1839

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EIGHT-KEYED COCOA FLUTES, with Patent Head, Double Springs, Plates to the C Keys; the keys, tips, sliding tube, &c. of the best silver, price 5l. 5s.; with German silver keys, &c., 3l. 12s. 6d. These instruments are made of the best materials, by most experienced workmen, and perfect in tone. To be had of Mr. H. FENTUM, Professor of the Flute, at 6, Surrey-street, Strand (private house).

CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, NAUTICAL and PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS, at William Jackson's, the Maker, No. 14, Bucklersbury, near the Mansion House, London. Chronometers Rated, &c.

SHEFFIELD PLATED DISH-COVERS, plain and shaped with rich silver mountings, handles, and shields, finished within the last month, are now submitted to inspection at JOHN COWIE's Show-room, 11, HOLLES STREET, Cavendish Square, warranted of Sheffield manufacture; as J. C. can certify from his experience of 24 years in the trade that no plated articles can be relied on but those manufactured at Sheffield. Sheffield has for centuries been celebrated for the manufacture of plated goods and cutlery. Soup and Sauce Tureens, and every other requisite to complete the Table Service.

EASY SHOES.

J. SPARKES HALL begs to direct the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who have TENDER FEET, to the Pannus Corium, or Leather Cloth, for the present season. Shoes and Boots made from this material, have all the appearance and strength of the best Leather; but they never Draw on Pain the Feet. They are got up with extreme care and attention to shape and make, are lined with the softest materials, and do not exceed the price of Leather Shoes.

Ladies and gentlemen in the country may be fitted, by sending a pattern Boot or Shoe, addressed, J. SPARKES HALL, 308, Regent Street, London (Opposite the Polytechnic Institution).

PURveyORS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

CROSE and BLACKWELL's celebrated SOHO SAUCE, for Fish, Game, Steaks, Made Dishes, &c.

DINMORE'S ESSENCE of SHRIMPS, for every description of Bolléd and Fried Fish.

The above to be had, with their other Sauces, and superior-prepared Pickles (which, for so many years, have received universal preference), of most Sauce Vendors throughout the kingdom; and wholesale at their Manufactory, 11, KING STREET, SOHO, LONDON.
PORTABLE FOUNTAINS, Green- 
Houses, Aviaries, Wire-work, and every article for the Pleasure and Kitchen 
Gardener. ROY'S PATENT and PORTABLE WATER-
CLOSETS, BATHS, &c., fixed upon the shortest notice. 
F. Roe, Plumber, &c., 69, Strand.

HOISIERY.

POP and Co. have removed from 28, Friday Street, to 
4, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

THEY continue to manufacture every 
description of HOISIERY, in the old-fashioned 
substantial manner, the greatest attention being paid to 
Elasticy and Durability.—Orders and Patterns to be 
forwarded to 4, Waterloo Place, or to their manufactury, 
Mount Street, Nottingham.

TO PEDESTRIANS, SPORTSMEN, &c.
PATENT PEDOMETERS for the 
Waistcoat Pocket, at PAYNE'S, 163, New Bond 
Street, opposite Clifford Street. Pedometers for Ladies.

CAUTION.—Patent Portable and Fixed 
Water-Closets. In consequence of unprincipled 
imitators having copied WISS'S various Patent Water-
Closets and advertised them as not approved, Robert 
Wiss, the actual inventor, very respectfully cautions the 
Public against the same, and begs to acquaint them that 
during the last twelve years, all the real improvements 
have been effected by R. W. himself. To be seen at the 
Manufacturer, 38, Charing-cross, near the Admiralty.

STOVES, FENDERS, &c. &c.
A T PARKINSON'S Extensive Ware-
rooms, 79, Oxford Street, exactly opposite the 
Pantheon, Families may be furnished upon the shortest 
notice with Stoves, either for the Drawing-Room, 
Dining-Room, or Bed-Chamber; Bronzed and Steel Fend-
ers, of the most novel designs; Fire Irons; Kitchen 
Ranges, and every article for cooking, either in Copper, 
Iron, or Tin. An elegant display of Papier Mâché 
and Japan Trays and Waiters, Tea Urns, Coffee Machines, 
and Silver-pattern Dish Covers; Pendent and Table 
Lamps, including Lamps for Halls, Staircases, Lobbies, or 
Bed-rooms; also Palmer's Patent Candle Lamps, in every 
pattern that is manufactured; and their new 
Magnum Lamp, giving a light equal to an argand burner, although 
only from 6, 10, 15, and 20s. candle; Patent Metallic Wick 
Candles, of every size, and in any quantity. R. H. P. 
Warrants his goods to be the best manufacture, and offers 
them at very moderate charges, with a liberal allowance 
for ready money.

COLE'S Patent Carriages for Railroads, 
Tramroads, &c., 3, Charing Cross. By 
the adoption of Cole's Carriages, one-half of the Oil and 
Fuel may be saved. However powerful Steam is, it 
is capable of being abused. Mr. Cole has shown, by working 
Models, that every ounce employed as a propelling 
power will draw, on a perfect level, with common Wheels, 
81 ounces, and 400 ounces with Cole's Patent; or, 
with the same power, they will travel three times faster, and 
carry double the burden, up an incline of 1 in 100. The 
upper Wheels sustain the entire weight; they move 
sixty times slower than the ground Wheels, consequently there 
are but one-sixtieth part of the wear on their 
axles, as they relieve all the upper and Wheels of their friction, 
and are capable of working for ever.

CHEAP CARPETS !!

BRUSSELS, 3s. 6d. per Yard, usually 
sold at 4s. 6d. Yard-wide Kidderminster, 1s. 9d. 
Yard-wide Venetian, 1s. 3d. Stark's Castle 
Timber, also ready-made Carpets of all sizes. Hearth Rugs, 
Floor Cloth, Blankets, and Counterpanes, equally cheap! 
are now selling at the City Carpet Warehouse, 69, King 
William Street, London Bridge.

THE GOLDEN PERCH. 52, STRAND. 
THE CHEAPEST RIDING-WHIP 
MANUFACTORY IN THE WORLD. Strong 
Riding Whips, 1s. each; and Ladies' best Town-makers, with 
Patent Braided Whalebone Handles, 5s.; Jockey size do. do., from 6s. &c.; Ladies' do. do., with solid silver mountings, 
from 6s. 6d. Jockey size, do. do., from 8s. &c. Ladies' do. do., with hand-worked and solid silver wire buttons, from 10s.; Jockey size do. do. do., from 12s. or more, selected from the largest assortment in London, or 
forwarded in answer to a post-paid letter, with a remittance, and exchanged if not approved of.

J. CHEEK, Golden Perch, 52, Strand.

THE NEW WATER-PROOFING 
PROCESS having been applied to some of the 
Police Clothing, the following is an extract of a letter from Colonel Rowan, one of the Commissioners:—"The 
commissioners have to acquaint you, that one suit has 
been in the use of a constable, whose heat is on Black-
heat. He reports, that frequently during the month of 
January he was out in six hours' successive rain, without 
getting the least damp underneath the clothing. That 
on the night of the 8th instant, it rained the whole nine 
hours he was on duty; and that when he took off his great-
coat, in the presence of the sergeant at the station, it was 
found as dry inside as when he put it on," &c. This in-
valuable process does not impede the action of pers-
piration. It was first publicly introduced by WALTER 
BERDOE, of Cornhill, who, after fully ascertaining 
the merits of all the other systems, believes that of the 
"British Water-Proofing Company's" the best.—WA-
TER-PROOF CLOTHING of every description made 
suitable for all seasons, climates, and purposes.

The NEW CODRINGTON FROCKS are much 
approved, being particularly gentlemanly in appearance, 
and can be made adapted equally to Winter or Summer. 
A variety kept as Specimens, by WALTER BERDOE, 
Talor, 69, CORNHILL.

IMPROVED ACHROMATIC 
TELESCOPES.

A T CRITCHTON'S, Manufacturing Op-
tician, 112, Leadenhall-street, 5 Doors from St. 
Mary Axe, Telescopes of the first Quality are sold at the 
following reduced Prices: A Pocket Telescope, to show 
objects distinctly at a distance of eight miles, 5s.; 
twelve miles, 20s.; sixteen miles, 42s.; twenty miles, 80s. 
COMPOUND MICROSCOPES, in handsome Mahogany Case, 
with Six Powers, and complete Set of Apparatus, magn-
fying 20,000 times, Price 3 Guineas. Botanical Micro-
copes, from 6d. to 2s.—N.B. Every description of 
Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Barometers, Drawing Instru-
ments, Sextants, Quadrants, Phantasmagoria Lanterns, 
&c., at Prices equally moderate.

FOR THE TEETH. 

BUTLER'S VEGETABLE TOOTH 
POWDER has so long been in general use, and an 
appreciation to the fashionable toilet, that it is almost 
unnecessary to offer any further recommendation of it. 
Composed of Vegetable Substances, it is free from the 
corrosive properties so often complained of in many 
Dentifrices, and if used regularly, will generally preserve 
The Teeth in a sound state, even to old age.

Prepared genuine only by Thomas Butler, Chemist, No. 
4, Cheapside, St. Paul's, London, whose name and ad-
dress is necessary to observe (in order to prevent the 
substitution of counterfeit), are engraved on the 
stamp and label. Sold also at 20, Waterloo Place, opposite 
the Post Office, Edinburgh, and by most Druggists and 
Perfumers. Of which description can be obtained 
throughout the Kingdom.

BUTLER'S CHEMICAL SOLUTION OF CA-
PHOR, an excellent Mouth Lotion, and most efficacious 
in arresting the progress of decay after it has commenced 
in the Teeth.
HEAL & SON'S FRENCH MATTRESSES.

The universally acknowledged superiority of the FRENCH MATTRESS arises from the quality of the material of which they are made, and not, as is sometimes supposed, from the difference in the workmanship. The French Mattress is made of long Fleece Wool, and therefore but little work is requisite, leaving to the Wool the whole of its softness and elasticity; whereas even the best of English Wool Mattresses are made of the comblings from blankets, and other manufactured goods, and a great deal more work is necessarily required to keep the material together; and when (as is now very frequently done) Mattresses are made in imitation of the French of this short Wool, they soon wear lumpy and out of condition. HEAL and SON'S FRENCH MATTRESSES, of which they make no second quality, are quite equal to the best that are made in Paris; and being exclusively Manufacturers of Bedding, they are enabled to offer those as well as Feather Beds, Horse-Hair Mattresses, Blankets, Quilts, and every article of Bedding on the very best terms. Old Bedding re-made, and moth-bedding effectually cured.—Terms, net Cash on Delivery.—F. HEAL & SON, Bedding Manufacturers, 203, Tottenham Court Road.

BEST HATS.  LOWEST PRICES.

REMOVED FROM BARBICAN.
FRANKS & CO., 1, FINSBURY SQUARE.

HATS, CAPS, and BONNETS, at the lowest fixed Wholesale Prices.

CHINA, GLASS, EARTHENWARE, LAMPS, LUSTRES, TRAYS, &c.
The most extensive general Stock in the metropolis in the above branches, may be inspected at the Show Rooms of NEWINGTON and SANDER, Nos. 319 and 320, High Holborn,
Opposite Gray's Inn. DINER and DESSERT SERVICES, TEA SETTS, Toilet Sets, Fancy Jugs, and every description of coarse Ware for household purposes; ORNAMENTAL CHINA, Glass Dishes, Centres, Vases, Jugs, Decanters, Wine, Champagne and Claret Glasses, &c.; DRAWING-ROOM or SUSPENDING LAMPS, Table Lamps, Hall Lanterns, Palmer's patent Candle Lamps, in Bronze and Or-molu, CHANDELIERs, Lustres, Girandoles; TEA TRAYS in PAPIER MACHE or metal bodies, &c. The above may be had, either plain or richly finished; but every article will, in either case, be of superior workmanship. As a scale of prices can convey but slight information without a view of the goods, N. & S. will feel much pleasure in conducting Heads of Families through their Show Rooms, which are all maintained at a regular temperature by means of hot water. Parties favouring them with a visit will not be importuned to make purchases. Goods for the country are carefully packed.

JEWELLERY & WATCHES, best quality.

A. B. SAVORY & SONS, Goldsmiths, No. 9, Cornhill, London, opposite the Bank of England, call attention to the following Articles, which they recommend.

LADIES' ENGLISH GOLD WATCHES.

Fine Vertical and jewelled, richly chased cases and dials .......................... £ 10 10 0
Double-backed and jewelled, chased cases and dials ............................. £ 12 12 0
Detached Levers, four holes jewelled, double-backed, &c. ....................... £ 14 14 0

FLAT GOLD GENEVA WATCHES.

Fine Horizontal, gold cases, silver dials, and four holes jewelled ............. £ 9 9 0
Ditto gold cases, gold dials, and four holes jewelled ............................ £ 10 10 0
Ditto silver cases and dials, and four holes jewelled ............................ £ 5 5 0

LADIES' GOLD NECK CHAINS,—1½ yard long.

Cable or matted ring pattern, three sovereigns weight ......................... £ 4 4 0
Ditto four sovereigns ditto ........................................ £ 5 5 0
Ditto five sovereigns ditto ........................................ £ 6 6 0
Ditto six sovereigns ditto ........................................ £ 7 7 0

The most elegant spangled-star, and fancy link patterns, at Two Guineas more than their respective weights.

The above are all warranted of the best gold and workmanship, the watches are examined on the premises and warranted to perform correctly.

A splendid assortment of Pearl and Coloured-stone Suites and fancy Jewellery.

A. B. SAVORY & SONS, Goldsmiths, No. 9, Cornhill, London.
FALCON GLASS WORKS, Holland Street, Blackfriars’ Road, London.

APSLEY PELLATT’S

ABRIDGED LIST OF
Net Cash Prices for the best Flint Glass Wares.

DECANTERS.
25 Strong quart Nelson shape decanters, cut all over, bold flutes and cut bria & stopper, p.m. each 10s.6d. to 12 0
26 Do. three-ringed royal shape, cut on and between rings, turned out stop, p.m. each 10 0
Do. do not cut on or between rings, nor turned out stopper, p.m. ca. 8s. 8 to 9 0
27 Fancy shapes, cut all over, eight flutes, spire stopper, &c. each, p.m. 16s. to 18 0
Do. six flutes only, each, p.m. 24s. to 27 0

DISHES.
31 Dishes, oblong, pillar moulded, scalloped edges, cut 5-in. 7-in. 9-in. 10-in. 3s. 6d. 6s. 6d. 11s. 13s. each.
32 Oval cup sprig, shell pattern, cut 5-in. 7-in. 9-in. 11-in. 7s. 6d. 9s. 6d. 16s. 19s. each.
33 Square shape pillar, moulded star, cut 5-in. 7-in. 9-in. 10-in. 4s. 8s. 12s. 6d. 15s. each.

FINGER CUPS.
37 Fluted finger-cups, strong, about 14 oz. each 2 6
Do. plain diat. punted, per doz. 18 0
Do. coloured, per doz. 18s. to 21 0
38 Ten-fluted round, very strong, each. 5 0
Eight-fluted do., each, 8 0
39 Medicean shape, moulded pillar, pearl upper part, cut flat flutes, each 5 0

FICKLES
46 Flickles, half fluted for 3 in. holes, r.m. ca. 4 6
47 Strong, moulded bottom, 3-in. hole, cut all over, flat flutes, n.m. each 5 0
Best cut star do. for 3½-in. hole, r.m. ca. 7 6
Very strong and best cut, p.m. each 14 6

WATER JUGS
59 Quarts, neatly fluted and cut rings, each 14s. to 18 0
60 Ewer shape, best cut handles, &c. 21 0
61 Silver do., scalloped edges, ex. lar. flutes 25 0

WATER BOTTLES
70 Moulded pillar body, cut neck, each. 3 0
71 Cut neck and star. 3 0
72 Double fluted cut rings 3 6
73 Very strong pillar, moulded body, cut neck and rings 5 6
74 Grecian shape, fluted all over 7 0

TUMBLERS
75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87
Tale 5.
Flint, 1s. 10s. 13s. 16s. 19s. 22s. 25s. 28s. 31s. 34s. 37s. 40s. 43s. 46s. 49s.
13s. 16s. 19s. 22s. 25s. 28s. 31s. 34s. 37s. 40s. 43s. 46s. 49s.

WINES
89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99
1s. 4s. 7s. 10s. 13s. 16s. 19s. 22s. 25s. 28s. 31s. 34s. 37s. 40s.
13s. 16s. 19s. 22s. 25s. 28s. 31s. 34s. 37s. 40s. 43s. 46s. 49s.

Glass Blowing, Cutting, and Engraving, may be inspected by Purchasers, at Mr. Pellatt’s Extensive Flint Glass and Steam Cutting Works, in Holland Street, near Blackfriars’ Bridge, any Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday.

Merchants and the Trade supplied on equitable Terms.

No Abatement from the above specified Ready Money Prices.

No Connection with any other Establishment.
British Waterproofing Company, 432, West Strand, near the Lower Arcade.

The Directors of this Company invite the attention of the public to the following Report, received from the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police Force, addressed to H. C. Morton, Esq., one of the Directors of this Company:

Metropolitan Police Office, Whitehall-place, "23d February, 1839."

"Sir,—The Commissioners of Police beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th inst., requesting to be informed of the reports made by the police constables who have observed the wearing the clothing prepared and waterproofed by the British Waterproofing Company.

"The Commissioners have to acquaint you in reply, that one suit has been in the use of a constable whose beat is on Blackheath. He reports that frequently during the month of January, he was out in six hours' successive rain, without getting the least damp underneath the clothing; that on the night of the 8th inst. it rained the whole nine hours he was on duty, and that when he took off his great-coat, in the presence of the sergeant at the station, it was found as dry inside as when he put it on; that since he wore the waterproofed clothing he has been out in as much wet as at one time would have saturated three suits of the ordinary clothing.

"The other police constable is situated at Kingsland. He reports that he has found the waterproofed clothing night and day, and has been under severe rain and snow storms, none of which penetrated any part of his clothing, except a little wet through one of the legs of the trousers on the first day he put them on, but since then he has observed nothing more. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,"

G. ROWAN.

Agents continue to be appointed to all parts of the kingdom.

Roe's Cough Lozenges.

These Lozenges are composed of the most approved Pectoral Medicines contained in the Pharmacopoeia, combined in such a manner as to form a pleasantly flavoured and highly efficacious Remedy.

In recent COUGHS, SORE THROATS, and HOARSENESS, they speedily effect a Cure: and in ASTHMA, and other affections of the CHEST and LUNGS, they immediately afford relief.

PUBLIC SINGERS or SPEAKERS, subject to an Irritation in the Throat—which is at times so distressing—will derive instant benefit from slowly swallowing One or Two of them.

They will be found highly serviceable if taken on the first approach of COLD or INFLUENZA, and as they contain NO OPIATE, may be given without fear to the Youngest Child.

Prepared only by J. W. Roe, Chemist, 37, Red Lion-street, Holborn, and sold by him in Boxes at 1s. and 2s. 6d. each.

A New Discovery.

Mr. Howard, Surgeon-Dentist, 59, Fleet-street, begs to introduce an entirely new description of artificial teeth, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures, at strictly moderate charges. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the original by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay; and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and are guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication; and, in order that Mr. Howard's improvement may be within reach of the most economical, he has reduced his charges to the lowest scale possible. Toothache instantly cured, and all decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.—92, Fleet-street.

A Decided Novelty.—G. Riddle's Duplex Fountain Inkstand, to contain at once black and red ink, is now ready, and may be procured by the several venders of G. Riddle's (original patent) Ever-pointed Pens and Lead Points, warranted genuine and properly sized, G. Riddle's Universal Holders, Revolving Top Inkstands, elegant Coronet and Diadem Fountain Inks, Pure Cumberland Lead Writing and Drawing Pens, of the very finest quality, &c., in town and country.

London, January, 1839.

Bed Chambers at La Francaise.—Families fitting up Bed Chambers are requested to inspect the large importation of splendid Spanish Mahogany Bedsteads, Toilets, Table de Toil, &c., just taken from the Custom-house; the finish and durability of which will be warranted, being direct from one of the most fashionable Ehenistes in Paris.

N.B.—The most splendid assortment of elegant new designs in Brussels Carpets and Town Printed Chintzes in the Metropolis.

Lyons, Hoton, and Co., Importers and Manufacturers 293, 294, and 295, High Holborn.

To Anglers—Golden Perch.

List of Prices for 1839—5 Joint Bamboo Rods, 2s. each; 4-Joint do. Walking-stick Rods, 4s.; 4 Joint Hickory Bottom Rods, 7s.; 4-Joint best plain Fly Rods, 11s.; 4-Joint best Fly Rods, with two tops, fishing a catch, spear, landing-handle, and partition-bag; 20s.; 4-Joint do. Salmon Rod, do. do. do., 18 feet long, 34s.; 6-Joint do. General Rods, 5 tops, do. do. do. 30s.; Patent Taper Lines, 1d. per yard; the best London-made do., 30 yards, 5s.; do. do. 60 yards, 6s.; Town-made plain Winsches from 1s. 6d.; do. multiplying do., from 4s.; Pocket Fishing Stools, 2s. 6d.; Eel line, 40 yards long, and 30 hooks, 1s.; Fly-cases, from 1s. 6d.; the best Flies that can be dressed on the Limerick bend hooks, 2s. per dozen, either selected from 300 gross, or dressed to pattern, &c.; Fishing Guides, punctually attended to, in answer to a post-paid letter. Orders from the country, with a promise of punctual attendance, to send answers, are exchanged if not approved of.—J. Cheesek, Golden Perch, 59, Strand.

To Coffee Drinkers.

Coffee made and filtered without waste, as clear as Brandy in five minutes, with boiling Water, by Palmer's Improved Pneumatic Filtering Machines; but the finest flavour is obtained from the Coffee by these Machines with cold Water only, which is found to extract all the Aroma, leaves from the bruised and woody flavour. A concentrated Essence of Coffee is like wise easily made with them, a table-spoonful of which, added to a cup of boiling water, makes a cup of Coffee in the highest perfection, at a moment's notice. They are also adapted to filtering quickly Foreign and, to any article exchanged if not approved of.—J. Cheek, Golden Perch, 59, Strand.
The Nickleby Advertiser.

WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION.

V. R.

JOSEPH GILLOTT,
PATENT STEEL PEN MANUFACTURER,
69, NEWHALL STREET & GRAHAM STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

JOSEPH GILLOTT has been for nearly twenty years engaged in the manufacture of Steel Pens, and during that time has devoted his unceasing attention to the improving and perfecting this useful and necessary article: the result of his persevering efforts, and numerous experiments upon the properties of the metal used, has been the construction of a Pen upon a principle entirely new, combining all the advantages of the use, which we have against the use of Steel Pens.

The Patentee is proud to acknowledge that a discerning public has paid the most gratifying tribute to his humble, though useful, labours, by a demand for his Pens far exceeding his highest expectations. The number of Joseph Gillott manufactured at Joseph Gillott's works, from October, 1837, to October, 1838, was

35,808,452

or

2,984,037 2-3rd dozens

248,669 gross, 9 dozen and 8 Pens.

This statement will show the estimation in which these Pens are held, and it is presumed will be an inducement to those who desire to have a really good article, at least to make a trial of Joseph Gillott's Pen.

Public a spurious article, bearing the mis-spelled name of the Patentee and Solo Manufacturer, thus "GILLOTT," by omitting the L; and in some instances the omission of the final T is resorted to, in order to retain the same SOUND as GILLOTT: but observe,

NONE ARE GENUINE BUT THOSE MARKED IN FULL

Sold by all Stationers and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens throughout the Kingdom.

RESTITORATIVE FOR THE HAIR.

To the Editor of the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette.

Sir,—Being a daily reader of your useful Journal, I am anxious to make known through its columns the value of a preparation called "Oldridge's Balm of Columbia," for the purposes of restoring, strengthening, and preventing the loss of Hair. It was first recommended to a member of my family—who, at the time, was rapidly losing her Hair—by a lady of title, residing in Cragis-street, Piccadilly (whose name I have no authority for publishing), and by the use of this preparation the Hair had ceased, even within a day or two, to fall off in the way it had done, and that had already deprived the head of more than half "its fair proportion," but before the package—of but a few shillings' cost—was consumed, the remaining Hair became perfectly firm and strong, and an abundant "crop" made its appearance in place of what had been lost before.

As the knowledge of the fact may be of the same benefit to others similarly circumstanced, I am induced thus to trouble you; and as I pledge you my word that I have no knowledge whatever of the proprietary of the production, nor object in the matter, other than that of a desire to render the information available "to all whom it may concern," I trust to your usual liberality to give it publicity.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W. H. MARSHALL.


C. and A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM, prevents the Hair turning grey, produces a beautiful curl, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off, and a few Bottles generally restore it again. Price 3s. 6d. &c., and 11s. per bottle. No other prices are genuine.

Some complaints have reached the Proprietors of a spurious Balm having been vended; they again caution the Public to be on their guard against the base impostors. By especially asking for OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, I, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

IMPORTANT TO GENTLEMEN.

The GENUINE SPANISH CLOTH STOCKS are ONLY to be had of W. E. WHITELOCK, the ORIGINAL MAKER, COLLEGE HOUSE, opposite the New Church, Strand; all others being inferior imitations. Gentlemen accustomed to wear STOCKS, will find those manufactured at this Establishment UNQUALLED in PRICE and DURABILITY, by any in the trade; they also being made on greatly improved PATENT STIFFNERS. Every size kept constantly on hand, or made to any Fancy Pattern in Two Hours. All new Styles in this Article imported as soon as introduced in PARIS. A great variety of the FASHIONABLE RICH EMBROIDERED STOCKS, for full dress. THE RICH-FIGURED SATIN SCARFS in a constant succession of New Patterns; also W. E. W.'s novel article—GERMAN CRAVATS, which, for those Gentlemen who do not wear Stocks, is the best article ever introduced. An unusually large stock of LINEN AND LONG-CLOTH SHIRTS always on hand, or made promptly to measure in a superior manner. HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

N.B. Outfits to any part of the World, done with the greatest possible despatch and economy.
NEW NATIONAL NEWSPAPER.
On Saturday, the 9th of April next, will positively be published the First Number of a new National Weekly Newspaper, to be entitled

THE BRITANNIA,

"The flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

The Britannia will be beautifully printed on a fine, clear paper, will be nearly the size of the double Times, and the price will be only FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY.

Office, Corner of Bride Lane, Fleet Street, where all Advertisements and Communications must be addressed.

BREWSTER'S EXTRACT OF LILIES.

FOR Improving and Beautifying the Complexion, the EXTRACT OF LILIES has been made by W. BREWSTER for a Lady of distinction for several years from the receipt of the family Physician, and now (by permission) offered to the public. Acting as a thorough cleanser of the skin, it removes sunburns, eradicates freckles, spots, and all cutaneous eruptions, allaying irritation caused by frost, cold winds, damp atmosphere, &c., and is the most innocent and efficacious article ever made for the skin. Brewster's Almond and Honey Soap, combining the excellent and balsamic properties of the honey with the finest Almond Oil Soap, in a perfection hitherto unattainable; it prevents chapped hands, &c. Asiatic Vegetable, or Extract of Cocoa-nut Oil, for dressing and promoting the growth of Hair; it invigorates the roots, strengthens the weak hair, and produces a luxuriant growth. Made only by Brewster, Perfumer to the Royal Family, 48, New Bond-street.

CABINET AND UPHOLSTERY MANUFACTORY,

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R. MOSLEY & Co. beg to call the attention of Mercantile Men, and the Public in general, to their superior Metallic Pens. They possess the highest degree of elasticity and flexibility, and are found perfectly free from all those inconveniences which have prevented so many persons making use of Metallic Pens.

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BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

33, GERRARD STREET, SOHO.

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The Chair is made by the Inventor only, at his Wholesale Cabinet and Upholstery Manufactory, 33, Gerrard-street, Soho. G. M. is confident an inspection only is required to be convinced of its superiority over all others.

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Which gives relief upon the first application. The universally-acknowledged efficacy of this extraordinary, safe and never-failing remedy for the speedy and certain cure of Corns and Bunions, however obstinate and long standing, induces the Proprietor of this highly-important chemical discovery, to caution the Public against base and spurious imitations, injurious in effect, and most dangerous to those who, either through ignorance, or the fraudulent pretenses of others, are induced to apply them. The proprietor has received testimonials of its beneficial effects from the most respectable families in the kingdom. The genuine has the signature of "J. A. Sharwood," on the outside wrapper. Sold at 5s. Bishopsgate-without; and, by appointment, by Sanger, 160, and Chandler, 76, Oxford-street; and most medicine venders.

TO SOUTH AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANTS.

"For the purchase of Ironmongery, 'tis necessary to be very particular as to the description, sizes, and quality of what you want, therefore, should be procured of a person who well knows the market; if the things are not the pattern in use, they will not be even looked at, much less purchased."—Widdowson on Van Diemen's Land, page 42.

"The patterns of the above articles may be seen and bought at Messrs. RICHARDS, WOOD, & CO."—Widdowson on Van Diemen's Land, page 41.

"I bought my ironmongery of Messrs. RICHARDS, WOOD, & CO., 117 and 118, Bishopsgate-street Within, and upon comparison of invoices with some of my friends in the Colony, I found I had been well used, and the quality of things furnished me was excellent; they have been for years in the Australian trade, and understand the kind of articles required in these colonies."—Grev's South Australia, page 196.
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The above simple illustration may be sufficient to invite the attention of Ladies to the means both of prevention and cure afforded by

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This delightful preparation is extracted from Exotics of the mildest and most balsamic nature, is WARRANTED PERFECTLY INNOCENT, and free from mineral admixture—operating as a powerful cleanser of the Skin, it speedily eradicates Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Spots, Redness, and every other Cutaneous Defect; while its most remarkable property is, the removal of every trace of Sallowness from the Complexion, which it restores to a freshness of tint, exciting both surprise and the most pleasurable sensations.

Perseverance in the use of the KALYDOR, preserves unimpaired, those important functions of the Skin, on which depend its purity and softness—not inaptly compared to velvet—and elasticity; the Neck, Hands, and Arms, assuming and retaining the Radiant Whiteness so much admired, and so unequivocal a mark of attention to the niceties of the TOILET, and the graces of personal attraction.

To Gentlemen, whose faces are tender after shaving, Rowland’s Kalydor will be found excellent beyond precedent, in ameliorating and allaying the irritation and smarting pain, and rendering the skin soft and smooth.

Sold in Half-pint Bottles, at 4s. 6d. each; and in Pints, at 8s. 6d. each, duty included.


TO THE CURIOUS IN PERFUMES.

Especially Patronised by Her Majesty the Queen, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

R. B. EDE'S HEDYOSMIA;

OR, CONCENTRATED PERSIAN ESSENCE;

Combining all the Fragrant Properties of the Celebrated Odoriferous Compound, and justly acknowledged as the finest Esprit for the Handkerchief, the Toilet, or the Drawing Room: its refreshing and agreeable odour is retained for a considerable period after use, and it is quite devoid of the faint and insipid smell so predominant in other Scents.

Sole Manufacturer, ROBERT BEST EDE, Perfumer by Appointment to the Queen.


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The Nobility and Gentry are most respectfully solicited to examine a variety of NEW and ELEGANT STOVE GRATES upon his so much-approved RADIATING PRINCIPLE, from his own Designs, being the real Manufacturer of them. These Grates combine the useful and ornamental, blending Economy with Comfort—display a cheerful Fire and a clean Hearth—lessen materially the consumption of Fuel—diffuse a genial Warmth throughout the Apartment, and are adapted for general use. They return the Heat many hours after the Fire is out—are executed in every style of Architecture—GRECIAN, ELIZABETHAN, LOUIS QUATORZE, and GOTHIC, agreeable to any Design. PIERCE has a grate expressly made for the Cure of SMOKY CHIMNEYS, and will guarantee its success. He invites attention to his Improved Method of HEATING with HOT WATER; also to the Domestic PURE WARM-AIR SAFETY STOVE, for Churches, Mansions, Houses, Galleries, Entrance-Halls, &c., with Pure Air, which may be seen in daily use at his Show Rooms and Manufactory; as well as an extensive assortment of FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, RANGES, BOILERS, PATENT SMOKE-JACKS, HOT PLATES, BROILING PLATES, and all other articles of Kitchen requisites, with the latest Improvements. BATHS of every Description, viz., Hot, Cold, Vapour, Douche, Shower, Leg, and Sponge; also Jekyll's Portable Bath.

MANUFACTURER OF DR. ARNOTT'S THERMOMETER STOVE,

(Which may be seen in use in various patterns,) adapted for Churches, Halls, and Offices.
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and has endeavoured to combine in his Stock elegance of style and superiority of Manufacture, adapted for Tropical Climates, as well as for Domestic Use, and at prices commanding attention. To enable his Patrons, the Public, to judge how far he has succeeded in these objects, he solicits an inspection of his Stock at

93, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN.

In the Agency Department will be found a variety of Houses and Properties for Letting or Disposal, connected with the Valuation and Sale of Effects and Estates by public or private channels.

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The late scientific improvements in the manufacture of PLATE GLASS, now enable all parties to embellish with this splendid article of internal and external decoration; and from its greatly improved quality and considerable reduction in cost, will be found for Windows, Conservatories, &c., a most elegant substitute for the Glass in general use, and comparatively more economical.

ENAMELLED, STAINED, & EMBOSSED GLASS,

Embracing Landscapes, Portraits, Maps, and a variety of fancy subjects, with an effect both novel and beautiful, may be adapted as a splendid substitute for every description of fixed blinds for principal windows, at exceedingly low prices.

BRILLIANT PIER AND CHIMNEY GLASSES,

Adapted to the most improved Architectural proportions and embellishments in the richest style of modern taste. Handsome Cottage Chimney-glasses, from £4 upwards; also Cheval and Toilet Glasses in every variety, equally reasonable.

93, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, LONDON.
The Gentleman next door declares his passion for Mr. Nickleby.
Nicholas recognizes the Young Lady unknown.
IN WHICH NICHOLAS FALLS IN LOVE. HE EMPLOYS A MEDIATOR, WHOSE PROCEEDINGS ARE CROWNED WITH UNEXPECTED SUCCESS, EXCEPTING IN ONE SOLITARY PARTICULAR.

Once more out of the clutches of his old persecutor, it needed no fresh stimulation to call forth the utmost energy and exertion that Smike was capable of summoning to his aid. Without pausing for a moment to reflect upon the course he was taking, or the probability of its leading him homewards or the reverse, he fled away with surprising swiftness and constancy of purpose, borne upon such wings as only Fear can wear, and impelled by imaginary shouts in the well-remembered voice of Squeers, who, with a host of pursuers, seemed to press hard upon his track; now left at a greater distance in the rear, and now gaining faster and faster upon him, as the alternations of hope and terror agitated him by turns. Long after he had become assured that these sounds were but the creation of his excited brain, he still held on at a pace, which even weakness and exhaustion could scarcely retard; and it was not until the darkness and quiet of a country road recalled him to a sense of external objects, and the starry sky above warned him of the rapid flight of time, that, covered with dust and panting for breath, he stopped to listen and look about him.

All was still and silent. A glare of light in the distance, casting a warm glow upon the sky, marked where the huge city lay. Solitary fields, divided by hedges and ditches, through many of which he had rushed and scrambled in his flight, skirted the road, both by the way he had come and upon the opposite side. It was late now. They could scarcely trace him by such paths as he had taken, and if he could hope to regain his own dwelling, it must surely be at such a time as that, and under cover of the darkness. This by degrees became pretty plain even to the mind of Smike. He had at first entertained some vague and childish idea of travelling into the country for ten or a dozen miles, and then returning homewards by a wide circuit, which should keep him clear of London—so great was his apprehension of traversing the streets alone, lest he should again encounter his dreaded enemy—but, yielding to the conviction which these thoughts inspired, he turned back, and taking the open road, though not without many fears and misgivings, made for London again with scarcely less speed of foot than that with which he had left the temporary abode of Mr. Squeers.

By the time he re-entered it at the western extremity, the greater part of the shops were closed; of the throngs of people who had been tempted abroad after the heat of the day, but few remained in the streets, and they were lounging home. But of these he asked his way
from time to time, and by dint of repeated inquiries he at length reached the dwelling of Newman Noggs.

All that evening Newman had been hunting and searching in byways and corners for the very person who now knocked at his door, while Nicholas had been pursuing the same inquiry in other directions. He was sitting with a melancholy air at his poor supper, when Smike's timorous and uncertain knock reached his ears. Alive to every sound in his anxious and expectant state, Newman hurried down stairs, and, uttering a cry of joyful surprise, dragged the welcome visitor into the passage and up the stairs, and said not a word until he had him safe in his own garret and the door was shut behind them, when he mixed a great mug-full of gin and water, and holding it to Smike's mouth, as one might hold a bowl of medicine to the lips of a refractory child, commanded him to drain it to the very last drop.

Newman looked uncommonly blank when he found that Smike did little more than put his lips to the precious mixture; he was in the act of raising the mug to his own mouth with a deep sigh of compassion for his poor friend's weakness, when Smike, beginning to relate the adventures which had befallen him, arrested him half-way, and he stood listening with the mug in his hand.

It was odd enough to see the change that came over Newman as Smike proceeded. At first he stood rubbing his lips with the back of his hand, as a preparatory ceremony towards composing himself for a draught; then, at the mention of Squeers, he took the mug under his arm, and opening his eyes very wide, looked on in the utmost astonishment. When Smike came to the assault upon himself in the hackney-coach, he hastily deposited the mug upon the table, and limped up and down the room in a state of the greatest excitement, stopping himself with a jerk every now and then as if to listen more attentively. When John Browdie came to be spoken of, he dropped by slow and gradual degrees into a chair, and rubbing his hands upon his knees—quicker and quicker as the story reached its climax—burst at last into a laugh composed of one loud sonorous "Ha! Ha!" having given vent to which, his countenance immediately fell again as he inquired, with the utmost anxiety, whether it was probable that John Browdie and Squeers had come to blows.

"No! I think not," replied Smike. "I don't think he could have missed me till I had got quite away."

Newman scratched his head with a show of great disappointment, and once more lifting up the mug, applied himself to the contents, smiling meanwhile over the rim with a grim and ghastly smile at Smike.

"You shall stay here," said Newman; "you're tired—fagged. I'll tell them you're come back. They have been half mad about you. Mr. Nicholas—"

"God bless him!" cried Smike.

"Amen!" returned Newman. "He hasn't had a minute's rest or peace; no more has the old lady, nor Miss Nickleby."

"No, no. Has she thought about me?" said Smike. "Has she thought? oh, has she—has she? Don't tell me so, if she has not."
"She has," cried Newman. "She is as noble-hearted as she is beautiful."

"Yes, yes!" cried Smike. "Well said!"

"So mild and gentle," said Newman.

"Yes, yes!" cried Smike, with increasing eagerness.

"And yet with such a true and gallant spirit," pursued Newman.

He was going on in his enthusiasm, when chanceing to look at his companion, he saw that he had covered his face with his hands, and that tears were stealing out between his fingers.

A moment before, the boy's eyes were sparkling with unwonted fire, and every feature had been lighted up with an excitement which made him appear for the moment quite a different being.

"Well, well," muttered Newman, as if he were a little puzzled.

"It has touched me more than once, to think such a nature should have been exposed to such trials; this poor fellow—yes, yes,—he feels that too—it softens him—makes him think of his former misery.

Hah! That's it! Yes, that's—hum!"

It was by no means clear from the tone of these broken reflections that Newman Noggs considered them as explaining, at all satisfactorily, the emotion which had suggested them. He sat in a musing attitude for some time, regarding Smike occasionally with an anxious and doubtful glance, which sufficiently showed that he was not very remotely connected with his thoughts.

At length he repeated his proposition that Smike should remain where he was for that night, and that he (Noggs) should straightway repair to the cottage to relieve the suspense of the family. But as Smike would not hear of this, pleading his anxiety to see his friends again, they eventually sallied forth together; and the night being by this time far advanced, and Smike being besides so footsore that he could hardly crawl along, it was within an hour of sunrise when they reached their destination.

At the first sound of their voices outside the house, Nicholas, who had passed a sleepless night, devising schemes for the recovery of his lost charge, started from his bed and joyfully admitted them. There was so much noisy conversation and congratulation and indignation, that the remainder of the family were soon awakened, and Smike received a warm and cordial welcome, not only from Kate, but from Mrs. Nickleby also, who assured him of her future favour and regard; and was so obliging as to relate, for his entertainment and that of the assembled circle, a most remarkable account extracted from some work the name of which she had never known, of a miraculous escape from some prison, but what one she couldn't remember, effected by an officer whose name she had forgotten, confined for some crime which she didn't clearly recollect.

At first Nicholas was disposed to give his uncle credit for some portion of this bold attempt (which had so nearly proved successful) to carry off Smike, but on more mature consideration he was inclined to think that the full merit of it rested with Mr. Squeers. Determined to ascertain if he could, through John Browdie, how the case
really stood, he betook himself to his daily occupation: meditating as he went on a great variety of schemes for the punishment of the Yorkshire schoolmaster, all of which had their foundation in the strictest principles of retributive justice, and had but the one drawback of being wholly impracticable.

"A fine morning, Mr. Linkinwater," said Nicholas, entering the office.

"Ah!" replied Tim, "talk of the country, indeed! What do you think of this now for a day—a London day—eh?"

"It's a little clearer out of town," said Nicholas.

"Clearer!" echoed Tim Linkinwater. "You should see it from my bed-room window."

"You should see it from mine," replied Nicholas, with a smile.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Tim Linkinwater, "don't tell me. Country!" (Bow was quite a rustic place to Tim.) "Nonsense. What can you get in the country but new-laid eggs and flowers? I can buy new-laid eggs in Leadenhall market any morning before breakfast; and as to flowers, it's worth a run up-stairs to smell my mignonette, or to see the double-wallflower in the back-attic window, at No. 6, in the court."

"There is a double-wallflower at No. 6, in the court, is there?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, is there," replied Tim, "and planted in a cracked jug, without a spout. There were hyacinths there this last spring, blossoming in—but you'll laugh at that, of course."

"At what?"

"At their blossoming in old blacking-bottles," said Tim.

"Not I, indeed," returned Nicholas.

Tim looked wistfully at him for a moment, as if he were encouraged by the tone of this reply to be more communicative on the subject; and sticking behind his ear a pen that he had been making, and shutting up his knife with a smart click, said,

"They belong to a sickly bed-ridden hump-backed boy, and seem to be the only pleasures, Mr. Nickleby, of his sad existence. How many years is it," said Tim, pondering, "since I first noticed him quite a little child, dragging himself about on a pair of tiny crutches? Well! Well! not many; but though they would appear nothing, if I thought of other things, they seem a long, long time, when I think of him. It is a sad thing," said Tim, breaking off, "to see a little deformed child sitting apart from other children, who are active and merry, watching the games he is denied the power to share in. He made my heart ache very often.

"It is a good heart," said Nicholas, "that disentangles itself from the close avocations of every day, to heed such things. You were saying——"

"That the flowers belonged to this poor boy," said Tim, "that's all. When it is fine weather, and he can crawl out of bed, he draws a chair close to the window, and sits there looking at them, and arranging them all day long. We used to nod at first, and then we came to speak. Formerly, when I called to him of a morning, and
asked him how he was, he would smile, and say, 'better;' but now
he shakes his head, and only bends more closely over his old plants. It
must be dull to watch the dark house-tops and the flying clouds for
so many months; but he is very patient."

"Is there nobody in the house to cheer or help him?" asked Nicholas.

"His father lives there I believe," replied Tim, "and other people too;
but no one seems to care much for the poor sickly cripple. I have asked
him very often if I can do nothing for him; his answer is always the
same,—'Nothing.' His voice has grown weak of late, but I can see
that he makes the old reply. He can't leave his bed now, so they have
moved it close beside the window, and there he lies all day: now look-
ing at the sky, and now at his flowers, which he still makes shift to
trim and water with his own thin hands. At night, when he sees my
candle, he draws back his curtain, and leaves it so till I am in bed. It
seems such company to him to know that I am there, that I often sit
at my window for an hour and more, that he may see I am still awake;
and sometimes I get up in the night to look at the dull melancholy
light in his little room, and wonder whether he is awake or sleeping.

The night will not be long coming," said Tim, "when he will
sleep and never wake again on earth. We have never so much as
shaken hands in all our lives; and yet I shall miss him like an old
friend. Are there any country flowers that could interest me like these,
do you think? Or do you suppose that the withering of a hundred kinds
of the choicest flowers that blow, called by the hardest Latin names
that were ever invented, would give me one fraction of the pain that I
shall feel when these old jugs and bottles are swept away as lumber?
Country!" cried Tim, with a contemptuous emphasis; "don't you
know that I couldn't have such a court under my bed-room window
anywhere but in London?"

With which inquiry, Tim turned his back, and pretending to be
absorbed in his accounts, took an opportunity of hastily wiping his eyes
when he supposed Nicholas was looking another way.

Whether it was that Tim's accounts were more than usually
intricate that morning, or whether it was that his habitual serenity had
been a little disturbed by these recollections, it so happened that when
Nicholas returned from executing some commission, and inquired whe-
ther Mr. Charles Cheeryble was alone in his room, Tim promptly, and
without the smallest hesitation, replied in the affirmative, although
somebody had passed into the room not ten minutes before, and Tim
took especial and particular pride in preventing any intrusion on
either of the brothers when they were engaged with any visitor
whatever.

"I'll take this letter to him at once," said Nicholas, "if that's the
case." And with that he walked to the room and knocked at the door.
No answer.
Another knock and still no answer.
"He can't be here," thought Nicholas. "I'll lay it on his table."

So Nicholas opened the door and walked in; and very quickly he
turned to walk out again, when he saw to his great astonishment and
discomfiture a young lady upon her knees at Mr. Cheeryble's feet, and Mr. Cheeryble beseeching her to rise, and entreat a third person, who had the appearance of the young lady's female attendant, to add her persuasions to his to induce her to do so.

Nicholas stammered out an awkward apology, and was precipitately retiring, when the young lady, turning her head a little, presented to his view the features of the lovely girl whom he had seen at the register-office on his first visit long before. Glancing from her to the attendant, he recognised the same clumsy servant who had accompanied her then; and between his admiration of the young lady's beauty, and the confusion and surprise of this unexpected recognition, he stood stock-still, in such a bewildered state of surprise and embarrassment that for the moment he was quite bereft of the power either to speak or move.

"My dear ma'am—my dear young lady," cried brother Charles in violent agitation, "pray don't—not another word, I beseech and entreat you. I implore you—I beg of you—to rise. We—we—are not alone."

As he spoke he raised the young lady, who staggered to her feet, and swooned away.

"She has fainted, sir," said Nicholas, darting eagerly forward.

"Poor dear, poor dear!" cried brother Charles. "Where is my brother Ned? Ned, my dear brother, come here pray."

"Brother Charles, my dear fellow," replied his brother, hurrying into the room, "what is the—ah! what—"

"Hush! hush!—not a word for your life, brother Ned," returned the other. "Ring for the housekeeper, my dear brother—call Tim Linkinwater. Here, Tim Linkinwater, sir—Mr. Nickleby, my dear sir, leave the room, I beg and beseech of you."

"I think she is better now," said Nicholas, who had been watching the patient so eagerly that he had not heard the request.

"Poor bird!" cried brother Charles, gently taking her hand in his, and laying her head upon his arm. "Brother Ned, my dear fellow, you will be surprised, I know, to witness this in business hours; but—" here he was again reminded of the presence of Nicholas, and shaking him by the hand, earnestly requested him to leave the room, and to send Tim Linkinwater without an instant's delay.

Nicholas immediately withdrew, and on his way to the counting-house met both the old housekeeper and Tim Linkinwater, jostling each other in the passage, and hurrying to the scene of action with extraordinary speed. Without waiting to hear his message, Tim Linkinwater darted into the room, and presently afterwards Nicholas heard the door shut and locked on the inside.

He had abundance of time to ruminate on this discovery, for Tim Linkinwater was absent during the greater part of an hour, during the whole of which time Nicholas thought of nothing but the young lady and her exceeding beauty, and what could possibly have brought her there, and why they made such a mystery of it. The more he thought of all this, the more it perplexed him, and the more anxious he became to know who and what she was. "I should have known her among ten thousand," thought Nicholas. And with that he walked up and
down the room, and recalling her face and figure (of which he had a peculiarly vivid remembrance), discarded all other subjects of reflection and dwelt upon that alone.

At length Tim Linkinwater came back—provokingly cool, and with papers in his hand, and a pen in his mouth, as if nothing had happened. 

"Is she quite recovered?" said Nicholas, impetuously.

"Who?" returned Tim Linkinwater.

"Who!" repeated Nicholas. "The young lady."

"What do you make, Mr. Nickleby," said Tim, taking his pen out of his mouth, "what do you make of four hundred and twenty-seven times three thousand two hundred and thirty-eight?"

"Nay," returned Nicholas, "what do you make of my question first? I asked you——"

"About the young lady," said Tim Linkinwater, putting on his spectacles. "To be sure. Yes. Oh! she's very well."

"Very well, is she?" returned Nicholas.

"Very well," replied Mr. Linkinwater, gravely.

"Will she be able to go home to-day?" asked Nicholas.

"She's gone," said Tim.

"Gone!"

"Yes."

"I hope she has not far to go?" said Nicholas, looking earnestly at the other.

"Ay," replied the inmoveable Tim, "I hope she hasn't."

Nicholas hazarded one or two further remarks, but it was evident that Tim Linkinwater had his own reasons for evading the subject, and that he was determined to afford no further information respecting the fair unknown, who had awakened so much curiosity in the breast of his young friend. Nothing daunted by this repulse, Nicholas returned to the charge next day, emboldened by the circumstance of Mr. Linkinwater being in a very talkative and communicative mood; but directly he resumed the theme, Tim relapsed into a state of most provoking taciturnity, and from answering in monosyllables, came to returning no answers at all, save such as were to be inferred from several grave nods, and shrugs which only served to whet that appetite for intelligence in Nicholas, which had already attained a most unreasonable height.

Foiled in these attempts, he was fain to content himself with watching for the young lady's next visit, but here again he was disappointed. Day after day passed, and she did not return. He looked eagerly at the superscription of all the notes and letters, but there was not one among them which he could fancy to be in her hand-writing. On two or three occasions he was employed on business which took him to a distance, and had formerly been transacted by Tim Linkinwater. Nicholas could not help suspecting that for some reason or other he was sent out of the way on purpose, and that the young lady was there in his absence. Nothing transpired, however, to confirm this suspicion, and Tim could not be entrapped into any confession or admission tending to support it in the smallest degree.
Mystery and disappointment are not absolutely indispensable to the growth of love, but they are very often its powerful auxiliaries. "Out of sight, out of mind," is well enough as a proverb applicable to cases of friendship, though absence is not always necessary to hollowness of heart even between friends, and truth and honesty, like precious stones, are perhaps most easily imitated at a distance, when the counterfeits often pass for real. Love, however, is very materially assisted by a warm and active imagination, which has a long memory, and will thrive for a considerable time on very slight and sparing food. Thus it is that it often attains its most luxuriant growth in separation and under circumstances of the utmost difficulty; and thus it was that Nicholas, thinking of nothing but the unknown young lady from day to day and from hour to hour, began at last to think that he was very desperately in love with her, and that never was such an ill-used and persecuted lover as he.

Still, though he loved and languished after the most orthodox models, and was only deterred from making a confidante of Kate by the slight considerations of having never, in all his life, spoken to the object of his passion, and having never set eyes upon her except on two occasions, on both of which she had come and gone like a flash of lightning—or, as Nicholas himself said, in the numerous conversations he held with himself, like a vision of youth and beauty much too bright to last—his ardour and devotion remained without its reward. The young lady appeared no more; so that there was a great deal of love wasted (enough indeed to have set up half-a-dozen young gentlemen, as times go, with the utmost decency) and nobody was a bit the wiser for it; not even Nicholas himself, who, on the contrary, became more dull, sentimental, and lackadaisical every day.

While matters were in this state, the failure of a correspondent of the Brothers Cheeryble, in Germany, imposed upon Tim Linkinwater and Nicholas the necessity of going through some very long and complicated accounts extending over a considerable space of time. To get through them with the greater despatch, Tim Linkinwater proposed that they should remain at the counting-house for a week or so, until ten o'clock at night; to this, as nothing damped the zeal of Nicholas in the service of his kind patrons—not even romance, which has seldom business habits—he cheerfully assented. On the very first night of those later hours, at nine exactly, there came: not the young lady herself, but her servant, who being closeted with brother Charles for some time, went away, and returned next night at the same hour, and on the next, and on the next again.

These repeated visits inflamed the curiosity of Nicholas to the very highest pitch. Tantalized and excited beyond all bearing, and unable to fathom the mystery without neglecting his duty, he confided the whole secret to Newman Noggs, imploring him to be on the watch next night, to follow the girl home, to set on foot such inquiries relative to the name, condition, and history of her mistress, as he could without exciting suspicion; and to report the result to him with the least possible delay.

Beyond all measure proud of this commission, Newman Noggs took
up his post in the square on the following evening, a full hour before the needful time, and planting himself behind the pump and pulling his hat over his eyes, began his watch with an elaborate appearance of mystery admirably calculated to excite the suspicion of all beholders. Indeed, divers servant-girls who came to draw water, and sundry little boys who stopped to drink at the ladle, were almost scared out of their senses by the apparition of Newman Noggs looking stealthily round the pump, with nothing of him visible but his face, and that wearing the expression of a meditative Ogre.

Punctual to her time, the messenger came again, and after an interview of rather longer duration than usual, departed. Newman had made two appointments with Nicholas, one for the next evening conditional on his success, and one the next night following which was to be kept under all circumstances. The first night he was not at the place of meeting (a certain tavern about half-way between the City and Golden Square), but on the second night he was there before Nicholas, and received him with open arms.

“Is it all right,” whispered Newman. “Sit down—sit down, there’s a dear young man, and let me tell you all about it.”

Nicholas needed no second invitation, and eagerly inquired what was the news.

“There’s a great deal of news,” said Newman, in a flutter of exultation. “It’s all right. Don’t be anxious. I don’t know where to begin. Never mind that. Keep up your spirits. It’s all right.”

“Well?” said Nicholas eagerly. “Yes?”


“What’s it?” said Nicholas. “The name—the name, my dear fellow.”


“Bobster!” repeated Nicholas, indignant.

“That’s the name,” said Newman. “I remembered it by lobster.”

“Bobster!” repeated Nicholas, more emphatically than before.

“That must be the servant’s name.”

“No, it ain’t,” said Newman, shaking his head with great positiveness. “Miss Cecilia Bobster.”

“Cecilia, eh?” returned Nicholas, muttering the two names together over and over again in every variety of tone, to try the effect. “Well, Cecilia is a pretty name.”

“Very. And a pretty creature too,” said Newman.

“Who?” said Nicholas.

“Miss Bobster.”

“Why, where have you seen her?” demanded Nicholas.

“Never mind, my dear boy,” retorted Noggs, clapping him on the shoulder. “I have seen her. You shall see her. I have managed it all.”

“My dear Newman,” cried Nicholas, grasping his hand, “are you serious?”

“I am,” replied Newman. “I mean it all. Every word. You shall see her to-morrow night. She consents to hear you speak for
yourself. I persuaded her. She is all affability, goodness, sweetness, and beauty."

"I know she is; I know she must be, Newman," said Nicholas, wringing his hand.

"You are right," returned Newman.

"Where does she live?" cried Nicholas. "What have you learnt of her history? Has she a father—mother—any brothers—sisters? What did she say? How came you to see her? Was she not very much surprised? Did you say how passionately I have longed to speak to her? Did you tell her where I had seen her? Did you tell her how, and when, and where, and how long and how often I have thought of that sweet face which came upon me in my bitterest distress like a glimpse of some better world—did you, Newman—did you?"

Poor Noggs literally gasped for breath as this flood of questions rushed upon him, and moved spasmodically in his chair at every fresh inquiry, staring at Nicholas meanwhile with a most ludicrous expression of perplexity.

"No," said Newman, "I didn't tell her that."

"Didn't tell her which?" asked Nicholas.

"About the glimpse of the better world," said Newman. "I didn't tell her who you were, either, or where you'd seen her. I said you loved her to distraction."

"That's true, Newman," replied Nicholas, with his characteristic vehemence. "Heaven knows I do!"

"I said too, that you had admired her for a long time in secret," said Newman.

"Yes, yes. What did she say to that?" asked Nicholas.

"Blushed," said Newman.

"To be sure. Of course she would," said Nicholas, approvingly.

Newman then went on to say that the young lady was an only child, that her mother was dead, and that she resided with her father; and that she had been induced to allow her lover a secret interview at the intercession of her servant, who had great influence with her. He further related how it had required much moving and great eloquence to bring the young lady to this pass; how it was expressly understood that she merely afforded Nicholas an opportunity of declaring his passion, and how she by no means pledged herself to be favourably impressed with his attentions. The mystery of her visits to the Brothers Cheeryble remained wholly unexplained, for Newman had not alluded to them, either in his preliminary conversations with the servant or his subsequent interview with the mistress, merely remarking that he had been instructed to watch the girl home and plead his young friend's cause, and not saying how far he had followed her, or from what point. But Newman hinted that from what had fallen from the confidante, he had been led to suspect that the young lady led a very miserable and unhappy life, under the strict control of her only parent, who was of a violent and brutal temper—a circumstance which he thought might in some degree account, both for her having sought the protection and friendship of the brothers, and her suffering herself to be prevailed upon
to grant the promised interview. The last he held to be a very logical
deduction from the premises, inasmuch as it was but natural to suppose
that a young lady, whose present condition was so unenviable, would
be more than commonly desirous to change it.

It appeared on further questioning—for it was only by a very long
and arduous process that all this could be got out of Newman Noggs—
that Newman, in explanation of his shabby appearance, had represented
himself as being, for certain wise and indispensable purposes connected
with that intrigue, in disguise; and being questioned how he had come
to exceed his commission so far as to procure an interview, he responded,
that the lady appearing willing to grant it, he considered himself
bound, both in duty and gallantry, to avail himself of such a golden
means of enabling Nicholas to prosecute his addresses. After these
and all possible questions had been asked and answered twenty times
over, they parted, undertaking to meet on the following night at half-
past ten, for the purpose of fulfilling the appointment, which was for
eleven o'clock.

"Things come about very strangely," thought Nicholas, as he walked
home. "I never contemplated anything of this kind; never dreamt
of the possibility of it. To know something of the life of one in whom
I felt such interest; to see her in the street, to pass the house in which
she lived, to meet her sometimes in her walks, to hope that a day might
come when I might be in a condition to tell her of my love; this was
the utmost extent of my thoughts. Now, however—but I should be a
fool, indeed, to repine at my own good fortune."

Still Nicholas was dissatisfied; and there was more in the dissatisfac-
tion than mere revulsion of feeling. He was angry with the young
lady for being so easily won, "because," reasoned Nicholas, "it is not
as if she knew it was I, but it might have been anybody,"—which was
certainly not pleasant. The next moment he was angry with himself
for entertaining such thoughts, arguing that nothing but goodness could
dwell in such a temple, and that the behaviour of the brothers suffici-
tently showed the estimation in which they held her. "The fact is, she's
a mystery altogether," said Nicholas. This was not more satisfactory
than his previous course of reflection, and only drove him out upon a
new sea of speculation and conjecture, where he tossed and tumbled in
great discomfort of mind until the clock struck ten, and the hour of
meeting drew nigh.

Nicholas had dressed himself with great care, and even Newman
Noggs had trimmed himself up a little: his coat presenting the pheno-
menon of two consecutive buttons, and the supplementary pins being
inserted at tolerably regular intervals. He wore his hat, too, in the
newest taste, with a pocket handkerchief in the crown, and a twisted
end of it straggling out behind, after the fashion of a pigtail, though he
could scarcely lay claim to the ingenuity of inventing this latter decora-
tion, inasmuch as he was utterly unconscious of it: being in a nervous
and excited condition which rendered him quite insensible to everything
but the great object of the expedition.

They traversed the streets in profound silence; and after walking at
a round pace for some distance, arrived in one of a gloomy appearance and very little frequented, near the Edgeware-road.

"Number twelve," said Newman.

"Oh!" replied Nicholas, looking about him.

"Good street?" said Newman.

"Yes," returned Nicholas, "rather dull."

Newman made no answer to this remark, but halting abruptly, planted Nicholas with his back to some area railings, and gave him to understand that he was to wait there, without moving hand or foot, until it was satisfactorily ascertained that the coast was clear. This done, Noggs limped away with great alacrity, looking over his shoulder every instant, to make quite certain that Nicholas was obeying his directions; and ascending the steps of a house some half-dozen doors off, was lost to view.

After a short delay, he re-appeared, and limping back again, halted midway, and beckoned Nicholas to follow him.

"Well!" said Nicholas, advancing towards him on tiptoe.

"All right," replied Newman, in high glee. "All ready; nobody at home. Couldn't be better. Ha! ha!"

With this fortifying assurance, he stole past a street-door, on which Nicholas caught a glimpse of a brass plate, with "Bonster," in very large letters; and stopping at the area-gate, which was open, signed to his young friend to descend.

"What the devil!" cried Nicholas, drawing back. "Are we to sneak into the kitchen as if we came after the forks?"

"Hush!" replied Newman. "Old Bobster—ferocious Turk. He'd kill 'em all—box the young lady's ears—he does—often."

"What!" cried Nicholas, in high wrath, "do you mean to tell me that any man would dare to box the ears of such a——"

He had no time to sing the praises of his mistress just then, for Newman gave him a gentle push which had nearly precipitated him to the bottom of the area steps. Thinking it best to take the hint in good part, Nicholas descended without further remonstrance; but with a countenance bespeaking anything rather than the hope and rapture of a passionate lover. Newman followed—he would have followed head first, but for the timely assistance of Nicholas—and taking his hand, led him through a stone passage, profoundly dark, into a back kitchen or cellar of the blackest and most pitchy obscurity, where they stopped.

"Well!" said Nicholas, in a discontented whisper, "this is not all, I suppose, is it?"

"No, no," rejoined Noggs; "they'll be here directly. It's all right."

"I am glad to hear it," said Nicholas. "I shouldn't have thought it, I confess."

They exchanged no further words, and there Nicholas stood, listening to the loud breathing of Newman Noggs, and imagining that his nose seemed to glow like a red-hot coal, even in the midst of the darkness which enshrouded them. Suddenly the sound of cautious footsteps attracted his ear, and directly afterwards a female voice inquired if the gentleman were there.
“Yes,” replied Nicholas, turning towards the corner from which the voice proceeded. “Who is that?”

“Only me, sir,” replied the voice. “Now if you please, ma’am.”

A gleam of light shone into the place, and presently the servant-girl appeared, bearing a light, and followed by her young mistress, who seemed to be overpowered by modesty and confusion.

At sight of the young lady, Nicholas started and changed colour; his heart beat violently, and he stood rooted to the spot. At that instant, and almost simultaneously with her arrival and that of the candle, there was heard a loud and furious knocking at the street-door, which caused Newman Noggs to jump up with great agility from a beer-barrel, on which he had been seated astride, and to exclaim abruptly, and with a face of ashy paleness, “Bobster, by the Lord!”

The young lady shrieked, the attendant wrung her hands, Nicholas gazed from one to the other in apparent stupefaction, and Newman hurried to and fro, thrusting his hands into all his pockets successively, and drawing out the linings of every one in the excess of his irresolution. It was but a moment, but the confusion crowded into that one moment no imagination can exaggerate.

“Leave the house, for Heaven’s sake! We have done wrong—we deserve it all,” cried the young lady. “Leave the house, or I am ruined and undone for ever.”

“Will you hear me say but one word?” cried Nicholas. “Only one. I will not detain you. Will you hear me say one word in explanation of this mischance?”

But Nicholas might as well have spoken to the wind, for the young lady with distracted looks hurried up the stairs. He would have followed her, but Newman twisting his hand in his coat collar, dragged him towards the passage by which they had entered.

“Let me go, Newman, in the Devil’s name,” cried Nicholas. “I must speak to her—I will; I will not leave this house without.”

“Reputation—character—violence—consider,” said Newman, clinging round him with both arms, and hurrying him away. “Let them open the door. We’ll go as we came directly it’s shut. Come. This way. Here.”

Overpowered by the remonstrances of Newman and the tears and prayers of the girl, and the tremendous knocking above, which had never ceased, Nicholas allowed himself to be hurried off; and precisely as Mr. Bobster made his entrance by the street-door, he and Noggs made their exit by the area-gate.

They hurried away through several streets without stopping or speaking. At last they halted and confronted each other with blank and rueful faces.


“Excellently,” replied Nicholas, taking his hand. “Excellently, and like the true and zealous friend you are. Only—mind, I am not disappointed, Newman, and feel just as much indebted to you—only it was the wrong lady.”
"Eh?" cried Newman Noggs. "Taken in by the servant?"

"Newman, Newman," said Nicholas, laying his hand upon his shoulder; "it was the wrong servant too."

Newman's under-jaw dropped, and he gazed at Nicholas with his sound eye fixed fast and motionless in his head.

"Don't take it to heart," said Nicholas; "'tis of no consequence; you see I don't care about it; you followed the wrong person, that's all."

That was all. Whether Newman Noggs had looked round the pump in a slanting direction so long, that his sight became impaired, or whether, finding that there was time to spare, he had recruited himself with a few drops of something stronger than the pump could yield—by whatsoever means it had come to pass, this was his mistake. And Nicholas went home to brood upon it, and to meditate upon the charms of the unknown young lady, now as far beyond his reach as ever.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTAINING SOME ROMANTIC PASSAGES BETWEEN MRS. NICKLEBY AND THE GENTLEMAN IN THE SMALL-CLOTHES NEXT DOOR.

Ever since her last momentous conversation with her son, Mrs. Nickleby had by little and little begun to display unusual care in the adornment of her person, gradually superadding to those staid and matronly habiliments, which had up to that time formed her ordinary attire, a variety of embellishments and decorations, slight perhaps in themselves, but, taken together, and considered with reference to the subject of her disclosure, of no mean importance. Even her black dress assumed something of a deadly-lively air from the jaunty style in which it was worn; and, eked out as its lingering attractions were, by a prudent disposal here and there of certain juvenile ornaments of little or no value, which had for that reason alone escaped the general wreck and been permitted to slumber peacefully in odd corners of old drawers and boxes where daylight seldom shone, her mourning garments assumed quite a new character, and from being the outward tokens of respect and sorrow for the dead, were converted into signals of very slaughterous and killing designs upon the living.

Mrs. Nickleby might have been stimulated to this proceeding by a lofty sense of duty, and impulses of unquestionable excellence. She might by this time have become impressed with the sinfulness of long indulgence in unavailing woe, or the necessity of setting a proper example of neatness and decorum to her blooming daughter. Considerations of duty and responsibility apart, the change might have taken its rise in feelings of the purest and most disinterested charity. The gentleman next door had been vilified by Nicholas; rudely stigmatised as a dotard and an idiot; and for these attacks upon his understanding, Mrs. Nickleby was in some sort accountable. She might have felt that it was the act of a good Christian to show, by all means in her power,
that the abused gentleman was neither the one nor the other. And
what better means could she adopt towards so virtuous and laudable an
end, than proving to all men, in her own person, that his passion was
the most rational and reasonable in the world, and just the very result of
all others which discreet and thinking persons might have foreseen, from
her incantiously displaying her matured charms, without reserve, under
the very eye, as it were, of an ardent and too-susceptible man?

"Ah!" said Mrs. Nickleby, gravely shaking her head; "if
Nicholas knew what his poor dear papa suffered before we were
engaged, when I used to hate him, he would have a little more feeling.
Shall I ever forget the morning I looked scornfully at him when he
offered to carry my parasol? Or that night when I frowned at him?
It was a mercy he didn't emigrate. It very nearly drove him to it."

Whether the deceased might not have been better off if he had emi-
grated in his bachelor days, was a question which his relict did not
stop to consider, for Kate entered the room with her work-box in this
stage of her reflections; and a much slighter interruption, or no inter-
ruption at all, would have diverted Mrs. Nickleby's thoughts into a new
channel at any time.

"Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby; "I don't know how it is,
but a fine warm summer day like this, with the birds singing in every
direction, always puts me in mind of roast pig, with sage and onion
sauce and made gravy."

"That's a curious association of ideas, is it not, mama?"

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't know," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"Roast pig—let me see. On the day five weeks after you were christ-
ened, we had a roast—not that couldn't have been a pig, either, because
I recollect there were a pair of them to carve, and your poor papa and I
could never have thought of sitting down to two pigs—they must have
been partridges. Roast pig! I hardly think we ever could have had
one, now I come to remember, for your papa could never bear the sight
of them in the shops, and used to say that they always put him in mind
of very little babies, only the pigs had much fairer complexion; and he
had a horror of little babies, too, because he couldn't very well afford
any increase to his family, and had a natural dislike to the subject. It's
very odd now, what can put that in my head. I recollect dining once
at Mrs. Bevan's, in that broad street, where the corner is by the coach-
maker's, where the tipsy man fell through the cellar-flap of an empty
house nearly a week before quarter-day, and wasn't found till the new
tenant went in—and we had roast pig there. It must be that, I think,
that reminds me of it, especially as there was a little bird in the room
that would keep on singing all the time of dinner—at least, not a little
bird, for it was a parrot, and he didn't sing exactly, for he talked and
swore dreadfully; but I think it must be that. Indeed I am sure it
must. Shouldn't you say so, my dear?"

"I should say there was not a doubt about it, mama," returned Kate,
with a cheerful smile.

"No; but do you think so, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby, with as much
gravity as if it were a question of the most imminent and thrilling interest.
"If you don't, say so at once, you know; because it's just as well to be correct, particularly on a point of this kind, which is very curious and worth settling while one thinks about it."

Kate laughingly replied that she was quite convinced; and as her mama still appeared undetermined whether it was not absolutely essential that the subject should be renewed, proposed that they should take their work into the summer-house and enjoy the beauty of the afternoon. Mrs. Nickleby readily assented, and to the summer-house they repaired without further discussion.

"Well, I will say," observed Mrs. Nickleby, as she took her seat, "that there never was such a good creature as Smike. Upon my word, the pains he has taken in putting this little arbour to rights and training the sweetest flowers about it, are beyond anything I could have——I wish he wouldn't put all the gravel on your side, Kate, my dear, though, and leave nothing but mould for me."

"Dear mama," returned Kate, hastily, "take this seat——do—to oblige me, mama."

"No, indeed, my dear. I shall keep my own side," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Well! I declare!"

Kate looked up inquiringly.

"If he hasn't been," said Mrs. Nickleby, "and got, from somewhere or other, a couple of roots of those flowers that I said I was so fond of the other night, and asked you if you were not——no, that you said you were so fond of, the other night, and asked me if I wasn't——it's the same thing——now, upon my word, I take that as very kind and attentive indeed! I don't see," added Mrs. Nickleby, looking narrowly about her, "any of them on my side, but I suppose they grew best near the gravel. You may depend upon it they do, Kate, and that's the reason they are all near you, and he has put the gravel there because it's the sunny side. Upon my word, that's very clever now. I shouldn't have had half as much thought myself!"

"Mama," said Kate hurriedly, bending over her work so that her face was almost hidden, "before you were married——"

"Dear me, Kate," interrupted Mrs. Nickleby, "what in the name of goodness graciousness makes you fly off to the time before I was married, when I'm talking to you about his thoughtfulness and attention to me? You don't seem to take the smallest interest in the garden."

"Oh! mama," said Kate, raising her face again, "you know I do."

"Well then, my dear, why don't you praise the neatness and prettiness with which it's kept," said Mrs. Nickleby. "How very odd you are, Kate!"

"I do praise it, mama," answered Kate, gently. "Poor fellow!"

"I scarcely ever hear you, my dear," retorted Mrs. Nickleby; "that's all I've got to say." By this time the good lady had been a long while upon one topic, so she fell at once into her daughter's little trap for changing it—if trap it were—and inquired what she had been going to say.

"About what, mama?" said Kate, who had apparently quite forgotten her diversion.
“Lor, Kate, my dear,” returned her mother, “why, you’re asleep or stupid. About the time before I was married.”

“Oh yes!” said Kate, “I remember. I was going to ask, mama, before you were married, had you many suitors?”

“Suitors, my dear!” cried Mrs. Nickleby, with a smile of wonderful complacency. “First and last, Kate, I must have had a dozen at least.”

“Mama!” returned Kate, in a tone of remonstrance.

“I had indeed, my dear,” said Mrs. Nickleby; “not including your poor papa, or a young gentleman who used to go at that time to the same dancing-school, and who would send gold watches and bracelets to our house in gilt-edged paper, (which were always returned), and who afterwards unfortunately went out to Botany Bay in a cadet ship—a convict ship I mean—and escaped into a bush and killed sheep, (I don’t know how they got there) and was going to be hung, only he accidentally choked himself, and the government pardoned him. Then there was young Lukin,” said Mrs. Nickleby, beginning with her left thumb and checking off the names on her fingers—“Mogley—Tipslark—Cabbery—Smifers—”

Having now reached her little finger, Mrs. Nickleby was carrying the account over to the other hand, when a loud “Hem!” which appeared to come from the very foundation of the garden wall, gave both herself and her daughter a violent start.

“Mama! what was that?” said Kate, in a low tone of voice.

“Upon my word, my dear,” returned Mrs. Nickleby, considerably startled, “unless it was the gentleman belonging to the next house, I don’t know what it could possibly—”

“A—hem!” cried the same voice; and that not in the tone of an ordinary clearing of the throat, but in a kind of bellow, which woke up all the echoes in the neighbourhood, and was prolonged to an extent which must have made the unseen bellower quite black in the face.

“I understand it now, my dear,” said Mrs. Nickleby, laying her hand on Kate’s; “don’t be alarmed, my love, it’s not directed to you, and is not intended to frighten anybody. Let us give everybody their due Kate; I am bound to say that.”

So saying, Mrs. Nickleby nodded her head, and patted the back of her daughter’s hand a great many times, and looked at her as if she could tell something vastly important if she chose, but had self-denial, thank God! and wouldn’t do it.

“What do you mean, mama?” demanded Kate, in evident surprise.

“Don’t be flurried, my dear,” replied Mrs. Nickleby, looking towards the garden-wall, “for you see I’m not, and if it would be excusable in anybody to be flurried, it certainly would—under all the circumstances—be excusable in me, but I am not, Kate—not at all.”

“It seems designed to attract our attention, mama,” said Kate.

“It is designed to attract our attention, my dear—at least,” rejoined Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, and putting her daughter’s hand more blandly than before, “to attract the attention of one of us. Hem! you needn’t be at all uneasy, my dear.”

Kate looked very much perplexed, and was apparently about to ask for
further explanation, when a shouting and scuffling noise, as of an elderly gentleman whooping, and kicking up his legs on loose gravel with great violence, was heard to proceed from the same direction as the former sounds; and, before they had subsided, a large cucumber was seen to shoot up in the air with the velocity of a sky-rocket, whence it descended, tumbling over and over, until it fell at Mrs. Nickleby's feet.

This remarkable appearance was succeeded by another of a precisely similar description; then a fine vegetable marrow, of unusually large dimensions, was seen to whirl aloft, and come toppling down; then several cucumbers shot up together; and, finally, the air was darkened by a shower of onions, turnip-radishes, and other small vegetables, which fell rolling and scattering and bumping about in all directions.

As Kate rose from her seat in some alarm, and caught her mother's hand to run with her into the house, she felt herself rather retarded than assisted in her intention; and, following the direction of Mrs. Nickleby's eyes, was quite terrified by the apparition of an old black velvet cap, which, by slow degrees, as if its wearer were ascending a ladder or pair of steps, rose above the wall dividing their garden from that of the next cottage, (which, like their own, was a detached building,) and was gradually followed by a very large head, and an old face, in which were a pair of most extraordinary grey eyes, very wild, very wide open, and rolling in their sockets with a dull, languishing, and leering look, most ugly to behold.

"Mama!" cried Kate, really terrified for the moment, "why do you stop, why do you lose an instant?—Mama, pray come in!"

"Kate, my dear," returned her mother, still holding back, "how can you be so foolish? I'm ashamed of you. How do you suppose you are ever to get through life, if you're such a coward as this! What do you want, sir?" said Mrs. Nickleby, addressing the intruder with a sort of simpering displeasure. "How dare you look into this garden?"

"Queen of my soul," replied the stranger, folding his hands together, "this goblet sip."

"Nonsense, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Kate, my love, pray be quiet."

"Won't you sip the goblet?" urged the stranger, with his head imploringly on one side, and his right hand on his breast. "Oh, do sip the goblet!"

"I shall not consent to do any thing of the kind, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby, with a haughty air. "Pray, begone."

"Why is it?" said the old gentleman, coming up a step higher, and leaning his elbows on the wall, with as much complacency as if he were looking out of window, "why is it that beauty is always obdurate, even when admiration is as honourable and respectful as mine?" Here he smiled, kissed his hand, and made several low bows. "Is it owing to the bees, who, when the honey season is over, and they are supposed to have been killed with brimstone, in reality fly to Barbary and lull the captive Moors to sleep with their drowsy songs? Or is it," he added, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "in consequence of the statue at Charing Cross having been lately seen on the Stock Exchange"
at midnight, walking arm-in-arm with the Pump from Aldgate, in a riding-habit?"

"Mama," murmured Kate, "do you hear him?"

"Hush, my dear!" replied Mrs. Nickleby, in the same tone of voice, "he is very polite, and I think that was a quotation from the poets. Pray, don't worry me so—you'll pinch my arm black and blue. Go away, sir."

"Quite away?" said the gentleman, with a languishing look, "Oh! quite away?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "certainly. You have no business here. This is private property, sir; you ought to know that."

"I do know," said the old gentleman, laying his finger on his nose with an air of familiarity most reprehensible, "that this is a sacred and enchanted spot, where the most divine charms—here he kissed his hand and bowed again—waft mellifluosness over the neighbours' gardens, and force the fruit and vegetables into premature existence. That fact I am acquainted with. But will you permit me, fairest creature, to ask you one question, in the absence of the planet Venus, who has gone on business to the Horse Guards, and would otherwise—jealous of your superior charms—interpose between us?"

"Kate," observed Mrs. Nickleby, turning to her daughter, "it's very awkward, positively. I really don't know what to say to this gentleman. One ought to be civil, you know."

"Dear mama," rejoined Kate, "don't say a word to him, but let us run away as fast as we can, and shut ourselves up till Nicholas comes home."

Mrs. Nickleby looked very grand, not to say contemptuous, at this humiliating proposal; and turning to the old gentleman, who had watched them during these whispers with absorbing eagerness, said—"If you will conduct yourself, sir, like the gentleman which I should imagine you to be from your language and—and—appearance, (quite the counterpart of your grand-papa, Kate, my dear, in his best days,) and will put your question to me in plain words, I will answer it."

If Mrs. Nickleby's excellent papa had borne, in his best days, a resemblance to the neighbour now looking over the wall, he must have been, to say the least, a very queer-looking old gentleman in his prime. Perhaps Kate thought so, for she ventured to glance at his living portrait with some attention, as he took off his black velvet cap, and, exhibiting a perfectly bald head made a long series of bows, each accompanied with a fresh kiss of the hand. After exhausting himself, to all appearance, with this fatiguing performance, he covered his head once more, pulled the cap very carefully over the tips of his ears, and resuming his former attitude, said,

"The question is—"

Here he broke off to look round in every direction, and satisfy himself beyond all doubt that there were no listeners near. Assured that there were not, he tapped his nose several times, accompanying the action with a cunning look, as though congratulating himself on his caution; and stretching out his neck, said in a loud whisper;

D D 2
“Are you a princess?”

“You are mocking me, sir,” replied Mrs. Nickleby, making a feint of retreating towards the house.

“No, but are you?” said the old gentleman.

“You know I am not, sir,” replied Mrs. Nickleby.

“Then are you any relation to the Archbishop of Canterbury?” inquired the old gentleman with great anxiety, “or to the Pope of Rome? or the Speaker of the House of Commons? Forgive me, if I am wrong, but I was told you were niece to the Commissioners of Paving, and daughter-in-law to the Lord Mayor and Court of Common Council, which would account for your relationship to all three.”

“Whoever has spread such reports, sir,” returned Mrs. Nickleby, with some warmth, “has taken great liberties with my name, and one which I am sure my son Nicholas, if he was aware of it, would not allow for an instant. The idea!” said Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, “niece to the Commissioners of Paving!”

“Pray, mama, come away!” whispered Kate.

“Pray, mama! Nonsense, Kate,” said Mrs. Nickleby, angrily, “but that’s just the way. If they had said I was niece to a piping bullfinch, what would you care! But I have no sympathy”—whispered Mrs. Nickleby, “I don’t expect it, that’s one thing.”

“Tears!” cried the old gentleman, with such an energetic jump, that he fell down two or three steps, and grated his chin against the wall. “Catch the crystal globules—catch ’em—bottle ’em up—cork ’em tight—put sealing-wax on the top—seal ’em with a cupid—label ’em ‘Best quality’—and stow ’em away in the fourteen binn, with a bar of iron on the top to keep the thunder off!”

Issuing these commands, as if there were a dozen attendants all actively engaged in their execution, he turned his velvet cap inside out, put it on with great dignity so as to obscure his right eye and three-fourths of his nose, and sticking his arms a-kimbo, looked very fiercely at a sparrow hard by, till the bird flew away, when he put his cap in his pocket with an air of great satisfaction, and addressed himself with a respectful demeanour to Mrs. Nickleby.

“Beautiful madam,” such were his words—“if I have made any mistake with regard to your family or connexions, I humbly beseech you to pardon me. If I supposed you to be related to Foreign Powers or Native Boards, it is because you have a manner, a carriage, a dignity, which you will excuse my saying that none but yourself (with the single exception perhaps of the tragic muse, when playing extemporaneously on the barrel organ before the East India Company) can parallel. I am not a youth, ma’am, as you see; and although beings like you can never grow old, I venture to presume that we are fitted for each other.”

“Really, Kate, my love!” said Mrs. Nickleby faintly, and looking another way.

“I have estates, ma’am,” said the old gentleman, flourishing his right hand negligently, as if he made very light of such matters, and speaking very fast; “jewels, light-houses, fish-ponds, a whalery of my own in the
North Sea, and several oyster-beds of great profit in the Pacific Ocean. If you will have the kindness to step down to the Royal Exchange and to take the cocked hat off the stoutest beadle’s head, you will find my card in the lining of the crown, wrapped up in a piece of blue paper. My walking-stick is also to be seen on application to the chaplain of the House of Commons, who is strictly forbidden to take any money for showing it. I have enemies about me, ma’am,” he looked towards his house and spoke very low, “who attack me on all occasions, and wish to secure my property. If you bless me with your hand and heart, you can apply to the Lord Chancellor or call out the military if necessary—sending my toothpick to the commander-in-chief will be sufficient—and so clear the house of them before the ceremony is performed. After that, love bliss and rapture; rapture love and bliss. Be mine, be mine!”

Repeating these last words with great rapture and enthusiasm, the old gentleman put on his black velvet cap again, and looking up into the sky in a hasty manner, said something that was not quite intelligible concerning a balloon he expected, and which was rather after its time.

“Be mine, be mine!” repeated the old gentleman.

“Kate, my dear,” said Mrs. Nickleby, “I have hardly the power to speak; but it is necessary for the happiness of all parties that this matter should be set at rest for ever.”

“Surely there is no necessity for you to say one word, mama?” reasoned Kate.

“You will allow me, my dear, if you please, to judge for myself,” said Mrs. Nickleby.

“Be mine, be mine!” cried the old gentleman.

“It can scarcely be expected, sir,” said Mrs. Nickleby, fixing her eyes modestly on the ground, “that I should tell a stranger whether I feel flattered and obliged by such proposals, or not. They certainly are made under very singular circumstances; still at the same time, as far as it goes, and to a certain extent of course,” (Mrs. Nickleby’s customary qualification,) “they must be gratifying and agreeable to one’s feelings.”

“Be mine, be mine,” cried the old gentleman. “Gog and Magog, Gog and Magog. Be mine, be mine!”

“It will be sufficient for me to say, sir,” resumed Mrs. Nickleby, with perfect seriousness—“and I am sure you’ll see the propriety of taking an answer and going away—that I have made up my mind to remain a widow, and to devote myself to my children. You may not suppose I am the mother of two children—indeed many people have doubted it, and said that nothing on earth could ever make ‘em believe it possible—but it is the case, and they are both grown up. We shall be very glad to have you for a neighbour—very glad; delighted, I’m sure—but in any other character it’s quite impossible, quite. As to my being young enough to marry again, that perhaps may be so, or it may not be; but I couldn’t think of it for an instant, not on any account whatever. I said I never would, and I never will. It’s a very painful thing to have to reject proposals, and I would much rather that none were made; at the same time this is the answer that I determined long ago to make, and this is the answer I shall always give.”
These observations were partly addressed to the old gentleman, partly to Kate, and partly delivered in soliloquy. Towards their conclusion, the suitor evinced a very irreverent degree of inattention, and Mrs. Nickleby had scarcely finished speaking, when, to the great terror both of that lady and her daughter, he suddenly flung off his coat, and springing on the top of the wall, threw himself into an attitude which displayed his small-clothes and grey worsteds to the fullest advantage, and concluded by standing on one leg, and repeating his favourite bellow with increased vehemence.

While he was still dwelling on the last note, and embellishing it with a prolonged flourish, a dirty hand was observed to glide stealthily and swiftly along the top of the wall, as if in pursuit of a fly, and then to clasp with the utmost dexterity one of the old gentleman’s ankles. This done, the companion hand appeared, and clasped the other ankle.

Thus encumbered the old gentleman lifted his legs awkwardly once or twice, as if they were very clumsy and imperfect pieces of machinery, and then looking down on his own side of the wall, burst into a loud laugh.

"It’s you, is it?" said the old gentleman.

"Yes, it’s me," replied a gruff voice.

"How’s the Emperor of Tartary?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh! he’s much the same as usual," was the reply. "No better and no worse."

"The young Prince of China," said the old gentleman, with much interest. "Is he reconciled to his father-in-law, the great potato salesman?"

"No," answered the gruff voice; "and he says he never will be, that’s more."

"If that’s the case," observed the old gentleman, "perhaps I’d better come down."

"Well," said the man on the other side, "I think you had, perhaps."

One of the hands being then cautiously unclasped, the old gentleman dropped into a sitting posture, and was looking round to smile and bow to Mrs. Nickleby, when he disappeared with some precipitation, as if his legs had been pulled from below.

Very much relieved by his disappearance, Kate was turning to speak to her mama, when the dirty hands again became visible, and were immediately followed by the figure of a coarse squat man, who ascended by the steps which had been recently occupied by their singular neighbour.

"Beg your pardon, ladies," said this new comer, grinning and touching his hat. "Has he been making love to either of you?"

"Yes," said Kate.

"Ah!" rejoined the man, taking his handkerchief out of his hat and wiping his face, "he always will, you know. Nothing will prevent his making love."

"I need not ask you if he is out of his mind, poor creature," said Kate.
"Why no," replied the man, looking into his hat, throwing his handkerchief in at one dab, and putting it on again. "That's pretty plain, that is."

"Has he been long so?" asked Kate.

"A long while."

"And is there no hope for him?" said Kate, compassionately.

"Not a bit, and don't deserve to be," replied the keeper. "He's a deal pleasanter without his senses than with 'em. He was the cruellest, wickedest, out-and-outest old flint that ever drew breath."

"Indeed!" said Kate.

"By George!" replied the keeper, shaking his head so emphatically that he was obliged to frown to keep his hat on, "I never come across such a vagabond, and my mate says the same. Broke his poor wife's heart, turned his daughters out of doors, drove his sons into the streets—it was a blessing he went mad at last, through evil tempers, and covetousness, and selfishness, and guzzling, and drinking, or he'd have drove many others so. Hope for him, an old rip! There isn't too much hope going, but I'll bet a crown that what there is, is saved for more deserving chaps than him, anyhow."

With which confession of his faith, the keeper shook his head again, as much as to say that nothing short of this would do, if things were to go on at all; and touching his hat sulkily—not that he was in an ill humour, but that his subject ruffled him—descended the ladder, and took it away.

During this conversation, Mrs. Nickleby had regarded the man with a severe and stedfast look. She now heaved a profound sigh, and pursing up her lips, shook her head in a slow and doubtful manner.

"Poor creature!" said Kate.

"Ah! poor indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Nickleby. "It's shameful that such things should be allowed.—Shameful!"

"How can they be helped, mama?" said Kate, mournfully. "The infirmities of nature—"

"Nature!" said Mrs. Nickleby. "What! Do you suppose this poor gentleman is out of his mind?"

"Can anybody who sees him entertain any other opinion, mama?"

"Why then, I just tell you this, Kate," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "that he is nothing of the kind, and I am surprised you can be so imposed upon. It's some plot of these people to possess themselves of his property—didn't he say so himself? He may be a little odd and flighty, perhaps, many of us are that; but downright mad! and express himself as he does, respectfully, and in quite poetical language, and making offers with so much thought, and care, and prudence—not as if he ran into the streets, and went down upon his knees to the first chit of a girl he met, as a madman would! No, no, Kate, there's a great deal too much method in his madness; depend upon that, my dear."
CHAPTER XLIII.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CONVIVIAL SENTIMENT, THAT THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST SOMETIMES PART.

The pavement of Snow Hill had been baking and frying all day in the heat, and the twain Saracens' heads guarding the entrance to the hostelry of whose name and sign they are the duplicate presentments, looked—or seemed in the eyes of jaded and foot-sore passers by, to look—more vicious than usual, after blistering and scorching in the sun, when, in one of the inn's smallest sitting-rooms, through whose open window there rose, in a palpable steam, wholesome exhalations from reeking coach-horses, the usual furniture of a tea-table was displayed in neat and inviting order, flanked by large joints of roast and boiled, a tongue, a pigeon-pie, a cold fowl, a tankard of ale, and other little matters of the like kind, which, in degenerate towns and cities are generally understood to belong more particularly to solid lunches, stagecoach dinners, or unusually substantial breakfasts.

Mr. John Browdie, with his hands in his pockets, hovered restlessly about these delicacies, stopping occasionally to whisk the flies out of the sugar-basin with his wife's pocket-handkerchief, or to dip a tea-spoon in the milkpot and carry it to his mouth, or to cut off a little knob of crust, and a little corner of meat, and swallow them at two gulps like a couple of pills. After every one of these flirtations with the eatables, he pulled out his watch, and declared with an earnestness quite pathetic that he couldn't undertake to hold out two minutes longer.

"Tilly!" said John to his lady, who was reclining half awake and half asleep upon a sofa.

"Well, John!"

"Weel, John!" retorted her husband, impatiently. "Dost thou feel hoongry, lass?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Browdie.

"Not vary!" repeated John, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "Hear her say not vary, and us dining at three, and loonching off pastrhy thot aggravates a mon 'stead of pacifying him! Not vary!"

"Here's a gen'man for you, sir," said the waiter, looking in.

"A wa'at, for me?" cried John, as though he thought it must be a letter, or a parcel.

"A gen'man, sir."

"Stars and gartthers, chap!" said John, "wa'at dost thou coom and say thot for. In wi' un."

"Are you at home, sir?"

"At whom!" cried John, "I wish I wur; I'd ha' tea'd two hour ago. Why, I told t'other chap to look sharp outsode door, and tell'un d'rectly he coom, that we war faint wi' hoonger. In wi'. Ah! Thee hond, Misther Nickleby. This is nigh to be the proodest day o' my life, sir. Hoo be all wi' ye? Ding! But, I'm glad o' this!"

Quite forgetting even his hunger in the heartiness of his salutation,
John Browdie shook Nicholas by the hand again and again, slapping his palm with great violence between each shake, to add warmth to the reception.

"Ah! there she be," said John, observing the look which Nicholas directed towards his wife. "There she be—we shan't quarrel about her noo—'Eh? Eecdôt, when I think o' thot—but thou want'st soon'm at to eat. Fall to, mun, fall to, and for wa'at we're aboot to receive——"

No doubt the grace was properly finished, but nothing more was heard, for John had already begun to play such a knife and fork, that his speech was, for the time, gone.

"I shall take the usual licence, Mr. Browdie," said Nicholas, as he placed a chair for the bride.

"Tak' whatever thou like'st," said John, "and when a's gane, ca' for more."

Without stopping to explain, Nicholas kissed the blushing Mrs. Browdie, and handed her to her seat.

"I say," said John, rather astounded for the moment, "mak' theeself quite at whoam, will 'ee?"

"You may depend upon that," replied Nicholas; "on one condition."

"And wa'at may thot be?" asked John.

"That you make me a godfather the very first time you have occasion for one."

"Eh! d'ye hear thot?" cried John, laying down his knife and fork.

"A godfeyther! Ha! ha! ha! Tilly—hear till 'un—a godfeyther! Div'n't say a word more, ye'll never beat thot. Occasion for 'un—a godfeyther! Ha! ha! ha!"

Never was man so tickled with a respectable old joke, as John Browdie was with this. He chuckled, roared, half suffocated himself by laughing large pieces of beef into his windpipe, roared again, persisted in eating at the same time, got red in the face and black in the forehead, coughed, cried, got better, went off again laughing inwardly, got worse, choked, had his back thumped, stamped about, frightened his wife, and at last recovered in a state of the last exhaustion and with the water streaming from his eyes, but still faintly ejaculating "A godfeyther—a godfeyther, Tilly!'' in a tone bespeaking an exquisite relish of the sally, which no suffering could diminish.

"You remember the night of our first tea-drinking?" said Nicholas.

"Shall I e'er forget it, mun?" replied John Browdie.

"He was a desperate fellow that night though, was he not, Mrs. Browdie?" said Nicholas. "Quite a monster?"

"If you had only heard him as we were going home, Mr. Nickleby, you'd have said so indeed," returned the bride. "I never was so frightened in all my life."

"Coom, coom," said John, with a broad grin; "thou know'st betther than thot, Tilly."

"So I was," replied Mrs. Browdie. "I almost made up my mind never to speak to you again."

"A'most!" said John, with a broader grin than the last. "A'most made up her mind! And she wur coaxin', and coaxin', and wheedlin',
and wheedlin', a' the blessed wa'. 'Wa'at did'st thou let ye chap mak' oop tiv'ee for?' says I. 'I deedn't, John,' says she, a squeeggin my arm. 'You deedn't?' says I. 'Noa,' says she, a squeeggin of me agean.'

"Lor, John!" interposed his pretty wife, colouring very much. "How can you talk such nonsense? As if I should have dreamt of such a thing!"

"I dinnot know whether thou'ed ever dreamt of it, though I think that's loike eneaf, mind," retorted John; "but thou didst it. 'Ye're a feckle, changeable weathercock, lass,' says I. 'Not feckle, John,' says she. 'Yes,' says I, 'feckle, dom'd feckle. Dinnot tell me thou beant, ether you chap at schoolmaste'rs,' says I. 'Him!' says she, quite screeching. 'Ah! him!' says I. 'Why, John,' says she—and she coom a deal closer and squeedged a deal harder than she'd deane afore—' dost thou think it's nat'ral noo, that having such a feckle man as thou to keep company wi', I'd ever tak' oop wi' such a leettle scanty whipper-snapper as you?' she says. Ha! ha! ha! She said whipper-snapper! 'Ecod! I says, 'ether that, neem me the day, and let's have it ower!' Ha! ha! ha!"

Nicholas laughed very heartily at this story, both on account of its telling against himself, and his being desirous to spare the blushes of Mrs. Browdie, whose protestations were drowned in peals of laughter from her husband. His good-nature soon put her at her ease; and although she still denied the charge, she laughed so heartily at it, that Nicholas had the satisfaction of feeling assured that in all essential respects it was strictly true.

"This is the second time," said Nicholas, "that we have ever taken a meal together, and only the third I have ever seen you; and yet it really seems to me as if I were among old friends."

"Weel!" observed the Yorkshireman, "so I say."

"And I am sure I do," added his young wife.

"I have the best reason to be impressed with the feeling, mind," said Nicholas; "for if it had not been for your kindness of heart, my good friend, when I had no right or reason to expect it, I know not what might have become of me or what plight I should have been in by this time."

"Talk aboot soon'at else," replied John, gruffly; "and dinnot bother."

"It must be a new song to the same tune then," said Nicholas, smiling. "I told you in my letter that I deeply felt and admired your sympathy with that poor lad, whom you released at the risk of involving yourself in trouble and difficulty; but I can never tell you how grateful he and I, and others whom you don't know, are to you for taking pity on him."

"Ecod!" rejoined John Browdie, drawing up his chair; "and I can never tell you how grateful soon folks that we do know would be likewise, if they know'd I had takken pity on him."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Browdie, "what a state I was in, that night!"

"Were they at all disposed to give you credit for assisting in the escape?" inquired Nicholas of John Browdie.
"Not a bit," replied the Yorkshireman, extending his mouth from ear to ear. "There I lay, snoog in schoolmeaster's bed long eftersh it was dark, and nobody coom nigh the place. 'Weel!' thinks I, 'he's got a pretty good start, and if he bean't whoam by noo, he never will be; so you may coom as quick as you loike, and find us reddy—that is, you know, schoolmeaster might coom."

"I understand," said Nicholas.

"Presently," resumed John, "he did coom. I hear'd door shut doonstairs, and him a working oop in the daark. 'Slow and steddy;' I says to myself, 'tak' your time, sir—no hurry.' He cooms to the door, turns the key—turns the key when there warn't nothing to hoold the lock—and ca's oot 'Hallo there!' 'Yes,' thinks I, 'you may do thot agane, and not wakken anybody, sir.' 'Hallo, there,' he says, and then he stops. 'Thou'd betther not aggravate me,' says schoolmeaster, eftersh a little time. 'I'll brak' every boan in your boddy, Smike,' he says, eftersh another little time. Then all of a soodden, he sings out for a boight, and when it cooms—coom, such a hoorly—boorly! 'Wa'ats the matter?' says I. 'He's gane,' says he,—stark mad wi' vengeance. 'Have you heerd nought?' 'Ees,' says I, 'I hear'd street door shut, no time at a' ago. I hear'd a person run doon there' (pointing t'other wa)—'Help!' he cries. 'I'll help you,' says I; and off we set—the wrong wa! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Did you go far?" asked Nicholas.

"Far!" replied John; "I run him clean off his legs in quarther of an hoor. To see old schoolmeaster wi'out his hat, skimming along oop to his knees in mud and wather, tumbling over fences, and rowling into ditches, and bawling out like mad, wi' his one eye looking sharp out for the lad, and his coat-tails flying out behind, and him spattered wi' mud all over, face and all;—I thot I should ha' dropped doon, and killed myself wi' laughing."

John laughed so heartily at the mere recollection, that he communicated the contagion to both his hearers, and all three burst into peals of laughter, which were renewed again and again, until they could laugh no longer.

"He's a bad 'un," said John, wiping his eyes; "a vary bad 'un, is schoolmeaster."

"I can't bear the sight of him, John," said his wife.

"Coom," retorted John, "thot's tidy in you, that is. If it wa'n't along o' you, we shouldn't know nought about 'un. Thou know'd 'un first, Tilly, didn't thou?"

"I couldn't help knowing Fanny Squeers, John," returned his wife; "she was an old playmate of mine, you know."

"'Weel,'" replied John, "dean't I say so, lass? It's best to be neighbourly, and keep up old acquaintance loike; and what I say is, dean't quarrel if 'ee can help it. Dinnot think so, Mr. Nickleby?"

"Certainly," returned Nicholas; "and you acted upon that principle when I met you on horseback on the road, after our memorable evening."

"And that's a fine thing to do, and manly too," said Nicholas, "though it's not exactly what we understand by 'coming Yorkshire over us' in London. Miss Squeers is stopping with you, you said in your note."

"Yes," replied John, "Tilly's bridesmaid; and a queer bridesmaid she be, too. She won't be a bride in a hurry, I reckon."

"For shame, John," said Mrs. Browdie; with an acute perception of the joke though, being a bride herself.

"The groom will be a blessed man," said John, his eyes twinkling at the idea. "He'll be in luck, he will."

"You see, Mr. Nicklebly," said his wife, "that it was in consequence of her being here, that John wrote to you and fixed to-night, because we thought that it wouldn't be pleasant for you to meet, after what has passed."

"Unquestionably. You were quite right in that," said Nicholas, interrupting.

"Especially," observed Mrs. Browdie, looking very sly, "after what we know about past and gone love matters."

"We know, indeed," said Nicholas, shaking his head. "You behaved rather wickedly there, I suspect."

"O' course she did," said John Browdie, passing his huge fore-finger through one of his wife's pretty ringlets, and looking very proud of her.

"She wur always as skittish and full o' tricks as a—"

"Well, as a what?" said his wife.

"As a woman," returned John. "Ding! But I dinn't know ought else that cooms near it."

"You were speaking about Miss Squeers," said Nicholas, with the view of stopping some slight connubialities which had begun to pass between Mr. and Mrs. Browdie, and which rendered the position of a third party in some degree embarrassing, as occasioning him to feel rather in the way than otherwise.

"Oh yes," rejoined Mrs. Browdie. "John, ha' done—John fixed to-night, because she had settled that she would go and drink tea with her father. And to make quite sure of there being nothing amiss, and of your being quite alone with us, he settled to go out there and fetch her home."

"That was a very good arrangement," said Nicholas; "though I am sorry to be the occasion of so much trouble."

"Not the least in the world," returned Mrs. Browdie; "for we have looked forward to seeing you—John and I have—with the greatest possible pleasure. Do you know, Mr. Nicklebly," said Mrs. Browdie, with her archest smile, "that I really think Fanny Squeers was very fond of you?"

"I am very much obliged to her," said Nicholas; "but, upon my word, I never aspired to making any impression upon her virgin heart."

"How you talk!" tittered Mrs. Browdie. "No, but do you know that really—seriously now and without any joking—I was given to understand by Fanny herself, that you had made an offer to her, and that you two were going to be engaged quite solemn and regular."
Nicholas Nickleby.

"Was you, ma'am—was you?" cried a shrill female voice, "was you
given to understand that I—I—was going to be engaged to an assassinating
thief that shed the gore of my pa? Do you—do you think,
ma'am—that I was very fond of such dirt beneath my feet, as I
couldn't condescend to touch with kitchen tongs, without blacking and
crocking myself by the contract? Do you, ma'am—do you? Oh! base
and degrading 'Tilda!"

With these reproaches Miss Squeers flung the door wide open, and
disclosed to the eyes of the astonished Browdies and Nicholas, not only
her own symmetrical form, arrayed in the chaste white garments before
described, (a little dirtier) but the form of her brother and father, the
pair of Wackfords.

"This is the hend, is it?" continued Miss Squeers, who, being excited,
aspirated her h's strongly; "this is the hend, is it, of all my forbearance
and friendship for that double-faced thing—that viper, that—that—
mermaid?" (Miss Squeers hesitated a long time for this last epithet,
and brought it out triumphantly at last, as if it quite clinched the
business.) "This is the hend, is it, of all my bearing with her deceitfulness,
her lowness, her falseness, her laying herself out to catch the
admiration of vulgar minds, in a way which made me blush for my—
for my——"

"Gender," suggested Mr. Squeers, regarding the spectators with a
malevolent eye—literally a malevolent eye.

"Yes," said Miss Squeers; "but I thank my stars that my ma' is of
the same——"

"Hear, hear!" remarked Mr. Squeers; "and I wish she was here to
have a scratch at this company."

"This is the hend, is it," said Miss Squeers, tossing her head, and
looking contemptuously at the floor, "of my taking notice of that rubbishing creature, and demeaning myself to patronise her?"

"Oh, come," rejoined Mrs. Browdie, disregarding all the endeavours
of her spouse to restrain her, and forcing herself into a front row,
"don't talk such nonsense as that."

"Have I not patronised you, ma'am?" demanded Miss Squeers.

"No," returned Mrs. Browdie.

"I will not look for blushes in such a quarter," said Miss Squeers,
haughtily, "for that countenance is a stranger to everything but higno-
miousness and red-faced boldness."

"I say," interposed John Browdie, nettled by these accumulated
attacks on his wife, "dra' it mild, dra' it mild."

"You, Mr. Browdie," said Miss Squeers, taking him up very quickly,
"I pity. I have no feeling for you, sir, but one of unliquidated pity."

"Oh!" said John.

"No," said Miss Squeers, looking sideways at her parent, "although
I am a queer bridesmaid, and shan't be a bride in a hurry, and although
my husband will be in luck, I entertain no sentiments towards you, sir,
but sentiments of pity."

Here Miss Squeers looked sideways at her father again, who looked
sideways at her, as much as to say, 'There you had him.'
“I know what you’ve got to go through,” said Miss Squeers, shaking her curls violently. “I know what life is before you, and if you was my bitterest and deadliest enemy, I could wish you nothing worse.”

“Couldn’t you wish to be married to him yourself, if that was the case?” inquired Mrs. Browdie, with great suavity of manner.

“Oh, ma’am, how witty you are!” retorted Miss Squeers, with a low curtsey, “almost as witty, ma’am, as you are clever. How very clever it was in you, ma’am, to choose a time when I had gone to tea with my pa, and was sure not to come back without being fetched! What a pity you never thought that other people might be as clever as yourself, and spoil your plans!”

“You won’t vex me, child, with such airs as these,” said the late Miss Price, assuming the patron.

“Don’t Missis me, ma’am, if you please,” returned Miss Squeers, sharply. “I’ll not hear it. Is thie the end—?”

“Dang it a,” cried John Browdie, impatiently. “Say thee say out, Fanny, and mak’ sure it’s the end, and dinnnot ask nobody whether it is or not.”

“Thanking you for your advice which was not required, Mr. Browdie,” returned Miss Squeers, with laborious politeness, “have the goodness not to presume to meddle with my christian name. Even my pity shall never make me forget what’s due to myself, Mr. Browdie. “Tilda,” said Miss Squeers, with such a sudden accession of violence that John started in his boots, “I throw you off for ever, Miss. I abandon you, I renounce you. I wouldn’t,” cried Miss Squeers in a solemn voice, “have a child named Tilda—not to save it from its grave.”

“As for the matter o’ that,” observed John, “it'll be time enceaf to think about neanning of it when it cooms."

“John!” interposed his wife, “don’t tease her.”

“Oh! Tease, indeed!” cried Miss Squeers, bridling up. “Tease, indeed! He! he! Tease, too! No, don’t tease her. Consider her feelings, pray.”

“If it’s fated that listeners are never to hear any good of themselves,” said Mrs. Browdie, “I can’t help it, and I am very sorry for it. But I will say, Fanny, that times out of number I have spoken so kindly of you behind your back, that even you could have found no fault with what I said.”

“Oh, I dare say not, ma’am!” cried Miss Squeers, with another curtsey. “Best thanks to you for your goodness, and begging and praying you not to be hard upon me another time!”

“I don’t know,” resumed Mrs. Browdie, “that I have said anything very bad of you, even now—at all events, what I did say was quite true; but if I have, I am very sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. You have said much worse of me, scores of times, Fanny; but I have never borne any malice to you, and I hope you’ll not bear any to me.”

Miss Squeers made no more direct reply than surveying her former friend from top to toe, and elevating her nose in the air with ineffable disdain. “But some indistinct allusions to a ‘puss,’ and a ‘minx,’ and a ‘contemptible creature,’ escaped her; and this, together with a severe
biting of the lips, great difficulty in swallowing, and very frequent comings and goings of breath, seemed to imply that feelings were swelling in Miss Squeers's bosom too great for utterance.

While the foregoing conversation was proceeding, Master Wackford, finding himself unnoticed, and feeling his preponderating inclinations strong upon him, had by little and little sidled up to the table and attacked the food with such slight skirmishing as drawing his fingers round and round the inside of the plates, and afterwards sucking them with infinite relish—picking the bread, and dragging the pieces over the surface of the butter—pocketing lumps of sugar, pretending all the time to be absorbed in thought—and so forth. Finding that no interference was attempted with these small liberties, he gradually mounted to greater, and, after helping himself to a moderately good cold collation, was, by this time, deep in the pie.

Nothing of this had been unobserved by Mr. Squeers, who, so long as the attention of the company was fixed upon other objects, hugged himself to think that his son and heir should be fattening at the expense. But there being now an appearance of a temporary calm, in which the proceedings of little Wackford could scarcely fail to be observed, he signified to be aware of the circumstance for the first time, and inflicted upon the face of that young gentleman a slap that made the very tea-cups ring.

"Eating!" cried Mr. Squeers, "of what his father's enemies has left! It's fit to go and poison you, you unnatural boy."

"It wasn't hurt him," said John, apparently very much relieved by the prospect of having a man in the quarrel; "let 'un eat. I wish the whole school was here. I'd give 'em soom'ut to stay their unfortnate stomachs wi' if I spent the last penny I had!"

Squeers scowled at him with the worst and most malicious expression of which his face was capable—it was a face of remarkable capability, too, in that way—and shook his fist stealthily.

"Coom, coom, schoolmeaster," said John, "dinnat make a fool o' thyself; for if I was to sheake mine—only once—thou'd na' deon wi' the wind o' it."

"It was you, was it," returned Squeers, "that helped off my runaway boy? It was you, was it?"

"Me!" returned John, in a loud tone. "Yes, it wa'me, coom; wa'at o' that! It wa'me. Noo then!"

"You hear him say he did it, my child!" said Squeers, appealing to his daughter. "You hear him say he did it!"

"Did it!" cried John. "I'll tell'ee more; hear this, too. If thou'd get another runaway boy, I'd do it agean. If thou'd got twenty roonaway boys, I'd do it twenty times ower, and twenty more to thot; and I tell thee more," said John, "noo my blood is oop, that thou'rt an old ra'ascal; and that it's weel for thou, thou be'st an old 'un, or I'd ha' poonded thee to flour, when thou told an honest mun hoo' thou'd licked that poor chap in t' cooroch."

"An honest man!" cried Squeers, with a sneer.

"Ah! an honest man," replied John; "honest in ough but ever putting legs under seame table wi' such as thou."
"Scandal!" said Squeers, exultingly. "Two witnesses to it; Wackford knows the nature of an oath, he does—we shall have you there, Sir. Rascal, eh?" Mr. Squeers took out his pocket-book and made a note of it. "Very good. I should say that was worth full twenty pound at the next assizes, without the honesty, sir."

"Soizes," cried John, "thou'd better not talk to me o' Soizes. Yorkshire schools have been shown up at Soizes afore noo, man, and it's a ticklish soobjact to revive. I can tell ye."

Mr. Squeers shook his head in a threatening manner, looking very white with passion; and taking his daughter's arm, and dragging little Wackford by the hand, retreated towards the door.

"As for you," said Squeers, turning round and addressing Nicholas, who, as he had caused him to smart pretty soundly on a former occasion, purposely abstained from taking any part in the discussion, "see if I ain't down upon you before long. You'll go a kidnapping of boys, will you? Take care their fathers don't turn up—mark that—take care their fathers don't turn up, and send 'em back to me to do as I like with, in spite of you."

"I am not afraid of that," replied Nicholas, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, and turning away.

"Ain't you!" retorted Squeers, with a diabolical look. "Now then, come along."

"I leave such society, with my pa', for hever," said Miss Squeers, looking contemptuously and loftily round. "I am defiled by breathing the air with such creatures. Poor Mr. Browdie! He! he! he! I do pity him, that I do; he's so deluded! He! he! he!—Artful and designing 'Tilda!"

With this sudden relapse into the sternest and most majestic wrath, Miss Squeers swept from the room; and having sustained her dignity until the last possible moment, was heard to sob and scream and struggle in the passage.

John Browdie remained standing behind the table, looking from his wife to Nicholas, and back again, with his mouth wide open, until his hand accidentally fell upon the tankard of ale, when he took it up, and having obscured his features therewith for some time, drew a long breath, handed it over to Nicholas, and rang the bell.

"Here, waither," said John, briskly. "Look alive here. Tak' these things awa', and let's have soomat broiled for sooper—vary comfortable and plenty o' it—at ten o'clock. Bring soon brandy and soon wather, and a pair o' slippers—the largest pair in the house—and be quick aboot it. Dash ma' wig!" said John, rubbing his hands, "there's no ganging oot to neeght, noo, to fetch anybody whoam, and ecod, we'll begin to spend the evening in airmest."
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The earth is sometimes represented by the globe, or model, and sometimes by the plane picture, or map; and, for all useful purposes, the map, in hemispheres, is beyond comparison the more serviceable of the two, not only in the details of geography, but more especially in the studying the earth as a whole, in the relations of its different parts, and the results which we draw from the comparison, at one view, of these with each other.

Such is the importance of studying intimately and correctly a good Map of the World, that, independently altogether of the characters of the earth itself, considered as a whole, no one is properly qualified for acting his part well in the common business of life, and no one is capable of duly appreciating the value of history, enjoying a book of travels, or, in short, of talking like a rational being about any of those countless foreign substances, which are now met with as the materials of articles of use or ornament, or as portions of food, in almost every house within these kingdoms.

If all persons could once be led to this, it is incalculable to conceive how much more delightful it would make the world we live in; because it would enable us to live mentally, and in our mental life consists our real enjoyment of all the world at once. Thus, for instance, we should be enabled to drink our coffee in the groves of Yemen, with turbanned Arabs and loaded camels around us; and, under that balmy sky, we could look across the Red Sea, where there is in one place an assemblage of worm-built reefs, extending up on line, and white with the foam produced by an angry wind, and in another place reeking with the steam of volcanic fires, while the bottom is as gay as a garden with the vegetation of the deep, and the waters are literally encumbered with living creatures. So might we drink our tea in some fantastic alcove in the pleasure-grounds of a Chinese mandarin, and enjoy the characters of that most singular country, which has remained changeless for hundreds of years, amidst the vicissitudes, reverses, and progressions of our part of the world. We should never taste the stimulating flavour of cinnamon, without being born in thought to Ceylon, with its rich fields of rice; its beautiful copses, which furnish this wholesome and exhilarating spice; its tangled and swampy woods, with their herds of gigantic elephants; its more dry and inland forests, peopled with thousands of apes, which make the early more literally hideous with their cries, and the females of some of which may be occasionally found descending to the brook, in
order to wash the faces of their little ones. So also we should never taste a clove or a nutmeg, without being wafted to the spicy islands of the oriental archipelago, where all is the vigour of growth and beauty, and the richness of perfume; where perpetual health is carried on the gentle gales of the widest ocean of the globe; where some of the fruits combine the qualities of the most racy of their own tribe with the sublimest nourishment of delicate animal food, and the admixture of a cooling ice and a cheering cordial; while the trees around us would be thronged with the loveliest of birds; and the birds of Paradise, with their long and filmy feathers, streaming in every direction through the air, like meteors—meteors which shine but do not burn.

But we must stop, for there is no end to the catalogue, and it is an exhibition of which we must not see too much at a passing glance, lest it should veil us from our proper purpose. And we have mentioned these few particulars merely to let those who are yet in ignorance of the subject know how well the world is worth our studying. For so richly the earth which we inhabit has been endowed by its bountiful Maker—how full the feast which it affords to all; and yet how varied, how free from surfeiting, how healthful!

Now, as we have already said, not only might, but should, every commodity of every region transport us to that region, and make it render up to our enjoyment all that it possesses; but a Map of the World, which has been duly studied, brings the whole before us in the moment we glance at it; nor is it confined to the external appearance, and the productions and the present population of the several countries, for in proportion to the extent of our knowledge, will be the extent of the reminiscence which this most powerful talisman will conjure up. Truly, it is magic—but it is magic of nature's exhibiting; the effect of infinite wisdom and goodness, without deception, without any thing to mislead or corrupt, and with every thing to inform the head and soften the heart.

As we look upon these two circular spots of paper, the whole of the human race, from Adam downward, rise in succession to our view; and every event, pictured to itself, stands out as fresh and as forcible in its colours as if it were before our mortal eyes. Now we see the congeating clouds and the flashing lightnings, and hear the dismal sounds of the volleyed thunder and the rending earth, as "the windows of heaven are opened, and the foundations of the great deep broken up," in order to drown the world sunk in iniquity beyond all mercy of the most racy of their own tribe with the sublimest terrors, behold the ark of deliverance for the man who was faithful amid an offending race, riding safely on the top of the swelling waters; and no sooner is the purpose accomplished, and execution done upon the guilty, than "the bow of hope is seen in the cloud, and the promise of mercy is declared to a renovated world."

Again, we might call—or rather there would arise without our calling—any one scene in the world's history, whether sacred or profane. We might march through the divided waters with the delivered Israelites, and standing safely on the shore, behold the overwhelming of Pharaoh and his host. So might we continue the stream of history down to the present hour, adding nation after nation as it arose, and losing it in the sandy desert of oblivion when it perished from the scroll; and in tracing the sacred story we should be enabled, if we brought sufficient knowledge to the task, to ascertain in a manner beyond all doubt that the history of the Old Testament is so faithful to the natural character of the countries in which the scenes of it are laid, and so entirely free from all allusion to other countries—so different indeed, from all human record, in this respect, that it cannot but be true to the letter.

Let the knowledge be once fairly acquired, whether it be limited or extended, if it be properly applied to the map, the map will render it up more briefly and clearly than it would be rendered up by any other means. The extent and the readiness of this memorial or suggestive power on the map, will astonish those who have not been in the habit of using it; and there is a most agreeable way of finding this out. Let, for instance, the conversation be directed to the varieties of the human race, in appearance and character, and let any one lay his finger successively upon lands strongly contrasted in this respect; and in whatever order he takes them, he will find that the people stand up, as it were, the instant that his finger touches their country, as if that country was touched by the wand of a magician.

It is the same with every art which mankind have practised, and every science which they have studied, in preservation of the knowledge, and have had the map in juxtaposition with us in the study of it, the map will not suffer us to forget it, but will faithfully bring to our recollection, at all times, every thing of woe or woe, that has happened to our kind; and to our kind only, but to all the creatures that now tenant the earth, or have formerly tenanted it, to every one of its varied localities; and the revolutions which the earth itself has undergone—either violently by those convulsions which are now and then taken place, or more slowly and silently, but with equal certainty in the lapse of ages—may be equally brought to our recollection by this invaluable record. The map will not furnish as with the knowledge at first, but it will keep for us what we have acquired.

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