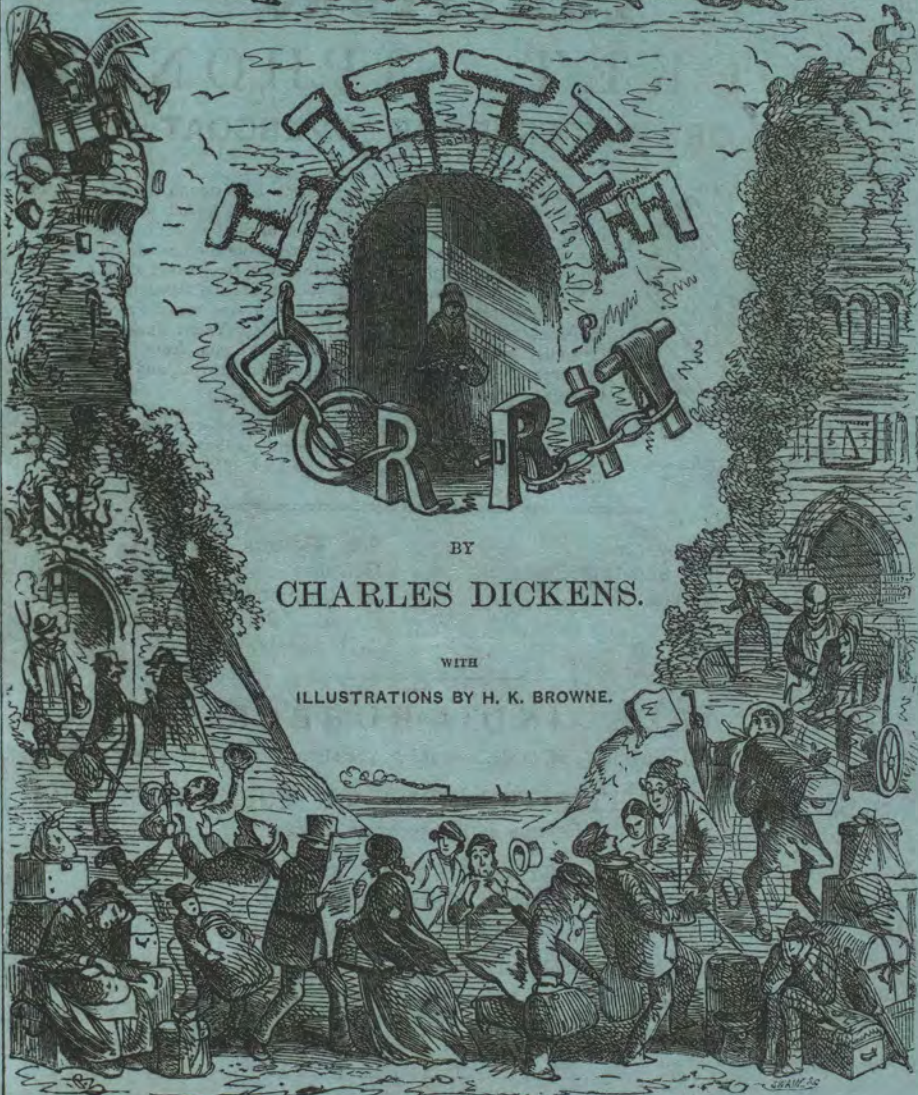


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	As dotted	Inches.	Eighths.
Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose	1 to 1.		
From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required	As dotted 2 to 2.		
From one Temple to the other, across the rise of Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows	As marked 3 to 3.		



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The Brothers.



Miss Dorrit and Little Dorrit.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE FATHER OF THE MARSHALSEA IN TWO OR THREE RELATIONS.

THE brothers William and Frederick Dorrit, walking up and down the College-yard—of course on the aristocratic or Pump side, for the Father made it a point of his state to be chary of going among his children on the Poor side, except on Sunday mornings, Christmas Days, and other occasions of ceremony, in the observance whereof he was very punctual, and at which times he laid his hand upon the heads of their infants, and blessed those young Insolvents with a benignity that was highly edifying—the brothers, walking up and down the College-yard together, were a memorable sight. Frederick the free, was so humbled, bowed, withered, and faded; William the bond, was so courtly, condescending, and benevolently conscious of a position; that in this regard only, if in no other, the brothers were a spectacle to wonder at.

They walked up and down the yard, on the evening of Little Dorrit's Sunday interview with her lover on the Iron Bridge. The cares of state were over for that day, the Drawing Room had been well attended, several new presentations had taken place, the three-and-sixpence accidentally left on the table had accidentally increased to twelve shillings, and the Father of the Marshalsea refreshed himself with a whiff of cigar. As he walked up and down, affably accommodating his step to the shuffle of his brother, not proud in his superiority, but considerate of that poor creature, bearing with him, and breathing toleration of his infirmities in every little puff of smoke that issued from his lips and aspired to get over the spiked wall, he was a sight to wonder at.

His brother Frederick of the dim eye, palsied hand, bent form, and groping mind, submissively shuffled at his side, accepting his patronage as he accepted every incident of the labyrinthian world in which he had got lost. He held the usual screwed bit of whity-brown paper in his hand, from which he ever and again unscrewed a spare pinch of snuff. That falteringly taken, he would glance at his brother not unadmiringly, put his hands behind him, and shuffle on so at his side until he took another pinch, or stood still to look about him—perchance suddenly missing his clarionet.

The College visitors were melting away as the shades of night drew on, but the yard was still pretty full, the Collegians being mostly out, seeing their friends to the Lodge. As the brothers paced the yard, William the bond looked about him to receive salutes, returned them by graciously lifting off his hat, and, with an engaging air, prevented Frederick the free from running against the company, or being jostled against the wall. The Collegians as a body were not easily impressible, but even they, according to their various ways of wondering, appeared to find in the two brothers a sight to wonder at.

"You are a little low this evening, Frederick," said the Father of the Marshalsea. "Anything the matter?"

"The matter?" He stared for a moment, and then dropped his head and eyes again. "No, William, no. Nothing is the matter."

"If you could be persuaded to smarten yourself up a little, Frederick——"

"Aye aye!" said the old man hurriedly. "But I can't be. I can't be. Don't talk so. That's all over."

The Father of the Marshalsea glanced at a passing Collegian with whom he was on friendly terms, as who should say, "An enfeebled old man, this; but he is my brother, sir, my brother, and the voice of Nature is potent!" and steered his brother clear of the handle of the pump by the threadbare sleeve. Nothing would have been wanting to the perfection of his character as a fraternal guide, philosopher, and friend, if he had only steered his brother clear of ruin, instead of bringing it upon him.

"I think, William," said the object of his affectionate consideration, "that I am tired, and will go home to bed."

"My dear Frederick," returned the other. "Don't let me detain you; don't sacrifice your inclinations to me."

"Late hours, and a heated atmosphere, and years I suppose," said Frederick, "weaken me."

"My dear Frederick," returned the Father of the Marshalsea, "do you think you are sufficiently careful of yourself? Do you think your habits are as precise and methodical as—shall I say as mine are? Not to revert again to that little eccentricity which I mentioned just now, I doubt if you take air and exercise enough, Frederick. Here is the parade, always at your service. Why not use it more regularly than you do?"

"Hah!" sighed the other. "Yes, yes, yes, yes."

"But it is of no use saying yes yes, my dear Frederick," the Father of the Marshalsea in his mild wisdom persisted, "unless you act on that assent. Consider my case, Frederick. I am a kind of example. Necessity and time have taught me what to do. At certain stated hours of the day, you will find me on the parade, in my room, in the Lodge, reading the paper, receiving company, eating and drinking. I have impressed upon Amy during many years, that I must have my meals (for instance) punctually. Amy has grown up in a sense of the importance of these arrangements, and you know what a good girl she is."

The brother only sighed again, as he plodded dreamily along, "Hah! Yes, yes, yes, yes."

"My dear fellow," said the Father of the Marshalsea, laying his hand upon his shoulder, and mildly rallying him—mildly, because of his weakness, poor dear soul; "you said that before, and it does not express much, Frederick, even if it means much. I wish I could rouse you, my good Frederick; you want to be roused."

"Yes, William, yes. No doubt," returned the other, lifting his dim eyes to his face. "But I am not like you."

The Father of the Marshalsea said, with a shrug of modest self-depreciation, "Oh! You might be like me, my dear Frederick; you

might be, if you chose!" and forbore, in the magnanimity of his strength, to press his fallen brother further.

There was a deal of leave-taking going on in corners, as was usual on Sunday nights; and here and there in the dark, some poor woman, wife or mother, was weeping with a new Collegian. The time had been when the Father himself had wept, in the shades of that yard, as his own poor wife had wept. But it was many years ago; and now he was like a passenger aboard ship in a long voyage, who has recovered from sea-sickness, and is impatient of that weakness in the fresher passengers taken aboard at the last port. He was inclined to remonstrate, and to express his opinion that people who couldn't get on without crying, had no business there. In manner, if not in words, he always testified his displeasure at these interruptions of the general harmony; and it was so well understood, that delinquents usually withdrew if they were aware of him.

On this Sunday evening, he accompanied his brother to the gate with an air of endurance and clemency; being in a bland temper and graciously disposed to overlook the tears. In the flaring gaslight of the Lodge, several Collegians were basking: some taking leave of visitors, and some who had no visitors, watching the frequent turning of the key, and conversing with one another and with Mr. Chivery. The paternal entrance made a sensation of course; and Mr. Chivery, touching his hat (in a short manner though) with his key, hoped he found himself tolerable.

"Thank you, Chivery, quite well. And you?"

Mr. Chivery said in a low growl, "O! *he* was all right." Which was his general way of acknowledging enquiries after his health, when a little sullen.

"I had a visit from Young John to-day, Chivery. And very smart he looked, I assure you."

So Mr. Chivery had heard. Mr. Chivery must confess, however, that his wish was that the boy didn't lay out so much money upon it. For what did it bring him in? It only brought him in Wexation. And he could get that anywhere, for nothing.

"How vexation, Chivery?" asked the benignant father.

"No odds," returned Mr. Chivery. "Never mind. Mr. Frederick going out?"

"Yes, Chivery, my brother is going home to bed. He is tired, and not quite well. Take care, Frederick, take care. Good night, my dear Frederick!"

Shaking hands with his brother, and touching his greasy hat to the company in the Lodge, Frederick slowly shuffled out of the door which Mr. Chivery unlocked for him. The Father of the Marshalsea showed the amiable solicitude of a superior being that he should come to no harm.

"Be so kind as to keep the door open a moment, Chivery, that I may see him go along the passage and down the steps. Take care, Frederick! (He is very infirm). Mind the steps! (He is so very absent). Be careful how you cross, Frederick. (I really don't like the notion of his going wandering at large, he is so extremely liable to be run over.)"

With these words, and with a face expressive of many uneasy doubts and much anxious guardianship, he turned his regards upon the assembled company in the Lodge: so plainly indicating that his brother was to be pitied for not being under lock and key, that an opinion to that effect went round among the Collegians assembled.

But he did not receive it with unqualified assent; on the contrary, he said, No, gentlemen, no; let them not misunderstand him. His brother Frederick was much broken, no doubt, and it might be more comfortable to himself (the Father of the Marshalsea) to know that he was safe within the walls. Still, it must be remembered that to support an existence there during many years, required a certain combination of qualities—he did not say high qualities, but qualities—moral qualities. Now, had his brother Frederick that peculiar union of qualities? Gentlemen, he was a most excellent man, a most gentle, tender, and estimable man, with the simplicity of a child; but would he, though unsuited for most other places, do for that place? No; he said confidently, no! And, he said, Heaven forbid that Frederick should be there in any other character than in his present voluntary character! Gentlemen, whoever came to that College, to remain there a length of time, must have strength of character to go through a good deal and to come out of a good deal. Was his beloved brother Frederick that man? No. They saw him, even as it was, crushed. Misfortune crushed him. He had not power of recoil enough, not elasticity enough, to be a long time in such a place, and yet preserve his self-respect and feel conscious that he was a gentleman. Frederick had not (if he might use the expression) Power enough to see in any delicate little attentions and—and—Testimonials that he might under such circumstances receive, the goodness of human nature, the fine spirit animating the Collegians as a community, and at the same time no degradation to himself, and no depreciation of his claims as a gentleman. Gentlemen, God bless you!

Such was the homily with which he improved and pointed the occasion to the company in the Lodge, before turning into the sallow yard again, and going with his own poor shabby dignity past the Collegian in the dressing-gown who had no coat, and past the Collegian in the sea-side slippers who had no shoes, and past the stout greengrocer Collegian in the corduroy knee-breeches who had no cares, and past the lean clerk Collegian in buttonless black who had no hopes, up his own poor shabby staircase, to his own poor shabby room.

There, the table was laid for his supper, and his old grey gown was ready for him on his chair-back at the fire. His daughter put her little prayer-book in her pocket—had she been praying for pity on all prisoners and captives!—and rose to welcome him.

Uncle had gone home, then? she asked him, as she changed his coat and gave him his black velvet cap. Yes, uncle had gone home. Had her father enjoyed his walk? Why, not much, Amy; not much. No? Did he not feel quite well?

As she stood behind him, leaning over his chair so lovingly, he looked with downcast eyes at the fire. An uneasiness stole over him that was like a touch of shame; and when he spoke, as he presently did, it was in an unconnected and embarrassed manner.

"Something, I—hem!—I don't know what, has gone wrong with Chivery. He is not—ha!—not nearly so obliging and attentive as usual to-night. It—hem!—it's a little thing, but it puts me out, my love. It's impossible to forget," turning his hands over and over, and looking closely at them, "that—hem!—that in such a life as mine, I am unfortunately dependent on these men for something, every hour in the day."

Her arm was on his shoulder, but she did not look in his face while he spoke. Bending her head, she looked another way.

"I—hem!—I can't think, Amy, what has given Chivery offence. He is generally so—so very attentive and respectful. And to-night he was quite—quite short with me. Other people there too! Why, good Heaven! if I was to lose the support and recognition of Chivery and his brother-officers, I might starve to death here."

While he spoke, he was opening and shutting his hands like valves; so conscious all the time of that touch of shame, that he shrunk before his own knowledge of his meaning.

"I—ha!—I can't think what it's owing to. I am sure I cannot imagine what the cause of it is. There was a certain Jackson here once, a turnkey of the name of Jackson (I don't think you can remember him, my dear, you were very young), and—hem!—and he had a—brother, and this—young brother paid his addresses to—at least, did not go so far as to pay his addresses to—but admired—respectfully admired—the—not the daughter, the sister—of one of us; a rather distinguished Collegian; I may say, very much so. His name was Captain Martin; and he consulted me on the question whether it was necessary that his daughter—sister—should hazard offending the turnkey brother by being too—ha!—too plain with the other brother. Captain Martin was a gentleman and a man of honor, and I put it to him first to give me his—his own opinion. Captain Martin (highly respected in the army) then unhesitatingly said, that it appeared to him that his—hem!—sister was not called upon to understand the young man too distinctly, and that she might lead him on—I am doubtful whether lead him on was Captain Martin's exact expression; indeed I think he said tolerate him—on her father's—I should say, brother's—account. I hardly know how I have strayed into this story. I suppose it has been through being unable to account for Chivery; but as to the connection between the two, I don't see——"

His voice died away, as if she could not bear the pain of hearing him, and her hand had gradually crept to his lips. For a little while, there was a dead silence and stillness; and he remained shrunk in his chair, and she remained with her arm round his neck, and her head bowed down upon his shoulder.

His supper was cooking in a saucepan on the fire, and, when she moved, it was to make it ready for him on the table. He took his usual seat, she took hers, and he began his meal. They did not, as yet, look at one another. By little and little he began; laying down his knife and fork with a noise, taking things up sharply, biting at his bread as if he were offended with it, and in other similar ways showing that he was out of sorts. At length he pushed his plate from him, and spoke aloud. With the strangest inconsistency.

"What does it matter whether I eat or starve? What does it matter whether such a blighted life as mine comes to an end, now, next week, or next year? What am I worth to any one? A poor prisoner, fed on alms and broken victuals; a squalid, disgraced wretch!"

"Father, father!" As he rose, she went on her knees to him, and held up her hands to him.

"Amy," he went on in a suppressed voice, trembling violently, and looking at her as wildly as if he had gone mad. "I tell you, if you could see me as your mother saw me, you wouldn't believe it to be the creature you have only looked at through the bars of this cage. I was young, I was accomplished, I was good-looking, I was independent—by God I was, child!—and people sought me out, and envied me. Envied me!"

"Dear father!" She tried to take down the shaking arm that he flourished in the air, but he resisted, and put her hand away.

"If I had but a picture of myself in those days, though it was ever so ill done, you would be proud of it, you would be proud of it. But I have no such thing. Now, let me be a warning! Let no man," he cried, looking haggardly about, "fail to preserve at least that little of the times of his prosperity and respect. Let his children have that clue to what he was. Unless my face, when I am dead, subsides into the long departed look—they say such things happen, I don't know—my children will have never seen me."

"Father, father!"

"O despise me, despise me! Look away from me, don't listen to me, stop me, blush for me, cry for me—Even you, Amy! Do it, do it! I do it to myself! I am hardened now, I have sunk too low to care long even for that."

"Dear father, loved father, darling of my heart!" She was clinging to him with her arms, and she got him to drop into his chair again, and caught at the raised arm, and tried to put it round her neck.

"Let it lie there, father. Look at me, father, kiss me, father! Only think of me, father, for one little moment!"

Still he went on in the same wild way, though it was gradually breaking down into a miserable whining.

"And yet I have some respect here. I have made some stand against it. I am not quite trodden down. Go out and ask who is the chief person in the place. They'll tell you it's your father. Go out and ask who is never trifled with, and who is always treated with some delicacy. They'll say, your father. Go out and ask what funeral here (it must be here, I know it can be nowhere else) will make more talk, and perhaps more grief, than any that has ever gone out at the gate. They'll say, your father's. Well then. Amy! Amy! Is your father so universally despised? Is there nothing to redeem him? Will you have nothing to remember him by, but his ruin and decay? Will you be able to have no affection for him when he is gone, poor castaway, gone?"

He burst into tears of maudlin pity for himself, and at length suffering her to embrace him, and take charge of him, let his grey head rest against her cheek, and bewailed his wretchedness. Presently he

changed the subject of his lamentations, and clasping his hands about her as she embraced him, cried, O Amy, his motherless, forlorn child ! O the days that he had seen her careful and laborious for him ! Then he reverted to himself, and weakly told her how much better she would have loved him if she had known him in his vanished character, and how he would have married her to a gentleman who should have been proud of her as his daughter, and how (at which he cried again) she should first have ridden at his fatherly side on her own horse, and how the crowd (by which he meant in effect the people who had given him the twelve shillings he then had in his pocket) should have trudged the dusty roads respectfully.

Thus, now boasting, now despairing, in either fit a captive with the jail-rot upon him, and the impurity of his prison worn into the grain of his soul, he revealed his degenerate state to his affectionate child. No one else ever beheld him in the details of his humiliation. Little recked the Collegians who were laughing in their rooms over his late address in the Lodge, what a serious picture they had in their obscure gallery of the Marshalsea that Sunday-night.

There was a classical daughter once—perhaps—who ministered to her father in his prison as her mother had ministered to her. Little Dorrit, though of the unheroic modern stock, and mere English, did much more, in comforting her father's wasted heart upon her innocent breast, and turning to it a fountain of love and fidelity that never ran dry or waned, through all his years of famine.

She soothed him ; asked him for his forgiveness if she had been, or seemed to have been, undutiful ; told him, Heaven knows truly, that she could not honor him more if he were the favorite of Fortune and the whole world acknowledged him. When his tears were dried, and he sobbed in his weakness no longer, and was free from that touch of shame, and had recovered his usual bearing, she prepared the remains of his supper afresh, and, sitting by his side, rejoiced to see him eat and drink. For, now he sat in his black velvet cap and old grey gown, magnanimous again ; and would have comported himself towards any Collegian who might have looked in to ask his advice, like a great moral Lord Chesterfield, or Master of the ethical ceremonies of the Marshalsea.

To keep his attention engaged, she talked with him about his wardrobe ; when he was pleased to say, that Yes, indeed, those shirts she proposed would be exceedingly acceptable, for those he had were worn out, and, being ready-made, had never fitted him. Being conversational and in a reasonable flow of spirits, he then invited her attention to his coat as it hung behind the door : remarking that the Father of the place would set an indifferent example to his children, already disposed to be slovenly, if he went among them out at elbows. He was jocular, too, as to the heeling of his shoes ; but became grave on the subject of his cravat, and promised her that when she could afford it, she should buy him a new one.

While he smoked out his cigar in peace, she made his bed, and put the small room in order for his repose. Being weary then, owing to the advanced hour and his emotions, he came out of his chair to bless her and wish her Good night. All this time he had never once thought

of *her* dress, her shoes, her need of anything. No other person upon earth, save herself, could have been so unmindful of her wants.

He kissed her many times with "Bless you, my love. Good night, my dear!"

But her gentle breast had been so deeply wounded by what she had seen of him, that she was unwilling to leave him alone, lest he should lament and despair again. "Father dear, I am not tired; let me come back presently, when you are in bed, and sit by you."

He asked her with an air of protection, if she felt solitary?

"Yes, father."

"Then come back by all means, my love."

"I shall be very quiet, father."

"Don't think of me, my dear," he said, giving her his kind permission fully. "Come back by all means."

He seemed to be dozing when she returned, and she put the low fire together very softly lest she should awake him. But he overheard her, and called out who was that?

"Only Amy, father."

"Amy, my child, come here. I want to say a word to you."

He raised himself a little in his low bed, as she kneeled beside it to bring her face near him; and put his hand between hers. O! Both the private father and the Father of the Marshalsea were strong within him then.

"My love, you have had a life of hardship here. No companions, no recreations, many cares I am afraid?"

"Don't think of that, dear. I never do."

"You know my position, Amy. I have not been able to do much for you; but all I have been able to do, I have done."

"Yes, my dear father," she rejoined, kissing him. "I know, I know."

"I am in the twenty-third year of my life here," he said, with a catch in his breath that was not so much a sob as an irrepressible sound of self approval, the momentary outburst of a noble consciousness. "It is all I could do for my children—I have done it. Amy, my love, you are by far the best loved of the three; I have had you principally in my mind—whatever I have done for your sake, my dear child, I have done freely and without murmuring."

Only the wisdom that holds the clue to all hearts and all mysteries, can surely know to what extent a man, especially a man brought down as this man had been, can impose upon himself. Enough, for the present place, that he lay down with wet eyelashes, serene, in a manner majestic, after bestowing his life of degradation as a sort of portion on the devoted child upon whom its miseries had fallen so heavily, and whose love alone had saved him to be even what he was.

That child had no doubts, asked herself no questions, for she was but too content to see him with a lustre round his head. Poor dear, good dear, truest, kindest, dearest, were the only words she had for him, as she hushed him to rest.

She never left him all that night. As if she had done him a wrong which her tenderness could hardly repair, she sat by him in his sleep, at times softly kissing him with suspended breath, and calling him in a whisper by some endearing name. At times she stood aside, so as not

to intercept the low fire-light, and, watching him when it fell upon his sleeping face, wondered did he look now at all as he had looked when he was prosperous and happy; as he had so touched her by imagining that he might look once more in that awful time. At the thought of that time, she knelt beside his bed again, and prayed "O spare his life! O save him to me! O look down upon my dear, long-suffering, unfortunate, much changed, dear dear father!"

Not until the morning came to protect him and encourage him, did she give him a last kiss and leave the small room. When she had stolen down stairs, and along the empty yard, and had crept up to her own high garret, the smokeless housetops and the distant country hills were discernible over the wall in the clear morning. As she gently opened the window, and looked eastward down the prison yard, the spikes upon the wall were tipped with red, then made a sullen purple pattern on the sun as it came flaming up into the heavens. The spikes had never looked so sharp and cruel, nor the bars so heavy, nor the prison space so gloomy and contracted. She thought of the sunrise on rolling rivers, of the sunrise on wide seas, of the sunrise on rich landscapes, of the sunrise on great forests where the birds were waking and the trees were rustling; and she looked down into the living grave on which the sun had risen, with her father in it, three and twenty years, and said, in a burst of sorrow and compassion, "No, no, I have never seen him in my life!"

CHAPTER XX.

MOVING IN SOCIETY.

IF Young John Chivery had had the inclination, and the power, to write a satire on family pride, he would have had no need to go for an avenging illustration out of the family of his beloved. He would have found it amply in that gallant brother and that dainty sister, so steeped in mean experiences, and so loftily conscious of the family name; so ready to beg or borrow from the poorest, to eat of anybody's bread, spend anybody's money, drink from anybody's cup and break it afterwards. To have painted the sordid facts of their lives, and they throughout invoking the death's-head apparition of the family gentility to come and scare their benefactors, would have made Young John a satirist of the first water.

Tip had turned his liberty to hopeful account by becoming a billiard-marker. He had troubled himself so little as to the means of his release, that Clennam scarcely needed to have been at the pains of impressing the mind of Mr. Plornish on that subject. Whoever had paid him the compliment, he very readily accepted the compliment with *his* compliments, and there was an end of it. Issuing forth from the gate on these easy terms, he became a billiard-marker; and now occasionally looked in at the little skittle-ground in a green Newmarket

coat (second-hand), with a shining collar and bright buttons (new), and drank the beer of the Collegians.

One solid stationary point in the looseness of this gentleman's character, was, that he respected and admired his sister Amy. The feeling had never induced him to spare her a moment's uneasiness, or to put himself to any restraint or inconvenience on her account; but, with that Marshalsea taint upon his love, he loved her. The same rank Marshalsea flavor was to be recognised in his distinctly perceiving that she sacrificed her life to her father, and in his having no idea that she had done anything for himself.

When this spirited young man, and his sister, had begun systematically to produce the family skeleton for the over-awing of the College, this narrative cannot precisely state. Probably at about the period when they began to dine on the College charity. It is certain that the more reduced and necessitous they were, the more pompously the skeleton emerged from its tomb; and that when there was anything particularly shabby in the wind, the skeleton always came out with the ghastliest flourish.

Little Dorrit was late on the Monday morning, for her father slept late, and afterwards there was his breakfast to prepare and his room to arrange. She had no engagement to go out to work, however, and therefore stayed with him until, with Maggy's help, she had put everything right about him, and had seen him off upon his morning walk (of twenty yards or so) to the coffee-house to read the paper. She then got on her bonnet and went out; having been anxious to get out much sooner. There was, as usual, a cessation of the small-talk in the Lodge as she passed through it; and a Collegian who had come in on Saturday night, received the intimation from the elbow of a more seasoned Collegian, "Look out. Here she is!"

She wanted to see her sister, but when she got round to Mr. Cripples's she found that both her sister and her uncle had gone to the theatre where they were engaged. Having taken thought of this probability by the way, and having settled that in such case she would follow them, she set off afresh for the theatre, which was on that side of the river, and not very far away.

Little Dorrit was almost as ignorant of the ways of theatres as of the ways of gold mines, and when she was directed to a furtive sort of door, with a curious up-all-night air about it, that appeared to be ashamed of itself and to be hiding in an alley, she hesitated to approach it; being further deterred by the sight of some half dozen close-shaved gentlemen, with their hats very strangely on, who were lounging about the door, looking not at all unlike Collegians. On her applying to them, reassured by this resemblance, for a direction to Miss Dorrit, they made way for her to enter a dark hall—it was more like a great grim lamp gone out than anything else—where she could hear the distant playing of music and the sound of dancing feet. A man so much in want of airing that he had a blue mould upon him, sat watching this dark place from a hole in a corner, like a spider; and he told her that he would send a message up to Miss Dorrit by the first lady or gentleman who went through. The first lady who went through had a roll of music, half in her muff and half out of it, and

was in such a tumbled condition altogether, that it seemed as if it would be an act of kindness to iron her. But as she was very good-natured, and said "Come with me; I'll soon find Miss Dorrit for you," Miss Dorrit's sister went with her, drawing nearer and nearer, at every step she took in the darkness, to the sound of music and the sound of dancing feet.

At last they came into a maze of dust, where a quantity of people were tumbling over one another, and where there was such a confusion of unaccountable shapes of beams, bulk-heads, brick walls, ropes, and rollers, and such a mixing of gaslight and daylight, that they seemed to have got on the wrong side of the pattern of the universe. Little Dorrit, left to herself, and knocked against by somebody every moment, was quite bewildered when she heard her sister's voice.

"Why, good gracious, Amy, what ever brought you here!"

"I wanted to see you, Fanny dear; and as I am going out all day to-morrow, and knew you might be engaged all day to-day, I thought——"

"But the idea, Amy, of *you* coming behind! I never did!" As her sister said this in no very cordial tone of welcome, she conducted her to a more open part of the maze, where various golden chairs and tables were heaped together, and where a number of young ladies were sitting on anything they could find, chattering. All these young ladies wanted ironing, and all had a curious way of looking everywhere, while they chattered.

Just as the sisters arrived here, a monotonous boy in a Scotch cap put his head round a beam on the left, and said, "Less noise there, ladies!" and disappeared. Immediately after which, a sprightly gentleman with a quantity of long black hair looked round a beam on the right, and said, "Less noise there, darlings!" and also disappeared.

"The notion of you among professionals, Amy, is really the last thing I could have conceived!" said her sister. "Why, how did you ever get here?"

"I don't know. The lady who told you I was here, was so good as to bring me in."

"Like you quiet little things! You can make your way anywhere, I believe. I couldn't have managed it, Amy, though I know so much more of the world."

It was the family custom to lay it down as family law, that she was a plain domestic little creature, without the great and sage experiences of the rest. This family fiction was the family assertion of itself against her services. Not to make too much of them.

"Well! And what have you got on your mind, Amy? Of course you have got something on your mind, about me?" said Fanny. She spoke as if her sister, between two and three years her junior, were her prejudiced grandmother.

"It is not much; but since you told me of the lady who gave you the bracelet, Fanny——"

The monotonous boy put his head round the beam on the left, and said, "Look out there, ladies!" and disappeared. The sprightly gentleman with the black hair as suddenly put his head round the beam on the right, and said, "Look out there, darlings!" and also disappeared.

Thereupon all the young ladies rose, and began shaking their skirts out behind.

"Well, Amy?" said Fanny, doing as the rest did; "what were you going to say?"

"Since you told me a lady had given you the bracelet you showed me, Fanny, I have not been quite easy on your account, and indeed want to know a little more, if you will confide more to me."

"Now, ladies!" said the boy in the Scotch cap. "Now, darlings! said the gentleman with the black hair. They were every one gone in a moment, and the music and the dancing feet were heard again.

Little Dorrit sat down in a golden chair, made quite giddy by these rapid interruptions. Her sister and the rest were a long time gone; and during their absence a voice (it appeared to be that of the gentleman with the black hair) was continually calling out through the music, "One, two, three, four, five, six—go! One, two, three, four, five, six—go! Steady, darlings! One, two, three, four, five, six—go!" Ultimately the voice stopped, and they all came back again, more or less out of breath, folding themselves in their shawls, and making ready for the streets. "Stop a moment, Amy, and let them get away before us," whispered Fanny. They were soon left alone; nothing more important happening, in the meantime, than the boy looking round his old beam, and saying, "Everybody at eleven to-morrow, ladies!" and the gentleman with the black hair looking round his old beam, and saying, "Everybody at eleven to-morrow, darlings!" each in his own accustomed manner.

When they were alone, something was rolled up or by other means got out of the way, and there was a great empty well before them, looking down into the depths of which Fanny said, "Now, uncle!" Little Dorrit, as her eyes became used to the darkness, faintly made him out, at the bottom of the well, in an obscure corner by himself, with his instrument in its ragged case under his arm.

The old man looked as if the remote high gallery windows, with their little strip of sky, might have been the point of his better fortunes, from which he had descended, until he had gradually sunk down below there to the bottom. He had been in that place six nights a week for many years, but had never been observed to raise his eyes above his music-book, and was confidently believed to have never seen a play. There were legends in the place that he did not so much as know the popular heroes and heroines by sight, and that the low comedian had "mugged" at him in his richest manner fifty nights for a wager, and he had shown no trace of consciousness. The carpenters had a joke to the effect that he was dead without being aware of it; and the frequenters of the pit supposed him to pass his whole life, night and day and Sunday and all, in the orchestra. They had tried him a few times with pinches of snuff offered over the rails, and he had always responded to this attention with a momentary waking up of manner that had the pale phantom of a gentleman in it: beyond this he never, on any occasion, had any other part in what was going on than the part written out for the clarionet; in private life, where there was no part for the clarionet, he had no part at all. Some said

he was poor, some said he was a wealthy miser; but he said nothing; never lifted up his bowed head, never varied his shuffling gait by getting his springless foot from the ground. Though expecting now to be summoned by his niece, he did not hear her until she had spoken to him three or four times; nor was he at all surprised by the presence of two nieces instead of one, but merely said, in his tremulous voice, "I am coming, I am coming!" and crept forth by some underground way which emitted a cellarous smell.

"And so, Amy," said her sister, when the three together passed out, at the door that had such a shame-faced consciousness of being different from other doors: the uncle instinctively taking Amy's arm as the arm to be relied on: "so, Amy, you are curious about me?"

She was pretty, and conscious, and rather flaunting; and the condescension with which she put aside the superiority of her charms, and of her worldly experience, and addressed her sister on almost equal terms, had a vast deal of the family in it.

"I am interested, Fanny, and concerned in anything that concerns you."

"So you are, so you are, and you are the best of Amys. If I am ever a little provoking, I am sure you'll consider what a thing it is to occupy my position and feel a consciousness of being superior to it. I shouldn't care," said the Daughter of the Father of the Marshalsea, "if the others were not so common. None of them have come down in the world as we have. They are all on their own level. Common."

Little Dorrit mildly looked at the speaker, but did not interrupt her. Fanny took out her handkerchief, and rather angrily wiped her eyes. "I was not born where you were, you know, Amy, and perhaps that makes a difference. My dear child, when we get rid of uncle, you shall know all about it. We'll drop him at the cook's shop where he is going to dine."

They walked on with him until they came to a dirty shop-window in a dirty street, which was made almost opaque by the steam of hot meats, vegetables, and puddings. But, glimpses were to be caught of a roast leg of pork bursting into tears of sage and onion in a metal reservoir full of gravy, of an unctuous piece of roast beef and blisterous Yorkshire pudding bubbling hot in a similar receptacle, of a stuffed fillet of veal in rapid cut, of a ham in a perspiration with the pace it was going at, of a shallow tank of baked potatoes glued together by their own richness, of a truss or two of boiled greens, and other substantial delicacies. Within, were a few wooden partitions, behind which such customers as found it more convenient to take away their dinners in their stomachs than in their hands, packed their purchases in solitude. Fanny, opening her reticule as they surveyed these things, produced from that repository a shilling and handed it to Uncle. Uncle, after not looking at it a little while, divined its object, and muttering "Dinner? Ha! Yes, yes, yes!" slowly vanished from them into the mist.

"Now, Amy," said her sister, "come with me, if you are not too tired to walk to Harley Street, Cavendish Square."

The air with which she threw off this distinguished address, and the toss she gave her new bonnet (which was more gauzy than serviceable)

made her sister wonder; however, she expressed her readiness to go to Harley Street, and thither they directed their steps. Arrived at that grand destination, Fanny singled out the handsomest house, and knocking at the door enquired for Mrs. Merdle. The footman who opened the door, although he had powder on his head, and was backed up by two other footmen likewise powdered, not only admitted Mrs. Merdle to be at home, but asked Fanny to walk in. Fanny walked in, taking her sister with her; and they went up-stairs with powder going before and powder stopping behind, and were left in a spacious semicircular drawing-room, one of several drawing-rooms, where there was a parrot on the outside of a golden cage holding on by its beak with its scaly legs in the air, and putting itself into many strange upside-down postures. This peculiarity has been observed in birds of quite another feather, climbing upon golden wires.

The room was far more splendid than anything Little Dorrit had ever imagined, and would have been splendid and costly in any eyes. She looked in amazement at her sister and would have asked a question, but that Fanny with a warning frown pointed to a curtained doorway of communication with another room. The curtain shook next moment, and a lady, raising it with a heavily ringed hand, dropped it behind her again as she entered.

The lady was not young and fresh from the hand of Nature, but was young and fresh from the hand of her maid. She had large unfeeling handsome eyes, and dark unfeeling handsome hair, and a broad unfeeling handsome bosom, and was made the most of in every particular. Either because she had a cold, or because it suited her face, she wore a rich white fillet tied over her head and under her chin. And if ever there were an unfeeling handsome chin that looked as if, for certain, it had never been, in familiar parlance, "chucked" by the hand of man, it was the chin curbed up so tight and close by that laced bridle.

"Mrs. Merdle," said Fanny. "My sister, ma'am."

"I am glad to see your sister, Miss Dorrit. I did not remember that you had a sister."

"I did not mention that I had," said Fanny.

"Aye!" Mrs. Merdle curved the little finger of her left hand as who should say, "I have caught you. I know you didn't!" All her action was usually with her left hand because her hands were not a pair; the left being much the whiter and plumper of the two. Then she added: "Sit down," and composed herself voluptuously, in a nest of crimson and gold cushions, on an ottoman near the parrot.

"Also professional?" said Mrs. Merdle, looking at Little Dorrit through an eye-glass.

Fanny answered No. "No," said Mrs. Merdle, dropping her glass. "Has not a professional air. Very pleasant; but not professional."

"My sister, ma'am," said Fanny, in whom there was a singular mixture of deference and hardihood, "has been asking me to tell her, as between sisters, how I came to have the honor of knowing you. And as I had engaged to call upon you once more, I thought I might take the liberty of bringing her with me, when perhaps you would tell her. I wish her to know, and perhaps you will tell her."

"Do you think, at your sister's age——" hinted Mrs. Merdle.

"She is much older than she looks," said Fanny; "almost as old as I am."

"Society," said Mrs. Merdle, with another curve of her little finger, "is so difficult to explain to young persons (indeed is so difficult to explain to most persons), that I am glad to hear that. I wish Society was not so arbitrary, I wish it was not so exacting—Bird, be quiet!"

The parrot had given a most piercing shriek, as if its name were Society and it asserted its right to its exactions.

"But," resumed Mrs. Merdle, "we must take it as we find it. We know it is hollow and conventional and worldly and very shocking, but unless we are Savages in the Tropical seas (I should have been charmed to be one myself—most delightful life and perfect climate I am told), we must consult it. It is the common lot. Mr. Merdle is a most extensive merchant, his transactions are on the vastest scale, his wealth and influence are very great, but even he—Bird, be quiet!"

The parrot had shrieked another shriek; and it filled up the sentence so expressively that Mrs. Merdle was under no necessity to end it.

"Since your sister begs that I would terminate our personal acquaintance," she began again, addressing Little Dorrit, "by relating the circumstances that are much to her credit, I cannot object to comply with her request, I am sure. I have a son (I was first married extremely young) of two or three and twenty."

Fanny set her lips, and her eyes looked half triumphantly at her sister.

"A son of two or three and twenty. He is a little gay, a thing Society is accustomed to in young men, and he is very impressible. Perhaps he inherits that misfortune. I am very impressible myself, by nature. The weakest of creatures. My feelings are touched in a moment."

She said all this, and everything else, as coldly as a woman of snow; quite forgetting the sisters except at odd times, and apparently addressing some abstraction of Society. For whose behoof, too, she occasionally arranged her dress, or the composition of her figure upon the ottoman.

"So he is very impressible. Not a misfortune in our natural state, I dare say, but we are not in a natural state. Much to be lamented, no doubt, particularly by myself, who am a child of nature if I could but show it; but so it is. Society suppresses us and dominates us—Bird, be quiet!"

The parrot had broken into a violent fit of laughter, after twisting divers bars of his cage with his crooked bill, and licking them with his black tongue.

"It is quite unnecessary to say to a person of your good sense, wide range of experience, and cultivated feelings," said Mrs. Merdle, from her nest of crimson and gold—and there put up her glass to refresh her memory as to whom she was addressing,—"that the stage sometimes has a fascination for young men of that class of character. In saying the stage, I mean the people on it of the female sex. Therefore, when I heard that my son was supposed to be fascinated by a dancer, I knew what that usually meant in Society, and confided in her being a dancer at the Opera, where young men moving in Society are usually fascinated."

She passed her white hands over one another, observant of the sisters now; and the rings upon her fingers grated against each other, with a hard sound.

"As your sister will tell you, when I found what the theatre was, I was much surprised and much distressed. But when I found that your sister, by rejecting my son's advances (I must add, in an unexpected manner), had brought him to the point of proposing marriage, my feelings were of the profoundest anguish—acute."

She traced the outline of her left eyebrow, and put it right.

"In a distracted condition which only a mother—moving in Society—can be susceptible of, I determined to go myself to the theatre, and represent my state of mind to the dancer. I made myself known to your sister. I found her, to my surprise, in many respects different from my expectations; and certainly in none more so, than in meeting me with—what shall I say?—a sort of family assertion on her own part?" Mrs. Merdle smiled.

"I told you, ma'am," said Fanny, with a heightening color, "that although you found me in that situation, I was so far above the rest, that I considered my family as good as your son's; and that I had a brother who, knowing the circumstances, would be of the same opinion, and would not consider such a connection any honor."

"Miss Dorrit," said Mrs. Merdle, after frostily looking at her through her glass, "precisely what I was on the point of telling your sister, in pursuance of your request. Much obliged to you for recalling it so accurately, and anticipating me. I immediately," addressing Little Dorrit, "(for I am the creature of impulse), took a bracelet from my arm, and begged your sister to let me clasp it on hers, in token of the delight I had in our being able to approach the subject, so far on a common footing." (This was perfectly true, the lady having bought a cheap and showy article on her way to the interview, with a general eye to bribery.)

"And I told you, Mrs. Merdle," said Fanny, "that we might be unfortunate, but were not common."

"I think, the very words, Miss Dorrit," assented Mrs. Merdle.

"And I told you, Mrs. Merdle," said Fanny, "that if you spoke to me of the superiority of your son's standing in Society, it was barely possible that you rather deceived yourself in your suppositions about my origin; and that my father's standing, even in the Society in which he now moved (what that was, was best known to myself), was eminently superior, and was acknowledged by every one."

"Quite accurate," rejoined Mrs. Merdle. "A most admirable memory."

"Thank you, ma'am. Perhaps you will be so kind as to tell my sister the rest."

"There is very little to tell," said Mrs. Merdle, reviewing the breadth of bosom which seemed essential to her having room enough to be unfeeling in, "but it is to your sister's credit. I pointed out to your sister the plain state of the case; the impossibility of the Society in which we moved, recognising the Society in which she moved—though charming, I have no doubt; the immense disadvantage at which she would consequently place the family she had so high

an opinion of, upon which we should find ourselves compelled to look down with contempt, and from which (socially speaking) we should feel obliged to recoil with abhorrence. In short, I made an appeal to that laudable pride in your sister."

"Let my sister know, if you please, Mrs. Merdle," Fanny pouted, with a toss of her gauzy bonnet, "that I had already had the honor of telling your son that I wished to have nothing whatever to say to him."

"Well, Miss Dorrit," assented Mrs. Merdle, "perhaps I might have mentioned that before. If I did not think of it, perhaps it was because my mind reverted to the apprehensions I had at the time, that he might persevere and you might have something to say to him. I also mentioned to your sister—I again address the non-professional Miss Dorrit—that my son would have nothing in the event of such a marriage, and would be an absolute beggar. (I mention that, merely as a fact which is part of the narrative, and not as supposing it to have influenced your sister, except in the prudent and legitimate way in which, constituted as our artificial system is, we must all be influenced by such considerations.) Finally, after some high words and high spirit on the part of your sister; we came to the complete understanding that there was no danger; and your sister was so obliging as to allow me to present her with a mark or two of my appreciation at my dressmaker's."

Little Dorrit looked sorry, and glanced at Fanny with a troubled face.

"Also," said Mrs. Merdle, "as to promise to give me the present pleasure of a closing interview, and of parting with her on the best of terms. On which occasion," added Mrs. Merdle, quitting her nest, and putting something in Fanny's hand, "Miss Dorrit will permit me to say Farewell with best wishes, in my own dull manner."

The sisters rose at the same time, and they all stood near the cage of the parrot, as he tore at a claw-full of biscuit and spat it out, seemed to mock them with a pompous dance of his body without moving his feet, and suddenly turned himself upside down and trailed himself all over the outside of his golden cage, with the aid of his cruel beak and his black tongue.

"Adieu, Miss Dorrit, with best wishes," said Mrs. Merdle. "If we could only come to a Millennium, or something of that sort, I for one might have the pleasure of knowing a number of charming and talented persons from whom I am at present excluded. A more primitive state of society would be delicious to me. There used to be a poem when I learnt lessons, something about Lo the poor Indian whose something mind! If a few thousand persons moving in Society, could only go and be Indians, I would put my name down directly; but as, moving in Society, we can't be Indians, unfortunately—Good morning!"

They came down stairs with powder before them and powder behind, the elder sister haughty and the younger sister humbled, and were shut out into unpowdered Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

"Well?" said Fanny, when they had gone a little way without speaking. "Have you nothing to say, Amy?"

"Oh, I don't know what to say!" she answered, distressed. "You didn't like this young man, Fanny?"

"Like him? He is almost an idiot."

"I am so sorry—don't be hurt—but, since you ask me what I have to say, I am so very sorry, Fanny, that you suffered this lady to give you anything."

"You little Fool!" returned her sister, shaking her with the sharp pull she gave her arm. "Have you no spirit at all? But that's just the way! You have no self-respect, you have no becoming pride. Just as you allow yourself to be followed about by a contemptible little Chivery of a thing," with the scornfullest emphasis, "you would let your family be trodden on, and never turn."

"Don't say that, dear Fanny. I do what I can for them."

"You do what you can for them!" repeated Fanny, walking her on very fast. "Would you let a woman like this, whom you could see if you had any experience of anything to be as false and insolent as a woman can be—would you let her put her foot upon your family, and thank her for it?"

"No, Fanny, I am sure."

"Then make her pay for it, you mean little thing. What else can you make her do? Make her pay for it, you stupid child; and do your family some credit with the money!"

They spoke no more, all the way back to the lodging where Fanny and her uncle lived. When they arrived there, they found the old man practising his clarionet in the dolefullest manner in a corner of the room. Fanny had a composite meal to make, of chops, and porter, and tea; and indignantly pretended to prepare it for herself, though her sister did all that in quiet reality. When, at last, Fanny sat down to eat and drink, she threw the table implements about and was angry with her bread, much as her father had been last night.

"If you despise me," she said, bursting into vehement tears, "because I am a dancer, why did you put me in the way of being one? It was your doing. You would have me stoop as low as the ground before this Mrs. Merdle, and let her say what she liked and do what she liked, and hold us all in contempt, and tell me so to my face. Because I am a dancer!"

"O Fanny!"

"And Tip too, poor fellow. She is to disparage him just as much as she likes, without any check—I suppose because he has been in the law, and the docks, and different things. Why, it was your doing, Amy. You might at least approve of his being defended."

All this time the uncle was dolefully blowing his clarionet in the corner, sometimes taking it an inch or so from his mouth for a moment while he stopped to gaze at them, with a vague impression that somebody had said something.

"And your father, your poor father, Amy. Because he is not free, to show himself and to speak for himself, you would let such people insult him with impunity. If you don't feel for yourself because you go out to work, you might at least feel for him, I should think, knowing what he has undergone so long."

Poor Little Dorrit felt the injustice of this taunt rather sharply. The remembrance of last night added a barbed point to it. She said nothing in reply, but turned her chair from the table towards the fire. Uncle,

after making one more pause, blew a dismal wail and went on again.

Fanny was passionate with the teacups and the bread as long as her passion lasted, and then protested that she was the wretchedest girl in the world, and she wished she was dead. After that, her crying became remorseful, and she got up and put her arms round her sister. Little Dorrit tried to stop her from saying anything, but she answered that she would, she must! Thereupon she said again, and again, "I beg your pardon, Amy," and "Forgive me, Amy," almost as passionately as she had said what she regretted.

"But indeed, indeed, Amy," she resumed, when they were seated in sisterly accord side by side, "I hope and I think you would have seen this differently, if you had known a little more of Society."

"Perhaps I might, Fanny," said the mild Little Dorrit.

"You see, while you have been domestic and resignedly shut up there, Amy," pursued her sister, gradually beginning to patronise, "I have been out, moving more in Society, and may have been getting proud and spirited—more than I ought to be perhaps?"

Little Dorrit answered "Yes. O yes!"

"And while you have been thinking of the dinner or the clothes, I may have been thinking, you know, of the family. Now, may it not be so, Amy?"

Little Dorrit again nodded "Yes," with a more cheerful face than heart.

"Especially as we know," said Fanny, "that there certainly is a tone in the place to which you have been so true, which does belong to it, and which does make it different from other aspects of Society. So kiss me once again, Amy dear, and we will agree that we may both be right, and that you are a tranquil, domestic, home-loving, good girl."

The clarinet had been lamenting most pathetically during this dialogue, but was cut short now by Fanny's announcement that it was time to go; which she conveyed to her uncle by shutting up his scrap of music, and taking the clarinet out of his mouth.

Little Dorrit parted from them at the door, and hastened back to the Marshalsea. It fell dark there sooner than elsewhere, and going into it that evening was like going into a deep trench. The shadow of the wall was on every object. Not least, upon the figure in the old grey gown and the black velvet cap, as it turned towards her when she opened the door of the dim room.

"Why not upon me too!" thought Little Dorrit, with the door yet in her hand. "It was not unreasonable in Fanny."

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. MERDLER'S COMPLAINT.

UPON that establishment of state, the Merdle establishment in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, there was the shadow of no more common wall than the fronts of other establishments of state on the opposite side of the street. Like unexceptionable Society, the opposing rows of houses in Harley Street were very grim with one another. Indeed, the mansions and their inhabitants were so much alike in that respect, that the people were often to be found drawn up on opposite sides of dinner-tables, in the shade of their own loftiness, staring at the other side of the way with the dullness of the houses.

Everybody knows how like the street, the two dinner-rows of people who take their stand by the street will be. The expressionless uniform twenty houses, all to be knocked at and rung at in the same form, all approachable by the same dull steps, all fended off by the same pattern of railing, all with the same impracticable fire-escapes, the same inconvenient fixtures in their heads, and everything without exception to be taken at a high valuation—who has not dined with these? The house so drearily out of repair, the occasional bow-window, the stuccoed house, the newly-fronted house, the corner house with nothing but angular rooms, the house with the blinds always down, the house with the hatchment always up, the house where the collector has called for one quarter of an Idea, and found nobody at home—who has not dined with these? The house that nobody will take, and is to be had a bargain—who does not know her? The showy house that was taken for life by the disappointed gentleman, and which doesn't suit him at all—who is unacquainted with that haunted habitation?

Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was more than aware of Mr. and Mrs. Merdle. Intruders there were in Harley Street, of whom it was not aware; but Mr. and Mrs. Merdle it delighted to honor. Society was aware of Mr. and Mrs. Merdle. Society had said "Let us license them; let us know them."

Mr. Merdle was immensely rich; a man of prodigious enterprise; a Midas without the ears, who turned all he touched to gold. He was in everything good, from banking to building. He was in Parliament, of course. He was in the City, necessarily. He was Chairman of this, Trustee of that, President of the other. The weightiest of men had said to projectors, "Now, what name have you got? Have you got Merdle?" And, the reply being in the negative, had said, "Then I won't look at you."

This great and fortunate man had provided that extensive bosom, which required so much room to be unfeeling enough in, with a nest of crimson and gold some fifteen years before. It was not a bosom to repose upon, but it was a capital bosom to hang jewels upon. Mr. Merdle wanted something to hang jewels upon, and he bought it for

the purpose. Storr and Mortimer might have married on the same speculation.

Like all his other speculations, it was sound and successful. The jewels showed to the richest advantage. The bosom, moving in Society with the jewels displayed upon it, attracted general admiration. Society approving, Mr. Merdle was satisfied. He was the most disinterested of men,—did everything for Society, and got as little for himself, out of all his gain and care, as a man might.

That is to say, it may be supposed that he got all he wanted, otherwise with unlimited wealth he would have got it. But his desire was to the utmost to satisfy Society (whatever that was), and take up all its drafts upon him for tribute. He did not shine in company; he had not very much to say for himself; he was a reserved man, with a broad, overhanging, watchful head, that particular kind of dull red color in his cheeks which is rather stale than fresh, and a somewhat uneasy expression about his coat-cuffs as if they were in his confidence, and had reasons for being anxious to hide his hands. In the little he said, he was a pleasant man enough; plain, emphatic about public and private confidence, and tenacious of the utmost deference being shown by every one, in all things, to Society. In this same Society (if that were it which came to his dinners, and to Mrs. Merdle's receptions and concerts), he hardly seemed to enjoy himself much, and was mostly to be found against walls and behind doors. Also when he went out to it, instead of its coming home to him, he seemed a little fatigued, and upon the whole rather more disposed for bed; but he was always cultivating it nevertheless, and always moving in it, and always laying out money on it with the greatest liberality.

Mrs. Merdle's first husband had been a colonel, under whose auspices the bosom had entered into competition with the snows of North America, and had come off at little disadvantage in point of whiteness, and at none in point of coldness. The colonel's son was Mrs. Merdle's only child. He was of a chuckle-headed high-shouldered make, with a general appearance of being, not so much a young man as a swelled boy. He had given so few signs of reason, that a byeword went among his companions that his brain had been frozen up in a mighty frost which prevailed at Saint John's, New Brunswick, at the period of his birth there, and had never thawed from that hour. Another byeword represented him as having in his infancy, through the negligence of a nurse, fallen out of a high window on his head, which had been heard by responsible witnesses to crack. It is probable that both these representations were of ex post facto origin; the young gentleman (whose expressive name was Sparkler) being monomaniacal in offering marriage to all manner of undesirable young ladies, and in remarking of every successive young lady to whom he tendered a matrimonial proposal that she was "a doosed fine gal—well educated too—with no biggodd nonsense about her."

A son-in-law, with these limited talents, might have been a clog upon another man; but Mr. Merdle did not want a son-in-law for himself; he wanted a son-in-law for Society. Mr. Sparkler having been in the Guards, and being in the habit of frequenting all the races, and all the lounges, and all the parties, and being well known, Society was

satisfied with its son-in-law. This happy result Mr. Merdle would have considered well attained, though Mr. Sparkler had been a more expensive article. And he did not get Mr. Sparkler by any means cheap for Society, even as it was.

There was a dinner giving in the Harley Street establishment, while Little Dorrit was stitching at her father's new shirts by his side that night; and there were magnates from the Court and magnates from the City, magnates from the Commons and magnates from the Lords, magnates from the bench and magnates from the bar, Bishop magnates, Treasury magnates, Horse Guards magnates, Admiralty magnates,—all the magnates that keep us going, and sometimes trip us up.

"I am told," said Bishop magnate to Horse Guards, "that Mr. Merdle has made another enormous hit. They say a hundred thousand pounds."

Horse Guards had heard two.

Treasury had heard three.

Bar, handling his persuasive double eye-glass, was by no means clear but that it might be four. It was one of those happy strokes of calculation and combination, the result of which it was difficult to estimate. It was one of those instances of a comprehensive grasp, associated with habitual luck and characteristic boldness, of which an age presented us but few. But here was Brother Bellows, who had been in the great Bank case, and who could probably tell us more. What did Brother Bellows put this new success at?

Brother Bellows was on his way to make his bow to the bosom, and could only tell them in passing that he had heard it stated, with great appearance of truth, as being worth, from first to last, half-a-million of money.

Admiralty said Mr. Merdle was a wonderful man. Treasury said he was a new power in the country, and would be able to buy up the whole House of Commons. Bishop said he was glad to think that this wealth flowed into the coffers of a gentleman who was always disposed to maintain the best interests of Society.

Mr. Merdle himself was usually late on these occasions, as a man still detained in the clutch of giant enterprises when other men had shaken off their dwarfs for the day. On this occasion, he was the last arrival. Treasury said Merdle's work punished him a little. Bishop said he was glad to think that this wealth flowed into the coffers of a gentleman who accepted it with meekness.

Powder! There was so much Powder in waiting, that it flavored the dinner. Pulverous particles got into the dishes, and Society's meats had a seasoning of first-rate footmen. Mr. Merdle took down a countess who was secluded somewhere in the core of an immense dress, to which she was in the proportion of the heart to the overgrown cabbage. If so low a simile may be admitted, the dress went down the staircase like a richly brocaded Jack in the Green, and nobody knew what sort of small person carried it.

Society had everything it could want, and could not want, for dinner. It had everything to look at, and everything to eat, and everything to drink. It is to be hoped it enjoyed itself; for Mr. Merdle's own share of the repast might have been paid for with eighteenpence. Mrs. Merdle was magnificent. The chief butler was

the next magnificent institution of the day. He was the statelyest man in company. He did nothing, but he looked on as few other men could have done. He was Mr. Merdle's last gift to Society. Mr. Merdle didn't want him, and was put out of countenance when the great creature looked at him; but inappassable Society would have him—and had got him.

The invisible countess carried out the Green at the usual stage of the entertainment, and the file of beauty was closed up by the bosom. Treasury said, Juno. Bishop said, Judith.

Bar fell into discussion with Horse Guards concerning courts-martial. Brother Bellows and Bench struck in. Other magnates]paired off. Mr. Merdle sat silent, and looked at the table-cloth. Sometimes a magnate addressed him, to turn the stream of his own particular discussion towards him; but Mr. Merdle seldom gave much attention to it, or did more than rouse himself from his calculations and pass the wine.

When they rose, so many of the magnates had something to say to Mr. Merdle individually, that he held little levees by the sideboard, and checked them off as they went out at the door.

Treasury hoped he might venture to congratulate one of England's world-famed capitalists and merchant-princes (he had turned that original sentiment in the house a few times, and it came easy to him) on a new achievement. To extend the triumphs of such men, was to extend the triumphs and resources of the nation; and Treasury felt—he gave Mr. Merdle to understand—patriotic on the subject.

"Thank you, my lord," said Mr. Merdle; "thank you. I accept your congratulations with pride, and I am glad you approve."

"Why, I don't unreservedly approve, my dear Mr. Merdle. Because," smiling Treasury turned him by the arm towards the sideboard and spoke banteringly, "it never can be worth your while to come among us and help us."

Mr. Merdle felt honored by the—

"No, no," said Treasury, "that is not the light in which one so distinguished for practical knowledge, and great foresight, can be expected to regard it. If we should ever be happily enabled, by accidentally possessing the control over circumstances, to propose to one so eminent to—come among us, and give us the weight of his influence, knowledge, and character, we could only propose it to him as a duty. In fact, as a duty that he owed to Society."

Mr. Merdle intimated that Society was the apple of his eye, and that its claims were paramount to every other consideration. Treasury moved on, and Bar came up.

Bar, with his little insinuating Jury droop, and fingering his persuasive double eye-glass, hoped he might be excused if he mentioned to one of the greatest converters of the root of all evil into the root of all good, who had for a long time reflected a shining lustre on the annals even of our commercial country—if he mentioned, disinterestedly, and as, what we lawyers called in our pedantic way, *amicus curiæ*, a fact that had come by accident within his knowledge. He had been required to look over the title of a very considerable estate in one of the eastern counties—lying, in fact, for Mr. Merdle knew we lawyers loved to be particular, on the borders of two of the eastern counties. Now, the title was

perfectly sound, and the estate was to be purchased by one who had the command of—Money (Jury droop and persuasive eye-glass), on remarkably advantageous terms. This had come to Bar's knowledge only that day, and it had occurred to him "I shall have the honor of dining with my esteemed friend Mr. Merdle this evening, and, strictly between ourselves, I will mention the opportunity." Such a purchase would involve not only great legitimate political influence, but some half-dozen church presentations of considerable annual value. Now, that Mr. Merdle was already at no loss to discover means of occupying even his capital, and of fully employing even his active and vigorous intellect, Bar well knew: but he would venture to suggest that the question arose in his mind, whether one who had deservedly gained so high a position and so European a reputation did not owe it—we would not say to himself, but we would say to Society, to possess himself of such influences as these; and to exercise them—we would not say for his own, or for his party's, but we would say for Society's—benefit.

Mr. Merdle again expressed himself as wholly devoted to that object of his constant consideration, and Bar took his persuasive eye-glass up the grand staircase. Bishop then came undesignedly sliding in the direction of the sideboard.

Surely the goods of this world, it occurred in an accidental way to Bishop to remark, could scarcely be directed into happier channels than when they accumulated under the magic touch of the wise and sagacious, who, while they knew the just value of riches (Bishop tried here to look as if he were rather poor himself), were aware of their importance, judiciously governed and rightly distributed, to the welfare of our brethren at large.

Mr. Merdle with humility expressed his conviction that Bishop couldn't mean him, and with inconsistency expressed his high gratification in Bishop's good opinion.

Bishop then—jauntily stepping out a little with his well-shaped right leg, as though he said to Mr. Merdle "don't mind the apron; a mere form!"—put this case to his good friend:

Whether it had occurred to his good friend, that Society might not unreasonably hope that one so blest in his undertakings, and whose example on his pedestal was so influential with it, would shed a little money in the direction of a mission or so to Africa?

Mr. Merdle signifying that the idea should have his best attention, Bishop put another case:

Whether his good friend had at all interested himself in the proceedings of our Combined Additional Endowed Dignitaries Committee, and whether it had occurred to him that to shed a little money in *that* direction might be a great conception finely executed?

Mr. Merdle made a similar reply, and Bishop explained his reason for enquiring.

Society looked to such men as his good friend to do such things. It was not that *he* looked to them, but that Society looked to them. Just as it was not Our Committee who wanted the Additional Endowed Dignitaries, but it was Society that was in a state of the most agonising uneasiness of mind until it got them. He begged to assure his good friend, that he was extremely sensible of his good friend's regard on all occasions for the best interests of Society; and he considered that he

was at once consulting those interests, and expressing the feeling of Society, when he wished him continued prosperity, continued increase of riches, and continued things in general.

Bishop then betook himself up stairs, and the other magnates gradually floated up after him until there was no one left below but Mr. Merdle. That gentleman, after looking at the table-cloth until the soul of the chief butler glowed with a noble resentment, went slowly up after the rest, and became of no account in the stream of people on the grand staircase. Mrs. Merdle was at home, the best of the jewels were hung out to be seen, Society got what it came for, Mr. Merdle drank twopennyworth of tea in a corner and got more than he wanted.

Among the evening magnates was a famous physician, who knew everybody, and whom everybody knew. On entering at the door, he came upon Mr. Merdle drinking his tea in a corner, and touched him on the arm.

Mr. Merdle started. "Oh! It's you!"

"Any better to-day?"

"No," said Mr. Merdle, "I am no better."

"A pity I didn't see you this morning. Pray come to me to-morrow, or let me come to you."

"Well!" he replied. "I will come to-morrow as I drive by."

Bar and Bishop had both been bystanders during this short dialogue, and as Mr. Merdle was swept away by the crowd, they made their remarks upon it to the Physician. Bar said, there was a certain point of mental strain beyond which no man could go; that the point varied with various textures of brain and peculiarities of constitution, as he had had occasion to notice in several of his learned brothers; but, the point of endurance passed by a line's breadth, depression and dyspepsia ensued. Not to intrude on the sacred mysteries of medicine, he took it, now (with the Jury droop and persuasive eye-glass), that this was Merdle's case? Bishop said that when he was a young man, and had fallen for a brief space into the habit of writing sermons on Saturdays, a habit which all young sons of the church should sedulously avoid, he had frequently been sensible of a depression, arising as he supposed from an overtaxed intellect, upon which the yolk of a new-laid egg, beaten up by the good woman in whose house he at that time lodged, with a glass of sound sherry, nutmeg, and powdered sugar, acted like a charm. Without presuming to offer so simple a remedy to the consideration of so profound a professor of the great healing art, he would venture to enquire whether the strain, being by way of intricate calculations, the spirits might not (humanly speaking) be restored to their tone by a gentle and yet generous stimulant?

"Yes," said the physician, "yes, you are both right. But I may as well tell you that I can find nothing the matter with Mr. Merdle. He has the constitution of a rhinoceros, the digestion of an ostrich, and the concentration of an oyster. As to nerves, Mr. Merdle is of a cool temperament, and not a sensitive man: is about as invulnerable, I should say, as Achilles. How such a man should suppose himself unwell without reason, you may think strange. But I have found nothing the matter with him. He may have some deep-seated recondite complaint. I can't say. I only say, that at present I have not found it out."

There was no shadow of Mr. Merdle's complaint on the bosom now displaying precious stones in rivalry with many similar superb jewel-stands; there was no shadow of Mr. Merdle's complaint on young Sparkler hovering about the rooms, monomaniacally seeking any sufficiently ineligible young lady with no nonsense about her; there was no shadow of Mr. Merdle's complaint on the Barnacles and Stilt-stalkings, of whom whole colonies were present; or on any of the company. Even on himself, its shadow was faint enough as he moved about among the throng, receiving homage.

Mr. Merdle's complaint. Society and he had so much to do with one another in all things else, that it is hard to imagine his complaint, if he had one, being solely his own affair. Had he that deep-seated recondite complaint, and did any doctor find it out? Patience. In the meantime, the shadow of the Marshalsea wall was a real darkening influence, and could be seen on the Dorrit Family at any stage of the sun's course.

CHAPTER XXII.

A PUZZLE.

MR. CLENNAM did not increase in favor with the Father of the Marshalsea in the ratio of his increasing visits. His obtuseness on the great Testimonial question was not calculated to awaken admiration in the paternal breast, but had rather a tendency to give offence in that sensitive quarter, and to be regarded as a positive shortcoming in point of gentlemanly feeling. An impression of disappointment, occasioned by the discovery that Mr. Clennam scarcely possessed that delicacy for which, in the confidence of his nature, he had been inclined to give him credit, began to darken the fatherly mind in connection with that gentleman. The father went so far as to say, in his private family circle, that he feared Mr. Clennam was not a man of high instincts. He was happy, he observed, in his public capacity as leader and representative of the College, to receive Mr. Clennam when he called to pay his respects; but he didn't find that he got on with him personally. There appeared to be something (he didn't know what it was) wanting in him. Howbeit, the father did not fail in any outward show of politeness, but, on the contrary, honored him with much attention; perhaps cherishing the hope that, although not a man of a sufficiently brilliant and spontaneous turn of mind to repeat his former testimonial unsolicited, it might still be within the compass of his nature to bear the part of a responsive gentleman, in any correspondence that way tending.

In the threefold capacity, of the gentleman from outside who had been accidentally locked in on the night of his first appearance, of the gentleman from outside who had enquired into the affairs of the Father of the Marshalsea with the stupendous idea of getting him out, and of the gentleman from outside who took an interest in the child of the Marshalsea, Clennam soon became a visitor of mark. He was not sur-

prised by the attentions he received from Mr. Chivery when that officer was on the lock, for he made little distinction between Mr. Chivery's politeness and that of the other turnkeys. It was on one particular afternoon that Mr. Chivery surprised him all at once, and stood forth from his companions in bold relief.

Mr. Chivery, by some artful exercise of his power of clearing the Lodge, had contrived to rid it of all sauntering Collegians; so that Clennam, coming out of the prison, should find him on duty alone.

"(Private) I ask your pardon, sir," said Mr. Chivery in a secret manner; "but which way might you be going?"

"I am going over the Bridge." He saw in Mr. Chivery, with some astonishment, quite an Allegory of Silence, as he stood with his key on his lips.

"(Private) I ask your pardon again," said Mr. Chivery, "but could you go round by Horsemonger Lane? Could you by any means find time to look in at that address?" handing him a little card, printed for circulation among the connection of Chivery and Co. Tobacconists, Importers of pure Havannah Cigars, Bengal Cheroots, and fine-flavored Cubas, Dealers in Fancy Snuffs, &c. &c.

"(Private) It an't tobacco business," said Mr. Chivery. "The truth is, it's my wife. She's wishful to say a word to you, sir, upon a point respecting—yes," said Mr. Chivery, answering Clennam's look of apprehension with a nod, "respecting *her*."

"I will make a point of seeing your wife directly."

"Thank you, sir. Much obliged. It an't above ten minutes out of your way. Please to ask for *Mrs.* Chivery!" These instructions, Mr. Chivery, who had already let him out, cautiously called through a little slide in the outer door, which he could draw back from within for the inspection of visitors, when it pleased him.

Arthur Clennam, with the card in his hand, betook himself to the address set forth upon it, and speedily arrived there. It was a very small establishment, wherein a decent woman sat behind the counter working at her needle. Little jars of tobacco, little boxes of cigars, a little assortment of pipes, a little jar or two of snuff, and a little instrument like a shoeing-horn for serving it out, composed the retail stock in trade.

Arthur mentioned his name, and his having promised to call, on the solicitation of Mr. Chivery. About something relating to Miss Dorrit, he believed. Mrs. Chivery at once laid aside her work, rose up from her seat behind the counter, and deplorably shook her head.

"You may see him now," said she, "if you'll condescend to take a peep."

With these mysterious words, she preceded the visitor into a little parlor behind the shop, with a little window in it commanding a very little dull back-yard. In this yard, a wash of sheets and table-cloths tried (in vain, for want of air) to get itself dried on a line or two; and among those flapping articles was sitting in a chair, like the last mariner left alive on the deck of a damp ship without the power of furling the sails, a little woe-begone young man.

"Our John," said Mrs. Chivery.

Not to be deficient in interest, Clennam asked what he might be doing there?

"It's the only change he takes," said Mrs. Chivery, shaking her head afresh. "He won't go out, even in the back yard, when there's no linen; but when there's linen to keep the neighbours' eyes off, he'll sit there, hours. Hours, he will. Says he feels as if it was groves!" Mrs. Chivery shook her head again, put her apron in a motherly way to her eyes, and reconducted her visitor into the regions of the business.

"Please to take a seat, sir," said Mrs. Chivery. "Miss Dorrit is the matter with Our John, sir; he's a breaking his heart for her, and I would wish to take the liberty to ask how it's to be made good to his parents when bust?"

Mrs. Chivery, who was a comfortable-looking woman, much respected about Horsemonger Lane for her feelings and her conversation, uttered this speech with fell composure, and immediately afterwards began again to shake her head and dry her eyes.

"Sir," said she in continuation, "you are acquainted with the family, and have interested yourself with the family, and are influential with the family. If you can promote views calculated to make two young people happy, let me, for Our John's sake, and for both their sakes, implore you so to do."

"I have been so habituated," returned Arthur, at a loss, "during the short time I have known her, to consider Little—I have been so habituated to consider Miss Dorrit in a light altogether removed from that in which you present her to me, that you quite take me by surprise. Does she know your son?"

"Brought up together, sir," said Mrs. Chivery. "Played together!"

"Does she know your son as her admirer?"

"Oh! bless you, sir," said Mrs. Chivery, with a sort of triumphant shiver, "she never could have seen him on a Sunday without knowing he was that. His cane alone would have told it long ago, if nothing else had. Young men like John don't take to ivory hands a pinting, for nothing. How did I first know it myself? Similarly."

"Perhaps Miss Dorrit may not be so ready as you, you see."

"Then she knows it, sir," said Mrs. Chivery, "by word of mouth."

"Are you sure?"

"Sir," said Mrs. Chivery, "sure and certain as in this house I am. I see my son go out with my own eyes when in this house I was, and I see my son come in with my own eyes when in this house I was, and I know he done it!" Mrs. Chivery derived a surprising force of emphasis from the foregoing circumstantiality and repetition.

"May I ask you how he came to fall into the desponding state which causes you so much uneasiness?"

"That," said Mrs. Chivery, "took place on that same day when to this house I see that John with these eyes return. Never been himself in this house since. Never was like what he has been since, not from the hour when to this house seven year ago me and his father, as tenants by the quarter, came!" An effect in the nature of an affidavit was gained for this speech, by Mrs. Chivery's peculiar power of construction.

"May I venture to enquire what is your version of the matter?"

"You may," said Mrs. Chivery, "and I will give it you in honor and in word as true as in this shop I stand. Our John has every one's good word and every one's good wish. He played with her as a child when in that yard a child she played. He has known her ever

since. He went out upon the Sunday afternoon when in this very parlor he had dined, and met her, with appointment or without appointment, which I do not pretend to say. He made his offer to her. Her brother and sister is high in their views, and against our John. Her father is all for himself in his views, and against sharing her with any one. Under which circumstances she has answered our John, 'No, John, I cannot have you, I cannot have any husband, it is not my intentions ever to become a wife, it is my intentions to be always a sacrifice, farewell, find another worthy of you, and forget me!' This is the way in which she is doomed to be a constant slave, to them that are not worthy that a constant slave she unto them should be. This is the way in which our John has come to find no pleasure but in taking cold among the linen, and in showing in that yard, as in that yard I have myself shown you, a broken down ruin that goes home to his mother's heart!" Here the good woman pointed to the little window, whence her son might be seen sitting disconsolate in the tuneless groves; and again shook her head and wiped her eyes, and besought him, for the united sakes of both the young people, to exercise his influence towards the bright reversal of these dismal events.

She was so confident in her exposition of the case, and it was so undeniably founded on correct premises in so far as the relative positions of Little Dorrit and her family were concerned, that Clennam could not feel positive on the other side. He had come to attach to Little Dorrit an interest so peculiar—an interest that removed her from, while it grew out of, the common and coarse things surrounding her—that he found it disappointing, disagreeable, almost painful, to suppose her in love with young Mr. Chivery in the back yard, or any such person. On the other hand, he reasoned with himself that she was just as good and just as true, in love with him, as not in love with him; and that to make a kind of domesticated fairy of her, on the penalty of isolation at heart from the only people she knew, would be but a weakness of his own fancy, and not a kind one. Still, her youthful and ethereal appearance, her timid manner, the charm of her sensitive voice and eyes, the very many respects in which she had interested him out of her own individuality, and the strong difference between herself and those about her, were not in unison, and were determined not to be in unison, with this newly-presented idea.

He told the worthy Mrs. Chivery, after turning these things over in his mind—he did that, indeed, while she was yet speaking—that he might be relied upon to do his utmost at all times to promote the happiness of Miss Dorrit, and to further the wishes of her heart if it were in his power to do so, and if he could discover what they were. At the same time, he cautioned her against assumptions and appearances; enjoined strict silence and secrecy, lest Miss Dorrit should be made unhappy; and particularly advised her to endeavour to win her son's confidence, and so to make quite sure of the state of the case. Mrs. Chivery considered the latter precaution superfluous, but said she would try. She shook her head as if she had not derived all the comfort she had fondly expected from this interview, but thanked him nevertheless for the trouble he had kindly taken. They then parted good friends, and Arthur walked away.

The crowd in the street jostling the crowd in his mind, and

the two crowds making a confusion, he avoided London Bridge, and turned off in the quieter direction of the Iron Bridge. He had scarcely set foot upon it, when he saw Little Dorrit walking on before him. It was a pleasant day, with a light breeze blowing, and she seemed to have that minute come there for air. He had left her in her father's room within an hour.

It was a timely chance, favorable to his wish of observing her face and manner when no one else was by. He quickened his pace; but, before he reached her, she turned her head.

"Have I startled you?" he asked.

"I thought I knew the step," she answered, hesitating.

"And did you know it, Little Dorrit? You could hardly have expected mine."

"I did not expect any. But when I heard a step, I thought it—sounded like yours."

"Are you going further?"

"No, sir, I am only walking here for a little change."

They walked together, and she recovered her confiding manner with him, and looked up in his face, as she said, after glancing around:

"It is so strange. Perhaps you can hardly understand it. I sometimes have a sensation as if it was almost unfeeling to walk here?"

"Unfeeling?"

"To see the river, and so much sky, and so many objects, and such change and motion. Then to go back, you know, and find him in the same cramped place."

"Ah yes! But going back, you must remember that you take with you the spirit and influence of such things, to cheer him."

"Do I? I hope I may! I am afraid you fancy too much, sir, and make me out too powerful. If you were in prison, could I bring such comfort to you?"

"Yes, Little Dorrit. I am sure of it!"

He gathered from a tremor on her lip, and a passing shadow of great agitation on her face, that her mind was with her father. He remained silent for a few moments, that she might regain her composure. The Little Dorrit, trembling on his arm, was less in unison than ever with Mrs. Chivery's theory, and yet was not irreconcilable with a new fancy which sprung up within him, that there might be some one else, in the hopeless—newer fancy still—in the hopeless unattainable distance.

They turned, and Clennam said, Here was Maggy coming! Little Dorrit looked up, surprised, and they confronted Maggy, who brought herself at sight of them to a dead stop. She had been trotting along, so preoccupied and busy, that she had not recognised them until they turned upon her. She was now in a moment so conscience-stricken, that her very basket partook of the change.

"Maggy, you promised me to stop near father."

"So I would, Little Mother, only he wouldn't let me. If he takes and sends me out I must go. If he takes and says, 'Maggy, you hurry away and back with that letter, and you shall have a sixpence if the answer's a good 'un,' I must take it. Lor, Little Mother, what's a poor thing of ten year old to do? And if Mr. Tip—if he happens to be a coming in as I come out, and if he says, 'Where are you a going, Maggy?' and if I says, 'I'm a going So and So,' and if he says, 'I'll have a Try

too,' and if he goes into the George and writes a letter, and if he gives it me and says, 'Take that one to the same place, and if the answer's a good 'un I'll give you a shilling,' it ain't my fault, mother!"

Arthur read, in Little Dorrit's downcast eyes, to whom she foresaw that the letters were addressed.

"I'm a going So and So. There! That's where I am a going to," said Maggy. "I'm a going So and So. It an't you, Little Mother, that's got anything to do with it—it's you, you know," said Maggy, addressing Arthur. "You'd better come, So and So, and let me take and give 'em to you."

"We will not be so particular as that, Maggy. Give them me here," said Clennam, in a low voice.

"Well, then, come across the road," answered Maggy, in a very loud whisper. "Little Mother wasn't to know nothing of it, and she would never have known nothing of it if you had only gone, So and So, instead of bothering and loitering about. It ain't my fault. I must do what I am told. They ought to be ashamed of themselves for telling me."

Clennam crossed to the other side, and hurriedly opened the letters. That from the father, mentioned that most unexpectedly finding himself in the novel position of having been disappointed of a remittance from the City on which he had confidently counted, he took up his pen, being restrained by the unhappy circumstance of his incarceration during three and twenty years (doubly underlined), from coming himself, as he would otherwise certainly have done—took up his pen to entreat Mr. Clennam to advance him the sum of Three Pounds Ten Shillings upon his I. O. U., which he begged to enclose. That from the son, set forth that Mr. Clennam would, he knew, be gratified to hear that he had at length obtained permanent employment of a highly satisfactory nature, accompanied with every prospect of complete success in life; but that the temporary inability of his employer to pay him his arrears of salary to that date (in which condition said employer had appealed to that generous forbearance in which he trusted he should never be wanting towards a fellow-creature), combined with the fraudulent conduct of a false friend, and the present high price of provisions, had reduced him to the verge of ruin, unless he could by a quarter before six that evening raise the sum of eight pounds. This sum, Mr. Clennam would be happy to learn, he had, through the promptitude of several friends who had a lively confidence in his probity, already raised, with the exception of a trifling balance of one pound seventeen and fourpence; the loan of which balance, for the period of one month, would be fraught with the usual beneficent consequences.

These letters Clennam answered with the aid of his pencil and pocket-book, on the spot; sending the father what he asked for, and excusing himself from compliance with the demand of the son. He then commissioned Maggy to return with his replies, and gave her the shilling of which the failure of her supplemental enterprise would have disappointed her otherwise.

When he rejoined Little Dorrit, and they had begun walking as before, she said all at once:

"I think I had better go. I had better go home."

"Don't be distressed," said Clennam. "I have answered the letters. They were nothing. You know what they were. They were nothing."

"But I am afraid," she returned, "to leave him, I am afraid to leave any of them. When I am gone, they pervert—but they don't mean it—even Maggy."

"It was a very innocent commission that she undertook, poor thing. And in keeping it secret from you, she supposed, no doubt, that she was only saving you uneasiness."

"Yes, I hope so, I hope so. But I had better go home! It was but the other day that my sister told me I had become so used to the prison that I had its tone and character. It must be so. I am sure it must be when I see these things. My place is there. I am better there. It is unfeeling in me to be here when I can do the least thing there. Good bye. I had far better stay at home!"

The agonised way in which she poured this out as if it burst of itself from her suppressed heart, made it difficult for Clennam to keep the tears from his eyes as he saw and heard her.

"Don't call it home, my child!" he entreated. "It is always painful to me to hear you call it home."

"But it is home! What else can I call home? Why should I ever forget it for a single moment?"

"You never do, dear Little Dorrit, in any good and true service."

"I hope not, O I hope not! But it is better for me to stay there; much better, much more dutiful, much happier. Please don't go with me, let me go by myself. Good bye. God bless you. Thank you, thank you."

He felt that it was better to respect her entreaty, and did not move while her slight form went quickly away from him. When it had fluttered out of sight, he turned his face towards the water, and stood thinking.

She would have been distressed at any time by this discovery of the letters; but so much so, and in that unrestrainable way?

No.

When she had seen her father begging with his threadbare disguise on, when she had entreated him not to give her father money, she had been distressed, but not like this. Something had made her keenly and additionally sensitive just now. Now, was there some one in the hopeless unattainable distance? Or had the suspicion been brought into his mind, by his own associations of the troubled river running beneath the bridge with the same river higher up, its changeless tune upon the prow of the ferry-boat, so many miles an hour the peaceful flowing of the stream, here the rushes, there the lilies, nothing uncertain or unquiet?

He thought of his poor child, Little Dorrit, for a long time there; he thought of her, going home; he thought of her in the night; he thought of her when the day came round again. And the poor child Little Dorrit thought of him—too faithfully, ah, too faithfully!—in the shadow of the Marshalsea wall.

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 Group of Stuffed Birds in Cases.
 Smoking Cigar in Grotto.
 Group of Gentlemen at Boat-house.
 Militia Men under Drill.
 Gardener sweeping Lawn.
 Piece of Ruined Castle covered with Ivy.
 Family Group at Cottage Door.
 Sportsman Firing; Gardener and Boy.
 Labourers taking their Meals.
 Labourers and Shoe-black.
 Black Letter and Spectacles.
 Militia Men under Drill.
 Militia Man calling on Mary.
 Packing Soda-water.
 Friendly Visit.
 Pugnacious Militia Man knocks down Boy.
 Girls giving the Gardener some Porter.
 Militia Men under Drill.
 Man washing Dog-cart.
 Boys in Punt, Angling.
 Militia Men under Drill.
 Blacksmiths.
- Peeping Tom.
 Gardener Hoeing.
 Recruiting party.
 Party playing at Skittles.
 Bird.
 Family in Summer-house.
 Soldiers at Cards.
 Mamma and Child in Garden.
 Child seen through Netting.
 Family in Garden.
 Group of Ducks, &c.
 Sportsman; Child and Labourer in Yard.
 Do. and Family in Garden.
 Labourers at Meals.
 Family Group.
 Gentleman climbing Tree.
 Family Group in Garden.
 Father nursing Child.
 Group round Fish Pond.
 Haymaking Machine.
 Family Group in Garden.
 Labelling Cask.
 Meditation.
 Papa's Pot in Tree.
 Ladies Conversing.
 Gentleman in Conservatory.
 Gardener gossiping with Maid.
 Soldiers playing at Cards.
 Coachman talking to Lodge Keeper.
 Family Group.
 Carmen and Housewife.
 "Any Brooms or Brushes?" &c.
 Sportsman, Angler, and Friend.
 Gentleman at Gate talking to the Carpenter.
 Family Group outside Conservatory.
 Dustmen and Boys in Yard.
 Garden Scene.
 Gentlemen at Kenilworth Gateway.
 Group of Surveyors.
 Family Group.
 Lady and Children.
 Wooden-legged Man at Kenilworth Castle.
 Porters in Yard.
 Group of Soldiers.
 Porters and Boy in Yard.
 Group around Fish Pond.
 Mamma and Daughters.
 Soldiers on Drill.
 Militia Man and Boy on Ladder.
 Family at Window and in Garden.
 A Solitary Bird.
 Large Party of Ladies in Garden.
 Lady and Gentlemen in Garden.
 Ladies and Children at Door.
 Family Group in Garden.
 Man and Labourers clearing away Snow.
 Labourers loading Truck.
 Carpenter, Labourers, and Man offering Beer.
 Playing at Skittles.
 Men with Truck, and Boy drinking Lemonade.

GLASS.

Stereoscopic Views in France, England, 6s. 6d. each.

" " Italy . . . 7s. 6d.

" " Rhine . . . 7s. 6d.

The above are executed in Albumen on Glass by one of the first European Artists, and in minuteness of detail and beauty of tone are the finest ever issued. They are mounted with a Gold Fillet, and with full title upon each picture.

SWITZERLAND, 7s. 6d. each.

These are executed by the same artist as the preceding, and are of the most beautiful and sublime character.

AFRICA.

On Glass 6s. each slide.

Description and Prices of Sir David Brewster's Lenticular Stereoscopes.

		s. d.
1.—Japanned Tin Stereoscope, open at sides, front and bottom	2	6
2.—Plain Mahogany do. open in front and at bottom, with box eye pieces, from	3	6
3.—Polished do. with small door in front, open at bottom, and brass adjusting mounts	7	6
4.— Do. Walnut or Sycamore Wood, ground glass at bottom, brass mounts	10	6
5.— Do. sides curved	11	6
6.—Polished Mahogany Stereoscope, with horizontally shifting eye pieces	12	6
7.— Do. Rosewood do. do. do.	15	0
8.—Beautifully Polished Mahogany do., brass shifting and adjusting eye pieces, reflecting flap at bottom, and small ivory spring to retain the slides	21	0
9.—Very Superior Rosewood or Mahogany, with patent adjusting screw and rack work, sliding eye pieces	26	0
10.— Do. do. beautifully curved	33	0
11.— Do. do. with all the above appliances, in beautifully polished ebony, ivory patent screw, &c.	50	0
12.—Beautifully inlaid Papier Maché (a magnificent Wedding present)	42	0
13.—Book Stereoscopes, adapted for the pocket, carrying a dozen slides, if required	7	6
14.—Just Out.—An elegant new Patent Spring Folding Stereoscope (adapted for travelling)	21	0

(SEE OVER)

BOXES.

								s. d.
Plain Mahogany box to hold Stereoscopic slides	5 0
Plain Mahogany box to hold Stereoscope and slides	10 6
Finely Polished Rosewood	do.	do.	lined	31 6

The Stereoscopes can be mounted on telescopic brass stands for greater convenience of viewing the objects, from 15s. to 22s. each, extra. They are made so that the Stereoscope can be detached at any time it is required separately.

Photographic Apparatus supplied. Collections will be made if desired, and forwarded to any part on receiving remittance for the value desired. A complete selection can be made for £5 5s.

Shippers and the Trade supplied.

EXTRACT FROM THE ART-JOURNAL.

"To convey an idea of the immense extent of subjects would require large space. These views, of all classes and orders, are many thousand in number; they comprise several hundred views of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and of the late French Exhibition; scenery in great abundance, English and foreign; historic buildings, &c. &c.; passages of great interest taken at Herculaneum and Pompeii; and views in Africa, Portugal, France, Rome, the Rhine, Venice, Florence, Padua, Pisa, Milan, Verona, Genoa, Nice, Heidelberg, Como, &c., consisting of cathedrals, statues, monuments, &c., collected with taste and care. In these are comprised the ruins of the great buildings of Rome, its forum, temples, triumphal arches, castles, &c. &c. It is pure Art teaching all classes and orders; gratifying the best informed, and delighting the least instructed. By this means nothing is learned that must afterwards be unlearned; taste is never impaired, because nature is never misrepresented; there are a hundred ways in which we can hence derive instruction, but not one by which we can sustain injury: in short, the Stereoscope is a silent Teacher, from which only good can be obtained. In a word, the loveliest scenes of nature, and the grandest monuments of human genius, are, by the magical power of this little instrument, brought in all their reality and beauty, to our own homes and firesides. Its sources of gratification are inexhaustible, and administer equally to our delight in society and solitude.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

SEASON 1856.

PROGRAMME.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY have the honour to announce the following arrangements for the coming Season, commencing on the 1st of May :—

I.—FETE IN CELEBRATION OF THE RETURN OF PEACE.

This is intended to be held early in May, and will be on a scale of great magnitude and interest. The details will be fully announced in a separate Advertisement.

II.—FLOWER SHOWS.

1. On Saturday the 24th of May, a Grand Horticultural and Floricultural Fête.
2. A Second Grand Flower Show, on Wednesday the 25th, and Thursday the 26th of June.
3. A Fruit and Flower Show, including special Prizes for Amateurs, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 10th, 11th, and 12th of September.

III.—GRAND WATER WORKS.

The arrangements for playing the whole of the Grand System of Water Works being now finally completed, a Fête will be held as early in the Summer as the state of the weather will permit, at which a display will be made of the whole of the magnificent series of Upper and Lower Fountains, Cascades, and Waterfalls. Of this Fête due notice will be given.

IV.—ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS TO THE PALACE NOW IN PROGRESS.

1. PICTURE GALLERY.—Steps have been taken for the formation of a Picture Gallery, for the exhibition and sale of the works of artists of the modern Schools of England and the Continent. This Gallery will be situated in the North Wing, hitherto occupied by the Raw Produce Department, and will be open to the Public early in May. The Raw Produce Department itself has been transferred to the Second Gallery on the Garden side of the Great Transept, a position at once more accessible to the public, and more convenient to the Department than that hitherto occupied.

2. NAVAL MUSEUM.—The Directors have also set on foot the formation of a Naval Museum of All Nations, the object of which is to illustrate the

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progress of Naval Architecture, both in Sailing and Steam Ships, from the earliest times; the Collection being so maintained as to represent the actual state of the science as it progresses. The proposals of the Directors have met with the most favourable consideration in all quarters, and they are able confidently to announce that the Naval Museum will be very shortly opened. The Museum will occupy the Galleries on the Garden side of the North Transept, and in connection with it will be a Department where Inventions and Manufactures of all kinds connected with Ships will be shown.

3. **ENGINEERING MODELS.**—In proximity to the Naval Museum there will be also a Collection of Models of Engineering and Architectural Works, Bridges, Docks, Viaducts, Churches, and other structures, which, although of great interest in themselves and forming an important branch of Art-manufacture, have, like the models of Ships, been hitherto inaccessible to the public.

4. **COURT OF INVENTIONS.**—A Department is also in formation for the exhibition of Patent Inventions, in which explanations of the various articles will be given, and the machines shown in motion where necessary.

5. **CERAMIC COURT.**—In one of the Industrial Courts, on the Garden side of the Palace, the Directors intend shortly opening a Collection of Ceramic Productions, illustrating the art of Pottery, from the earliest specimens of antiquity, down to the latest works of the Imperial Manufactory of Sèvres, the manufactures of Dresden and Berlin, and those of Minton, Copeland, Ridgway, and others of the English manufacturers. Extensive promises of assistance have been promptly given to the Directors by the owners of valuable collections of Pottery and Porcelain, as well as by manufacturers, and they have every hope that this Court may be opened early in the summer.

6. **EXHIBITORS' DEPARTMENT.**—The Directors are happy to announce generally, that, owing to the arrangements lately made for the admission, at a nominal rent, of articles intended for Exhibition, almost the whole of the available space is now allotted, whereby the completeness and interest of the Industrial portion of the Palace will be much increased.

7. **COLONIAL DEPARTMENT.**—It gives the Directors great satisfaction to be able to announce, that they have made arrangements with the Governments of the two great Colonies of Canada and New Brunswick for the occupation of space in the Palace with exhibitions of the products of those important countries, under stipulations which ensure the maintenance of the Collections as actual representations of the state of the commerce and manufactures of the Colonies from time to time.

8. **ENLARGEMENT OF REFRESHMENT ROOMS.**—By an alteration now in progress in the mode of approach to the Palace from the Railway, a large additional space will be obtained for Dining-rooms, while the entrance through the Refreshment-rooms—hitherto found so objectionable—will be entirely avoided. Additional facilities have also been provided for the Refreshment of Third Class Visitors.

9. **MACHINERY IN MOTION.**—The completion of the Water Towers has enabled the Directors to make the final arrangements for working the Steam-Engines which give motion to the machines and tools of the Machinery Department. The Machinery will therefore, for the future, be in action at such times as will be announced in the detailed advertisements. The machinery now in the department comprises a complete set of machinery for Spinning, Carding, Warping, Sizing, Weaving, and all the other processes for the manufacture of Cotton goods, by Walker and Hacking, and Harrison and Co.; Lathes, Shaping-machines, self-acting Planing, Drilling, and other machinery, by Whitworth, Muir, Harrison and Co., and others; Condie's Steam-Hammer; Sugar-Cane Mill, by De Mornay; Centrifugal Pumps, by Appold, and Gwynne and Sons; Centrifugal Sugar and Drying Machines, by Manlove and Allott; Steam Engines, by Goodfellow, Dunn, Hattersley and Co., and others; Marine

Engines, with Screw Propeller, by Tod and M^rGregor; and a great variety of other machines.

10. GREAT WATER TOWERS.—Arrangements are being made for enabling the Visitors to ascend these Towers, and enjoy the beautiful and extensive view from the top. Particulars will be shortly announced.

11. AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.—The Department of Agricultural Machinery and Implements is now in a very complete state. Examples will be found there of all the machines of the chief manufacturers, and purchases can be made at the same prices as at the warehouses of the makers. The stock is continually receiving additions, and every means is taken to make it a perfect representation of the state of one of the most important branches of modern industry.

12. FANCY FAIRS.—The Directors are prepared to afford Accommodation to Benevolent Institutions for holding Fancy Fairs in the Palace during the season. Arrangements have been already made by the Managers of the Queen Adelaide Naval Fund for a Fancy Fair on the 7th, 9th, and 10th of June, under the patronage of her Majesty and numerous Ladies of Rank.

13. ARCHERY FETES AND CRICKET MATCHES.—The Directors contemplate arrangements for the encouragement of these elegant and healthy recreations in the Palace Grounds.

V.—GRAND MORNING CONCERTS.

The Directors beg further to announce that they have completed arrangements with Mr. GYE, of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, for a series of TWELVE MORNING CONCERTS to be given on Fridays in the months of May, June, and July. These Concerts will be supported by the following celebrated Artistes, who have most kindly offered their assistance to Mr. GYE:—

MADAME GRISI.

MADMOISELLE JENNY NEY.

MADMOISELLE DIDIEE.

MADMOISELLE MARAL.

MADMOISELLE BOSIO.

SIGNOR LABLACHE.

SIGNOR GARDONI.

SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.

HERR FORMES.

SIGNOR POLONINI.

SIGNOR RONCONI.

SIGNOR LUCHESI.

SIGNOR ZELGER.

SIGNOR GRAZIANI.

SIGNOR GREGORIO.

SIGNOR SOLDI.

AND SIGNOR MARIO.

The Band of the Royal Italian Opera is engaged, and will be considerably augmented. Mr. COSTA has also most kindly offered his valuable aid, and will himself conduct a portion of the Concerts.

VI.—SEASON TICKETS.

The Directors have resolved to issue different classes of SEASON TICKETS, as follows:—

1. Season Tickets, not transferable, admitting the Proprietor to the Palace on all occasions whatsoever, except the Twelve Days named for the above Concerts. . . . ONE GUINEA.
2. Season Tickets, not transferable, admitting the Proprietor to the Palace on all occasions, including the Concerts TWO GUINEAS.
3. *Transferable Tickets*, admitting the Bearer to the Twelve Concerts and to the Flower Shows, but not available on other days TWO GUINEAS.

As the issue of Tickets under Classes Two and Three must necessarily be limited, an early application for them is desirable.

The Tickets may be obtained at—
 The CRYSTAL PALACE (Centre Transept and Railway Entrances).
 The COMPANY'S OFFICE, 79, Lombard Street.
 The LONDON BRIDGE STATION OF THE LONDON AND BRIGHTON RAILWAY CO.
 The OFFICE OF THE LONDON AND BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY, 43, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.
 The RAILWAY STATION, Crystal Palace.
 MITCHELL'S LIBRARY, 33, Old Bond Street.
 SAMS'S LIBRARY, 1, St. James's Street.
 MESSRS. KEITH, PROWSE, AND CO., 48, Cheapside.
 MR. HAMMOND, 27, Lombard Street.

MESSRS. LETTS, SON, AND CO., 8, Royal Exchange.
 MR. T. KNOX HOLMES, 441, Strand.
 WESTERTON'S LIBRARY, St. George's Place, Knightsbridge.
 MESSRS. CEAMER, BEALE, AND CO., 199, Regent Street.
 CALDER'S LIBRARY, 1, Bathurst Street, Hyde Park Gardens.
 MESSRS. MEAD AND POWELL, Arcade, London Bridge Station.
 MR. SMITH, 9, Newmarket Terrace, Cambridge Heath.
 MR. J. H. SMITH, 22, Gresham Street, and MR. BRILL, Royal Baths, Brighton.

Remittances from the country, by Post-office Order or otherwise, must be made payable to George Fasson. All applications must state whether the Tickets are for Ladies or Gentlemen, and none can be attended to unless accompanied by a remittance.

The rates of admission to the Palace on Ordinary Occasions remain as before, viz. :—

ON MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and FRIDAYS	ONE SHILLING.
ON SATURDAYS	FIVE SHILLINGS.

CHILDREN UNDER 12 YEARS OF AGE, HALF-PRICE.

The Palace will be opened on Mondays at 9 A.M., on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 10; excepting on the days of the Concerts by the Opera Company, on which days, and on Saturdays, it will be opened at 12; closing daily about sunset.

VII.—RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

During the season, the Trains of the London and Brighton Railway Company will leave London Bridge Station every half hour, and during busy days every quarter of an hour, from 9 o'clock, A.M., till dusk, returning from the Palace at the same intervals throughout the day. (For exact times of starting, see Railway Company's Time Tables.)

Return Fares, including admission to the Palace—

	1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
ON SHILLING DAYS	2s. 6d.	2s. 0d.	1s. 6d.
ON FIVE SHILLING DAYS	6s. 6d.	6s. 0d.	5s. 9d.

CHILDREN UNDER 12 YEARS OF AGE, HALF-PRICE.

WEST-END RAILWAY.—The Directors are happy to be able to announce that the West-End Railway, between the Palace and the Waterloo Station, will be partially opened early in the summer.

VIII.—EXCURSIONS.

Arrangements have been made by which Benevolent Societies, Schools, and other large bodies may visit the Palace at the following reduced rates :— applying only to Shilling Days and Third-class Carriages.

For a number of Excursionists over 250 and under 500	1s. 3d. per head instead of 1s. 6d.
Exceeding 500 and under 750	1s. 2d. " " 1s. 6d.
Exceeding 750 and under 1000	1s. 1d. " " 1s. 6d.
Exceeding 1000	1s. 0d. " " 1s. 6d.

Children, Half-price.

(Signed) ARTHUR ANDERSON, *Chairman.*
 JOSEPH PAXTON.
 JAMES FERGUSSON, *General Manager.*

ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

TWOPENCE MONTHLY.

Written by Accomplished Authors. Illustrated by Famous Artists.

The May number of this Magazine commences a new volume; and its past success has enabled the Proprietors to make such arrangements with Authors, Artists, and Printers, as will leave it unrivalled.

It will be printed on Superior Paper, and with increased care.

The Illustrations (always many and good) will really be the *best obtainable*. Thus the Proprietors have already obtained the services of **Birket Foster, John Leech, and Noel Humphreys.**

These gentlemen have undertaken to illustrate a Tale by the EDITOR, the

"PATH OF ROSES,"

commencing in the May number. Other eminent Artists will illustrate shorter Stories, Poems, &c., among which will be found an interesting series of

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

Articles on subjects peculiarly interesting to Women will frequently appear—as hitherto. The Magazine will also preserve its reputation for usefulness as well as interest. A Member of the Royal College of Surgeons—a man of large experience in Public Hospitals—will contribute a series of articles for guidance in Medical and Surgical Emergencies. These papers will be found under the head

"THE DOCTOR."

Valuable Recipes for the Toilette and the Household will also be liberally supplied. The

WORK-TABLE DEPARTMENT

is now placed in the experienced hands of Mrs. PULLAN. And the Proprietors feel confident that the result of these arrangements will be, a Magazine unapproached in its class.

A Specimen Number will be sent by the Publisher, S. O. BEETON, 18, Boulevard Street London, on receipt of three stamps. Or order of any Bookseller.

[FOR SPECIMEN OF ENGRAVINGS, SEE BACK.]

the Use of Poisons in Medicine.

(SEE OVER)

ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE,

2d. Monthly; Annual Volumes, 2s. 6d.



SPECIMEN OF ENGRAVINGS IN THE "ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE."

VOL. IV. of the "ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE" is just ready, price 2s. 6d. bound; free by post for the same. It contains above a hundred Illustrations, and nearly 800 columns of useful and entertaining matter: comprising 9 Biographical Sketches; 25 Tales; 48 Miscellaneous Articles; 9 Prize Compositions; 24 Poems; above 200 Recipes for the Toilette, Sick-room, Nursery, and Kitchen; and numerous original Patterns in Fancy Work.

Vols. I., II., and III. may also be had of all Booksellers, or of the Publisher,

SAMUEL O. BEETON, 18, Bouverie Street, London.

London: Printed by Jas. Wade, 26, Brydges Street, Strand.

THE
MORISONIAN MONUMENT
ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE
BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH, NEW ROAD,
LONDON,
ON THE 31st OF MARCH, (DAY OF PEACE),
A. D. 1856.



THIS MEMORIAL,
RAISED BY A PENNY SUBSCRIPTION,
HAS BEEN ERECTED A. D. 1856.
TO
JAMES MORISON,
THE HYGEIST.

MORISON
Was the first to Protest against Bleeding, and
the Use of Poisons in Medicine.

(SEE OVER)

THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH

Presented to the House of Commons in 1847 a
Petition against Medical Poisons, signed by
19,950 persons, and another signed by 3,331
against Latin prescriptions.

[Note.—See “Reasons for a Monument to James Morison,” by John Fraser, of Edinburgh, to be had of all Hygeian agents, Gratis.]

THE MORISONIAN SYSTEM OF MEDICINE.

1. The vital principle is in the blood.
2. Everything in the body is derived from the blood.
3. All constitutions are radically the same.
4. All diseases arise from impurity of the blood.
5. Pain and disease have the same origin.
6. From the intimate connection subsisting between mind and body, the health of the one must conduce to the serenity of the other.
7. Proper vegetable purgation is the only medicinal mode for effectually eradicating disease.
8. The discovery of a vegetable medicine was a desideratum.
9. This discovery was made by James Morison, the Hygeist, who also proclaimed “the medical liberty of the subject.”

MR. HIBBERT, of Manchester, in his public letter of December 13th, 1855, says:—“We Hygeists, by our renunciation of these poisons, (such as Arsenic, Strychnine, Prussic Acid, and, in short, all the other deadly poisons falsely used by Doctors as medicines) occupy, at this moment, the proudest position of any class of individuals in her majesty's dominions”

THE
Great American Health Restoring Medicine,
ADAPTED FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS

INTRODUCED AND PREPARED SOLELY BY

JOHN LOCKING, ESQ., M.R.C.S.E.

LATE DEMONSTRATOR OF ANATOMY TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, EDINBURGH.

THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS are prepared solely from the products of the botanical world, and are perfectly free from mercurial, antimonial, or any other mineral poison. They have proved one of the most powerful medicines ever discovered for purifying the blood, and for expelling from the human system all unhealthy obstructions and diseased conditions. And while they are thus efficacious to purify and renovate the whole animal economy, they are so mild in their operation, that a child may take them with safety and advantage, and even with pleasure. The idea of incrusting each Pill with a coating of sugar was most happy. Families are thus provided with a medicine which, instead of exciting dislike, and producing nausea and retching, forms an agreeable and pleasant antidote to human suffering, while its administration to the junior members resembles the giving out of *bonbons* and *comfits* rather than that of a nauseous and disagreeable medicine.

In all cases of bilious affections, indigestion, flatulency, liver complaints, headaches, asthma, diseases of the lungs, and cutaneous disorders, the efficacy of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS is most marvellous. A few doses speedily restore to health and vigour. This wonderful efficacy in removing disease and restoring to health, proceeds from their admirable adaptation to the requirements of the human system, as can be demonstrated both by facts and science.

As the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS contain no poisonous property, there is no introducing of one evil to expel another: no prostration follows their use, but, on the contrary, strength and vigour are imparted. Being purely botanical and not mineral, they are easily operated upon by the digestive organs; their influence is diffused throughout the entire system, and the whole current of the blood is charged with a powerful, disease-expelling, health-producing principle. Hence, if there be *indigestion*, the stomach will be emancipated, headache will vanish, and a healthy appetite and relish for wholesome diet will be regained. If the *lungs* be contracted, inflamed, or diseased, relief will speedily be experienced, by the cough being checked, and freedom of breathing promoted. If the *liver* be affected, the diseased affection will be conveyed away, and healthy bile will be secreted. Pains in the side will no longer be a source of complaint. The kidneys, the bladder, and all the internal organs will exercise their functions aright. If there be rheumatism, the cause of it will be expelled. Should there be scorbutic or cutaneous eruptions, the skin will regain its healthy appear-

ance; freckles, pimples, and yellowness of the skin will disappear; and obstinate, long-standing wounds will soon yield to a healing process. In short, the whole animal economy will be renovated and invigorated.

Let but the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS have a fair trial by any one suffering from disease, and admiration and approval will be secured, and they will be pronounced the finest medicine ever discovered.

THE EFFICACY OF THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS DEMONSTRATED FACTS.

COMPLAINTS OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS.

CURE OF STOMACH DERANGEMENT.—JANE CORDIE, East Gallatown, by Kirkcaldy, laboured for some months under *great debility and derangement of the stomach*. She was treated by the doctors as for jaundice, but with no effect. Being induced to try the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, she took five, and on the second night four, which completely restored her to her usual health.

SEVERE STOMACH COMPLAINT CURED BY THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS.—MR. HENRY GLENDINNING, of Stonecroft, near Fourstones, N.B., suffered for many years from a *severe stomach complaint*. He tried nearly every medicine which professed to cure such complaint, but without effect. He determined to give the *American Sugar-coated Pills* a trial. After taking them for a short time, he was wonderfully restored to health. He has since recommended them to several persons in his neighbourhood affected with different complaints, and they have all been much benefited by their use.

PAINFUL AND DISTRESSING DIARRHOEA.—MR. WILLIAM COLEBY, of Northcourt, Bridge-street, Hull, says: "During the prevalence of the cholera here, I was severely afflicted with *diarrhoea and pain in my bowels*, attended with sickness; and after trying various medicines prescribed by medical men, could obtain no relief. The *American Sugar-coated Pills*, being very strongly recommended, I procured a box, and am happy in bearing testimony to their efficacy in removing my complaint. I took five Pills, and in a short time was greatly relieved. I repeated the dose, when I began to find my complaint removing. After three days, during which I continued taking them, I not only found my complaint removed, but my stomach was strengthened, my appetite was improved, my whole system was renovated, and I was able to go to my work, and have continued to do so ever since, in general good health."

CHEST COMPLAINTS, ASTHMA, &c.

COUGH AND DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING EFFECTUALLY RELIEVED.—MRS. ELIZABETH PRINGLE, Tweedmouth, Berwick-on-Tweed, aged seventy-four years, was afflicted with *swelling in the chest, extreme difficulty of breathing, and severe cough*, so that she was afraid to lie down in bed. After taking two boxes of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, in small doses, she was quite recovered. On purchasing a third box to keep by her, she expressed a wish that her case might be made public for the benefit of others.

ASTHMA CURED BY THE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.—JOHN MURRAY, of Lowhaughs, Berwick-on-Tweed, suffered more or less from the period of infancy to the age of twenty-two years, from severe attacks of *asthma*. At length he became seriously ill, and after being under medical treatment for a long time, he was given up as labouring under *fatal consumption*. A friend, who had been in a similar condition, but who had regained complete health by a few doses of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, recommended them to John Murray. He was induced, as a last resource, to try them, and before he had finished two boxes of the Pills, he was perfectly recovered. He has enjoyed excellent health ever since.

GIDDINESS AND PAINS IN THE HEAD REMOVED BY THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS

MRS. MARY WAITE, Murton, near Berwick-on-Tweed, was for several years afflicted with a peculiar sensation and *extreme giddiness* in the head, which occasioned great alarm, in consequence of the sudden, frequent, and violent manner of attack, causing a degree of *stupor*, amounting almost to *insensibility*. After having tried various medicines, and abandoned all hopes of relief, she heard of the great good which the *American Sugar-coated Pills* had been instrumental in effecting, and was induced to try them. After using them but a very short time, she felt quite relieved of the distressing complaint, and expressed her gratitude to those who recommended them.

VIOLENT PAINS IN THE HEAD REMOVED.—GEORGE MURRAY, of Lowhaughs, near Berwick-on-Tweed, was afflicted almost daily, for upwards of five years, with *violent pains in the head*, accompanied with severe sickness, and disordered bowels, so as to render him almost totally unable to attend to his ordinary employment. Observing the wonderful effect produced by the use of the *American Sugar-coated Pills* in the case of his brother, whose life had been despaired of, he resolved to try them for himself. He had taken four doses only, when he became perfectly free from pain, regained his lost appetite, and for the last six months has enjoyed better health than he ever experienced before.

CURE OF FITS.—STEPHEN GRAY, Stockwith, was for some time afflicted with *palpitation of the heart*, and *dizziness in the head*, so violent as to cause him to fall to the ground, apparently lifeless. He was bled and blistered, but the complaint always returned, till he was prevailed upon to try the *American Sugar-coated Pills*. They were of great service to him; and for the last four months he has not felt the least symptom of a fit.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.—WILLIAM LOCKWOOD, Chadwick-street, London-road, Manchester, was very bad for a year and a half, with *palpitation of the heart*, irritation of his flesh, and pains in his head and limbs. Hearing of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, he determined to try them: having derived much benefit from taking one box, he persevered in the use of them, and is now nearly as well as ever he was in his life.

WONDERFUL CURES OF RHEUMATISM, PLEURISY, & LUMBAGO.

MR. DAVENPORT, Leaf-street, Hulme, Manchester, was a great sufferer from *Rheumatism*, so that he could hardly raise his hand to his head; he was also labouring under general debility. He took some of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, and was completely restored to sound health.

WILLIAM BUTTERWORTH, Mount Pleasant, Rochdale, says: "I have great pleasure in stating, that after taking about thirty of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, I have been entirely free from *Rheumatic Pains*. Before taking them I could not sit down, nor rise up, without great difficulty. Now I am entirely without pain."

ROBERT TAIT, Scremerston, near Berwick-on-Tweed, had, in consequence of a severe cold, been afflicted for upward of eighteen months with *acute Rheumatism* in his limbs and other parts of his body; and, though a young man of a strong, athletic frame, and a naturally rigorous constitution, he was reduced to so infirm and helpless a condition, that he could not put his clothes off or on without assistance, and was often unable to move himself without great pain. He was induced to make trial of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, and after having taken only two small boxes, he was able to attend to his work. Hence he considers it his duty to bear testimony to their healing efficacy.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE OF RHEUMATISM.—MR. SAMUEL HESKETH, Swan-street, Hulme, Manchester, was afflicted for several months with excruciating pains from *Rheumatism*, caused by having caught severe colds, from constant exposure to alternate heat and cold. He was under treatment by a surgeon, but obtained no relief. He tried the *American Sugar-coated Pills*; the taking of four boxes of which entirely banished his rheumatic pains, which, up to that time, had been very severe.

LUMBAGO OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING, cured by the *American Sugar-coated Pills*.—JONATHAN VASEY, Coxhoe, near Durham, was afflicted for upwards of twenty years with *Lumbago*, during which time he expended large sums of money for advice and medicine; but to no purpose. By taking one box of the *Sugar-coated Pills* he was greatly relieved; and by persevering in their use, he declares that he is as well now as he was twenty-five years ago.

DISORDERED LIVER, AND BILIOUS AFFECTIONS CURED BY THE SUGAR COATED PILLS.

MR. JAMES BERRY, Albert-terrace, Rochdale-road, Manchester, suffered from a *Liver complaint* for twenty-two weeks, and was totally unable to attend to his business. By using the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, he has completely recovered, and declares that he is better in every respect than he was previous to taking them.

MR. CHARLES PARKER, a minister, Norfolk-place, Beverley-road, Hull, was for several weeks severely disordered with a *Bilious affection*. He sought medical aid, but sank under the treatment. One day he took two of the *American Sugar-coated Pills* at noon, and at six o'clock in the afternoon two more; a profuse perspiration ensued, and he was relieved; and before he had taken one small boxful, he was able to resume his pulpit duties. He strongly recommends the Pills as a valuable and efficacious medicine.

WONDERFUL CURES OF DROPSY BY THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

SARAH DAVENPORT, Leaf-street, Hulme, was cured of *Dropsy* of twelve months' standing by using the *Sugar-coated Pills*. She had been to various medical men for relief, but in vain. Her limbs were swollen to an enormous size, and she was unable to attend to her household concerns. On the advice of a friend, she was induced to try the far-famed medicine; and after having acted rigorously up to the directions, she was in a few weeks restored to health, with the exception of a slight weakness. She is now quite well.

STANLEY VALENTINE, Clarendon-street, Hulme, Manchester, was cured of the *dropsy*, after having been ill six months, and confined to his bed several weeks. His limbs were swollen to thrice their usual size; his appetite was exceedingly bad; and his whole frame much debilitated. He was attended by three medical men, but grew worse, until he commenced taking the *Sugar-coated Pills*, when he began gradually to recover; the swelling went down, his appetite returned, and, by daily using the Pills, he gained strength. He is now quite well.

SCORBUTIC AFFECTIONS, &c., CURED BY THE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

CURE OF SORES AND ULCERS.—MARY KAY, Norman's buildings, Manchester, was afflicted for more than three months with an *ulcerous sore leg*, which had in it at one time as many as forty holes. After trying innumerable medicines without any beneficial result, she began to use the *American Sugar-coated Pills*. The first box relieved her, and by persevering in the use of them, she was restored to perfect soundness. She had also lost her appetite, but that was restored while taking the *Sugar-coated Pills*.

SCORBUTIC AFFECTION.—MR. OSWALD BURNETT, of Spittal, was for six or seven months afflicted with a *Scorbutic affection*, which spread itself over great portions of his arms and legs, causing great uneasiness. When the affected part was irritated, pimples were brought out all over its extent, causing extreme pain. Almost every kind of medicine was resorted to, but without any beneficial effect. He at last found, not only relief, but a perfect cure, by taking a few doses of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*.

JAMES PEMBERTON, Cobden, Todmorden, was entirely cured of a constant eruption of the skin, with large Boils, by the use of the *Sugar-coated Pills*.

PAINFUL CASES OF PILES AND GRAVEL RELIEVED BY THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

DAVID GELLY, Guildhall-street, Dunfermline, was afflicted for twelve months with *Bleeding Piles*, for which he tried several prescriptions by surgeons, without experiencing any relief. He was at length persuaded to make trial of the *Sugar-coated Pills*, and he had not used more than two-thirds of a small boxfull, before he was quite well, and is now in perfect health.

STRIKING CURE OF GRAVEL.—MR. GEORGE HEPBURN, Lever-street, Manchester, was afflicted for several weeks to a most distressing extent, with *lumbago*, *weakness in the loins*, and *gravel*, and was so reduced as to be wholly unfit to attend to his business. His disorder increased to a dangerous extreme, though he took several bottles of mixtures. At this crisis the *Sugar-coated Pills* were recommended. In great agony he crawled out to purchase some; and had no sooner got into the house on his return, than he fell on the floor in the most intense pain. He was put to bed, and then took four of the pills. In about two hours he obtained some relief, though attended with severe pain. Feeling more and more relieved, he repeated doses of the pills: this was on Wednesday, and, on the Monday following, he got up, and was able to go out. In a few days more he was restored to good health and a good appetite.

COMPLAINTS PECULIAR TO FEMALES.

The wife of W. RENNEY, of Goole, suffered from twelve to fourteen years with *bearing down pains* and other symptoms, which her medical attendant described as being those of a cancerous tumour of the womb. Eminent men were consulted, but without any beneficial result. Her husband obtained for her a box of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*. At first they produced considerable sickness, but by persevering in their use she vomited at times the foulest humours. She took five boxes of the Pills, with which a cure has been effected.

MRS. PHOEBE CLARKE, Gornal-wood, near Wolverhampton, was severely bruised eighteen years ago, and subsequently afflicted with excruciating *bearing down pains*, and a *tumour in her womb*, said to be a cancer. For twelve months she was confined to her bed, and unable to put her feet to the ground. Strict regimen and other means were prescribed, but her agony at times was indescribable. After hope was almost relinquished, she tried the *American Sugar-coated Pills*. The benefit she soon derived determined her to persevere; and after taking five small boxes, she was perfectly restored. Being now in good health, she feels bound to convey her sincere thanks to the Proprietor of the Pills, and to recommend them to any who are afflicted.

Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1d $\frac{1}{2}$; 2s. 9d.; and 4s. 6d. each, with full directions.

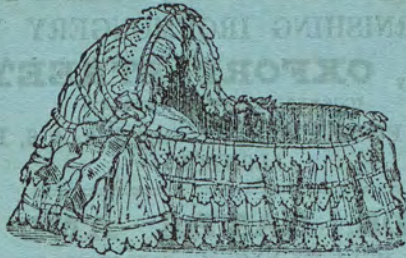
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CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners of Stamps have ordered the following inscription to be engraved on the Government Stamp: "*American Indian Sugar-coated Pills. W. Locking and Son, Proprietors.*" Be careful to observe this, as without it none are genuine.

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