Mr. Skim-
pole gently reasoned with him, as he made a little drawing of his head on
the fly-leaf of a book. "Don't be ruffled by your occupation. We can
separate you from your office; we can separate the individual from the
pursuit. We are not so prejudiced as to suppose that in private life you
are otherwise than a very estimable man, with a great deal of poetry
in your nature, of which you may not be conscious."

The stranger only answered with another violent snort; whether in
acceptance of the poetry-tribute, or in disdainful rejection of it, he did not
express to me.

"Now, my dear Miss Summerson, and my dear Mr. Richard," said
Mr. Skimpole, gaily, innocently, and confidingly, as he looked at his drawing with his head on one side: "here you see me utterly incapable of helping myself, and entirely in your hands! I only ask to be free. The butterflies are free. Mankind will surely not deny to Harold Skimpole what it concedes to the butterflies!"

"My dear Miss Summerson," said Richard, in a whisper, "I have ten pounds that I received from Mr. Kenge. I must try what that will do."

I possessed fifteen pounds, odd shillings, which I had saved from my quarterly allowance during several years. I had always thought that some accident might happen which would throw me, suddenly, without any relation or any property, on the world; and had always tried to keep some little money by me, that I might not be quite penniless. I told Richard of my having this little store, and having no present need of it; and I asked him delicately to inform Mr. Skimpole, while I should be gone to fetch it, that we would have the pleasure of paying his debt.

When I came back, Mr. Skimpole kissed my hand, and seemed quite touched. Not on his own account (I was again aware of that perplexing and extraordinary contradiction), but on ours; as if personal considerations were impossible with him, and the contemplation of our happiness alone affected him. Richard, begging me, for the greater grace of the transaction, as he said, to settle with Coavinses (as Mr. Skimpole now jocularly called him), I counted out the money and received the necessary acknowledgment. This, too, delighted Mr. Skimpole.

His compliments were so delicately administered, that I blushed less than I might have done; and settled with the stranger in the white coat, without making any mistakes. He put the money in his pocket, and shortly said, "Well then, I'll wish you a good evening, miss."

"My friend," said Mr. Skimpole, standing with his back to the fire, after giving up the sketch when it was half finished, "I should like to ask you something, without offence."

I think the reply was, "Cut away, then!"

"Did you know this morning, now, that you were coming out on this errand?" said Mr. Skimpole.

"Know'd it yes'day aft'noon at tea time," said Coavinses.

"It didn't affect your appetite? Didn't make you at all uneasy?"

"Not a bit," said Coavinses. "I know'd if you was missed to-day, you wouldn't be missed to-morrow. A day makes no such odds."

"But when you came down here," proceeded Mr. Skimpole, "it was a fine day. The sun was shining, the wind was blowing, the lights and shadows were passing across the fields, the birds were singing."

"Nobody said they warn't, in my hearing," returned Coavinses.

"No," observed Mr. Skimpole. "But what did you think upon the road?"

"Wot do you mean?" growled Coavinses, with an appearance of strong resentment. "Think! I've got enough to do, and little enough to get for it, without thinking. Thinking!" (with profound contempt.)

"Then you didn't think, at all events," proceeded Mr. Skimpole, "to this effect. Harold Skimpole loves to see the sun shine; loves to hear the wind blow; loves to watch the changing lights and shadows; loves to hear the birds, those choristers in Nature's great cathedral. And
does it seem to me that I am about to deprive Harold Skimpole of his share in such possessions, which are his only birthright! You thought nothing to that effect?"

"I—certainly—did—not," said Coavises, whose doggedness in utterly renouncing the idea was of that intense kind, that he could only give adequate expression to it by putting a long interval between each word, and accompanying the last with a jerk that might have dislocated his neck.

"Very odd and very curious, the mental process is, in you men of business!" said Mr. Skimpole, thoughtfully. "Thank you, my friend, Good night."

As our absence had been long enough already to seem strange down stairs, I returned at once, and found Ada sitting at work by the fireside talking to her cousin John. Mr. Skimpole presently appeared, and Richard shortly after him. I was sufficiently engaged, during the remainder of the evening, in taking my first lesson in backgammon from Mr. Jarndyce, who was very fond of the game, and from whom I wished of course to learn it as quickly as I could, in order that I might be of the very small use of being able to play when he had no better adversary. But I thought, occasionally when Mr. Skimpole played some fragments of his own compositions; or when, both at the piano and the violoncello, and at our table, he preserved, with an absence of all effort, his delightful spirits and his easy flow of conversation; that Richard and I seemed to retain the transferred impression of having been arrested since dinner, and that it was very curious altogether.

It was late before we separated: for when Ada was going at eleven o'clock, Mr. Skimpole went to the piano, and rattled, hilariously, that the best of all ways, to lengthen our days, was to steal a few hours from Night, my dear! It was past twelve before he took his candle and his radiant face out of the room; and I think he might have kept us there, if he had seen fit, until daybreak. Ada and Richard were lingering for a few moments by the fire, wondering whether Mrs. Jellyby had yet finished her dictation for the day, when Mr. Jarndyce, who had been out of the room, returned.

"Oh, dear me, what's this, what's this!" he said, rubbing his head and walking about with his good-humoured vexation. "What's this, they tell me? Rick, my boy, Esther, my dear, what have you been doing? Why did you do it? How could you do it? How much aspice was it?—The wind's round again. I feel it all over me!"

We neither of us quite knew what to answer.

"Come, Rick, come! I must settle this before I sleep. How much are you out of pocket? You two made the money up, you know! Why did you? How could you?—O Lord, yes, it's due east—must be!"

"Really, sir," said Richard, "I don't think it would be honorable in me to tell you. Mr. Skimpole relied upon us—"

"Lord bless you, my dear boy! He relies upon everybody!" said Mr. Jarndyce, giving his head a great rub, and stopping short.

"Indeed, sir?"

"Everybody! And he'll be in the same scrape again, next week!" said Mr. Jarndyce, walking again at a great pace, with a candle in his hand that had gone out. "He's always in the same scrape. He was born in the same scrape. I verily believe that the announcement in the
newsapers when his mother was confined, was ‘On Tuesday last, at her residence in Botheration Buildings, Mrs. Skimpole of a son in difficulties.’

Richard laughed heartily, but added, ‘Still, sir, I don’t want to shake his confidence, or to break his confidence; and if I submit to your better knowledge again, that I ought to keep his secret, I hope you will consider before you press me any more. Of course, if you do press me, sir, I shall know I am wrong, and will tell you.’

‘Well!’ cried Mr. Jarndyce, stopping again, and making several absent endeavours to put his candlestick in his pocket. ‘I—here! Take it away, my dear. I don’t know what I am about with it; it’s all the wind—invariably has that effect—I won’t press you, Rick; you may be right. But, really—to get hold of you and Esther—and to squeeze you like a couple of tender young Saint Michael’s oranges!—It’ll blow a gale in the course of the night!’

He was now alternately putting his hands into his pockets, as if he were going to keep them there a long time; and taking them out again, and vehemently rubbing them all over his head.

I ventured to take this opportunity of hinting that Mr. Skimpole, being in all such matters, quite a child—

‘Eh, my dear?’ said Mr. Jarndyce, catching at the word.

‘—Being quite a child, sir,’ said I, ‘and so different from other people—’

‘You are right!’ said Mr. Jarndyce, brightening. ‘Your woman’s wit hits the mark. He is a child—an absolute child. I told you he was a child, you know, when I first mentioned him.’

Certainly! certainly! we said.

‘And he is a child. Now, isn’t he?’ asked Mr. Jarndyce, brightening more and more.

He was indeed, we said.

‘When you come to think of it, it’s the height of childishness in you—I mean me—’ said Mr. Jarndyce, ‘to regard him for a moment as a man. You can’t make him responsible. The idea of Harold Skimpole with designs or plans, or knowledge of consequences! Ha, ha, ha!’

It was so delicious to see the clouds about his bright face clearing, and to see him so heartily pleased, and to know, as it was impossible not to know, that the source of his pleasure was the goodness which was tortured by condemning, or mistrusting, or secretly accusing any one, that I saw the tears in Ada’s eyes while she echoed his laugh, and felt them in my own.

‘Why, what a cod’s head and shoulders I am,’ said Mr. Jarndyce, ‘to require reminding of it! The whole business shows the child from beginning to end. Nobody but a child would have thought of singling you two out for parties in the affair! Nobody but a child would have thought of your having the money! If it had been a thousand pounds, it would have been just the same!’ said Mr. Jarndyce, with his whole face in a glow.

We all confirmed it from our night’s experience.

‘To be sure, to be sure!’ said Mr. Jarndyce. ‘However, Rick, Esther, and you too, Ada, for I don’t know that even your little purse is safe from his inexperience—I must have a promise all round, that nothing of this sort shall ever be done any more. No advances! Not even sixpences.’
We all promised faithfully; Richard, with a merry glance at me, touching his pocket, as if to remind me that there was no danger of our transgressing:

"As to Skimpole," said Mr. Jarndyce, "a habitable doll's house, with good board, and a few tin people to get into debt with and borrow money of, would set the boy up in life. He is in a child's sleep by this time, I suppose; it's time I should take my craftier head to my more worldly pillow. Good night, my dears. God bless you!"

He peeped in again, with a smiling face, before we had lighted our candles, and said, "O! I have been looking at the weather-cock. I find it was a false alarm about the wind. It's in the south!" And went away, singing to himself.

Ada and I agreed, as we talked together for a little while upstairs, that this caprice about the wind was a fiction; and that he used the pretence to account for any disappointment he could not conceal, rather than he would blame the real cause of it, or disparage or depreciate any one. We thought this very characteristic of his eccentric gentleness; and of the difference between him and those petulant people who make the weather and the winds (particularly that unlucky wind which he had chosen for such a different purpose) the stalking-horses of their splenetic and gloomy humours.

Indeed, so much affection for him had been added in this one evening to my gratitude, that I hoped I already began to understand him through that mingled feeling. Any seeming inconsistencies in Mr. Skimpole, or in Mrs. Jellyby, I could not expect to be able to reconcile; having so little experience or practical knowledge. Neither did I try; for my thoughts were busy when I was alone, with Ada and Richard, and with the confidence I had seemed to receive concerning them. My fancy, made a little wild by the wind perhaps, would not consent to be all unselfish either, though I would have persuaded it to be so if I could. It wandered back to my godmother's house, and came along the intervening track, raising up shadowy speculations which had sometimes trembled there in the dark, as to what knowledge Mr. Jarndyce had of my earliest history—even as to the possibility of his being my father—though that idle dream was quite gone now.

It was all gone now, I remembered, getting up from the fire. It was not for me to muse over bygones, but to act with a cheerful spirit and a grateful heart. So I said to myself, "Esther, Esther, Esther! Duty, my dear!" and gave my little basket of housekeeping keys such a shake, that they sounded like little bells, and rang me hopefully to bed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GHOST'S WALK.

While Esther sleeps, and while Esther wakes, it is still wet weather down at the place in Lincolnshire. The rain is ever falling, drip, drip, drip, by day and night, upon the broad flagged terrace-pavement, The Ghost's Walk. The weather is so very bad, down in Lincolnshire, that
the liveliest imagination can scarcely apprehend its ever being fine again. Not that there is any superabundant life of imagination on the spot, for Sir Leicester is not here (and, truly, even if he were, would not do much for it in that particular), but is in Paris, with my Lady; and solitude, with dusky wings, sits brooding upon Chesney Wold.

There may be some motions of fancy among the lower animals at Chesney Wold. The horses in the stables—the long stables in a barren, red-brick courtyard, where there is a great bell in a turret, and a clock with a large face, which the pigeons who live near it, and who love to perch upon its shoulders, seem to be always consulting—they may contemplate some mental pictures of fine weather, on occasions, and may be better artists at them than the template perch with dusky wings, sits brooding upon Chesney Weld.

So, the mastiff, dozing in his kennel, in the courtyard, with his large head on his paws, may think of the hot sunshine, when the shadows of the stable-buildings tire his patience out by changing, and leave him, at one time of the day, no broader refuge than the shadow of his own house, where he sits on end, panting and growling short, and very much wanting something to worry, besides himself and his chain. So, now, half-waking and all-winking, he may recall the house full of company, the coach-houses full of vehicles, the stables full of horses, and the out-buildings full of attendants upon horses, until he is undecided about the present, and comes forth to see how it is. Then, with that impatient shake of himself, he may growl, in the spirit, "Rain, rain, rain! Nothing but rain,—and no family here!" as he goes in again, and lies down with a gloomy yawn.

So with the dogs in the kennel-buildings across the park, who have their restless fits, and whose doleful voices, when the wind has been very obstinate, have even made it known in the house itself: up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber. They may hunt the whole countryside, while the rain-drops are pattering round their inactivity. So the rabbits with their self-betraying tails, frisking in and out of holes at roots of trees, may be lively with ideas of the breezy days when their ears are blown about, or of those seasons of interest when there are sweet young plants to gnaw. The turkey in the poultry-yard, always troubled with a class-grievance (probably Christmas), may be reminiscent of that summer-morning wrongfully taken from him, when he got into the lane among the felled trees, where there was a barn and barley. The discontented goose, who stoops to pass under the old gateway, twenty feet
high, may gabble out, if we only knew it, a waddling preference for weather when the gateway casts its shadow on the ground.

Be this as it may, there is not much fancy otherwise stirring at Chesney Wold. If there be a little at any odd moment, it goes, like a little noise in that old echoing place, a long way, and usually leads off to ghosts and mystery.

It has rained so hard and rained so long, down in Lincolnshire, that Mrs. Rouncewell, the old housekeeper at Chesney Wold, has several times taken off her spectacles and cleaned them, to make certain that the drops were not upon the glasses. Mrs. Rouncewell might have been sufficiently assured by hearing the rain, but that she is rather deaf, which nothing will induce her to believe. She is a fine old lady, handsome, stately, wonderfully neat, and has such a back, and such a stomacher, that if her stays should turn out when she dies to have been a broad old-fashioned family fire-grate, nobody who knows her would have cause to be surprised. Weather affects Mrs. Rouncewell little. The house is there in all weathers, and the house, as she expresses it, "is what she looks at." She sits in her room (in a side passage on the ground floor, with an arched window commanding a smooth quadrangle, adorned at regular intervals with smooth round trees and smooth round blocks of stone, as if the trees were going to play at bowls with the stones), and the whole house reposes, on her mind. She can open it on occasion, and be busy and fluttered; but it is shut-up now, and lies on the breadth of Mrs. Rouncewell's iron-bound bosom, in a majestic sleep.

It is the next difficult thing to an impossibility to imagine Chesney Wold without Mrs. Rouncewell, but she has only been here fifty years. Ask her how long, this rainy day, and she shall answer "fifty year three months and a fortnight, by the blessing of Heaven, if I live till Tuesday." Mr. Rouncewell died some time before the decease of the pretty fashion of pig-tails, and modestly hid his own (if he took it with him) in a corner of the churchyard in the park, near the mouldy porch. He was born in the market town, and so was his young widow. Her progress in the family began in the time of the last Sir Leicester, and originated in the still-room.

The present representative of the Dedlocks is an excellent master. He supposes all his dependents to be utterly bereft of individual characters, intentions, or opinions, and is persuaded that he was born to supersede the necessity of their having any. If he were to make a discovery to the contrary, he would be simply stunned; would never recover himself, most likely, except to gasp and die. But he is an excellent master still, holding it a part of his state to be so. He has a great liking for Mrs. Rouncewell; he says she is a most respectable, creditable woman. He always shakes hands with her, when he comes down to Chesney Wold, and when he goes away; and if he were very ill, or if he were knocked down by accident, or run over, or placed in any situation expressive of a Dedlock at a disadvantage, he would say if he could speak, "Leave me, and send Mrs. Rouncewell here!" feeling his dignity, at such a pass, safer with her than with anybody else.

Mrs. Rouncewell has known trouble. She has had two sons, of whom the younger ran wild, and went for a soldier, and never came back. Even to this hour, Mrs. Rouncewell's calm hands lose their composure when she speaks of him, and unfolding themselves from her stomacher,
Shove about her in an agitated manner, as she says, what a likely lad, what a fine lad, what a gay, good-humoured, clever lad he was! Her second son would have been provided for at Chesney Wold, and would have been made steward in due season; but he took, when he was a schoolboy, to constructing steam-engines out of saucepans, and setting birds to draw their own water, with the least possible amount of labor; so assisting them with artful contrivance of hydraulic pressure, that a thirsty canary had only, in a literal sense, to put his shoulder to the wheel, and the job was done. This propensity gave Mrs. Rouncewell great uneasiness. She felt it, with a mother's anguish, to be a move in the Wat. Tyler direction: well knowing that Sir Leicester had that general impression of an aptitude for any art to which smoke and a tall chimney might be considered essential. But the doomed young rebel (otherwise a mild youth, and very persevering), showing no sign of grace as he got older; but, on the contrary, constructing a model of a power-loom, she was fain, with many tears, to mention his backslidings to the baronet.

"Mrs. Rouncewell," said Sir Leicester, "I can never consent to argue, as you know, with any one on any subject. You had better get rid of your boy; you had better get him into some Works. The iron country farther north is, I suppose, the congenial direction for a boy with these tendencies." Farther north he went, and farther north he grew up; and if Sir Leicester Dedlock ever saw him, when he came to Chesney Wold to visit his mother, or ever thought of him afterwards, it is certain that he only regarded him as one of a body of some odd thousand conspirators, swarthy and grim, who were in the habit of turning out by torchlight, two or three nights in the week, for unlawful purposes.

Nevertheless Mrs. Rouncewell's son has, in the course of nature and art, grown up, and established himself, and married, and called unto him Mrs. Rouncewell's grandson: who, being out of his apprenticeship, and home from a journey in far countries, whither he was sent to enlarge his knowledge and complete his preparation for the venture of this life, stands leaning against the chimney-piece this very day, in Mrs. Rouncewell's room at Chesney Wold.

"And, again and again, I am glad to see you, Watt! And, once again, I am glad to see you, Watt!" says Mrs. Rouncewell, "You are a fine young fellow. You are like your poor uncle George. Ah!" Mrs. Rouncewell's hands unquiet, as usual, on this reference.

"They say I am like my father, grandmother."

"Like him, also, my dear,—but most like your poor uncle George! And your dear father," Mrs. Rouncewell folds her hands again. "He is well?"

"Thriving, grandmother, in every way."

"I am thankful!" Mrs. Rouncewell is fond of her son, but has a plaintive feeling towards him—much as if he were a very honorable soldier, who had gone over to the enemy.

"He is quite happy?" says she.

"Quite."

"I am thankful! So, he has brought you up to follow in his ways, and has sent you into foreign countries and the like? Well, he knows best. There may be a world beyond Chesney Wold that I don't understand. Though I am not young, either. And I have seen a quantity of good company too!"
"Grandmother," says the young man, changing the subject, "what a very pretty girl that was, I found with you just now. You called her Rosa?"

"Yes, child. She is daughter of a widow in the village. Maids are so hard to teach, now-a-days, that I have put her about me young. She's an apt scholar, and will do well. She shews the house already, very pretty. She lives with me, at my table here."

"I hope I have not driven her away?"

"She supposes we have family affairs to speak about, I dare say. She is very modest. It is a fine quality in a young woman. And scarcer," says Mrs. Rouncewell, expanding her stomacher to its utmost limits, "than it formerly was!"

The young man inclines his head, in acknowledgment of the precepts of experience. Mrs. Rouncewell listens.

"Wheels!" says she. They have long been audible to the younger cars of her companion. "What wheels on such a day as this, for gracious sake?"

After a short interval, a tap at the door. "Come in!" A dark-eyed, dark-haired, shy, village beauty comes in—so fresh in her rosy and yet delicate bloom, that the drops of rain, which have beaten on her hair, look like upon a flower fresh-gathered.

"What company is this, Rosa?" says Mrs. Rouncewell.

"It's two young men in a gig, ma'am, who want to see the house—yes, and if you please, I told them so!" in quick reply to a gesture of dissent from the housekeeper. "I went to the hall door, and told them it was the wrong day, and the wrong hour; but the young man who was driving took off his hat in the wet, and begged me to bring this card to you."

"Read it, my dear Watt," says the housekeeper.

Rosa is so shy as she gives it to him, that they drop it between them, and almost knock their foreheads together as they pick it up. Rosa is shyer than before.

"Mr. Guppy!" is all the information the card yields.

"Guppy!" repeats Mrs. Rouncewell. "Mr. Guppy! Nonsense, I never heard of him!"

"If you please, he told me that!" says Rosa. "But he said that he and the other young gentleman came from London only last night by the mail, on business at the magistrates' meeting ten miles off, this morning; and that as their business was soon over, and they had heard a great deal said of Chesney Wold, and really didn't know what to do with themselves, they had come through the wet to see it. They are lawyers. He says he is not in Mr. Tulkinghorn's office, but is sure he may make use of Mr. Tulkinghorn's name, if necessary." Finding, now she leaves off, that she has been making quite a long speech, Rosa is shyer than ever.

Now, Mr. Tulkinghorn is, in a manner, part and parcel of the place; and, besides, is supposed to have made Mrs. Rouncewell's will. The old lady relaxes, consents to the admission of the visitors as a favor, and dismisses Rosa. The grandson, however, being smitten by a sudden wish to see the house himself, proposes to join the party. The grandmother, who is pleased that he should have that interest, accompanies him—though, to do him justice, he is exceedingly unwilling to trouble her.

"Much obliged to you, ma'am!" says Mr. Guppy, divesting himself of his wet dreadnought in the hall. "Us London lawyers don't often
get an out; and when we do, we like to make the most of it, you know.

The old housekeeper, with a gracious severity of deportment, waves her hand towards the great staircase. Mr. Guppy and his friend follow Rosa, Mrs. Rouncewell and her grandson follow them, a young gardener goes before to open the shutters.

As is usually the case with people who go over houses, Mr. Guppy and his friend are dead beat before they have well begun. They struggle about in wrong places, look at wrong things, don't care for the right things, gape when more rooms are opened, exhibit profound depression of spirits, and are clearly knocked up. In each successive chamber that they enter, Mrs. Rouncewell, who is as upright as the house itself, rests apart in a window seat, or other such nook, and listens with stately approval to Rosa's exposition. Her grandson is so attentive to it, that Rosa is shyer than ever—and prettier. Thus they pass on from room to room, raising the pictured Dedlocks for a few brief minutes as the young gardener admits the light, and reconsigning them to their graves as he shuts it out again. It appears to the afflicted Mr. Guppy and his inconsolable friend, that there is no end to the Dedlocks, whose family greatness seems to consist in their never having done anything to distinguish themselves, for seven hundred years.

Even the long drawing-room of Chesney Wold cannot revive Mr. Guppy's spirits. He is so low that he droops on the threshold, and has hardly strength of mind to enter. But a portrait over the chimney-piece, painted by the fashionable artist of the day, acts upon him like a charm. He recovers in a moment. He stares at it with uncommon interest; he seems to be fixed and fascinated by it.

"Dear me!" says Mr. Guppy. "Who's that?"

"The picture over the fire-place," says Rosa, "is the portrait of the present Lady Dedlock. It is considered a perfect likeness, and the best work of the master."

"Blest!" says Mr. Guppy, staring in a kind of dismay at his friend, "if I can ever have seen her. Yet I know her! Has the picture been engraved, miss?"

"The picture has never been engraved. Sir Leicester has always refused permission."

"Well!" says Mr. Guppy in a low voice. "I'll be shot if it ain't very curious how well I know that picture! So that's Lady Dedlock, is it!"

"The picture on the right is the present Sir Leicester Dedlock. The picture on the left is his father, the late Sir Leicester."

Mr. Guppy has no eyes for either of these magnates. "It's unaccountable to me," he says, still staring at the portrait, "how well I know that picture! I'm dashed!" adds Mr. Guppy, looking round, "if I don't think I must have had a dream of that picture, you know!"

As no one present takes any especial interest in Mr. Guppy's dreams, the probability is not pursued. But he still remains so absorbed by the portrait, that he stands immovable before it until the young gardener has closed the shutters; when he comes out of the room in a dazed state, that is an odd though a sufficient substitute for interest, and follows into the succeeding rooms with a confused stare, as if he were looking everywhere for Lady Dedlock again.

He sees no more of her. He sees her rooms, which are the last
shewn, as being very elegant, and he looks out of the windows from which she looked out, not long ago, upon the weather that bored her to death. All things have an end—even houses that people take infinite pains to see, and are tired of before they begin to see them. He has come to the end of the sight, and the fresh village beauty to the end of her description; which is always this:

"The terrace below is much admired. It is called, from an old story in the family, The Ghost’s Walk."

"No?" says Mr. Guppy, greedily curious; "what’s the story, miss? Is it anything about a picture?"

"Pray tell us the story," says Watt, in a half whisper.

"I don’t know it, sir." Rosa is shyer than ever.

"It is not related to visitors; it is almost forgotten," says the housekeeper, advancing. "It has never been more than a family anecdote."

"You’ll excuse my asking again if it has anything to do with a picture, ma’am," observes Mr. Guppy, "because I do assure you that the more I think of that picture the better I know it, without knowing how I know it!"

The story has nothing to do with a picture; the housekeeper can guarantee that. Mr. Guppy is obliged to her for the information; and is, moreover, generally obliged. He retires with his friend, guided down another staircase by the young gardener; and presently is heard to drive away. It is now dusk. Mrs. Rouncewell can trust to the discretion of her two young hearers, and may tell them how the terrace came to have that ghostly name. She seats herself in a large chair by the fast-darkening window, and tells them:

"In the wicked days, my dears, of King Charles the First—I mean, of course, in the wicked days of the rebels who leagued themselves against that excellent King—Sir Morbury Dedlock was the owner of Chesney Wold. Whether there was any account of a ghost in the family before those days, I can’t say. I should think it very likely indeed."

Mrs. Rouncewell holds this opinion, because she considers that a family of such antiquity and importance has a right to a ghost. She regards a ghost as one of the privileges of the upper classes; a genteel distinction to which the common people have no claim.

"Sir Morbury Dedlock," says Mrs. Rouncewell, "was, I have no occasion to say, on the side of the blessed martyr. But it is supposed that his lady, who had none of the family blood in her veins, favored the bad cause. It is said that she had relations among King Charles’s enemies; that she was in correspondence with them; and that she gave them information. When any of the country gentlemen who followed His Majesty’s cause met her, it is said that my Lady was always nearer to the door of their council-room than they supposed. Do you hear a sound like a footstep passing along the terrace, Watt?"

Rosa draws nearer to the housekeeper.

"I hear the rain-drip on the stones," replies the young man, "and I hear a curious echo—I suppose an echo—which is very like a halting step."

The housekeeper gravely nods and continues:

"Partly on account of this division between them, and partly on other accounts, Sir Morbury and his Lady led a troubled life. She was a lady of a haughty temper. They were not well suited to each other in age or
character, and they had no children to moderate between them. After her favorite brother, a young gentleman, was killed in the civil wars (by Sir Morbury's near kinsman), her feeling was so violent that she hated the race into which she had married. When the Dedlocks were about to ride out from Chesney Wold in the King's cause, she is supposed to have more than once stolen down into the stables in the dead of night, and lamed their horses; and the story is, that once, at such an hour, her husband saw her gliding down the stairs, and followed her into the stall where his own favorite horse stood. There he seized her by the wrist; and in a struggle or in a fall, or through the horse being frightened and lashing out, she was lamed in the hip, and from that hour began to pine away."

The housekeeper has dropped her voice to little more than a whisper.

"She had been a lady of a handsome figure and a noble carriage. She never complained of the change; she never spoke to any one of being crippled, or of being in pain; but, day by day, she tried to walk upon the terrace; and, with the help of a stick, and with the help of the stone balustrade, went up and down, up and down, up and down, in sun and shadow, with greater difficulty every day. At last, one afternoon, her husband (to whom she had never, on any persuasion, opened her lips since that night), standing at the great south window, saw her drop upon the pavement. He hastened down to raise her, but she repulsed him as he bent over her, and looking at him fixedly and coldly, said 'I will die here, where I have walked. And I will walk here, though I am in my grave. I will walk here, until the pride of this house is humbled. And when calamity, or when disgrace is coming to it, let the Dedlocks listen for my step!'"

Watt looks at Rosa. Rosa in the deepening gloom looks down upon the ground, half frightened, and half shy.

"There and then she died. And from those days," says Mrs. Rouncewell, "the name has come down—The Ghost's Walk. If the tread is an echo, it is an echo that is only heard after dark, and is often unheard for a long while together. But it comes back, from time to time; and so sure as there is sickness or death in the family, it will be heard then."

"—And disgrace, grandmother—" says Watt.

"Disgrace never comes to Chesney Wold," returns the housekeeper.

"Her grandson apologises, with "True. True.""

"That is the story. Whatever the sound is, it is a worrying sound," says Mrs. Rouncewell, getting up from her chair, "and what is to be noticed in it, is, that it must be heard. My lady, who is afraid of nothing, admits that when it is there, it must be heard. You cannot shut it out. Watt, there is a tall French clock behind you (placed there, 'a purpose') that has a loud beat when it is in motion, and can play music. You understand how those things are managed?"

"Pretty well, grandmother, I think."

"Set it a going."

Watt sets it a going—music and all.

"Now, come hither," says the housekeeper. "Hither, child, towards my lady's pillow. I am not sure that it is dark enough yet, but listen! Can you hear the sound upon the terrace, through the music, and the beat, and everything?"

"I certainly can!"

"So my lady says."
WEBSTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY UNABRIDGED.

In a large Quarto Volume of 1452 pages,

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE ENTIRE WORK UNABRIDGED.

Containing all the matter of Dr. Webster's Original Work, his Improvements up to the time of his death, and now thoroughly revised, and greatly enlarged and improved,

BY PROFESSOR GOODRICH, OF YALE COLLEGE,

WITH

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARIES OF SCRIPTURAL, CLASSICAL, AND GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

"In its Definitions—the object for which nine-tenths of our references to such a work are made—it stands without a rival in the annals of English lexicography."

Price 31s. 6d. neatly bound in cloth.

"ALL YOUNG PERSONS SHOULD HAVE A STANDARD DICTIONARY AT THEIR ELBOW; AND WHILE YOU ARE ABOUT IT, GET THE BEST: THAT DICTIONARY IS NOAH WEBSTER'S, THE GREAT WORK UNABRIDGED. IF YOU ARE TOO POOR, SAVE THE AMOUNT FROM OFF YOUR BACK, TO PUT IT INTO YOUR HEAD."

The Publisher of this new and complete edition of Webster's Dictionary founds its claim to general patronage on the following grounds:

I. It contains the results of the labours of its distinguished author, who devoted himself to the preparation of the original edition for thirty-five years, and expended much of the twelve years following in revising and improving it for a second edition.

II. To the labour of the author has been added that of Professor Goodrich, for nearly three years, assisted by several gentlemen distinguished in literature and the sciences.

III. All the results of the study of the author, as published in the Original Edition in Quarto, and the Revised Edition in Royal Octavo, together with the services of Dr. Goodrich, are now given to the public in one of the cheapest and most beautiful volumes ever issued from the press.

IV. In the exhibition of the Etymology of the language, it is superior to any other Dictionary. There may be a difference of opinion in regard to the correctness of the views of the author as to particular words, yet as exhibiting the roots of the great body of English words, it is an invaluable and indispensible treasury of knowledge. The exhibition of kindred words in other languages, is a most valuable accompaniment.
V. The Definitions are given by a precise and full description, and not by a loose collection of terms more or less synonymous. They exhibit, also, the history of the word, as it has passed from its primary and original to its secondary and derived significance. The signification is illustrated, and the use justified, by ample quotations from the best authors. In respect to words of technical and peculiar use, the definitions have not been hastily assumed from professed authorities, but have been carefully scrutinised, and in very many instances, have been furnished directly by gentlemen of the highest authority in particular departments of knowledge.

VI. The vocabulary has been judiciously enlarged by the addition of all the words in actual use, that are properly English. A sufficient number of provincial and obsolete terms has been added, while yet it is not encumbered nor deformed by those which ought not to be admitted into a Dictionary that professes to be a standard of good English.

VII. In Orthography, the changes proposed by Dr. Webster, which have not been sanctioned by general adoption, and which seem to be too violent departures from the general spelling, have been judiciously omitted, while real and important improvements have been wisely retained.

VIII. In Pronunciation, the scheme of notation is simple, and in cases which demand it, the words are respelled. The aim has been to give the actual pronunciation, as practised by the educated classes, avoiding the artificial and affected. The whole subject has been elaborated by Professor Goodrich, whose professional duty it has been to train public speakers for thirty years.

IX. The Table of Scriptural Names has been carefully revised. The Classical Table has received large additions, and has been revised and corrected in some important particulars in which the Table of Walker is deficient and erroneous.

X. The List of Geographical Names is the most extensive ever given in any English Dictionary, comprising, as it does, 12,000 to 13,000 names. The pronunciation, as given by respelling the names with figured vowels, is also indicated. By means of the table, the most important names, especially those of the continent of Europe, can be correctly pronounced.

TESTIMONIALS.

"We can have no hesitation in giving it as our opinion, that this is the most elaborate and successful undertaking of the kind which has ever appeared."—Times.

"The veteran Webster's work is the best and most useful Dictionary of the English Language ever published. Every page attests the learning and talents, the sound judgment and nice discrimination, the great industry, profound research, and surprising perseverance of the author. It is a very manifest improvement on Todd's Johnson, and contains many thousand more words than that or any other English Dictionary hitherto published."—Examiner.

"This volume must find its way into all our public and good private libraries, for it provides the English student with a mass of the most valuable information, which he would in vain seek for elsewhere."—Literary Gazette.

"I have been in the habit of using Dr. Webster's Dictionary for several years past, in preference to all others, because it far exceeds them all, so far as I know, in giving and defining scientific terms."—Pres. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, author of "The Religion of Geology."
Webster's Quarto Dictionary Unabridged.

In point of mechanical execution the volume "would do credit to the most celebrated establishments of Europe."

Author of "The History of England."

"Every scholar knows the value of a work, which, in addition to its etymological learning, has done so much to enlarge our acquaintance with the English vocabulary, both by the number of its words and the accuracy and extent of its definitions."

Author of "History of the Conquest of Peru," &c.

"I find it an invaluable vade mecum."

Author of "The Sketch-Book."

"This great work is, undoubtedly, the most complete Dictionary of the English language that has ever been published, and ages will elapse before any other dictionary of that language will be required. The introductory matter, on the origin and progress of language, etymology, the changes of the English language, and other topics, contains an immense mass of useful information, which must have cost the author a very great degree of labour and research. The pronunciation of Scriptural, Classical, and Geographical names, forms a most valuable appendix to the Dictionary, and cannot be too highly appreciated."

Author of "The Christian Philosopher."

"The Etymological part surpasses anything that has been done for the English language."

Author of "History of the American Revolution."

"So far as I know, there is a unanimity of opinion that Mr. Webster's is the best defining Dictionary in the English language. Whoever may choose to purchase the Dictionary of other Lexicographers, I should earnestly advise to purchase Mr. Webster's also; and I assure you it will give me pleasure, as far as I have the opportunity and ability, to recommend to all students, and especially all those who are mainly dependent on self-culture or self-education, to keep a copy of this work by their side as a hand-book."

Secretary of the U.S. Board of Education.
It is acknowledged, both in this country and in America, to be the most copious and most excellent at present in circulation. Dr. Webster spent thirty years on his Dictionary, ten of which were devoted to the etymological department alone; and he has accordingly thrown much additional light on the origin and primary sense of words, and on the affinities between the English and many other languages."—Editor of the "London Imperial Dictionary."

"We recommend it to all who desire to possess the most complete, accurate, and reliable Dictionary of the language."

David Webster
Lews F. B. Benton
And thirty other members of the United States Senate.

Millard Fillmore
President of the United States.

Extract of a Letter addressed to a Teachers' Institute, by William Russell, Principal of the Merrimack (N.H.) School for Teachers, and formerly Editor of the "American Journal of Education."

"The edition of Dr. Webster's Dictionary, revised by Professor Goodrich, I would earnestly recommend to the attention of all teachers who are desirous of becoming fully qualified to give instruction in the English language. The copious information which that work embodies on all topics connected with Etymology,—the extreme exactness, as well as the number, extent, and fulness of the definitions which it furnishes to every important word, render it a mine of philological wealth to instructors. The volume is, in fact, the teacher's encyclopedia, as well as lexicon, for daily reference. Could a copy of it be provided, as the permanent property of every district school, the effect, as regards the improvement of instruction, would be deeply and extensively felt, in the increased skill of the teacher, and the higher attainments of his pupils, in the most important part of education—the acquisition of an adequate knowledge and proper use of our own language."

In a recent conversation with an intelligent American traveller, remarked of this work,—"It has come to be a necessity to every educated man."

Of this great Work upwards of Ten Thousand Copies have been sold in America during the last five years.

DAVID BOGUE, 86 FLEET STREET.
ILLUSTRATED BOOKS,
IN RICH BINDINGS FOR PRESENTS, THE LIBRARY, &c.

Christmas with the Poets:

Longfellow's Poetical Works, Illustrated.
Including "Evangeline," "Voices of the Night," "Seaside and Fireside," and other Poems; beautifully illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER, JANE BENHAM, and JOHN GILBERT. Crown 8vo. 21s. cloth; 30s. morocco.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Illustrated.
Profusely illustrated by WILLIAM HARVEY; with Life of Bunyan, written expressly for this edition, by the Rev. GEORGE CHEEVER, D.D. Crown 8vo. 12s. cloth; 17s. morocco; large paper, 42s. cloth; 60s. morocco.

Milton's Poetical Works, Illustrated.
Paradise Lost and Regained, Comus, Samson Agonistes, L'Allegro, &c.; with Essay on Milton's Life and Writings, by JAMES MONTGOMERY; illustrated with 120 Engravings, by THOMPSON, WILLIAMS, ORRIN SMITH, &c., from Drawings by WILLIAM HARVEY. Two volumes, crown 8vo. 24s. cloth; 34s. morocco.

Cowper's Poetical Works, Illustrated.
With Life and Critical Remarks, by the Rev. THOMAS DARE; and 75 fine Engravings, by J. ORRIN SMITH, from Drawings by J. GILBERT. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 24s. cloth; 34s. morocco.

"The handsomest of the editions of Cowper."—Spectator.

Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence.
With Life and Critical Remarks, by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM; and 48 Illustrations, by SAMUEL WILLIAMS. 12s. cloth; 17s. morocco.

Beattie and Collins' Poetical Works.
With an Essay on their Lives and Writings; and Illustrations, engraved by S. WILLIAMS, &c. from Drawings by JOHN ABSOLON. Crown 8vo. cloth, 12s. morocco, 17s.

The Romance of Nature;
or, the Flower Seasons Illustrated. By L. A. TWAMLEY. With 27 coloured Plates. Third Edition. 31s. 6d. morocco.

Our Wild Flowers:

Flora's Gems.
Twelve splendid Groups of Flowers, drawn and coloured by JAMES ANDREWS; with Poetical Illustrations, by L. A. TWAMLEY. Imperial 4to. 21s. handsomely bound.
Published by David Bogue, Fleet Street.

TABLE BOOKS

FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM, THE BOUDOIR, &c.

The Heroines of Shakspeare.

Forty-five Portraits of the principal Female Characters. Engraved under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, from Drawings by the best Artists. Imperial 8vo. handsomely bound in morocco, 42s.; coloured Plates, 3l. 13s. 6d.; proofs, imperial folio, 3l. 13s. 6d.; India proofs, 5l. 5s.

The Gallery of Byron Beauties.

Portraits of the Heroines of Lord Byron's Poems, from Drawings by the most eminent Artists. Super-royal 8vo. morocco, 3l. 6d.; highly coloured, 3l.

Heath's Waverley Gallery.

Portraits of the principal Female Characters in the Writings of Scott. 36 highly-finished Plates, super-royal 8vo. splendidly bound in morocco, 3l. 6d.; with coloured plates, 3l.

Gallery of the Graces;
or, Beauties of British Poets. 36 beautiful Female Heads, by Landseer, Boxall, F. Stone, &c., illustrating Tennyson, Campbell, Rogers, Landon, &c. Super-royal 8vo. 3l. 6d. morocco; with coloured Plates, 3l.

The Landscape-Painters of England.

Sketches after English Landscape Painters: Twenty Etchings of their most esteemed and characteristic works, by Louis Marvy, with short Notices by W. M. Thackeray. Folio, 3l. 6d.; coloured, 5s. 6d.

The Bible Gallery.

Eighteen Portraits of the Women mentioned in Scripture, beautifully engraved from Original Drawings, with letterpress Descriptions. Imp. 8vo. handsomely bound, 2l. 1s.; with Plates, beautifully coloured, 42s.

The Women of the Bible.

Eighteen Portraits, with letterpress Descriptions (forming a Second Series of The Bible Gallery). Handsomely bound, 2l. 1s.; coloured, 42s.

The Christian Graces in the Olden Time.

A Series of Female Portraits, beautifully engraved by the best Artists, with Poetical Illustrations, by Henry Stebbing, D.D. Imperial 8vo. 3l. 6d. richly bound and gilt; 42s. coloured.

Sketches at Home and Abroad.

By J. D. Harding. Sixty Views of the most interesting Scenes, Foreign and Domestic, printed in Tints, in exact imitation of the Original Drawings. Imperial folio, half-morocco, 6l. 6s.

"A treasure-house of delight. Here northern Italy yields up its architectural glories and its lake scenery—Venice its palaces—the Tyrol its romantic valleys and villages—the Rhenish cities their picturesque beauty—and France and England their greenest spots of remembrance."

—Atheneum.

Martin's Illustrations of the Bible;

Consisting of Twenty large and magnificent Plates, designed and engraved by John Martin, Author of "Belshazzar's Feast," &c. In a large folio volume, cloth. Originally published at 10l. 10s.; reduced to 2l. 2s.
An Analysis of Gothick Architecture.
Illustrated by a series of upwards of 700 Examples of Doorways, Windows, &c.; accompanied with Remarks on the several Details of an Ecclesiastical Edifice. By R. and J. A. Brandon, Architects. 2 large vols. royal 4to. 5l. 5s.

The Open Timber Roofs of the Middle Ages.
Illustrated by Perspective and Working Drawings of some of the best varieties of Church Roofs; with Descriptive Letterpress. By R. and J. A. Brandon. Royal 4to. uniform with the above, 3l. 3s.

Parish Churches;
being Perspective Views of English Ecclesiastical Structures; accompanied by Plans drawn to a Uniform Scale, and Letterpress Descriptions. By R. and J. A. Brandon. 2 vols. large 8vo. containing 160 Plates, 2l. 2s.

Winkles’s English Cathedrals.
ARCHITECTURAL AND PICTURESQUE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND AND WALES. New Edition, with the MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL. 186 Plates, beautifully engraved by B. Winkles; with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the various Cathedrals. In 3 handsome vols. imperial 8vo. cloth, 2l. 8s.; royal 4to. India proofs (very few left), 6l. 6s.

* * * The Third Volume, comprising Lichfield, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Durham, Carlisle, Chester, Ripon, Manchester, and the Welsh Cathedrals, may still be had separately, to complete sets, price 24s. in 8vo.; 48s. 4to.

Glossary of Architecture,
Explanatory of the Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture, exemplified by many Hundred Woodcuts. Fifth Edition, much enlarged. 3 vols. 8vo. 48s.

Bloxam’s Gothic Architecture.

Stuart’s Antiquities of Athens,
and other Monuments of Greece. With 70 Plates, accurately reduced from the great work of Stuart and Revett; and a Chronological Table, forming a valuable introduction to the study of Grecian Architecture. 10s. 6d. cloth.

Domestic Architecture.
Illustrations of the Ancient Domestic Architecture of England, from the X1th to the XVI1th Century. Arranged by John Britton, F.S.A. With an Historical and Descriptive Essay. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. cloth.

Wild’s English Cathedrals.
Twelve Select Examples from the Cathedrals of England of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages. Beautifully coloured after the original Drawings. By Charles Wild. Mounted on tinted cardboard, 6l. 6s. the set.
Practical Works on Drawing and Painting.

BY JOHN BURNET, J. D. HARDING, &c.

Landscape Painting in Oil Colours
Explain, in Letters on the Theory and Practice of the Art. Illustrated by
14 Plates of Examples from the several Schools. By JOHN BURNET, F.R.S.,
Author of "Practical Hints on Painting." 4to. 21s. cloth.

Practical Hints on Portrait Painting.
Illustrated by Examples from the Works of the best Masters. By JOHN
BURNET. Demy 4to. 21s.

Practical Essays on the Fine Arts.
With a Critical Examination into the Principles and Practice of the late
Sir David Wilkie. By JOHN BURNET. Post 8vo. 6s.

Lessons on Art: a Complete Course of Instruction,
with Examples for Practice. By J. D. HARDING. 4to. 25s. cloth; or in
separate Numbers, 21s.
"*" This Work is dedicated to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by
special permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

Elementary Art; or, the Use of the Lead Pencil
advocated and explained. By J. D. HARDING. With numerous Plates.
Third Edition, imperial 4to. 42s.

Lessons on Trees, in Progressive Examples,
with Practical Instructions by J. D. HARDING. Imperial 4to. 25s. cloth; or in
separate Numbers, 21s.

Harry Wilson on Water-Colours.
A Practical Treatise on Composition, Light and Shade, and Colour. Illus-

The Elements of Art:
A Manual for the Amateur, and Basis of Study for the Professional Artist.
By J. G. CHAPMAN. Many Woodcuts. 4to. 10s. 6d.

The Art of Painting Restored
to its simplest and surest principles. By L. Hundertzfund. 24 coloured
Plates. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

The English School of Painting:
A Series of Engravings of the most admired Works in Painting and Sculpture
executed by British Artists, from the days of Hogarth: with Descriptive
Notices. 4 volumes, containing nearly 300 Plates, neatly bound, with
gilt tops. Originally published at 3l. 12s.; reduced to 28s.

Museum of Painting and Sculpture:
A Collection of the principal Pictures, Statues, and Bas-Reliefs in the Public
and Private Galleries of Europe. Drawn and engraved by Reveil. With
Critical and Historical Notices. This splendid work, which contains Engra-
vings of all the chief works in the Italian, German, Dutch, French, and
English Schools, includes 1200 Plates, and is an indispensable rude-mecum to
the Artist or Collector. In 17 handsome vols. small 8vo. neatly bound,
with gilt tops. Originally published at 17l. 17s.; reduced to 4l. 14s. 6d.

The Cartoons of Raffaello,
from Hampton Court Palace. Engraved by JOHN BURNET. With Descriptive
Letterpress and Critical Remarks. 7 large Plates (24 inches by 34). In
wrapper, 31s. 6d.; or coloured, 63s.

Published by David Bogue, Fleet Street, London.
Just Published,

In Two Volumes, Demy Octavo, Price 25s.

THE LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.

WITH A

SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

By LORD COCKBURN.

In One Volume, 8vo, with upwards of 1000 Illustrations, Price 10s. 6d.

PART FIRST OF

ELEMENTS OF STRUCTURAL BOTANY.

By J. H. BALFOUR, M.D., F.R.S.E.,

PROFESSOR OF BOTANY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

On 1st May,

With Frontispieces and Vignettes, Designed and Engraved by the Most Eminent Artists, Vol. I. of

A New Library Edition, uniform with the Standard English Authors, of

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

To be completed in Twenty-five Monthly Volumes, demy 8vo, price 9s. each.

ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, EDINBURGH.
ADAM & CHARLES BLACK'S LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE LIBRARY EDITION

OF THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

No Works of imagination of the same extent have ever been received with so great favour as the Waverley Novels.

Since their first publication not fewer than a Hundred and Twenty Thousand Copies have been sold in this country, and at least as many in the United States. These have been published in a great variety of modes to suit the taste of the public; but there has been long wanted an Edition in the octavo form, to range with the Standard English Authors, combining the advantages of a large type and portable size.
This desideratum it is proposed to supply by means of a Series, to be denominated the

**LIBRARY EDITION,**

which will consist of **TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES**, demy 8vo, to be published Monthly, commencing on 1st May next. The printing, however, will proceed more rapidly, so that those who desire to complete their Sets before the termination of the periodical issue, will have an opportunity of doing so a considerable time before the *regular* publication of the last volume.

The work will be printed on the type of which a specimen is subjoined. Each volume will contain a complete Novel or Novels, illustrated with a Frontispiece and Vignette, painted and engraved by the most eminent artists of the day.

**THE LIBRARY EDITION will contain all the latest corrections of the Author, with some curious additions, especially in Guy MANNERING and the BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.**

The price will be Nine Shillings each Volume, handsomely done up in cloth.
About the same time the orphan girl received a letter from Mrs. Bertram, the relation to whom she had written, as cold and comfortless as could well be imagined. It enclosed, indeed, a small sum of money, but strongly recommended economy, and that Miss Bertram should board herself in some quiet family, either at Kippletringan, or in the neighbourhood, assuring her, that though her own income was very scanty, she would not see her kinswoman want. Miss Bertram shed some natural tears over this cold-hearted epistle; for in her mother’s time, this good lady had been a guest at Ellangowan for nearly three years, and it was only upon succeeding to a property of about £400 a-year that she had taken farewell of that hospitable mansion, which otherwise might have had the honour of sheltering her until the death of its owner. Lucy was strongly inclined to return the paltry donation, which, after some struggles with avarice, pride had extorted from the old lady. But, on consideration, she contented herself with writing, that she accepted it as a loan, which she hoped in a short time to repay, and consulted her relative upon the invitation she had received from Colonel and Miss Mannering. This time the answer came in course of post, so fearful was Mrs. Bertram that some frivolous delicacy, or nonsense, as she termed it, might induce her cousin to reject such a promising offer, and thereby at the same time to leave herself still a burden upon her relations. Lucy, therefore, had no alternative, unless she preferred continuing a burden upon the worthy Mac-Morlans, who were too liberal to be rich. Those kinsfolk, who formerly requested the favour of her company, had of late, either silently, or with expressions of resentment that she should have preferred Mac-Morlan’s invitation to theirs, gradually withdrawn their notice.

The fate of Dominic Sampson would have been deplorable had it depended upon any one except Mannering, who was an admirer of originality; for a separation from Lucy Bertram would have certainly broken his heart. Mac-Morlan had given a full account of his proceedings towards the daughter of his patron. The answer was a request from Mannering to know, whether the Dominic still possessed that admirable virtue of
Preparing for Publication, in 21 Volumes, 4to,

With upwards of Five Hundred Engravings on Steel, and many Thousands on Wood,

A NEW EDITION OF THE

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA,

EDITED BY THOMAS STEWART TRAILL, M.D., F.R.S.E.,

PROFESSOR OF MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

This great Repertory of Human Knowledge has continued since the year 1771 progressively to accumulate, in Seven successive Editions, the ever-increasing treasures of Science and Literature. The Edition of 1771 was published in Three volumes, 4to; that of 1778 reached Ten volumes, and that of 1797 Eighteen volumes; to which was added, in 1801, the Supplement, in Two volumes, by Bishop Gleig. In 1810, the work appeared in Twenty volumes, followed by other Two Editions of the same size during the succeeding ten years. To these was added the celebrated Supplement, in Six volumes, edited by Professor Napier, commenced in 1815 and completed in 1824.

The Seventh Edition, completed in 1842, preserved within its contents whatever enriched the pages of former Editions and their Supplements. Most extensive improvements were also introduced into its plan, and amongst its Contributors were included a large number of writers second to none in talents and reputation.
The sale of 35,000 copies, not during an excitement raised by a factitious reputation, but steadily extending throughout Seven Editions, and over a period of Eighty Years, in which the work was tested and approved by the most accomplished and scientific readers, remains an irrefragable proof of the unquestionable merit of this great National Work.

The EIGHTH EDITION is now preparing for publication. To accomplish this in a manner worthy of the reputation of the work, and to advance its actual value, demands most extensive revision and correction. Articles rendered imperfect by the lapse of time will be submitted for improvement to writers intimately conversant with the respective subjects, while other Articles will be superseded by entirely New Contributions, from Authors not hitherto embraced in the List of Contributors to its pages.

To secure regularity of publication, it is intended to advance the work at press a considerable time before the First Part is issued. The Proprietors propose to commence the publication in Monthly Parts towards the close of 1852, issuing four volumes in the year. For the punctual appearance of the successive volumes of the EIGHTH Edition, the Publishers refer to the regularity maintained in the SEVENTH.

Besides the very eminent writers who have already contributed to the stores of this work, the Editor has secured the aid of other distinguished authors, by whose co-operation they trust the forthcoming edition will not only maintain but advance the reputation of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

For a limited time the Publishers will take the SEVENTH in exchange for the New Edition, to be supplied as published, on receiving FIVE POUNDS with each copy of the Book.
ADAM & CHARLES BLACK’S LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

BLACK’S GENERAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD.
A New Edition (1851), Revised and Corrected throughout, embracing all the latest discoveries obtained from Government Surveys, Books of Recent Travel, and other sources, and containing a General Index of upwards of 59,000 Names. Price £2, 16s.

BLACK’S MODERN SCHOOL ATLAS.
By W. HUGHES, F.R.G.S. 8vo, (the Maps of Royal Quarto size,) 10s. 6d.

THE BOTANICAL CLASS-BOOK;
Being an Introduction to Structural and Morphological Botany.
By Professor BALFOUR, of the University of Edinburgh. Demy 8vo, with upwards of One Thousand Illustrations. Part I. Nearly ready.

WALLACE; OR, THE DAYS OF SCOTLAND’S THRALLDOM:
A ROMANCE  Two Volumes, Post 8vo, price 18s.

VIEWS OF CANADA AND THE COLONISTS.
By JAMES B. BROWN. Second Edition, Foolscap 8vo, Cloth, 4s. 6d.

THE HISTORY OF PALESTINE.
By Dr. KITTO. A New Illustrated Edition, Small 8vo, Cloth, 6s.

THE POOR-LAW MANUAL FOR SCOTLAND.
By ALEXANDER M’NEEL CAIRD, Esq. A New Edition, (the Sixth,) Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MRS. DALGAIRNS’ DOMESTIC COOKERY.

THE BREEDING AND ECONOMY OF LIVE STOCK.
By JAMES DICKSON. Second Edition. Foolscap, 3s. 6d.

BREWING AND DISTILLATION.
By Professor THOMSON, of the University of Glasgow. Post 8vo, 6s.

THE FRUIT, FLOWER, AND KITCHEN GARDEN;
By PATRICK NEILL, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Secretary to the Caledonian Horticultural Society. New Edition, 12mo, with upwards of Sixty Woodcuts, 3s. 6d.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.
By ALLAN RAMSAY. New Illustrated Edition, 16mo, 2s. 6d.
ADAM & CHARLES BLACK'S LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE,
By Dr. KITTO. With 554 Engravings on Wood, Maps, Views, &c. Two Vols. Royal 8vo, £3.

A POPULAR CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE.
By Dr. KITTO. Illustrated by 336 Engravings on Wood, 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

TRAVELS THROUGH THE ALPS OF SAVOY.
By Professor FORBES, of the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition, Royal 8vo, 28s.

THE POETRY AND POETS OF BRITAIN,
From CHAUCER to TENNYSON. By DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR. Post 8vo, 6s.

BLACK'S PICTURESQUE TOURIST OF SCOTLAND.
Ninth Edition, 1851. In a portable Volume, 8s. 6d.

GUIDE TO THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.
By GEORGE and PETER ANDERSON of Inverness. Third Edition, 1851. Fcp. 10s. 6d.

BLACK'S ECONOMICAL TOURIST OF SCOTLAND.
Sixth Edition, 1851. Foolscap, 3s. 6d.

BLACK'S ECONOMICAL GUIDE THROUGH EDINBURGH.
Seventh Edition, 1851. Foolscap, 2s. 6d.

BLACK'S PICTURESQUE TOURIST OF ENGLAND.
Second Edition, 1851. Foolscap, 10s. 6d.

BLACK'S PICTURESQUE GUIDE THROUGH WALES.
1851 Edition. Foolscap, 5s.

BLACK'S PICTURESQUE GUIDE TO THE ENGLISH LAKES.

BLACK'S TRAVELLING MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES.
In neat Portable Case, price 4s. 6d.

** Smaller Maps of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, in Pocket Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

BLACK'S TOURIST'S & SPORTSMAN'S COMPANION TO THE COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND.
In a Portable Volume, strongly bound in leather, 10s. 6d.
WATERLOW & SONS,
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS,
Printers, Lithographers, and Engravers, &c.,
65 to 68, and Carpenters’ Hall, LONDON WALL,
49, Parliament Street, & 24, Birchin Lane,
LONDON.

ENVELOPES.

PRICES FOR ENVELOPES ADHESIVE AND STAMPED WITH INITIALS AND COMMERCIAL DEVICES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>QUALITY</th>
<th>Per 100</th>
<th>Per 1000</th>
<th>Per 1000 for 5000</th>
<th>Per 1000 for 10,000</th>
<th>Per 1000 for 20,000</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Commercial</td>
<td>0 6</td>
<td>4 6</td>
<td>4 4</td>
<td>4 2</td>
<td>4 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine Cream Laid</td>
<td>0 9</td>
<td>8 0</td>
<td>5 9</td>
<td>5 6</td>
<td>5 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thick Cream Laid</td>
<td>1 0</td>
<td>8 6</td>
<td>8 2</td>
<td>7 8</td>
<td>7 2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PAPER, ACCOUNT BOOKS, COPYING PRESSES, LITHOGRAPhIC PRESSES AND MATERIALS, NUMBERING MACHINES, STAMPING PRESSES, THE PATENT AUTOGRAPHIC PRESS, AND GENERAL STATIONERY FOR EXPORTATION, AT THE LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
## Stone's Patent Paper

**For Protection Against Forgery.**

WATERLOW AND SONS, 65 to 68, AND CARPENTERS' HALL, LONDON WALL, LONDON, ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS

Bankers' Notes, Cheques, Drafts, Letters of Credit, &c., have the honour to introduce to the notice of Managers of Private and Joint Stock Banks this entirely new and valuable paper for Cheques, Letters of Credit, &c., and for which Letters Patent have recently been granted. On the application of chemicals for discharging writing ink, this paper becomes so discoloured that the attempt at alteration is detected.

This paper can be made in any colour, and be printed upon with black or coloured ink; but the additional expense of coloured papers, vegetable inks, and complicated engraving, may be saved, as white paper, printed with black ink, is as effectual as coloured papers or vegetable inks.

**WATERLOW & SONS** beg to submit the following prices for Cheques and Letters of Credit upon **stone's patent paper**, including all charges for Engraving, &c.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cheques, in black ink, per ream of 4,800</td>
<td>£2 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, in colour</td>
<td>£3 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Binding in slip books, ld. each.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Credit Letters, per 1000, in black ink, 4 sheets</td>
<td>£1 7 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, ditto, fly ditto</td>
<td>£1 15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, ditto, in colour, 4 sheets</td>
<td>£1 15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, ditto, fly ditto</td>
<td>£2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, ditto, lithographed</td>
<td>£1 4 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Specimens and Designs sent free to all parts of the Kingdom.

### ACCOUNT BOOKS

**For Bankers and Merchants,** warranted of the very best materials, and finished by the most experienced workmen.

These Account Books are manufactured of first-class paper, bound with **Patent Flexible Backs**, in Russia, calf, vellum, white or green forel, basil (plain or grained), and warranted to open perfectly flat, so that the inner columns may be used with comfort, and without danger of the joints or sections giving way. They are also made with bands, iron backs, brass corners, with or without printed or lithographed headings, and paged or folio'd in type (without any extra charge) by a machine of ingenious and novel construction, worked by Steam Power, which produces a clear and bold figure, of an unequalled regularity, impossible to be obtained by the ordinary machines.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>General ledger</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bankers' ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bought ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Private ditto with locks</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pocket ditto with clasps</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travelling ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insurance ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Journals</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bought day books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waste books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petty cash ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invoice books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guard ditto for letters, &amp;c.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letter books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto for copying machine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Order books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contract ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Policy books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postage ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diaries</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manuscript books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Account current ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Account sale ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ciphering ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copy ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memorandum ditto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

An extensive Stock of Account Books, of various Rulings and Bindings, always ready for immediate use.
WATERLOWS' PATENT AUTOGRAPHIC PRESS,
OR PORTABLE PRINTING MACHINE,
FOR THE COUNTING-HOUSE, OFFICE, OR LIBRARY,
BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

The Process is simple, and thousands of copies may be produced from any writing, drawing, piece of music, or design (previously made on paper), and the requisite number of copies being finished, the subject may be effaced and another substituted.

The attention of MERCHANTS and SHIPPERS is particularly called to the importance of this invention, for the Colonies and Foreign Countries: and when it is considered that in many places no printer is to be found, and that in some countries, especially in the East, the complication of the numerous Oriental characters renders it necessary for all documents to be multiplied by the tedious process of transcribing, the peculiar advantages of the Autographic Press become manifest.

The Autographic Press will be found of great utility to Railway Companies, Joint Stock Banks, Merchants and Brokers, and to all persons engaged in Business, for printing their own Circulars, Invoices, Statements, &c.

The Press is now in use in some of the first establishments in this country and abroad, and may be seen at work at the Patentees. The following prices include everything pertaining to the Press, and full instructions for using it:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>To Print a Subject</th>
<th>£4 4 0</th>
<th>£7 7 0</th>
<th>£9 9 0</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11 x 9</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>10 10 0</td>
<td>12 12 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16½ x 10½</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>5 5 0</td>
<td>8 8 0</td>
<td>10 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18 x 13½</td>
<td>6 6 0</td>
<td>9 9 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PATENTEES—WATERLOW AND SONS,
65 to 68, LONDON WALL, LONDON.

From the City Article of "The TIMES."

A very useful invention has been patented by Messrs. Waterlow & Sons, which will be productive of great convenience to Banking Establishments and other concerns requiring to send out circulars with despatch. It is called the Autographic Press, and a letter written on prepared paper with which it is furnished, can be transferred by a short process to a metallic plate, from which any number of copies may afterwards be taken on common paper and by ordinary pressure. In the colonies and other places where facilities for such operations are now scarce, and in all cases where the documents to be copied are of a confidential nature, it is likely to prove particularly valuable.

"MORNING CHRONICLE."

AUTOGRAPHIC PRESS.—An invention has been patented which is likely to prove of great utility to public companies and men of business generally. It will become a great desideratum to merchants in the colonies, and will be found very useful at the chief offices of banks, in suspending the necessity for copying any number of circulars which it may be necessary to send to the Branches from time to time. We understand it has received the patronage of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and it is the invention of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, London Wall, by whom it has been patented.
WATERLOW and SONS, Wholesale, Retail, and Export Stationers.

PATENT LETTER COPYING PRESSES,

Lever Press. \hspace{1cm} Screw Press. \hspace{1cm} First Quality \hspace{0.5cm} Screw Press. \hspace{1cm} Wrought Iron Beam \hspace{0.5cm} Screw Press.

These Machines, although lower in price than those of any other manufacturer, are all warranted, and will be immediately exchanged, or the money returned, if any fault is discovered.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Large 4to</th>
<th>Foolscap Folio</th>
<th>Post Folio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>£1 10</td>
<td>£2 10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FITTINGS FOR QUARTO MACHINE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cloth Pads, per pair</th>
<th>2s. 6d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Damping Brush</td>
<td>1 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drying Book or Sheets</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 Oiled Sheets</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

COPYING BOOKS,

OF BLUE OR CREAM-WOVE COPYING PAPER, OF FIRST QUALITY,

TYPE-PAGED BY STEAM POWER.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>QUARTER BOUND</th>
<th>Each. per Doz.</th>
<th>HALF BOUND</th>
<th>Each. per Doz.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>500 LEAVES</td>
<td>8s. 84s.</td>
<td>500 LEAVES</td>
<td>10s. 102s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>750 LEAVES</td>
<td>10s. 105s.</td>
<td>750 LEAVES</td>
<td>13s. 138s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1000 LEAVES</td>
<td>12s. 126s.</td>
<td>1000 LEAVES</td>
<td>15s. 156s.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

COPYING PAPER.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BEST FRENCH MAKE</th>
<th>s. d.</th>
<th>BEST ENGLISH MAKE</th>
<th>s. d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Two Reams for</td>
<td>16 0</td>
<td>Two Reams for</td>
<td>17 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five Reams for</td>
<td>35 0</td>
<td>Five Reams for</td>
<td>37 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ten Reams for</td>
<td>60 0</td>
<td>Ten Reams for</td>
<td>65 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Waterlows' Instantaneous Communicative Ink,

FOR COPYING LETTERS.

The only really fluid Copying Ink, is used in many of the Principal Establishments in the City, and is universally admitted the best yet produced.

Per PINT, 2s.  Per QUART, 3s.  Per DOZEN QUARTS, 30s.  Per GALLON, 10s.

Per HALF-GALLON, packed for the Country, 6s. 6d.  Per GALLON, 6s. 6d., 12s.

METALLIC PENS,

Manufactured with all the LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

A Sample Card of 13 of these Pens will be forwarded by post, free, upon receipt of 8 Postage Stamps.

QUILL PENS, at 4s. 6d., 8s., 12s., and 14s. per 100. Turkey Quills, 8s. ditto.

The Patent Expanding Pen Holder will fit any Pen, in Cedar at 6d. and 1s. per doz.; Ebony and German Silver, 8s. 6d. per doz. Ivory and German Silver Pen Holders, 5s. & 7s. per doz.

PORCUPINE HOLDERS, mounted and tipped, 6d. each, or 5s. per dozen.

Superior Black Ink, adapted for Steel Pens, warranted not to change colour, or corrode the pen; gallons, 5s. quarts, 2s.; pints, 1s. 3d.; half-pints, 9d.; and gallon bottles, in baskets for the country, 6s. 6d.

THE GLASS CONE INKSTAND

IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

It presents so small a surface of ink to the atmosphere, that no evaporation takes place, and the ink is always fresh to the last.

Price 3s., 2s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 2s., 1s. 5d., half-pints, 9d.; and gallon bottles, in baskets for the country, 6s. 6d.

65 to 68, LONDON WALL, LONDON.
APRIL SHOWERS.

VERY pleasant indeed, when they fall profusely on the dry ground, invigorating choice shrubs and plants which our polite attentions have preserved from the rough courtesies and fierce embraces of hard frosts and unceasing north winds, but very unpleasant for a Gentleman, tempted by early sunbeams farther than usual from his residence, or who has preferred to walk to business for the benefit he would derive from mild and refreshing breezes; but in a moment the skies lower as if some one had insulted their dignity, or neglected to eulogise the fine morning, then the liberal drops of an April Shower give the unoffending Gentleman a complete drenching. As the course of Nature cannot be changed, and these showers will come, though we never desire a complete soaking in their favours, the best way to escape this inconvenience is to adopt forthwith the neat and waterproof Spring Dashes, now ready at the gigantic Establishments of E. MOSES & SON, these being the most elegant, artistic, and fashionable inventions of the age.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

On and after the 1st of APRIL, 1852,

FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS

Will be REMOVED from 185, Strand, to 38, POULTRY.

FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS are not sold by any Hosiers or Drapers, and can therefore be obtained only at 38, POULTRY, LONDON.

The first quality is - - - - 40s. The half dozen.
And the Second Quality - - 30s. " "

Gentlemen who are desirous of purchasing Shirts in the very best manner in which they can be made, are solicited to inspect these, the most unique and only perfect fitting Shirts made.

PRICE LISTS, containing directions for self-measurement, and every particular, are forwarded post free; and the Partners request to select from, the NEW-REGISTERED COLOURED SHIRTING, on receipt of six stamps.

RICHARD FORD, 38, POULTRY, London.

NOTICE.—The Shawl and Fur Departments are now reopened with every novelty to the season.

The "Universal Guide", a newspaper, containing daily events, &c., and full directions for self-measurement, can be had gratis on application or forwarded post free to any part of the kingdom.

OBSERVE.—Any article purchased either ready made or made to measure, if not approved of, will be exchanged or the money returned.

CAUTION.—E. Moses & Son have no connection with any other house, in or out of London, except the following :-

London City Establishments:—152, 155, 156, and 157, Minories; 83, 84, 85, 86, Aldgate, opposite the Church, all communicating.

London West End Branch:—506, 507, 508, New Oxford-street; 1, 2, 3, Hart-street, all communicating.

Bradford, Yorkshire Branch, 19, Bridge-street.

Sheffield Branch, 36, Fargate.

TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, HOSIERS, FURRIERS, BOOT & SHOE MAKERS, AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

The Establishments are closed from sunset, on Friday, till sunset, on Saturday, when business is resumed till 12 o'clock.
WATERLOW and SONS, Wholesale, Retail, and Export Stationers.

PATENT LETTER COPYING PRESSES,

A Sample Card of 13 of these Pens will be forwarded by post, free, upon receipt of 8 Postage Stamps.

QUILL PENS, at 4s. 6d., 8s., 12s., and 14s. per 100. Turkey Quills, 8s. ditto.
The Patent Expanding Pen Holder will fit any Pen, in Cedar at 6d. and 1s. per doz.; Ebony and German Silver, 3s. 6d. per doz. Ivory and German Silver Pen Holders, 5s. & 7s. per doz.
PORCUPINE HOLDERS, mounted and tipped, 6d. each, or 5s. per dozen.
Superior Black Ink, adapted for Steel Pens, warranted not to change colour, or corrode the pen; gallons, 5s.; quarts, 2s.; pints, 1s. 3d.; half-pints, 9d.; and gallon bottles, in baskets for the country, 6s. 6d.

THE GLASS CONE INKSTAND

IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

It presents so small a surface of ink to the atmosphere, that no evaporation takes place, and the ink is always fresh to the last.

Price 3s., 2s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 2s., 1s. 9d., 1s. 6d., and 1s. 3d.

65 to 68, LONDON WALL, LONDON.
V ERY pleasant indeed, when they fall profusely on the dry ground, invigorating choice shrubs and plants which our polite attentions have preserved from the rough courtesies and fierce embraces of hard frosts and uncivil north winds, but very unpleasant for a Gentleman, tempted by early sunbeams farther than usual from his residence, or who has preferred to walk to business for the benefit he would derive from mild and refreshing breezes; but in a moment the skies lower as if some one had insulted their dignity, or neglected to eulogise the fine morning, then the liberal drops of an April Shower give the unoffending Gentleman a complete drenching. As the course of Nature cannot be changed, and these showers will come, we never desire a complete soaking in their favours, the best way to escape this inconvenience is to adopt forthwith the next and WATERPROOF SPRING DRESSES, now ready at the gigantic Establishments of E. MOSES & SON, these being the most elegant, artistic, and fashionable inventions of the age, in fabrics selected from all distinguished markets and manufactories in the world, cut to the best styles, by the most celebrated artists in the universe, liberally encouraged, and supplied with every advantage, regardless of expense, the object of E. MOSES & SON being to continue the celebrity always awarded to them as the first Artists and MERCHANT TAILORS in the universe. Their unsurpassed SPRING DRESSES now ready possesses superlatives excellences, splendour in materials and patterns, and designs displaying the perfection of talent in the Establishments of E. MOSES & SON. Indescribable variety renders their SPRING STYLES attractive in the highest degree, and the superiority of the material is evinced by its being light and waterproof.

The Hat Department is replenished with the choicest styles, executed with incomparable taste, and having received the highest possible finish—the lightest, most elegant, and serviceable goods in the world. Caps of every description, a perfect exposition of style and taste.

The Hoisery Department.—Every gem of modern invention in articles surpassing all others for delicacy of fabric, beauty of pattern, and perfection of colour and shade.

LIST OF PRICES.

WINTER OVERCOATS.
The new Bequeme Overcoat, designed by & s. d.
E. MOSES & SON .................................. £1 5s. to 4 10 0
Pea Coats, from .................................. 0 8 6
Coloured and Plain Wincey Overcoats, in all shapes, from .... 15s. to 2 0 0
The Bulwer ........................................ 1 12 0
The Premier, expressly made for this establishment ........ 12s. to 1 10 0
The Albert Cape, made in the most approved waterproof materials, including the Devonshire Kersey, lined throughout, and velvet collar. £1 8s. to 3 15 0

BOYS’ WINTER OVERCOATS.
Chesterfield, from ................................ 0 8 6
The Byron Jacket and Overcoat, in all materials .......... 0 16 6
Prince of Wales’ Wrapper, elegantly trimmed, and in various materials .................................. 1 5 0
Dress Coats .......................................... 0 17 0
Super ditto ........................................ 1 12 0
Best manufactured .................................. 2 15 0
Frock Coats ........................................ 1 10 0
Super ditto ........................................ 1 15 0
Best manufactured .................................. 3 3 0

WAISTCOATS.
Fancy Vests, from ................................ 0 3 0
Wincey and plain cloth ................................ 0 4 6
Satin, plain and figure ................................ 0 6 0

WAISTCOATS, continued. & s. d.
Black cloth ......................................... 0 4 6
Ditto, best manufactured .......................... 0 13 5
White Marcells .................................... 4s. 8d. to 9 9 0

TROUSERS.
Fancy Trousers, from ................................ 0 6 6
Buckskin ........................................... 0 10 0
Black cloth ......................................... 0 12 0
Black and Fancy Doeskin ........................... 1 1 0
Best Black Cassimere Trousers ..................... 1 0 0
Boys’ Hussar and Tunic Suits ........................ 1 8s. to 1 15 0

LADIES’ RIDING HABITS.
Summer cloth, with | train ...................... 2 0 0
Superior ditto ..................................... 3 0 0
Superfine ditto .................................... 4 1 0

LIVERIES.
Page’s suit ........................................ 1 8 0
Footman’s .......................................... 2 1 0
Groom’s ........................................... 3 0 0
Coachman’s ....................................... 3 10 0

MOURNING.
Ready made at Five Minutes’ Notice.
Suit complete ..................................... 1 16 0
Boy’s ditto ......................................... 0 18 6
Made to Measure in Five Hours.

NOTICE.—The Shawl and Fur Departments are now replete with every novelty of the season.

The “Universal Guide” a newspaper, containing daily events, &c., and full directions for self-measurement, can be had gratis on application or forwarded post free to any part of the kingdom.

OBSERVE.—Any article purchased either ready made or made to measure, if not approved of, will be exchanged or the money returned.

CAUTION.—E. Moses & Son have no connection with any other house, in or out of London, except the following:—

London City Establishments:—154, 155, 156, and 157, Minories ; 83, 84, 85, 86, Aldgate, opposite the Church, all communicating.

London West End Branch:—506, 507, 508, New Oxford-street ; 1, 2, 3, Hart-street, all communicating.

Bradford, Yorkshire Branch, 19, Bridge-street.

Sheffield Branch, 36, Fargate.

TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, HOSIERS, FURRIERS, BOOT & SHOE MAKERS, AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

The Establishments are closed from sunset, on Friday, till sunset, on Saturday, when business is resumed till 12 o’clock.
HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS,
Sent free by post.

In Iron, Brass, Japanned Wood, Polished Birch, Mahogany,
Rosewood, and Walnut Tree Woods;

Also their
PRICED LIST OF BEDDING.
Their New Warehouses enable them to keep one of each design fixed for inspection.
They have also, in addition to their usual stock, a great variety of the best designs of
PARISIAN BEDSTEADS,
both in Wood and Iron, which they have just imported.

HEAL & SON,
BEDSTEAD AND BEDDING MANUFACTURERS,
196, (opposite the Chapel), Tottenham Court Road.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS WHITEFRIARS.