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## CONTENTS.

<p><b>SOUPS.</b></p> <p>Clear brown stock for gravy soup Colouring for soups Mutton broth Veal broth Good white soup Pea soup Green pea soup Giblet soup Gravy soup Hare soup Partridge soup Vegetable soup Soup maigre Macaroni soup Mock turtle soup Chicken broth Beef tea Hessian soup Portable soup Oyster soup Eel soup Lobster soup</p> <p><b>FISH.</b></p> <p>To boil turbot To boil salmon To pickle salmon Collared salmon To pot salmon Cod's head Crimp cod Salt cod To roast sturgeon To broil sturgeon Stewed carp Boiled carp To fry trout, tench, or perch Mackerel Red mullets Haddock Boiled soles To fry soles Smelts To boil eels To fry eels Spitchock eels To collar eels Plounders To broil herrings To fry herrings To bake herrings Potted herrings Red herrings Sprats Baked sprats To pot lobsters To roast lobsters To stew lobsters Carried prawns To pot shrimps Hot crab Cold crab To scallop oysters To stew oysters</p>	<p><b>MEATS.</b></p> <p>To stew venison Beef a-la-mode Stewed beef Fricandeau of beef Fillet of beef Beef steaks To dress cold beef To stew tongue To boil tongue To roast heart To roast beef To roast pork To stew brisket To collar beef To pot beef Beef palates Beef cakes Ox feet To mince beef To roast tongue Tongues to eat cold Marrow bones Stewed ox cheek Tripe Bubble and squeak To keep veal To roast veal Veal stuffing Shoulder of veal Knuckle of veal Fillet of veal Neck of veal Harriot of veal Minced veal Breast of veal Potted veal Veal collops Veal scallops To fry veal cutlets To boil calf's head To hash calf's head Veal cake Fricandeau of veal Veal olives Calf's liver and bacon Sweetbread ragout Sweetbread stewed Scotch collops Shoulder of mutton Leg of mutton Neck of mutton Haunch of mutton Saddle of mutton Breast of mutton Loin of mutton To stew mutton Hashed mutton Mutton collops Mutton steaks Mutton cutlets Mutton sausages Shoulder of lamb Breast of lamb Leg of lamb Neck of lamb</p>	<p>Lamb steaks Lamb's fry Fricassee of lambs' stones Lambs' sweetbreads Hand of pork Shoulder of pork Breast of pork Loin &amp; neck of pork Blade bone Sparerib Boiled leg of pork Roast leg of pork Pork steaks To roast sucking pig To boil pig's cheek To roast pig's head Pig's head collared To dry hog's cheek To foree hog's ears Pigs' feet fried Pigs' feet, jelly of Pigs' harslet Sausages Black puddings White puddings Hog's lard To pickle pork To cure hams To boil hams To cure bacon Wiltshire bacon</p> <p><b>POULTRY, GAME, &amp;c.</b></p> <p>To roast turkey To boil turkey To pull turkey Boiled fowl Roasted fowl Stewed fowl Broiled fowl To force fowl Fricasseeed chickens Curried chickens To braise chickens To pull chickens Boiled ducks Roasted ducks Roasted goose Stewed giblets Roasted pigeons Broiled pigeons Pigeons in jelly To pot pigeons Small birds To keep game, &amp;c. Pheasants, &amp;c. To pot moor game Roast grouse Wild ducks Guinea &amp; pea fowl Woodcocks, quails, and snipes Ruffs and reeves Roasted hare Jugged hare Potted rabbits</p>	<p><b>VEGETABLES.</b></p> <p>Boiled peas Stewed green peas Asparagus Artichokes Stewed celery Cauliflowers Windsor beans Stewed red cabbage French salad Stewed carrots Fricasseeed parsnips Mashed potatoes Stewed cucumbers</p> <p><b>GRAVIES, SAUCES, &amp;c.</b></p> <p>Clear gravy Brown gravy White sauce A rich gravy Gravy for fish Gravy for a fowl Jelly for cold fish Jelly for cold fish Veal gravy Sauce for wild fowl Sauce for turkey Sauce, liver Sauce for partridge Sauce, mushroom Sauce, egg Sauce, shalot Sauce, onion To melt butter Bread sauce Dutch sauce for fish Benton sauce Tomata sauce Apple sauce Sauce for fish Anchovy sauce Shrimp sauce Oyster sauce Lobster sauce To dry mushrooms Egg balls</p> <p><b>SAVOURY PIES.</b></p> <p>Fish pie Cod pies Eel pie Sole pie Pilchard pie Shrimp pie Beef steak pie Veal pie Calf's head pie Pork pie Mutton pie Lamb pie Squab pie Chicken pie Duck pie Giblet pie Partridge pie Pigeon pie Hare pie</p>	<p>Turnip pie Parsley pie</p> <p><b>PUDDINGS, &amp;c.</b></p> <p>Almond pudding Sago pudding Amber pudding Lemon pudding Orange pudding Apple pudding Dutch rice pudding Baked rice pudding Bread pudding Light puffs Batter pudding Potato pudding Beef steak pudding Kidney pudding Mutton pudding Plum pudding Custard pudding Macaroni pudding Apricot pudding Gooseberry pudding Brandy pudding Yorkshire pudding Yeast dumplings Pancakes Irish pancakes Bookings</p> <p><b>PASTRY.</b></p> <p>Short crust Rice paste Potato paste Apple pie Currant pie Cherry pie Light paste for tarts Icing for tarts Rhubarb tart Orange tart Pippin tart Raspberry tart Prime tart Mince meat Fried patties Veal patties Oyster patties Sweet patties Puff paste Apple puffs Cheese puffs Lemon puffs Venison pasty Beef pasty, to eat like Venison pasty Potato pasty Custard Baked custard Lemon custard Almond custard Cheesecakes Orange cheesecakes Lemon cheesecakes Another way Topsy cake Dough nuts</p>
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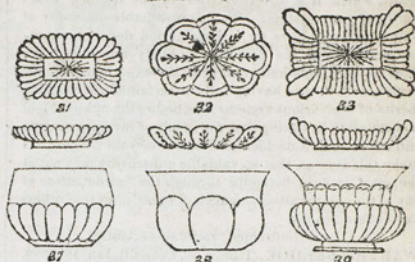
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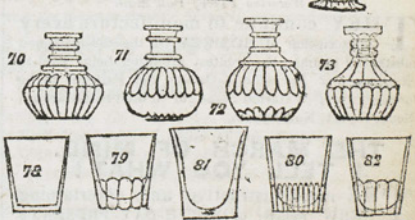


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LADIES' SCOTCH TEA CADDIES . . . . . 21s. to 40s.

LADIES' PLAYING CARD BOXES . . . . . 30s. to 5l.

LADIES' JAPAN DRESSING CASES 7s. to 15s.

LADIES' TORTOISESHELL DRESSING & SIDE COMBS.

LADIES' HAND GLASSES.

LADIES' PATENT INSTANTANEOUS PEN-MAKERS . . . . . 10s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.

LADIES' ELEGANT PENKNIVES AND SCISSORS 5s. to 30s.



MISCELLANEOUS.

BACATELLE TABLES £3 10 to 5 0  
 BACKGAMMON TABLES 1 0 to 5 10  
 CHESS BOARDS 0 4 to 3 0

POPE JOAN BOARDS £0 13 to 1 0  
 IVORY CHESSMEN 1 1 to 10 10  
 BONE & WOOD DITTO Various Prices.

WHIST MARKERS, COUNTERS, &c.

GENT.'S DRESSING CASES, in Wood 2l. to 50l.  
 GENT.'S LEATHER DRESSING CASES 25s. to 24l.  
 GENT.'S WRITING DESKS, in Wood 30s. to 16l.  
 GENT.'S LEATHER WRITING DESKS 24s. 6d. to 5l.  
 GENT.'S WRITING & DRESSING CASE COMBINED 5l. to 16l.  
 GENT.'S POCKET BOOKS WITH INSTRUMENTS 20s. to 40s.  
 GENT.'S ELEGANT CASES OF RAZORS 12s. to 3l.  
 GENT.'S SEVEN DAY RAZORS, in Fancy Woods 25s. to 5l.  
 GENT.'S RAZOR STROPS 2s. to 30s.  
 GENT.'S SPORTING KNIVES . . . . . 12s. to 5l.

GENT.'S FANCY PENKNIVES 5s. to 15s.  
 GENT.'S PEARL AND SHELL POCKET COMBS 8s. 6d. to 15s.  
 GENT.'S SCOTCH CIGAR BOXES 3s. 6d. to 40s.  
 GENT.'S COAL AND EBONY INKSTANDS 7s. 6d. to 50s.  
 GENT.'S IVORY AND FANCY WOOD HAIR BRUSHES . . . . . 20s. to 3l. 10s.  
 GENT.'S SETS OF BRUSHES, in Russia Cases 25s. to 4l. 10s.  
 GENT.'S SILVER AND IVORY SHAVING BRUSHES In elegant Patterns.  
 GENT.'S SILVER AND SHELL TABLETS.

**MECHI,**



**MECHI,**

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.

WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION.



V.

R.

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

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

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

was 35,808,452  
 or 2,984,037 2-3rds dozens  
 or 248,669 gross, 9 dozen and 8 Pens.

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

The universal celebrity of these Pens has induced certain disreputable Makers to foist upon the Public a spurious article, bearing the mis-spelled name of the Patentee and Sole Manufacturer, thus "GILOTT," by omitting the L; and in some instances the omission of the final T is resorted to, in order to retain the same SOUND as GILLOTT: but observe,

**NONE ARE GENUINE BUT THOSE MARKED IN FULL JOSEPH GILLOTT.**  
 Sold by all Stationers and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens throughout the Kingdom.

**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 a preparation called "Oldridge's Balm of Columbia," for the purposes of restoring, strengthening, and preventing the loss of Hair. It was first recommended to a member of my family—who, at the time, was rapidly losing her Hair—by a lady of title, residing in 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 proprietary of the production, nor object in the matter, other than that of a desire to render the information available "to all whom it may concern," I trust to your usual liberality to give it publicity.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W. H. MARSHALL.

Lloyd's Square, Pentonville, London, Jan. 14, 1839.

C. and A. OLDDRIDGE'S BALM, prevents the Hair turning grey, produces a beautiful curl, frees it from seurf, and stops it from falling off, and a few Bottles generally restore it again. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., 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 OLDDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, 1, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

**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 42.

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

"I bought my ironmongery of Messrs. RICHARDS, WOOD, & CO., 117 and 118, Bishopsgate-street Within, and upon comparison of invoices with some of my friends in the Colony, I found I had been well used, and the quality of things furnished me was excellent; they have been for years in the Australian trade, and understand the kind of articles required in these colonies."—*Gouger's South Australia*, page 126.

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 SPLENDID  
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 TS, NETTING BOXES,  
 BOARDS.  
 AND TORTOISESHELL  
 AND TOLLET BOTTLES  
 TEA CADDIES  
 CARD BOXES  
 PRESSING CASES  
 SHELL DRESSING & S  
 ASSES  
 INSTANTANEOUS PEN-  
 PENKNIVES AND SCISSORS  
 BOARDS  
 SS MEN  
 DITTO  
 S, &c.  
 PENKNIVES  
 AND SHELL POCKET  
 CIGAR BOXES  
 AND EBONY INKSTANDS  
 AND FANCY WOOD  
 OF BRUSHES, in  
 AND IVORY SHAVING  
 elegant Patterns  
 AND SHELL TABLETS  
 MECH  
 City this Kingdom can produce  
 & Co., Hand Covers, &c.

**GENTLEMEN'S DRESS COATS.**

**D**RESS COATS, cut in the first style of fashion, 30s.; Superfine, 40s. to 50s.; Frock Coats, silk facing, 38s. to 47s.; Superfine, silk velvet collar and silk facing, 50s.; Milled Cloth Great-Coats, 40s. to 60s.; Trousers, 6s. 6d. to 12s.; fashionable Doeskin and Kerseymer, 15s. to 25s.; Waistcoats, 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.; Petersham Great-Coats, 2s. and 30s.; Pilot Coats, 16s., 21s., and 30s.; Cloth Cloaks, 30s. to 63s.; Shooting Jackets, 18s.; Dressing Gowns, 10s. 6d.; Boys' and Youths' Clothing; Cloth Tunic Dresses, 30s. to 42s. A Suit of Clothes, 2l. 17s.; Superfine Black, 3l. 5s. At Fisher and Co.'s, tailors, 31, King William-street, City, ten doors from London-bridge.

**A CERTAIN CURE FOR CORNS AND BUNIONS.**

**A**LLINGHAM'S ROTTERDAM SOLVENT, which gives relief upon the first application. The universally-acknowledged efficacy of this extraordinary, safe, and never-failing remedy for the speedy and certain cure of Corns and Bunions, however obstinate and long standing, induces the Proprietor of this highly-important chemical discovery, to caution the Public against base and spurious imitations, injurious in their effect, and most dangerous to those who, either through ignorance, or the fraudulent pretences of others, are induced to apply them. The proprietor has received testimonials of its beneficial effects from the most respectable families in the kingdom. The genuine has the signature of "J. A. Sharwood" on the outside wrapper. Sold at 55, Bishopsgate-without; and, by appointment, by Sanger, 150, and Chandler, 76, Oxford-street; and most medicine venders.

**BREWSTER'S EXTRACT OF LILIES.**

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

**THE NEW WATERPROOF CLOTHING.**

**W.** BERDOE, TAILOR, 69, CORNHILL, was the first who publicly introduced an invaluable discovery for rendering WATERPROOF every description of WOOLEN CLOTH, WITHOUT IMPEDING THE FREE ESCAPE OF PERSPIRATION, an objection so justly urged against the unsightly and unhealthy Mackintosh. W. B., after long and extensive practical experience in connexion with the subject, and having fully ascertained the relative merits of the various systems now before the public, can confidently vouch for the superiority of the British Waterproofing Company's process (432, West Strand).

Waterproof Great and Frock Coats, Pilot Coats, Cloaks, Capes, Trousers, &c., made of every description of material; also the much-approved CODRINGTON FROCK, a new Waterproof Garment, particularly gentlemanly in appearance, light and convenient. A variety kept as Specimens at No. 69, CORNHILL.

**C**AUTION.—Patent Portable and Fixed Water-Closets. In consequence of unprincipled imitators having copied WISS'S 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.

**WEBSTER'S MANGANESE INK.**

**T**HE basis of this INK is MANGANESE instead of IRON, the substitution of which causes the writing to become blacker by age, instead of turning rusty. It is as limpid as water, and flows from the pen with the utmost freedom. There is no sediment; the Pen never becomes clogged, nor the Inkstand foul. It does not corrode Steel or Metallic Pens. The writing, when dry, cannot be rubbed out of the paper, and after a time, no acids or chemical agents will remove it—at first, their effect is only temporary, for on exposure to the air, the Manganese is converted into an Oxide (the Black Oxide of Manganese) and the writing is restored. Many persons advanced in life, who have tried this Ink, declare they never till now experienced the pleasure of writing, as they find any pen will answer the purpose with this extraordinary article, and they never guessed, that the reason why they could not make a mark was the fault of the ink they used, and not, as they supposed, the fault of the pen.

Manufactured by PAWSEY and Co., Ipswich, and sold by all respectable Stationers in the United Kingdom, in bottles 6d., 1s., 1s. 9d., and 3s. each. Wholesale Agents in London:—Messrs. Jones and Wiggins, 10, Aldgate; and Mr. Burch, Smith's-buildings, Leadenhall-street. Also WEBSTER'S MANGANESE INK for writing on PARCHMENT, intended exclusively for the use of the Legal Profession, in bottles, price 1s.

**STOVE-CRATE & FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE,**

134, OXFORD-STREET.

**C**HAS. VINER begs to call the attention of families furnishing, to his newly selected stock of goods in the above line, which are all of the best manufacture, and lowest possible prices. Smith's Work, Bell Hanging, Repairs, &c., promptly attended to.

**A NEW DISCOVERY.**

**M**R. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, begs to introduce an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures, at STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished by the originals by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay, and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and are guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication; and, in order that Mr. Howard's improvement may be within reach of the most economical, he has reduced his charges to the lowest scale possible. Tooth-ache instantly cured, and decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.—52, Fleet-street. All consultations free.

**A** DECIDED NOVELTY.—G. RIDDLE'S DUPLEX FOUNTAIN INK-stand, to contain at once black and red ink, is now ready, and may be procured of the several venders of G. Riddle's (original patent) Ever-pointed Pencils and Lead Points, G. Riddle's Universal Pen-holders, Revolving Top Ink-stands, elegant Coronet and Diadem Fountain Inks, Pure Cumberland Lead Writing and Drawing Pencils, &c., in town or country.—London, January, 1839.

BEST HATS.



LOWEST PRICES.

REMOVED FROM BARBICAN.

**FRANKS & CO., 1, FINSBURY SQUARE.**

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

**INDIA 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 the insensible perspiration.

Ladies, Gentlemen, or Children, may be fitted, by sending a pattern-shoe, addressed J. SPARKES HALL, Patent Pannus Corium, or Leather Cloth Boot and Shoemaker 308, Regent-street, opposite the Polytechnic Institution N.B. A liberal allowance to the Trade.

**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 extant. 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.

**PIERCE'S ECONOMICAL RADIATING STOVE-GRATE MANUFACTORY, No 5, JERMYN STREET, REGENT STREET.**

The Nobility and Gentry are most respectfully solicited to examine a variety of NEW and ELEGANT STOVE GRATES upon his so-much-approved RADIATING PRINCIPLE, from his own Designs, being the real Manufacturer of them. These Grates combine the useful and ornamental, blending Economy with Comfort—display a cheerful Fire and a clean Hearth—lessen materially the consumption of Fuel—diffuse a genial Warmth throughout the Apartment, and are adapted for general use. They retain the Heat many hours after the Fire is out—are executed in every style of Architecture—GRECIAN, ELIZABETHAN, LOUIS QUATORZE, and GOTHIC, agreeable to any Design.

PIERCE has a grate expressly made for the Cure of SMOKY CHIMNEYS, and will guarantee its success. He invites attention to his Improved Method of HEATING with HOT WATER; also to the Domestic PURE WARM-AIR SAFETY STOVE, for Churches, Mansions, Houses, Galleries, Entrance-Halls, &c., with Pure Air, which may be seen in daily use at his Show Rooms and Manufactory; as well as an extensive assortment of FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, RANGES, BOILERS, PATENT SMOKE-JACKS, HOT PLATES, BROILING PLATES, and all other articles of Kitchen requisites, with the latest Improvements. BATHS of every Description, viz., Hot, Cold, Vapour, Douche, Shower, Leg, and Sponge; also Jekyll's Portable Baths.

**MANUFACTURER OF DR. ARNOTT'S THERMOMETER STOVE,**  
(Which may be seen in use in various patterns,) adapted for Churches, Halls, and Offices.

**TO THOSE WHO VALUE THEIR TEETH.  
DR. RAMSEY'S COSMENIAN DENTIFRICE,  
FOR PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH, AND PREVENTING  
THE TOOTH-ACHE.**

This invaluable preparation, which is warranted to contain no mineral or pernicious ingredient, is now, for the first time in this country, offered to the notice of the public. It has been incontestably proved, that the daily use of this Powder will prevent that distressing malady the Tooth-ache, preserve the Teeth to extreme old age, give them a pearly whiteness, impart a pleasant odour to the breath, and that its detersive qualities will prevent and remove Scrofula. Dr. Ramsey, who for more than Twenty Years practised in India, was the inventor of this Dentifrice, which was afterwards confided to an English chemist at Bengal, and obtained a most extensive sale, particularly amongst the English residents. Prepared and sold by the Proprietor (to whom the recipe was given by the Inventor), and sold wholesale and retail by his agent Mr. GEORGE PARKER, Chemist and Druggist, No. 74, St. Martin's Lane, corner of Long Acre, London; and most respectable Perfumers and Patent Medicine Venders. Price 2s. 9d. each box, Stamp duty included.

# UPHOLSTERY WAREHOUSE.

**THOMAS FOX**

Begs to call the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, to his extensive, economical, and elegant Stock of Furniture, suited to every style of residence, from the Cottage to the Mansion, among which will be found Looking Glasses, varying from 18 inches to 120 inches in height, in richly Gilt Frames, Carpets, Chintzes, and Damasks, of the newest design, and at exceedingly low prices. Stained and Ornamental Glass in every variety.

N.B. Every Article delivered from this Establishment will be found durable, as well as low in price.

**93, BISHOPSCATE STREET WITHIN.**

## GOWLAND'S LOTION.

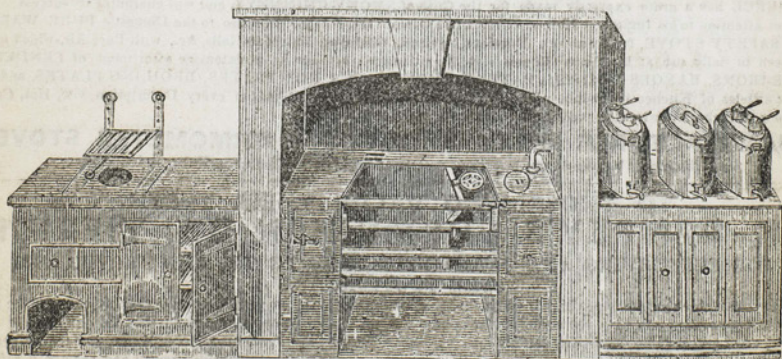
Many inconveniences attending the fluctuating temperature of this season of the year, in producing a harsh and uncomfortable state of the skin, are removed and prevented by this elegant preservative, which approaches the completion of a CENTURY of undeviating usefulness and success, as a SAFE and effective auxiliary for the most important purposes of the TOILET.

In all the various forms of Cutaneous IRRITABILITY and DISCOLOURATION, the Lotion is a remedy at once of highly-agreeable and decided character, restoring gradually the desired purity of surface; while, by its uniformly congenial action, it encourages and sustains a CLEAR and lively tint of the Complexion.

**ROBERT SHAW, 33, QUEEN STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON,**  
is Engraved on the Stamp, and "The Theory of Beauty" is enclosed. Prices 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., quarts 8s. 6d.

## SHAW'S MINDORA OIL.

The qualities of an article in constant requisition by both Sexes, being of no slight moment to Consumers, a knowledge, easily to be acquired by conviction, of that best adapted whether for the Restoration or successful Cultivation of the Hair; may with propriety be deemed useful. Mindora Oil presents, upon COMPARISON with all the fictitious and COLOURED Compounds offered for similar purposes, the very remarkable peculiarities which constitute its superiority and value; they consist in its NATURAL transparency and PURITY, sweetness of Flavour, freedom from all ADMIXTURE, and consequent tendency to preserve CLEANLINESS and the TRUE COLOUR of the HAIR, with the perfect condition and vigorous growth which best ensure both firmness of Curl, and an admired fitness for every style of decorative formation. Prepared for the Toilet by ROBERT SHAW, 33, QUEEN STREET, CHEAPSIDE, in Bottles, at 3s., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. A Practical Treatise on the Hair accompanies each Package. Sold as above, and by respectable Perfumers and Medicine Venders.



## WOOD AND BARRETT,

**247, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, NEAR OXFORD STREET,**

Inform the Public that they confine themselves to the Manufacture of Kitchen Ranges, Hot Plates, Smoke Jacks, Hot Closets, Broiling Stoves, Stewing Stoves, Steam Tables, Steam Kettles, Warm Baths, Bell Hanging, Register Grates, Fender Grates, and Dr. Arnott's Thermometer Stoves, upon the best principle.

COMFORT  
WILINGTON  
STREET,  
PATENT  
Leather  
These articles being  
Such as are made in  
other cases will find their  
feet of feet and, on every  
The Pat  
LADIES  
They strongly present  
Children, etc. and wear  
Ladies and Gentlemen  
HALL & CO. S  
The whole  
A variety of W  
Wholesale and Retail  
MOSL  
A BOTTLE of OIL, for use  
Healthful. The person who  
can commence with one  
Every merchant of other  
articles, etc. They may be had  
Wholesale  
LADIES  
The experience, superior  
of Hair and complexion  
Jaded, Shorn, Discoloured  
all Perfumers and Medicine  
Vendors  
14, Trade Street  
CHERRY BLOSSOM  
1000  
AC PLATE, STOVES, etc.  
247, Tottenham Court Road  
247, Tottenham Court Road



# COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET, &c.

WELLINGTON  
STREET,



STRAND,  
LONDON.

**HALL & CO.**

PATENTEES OF THE PANNUS CORIUM,  
OR

## Leather Cloth Boots & Shoes, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

These articles have borne the test and received the approbation of all who have worn them. Such as are troubled with Corns, Bunions, Gout, Chilblains, or Tenderness of Feet from any other cause, will find them the softest and most comfortable ever invented—they never draw the feet or get hard, are very durable, adapted for every Climate—they resemble the finest Leather, and are cleaned with common Blacking.

### The Patent India-Rubber Goloshes

ARE LIGHT, DURABLE, ELASTIC, AND WATERPROOF;

They thoroughly protect the feet from damp or cold; are excellent preservatives against Gout, Chilblains, &c.; and when worn over a Boot or Shoe, no sensible addition is felt to the weight. Ladies and Gentlemen may be fitted with either of the above by sending a Boot or Shoe.

### HALL & CO.'S PORTABLE WATER-PROOF DRESSES

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

This desirable article claims the attention of all who are exposed to the wet.

Ladies' Cardinal Cloaks, with Hoods..... 18s.  
Gentlemen's Dresses, comprising Cape, Overalls, & Hood.. 21s

The whole can be carried with convenience in the Pocket.

A variety of Water-Proof Garments at proportionable Prices.

Wellington Street Strand, London.

### 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.

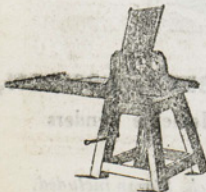
Every description of writer may be suited, as these pens are manufactured of various qualities, degrees of hardness, &c. They may be had at all respectable Stationers throughout the kingdom.

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

### LABERN'S BOTANIC CREAM.

By appointment, patronised by her Most Gracious Majesty, celebrated for strengthening and promoting the growth of Hair, and completely freeing it from Scurf.—Sold by the Proprietor, H. Labern, Perfumer to her Majesty, 49, Judd Street, Brunswick Square, in pots, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s., and in Bottles 2s. 6d. and 5s. each, and by all Perfumers and Medicine Venders. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for "Labern's Botanic Cream."

\*\* Trade Orders from the Country to come through the London Wholesale Houses.



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The attention of ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, ARCHITECTS, &c. is respectfully called to STRAKER'S Establishment, 3, George Yard, Lombard Street, London.

For the execution, either on ZINC or STONE, of every Description of Landscapes, Portraits, Botanical, Mechanical, Anatomical, and other Drawings, Maps and Plans of Estates, Elevations, Fac Similes, Writings, Circular Letters, &c. &c.

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At the following greatly Reduced Prices for Cash: 8 in. by 14 £5 5s.; 14 in. by 18 £7 10s.; 18 in. by 23 £9 10s.

ZINC PLATES, STONES, and EVERY MATERIAL REQUIRED IN THE ART, forwarded to all Parts of the World.

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Zinc Door and Window Plates of every description.

# BEAUFOY'S INSTANT CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.



This article has been extensively and successfully used for some time past in a populous Neighbourhood, and has proved to be an INSTANT CURE in most cases.

The Selling Price to the Public has been fixed purposely so low as  
to render the

**“ INSTANT CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE ”**

accessible to all Classes.



MADE BY BEAUFOY & CO., SOUTH LAMBETH, LONDON,

And Sold by most Respectable Druggists and Patent Medicine Venders  
in Town and Country.

The Bottles, with ample Directions for Use, Price 1s. 1½d. each, Stamp included.

Y'S  
THE TOOTH-ACHE



used for some time past in  
WARRANT CURE in most cases  
and purposely so low as

**TOOTH-ACHE**

I have brought  
something that  
will cure it in  
a minute!!!



**LAMBETH, LONDON**  
Patent Medicine Venders

7.  
1s. 1/2. each, Stamp incld.

[The main body of the page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper.]



*Mr. Lintinwater intimates his approval of Nicholas.*



View of ...



*A sudden recognition, unexpected on both sides*

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

NICHOLAS FINDS FURTHER FAVOUR IN THE EYES OF THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE AND MR. TIMOTHY LINKINWATER. THE BROTHERS GIVE A BANQUET ON A GREAT ANNUAL OCCASION; NICHOLAS, ON RETURNING HOME FROM IT, RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS AND IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE FROM THE LIPS OF MRS. NICKLEBY.

THE Square in which the counting-house of the brothers Cheeryble was situated, although it might not wholly realize the very sanguine expectations which a stranger would be disposed to form on hearing the fervent encomiums bestowed upon it by Tim Linkinwater, was, nevertheless, a sufficiently desirable nook in the heart of a busy town like London, and one which occupied a high place in the affectionate remembrances of several grave persons domiciled in the neighbourhood, whose recollections, however, dated from a much more recent period, and whose attachment to the spot was far less absorbing than were the recollections and attachment of the enthusiastic Tim.

And let not those whose eyes have been accustomed to the aristocratic gravity of Grosvenor Square and Hanover Square, the dowager barrenness and frigidity of Fitzroy Square, or the gravel walks and garden seats of the Squares of Russell and Euston, suppose that the affections of Tim Linkinwater, or the inferior lovers of this particular locality, had been awakened and kept alive by any refreshing associations with leaves however dingy, or grass, however bare and thin. The City square has no inclosure, save the lamp-post in the middle, and no grass but the weeds which spring up round its base. It is a quiet, little-frequented, retired spot, favourable to melancholy and contemplation, and appointments of long-waiting; and up and down its every side the Appointed saunters idly by the hour together, wakening the echoes with the monotonous sound of his footsteps on the smooth worn stones, and counting first the windows and then the very bricks of the tall silent houses that hem him round about. In winter-time the snow will linger there, long after it has melted from the busy streets and highways. The summer's sun holds it in some respect, and while he darts his cheerful rays sparingly into the square, he keeps his fiery heat and glare for noisier and less-imposing precincts. It is so quiet that you can almost hear the ticking of your own watch when you stop to cool in its refreshing atmosphere. There is a distant hum—of coaches, not of insects—but no other sound disturbs the stillness of the square. The ticket-porter leans idly against the post at the corner, comfortably warm, but not hot, although the day is broiling. His white apron flaps languidly in the air, his head gradually droops upon his breast, he takes very long winks with both eyes at once; even he is unable to withstand the soporific influence of the place, and is gradually falling asleep. But now he starts into full wakefulness, recoils a step or two, and gazes out before him with eager wildness in

his eye. Is it a job, or a boy at marbles? Does he see a ghost, or hear an organ? No; sight more unwonted still—there is a butterfly in the square—a real, live, butterfly! astray from flowers and sweets, and fluttering among the iron heads of the dusty area railings!

But if there were not many matters immediately without the doors of Cheeryble Brothers, to engage the attention or distract the thoughts of the young clerk, there were not a few within to interest and amuse him. There was scarcely an object in the place, animate or inanimate, which did not partake in some degree of the scrupulous method and punctuality of Mr. Timothy Linkinwater. Punctual as the counting-house dial, which he maintained to be the best time-keeper in London next after the clock of some old, hidden, unknown church hard by, (for Tim held the fabled goodness of that at the Horse Guards to be a pleasant fiction, invented by jealous West-enders,) the old clerk performed the minutest actions of the day, and arranged the minutest articles in the little room, in a precise and regular order, which could not have been exceeded if it had actually been a real glass case fitted with the choicest curiosities. Paper, pens, ink, ruler, sealing-wax, wafers, pounce-box, string-box, fire-box, Tim's hat, Tim's scrupulously-folded gloves, Tim's other coat—looking precisely like a back view of himself as it hung against the wall—all had their accustomed inches of space. Except the clock, there was not such an accurate and unimpeachable instrument in existence as the little thermometer which hung behind the door. There was not a bird of such methodical and business-like habits in all the world as the blind blackbird, who dreamed and dozed away his days in a large snug cage, and had lost his voice from old age years before Tim first bought him. There was not such an eventful story in the whole range of anecdote as Tim could tell concerning the acquisition of that very bird: how, compassionating his starved and suffering condition, he had purchased him with the view of humanely terminating his wretched life; how he determined to wait three days and see whether the bird revived; how, before half the time was out, the bird did revive; and how he went on reviving and picking up his appetite and good looks until he gradually became what—"what you see him now, Sir"—Tim would say, glancing proudly at the cage. And with that, Tim would utter a melodious chirrup, and cry "Dick;" and Dick, who, for any sign of life he had previously given, might have been a wooden or stuffed representation of a blackbird indifferently executed, would come to the side of the cage in three small jumps, and, thrusting his bill between the bars, turn his sightless head towards his old master—and at that moment it would be very difficult to determine which of the two was the happier, the bird, or Tim Linkinwater.

Nor was this all. Everything gave back, besides, some reflection of the kindly spirit of the brothers. The warehousemen and porters were such sturdy jolly fellows that it was a treat to see them. Among the shipping-announcements and steam-packet lists which decorated the counting-house wall, were designs for alms-houses, statements of charities, and plans for new hospitals. A blunderbuss and two swords hung above the chimney-piece for the terror of evil-doers, but the



blunderbuss was rusty and shattered, and the swords were broken and edgeless. Elsewhere, their open display in such a condition would have raised a smile, but there it seemed as though even violent and offensive weapons partook of the reigning influence, and became emblems of mercy and forbearance.

Such thoughts as these, occurred to Nicholas very strongly on the morning when he first took possession of the vacant stool, and looked about him more freely and at ease than he had before enjoyed an opportunity of doing. Perhaps they encouraged and stimulated him to exertion, for, during the next two weeks, all his spare hours, late at night and early in the morning, were incessantly devoted to acquiring the mysteries of book-keeping and some other forms of mercantile account. To these he applied himself with such steadiness and perseverance that, although he brought no greater amount of previous knowledge to the subject than certain dim recollections of two or three very long sums entered into a cyphering-book at school, and relieved for parental inspection by the effigy of a fat swan tastefully flourished by the writing-master's own hand, he found himself, at the end of a fortnight, in a condition to report his proficiency to Mr. Linkinwater, and to claim his promise that he, Nicholas Nickleby, should now be allowed to assist him in his graver labours.

It was a sight to behold Tim Linkinwater slowly bring out a massive ledger and day-book, and, after turning them over and over and affectionately dusting their backs and sides, open the leaves here and there, and cast his eyes half-mournfully, half-proudly, upon the fair and unblotted entries.

"Four-and-forty year, next May!" said Tim. "Many new ledgers since then. Four-and-forty year!"

Tim closed the book again.

"Come, come," said Nicholas, "I am all impatience to begin."

Tim Linkinwater shook his head with an air of mild reproof. Mr. Nickleby was not sufficiently impressed with the deep and awful nature of his undertaking. Suppose there should be any mistake—any scratching out—

Young men are adventurous. It is extraordinary what they will rush upon sometimes. Without even taking the precaution of sitting himself down upon his stool, but standing leisurely at the desk, and with a smile upon his face—actually a smile; (there was no mistake about it; Mr. Linkinwater often mentioned it afterwards;) Nicholas dipped his pen into the inkstand before him, and plunged into the books of Cheeryble Brothers!

Tim Linkinwater turned pale, and tilting up his stool on the two legs nearest Nicholas, looked over his shoulder in breathless anxiety. Brother Charles and brother Ned entered the counting-house together; but Tim Linkinwater, without looking round, impatiently waved his hand as a caution that profound silence must be observed, and followed the nib of the inexperienced pen with strained and eager eyes.

The brothers looked on with smiling faces, but Tim Linkinwater smiled not, nor moved for some minutes. At length he drew a long

slow breath, and still maintaining his position on the tilted stool, glanced at brother Charles, secretly pointed with the feather of his pen towards Nicholas, and nodded his head in a grave and resolute manner, plainly signifying "He'll do."

Brother Charles nodded again, and exchanged a laughing look with brother Ned; but just then Nicholas stopped to refer to some other page, and Tim Linkinwater, unable to contain his satisfaction any longer, descended from his stool and caught him rapturously by the hand.

"He has done it," said Tim, looking round at his employers and shaking his head triumphantly. "His capital B's and D's are exactly like mine; he dots all his small i's and crosses every t as he writes it. There an't such a young man as this in all London," said Tim, clapping Nicholas on the back; "not one. Don't tell me. The City can't produce his equal. I challenge the City to do it!"

With this casting down of his gauntlet, Tim Linkinwater struck the desk such a blow with his clenched fist, that the old blackbird tumbled off his perch with the start it gave him, and actually uttered a feeble croak in the extremity of his astonishment.

"Well said, Tim—well said, Tim Linkinwater!" cried Brother Charles, scarcely less pleased than Tim himself, and clapping his hands gently as he spoke, "I knew our young friend would take great pains, and I was quite certain he would succeed, in no time. Didn't I say so, brother Ned?"

"You did, my dear brother—certainly, my dear brother, you said so, and you were quite right," replied Ned. "Quite right. Tim Linkinwater is excited, but he is justly excited, properly excited. Tim is a fine fellow. Tim Linkinwater, Sir—you're a fine fellow."

"Here's a pleasant thing to think of," said Tim, wholly regardless of this address to himself, and raising his spectacles from the ledger to the brothers. "Here's a pleasant thing. Do you suppose I haven't often thought what would become of these books when I was gone? Do you suppose I haven't often thought that things might go on irregular and untidy here, after I was taken away? But now," said Tim, extending his fore-finger towards Nicholas, "now, when I've shown him a little more, I'm satisfied. The business will go on when I'm dead as well as it did when I was alive—just the same; and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that there never were such books—never were such books! No, nor never will be such books—as the books of Cheeryble Brothers."

Having thus expressed his sentiments, Mr. Linkinwater gave vent to a short laugh, indicative of defiance to the cities of London and Westminster, and turning again to his desk quietly carried seventy-six from the last column he had added up, and went on with his work.

"Tim Linkinwater, Sir," said brother Charles; "give me your hand, Sir. This is your birth-day. How dare you talk about anything else till you have been wished many happy returns of the day, Tim Linkinwater? God bless you, Tim! God bless you!"

"My dear brother," said the other, seizing Tim's disengaged fist, "Tim Linkinwater looks ten years younger than he did on his last birth-day."

"Brother Ned, my dear boy," returned the other old fellow, "I believe that Tim Linkinwater was born a hundred-and-fifty years old, and is gradually coming down to five-and-twenty; for he's younger every birth-day than he was the year before."

"So he is, brother Charles, so he is," replied brother Ned. "There's not a doubt about it."

"Remember, Tim," said brother Charles, "that we dine at half-past five to-day instead of two o'clock; we always depart from our usual custom on this anniversary, as you very well know, Tim Linkinwater. Mr. Nickleby, my dear sir, you will make one. Tim Linkinwater, give me your snuff-box as a remembrance to brother Charles and myself of an attached and faithful rascal, and take that in exchange as a feeble mark of our respect and esteem, and don't open it until you go to bed, and never say another word upon the subject, or I'll kill the blackbird. A dog! He should have had a golden cage half-a-dozen years ago, if it would have made him or his master a bit the happier. Now, brother Ned, my dear fellow, I'm ready. At half-past five, remember, Mr. Nickleby. Tim Linkinwater, sir, take care of Mr. Nickleby at half-past five. Now, brother Ned."

Chattering away thus, according to custom, to prevent the possibility of any thanks or acknowledgment being expressed on the other side, the twins trotted off arm in arm, having endowed Tim Linkinwater with a costly gold snuff-box, inclosing a bank-note worth more than its value ten times told.

At a quarter past five o'clock, punctual to the minute, arrived, according to annual usage, Tim Linkinwater's sister; and a great to-do there was between Tim Linkinwater's sister and the old house-keeper respecting Tim Linkinwater's sister's cap, which had been despatched, per boy, from the house of the family where Tim Linkinwater's sister boarded, and had not yet come to hand: notwithstanding that it had been packed up in a bandbox, and the bandbox in a handkerchief, and the handkerchief tied on to the boy's arm; and notwithstanding, too, that the place of its consignment had been duly set forth at full length on the back of an old letter, and the boy enjoined, under pain of divers horrible penalties, the full extent of which the eye of man could not foresee, to deliver the same with all possible speed and not to loiter by the way. Tim Linkinwater's sister lamented; the housekeeper condoled, and both kept thrusting their heads out of the second-floor window to see if the boy was "coming,"—which would have been highly satisfactory, and, upon the whole, tantamount to his being come, as the distance to the corner was not quite five yards—when all of a sudden, and when he was least expected, the messenger, carrying the bandbox with elaborate caution, appeared in an exactly opposite direction, puffing and panting for breath, and flushed with recent exercise, as well he might be; for he had taken the air, in the first instance, behind a hackney-coach that went to Camberwell, and had followed two

Punches afterwards, and had seen the Stilts home to their own door. The cap was all safe, however—that was one comfort—and it was no use scolding him—that was another; so the boy went upon his way rejoicing, and Tim Linkinwater's sister presented herself to the company below stairs just five minutes after the half-hour had struck by Tim Linkinwater's own infallible clock.

The company consisted of the brothers Cheeryble, Tim Linkinwater, a ruddy-faced white-headed friend of Tim's, (who was a superannuated bank clerk,) and Nicholas, who was presented to Tim Linkinwater's sister with much gravity and solemnity. The party being now complete, brother Ned rang for dinner, and, dinner being shortly afterwards announced, led Tim Linkinwater's sister into the next room where it was set forth with great preparation. Then brother Ned took the head of the table and brother Charles the foot; and Tim Linkinwater's sister sat on the left-hand of brother Ned, and Tim Linkinwater himself on his right; and an ancient butler of apoplectic appearance, and with very short legs, took up his position at the back of brother Ned's arm-chair, and, waving his right arm preparatory to taking off the covers with a flourish, stood bolt upright and motionless.

"For these and all other blessings, brother Charles," said Ned.

"Lord, make us truly thankful, brother Ned," said Charles.

Whereupon the apoplectic butler whisked off the top of the soup tureen, and shot all at once into a state of violent activity.

There was abundance of conversation, and little fear of its ever flagging, for the good-humour of the glorious old twins drew everybody out, and Tim Linkinwater's sister went off into a long and circumstantial account of Tim Linkinwater's infancy, immediately after the very first glass of champagne—taking care to premise that she was very much Tim's junior, and had only become acquainted with the facts from their being preserved and handed down in the family. This history concluded, brother Ned related how that, exactly thirty-five years ago, Tim Linkinwater was suspected to have received a love-letter, and how that vague information had been brought to the counting-house of his having been seen walking down Cheapside with an uncommonly handsome spinster; at which there was a roar of laughter, and Tim Linkinwater being charged with blushing, and called upon to explain, denied that the accusation was true; and further, that there would have been any harm in it if it had been; which last position occasioned the superannuated bank clerk to laugh tremendously, and to declare that it was the very best thing he had ever heard in his life, and that Tim Linkinwater might say a great many things before he said anything which would beat *that*.

There was one little ceremony peculiar to the day, both the matter and manner of which made a very strong impression upon Nicholas. The cloth having been removed and the decanters sent round for the first time, a profound silence succeeded, and in the cheerful faces of the brothers there appeared an expression, not of absolute melancholy, but of quiet thoughtfulness very unusual at a festive table. As Nicholas, struck by this sudden alteration, was wondering what it could portend,

the brothers rose together, and the one at the top of the table leaning forward towards the other, and speaking in a low voice as if he were addressing him individually, said—

“Brother Charles, my dear fellow, there is another association connected with this day which must never be forgotten, and never can be forgotten, by you and me. This day, which brought into the world a most faithful and excellent and exemplary fellow, took from it the kindest and very best of parents—the very best of parents to us both. I wish that she could have seen us in our prosperity, and shared it, and had the happiness of knowing how dearly we loved her in it, as we did when we were two poor boys—but that was not to be. My dear brother—The Memory of our Mother.”

“Good God!” thought Nicholas, “and there are scores of people of their own station, knowing all this, and twenty thousand times more, who wouldn’t ask these men to dinner because they eat with their knives and never went to school!”

But there was no time to moralize, for the joviality again became very brisk, and the decanter of port being nearly out, brother Ned pulled the bell, which was instantly answered by the apoplectic butler.

“David,” said brother Ned.

“Sir,” replied the butler.

“A magnum of the double-diamond, David, to drink the health of Mr. Linkinwater.”

Instantly, by a feat of dexterity, which was the admiration of all the company, and had been annually for some years past, the apoplectic butler bringing his left hand from behind the small of his back, produced the bottle with the corkscrew already inserted; uncorked it at a jerk, and placed the magnum and the cork before his master with the dignity of conscious cleverness.

“Ha!” said brother Ned, first examining the cork and afterwards filling his glass, while the old butler looked complacently and amiably on, as if it were all his own property but the company were quite welcome to make free with it, “this looks well, David.”

“It ought to, sir,” replied David. “You’d be troubled to find such a glass of wine as is our double-diamond, and that Mr. Linkinwater knows very well. That was laid down when Mr. Linkinwater first came, that wine was, gentlemen.”

“Nay, David, nay,” interposed brother Charles.

“I wrote the entry in the cellar-book myself, sir, *if* you please,” said David, in the tone of a man, quite confident in the strength of his facts. “Mr. Linkinwater had only been here twenty year, sir, when that pipe of double-diamond was laid down.”

“David is quite right—quite right, brother Charles,” said Ned: “are the people here, David?”

“Outside the door, sir,” replied the butler.

“Show ‘em in, David, show ‘em in.”

At this bidding, the old butler placed before his master a small tray of clean glasses, and opening the door admitted the jolly porters and warehousemen whom Nicholas had seen below. There were four in all,

and as they came in, bowing, and grinning, and blushing, the house-keeper and cook and housemaid brought up the rear.

"Seven," said brother Ned, filling a corresponding number of glasses with the double-diamond, "and David, eight—There. Now, you're all of you to drink the health of your best friend Mr. Timothy Linkinwater, and wish him health and long life and many happy returns of this day, both for his own sake and that of your old masters, who consider him an inestimable treasure. Tim Linkinwater, sir, your health. Devil take you, Tim Linkinwater, sir, God bless you."

With this singular contradiction of terms, brother Ned gave Tim Linkinwater a slap on the back which made him look for the moment almost as apoplectic as the butler: and tossed off the contents of his glass in a twinkling.

The toast was scarcely drunk with all honour to Tim Linkinwater, when the sturdiest and jolliest subordinate elbowed himself a little in advance of his fellows, and exhibiting a very hot and flushed countenance, pulled a single lock of grey hair in the middle of his forehead as a respectful salute to the company, and delivered himself as follows—rubbing the palms of his hands very hard on a blue cotton handkerchief as he did so:

"We're allowed to take a liberty once a year, gen'lemen, and if you please we'll take it now; there being no time like the present, and no two birds in the hand worth one in the bush, as is well known—leastways in a contrary sense, which the meaning is the same. (A pause—the butler unconvinced.) What we mean to say is, that there never was (looking at the butler)—such—(looking at the cook) noble—excellent—(looking everywhere and seeing nobody) free, generous, spirited masters as them as has treated us so handsome this day. And here's thanking 'em for all their goodness as is so constancy a diffusing of itself over everywhere, and wishing they may live long and die happy!"

When the foregoing speech was over, and it might have been much more elegant and much less to the purpose, the whole body of subordinates under command of the apoplectic butler gave three soft cheers; which, to that gentleman's great indignation, were not very regular, inasmuch as the women persisted in giving an immense number of little shrill hurrahs among themselves, in utter disregard of the time. This done, they withdrew; shortly afterwards, Tim Linkinwater's sister withdrew; and in reasonable time after that, the sitting was broken up for tea and coffee and a round game of cards.

At half-past ten—late hours for the square—there appeared a little tray of sandwiches and a bowl of bishop, which bishop coming on the top of the double-diamond, and other excitements, had such an effect upon Tim Linkinwater, that he drew Nicholas aside, and gave him to understand confidentially that it was quite true about the uncommonly handsome spinster, and that she was to the full as good-looking as she had been described—more so, indeed—but that she was in too much of a hurry to change her condition, and consequently, while Tim was courting her and thinking of changing his, got married to somebody else. "After all, I dare say it was my fault," said Tim. "I'll show

you a print I have got up stairs, one of these days. It cost me five-and-twenty shillings. I bought it soon after we were cool to each other. Don't mention it, but it's the most extraordinary accidental likeness you ever saw—her very portrait, sir!"

By this time it was past eleven o'clock, and Tim Linkinwater's sister declaring that she ought to have been at home a full hour ago, a coach was procured, into which she was handed with great ceremony by brother Ned, while brother Charles imparted the fullest directions to the coachman, and, besides paying the man a shilling over and above his fare in order that he might take the utmost care of the lady, all but choked him with a glass of spirits of uncommon strength, and then nearly knocked all the breath out of his body in his energetic endeavours to knock it in again.

At length the coach rumbled off, and Tim Linkinwater's sister being now fairly on her way home, Nicholas and Tim Linkinwater's friend took their leaves together, and left old Tim and the worthy brothers to their repose.

As Nicholas had some distance to walk, it was considerably past midnight by the time he reached home, where he found his mother and Smike sitting up to receive him. It was long after their usual hour of retiring, and they had expected him at the very latest two hours ago; but the time had not hung heavily on their hands, for Mrs. Nickleby had entertained Smike with a genealogical account of her family by the mother's side, comprising biographical sketches of the principal members, and Smike had sat wondering what it was all about, and whether it was learnt from a book, or said out of Mrs. Nickleby's own head; so that they got on together very pleasantly.

Nicholas could not go to bed without expatiating on the excellences and munificence of the Brothers Cheeryble, and relating the great success which had attended his efforts that day. But before he had said a dozen words, Mrs. Nickleby with many sly winks and nods, observed, that she was sure Mr. Smike must be quite tired out, and that she positively must insist on his not sitting up a minute longer.

"A most biddable creature he is, to be sure," said Mrs. Nickleby, when Smike had wished them good night and left the room. "I know you'll excuse me, Nicholas, my dear, but I don't like to do this before a third person; indeed, before a young man it would not be quite proper, though really after all, I don't know what harm there is in it, except that to be sure it's not a very becoming thing, though some people say it is very much so, and really I don't know why it should not be, if it's well got up, and the borders are small-plaited; of course, a good deal depends upon that."

With which preface Mrs. Nickleby took her night-cap from between the leaves of a very large prayer-book where it had been folded up small, and proceeded to tie it on: talking away in her usual discursive manner all the time.

"People may say what they like," observed Mrs. Nickleby, "but there's a great deal of comfort in a night-cap, as I'm sure you would confess, Nicholas my dear, if you would only have strings to yours,

and wear it like a christian, instead of sticking it upon the very top of your head like a blue-coat boy; you needn't think it an unmanly or quizzical thing to be particular about your night-cap, for I have often heard your poor dear papa, and the reverend Mr. what's his name, who used to read prayers in that old church with the curious little steeple that the weathercock was blown off the night week before you were born, I have often heard them say, that the young men at college are uncommonly particular about their nightcaps, and that the Oxford nightcaps are quite celebrated for their strength and goodness; so much so, indeed, that the young men never dream of going to bed without 'em, and I believe it's admitted on all hands that *they* know what's good, and don't coddle themselves."

Nicholas laughed, and entering no further into the subject of this lengthened harangue, reverted to the pleasant tone of the little birthday party. And as Mrs. Nickleby instantly became very curious respecting it, and made a great number of inquiries touching what they had had for dinner, and how it was put on table, and whether it was overdone or underdone, and who was there, and what "the Mr. Cherrybles" said, and what Nicholas said, and what the Mr. Cherrybles said when he said that; Nicholas described the festivities at full length, and also the occurrences of the morning.

"Late as it is," said Nicholas, "I am almost selfish enough to wish that Kate had been up; to hear all this. I was all impatience, as I came along, to tell her."

"Why, Kate" said Mrs. Nickleby, putting her feet upon the fender, and drawing her chair close to it, as if settling herself for a long talk. "Kate has been in bed—oh! a couple of hours—and I'm very glad, Nicholas my dear, that I prevailed upon her not to sit up, for I wished very much to have an opportunity of saying a few words to you. I am naturally anxious about it, and of course it's a very delightful and consoling thing to have a grown-up son that one can put confidence in, and advise with—indeed I don't know any use there would be in having sons at all, unless people could put confidence in them."

Nicholas stopped in the middle of a sleepy yawn, as his mother began to speak, and looked at her with fixed attention.

"There was a lady in our neighbourhood," said Mrs. Nickleby, "speaking of sons puts me in mind of it—a lady in our neighbourhood when we lived near Dawlish, I think her name was Rogers; indeed I am sure it was if it wasn't Murphy, which is the only doubt I have—"

"Is it about her, mother, that you wished to speak to me?" said Nicholas, quietly.

"About *her*!" cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Good gracious, Nicholas, my dear, how *can* you be so ridiculous? But that was always the way with your poor dear papa,—just his way, always wandering, never able to fix his thoughts on any one subject for two minutes together. I think I see him now!" said Mrs. Nickleby, wiping her eyes, "looking at me while I was talking to him about his affairs, just as if his ideas



were in a state of perfect conglomeration! Anybody who had come in upon us suddenly, would have supposed I was confusing and distracting him instead of making things plainer; upon my word they would!"

"I am very sorry, mother, that I should inherit this unfortunate slowness of apprehension," said Nicholas, kindly, "but I'll do my best to understand you if you'll only go straight on, indeed I will."

"Your poor papa!" said Mrs. Nickleby, pondering. "He never knew, 'till it was too late, what I would have had him do!"

This was undoubtedly the case, inasmuch as the deceased Mr. Nickleby had not arrived at the knowledge when he died. Neither had Mrs. Nickleby herself; which is in some sort an explanation of the circumstance.

"However," said Mrs. Nickleby, drying her tears, "this has nothing to do—certainly, nothing whatever to do—with the gentleman in the next house."

"I should suppose that the gentleman in the next house has as little to do with us," returned Nicholas.

"There can be no doubt," said Mrs. Nickleby, "that he is a gentleman, and has the manners of a gentleman, and the appearance of a gentleman, although he does wear smalls and grey worsted stockings. That may be eccentricity, or he may be proud of his legs. I don't see why he shouldn't be. The Prince Regent was proud of his legs, and so was Daniel Lambert, who was also a fat man; he was proud of his legs. So was Miss Biffin: she was—no," added Mrs. Nickleby, correcting herself, "I think she had only toes, but the principle is the same."

Nicholas looked on, quite amazed at the introduction of this new theme, which seemed just what Mrs. Nickleby had expected him to be.

"You may well be surprised, Nicholas, my dear," she said, "I am sure I was. It came upon me like a flash of fire, and almost froze my blood. The bottom of his garden joins the bottom of ours, and of course I had several times seen him sitting among the scarlet-beans in his little arbour, or working at his little hot-beds. I used to think he stared rather, but I didn't take any particular notice of that, as we were new-comers, and he might be curious to see what we were like. But when he began to throw his cucumbers over our wall—"

"To throw his cucumbers over our wall!" repeated Nicholas, in great astonishment.

"Yes, Nicholas, my dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, in a very serious tone; "his cucumbers over our wall. And vegetable-marrows likewise."

"Confound his impudence!" said Nicholas, firing immediately. "What does he mean by that?"

"I don't think he means it impertinently at all," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"What!" said Nicholas, "cucumbers and vegetable-marrows flying at the heads of the family as they walk in their own garden, and not meant impertinently! Why, mother—"

Nicholas stopped short, for there was an indescribable expression of placid triumph, mingled with a modest confusion, lingering between the borders of Mrs. Nickleby's nightcap which arrested his attention suddenly.

"He must be a very weak, and foolish, and inconsiderate man," said Mrs. Nickleby; "blameable indeed—at least I suppose other people would consider him so; of course I can't be expected to express any opinion on that point, especially after always defending your poor dear papa when other people blamed him for making proposals to me; and to be sure there can be no doubt that he has taken a very singular way of showing it. Still at the same time, his attentions are—that is, as far as it goes, and to a certain extent of course—a flattering sort of thing; and although I should never dream of marrying again with a dear girl like Kate still unsettled in life—"

"Surely, mother, such an idea never entered your brain for an instant?" said Nicholas.

"Bless my heart, Nicholas my dear," returned his mother in a peevish tone, "isn't that precisely what I am saying, if you would only let me speak? Of course, I never gave it a second thought, and I am surprised and astonished that you should suppose me capable of such a thing. All I say, is, what step is the best to take so as to reject these advances civilly and delicately, and without hurting his feelings too much, and driving him to despair, or anything of that kind? My goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby, with a half simper, "suppose he was to go doing anything rash to himself, could I ever be happy again Nicholas?"

Despite his vexation and concern, Nicholas could scarcely help smiling, as he rejoined, "Now, do you think, mother, that such a result would be likely to ensue from the most cruel repulse?"

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't know," returned Mrs. Nickleby; "really, I don't know. I am sure there was a case in the day before yesterday's paper, extracted from one of the French newspapers, about a journeyman shoemaker who was jealous of a young girl in an adjoining village, because she wouldn't shut herself up in an air-tight three-pair-of stairs and charcoal herself to death with him, and who went and hid himself in a Wood with a sharp-pointed knife, and rushed out as she was passing by with a few friends, and killed himself first, and then all the friends, and then her—no, killed all the friends first, and then herself, and then *himself*—which it is quite frightful to think of. Somehow or other," added Mrs. Nickleby, after a momentary pause, "they always are journeyman shoemakers who do these things in France, according to the papers. I don't know how it is—something in the leather, I suppose."

"But this man, who is not a shoemaker—what has he done, mother, what has he said?" inquired Nicholas, fretted almost beyond endurance, but looking nearly as resigned and patient as Mrs. Nickleby herself. "You know, there is no language of vegetables which converts a cucumber into a formal declaration of attachment."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, tossing her head and looking at the ashes in the grate, "he has done and said all sorts of things."

"Is there no mistake on your part?" asked Nicholas.

"Mistake!" cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Lord, Nicholas my dear, do you suppose I don't know when a man's in earnest?"

"Well, well!" muttered Nicholas.

"Every time I go to the window," said Mrs. Nickleby, "he kisses one hand, and lays the other upon his heart—of course it's very foolish of him to do so, and I dare say you'll say it's very wrong, but he does it very respectfully—very respectfully indeed—and very tenderly, extremely tenderly. So far he deserves the greatest credit: there can be no doubt about that. Then there are the presents which come pouring over the wall every day, and very fine they certainly are, very fine; we had one of the cucumbers at dinner yesterday, and think of pickling the rest for next winter. And last evening," added Mrs. Nickleby, with increased confusion, "he called gently over the wall, as I was walking in the garden, and proposed marriage and an elopement. His voice is as clear as a bell or a musical glass—very like a musical glass indeed—but of course I didn't listen to it. Then the question is, Nicholas my dear, what am I to do?"

"Does Kate know of this?" asked Nicholas.

"I have not said a word about it yet," answered his mother.

"Then for Heaven's sake," rejoined Nicholas, rising, "do not, for it would make her very unhappy. And with regard to what you should do, my dear mother, do what your better sense and feeling, and respect for my father's memory, would prompt. There are a thousand ways in which you can show your dislike of these preposterous and doting attentions. If you act as decidedly as you ought, and they are still continued, and to your annoyance, I can speedily put a stop to them. But I should not interfere in a matter so ridiculous, and attach importance to it, until you have vindicated yourself. Most women can do that, but especially one of your age and condition in circumstances like these, which are unworthy of a serious thought. I would not shame you by seeming to take them to heart, or treat them earnestly for an instant. Absurd old idiot!"

So saying, Nicholas kissed his mother and bade her good night, and they retired to their respective chambers.

To do Mrs. Nickleby justice, her attachment to her children would have prevented her seriously contemplating a second marriage, even if she could have so far conquered her recollections of her late husband as to have any strong inclinations that way. But, although there was no evil and little real selfishness in Mrs. Nickleby's heart, she had a weak head and a vain one; and there was something so flattering in being sought (and vainly sought) in marriage at this time of day, that she could not dismiss the passion of the unknown gentleman quite so summarily or lightly as Nicholas appeared to deem becoming.

"As to its being preposterous, and doting, and ridiculous," thought Mrs. Nickleby, communing with herself in her own room, "I don't see that at all. It's hopeless on his part, certainly; but why he should be an absurd idiot, I confess I don't see. He is not to be supposed to know it's hopeless. Poor fellow, he is to be pitied, I think!"

Having made these reflections, Mrs. Nickleby looked in her little dressing-glass, and walking backward a few steps from it tried to remember who it was who used to say that when Nicholas was one-and-twenty he would have more the appearance of her brother than her son. Not being able to call the authority to mind, she extinguished her candle, and drew up the window-blind to admit the light of morning which had by this time begun to dawn.

"It's a bad light to distinguish objects in," murmured Mrs. Nickleby, peering into the garden, "and my eyes are not very good—I was short-sighted from a child—but, upon my word, I think there's another large vegetable-marrow sticking at this moment on the broken glass bottles at the top of the wall!"

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COMPRISES CERTAIN PARTICULARS ARISING OUT OF A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE, WHICH MAY PROVE IMPORTANT HEREAFTER. SMIKE UNEXPECTEDLY ENCOUNTERS A VERY OLD FRIEND, WHO INVITES HIM TO HIS HOUSE, AND WILL TAKE NO DENIAL.

QUITE unconscious of the demonstrations of their amorous neighbour, or their effects upon the susceptible bosom of her mama, Kate Nickleby had, by this time begun to enjoy a settled feeling of tranquillity and happiness, to which, even in occasional and transitory glimpses, she had long been a stranger. Living under the same roof with the beloved brother from whom she had been so suddenly and hardly separated; with a mind at ease, and free from any persecutions which could call a blush into her cheek, or a pang into her heart, she seemed to have passed into a new state of being. Her former cheerfulness was restored, her step regained its elasticity and lightness, the colour which had forsaken her cheek visited it once again, and Kate Nickleby looked more beautiful than ever.

Such was the result to which Miss La Creevy's ruminations and observations led her, when the cottage had been, as she emphatically said, "thoroughly got to rights, from the chimney-pots to the street-door scraper," and the busy little woman had at length a moment's time to think about its inmates.

"Which I declare I haven't had since I first came down here," said Miss La Creevy, "for I have thought of nothing but hammers, nails, screw-drivers and gimlets, morning, noon, and night."

"You never bestow one thought upon yourself, I believe," returned Kate, smiling.

"Upon my word, my dear, when there are so many pleasanter things to think of, I should be a goose if I did," said Miss La Creevy. "By the bye, I have thought of somebody too. Do you know, that I observe a great change in one of this family—a very extraordinary change?"

"In whom?" asked Kate, anxiously. "Not in—"

"Not in your brother, my dear," returned Miss La Creevy, anticipating the close of the sentence, "for he is always the same affectionate good-natured clever creature, with a spice of the—I won't say who—in him when there's any occasion, that he was when I first knew you. No. Smike, as he will be called, poor fellow! for he won't hear of a *Mr.* before his name, is greatly altered, even in this short time."

"How?" asked Kate. "Not in health?"

"N-n-o; perhaps not in health exactly," said Miss La Creevy, pausing to consider, "although he is a worn and feeble creature, and has that in his face which it would wring my heart to see in yours. No; not in health."

"How then?"

"I scarcely know," said the miniature-painter. "But I have watched him, and he has brought the tears into my eyes many times. It is not a very difficult matter to do that, certainly, for I am very easily melted; still, I think these came with good cause and reason. I am sure that since he has been here, he has grown, from some strong cause, more conscious of his weak intellect. He feels it more. It gives him greater pain to know that he wanders sometimes, and cannot understand very simple things. I have watched him when you have not been by, my dear, sit brooding by himself with such a look of pain as I could scarcely bear to see, and then get up and leave the room: so sorrowfully, and in such dejection, that I cannot tell you how it has hurt me. Not three weeks ago, he was a light-hearted busy creature, overjoyed to be in a bustle, and as happy as the day was long. Now, he is another being—the same willing, harmless, faithful, loving creature—but the same in nothing else."

"Surely this will all pass off," said Kate. "Poor fellow!"

"I hope," returned her little friend, with a gravity very unusual in her, "it may. I hope, for the sake of that poor lad, it may. However," said Miss La Creevy, relapsing into the cheerful, chattering tone, which was habitual to her, "I have said my say, and a very long say it is, and a very wrong say too, I shouldn't wonder at all. I shall cheer him up to-night at all events, for if he is to be my squire all the way to the Strand, I shall talk on, and on, and on, and never leave off, till I have roused him into a laugh at something. So the sooner he goes the better for him, and the sooner I go, the better for me, I am sure, or else I shall have my maid gallivanting with somebody who may rob the house—though what there is to take away besides tables and chairs, I don't know, except the miniatures, and he is a clever thief who can dispose of them to any great advantage, for *I* can't, I know, and that's the honest truth."

So saying, little Miss La Creevy hid her face in a very flat bonnet, and herself in a very big shawl, and fixing herself tightly into the latter by means of a large pin, declared that the omnibus might come as soon as it pleased, for she was quite ready.

But there was still Mrs. Nickleby to take leave of; and long before that good lady had concluded some reminiscences, bearing upon and

appropriate to the occasion, the omnibus arrived. This put Miss La Creevy in a great bustle, in consequence whereof, as she secretly rewarded the servant-girl with eighteen-pence behind the street-door, she pulled out of her reticule ten-pennyworth of halfpence which rolled into all possible corners of the passage, and occupied some considerable time in the picking-up. This ceremony had, of course, to be succeeded by a second kissing of Kate and Mrs. Nickleby, and a gathering together of the little basket and the brown-paper parcel, during which proceedings, "the omnibus," as Miss La Creevy protested, "swore so dreadfully, that it was quite awful to hear it." At length and at last, it made a feint of going away, and then Miss La Creevy darted out and darted in, apologising with great volubility to all the passengers, and declaring that she wouldn't purposely have kept them waiting on any account whatever. While she was looking about for a convenient seat, the conductor pushed Smike in, and cried that it was all right—though it wasn't—and away went the huge vehicle, with the noise of half a dozen brewers' drays at least.

Leaving it to pursue its journey at the pleasure of the conductor afore-mentioned, who lounged gracefully on his little shelf behind, smoking an odoriferous cigar; and leaving it to stop, or go on, or gallop, or crawl, as that gentleman deemed expedient and advisable, this narrative may embrace the opportunity of ascertaining the condition of Sir Mulberry Hawk, and to what extent he had by this time recovered from the injuries consequent upon being flung violently from his cabriolet, under the circumstances already detailed.

With a shattered limb, a body severely bruised, a face disfigured by half-healed scars, and pallid from the exhaustion of recent pain and fever, Sir Mulberry Hawk lay stretched upon his back, on the couch to which he was doomed to be a prisoner for some weeks yet to come. Mr. Pyke and Mr. Pluck sat drinking hard in the next room, now and then varying the monotonous murmurs of their conversation with a half-smothered laugh, while the young lord—the only member of the party who was not thoroughly irredeemable, and who really had a kind heart—sat beside his Mentor, with a cigar in his mouth, and read to him, by the light of a lamp, such scraps of intelligence from a paper of the day as were most likely to yield him interest or amusement.

"Curse those hounds!" said the invalid, turning his head impatiently towards the adjoining room; "will nothing stop their infernal throats?"

Messrs. Pyke and Pluck heard the exclamation, and stopped immediately, winking to each other as they did so, and filling their glasses to the brim, as some recompense for the deprivation of speech.

"Damn!" muttered the sick man between his teeth, and writhing impatiently in his bed. "Isn't this mattress hard enough, and the room dull enough, and the pain bad enough, but *they* must torture me? What's the time?"

"Half-past eight," replied his friend.

"Here, draw the table nearer, and let us have the cards again," said Sir Mulberry. "More piquet. Come."

It was curious to see how eagerly the sick man, debarred from any change of position save the mere turning of his head from side to side, watched every motion of his friend in the progress of the game; and with what eagerness and interest he played, and yet how warily and coolly. His address and skill were more than twenty times a match for his adversary, who could make little head against them, even when fortune favoured him with good cards, which was not often the case. Sir Mulberry won every game; and when his companion threw down the cards, and refused to play any longer, thrust forth his wasted arm and caught up the stakes with a boastful oath, and the same hoarse laugh, though considerably lowered in tone, that had resounded in Ralph Nickleby's dining-room months before.

While he was thus occupied, his man appeared, to announce that Mr. Ralph Nickleby was below, and wished to know how he was to-night.

"Better," said Sir Mulberry, impatiently.

"Mr. Nickleby wishes to know, sir——"

"I tell you, better," replied Sir Mulberry, striking his hand upon the table.

The man hesitated for a moment or two, and then said that Mr. Nickleby had requested permission to see Sir Mulberry Hawk, if it was not inconvenient.

"It is inconvenient. I can't see him. I can't see anybody," said his master, more violently than before. "You know that, you block-head."

"I am very sorry, sir," returned the man. "But Mr. Nickleby pressed so much, sir——"

The fact was, that Ralph Nickleby had bribed the man, who, being anxious to earn his money with a view to future favours, held the door in his hand, and ventured to linger still.

"Did he say whether he had any business to speak about?" inquired Sir Mulberry, after a little impatient consideration.

"No, sir. He said he wished to see you, sir. Particularly, Mr. Nickleby said, sir."

"Tell him to come up. Here," cried Sir Mulberry, calling the man back, as he passed his hand over his disfigured face, "move that lamp, and put it on the stand behind me. Wheel that table away, and place a chair there—further off. Leave it so."

The man obeyed these directions as if he quite comprehended the motive with which they were dictated, and left the room. Lord Verisopht, remarking that he would look in presently, strolled into the adjoining apartment, and closed the folding-door behind him.

Then was heard a subdued footstep on the stairs; and Ralph Nickleby, hat in hand, crept softly into the room, with his body bent forward as if in profound respect, and his eyes fixed upon the face of his worthy client.

"Well, Nickleby," said Sir Mulberry, motioning him to the chair by the couch side, and waving his hand in assumed carelessness, "I have had a bad accident, you see."

"I see," rejoined Ralph, with the same steady gaze. "Bad, indeed! I should not have known you, Sir Mulberry. Dear, dear. This *is* bad."

Ralph's manner was one of profound humility and respect; and the low tone of voice was that which the gentlest consideration for a sick man would have taught a visitor to assume. But the expression of his face, Sir Mulberry's being averted, was in extraordinary contrast; and as he stood, in his usual attitude, calmly looking on the prostrate form before him, all that part of his features which was not cast into shadow by his protruding and contracted brows, bore the impress of a sarcastic smile.

"Sit down," said Sir Mulberry, turning towards him as though by a violent effort. "Am I a sight, that you stand gazing there?"

As he turned his face, Ralph recoiled a step or two, and making as though he were irresistibly impelled to express astonishment, but was determined not to do so, sat down with well-acted confusion.

"I have inquired at the door, Sir Mulberry, every day," said Ralph, "twice a day, indeed, at first—and to-night, presuming upon old acquaintance, and past transactions by which we have mutually benefited in some degree, I could not resist soliciting admission to your chamber. Have you—have you suffered much?" said Ralph, bending forward, and allowing the same harsh smile to gather upon his face, as the other closed his eyes.

"More than enough to please me, and less than enough to please some broken-down hacks that you and I know of, and who lay their ruin between us, I dare say," returned Sir Mulberry, tossing his arm restlessly upon the coverlet.

Ralph shrugged his shoulders in deprecation of the intense irritation with which this had been said, for there was an aggravating cold distinctness in his speech and manner which so grated on the sick man that he could scarcely endure it.

"And what is it in these 'past transactions,' that brought you here to-night?" asked Sir Mulberry.

"Nothing," replied Ralph. "There are some bills of my lord's which need renewal, but let them be till you are well. I—I—came," said Ralph, speaking more slowly, and with harsher emphasis, "I came to say how grieved I am that any relative of mine, although disowned by me, should have inflicted such punishment on you as—"

"Punishment!" interposed Sir Mulberry.

"I know it has been a severe one," said Ralph, wilfully mistaking the meaning of the interruption, "and that has made me the more anxious to tell you that I disown this vagabond—that I acknowledge him as no kin of mine—and that I leave him to take his deserts from you and every man besides. You may wring his neck if you please. I shall not interfere."

"This story that they tell me here, has got abroad then, has it?" asked Sir Mulberry, clenching his hands and teeth.

"Noised in all directions," replied Ralph. "Every club and gaming-room has rung with it. There has been a good song made about it, as



I am told," said Ralph, looking eagerly at his questioner. "I have not heard it myself, not being in the way of such things, but I have been told it's even printed—for private circulation, but that's all over town, of course."

"It's a lie!" said Sir Mulberry; "I tell you it's all a lie. The mare took fright."

"They say he frightened her," observed Ralph, in the same unmoved and quiet manner. "Some say he frightened you, but *that's* a lie, I know. I have said that boldly—oh, a score of times! I am a peaceable man, but I can't hear folks tell that of you—No, no."

When Sir Mulberry found coherent words to utter, Ralph bent forward with his hand to his ear, and a face as calm as if its every line of sternness had been cast in iron.

"When I am off this cursed bed," said the invalid, actually striking at his broken leg in the ecstasy of his passion, "I'll have such revenge as never man had yet. By G— I will! Accident favouring him, he has marked me for a week or two, but I'll put a mark on him that he shall carry to his grave. I'll slit his nose and ears—flog him—maim him for life. I'll do more than that; I'll drag that pattern of chastity, that pink of prudery, the delicate sister, through——"

It might have been that even Ralph's cold blood tingled in his cheeks at that moment. It might have been that Sir Mulberry remembered that, knave and usurer as he was, he must, in some early time of infancy, have twined his arm about her father's neck. He stopped, and, menacing with his hand, confirmed the unuttered threat with a tremendous oath.

"It is a galling thing," said Ralph, after a short term of silence, during which he had eyed the sufferer keenly, "to think that the man about town, the rake, the *roué*, the rook of twenty seasons, should be brought to this pass by a mere boy!"

Sir Mulberry darted a wrathful look at him, but Ralph's eyes were bent upon the ground, and his face wore no other expression than one of thoughtfulness.

"A raw slight stripling," continued Ralph, "against a man whose very weight might crush him; to say nothing of his skill in—I am right, I think," said Ralph, raising his eyes, "you *were* a patron of the ring once, were you not?"

The sick man made an impatient gesture, which Ralph chose to consider as one of acquiescence.

"Ha!" he said, "I thought so. That was before I knew you, but I was pretty sure I couldn't be mistaken. He is light and active, I suppose. But those were slight advantages compared with yours. Luck, luck—these hangdog outcasts have it."

"He'll need the most he has when I am well again," said Sir Mulberry Hawk, "let him fly where he will."

"Oh!" returned Ralph quickly, "he doesn't dream of that. He is here, good Sir, waiting your pleasure—here in London, walking the streets at noonday, carrying it off jauntily; looking for you. I swear," said Ralph, his face darkening, and his own hatred getting the upper

hand of him for the first time, as this gay picture of Nicholas presented itself; "if we were only citizens of a country where it could be safely done, I'd give good money to have him stabbed to the heart and rolled into the kennel for the dogs to tear."

As Ralph, somewhat to the surprise of his old client, vented this little piece of sound family feeling and took up his hat preparatory to departing, Lord Frederick Verisopht looked in.

"Why what in the deyvle's name, Hawk, have you and Nickleby been talking about?" said the young man. "I neyver heard such an insufferable riot. Croak, croak, croak. Bow, wow, wow. What has it all been about?"

"Sir Mulberry has been angry, my Lord," said Ralph, looking towards the couch.

"Not about money, I hope. Nothing has gone wrong in business, has it, Nickleby?"

"No, my Lord, no," returned Ralph. "On that point we always agree. Sir Mulberry has been calling to mind the cause of——"

There was neither necessity nor opportunity for Ralph to proceed; for Sir Mulberry took up the theme, and vented his threats and oaths against Nicholas almost as ferociously as before.

Ralph, who was no common observer, was surprised to see that as this tirade proceeded, the manner of Lord Verisopht, who at the commencement had been twirling his whiskers with a most dandified and listless air, underwent a complete alteration. He was still more surprised when, Sir Mulberry ceasing to speak, the young lord angrily, and almost unaffectedly, requested never to have the subject renewed in his presence.

"Mind that, Hawk," he added with unusual energy, "I never will be a party to, or permit, if I can help it, a cowardly attack upon this young fellow."

"Cowardly, Lord Verisopht!" interrupted his friend.

"Ye-es," said the other, turning full upon him. "If you had told him who you were; if you had given him your card, and found out afterwards that his station or character prevented your fighting him, it would have been bad enough then; upon my soul it would have been bad enough then. As it is, you did wrong. I did wrong too, not to interfere, and I am sorry for it. What happened to you afterwards was as much the consequence of accident as design, and more your fault than his; and it shall not, with my knowledge, be cruelly visited upon him—it shall not indeed."

With this emphatic repetition of his concluding words, the young lord turned upon his heel, but before he had reached the adjoining room he turned back again, and said, with even greater vehemence than he had displayed before,

"I do believe now, upon my honour I do believe, that the sister is as virtuous and modest a young lady as she is a handsome one; and of the brother, I say this, that he acted as her brother should, and in a manly and spirited manner. And I only wish with all my heart and soul that any one of us came out of this matter half as well as he does."

So saying, Lord Frederick Verisopht walked out of the room, leaving Ralph Nickleby and Sir Mulberry in most unpleasant astonishment.

"Is this your pupil?" asked Ralph, softly, "or has he come fresh from some country parson?"

"Green fools take these fits sometimes," replied Sir Mulberry Hawk, biting his lip, and pointing to the door. "Leave him to me."

Ralph exchanged a familiar look with his old acquaintance, for they had suddenly grown confidential again in this alarming surprise, and took his way home thoughtfully and slowly.

While these things were being said and done, and long before they were concluded, the omnibus had disgorged Miss La Creevy and her escort, and they had arrived at her own door. Now, the good-nature of the little miniature-painter would by no means allow of Smike's walking back again, until he had been previously refreshed with just a sip of something comfortable and a mixed biscuit or so; and Smike entertaining no objection either to the sip of something comfortable or the mixed biscuit, but considering on the contrary that they would be a very pleasant preparation for a walk to Bow, it fell out that he delayed much longer than he originally intended, and that it was some half hour after dusk when he set forth on his journey home.

There was no likelihood of his losing his way, for it lay quite straight before him, and he had walked into town with Nicholas, and back alone, almost every day. So, Miss La Creevy and he shook hands with mutual confidence, and being charged with more kind remembrances to Mrs. and Miss Nickleby, Smike started off.

At the foot of Ludgate Hill, he turned a little out of the road to satisfy his curiosity by having a look at Newgate. After staring up at the sombre walls from the opposite side of the way with great care and dread for some minutes, he turned back again into the old track, and walked briskly through the city; stopping now and then to gaze in at the window of some particularly attractive shop, then running for a little way, then stopping again, and so on, as any other country lad might do.

He had been gazing for a long time through a jeweller's window, wishing he could take some of the beautiful trinkets home as a present, and imagining what delight they would afford if he could, when the clocks struck three-quarters past eight; roused by the sound, he hurried on at a very quick pace, and was crossing the corner of a bye street when he felt himself violently brought to, with a jerk so sudden that he was obliged to cling to a lamp-post to save himself from falling. At the same moment, a small boy clung tight round his leg, and a shrill cry of "Here he is, father,—Hooray!" vibrated in his ears.

Smike knew that voice too well. He cast his despairing eyes downwards towards the form from which it had proceeded, and shuddering from head to foot, looked round. Mr. Squeers had hooked him in the coat-collar with the handle of his umbrella, and was hanging on at the other end with all his might and main. The cry of triumph proceeded

from Master Wackford, who, regardless of all his kicks and struggles, clung to him with the tenacity of a bull-dog!

One glance showed him this; and in that one glance the terrified creature became utterly powerless and unable to utter a sound.

"Here's a go!" cried Mr. Squeers, gradually coming hand-over-hand down the umbrella, and only unhooking it when he had got tight hold of the victim's collar. "Here's a delicious go! Wackford, my boy, call up one of them coaches."

"A coach, father!" cried little Wackford.

"Yes, a coach, sir," replied Squeers, feasting his eyes upon the countenance of Smike. "Damn the expense.—Let's have him in a coach."

"What's he been a doing of?" asked a labourer, with a hod of bricks, against whom and a fellow-labourer Mr. Squeers had backed, on the first jerk of the umbrella.

"Everything!" replied Mr. Squeers, looking fixedly at his old pupil in a sort of rapturous trance. "Everything—running away, sir—joining in blood-thirsty attacks upon his master, sir—there's nothing that's bad that he hasn't done. Oh, what a delicious go is this here, good Lord!"

The man looked from Squeers to Smike; but such mental faculties as the poor fellow possessed had utterly deserted him. The coach came up; Master Wackford entered; Squeers pushed in his prize, and following close at his heels, pulled up the glasses. The coachman mounted his box and drove slowly off, leaving the two bricklayers, and an old apple-woman, and a town-made little boy returning from an evening school, who had been the only witnesses of the scene, to meditate upon it at their leisure.

Mr. Squeers sat himself down on the opposite seat to the unfortunate Smike, and planting his hands firmly on his knees looked at him for some five minutes, when, seeming to recover from his trance, he uttered a loud laugh, and slapped his old pupil's face several times—taking the right and left sides alternately.

"It isn't a dream!" said Squeers. "That's real flesh and blood, I know the feel of it;" and being quite assured of his good fortune by these experiments, Mr. Squeers administered a few boxes on the ear, lest the entertainments should seem to partake of sameness, and laughed louder and longer at every one.

"Your mother will be fit to jump out of her skin, my boy, when she hears of this," said Squeers to his son.

"Oh, won't she though, father?" replied Master Wackford.

"To think,"—said Squeers, "that you and me should be turning out of a street, and come upon him at the very nick; and that I should have him tight at only one cast of the umbrella, as if I had hooked him with a grappling-iron!—Ha, ha!"

"Didn't I catch hold of his leg, neither, father?" said little Wackford.

"You did; like a good 'un, my boy," said Mr. Squeers, patting his son's head, "and you shall have the best button-over jacket and waistcoat that the next new boy brings down, as a reward of merit—"

mind that. You always keep on in the same path, and do them things that you see your father do, and when you die you'll go right slap to Heaven and be asked no questions."

Improving the occasion in these words, Mr. Squeers patted his son's head again, and then patted Smike's—but harder; and inquired in a bantering tone how he found himself by this time.

"I must go home," replied Smike, looking wildly round.

"To be sure you must. You're about right there," replied Mr. Squeers. "You'll go home very soon, you will. You'll find yourself at the peaceful village of Dotheboys, in Yorkshire, in something under a week's time, my young friend; and the next time you get away from there, I give you leave to keep away. Where's the clothes you run off in, you ungrateful robber?" said Mr. Squeers, in a severe voice.

Smike glanced at the neat attire which the care of Nicholas had provided for him, and wrung his hands.

"Do you know that I could hang you up outside of the Old Bailey, for making away with them articles of property?" said Squeers. "Do you know that it's a hanging matter—and I an't quite certain whether it an't an anatomy one besides—to walk off with up'ards of the valley of five pound from a dwelling-house? Eh—do you know that? What do you suppose was the worth of them clothes you had? Do you know that that Wellington-boot you wore, cost eight-and-twenty shillings when it was a pair, and the shoe seven-and-six? But you came to the right shop for mercy when you came to me, and thank your stars that it is me as has got to serve you with the article."

Anybody not in Mr. Squeers's confidence would have supposed that he was quite out of the article in question, instead of having a large stock on hand ready for all comers; nor would the opinion of sceptical persons have undergone much alteration when he followed up the remark by poking Smike in the chest with the ferrule of his umbrella, and dealing a smart shower of blows with the ribs of the same instrument upon his head and shoulders.

"I never threshed a boy in a hackney-coach before," said Mr. Squeers, when he stopped to rest. "There's inconveniency in it, but the novelty gives it a sort of relish too!"

Poor Smike! He warded off the blows as well as he could, and now shrunk into a corner of the coach, with his head resting on his hands, and his elbows on his knees; he was stunned and stupefied, and had no more idea that any act of his would enable him to escape from the all-powerful Squeers, now that he had no friend to speak to or advise with, than he had had in all the weary years of his Yorkshire life which preceded the arrival of Nicholas.

The journey seemed endless; street after street was entered and left behind, and still they went jolting on. At last Mr. Squeers began to thrust his head out at the window every half-minute, and to bawl a variety of directions to the coachman; and after passing, with some difficulty, through several mean streets which the appearance of the houses and the bad state of the road denoted to have been recently built,

Mr. Squeers suddenly tugged at the check string with all his might, and cried, "Stop!"

"What are you pulling a man's arm off for?" said the coachman, looking angrily down.

"That's the house," replied Squeers. "The second of them four little houses, one story high, with the green shutters—there's a brass plate on the door with the name of Snawley."

"Couldn't you say that, without wrenching a man's limbs off his body?" inquired the coachman.

"No!" bawled Mr. Squeers. "Say another word, and I'll summons you for having a broken winder. Stop!"

Obedient to this direction, the coach stopped at Mr. Snawley's door. Mr. Snawley may be remembered as the sleek and sanctified gentleman who confided two sons (*in law*) to the parental care of Mr. Squeers, as narrated in the fourth chapter of this history. Mr. Snawley's house was on the extreme borders of some new settlements adjoining Somers Town, and Mr. Squeers had taken lodgings therein for a short time as his stay was longer than usual, and the Saracen, having experience of Master Wackford's appetite, had declined to receive him on any other terms than as a full-grown customer.

"Here we are!" said Squeers, hurrying Smike into the little parlour, where Mr. Snawley and his wife were taking a lobster supper. "Here's the vagrant—the felon—the rebel—the monster of unthankfulness."

"What! The boy that run away!" cried Snawley, resting his knife and fork upright on the table, and opening his eyes to their full width.

"The very boy," said Squeers, putting his fist close to Smike's nose, and drawing it away again, and repeating the process several times with a vicious aspect. "If there wasn't a lady present, I'd fetch him such a — : never mind, I'll owe it him."

And here Mr. Squeers related how, and in what manner, and when and where, he had picked up the runaway.

"It's clear that there has been a Providence in it, sir," said Mr. Snawley, casting down his eyes with an air of humility, and elevating his fork with a bit of lobster on the top of it towards the ceiling.

"Providence is against him, no doubt," replied Mr. Squeers, scratching his nose. "Of course, that was to be expected. Anybody might have known that."

"Hard-heartedness and evil-doing will never prosper, sir," said Mr. Snawley.

"Never was such a thing known," rejoined Squeers, taking a roll of notes from his pocket-book, to see that they were all safe.

"I have been, Mrs. Snawley," said Mr. Squeers, when he had satisfied himself upon this point, "I have been that chap's benefactor, feeder, teacher, and clother. I have been that chap's classical, commercial, mathematical, philosophical, and trigonometrical friend. My son—my only son, Wackford—has been his brother; Mrs. Squeers has been his mother, grandmother, aunt,—Ah! and I may say uncle too, all in one. She never cottoned to anybody except them two engaging and delightful boys of yours, as she cottoned to this chap. What's my

return? What's come of my milk of human kindness? It turns into curds and whey when I look at him."

"Well it may, sir," said Mrs. Snawley. "Oh! Well it may, sir."

"Where has he been all this time?" inquired Snawley. "Has he been living with —?"

"Ah, sir!" interposed Squeers, confronting him again. "Have you been a living with that there devilish Nickleby, sir?"

But no threats or cuffs could elicit from Smikey one word of reply to this question, for he had internally resolved that he would rather perish in the wretched prison to which he was again about to be consigned, than utter one syllable which could involve his first and true friend. He had already called to mind the strict injunctions of secrecy as to his past life, which Nicholas had laid upon him when they travelled from Yorkshire; and a confused and perplexed idea that his benefactor might have committed some terrible crime in bringing him away, which would render him liable to heavy punishment if detected, had contributed in some degree to reduce him to his present state of apathy and terror.

Such were the thoughts—if to visions so imperfect and undefined as those which wandered through his enfeebled brain, the term can be applied—which were present to the mind of Smikey, and rendered him deaf alike to intimidation and persuasion. Finding every effort useless, Mr. Squeers conducted him to a little back room up-stairs where he was to pass the night; and taking the precaution of removing his shoes, and coat and waistcoat, and also of locking the door on the outside, lest he should muster up sufficient energy to make an attempt at escape, that worthy gentleman left him to his meditations.

And what those meditations were, and how the poor creature's heart sunk within him when he thought—when did he, for a moment, cease to think?—of his late home, and the dear friends and familiar faces with which it was associated, cannot be told. To prepare the mind for such a heavy sleep, its growth must be stopped by rigour and cruelty in childhood; there must be years of misery and suffering lightened by no ray of hope; the chords of the heart, which beat a quick response to the voice of gentleness and affection, must have rusted and broken in their secret places, and bear the lingering echo of no old word of love or kindness. Gloomy, indeed, must have been the short day, and dull the long, long twilight, which precedes such a night of intellect as his.

There were voices which would have roused him, even then, but their welcome tones could not penetrate there; and he crept to bed the same listless, hopeless, blighted creature, that Nicholas had first found him at the Yorkshire school.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH ANOTHER OLD FRIEND ENCOUNTERS SMIKE, VERY OPPORTUNELY AND TO SOME PURPOSE.

THE night fraught with so much bitterness to one poor soul had given place to a bright and cloudless summer morning, when a north-country mail-coach traversed with cheerful noise the yet silent streets of Islington, and, giving brisk note of its approach with the lively winding of the guard's horn, clattered onward to its halting-place hard by the Post-office.

The only outside passenger was a burly honest-looking countryman upon the box, who, with his eyes fixed upon the dome of Saint Paul's Cathedral, appeared so wrapt in admiring wonder, as to be quite insensible to all the bustle of getting out the bags and parcels, until one of the coach windows being let sharply down, he looked round and encountered a pretty female face which was just then thrust out.

"See there, lass!" bawled the countryman, pointing towards the object of his admiration. "There be Paul's Church. 'Ecod, he be a soizable 'un, he be."

"Goodness, John! I shouldn't have thought it could have been half the size. What a monster!"

"Monsther!—Ye're aboot right there, I reckon, Mrs. Browdie," said the countryman good-humouredly, as he came slowly down in his huge top-coat, "and wa'at dost thee tak yon place to be noo—thot 'un ower the wa'. Ye'd never coom near it 'gin ye thried for twolve moonths. It's na' but a Poast-office. Ho! ho! They need to charge for dooble-ladders. A Poast-office! Wa'at dost thee think o' thot? 'Ecod, if thot's on'y a Poast-office, I'd loike to see where the Lord Mayor o' Lunnun lives."

So saying, John Browdie—for he it was—opened the coach-door, and tapping Mrs. Browdie, late Miss Price, on the cheek as he looked in, burst into a boisterous fit of laughter.

"Weel!" said John—"Dang my bootuns if she bea'nt asleep agean!"

"She's been asleep all night, and was all yesterday, except for a minute or two now and then," replied John Browdie's choice, "and I was very sorry when she woke, for she has been so cross!"

The subject of these remarks was a slumbering figure, so muffled in shawl and cloak that it would have been matter of impossibility to guess at its sex but for a brown-beaver bonnet and green veil which ornamented the head, and which, having been crushed and flattened for two hundred and fifty miles in that particular angle of the vehicle from which the lady's snores now proceeded, presented an appearance sufficiently ludicrous to have moved less risible muscels than those of John Browdie's ruddy face.

"Hollo!" cried John, twitching one end of the dragged veil. "Coom, wakken oop, will 'ee."

After several burrowings into the old corner, and many exclamations



of impatience and fatigue, the figure struggled into a sitting posture; and there, under a mass of crumpled beaver, and surrounded by a semicircle of blue curl-papers, were the delicate features of Miss Fanny Squeers.

"Oh, Tilda!" cried Miss Squeers, "How you have been kicking of me through this blessed night!"

"Well, I do like that," replied her friend, laughing; "when you have had nearly the whole coach to yourself."

"Don't deny it, Tilda," said Miss Squeers, impressively, "because you have, and it's no use to go attempting to say you haven't. You mightn't have known it in your sleep, Tilda, but I haven't closed my eyes for a single wink, and so I *think* I am to be believed."

With which reply, Miss Squeers adjusted the bonnet and veil, which nothing but supernatural interference and an utter suspension of nature's laws could have reduced to any shape or form; and evidently flattering herself that it looked uncommonly neat, brushed off the sandwich-crumbs and bits of biscuit, which had accumulated in her lap, and availing herself of John Browdie's proffered arm, descended from the coach.

"Noo," said John, when a hackney-coach had been called, and the ladies and the luggage hurried in, "gang to the Sarah's Head, mun."

"To the *vere*?" cried the coachman.

"Lawk, Mr. Browdie!" interrupted Miss Squeers. "The idea! Saracen's Head."

"Sure-ly," said John, "I know'd it was summut about Sarah—to the Sarah Son's Head. Dost thou know thot?"

"Oh, ah—I know that," replied the coachman, gruffly, as he banged the door.

"Tilda, dear—really," remonstrated Miss Squeers, "we shall be taken for I don't know what."

"Let 'em tak us as they foind us;" said John Browdie, "we dean't come to Lunnun to do nought but 'joy oursel, do we?"

"I hope not, Mr. Browdie," replied Miss Squeers, looking singularly dismal.

"Well, then," said John, "it's no matther. I've only been a married mun fower days, 'account of poor old feyther decein' and puttin' it off. Here be a weddin' party—broide and broide'smaid, and the groom—if a mun dean't 'joy himsel noo, when ought he, hey? Draat it all, thot's what I wont to know."

So, in order that he might begin to enjoy himself at once, and lose no time, Mr. Browdie gave his wife a hearty kiss, and succeeded in wresting another from Miss Squeers after a maidenly resistance of scratching and struggling on the part of that young lady, which was not quite over when they reached the Saracen's Head.

Here the party straightway retired to rest, the refreshment of sleep being necessary after so long a journey; and here they met again, about noon, to a substantial breakfast, spread by direction of Mr. John Browdie, in a small private room up-stairs commanding an uninterrupted view of the stables.

To have seen Miss Squeers now, divested of the brown beaver, the green veil, and the blue curl-papers, and arrayed in all the virgin splendour of a white frock and spencer, with a white muslin bonnet, and an imitative damask rose in full bloom on the inside thereof: her luxuriant crop of hair arranged in curls so tight that it was impossible they could come out by any accident, and her bonnet-cap trimmed with little damask roses, which might be supposed to be so many promising scions of the big one—to have seen all this, and to have seen the broad damask belt, matching both the family rose and the little ones, which encircled her slender waist, and by a happy ingenuity took off from the shortness of the spencer behind,—to have beheld all this, and to have taken further into account the coral bracelets (rather short of beads, and with a very visible black string) which clasped her wrists, and the coral necklace which rested on her neck, supporting outside her frock a lonely cornelian heart, typical of her own disengaged affections—to have contemplated all these mute but expressive appeals to the purest feelings of our nature, might have thawed the frost of age, and added new and inextinguishable fuel to the fire of youth.

The waiter was touched. Waiter as he was, he had human passions and feelings, and he looked very hard at Miss Squeers as he handed the muffins.

“Is my pa in, do you know?” asked Miss Squeers with dignity.

“Beg your pardon, Miss.”

“My pa,” repeated Miss Squeers; “is he in?”

“In where, Miss?”

“In here—in the house!” replied Miss Squeers. “My pa—Mr. Wackford Squeers—he’s stopping here. Is he at home?”

“I didn’t know there was any gen’lman of that name in the house, Miss,” replied the waiter. “There may be, in the coffee-room.”

*May be.* Very pretty this, indeed! Here was Miss Squeers, who had been depending all the way to London upon showing her friends how much at home she would be, and how much respectful notice her name and connexions would excite, told that her father *might* be there! “As if he was a feller!” observed Miss Squeers, with emphatic indignation.

“Ye’d better inquire, mun,” said John Browdie. “An’ hond up another pigeon-pie, will ‘ee? Dang the chap,” muttered John, looking into the empty dish as the waiter retired; “Does he ca’ this a pie—three yoong pigeons and a troiffing matther o’ steak, and a crust so loight that you doant know when it’s in your mooth and when it’s gone? I wonder hoo many pies goes to a breakfast!”

After a short interval, which John Browdie employed upon the ham and a cold round of beef, the waiter returned with another pie, and the information that Mr. Squeers was not stopping in the house, but that he came there every day, and that directly he arrived he should be shown up-stairs. With this he retired; and he had not retired two minutes, when he returned with Mr. Squeers and his hopeful son.

“Why, who’d have thought of this?” said Mr. Squeers, when he

related the party  
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“And I ston  
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returned Squeers;  
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“Well,” said  
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“No, Tilla  
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had saluted the party, and received some private family intelligence from his daughter.

"Who, indeed, pa!" replied that young lady, spitefully. "But you see *Filda is married at last.*"

"And I stond threat for a soight o' Lunnun, schoolmeasther," said John, vigorously attacking the pie.

"One of them things that young men do when they get married," returned Squeers; "and as runs through with their money like nothing at all. How much better wouldn't it be now, to save it up for the eddication of any little boys, for instance. They come on you," said Mr. Squeers in a moralizing way, "before you're aware of it; mine did upon me."

"Will 'ce pick a bit?" said John.

"I won't myself," returned Squeers; "but if you'll just let little Wackford tuck into something fat, I'll be obliged to you. Give it him in his fingers, else the waiter charges it on, and there's lot of profit on this sort of vittles without that. If you hear the waiter coming, sir, shove it in your pocket and look out of the window, d'ye hear?"

"I'm awake, father," replied the dutiful Wackford.

"Well," said Squeers, turning to his daughter, "It's your turn to be married next. You must make haste."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," said Miss Squeers, very sharply.

"No, Fanny?" cried her old friend with some archness.

"No, Tilda," replied Miss Squeers, shaking her head vehemently. "I—can wait."

"So can the young men, it seems, Fanny," observed Mrs. Browdie.

"They an't draw'd into it by *me*, Tilda," retorted Miss Squeers.

"No," returned her friend; "that's exceedingly true."

The sarcastic tone of this reply might have provoked a rather acrimonious retort from Miss Squeers, who, besides being of a constitutionally vicious temper—aggravated just now by travel and recent jolting—was somewhat irritated by old recollections and the failure of her own designs upon Mr. Browdie; and the acrimonious retort might have led to a great many other retorts, which might have led to Heaven knows what, if the subject of conversation had not been at that precise moment accidentally changed by Mr. Squeers himself.

"What do you think?" said that gentleman; "who do you suppose we have laid hands on, Wackford and me?"

"Pa! not Mr. ———?" Miss Squeers was unable to finish the sentence, but Mrs. Browdie did it for her, and added, "Nickleby?"

"No," said Squeers. "But next door to him though."

"You can't mean Smike?" cried Miss Squeers, clapping her hands.

"Yes, I can though," rejoined her father. "I've got him hard and fast."

"Wa'at!" exclaimed John Browdie, pushing away his plate. "Got thot poor—dom'd scoondrel,—where?"

"Why, in the top back room, at my lodging," replied Squeers, "with him on one side and the key on the other."

"At thy loodgin'! Thee'est gotten him at thy loodgin'? Ho! ho!

The schoolmeaster agin all England. Give us thee hond, mun;—I'm darned but I must shak thee by the hond for thot.—Gotten him at thy loodgin'?"

"Yes," replied Squeers, staggering in his chair under the congratulatory blow on the chest which the stout Yorkshireman dealt him—"thankee. Don't do it again. You mean it kindly, I know, but it hurts rather—yes, there he is. That's not so bad, is it?"

"Ba'ad!" repeated John Browdie. "It's enef to scare a mun to hear tell on."

"I thought it would surprise you a bit," said Squeers, rubbing his hands. "It was pretty neatly done, and pretty quick too."

"Hoo wor it?" inquired John, sitting down close to him. "Tell us all about it, mun; coom, quick."

Although he could not keep pace with John Browdie's impatience, Mr. Squeers related the lucky chance by which Smike had fallen into his hands, as quickly as he could, and, except when he was interrupted by the admiring remarks of his auditors, paused not in the recital until he had brought it to an end.

"For fear he should give me the slip by any chance," observed Squeers, when he had finished, looking very cunning, "I've taken three outsides for to-morrow morning, for Wackford and him and me, and have arranged to leave the accounts and the new boys to the agent, don't you see? So it's very lucky you come to-day, or you'd have missed us; and as it is, unless you could come and tea with me to-night, we shan't see anything more of you before we go away."

"Deant say anoother wurd," returned the Yorkshireman, shaking him by the hand. "We'd coom if it was twonty mile."

"No, would you though?" returned Mr. Squeers, who had not expected quite such a ready acceptance of his invitation, or he would have considered twice before he gave it.

John Browdie's only reply was another squeeze of the hand, and an assurance that they would not begin to see London till to-morrow, so that they might be at Mr. Snawley's at six o'clock without fail; and after some further conversation, Mr. Squeers and his son departed.

During the remainder of the day Mr. Browdie was in a very odd and excitable state, bursting occasionally into an explosion of laughter, and then taking up his hat and running into the coach-yard to have it out by himself. He was very restless too, constantly walking in and out, and snapping his fingers, and dancing scraps of uncouth country dances, and, in short, conducting himself in such a very extraordinary manner, that Miss Squeers opined he was going mad, and, begging her dear Tilda not to distress herself, communicated her suspicions in so many words. Mrs. Browdie, however, without discovering any great alarm, observed that she had seen him so once before, and that although he was almost sure to be ill after it, it would not be anything very serious, and therefore he was better left alone.

The result proved her to be perfectly correct; for while they were all sitting in Mr. Snawley's parlour that night, and just as it was beginning to get dusk, John Browdie was taken so ill, and seized with such

an alarming dizziness in the head, that the whole company were thrown into the utmost consternation. His good lady, indeed, was the only person present who retained presence of mind enough to observe that if he were allowed to lie down on Mr. Squeers's bed for an hour or so, and left entirely to himself, he would be sure to recover again almost as quickly as he had been taken ill. Nobody could refuse to try the effect of so reasonable a proposal before sending for a surgeon. Accordingly, John was supported up-stairs with great difficulty, being a monstrous weight, and regularly tumbling down two steps every time they hoisted him up three; and being laid on the bed, was left in charge of his wife, who, after a short interval, re-appeared in the parlour with the gratifying intelligence that he had fallen fast asleep.

Now, the fact was, that, at that particular moment, John Browdie was sitting on the bed with the reddest face ever seen, cramming the corner of the pillow into his mouth to prevent his roaring out loud with laughter. He had no sooner succeeded in suppressing this emotion, than he slipped off his shoes, and creeping to the adjoining room where the prisoner was confined, turned the key, which was on the outside, and darting in, covered Smike's mouth with his huge hand before he could utter a sound.

"Ods-bobs, dost thee not know me, mun?" whispered the Yorkshireman to the bewildered lad. "Browdie,—chap as met thee efter schoolmeaster was banged?"

"Yes, yes," cried Smike. "Oh! help me."

"Help thee!" replied John, stopping his mouth again the instant he had said thus much. "Thee didn't need help if thee war'nt as silly yoongster as ever draw'd breath. Wa'at did 'ee come here for, then?"

"He brought me; oh! he brought me," cried Smike.

"Brout thee!" replied John. "Why didn't'ee punch his head, or lay theeself doon and kick, and squeal out for the pollis? I'd ha' licked a doozen such as him when I was yoong as thee. But thee be'est a poor broken-doon chap," said John, sadly, "and God forgi' me for bragging ower yan o' his weakest crecturs."

Smike opened his mouth to speak, but John Browdie stopped him.

"Stan still," said the Yorkshireman, "and doant'ee speak a morsel o' talk till I tell'ee."

With this caution, John Browdie shook his head significantly, and drawing a screw-driver from his pocket, took off the box of the lock in a very deliberate and workmanlike manner, and laid it, together with the implement, on the floor.

"See thot?" said John. "Thot be thy doin'. Noo, coot awa'."

Smike looked vacantly at him, as if unable to comprehend his meaning.

"I say, coot awa'," repeated John, hastily. "Dost thee know where thee livest? Thee dost? Weel. Are yon thy clothes, or schoolmeaster's?"

"Mine," replied Smike, as the Yorkshireman hurried him to the adjoining room, and pointed out a pair of shoes and a coat which were lying on a chair.

"On wi' 'em," said John, forcing the wrong arm into the wrong sleeve, and winding the tails of the coat round the fugitive's neck. "Noo, foller me, and when thee get'st outside door, turn to the right, and they wean't see thee pass."

"But—but—he'll hear me shut the door," replied Smike, trembling from head to foot.

"Then dean't shut it at all," retorted John Browdie. "Dang it, thee bean't afeard o' schoolmeaster's takkin' cold, I hope?"

"N-no," said Smike, his teeth chattering in his head. "But he brought me back before, and will again. He will, he will indeed."

"He wull, he wull!" replied John impatiently. "He wean't, he wean't. Look'e. I want to do this neighbourly loike, and let them think thee's gotten awa' o' theeself, but if he cooms oot o' thot parlour awbiles theer't clearing off, he mun' have mercy on his oun boans, for I wean't. If he foinds it oot soon effer, I'll put 'un on a wrong scent, I warrant'ee. But if thee keeps't a good hart, thee'll be at whoam afore they know thees't gotten off. Coom."

Smike, who comprehended just enough of this to know it was intended as encouragement, prepared to follow with tottering steps, when John whispered in his ear.

"The't just tell yoong Measther, that I'm spliced to 'Tilly Price, and to be heerd on at the Saracen by latther, and that I bee'nt jealous of 'un—dang it, I'm loike to boost when I think o' that neight; 'cod, I think I see 'un now, a powderin' awa' at the thin bread an butther!"

It was rather a ticklish recollection for John just then, for he was within an ace of breaking out into a loud guffaw. Restraining himself, however, just in time by a great effort, he glided down stairs, hauling Smike behind him; and placing himself close to the parlour-door, to confront the first person that might come out, signed to him to make off.

Having got so far, Smike needed no second bidding. Opening the house-door gently, and casting a look of mingled gratitude and terror at his deliverer, he took the direction which had been indicated to him, and sped away like the wind.

The Yorkshireman remained on his post for a few minutes, but, finding that there was no pause in the conversation inside, crept back again unheard, and stood listening over the stair-rail for a full hour. Everything remaining perfectly quiet, he got into Mr. Squeers's bed once more, and drawing the clothes over his head, laughed till he was nearly smothered.

If there could only have been somebody by, to see how the bed-clothes shook, and to see the Yorkshireman's great red face and round head appear above the sheets every now and then, like some jovial monster coming to the surface to breathe, and once more dive down convulsed with the laughter which came bursting forth afresh—that somebody would have been scarcely less amused than John Browdie himself.

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THE great number of new Medicines which have within the last few years been offered to the Public would have prevented the Proprietor from submitting to their notice this valuable Extract, had not the fullest and most decided evidence of its superiority convinced him that as far as he could it was strictly right he should make it generally useful. It is purely Vegetable, extracted solely from **CAMOMILE FLOWERS**, and in all cases where the stomach does not rightly perform its office it is at once the most harmless, pleasant, and efficacious assistant possible.

With the weak, the sickly, and the sedentary, the preventive art of Medicine must be an object worthy of particular attention. The effect of a few doses will fully show its efficacy; for whether the constitution is naturally bad, whether it has been seriously injured by severe attacks of illness or by some inferior dilapidating cause, or whether it has been impaired by time or by neglect, the general effect is similar, and consequently the repairing and proping up of the system are to be accomplished by invigorating and bringing into proper action the digestive organs, so preventing the general breaking up of the constitution. The Proprietor, from experience, is quite confident that by a little attention, and an occasional dose of this Medicine, these important objects may be accomplished; and the period of life may be extended many years beyond the usual number by the use of

**NORTON'S**  
**CAMOMILE PILLS,**  
THE MOST  
CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

AND A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND EFFECTUAL CURE OF

**INDIGESTION**

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

*And, as a natural consequence, a purifier of the blood and a sweetener of the whole system.*

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

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food be-

coming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems: nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only objection to their use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the Stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of camomile flowers, and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy, the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with camomile flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and, when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer and the most certain preserver of health.

These **PILLS** are wholly **CAMOMILE**, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the Proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age and under any circumstance without danger or inconvenience: a person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fevers or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though, after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid,

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foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink, always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach, and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed: this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed, and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often, committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

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

On account of their volatile properties they must be kept in bottles, and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

"Having disposed of my whole right and interest in those excellent Medicines known by the name of **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**, and **NORTON'S EXTRACT OF PEPPERMINT**, to the successors of Mr. Benjamin Godfrey Windus, 61, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, both the medicines will in future be prepared by them; and, to protect the Public against Counterfeits, the Government stamp will be engraved, Benjamin Godfrey Windus, 61, Bishopsgate Street.

Beccles 1st. Sept., 1833.

"THOS. NORTON."

Sold wholesale by Barclay and Sons; T. Butler; E. Edwards; F. Newberry & Sons; W. Sutton & Co., and A. Willoughby & Co. (late B. Godfrey Windus), 61, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, and retail by nearly all respectable Medicine Venders.

Be particular to ask for "**NORTON'S PILLS**," for in consequence of their great success some unprincipled persons have prepared a spurious imitation.

A PLEASING APPEARANCE  
15  
THE FIRST LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

GODFREY'S  
EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS,

*For softening the Skin and improving the Complexion.*

THIS preparation has by very many years trial in private practice been found so superlatively efficacious in softening, improving, beautifying, and preserving the skin, and in giving it a blooming and most charming appearance, that the proprietor can with the greatest confidence recommend it as a most fragrant perfume and perfect beautifier. It will speedily and completely remove all Tan, Sunburns, Freckles, Redness, &c., and by its cooling, balsamic, and healing qualities, make the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, scurf, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, and eruption, and, by continuing its use for only a short time, the skin will become and continue delicately clear, soft, and smooth, and the complexion perfectly fair and beautiful.

To children it is singularly beneficial, and perfectly innoxious, even to the youngest infant. It will cleanse the pores of the skin, clear off dandruff much better than combs, will quickly relieve all those inflammatory affections of the face, neck, and ears, occasioned by teething, chafing, &c., and give an appearance of cleanliness and health truly surprising—must be seen to be believed; and will indisputably show that it is alike the *ne plus ultra* of the nursery and of the toilette.

In the process of shaving it is valuable beyond any thing, annihilating every pimple, and all roughness, rendering the skin soft and firm, and its surface even and smooth, and preparing it so completely for the application of the razor that the proprietor earnestly enjoins every gentleman who has any regard for his own comfort to try one bottle, which will so well recommend itself that in all probability he will recommend it to others.

It ought to be observed, that, with whatever indifference some may profess to regard appearances, all are in some degree influenced by them, many much more than they themselves believe or suspect; but, be that as it may, it is certainly to the interest of most, and must be desirable to all, to carry an appearance as pleasing as the nature of things will allow, and, of whatever form the features may be, a clear and wholesome-looking skin must be infinitely preferable to that which is sallow, or covered with numerous eruptive specks and blemishes; therefore it is candidly submitted whether it does not behove every one to make use of the best means which accident or science may have afforded to reduce and obviate as much as possible the ills which flesh is heir to.

As a family lotion, to use on all occasions, Godfrey's Extract of Elder Flowers will be found beyond all praise, and needs only a trial to be approved. Its agreeable perfume, its pleasing and beneficial effects in rendering the complexion delicately fair and beautiful, in softening the skin, cleansing its pores, and freeing it from all pimples and eruptions: in improving its colour and conferring a transcendent transparency and bloom, and rendering it altogether unexceptionable, are so prompt and decided that it must ultimately supersede the use of all other preparations. Indeed it only requires a comparison to show in the strongest light its amazing superiority.

It is prepared only by the Proprietor, and sold wholesale by Messrs. WILLOUGHBY and Co. (successors to Benjamin Godfrey Windus), 61, Bishopsgate Street Without, London; and supplied also by Barclay and Sons; T. Butler; E. Edwards; F. Newberry and Sons; and W. Sutton and Co.; and sold retail in bottles at 2s. 9d. each, by all Booksellers, Druggists, and Patent Medicine Venders in the United Kingdom.

**CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.**

There are unprincipled persons who are constantly in the habit of imitating every meritorious public medicine, disregarding altogether its qualities. Such a course, though it may yield large profits to the fraudulent, produces to others injury and disappointment; therefore purchasers are particularly requested to observe that the name "Benjamin Godfrey Windus, 61, Bishopsgate Street," is engraved on the Government Stamp which is pasted over the cork of each bottle; without which none can be genuine.

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NEW AND POPULAR WORKS PUBLISHED BY R. TYAS,  
50 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON:

SOLD ALSO BY J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; AND MACHEN AND CO. DUBLIN.

This Day is Published, No. IV., Price Sixpence, and Part I., Price Two Shillings, of

# THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON:

From the French of NORVINS, LAURENT (de l'Ardèche), BOURRIENNE, LAS CASAS,  
the DUKE DE ROVIGO, LUCIEN BONAPARTE, &c.; with Abstracts from the Works of  
HAZLITT, CARLYLE, and SIR WALTER SCOTT:

EDITED BY R. H. HORNE, ESQ.

*Author of "Cosmo de Medici," "The Death of Marlowe," &c.*

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED WITH

**MANY HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,**

AFTER DESIGNS BY

**RAFFET, HORACE VERNET, JACQUE,**

AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

THIS Work has originated in the belief that the great mass of the English People are imperfectly acquainted with the HISTORY and CHARACTER of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. Very partial accounts, characterised by extreme eulogy or extreme condemnation, have been diffused in a limited circle, and published at too high a price, and in too voluminous a form, to place them within the means of the General Reader.

The object of the Work now submitted to the Public, is to give an impartial digest of all the best of the numerous publications concerning NAPOLEON; which digest will be condensed into ONE VOLUME.

The present aspect of the social hemisphere in all civilised countries, renders this a peculiarly apt moment for the general diffusion of authentic information respecting NAPOLEON. The most important facts of his eventful period will be displayed in the most concise form, as a vivid series of pictures of those tremendous events of the past, the influence of which has been, and will continue to be, so deep and extensive.

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The style of the Engravings and Printing, and the quality of the Paper, will be such as to render the Work one of the choicest specimens of the Typographic Art.

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TO THE READERS OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY!

This Day is Published, No. I. **PRICE SIXPENCE**, (to be continued Monthly) of

# HEADS

FROM

# NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

ETCHED

BY

A. DRYPOINT

FROM



DRAWINGS

BY

MISS

LA CREEVY.

These "HEADS" will comprise Portraits of the most interesting individuals that appear in "THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY," selected at the period when their very actions define their true characters, and exhibit the inward mind by its outward manifestations. Each Portrait will be a literal transcript from the accurate and vividly minute descriptions of this able and most graphic author; and will present to the eye, an equally faithful version of the maiden simplicity of KATE NICKLEBY—the depravity of Sir MULBERRY HAWK—the imbecility of his dupe—the heartless villainy of the calculating RALPH—the generosity of the noble-minded NICHOLAS—the broken spirit of poor SMIKE—and the brutality of SQUEERS. These and many others furnish subjects for the display of the artist's genius, and will form an interesting and most desirable addition to the work.

No. I. CONTAINS

**KATE NICKLEBY**

**SIR MULBERRY HAWK**

**RALPH NICKLEBY**

**NEWMAN NOGGS.**

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*New and Popular Works Published by* ROBERT TYAS, 50 Cheapside.

On the Fifteenth of March will be Published, in Imperial Octavo, Price Twopence,

NO. I.

(TO BE CONTINUED WEEKLY),

OF

# SHAKSPERE

## FOR THE PEOPLE:

REVISED FROM THE BEST EDITIONS EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK:

WITH ANNOTATIONS, AND INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON THE PLAYS,

BY MANY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS:

AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND AN ESSAY ON HIS WRITINGS,

By DOUGLAS JERROLD:

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY

### ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD

FROM DESIGNS

By KENNY MEADOWS.

#### Object of the Projectors.

The purpose of the Projectors of this New Edition of the Works of the **WORLD'S POET**, is to make the **BOOK OF SHAKSPERE** literally a household thing; and, whilst its price and mode of publication shall bring it within the means of readers of the humblest fortunes, the novelty of its **PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS**, with the care bestowed upon its Text, and typographical pretensions, will it is confidently believed render it superior to many editions put forth at quadruple its cost: the new resources of mechanical science, and the extraordinary improvement in wood engraving, enabling the Proprietors to diffuse amidst—ay, millions!—those beauties of art, and necessarily those refinements of life, no longer jealously considered as the property of the few, but claimed as the heritage of the many. Time was, when literature and art were to the people—

*"Bann'd and barr'd, forbidden fare."*

Happily, in our day, the triumphs of the mind have vindicated their first and most sacred purpose—that of being ministrant to the moral improvement, and therefore to the highest happiness, of all men. Books are no longer the exclusive luxuries of the rich—they are become the necessary food of the poor.

It is with this conviction that the Projectors of "**SHAKSPERE FOR THE PEOPLE**" commence their grateful labours. In the present great moral struggle—in the present conflict of all that ennobles as of all that debases our common nature—good books may be considered as manna, blessing a hungry multitude. This allowed, what human work so irresistibly addresses itself to human sympathies as the writings of Shakspeare? Where shall the people find a nobler teacher—

from whom shall their nature receive such immortal elevation—where shall they behold such vivid, stirring pictures of the world about them—whence learn (and learning, fear, respect, and love) the wondrous mysteries of the human heart—its powers alike for good or evil? Who shall teach them this with a loftier, a sweeter, a simpler, and a more convincing eloquence than Shakspeare? Where shall they see and gather this loveliness and wisdom but in the starry page of HIM, whose genius, surpassing the powers of all men in its strength, is tempered with a charity and sweetness, rendering that strength so universal?

It is expected that the forthcoming edition of the Poet will command admission to the libraries of the rich, by the peculiar beauty of its Embellishments; whilst, in the room of the artisan, in the cottage of the labourer, the PEOPLE'S SHAKSPEARE (such is the proud hope of the Projectors) shall be as a household oracle; a teacher of the best of human wisdom, the sacredness of human rights; the innocent and ready happiness to be found in this life, even for the lowliest; and the crowning lesson of all life's teaching—the necessity and joyfulness of wise content.

### The Illustrations.

Each Play will be illustrated with numerous Engravings on Wood, executed in a style that shall challenge comparison with the most vigorous and most delicate specimens of the art; the Illustrations to consist of compositions in which there will be an attempt to embody the PORTRAITS OF SHAKSPEARE'S CHARACTERS; an attempt, the result of a long, and it may be honestly said, reverential study of the "many-coloured" subjects to be essayed; together with Landscapes illustrative of the Text. Hence, the Work will contain a GALLERY OF SHAKSPEARE PORTRAITS AND SHAKSPEARE SCENES, executed with that zeal and love for the undertaking, without which there can in no high endeavour be even a promise of success.

### The Text and Notes.

The Text of Johnson and Steevens will be mainly followed; to which will be appended explanatory Notes, and a Glossary; the Notes from the pens of Writers distinguished by their knowledge and by their reverence of the Author. It is conceived that this most important part of the undertaking may be satisfactorily performed, with a due regard to brevity; nothing being more easy, were such the design, than to load Shakspeare with even the whole contents of an Encyclopædia.

### The Life of the Author.

A Life of Shakspeare, collected from various sources, and containing the results of various late discoveries, will be WRITTEN FOR THE EDITION; with an Essay on the Plays and Poems.

### The Printing.

The Work will be confided to the Press of VIZETELLY and Co., a firm already distinguished for the excellence, beauty, and correctness of its works; and from which a new typographical triumph may be confidently predicted, in the edition of SHAKSPEARE FOR THE PEOPLE.

### Extent of the Work.

It is calculated that each Play will occupy from Four to Six Numbers, but in no instance will exceed Six. An Edition will also be published in Monthly Parts.

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Vizetelly & Co. Printers, 135 Fleet Street.

MR. MOON, her Majesty's Publisher and Printseller, 20, Threadneedle Street, London, has the honour to announce his intention to publish the following Important Engravings.



## THE WATERLOO BANQUET

AT APSLEY HOUSE.

From a Picture by WILLIAM SALTER, Esq., Member of the Academies at Florence, Rome, &c.; which he has had the high privilege of painting by the especial permission of

### HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

From the actual scene in Apsley House, and has since been honoured with sittings for the Portraits BY THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

This most interesting of National Subjects represents the Annual Banquet, at which the surviving Heroes of that Glorious Victory meet to commemorate, on the 18th of June, the most celebrated event in the MILITARY ANNALS OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE GALLERY OF

### THE HEROES OF WATERLOO.

Portraits of those distinguished Companions of the immortal Wellington, accompanied by Sketches of their Military Memoirs, from the Original Portraits

By W. SALTER, Esq., M.A.F., &c. &c.

\* \* The above most interesting National Works are in preparation, and further notice will shortly be given of the mode and period of Publication.

THE UNITED SERVICE.

REPRESENTING

The only Interview of the Heroes, NELSON AND WELLINGTON,

From the Original, by W. SALTER, Esq.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF

### HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

IN THE MILITARY DRESS OF A FIELD MARSHAL, AS WORN IN ACTION.

Painted expressly for a Nobleman, by J. SIMPSON, Esq., and engraving in Mezzotint by B. P. GIBSON.  
Price to Subscribers:—Prints, 12s.; Proofs, 21s.; Proofs before Letters, 1*l.* 11s. 6*d.*

### THE CORONATION.

Painted by E. T. PARRIS, Esq., Historical Painter to the Queen Dowager.

A Combination of Circumstances, equally flattering and gratifying, enables Mr. Moon now definitely to announce that, BY SPECIAL AUTHORITY,

THIS GRAND HISTORICAL PAINTING OF THE CORONATION IS INTRUSTED TO HIM FOR IMMEDIATE PUBLICATION.

This Work of Art will, with the Portrait of her Majesty, by CHALON, and the Queen's First Council, by SIR DAVID WILKIE, form a part of the Regal Gallery of Pictures, illustrating the Incidents of the Reign of QUEEN VICTORIA, which Mr. Moon has arranged to produce as Events may transpire.

### HAWKING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

Engraving by SAMUEL COUSINS, A.R.A.; to range with the Splendid Work of "Bolton Abbey." Price to Subscribers:—Prints, 4*l.* 4s.; Proofs, 7*l.* 7s.; Proofs before Letters, 10*l.* 10s.

\* \* This is the celebrated Picture which excited so much attention in the Royal Academy, and contains the Portraits of Lord and Lady Francis Egerton and Family.

### GRACE DARLING,

AND THE

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