

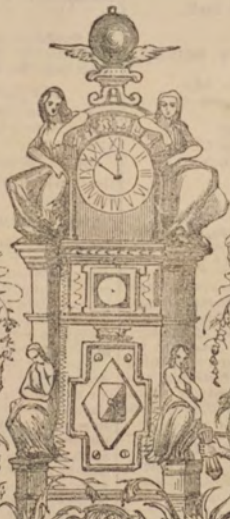
MASTER
HUMPHREYS'S
CLOCK

BY "BOZ."

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1841.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY G. CATTERMOLLE AND H. K. BROWNE.



BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; J. FINLAY & Co., Glasgow; L. SMITH, Aberdeen; S. J. MACHEN & Co., Dublin; SIMMS & DINHAM, Manchester; WARRING WEBB, Liverpool; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; E. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIDLER, Bristol; T. N. MORTON, Boston; H. S. KING, Brighton; G. THOMPSON, Bury; E. JOHNSON, Cambridge; C. THURNAM, Carlisle; J. LEE, Cheltenham; EVANS & DUCKER, Chester; W. EDWARDS, Coventry; W. ROWBOTTOM, Derby; W. BYERS, Devonport; W. T. ROBERTS, Exeter; T. DAVIES, Gloucester; R. CUSONS, Hull; HENRY SHALDERS, Ipswich; W. REEVE, Leamington; T. HARRISON, Leeds; J. R. SMITH, LYNN; J. SMITH, Maidstone; FINLAY & CHARLTON, Newcastle-on-Tyne; JARROLD & SON, Norwich; R. MERCER, Nottingham; H. SLATTER, Oxford; P. R. DRUMMOND, Perth; E. NETTLETON, Plymouth; BRODIE & Co., Salisbury; JOHN INNOCENT, Sheffield; W. SHARLAND, Southampton; F. MAY, Taunton; A. DEIGHTON, Worcester; W. ALEXANDER, Yarmouth; J. SHILLITO, York; J. B. BROWN, Windsor; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENT.

Just published, price 4s. each,

PHYSIOGNOSCOGRAPHY.

No. I.

THE ANATOMY OF GRIMACE.

SHOWING 288 CHANGES OF FACES AND COSTUMES. BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED.

No. II.

THE ANATOMY OF THE STAGE.

SHOWING 288 CHANGES OF THEATRICAL CHARACTERS. BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BURTON.

"A graphic and amusing toy, which, as laughter is the particular pabulum of Christmas, is, we suppose, intended for that season, but which may just as legitimately provoke merriment at any other time of the year. It consists of a decorated card, with loop-holes for the reception of 'heads to grin,' and at the back are two revolving cards, one presenting a series of faces, another of head costumes, and both, in the course of their evolution, producing no less than 288 aspects of the human countenance in every variety of grotesque expression. The toy moves in a circle of continuous merriment, and we can recommend it as an amusing *passé temps* for the moment."—*Morning Post*.

Price Three Shillings each,

SKETCHES OF

YOUNG LADIES. | YOUNG GENTLEMEN. | YOUNG COUPLES.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

"SOFT BE THY SLUMBERS," Her Majesty's Song addressed to the Princess Royal of England. Set to Music by S. NELSON, and embellished with a splendid Title, representing the Interior of the Royal Apartment, with the Cot of the Illustrious Infant, and excellent Portraits of her Majesty and Prince Albert.
Jefferys and Nelson, 21, Soho-square.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR WORKS.

1. CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS, price 2s. 6d.
2. ROGERS'S POEMS, and ITALY, price 1s. 6d. each.
3. SHERIDAN'S DRAMATIC WORKS, price 5s.
4. SHAKSPEARE'S POEMS, price 1s. 6d.
5. THE ESSAYS OF ELIA, Two Parts, price 2s. 6d. each.
6. LAMB'S POETICAL WORKS, price 2s.
7. — ROSAMUND GREY, &c., price 2s. 6d.
8. — ULYSSES, and MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL, price 2s.
9. LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE, price 2s. 6d.
10. HUNT'S INDICATOR, Two Parts, price 2s. 6d. each.
11. — SEER, Two Parts, price 2s. 6d. each.
12. CAPT. BASIL HALL'S LOO-CHOO, price 2s. 6d.
13. — SOUTH AMERICA, Two Parts, price 2s. 6d. each.
14. — FRAGMENTS, Three Series, price 5s. each.
15. PRINGLE'S SOUTH AFRICA, price 3s. 6d.
16. ELLIS'S EMBASSY TO CHINA, price 4s.
Edward Moxon, Dover street.

ELECTROTYPE.—Just published by E. Palmer, 103, Newgate-street, and Longman & Co., Paternoster-row.

ELEMENTS OF ELECTRO-METALLURGY, or the ART OF WORKING IN METALS BY THE GALVANIC FLUID; containing the laws regulating the reduction of the metals; the states in which the deposit may take place; the apparatus to be employed, and the application of Electro-Metallurgy to manufactures; with minute description of the processes for Electro Gilding, Plating, Coppering, &c. The method of Etching by Galvanism; the art of working in Gold, Silver, Platinum, and Copper; with full directions for conducting the Electrotype. Illustrated with Woodcuts. By A. SMEE, Surgeon to the Bank of England, &c. Price 10s. 6d. elegantly bound in cloth, gilt edges.

BRITISH CONSUL'S OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

Know all persons to whom these presents shall come, that I, Gilbert Robertson, Esq., his Britannic Majesty's Consul, do hereby certify, that R. Warton, Esq. (who attests to the efficacy of OLD-RIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, in restoring HAIR), is Mayor of this city, and that M. Randall, Esq. is Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas, to both whose signatures full faith and credit is due. I further certify that I am personally acquainted with J. L. Inglis, Esq., another of the signers, and that he is a person of great respectability, and that I heard him express his unqualified approbation of the effects of OLD-RIDGE'S BALM in restoring his HAIR. Given under my hand and seal of office, at the City of Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1823. (Signed) GILBERT ROBERTSON.

OLD-RIDGE'S BALM causes Whiskers and Eyebrows to grow, prevents the Hair turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off.

Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per Bottle.

No other Prices are Genuine.

N.B.—Ask for C. & A. OLD-RIDGE'S BALM, 1, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

Just ready, in one thick volume, foolscap 8vo, bound,
THE LONDON ALMANACK, OFFICIAL REGISTER, AND COUNTY CALENDAR FOR ENGLAND AND WALES, FOR THE YEAR 1841.

Containing the Calendar, with full and Copious Tables; Lists of London and Country Bankers and Joint Stock Banks; all the Newspapers published in the United Kingdom; Railways; Post Office Regulations, &c.; the Royal Family of England, with their Households; the Ministry and Privy Council; a complete

EXISTING AND EXTINCT PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE; Orders of Knighthood, &c.; the Imperial Parliament; all the Official Departments of Government, with the Officers, Hours of Business, &c.; East India Company; a complete

NAVY AND ARMY LIST;

the Superior and Inferior Courts of Law, Judges, and Legal Officials; the County Authorities, Lord and Deputy Lieutenants, High Sheriffs, Militia, &c.; and the

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE IN EACH COUNTY

(taken from the Official Roll at the Crown Office, and corrected by the several Clerks of the Peace); a Clerical List, the Bishops, and Dignitaries; and a complete List of

THE BENEFICED CLERGY OF ENGLAND AND WALES; the Universities, Colleges, and Public Schools, throughout the Kingdom;

THE CORPORATION, &c., OF THE CITY OF LONDON; the Police; the Livery Companies, with the Date of their Charters, expense of taking up Freedom and Livery in each; Life Assurance Companies, with their Date of Establishment, Capital, and a Tabular View of the Premiums charged by each Office; other Public Companies; Learned and Scientific Societies and Institutions; Hospitals, Charitable and Benevolent Institutions; Religious Societies, &c.; and a mass of valuable Statistical Information, chiefly compiled from Parliamentary Returns.

The long-felt want of a comprehensive Book of Reference for England and Wales, of a similar character to those already existing for Scotland and Ireland, has induced the Publishers to undertake the present Work, on which they have spared no labour or expense to render it both full and accurate; they have derived their information from the most authentic sources, having made express application to the authorities in the various Departments; and they have met with such uniform willingness to afford the desired assistance, that they feel confidence in saying, the LONDON ALMANACK will be found not only a much more comprehensive, but also a far more accurate Register than any previously published.

London: Scott, Webster, and Geary, Charterhouse Square.

EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION.

MOSS'S METALOMETER, the most surprising instrument ever invented for sharpening razors, penknives, surgeons' instruments, &c.; the hone never required. The extraordinary powers of this instrument are such, that if the edge of a razor be drawn across an iron bar, one minute will suffice to restore it to an edge not to be obtained by any other method. The advertiser invites an inspection at his Manufactory, 200, Fleet-street.—WANTED, some respectable COUNTRY AGENTS—Reference in London.—Manufacturer of the celebrated Chinese Steel Razor, warranted, from 2s. 6d. each: exchanged if not approved

The Old Curiosity Shop.

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FOURTH.



ROSSING to and fro upon his hot, uneasy bed ; tormented by a fierce thirst which nothing could appease ; unable to find, in any change of posture, a moment's peace or ease ; and rambling for ever through deserts of thought where there was no resting-place, no sight or sound suggestive of refreshment or repose, nothing but a dull eternal weariness, with no change but the restless shiftings of his miserable body, and the weary wanderings of his mind, constant still to one ever-present anxiety—to a sense of something left undone, of some fearful obstacle to be surmounted, of some carking care that would not be driven away, and haunted the distempered brain, now in this form, now in that—always shadowy and dim, but recognizable for the same phantom in every shape it took, darkening every vision like an evil conscience, and making slumber horrible ; in these slow tortures of his dread disease, the unfortunate Richard lay wasting and consuming inch by inch, until at last, when he seemed to fight and struggle to rise up, and to be held down by devils, he sunk into a deep sleep, and dreamed no more.

He awoke ; and, with a sensation of most blissful rest, better than sleep itself, began gradually to remember something of these sufferings, and to think what a long night it had been, and whether he had not been delirious twice or thrice. Happening in the midst of these cogitations to raise his hand, he was astonished to find how heavy it seemed, and yet how thin and light it really was. Still he felt indifferent and happy ; and having no curiosity to pursue the subject, remained in the same waking slumber until his attention was attracted by a cough. This made him doubt whether he had locked his door last night, and feel a little surprised at having a companion in the room. Still, he lacked energy to follow up this train of thought ; and unconsciously fell, in a luxury of repose, to staring at some green stripes upon the bed-furniture, and associating them strangely with patches of fresh turf, while the yellow ground between made gravel-walks, and so helped out a long perspective of trim gardens.

He was rambling in imagination upon these terraces, and had quite lost himself among them indeed, when he heard the cough once more. The walks shrunk into stripes again at the sound ; and raising himself a little in the bed, and holding the curtain open with one hand, he looked out.

The same room certainly, and still by candle-light ; but with what unbounded astonishment did he see all those bottles, and basins, and articles of linen airing by the fire, and such-like furniture of a sick chamber—all very clean and neat, but all quite different from anything he had left there, when he went to bed !

The atmosphere, too, filled with a cool smell of herbs and vinegar; the floor newly sprinkled; the—the what? The Marchioness? Yes; playing cribbage with herself at the table. There she sat, intent upon her game, coughing now and then in a subdued manner as if she feared to disturb him—shuffling the cards, cutting, dealing, playing, counting, pegging; going through all the mysteries of cribbage as though she had been in full practice from her cradle!



Mr. Swiveller contemplated these things for a short time, and suffering the curtain to fall into its former position, laid his head upon the pillow again.

"I'm dreaming," thought Richard, "that's clear. When I went to bed, my hands were not made of egg-shells; and now I can almost see through 'em. If this is not a dream, I have woken up by mistake in an Arabian Night instead of a London one. But I have no doubt I'm asleep. Not the least."

Here the small servant had another cough.

"Very remarkable!" thought Mr. Swiveller. "I never dreamt such a real cough as that, before. I don't know, indeed, that I ever dreamt either a cough or a sneeze. Perhaps it's part of the philosophy of dreams that one never does. There's another—and another—I say,—I'm dreaming rather fast."

For the purpose of testing his real condition, Mr. Swiveller, after some reflection, pinched himself in the arm.

"Queerer still!" he thought. "I came to bed rather plump than otherwise, and now there's nothing to lay hold of. I'll take another survey."

The result of this further inspection was, to convince Mr. Swiveller that the

objects by which he was surrounded were real, and that he saw them, beyond all question, with his waking eyes.

"It's an Arabian Night, that's what it is," said Richard. "I'm in Damascus or Grand Cairo. The Marchioness is a Genie, and having had a wager with another Genie about who is the handsomest young man alive, and the worthiest to be the husband of the Princess of China, has brought me away, room and all, to compare us together. Perhaps," said Mr. Swiveller, turning languidly round upon his pillow, and looking on that side of his bed which was next the wall, "the Princess may be still—No, she's gone."

Not feeling quite satisfied with this explanation, as, even taking it to be the correct one, it still involved a little mystery and doubt, Mr. Swiveller raised the curtain again, determined to take the first favourable opportunity of addressing his companion. An occasion soon presented itself. The Marchioness dealt, turned up a knave, and omitted to take the usual advantage; upon which Mr. Swiveller called out as loud as he could—"Two for his heels!"

The Marchioness jumped up quickly, and clapped her hands. "Arabian Night, certainly," thought Mr. Swiveller; "they always clap their hands instead of ringing the bell. Now for the two thousand black slaves, with jars of jewels on their heads."

It appeared, however, that she had only clapped her hands in joy; for directly afterwards she began to laugh, and then to cry; declaring, not in choice Arabic but in familiar English, that she was "so glad, she didn't know what to do."

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, thoughtfully, "be pleased to draw nearer. First of all, will you have the goodness to inform me where I shall find my voice; and secondly, what has become of my flesh?"

The Marchioness only shook her head mournfully, and cried again; whereupon Mr. Swiveller (being very weak) felt his own eyes affected likewise.

"I begin to infer, from your manner and these appearances, Marchioness,"—said Richard after a pause, and smiling with a trembling lip, "that I have been ill."

"You just have!" replied the small servant, wiping her eyes. "And haven't you been a talking nonsense!"

"Oh!" said Dick. "Very ill, Marchioness, have I been?"

"Dead, all but," replied the small servant. "I never thought you'd get better. Thank Heaven you have!"

Mr. Swiveller was silent for a long while. Bye and bye, he began to talk again—inquiring how long he had been there.

"Three weeks to-morrow," replied the small servant.

"Three what?" said Dick.

"Weeks," returned the Marchioness emphatically; "three long, slow, weeks."

The bare thought of having been in such extremity, caused Richard to fall into another silence, and to lie flat down again at his full length. The Marchioness, having arranged the bed-clothes more comfortably, and felt that his hands and forehead were quite cool—a discovery that filled her with delight—

cried a little more, and then applied herself to getting tea ready, and making some thin dry toast.

While she was thus engaged, Mr. Swiveller looked on with a grateful heart, very much astonished to see how thoroughly at home she made herself, and attributing this attention, in its origin, to Sally Brass, whom, in his own mind, he could not thank enough. When the Marchioness had finished her toasting, she spread a clean cloth on a tray, and brought him some crisp slices and a great basin of weak tea, with which (she said) the doctor had left word he might refresh himself when he awoke. She propped him up with pillows, if not as skilfully as if she had been a professional nurse all her life, at least as tenderly; and looked on with unutterable satisfaction while the patient—stopping every now and then to shake her by the hand—took his poor meal with an appetite and relish, which the greatest dainties of the earth, under any other circumstances, would have failed to provoke. Having cleared away, and disposed everything comfortably about him again, she sat down at the table to take her own tea.

“Marchioness,” said Mr. Swiveller, “how’s Sally?”

The small servant screwed her face into an expression of the very uttermost entanglement of slyness, and shook her head.

“What, haven’t you seen her lately?” said Dick.

“Seen her!” cried the small servant. “Bless you, I’ve run away!”

Mr. Swiveller immediately laid himself down again quite flat, and so remained for about five minutes. By slow degrees he resumed his sitting posture after that lapse of time, and inquired:

“And where do you live, Marchioness?”

“Live!” cried the small servant. “Here!”

“Oh!” said Mr. Swiveller. And with that he fell down flat again, as suddenly as if he had been shot. Thus he remained, motionless and bereft of speech, until she had finished her meal, put everything in its place, and swept the hearth; when he motioned her to bring a chair to the bedside, and being propped up again, opened a farther conversation.

“And so,” said Dick, “you have run away?”

“Yes,” said the Marchioness, “and they’ve been a tizing of me.”

“Been—I beg your pardon,” said Dick—“what have they been doing?”

“Been a tizing of me—tizing you know—in the newspapers,” rejoined the Marchioness.

“Aye aye,” said Dick, “advertising?”

The small servant nodded, and winked. Her eyes were so red with waking and crying, that the Tragic Muse might have winked with greater consistency. And so Dick felt.

“Tell me,” said he, “how it was that you thought of coming here.”

“Why, you see,” returned the Marchioness, “when you was gone, I hadn’t any friend at all, because the lodger he never come back, and I didn’t know where either him or you was to be found, you know. But one morning, when I was—”

"Was near a keyhole?" suggested Mr. Swiveller, observing that she faltered.

"Well then," said the small servant, nodding; "when I was near the office keyhole—as you see me through, you know—I heard somebody saying that she lived here, and was the lady whose house you lodged at, and that you was took very bad, and wouldn't nobody come and take care of you. Mr. Brass, he says, 'It's no business of mine;' and Miss Sally, she says, 'He's a funny chap, but it's no business of mine;' and the lady went away, and slammed the door to, when she went out, I can tell you. So I run away that night, and come here, and told 'em you was my brother, and they believed me, and I've been here ever since."

"This poor little Marchioness has been wearing herself to death!" cried Dick.

"No I haven't," she returned, "not a bit of it. Don't you mind about me. I like sitting up, and I've often had a sleep, bless you, in one of them chairs. But if you could have seen how you tried to jump out o' winder, and if you could have heard how you used to keep on singing and making speeches, you wouldn't have believed it—I'm so glad you're better, Mr. Liverer."

"Liverer indeed!" said Dick thoughtfully. "It's well I *am* a liverer. I strongly suspect I should have died, Marchioness, but for you."

At this point, Mr. Swiveller took the small servant's hand in his again, and being, as we have seen, but poorly, might in struggling to express his thanks have made his eyes as red as hers, but that she quickly changed the theme by making him lie down, and urging him to keep very quiet.

"The doctor," she told him, "said you was to be kept quite still, and there was to be no noise nor nothing. Now, take a rest, and then we'll talk again. I'll sit by you, you know. If you shut your eyes, perhaps you'll go to sleep. You'll be all the better for it, if you do."

The Marchioness, in saying these words, brought a little table to the bedside, took her seat at it, and began to work away at the concoction of some cooling drink, with the address of a score of chemists. Richard Swiveller, being indeed fatigued, fell into a slumber, and waking in about half an hour, inquired what time it was.

"Just gone half after six," replied his small friend, helping him to sit up again.

"Marchioness," said Richard, passing his hand over his forehead and turning suddenly round, as though the subject but that moment flashed upon him, "what has become of Kit?"

He had been sentenced to transportation for a great many years, she said.

"Has he gone?" asked Dick—"his mother—how is she,—what has become of her?"

His nurse shook her head, and answered that she knew nothing about them. "But, if I thought," said she, very slowly, "that you'd keep quiet, and not put yourself into another fever, I could tell you—but I won't now."

"Yes, do," said Dick. "It will amuse me."

“Oh! would it though?” rejoined the small servant, with a horrified look. “I know better than that. Wait till you’re better and then I’ll tell you.”

Dick looked very earnestly at his little friend: and his eyes being large and hollow from illness assisted the expression so much, that she was quite frightened, and besought him not to think any more about it. What had already fallen from her, however, had not only piqued his curiosity, but seriously alarmed him, wherefore he urged her to tell him the worst at once.

“Oh! there’s no worst in it,” said the small servant. “It hasn’t anything to do with you.”

“Has it anything to do with—is it anything you heard through chinks or key-holes—and that you were not intended to hear?” asked Dick, in a breathless state.

“Yes,” replied the small servant.

“In—in Bevis Marks?” pursued Dick hastily. “Conversations between Brass and Sally?”

“Yes,” cried the small servant again.

Richard Swiveller thrust his lank arm out of bed, and griping her by the wrist and drawing her close to him, bade her out with it, and freely too, or he would not answer for the consequences; being wholly unable to endure that state of excitement and expectation. She, seeing that he was greatly agitated, and that the effects of postponing her revelation might be much more injurious than any that were likely to ensue from its being made at once, promised compliance, on condition that the patient kept himself perfectly quiet, and abstained from starting up or tossing about.

“But if you begin to do that,” said the small servant, “I’ll leave off. And so I tell you.”

“You can’t leave off till you have gone on,” said Dick. “And do go on, there’s a darling. Speak, sister, speak. Pretty Polly say—Oh tell me when, and tell me where, pray Marchioness, I beseech you.”

Unable to resist these fervent adjurations, which Richard Swiveller poured out as passionately as if they had been of the most solemn and tremendous nature, his companion spoke thus:

“Well! Before I run away, I used to sleep in the kitchen—where we played cards, you know. Miss Sally used to keep the key of the kitchen door in her pocket, and she always come down at night to take away the candle and rake out the fire. When she had done that, she left me to go to bed in the dark, locked the door on the outside, put the key in her pocket again, and kept me locked up till she come down in the morning—very early I can tell you—and let me out. I was terrible afraid of being kept like this, because if there was a fire, I thought they might forget me and only take care of themselves you know. So whenever I see an old rusty key anywhere, I picked it up and tried if it would fit the door, and at last I found in the dust cellar, a key that *did* fit it.”

Here Mr. Swiveller made a violent demonstration with his legs. But the small servant immediately pausing in her talk, he subsided again, and pleading a momentary forgetfulness of their compact, entreated her to proceed.

"They kept me very short," said the small servant. "Oh! you can't think how short they kept me. So I used to come out at night after they'd gone to bed, and feel about in the dark for bits of biscuit, or sangwitches that you'd left in the office, or even pieces of orange peel to put into cold water and make believe it was wine. Did you ever taste orange peel and water?"

Mr. Swiveller replied that he had never tasted that ardent liquor; and once more urged his friend to resume the thread of her narrative.

"If you make believe very much, it's quite nice," said the small servant; "but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning, certainly. Well, sometimes I used to come out after they'd gone to bed, and sometimes before, you know; and one or two nights before there was all that precious noise in the office—when the young man was took, I mean—I come up stairs while Mr. Brass and Miss Sally was a sittin' at the office fire; and I'll tell you the truth, that I come to listen again, about the key of the safe."

Mr. Swiveller gathered up his knees so as to make a great cone of the bed-clothes, and conveyed into his countenance an expression of the utmost concern. But the small servant pausing, and holding up her finger, the cone gently disappeared, though the look of concern did not.

"There was him and her," said the small servant, "a sittin' by the fire, and talking softly together. Mr. Brass says to Miss Sally, 'Upon my word,' he says, 'it's a dangerous thing, and it might get us into a world of trouble, and I don't half like it.' She says—you know her way—she says, 'You're the chickenest-hearted, feeblest, faintest man I ever see, and I think,' she says, 'that I ought to have been the brother, and you the sister. Isn't Quilp,' she says, 'our principal support?' 'He certainly is,' says Mr. Brass. 'And an't we,' she says, 'constantly ruining somebody or other in the way of business?' 'We certainly are,' says Mr. Brass. 'Then does it signify,' she says, 'about ruining this Kit when Quilp desires it?' 'It certainly does not signify,' says Brass. Then they whispered and laughed for a long time about there being no danger if it was well done, and then Mr. Brass pulls out his pocket-book, and says, 'Well,' he says, 'here it is—Quilp's own five-pound note. We'll agree that way, then,' he says. 'Kit's coming to-morrow morning, I know. While he's up stairs, you'll get out of the way, and I'll clear off Mr. Richard. Having Kit alone, I'll hold him in conversation, and put this property in his hat. I'll manage so, besides,' he says, 'that Mr. Richard shall find it there, and be the evidence. And if that don't get Christopher out of Mr. Quilp's way, and satisfy Mr. Quilp's grudges,' he says, 'the Devil's in it.' Miss Sally laughed, and said that was the plan, and as they seemed to be moving away, and I was afraid to stop any longer, I went down stairs again.—There!"

The small servant had gradually worked herself into as much agitation as Mr. Swiveller, and therefore made no effort to restrain him when he sat up in bed and hastily demanded whether this story had been told to anybody.

"How could it be?" replied his nurse. "I was almost afraid to think about it, and hoped the young man would be let off. When I heard 'em say they had found him guilty of what he didn't do, you was gone, and so was the lodger

—though I think I should have been frightened to tell him, even if he'd been there. Ever since I come here, you've been out of your senses, and what would have been the good of telling you then?"

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, plucking off his nightcap and flinging it to the other end of the room; "if you'll do me the favour to retire for a few minutes and see what sort of a night it is, I'll get up."

"You mustn't think of such a thing," cried his nurse.

"I must indeed," said the patient, looking round the room. "Whereabouts are my clothes?"

"Oh I'm so glad—you haven't gōt any," replied the Marchioness.

"Ma'am!" said Mr. Swiveller, in great astonishment.

"I've been obliged to sell them every one, to get the things that was ordered for you. But don't take on about that," urged the Marchioness, as Dick fell back upon his pillow. "You're too weak to stand, indeed."

"I am afraid," said Richard dolefully, "that you're right. What ought I to do! what is to be done!"

It naturally occurred to him upon very little reflection, that the first step to take would be to communicate with one of the Mr. Garlands instantly. It was very possible that Mr. Abel had not yet left the office. In as little time as it takes to tell it, the small servant had the address in pencil on a piece of paper; a verbal description of father and son, which would enable her to recognise either without difficulty; and a special caution to be shy of Mr. Chuckster, in consequence of that gentleman's known antipathy to Kit. Armed with these slender powers, she hurried away, commissioned to bring either old Mr. Garland or Mr. Abel, bodily, to that apartment.

"I suppose," said Dick, as she closed the door slowly, and peeped into the room again to make sure that he was comfortable, "I suppose there's nothing left—not so much as a waistcoat even?"

"No, nothing."

"It's embarrassing," said Mr. Swiveller, "in case of fire—even an umbrella would be something—but you did quite right, dear Marchioness. I should have died without you."

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FIFTH.

It was well for the small servant that she was of a sharp, quick nature, or the consequence of sending her out alone, from the very neighbourhood in which it was most dangerous for her to appear, would probably have been the restoration of Miss Sally Brass to the supreme authority over her person. Not unmindful of the risk she ran, however, the Marchioness no sooner left the house than she dived into the first dark by-way that presented itself, and without any present reference to the point to which her journey tended, made it her first business to put two good miles of brick and mortar between herself and Bevis Marks.

When she had accomplished this object, she began to shape her course for the notary's office, to which—shrewdly inquiring of apple-women and oyster-sellers at street-corners, rather than in lighted shops or of well-dressed people at the hazard of attracting notice—she easily procured a direction. As carrier-pigeons, on being first let loose in a strange place, beat the air at random for a short time, before darting off towards the spot for which they are designed, so did the Marchioness flutter round and round until she believed herself in safety, and then bear swiftly down upon the port for which she was bound.

She had no bonnet—nothing on her head but a great cap which in some old time had been worn by Sally Brass, whose taste in head-dresses was, as we have seen, peculiar—and her speed was rather retarded than assisted by her shoes, which, being extremely large and slipshod, flew off every now and then, and were difficult to find again among the crowd of passengers. Indeed the poor little creature experienced so much trouble and delay from having to grope for these articles of dress in mud and kennel, and suffered in these researches so much jostling, pushing, squeezing, and bandying from hand to hand, that by the time she reached the street in which the notary lived, she was fairly worn out and exhausted, and could not refrain from tears.

But to have got there at last was a great comfort, especially as there were lights still burning in the office window, and therefore some hope that she was not too late. So the Marchioness dried her eyes with the backs of her hands, and stealing softly up the steps, peeped in through the glass door.

Mr. Chuckster was standing behind the lid of his desk, making such preparations towards finishing off for the night, as pulling down his wristbands and pulling up his shirt-collar, settling his neck more gracefully in his stock, and secretly arranging his whiskers by the aid of a little triangular bit of looking-glass. Before the ashes of the fire stood two gentlemen, one of whom she rightly judged to be the notary, and the other (who was buttoning his great-coat, and was evidently about to depart immediately) Mr. Abel Garland.

Having made these observations, the small spy took counsel with herself, and resolved to wait in the street until Mr. Abel came out, as there would be then no fear of having to speak before Mr. Chuckster, and less difficulty in delivering her message. With this purpose she slipped out again, and crossing the road, sat down upon a door-step just opposite.

She had hardly taken this position, when there came dancing up the street, with his legs all wrong, and his head everywhere by turns, a pony. This pony had a little phaeton behind him, and a man in it; but neither man nor phaeton seemed to embarrass him in the least, as he reared up on his hind legs, or stopped, or went on, or stood still again, or backed, or went sideways, without the smallest reference to them, just as the fancy seized him, and as if he was the freest animal in the creation. When they came to the notary's door, the man called out in a very respectful manner, "Woa then,"—intimating that if he might venture to express a wish, it would be that they stopped there. The pony made a moment's pause; but as if it occurred to him that to stop when he was required might be to establish an inconvenient and danger-

ous precedent, he immediately started off again, rattled at a fast trot to the street-corner, wheeled round, came back, and then stopped of his own accord.

"Oh! you're a precious creatur!" said the man—who didn't venture by the bye to come out in his true colours until he was safe upon the pavement. "I wish I had the rewarding of you,—I do."

"What has he been doing?" said Mr. Abel, tying a shawl round his neck as he came down the steps.

"He's enough to fret a man's heart out," replied the hostler. "He is the most vicious rascal—Woa then, will you?"

"He'll never stand still, if you call him names," said Mr. Abel, getting in, and taking the reins. "He's a very good fellow if you know how to manage him. This is the first time he has been out, this long while, for he has lost his old driver and wouldn't stir for anybody else, till this morning. The lamps are right, are they? That's well. Be here to take him to-morrow, if you please. Good night!"

And after one or two strange plunges, quite of his own invention, the pony yielded to Mr. Abel's mildness, and trotted gently off.

All this time Mr. Chuckster had been standing at the door, and the small servant had been afraid to approach. She had nothing for it now, therefore, but to run after the chaise, and call to Mr. Abel to stop. Being out of breath by the time she came up with it, she was unable to make him hear. The case was desperate; for the pony was quickening his pace. The Marchioness hung on behind for a few moments, and feeling that she could go no farther, and must soon yield, clambered by a vigorous effort into the hinder seat, and in so doing lost one of the shoes for ever.

Mr. Abel being in a thoughtful frame of mind, and having quite enough to do to keep the pony going, went jogging on without looking round, little dreaming of the strange figure that was close behind him, until the Marchioness, having in some degree recovered her breath, and the loss of her shoe, and the novelty of her position, uttered close into his ear, the words—

"I say, sir"—

He turned his head quickly enough then, and stopping the pony, cried, with some trepidation, "God bless me, what is this!"

"Don't be frightened, sir," replied the still panting messenger. "Oh I've run such a way after you!"

"What do you want with me?" said Mr. Abel. "How did you come here?"

"I got in behind," replied the Marchioness. "Oh please drive on, sir—don't stop—and go towards the city, will you? And oh do please make haste, because it's of consequence. There's somebody wants to see you there. He sent me to say would you come directly, and that he knowed all about Kit, and could save him yet, and prove his innocence."

"What do you tell me, child?"

"The truth, upon my word and honour I do. But please do drive on—quick, please. I've been such a time gone, he'll think I'm lost."

Mr. Abel involuntarily urged the pony forward. The pony, impelled by some secret sympathy or some new caprice, burst into a great pace, and neither slackened it, nor indulged in any eccentric performances, until they arrived at the door of Mr. Swiveller's lodging, where, marvellous to relate, he consented to stop when Mr. Abel checked him.



"See! It's that room up there," said the Marchioness, pointing to one where there was a faint light. "Come!"

Mr. Abel, who was one of the simplest and most retiring creatures in existence, and naturally timid withal, hesitated; for he had heard of people being decoyed into strange places to be robbed and murdered, under circumstances very like the present, and for anything he knew to the contrary, by guides very like the Marchioness. His regard for Kit, however, overcame every other consideration. So entrusting Whisker to the charge of a man who was lingering hard by in expectation of the job, he suffered his companion to take his hand, and to lead him up the dark and narrow stairs.

He was not a little surprised to find himself conducted into a dimly-lighted sick chamber, where a man was sleeping tranquilly in bed.

"An't it nice to see him lying there so quiet?" said his guide, in an earnest whisper. "Oh! you'd say it was, if you had only seen him two or three days ago."

Mr. Abel made no answer, and to say the truth, kept a long way from the bed and very near the door. His guide, who appeared to understand his reluctance, trimmed the candle, and taking it in her hand, approached the bed. As she did so, the sleeper started up, and he recognised in the wasted face the features of Richard Swiveller.

"Why, how is this?" said Mr. Abel kindly, as he hurried towards him. "You have been ill?"

"Very," replied Dick. "Nearly dead. You might have chanced to hear of your Richard on his bier, but for the friend I sent to fetch you. Another shake of the hand, Marchioness, if you please. Sit down, sir."

Mr. Abel seemed rather astonished to hear of the quality of his guide, and took a chair by the bedside.

"I have sent for you, sir," said Dick—"but she told you on what account?"

"She did. I am quite bewildered by all this. I really don't know what to say or think," replied Mr. Abel.

"You'll say that presently," retorted Dick. "Marchioness, take a seat on the bed, will you? Now, tell this gentleman all that you told me; and be particular. Don't you speak another word, sir."

The story was repeated; it was, in effect, exactly the same as before, without any deviation or omission. Richard Swiveller kept his eyes fixed on his visitor during its narration, and directly it was concluded, took the word again.

"You have heard it all, and you'll not forget it. I'm too giddy and too queer to suggest anything; but you and your friends will know what to do. After this long delay, every minute is an age. If ever you went home fast in your life, go home fast to-night. Don't stop to say one word to me, but go. She will be found here, whenever she's wanted; and as to me, you're pretty sure to find me at home, for a week or two. There are more reasons than one for that. Marchioness, a light. If you lose another minute in looking at me, sir, I'll never forgive you!"

Mr. Abel needed no further remonstrance or persuasion. He was gone in an instant; and the Marchioness, returning from lighting him down stairs, reported that the pony, without any preliminary objection whatever, had dashed away at full gallop.

"That's right!" said Dick; "and hearty of him; and I honour him from this time. But get some supper and a mug of beer, for I am sure you must be tired. Do have a mug of beer. It will do me as much good to see you take it as if I might drink it myself."

Nothing but this assurance could have prevailed upon the small nurse to indulge in such a luxury. Having eaten and drunk to Mr. Swiveller's extreme contentment, given him his drink, and put everything in neat order, she wrapped herself in an old coverlet and lay down upon the rug before the fire.

Mr. Swiveller was by that time murmuring in his sleep. "Strew then, oh strew, a bed of rushes. Here will we stay, till morning blushes. Good night, Marchioness."

GERMAN UMBRELLAS.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of this much-admired article, with Ivory and Horn Mountings, is now on sale at **W. & J. SANGSTER'S**, 140, Regent-street, and 94, Fleet-street. **SILK UMBRELLAS** of every description from *Two Guineas to Six Shillings* each.

SIROP ORANGE PURGATIF DE LAGRANGE.

THE DELICIOUS FLAVOUR

of this Aperient is a *Novelty* of the utmost importance. How many will not, indeed *crave*, take Aperient Medicine on account of its disagreeable and nauseous taste, though perhaps a serious illness may be the penalty! With young children the difficulty is often insurmountable; and frequently it is only by a strong effort that persons who *wish* to take it, can do so. A pleasant Aperient, therefore, has long been much wished for; so nice is this Sirop that it has entirely overcome the repugnance evinced by children; to medicine; and, indeed, in some cases, the difficulty is to *prevent* their taking it.

As an Aperient it is superior to many justly esteemed; it is gentle and mild in its action, does not occasion prostration of strength, and is so harmless that it may be taken without the least fear by the most delicate female or tender infant.

PERFECT HEALTH.

By its timely use numerous dangerous diseases may be prevented. Many persons have unpleasant feelings—*languor*, *lowness of spirits*, *headache*, &c., which materially destroy the *comfort of existence*; and though not alarming in themselves, still are signs that all is not right in the system. For such cases this preparation is invaluable; it speedily removes these symptoms, and, in a short time, the whole system acquires that delightful but indescribable feeling that constitutes

CHEAPEST, AS WELL AS BEST

Aperients there is.

Price 2s. 6d., with directions. As one bottle will last a considerable time, it is one of the most economical.

Sole Consignee, H. Schooling, 139, Fenchurch-street, London. To be had, by order, of all Medicine Venders.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

J. INDERWICK'S Wholesale Warehouses for every description of Smoking Apparatus, 58, Princes-street, Leicester-square, and vis-à-vis la Sophien Mosch, Constantinople. Inventor and Patentee of the improved Persian Hookah for smoking through water, and part Proprietor of the "Keff Kil," or better known as the Meerschaum pits of the Crimea, in Asia Minor, of which those beautiful "ECUME DE MER" PIPES are made; which, from the peculiar properties they possess of imbuing the oil of the Tobacco, and giving it a most delicious flavour, are so much esteemed and patronised by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex and the nobility.



J. Inderwick begs to acquaint the nobility, gentry, &c. &c., that he has just received a large consignment of the above, together with a well-assorted stock of Pipes, Snuff Boxes, Cigar Cases, &c. &c., suitable in quality and price from the Prince to the Peasant. Also, a variety of Snuff Boxes and other fancy articles, made from wood recovered from the wreck of H. M. S. ROYAL GEORGE, sunk at Spithead 29th August 1782, having been under water upwards of 57 years.—58, Princes-street, Leicester-square.

MANUFACTURED AT 33, GERRARD STREET, SOHO.

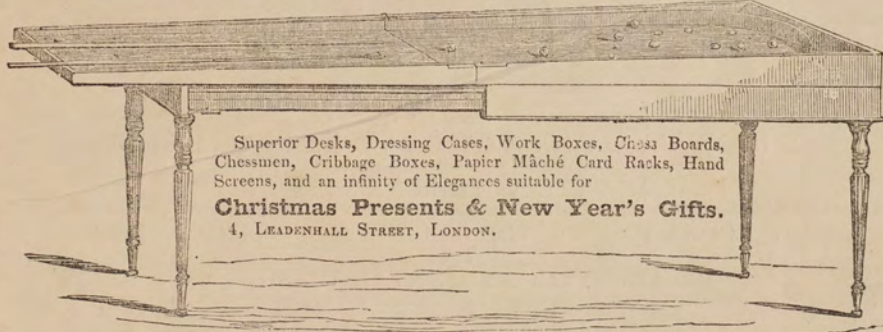
MINTER'S PATENT, SELF-ACTING, RECLINING and ELEVATING CHAIRS, for the sick chamber or the indulgent, in great variety, at all prices. MERLIN CHAIRS to recline on his patent principle, with foot-board and leg rest; also made light, caned, and portable. MERLIN CHAIRS for in-door or out-door use, very complete on springs dispensing with the necessity of having two chairs. Persons having the use of their arms can propel themselves without assistance, or be guided by a boy pushing behind the chair. BATH and BRIGHTON CHAIRS in great variety, made to recline so as to lie at full length; also made very portable and compact for travelling. SPINAL CARRIAGES, PORTABLE CARRIAGE CHAIRS, and every article for the Invalid.

SUPERIOR LONDON TABLE CUTLERY WARRANTED.

TABLE KNIVES, with ivory handles, 14s. per dozen; Dessert Knives, 11s.; Carvers, 4s. 6d. per pair; Table Knives, with white bone handles, 8s. 8d. per dozen; Dessert, 6s. 8d.; Carvers, 3s. per pair; Globe-shaped Tea Urns, 4 quarts, 27s.; New Shapes, 39s.; Papier Mâché Tea trays, gothic shape, 50s. the set of full sizes.—Catalogues (which will pass through the p. st-office FREE) containing the price of every article in furnishing ironmongery and cutlery, gratis.

RIPPON & BURTON, Wells-street, Oxford-street.—Established 1820.

MECHI'S BAGATELLE TABLES.



Superior Desks, Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Chess Boards, Chessmen, Cribbage Boxes, Papier Mâché Card Racks, Hand Screens, and an infinity of Elegances suitable for Christmas Presents & New Year's Gifts. 4, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON.

6 feet £3 10s.; 7 feet £4 10s.; 8 feet £5 10s.

Stands £2. each, with adjusting Screw Legs.

Beware of Counterfeits.—None are genuine without MECHE's name.

Inferior-made Tables £1 cheaper than the above prices.

OPEN BOARDS, FOR PUBLIC ROOMS, CIGAR DIVANS, AND INNS.

10 feet long by 3 feet wide, 1½-inch Balls, £10; 9 feet long by 2 feet 8 in. wide, 1¼-inch Balls, £9; 8 feet long by 2 feet 4 in. wide, 1½ inch Balls, £6 10s.

The price of the Stands varies from £2 to £3.

LONG EVENINGS MADE SHORT.

MECHI'S BAGATELLE TABLES continue pre-eminent as a source of amusement; the cushioning and arrangement of the game excel anything of the kind yet offered to the public. They are verily a miniature billiard table, combining calculation with enjoyment.—Manufactory, 4, Leadenhall Street, London.—Country Agents: Mr. STEPHENSON, Bookseller, Hull; Mr. POWELL, Lounge, Leeds; SPIERS & SON, Oxford; Mr. GEORGE STEEL, Norwich; Mr. BATES, Cutler, and SQUIERS and SON, Bazaar, Dover; Mr. EASTEE, Liverpool; BRUNTON, WILLIAMS, & Co., and PERRY & Co., Dublin.

Elegant Cases of Dessert Knives.

Superior Table Cutlery.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. Johnston & Co.'s Victoria Stove,
ON DR. ARNOTT'S PRINCIPLE,

With improved self-regulating Air-valve. This Stove, elegant in appearance, simple and accurate in construction, combined with perfect security in use, is confidently offered to the Public as capable of maintaining a uniform and healthful temperature during the whole season, at a cost of from 1d. to 2d. per day.

PARKER'S PATENT STEAM FOUNTAIN COFFEE-POT.

To persons desirous of drinking Coffee in perfection, this is particularly recommended as being the only machine that preserves the aromatic and nutritive properties of the Coffee from its injurious bitter extract, and producing Coffee not to be equalled by any other process.

A. JOHNSTON & Co., 4, Moorgate-street, City, four doors from the Bank of England, agents for Parker's Patent Steam Fountain Coffee-Pot, Economic and Universal Lamps, and Patent Oil Purifier.

The whole may be seen in daily use at the above address, and printed particulars had.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Those who are troubled with Chapped Hands are recommended to use the HONEY PASTE, manufactured by RIGGE, BROCKBANK, & RIGGE, 35, New Bond street, price 2s. and 3s. 6d. per pot.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE SUBSCRIBERS and the **PUBLIC** are informed, that in consequence of the extension of this Society's operations, an **OFFICE**, for the transaction of all business connected with it, has been opened at No. 72, Great Russell-street (corner of Bloomsbury-square), where the Clerk attends daily from 12 till 5 o'clock, to furnish Prospectuses, and afford any additional information that may be required. As the Subscription Lists will be closed early in the ensuing season, to afford Prizeholders an opportunity of selecting from all the public exhibitions of Works of Art, an early subscription is earnestly requested. Every subscriber of the past year will receive, for each Guinea subscribed, an impression of a Line Engraving, by Mr. H. C. SHENTON, from Mr. Landseer's picture "The Tired Huntsman."

G. GODWIN, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. } Hon. Secs.
LEWIS POCOCK, Esq.

(By Order) T. E. JONES, Clerk to the Committee.

Any Gentleman desirous of acting as Provincial Honorary Secretary, is invited to communicate with the above.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

This day is published, price 1s., the First Part of

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,
THE PRINCE;

By the Author of "Valentine Vox the Ventriloquist," "Stanley Thorn," &c.
WITH THREE HIGHLY-FINISHED ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL.

This Work is designed for the entertainment and guidance of that extensive class who take an interest in matters of a monetary character, and who are anxious to learn before they die how to live.

To be completed in Twelve Monthly Parts.

LONDON: GRATTAN AND GILBERT, 51, PATERNOSTER ROW.

REFORM YOUR TAILOR'S BILLS!

LADIES' ELEGANT
RIDING HABITS.

Summer Cloth	£3 3 0
Ladies' Cloth	4 4 0
Saxony Cloth	5 5 0

GENTLEMAN'S

Superfine Dress Coat	2 7 6
Extra Saxony, the best that is made	2 15 0
Superfine Frock Coat, silk facings	2 10 0
Buckskin Trousers	1 1 0
Cloth or double-milled Cassimere ditto	17s. 6d. 1 5 0
New Patterns, Summer Trousers, 10s. 6d. per pair, or three pair	1 10 0
Summer Waistcoats, 7s.; or three	1 0 0
Splendid Silk Valencia Dress Waistcoats, 10s. 6d. each, or three	1 10 0



FIRST-RATE
BOYS' CLOTHING.

Skeleton Dresses	£0 15 0
Tunic and Hussar Suits	1 10 0
Camlet Cloaks	0 8 6
Cloth Cloaks	0 15 6

GENTLEMAN'S

Morning Coats and Dressing Gowns	0 18 0
Petersham Great Coats and Pilot P	1 1 0
Jackets, bound, and velvet Collar	1 10 0
Camlet Cloak, lined all through	1 1 0
Cloth Opera Cloak	1 10 0
Army Cloth Blue Spanish Cloak, 9½ yards round	2 10 0
Super Cloth ditto	3 3 0
Cloth or Tweed Fishing or Travelling Trousers	0 13 6

THE CELEBRITY THE

CITY CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT

Has so many years maintained, being the

BEST AS WELL AS THE CHEAPEST HOUSE.

Renders any Assurance as to STYLE and QUALITY unnecessary. The NOBILITY and GENTRY are invited to the SHOW ROOMS, TO VIEW THE IMMENSE AND SPLENDID STOCK.

The numerous Applications for
REGIMENTALS AND NAVAL UNIFORMS,

Have induced E. P. D. & SON to make ample Arrangements for an extensive Business in this particular Branch; a perusal of their List of Prices (which can be had gratis) will show the EXORBITANT CHARGES to which OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY HAVE SO LONG BEEN SUBJECTED.

CONTRACTS BY THE YEAR,

Originated by E. P. D. & SON, are universally adopted by CLERGYMEN and PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN, as being MORE REGULAR and ECONOMICAL. THE PRICES ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED:—

Two Suits per Year, Super-fine,	7 7—	Extra Saxony, the best that is made	8 5
Three Suits per Year, do.	10 17—	Extra Saxony, do.	12 6
Four Suits per Year, do.	14 6—	Extra Saxony, do.	15 18

(THE OLD SUITS TO BE RETURNED.)
Capital Shooting Jackets, 21s. The new Waterproof Cloak, 21s.

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN,

Preferring their Clothes Fashionably made, at a FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSE, are respectfully informed, that by a Post-paid Application, they will receive a Prospectus explanatory of the System of Business, Directions for Measurement, and a Statement of Prices. Or if Three or Four Gentlemen unite, one of the Travellers will be dispatched immediately to wait on them.

STATE LIVERIES SPLENDIDLY MADE.

Footman's Suit of Liveries, £3 3s. Scarlet Hunting Coat, £3 3s.

E. P. DOUDNEY AND SON,

49, LOMBARD-STREET, ESTABLISHED 1784.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

