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SCHWEPPE'S SODA, POTASS, AND MAGNESIA WATERS and AERATED LEMONADE continue to be manufactured upon the largest scale at their several Establishments in London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Derby. The celebrity of these well-known waters, and the preference they universally command, are evidences that their original superior quality, as well as all others arising to them, have been preserved. Every bottle is protected by a label with the name of their firm, without which none is genuine, and it may be had of nearly all respectable chemists throughout the kingdom. Importers of the German Selters Water direct from the springs, as for the last twenty years.

51, BERNERS STREET, LONDON.

THE TOILET OF BEAUTY
furnishes innumerable proofs of the high estimation in which GOWLAND'S LOTION is held by the most distinguished possessors of brilliant complexion. This elegant preparation comprehends the preservation of the complexion both from the effects of cutaneous malady and the operation of variable temperature, by refreshing its delicacy and sustaining the brightest tints with which beauty is adorned. "Robert Shaw, London," is in white letters on the Government stamp of the genuine. Prices, 2s. 9d. and 3s. 6d.; quarts, 5s. 6d.

GERARD'S CELEBRATED
POMADE FOR THE HAIR.

Superior to all nominally-styled restoratives, as Bears' Grease, Creams, 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 similar articles. 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 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.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, A MOST
EFFICIENT REMEDY FOR BILE, INDIGESTION, AND DETERIORATED 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 Prof. Holloway's Establishment, 244, Strand, London.
ROWLANDS’ MACASSAR OIL.

T

HIS ELEGANT, FRAGRANT, and PELLUCID OIL, in its preservation, restorative, and beautifying qualities for the Human Hair, is unequaled over the whole world. It preserves and reproduces the hair, prevents it from turning grey;steen it from scurf and impurity, and renders it soft, silky, curvy, and glossy.

CAUTION.—A. R. and Sons have complaints repeatedly from parties who have materially suffered from the use of spurious imitations; and to frustrate to some extent such impositions, they here add a small copy in outline of their genuine label from the barrel of MESSRS. PERKINS, BACON & PETCH, the eminent engravers of London, on which will be seen the names and address of the Proprietors in full (these are in red ink on the label), any deviation from which will always prove a spurious article.

The prices are 3s. 6d.; 7s.; family bottles (equal to four small) 10s. 6d.; and double that size 21s. Sold by the Proprietors, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

Royal Bank Buildings,

LIVERPOOL, 1852.

W

E 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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fine Congou, Souchong kind</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strong Congou, Pekoe Souchong kind</td>
<td>3s. 9d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Class Congou</td>
<td>4s. Od.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extra Fine</td>
<td>4s. 4d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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.

ROB’T ROBERTS & COMP.

Royal Bank Buildings (Entrance up the Steps),

LIVERPOOL.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHILDREN'S FROCKS, COATS, AND PELISSES;
of every description,
LONG AND SHORT ROBES. WITH EVERY
OTHER REQUISITE FOR A YOUNG FAMILY.
IN FULL DRESS.
WALKING AND SCHOOL WEAR.
SEVERAL HUNDREDS CONSTANTLY ON
VIEW,
AT SHEARMAN'S, 5, FINSBURY PAVEMENT,
BETWEEN THE BANK AND FINSBURY SQUARE.

INFANT'S DRESSES, CLOAKS, HOODS,
HATS, BONNETS, ROBES, CAPS, GOWNS, OPEN
SHIRTS, ROBE BLANKETS
BOYS' AND GIRLS' OVER GARMENTS,
WITH EVERY OTHER ARTICLE IN CLOTHING
REQUIRED FOR A YOUNG FAMILY.
BABY LINEN, IN COMPLETE SETS OR OTHERWISE.
TRIMMED BASSINET BASKETS AND CUSHIONS.
An ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, affording additional information, sent free on receipt of
a paid letter.

Under Royal
Patronage.

FREEDOM FROM COUGHS IN TEN MINUTES
AND INSTANT RELIEF AND A RAPID CURE OF
ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, GOLDS,
And all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs,
ARE INSURED BY

DR. LOCOCK'S
PULMONIC WAFERS

The extraordinary powers of this invaluable Medicine are now proved by a mass of evidence and
testimonials, which must convince the most sceptical that for all disorders of the breath and lungs it is the
most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Another Cure of Four Years' Asthma.
MATILDA SHAW, of Harrington, has been severely
affected with Asthma for four years, so that she
could only lie in one position in bed; after taking
three boxes of Dr. Locket's Wafers, she is so far
cured as to be able to lie in any posture without pain
or inconvenience, and can walk any reasonable pace
or distance, and carry a load into the bargain. Her
testimony is, that for the relief and cure of asthma
these Wafers are invaluable. Witness, E. Squires,
Bookseller, Loth; February 28, 1852.

To Speakers and Public Speakers, these Wafers are invaluable, as by their action on the throat and
lungs, they remove all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increase the power and flexibility of the
voice.—They have a Pleasant Taste.
Price 1s. 13d., 2s. 9d. and 11s. per Box.—Also, may be had,

DR. LOCOCK'S FAMILY APERIENT AND ANTIBILIOUS WAFERS,
A mild and gentle Aperient and Stomach Medicine, having a most agreeable taste, and of great efficacy for
regulating the Secretions and correcting the Action of the Stomach and Liver. Sold at 1s. 13d., 2s. 9d., and
11s. per box.—Also,

DR. LOCOCK'S FEMALE WAFERS,
The best Medicine for Females. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 13d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Full
directions are given with every box. Sold by every respectable Chemist and Medicine Vendor.

Observations.—None are Genuine but "WAFERS," having the words "Dr. Locket's Wafers," in the
Government Stamp outside every box.

"Dunkeld, No. B., March 25th, 1852.
"Gentlemen,—Very lately I was troubled with
Hoarseness, and for about a month I could speak
very little, and that with difficulty, until the other
day I was induced to try a box of your Pulmonic
Wafers, and was relieved in a day or two altogether.
I have very great pleasure in recommending them to
all those who are troubled, like myself, with hoarse-
ness.—I have the honour to be your obedient servant,
CHAS. R. BLACK."
HOW often do we hear from the lips of some friend, in reply to the question of “Why do you not curl your Hair?!”—“It is so very weak, it will not keep in curl if I do.” Hitherto, there has been no remedy for this weakness, so frequently complained of. A proper and frequent use of MILTON’S HAIR LUBRICANT, the only natural promoter of the growth of Hair, will speedily restore it to a healthy state; and weak hair will only be known by name.

The healthy and vigorous stimulating powers it possesses at once stop any tendency to grey hair or baldness. MILTON’S HAIR LUBRICANT has a new perfume, of a novel and most delicious kind, and forms an exquisite and wholesome addition to the Toilet-table.

Sold by all perfumers and medicine vendors in town and country, in a new and elegantly-designed Toilet-pot, price 2s. each.

PESTACHIO NUT TOILET POWDER IMPARTS to the Skin a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy attainable by no other means. The Pestachio Nuts being an eatable fruit, the powder prepared from them can be relied on for its perfect innocence and purity. Sold in boxes, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each by all the Fashionable Perfumers in the World; and by S. PIESSE, at the Warehouse, 42, Chapel-street, Edgeware-road.

(52) OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM GATES. (52)

THOS. HARRIS & SON'S NEWLY-IMPROVED OPERA GLASSES Possess great magnifying power, with a clear and much-extended range of view (the acme of perfection), and are now offered at lower prices than is usually charged for those made on the old principle. A large assortment of every description from 10s. each.

THOS. HARRIS and Son's celebrated Race Glasses, with patent leather sling case, 4l. 10s.

Keeper's Pocket Telescopes, 20s. each.

Yachting and Deer-stalking Glasses.

THOS. HARRIS AND SON,
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY,
52, GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

CAUTION.—By reminding that the number is 52, opposite the British Museum Gates, you will avoid mistaking the house.—Established 79 years.
PRIZE MEDAL.

WATHERSTON & 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.

WATHERSTON & 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=38s. 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 5s. The object of the vendor is wholly to conceal the remaining 4s. Gold is valuable because it is alloyed to any extent, and in order to protect the public, WATHERSTON & 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—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Carat</th>
<th>Mint-price</th>
<th>Weight (oz.)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>77s. 10d.</td>
<td>5.62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>77s. 10d.</td>
<td>5.62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>77s. 10d.</td>
<td>5.62</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Carat</th>
<th>Mint-price</th>
<th>Weight (oz.)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>77s. 10d.</td>
<td>5.62</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Gold is worth, at 53s. 1d. per oz. 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.

WATHERSTON & 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.
USE LUDLAM'S ELECTRIC RUBBER.
Vide "MEDICAL TIMES," 19 March, 1851.
160 and 169, Oxford Street.

RODGERS'S IMPROVED SHIRT.
No. 85.
31s. 6d. & 37s. 6d., the Half-dozen.

THE most comfortable and perfect-fitting Shirts
exist, combining the highest degree of excellence
at the smallest cost. Satisfaction (as usual)
guaranteed, or the money returned.

Superb Dress Shirts for evening wear, 6s. 6d.,
7s., 6d., and 8s. 6d. each. Also, Fashionable
Coloured Shirts, ready made, or made to order,
20s., 26s., and 31s. 6d. the half-dozen. A
choice of 300 New Patterns.

The general Ready-made Stock is the best, the
cheapest, and the largest assortment of Shirts in
London, and embraces all the recent improvements
in the art.

Printed Priced Lists, with directions for self-meas-
urement, and patterns of New Coloured Shirts,
gratis and post-free.

RODGERS & CO., Shirt Makers, 59, St. Martin's-
 lane, Charing Cross, and No. 59, at the Corner of
New-street, Covent-garden, London. Established
Sixty Years.—N.B. Boys' Shirts in all Sizes.

IF 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. Arms painted and embellished
for Banners, Flags, Needlework, &c.
Arms engraven on Seals, Signet-Rings,
&c., 18s.; Crest on ditto, 8s. 6d.;
Arms on Plate with Name for Books.
21s. 6d. Monumental Brasées for
Churches. Obse. H. SALT, Lincoln's Inn Heraldic
Office.

WRITING RAPIDLY IMPROVED.
MR. CARSTAIRS (Son of the
Inventor of the celebrated System of Writing),
continues to give LESSONS to LADIES and GENT-
LEMEN of all ages in his highly improved method,
which will impart a command and fluency of the hand
and pen seldom, if ever, equalled in every size and
variety of penmanship, even to the worst writer, in
the shortest possible time. Arithmetic and Book-
keeping taught practically.—PROSPECTUSES of terms,
&c., may be had at his establishment, 81, LOMBARD-
STREET, CITY.

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. Hooper,
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 88 postage stamps.

STARTLING NEWS FOR
TRAVELLERS and others.—One of the
most remarkable cases upon record is DALTON'S 15s.
DRESSING-CASE; the other, the Dalton Dressing-
case, mounted in solid Silver, for £3 10s. These
extraordinary facts—for facts they are—are small
enough for the pocket, good enough for the fastidious,
and, although last, not least, exchangeable if not
liked. Old cases repaired or taken in exchange.—
DALTON, 82, Quadrant, Regent Street.

READ'S APERITIVE FOUNTAINS
Are acknowledged by the highest medical authorities in this Kingdom, the Continents of Europe, India, and
America, as the best instruments of the kind ever offered the Public. Manufactured ONLY by
RICHARD READ,
35, REGENT CIRCUS, PICCADILLY, LONDON.
N.B. GARDEN ENGINES, Machines, and Syringes of every description upon the most improved principle.

* * Descriptions sent post-free.

THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE
PERUK.—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 Equestrian and the Civilian, that one may be
convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the
Perruquier Art, at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH-STREET.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.
Round the Head in manner of a filet, leaving
the Ears loose . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . As dotted
the Inches. Eighths.

1 to 1.

From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep
each way as required . . . . . . . . As dotted
2 to 2.

3 to 3.

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR,
ONLY £1 10s.
MAY.

They who really wish to render this month the "merry month of May," should adopt the obvious course of attending to their health. They may be merry and wise at the same time, by the prudent use of Parr's Life Pills. The man who is in a state of health is active, energetic, and fit both for the Business and Pleasure of Life. The use of Parr's Pills not only lengthens life but adds to its enjoyment.

The Advantages Derived From Taking Parr's Life Pills.

1st.—Sound and Refreshing Sleep.
2nd.—Good Appetite.
3rd.—Energy of Mind and Clearness of Perception.
4th.—General Good Health and Comfort.
5th.—They are found, after giving them a Fair Trial for a Few Weeks, to possess the Most Astonishing and Invigorating Properties.

To Ladies.

Parr's Life Pills are especially efficacious in all the variety of ailments incident to the Fair Sex. Ladies even of the most delicate constitutions will find them particularly beneficial both before and after confinement; and for general use in Scrofula they cannot be too strongly recommended. They mildly and speedily remove all Skin Eruptions, Sallowness of Complexion, Nervous Irritability, Sick Head-ache, Depression of Spirits, Irregularity, or general derangement of the system.

Sold Wholesale and Retail by Appointment by E. Edwards, 67, St. Paul's Churchyard; Barclay & Sons, Farringdon-street; Sutton & Co., Bow Church-yard, London; Rammers & Co., Edinburgh; Mettershead & Co., Manchester; Apothecaries' Company, Glasgow; Rammers & Co., Liverpool; Bacon & Co., Norwich; Bolton & Co., York; Mander & Co., Wolverhampton, and by all respectable Chemists and Druggists, in boxes at 1s. 1gd., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each.

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, Cross & Blackwell, 21, Soho Square, London, of whom also may be had his Original Sauces for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Gore House, Kensington.

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 5s.

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 counterfeiters. Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists, and by E. Rimmel, 59, Gerard-street, Soho, London.

A Sovereign Remedy for Bad Tea.

A Leaden Package, containing Five Pounds of Fine, True, Rich, Ripe, Rare Souchong Tea (which will please everybody), sent, carriage 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.
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 complete ease and comfort; it may be had ready for immediate use in all sizes and colours, at the very moderate charge of TWO GUINEAS.—The Pardeissus d’Ete, for Heat, Dust, and Rain, ONE GUINEA.

In London only at the Sole Patentees 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 Glacé, Moiré Antique, 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.
COAT, an extremely fine coat of the most elegant and costly material, is the most coveted among the gentry and sea-side people. It is made from the finest Guineas, the very best of the finest materials, and is recognized as the epitome of elegance and taste.
In Re Guppy. Extraordinary proceedings.
In Weekly Numbers, price 2d., or stamped for post, 3d.; in Monthly Parts, and in Half-yearly Volumes,

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
A Weekly Journal, conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

Designed for the instruction and amusement of all classes of readers, and to assist in the discussion of the social questions of the time.

Four volumes are published, price 5s. 6d. each, in cloth boards, and are always on sale,

Also, published at the end of every month, at the same office, price 2d., or stamped for post, 3d.,

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS;

Which being declared, by the judgment of the Court of Exchequer, a legal publication, not coming within the provisions of the Stamp Act, will be regularly continued and much improved.

* * * The first and second volumes, being a record of the public events of 1850—51, may always be had, price 3s. each, neatly bound in cloth.

Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North. Sold by all booksellers and newsmen.

The garden was a kitchen-garden, and then a paddock, and then a small rick-yard, and then a dear little farm-yard. As to the House itself, with its three peaks in the roof; its various-shaped windows, some so large, some so small, and all so pretty; its trellis-work against the south-front for roses and honey-suckle, and its homely, comfortable, welcoming look; it was, as Ada said, when she came out to meet me with her arm through that of its master, worthy of her cousin John—a bold thing to say, though he only pinched her dear cheek for it.
CHAPTER VIII.

COVERING A MULTITUDE OF SINS.

It was interesting, when I dressed before daylight, to peep out of window, where my candles were reflected in the black panes like two beacons, and, finding all beyond still enshrouded in the indistinctness of last night, to watch how it turned out when the day came on. As the prospect gradually revealed itself, and disclosed the scene over which the wind had wandered in the dark, like my memory over my life, I had a pleasure in discovering the unknown objects that had been around me in my sleep. At first they were faintly discernible in the mist, and above them the later stars still glimmered. That pale interval over, the picture began to enlarge and fill up so fast, that, at every new peep, I could have found enough to look at for an hour. Imperceptibly, my candles became the only incongruous part of the morning, the dark places in my room all melted away, and the day shone bright upon a cheerful landscape, prominent in which the old Abbey Church, with its massive tower, threw a softer train of shadow on the view than seemed compatible with its rugged character. But so from rough outsides (I hope I have learnt), serene and gentle influences often proceed.

Every part of the house was in such order, and every one was so attentive to me, that I had no trouble with my two bunches of keys: though what with trying to remember the contents of each little store-room drawer, and cupboard; and what with making notes on a slate about jams, and pickles, and preserves, and bottles, and glass, and china, and a great many other things; and what with being generally a methodical, old-maidish sort of foolish little person; I was so busy that I could not believe it was breakfast-time when I heard the bell ring. Away I ran, however, and made tea, as I had already been installed into the responsibility of the tea-pot; and then, as they were all rather late, and nobody was down yet, I thought I would take a peep at the garden and get some knowledge of that too. I found it quite a delightful place; in front, the pretty avenue and drive by which we had approached (and where, by-the-bye, we had cut up the gravel so terribly with our wheels that I asked the gardener to roll it); at the back, the flower-garden, with my darling at her window up there, throwing it open to smile out at me, as if she would have kissed me from that distance. Beyond the flower-garden was a kitchen-garden, and then a paddock, and then a snug little rick-yard, and then a dear little farm-yard. As to the House itself, with its three peaks in the roof; its various-shaped windows, some so large, some so small, and all so pretty; its trellis-work against the south-front for roses and honey-suckle, and its homely, comfortable, welcoming look; it was, as Ada said, when she came out to meet me with her arm through that of its master, worthy of her cousin John—a bold thing to say, though he only pinched her dear cheek for it.
Mr. Skimpole was as agreeable at breakfast, as he had been over-night. There was honey on the table, and it led him into a discourse about Bees. He had no objection to honey, he said (and I should think he had not, for he seemed to like it), but he protested against the overweening assumptions of Bees. He didn’t at all see why the busy Bee should be proposed as a model to him; he supposed the Bee liked to make honey, or he wouldn’t do it—nobody asked him. It was not necessary for the Bee to make such a merit of his tastes. If every confectioner went buzzing about the world, banging against everything that came in his way, and egotistically calling upon everybody to take notice that he was going to his work and must not be interrupted, the world would be quite an insupportable place. Then, after all, it was a ridiculous position, to be smoked out of your fortune with brimstone, as soon as you had made it. You would have a very mean opinion of a Manchester man, if he spun cotton for no other purpose. He must say he thought a Drone the embodiment of a pleasanter and wiser idea. The Drone said, unaffectedly, “You will excuse me; I really cannot attend to the shop! I find myself in a world in which there is so much to see, and so short a time to see it in, that I must take the liberty of looking about me, and begging to be provided for by somebody who doesn’t want to look about him.” This appeared to Mr. Skimpole to be the Drone philosophy, and he thought it a very good philosophy—always supposing the Drone to be willing to be on good terms with the Bee: which, so far as he knew, the easy fellow always was, if the consequential creature would only let him, and not be so conceited about his honey!

He pursued this fancy with the lightest foot over a variety of ground, and made us all merry; though again he seemed to have as serious a meaning in what he said as he was capable of having. I left them still listening to him, when I withdrew to attend to my new duties. They had occupied me for some time, and I was passing through the passages on my return with my basket of keys on my arm, when Mr. Jarndyce called me into a small room next his bedchamber, which I found to be in part a little library of books and papers, and in part quite a little museum of his boots and shoes, and hat-boxes.

“Sit down, my dear,” said Mr. Jarndyce. “This, you must know, is the Growlery. When I am out of humour, I come and growl here.”

“You must be here very seldom, sir,” said I.

“O, you don’t know me!” he returned. “When I am deceived or disappointed in—the wind, and it’s Easterly, I take refuge here. The Growlery is the best used room in the house. You are not aware of half my humours yet. My dear, how you are trembling!”

I could not help it: I tried very hard: but being alone with that benevolent presence, and meeting his kind eyes, and feeling so happy, and so honored there, and my heart so full——

I kissed his hand. I don’t know what I said, or even that I spoke. He was disconcerted, and walked to the window; I almost believed with an intention of jumping out, until he turned, and I was reassured by seeing in his eyes what he had gone there to hide. He gently patted me on the head, and I sat down.

“Here! There!” he said. “That’s over. Pooh! Don’t be foolish."
"It shall not happen again, sir," I returned, "but at first it is difficult."

"Nonsense!" he said, "it's easy, easy. Why not? I hear of a good little orphan girl without a protector, and I take it into my head to be that protector. She grows up, and more than justifies my good opinion, and I remain her guardian and her friend. What is there in all this? So, so! Now, we have cleared off old scores, and I have before me thy pleasant, trusting, trusty face again."

I said to myself, "Esther, my dear, you surprise me! This really is not what I expected of you!" and it had such a good effect, that I folded my hands upon my basket and quite recovered myself. Mr. Jarndyce, expressing his approval in his face, began to talk to me as confidentially, as if I had been in the habit of conversing with him every morning for I don't know how long. I almost felt as if I had.

"Of course, Esther," he said, "you don't understand this Chancery business?"

And of course I shook my head.

"I don't know who does," he returned. "The Lawyers have twisted it into such a state of bedevilment that the original merits of the case have long disappeared from the face of the earth. It's about a Will, and the trusts under a Will—or it was, once. It's about nothing but Costs, now. We are always appearing, and disappearing, and swearing, and interrogating, and filing, and cross-filing, and arguing, and sealing, and motioning, and referring, and reporting, and revolving about the Lord Chancellor and all his satellites, and equitably waltzing ourselves off to dusty death, about Costs. That's the great question. All the rest, by some extraordinary means, has melted away."

"But it was, sir," said I, to bring him back, for he began to rub his head, "about a Will?"

"Why, yes, it was about a Will when it was about anything," he returned. "A certain Jarndyce, in an evil hour, made a great fortune, and made a great Will. In the question how the trusts under that Will are to be administered, the fortune left by the Will is squandered away; the legatees under the Will are reduced to such a miserable condition that they would be sufficiently punished, if they had committed an enormous crime in having money left them; and the Will itself is a dead letter. All through the deplorable cause, everything that everybody in it, except one man, knows already, is referred to that only one man who don't know it, to find out—all through the deplorable cause, everybody must have copies, over and over again, of everything that has accumulated about it in the way of cartloads of papers (or must pay for them without having them, which is the usual course, for nobody wants them); and must go down the middle and up again, through such an infernal country-dance of costs and fees and nonsense and corruption, as was never dreamed of in the wildest visions of a Witch's Sabbath. Equity sends questions to Law, Law sends questions back to Equity; Law finds it can't do this, Equity finds it can't do that; neither can so much as say it can't do anything, without this solicitor instructing and this counsel appearing for A, and that solicitor instructing and that counsel appearing for B; and so on through the whole alphabet, like the history of the Apple Pie. And thus, through years and years, and lives and lives,
everything goes on, constantly beginning over and over again, and nothing ever ends. And we can’t get out of the suit on any terms, for we are made parties to it, and must be parties to it, whether we like it or not. But it won’t do to think of it! When my great Uncle, poor Tom Jarndyce, began to think of it, it was the beginning of the end!”

“The Jarndyce, sir, whose story I have heard?”

He nodded gravely. “I was his heir, and this was his house, Esther. When I came here, it was bleak, indeed. He had left the signs of his misery upon it.”

“How changed it must be now!” I said.

“It had been called, before his time, the Peaks. He gave it its present name, and lived here shut up: day and night poring over the wicked heaps of papers in the suit, and hoping against hope to disentangle it from its mystification and bring it to a close. In the meantime, the place became dilapidated, the wind whistled through the cracked walls, the rain fell through the broken roof, the weeds choked the passage to the rotting door. When I brought what remained of him home here, the brains seemed to me to have been blown out of the house too; it was so shattered and ruined.”

He walked a little to and fro, after saying this to himself with a shudder, and then looked at me, and brightened, and came and sat down again with his hands in his pockets.

“I told you this was the Growery, my dear. Where was I?”

I reminded him, at the hopeful change he had made in Bleak House.

“Bleak House: true. There is, in that city of London there, some property of ours, which is much at this day what Bleak House was then,—I say property of ours, meaning of the Suit’s, but I ought to call it the property of Costs; for Costs is the only power on earth that will ever get anything out of it now, or will ever know it for anything but an eyesore and a heartsore. It is a street of perishing blind houses, with their eyes stoned out; without a pane of glass, without so much as a window-frame, with the bare blank shutters tumbling from their hinges and falling asunder; the iron rails peeling away in flakes of rust; the chimneys sinking in; the stone steps to every door (and every door might be Death’s Door) turning stagnant green; the very crutches on which the ruins are propped, decaying. Although Bleak House was not in Chancery, its master was, and it was stamped with the same seal. These are the Great Seal’s impressions, my dear, all over England—the children know them!”

“How changed it is!” I said again.

“Why, so it is,” he answered much more cheerfully; “and it is wisdom in you to keep me to the bright side of the picture.” (The idea of my wisdom!) “These are things I never talk about, or even think about, excepting in the Growery, here. If you consider it right to mention them to Rick and Ada,” looking seriously at me, “you can. I leave it to your discretion, Esther.”

“I hope, sir”—said I.

“I think you had better call me Guardian, my dear.”

I felt that I was choking again—I taxed myself with it, “Esther, now, you know you are!”—when he feigned to say this slightly, as if it were a whim, instead of a thoughtful tenderness. But I gave the
You will sweep them so neatly out of our sky, in the course of your housekeeping, Esther, that one of these days, we shall have to abandon the Growlery, and nail up the door.

This was the beginning of my being called Old Woman, and Little Old Woman, and Cobweb, and Mrs. Shipton, and Mother Hubbard, and Dame Durden, and so many names of that sort, that my own name soon became quite lost among them.

"However," said Mr. Jarndyce, "to return to our gossip. Here's Rick, a fine young fellow full of promise. What's to be done with him?"

O my goodness, the idea of asking my advice on such a point!

"Here he is, Esther," said Mr. Jarndyce, comfortably putting his hands in his pockets and stretching out his legs. "He must have a profession; he must make some choice for himself. There will be a world more Wiglomeration about it, I suppose, but it must be done.

"More what, Guardian?" said I.

"More Wiglomeration," said he. "It's the only name I know for the thing. He is a ward in Chancery, my dear. Kenge and Carboy will have something to say about it; Master Somebody—a sort of ridiculous Sexton, digging graves for the merits of causes in a back room at the end of Quality Court, Chancery Lane—will have something to say about it; Counsel will have something to say about it; the Chancellor will have something to say about it; the Satellites will have something to say about it; they will all have to be handsomely fee'd, all round, about it; the whole thing will be vastly ceremonious, wordy, unsatisfactory, and expensive, and I call it, in general, Wiglomeration. How mankind ever came to be afflicted with Wiglomeration, or for whose sins these young people ever fell into a pit of it, I don't know; so it is."

He began to rub his head again, and to hint that he felt the wind. But it was a delightful instance of his kindness towards me, that whether he rubbed his head, or walked about, or did both, his face was sure to recover its benignant expression as it looked at mine; and he was sure to
turn comfortable again, and put his hands in his pockets and stretch out his legs.

"Perhaps it would be best, first of all," said I, "to ask Mr. Richard what he inclines to himself."

"Exactly so," he returned. "That's what I mean! You know, just accustom yourself to talk it over, with your tact and in your quiet way, with him and Ada, and see what you all make of it. We are sure to come at the heart of the matter by your means, little woman."

I really was frightened at the thought of the importance I was attaining, and the number of things that were being confided to me. I had not meant this at all; I had meant that he should speak to Richard. But of course I said nothing in reply, except that I would do my best, though I feared (I really felt it necessary to repeat this) that he thought me much more sagacious than I was. At which my guardian only laughed the pleasantest laugh I ever heard.

"Come!" he said, rising and pushing back his chair. "I think we may have done with the Growlery for one day! C_label a concluding word. Esther, my dear, do you wish to ask me anything?"

He looked so attentively at me, that I looked attentively at him, and felt sure I understood him.

"About myself, sir?" said I.

"Yes."

"Guardian," said I, venturing to put my hand, which was suddenly colder than I could have wished, in his, "nothing! I am quite sure that if there were anything I ought to know, or had any need to know, I should not have to ask you to tell it to me. If my whole reliance and confidence were not placed in you, I must have a hard heart indeed. I have nothing to ask you; nothing in the world."

He drew my hand through his arm, and we went away to look for Ada. From that hour I felt quite easy with him, quite unreserved, quite content to know no more, quite happy.

We lived, at first, rather a busy life at Bleak House; for we had to become acquainted with many residents in and out of the neighbourhood who knew Mr. Jarndyce. It seemed to Ada and me that everyBody knew him, who wanted to do anything with anybody else's money. It amazed us, when we began to sort his letters, and to answer some of them for him in the Growlery of a morning, to find how the great object of the lives of nearly all his correspondents appeared to be to form themselves into committees for getting in and laying out money. The ladies were as desperate as the gentlemen; indeed, I think they were even more so. They threw themselves into committees in the most impassioned manner, and collected subscriptions with a vehemence quite extraordinary. It appeared to us that some of them must pass their whole lives in dealing out subscription-cards to the whole Post-office Directory—shilling cards, half-crown cards, half-sovereign cards, penny cards. They wanted everything. They wanted wearing apparel, they wanted linen rags, they wanted money, they wanted coals, they wanted soup, they wanted interest, they wanted autographs, they wanted flannel, they wanted whatever Mr. Jarndyce had—or had not. Their objects were as various as their demands. They were going to raise new buildings, they were going to pay off debts on old buildings, they were going to establish in a picturesque
building (engraving of proposed West Elevation attached) the Sisterhood of Mediæval Marys; they were going to give a testimonial to Mrs. Jellyby; they were going to have their Secretary's portrait painted, and presented to his mother-in-law, whose deep devotion to him was well known; they were going to get up everything, I really believe, from five hundred thousand tracts to an annuity, and from a marble monument to a silver tea-pot. They took a multitude of titles. They were the Women of England, the Daughters of Britain, the Sisters of all the Cardinal Virtues separately, the Females of America, the Ladies of a hundred denominations. They appeared to be always excited about canvassing and electing. They seemed to our poor wits, and according to their own accounts, to be constantly polling people by tens of thousands, yet never bringing their candidates in for anything. It made our heads ache to think, on the whole, what feverish lives they must lead.

Among the ladies who were most distinguished for this rapacious benevolence (if I may use the expression), was a Mrs. Pardiggle, who seemed, as I judged from the number of her letters to Mr. Jarndyce, to be almost as powerful a correspondent as Mrs. Jellyby herself. We observed that the wind always changed, when Mrs. Pardiggle became the subject of conversation: and that it invariably interrupted Mr. Jarndyce, and prevented his going any farther, when he had remarked that there were two classes of charitable people; one, the people who did a little and made a great deal of noise; the other, the people who did a great deal and made no noise at all. We were therefore curious to see Mrs. Pardiggle, suspecting her to be a type of the former class; and were glad when she called one day with her five young sons.

She was a formidable style of lady, with spectacles, a prominent nose, and a loud voice, who had the effect of wanting a great deal of room. And she really did, for she knocked down little chairs with her skirts that were quite a great way off. As only Ada and I were at home, we received her timidly; for she seemed to come in like cold weather, and to make the little Pardigbles blue as they followed.

"These, young ladies," said Mrs. Pardiggle, with great volubility, after the first salutations, "are my five boys. You may have seen their names in a printed subscription list (perhaps more than one), in the possession of our esteemed friend Mr. Jarndyce. Egbert, my eldest (twelve), is the boy who sent out his pocket-money, to the amount of five-and-three- pence, to the Tockahoopo Indians. Oswald, my second (ten-and-a-half), is the child who contributed two-and-ninepence to the Great National Smithers Testimonial. Francis, my third (nine), one-and-sixpence-halfpenny; Felix, my fourth (seven), eightpence to the Superannuated Widows; Alfred, my youngest (five), has voluntarily enrolled himself in the Infant Bonds of Joy, and is pledged never, through life, to use tobacco in any form."

We had never seen such dissatisfied children. It was not merely that they were weazen and shrivelled—though they were certainly that too—but they looked absolutely ferocious with discontent. At the mention of the Tockahoopo Indians, I could really have supposed Egbert to be one of the most baleful members of that tribe, he gave me such a savage frown. The face of each child, as the amount of his contribution was mentioned, darkened in a peculiarly vindictive manner, but his was by
far the worst. I must except, however, the little recruit into the Infant Bonds of Joy, who was stolidly and evenly miserable.

"You have been visiting, I understand," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "at Mrs. Jellyby’s?"

We said yes, we had passed one night there.

"Mrs. Jellyby," pursued the lady, always speaking in the same demonstrative, loud, hard tone, so that her voice impressed my fancy as if it had a sort of spectacles on too—and I may take the opportunity of remarking that her spectacles were made the less engaging by her eyes being what Ada called "choking eyes," meaning very prominent:

"Mrs. Jellyby is a benefactor to society, and deserves a helping hand. My boys have contributed to the African project—Egbert, one-and-six, being the entire allowance of nine weeks; Oswald, one-and-a-penny-halfpenny, being the same; the rest, according to their little means. Nevertheless, I do not go with Mrs. Jellyby in all things. I do not go with Mrs. Jellyby in her treatment of her young family. It has been noticed. It has been observed that her young family are excluded from participation in the objects to which she is devoted. She may be right, she may be wrong; but, right or wrong, this is not my course with my young family. I take them everywhere."

I was afterwards convinced (and so was Ada) that from the ill-conditioned eldest child, these words extorted a sharp yell. He turned it off into a yawn, but it began as a yell.

"They attend Matins with me (very prettily done), at half-past six o’clock in the morning all the year round, including of course the depth of winter," said Mrs. Pardiggle rapidly, "and they are with me during the revolving duties of the day. I am a School lady, I am a Visiting lady, I am a Reading lady, I am a Distributing lady; I am on the local Linen Box Committee, and many general Committees; and my canvassing alone is very extensive—perhaps no one’s more so. But they are my companions everywhere; and by these means they acquire that knowledge of the poor, and that capacity of doing charitable business in general—in short, that taste for the sort of thing—which will render them in after life a service to their neighbours, and a satisfaction to themselves. My young family are not frivolous; they expend the entire amount of their allowance, in subscriptions, under my direction; and they have attended as many public meetings, and listened to as many lectures, orations, and discussions, as generally fall to the lot of few grown people. Alfred (five), who, as I mentioned, has of his own election joined the Infant Bonds of Joy, was one of the very few children who manifested consciousness on that occasion, after a fervid address of two hours from the chairman of the evening."

Alfred glowered at us as if he never could, or would, forgive the injury of that night.

"You may have observed, Miss Summerson," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "in some of the lists to which I have referred, in the possession of our esteemed friend Mr. Jarndyce, that the names of my young family are concluded with the name of O. A. Pardiggle, F.R.S., one pound. That is their father. We usually observe the same routine. I put down my mite first; then my young family enrol their contributions, according to their ages and their little means; and then Mr. Pardiggle brings up the
rear. Mr. Pardiggle is happy to throw in his limited donation, under my direction; and thus things are made, not only pleasant to ourselves, but, we trust, improving to others."

Suppose Mr. Pardiggle were to dine with Mr. Jellyby, and suppose Mr. Jellyby were to relieve his mind after dinner to Mr. Pardiggle, would Mr. Pardiggle, in return, make any confidential communication to Mr. Jellyby? I was quite confused to find myself thinking this, but it came into my head.

"You are very pleasantly situated here!" said Mrs. Pardiggle.

We were glad to change the subject; and, going to the window, pointed out the beauties of the prospect, on which the spectacles appeared to me to rest with curious indifference.

"You know Mr. Gusher?" said our visitor.

We were obliged to say that we had not the pleasure of Mr. Gusher's acquaintance.

"The loss is yours, I assure you," said Mrs. Pardiggle, with her commanding deportment. "He is a very fervid impassioned speaker—full of fire! Stationed in a wagggon on this lawn now, which, from the shape of the land, is naturally adapted to a public meeting, he would improve almost any occasion you could mention for hours and hours! By this time, young ladies," said Mrs. Pardiggle, moving back to her chair, and overturning, as if by invisible agency, a little round table at a considerable distance with my work-basket on it, "by this time you have found me out, I dare say?"

This was really such a confusing question that Ada looked at me in perfect dismay. As to the guilty nature of my own consciousness, after what I had been thinking, it must have been expressed in the color of my cheeks.

"Found out, I mean," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "the prominent point in my character. I am aware that it is so prominent as to be discoverable immediately. I lay myself open to detection, I know. Well! I freely admit, I am a woman of business. I love hard work; I enjoy hard work. The excitement does me good. I am so accustomed and inured to hard work, that I don't know what fatigue is."

We murmured that it was very astonishing and very gratifying; or something to that effect. I don't think we knew why it was either, but this was what our politeness expressed.

"I do not understand what it is to be tired; you cannot tire me if you try!" said Mrs. Pardiggle. "The quantity of exertion (which is no exertion to me), the amount of business (which I regard as nothing) that I go through, sometimes astonishes myself. I have seen my young family, and Mr. Pardiggle, quite worn out with witnessing it, when I may truly say I have been as fresh as a lark!"

If that dark-visaged eldest boy could look more malicious than he had already looked, this was the time when he did it. I observed that he doubled his right fist, and delivered a secret blow into the crown of his cap, which was under his left arm.

"This gives me a great advantage when I am making my rounds," said Mrs. Pardiggle. "If I find a person unwilling to hear what I have to say, I tell that person directly, 'I am incapable of fatigue, my good friend, I am never tired, and I mean to go on until I have done.' It
answers admirably! Miss Summerson, I hope I shall have your assistance in my visiting rounds immediately, and Miss Clare's very soon?"

At first I tried to excuse myself, for the present, on the general ground of having occupations to attend to, which I must not neglect. But as this was an ineffectual protest, I then said, more particularly, that I was not sure of my qualifications. That I was inexperienced in the art of adapting my mind to minds very differently situated, and addressing them from suitable points of view. That I had not that delicate knowledge of the heart which must be essential to such a work. That I had much to learn, myself, before I could teach others, and that I could not confide in my good intentions alone. For these reasons, I thought it best to be as useful as I could, and to render what kind services I could, to those immediately about me; and to try to let that circle of duty gradually and naturally expand itself. All this I said, with anything but confidence; because Mrs. Pardiggle was much older than I, and had great experience, and was so very military in her manners.

"You are wrong, Miss Summerson," said she: "but perhaps you are not equal to hard work, or the excitement of it; and that makes a vast difference. If you would like to see how I go through my work, I am now about—with my young family—to visit a brickmaker in the neighbourhood (a very bad character), and shall be glad to take you with me. Miss Clare also, if she will do me the favour."

Ada and I interchanged looks, and, as we were going out in any case, accepted the offer. When we hastily returned from putting on our bonnets, we found the young family languishing in a corner, and Mrs. Pardiggle sweeping about the room, knocking down nearly all the light objects it contained. Mrs. Pardiggle took possession of Ada, and I followed with the family.

Ada told me afterwards that Mrs. Pardiggle talked in the same loud tone (that, indeed, I overheard), all the way to the brickmaker's, about an exciting contest which she had for two or three years waged against another lady, relative to the bringing in of their rival candidates for a pension somewhere. There had been a quantity of printing, and promising, and proxying, and polling; and it appeared to have imparted great liveliness to all concerned, except the pensioners—who were not elected yet.

I am very fond of being confided in by children, and am happy in being usually favored in that respect, but on this occasion it gave me great uneasiness. As soon as we were out of doors, Egbert, with the manner of a little footpad, demanded a shilling of me, on the ground that his pocket-money was "boned" from him. On my pointing out the great impropriety of the word, especially in connexion with his parent (for he added sulkily "By her!") he pinched me and said "O then! Now! Who are you? You wouldn't like it, I think? What does she make a sham for, and pretend to give me money, and take it away again? Why do you call it my allowance, and never let me spend it?"

These exasperating questions so inflamed his mind, and the minds of Oswald and Francis, that they all pinched me at once, and in a dreadfully expert way: screwing up such little pieces of my arms that I could hardly forbear crying out. Felix, at the same time, stamped upon my toes. And the Bond of Joy, who, on account of always having the whole of his little
income anticipated, stood in fact pledged to abstain from cakes as well as tobacco, so swelled with grief and rage when we passed a pastry-cook’s shop, that he terrified me by becoming purple. I never underwent so much, both in body and mind, in the course of a walk with young people, as from these unnaturally constrained children, when they paid me the compliment of being natural.

I was glad when we came to the brickmaker’s house; though it was one of a cluster of wretched hovels in a brickfield, with pigsties close to the broken windows, and miserable little gardens before the doors, growing nothing but stagnant pools. Here and there, and an old tub was put to catch the droppings of rain-water from a roof, or they were banked up with mud into a little pond like a large dirt-pie. At the doors and windows, some men and women lounged or prowled about, and took little notice of us, except to laugh to one another, or to say something as we passed, about gentlefolks minding their own business, and not troubling their heads and muddying their shoes with coming to look after other people’s.

Mrs. Pardiggle, leading the way with a great show of moral determination, and talking with much volubility about the untidy habits of the people (though I doubted if the best of us could have been tidy in such a place), conducted us into a cottage at the farthest corner, the ground-floor room of which we nearly filled. Besides ourselves, there were in this damp offensive room—a woman with a black eye, nursing a poor little gasping baby by the fire; a man, all stained with clay and mud, and looking very dissipated, lying at full length on the ground, smoking a pipe; a powerful young man, fastening a collar on a dog; and a bold girl, doing some kind of washing in very dirty water. They all looked up at us as we came in, and the woman seemed to turn her face towards the fire, as if to hide her bruised eye; nobody gave us any welcome.

“Well, my friends,” said Mrs. Pardiggle; but her voice had not a friendly sound, I thought; it was much too business-like and systematic.

“How do you do, all of you? I am here again. I told you, you couldn’t tire me, you know. I am fond of hard work, and am true to my word.”

“There ain’t,” growled the man on the floor, whose head rested on his hand as he stared at us, “any more on you to come in, is there?”

“No, my friend,” said Mrs. Pardiggle, seating herself on one stool, and knocking down another. “We are all here.”

“Because I thought there warn’t enough of you, perhaps?” said the man, with his pipe between his lips, as he looked round upon us.

The young man and the girl both laughed. Two friends of the young men whom we had attracted to the doorway, and who stood there with their hands in their pockets, echoed the laugh noisily.

“You can’t tire me, good people,” said Mrs. Pardiggle to these latter.

“I enjoy hard work; and the harder you make me like it.”

“Then make it easy for her!” growled the man upon the floor. “I wants it done, and over. I wants a end of these liberties took with my.

I wants a end of being drawed like a badger. Now you’re a going to poll-pry and question according to custom—I know what you’re a going to be up to. Well! You haven’t got no occasion to be up to it. I’ll save you the trouble. Is my daughter a washin? Yes, she is
a washin. Look at the water. Smell it! That's wot we drinks. How do you like it, and what do you think of gin, instead? An't my place dirty? Yes, it is dirty—it's nat'raly dirty, and it's nat'raly onwholesome; and we've had five dirty and onwholesome children, as is all dead infants, and so much the better for them, and for us besides. Have I read the little book wot you left? No, I an't read the little book wot you left. There an't nobody here as knows how to read it; and if there was, it wouldn't be suitable to me. It's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you was to leave me a doll, I shouldn't nuss it. How have I been conducting of myself? Why, I've been drunk for three days; and I'd a been drunk four, if I'd a had the money. Don't I never mean for to go to church? No, I don't never mean for to go to church. I shouldn't be expected there, if I did; the beadle's too gen-teel for me. And how did my wife get that black eye? Why, I giv' it her; and if she says I didn't, she's a Lie!"

He had 'pulled his pipe out of his mouth to say all this, and he now turned over on his other side, and smoked again. Mrs. Pardiggle, who had been regarding him through her spectacles with a forcible composure, calculated, I could not help thinking, to increase his antagonism, pulled out a good book, as if it were a constable's staff, and took the whole family into custody. I mean into religious custody, of course; but she really did it, as if she were an inexorable moral Policeman carrying them all off to a station house.

Ada and I were very uncomfortable. We both felt intrusive and out of place; and we both thought that Mrs. Pardiggle would have got on infinitely better, if she had not had such a mechanical way of taking possession of people. The children sulked and stared; the family took no notice of us whatever, except when the young man made the dog bark: which he usually did, when Mrs. Pardiggle was most emphatic. We both felt painfully sensible that between us and these people there was an iron barrier, which could not be removed by our new friend. By whom, or how, it could be removed, we did not know; but we knew that. Even what she read and said, seemed to us to be ill chosen for such auditors, if it had been imparted ever so modestly and with ever so much tact. As to the little book to which the man on the floor had referred, we acquired a knowledge of it afterwards; and Mr. Jarndyce said he doubted if Robinson Crusoe could have read it, though he had had no other on his desolate island.

We were much relieved, under these circumstances, when Mrs. Pardiggle left off. The man on the floor then turning his head round again, said morosely,

"Well! You've done, have you?"

"For to-day, I have, my friend. But I am never fatigued. I shall come to you again, in your regular order," returned Mrs. Pardiggle with demonstrative cheerfulness.

"So long as you goes now," said he, folding his arms and shutting his eyes with an oath, "you may do wot you like!"

Mrs. Pardiggle accordingly rose, and made a little vortex in the confined room from which the pipe itself very narrowly escaped. Taking one of her young family in each hand, and telling the others to follow closely, and expressing her hope that the brickmaker and all his house
would be improved when she saw them next, she then proceeded to another cottage. I hope it is not unkind in me to say that she certainly did make, in this, as in everything else, a show that was not conciliatory, of doing charity by wholesale, and of dealing in it to a large extent.

She supposed that we were following her; but as soon as the space was left clear, we approached the woman sitting by the fire, to ask if the baby were ill.

She only looked at it as it lay on her lap. We had observed before, that when she looked at it she covered her discolored eye with her hand, as though she wished to separate any association with noise and violence and ill-treatment, from the poor little child.

Ada, whose gentle heart was moved by its appearance, bent down to touch its little face. As she did so, I saw what happened and drew her back. The child died.

"O Esther!" cried Ada, sinking on her knees beside it. "Look here! O Esther, my love, the little thing! The suffering, quiet, pretty little thing! I am so sorry for it. I am so sorry for the mother. I never saw a sight so pitiful as this before! O baby, baby!"

Such compassion, such gentleness, as that with which she bent down weeping, and put her hand upon the mother's, might have softened any mother's heart that ever beat. The woman at first gazed at her in astonishment, and then burst into tears.

Presently I took the light burden from her lap; did what I could to make the baby's rest the prettier and gentler; laid it on a shelf, and covered it with my own handkerchief. We tried to comfort the mother, and we whispered to her what Our Saviour said of children. She answered nothing, but sat weeping—weeping very much.

When I turned, I found that the young man had taken out the dog, and was standing at the door looking in upon us; with dry eyes, but quiet. The girl was quiet too, and sat in a corner looking on the ground. The man had risen. He still smoked his pipe with an air of defiance, but he was silent.

An ugly woman, very poorly clothed, hurried in while I was glancing at them, and coming straight up to the mother, said, "Jenny! Jenny!" The mother rose on being so addressed, and fell upon the woman's neck.

She also had upon her face and arms the marks of ill-usage. She had no kind of grace about her, but the grace of sympathy; but when she consoled with the woman, and her own tears fell, she wanted no beauty. I say consoled, but her only words were "Jenny! Jenny!" All the rest was in the tone in which she said them.

I thought it very touching to see these two women, coarse and shabby and beaten, so united; to see what they could be to one another; to see how they felt for one another; how the heart of each to each was softened by the hard trials of their lives. I think the best side of such people is almost hidden from us. What the poor are to the poor is little known, excepting to themselves and God.

We felt it better to withdraw and leave them uninterrupted. We stole out quietly, and without notice from any one except the man. He was leaning against the wall near the door; and finding that there was scarcely room for us to pass, went out before us. He seemed to want to hide
that he did this on our account, but we perceived that he did, and thanked him. He made no answer.

Ada was so full of grief all the way home, and Richard, whom we found at home, was so distressed to see her in tears (though he said to me when she was not present, how beautiful it was too!) that we arranged to return at night with some little comforts, and repeat our visit at the brickmaker’s house. We said as little as we could to Mr. Jarndyce, but the wind changed directly.

Richard accompanied us at night to the scene of our morning expedition. On our way there, we had to pass a noisy drinking-house, where a number of men were flocking about the door. Among them, and prominent in some dispute, was the father of the little child. At a short distance, we passed the young man and the dog, in congenial company. The sister was standing laughing and talking with some other young women, at the corner of the row of cottages; but she seemed ashamed, and turned away as we went by.

We left our escort within sight of the brickmaker’s dwelling, and proceeded by ourselves. When we came to the door, we found the woman who had brought such consolation with her, standing there, looking anxiously out.

“It’s you, young ladies, is it?” she said in a whisper. “I’m a watching. for my master. My heart’s in my mouth. If he was to catch me away from home, he’d pretty near murder me.”

“Do you mean your husband?” said I.

“Yes, miss, my master. Jenny’s asleep, quite worn out. She’s scarcely had the child off her lap, poor thing, these seven days and nights, except when I’ve been able to take it for a minute or two.”

As she gave way for us, we went softly in, and put what we had brought, near the miserable bed on which the mother slept. No effort had been made to clean the room—it seemed in its nature almost hopeless of being clean; but the small waxen form, from which so much solemnity diffused itself, had been composed afresh, and washed, and neatly dressed in some fragments of white linen; and on my handkerchief, which still covered the poor baby, a little bunch of sweet herbs had been laid by the same rough scarred hands, so lightly, so tenderly!

“May Heaven reward you!” we said to her. “You are a good woman.”

“Me, young ladies?” she returned with surprise. “Hush! Jenny, Jenny!”

The mother had moaned in her sleep, and moved. The sound of the familiar voice seemed to calm her again. She was quiet once more.

How little I thought, when I raised my handkerchief to look upon the tiny sleeper underneath, and seemed to see a halo shine around the child through Ada’s drooping hair as her pity bent her head—how little I thought in whose unquiet bosom that handkerchief would come to lie, after covering the motionless and peaceful breast! I only thought that perhaps the Angel of the child might not be all unconscious of the woman who replaced it with so compassionate a hand; not all unconscious of her presently, when we had taken leave, and left her at the door, by turns looking, and listening in terror for herself, and saying in her old soothing manner, “Jenny, Jenny!”
CHAPTER IX.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

I DON'T know how it is, I seem to be always writing about myself. I mean all the time to write about other people, and I try to think about myself as little as possible, and I am sure, when I find myself coming into the story again, I am really vexed and say, "Dear, dear, you tiresome little creature, I wish you wouldn't!" but it is all of no use. I hope any one who may read what I write, will understand that if these pages contain a great deal about me, I can only suppose it must be because I have really something to do with them, and can't be kept out.

My darling and I read together, and worked, and practised; and found so much employment for our time, that the winter days flew by us like bright-winged birds. Generally in the afternoons, and always in the evenings, Richard gave us his company. Although he was one of the most restless creatures in the world, he certainly was very fond of our society.

He was very, very, very fond of Ada. I mean it, and I had better say it at once. I had never seen any young people falling in love before, but I found them out quite soon. I could not say so, of course, or show that I knew anything about it. On the contrary, I was so demure, and used to seem so unconscious, that sometimes I considered within myself while I was sitting at work, whether I was not growing quite deceitful.

But there was no help for it. All I had to do was to be quiet, and I was as quiet as a mouse. They were as quiet as mice, too, so far as any words were concerned; but the innocent manner in which they relied more and more upon me, as they took more and more to one another, was so charming, that I had great difficulty in not showing it interested me.

"Our dear little old woman is such a capital old woman," Richard would say, coming up to meet me in the garden early, with his pleasant laugh and perhaps the least tinge of a blush, "that I can't get on without her. Before I begin my harum-scarum day—grinding away at those books and instruments, and then galloping up hill and down dale, all the country round, like a highwayman—it does me so much good to come and have a steady walk with our comfortable friend, that here I am again!"

"You know, Dame Durden, dear," Ada would say at night, with her head upon my shoulder, and the firelight shining in her thoughtful eyes, "I don't want to talk when we come up-stairs here. Only to sit a little while, thinking, with your dear face for company; and to hear the wind, and remember the poor sailors at sea——"

Ah! Perhaps Richard was going to be a sailor. We had talked it over very often, now, and there was some talk of gratifying the inclination of his childhood for the sea. Mr. Jarndyce had written
to a relation of the family, a great Sir Leicester Dedlock, for his interest in Richard's favor, generally; and Sir Leicester had replied in a gracious manner, "that he would be happy to advance the prospects of the young gentleman if it should ever prove to be within his power, which was not at all probable—and that my Lady sent her compliments to the young gentleman (to whom she perfectly remembered that she was allied by remote consanguinity), and trusted that he would ever do his duty in any honorable profession to which he might devote himself."

"So I apprehend it's pretty clear," said Richard to me, "that I shall have to work my own way. Never mind! Plenty of people have had to do that before now, and have done it. I only wish I had the command of a clipping privateer, to begin with, and could carry off the Chancellor and keep him on short allowance until he gave judgment in our cause. He'd find himself growing thin, if he didn't look sharp!"

With a buoyancy and hopefulness and a gaiety that hardly ever flagged, Richard had a carelessness in his character that quite perplexed me— principally because he mistook it, in such a very odd way, for prudence. It entered into all his calculations about money, in a singular manner, which I don't think I can better explain than by reverting for a moment to our loan to Mr. Skimpole.

Mr. Jarndyce had ascertained the amount, either from Mr. Skimpole himself or from Coavines, and had placed the money in my hands with instructions to me to retain my own part of it and hand the rest to Richard. The number of little acts of thoughtless expenditure which Richard justified by the recovery of his ten pounds, and the number of times he talked to me as if he had saved or realised that amount, would form a sum in simple addition.

"My prudent Mother Hubbard, why not?" he said to me, when he wanted, without the least consideration, to bestow five pounds on the brickmaker. "I made ten pounds, clear, out of Coavines' business."

"How was that?" said I.

"Why, I got rid of ten pounds which I was quite content to get rid of, and never expected to see any more. You don't deny that?"

"No," said I.

"Very well! Then I came into possession of ten pounds—"

"The same ten pounds," I hinted.

"That has nothing to do with it!" returned Richard. "I have got ten pounds more than I expected to have, and consequently I can afford to spend it without being particular."

In exactly the same way, when he was persuaded out of the sacrifice of these five pounds by being convinced that it would do no good, he carried that sum to his credit and drew upon it.

"Let me see!" he would say. "I saved five pounds out of the brickmaker's affair; so, if I have a good rattle to London and back in a post-chaise, and put that down at four pounds, I shall have saved one. And it's a very good thing to save one, let me tell you: a penny saved, is a penny got!"

I believe Richard's was as frank and generous a nature as there possibly can be. He was ardent and brave, and, in the midst of all his
wild restlessness, was so gentle, that I knew him like a brother in a few weeks. His gentleness was natural to him, and would have shown itself, abundantly, even without Ada’s influence; but, with it, he became one of the most winning of companions, always so ready to be interested, and always so happy, sanguine, and light-hearted. I am sure that I, sitting with them, and walking with them, and talking with them, and noticing from day to day how they went on, falling deeper and deeper in love, and saying nothing about it, and each shyly thinking that this love was the greatest of secrets, perhaps not yet suspected even by the other—I am sure that I was scarcely less enchanted than they were, and scarcely less pleased with the pretty dream.

We were going on in this way, when one morning at breakfast Mr. Jarndyce received a letter, and looking at the superscription said, “From Boythorn? Aye, aye!” and opened and read it with evident pleasure, announcing to us, in a parenthesis, when he was about half-way through, that Boythorn was “coming down” on a visit. Now, who was Boythorn? we all thought. And I dare say we all thought, too—I am sure I did, for one—would Boythorn at all interfere with what was going forward?

“I went to school with this fellow, Lawrence Boythorn,” said Mr. Jarndyce, tapping the letter as he laid it on the table, “more than five-and-forty years ago. He was then the most impetuous boy in the world, and he is now the most impetuous man. He was then the loudest boy in the world, and he is now the loudest man. He was then the heartiest and stiffest boy in the world, and he is now the heartiest and stiffest man. He is a tremendous fellow.”

“In stature, sir?” asked Richard.

“Pretty well, Rick, in that respect,” said Mr. Jarndyce; “being some ten years older than I, and a couple of inches taller, with his head thrown back like an old soldier, his stalwart chest squared, his hands like a clean blacksmith’s, and his lungs!—there’s no simile for his lungs. Talking, laughing, or snoring, they make the beams of the house shake.”

As Mr. Jarndyce sat enjoying the image of his friend Boythorn, we observed the favorable omen that there was not the least indication of any change in the wind.

“But it’s the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood of the man, Rick—and Ada, and little Cobweb too, for you are all interested in a visitor!—that I speak of,” he pursued. “His language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes; perpetually in the superlative degree. In his condemnation he is all ferocity. You might suppose him to be an Ogre, from what he says; and I believe he has the reputation of one with some people. There! I tell you no more of him beforehand. You must not be surprised to see him take me under his protection; for he has never forgotten that I was a low boy at school, and that our friendship began in his knocking two of my head tyrant’s teeth out (he says six) before breakfast. Boythorn and his man,” to me, “will be here this afternoon, my dear.”

I took care that the necessary preparations were made for Mr. Boythorn’s reception, and we looked forward to his arrival with some curiosity. The afternoon wore away, however, and he did not appear. The dinner-hour arrived, and still he did not appear. The dinner was
put back an hour, and we were sitting round the fire with no light but the blaze, when the hall-door suddenly burst open, and the hall resounded with these words, uttered with the greatest vehemence and in a stentorian tone:

"We have been misdirected, Jarndyce, by a most abandoned ruffian, who told us to take the turning to the right instead of to the left. He is the most intolerable scoundrel on the face of the earth. His father must have been a most consummate villain, ever to have had such a son. I would have that fellow shot without the least remorse!"

"Did he do it on purpose?" Mr. Jarndyce enquired.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the scoundrel has passed his whole existence in misdirecting travellers!" returned the other. "By my soul, I thought him the worst-looking dog I had ever beheld, when he was telling me to take the turning to the right. And yet I stood before that fellow face to face, and didn't knock his brains out!"

"Teeth, you mean?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Lawrence Boythorn, really making the whole house vibrate. "What, you have not forgotten it yet! Ha, ha, ha!—And that was another most consummate vagabond! By my soul, the countenance of that fellow, when he was a boy, was the blackest image of perfidy, cowardice, and cruelty ever set up as a scarecrow in a field of scoundrels. If I were to meet that most unparalleled despot in the streets to-morrow, I would fell him like a rotten tree!"

"I have no doubt of it," said Mr. Jarndyce. "Now, will you come up-stairs?"

"By my soul, Jarndyce," returned his guest, who seemed to refer to his watch, "if you had been married, I would have turned back at the garden gate, and gone away to the remotest summits of the Himalaya Mountains, sooner than I would have presented myself at this unseasonable hour."

"Not quite so far, I hope?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"By my life and honor, yes!" cried the visitor. "I wouldn't be guilty of the audacious insolence of keeping a lady of the house waiting all this time, for any earthly consideration. I would infinitely rather destroy myself—infinitely rather!"

Talking thus, they went up-stairs; and presently we heard him in his bedroom thundering "Ha, ha, ha!" and again "Ha, ha, ha!" until the flattest echo in the neighbourhood seemed to catch the contagion, and to laugh as enjoyment as he did, or as we did when we heard him laugh.

We all conceived a prepossession in his favor; for there was a sterling quality in this laugh, and in his vigorous healthy voice, and in the roundness and fulness with which he uttered every word he spoke, and in the very fury of his superlatives, which seemed to go off like blank cannon and hurt nothing. But we were hardly prepared to have it so confirmed by his appearance, when Mr. Jarndyce presented him. He was not only a very handsome old gentleman—upright and stalwart as he had been described to us—with a massive grey head, a fine composure of face when silent, a figure that might have become corpulent but for his being so continually in earnest that he gave it no rest, and a chin that might have subsided into a double chin but for the vehement emphasis in which it was constantly required to assist; but he was such a true gentleman in his manner, so chivalrously polite, his face was lighted by a smile of so much sweetness and tenderness, and it seemed so plain that he had nothing to hide, but
showed himself exactly as he was—incapable (as Richard said) of anything on a limited scale, and firing away with those blank great guns, because he carried no small arms whatever—that really I could not help looking at him with equal pleasure as he sat at dinner, whether he smilingly conversed with Ada and me, or was led by Mr. Jarndyce into some great volley of superlatives, or threw up his head like a blood-hound, and gave out that tremendous Ha, ha, ha!

"You have brought your bird with you, I suppose?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"By Heaven, he is the most astonishing bird in Europe!" replied the other. "He is the most wonderful creature! I wouldn't take ten thousand guineas for that bird. I have left an annuity for his sole support, in case he should outlive me. He is, in sense and attachment, a phenomenon. And his father before him was one of the most astonishing birds that ever lived!"

The subject of this laudation was a very little canary, who was so tame that he was brought down by Mr. Boythorn's man, on his forefinger, and, after taking a gentle flight round the room, alighted on his master's head. To hear Mr. Boythorn presently expressing the most implacable and passionate sentiments, with this fragile mite of a creature quietly perched on his forehead, was to have a good illustration of his character, I thought.

"By my soul, Jarndyce," he said, very gently holding up a bit of bread to the canary to peck at, "if I were in your place, I would seize every Master in Chancery by the throat to-morrow morning, and shake him until his money rolled out of his pockets, and his bones rattled in his skin. I would have a settlement out of somebody, by fair means or by foul. If you would empower me to do it, I would do it for you with the greatest satisfaction!" (All this time, the very small canary was eating out of his hand.)

"I thank you, Lawrence, but the suit is hardly at such a point at present," returned Mr. Jarndyce, laughing, "that it would be greatly advanced, even by the legal process of shaking the Bench and the whole Bar."

"There never was such an infernal cauldron as that Chancery, on the face of the earth!" said Mr. Boythorn. "Nothing but a mine below it on a busy day in term time, with all its records, rules, and precedents collected in it, and every functionary belonging to it also, high and low, upward and downward, from its son the Accountant-General to its father the Devil, and the whole blown to atoms with ten thousand hundred-weight of gunpowder, would reform it in the least!"

It was impossible not to laugh at the energetic gravity with which he recommended this strong measure of reform. When we laughed, he threw up his head and shook his broad chest, and again the whole country seemed to echo to his Ha, ha, ha! It had not the least effect in disturbing the bird, whose sense of security was complete; and who hopped about the table with its quick head now on this side and now on that, turning its bright sudden eye on its master, as if he were no more than another bird.

"But how do you and your neighbour get on about the disputed right of way?" said Mr. Jarndyce. "You are not free from the toils of the law yourself."

"The fellow has brought actions against me for trespass, and I have
brought actions against him for trespass," returned Mr. Boythorn. "By Heaven, he is the proudest fellow breathing. It is morally impossible that his name can be Sir Leicester. It must be Sir Lucifer."

"Complimentary to our distant relation!" said my Guardian laughingly, to Ada and Richard.

"I would beg Miss Clare's pardon and Mr. Carstone's pardon," resumed our visitor, "if I were not reassured by seeing in the fair face of the lady, and the smile of the gentleman, that it is quite unnecessary, and that they keep their distant relation at a comfortable distance."

"Or he keeps us," suggested Richard.

"By my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Boythorn, suddenly firing another volley, "that fellow is, and his father was, and his grandfather was, the most stiff-necked, arrogant, imbecile, pig-headed numskull, ever, by some inexplicable mistake of Nature, born in any station of life but a walking-stick's! The whole of that family are the most solemnly conceived and consummate blockheads!—But it's no matter; he should not shut up my path, if he were fifty baronets melted into one, and living in a hundred Chesney Wolds, one within another, like the ivory carvings.

The fellow, by his agent, or secretary, or somebody, writes to me, 'Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, presents his compliments to Mr. Lawrence Boythorn, and has to call his attention to the fact that the green pathway by the old parsonage-house, now the property of Mr. Lawrence Boythorn, is Sir Leicester's right of way, being in fact a portion of the park of Chesney Wold; and that Sir Leicester finds it convenient to close up the same.' I write to the fellow, 'Mr. Lawrence Boythorn presents his compliments to Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and has to call his attention to the fact that he totally denies the whole of Sir Leicester Dedlock's positions on every possible subject, and has to add, in reference to closing up the pathway, that he will be glad to see the man who may undertake to do it.' The fellow sends a most abandoned villain with one eye, to construct a gateway. I play upon that execrable scoundrel with a fire-engine, until the breath is nearly driven out of his body. The fellow erects a gate in the night. I chop it down and burn it in the morning. He sends his myrmidons to come over the fence, and pass and repass. I catch them in humane man-traps, fire split peas at their legs, play upon them with the engine—resolve to free mankind from the insupportable burden of the existence of those lurking ruffians. He brings actions for trespass; I bring actions for trespass. He brings actions for assault and battery; I defend them, and continue to assault and batter. Ha, ha, ha!"

To hear him say all this with unimaginable energy, one might have thought him the angriest of mankind. To see him, at the very same time, looking at the bird now perched upon his thumb, and softly smoothing its feathers with his forefinger, one might have thought him the gentlest. To hear him laugh, and see the broad good-nature of his face then, one might have supposed that he had not a care in the world, or a dispute, or a dislike, but that his whole existence was a summer joke.

"No, no," he said, "no closing up of my paths, by any Dedlock! Though I willingly confess," here he softened in a moment, "that Lady Dedlock is the most accomplished lady in the world, to whom I would do any homage that a plain gentleman, and no baronet with a head
seven hundred years thick, may. A man who joined his regiment at twenty, and, within a week, challenged the most imperious and presumptuous coxcomb of a commanding officer that ever drew the breath of life through a tight waist—and got broke for it—is not the man to be walked over, by all the Sir Lucifers, dead or alive, locked or unlocked. Ha, ha! ha,

"Nor the man to allow his junior to be walked over, either?" said my Guardian.

"Most assuredly not!" said Mr. Boythorn, clapping him on the shoulder with an air of protection, that had something serious in it, though he laughed. "He will stand by the low boy, always. Jarndyce, you may rely upon him! But, speaking of this trespass—with apologies to Miss Clare and Miss Summerson for the length at which I have pursued so dry a subject—is there nothing for me from your men, Kenge and Carboy?"

"I think not, Esther?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Nothing, Guardian."

"Much obliged!" said Mr. Boythorn. "Had no need to ask, after even my slight experience of Miss Summerson's forethought for every one about her." (They all encouraged me; they were determined to do it.) "I enquired because, coming from Lincolnshire, I of course have not yet been in town, and I thought some letters might have been sent down here. I dare say they will report progress to-morrow morning."

I saw him so often, in the course of the evening, which passed very pleasantly, contemplate Richard and Ada with an interest and a satisfaction that made his fine face remarkably agreeable as he sat at a little distance from the piano listening to the music—and he had small occasion to tell us that he was passionately fond of music, for his face showed it—that I asked my Guardian, as we sat at the backgammon board, whether Mr. Boythorn had ever been married.

"No," said he. "No."

"But he meant to be?" said I.

"How did you find out that?" he returned, with a smile.

"Why, Guardian," I explained, not without reddening a little at hazarding what was in my thoughts, "there is something so tender in his manner, after all, and he is so very courtly and gentle to us, and—"

Mr. Jarndyce directed his eyes to where he was sitting, as I have just described him.

I said no more.

"You are right, little woman," he answered. "He was all but married, once. Long ago. And once."

"Did the lady die?"

"No—but she died to him. That time has had its influence on all his later life. Would you suppose him to have a head and a heart full of romance yet?"

"I think, Guardian, I might have supposed so. But it is easy to say that, when you have told me so."

"He has never since been what he might have been," said Mr. Jarndyce, "and now you see him in his age with no one near him but his servant, and his little yellow friend.—It's your throw, my dear!"

I felt, from my Guardian's manner, that beyond this point I could not
pursue the subject without changing the wind. I therefore forbore to ask any further questions. I was interested, but not curious. I thought a little while about this old love story in the night, when I was awakened by Mr. Boythorn’s lusty snoring; and I tried to do that very difficult thing—imagine old people young again, and invested with the graces of youth. But I fell asleep before I had succeeded, and dreamed of the days when I lived in my godmother’s house. I am not sufficiently acquainted with such subjects, to know whether it is at all remarkable that I almost always dreamed of that period of my life.

With the morning, there came a letter from Messrs. Kenge and Carboy to Mr. Boythorn, informing him that one of their clerks would wait upon him at noon. As it was the day of the week on which I paid the bills, and added up my books, and made all the household affairs as compact as possible, I remained at home while Mr. Jarndyce, Ada, and Richard, took advantage of a very fine day to make a little excursion. Mr. Boythorn was to wait for Kenge and Carboy’s clerk, and then was to go on foot to meet them on their return.

Well! I was full of business, examining tradesmen’s books, adding up columns, paying money, filing receipts, and I dare say making a great bustle about it, when Mr. Guppy was announced and shown in. I had some idea that the clerk who was to be sent down, might be the young gentleman who had met me at the coach-office; and I was glad to see him, because he was associated with my present happiness.

I scarcely knew him again, he was so uncommonly smart. He had an entirely new suit of glossy clothes on, a shining hat, lilac-kid gloves, a neckerchief of a variety of colours, a large hot-house flower in his button-hole, and a thick gold ring on his little finger. Besides which, he quite scented the dining-room with bear’s-grease, and other perfumery. He looked at me with an attention that quite confused me, when I begged him to take a seat until the servant should return; and as he sat there, crossing and uncrossing his legs in a corner, and I asked him if he had had a pleasant ride, and hoped that Mr. Kenge was well, I never looked at him, but I found him looking at me, in the same scrutinizing and curious way.

When the request was brought to him that he would go up-stairs to Mr. Boythorn’s room, I mentioned that he would find lunch prepared for him when he came down, of which Mr. Jarndyce hoped he would partake. He said with some embarrassment, holding the handle of the door, “Shall I have the honor of finding you here, Miss?” I replied yes, I should be there; and he went out with a bow and another look.

I thought him only awkward and shy, for he was evidently much embarrassed; and I fancied that the best thing I could do, would be to wait until I saw that he had everything he wanted, and then to leave him to himself. The lunch was soon brought, but it remained for some time on the table. The interview with Mr. Boythorn was a long one—and a stormy one too, I should think; for, although his room was at some distance, I heard his loud voice rising every now and then like a high wind, and evidently blowing perfect broadsides of denunciation.

At last Mr. Guppy came back, looking something the worse for the conference. “My eye, miss,” he said in a low voice, “he’s a Tartar!”

“Pray take some refreshment, sir,” said I.

Mr. Guppy sat down at the table, and began nervously sharpening the
carving-knife on the carving-fork; still looking at me (as I felt quite sure without looking at him), in the same unusual manner. The sharpening lasted so long, that at last I felt a kind of obligation on me to raise my eyes, in order that I might break the spell under which he seemed to labour, of not being able to leave off.

He immediately looked at the dish, and began to carve.

"What will you take yourself, miss? You'll take a morsel of something?"

"No, thank you," said I.

"Shan't I give you a piece of anything at all, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, hurriedly drinking off a glass of wine.

"Nothing, thank you," said I. "I have only waited to see that you have everything you want. Is there anything I can order for you?"

"No, I am much obliged to you, miss, I'm sure. I've every thing I can require to make me comfortable—at least I—not comfortable—I'm never that," he drank off two more glasses of wine, one after another.

I thought I had better go.

"I beg your pardon, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, rising, when he saw me rise. "But would you allow me the favor of a minute's private conversation?"

Not knowing what to say, I sat down again.

"What follows is without prejudice, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, anxiously bringing a chair towards my table.

"I don't understand what you mean," said I, wondering.

"It's one of our law terms, miss. You won't make any use of it to my detriment, at Kenge and Carboy's, or elsewhere. If our conversation shouldn't lead to anything, I am to be as I was, and am not to be prejudiced in my situation or worldly prospects. In short, it's in total confidence."

"I am at a loss, sir," said I, "to imagine what you can have to communicate in total confidence to me, whom you have never seen but once; but I should be very sorry to do you any injury."

"Thank you, miss. I'm sure of it—that's quite sufficient." All this time Mr. Guppy was either planing his forehead with his handkerchief, or tightly rubbing the palm of his left hand with the palm of his right. "If you would excuse my taking another glass of wine, miss, I think it might assist me in getting on, without a continual choke that cannot fail to be mutually unpleasant."

He did so, and came back again. I took the opportunity of moving well behind my table.

"You wouldn't allow me to offer you one, would you, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, apparently refreshed.

"Not any," said I.

"Not half a glass?" said Mr. Guppy; "quarter? No! Then, to proceed. My present salary, Miss Summerson, at Kenge and Carboy's, is two pound a-week. When I first had the happiness of looking upon you, it was one-fifteen, and had stood at that figure for a lengthened period. A rise of five has since taken place, and a further rise of five is guaranteed at the expiration of a term not exceeding twelve months from the present date. My mother has a little property, which takes the form of a small life annuity; upon which she lives in an independent though
unassuming manner, in the Old Street Road. She is eminently calculated
for a mother-in-law. She never interferes, is all for peace, and her
disposition easy. She has her failings—as who has not?—but I never knew
her do it when company was present; at which time you may freely trust
her with wines, spirits, or malt liquors. My own abode is lodgings at
Penton Place, Pentonville. It is lowly, but airy, open at the back, and
considered one of the 'threshiest outlets. Miss Summerson! In the
mildest language, I adore you. Would you be so kind as to allow me
(as I may say) to file a declaration—to make an offer!"

Mr. Guppy went down on his knees. I was well behind my table, and
not much frightened. I said, "Get up from that ridiculous position
immediately, sir, or you will oblige me to break my implied promise and
ring the bell!"

"Hear me out, miss!" said Mr. Guppy, folding his hands.

"I cannot consent to hear another word, sir," I returned, "unless you get
up from the carpet directly, and go and sit down at the table, as you
ought to do if you have any sense at all."

He looked piteously, but slowly rose and did so.

"Yet what a mockery it is, miss," he said, with his hand upon his
heart, and shaking his head at me in a melancholy manner over the tray,
"to be stationed behind food at such a moment. The soul recoils from
food at such a moment, miss."

"I beg you to conclude," said I; "you have asked me to hear you
out, and I beg you to conclude."

"I will, miss," said Mr. Guppy. "As I love and honor, so likewise I
obey. Would that I could make Thee the subject of that vow, before the
shrine!"

"That is quite impossible," said I, "and entirely out of the question."

"I am aware," said Mr. Guppy, leaning forward over the tray, and
regarding me, as I again strangely felt, though my eyes were not directed
to him, with his late intent look, "I am aware that in a worldly point of
view, according to all appearances, my offer is a poor one. But, Miss
Summerson! Angel!—No, don't ring!—I have been brought up in a sharp
school, and am accustomed to a variety of general practice. Though a
young man, I have ferretd out evidence, got up cases, and seen lots of
life. Blest with your hand, what means might I not find of advancing
your interests, and pushing your fortunes! What might I not get to
know, nearly concerning you? I know nothing now, certainly; but
what might I not, if I had your confidence, and you set me on?"

I told him that he addressed my interest, or what he supposed to be
my interest, quite as unsuccessfully as he addressed my inclination; and
he would now understand that I requested him, if he pleased, to go away
immediately.

"Cruel Miss," said Mr. Guppy, "hear but another word! I think you
must have seen that I was struck with those charms, on the day when
I waited at the Whytorskeller. I think you must have remarked that I
could not forbear a tribute to those charms when I put up the steps of
the 'ackney-coach. It was a feeble tribute to Thee, but it was well
meant. Thy image has ever since been fixed in my breast. I have walked
up and down, of an evening, opposite Jellyby's house, only to look upon
the bricks that once contained Thee. This out of to-day, quite an unme-
cessary out so far as the attendance, which was its pretended object, went, was planned by me alone for Thee alone. If I speak of interest, it is only to recommend myself and my respectful wretchedness. Love was before it, and is before it."

"I should be pained, Mr. Guppy," said I, rising and putting my hand upon the bell-rope, "to do you, or anyone who was sincere, the injustice of slighting my honest feeling, however disagreeably expressed. If you have really meant to give me a proof of your good opinion, though ill-timed and misplaced, I feel that I ought to thank you. I have very little reason to be proud, and I am not proud. I hope," I think I added, without very well knowing what I said, "that you will now go away as if you had never been so exceedingly foolish, and attend to Messrs. Kenge and Carboy's business."

"Half a minute, miss!" cried Mr. Guppy, checking me as I was about to ring. "This has been without prejudice?"

"I will never mention it," said I, "unless you should give me future occasion to do so."

"A quarter of a minute, miss! In case you should think better—at any time, however distant, that's no consequence, for my feelings can never alter—of anything I have said, particularly what might I not do—Mr. William Guppy, eighty-seven, Fenton Place, or, if removed, or dead (of blighted hopes or anything of that sort), care of Mrs. Guppy, three hundred and two, Old Street Road, will be sufficient."

I rang the bell, the servant came, and Mr. Guppy, laying his written card upon the table, and making a dejected bow, departed. Raising my eyes as he went out, I once more saw him looking at me after he had passed the door.

I sat there for another hour or more, finishing my books and payments, and getting through plenty of business. Then, I arranged my desk, and put everything away, and was so composed and cheerful that I thought I had quite dismissed this unexpected incident. But, when I went up-stairs to my own room, I surprised myself by beginning to laugh about it, and then surprised myself still more by beginning to cry about it. In short, I was in a flutter for a little while; and felt as if an old chord had been more coarsely touched than it ever had been since the days of the dear old doll, long buried in the garden.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAW-WRITER.

On the eastern borders of Chancery Lane, that is to say, more particularly, in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, Mr. Snagsby, Law Stationer, pursues his lawful calling. In the shade of Cook's Court, at most times a shady place, Mr. Snagsby has dealt in all sorts of blank forms of legal process; in skins and rolls of parchment; in paper—foolscap, brief, draft, brown, white, whitey-brown, and blotting; in stamps; in office-quills, pens, ink, India-rubber, pounce, pins, pencils, sealing-wax, and wafers; in red tape, and green ferret; in pocket-books, almanacks,
diaries, and law lists; in string boxes, rulers, inkstands—glass and leaden, penknives, scissors, bodkins, and other small office-cutlery; in short, in articles too numerous to mention; ever since he was out of his time, and went into partnership with Peffer. On that occasion, Cook’s Court was in a manner revolutionised by the new inscription in fresh paint, Peffer and Snagsby, displacing the time-honored and not easily to be deciphered legend, Peffer, only. For smoke, which is the London ivy, had so wreathed itself around Peffer’s name, and clung to his dwelling-place, that the affectionate parasite quite overpowered the parent tree.

Peffer is never seen in Cook’s Court now. He is not expected there, for he has been reburied this quarter in the churchyard of St. Andrew’s, Holborn, with the wagons and hackney-coaches roaring past him, all the day and half the night, like one great dragon. If he ever steal forth when the dragon is at rest, to air himself again in Cook’s Court, until admonished to return by the crowing of the sunburnt cock in the cellar at the little dairy in Cursitor Street, whose ideas of daylight it would be curious to ascertain, since he knows from his personal observation next to nothing about it—if Peffer ever do revisit the pale glimpses of Cook’s Court, which no law-stationer in the trade can positively deny, he comes invisibly, and no one is the worse or wiser.

In his lifetime, and likewise in the period of Snagsby’s “time” of seven long years, there dwelt with Peffer, in the same law-stationering premises, a niece—a short, shrewd niece, something too violently compressed about the waist, and with a sharp nose like a sharp autumn evening, inclining to be frosty towards the end. The Cook’s-Courtiers had a rumour flying among them, that the mother of this niece did, in her daughter’s childhood, moved by too jealous a solicitude that her figure should approach perfection, lace her up every morning with her maternal foot against the bed-post for a stronger hold and purchase; and further, that she exhibited internally pints of vinegar and lemon-juice: which acids, they held, had mounted to the nose and temper of the patient. With whichever of the many tongues of Rumour this frothy report originated, it either never reached, or never influenced, the ears of young Snagsby; who, having wooed and won its fair subject on his arrival at man’s estate, entered into two partnerships at once. So now, in Cook’s Court, Cursitor Street, Mr. Snagsby and the niece are one; and the niece still cherishes her figure—which, however tastes may differ, is unquestionably so far precious, that there is mighty little of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby are not only one bone and one flesh, but, to the neighbours’ thinking, one voice too. That voice, appearing to proceed from Mrs. Snagsby alone, is heard in Cook’s Court very often. Mr. Snagsby, otherwise than as he finds expression through those dulcet tones, is rarely heard. He is a mild, bald, timid man, with a shining head, and a scrubby clump of black hair sticking out at the back. He tends to meekness and obesity. As he stands at his door in Cook’s Court, in his grey shop-coat and black calico sleeves, looking up at the clouds; or stands behind a desk in his dark shop, with a heavy flat ruler, snipping and slicing at sheepskin, in company with his two ‘Prentices; he is emphatically a retiring and unassuming man. From beneath his feet, at such times, as from a shrill ghost unquiet in its grave, there frequently arise complainings and lamentations in the voice already mentioned; and, haply on some occasions,
when these reach a sharper pitch than usual, Mr. Snagsby mentions to the 'Prentices, "I think my little woman is a-giving it to Guster!"

This proper name, so used by Mr. Snagsby, has before now sharpened the wit of the Cook's-Courtiers to remark that it ought to be the name of Mrs. Snagsby; seeing that she might with great force and expression be termed a Guster, in compliment to her stormy character. It is, however, the possession, and the only possession, except fifty shillings per annum and a very small box indifferently filled with clothing, of a lean young woman from a workhouse (by some supposed to have been christened Augusta); who, although she was farmed or contracted for, during her growing time, by an amiable benefactor of his species resident at Tooting, and cannot fail to have been developed under the most favorable circumstances, "has fits"—which the parish can't account for.

Guster, really aged three or four and twenty, but looking a round ten years older, goes cheap with this unaccountable drawback of fits; and is so apprehensive of being returned on the hands of her patron Saint, that when she is found with her head in the pail, or the sink, or the copper, or the dinner, or anything else that happens to be near her at the time of her seizure, she is always at work. She is a satisfaction to the parents and guardians of the 'Prentices, who feel that there is little danger of her inspiring tender emotions in the breast of youth; she is a satisfaction to Mr. Snagsby, who can always find fault with her; she is a satisfaction to Mr. Snagsby, who thinks it a charity to keep her. The Law-stationer's establishment is, in Guster's eyes, a Temple of plenty and splendor. She believes the little drawing-room up-stairs, always kept, as one may say, with its hair in papers and its pinafore on, to be the most elegant apartment in Christendom. The view it commands of Cook's Court at one end (not to mention a squint into Cursitor Street), and of Coavins's the sheriff's officer's backyard at the other, she regards as a prospect of unequalled beauty. The portraits it displays in oil—and plenty of it too—of Mr. Snagsby looking at Mrs. Snagsby, and of Mrs. Snagsby looking at Mr. Snagsby, are in her eyes as achievements of Raphael or Titian.

Guster has some recompences for her many privations.

Mr. Snagsby refers everything not in the practical mysteries of the business, to Mrs. Snagsby. She manages the money, reproaches the Tax-gatherers, appoints the times and places of devotion on Sundays, licenses Mr. Snagsby's entertainments, and acknowledges no responsibility as to what she thinks fit to provide for dinner; insomuch that she is the high standard of comparison among the neighbouring wives, a long way down Chancery Lane on both sides, and even out in Holborn, who, in any domestic passages of arms, habitually call upon their husbands to look at the difference between their (the wives') position and Mrs. Snagsby's, and their (the husbands') behaviour and Mr. Snagsby's. Rumour, always flying, bat-like, about Cook's Court, and skimming in and out at everybody's windows, does say that Mrs. Snagsby is jealous and inquisitive; and that Mr. Snagsby is sometimes worried out of house and home, and that if he had the spirit of a mouse he wouldn't stand it. It is even observed, that the wives who quote him to their self-willed husbands as a shining example, in reality look down upon him; and that nobody does so with greater superciliousness than one particular lady, whose lord is more than suspected of laying his umbrella on her
as an instrument of correction. But these vague whisperings may arise from Mr. Snagsby's being, in his way, rather a meditative and poetical man; loving to walk in Staple Inn in the summer time, and to observe how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are; also to lounge about the Rolls Yard of a Sunday afternoon, and to remark (if in good spirits) that there were old times once, and that you'd find a stone coffin or two, now, under that chapel, he'll be bound, if you was dig for it. He solaces his imagination, too, by thinking of the many Chancellors and Vices, and Masters of the Rolls, who are deceased; and he gets such a flavor of the country out of telling the two Prentices how he has heard say that a brook "as clear as crystal" once ran right down the middle of Holborn, when Turnstile really was a turnstile leading slap away into the meadows—gets such a flavor of the country out of this, that he never wants to go there.

The day is closing in and the gas is lighted, but is not yet fully effective, for it is not quite dark. Mr. Snagsby standing at his shop-door looking up at the clouds, sees a crow, who is out late, skim westward over the leaden slice of sky belonging to Cook's Court. The crow flies straight across Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn Garden, into Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Here, in a large house, formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now; and in those shrunken fragments of its greatness, lawyers lie like maggots in nuts. But its rooky staircases, passages, and antechambers, still remain; and even its painted ceilings, where Allegory, in Roman helmet and celestial linen, sprawls among balustrades and pillars, flowers, clouds, and big-legged boys, and makes the head ache—as would seem to be Allegory's object always, more or less. Here, among his many boxes labelled with transcendent names, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn, when not speechlessly at home in country-houses where the great ones of the earth are bored to death. Here he is to-day, quiet at his table. An Oyster of the old school, whom nobody can open.

Like as he is to look at, so is his apartment in the dusk of the present afternoon. Rusty, out of date, withdrawing from attention, able to afford it. Heavy broad-backed old-fashioned mahogany and horsehair chairs, not easily lifted, obsolete tables with spindle-legs and dusty baize covers, presentation prints of the holders of great titles in the last generation, or the last but one, environ him. A thick and dingy Turkey-carpet muffles the floor where he sits, attended by two candles in old-fashioned silver candlesticks, that give a very insufficient light to his large room. The titles on the backs of his books have retired into the binding; everything that can have a lock has got one; no key is visible. Very few loose papers are about. He has some manuscript near him, but is not referring to it. With the round top of an inkstand, and two broken bits of sealing-wax, he is silently and slowly working out whatever train of indecision is in his mind. Now, the inkstand top is in the middle: now, the red bit of sealing-wax, now the black bit. That's not it. Mr. Tulkinghorn must gather them all up, and begin again.

Here, beneath the painted ceiling, with foreshortened Allegory staring down at his intrusion as if it meant to swoop upon him, and he cutting it dead, Mr. Tulkinghorn has at once his house and office. He keeps no staff; only one middle-aged man, usually a little out at elbows, who sits in a high Pew in the hall, and is rarely overburdened with business.
Mr. Tulkinghorn is not in a common way. He wants no clerks. He is a great reservoir of confidences, not to be so tapped. His clients want him; he is all in all. Drafts that he requires to be drawn, are drawn by special-pleaders in the Temple on mysterious instructions; fair copies that he requires to be made, are made at the stationer’s, expense being no consideration. The middle-aged man in the Pew, knows scarcely more of the affairs of the Peerage, than any crossing-sweeper in Holborn.

The red bit, the black bit, the inkstand top, the other inkstand top, the little sand-box. So! You to the middle, yes, to the right, you to the left. This train of indecision must surely be worked out now or never.—Now! Mr. Tulkinghorn gets up, adjusts his spectacles, puts on his hat, puts the manuscript in his pocket, goes out, tells the middle-aged man out at elbows, “I shall be back presently.” Very rarely tells him anything more explicit.

Mr. Tulkinghorn goes, as the crow came—not quite so straight, but nearly—to Cook’s Court, Cursitor Street. To Snagsby’s, Law Stationer’s, Deeds engrossed and copied, Law-Writing executed in all its branches, &c., &c., &c.

It is somewhere about five or six o’clock in the afternoon, and a balmy fragrance of warm tea hovers in Cook’s Court. It hovers about Snagsby’s door. The hours are early there; dinner at half-past one, and supper at half-past nine. Mr. Snagsby was about to descend into the subterranean regions to take tea, when he looked out of his door just now, and saw the crow who was out late.

“Master at home?”

Guster is minding the shop, for the ‘Prentices take tea in the kitchen, with Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby; consequently, the robe-maker’s two daughters, combing their curls at the two glasses in the two second-floor windows of the opposite house, are not driving the two ‘Prentices to distraction, as they fondly suppose, but are merely awakening the unprofitable admiration of Guster, whose hair won’t grow, and never would, and, it is confidently thought, never will.

“Master at home?” says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

Master is at home, and Guster will fetch him. Guster disappears, glad to get out of the shop, which she regards with mingled dread and veneration, as a storehouse of awful implements of the great torture of the law: a place not to be entered after the gas is turned off.

Mr. Snagsby appears: greasy, warm, herbaceous, and chewing. Bolts a bit of bread and butter. Says, “Bless my soul, sir! Mr. Tulkinghorn!”

“I want half a word with you, Snagsby.”

“Certainly, sir! Dear me, sir, why didn’t you send your young man round for me? Pray walk into the back shop, sir.” Snagsby has brightened in a moment.

The confined room, strong of parchment-grease, is warehouse, counting-house, and copying-office. Mr. Tulkinghorn sits, facing round, on a stool at the desk.

“Jarndyce and Jarndyce, Snagsby.”

“Yes, sir.” Mr. Snagsby turns up the gas, and coughs behind his hand, modestly anticipating profit. Mr. Snagsby, as a timid man, is accustomed to cough with a variety of expressions, and so to save words.
"You copied some affidavits in that cause for me lately."

"Yes, sir, we did."

"There was one of them," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, carelessly feeling—tight, unopenable Oyster of the old school!—in the wrong coat-pocket, "the handwriting of which is peculiar, and I rather like. As I happened to be passing, and thought I had it about me, I looked in to ask you—but I haven't got it. No matter, any other time will do—Ah! here it is!—I looked in to ask you who copied this?"

"Who copied this, sir?" says Mr. Snagsby, taking it, laying it flat on the desk, and separating all the sheets at once with a twist and a twist of the left hand peculiar to law-stationers. "We gave this out, sir. We were giving out rather a large quantity of work just at that time. I can tell you in a moment who copied it, sir, by referring to my Book."

Mr. Snagsby takes his Book down from the safe, makes another bolt of the bit of bread and butter which seems to have stopped short, eyes the affidavit aside, and brings his right forefinger travelling down a page of the Book. "Jewby—Packery-Jarndyce."

"Jarndyce! Here we are, sir," says Mr. Snagsby. "To be sure! I might have remembered it. This was given out, sir, to a Writer who lodges just over on the opposite side of the lane."

Mr. Tulkinghorn has seen the entry, found it before the Law-stationer, read it while the forefinger was coming down the hill.

"What do you call him? Nemo?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Nemo, sir. Here it is. Forty-two folio. Given out on the Wednesday night, at eight o'clock; brought in on the Thursday morning, at half after nine."

"Nemo!" repeats Mr. Tulkinghorn. "Nemo is Latin for no one."

"It must be English for some one, sir, I think," Mr. Snagsby submits, with his deferential cough. "It is a person's name. Here it is, you see, sir! Forty-two folio. Given out, Wednesday night, eight o'clock; brought in, Thursday morning, half after nine."

The tail of Mr. Snagsby's eye becomes conscious of the head of Mrs. Snagsby looking in at the shop-door to know what he means by deserting his tea. Mr. Snagsby addresses an explanatory cough to Mrs. Snagsby, as who should say, "My dear, a customer!"

"Half after nine, sir," repeats Mr. Snagsby. "Our law-writers, who live by job-work, are a queer lot; and this may not be his name, but it's the name he goes by. I remember now, sir, that he gives it in a written advertisement he sticks up down at the Rule Office, and the King's Bench Office, and the Judges' Chambers, and so forth. You know the kind or document, sir—wanting employ?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn glances through the little window at the back of Coavins's, the sheriff's officer's, where lights shine in Coavins's windows. Coavins's coffee-room is at the back, and the shadows of several gentlemen under a cloud loom cloudily upon the blinds. Mr. Snagsby takes the opportunity of slightly turning his head, to glance over his shoulder at his little woman, and to make apologetic motions with his mouth to this effect: "Tul-king-horn—rich—in-flu-en-tial!"

"Have you given this man work before?" asks Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"O dear, yes, sir! Work of yours."

"Thinking of more important matters, I forget where you said he lived!"
“Across the lane, sir. In fact, he lodges at a—” Mr. Snagsby makes another bolt, as if the bit of bread and butter were insurmountable—“at a Rag and Bottle shop.”

“Can you show me the place as I go back?”

“With the greatest pleasure, sir!”

Mr. Snagsby pulls off his sleeves and his grey coat, pulls on his black coat, takes his hat from its peg. “Oh! here is my little woman!” he says aloud. “My dear, will you be so kind as to tell one of the lads to look after the shop, while I step across the lane with Mr. Tulkinghorn?”

Mrs. Snagsby, sir—I shan’t be two minutes, my love!”

Mrs. Snagsby bends to the lawyer, retires behind the counter, peeps at them through the window-blind, goes softly into the back office, refers to the entries in the book still lying open. Is evidently curious.

“You will find that the place is rough, sir,” says Mr. Snagsby, walking deferentially in the road, and leaving the narrow pavement to the lawyer; “and the party is very rough. But they’re a wild lot in general, sir. The advantage of this particular man is, that he never wants sleep. He’ll go at it right on end, if you want him to, as long as ever you like.”

It is quite dark now, and the gas-lamps have acquired their full effect. Jostling against clerks going to post the day’s letters, and against counsel and attorneys going home to dinner, and against plaintiffs and defendants, and suitors of all sorts, and against the general crowd, in whose way the forensic wisdom of ages has interposed a million of obstacles to the transaction of the commonest business of life—diving through law and equity, and through that kindred mystery, the street mud, which is made of nobody knows what, and collects about us nobody knows whence or how: we only knowing in general that when there is too much of it, we find it necessary to shovel it away—the lawyer and the law-stationer come to a Rag and Bottle shop, and general emporium of much disregarded merchandise, lying and being in the shadow of the wall of Lincoln’s Inn, and kept, as is announced in paint, to all whom it may concern, by one Krook.

“This is where he lives, sir,” says the law-stationer.

“This is where he lives, is it?” says the lawyer unconcernedly.

“Thank you.”

“Are you not going in, sir?”

“No, thank you, no; I am going on to the Fields at present. Good evening. Thank you!” Mr. Snagsby lifts his hat, and returns to his little woman and his tea.

But, Mr. Tulkinghorn does not go on to the Fields at present. He goes a short way, turns back, comes again to the shop of Mr. Krook, and enters it straight. It is dim enough, with a blot-headed candle or so in the windows, and an old man and a cat sitting in the back part by a fire. The old man rises and comes forward, with another blot-headed candle in his hand.

“Pray, is your lodger within?”

“Male or female, sir?” says Mr. Krook.

“Male. The person who does copying.”

Mr. Krook has eyed his man narrowly. Knows him by sight. Has an indistinct impression of his aristocratic repute.

“Did you wish to see him, sir?”

“Yes.

“It’s what I seldom do myself,” says Mr. Krook with a grin. “Shall I call him down? But it’s a weak chance if he’d come, sir!”
"I'll go up to him, then," says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Second floor, sir. Take the candle. Up there!" Mr. Krook, with his cat beside him, stands at the bottom of the staircase, looking after Mr. Tulkinghorn. "Hi—hi!" he says, when Mr. Tulkinghorn has nearly disappeared. The lawyer looks down over the hand-rail. The cat expands her wicked mouth, and snarls at him.

"Order, Lady Jane! Behave yourself to visitors, my lady! You know what they say of my lodger?" whispers Krook, going up a step or two.

"What do they say of him?"

"They say he has sold himself to the Enemy; but you and I know better—he don't buy. I'll tell you what, though; my lodger is so black-humoured and gloomy, that I believe he'd as soon make that bargain as any other. Don't put him out, sir. That's my advice!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn with a nod goes on his way. He comes to the dark door on the second floor. He knocks, receives no answer, opens it, and accidentally extinguishes his candle in doing so.

The air of the room is almost bad enough to have extinguished it, if he had not. It is a small room, nearly black with soot, and grease, and dirt. In the rusty skeleton of a grate, pinched at the middle as if Poverty had gripped it, a red coke fire burns low. In the corner by the chimney, stand a deal table and a broken desk: a wilderness marked with a rain of ink. In another corner, a ragged old portmanteau on one of the two chairs, serves for cabinet or wardrobe; no larger one is needed, for it collapses like the cheeks of a starved man. The floor is bare; except that one old mat, trodden to shreds of rope-yarn, lies perishing upon the hearth. No curtain veils the darkness of the night, but the discolored shutters are drawn together; and through the two gaunt holes pierced in them, famine might be staring in—the Banshee of the man upon the bed.

For, on a low bed opposite the fire, a confusion of dirty patchwork, lean-ribbed ticking, and coarse suckling, the lawyer, hesitating just within the doorway, sees a man. He lies there, dressed in shirt and trousers, with bare feet. He has a yellow look, in the spectral darkness of a candle that has guttered down, until the whole length of its wick (still burning) has doubled over, and left a tower of winding-sheet above it. His hair is ragged, mingling with his whiskers and his beard—the latter, ragged too, and grown, like the scum and mist around him, in neglect. Foul and filthy as the room is, foul and filthy as the air, it is not easy to perceive what fumes those are which most oppress the senses in it; but through the general sickliness and faintness, and the odor of stale tobacco, there comes into the lawyer's mouth the bitter, rapid taste of opium.

"Hallo, my friend!" he cries, and strikes his iron candlestick against the door.

He thinks he has awakened his friend. He lies a little turned away, but his eyes are surely open.

"Hallo, my friend!" he cries again. "Hallo! Hallo!"

As he rattles on the door, the candle which has drooped so long, goes out, and leaves him in the dark; with the gaunt eyes in the shutters staring down upon the bed.
INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by every thing which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate, appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment: occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of Indigestion there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the
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the stomach has always been loaded with water,
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act, and very frequently wholly to destroy
the effect. It must be evident that loading
a weak stomach with a large quantity of
water, merely for the purpose of conveying
into it a small quantity of medicine must be
injurious; and that the medicines must pos-
sess powerful renovating properties only to
counteract the bad effects likely to be pro-
bduced by the water. Generally speaking,
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sized pills. Experience has afforded the most
ample proof that they possess all the fine
aromatic and stomachic properties for which
the herb has been esteemed; and, as they
are taken into the stomach unencumbered by
any diluting or indigestible substance, in the
same degree has their benefit been more im-
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them justice to say, that they are really the
most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By
the word tonic is meant a medicine which
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food, which increases the power of every
nerve and muscle of the human body; or, in
other words, invigorates the nervous and
muscular systems. The solidity or firmness
of the whole tissue of the body which so
quickly follows the use of Norton's Camomile
Pills, their certain and speedy effects in re-
paring the partial dilapidations from time or
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fluence on the whole frame, is most con-
vincing; that in the smallest compass is con-
tained the largest quantity of the tonic prin-
ciple, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade
the whole system, through which it diffuses
health and strength sufficient to resist the
formation of disease, and also to fortify the
constitution against contagion; as such, their
general use is strongly recommended as a
preventative during the prevalence of mag-
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valuable as in no one instance have they ever
failed in preventing the taking of illness,
even under the most trying circumstances.

As Norton's Camomile Pills are parti-
cularly recommended for all stomach com-
plaints or indigestion, it will probably be ex-
pected that some advice should be given
respecting diet, though after all that has been
written upon the subject, after the publica-
tion of volume upon volume, after the country
has, as it were, been inundated with prac-
tical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging
life, it would be unnecessary to say more.
did we not feel it our duty to make the
humble endeavour of inducing the public to
to regard them not, but to adopt that course
which is dictated by nature, by reason, and
by common sense. Those persons who study
the wholesome, and are governed by the
opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly
both unhealthy in body and weak in mind.
There can be no doubt that the palate is de-
signed to inform us what is proper for the
stomach, and of course that must best in-
struct us what food to take and what to
avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing
can be more clear than that those articles
which are agreeable to the taste were by
nature intended for our food and sustenance,
whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native
production; if they are pure and unadul-
terated, no harm need be dreaded by their
OBSERVATIONS ON INDIGESTION.

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various articles which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often, committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of Norton's Camomile Pills, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal; it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty, than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement: Indeed it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

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[William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was about the year 1589 expelled from the
University for marrying contrary to the statutes. Having no fortune, the wife was obliged
to contribute to their joint support by knitting; and Lee, while watching the motion of her
fingers, conceived the idea of imitating those movements by a machine.]

THE
LONDON WEEKLY PAPER,
AND
Organ of the Middle Classes.
A RECORD OF POLITICAL, DOMESTIC, AND FOREIGN NEWS, LITERATURE,
ARTS, SCIENCE, ETC.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ.,
(Late Editor of the Literary Gazette.)

TO THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

In offering the LONDON WEEKLY PAPER to represent you in that great and still
growing power, the Parliament of the British Press, we are aware that, previous to
giving us your suffrages, you will demand—and justly—a full, clear, and candid
statement of the part we propose to act on this great stage of Social and Political
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Parliament who represent the larger constituencies are those to whose opinions
are attached the greater weight, so the greater number of votes you register in
our favour the greater will be our influence, and consequently our sphere of usefulness,) that it is our purpose to enforce two high principles: I. Social Improvement; II. Political Reform.

With our Social Duties then we will commence. We desire to supply a want long felt by a large portion of the Public:—viz, a Weekly Paper that shall at once embrace all the news and topics of the week, and, at the same time, maintain a higher literary character than has generally been assumed by the weekly press. It will be of the full size, consisting of sixty-four columns, printed on superior paper, from bold, clear type.

As our London Weekly Paper is especially intended for the Family Circle, the utmost care will be taken to preserve, throughout, a strictly Moral Tone, and with this view, all advertisements of an objectionable character will be carefully excluded. The proceedings of the Law and Police Courts will be fully reported, and no pains will be spared to obtain the best and latest Foreign, Town, and Country News, with Accurate Accounts of Public Meetings, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c. Carefully digested Reports of the Parliamentary Proceedings and Debates will also be given. Due attention will be paid to the Markets, Funds, Railways, Sporting Intelligence, &c.

We intend making the Reviews of New Books, Science, Archeology, the Fine Arts, Music, the Theatres, &c., special features: this portion will be confided to gentlemen distinguished by their attainments in the Arts, Sciences, and Literature.

A Principal novelty in this Paper, distinguishing it from all others, will be the devotion, from week to week, of a portion of its Columns to the History of the Origin of contemporary events, with Biographical notices of persons lately sprung into notoriety. Thus, we shall not think it enough to record a passing occurrence, but when it possesses any importance, make it a portion of our duty to give the particulars of such event, and the cause which led to it. It has been a matter of complaint, that, in the newspapers generally, great political incidents as they occur are brought abruptly before the public, without that sort of information relating to their antecedents which would make them intelligible to the general reader; this defect we hope to remedy.

But, while we devote a portion of our space to all these subjects, the Political Department of our Paper will be earnestly conducted, nor shall we shrink, in the slightest degree, from the responsibility attached to it. We will honestly advocate the great cause of National Progress, and we need scarcely add the continuance of the free and enlightened Commercial Policy which has so largely contributed to the present material comforts of the humbler classes, and thus to the general prosperity of the country: while we no less firmly support, on the other hand, the interests of Social Order against Mob Despotism, and the great principles of Constitutional Liberty against Individual or Combined Oppression.

With regard to the Church, we profess ourselves Staunton Protestants, but we shall advocate the cause of Religious Liberty, and do all in our power to promote Reform of Abuses which may have crept into Ecclesiastical Establishments. In short, we shall support deliberate and well-conducted Reform wherever it is required, in Church or in State, in Law, or other Learned Professions, in Corporate Bodies and Institutions, in the Commercial and Colonial Relations of the Kingdom, in Education, and in everything which regards the Social Condition and Social Comforts of our Countrymen. It is for them that our Paper is designed; we shall espyse the cause of no sect or party; but, whatever set of men may be in power, we shall judge every Measure of Government only by its intrinsic merits and the benefits it is likely to secure for the country.

An Edition will be published on Friday, in time for the Evening Mails for the country, and the last Edition on Saturday evening at Six o’clock, which will contain the latest general news, the market and commercial intelligence, with quotations of prices corrected to the hour of going to press.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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.
WATERLOW & SONS' PATENT AUTOGRAPHIC PRESS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.— (Continued.)

"MORNING CHRONICLE."

Autoigraphic Press.—An invention has been patented which is likely to prove of great utility to public companies and men of business generally. It consists of a press and materials, by means of which any person may, from a document previously written on paper, produce any required number of copies. Circulars, letters, prospectuses, &c., can be produced by this invention with the greatest facility; and any number of designs, music, prints, &c., may be expeditiously printed in the same manner. The apparatus is extremely simple, and is contained in a box of small size, perfectly portable. 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.

"WESTMINSTER REVIEW."

The Autoigraphic Press, or Portable Printing Machine.—Under this name the Messrs. WATERLOW, of London Wall, have patented a very simple but effective apparatus, the merits of which cannot fail to be duly appreciated as soon as they are known. The subject to be printed is transferred from paper to the surface of a highly-polished metallic plate, and being charged with ink in the usual manner, the paper on which it is to be printed is placed upon it, and the tympan being laid down, a wooden scraper or a paper scraper is passed over it by the hand, when a perfect impression is at once obtained. All wash may be done even upon the drawing-room table; and the whole of the apparatus, when not in use, is enclosed in a neat French-polished box, which may be carried beneath the arm. The utility of such a simple application of the lithographic principle must be obvious to most genteel men and women, who require a large number of copies of their correspondences.

The name of "Autoigraphic Press" may perhaps induce the idea that this is some cumbersome machine similar to that used in lithographic printing. Such, however, is not the case, for no press, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is used at all, the impression, as has been before mentioned, being produced by hand. The requisite number of copies having been obtained, the design is erased from the plate, which is then ready to receive another.

"ATLAS."

Bankers' and Merchants' Circulars.—An invention has been submitted to us, which is likely to prove of great utility to public companies and men of business generally. It consists of a press and materials, by means of which any person may, from a document previously written on paper, produce any required number of copies. Circulars, letters, prospectuses, &c., can be produced by this invention with the greatest facility; and any number of designs, music, prints, &c., may be expeditiously printed in the same manner. The apparatus is extremely simple, and is contained in a box of small size, perfectly portable. 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 H.R.H. Prince Albert, and it is the invention of Messrs. WATERLOW and Sons, London Wall, by whom it has been patented.

"ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

WATERLOW'S AUTOGRAPHIC PRESS.—Amongst the most practically useful inventions which have recently come under our notice, whether we regard it in reference to the commercial world, or as an instrument in the hands of a private gentleman, "The Autoigraphic Press," patented by WATERLOW and Sons, is entitled to foremost mention. By this apparatus, any person may with facility print any number of letters, circulars, and bank letters, &c.; and the transfer of letters and circulars from a metallic plate to paper is so quick as to be within the power of the ordinary press, and may perhaps induce our mercantile men and others, before mentioned, to receive the new apparatus in its proper order.

The invention has been patented which is likely to prove of great utility to public companies and men of business generally. It consists of a press and materials, by means of which any person may, from a document previously written on paper, produce any required number of copies. Circulars, letters, prospectuses, &c., can be produced by this invention with the greatest facility; and any number of designs, music, prints, &c., may be expeditiously printed in the same manner. The apparatus is extremely simple, and is contained in a box of small size, perfectly portable. 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 H.R.H. Prince Albert, and it is the invention of Messrs. WATERLOW and Sons, London Wall, by whom it has been patented.

"BANKERS' MAGAZINE."

Autoigraphic Press.—An invention of great utility. Bankers' Circulars may be printed from it with the greatest facility. It will become 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. It has received the patronage of H.R.H. Prince Albert, to whom it has been submitted by the Patentees, Messrs. WATERLOW and Sons, London Wall.

"SAUNDERS'S DUBLIN NEWS LETTER."

During the course of the week we have had exhibited to us a novel but highly useful machine, called the "Autoigraphic Press," invented and patented by WATERLOW and Sons, of London. The object of the inventors is to enable merchants, bankers, clerks, &c., to take an end of innumerable numbers of copies of their circulars, letters, documents, &c. It entirely supersedes the old mode of copying by the ordinary press, and far outstrips the "manifold" system. In fact, it is a complete lithographic press, put up in a neat portable case, and can be purchased at a moderate price. To the commercial community it must prove a great desideratum.

"BOMBAY GAZETTE."

We see that a very useful invention has been patented by Messrs. WATERLOW and Sons, of London, which will be productive of great convenience to banking establishments, and other concerns requiring to send out circulars with despatch. It is called the "Autoigraphic Press," and a letter written on prepared paper, upon 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, this invention is represented as being likely to prove particularly valuable.

"RAILWAY RECORD."

General Orders to Station Clerks—Messrs. WATERLOW and Sons, London Wall, have recently patented an invention which is likely to prove of great utility to all public Companies. A press and materials are put together in a neat box, in such a way that anyone may, with the greatest facility, reproduce from Mess. any number of copies that may be required. It is called the "Autoigraphic Press"—is very neat, and perfectly portable. Railway Companies would find it exceedingly convenient in issuing orders to their Stations; and it would be in point of expense very soon repay its moderate cost.
PATENT LETTER COPYING PRESSES.

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