1839

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby: Part 11

Charles Dickens

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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

CONTAINING
A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE
Fortunes, Mistfortunes, Uprisings, Downtfallings,
AND
COMPLETE CAREER OF THE NICKLEBY FAMILY.

EDITED BY "BOZ."
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY "PHIZ."

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.
CONSUMPTION CURED BY MORISON'S MEDICINES, ATTESTED BY LADY SOPHIA GREY, OF ASHTON HAYES, NEAR NORTHWICH, CHESHIRE.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—I now beg to forward, for publication, at Lady Sophia Grey's own request, her letter, detailing a Case of Consumption.

I cannot but express my astonishment, that after the repeated cases of cure which, during a period of fourteen years, have been performed under the Hygeian system—which fact must be within the knowledge of many of the medical body—the truth of that system being moreover confirmed by the most distinguished members of the profession, such as the late Dr. James Hamilton, of Edinburgh, as to the practice, and now by Professor Magendie, as to the theory—the medical profession generally should persist in treating diseases on the principles of Organic Pathology, by multifarious and pernicious drugs.

The cure of Consumption here alluded to, is not by many the only one performed under the Hygeian treatment, as Mr. Tothill, Surgeon, of Heavitree, near Exeter, has effected several cures of that disease by my medicines; and I should also cite the case of Sir Richard Sutton's son, who was cured of it, after having been given over by the faculty. In proof of the case now reported being consumption, we have the sound judgment of Lady Sophia Grey, who had been acquainted with the family twenty-nine years, and knew them to be consumptives, two of their members having fallen victims to the disease. The party took many medicines as a last resort. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

JAMES MORISON, the Hygeian.


P.S. I am aware that the faculty deems such cases, and many others, incurable. So should I, did I believe in their untenable doctrine of Organic Pathology, which in the language of Magendie "attributes everything to the solids, and refuses the liquids all participation in the production of morbid alterations."—Lancet, page 463, 22d December, 1838. But according to the Hygeian treatment the Blood is purified and the progress of disease stopped.

COPY OF LADY SOPHIA GREY'S LETTER.

Aston Hayes, near Chester, Dec. 31, 1838.

Sir,—Having so greatly benefited by your invaluable medicines, for the last five years, that if my constitution had not been completely ruined by loss of blood and mercury twenty years before I was so fortunate as to hear of your medicines, I am confident I should now be as strong as the strongest of my age (61); but excepting very slight ailments, I now, comparatively speaking, enjoy good health; and it gives me sincere pleasure in having it in my power to send you to be published a Case of Consumption, under my own eye, of a young man, whom I have known from his birth, and all his family for the last twenty-nine years—two of them died of rapid decline, and he was fast going in the same most dreadful and incurable complaint, and was urged by some friends of his to try your medicines. He began by taking three of No. 1 at night and three of No. 2 the next morning, and continued increasing until he got to ten of each, and then felt so well he decreased to one pill, but the night-sweats returned, and he began taking them again in larger doses, and on a different plan—No. 1 Pills one night and No. 2 Pills the next, and so on till he got to twenty-eight at one dose, and this conquered the complaint; he then decreased them to one pill, and medicine increased, and is now in good health. He does not wish to have his name published, but if any one wishes for further particulars, they may apply by letter in person to me, and may hear everything from him by word-of-mouth.

He lives in the parish of Tarven.—Your medicines are highly valued in this parish, and the poor are most grateful for them. If I had permission, I could tell of many that are rich, who have been restored to health by them. Whenever I have any case that I have attended and can vouch for the truth of, you may depend on my informing you of it, for merit and benevolence ought to be encouraged, and it is hard that those who cannot afford advice, or are called incurable, should not benefit, as I have done, by your wonderful medicines. I remain, Sir, your obedient and obliged,

SOPHIA GREY.

CAUTION.

Whereas spurious imitations of my Medicines are now in circulation, I, JAMES MORISON, the Hygeian, hereby give notice, that I am in no wise connected with the following Medicines purporting to be mine, and sold under the various names of "Dr. Morrison's Pills"; "The Hygeian Pills"; "The Improved Vegetable Universal Pills"; "The Original Morison's Pills, as compounded by the late Mr. Most"; "The Original Hygeian Vegetable Pills"; "The Original Morison's Pills" etc.

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FIRST—BY MUTUAL INFORMATION:

The Subscribers send to the Secretary the earliest information of such Facts, of a peculiar or suspicious
character, as come within their knowledge, for the consideration of the Committee, by whose order the in-
formation so given is immediately communicated to every Member of the Society.

An annual recapitulation, arranged alphabetically, is sent to each Member.

SECONDLY—BY BRINGING THE OFFENDERS TO JUSTICE:

When a Member is DEGRADED, the Offender is prosecuted by and at the expense of the Society.

THIRDLY—Every Member is entitled to the payment of a certain Sum for his Expenses in all Pro-
secutions for ROBBERY of any description.

The Committee have just published the following Report:

The Society is now in the SIXTY-THIRD year of its existence; and the Committee conceive that they cannot do better than remind the Subscribers and the public of what were the intentions of its Founders, and what benefits were con-
templated in its institution.

It is a lamentable truth, that in every society there are some individuals to whom the course of honest industry is
distasteful; who, existing in the cunning of low minds, exert their depraved intellect in crafty attempts to overreach
the unwary, and to take advantage of those unsuspecting moments to which even the most cautious are liable. Assuming,
for their disadvantageous purposes, the appearance of respectability, they gradually insinuate themselves into confidence
and, gaining a temporary credit, they extend their ramifications, and establish new firms, assisting each by mutual
references and concerted characters,—and thus, by various deceptions, and false ledgers, they for a time succeed;
and, all their subterfuges failing, their artificial fabric is suddenly destroyed, and the hopes of those who have trusted
them are at once blighted.

Sensible of the insularity of solitary exertions to counteract fraud thus practised, some eminent Merchants, in the year
1776, originated this Society, from the well-founded conviction, that those stratagems which might succeed when
practised on individuals, would become powerless when the system was exposed among many; and that by an imme-
diate communication of the fact to the body of Subscribers, each would be fortified by preparation, and the nefarious efforts
of unprincipled ingenuity would be paralysed in success.

The Books of the Society form a gratifying record of the success which has accompanied its endeavours. Parties
who have lived by deception have been traced from the commencement to the termination of their career; their various
modes of dealing have been fully described; their connexions regularly noted; and the perpetual changes of character
and name they have assumed have been constantly communicated. Systematic Bill connexions, concocted in fraud,
extending not only through the British Isles, but to various places on the Continent, and comprehending almost infi-
numerable firms, have been promptly exposed; the false premises of persons offering pecuniary accommodation to parties
in difficulty have been brought to light; and fac-similes of the handwriting of persons in the country ordering goods
under an infinite variety of names have been published. The best proof which the Committee can give of the benefits
which have resulted from the operations of this Society is, that while numerous individuals, unconnected with it, have
suffered largely by the machinations of the fraudulent, many of its members have been preserved from serious losses,
which they would inevitability have incurred had it not been for its cautionary correspondence.

At this period the efforts of the Society are peculiarly necessary. Though fraud may for a time be defeated,
experience proves that it cannot be wholly exterminated. One generation succeeds another, and each brings its new
systems of deception. It is the duty and the anxiety of the Committee to discover, to expose, and to counteract these
as they arise. But all efforts would be useless without the assistance of the Members themselves; since it is only by their
CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS to the Secretary, that the schemes which are daily adopted can be disclosed. Thus,
each member contributes to the general good, while at the same time each profits by the experience of his neighbour;
and consequently it has always been found, that the larger the number of Subscribers to the Society, the more efficient
have been its exertions.

The Committee, in reminding the Members that they have recently received a supply of recommendatory letters,
 beg to express a hope, that each Member will introduce at least one new Subscriber, since it must be apparent to all, that
every increase in the numbers must proportionably augment the utility of the Society.

The Committee trust that they have not diminished the respect in which the Society has been hitherto held; a respect
which has always given weight to its communications, and which has been established from steadily pursuing the prin-
ciples on which it was originally founded. Those principles consist in the rejection of every information from a sus-
picious source; whether by anonymous communications, or by paid informers; the one being never employed, the
other never acted upon; but those facts only published, which are detailed or authenticated by the Members themselves.
Thus, notwithstanding the thousands of names which have been exposed by the Society, the facts communicated have
never been disproved, and its motives have never been questioned.

EDWARD FOSS, Secretary.

36, Easay Street, February, 1839.

* * * Recommendatory Letters for persons desirous of joining the Soc- may be had at the Secretary's Office.
FOR SOFTENING THE SKIN AND IMPROVING THE COMPLEXION.

G. ODFREY'S EXTRACT of ELDER FLOWERS, stands unrivalled for its efficacy; it completely eradicates Tan, Pimpls, Poreles, Redness, and all Cutaneous Imperfections; renders the most sallow Complexion delicately clear, and imparts to the Skin a pleasing and healthy appearance. In the process of shaving it is invaluable, as it allays the irritation and smarting pain, and renders the skin smooth and firm. It protects the skin from the effects of the cold winds and damp atmosphere, and will be found beyond all praise, to use as a family Lotion on all occasions.

Sold in Bottles, Price 2s. 6d. by A. Willoughby and Co., 61, Bishopsgate Street Without; and all respectable Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

TO WOOD ENGRAVERS.

O. JEWITT, Engraver on Wood, Oxford, is in immediate want of one or two good Assistants. Specimens, enclosing terms, forwarded either to O. Jewitt, or to 12, Beresford-street, Walworth-road, will be immediately attended to. O. J. has also a vacancy for one or two well-educated youths as pupils. Premiums will be expected.

Headington, Oxford.

ALLNUTT'S FRUIT LOZENGES.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, Hoarseness, &c. [Prepared solely from the BLACK Currant.

In the above Preparation the acidity of the Black Currant alone is introduced, and that in the highest degree of concentration. The Lozenges may therefore be strongly recommended (even to persons of the most delicate constitutions) in the above complaints, as they tend to allay inflammation, and particularly to promote a free expectation. Public speakers and singers will find them of peculiar service. They have been also remarkably useful in cases of the Influenza. The annually increasing sale, for the last 30 years, of this article, notwithstanding the numerous attempts to equal it, will sufficiently prove its decided superiority to all other preparations of a similar description.

Be careful to ask for "ALLNUTT'S FRUIT LOZENGES," prepared only by the Proprietors, Allnutt & Son, Queen-street, Portsea.

Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. each, by all Patent Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS COATS.

Dress Coats cut in the first style of fashion, 30s.; Superfine, 40s. to 50s.; Frock Coats, silk facing, 38s. to 47s.; Superfine, silk velvets and silk facings, 50s.; Milled Cloth Great-Coats, 40s. to 60s.; Trousers, 6s. 6d. to 12s.; Fashionable Doeskin and Kersey-meere, 15s. to 25s.; Waistcoats, 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.; Petersham Great-Coats, 38s. and 30s.; Pilot Coats, 16s., 21s., and 30s.; Cloth Cloaks, 30s. to 63s.; Shooting Jackets, 18s.; Dressing Gowns, 19s. 6d.; Boys' and Youths' Clothing; Cloth Tunie Dresses, 36s. to 42s. A Suit of Clothes, 21s. 7d.; Superfine Black, 4l. 5s. At Fisher and Co.'s, tailors, 11, King William-street, City, ten doors from London bridge.

69, STRAND.

F. ROE, Plumber, &c., and Manufacturer of the Patent Water-Closet, with self-supplying Basin, Also Fountains, Baths, Green-house and Hot-bed lights, in either metal or wood. Unglazed, from 6d. per foot; Glazed, from 1s. per foot.

Green-houses of all sizes prepared ready for fixing, to any part of Town or Country, with workmen, if required. Heating by water, &c., &c., on the best principle. Aviaries, Verandas, all kinds of wire and zinc work, &c. Professional Omsted and Dr. Arnott's Stores.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

HEELEY AND SONS' JOINTED TROUSERS STRAPS.

J. HEELEY AND SONS beg to announce, that they have completed their newly invented Patent Jointed Trousers Straps, which surpass in neatness, durability, and general appearance, every other description of straps, and may be procured from all respectable houses. The Patentees submit the same with confidence to the Gentry and Public, feeling assured that their superiority will obtain them a preference wherever they are known.

Steel Pen Manufactory, Mount-street, Birmingham.

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.

THE SALAMANDER FOOT-STOOLS, for rooms, carriages, pews of churches, &c., are recommended to sufferers from cold feet, by several eminent medical professors, they are not liable to get out of order, and their management is very simple, merely requiring the aid of a coffee-urn heater to diffuse for many hours a pleasant warmth. —To be had at C. Rickett's Patent Calorifer Gas Stove Manufactory, for warming churches, halls, shops, &c. without any chimney, 5, Agar-street, Strand. The trade supplied.

CAUTION.—Patent Portable and Fixed Water-Closets. In consequence of unprincipled imitators having copied WISS'S (late Hawkins and Wiss) various Patent Water-Closets and advertised them as new and improved, 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 Manufactory, 38, Charing-cross, near the Admiralty.

FURS.

BOURNE & SON, 244, Regent-street, beg leave most respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry that they have manufactured for the approaching season, from full-seasoned and perfect skins, a large variety of Victoria Shawls, Capes, Muffs, and Boas, in Russian, Hudson's Bay, Canadian, and Martin Sable; Miniver, Ermine, Chinchilla, Mink, Squirrel, and all other Fashionable Furs. Also a large variety of Dress Boas, consisting of Russian Fox, Swan, Marabout, and Ostrich Feather, with the Novel and Fashionable Pari- sian Muffs in every quality, and at prices that will assure future patronage.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Fur Travelling Boots and Gloves, Foot Muffs, Cloak Lining, and Elegant Rugs for the Drawing-room or Carriage.

The largest variety in the trade of Cuffs, Collars, and Trimmings.

All Furs Warranted, and Exchanged if not approved of. N.B.—Furs Cleaned, Altered, and Repaired, or the full value allowed in Exchange.—And all Furs purchased of B. and Son will be kept free from moth during summer without charge.
FALCON GLASS WORKS, Holland Street, Blackfriars' Road, London.

APSLEY PELLATT'S

ABRIDGED LIST OF

Net Cash Prices for the best Flint Glass Ware.

DECANTERS.

25 Strong quart Nelson shape decanters, each........... 0

26 Do. three ringed royal shape, cut on and between rings, turned out stopper, p.m. each................. 0

27 Fancy shapes, cut all over, eight flutes, spire stopper, &c. each, p.m. 16s. to 18 0

28 Do. six flutes only, each, p.m. 24s. to 27 0

DISKES.

31 Dishes, oblong, pillar moulded, scooped edges, cut star.

5-in. 7-in. 9-in. 10-in.

3s. 6d. 6s. 6d. 11s. 13s. each.

32 Oval cup spring, shell pattern.

5-in. 7-in. 9-in. 11-in.

7s. 6d. 9s. 6d. 16s. 19s. each.

38 Square shape pillar, moulded star, 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

38 Do. plain flint, painted, per doz. ............... 18 0

39 Do. coloured, per doz. 18s. to 21 0

PICKLES.

46 Pickles, half fluted for 3 in. holes, r.m. each. 4 6

47 Strong, moulded bottom, 3-in. hole, cut all over, flat flutes, r.m. each. 5 0

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., scooped 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.

78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87

Tale 6s.

Flint, 7s. 15s. 12s. 12s. 18s. 12s. 18s. 12s. 12s. 18s. 12s. 18s. 21s. 21s. 30s. do.

WINE.

88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

T. 7s. 7s. 7s. 11s. 12s. 12s. 12s. 12s. 18s. 21s. 21s. 30s.

GLASS Blowing, Cutting, and Engraving, may be inspected by Purchasers, at Mr. Pultart'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 Conncmission with any other Establishment.
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TRUST AND ASSURANCE COMPANY,
For the Administration of Trust Property of every Description, and for the Assurance of Lives of Persons of all Ranks, and in every Part of the World.

OFFICE, No. 444, STRAND, LONDON.
CAPITAL, £500,000,

With power to increase it; in Shares of £500 each; and £5 per Share Deposit.

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His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

TRUSTEES.
The Right Hon. Lord Lovat.
The Hon. C. T. Clifford.
The Chief Rememberer of Ireland.

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MEDICAL ADVISER.—J. P. Palmer, Esq., 26, Golden Square.

Trust Companies, combining the business of Life Assurance, prevail in the United States.

The Administration of Trusts, as a fair remuneration, by a public body, always on the spot, under the guarantee of a subscribed capital, in preference to the agency of individual Trustees, possesses the following advantages:

First—The difficulty of finding private friends willing to incur the responsibilities of a Trust is removed.

Secondly—In the event of a Trustee’s death, the possible devolution of the estate to a single Trustee, and thence to his representatives, is prevented; and in like case, a re-appointment of Trustees, the expense of a new deed, transfer of property, &c., becomes unnecessary.

Thirdly—The inconvenience arising from the non-payment or receipt of money, and the postponement of important business during the occasional absence of Trustees, never can occur.

Fourthly—A Public Trust Company is a guarantee against the possibility of loss, from neglect, improvidence, or fraud. The Periodical Reports of its affairs will be a constant test of its integrity and credit.

The Company will undertake every species of Trust, whether permanent or for a particular purpose; and will invest the Funds of a Trust according to the provisions of the Deed; but at the desire of the Settler, the Company, adopting its own mode of investment, will guarantee a specific Rate of Interest, and repay the Capital committed to its charge at a defined period. It will be the general rule of the Company to employ solicitors in the conduct of the legal business of such Trusts as they may introduce.

The liberality of the Assurance Department is exemplified by its Tables. Half the declared Profits of the Trust business will be divided amongst the Assured on the principles of participation.

Extra Premiums for visiting foreign countries will be regulated by the length of the voyage and healthiness of the climate; but the Assured (not mariners by occupation) may pass in time of peace to or from the Continent, in decked or steam-vessels, from Gotthenburg to Gibraltar, and all the European ports of the Mediterranean, without notice to the Office or extra premiums.

Dissolved Annuities.—The benefits of Life Assurance are extended to other contingencies than that of the death of the Assured, by granting Deferred Annuities at the attainment of a given age. These may be purchased by occasional savings in times of prosperity, and the sums so paid, together with the Premiums on a Life Policy, will be considered as a Cash Credit, entitling the Assirant or Policy-holder to a reasonable advance of money from the Company.

Endowments or Childbirths.—Parents and Guardians, by a single or by annual payments, may secure to a Child or others, the payment of a certain sum at any age, or at any period.

Liberal Commissions will be paid to Solicitors and Agents. Shares to be applied for to the Secretary, at the Office, N.B. Packets of Prospectuses will be forwarded, free, to any respectable Bookseller applying for them at the Office, or through Messrs. WHITAKER & CO., of Ave Maria-lane. Country Newspapers may send to the Office a statement, sealed and free, of the price for inserting the present Advertisement once or more times in their respective Publications.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS,
TO BE PAID FOR ASSURING £100 ON A SINGLE LIFE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age next Birth-day</th>
<th>Without Profits</th>
<th>With Profits</th>
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ALEXANDER JAMESON, LL.D., Actuary and Secretary.
BRITISH WATERPROOFING COMPANY,
432, West Strand, near the Lowther Arcade.

This Company has been formed to bring into general use an invention for rendering Waterproof, Woollen Cloths, Camlets, &c., without impeding the escape of perspiration, and at the same time effectually preventing the ravages of the moth.

To Sportsmen, the Army and Navy, the Police Force, out-door Labourers, and all classes whose avocations expose them to the vicissitudes of the weather, this discovery will prove of the greatest importance.

Specimens may be seen at 439, West Strand, and at their agents, Mr. Willis, 178, Strand; Mr. Nightingale, Nottingham; and Mr. Everett, Reading.

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POPE and Co. have removed from 26, Friday Street, to 4, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

They continue to manufacture every description of HOSIERY, in the old-fashioned substance, as the greatest attention is being paid to Elasticity and Durability. - Orders and Patterns to be forwarded to 4, Waterloo Place, or to their manufactory, Mount Street, Nottingham.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR.

The Public are requested to inspect the extensive and elegant assortment of all kinds of ORNAMENTAL HAIR at ROSS and SONS', 119, Bishopsgate Street, particularly their newly-invented ventilating Perukes and Head-Dresses, in which the use of both weaving and sewing silk is entirely superseded, thus rendering them the nearest imitation of the natural Hair of any extent. Importing their Foreign, and manufacturing on their premises all their British Perfumery, including every description of Combs and Brushes, they are enabled to offer them of the most superior quality, and at a moderate price. A visit to their grand Neapolitan Saloon for cutting and arranging the Hair in, is requested.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS COATS,

FASHIONABLY MADE,

Of olive brown or green cloth

Best Saxony superfine, black or blue

Frock coats

2 10 0 to 5 18 0

Beaver and Petersham Great Coats

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A variety of new articles for troussers

0 17 6 to 1 8 0

Young gentlemen's Spencer or tunic

suit from

1 15 0 to 3 0 0

At J. ALBERT'S, Tailor and Draper, 52, King William Street, London Bridge.

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PATRONISED BY THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY. Recommended by the Faculty for making pure Gruel and Barley Water in a sixth part of the time necessary in using Emboln Groats and Pearl Barley, and at one-half the expense. Independent of the high testimonials given by numerous celebrated medical practitioners of the nutritive properties and purity of the above Patent Articles, they have been so well proved and estimated by the public as to render any further remark unnecessary.

In the Sick Chamber, Nursery, and Kitchen, both the Patent Barley and Patent Groats continue to maintain their pre-eminentities over the many compounds daily offered in imitation.

CAUTION.—Be careful to ask for "Robinson's Patent," and observe on each Packet or Canister the words, "By Royal Letters Patent," and the Signature of "MATTHEW ROBINSON,"

Manufactured by Robinson and Bellville, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.

AN EXCELLENT FAMILY MEDICINE FOR IN-

DIGESTION, BILIOUS AND LIVER COM-

PLAINTS, &c. &c.

In every instance where a Fair Trial has been made, NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS have invariably given satisfaction, affording permanent relief in all cases of Indigestion, and a speedy cure for Head Ache, Bilious and Liver Complaints, Heartburn and Acidity of the Stomach, Depressed Spirits, Disturbed Sleep, Violent Palpitations, Spasms, General Debility, &c., &c. They are held in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony of the benefits to be derived from their use. Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, in every Town in the Kingdom.

CAUTION.—Be sure to ask for "Norton's Pills," and do not be persuaded to purchase an Imitation.

THE NICKLEBY PEN.

Felicitus edita Pemnis!

The popularity of this Pen has been ensured, by adapting it for every style of writing; for the Club, House, Counting House, and Boudoir. Like its original, it possesses uncommon flexibility of character combined with great powers of endurance.


BARTEK.—It is not generally known that WINES of the first quality in the London Docks may be had in EXCHANGE for any description of goods suitable for shipping, from 15l. to any amount, and at prices equally low as those advertised for cash. This is a desirable opportunity for persons who hold an unsaleable Stock to convert it into tangible property.—Apply to Mears, W. Fell & Co., 36, Friday-st., Cheapside.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

Tooth Ache instantly cured by using.

ELYSIA'S CELEBRATED AQUA.

It not only affords immediate relief in the most excruciating case, but preserves the tooth, by arresting the progress of decay. One drop will prove it to be the quickest, easiest, and very best remedy for Tooth Ache ever discovered.

Price 1s. 14d. and 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

Also his VEGETABLE TOOTH POWDER, for Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth and Gums. It is strongly recommended for removing scurvy, and in all cases adds to the sweetness of the breath.

Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.


THE MARCH OF MIND.

I TELL YOU WHAT!

The most instructive and entertaining NEW YEAR, OR BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, are West's Egyptian Pyramids, containing twelve Views of ROME, ATHENS, BALKANS, PALMYRA, &c. &c. Price from 1s. to 12s.

WEST'S IMPROVED STANHOPE LENS,

mounted in Gold, Silver, or Metal; price from 5s. 6d. to 20l., the most unique microscope ever invented.

WEST'S NEWLY-INVENTED SEED-GLASS;

price 9s. 6d.; a convenient microscope for examining seeds, minerals, shells, &c. &c.

To be procured at the Maker, 83, Fleet-street, or through any Bookseller in the United Kingdom, with full printed descriptions.

N.B. Every article in the optical line, of the best workmanship, as low in price as any House in the trade.

Specimens on the most improved principle.

West's Treatise of the Eye, price 6d.
**LADIES' COMPANIONS, or Work Cases** 15s. to 2½.
**LADIES' CARD CASES,** in Pearl, Ivory, and Tortoiseshell 16s. to 6½. each.
**LADIES' WORK BOXES** at all prices. 25s. to 10 Guineas.
**LADIES' DRESSING CASES** 2½. 10s. to 60 Guineas.
**LADIES' WORK BOXES** at all prices. 25s. to 10 Guineas.
**LADIES' ROSEWOOD AND MAHOGANY DESKS** 12s. 6d. to 1½ Guineas.
**LADIES' SCRIMSHAW HAIR BRUSHES** 21s. to 5½. each.
**LADIES' SCENT AND TOILET BOTTLES** in great variety.
**LADIES' SCOTCH TEA CADDIES** 21s. to 40s.
**LADIES' PLAYING CARD BOXES** 1s. to 5½.
**LADIES' JAPAN DRESSING CASES** 7½. to 15½.
**LADIES' TOOTH-PICK CASES** 2s. 10d. to 30s.

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**LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON.**

**MECHI'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.**

**MANUFACTORY, No. 4, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON.**

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<tr>
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<td>16s. to 6½. each.</td>
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<td>LADIES' JAPAN DRESSING CASES</td>
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**MECHI'S Magic STROP.**

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<td>BACKGAMMON TABLES</td>
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<td>IVORY CHESSMEN</td>
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**MECHI, 4 LEADENHALL ST. LONDON.**

Submits, to public inspection, his Manufactures, as being of the finest quality this kingdom can produce, and at moderate prices.

A large Stock of Table Cutlery, Plated Tea and Coffee Services, Dish Covers, Hash Covers, &c.
IMPORTANT TO GENTLEMEN.

The GENUINE SPANISH CLOTH STOCKS are ONLY to be had of W. E. WHITLOCK, 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 UNEQUALLED in PRICE and DURABILITY, in any by 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 EMBRODERED 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.

RESTORATIVE 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 preparation called "Oddridge'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 Clarges-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 propriety 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. OLDRIEGE'S BALT, 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., 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 OLDRIEGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, 1, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

ELEGANT EIGHT DAY CLOCK,

Striking the hours and half hours, in a neat Rosewood Case, fourteen inches high, equally adapted for a Mantel-piece or Bracket, with very correctly finished movements, price Five and a Half Guineas, warranted.

THE HORIZONTAL FLAT WATCHES, with accurately finished jewelled movements, warranted, are offered in silver cases, price Five Guineas each; or in gold cases, price Nine Guineas each, at

T. COX SAVORY'S,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER, AND SILVERSMITH,

47, Cornhill, London.

(Seven Doors from Gracechurch-street).

N.B.—A QUANTITY OF SECOND-HAND SILVER SPOONS and FORKS are offered for Sale, price from 6s. 3d. to 6s. 8d. per ounce.

NDIA RUBBER GOLOSHES.

J. SPARKES HALL begs to call the attention of Ladies and Gentlemen to his improved GOLOSHES for the present Season. For many years he has devoted considerable attention to the manufacture of this excellent article for keeping the feet dry and warm, and he now with confidence offers the most perfect Golosh yet invented.

He has succeeded in combining with the waterproof quality of India Rubber, the strength of Leather, peculiar lightness, elasticity, and neatness of make: if worn with a light pair of Shoes, such as the Leather Cloth, or over a thin French Slipper, perfect ease and comfort is secured, as they never draw the Feet, or check theensible perspiration.

Ladies, Gentlemen, or Children, may be fitted, by sending a pattern-shoe, addressed J. SPARKES HALL, Patent Pannus Curioin, or Leather Cloth Boot and Shoemaker 368, Regent-street, opposite the Polytechnic Institution N.B. A liberal allowance to the Trade.
The Nickelby Advertiser.

C. VERREY,
SWISS
CONFECTIONER,
218, REGENT ST.,
SOLE AGENT
AT THE
WEST END.

HOWQUA'S MIXTURE
OF Oolong and Black
TEAS OF HOWQU'S
SMALL LEAF GUNPOWDER
IN CHINESE CATTERY PACKAGES
T. LITTL j JOHN
& SON,
77, KING WILLIAM ST.,
SOLE AGENT
IN THE CITY.

NORWICH UNION LIFE OFFICE.

For the convenience of Insurers, the article in the Norwich Mercury of January 19th, in reply to the assertions of Mr. Biggould, has been reprinted in a separate form, and may be had of

W. PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON;

GRAPEL9 Liverpool.
G. SIMONS Manchester.
WRIGHTSON AND WEBB Birmingham.
WITTLEY AND BOOThs Halifax.
CURRIE AND BOWMAN Newcastle-on-Tyne.
SANTER, R. York.

The attention of all Persons interested is most earnestly called to the subject.

TO SOUTH AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANTS.

FOR the purchase of Ironmongery, it is necessary to be very particular as to the description, sizes, and quality; what you want, therefore, should be procured of a person who well knows the market; if the things are not the patterns in use, they will not be even looked at, much less purchased."—Widdowson on Van Diemen's Land, page 41.

"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."—Gosger's South Australia, page 126.

MOST IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

G. MINTER begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, &c., that he has invented an EASY CHAIR, that will recline and elevate, of itself, into an innumerable variety of positions, without the least trouble or difficulty to the occupier; and there being no machinery, rack, catch, or spring, it is only for persons sitting in the chair merely to wish to recline or elevate themselves, and the seat and back take any desired inclination, without requiring the least assistance or exertion whatever, owing to the weight on the seat acting as a counterbalance to the pressure against the back by the application of a self-adjusting lever; and for which G. M. has obtained his Majesty's Letters Patent. G. M. particularly recommends this invention to Invalids, or to those who may have lost the use of their hands or legs, as they are by it enabled to vary their position without requiring the use of either to obtain that change of position, from its endless variety, so necessary for the relief and comfort of the afflicted.

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.

Merlin, Bath, Brighton, and every other description of Garden Wheel Chairs, much improved by G. Minter, with his self-acting reclining backs, so as to enable an invalid to lie at full length. Spinal Carriages, Portable Carriage Chairs, Water Beds, and every article for the comfort of the invalid.
THOMAS FOX
Respectfully announces to Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Families connected with or returning from the East Indian and Colonial Possessions, that he has a large and splendid assortment of every article in the

UPHOLSTERY, DECORATIVE, AND FURNISHING DEPARTMENT,
And has endeavoured to combine in his Stock, Elegance of Style and Fashion 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,
THE OLDEST GLASS ESTABLISHMENT IN LONDON.
In the Agency Department will be found a variety of Houses and Properties for Letting or Disposal, connected with the Valuation and Sale of Estates and Estates by public or private channels.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.
A VEGETABLE PRODUCTION.

This elegant, fragrant, and pellucid OIL, far surpasses any preparation ever discovered for the Hair, and is in universal high repute for its unequaled Restorative, Preservative, and Beautifying properties.

It is the only article that really produces and restores Hair, even at a late period of life, prevents it from falling off or turning Grey, and possesses the desirable property of preserving it in its natural shade (which renders it invaluable to those whose hair is of a delicate and light colour), frees it from scurf, and renders the most harsh and dry hair as soft as silk, curly and glossy; preserves it in curl and other decorative formation—unimpaired by the damp atmosphere, violent exercise, or the relaxing tendencies of the Ball Room. To CHILDREN it is invaluable, as it lays a foundation for

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.
TESTIMONIAL.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been prevailed upon by a friend to try your Macassar Oil, and have indeed found it of amazing benefit in my family; four of my children, a few years ago, were ill with the Scarlet Fever, and for many months there was not the least appearance of hair upon their heads. The medical gentlemen who attended them gave no hopes of it ever returning; but, after using your Macassar Oil a short time, I found, to my great delight, their heads covered with short strong hair, which is now daily improving. You are at liberty to make whatever use you please of this letter to your advantage; as I live in the country, I have taken the present opportunity of a friend going to London to convey this letter to you.

I am, Gentlemen, your humble servant,

JANET SMITH.

Ottingham, Yorkshire, June 8th, 1829.

CAUTION.—Ask for "Rowland’s Macassar Oil," and observe their Name and Address, in Red, on Lacework, on the wrapper thus—

A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN.
Counter-signed ALEX. ROWLAND.

The lowest price is 3s. 6d.; the next 7s.; or Family Bottles (containing four small) at 10s. 6d.; or double that size, 17s.

MOSLEY'S METALLIC PENS.

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.

Every description of writer may be suited, as these pens are manufactured of various qualities, degrees of hardness, &c. They may be had at all respectable Stationers throughout the kingdom.

Observe that every Pen is stamped, R. MOSLEY & CO., LONDON.
The Nickelby Advertiser.

Now publishing, in Monthly Parts, price One Shilling,
BY CHARLES TILT, 86, FLEET STREET;
SOLD BY
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., STATIONERS' COURT; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.
A SPLENDID LIBRARY EDITION
OF
ILLUSTRATED FABLES;
BY THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND SPANISH AUTHORS:
ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS,
BY ORRIN SMITH, BREVIERE, AND OTHER CELEBRATED ENGRAVERS, AFTER
ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY M. GRANDVILLE.

The work is printed in the best manner, with new type, on fine paper, and will be completed in Twelve Monthly Parts, forming One Handsome Octavo Volume, uniform with the recent editions of Byron, Scott, Charles, &c.

OPINIONS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

"A comprehensive collection of the best Fables, with many original translations from the languages of the Continent; the whole richly and profusely illustrated by woodcuts, which, taking the present number as an exemplar, may be described as being exquisitely beautiful. The typography is clear, and equal to the most elaborate attempts at perfection in printing, and the entire work reflects credit on the taste and enterprise employed in its production. To the lovers of Fables—that is to say, to everybody who has imagination and the moral sense—this publication ought to be a welcome and grateful offering. For a holiday present it is worth all the annuals together."—Allsat.

"Part I., now before us, containing fifty-nine Fables, with seven illustrations on wood, most of them ranking high in merit, is strong in promise. The work is printed on fine paper, with great accuracy and beauty."—Aldine Magazine.

"A compilation of the most esteemed Fables of the most eminent writers; at the same time, it professes some originality, and promises to become a very amusing series. The present number is profusely embellished with pictorial illustrations, and is a favourable specimen of what is to be expected when the whole is completed."—Conservative Journ.

"We can confidently recommend this work to our readers, as one of the cheapest and best of its class. The present number contains seven exquisite woodcuts, and upwards of fifty fables, for one shilling: surely the force of cheapness can no farther go." The book, when completed, will form an invaluable source of entertainment and instruction, for many high moral lessons are inculcated in the fictions introduced; while, from the style in which the first number is got up, it promises to be a work as fitted for the drawing-room of the lady, as it is for the library of the student."—Court Gazette.

"The present series, if we may judge of the whole work by the Part before us, will be a valuable addition to the library of all who love wit for its own sake, no less than to those who hold that a humorous incident well related, has a good effect upon the morals of the reader or auditor. The engravings are superb, both as regards their design and execution. The work is beautifully got up, and is sold remarkably cheap—even for this age of cheap printing. We cordially recommend it to our readers."—Saturist.

"The mode of teaching wisdom by Fables or parables, has a divine approval and example; therefore, we need not here insist on it. All we have to observe, being the great merit of the plan adopted here, of culling every good and wheresoever found."—News.

"Mr. Tilt has long been celebrated for the neat and tasteful manner in which he produces his publications. The selection has been made with care and attention; it is characterised by a total absence of everything gross."—Morning Advertiser.

"Mr. Tilt's splendid Library Edition of Fables has come out this month with increased splendour. Half-a-dozen woodcuts such as these for a shilling! The publisher should advertise that, with a view to the advancement of morality, he gives away the letter-press for nothing to the purchasers of the plates."— Era.

"Neatly printed, and illustrated by humorous woodcuts; the personations of animals are very felicitous."—Court Jour.

"A work, the design and execution of which it would be almost impossible to praise too highly. The Fables are well chosen and judiciously commented on, the letter-press is beautifully printed, the engravings are humorous and characteristic, and the price very moderate. It can scarcely fail, we think, to meet with a very extensive circulation."—Recorder.

"Printed by Messrs. Willoughby and Co., of Goswell-street, they present a good example of the beauty and perfection to which, even for cheap editions of standard works, typography has been brought; and consist of a judicious selection of the best Fables of four principal European nations. With all people, and in every stage of life, Fables have had a great and just influence, and it is strange that we have had in England so few readable editions. The defect will be supplied by the present publication. With thirty-two pages of letter-press, and half-a-dozen of these appropriate and superior illustrations for a single shilling, the proprietors seem to us to be fully justified in challenging comparison with any existing efforts."—Brighton Herald.

[BRADBURY AND EVANS, Printers, Whitfriars.]
Mr. and Mrs. Mantal, in Ralph Nickleby's Office.
Emotions of Mr. Nervous on hearing the family news from Nicholas
WHEREIN MR.RALPH NICKLEBY IS VISITED BY PERSONS WITH WHOM
THE READER HAS BEEN ALREADY MADE ACQUAINTED.

"What a demnition long time you have kept me ringing at this con-
founded old cracked tea-kettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough
to throw a strong man into blue convulsions, upon my life and soul,
oh demmit,"—said Mr. Mantalini to Newman Noggs, scraping his boots,
as he spoke, on Ralph Nickleby's scraper.

"I didn't hear the bell more than once," replied Newman.

"Then you are most immensely and outrageously deaf," said Mr.
Mantalini, "as deaf as a demmint post."

Mr. Mantalini had got by this time into the passage, and was making
his way to the door of Ralph's office with very little ceremony, when
Newman interposed his body; and hinting that Mr. Nickleby was
unwilling to be disturbed, enquired whether the client's business was of
a pressing nature.

"It is most demnebly particular," said Mr. Mantalini. "It is to
melt some scraps of dirty paper into bright, shining, chinking, tinkling,
demd mint sauce."

Newman uttered a significant grunt, and taking Mr. Mantalini's
proffered card, limped with it into his master's office. As he thrust his
head in at the door, he saw that Ralph had resumed the thoughtful
posture into which he had fallen after perusing his nephew's letter, and
that he seemed to have been reading it again, as he once more held it open
in his hand. The glance was but momentary, for Ralph, being disturbed,
turned to demand the cause of the interruption.

As Newman stated it, the cause himself swaggered into the room, and
grasping Ralph's horny hand with uncommon affection, vowed that he
had never seen him looking so well in all his life.

"There is quite a bloom upon your demd countenance," said Mr.
Mantalini, seating himself unbidden, and arranging his hair and
whiskers. "You look quite juvenile and jolly, demmit!"

"We are alone," returned Ralph, tartly. "What do you want with
me?"

"Good!" cried Mr. Mantalini, displaying his teeth. "What did I
want! Yes. Ha ha! Very good. What did I want. Ha ha! Oh dem!"

"What do you want, man?" demanded Ralph, sternly.

"Demnition discount," returned Mr. Mantalini, with a grin, and
shaking his head waggishly.

"Money is scarce," said Ralph.

"Demd scarce, or I shouldn't want it," interrupted Mr. Mantalini.

"The times are bad, and one scarcely knows whom to trust," con-
tinued Ralph. "I don't want to do business just now; in fact I would
rather not; but as you are a friend—how many bills have you there?"
"Two," returned Mr. Mantalini.
"What is the gross amount?"
"Demd trifling—five-and-seventy."
"And the dates?"
"Two months, and four."
"I'll do them for you—mind, for you; I wouldn't for many people—for five-and-twenty pounds," said Ralph, deliberately.
"Oh demmit!" cried Mr. Mantalini, whose face lengthened considerably at this handsome proposal.
"Why, that leaves you fifty," retorted Ralph. "What would you have? Let me see the names."
"You are so demd hard, Nickleby," remonstrated Mr. Mantalini.
"Let me see the names," replied Ralph, impatiently extending his hand for the bills. "Well! They are not sure, but they are safe enough. Do you consent to the terms, and will you take the money? I don't want you to do so. I would rather you didn't."
"Demmit, Nickleby, can't you—" began Mr. Mantalini.
"No," replied Ralph, interrupting him. "I can't. Will you take the money—down, mind; no delay, no going into the city and pretending to negotiate with some other party who has no existence and never had. Is it a bargain or is it not?"
Ralph pushed some papers from him as he spoke, and carelessly rattled his cash-box, as though by mere accident. The sound was too much for Mr. Mantalini. He closed the bargain directly it reached his ears, and Ralph told the money out upon the table.
He had scarcely done so, and Mr. Mantalini had not yet gathered it all up, when a ring was heard at the bell, and immediately afterwards Newman ushered in no less a person than Madame Mantalini, at sight of whom Mr. Mantalini evinced considerable discomposure, and swept the cash into his pocket with remarkable alacrity.
"Oh, you are here," said Madame Mantalini, tossing her head.
"Yes, my life and soul, I am," replied her husband, dropping on his knees, and pouncing with kitten-like playfulness upon a stray sovereign.
"I am here, my soul's delight, upon Tom Tidler's ground, picking the demnition gold and silver."
"I am ashamed of you," said Madame Mantalini, with much indignation.
"Ashamed—of me, my joy! It knows it is talking demd charming sweetness, but naughty fibs," returned Mr. Mantalini. "It knows it is not ashamed of its own popolorum tibby."
Whatever were the circumstances which had led to such a result, it certainly appeared as though the popolorum tibby had rather miscalculated, for the nonce, the extent of his lady's affection. Madame Mantalini only looked scornful in reply; and, turning to Ralph, begged him to excuse her intrusion.
"Which is entirely attributable," said Madame, "to the gross misconduct and most improper behaviour of Mr. Mantalini."
"Of me, my essential juice of pine-apple!"
"Of you," returned his wife. "But I will not allow it. I will not
submit to be ruined by the extravagance and profligacy of any man. I call Mr. Nickleby to witness the course I intend to pursue with you."

"Pray don’t call me to witness anything, ma’am," said Ralph. "Settle it between yourselves, settle it between yourselves."

"No, but I must beg you as a favour," said Madame Mantalini, "to hear me give him notice of what it is my fixed intention to do—my fixed intention sir," repeated Madame Mantalini, darting an angry look at her husband.

"Will she call me, ‘Sir!’" cried Mantalini. "Me who doat upon her with the demdest ardour! She, who coils her fascinations round me like a pure and angelic rattle-snake! It will be all up with my feelings; she will throw me into a demd state."

"Don’t talk of feelings, Sir," rejoined Madame Mantalini, seating herself, and turning her back upon him. "You don’t consider mine."

"I do not consider yours, my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini.

"No," replied his wife.

And notwithstanding various blandishments on the part of Mr. Mantalini, Madame Mantalini still said no, and said it too with such determined and resolute ill temper, that Mr. Mantalini was clearly taken aback.

"His extravagance, Mr. Nickleby," said Madame Mantalini, addressing herself to Ralph, who leant against his easy-chair with his hands behind him, and regarded the amiable couple with a smile of the supreme and most unmitigated contempt,—"His extravagance is beyond all bounds."

"I should scarcely have supposed it," answered Ralph, sarcastically.

"I assure you, Mr. Nickleby, however, that it is," returned Madame Mantalini. "It makes me miserable; I am under constant apprehensions, and in constant difficulty. And even this," said Madame Mantalini, wiping her eyes, "is not the worst. He took some papers of value out of my desk this morning without asking my permission."

Mr. Mantalini groaned slightly, and buttoned his trousers pocket.

"I am obliged," continued Madame Mantalini, "since our late misfortunes, to pay Miss Knag a great deal of money for having her name in the business, and I really cannot afford to encourage him in all his wastefulness. As I have no doubt that he came straight here, Mr. Nickleby, to convert the papers I have spoken of, into money, and as you have assisted us very often before, and are very much connected with us in these kind of matters, I wish you to know the determination at which his conduct has compelled me to arrive."

Mr. Mantalini groaned once more from behind his wife’s bonnet, and fitting a sovereign into one of his eyes, winked with the other at Ralph. Having achieved this performance with great dexterity, he whipped the coin into his pocket, and groaned again with increased penitence.

"I have made up my mind," said Madame Mantalini, as tokens of impatience manifested themselves in Ralph’s countenance, "to allow- ance him."

"To do what, my joy?" inquired Mr. Mantalini, who did not seem to have caught the words.
"To put him," said Madame Mantalini, looking at Ralph, and prudently abstaining from the slightest glance at her husband, lest his many graces should induce her to falter in her resolution, "to put him upon a fixed allowance; and I say that if he has a hundred and twenty pounds a-year for his clothes and pocket-money, he may consider himself a very fortunate man."

Mr. Mantalini waited with much decorum to hear the amount of the proposed stipend, but when it reached his ears, he cast his hat and cane upon the floor, and drawing out his pocket-handkerchief, gave vent to his feelings in a dismal moan.

"Demmit!" cried Mr. Mantalini, suddenly skipping out of his chair, and as suddenly skipping into it again, to the great decomposure of his lady's nerves. "But no. It is a demd horrid dream. It is not reality. No."

Comforting himself with this assurance, Mr. Mantalini closed his eyes and waited patiently till such time as he should wake up.

"A very judicious arrangement," observed Ralph with a sneer, "if your husband will keep within it, ma'am—as no doubt he will."

"Demmit!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini, opening his eyes at the sound of Ralph's voice, "it is a horrid reality. She is sitting there before me. There is the graceful outline of her form; it cannot be mistaken—there is nothing like it. The two countesses had no outlines at all, and the dowager's was a demd outline. Why is she so excruciatingly beautiful that I cannot be angry with her even now?"

"You have brought it upon yourself, Alfred," returned Madame Mantalini—still reproachfully, but in a softened tone.

"I am a demd villain!" cried Mr. Mantalini, smiting himself on the head. "I will fill my pockets with change for a sovereign in halfpence, and drown myself in the Thames; but I will not be angry with her even then, for I will put a note in the twopenny-post as I go along, to tell her where the body is. She will be a lovely widow. I shall be a body. Some handsome women will cry; she will laugh demnably."

"Alfred, you cruel, cruel, creature," said Madame Mantalini, sobbing at the dreadful picture.

"She calls me cruel—me—who for her sake will become a demd dandy, moist, unpleasant body!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini.

"You know it almost breaks my heart, even to hear you talk of such a thing," replied Madame Mantalini.

"Can I live to be mistrusted?" cried her husband. "Have I cut my heart into a demd extraordinary number of little pieces, and given them all away one after another to the same little engrossing demition captivater, and can I live to be suspected by her! Demmit, no I can't."

"Ask Mr. Nickleby whether the sum I have mentioned is not a proper one," reasoned Madame Mantalini.

"I don't want any sum," replied her disconsolate husband; "I shall require no demd allowance—I will be a body."

On this repetition of Mr. Mantalini's fatal threat, Madame Mantalini wrung her hands and implored the interference of Ralph Nickleby; and after a great quantity of tears and talking, and several attempts
on the part of Mr. Mantalini to reach the door, preparatory to straightforward committing violence upon himself, that gentleman was prevailed upon, with difficulty, to promise that he wouldn't be a body. This great point attained, Madame Mantalini argued the question of the allowance, and Mr. Mantalini did the same, taking occasion to show that he could live with uncommon satisfaction upon bread and water and go clad in rags, but that he could not support existence with the additional burden of being mistrusted by the object of his most devoted and disinterested affection. This brought fresh tears into Madame Mantalini's eyes, which having just begun to open to some few of the demerits of Mr. Mantalini, were only open a very little way, and could be easily closed again. The result was, that without quite giving up the allowance question, Madame Mantalini postponed its further consideration; and Ralph saw clearly enough that Mr. Mantalini had gained a fresh lease of his easy life, and that, for some time longer at all events, his degradation and downfall were postponed.

"But it will come soon enough," thought Ralph; "all love—bah! that I should use the cant of boys and girls—is fleeting enough; though that which has its sole root in the admiration of a whiskered face like that of yonder baboon, perhaps lasts the longest, as it originates in the greater blindness and is fed by vanity. Meantime the fools bring grist to my mill, so let them live out their day, and the longer it is, the better."

These agreeable reflections occurred to Ralph Nickleby, as sundry small caresses and endearments, supposed to be unseen, were exchanged between the objects of his thoughts.

"If you have nothing more to say, my dear, to Mr. Nickleby," said Madame Mantalini, "we will take our leaves. I am sure we have detained him much too long already."

Mr. Mantalini answered, in the first instance, by tapping Madame Mantalini several times on the nose, and then, by remarking in words that he had nothing more to say.

"Demmit! I have, though," he added almost immediately, drawing Ralph into a corner. "Here's an affair about your friend Sir Mulberry. Such a demd extraordinary out-of-the-way kind of thing as never was—eh?"

"What do you mean?" asked Ralph.

"Don't you know, demmit?" asked Mr. Mantalini.

"I see by the paper that he was thrown from his cabriolet last night and severely injured, and that his life is in some danger," answered Ralph with great composure; "but I see nothing extraordinary in that—accidents are not miraculous events, when men live hard and drive after dinner."

"Whew!" cried Mr. Mantalini in a long shrill whistle. "Then don't you know how it was?"

"Not unless it was as I have just supposed," replied Ralph, shrugging his shoulders carelessly, as if to give his questioner to understand that he had no curiosity upon the subject.

"Demmit, you amaze me," cried Mantalini.
Ralph shrugged his shoulders again, as if it were no great feat to amaze Mr. Mantalini, and cast a wistful glance at the face of Newman Noggs, which had several times appeared behind a couple of panes of glass in the room door; it being a part of Newman’s duty, when unimportant people called, to make various foists of supposing that the bell had rung for him to show them out, by way of a gentle hint to such visitors that it was time to go.

“Don’t you know,” said Mr. Mantalini, taking Ralph by the button, “that it wasn’t an accident at all, but a demd furious manslaughtering attack made upon him by your nephew?”

“What!” snarled Ralph,clenching his fists and turning a livid white.

“Demmit, Nickleby, you’re as great a tiger as he is,” said Mantalini, alarmed at these demonstrations.


“Gad, Nickleby,” said Mr. Mantalini,retreating towards his wife, “what a demnable fierce old evil genius you are. You’re enough to frighten my life and soul out of her little delicious wits—flying all at once into such a blazing, ravaging, raging passion as never was, demmit.”

“Pshaw,” rejoined Ralph, forcing a smile. “It is but manner.”

“It is a demd uncomfortable and private-madhouse-sort of manner,” said Mr. Mantalini, picking up his cane.

Ralph affected to smile, and once more inquired from whom Mr. Mantalini had derived his information.

“From Pyke; and a demd, fine, pleasant, gentlemanly dog it is,” replied Mantalini. “Demmition pleasant, and a tip-top sawyer.”

“And what said he?” asked Ralph, knitting his brows.

“That it happened this way—that your nephew met him at a coffee-house, fell upon him with the most denmable ferocity, followed him to his cab, swore he would ride home with him if he rode upon the horse’s back or hooked himself on to the horse’s tail; smashed his countenance, which is a demd fine countenance in its natural state; frightened the horse, pitched out Sir Mulberry and himself, and——”

“And was killed?” interposed Ralph with gleaming eyes. “Was he? Is he dead?”

Mantalini shook his head.

“Ugh,” said Ralph,turning away, “Then he has done nothing—stay,” he added, looking round again. “He broke a leg or an arm, or put his shoulder out, or fractured his collar-bone, or ground a rib or two? His neck was saved for the halter, but he got some painful and slow-healing injury for his trouble—did he? You must have heard that, at least.”

“No,” rejoined Mantalini, shaking his head again. “Unless he was dashed into such little pieces that they blew away, he wasn’t hurt, for he went off as quiet and comfortable as—as—as demmition,” said Mr. Mantalini, rather at a loss for a simile.
"And what," said Ralph, hesitating a little, "what was the cause of quarrel?"

"You are the demdest, knowing hand," replied Mr. Mantalini, in an admiring tone, "the cunningest, rummest, superlativest old fox—oh dem—to pretend now not to know that it was the little bright-eyed niece—the softest, sweetest, prettiest—"

"Alfred!" interposed Madame Mantalini.

"She is always right," rejoined Mr. Mantalini soothingly, "and when she says it is time to go, it is time, and go she shall; and when she walks along the streets with her own tulip, the women shall say with envy, she has got a dem fine husband, and the men shall say with rapture, he has got a demd fine wife, and they shall both be right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul—oh demmit!"

With which remarks, and many more no less intellectual and to the purpose, Mr. Mantalini kissed the fingers of his gloves to Ralph Nickleby, and drawing his lady's arm through his, led her mincingly away.

"So, so," muttered Ralph, dropping into his chair; "this devil is loose again, and thwarting me, as he was born to do, at every turn. He told me once there should be a day of reckoning between us, sooner or later. I'll make him a true prophet, for it shall surely come."

"Are you at home?" asked Newman, suddenly popping in his head.

"No," replied Ralph, with equal abruptness.

Newman withdrew his head, but thrust it in again.

"You're quite sure you're not at home, are you?" said Newman.

"What does the idiot mean?" cried Ralph, testily.

"He has been waiting nearly ever since they first came in, and may have heard your voice—that's all," said Newman, rubbing his hands.

"Who has?" demanded Ralph, wrought by the intelligence he had just heard, and his clerk's provoking coolness, to an intense pitch of irritation.

The necessity of a reply was superseded by the unlooked-for entrance of a third party—the individual in question—who, bringing his one eye (for he had but one) to bear on Ralph Nickleby, made a great many shambling bows, and sat himself down in an arm-chair, with his hands on his knees, and his short black trousers drawn up so high in the legs by the exertion of seating himself, that they scarcely reached below the tops of his Wellington boots.

"Why, this is a surprise," said Ralph, bending his gaze upon the visitor, and half smiling as he scrutinized him attentively; "I should know your face, Mr. Squeers."

"Ah!" replied that worthy, "and you'd have know'd it better, Sir, if it hadn't been for all that I've been a-going through. Just lift that little boy off the tall stool in the back office, and tell him to come in here, will you, my man?" said Squeers, addressing himself to Newman. "Oh, he's lifted his-self off. My son, Sir, little Wackford: What do you think of him, Sir, for a specimen of the Dotheboys Hall feeding? ain't he fit to bust out of his clothes, and start the seams, and
make the very buttons fly off with his fatness. Here's flesh!” cried Squeers, turning the boy about, and indenting the plumpest parts of his figure with divers pokes and punches, to the great discomposure of his son and heir. “Here's firmness, here's solidity! why you can hardly get up enough of him between your finger and thumb to pinch him anywhere.”

In however good condition Master Squeers might have been, he certainly did not present this remarkable compactness of person, for on his father's closing his finger and thumb in illustration of his remark, he uttered a sharp cry, and rubbed the place in the most natural manner possible.

“Well,” remarked Squeers, a little disconcerted, “I had him there; but that's because we breakfasted early this morning, and he hasn't had his lunch yet. Why you couldn't shut a bit of him in a door, when he's had his dinner. Look at them tears, Sir,” said Squeers, with a triumphant air, as Master Wackford wiped his eyes with the cuff of his jacket, “there's oiliness!”

“He looks well, indeed,” returned Ralph, who for some purposes of his own seemed desirous to conciliate the schoolmaster. “But how is Mrs. Squeers, and how are you?”

“Mrs. Squeers, sir,” replied the proprietor of Dotheboys, “is as she always is—a mother to them lads, and a blessing, and a comfort, and a joy to all them as knows her. One of our boys—gorging his-self with vittles, and then turning ill; that's their way—got a abscess on him last week. To see how she operated upon him with a pen-knife! Oh Lor!” said Squeers, heaving a sigh, and nodding his head a great many times, “what a member of society that woman is!”

Mr. Squeers indulged in a retrospective look for some quarter of a minute, as if this allusion to his lady's excellencies had naturally led his mind to the peaceful village of Dotheboys near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, and then looked at Ralph, as if waiting for him to say something.

“Have you quite recovered that scoundrel's attack?” asked Ralph.

“I've only just done it, if I've done it now,” replied Squeers. “I was one blessed bruise, Sir,” said Squeers, touching first the roots of his hair, and then the toes of his boots, “from here to there. Vinegar and brown paper, vinegar and brown paper, from morning to night. I suppose there was a matter of half a ream of brown paper stuck upon me from first to last. As I laid all of a heap in our kitchen, plastered all over, you might have thought I was a large brown paper pared, chock full of nothing but groans. Did I groan loud, Wackford, or did I groan soft?” asked Mr. Squeers, appealing to his son.

“Loud,” replied Wackford.

“Was the boys sorry to see me in such a dreadful condition, Wackford, or was they glad?” asked Mr. Squeers, in a sentimental manner.

“Gle—”

“Eh?” cried Squeers, turning sharp round.

“Sorry,” rejoined his son.

“Oh!” said Squeers, catching him a smart box on the ear. “Then
take your hands out of your pockets, and don't stammer when you're asked a question. Hold your noise, sir, in a gentleman's office, or I'll run away from my family and never come back any more; and then what would become of all them precious and forlorn lads as would be let loose on the world, without their best friend at their elbers!"

"Were you obliged to have medical attendance?" inquired Ralph.

"Ay, was I," rejoined Squeers, "and a precious bill the medical attendant brought in too: but I paid it though.

Ralph elevated his eyebrows in a manner which might be expressive of either sympathy or astonishment—just as the beholder was pleased to take it.

"Yes, I paid it, every farthing," replied Squeers, who seemed to know the man he had to deal with, too well to suppose that any blinking of the question would induce him to subscribe towards the expenses; "I wasn't out of pocket by it after all, either."

"No!" said Ralph.

"Not a halfpenny," replied Squeers. "The fact is, that we have only one extra with our boys, and that is for doctors when required—and not then, unless we're sure of our customers. Do you see?"

"I understand," said Ralph.

"Very good," rejoined Squeers. "Then after my bill was run up, we picked out five little boys (sons of small tradesmen, as was sure pay) that had never had the scarlet fever, and we sent one to a cottage where they'd got it, and he took it, and then we put the four others to sleep with him, and they took it, and then the doctor came and attended 'em once all round, and we divided my total among 'em, and added it on to their little bills, and the parents paid it. Ha! ha! ha!"

"And a good plan too," said Ralph, eyeing the schoolmaster stealthily. "I believe you," rejoined Squeers. "We always do it. Why, when Mrs. Squeers was brought to bed with little Wackford here, we ran the hooping-cough through half-a-dozen boys, and charged her expenses among 'em, monthly nurse included. Ha, ha, ha!"

Ralph never laughed, but on this occasion he produced the nearest approach to it that he could, and waiting until Mr. Squeers had enjoyed the professional joke to his heart's content, enquired what had brought him to town.

"Some bothering law business," replied Squeers, scratching his head, "connected with an action, for what they call neglect of a boy. I don't know what they would have. He had as good grazing, that boy had, as there is about us."

Ralph looked as if he did not quite understand the observation.

"Grazing," said Squeers, raising his voice, under the impression that as Ralph failed to comprehend him, he must be deaf. "When a boy gets weak and ill and don't relish his meals, we give him a change of diet—turn him out for an hour or so every day into a neighbour's turnip field, or sometimes, if it's a delicate case, a turnip field and a piece of carrots alternately, and let him eat as many as he likes. There ain't better land in the county than this perverse lad grazed on, and yet he goes and catches cold and indigestion and what not, and then his
friends brings a law-suit against me. Now, you'd hardly suppose," added Squeers, moving in his chair with the impatience of an ill-used man, "that people's ingratitude would carry them quite as far as that; would you?"

"A hard case, indeed," observed Ralph.

"You don't say more than the truth when you say that," replied Squeers. "I don't suppose there's a man going, as possesses the fondness for youth that I do. There's youth to the amount of eight hundred pound a-year at Dotheboys Hall at this present time. I'd take sixteen hundred pound worth if I could get 'em, and be as fond of every individual twenty pound among 'em as nothing should equal it!"

"Are you stopping at your old quarters?" asked Ralph.

"Yes, we are at the Saracen," replied Squeers, "and as it don't want very long to the end of the half-year, we shall continney to stop there till I've collected the money, and some new boys too, I hope. I've brought little Wackford up, on purpose to show to parents and guardians. I shall put him in the advertisement this time. Look at that boy himself—why he's a miracle of high feeding.that boy is."

"I think I have," said Ralph, very slowly, and producing, after much rummaging in an old drawer, a penny, a halfpenny, and two farthings.

"Thankee," said Squeers, bestowing it upon his son. "Here, you go and buy a tart—Mr. Nickleby's man will show you where—and mind you buy a rich one. Pastry," added Squeers, closing the door on Master Wackford, "makes his flesh shine a good deal, and parents thinks that's a healthy sign."

With which explanation, and a peculiarly knowing look to eke it out, Mr. Squeers moved his chair so as to bring himself opposite to Ralph Nickleby at no great distance off; and having planted it to his entire satisfaction, sat down.

"Attend to me," said Ralph, bending forward a little. Squeers nodded.

"I am not to suppose," said Ralph, "that you are dolt enough to forgive or forget very readily the violence that was committed upon you, or the exposure which accompanied it?"

"Devil a bit," replied Squeers, tartly. "Or to lose an opportunity of repaying it with interest, if you could get one?" said Ralph.

"Show me one and try," rejoined Squeers.

"Some such object it was that induced you to call on me?" said Ralph, raising his eyes to the schoolmaster's face.
"N—n—no, I don't know that," replied Squeers. "I thought that if it was in your power to make me, besides the trifle of money you sent, any compensation—"

"Ah!" cried Ralph, interrupting him. "You needn't go on."

After a long pause, during which Ralph appeared absorbed in contemplation, he again broke silence, by asking—

"Who is this boy that he took with him?"

Squeers stated his name.

"Was he young or old, healthy or sickly, tractable or rebellious? Speak out, man," retorted Ralph quickly.

"Why, he wasn't young," answered Squeers; "that is, not young for a boy you know."

"That is, that he was not a boy at all, I suppose?" interrupted Ralph.

"Well," returned Squeers briskly, as if he felt relieved by the suggestion, "he might have been nigh twenty. He wouldn't seem so old though to them as didn't know him, for he was a little wanting here," touching his forehead, "nobody at home you know, if you knocked ever so often."

"And you did knock pretty often, I dare say?" muttered Ralph.

"Pretty well," returned Squeers with a grin.

"When you wrote to acknowledge the receipt of this trifle of money as you call it," said Ralph, "you told me his friends had deserted him long ago, and that you had not the faintest clue or trace to tell you who he was. Is that the truth?"

"It is; worse luck!" replied Squeers, becoming more and more easy and familiar in his manner, as Ralph pursued his enquiries with the less reserve. "It's fourteen year ago, by the entry in my book, since a strange man brought him to my place one autumn night, and left him there, paying five pound five, for his first quarter in advance. He might have been five or six year old at that time—not more."

"What more do you know about him?" demanded Ralph.

"Devilish little, I'm sorry to say," replied Squeers. "The money was paid for some six or eight year, and then it stopped. He had given an address in London, had this chap; but when it came to the point, of course nobody knowed anything about him. So I kept the lad out of—out of—"

"Charity?" suggested Ralph dryly.

"Charity, to be sure," returned Squeers, rubbing his knees, "and when he begins to be useful in a certain sort of a way, this young scoundrel of a Nicholas comes and carries him off. But the most vexations and aggeravating part of the whole affair is," said Squeers, dropping his voice, and drawing his chair still closer to Ralph, "that some questions have been asked about him at last—not of me, but in a round-about kind of way of people in our village. So, that just when I might have had all arrears paid up, perhaps, and perhaps—who knows? such things have happened in our business before—a present besides for putting him out to a farmer or sending him to sea, so that he might never turn up to disgrace his parents, supposing him to be a natural
boy, as many of our boys are—damme, if that villain of a Nickleby
don't collar him in open day, and commit as good as highway robbery
upon my pocket."

"We will both cry quits with him before long," said Ralph, laying
his hand on the arm of the Yorkshire schoolmaster.

"Quits!" echoed Squeers. "Ah! and I should like to leave a small
balance in his favour, to be settled when he can. I only wish Mrs.
Squeers could catch hold of him. Bless her heart! She'd murder him,
Mr. Nickleby—she would, as soon as eat her dinner."

"We will talk of this again," said Ralph. "I must have time to
think of it. To wound him through his own affections or fancies:—
If I can strike him through this boy——"

"Strike him how you like, Sir," interrupted Squeers, "only hit him
hard enough, that's all—and with that, I'll say good morning. Here!
—just chuck that little boy's hat off that corner-peg, and lift him off
the stool, will you?"

Bawling these requests to Newman Noggs, Mr. Squeers betook
himself to the little back office, and fitted on his child's hat with
parental anxiety, while Newman, with his pen behind his ear, sat stiff
and immovable on his stool, regarding the father and son by turns
with a broad stare.

"He's a fine boy, an't he?" said Squeers, throwing his head a little
on one side, and falling back to the desk, the better to estimate the
proportions of little Wackford.

"Very," said Newman.

"Pretty well swelled out, an't he?" pursued Squeers. "He has the
fatness of twenty boys, he has."

"Ah!" replied Newman, suddenly thrusting his face into that of
Squeers, "he has;—the fatness of twenty!—more. He's got it all.
God help the others. Ha! ha! Oh Lord!"

Having uttered these fragmentary observations, Newman dropped
upon his desk and began to write with most marvellous rapidity.

"Why, what does the man mean?" cried Squeers, colouring. "Is
he drunk?"

Newman made no reply.

"Is he mad?" said Squeers.

But still Newman betrayed no consciousness of any presence save
his own; so Mr. Squeers comforted himself by saying that he was
both drunk and mad; and, with this parting observation, he led his
hopeful son away.

In exact proportion as Ralph Nickleby became conscious of a
struggling and lingering regard for Kate, had his detestation of
Nicholas augmented. It might be, that to atone for the weakness of
inclining to any one person, he held it necessary to hate some other
more intensely than before; but such had been the course of his feelings.
And now, to be defied and spurned, to be held up to her in the worst
and most repulsive colours, to know that she was taught to hate and
despise him; to feel that there was infection in his touch and taint in
his companionship—to know all this, and to know that the mover of
it all, was that same boyish poor relation who had twitted him in their very first interview, and openly bearded and braved him since, wrought his quiet and stealthy malignity to such a pitch, that there was scarcely anything he would not have hazarded to gratify it, if he could have seen his way to some immediate retaliation.

But fortunately for Nicholas, Ralph Nickleby did not; and although he cast about all that day, and kept a corner of his brain working on the one anxious subject through all the round of schemes and business that came with it, night found him at last still harping on the same theme, and still pursuing the same unprofitable reflections.

"When my brother was such as he," said Ralph, "the first comparisons were drawn between us—always in my disfavour. He was open, liberal, gallant, gay; I a crafty hunks of cold and stagnant blood, with no passion but love of saving, and no spirit beyond a thirst for gain. I recollected it well when I first saw this whipster; but I remember it better now."

He had been occupied in tearing Nicholas's letter into atoms, and as he spoke he scattered it in a tiny shower about him.

"Recollections like these," pursued Ralph, with a bitter smile, "flock upon me—when I resign myself to them—in crowds, and from countless quarters. As a portion of the world affect to despise the power of money, I must try and show them what it is."

And being by this time in a pleasant frame of mind for slumber, Ralph Nickleby went to bed.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

SMIKE BECOMES KNOWN TO MRS. NICKLEBY AND KATE. NICHOLAS ALSO MEETS WITH NEW ACQUAINTANCES, AND BRIGHTER DAYS SEEM TO DAWN UPON THE FAMILY.

Having established his mother and sister in the apartments of the kind-hearted miniature painter, and ascertained that Sir Mulberry Hawk was in no danger of losing his life, Nicholas turned his thoughts to poor Smike, who, after breakfasting with Newman Noggs, had remained in a disconsolate state at that worthy creature's lodgings, waiting with much anxiety for further intelligence of his protector.

"As he will be one of our own little household, wherever we live, or whatever fortune is in reserve for us," thought Nicholas, "I must present the poor fellow in due form. They will be kind to him for his own sake, and if not (on that account solely) to the full extent I could wish, they will stretch a point, I am sure, for mine."

Nicholas said "they," but his misgivings were confined to one person. He was sure of Kate, but he knew his mother's peculiarities, and was not quite so certain that Smike would find favour in the eyes of Mrs. Nickleby.
"However," thought Nicholas, as he departed on his benevolent errand; "she cannot fail to become attached to him when she knows what a devoted creature he is, and as she must quickly make the discovery, his probation will be a short one."

"I was afraid," said Smike, overjoyed to see his friend again, "that you had fallen into some fresh trouble; the time seemed so long at last, that I almost feared you were lost."

"Lost!" replied Nicholas gaily. "You will not be rid of me so easily, I promise you. I shall rise to the surface many thousand times yet, and the harder the thrust that pushes me down, the more quickly I shall rebound, Smike. But come; my errand here is to take you home."


"I had such hopes once," said Smike; "day and night, day and night, for many years. I longed for home till I was weary, and pined away with grief, but now—"

"And what now?" asked Nicholas, looking kindly in his face. "What now, old friend?"

"I could not part from you to go to any home on earth," replied Smike, pressing his hand; "except one, except one. I shall never be an old man; and if your hand placed me in the grave, and I could think before I died that you would come and look upon it sometimes with one of your kind smiles, and in the summer weather, when everything was alive—not dead like me—I could go to that home almost without a tear."

"Why do you talk thus, poor boy, if your life is a happy one with me?" said Nicholas.

"Because I should change; not those about me. And if they forgot me, I should never know it," replied Smike. "In the churchyard we are all alike, but here there are none like me. I am a poor creature, but I know that well."

"You are a foolish, silly creature," said Nicholas cheerfully. "If that is what you mean, I grant you that. Why, here's a dismal face for ladies' company—my pretty sister too, whom you have so often asked me about. Is this your Yorkshire gallantry? For shame! For shame!"

Smike brightened up, and smiled.

"When I talk of homes," pursued Nicholas, "I talk of mine—which is yours of course. If it were defined by any particular four walls and a roof, God knows I should be sufficiently puzzled to say whereabouts it lay; but that is not what I mean. When I speak of home, I speak of the place where—in default of a better—those I love are gathered together; and if that place were a gipsy's tent or a barn, I should call it by the same good name notwithstanding. And now for what is my present home, which, however alarming your expectations may be, will neither terrify you by its extent nor its magnificence."

So saying, Nicholas took his companion by the arm, and saying a great deal more to the same purpose, and pointing out various things
to amuse and interest him as they went along, led the way to Miss La Creevy's house.

"And this, Kate," said Nicholas, entering the room where his sister sat alone, "is the faithful friend and affectionate fellow-traveller whom I prepared you to receive."

Poor Smike was bashful and awkward and frightened enough at first, but Kate advanced towards him so kindly, and said in such a sweet voice, how anxious she had been to see him after all her brother had told her, and how much she had to thank him for having comforted Nicholas so greatly in their very trying reverses, that he began to be very doubtful whether he should shed tears or not, and became still more flurried. However, he managed to say, in a broken voice, that Nicholas was his only friend, and that he would lay down his life to help him; and Kate, although she was so kind and considerate, seemed to be so wholly unconscious of his distress and embarrassment, that he recovered almost immediately and felt quite at home.

Then Miss La Creevy came in, and to her Smike had to be presented also. And Miss La Creevy was very kind too, and wonderfully talkative:—not to Smike, for that would have made him uneasy at first, but to Nicholas and his sister. Then, after a time, she would speak to Smike himself now and then, asking him whether he was a judge of likenesses, and whether he thought that picture in the corner was like herself, and whether he didn't think it would have looked better if she had made herself ten years younger, and whether he didn't think, as a matter of general observation, that young ladies looked better, not only in pictures but out of them too, than old ones; with many more small jokes and facetious remarks, which were delivered with such good humour and merriment that Smike thought within himself she was the nicest lady he had ever seen; even nicer than Mrs. Grudden, of Mr. Vincent Crummles's theatre, and she was a nice lady too, and talked, perhaps more, but certainly louder than Miss La Creevy.

At length the door opened again, and a lady in mourning came in; and Nicholas kissing the lady in mourning affectionately, and calling her his mother, led her towards the chair from which Smike had risen when she entered the room.

"You are always kind-hearted, and anxious to help the oppressed, my dear mother," said Nicholas, "so you will be favourably disposed towards him, I know."

"I am sure, my dear Nicholas," replied Mrs. Nickleby, looking very hard at her new friend, and bending to him with something more or majesty than the occasion seemed to require,—"I am sure any friend of yours has, as indeed he naturally ought to have, and must have, of course, you know—a great claim upon me, and of course, it is a very great pleasure to me to be introduced to anybody you take an interest in—there can be no doubt about that; none at all; not the least in the world," said Mrs. Nickleby.

"At the same time I must say, Nicholas, my dear, as I used to say to your poor dear papa, when he could bring gentlemen home to dinner, and there was nothing in the house, that if he had come the day before yesterday—no, I don't mean
the day before yesterday now; I should have said, perhaps, the year before last—we should have been better able to entertain him."

With which remarks Mrs. Nickleby turned to her daughter, and inquired, in an audible whisper, whether the gentleman was going to stop all night.

"Because if he is, Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't see that it's possible for him to sleep anywhere, and that's the truth."

Kate stepped gracefully forward, and without any show of annoyance or irritation, breathed a few words into her mother's ear.

"La, Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, shrinking back, "how you do tickle one. Of course, I understand that, my love, without your telling me; and I said the same to Nicholas, and I am very much pleased. You didn't tell me, Nicholas, my dear," added Mrs. Nickleby, turning round with an air of less reserve than she had before assumed, "what your friend's name is."

"His name, mother," replied Nicholas, "is Smike."

The effect of this communication was by no means anticipated; but the name was no sooner pronounced, than Mrs. Nickleby dropped upon a chair, and burst into a fit of crying.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Nicholas, running to support her.

"It's so like Pyke," cried Mrs. Nickleby; "so exactly like Pyke, that's all. Oh! don't speak to me—I shall be better presently."

And after exhibiting every symptom of slow suffocation, in all its stages, and drinking about a tea-spoonful of water from a full tumbler, and spilling the remainder, Mrs. Nickleby was better, and remarked, with a feeble smile, that she was very foolish, she knew.

"It's a weakness in our family," said Mrs. Nickleby, "so, of course, I can't be blamed for it. Your grandmama, Kate, was exactly the same—precisely. The least excitement, the slightest surprise, she fainted away directly. I have heard her say, often and often, that when she was a young lady, and before she was married, she was turning a corner into Oxford-street one day, when she ran against her own hair-dresser, who, it seems, was escaping from a bear;—the mere suddenness of the encounter made her faint away directly. Wait, though," added Mrs. Nickleby, pausing to consider, "Let me be sure I'm right. Was it her hair-dresser who had escaped from a bear, or was it a bear who had escaped from her hair-dresser's? I declare I can't remember just now, but the hair-dresser was a very handsome man, I know, and quite a gentleman in his manners; so that it has nothing to do with the point of the story."

Mrs. Nickleby having fallen imperceptibly into one of her retrospective moods, improved in temper from that moment, and glided, by an easy change of the conversation occasionally, into various other anecdotes, no less remarkable for their strict application to the subject in hand.

"Mr. Smike is from Yorkshire, Nicholas, my dear?" said Mrs. Nickleby, after dinner, and when she had been silent for some time.

"Certainly, mother," replied Nicholas. "I see you have not forgotten his melancholy history."
"O dear no," cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Ah! melancholy, indeed. You don't happen, Mr. Smike, ever to have dined with the Grimbles of Grimble Hall, somewhere in the North Riding, do you?" said the good lady, addressing herself to him. "A very proud man, Sir Thomas Grimble, with six grown-up and most lovely daughters, and the finest park in the county."

"My dear mother," reasoned Nicholas, "Do you suppose that the unfortunate outcast of a Yorkshire school was likely to receive many cards of invitation from the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood?"

"Really, my dear, I don't know why it should be so very extraordinary," said Mrs. Nickleby. "I know that when I was at school, I always went at least twice every half-year to the Hawkesnes at Taunton Vale, and they are much richer than the Grimbles, and connected with them in marriage; so you see it's not so very unlikely, after all."

Having put down Nicholas in this triumphant manner, Mrs. Nickleby was suddenly seized with a forgetfulness of Smike's real name, and an irresistible tendency to call him Mr. Slammons; which circumstance she attributed to the remarkable similarity of the two names in point of sound, both beginning with an S, and moreover being spelt with an M. But, whatever doubt there might be on this point, there was none as to his being a most excellent listener; which circumstance had considerable influence in placing them on the very best terms, and in inducing Mrs. Nickleby to express the highest opinion of his general deportment and disposition.

Thus the little circle remained, on the most amicable and agreeable footing, until the Monday morning, when Nicholas withdrew himself from it for a short time, seriously to reflect upon the state of his affairs, and to determine, if he could, upon some course of life, which would enable him to support those who were so entirely dependent upon his exertions.

Mr. Crummles occurred to him more than once; but although Kate was acquainted with the whole history of his connection with that gentleman, his mother was not; and he foresaw a thousand fretful objections, on her part, to his seeking a livelihood upon the stage. There were graver reasons, too, against his returning to that mode of life. Independently of those arising out of its spare and precarious earnings, and his own internal conviction that he could never hope to aspire to any great distinction, even as a provincial actor, how could he carry his sister from town to town, and place to place, and debar her from any other associates than those with whom he would be compelled, almost without distinction, to mingle? "It won't do," said Nicholas, shaking his head; "I must try something else."

It was much easier to make this resolution than to carry it into effect. With no greater experience of the world than he had acquired for himself in his short trials; with a sufficient share of headlong rashness and precipitation, (qualities not altogether unnatural at his time of life) with a very slender stock of money, and a still more scanty stock of friends, what could he do? "Egad!" said Nicholas, "I'll try that Register Office again."
He smiled at himself as he walked away with a quick step; for, an instant before, he had been internally blaming his own precipitation. He did not laugh himself out of the intention, however, for on he went; picturing to himself, as he approached the place, all kinds of splendid possibilities, and impossibilities too, for that matter, and thinking himself, perhaps with good reason, very fortunate to be endowed with so buoyant and sanguine a temperament.

The office looked just the same as when he had left it last, and, indeed, with one or two exceptions, there seemed to be the very same placards in the window that he had seen before. There were the same unimpeachable masters and mistresses in want of virtuous servants, and the same virtuous servants in want of unimpeachable masters and mistresses, and the same magnificent estates for the investment of capital, and the same enormous quantities of capital to be invested in estates, and, in short, the same opportunities of all sorts for people who wanted to make their fortunes. And a most extraordinary proof it was of the national prosperity, that people had not been found to avail themselves of such advantages long ago.

As Nicholas stopped to look in at the window, an old gentleman happened to stop too, and Nicholas carrying his eye along the window-panes from left to right in search of some capital-text placard, which should be applicable to his own case, caught sight of this old gentleman's figure, and instinctively withdrew his eyes from the window, to observe the same more closely.

He was a sturdy old fellow in a broad-skirted blue coat, made pretty large, to fit easily, and with no particular waist; his bulky legs clothed in drab breeches and high gaiters, and his head protected by a low-crowned broad-brimmed white hat, such as a wealthy grazier might wear. He wore his coat buttoned; and his dimpled double-chin rested in the folds of a white neckerchief—not one of your stiff starched apoplectic cravats, but a good easy old-fashioned white neckcloth that a man might go to bed in and be none the worse for it. But what principally attracted the attention of Nicholas, was the old gentleman's eye,—never was such a clear, twinkling, honest, merry, happy eye, as that. And there he stood, looking a little upward, with one hand thrust into the breast of his coat, and the other playing with his old-fashioned gold watch-chain: his head thrown a little on one side, and his hat a little more on one side than his head, (but that was evidently accident; not his ordinary way of wearing it,) with such a pleasant smile playing about his mouth, and such a comical expression of mingled slyness, simplicity, kind-heartedness, and good-humour, lighting up his jolly old face, that Nicholas would have been content to have stood there and looked at him until evening, and to have forgotten meanwhile that there was such a thing as a soured mind or a crabbed countenance to be met with in the whole wide world.

But, even a very remote approach to this gratification was not to be made, for although he seemed quite unconscious of having been the subject of observation, he looked casually at Nicholas; and the latter, fearful of giving offence, resumed his scrutiny of the window instantly.
Still, the old gentleman stood there, glancing from placard to placard, and Nicholas could not forbear raising his eyes to his face again. Crafted upon the quaintness and oddity of his appearance, was something so indescribably engaging and bespeaking so much worth, and there were so many little lights hovering about the corners of his mouth and eyes, that it was not a mere amusement, but a positive pleasure and delight to look at him.

This being the case, it is no wonder, that the old man caught Nicholas in the fact more than once. At such times, Nicholas coloured and looked embarrassed, for the truth is, that he had begun to wonder whether the stranger could by any possibility be looking for a clerk or secretary; and thinking this, he felt as if the old gentleman must know it.

Long as all this takes to tell, it was not more than a couple of minutes in passing. As the stranger was moving away, Nicholas caught his eye again, and, in the awkwardness of the moment, stammered out an apology.

“’No offence—Oh no offence!’ said the old man.

This was said in such a hearty tone, and the voice was so exactly what it should have been from such a speaker, and there was such a cordiality in the manner, that Nicholas was emboldened to speak again.

“A great many opportunities here, sir,” he said, half-smiling as he motioned towards the window.

“A great many people willing and anxious to be employed have seriously thought so very often, I dare say,” replied the old man. “Poor fellows, poor fellows!”

He moved away as he said this; but seeing that Nicholas was about to speak, good-naturedly slackened his pace, as if he were unwilling to cut him short. After a little of that hesitation which may be sometimes observed between two people in the street who have exchanged a nod, and are both uncertain whether they shall turn back and speak, or not, Nicholas found himself at the old man’s side.

“You were about to speak, young gentleman; what were you going to say?”

“Merely that I almost hoped—I mean to say, thought—you had some object in consulting those advertisements,” said Nicholas.

“’Ay, ’ay? what object now—what object?’” returned the old man, looking slyly at Nicholas. “Did you think I wanted a situation now—’Eh? Did you think I did?”

Nicholas shook his head.

“’Ha! ha!’” laughed the old gentleman, rubbing his hands and wrists as if he were washing them. “A very natural thought at all events, after seeing me gazing at those bills. I thought the same of you at first, upon my word I did.”

“If you had thought so at last, too, sir, you would not have been far from the truth,” rejoined Nicholas.

“’Eh?’ cried the old man, surveying him from head to foot. “What! Dear me! No, no. Well-behaved young gentleman reduced to such a necessity! No no, no no.”

Nicholas bowed, and bidding him good morning, turned upon his heel.

"Nicholas Nickleby."
"Stay," said the old man, beckoning him into a bye street, where they could converse with less interruption. "What d'ye mean, eh? What d'ye mean?"

"Merely that your kind face and manner—both so unlike any I have ever seen—tempted me into an avowal, which, to any other stranger in this wilderness of London, I should not have dreamt of making," returned Nicholas.

"Wilderness! Yes it is, it is. Good. It is a wilderness," said the old man with much animation. "It was a wilderness to me once. I came here barefoot—I have never forgotten it. Thank God!" and he raised his hat from his head, and looked very grave.

"What's the matter—what is it—how did it all come about?" said the old man, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas, and walking him up the street. "You're—Eh?" laying his finger on the sleeve of his black coat. "Who's it for—eh?"

"My father," replied Nicholas.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman quickly. "Bad thing for a young man to lose his father. Widowed mother, perhaps?"

Nicholas sighed.

"Brothers and sisters too—eh?"

"One sister," rejoined Nicholas.

"Poor thing, poor thing. You're a scholar too, I dare say?" said the old man, looking wistfully into the face of the young one.

"I have been tolerably well educated," said Nicholas.

"Fine thing," said the old gentleman, "education a great thing—a very great thing—I never had any. I admire it the more in others. A very fine thing—yes, yes. Tell me more of your history. Let me hear it all. No impertinent curiosity—no, no, no."

There was something so earnest and guileless in the way in which all this was said, and such a complete disregard of all conventional restraints and coldnesses, that Nicholas could not resist it. Among men who have any sound and sterling qualities, there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart. Nicholas took the infection instantly, and ran over the main points of his little history without reserve, merely suppressing names, and touching as lightly as possible upon his uncle's treatment of Kate. The old man listened with great attention, and when he had concluded, drew his arm eagerly through his own.

"Don't say another word—not another word," said he. "Come along with me. We must n't lose a minute."

So saying, the old gentleman dragged him back into Oxford Street, and hailing an omnibus on its way to the city, pushed Nicholas in before him, and followed himself.

As he appeared in a most extraordinary condition of restless excitement, and whenever Nicholas offered to speak, immediately interposed with—"Don't say another word, my dear sir, on any account—not another word," the young man thought it better to attempt no further interruption. Into the city they journeyed accordingly, without interchanging any conversation; and the further they went, the more Nicholas wondered what the end of the adventure could possibly be.
The old gentleman got out with great alacrity when they reached the Bank, and once more taking Nicholas by the arm, hurried him along Threadneedle Street, and through some lanes and passages on the right, until they at length emerged in a quiet shady little square. Into the oldest and cleanest-looking house of business in the square, he led the way. The only inscription on the door-post was "Cheeryble, Brothers;" but from a hasty glance at the directions of some packages which were lying about, Nicholas supposed that the Brothers Cheeryble were German-merchants.

Passing through a warehouse which presented every indication of a thriving business, Mr. Cheeryble (for such Nicholas supposed him to be, from the respect which had been shown him by the warehousemen and porters whom they passed) led him into a little partitioned-off counting-house like a large glass case, in which counting-house there sat—as free from dust and blemish as if he had been fixed into the glass case before the top was put on, and had never come out since—a fat, elderly, large-faced, clerk, with silver spectacles and a powdered head.

"Is my brother in his room, Tim?" said Mr. Cheeryble, with no less kindness of manner than he had shown to Nicholas.

"Yes he is, sir," replied the fat clerk, turning his spectacle-glasses towards his principal, and his eyes towards Nicholas, "but Mr. Trimmers is with him."

"Ay! And what has he come about, Tim?" said Mr. Cheeryble.

"He is getting up a subscription for the widow and family of a man who was killed in the East India Docks this morning, sir," rejoined Tim. "Smashed, sir, by a cask of sugar."

"He is a good creature," said Mr. Cheeryble, with great earnestness. "He is a kind soul. I am very much obliged to Trimmers. Trimmers is one of the best friends we have. He makes a thousand cases known to us that we should never discover of ourselves. I am very much obliged to Trimmers." Saying which, Mr. Cheeryble rubbed his hands with infinite delight, and Mr. Trimmers happening to pass the door that instant on his way out, shot out after him and caught him by the hand.

"I owe you a thousand thanks, Trimmers—ten thousand thanks—I take it very friendly of you—very friendly indeed," said Mr. Cheeryble, dragging him into a corner to get out of hearing. "How many children are there, and what has my brother Ned given, Trimmers?"

"There are six children," replied the gentleman, "and your brother has given us twenty pounds."

"My brother Ned is a good fellow, and you’re a good fellow too, Trimmers," said the old man, shaking him by both hands with trembling eagerness. "Put me down for another twenty—or—stop a minute, stop a minute. We must n’t look ostentatious; put me down ten pound, and Tim Linkinwater ten pound. A cheque for twenty pound for Mr. Trimmers, Tim. God bless you, Trimmers—and come and dine with us some day this week; you’ll always find a knife and fork, and we shall be delighted. Now, my dear Sir—cheque for Mr. Linkin-
water, Tim. Smashed by a cask of sugar, and six poor children—oh dear, dear, dear!"

Talking on in this strain as fast as he could, to prevent any friendly remonstrances from the collector of the subscription on the large amount of his donation, Mr. Cheeryble led Nicholas, equally astonished and affected by what he had seen and heard in this short space, to the half-opened door of another room.

"Brother Ned," said Mr. Cheeryble, tapping with his knuckles, and stooping to listen, "are you busy, my dear brother, or can you spare time for a word or two with me?"

"Brother Charles, my dear fellow," replied a voice from the inside; so like in its tones to that which had just spoken that Nicholas started, and almost thought it was the same, "Don't ask me such a question, but come in directly."

They went in without further parley. What was the amazement of Nicholas when his conductor advanced and exchanged a warm greeting with another old gentleman, the very type and model of himself—the same face, the same figure, the same coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, the same breeches and gaiters—may, there was the very same white hat hanging against the wall!

As they shook each other by the hand, the face of each lighted up by beaming looks of affection, which would have been most delightful to behold in infants, and which, in men so old, was inexpressibly touching, Nicholas could observe that the last old gentleman was something stouter than his brother; this, and a slight additional shade of clumsiness in his gait and stature, formed the only perceptible difference between them. Nobody could have doubted their being twin brothers.

"Brother Ned," said Nicholas's friend, closing the room-door, "here is a young friend of mine that we must assist. We must make proper inquiries into his statements, in justice to him as well as to ourselves, and if they are confirmed—as I feel assured they will be—we must assist him; we must assist him, brother Ned."

"It is enough, my dear brother, that you say we should," returned the other. "When you say that, no further inquiries are needed, He shall be assisted. What are his necessities, and what does he require? Where is Tim Linkinwater? Let us have him here."

Both the brothers, it may be here remarked, had a very emphatic and earnest delivery, both had lost nearly the same teeth, which imparted the same peculiarity to their speech; and both spoke as if, besides possessing the utmost serenity of mind that the kindliest and most unsuspecting nature could bestow, they had, in collecting the plums from Fortune's choicest pudding, retained a few for present use, and kept them in their mouths.

"Where is Tim Linkinwater?" said brother Ned.

"Stop, stop, stop," said brother Charles, taking the other aside. "I've a plan, my dear brother, I've a plan. Tim is getting old, and Tim has been a faithful servant, brother Ned; and I don't think pensioning Tim's mother and sister, and buying a little tomb for the
family when his poor brother died, was a sufficient recompense for his faithful services."

"No, no, no," replied the other. "Certainly not. Not half enough, not half."

"If we could lighten Tim's duties," said the old gentleman, "and prevail upon him to go into the country now and then, and sleep in the fresh air, besides, two or three times a-week, (which he could if he began business an hour later in the morning,) old Tim Linkinwater would grow young again in time; and he's three good years our senior now. Old Tim Linkinwater young again! Eh, brother Ned, eh? Why, I recollect old Tim Linkinwater quite a little boy, don't you? Ha, ha, ha! Poor Tim, poor Tim!"

And the fine old fellows laughed pleasantly together: each with a tear of regard for old Tim Linkinwater, standing in his eye.

"But hear this first—hear this first, brother Ned," said the old man hastily, placing two chairs, one on each side of Nicholas. "I'll tell it you myself, brother Ned, because the young gentleman is modest, and is a scholar, Ned, and I shouldn't feel it right that he should tell us his story over and over again as if he was a beggar, or as if we doubted him. No, no, no."

"No, no, no," returned the other, nodding his head gravely. "Very right, my dear brother, very right."

"He will tell me I'm wrong, if I make a mistake," said Nicholas's friend. "But whether I do or not, you'll be very much affected, brother Ned, remembering the time when we were two friendless lads, and earned our first shilling in this great city."

The twins pressed each other's hands in silence, and, in his own homely manner, brother Charles related the particulars he had heard from Nicholas. The conversation which ensued was a long one, and when it was over a secret conference of almost equal duration took place between brother Ned and Tim Linkinwater in another room. It is no disparagement to Nicholas to say, that before he had been closeted with the two brothers ten minutes, he could only wave his hand at every fresh expression of kindness and sympathy, and sob like a little child.

At length brother Ned and Tim Linkinwater came back together, when Tim instantly walked up to Nicholas and whispered in his ear in a very brief sentence, (for Tim was ordinarily a man of few words,) that he had taken down the address in the Strand, and would call upon him that evening at eight. Having done which, Tim wiped his spectacles and put them on, preparatory to hearing what the brothers Cheeryble had got to say.

"Tim," said brother Charles, "You understand that we have an intention of taking this young gentleman into the counting-house?"

Brother Ned was aware of that intention, and quite approved of it; and Tim having nodded, and said he did, drew himself up and looked particularly fat and very important. After which there was a profound silence.

"I'm not coming an hour later in the morning you know," said Tim,
breaking out all at once, and looking very resolute. "I'm not going to sleep in the fresh air—no, nor I'm not going into the country either. A pretty thing at this time of day, certainly. Pho!"

"Damn your obstinacy, Tim Linkinwater," said brother Charles, looking at him without the faintest spark of anger, and with a countenance radiant with attachment to the old clerk. "Damn your obstinacy, Tim Linkinwater, what do you mean, Sir?"

"It's forty-four year," said Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before he cast it up, "forty-four year, next May, since I first kept the books of Cheeryble, Brothers. I've opened the safe every morning all that time (Sundays excepted) as the clock struck nine, and gone over the house every night at half-past ten (except on Foreign Post nights, and then twenty minutes before twelve) to see the doors fastened and the fires out. I've never slept out of the back attic one single night. There's the same mignonette box in the middle of the window, and the same four flower-pots, two on each side, that I brought with me when I first came. There ain't—I've said it again and again, and I'll maintain it—there ain't such a square as this in the world. I know there ain't," said Tim, with sudden energy, and looking sternly about him. "Not one. For business or pleasure, in summer time or winter—I don't care which—there's nothing like it. There's not such a spring in England as the pump under the archway. There's not such a view in England as the view out of my window; I've seen it every morning before I shaved, and I ought to know something about it. I have slept in that room," added Tim, sinking his voice a little, "for four-and-forty year; and if it wasn't inconvenient, and didn't interfere with business, I should request leave to die there."

"Damn you, Tim Linkinwater, how dare you talk about dying?" roared the twins by one impulse, and blowing their old noses violently.

"That's what I've got to say, Mr. Edwin and Mr. Charles," said Tim, squaring his shoulders again. "This isn't the first time you've talked about superannuating me; but if you please we'll make it the last, and drop the subject for evermore."

With these words, Tim Linkinwater stalked out and shut himself up in his glass case, with the air of a man who had had his say, and was thoroughly resolved not to be put down.

The brothers interchanged looks, and coughed some half-dozen times without speaking.

"He must be done something with, brother Ned," said the other, warmly; "we must disregard his old scruples; they can't be tolerated or borne. He must be made a partner, brother Ned; and if he won't submit to it peaceably, we must have recourse to violence."

"Quite right," replied brother Ned, nodding his head as a man thoroughly determined; "quite right, my dear brother. If he won't listen to reason, we must do it against his will, and show him that we are determined to exert our authority. We must quarrel with him, brother Charles."

"We must—we certainly must have a quarrel with Tim Linkin-
Nicholas Nickleby.

water," said the other. "But in the mean time, my dear brother, we are keeping our young friend; and the poor lady and her daughter will be anxious for his return. So let us say good-bye for the present, and—there, there—take care of that box, my dear Sir—and—no, no, no, not a word now; but be careful of the crossings and—"

And with any disjointed and unconnected words which would prevent Nicholas from pouring forth his thanks, the brothers hurried him out, shaking hands with him all the way, and affecting very unsuccessfully—they were poor hands at deception!—to be wholly unconscious of the feelings that completely mastered him.

Nicholas's heart was too full to allow of his turning into the street until he had recovered some composure. When he at last glided out of the dark doorway-corner in which he had been compelled to halt, he caught a glimpse of the twins stealthily peeping in at one corner of the glass-case, evidently undecided whether they should follow up their late attack without delay, or for the present postpone laying further siege to the inflexible Tim Linkinwater.

To recount all the delight and wonder which the circumstances just detailed awakened at Miss La Creevy's, and all the things that were done, said, thought, expected, hoped, and prophesied in consequence, is beside the present course and purpose of these adventures. It is sufficient to state, in brief, that Mr. Timothy Linkinwater arrived punctual to his appointment; that, oddity as he was, and jealous as he was bound to be of the proper exercise of his employers' most comprehensive liberality, he reported strongly and warmly in favour of Nicholas; and that next day he was appointed to the vacant stool in the counting-house of Cheeryble, Brothers, with a present salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a year.

"And I think, my dear brother," said Nicholas's first friend, "that if we were to let them that little cottage at Bow which is empty, at something under the usual rent, now—Eh, brother Ned?"

"For nothing at all," said brother Ned. "We are rich, and should be ashamed to touch the rent under such circumstances as these. Where is Tim Linkinwater?—for nothing at all, my dear brother, for nothing at all."

"Perhaps it would be better to say something, brother Ned," suggested the other, mildly; "it would help to preserve habits of frugality, you know, and remove any painful sense of overwhelming obligations. We might say fifteen pound, or twenty pound, and if it was punctually paid, make it up to them in some other way. And I might secretly advance a small loan towards a little furniture, and you might secretly advance another small loan, brother Ned; and if we find them doing well—as we shall; there's no fear, no fear—we can change the loans into gifts—carefully, brother Ned, and by degrees, and without pressing upon them too much; what do you say now, brother?"

Brother Ned gave his hand upon it, and not only said it should be done, but had it done too: and in one short week Nicholas took
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possession of the stool, and Mrs. Nickleby and Kate took possession of the house; and all was hope, bustle, and light-heartedness.

There surely never was such a week of discoveries and surprises as the first week of that cottage. Every night when Nicholas came home, something new had been found out. One day it was a grape-vine, and another day it was a boiler, and another day it was the key of the front parlour closet at the bottom of the water-butt, and so on through a hundred items. Then, this room was embellished with a muslin curtain, and that room was rendered quite elegant by a window-blind, and such improvements were made as no one would have supposed possible. Then, there was Miss La Creevy, who had come out in the omnibus to stop a day or two and help, and who was perpetually losing a very small brown paper parcel of tin tacks and a very large hammer, and running about with her sleeves tucked up at the wrists, and falling off pairs of steps and hurting herself very much and Mrs. Nickleby, who talked incessantly, and did something now and then, but not often—and Kate, who busied herself noiselessly everywhere, and was pleased with everything—and Smike, who made the garden a perfect wonder to look upon—and Nicholas, who helped and encouraged them every one—all the peace and cheerfulness of home restored, with such new zest imparted to every frugal pleasure, and such delight to every hour of meeting, as misfortune and separation alone could give.

In short, the poor Nicklebys were social and happy; while the rich Nickleby was alone and miserable.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL; RELATING TO FAMILY MATTERS. SHOWING HOW MR. KENWIGS UNDERWENT VIOLENT AGITATION, AND HOW MRS. KENWIGS WAS AS WELL AS COULD BE EXPECTED.

It might have been about seven o'clock in the evening, and it was growing dark in the narrow streets near Golden Square, when Mr. Kenwigs sent out for a pair of the cheapest white kid gloves—those at fourteenpence—and selecting the strongest, which happened to be the right-hand one, walked down stairs with an air of some pomp and much excitement, and proceeded to muffle the knob of the street-door knocker therein. Having executed this task with great nicety, Mr. Kenwigs pulled the door to after him, and just stepped across the road to try the effect from the opposite side of the street. Satisfied that nothing could possibly look better in its way, Mr. Kenwigs then stepped back again, and calling through the keyhole to Morleena to open the door, vanished into the house, and was seen no longer.

Now, considered as an abstract circumstance, there was no more obvious cause or reason why Mr. Kenwigs should take the trouble of
muffling this particular knocker, than there would have been for his muffling the knocker of any nobleman or gentleman resident ten miles off; because, for the greater convenience of the numerous lodgers, the street-door always stood wide open, and the knocker was never used at all. The first floor, the second floor, and the third floor, had each a bell of its own. As to the attics, no one ever called on them; if any body wanted the parlours, they were close at hand, and all he had to do was to walk straight into them; while the kitchen had a separate entrance down the area steps. As a question of mere necessity and usefulness, therefore, this muffling of the knocker was thoroughly incomprehensible.

But knockers may be muffled for other purposes than those of mere utilitarianism, as, in the present instance, was clearly shown. There are certain polite forms and ceremonies which must be observed in civilised life, or mankind relapse into their original barbarism. No genteel lady was ever yet confined—indeed, no genteel confinement can possibly take place—without the accompanying symbol of a muffled knocker. Mrs. Kenwigs was a lady of some pretensions to gentility; Mrs. Kenwigs was confined. And, therefore, Mr. Kenwigs tied up the silent knocker on the premises in a white kid glove.

"I'm not quite certain neither," said Mr. Kenwigs, arranging his shirt-collars, and walking slowly up stairs, whether, "as it's a boy, I won't have it in the papers."

Pondering upon the advisability of this step, and the sensation it was likely to create in the neighbourhood, Mr. Kenwigs betook himself to the sitting-room, where various extremely diminutive articles of clothing were airing on a horse before the fire, and Mr. Lumby, the doctor, was dandling the baby—that is, the old baby—not the new one.

"It's a fine boy, Mr. Kenwigs," said Mr. Lumby, the doctor.

"You consider him a fine boy, do you, sir?" returned Mr. Kenwigs.

"It's the finest boy I ever saw in all my life," said the doctor. "I never saw such a baby."

It is a pleasant thing to reflect upon, and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.

"I no—ver saw such a baby," said Mr. Lumby, the doctor.

"Morleena was a fine baby," remarked Mr. Kenwigs; as if this were rather an attack, by implication, upon the family.

"They were all fine babies," said Mr. Lumby. And Mr. Lumby went on nursing the baby with a thoughtful look. Whether he was considering under what head he could best charge the nursing in the bill, was best known to himself.

During this short conversation, Miss Morleena, as the eldest of the family, and natural representative of her mother during her indisposition, had been hustling and slapping the three younger Miss Kenwiges, without intermission; which considerate and affectionate conduct brought tears into the eyes of Mr. Kenwigs, and caused him to declare that, in understanding and behaviour, that child was a woman.

"She will be a treasure to the man she marries, sir," said Mr.
Kenwigs, half aside; "I think she'll marry above her station, Mr. Lumbey."

"I shouldn't wonder at all," replied the doctor.

"You never see her dance, sir, did you?" asked Mr. Kenwigs.

The doctor shook his head.

"Ay!" said Mr. Kenwigs, as though he pitied him from his heart, "then you don't know what she's capable of."

All this time there had been a great whisking in and out of the other room; the door had been opened and shut very softly about twenty times a minute, (for it was necessary to keep Mrs. Kenwigs quiet), and the baby had been exhibited to a score or two of deputations from a select body of female friends, who had assembled in the passage, and about the street-door, to discuss the event in all its bearings. Indeed, the excitement extended itself over the whole street, and groups of ladies might be seen standing at the doors,—some in the interesting condition in which Mrs. Kenwigs had last appeared in public,—relating their experiences of similar occurrences. Some few acquired great credit from having prophesied, the day before yesterday, exactly when it would come to pass; others again related, how that they guessed what it was, directly they saw Mr. Kenwigs turn pale and run up the street as hard as ever he could go. Some said one thing, and some another; but all talked together, and all agreed upon two points: first, that it was very meritorious and highly praise-worthy in Mrs. Kenwigs, to do as she had done; and secondly, that there never was such a skilful and scientific doctor as that Doctor Lumbey.

In the midst of this general hubbub, Doctor Lumbey sat in the first floor front, as before related, nursing the deposed baby, and talking to Mr. Kenwigs. He was a stout bluff-looking gentleman, with no shirt-collar, to speak of, and a beard that had been growing since yesterday morning; for Doctor Lumbey was popular, and the neighbourhood was prolific; and there had been no less than three other knockers muffled, one after the other, within the last forty-eight hours.

"Well, Mr. Kenwigs," said Dr. Lumbey, "this makes six. You'll have a fine family in time, sir."

"I think six is almost enough, sir," returned Mr. Kenwigs.

"Pooh! pooh!" said the doctor. "Nonsense! not half enough."

With this the doctor laughed; but he didn't laugh half as much as a married friend of Mrs. Kenwigs's, who had just come in from the sick-chamber, to report progress and take a small sip of brandy-and-water; and who seemed to consider it one of the best jokes ever launched upon society.

"They're not altogether dependent upon good fortune, neither," said Mr. Kenwigs, taking his second daughter on his knee; "they have expectations."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Lumbey, the doctor.

"And very good ones too, I believe, haven't they?" asked the married lady.

"Why, ma'am," said Mr. Kenwigs, "it's not exactly for me to say what they may be, or what they may not be. It's not for me to boast..."
of any family with which I have the honour to be connected; at the same time, Mrs. Kenwigs's is—-I should say," said Mr. Kenwigs, abruptly, and raising his voice as he spoke, "that my children might come into a matter of a hundred pound a-piece, perhaps. Perhaps more, but certainly that."

"And a very pretty little fortune," said the married lady.

"There are some relations of Mrs. Kenwigs's," said Mr. Kenwigs, taking a pinch of snuff from the doctor's box, and then sneezing very hard, for he wasn't used to it, "that might leave their hundred pound a-piece to ten people, and yet not go begging when they had done it."

"Ah! I know who you mean," observed the married lady, nodding her head.

"I made mention of no names, and I wish to make mention of no names," said Mr. Kenwigs, with a portentous look. "Many of my friends have met a relation of Mrs. Kenwigs's in this very room, as would do honour to any company; that's all."

"I've met him," said the married lady, with a glance towards Doctor Lumbey.

"It's naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a father, to see such a man as that, a kissing and taking notice of my children," pursued Mr. Kenwigs. "It's naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a man, to know that man. It will be naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a husband, to make that man acquainted with this event."

Having delivered his sentiments in this form of words, Mr. Kenwigs arranged his second daughter's flaxen tail, and bade her be a good girl and mind what her sister, Morleena, said.

"That girl grows more like her mother every day," said Mr. Lumbey, suddenly stricken with an enthusiastic admiration of Morleena.

"There!" rejoined the married lady. "What I always say—what I always did say. She's the very picture of her." And having thus directed the general attention to the young lady in question, the married lady embraced the opportunity of taking another sip of the brandy-and-water—and a pretty long sip too.

"Yes! there is a likeness," said Mr. Kenwigs, after some reflection. "But such a woman as Mrs. Kenwigs was, afore she was married! Good gracious, such a woman!"

Mr. Lumbey shook his head with great solemnity, as though to imply that he supposed she must have been rather a dazzler.

"Talk of fairies!" cried Mr. Kenwigs. "I never see anybody so light to be alive—never. Such manners too; so playful, and yet so severely proper! As for her figure! It isn't generally known," said Mr. Kenwigs, dropping his voice; "but her figure was such at that time, that the sign of the Britannia over in the Holloway road, was painted from it!"

"But only see what it is now," urged the married lady. "Does she look like the mother of six?"

"Quite ridiculous," cried the doctor.

"She looks a deal more like her own daughter," said the married lady.
“So she does,” assented Mr. Lambey. “A great deal more.”

Mr. Kenwigs was about to make some further observations, most probably in confirmation of this opinion, when another married lady, who had looked in to keep up Mrs. Kenwigs’ spirits, and help to clear off anything in the eating and drinking way that might be going about, put in her head to announce that she had just been down to answer the bell, and that there was a gentleman at the door who wanted to see Mr. Kenwigs “most particular.”

Shadowy visions of his distinguished relation flitted through the brain of Mr. Kenwigs, as this message was delivered; and under their influence, he despatched Morleena to show the gentleman up straightway.

“Why, I do declare,” said Mr. Kenwigs, standing opposite the door so as to get the earliest glimpse of the visitor, as he came up-stairs, “it’s Mr. Johnson. How do you find yourself, sir?”

Nicholas shook hands, kissed his old pupils all round, entrusted a large parcel of toys to the guardianship of Morleena, bowed to the doctor and the married ladies, and inquired after Mrs. Kenwigs in a tone of interest, which went to the very heart and soul of the nurse, who had come in to warm some mysterious compound in a little saucepan over the fire.

“I ought to make a hundred apologies to you for calling at such a season,” said Nicholas, “but I was not aware of it until I had rung the bell, and my time is so fully occupied now, that I feared it might be some days before I could possibly come again.”

“No time like the present, sir,” said Mr. Kenwigs. “The situation of Mrs. Kenwigs, sir, is no obstacle to a little conversation between you and me, I hope?”

“You are very good,” said Nicholas.

At this juncture proclamation was made by another married lady, that the baby had begun to eat like anything; whereupon the two married ladies, already mentioned, rushed tumultuously into the bedroom to behold him in the act.

“The fact is,” resumed Nicholas, “that before I left the country, where I have been for some time past, I undertook to deliver a message to you.”

“Ay, ay?” said Mr. Kenwigs.

“And I have been,” added Nicholas, “already in town for some days without having had an opportunity of doing so.”

“It’s no matter sir,” said Mr. Kenwigs. “I dare say it’s none the worse for keeping cold. Message from the country!” said Mr. Kenwigs, ruminating; “that’s curious. I don’t know any body in the country.”

“Miss Petowker,” suggested Nicholas.

“Oh! from her, is it?” said Mr. Kenwigs. “Oh dear, yes. Ah! Mrs. Kenwigs will be glad to hear from her. Henrietta Petowker, eh? How odd things come about, now! That you should have met her in the country—Well!”

Hearing this mention of their old friend’s name, the four Miss Kenwiges gathered round Nicholas, open eyed and mouthed, to hear more. Mr. Kenwigs looked a little curious too, but quite comfortable and unsuspecting.
Nicholas Nickleby.

"The message relates to family matters," said Nicholas, hesitating.

"Oh, never mind," said Kenwigs, glancing at Mr. Lumbey, who having rashly taken charge of little Lillyvick, found nobody disposed to relieve him of his precious burden. "All friends here."

Nicholas hemmed once or twice, and seemed to have some difficulty in proceeding.

"At Portsmouth Henrietta Petowker is," observed Mr. Kenwigs.

"Yes," said Nicholas. "Mr. Lillyvick is there."

Mr. Kenwigs turned pale, but he recovered and said, that was an odd coincidence also.

"The message is from him," said Nicholas.

Mr. Kenwigs appeared to revive. He knew that his niece was in a delicate state, and had no doubt sent word that they were to forward full particulars:—Yes. That was very kind of him—so like him too!

"He desired me to give his kindest love," said Nicholas.

"Very much obliged to him, I'm sure. Your great-uncle, Lillyvick, my dears," interposed Mr. Kenwigs, condescendingly explaining things.

"His kindest love," resumed Nicholas; "and to say that he had no time to write, but that he was married to Miss Petowker."

Mr. Kenwigs started from his seat with a petrified stare, caught his second daughter by the flaxen tail, and covered his face with his pocket-handkerchief. Morleena fell, all stiff and rigid, into the baby's chair, as she had seen her mother fall when she fainted away, and the two remaining little Kenwigses shrieked in affright.

"My children, my defrauded, swindled infants!" cried Mr. Kenwigs, pulling so hard, in his vehemence, at the flaxen tail of his second daughter, that he lifted her up on tiptoe, and kept her for some seconds in that attitude. "Villain, ass, traitor!"

"Drat the man!" cried the nurse, looking angrily round. "What does he mean by making that noise here?"

"Silence, woman!" said Mr. Kenwigs fiercely.

"I won't be silent," returned the nurse. "Be silent yourself, you wretch. Have you no regard for your baby?"

"No!" returned Mr. Kenwigs.

"More shame for you," retorted the nurse. "Ugh! you unnatural monster."

"Let him die," cried Mr. Kenwigs, in the torrent of his wrath. "Let him die. He has no expectations, no property to come into. We want no babies here," said Mr. Kenwigs recklessly. "Take 'em away, take 'em away to the Fondling!"

With these awful remarks Mr. Kenwigs sat himself down in a chair, and defied the nurse, who made the best of her way into the adjoining room, and returned with a stream of matrons: declaring that Mr. Kenwigs had spoken blasphemy against his family, and must be raving mad.

Appearances were certainly not in Mr. Kenwigs's favour, for the exertion of speaking with so much vehemence, and yet in such a tone as should prevent his lamentations reaching the ears of Mrs. Kenwigs, had made him very black in the face; besides which, the excitement of..."
the occasion, and an unwonted indulgence in various strong cordials to celebrate it, had swollen and dilated his features to a most unusual extent. But Nicholas and the doctor—who had been passive at first, doubting very much whether Mr. Kenwigs could be in earnest—interfering to explain the immediate cause of his condition, the indignation of the matrons was changed to pity, and they implored him with much feeling to go quietly to bed.

"The attention," said Mr. Kenwigs, looking around with a plaintive air, "the attention that I've shown to that man. The hysterics he has cat, and the pints of ale he has drank, in this house—!"

"It's very trying, and very hard to bear, we know," said one of the married ladies; "but think of your dear darling wife."

"Oh yes, and what she's been a undergoing of, only this day," cried a great many voices. "There's a good man, do."

"The presents that have been made to him," said Mr. Kenwigs, reverting to his calamity, "the pipes, the snuff-boxes—a pair of india-rubber goloshes, that cost six and sixpence—"

"Ah! it won't bear thinking of, indeed," cried the matrons generally; "but it 'll all come home to him, never fear."

Mr. Kenwigs looked darkly upon the ladies as if he would prefer its all coming home to him, as there was nothing to be got by it; but he said nothing, and resting his head upon his hand, subsided into a kind of doze.

Then the matrons again expatiated on the expediency of taking the good gentleman to bed; observing that he would be better to-morrow, and that they knew what was the wear and tear of some men's minds when their wives were taken as Mrs. Kenwigs had been that day, and that it did him great credit, and there was nothing to be ashamed of in it; far from it: they liked to see it, they did, for it showed a good heart. And one lady observed, as a case bearing upon the present, that her husband was often quite light-headed from anxiety on similar occasions, and that once, when her little Johnny was born, it was nearly a week before he came to himself again, during the whole of which time he did nothing but cry "Is it a boy, is it a boy?" in a manner which went to the hearts of all his hearers.

At length Morleena (who quite forgot she had fainted, when she found she was not noticed) announced that a chamber was ready for her afflicted parent; and Mr. Kenwigs, having partially smothered his four daughters in the closeness of his embrace, accepted the doctor's arm on one side, and the support of Nicholas on the other, and was conducted up-stairs to a bedroom which had been secured for the occasion.

Having seen him sound asleep and heard him snore most satisfactorily, and having further presided over the distribution of the toys, to the perfect contentment of all the little Kenwigses, Nicholas took his leave. The matrons dropped off one by one, with the exception of six or eight particular friends, who had determined to stop all night; the lights in the houses gradually disappeared; the last bulletin was issued that Mrs. Kenwigs was as well as could be expected; and the whole family were left to their repose.
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Within the old Tower's iron doors
No frowning gaoler waits;
The painter's art hath here unbar'd
Its everlasting gates;
And lo; while listen all, 'absorbed,
Devotion in their eyes,
The mantle of immortal truth
Falls on them from the skies,
Conviction strengthens in the soul,
And lingering doubt departs;
And Popish superstitions fade
For ever from their hearts.

And lo; while listen all, 'absorbed,
Devotion in their eyes,
The mantle of immortal truth
Falls on them from the skies,
Conviction strengthens in the soul,
And lingering doubt departs;
And Popish superstitions fade
For ever from their hearts.

All in a moment—all alike
The true faith treasure now,
The kneeler's fervid face it fills,
It shines on Ridley's brow;
Cranmer hath closed the book, as though
Belief could claim no more,
And Bradford ponders o'er the truth
His pen had mark'd before!

Enough! as from a broken spell,
Each soul now heavenward springs;
And Inspiration bears it on
Upon its soaring wings!
Rapture hath rush'd upon the heart
And lighted up the eye,
And fill'd the martyrs' dungeon with
The brightness of the sky.

The ancient martyrs dwell.
Where, as in some chamber of the past,
The spirit of their Lord,
Whose best communion on the heart
Pour Mercy's holiest flood,
And symbolize in sacred forms
The "body" and the "blood!"†

And lo; while listen all, 'absorbed,
Devotion in their eyes,
The mantle of immortal truth
Falls on them from the skies,
Conviction strengthens in the soul,
And lingering doubt departs;
And Popish superstitions fade
For ever from their hearts.

The faith our country clings to now,
The only and the true!

* The Tower of London.
† Latimer is represented kneeling, and is supposed to have just read the passage 1 Cor. x. 16, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" Cranmer has shut his book, and, by the action of his hands, points to the irresistible proof contained in that verse, in which Ridley joins, while Bradford seems to have recorded it with his pen, wrapt in solemn thought.

† Styrpe.
The following Eulogiums on this interesting Portrait of our beloved Queen, which have appeared in some of the leading Journals, will no doubt afford sincere gratification to every person desirous of possessing this most faithful Likeness.

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This portrait of her Majesty is an admirable likeness: the composition of the whole picture is exceedingly conceived, and in the best taste. Too much praise can scarcely be given to both artists, for this very splendid, and, at the same time, most pleasing production.—Naval and Military Gazette.

This portrait is a splendid production, and worthy to stand among the works of our best masters; we must add the likeness is the best we have seen.—Literary Journal.

This very graceful picture presents us with the best likeness we have seen of her Majesty, who is represented seated on a throne, on a noble terrace, overlooking a landscape, in the background of which are seen the antique towers of Windsor Castle. The composition of the whole piece is exceedingly pleasing and appropriate.—Morning Chronicle.

This is the first portrait—at least, the first worthy of being called a portrait—of her Majesty, which has been executed. The likeness is admirable.—Morning Advertiser.

This is decidedly the best portrait of her Majesty which has hitherto appeared; it is a whole length, and her Majesty is represented sitting in a chair of state, wearing the blue ribbon of the Bath across her right shoulder, and a diadem or open crown on her head. It is a faithful likeness.—Sunday Times.

This portrait is an admirable resemblance of the illustrious original, and is beautifully conceived, being full of that easy, grand and dignified deportment for which her Majesty is distinguished; it is executed in the first style of mezzotint.—Bell's Life.

We can hardly express ourselves in terms adequate to the gratification we have derived from a view of this chef d'œuvre. As a national work of art, it rivals any we have ever had the good fortune to notice.—Weekly Chronicle.

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<th>Price</th>
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<td>Mozart</td>
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<td>Tancredi</td>
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<td>La Gazza Ladra</td>
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<td>V. Weber</td>
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