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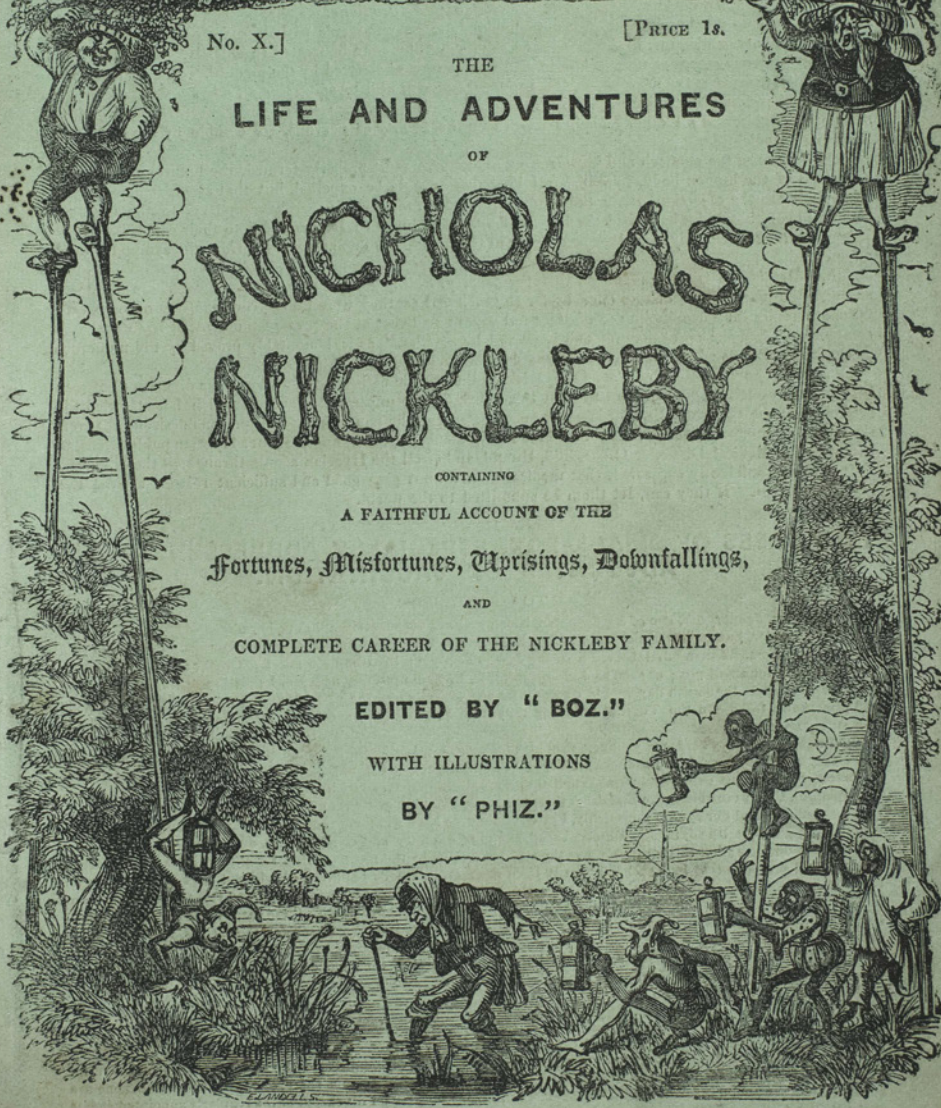
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## OBJECTIONS OF HYGEISTS TO THE ORGANIC PATHOLOGY OF THE FACULTY.

1st.—Because no disease whatsoever primarily occurs in the solids, but on the contrary, through an impurity in the fluids—the blood!

2nd.—Because no organ as an organ is possessed of an acting or living principle, without the agency of the blood, *more than any other part of the body*; thus showing that when such an organ is affected, it is the blood which has been the cause thereof, and that it is only by purifying the principle of its existence (the blood) *that can restore it (the organ) to its proper functions.*

3rd.—Because what are termed nervous complaints under an organic pathology, have their origin, as all other complaints or diseases, in the blood, and should not therefore be treated specifically. The symptoms manifested in such cases are merely effects, and *not* causes, as asserted by the medical profession—it is the blood which stimulates the nervous system, in a healthy or unhealthy state, like all other parts of the body; purify it (the circulating fluid) sufficiently, and the effects will cease; hence the firm belief of Hygeists, that hydrophobia, and all other maladies termed by the faculty as nervous, are curable by the Vegetable Universal Medicines.

4th.—Because the stomach and bowels are what may be most properly termed, the natural emunctories or outlets of the human body, by which all impurities are to be expelled, but that an organic pathology (and therefore the objection) treats those most important functions as merely secondary (to the disgrace, be it said, of those who have had the health of the community so long confided to their care), its object being to *attack specifically, and independently of the blood, the organs supposed from the symptoms to be affected.*

5th.—Because it is made manifest, that the faculty, *acting on an organic pathology*, are not more successful in the cure of disease (nor by far so much so) as they were 2000 years ago, when the multifarious specifics they now make use of were unknown; and that at the present moment, it is an art most completely “founded on conjecture and improved by murder,” as is lamentably proved by the numerous poisonous medicines administered at hap-hazard to the too-credulous patient.

READER—Above are the objections of Hygeists to the organic pathology of doctors; the difference between it and the Hygeian theory will be sufficient to account for the unparalleled success which has attended the medicines of the British College of Health, notwithstanding the opposition. All persons desirous of investigating this important question, should read the *Morisoniana*, price 6d., and the other Hygeian publications, to be had at the Medical Dissenter Office, 368, Strand, and of all the Hygeian agents throughout the kingdom.

It is most confidently suggested, that medical men cannot give good and sufficient reasons against the Hygeian system. If they can, let them be submitted to the world.

## TWO CASES OF SMALL-POX, ESPECIALLY ADDRESSED TO THE ADVOCATES OF VACCINATION.

TO MR. MORISON.

On Saturday, January 6th, one of my daughters became ill and very feverish; I gave her a dose of twelve No. 1 pills bruised to powder, but such was the state of her body they did not operate further than cleansing the stomach and relieving the chest. I then administered a strong dose, which gave her complete relief. On the Tuesday following she began with the small-pox; as soon as I discovered this, I acted upon her with No. 1 pills powdered, in doses from ten to twelve, up to the fourth day, and in six days she was literally covered with them, the pustules being very large and remarkably full. On the Tuesday following they were at the crisis; she began immediately to recover, and is now stout and hearty.

On Tuesday, January 23rd, my youngest daughter took them. I followed the same course precisely as in the other case; they reached the crisis in the same period, and she is now hearty and well. What is remarkable in the Hygeian treatment of the above cases is, that, although they were literally covered with large pustules, and of course exceedingly painful, they were able to eat and drink throughout the disorder, and were quite free from any fever. In order to test the medicine and our system thoroughly, I ordered them to have whatever they wished for, either to eat or drink; consequently they ate bread, meat, potatoes, bread and cheese, pastry and confectionary, and drank water, milk, tea, coffee, ale and porter; but so thoroughly was the system fortified by the medicine that not the slightest inconvenience resulted, and although they had such a quantity upon their faces, I fully believe they will not have three marks on either of them. I wish just to mention here, that this has been the result in all the small-pox cases which I have undertaken since my labours commenced in this country. I deem it proper to publish these cases while the facts are well known and the red marks appear, so that any person opposed to the system may see for themselves, by proofs which cannot be counterfeited, and that others may see the erroneous method pursued by the faculty, in leaving the body unpergued until after the crisis of the disorder; the awful consequences of their mode of treatment being too well known to need stating by me.—Remaining, yours respectfully,

Bridge-street, Manchester, Feb. 12th, 1838.

J. J. LEES.

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seated round the table, with a contemptuous indifference; he has evidently engaged the attention of one of the party, who is asking him questions, and whose looks are keenly scrutinized by a shrewd old Scot opposite, leaning with folded arms on the table. A stolid old fellow is gaping with bewilderment, as if the glimmering of perception was too much for his owlish intellects; and a Cynic smoking in the chimney corner eyes the group askance with a look of mistrustful dislike. The vacant gaze of the older recruit is matched by the lumphish look of the lout just enlisted, who seems both sloven and drunkard, and sits on the table, mug in hand, whistling with affected unconcern; while the landlord is tugging at a tight cork as if his sinews would crack, or a blood-vessel burst. It is an excellent line engraving, and deserves to rank with the series of plates from Wilkie."—*Spectator.*

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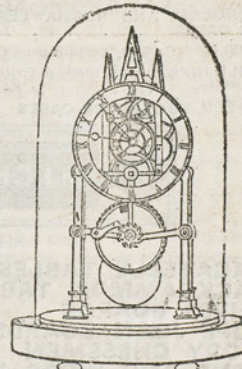
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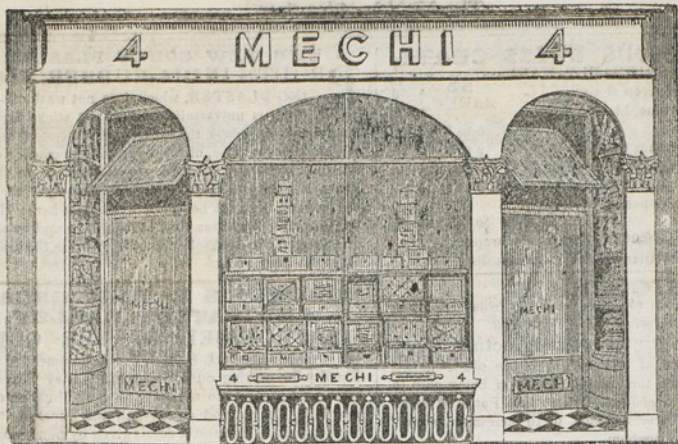
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**CHAS. VINER** begs to call the attention of families furnishing, to his newly selected stock of goods in the above line, which are all of the best manufacture, and lowest possible prices. Smith's Work, Bell Hanging, Repairs, &c., promptly attended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

**DISTORTION OF THE SPINE.—MRS.**

HART, the late Widow and Successor of Mr. CALLAM, respectfully begs to announce that she continues the application of her much-approved Support for the Assistance and Cure of DISTORTED SPINES, which has received the patronage of her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and is recommended by Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Keate, Dr. Davies, Dr. Ashwell, and several gentlemen of the Faculty.

Mrs. HART manufactures a new and peculiar description of Ladies' Stays, to improve the Figure and conceal Deformity in Adults; Leg Irons of every description; Trusses for Hernia; Back Boards and Collars; Laced Stockings; Knee Caps; every description of Bandage; Reclining Boards; Crutches; Dumb Bells; Belts for Corpulency and Pregnancy; Lunatic Belts, &c.

Address, Mrs. HART, 57, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn, four doors from the Freemasons' Tavern.

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**DICKER'S OPIATE CORN**

PLASTER, for the removal of Corns, Bunions, and all hard fleshy substances on the Feet. It is admitted by the thousands who have tried it, and the most sceptical, to be the only remedy ever offered to Public notice; it acts both as an opiate and solvent, by relieving the most excruciating pain, and gradually dissolving the callous or horny substance. Prepared only and sold by Wm. Dicker, Chemist, 235, Strand, next door to Temple Bar, London, in boxes 1s. 1d. each. Sold also by Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; Johnston, 68, Cornhill, and the principal Medicine Venders in every town in the country.

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MECH  
quality this kingdom can produce  
Dish Covers, Hair Covers, &c.





# GOWLAND'S LOTION.

The commencement of the Eighty-fourth Year of distinguished and extensive Patronage with which this favourite article has been honoured, imposes on the Proprietor the pleasing duty of renewing his presentation of thanks; with assurances of faithful adherence to an accuracy of preparation insuring the SAFETY, Efficacy, and Elegant Appropriateness for which this Original Formula of the late Dr. Gowland has been so long celebrated.

The successful experience had of an infallible property of Gowland's Lotion, in immediately abating and finally removing every species of Cutaneous Irritability and DISCOLORATION, is the test of its congenial operation in a general sense, and has, from the period of its introduction, established its character as a requisite for the most valuable purposes of the TOILET, in maintaining a pure and elastic state of the Skin, with a remarkably fresh and vivacious tone of the Complexion.

The Proprietor's Name, **ROBERT SHAW, 33, QUEEN STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON,** (Successor to the late Mrs. Vincent,) is Engraved on the Government Stamp, and each genuine package is accompanied by "The Theory of Beauty." Prices 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., quarts 8s. 6d.

# SHAW'S MINDORA OIL.

There is, perhaps, no single object in the list of personal recommendations which requires more constant attention to attain and preserve, than a perfect condition of the Hair; or any department wherein so many inventions lay claim to preference, in assisting the Cultivation of that graceful ornament. Admirers of superiority in CLEANLINESS and Delicacy of Flavour, combined with highly nutritive properties, are invited to a notice of the presence of these natural qualities in Mindora Oil, which render it wholly distinct from all COLOURED and fictitious Compounds; and, by COMPARISON, the most useful medium for preserving and sustaining the true COLOUR of the Hair, its luxuriant growth, and the vigour which induces the firmness of Curl desired by both Sexes. Prepared by the Proprietor, ROBERT SHAW, 33, QUEEN STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, in Bottles, bearing his Signature on the label and wrapper, at 3s., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. A Practical Treatise on the Hair accompanies each Package. Sold as above, and by respectable Perfumers and Medicine Venders.

# CROSBY-HALL WINE ESTABLISHMENT.

MARSALA WINE, of considerable age and superior flavour, in Quarter Pipes, containing 23 gallons, 11l. 11s. cash Old Marsala, in bottle, at 24s. per dozen; Masdeu, 28s. per dozen. Bottles, 3s. per dozen; hampers, 1s. per dozen Fine Ports. Pale and Brown Sherries in Quarter Casks.—CURRALL and SON, 35, Bishopsgate-street Within.

ESPECIALLY PATRONISED BY HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

**QUEEN VICTORIA,**  
AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,  
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# R. B. EDE'S HEDYOSMIA; OR, CONCENTRATED PERSIAN ESSENCE;

Combining all the Fragrant Properties of the Celebrated Odoriferous Compound: being a powerful and colourless, Esprit for the Handkerchief and Toilet, and extracted from that much-extolled and highly-popular Perfume by ROBERT BEST EDE, Chemist and Perfumer by Appointment to the Queen. Wholesale London Depot, 79, Bishopsgate-street; by Barclay & Sons, Farringdon-street; Evan Edwards, 67, St. Paul's Church-yard; the Wholesale Druggists, &c., in Fancy Boxes, containing Four Bottles, retailing, 2s. 6d. each. The Testimonial of Royal Approbation is affixed to each Bottle as a guarantee of its being genuine.

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It is now practically demonstrated that all Woollen Cloths may be rendered Waterproof without the aid of India Rubber or Resinous Gums, dissolved in Coal Tar Spirit, Turpentine, or Naphtha, which make the substances to which they are applied air-tight, disagreeable in smell, and very unwholesome to the wearers. Contraction of the muscles, rheumatism, and colds, result from the wear of garments which check perspiration. *The New Fluid process*, privately introduced, two years since, by the Proprietors, with a view of testing its qualities and properties, and their continuance, has surpassed the most sanguine anticipation. The known properties are—*Repulsion to Water*—*Fixity to Colour*—*Increased Durability*—*Free escape of Perspiration*;—all the unpleasant smell attached to Woollens is removed by the process—the breath passes unrestrained, yet water at the heat of 212 degrees rests on substances processed till it evaporates. The expense is small, and by no means commensurate with the durability given. The great extent of their Works, and the superior nature of the process, enable the Proprietors to complete with expedition, giving at the same time to all Cloths intrusted to them Softness, brilliancy of Colour, and superior Surface. Merchants, Factors, Clothiers, and Drapers, may have their Cloths Waterproofed by forwarding them to the LONDON VENTILATING CLOTH WORKS, MILE END; to the Office, 1, Finsbury-square; or the following Receiving Houses—140, Regent-street, and 1, Wellington-street, corner of Tooley-street, Borough.



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Seasoned Feather Beds, 18s. to 5l.; Prime Dressed Feathers, 9d. to 2s. 6d. per lb.; Bed Ticks, 3s. to 24s.; Field Tent Bedsteads, 20s.; Alva Marina Mattresses to fit, 10s.; Soft Wool Flocks, 2d., 3d., and 4d. per lb. Every description of Bedsteads, Mattresses, Palliasses, and Bedding, full 30 per cent. cheaper. Merchants, Captains, Upholsters, Brokers, and Proprietors of Schools, supplied at D. TIMOTHY'S old-established Manufactory, No. 31, Barbican, corner of Redcross-street, City.

### LABERN'S BOTANIC CREAM.

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

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

## A CARD

TO THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, AND PUBLIC AT LARGE.

The opening of a New Year naturally excites the proudest emotions of gratitude for the unprecedented patronage with which Messrs. ROWLAND and SON have been honoured with respect to their celebrated articles, viz.—

**ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL;**  
FOR THE HAIR;

**ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,**  
FOR THE SKIN; AND

**ROWLAND'S ODONTO,**  
FOR THE TEETH;

Each of which has obtained a celebrity pre-eminently great.

Messrs. R. & S. while they respectfully solicit a continuance of that patronage, earnestly Caution the Public against Imitations of each.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR has the Name and Address of the Proprietors on the Government Stamp, and in Red; on the Wrapper, ROWLAND'S ODONTO has the same on the Government Stamp, which is affixed on each box; and the MACASSAR OIL is distinguished by the names on the label, in Red, thus—

**A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN,**

And Countersigned ALEX. ROWLAND.

It is indispensably necessary to ask for "ROWLAND'S."

20, Hatton Garden, London, Jan. 1, 1839.

### IMPORTANT TO GENTLEMEN.

THE GENUINE SPANISH CLOTH STOCKS are ONLY to be had of W. E. WHITELOCK, the ORIGINAL MAKER, COLLEGE HOUSE, opposite the New Church, Strand; all others being inferior imitations.

Gentlemen accustomed to wear STOCKS, will find those manufactured at this Establishment UNEQUALLED in PRICE and DURABILITY, by any in the trade; they also being made on greatly improved PATENT STIFFENERS. Every size kept constantly on hand, or made to any Fancy Pattern in Two Hours. All new Styles in this Article imported as soon as introduced in PARIS. THE RICH FIGURED SATIN SCARFS in a constant succession of New Patterns; also W. E. W.'s novel article—GERMAN CRAVATS, which, for those Gentlemen who do not wear Stocks, is the best article ever introduced. An unusually large stock of LINEN AND LONG-CLOTH SHIRTS always on hand, or made promptly to measure in a superior manner. HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

N.B. Outfits to any part of the World, done with the greatest possible despatch and economy.

### C. & A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA.

To preserve the human Hair has been for a long time the unsuccessful pursuit of innumerable Chemists and Naturalists, and although there have been various compounds professing to accomplish this desirable end, still nothing really capable of restoring and preserving one of the most beautiful of Nature's gifts was discovered until 1821, when the result of a series of experiments tried for a long previous period upon persons of all ages and constitutions, fully established the infallible virtues of this most potent restorative.

The wonderful virtues of this inestimable compound in restoring the Hair to its pristine beauty, and the certainty with which its conservative agency operates in preserving it to the latest period, has received, as might be expected, the most flattering testimonials from the grateful thousands who have experienced its effects.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM causes whiskers and eyebrows to grow, prevents the Hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Abundance of certificates from gentlemen of the first respectability are shown by the Proprietors, C. and A. OLDRIDGE, 1, Wellington Street, Strand, where the Balm is sold, price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per bottle. No other prices are genuine.

Some complaints have reached the Proprietors of a spurious Balm having been vended; they again caution the Public to be on their guard against the base impostors, by especially asking for OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, 1, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

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



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

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

**"INSTANT CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE"**

accessible to all Classes.



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

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

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

Y'S  
E TOOTH-ACH

is an Instant!!



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

TOOTH-ACH

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Instant!!



AMBETH, LONDON  
ent Medicine Vendors

each, Stamp included.

WILLS,



*Theatrical emotion of M. Vincent Crummles.*



rumble



*Nicholas attracted by the mention of his Sister's name, in the Coffee Room.*

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## CHAPTER XXX.

FESTIVITIES ARE HELD IN HONOUR OF NICHOLAS, WHO SUDDENLY WITHDRAWS HIMSELF FROM THE SOCIETY OF MR. VINCENT CRUMMLES AND HIS THEATRICAL COMPANIONS.

MR. VINCENT CRUMMLES was no sooner acquainted with the public announcement which Nicholas had made relative to the probability of his shortly ceasing to be a member of the company, than he evinced many tokens of grief and consternation; and, in the extremity of his despair, even held out certain vague promises of a speedy improvement not only in the amount of his regular salary, but also in the contingent emoluments appertaining to his authorship. Finding Nicholas bent upon quitting the society—for he had now determined that, even if no further tidings came from Newman, he would, at all hazards, ease his mind by repairing to London and ascertaining the exact position of his sister—Mr. Crummles was fain to content himself by calculating the chances of his coming back again, and taking prompt and energetic measures to make the most of him before he went away.

"Let me see," said Mr. Crummles, taking off his outlaw's wig, the better to arrive at a cool-headed view of the whole case. "Let me see. This is Wednesday night. We'll have posters out the first thing in the morning, announcing positively your last appearance for to-morrow."

"But perhaps it may not be my last appearance, you know," said Nicholas. "Unless I am summoned away, I should be sorry to inconvenience you by leaving before the end of the week."

"So much the better," returned Mr. Crummles. "We can have positively your last appearance, on Thursday—re-engagement for one night more, on Friday—and, yielding to the wishes of numerous influential patrons, who were disappointed in obtaining seats, on Saturday. That ought to bring three very decent houses."

"Then I am to make three last appearances, am I?" inquired Nicholas, smiling.

"Yes," rejoined the manager, scratching his head with an air of some vexation; "three is not enough, and it's very bungling and irregular not to have more, but if we can't help it we can't, so there's no use in talking. A novelty would be very desirable. You couldn't sing a comic song on the pony's back, could you?"

"No," replied Nicholas, "I couldn't indeed."

"It has drawn money before now," said Mr. Crummles, with a look of disappointment. "What do you think of a brilliant display of fireworks?"

"That it would be rather expensive," replied Nicholas, drily.

"Eighteenpence would do it," said Mr. Crummles. "You on the top of a pair of steps with the phenomenon in an attitude; 'Farewell' on a transparency behind; and nine people at the wings with a squib

in each hand—all the dozen and a half going off at once—it would be very grand—awful from the front, quite awful.”

As Nicholas appeared by no means impressed with the solemnity of the proposed effect, but, on the contrary, received the proposition in a most irreverent manner and laughed at it very heartily, Mr. Crummles abandoned the project in its birth, and gloomily observed that they must make up the best bill they could with combats and hornpipes, and so stick to the legitimate drama.

For the purpose of carrying this object into instant execution, the manager at once repaired to a small dressing-room adjacent, where Mrs. Crummles was then occupied in exchanging the habiliments of a melo-dramatic empress for the ordinary attire of matrons in the nineteenth century. And with the assistance of this lady, and the accomplished Mrs. Grudden (who had quite a genius for making out bills, being a great hand at throwing in the notes of admiration, and knowing from long experience exactly where the largest capitals ought to go), he seriously applied himself to the composition of the poster.

“Heigho!” sighed Nicholas, as he threw himself back in the prompter’s chair, after telegraphing the needful directions to Smike, who had been playing a meagre tailor in the interlude, with one skirt to his coat, and a little pocket handkerchief with a large hole in it, and a woollen nightcap, and a red nose, and other distinctive marks peculiar to tailors on the stage. “Heigho! I wish all this were over.”

“Over, Mr. Johnson!” repeated a female voice behind him, in a kind of plaintive surprise.

“It was an un gallant speech, certainly,” said Nicholas, looking up to see who the speaker was, and recognising Miss Snevellicci. “I would not have made it if I had known you had been within hearing.”

“What a dear that Mr. Digby is!” said Miss Snevellicci, as the tailor went off on the opposite side, at the end of the piece, with great applause. (Smike’s theatrical name was Digby.)

“I’ll tell him presently, for his gratification, that you said so,” returned Nicholas.

“Oh you naughty thing!” rejoined Miss Snevellicci. “I don’t know, though, that I should much mind *his* knowing my opinion of him; with some other people, indeed, it might be—” Here Miss Snevellicci stopped, as though waiting to be questioned, but no questioning came, for Nicholas was thinking about more serious matters.

“How kind it is of you,” resumed Miss Snevellicci, after a short silence, “to sit waiting here for him night after night, night after night, no matter how tired you are; and taking so much pains with him, and doing it all with as much delight and readiness as if you were coining gold by it!”

“He well deserves all the kindness I can show him, and a great deal more,” said Nicholas. “He is the most grateful, single-hearted, affectionate creature, that ever breathed.”

“So odd, too,” remarked Miss Snevellicci, “isn’t he?”

“God help him, and those who have made him so, he is indeed,” rejoined Nicholas, shaking his head



"He is such a devilish close chap," said Mr. Folair, who had come up a little before, and now joined in the conversation. "Nobody can ever get anything out of him."

"What *should* they get out of him?" asked Nicholas, turning round with some abruptness.

"Zooks! what a fire-eater you are, Johnson!" returned Mr. Folair, pulling up the heel of his dancing shoe. "I'm only talking of the natural curiosity of the people here, to know what he has been about all his life."

"Poor fellow! it is pretty plain, I should think, that he has not the intellect to have been about anything of much importance to them or anybody else," said Nicholas.

"Ay," rejoined the actor, contemplating the effect of his face in a lamp reflector, "but that involves the whole question, you know."

"What question?" asked Nicholas.

"Why, the who he is and what he is, and how you two, who are so different, came to be such close companions," replied Mr. Folair, delighted with the opportunity of saying something disagreeable. "That's in everybody's mouth."

"The 'everybody' of the theatre, I suppose?" said Nicholas, contemptuously.

"In it and out of it too," replied the actor. "Why, you know, Lenville says—"

"I thought I had silenced him effectually," interrupted Nicholas, reddening.

"Perhaps you have," rejoined the immovable Mr. Folair; "if you have, he said this before he was silenced: Lenville says that you're a regular stick of an actor, and that it's only the mystery about you that has caused you to go down with the people here, and that Crummles keeps it up for his own sake; though Lenville says he don't believe there's anything at all in it, except your having got into a scrape and run away from somewhere, for doing something or other."

"Oh!" said Nicholas, forcing a smile.

"That's a part of what he says," added Mr. Folair. "I mention it as the friend of both parties, and in strict confidence. I don't agree with him, you know. He says he takes Digby to be more knave than fool; and old Fluggers, who does the heavy business you know, he says that when he delivered messages at Covent Garden the season before last, there used to be a pickpocket hovering about the coachstand who had exactly the face of Digby; though, as he very properly says, Digby may not be the same, but only his brother, or some near relation."

"Oh!" cried Nicholas again.

"Yes," said Mr. Folair, with undisturbed calmness, "that's what they say. I thought I'd tell you, because really you ought to know. Oh! here's this blessed phenomenon at last. Ugh, you little imposition, I should like to — quite ready, my darling,—humbug—Ring up Mrs. G., and let the favourite wake 'em."

Uttering in a loud voice such of the latter allusions as were com-

plementary to the unconscious phenomenon, and giving the rest in a confidential "aside" to Nicholas, Mr. Folair followed the ascent of the curtain with his eyes, regarded with a sneer the reception of Miss Crummies as the Maiden, and, falling back a step or two to advance with the better effect, uttered a preliminary howl, and "went on" chattering his teeth and brandishing his tin tomahawk as the Indian Savage.

"So these are some of the stories they invent about us, and bandy from mouth to mouth!" thought Nicholas. "If a man would commit an inexpressible offence against any society, large or small, let him be successful. They will forgive him any crime but that."

"You surely don't mind what that malicious creature says, Mr. Johnson?" observed Miss Snevellicci in her most winning tones.

"Not I," replied Nicholas. "If I were going to remain here, I might think it worth my while to embroil myself. As it is, let them talk till they are hoarse. But here," added Nicholas, as Smike approached, "here comes the subject of a portion of their good-nature, so let he and I say good night together."

"No, I will not let either of you say anything of the kind," returned Miss Snevellicci. "You must come home and see mama, who only came to Portsmouth to-day, and is dying to behold you. Led, my dear, persuade Mr. Johnson."

"Oh, I'm sure," returned Miss Ledrook, with considerable vivacity, "if you can't persuade him—" Miss Ledrook said no more, but intimated, by a dexterous playfulness, that if Miss Snevellicci couldn't persuade him, nobody could.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lillyvick have taken lodgings in our house, and share our sitting-room for the present," said Miss Snevellicci. "Won't that induce you?"

"Surely," returned Nicholas, "I can require no possible inducement beyond your invitation."

"Oh no! I dare say," rejoined Miss Snevellicci. And Miss Ledrook said, "Upon my word!" Upon which Miss Snevellicci said that Miss Ledrook was a giddy thing; and Miss Ledrook said that Miss Snevellicci needn't colour up quite so much; and Miss Snevellicci beat Miss Ledrook, and Miss Ledrook beat Miss Snevellicci.

"Come," said Miss Ledrook, "it's high time we were there, or we shall have poor Mrs. Snevellicci thinking that you have run away with her daughter, Mr. Johnson; and then we should have a pretty to do."

"My dear Led," remonstrated Miss Snevellicci, "how you do talk!"

Miss Ledrook made no answer, but taking Smike's arm in hers, left her friend and Nicholas to follow at their pleasure; which it pleased them, or rather pleased Nicholas who had no great fancy for a *tête-à-tête* under the circumstances, to do at once.

There were not wanting matters of conversation when they reached the street, for it turned out that Miss Snevellicci had a small basket to carry home, and Miss Ledrook a small hand-box, both containing such minor articles of theatrical costume as the lady performers usually carried to and fro every evening. Nicholas would insist upon carrying

the basket, and Miss Snevellicci would insist upon carrying it herself, which gave rise to a struggle, in which Nicholas captured the basket and the band-box likewise. Then Nicholas said, that he wondered what could possibly be inside the basket, and attempted to peep in, whereat Miss Snevellicci screamed, and declared that if she thought he had seen, she was sure she should faint away. This declaration was followed by a similar attempt on the band-box, and similar demonstrations on the part of Miss Ledrook, and then both ladies vowed that they wouldn't move a step further until Nicholas had promised that he wouldn't offer to peep again. At last Nicholas pledged himself to betray no further curiosity, and they walked on: both ladies giggling very much, and declaring that they never had seen such a wicked creature in all their born days—never.

Lightening the way with such pleasantry as this, they arrived at the tailor's house in no time; and here they made quite a little party, there being present, besides Mr. Lillyvick and Mrs. Lillyvick, not only Miss Snevellicci's mama, but her papa also. And an uncommonly fine man Miss Snevellicci's papa was, with a hook nose, and a white forehead, and curly black hair, and high cheek bones, and altogether quite a handsome face, only a little pimply as though with drinking. He had a very broad chest had Miss Snevellicci's papa, and he wore a threadbare blue dress coat buttoned with gilt buttons tight across it; and he no sooner saw Nicholas come into the room, than he whipped the two forefingers of his right hand in between the two centre buttons, and sticking his other arm gracefully a-kimbo seemed to say, "Now, here I am, my buck, and what have you got to say to me?"

Such was, and in such an attitude sat, Miss Snevellicci's papa, who had been in the profession ever since he had first played the ten-year-old imps in the Christmas pantomimes; who could sing a little, dance a little, fence a little, act a little, and do everything a little, but not much; who had been sometimes in the ballet, and sometimes in the chorus, at every theatre in London; who was always selected in virtue of his figure to play the military visitors and the speechless noblemen; who always wore a smart dress, and came on arm-in-arm with a smart lady in short petticoats,—and always did it too with such an air that people in the pit had been several times known to cry out "Bravo!" under the impression that he was somebody. Such was Miss Snevellicci's papa, upon whom some envious persons cast the imputation that he occasionally beat Miss Snevellicci's mama, who was still a dancer, with a neat little figure and some remains of good looks; and who now sat, as she danced,—being rather too old for the full glare of the foot-lights,—in the back ground.

To these good people Nicholas was presented with much formality. The introduction being completed, Miss Snevellicci's papa (who was scented with rum and water) said that he was delighted to make the acquaintance of a gentleman so highly talented; and furthermore remarked, that there hadn't been such a hit made—no, not since the first appearance of his friend Mr. Glavormelly, at the Coburg.

"You have seen him, sir?" said Miss Snevellicci's papa.

"No, really I never did," replied Nicholas.

"You never saw my friend Glavormelly, Sir!" said Miss Snevellicci's papa. "Then you have never seen acting yet. If he had lived——"

"Oh, he is dead, is he?" interrupted Nicholas.

"He is," said Mr. Snevellicci, "but he isn't in Westminster Abbey, more's the shame. He was a——. Well, no matter. He is gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. I hope he is appreciated *there*."

So saying, Miss Snevellicci's papa rubbed the tip of his nose with a very yellow silk handkerchief, and gave the company to understand that these recollections overcame him.

"Well, Mr. Lillyvick," said Nicholas, "and how are you?"

"Quite well, Sir," replied the collector. "There is nothing like the married state, Sir, depend upon it."

"Indeed!" said Nicholas, laughing.

"Ah! nothing like it Sir," replied Mr. Lillyvick solemnly. "How do you think," whispered the collector, drawing him aside, "How do you think she looks to-night?"

"As handsome as ever," replied Nicholas, glancing at the late Miss Petowker.

"Why, there's a air about her, Sir," whispered the collector, "that I never saw in anybody. Look at her now she moves to put the kettle on. There! Isn't it fascination, Sir?"

"You're a lucky man," said Nicholas.

"Ha, ha, ha!" rejoined the collector. "No. Do you think I am though, eh? Perhaps I may be, perhaps I may be. I say, I couldn't have done much better if I had been a young man, could I? You couldn't have done much better yourself, could you—eh—could you?" With such inquiries, and many more such, Mr. Lillyvick jerked his elbow into Nicholas's side, and chuckled till his face became quite purple in the attempt to keep down his satisfaction.

By this time the cloth had been laid under the joint superintendence of all the ladies, upon two tables put together, one being high and narrow, and the other low and broad. There were oysters at the top, sausages at the bottom, a pair of snuffers in the centre, and baked potatoes wherever it was most convenient to put them. Two additional chairs were brought in from the bedroom; Miss Snevellicci sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Lillyvick at the foot; and Nicholas had not only the honour of sitting next Miss Snevellicci, but of having Miss Snevellicci's mama on his right hand, and Miss Snevellicci's papa over the way. In short, he was the hero of the feast; and when the table was cleared and something warm introduced, Miss Snevellicci's papa got up and proposed his health in a speech containing such affecting allusions to his coming departure, that Miss Snevellicci wept, and was compelled to retire into the bedroom.

"Hush! Don't take any notice of it, said Miss Ledrook, peeping in from the bedroom. "Say, when she comes back, that she exerts herself too much."

Miss Ledrook eked out this speech with so many mysterious nods and frowns before she shut the door again, that a profound silence came upon all the company, during which Miss Snevellicci's papa looked very big indeed—several sizes larger than life—at everybody in turn, but particularly at Nicholas, and kept on perpetually emptying his tumbler and filling it again, until the ladies returned in a cluster, with Miss Snevellicci among them.

"You needn't alarm yourself a bit, Mr. Snevellicci," said Mrs. Lillyvick. "She is only a little weak and nervous; she has been so ever since the morning."

"Oh," said Mr. Snevellicci, "that's all, is it?"

"Oh yes, that's all. Don't make a fuss about it," cried all the ladies together.

Now this was not exactly the kind of reply suited to Mr. Snevellicci's importance as a man and a father, so he picked out the unfortunate Mrs. Snevellicci, and asked her what the devil she meant by talking to him in that way.

"Dear me, my dear——" said Mrs. Snevellicci.

"Don't call me your dear, ma'am," said Mr. Snevellicci, "if you please."

"Pray, pa, don't," interposed Miss Snevellicci.

"Don't what, my child?"

"Talk in that way."

"Why not?" said Mr. Snevellicci. "I hope you don't suppose there's anybody here who is to prevent my talking as I like?"

"Nobody wants to, pa," rejoined his daughter.

"Nobody would if they did want to," said Mr. Snevellicci. "I am not ashamed of myself. Snevellicci is my name; I'm to be found in Broad Court, Bow Street, when I'm in town. If I'm not at home, let any man ask for me at the stage door. Damme, they know me at the stage door I suppose. Most men have seen my portrait at the cigar shop round the corner. I've been mentioned in the newspapers before now, haven't I? Talk! I'll tell you what; if I found out that any man had been tampering with the affections of my daughter, I wouldn't talk. I'd astonish him without talking;—that's my way."

So saying, Mr. Snevellicci struck the palm of his left hand three smart blows with his clenched fist: pulled a phantom nose with his right thumb and fore finger, and swallowed another glassful at a draught. "That's my way," repeated Mr. Snevellicci.

Most public characters have their failings; and the truth is that Mr. Snevellicci was a little addicted to drinking; or, if the whole truth must be told, that he was scarcely ever sober. He knew in his cups three distinct stages of intoxication,—the dignified—the quarrelsome—the amorous. When professionally engaged he never got beyond the dignified; in private circles he went through all three, passing from one to another with a rapidity of transition often rather perplexing to those who had not the honour of his acquaintance.

Thus Mr. Snevellicci had no sooner swallowed another glassful than he smiled upon all present in happy forgetfulness of having exhibited

symptoms of pugnacity, and proposed "The ladies—bless their hearts!" in a most vivacious manner.

"I love 'em," said Mr. Snellicci, looking round the table, "I love 'em, every one."

"Not every one," reasoned Mr. Lillyvick, mildly.

"Yes, every one," repeated Mr. Snellicci.

"That would include the married ladies, you know," said Mr. Lillyvick.

"I love them too, Sir," said Mr. Snellicci.

The collector looked into the surrounding faces with an aspect of grave astonishment, seeming to say, "This is a nice man!" and appeared a little surprised that Mrs. Lillyvick's manner yielded no evidences of horror and indignation.

"One good turn deserves another," said Mr. Snellicci. "I love them and they love me." And as if this avowal were not made in sufficient disregard and defiance of all moral obligations, what did Mr. Snellicci do? He winked—winked, openly and undisguisedly; winked with his right eye—upon Henrietta Lillyvick!

The collector fell back in his chair in the intensity of his astonishment. If anybody had winked at her as Henrietta Petowker, it would have been indecorous in the last degree; but as Mrs. Lillyvick! While he thought of it in a cold perspiration, and wondered whether it was possible that he could be dreaming, Mr. Snellicci repeated the wink, and drinking to Mrs. Lillyvick in dumb show, actually blew her a kiss! Mr. Lillyvick left his chair, walked straight up to the other end of the table, and fell upon him—literally fell upon him—instantaneously. Mr. Lillyvick was no light weight, and consequently when he fell upon Mr. Snellicci, Mr. Snellicci fell under the table. Mr. Lillyvick followed him, and the ladies screamed.

"What is the matter with the men,—are they mad!" cried Nicholas, diving under the table, dragging up the collector by main force, and thrusting him, all doubled up, into a chair, as if he had been a stuffed figure. "What do you mean to do? what do you want to do? what is the matter with you?"

While Nicholas raised up the collector, Smike had performed the same office for Mr. Snellicci, who now regarded his late adversary in tipsy amazement.

"Look here, Sir," replied Mr. Lillyvick, pointing to his astonished wife, "here is purity and elegance combined, whose feelings have been outraged—violated, Sir!"

"Lor, what nonsense he talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Lillyvick in answer to the inquiring look of Nicholas. "Nobody has said anything to me."

"Said, Henrietta!" cried the collector. "Didn't I see him——" Mr. Lillyvick couldn't bring himself to utter the word, but he counterfeited the motion of the eye.

"Well!" cried Mrs. Lillyvick. "Do you suppose nobody is ever to look at me? A pretty thing to be married indeed, if that was law!"

"You didn't mind it?" cried the collector.

"Mind it!" repeated Mrs. Lillyvick contemptuously. "You ought to go down on your knees and beg everybody's pardon, that you ought."

"Pardon, my dear?" said the dismayed collector.

"Yes, and mine first," replied Mrs. Lillyvick. "Do you suppose I ain't the best judge of what's proper and what's improper?"

"To be sure," cried all the ladies. "Do you suppose *we* shouldn't be the first to speak, if there was anything that ought to be taken notice of?"

"Do you suppose *they* don't know, Sir?" said Miss Snevellicci's papa, pulling up his collar, and muttering something about a punching of heads, and being only withheld by considerations of age. With which Miss Snevellicci's papa looked steadily and sternly at Mr. Lillyvick for some seconds, and then rising deliberately from his chair, kissed the ladies all round, beginning with Mrs. Lillyvick.

The unhappy collector looked piteously at his wife, as if to see whether there was any one trait of Miss Petowker left in Mrs. Lillyvick, and finding too surely that there was not, begged pardon of all the company with great humility, and sat down such a crest-fallen, dispirited, disenchanted man, that despite all his selfishness and dotage, he was quite an object of compassion.

Miss Snevellicci's papa being greatly exalted by this triumph, and incontestible proof of his popularity with the fair sex, quickly grew convivial, not to say uproarious; volunteering more than one song of no inconsiderable length, and regaling the social circle between-whiles with recollections of divers splendid women who had been supposed to entertain a passion for himself, several of whom he toasted by name, taking occasion to remark at the same time that if he had been a little more alive to his own interest, he might have been rolling at that moment in his chariot-and-four. These reminiscences appeared to awaken no very torturing pangs in the breast of Mrs. Snevellicci, who was sufficiently occupied in descanting to Nicholas upon the manifold accomplishments and merits of her daughter. Nor was the young lady herself at all behind-hand in displaying her choicest allurements; but these, heightened as they were by the artifices of Miss Ledrook, had no effect whatever in increasing the attentions of Nicholas, who, with the precedent of Miss Squeers still fresh in his memory steadily resisted every fascination, and placed so strict a guard upon his behaviour that when he had taken his leave the ladies were unanimous in pronouncing him quite a monster of insensibility.

Next day the posters appeared in due course, and the public were informed, in all the colours of the rainbow, and in letters afflicted with every possible variation of spinal deformity, how that Mr. Johnson would have the honour of making his last appearance that evening, and how that an early application for places was requested, in consequence of the extraordinary overflow attendant on his performances,—it being a remarkable fact in theatrical history, but one long since established beyond dispute, that it is a hopeless endeavour to attract people to a theatre unless they can be first brought to believe that they will never get into it.

Nicholas was somewhat at a loss, on entering the theatre at night, to account for the unusual perturbation and excitement visible in the countenances of all the company, but he was not long in doubt as to the cause, for before he could make any inquiry respecting it Mr. Crummles approached, and in an agitated tone of voice, informed him that there was a London manager in the boxes.

"It's the phenomenon, depend upon it, Sir," said Crummles, dragging Nicholas to the little hole in the curtain that he might look through at the London manager. "I have not the smallest doubt it's the fame of the phenomenon—that's the man; him in the great-coat and no shirt-collar. She shall have ten pound a-week, Johnson; she shall not appear on the London boards for a farthing less. They shan't engage her either, unless they engage Mrs. Crummles too—twenty pound a-week for the pair; or I'll tell you what, I'll throw in myself and the two boys, and they shall have the family for thirty. I can't say fairer than that. They must take us all, if none of us will go without the others. That's the way some of the London people do, and it always answers. Thirty pound a-week—it's too cheap, Johnson. It's dirt cheap."

Nicholas replied, that it certainly was; and Mr. Vincent Crummles taking several huge pinches of snuff to compose his feelings, hurried away to tell Mrs. Crummles that he had quite settled the only terms that could be accepted, and had resolved not to abate one single farthing.

When everybody was dressed and the curtain went up, the excitement occasioned by the presence of the London manager increased a thousandfold. Everybody happened to know that the London manager had come down specially to witness his or her own performance, and all were in a flutter of anxiety and expectation. Some of those who were not on in the first scene, hurried to the wings, and there stretched their necks to have a peep at him; others stole up into the two little private boxes over the stage-doors, and from that position reconnoitred the London manager. Once the London manager was seen to smile—he smiled at the comic countryman's pretending to catch a blue-bottle, while Mrs. Crummles was making her greatest effect. "Very good, my fine fellow," said Mr. Crummles, shaking his fist at the comic countryman when he came off, "you leave this company next Saturday night."

In the same way, everybody who was on the stage beheld no audience but one individual; everybody played to the London manager. When Mr. Lenville in a sudden burst of passion called the emperor a miscreant, and then biting his glove, said, "But I must dissemble," instead of looking gloomily at the boards and so waiting for his cue, as is proper in such cases, he kept his eye fixed upon the London manager. When Miss Bravassa sang her song at her lover, who according to custom stood ready to shake hands with her between the verses, they looked, not at each other but at the London manager. Mr. Crummles died point blank at him; and when the two guards came in to take the body off after a very hard death, it was seen to



open its eyes and glance at the London manager. At length the London manager was discovered to be asleep, and shortly after that he woke up and went away, whereupon all the company fell foul of the unhappy comic countryman, declaring that his buffoonery was the sole cause; and Mr. Crummles said, that he had put up with it a long time, but that he really couldn't stand it any longer, and therefore would feel obliged by his looking out for another engagement.

All this was the occasion of much amusement to Nicholas, whose only feeling upon the subject was one of sincere satisfaction that the great man went away before he appeared. He went through his part in the two last pieces as briskly as he could, and having been received with unbounded favour and unprecedented applause—so said the bills for next day, which had been printed an hour or two before—he took Smike's arm and walked home to bed.

With the post next morning came a letter from Newman Noggs, very inky, very short, very dirty, very small, and very mysterious, urging Nicholas to return to London instantly; not to lose an instant; to be there that night if possible.

"I will," said Nicholas. "Heaven knows I have remained here for the best, and sorely against my own will; but even now I may have dallied too long. What can have happened? Smike, my good fellow, here—take my purse. Put our things together, and pay what little debts we owe—quick, and we shall be in time for the morning coach. I will only tell them that we are going, and will return to you immediately."

So saying, he took his hat, and hurrying away to the lodgings of Mr. Crummles, applied his hand to the knocker with such hearty good-will, that he awakened that gentleman, who was still in bed, and caused Mr. Bulph the pilot to take his morning's pipe very nearly out of his mouth in the extremity of his surprise.

The door being opened, Nicholas ran up-stairs without any ceremony, and bursting into the darkened sitting-room on the one pair front, found that the two Master Crummleses had sprung out of the sofa-bedstead and were putting on their clothes with great rapidity, under the impression that it was the middle of the night, and the next house was on fire.

Before he could undeceive them, Mr. Crummles came down in a flannel-gown and nightcap; and to him Nicholas briefly explained that circumstances had occurred which rendered it necessary for him to repair to London immediately.

"So good bye," said Nicholas; "good bye, good bye."

He was half-way down stairs before Mr. Crummles had sufficiently recovered his surprise to gasp out something about the posters.

"I can't help it," replied Nicholas. "Set whatever I may have earned this week against them, or if that will not repay you, say at once what will. Quick, quick."

"We'll cry quits about that," returned Crummles. "But can't we have one last night more?"

"Not an hour—not a minute," replied Nicholas, impatiently.

"Won't you stop to say something to Mrs. Crummles?" asked the manager, following him down to the door.

"I couldn't stop if it were to prolong my life a score of years," rejoined Nicholas. "Here, take my hand, and with it my hearty thanks.—Oh! that I should have been fooling here!"

Accompanying these words with an impatient stamp upon the ground, he tore himself from the manager's detaining grasp, and darting rapidly down the street was out of sight in an instant.

"Dear me, dear me," said Mr. Crummles, looking wistfully towards the point at which he had just disappeared; "if he only acted like that, what a deal of money he'd draw! He should have kept upon this circuit; he'd have been very useful to me. But he don't know what's good for him. He is an impetuous youth. Young men are rash, very rash."

Mr. Crummles being in a moralizing mood, might possibly have moralized for some minutes longer if he had not mechanically put his hand towards his waistcoat pocket, where he was accustomed to keep his snuff. The absence of any pocket at all in the usual direction, suddenly recalled to his recollection the fact that he had no waistcoat on; and this leading him to a contemplation of the extreme scantiness of his attire, he shut the door abruptly, and retired up-stairs with great precipitation.

Smike had made good speed while Nicholas was absent, and with his help everything was soon ready for their departure. They scarcely stopped to take a morsel of breakfast, and in less than half an hour arrived at the coach-office: quite out of breath with the haste they had made to reach it in time. There were yet a few minutes to spare, so, having secured the places, Nicholas hurried into a slopseller's hard by, and bought Smike a great-coat. It would have been rather large for a substantial yeoman, but the shopman averring (and with considerable truth) that it was a most uncommon fit, Nicholas would have purchased it in his impatience if it had been twice the size.

As they hurried up to the coach, which was now in the open street and all ready for starting, Nicholas was not a little astonished to find himself suddenly clutched in a close and violent embrace, which nearly took him off his legs; nor was his amazement at all lessened by hearing the voice of Mr. Crummles exclaim "It is he—my friend, my friend!"

"Bless my heart," cried Nicholas, struggling in the manager's arms, "what are you about?"

The manager made no reply, but strained him to his breast again, exclaiming as he did so, "Farewell, my noble, my lion-hearted boy!"

In fact, Mr. Crummles, who could never lose any opportunity for professional display, had turned out for the express purpose of taking a public farewell of Nicholas; and to render it the more imposing, he was now, to that young gentleman's most profound annoyance, inflicting upon him a rapid succession of stage embraces, which, as everybody knows, are performed by the embracer's laying his or her chin on the shoulder of the object of affection, and looking over it. This Mr. Crummles did in the highest style of melo-drama, pouring forth at the

same time all the most dismal forms of farewell he could think of, out of the stock pieces. Nor was this all, for the elder Master Crummles was going through a similar ceremony with Smikey; while Master Percy Crummles, with a very little second-hand camlet cloak, worn theatrically over his left shoulder, stood by, in the attitude of an attendant officer, waiting to convey the two victims to the scaffold.

The lookers-on laughed very heartily, and as it was as well to put a good face upon the matter, Nicholas laughed too when he had succeeded in disengaging himself; and rescuing the astonished Smikey, climbed up to the coach roof after him, and kissed his hand in honour of the absent Mrs. Crummles as they rolled away.

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### CHAPTER XXXI.

OF RALPH NICKLEBY AND NEWMAN NOGGS, AND SOME WISE PRECAUTIONS, THE SUCCESS OR FAILURE OF WHICH WILL APPEAR IN THE SEQUEL.

IN blissful unconsciousness that his nephew was hastening at the utmost speed of four good horses towards his sphere of action, and that every passing minute diminished the distance between them, Ralph Nickleby sat that morning occupied in his customary avocations, and yet unable to prevent his thoughts wandering from time to time back to the interview which had taken place between himself and his niece on the previous day. At such intervals, after a few moments of abstraction, Ralph would mutter some peevish interjection, and apply himself with renewed steadiness of purpose to the ledger before him, but again and again the same train of thought came back despite all his efforts to prevent it, confusing him in his calculations, and utterly distracting his attention from the figures over which he bent. At length Ralph laid down his pen, and threw himself back in his chair as though he had made up his mind to allow the obtrusive current of reflection to take its own course, and, by giving it full scope, to rid himself of it effectually.

"I am not a man to be moved by a pretty face," muttered Ralph sternly. "There is a grinning skull beneath it, and men like me who look and work below the surface see that, and not its delicate covering. And yet I almost like the girl, or should if she had been less proudly and squeamishly brought up. If the boy were drowned or hanged, and the mother dead, this house should be her home. I wish they were, with all my soul."

Notwithstanding the deadly hatred which Ralph felt towards Nicholas, and the bitter contempt with which he sneered at poor Mrs. Nickleby—notwithstanding the baseness with which he had behaved, and was then behaving, and would behave again if his interest prompted him, towards Kate herself—still there was, strange though

it may seem, something humanizing and even gentle in his thoughts at that moment. He thought of what his home might be if Kate were there; he placed her in the empty chair, looked upon her, heard her speak; he felt again upon his arm the gentle pressure of the trembling hand; he strewed his costly rooms with the hundred silent tokens of feminine presence and occupation; he came back again to the cold fireside and the silent dreary splendour; and in that one glimpse of a better nature, born as it was in selfish thoughts, the rich man felt himself friendless, childless, and alone. Gold, for the instant, lost its lustre in his eyes, for there were countless treasures of the heart which it could never purchase.

A very slight circumstance was sufficient to banish such reflections from the mind of such a man. As Ralph looked vacantly out across the yard towards the window of the other office, he became suddenly aware of the earnest observation of Newman Noggs, who, with his red nose almost touching the glass, feigned to be mending a pen with a rusty fragment of a knife, but was in reality staring at his employer with a countenance of the closest and most eager scrutiny.

Ralph exchanged his dreamy posture for his accustomed business attitude: the face of Newman disappeared, and the train of thought took to flight, all simultaneously and in an instant.

After a few minutes, Ralph rang his bell. Newman answered the summons, and Ralph raised his eyes stealthily to his face, as if he almost feared to read there, a knowledge of his recent thoughts.

There was not the smallest speculation, however, in the countenance of Newman Noggs. If it be possible to imagine a man, with two eyes in his head, and both wide open, looking in no direction whatever, and seeing nothing, Newman appeared to be that man while Ralph Nickleby regarded him.

"How now?" growled Ralph.

"Oh!" said Newman, throwing some intelligence into his eyes all at once, and dropping them on his master, "I thought you rang." With which laconic remark Newman turned round and hobbled away.

"Stop!" said Ralph.

Newman stopped; not at all disconcerted.

"I did ring."

"I knew you did."

"Then why do you offer to go if you know that?"

"I thought you rang to say you didn't ring," replied Newman.

"You often do."

"How dare you pry, and peer, and stare at me, sirrah?" demanded Ralph.

"Stare!" cried Newman, "at you! Ha, ha!" which was all the explanation Newman deigned to offer.

"Be careful, sir," said Ralph, looking steadily at him. "Let me have no drunken fooling here. Do you see this parcel?"

"It's big enough," rejoined Newman.

"Carry it into the City; to Cross, in Broad Street, and leave it there—quick. Do you hear?"

Newman gave a dogged kind of nod to express an affirmative reply, and, leaving the room for a few seconds, returned with his hat. Having made various ineffectual attempts to fit the parcel (which was some two feet square) into the crown thereof, Newman took it under his arm, and after putting on his fingerless gloves with great precision and nicety, keeping his eyes fixed upon Mr. Ralph Nickleby all the time, he adjusted his hat upon his head with as much care, real or pretended, as if it were a bran-new one of the most expensive quality, and at last departed on his errand.

He executed his commission with great promptitude and despatch, only calling at one public-house for half a minute, and even that might be said to be in his way, for he went in at one door and came out at the other; but as he returned and had got so far homewards as the Strand, Newman began to loiter with the uncertain air of a man who has not quite made up his mind whether to halt or go straight forwards. After a very short consideration, the former inclination prevailed, and making towards the point he had had in his mind, Newman knocked a modest double-knock, or rather a nervous single one, at Miss La Creevy's door.

It was opened by a strange servant, on whom the odd figure of the visitor did not appear to make the most favourable impression possible, inasmuch as she no sooner saw him than she very nearly closed it, and placing herself in the narrow gap, inquired what he wanted. But Newman merely uttering the monosyllable "Noggs," as if it were some cabalistic word, at sound of which bolts would fly back and doors open, pushed briskly past and gained the door of Miss La Creevy's sitting-room, before the astonished servant could offer any opposition.

"Walk in if you please," said Miss La Creevy in reply to the sound of Newman's knuckles; and in he walked accordingly.

"Bless us!" cried Miss La Creevy, starting as Newman bolted in; "what did you want, Sir?"

"You have forgotten me," said Newman, with an inclination of the head. "I wonder at that. That nobody should remember me who knew me in other days, is natural enough; but there are few people who, seeing me once, forget me *now*." He glanced, as he spoke, at his shabby clothes and paralytic limb, and slightly shook his head.

"I did forget you, I declare," said Miss La Creevy, rising to receive Newman, who met her half-way, "and I am ashamed of myself for doing so; for you are a kind, good creature, Mr. Noggs. Sit down and tell me all about Miss Nickleby. Poor dear thing! I haven't seen her for this many a week."

"How's that?" asked Newman.

"Why, the truth is, Mr. Noggs," said Miss La Creevy, "that I have been out on a visit—the first visit I have made for fifteen years."

"That is a long time," said Newman, sadly.

"So it is a very long time to look back upon in years, though, somehow or other, thank Heaven, the solitary days roll away peacefully and happily enough," replied the miniature painter. "I have a

brother, Mr. Noggs—the only relation I have—and all that time I never saw him once. Not that we ever quarrelled, but he was apprenticed down in the country, and he got married there, and new ties and affections springing up about him, he forgot a poor little woman like me, as it was very reasonable he should, you know. Don't suppose that I complain about that, because I always said to myself, 'It is very natural; poor dear John is making his way in the world, and has a wife to tell his cares and troubles to, and children now to play about him, so God bless him and them, and send we may all meet together one day where we shall part no more.' But what do you think, Mr. Noggs," said the miniature painter, brightening up and clapping her hands, "of that very same brother coming up to London at last, and never resting till he found me out; what do you think of his coming here and sitting down in that very chair, and crying like a child because he was so glad to see me—what do you think of his insisting on taking me down all the way into the country to his own house (quite a sumptuous place, Mr. Noggs, with a large garden and I don't know how many fields, and a man in livery waiting at table, and cows and horses and pigs and I don't know what besides), and making me stay a whole month, and pressing me to stop there all my life—yes, all my life—and so did his wife, and so did the children—and there were four of them, and one, the eldest girl of all, they—they had named her after me eight good years before, they had indeed. I never was so happy; in all my life I never was!" The worthy soul hid her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud; for it was the first opportunity she had had of unburdening her heart, and it would have its way.

"But bless my life," said Miss La Creevy, wiping her eyes after a short pause, and cramming her handkerchief into her pocket with great bustle and despatch; "what a foolish creature I must seem to you, Mr. Noggs! I shouldn't have said anything about it, only I wanted to explain to you how it was I hadn't seen Miss Nickleby."

"Have you seen the old lady?" asked Newman.

"You mean Mrs. Nickleby?" said Miss La Creevy. "Then I tell you what, Mr. Noggs, if you want to keep in the good books in that quarter, you had better not call her the old lady any more, for I suspect she wouldn't be best pleased to hear you. Yes, I went there the night before last, but she was quite on the high ropes about something, and was so grand and mysterious, that I couldn't make anything of her; so, to tell you the truth, I took it into my head to be grand too, and came away in state. I thought she would have come round again before this, but she hasn't been here."

"About Miss Nickleby—" said Newman.

"Why she was here twice while I was away," returned Miss La Creevy. "I was afraid she mightn't like to have me calling on her among those great folks in what's-its-name Place, so I thought I'd wait a day or two, and if I didn't see her, write."

"Ah!" exclaimed Newman, cracking his fingers.

"However, I want to hear all the news about them from you," said

Miss La Creevy. "How is the old rough and tough monster of Golden Square? Well, of course; such people always are. I don't mean how is he in health, but how is he going on; how is he behaving himself?"

"Damn him!" cried Newman, dashing his cherished hat on the floor; "like a false hound."

"Gracious, Mr. Noggs, you quite terrify me!" exclaimed Miss La Creevy, turning pale.

"I should have spoilt his features yesterday afternoon if I could have afforded it," said Newman, moving restlessly about, and shaking his fist at a portrait of Mr. Canning over the mantel-piece. "I was very near it. I was obliged to put my hands in my pockets, and keep 'em there very tight. I shall do it some day in that little back-parlour, I know I shall. I should have done it before now, if I hadn't been afraid of making bad worse. I shall double-lock myself in with him and have it out before I die, I'm quite certain of it."

"I shall scream if you don't compose yourself, Mr. Noggs," said Miss La Creevy; "I'm sure I shan't be able to help it."

"Never mind," rejoined Newman, darting violently to and fro. "He's coming up to-night: I wrote to tell him. He little thinks I know; he little thinks I care. Cunning scoundrel! he don't think that. Not he, not he. Never mind, I'll thwart him—I, Newman Noggs. Ho, ho, the rascal!"

Lashing himself up to an extravagant pitch of fury, Newman Noggs jerked himself about the room with the most eccentric motion ever beheld in a human being: now sparring at the little miniatures on the wall, and now giving himself violent thumps on the head, as if to heighten the delusion, until he sank down in his former seat quite breathless and exhausted.

"There," said Newman, picking up his hat; "that's done me good. Now I'm better, and I'll tell you all about it."

It took some little time to reassure Miss La Creevy, who had been almost frightened out of her senses by this remarkable demonstration; but that done, Newman faithfully related all that had passed in the interview between Kate and her uncle, prefacing his narrative with a statement of his previous suspicions on the subject, and his reasons for forming them; and concluding with a communication of the step he had taken in secretly writing to Nicholas.

Though little Miss La Creevy's indignation was not so singularly displayed as Newman's, it was scarcely inferior in violence and intensity. Indeed if Ralph Nickleby had happened to make his appearance in the room at that moment, there is some doubt whether he would not have found Miss La Creevy a more dangerous opponent than even Newman Noggs himself.

"God forgive me for saying so," said Miss La Creevy, as a wind-up to all her expressions of anger, "but I really feel as if I could stick this into him with pleasure."

It was not a very awful weapon that Miss La Creevy held, it being in fact nothing more nor less than a black-lead pencil; but discovering

her mistake, the little portrait painter exchanged it for a mother-of-pearl fruit knife, wherewith, in proof of her desperate thoughts, she made a lunge as she spoke, which would have scarcely disturbed the crumb of a half-quartern loaf.

"She won't stop where she is, after to-night," said Newman. "That's a comfort."

"Stop!" cried Miss La Creevy, "she should have left there, weeks ago."

"—If we had known of this," rejoined Newman. "But we didn't. Nobody could properly interfere but her mother or brother. The mother's weak—poor thing—weak. The dear young man will be here to-night."

"Heart alive!" cried Miss La Creevy. "He will do something desperate, Mr. Noggs, if you tell him all at once."

Newman left off rubbing his hands, and assumed a thoughtful look.

"Depend upon it," said Miss La Creevy, earnestly, "if you are not very careful in breaking out the truth to him, he will do some violence upon his uncle or one of these men that will bring some terrible calamity upon his own head, and grief and sorrow to us all."

"I never thought of that," rejoined Newman, his countenance falling more and more. "I came to ask you to receive his sister in case he brought her here, but——"

"But this is a matter of much greater importance," interrupted Miss La Creevy; "that you might have been sure of before you came, but the end of this, nobody can foresee, unless you are very guarded and careful."

"What *can* I do?" cried Newman, scratching his head with an air of great vexation and perplexity. "If he was to talk of pistolling 'em all, I should be obliged to say, 'Certainly—serve 'em right.'"

Miss La Creevy could not suppress a small shriek on hearing this, and instantly set about extorting a solemn pledge from Newman that he would use his utmost endeavours to pacify the wrath of Nicholas; which, after some demur, was conceded. They then consulted together on the safest and surest mode of communicating to him the circumstances which had rendered his presence necessary.

"He must have time to cool before he can possibly do any thing," said Miss La Creevy. "That is of the greatest consequence. He must not be told until late at night."

"But he'll be in town between six and seven this evening," replied Newman. "I can't keep it from him when he asks me."

"Then you must go out, Mr. Noggs," said Miss La Creevy. "You can easily have been kept away by business, and must not return till nearly midnight."

"Then he'll come straight here," retorted Newman.

"So I suppose," observed Miss La Creevy; "but he won't find me at home, for I'll go straight to the City the instant you leave me, make up matters with Mrs. Nickleby, and take her away to the theatre, so that he may not even know where his sister lives."

Upon further discussion, this appeared the safest and most feasible



mode of proceeding that could possibly be adopted. Therefore it was finally determined that matters should be so arranged, and Newman, after listening to many supplementary cautions and entreaties, took his leave of Miss La Creevy and trudged back to Golden Square; ruminating as he went upon a vast number of possibilities and impossibilities which crowded upon his brain, and arose out of the conversation that had just terminated.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

RELATING CHIEFLY TO SOME REMARKABLE CONVERSATION, AND SOME REMARKABLE PROCEEDINGS TO WHICH IT GIVES RISE.

"LONDON at last!" cried Nicholas, throwing back his great-coat and rousing Smike from a long nap. "It seemed to me as though we should never reach it."

"And yet you came along at a tidy pace too," observed the coachman, looking over his shoulder at Nicholas with no very pleasant expression of countenance.

"Ay, I know that," was the reply; "but I have been very anxious to be at my journey's end, and that makes the way seem long."

"Well," remarked the coachman, "if the way seemed long with such cattle as you've sat behind, you *must* have been most uncommon anxious;" and so saying, he let out his whip-lash and touched up a little boy on the calves of his legs by way of emphasis.

They rattled on through the noisy, bustling, crowded streets of London, now displaying long double rows of brightly-burning lamps, dotted here and there with the chemists' glaring lights, and illuminated besides with the brilliant flood that streamed from the windows of the shops, where sparkling jewellery, silks and velvets of the richest colours, the most inviting delicacies, and most sumptuous articles of luxurious ornament, succeeded each other in rich and glittering profusion. Streams of people apparently without end poured on and on, jostling each other in the crowd and hurrying forward, scarcely seeming to notice the riches that surrounded them on every side; while vehicles of all shapes and makes, mingled up together in one moving mass like running water, lent their ceaseless roar to swell the noise and tumult.

As they dashed by the quickly-changing and ever-varying objects, it was curious to observe in what a strange procession they passed before the eye. Emporiums of splendid dresses, the materials brought from every quarter of the world; tempting stores of every thing to stimulate and pamper the sated appetite and give new relish to the oft-repeated feast; vessels of burnished gold and silver, wrought into every exquisite form of vase, and dish, and goblet; guns, swords, pistols, and patent engines of destruction; screws and irons for the

crooked, clothes for the newly-born, drugs for the sick, coffins for the dead, and churchyards for the buried—all these jumbled each with the other and flocking side by side, seemed to flit by in motley dance like the fantastic groups of the old Dutch painter, and with the same stern moral for the unheeding restless crowd.

Nor were there wanting objects in the crowd itself to give new point and purpose to the shifting scene. The rags of the squalid ballad-singer fluttered in the rich light that showed the goldsmith's treasures, pale and pinched-up faces hovered about the windows where was tempting food, hungry eyes wandered over the profusion guarded by one thin sheet of brittle glass—an iron wall to them; half-naked shivering figures stopped to gaze at Chinese shawls and golden stuffs of India. There was a christening party at the largest coffin-maker's, and a funeral hatchment had stopped some great improvements in the bravest mansion. Life and death went hand in hand; wealth and poverty stood side by side; repletion and starvation laid them down together.

But it was London; and the old country lady inside, who had put her head out of the coach-window a mile or two this side Kingston, and cried out to the driver that she was sure he must have passed it and forgotten to set her down, was satisfied at last.

Nicholas engaged beds for himself and Smike at the inn where the coach stopped, and repaired, without the delay of another moment, to the lodgings of Newman Noggs; for his anxiety and impatience had increased with every succeeding minute, and were almost beyond controul.

There was a fire in Newman's garret, and a candle had been left burning; the floor was cleanly swept, the room was as comfortably arranged as such a room could be, and meat and drink were placed in order upon the table. Every thing bespoke the affectionate care and attention of Newman Noggs, but Newman himself was not there.

"Do you know what time he will be home?" inquired Nicholas, tapping at the door of Newman's front neighbour.

"Ah, Mr. Johnson!" said Crowl, presenting himself. "Welcome, Sir.—How well you're looking! I never could have believed——"

"Pardon me," interposed Nicholas. "My question—I am extremely anxious to know."

"Why, he has a troublesome affair of business," replied Crowl, "and will not be home before twelve o'clock. He was very unwilling to go, I can tell you, but there was no help for it. However, he left word that you were to make yourself comfortable till he came back, and that I was to entertain you, which I shall be very glad to do."

In proof of his extreme readiness to exert himself for the general entertainment, Mr. Crowl drew a chair to the table as he spoke, and helping himself plentifully to the cold meat, invited Nicholas and Smike to follow his example.

Disappointed and uneasy, Nicholas could touch no food, so, after he had seen Smike comfortably established at the table, he walked out (despite a great many dissuasions uttered by Mr. Crowl with his

mouth full), and left Smike to detain Newman in case he returned first.

As Miss La Creevy had anticipated, Nicholas betook himself straight to her house. Finding her from home, he debated within himself for some time whether he should go to his mother's residence and so compromise her with Ralph Nickleby. Fully persuaded, however, that Newman would not have solicited him to return unless there was some strong reason which required his presence at home, he resolved to go there, and hastened eastwards with all speed.

Mrs. Nickleby would not be at home, the girl said, until past twelve, or later. She believed Miss Nickleby was well, but she didn't live at home now, nor did she come home except very seldom. She couldn't say where she was stopping, but it was not at Madame Mantalini's—she was sure of that.

With his heart beating violently, and apprehending he knew not what disaster, Nicholas returned to where he had left Smike. Newman had not been home. He wouldn't be, till twelve o'clock; there was no chance of it. Was there no possibility of sending to fetch him if it were only for an instant, or forwarding to him one line of writing to which he might return a verbal reply? That was quite impracticable. He was not at Golden Square, and probably had been sent to execute some commission at a distance.

Nicholas tried to remain quietly where he was, but he felt so nervous and excited that he could not sit still. He seemed to be losing time unless he was moving. It was an absurd fancy, he knew, but he was wholly unable to resist it. So, he took up his hat and rambled out again.

He strolled westward this time, pacing the long streets with hurried footsteps, and agitated by a thousand misgivings and apprehensions which he could not overcome. He passed into Hyde Park, now silent and deserted, and increased his rate of walking as if in the hope of leaving his thoughts behind. They crowded upon him more thickly, however, now there were no passing objects to attract his attention; and the one idea was always uppermost, that some stroke of ill-fortune must have occurred so calamitous in its nature that all were fearful of disclosing it to him. The old question arose again and again—What could it be? Nicholas walked till he was weary, but was not one bit the wiser; and indeed he came out of the Park at last a great deal more confused and perplexed than when he went in.

He had taken scarcely any thing to eat or drink since early in the morning, and felt quite worn out and exhausted. As he returned languidly towards the point from which he had started, along one of the thoroughfares which lie between Park Lane and Bond Street, he passed a handsome hotel, before which he stopped mechanically.

"An expensive place, I dare say," thought Nicholas; "but a pint of wine and a biscuit are no great debauch wherever they are had. And yet I don't know."

He walked on a few steps, but looking wistfully down the long vista of gas-lamps before him, and thinking how long it would take

to reach the end of it—and being besides in that kind of mood in which a man is most disposed to yield to his first impulse—and being, besides, strongly attracted to the hotel, in part by curiosity, and in part by some odd mixture of feelings which he would have been troubled to define—Nicholas turned back again, and walked into the coffee-room.

It was very handsomely furnished. The walls were ornamented with the choicest specimens of French paper, enriched with a gilded cornice of elegant design. The floor was covered with a rich carpet; and two superb mirrors, one above the chimney-piece and one at the opposite end of the room reaching from floor to ceiling, multiplied the other beauties and added new ones of their own to enhance the general effect. There was a rather noisy party of four gentlemen in a box by the fire-place, and only two other persons present—both elderly gentlemen, and both alone.

Observing all this in the first comprehensive glance with which a stranger surveys a place that is new to him, Nicholas sat himself down in the box next to the noisy party, with his back towards them, and postponing his order for a pint of claret until such time as the waiter and one of the elderly gentlemen should have settled a disputed question relative to the price of an item in the bill of fare, took up a newspaper and began to read.

He had not read twenty lines, and was in truth half-dozing, when he was startled by the mention of his sister's name. "Little Kate Nickleby" were the words that caught his ear. He raised his head in amazement, and as he did so, saw by the reflection in the opposite glass, that two of the party behind him had risen and were standing before the fire. "It must have come from one of them," thought Nicholas. He waited to hear more with a countenance of some indignation, for the tone of speech had been anything but respectful, and the appearance of the individual whom he presumed to have been the speaker was coarse and swaggering.

This person—so Nicholas observed in the same glance at the mirror which had enabled him to see his face—was standing with his back to the fire conversing with a younger man, who stood with his back to the company, wore his hat, and was adjusting his shirt collar by the aid of the glass. They spoke in whispers, now and then bursting into a loud laugh, but Nicholas could catch no repetition of the words, nor anything sounding at all like the words, which had attracted his attention.

At length the two resumed their seats, and more wine being ordered, the party grew louder in their mirth. Still there was no reference made to anybody with whom he was acquainted, and Nicholas became persuaded that his excited fancy had either imagined the sounds altogether, or converted some other words into the name which had been so much in his thoughts.

"It is remarkable too," thought Nicholas: "if it had been 'Kate' or 'Kate Nickleby,' I should not have been so much surprised; but 'little Kate Nickleby!'"

The wine coming at the moment prevented his finishing the sentence. He swallowed a glassful and took up the paper again. At that instant—

“Little Kate Nickleby!” cried a voice behind him.

“I was right,” muttered Nicholas as the paper fell from his hand. “And it was the man I supposed.”

“As there was a proper objection to drinking her in heeltaps,” said the voice, “we’ll give her the first glass in the new magnum. Little Kate Nickleby!”

“Little Kate Nickleby,” cried the other three. And the glasses were set down empty.

Keenly alive to the tone and manner of this slight and careless mention of his sister’s name in a public place, Nicholas fired at once; but he kept himself quiet by a great effort, and did not even turn his head.

“The jade!” said the same voice which had spoken before. “She’s a true Nickleby—a worthy imitator of her old uncle Ralph—she hangs back to be more sought after—so does he; nothing to be got out of Ralph unless you follow him up, and then the money comes doubly welcome, and the bargain doubly hard, for you’re impatient and he isn’t. Oh! infernal cunning.”

“Infernal cunning,” echoed two voices.

Nicholas was in a perfect agony as the two elderly gentlemen opposite, rose one after the other and went away, lest they should be the means of his losing one word of what was said. But the conversation was suspended as they withdrew, and resumed with even greater freedom when they had left the room.

“I am afraid,” said the younger gentleman, “that the old woman has grown jea-a-lous, and locked her up. Upon my soul it looks like it.”

“If they quarrel and little Nickleby goes home to her mother, so much the better,” said the first. “I can do any thing with the old lady. She’ll believe anything I tell her.”

“Egad that’s true,” returned the other voice. “Ha, ha, ha! Poor deyyle!”

The laugh was taken up by the two voices which always came in together, and became general at Mrs. Nickleby’s expense. Nicholas turned burning hot with rage, but he commanded himself for the moment, and waited to hear more.

What he heard need not be repeated here. Suffice it that as the wine went round he heard enough to acquaint him with the characters and designs of those whose conversation he overheard; to possess him with the full extent of Ralph’s villany, and the real reason of his own presence being required in London. He heard all this and more. He heard his sister’s sufferings derided, and her virtuous conduct jeered at and brutally misconstrued; he heard her name banded from mouth to mouth, and herself made the subject of coarse and insolent wagers, free speech, and licentious jesting.

The man who had spoken first, led the conversation and indeed almost engrossed it, being only stimulated from time to time by some

slight observation from one or other of his companions. To him then Nicholas addressed himself when he was sufficiently composed to stand before the party, and force the words from his parched and scorching throat.

"Let me have a word with you, Sir," said Nicholas.

"With me, Sir?" retorted Sir Mulberry Hawk, eyeing him in disdainful surprise.

"I said with you," replied Nicholas, speaking with great difficulty, for his passion choked him.

"A mysterious stranger, upon my soul!" exclaimed Sir Mulberry, raising his wine-glass to his lips, and looking round upon his friends.

"Will you step apart with me for a few minutes, or do you refuse?" said Nicholas, sternly.

Sir Mulberry merely paused in the act of drinking, and bade him either name his business or leave the table.

Nicholas drew a card from his pocket, and threw it before him.

"There, Sir," said Nicholas; "my business you will guess."

A momentary expression of astonishment, not unmixed with some confusion, appeared in the face of Sir Mulberry as he read the name; but he subdued it in an instant, and tossing the card to Lord Verisopht, who sat opposite, drew a toothpick from a glass before him, and very leisurely applied it to his mouth.

"Your name and address?" said Nicholas, turning paler as his passion kindled.

"I shall give you neither," replied Sir Mulberry.

"If there is a gentleman in this party," said Nicholas, looking round and scarcely able to make his white lips form the words, "he will acquaint me with the name and residence of this man."

There was a dead silence.

"I am the brother of the young lady who has been the subject of conversation here," said Nicholas. "I denounce this person as a liar, and impeach him as a coward. If he has a friend here, he will save him the disgrace of the paltry attempt to conceal his name—an utterly useless one—for I will find it out, nor leave him until I have."

Sir Mulberry looked at him contemptuously, and, addressing his companions, said—

"Let the fellow talk, I have nothing serious to say to boys of his station; and his pretty sister shall save him a broken head, if he talks till midnight."

"You are a base and spiritless scoundrel!" said Nicholas, "and shall be proclaimed so to the world. I *will* know you; I will follow you home if you walk the streets till morning."

Sir Mulberry's hand involuntarily closed upon the decanter, and he seemed for an instant about to launch it at the head of his challenger. But he only filled his glass, and laughed in derision.

Nicholas sat himself down, directly opposite to the party, and, summoning the waiter, paid his bill.

"Do you know that person's name?" he inquired of the man in an audible voice; pointing out Sir Mulberry as he put the question.

Sir Mulberry laughed again, and the two voices which had always spoken together, echoed the laugh; but rather feebly.

"That gentleman, Sir?" replied the waiter, who, no doubt, knew his cue, and answered with just as little respect, and just as much impertinence as he could safely show: "no, Sir, I do not, Sir."

"Here, you Sir," cried Sir Mulberry, as the man was retiring; "do you know *that* person's name?"

"Name, Sir? No, Sir."

"Then you'll find it there," said Sir Mulberry, throwing Nicholas's card towards him; "and when you have made yourself master of it, put that piece of pasteboard in the fire—do you hear me?"

The man grinned, and, looking doubtfully at Nicholas, compromised the matter by sticking the card in the chimney-glass. Having done this, he retired.

Nicholas folded his arms, and, biting his lip, sat perfectly quiet; sufficiently expressing by his manner, however, a firm determination to carry his threat of following Sir Mulberry home, into steady execution.

It was evident from the tone in which the younger member of the party appeared to remonstrate with his friend, that he objected to this course of proceeding, and urged him to comply with the request which Nicholas had made. Sir Mulberry, however, who was not quite sober, and who was in a sullen and dogged state of obstinacy, soon silenced the representations of his weak young friend, and further seemed—as if to save himself from a repetition of them—to insist on being left alone. However this might have been, the young gentleman and the two who had always spoken together, actually rose to go after a short interval, and presently retired, leaving their friend alone with Nicholas.

It will be very readily supposed that to one in the condition of Nicholas, the minutes appeared to move with leaden wings indeed, and that their progress did not seem the more rapid from the monotonous ticking of a French clock, or the shrill sound of its little bell which told the quarters. But there he sat; and in his old seat on the opposite side of the room reclined Sir Mulberry Hawk, with his legs upon the cushion, and his handkerchief thrown negligently over his knees: finishing his magnum of claret with the utmost coolness and indifference.

Thus they remained in perfect silence for upwards of an hour—Nicholas would have thought for three hours at least, but that the little bell had only gone four times. Twice or thrice he looked angrily and impatiently round; but there was Sir Mulberry in the same attitude, putting his glass to his lips from time to time, and looking vacantly at the wall, as if he were wholly ignorant of the presence of any living person.

At length he yawned, stretched himself, and rose; walked coolly to the glass, and having surveyed himself therein, turned round and honoured Nicholas with a long and contemptuous stare. Nicholas stared again with right good-will; Sir Mulberry shrugged his shoulders, smiled slightly, rang the bell, and ordered the waiter to help him on with his great-coat.

The man did so, and held the door open.

"Don't wait," said Sir Mulberry; and they were alone again.

Sir Mulberry took several turns up and down the room, whistling carelessly all the time; stopped to finish the last glass of claret which he had poured out a few minutes before, walked again, put on his hat, adjusted it by the glass, drew on his gloves, and, at last, walked slowly out. Nicholas, who had been fuming and chafing until he was nearly wild, darted from his seat, and followed him—so closely, that before the door had swung upon its hinges after Sir Mulberry's passing out, they stood side by side in the street together.

There was a private cabriolet in waiting; the groom opened the apron, and jumped out to the horse's head.

"Will you make yourself known to me?" asked Nicholas, in a suppressed voice.

"No," replied the other fiercely, and confirming the refusal with an oath. "No."

"If you trust to your horse's speed, you will find yourself mistaken," said Nicholas. "I will accompany you. By Heaven I will, if I hang on to the footboard."

"You shall be horsewhipped if you do," returned Sir Mulberry.

"You are a villain," said Nicholas.

"You are an errand-boy for aught I know," said Sir Mulberry Hawk.

"I am the son of a country gentleman," returned Nicholas, "your equal in birth and education, and your superior I trust in everything besides. I tell you again, Miss Nickleby is my sister. Will you or will you not answer for your unmanly and brutal conduct?"

"To a proper champion—yes. To you—no," returned Sir Mulberry, taking the reins in his hand. "Stand out of the way, dog. William, let go her head."

"You had better not," cried Nicholas, springing on the step as Sir Mulberry jumped in, and catching at the reins. "He has no command over the horse, mind. You shall not go—you shall not, I swear—till you have told me who you are."

The groom hesitated, for the mare who was a high-spirited animal and thorough-bred, plunged so violently that he could scarcely hold her.

"Leave go, I tell you!" thundered his master.

The man obeyed. The animal reared and plunged as though it would dash the carriage into a thousand pieces, but Nicholas, blind to all sense of danger, and conscious of nothing but his fury, still maintained his place and his hold upon the reins.

"Will you unclasp your hand?"

"Will you tell me who you are?"

"No!"

"No!"

In less time than the quickest tongue could tell it, these words were exchanged, and Sir Mulberry shortening his whip, applied it furiously to the head and shoulders of Nicholas. It was broken in the struggle;



Nicholas gained the heavy handle, and with it laid open one side of his antagonist's face from the eye to the lip. He saw the gash; knew that the mare had darted off at a wild mad gallop; a hundred lights danced in his eyes, and he felt himself flung violently upon the ground.

He was giddy and sick, but staggered to his feet directly, roused by the loud shouts of the men who were tearing up the street, and screaming to those ahead to clear the way. He was conscious of a torrent of people rushing quickly by—looking up, could discern the cabriolet whirled along the foot pavement with frightful rapidity—then heard a loud cry, the smashing of some heavy body, and the breaking of glass—and then the crowd closed in the distance, and he could see or hear no more.

The general attention had been entirely directed from himself to the person in the carriage, and he was quite alone. Rightly judging that under such circumstances it would be madness to follow, he turned down a bye-street in search of the nearest coach-stand, finding after a minute or two that he was reeling like a drunken man, and aware for the first time of a stream of blood that was trickling down his face and breast.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH MR. RALPH NICKLEBY IS RELIEVED, BY A VERY EXPEDITIOUS PROCESS, FROM ALL COMMERCE WITH HIS RELATIONS.

SMIKE and Newman Noggs, who in his impatience had returned home long before the time agreed upon, sat before the fire, listening anxiously to every footstep on the stairs, and the slightest sound that stirred within the house, for the approach of Nicholas. Time had worn on, and it was growing late. He had promised to be back in an hour; and his prolonged absence began to excite considerable alarm in the minds of both, as was abundantly testified by the blank looks they cast upon each other at every new disappointment.

At length a coach was heard to stop, and Newman ran out to light Nicholas up the stairs. Beholding him in the trim described at the conclusion of the last chapter, he stood aghast in wonder and consternation.

"Don't be alarmed," said Nicholas, hurrying him back into the room. "There is no harm done, beyond what a basin of water can repair."

"No harm!" cried Newman, passing his hands hastily over the back and arms of Nicholas, as if to assure himself that he had broken no bones. "What have you been doing?"

"I know all," interrupted Nicholas; "I have heard a part, and guessed the rest. But before I remove one jot of these stains, I must hear the whole from you. You see I am collected. My resolution is taken. Now, my good friend, speak out; for the time for any palliation or concealment is past, and nothing will avail Ralph Nickleby now."

"Your dress is torn in several places; you walk lame, and I am sure are suffering pain," said Newman. "Let me see to your hurts first."

"I have no hurts to see to, beyond a little soreness and stiffness that will soon pass off," said Nicholas, seating himself with some difficulty. "But if I had fractured every limb, and still preserved my senses, you should not bandage one till you had told me what I have the right to know. Come," said Nicholas, giving his hand to Noggs. "You had a sister of your own, you told me once, who died before you fell into misfortune. Now think of her, and tell me, Newman."

"Yes, I will, I will," said Noggs. "I'll tell you the whole truth."

Newman did so. Nicholas nodded his head from time to time, as it corroborated the particulars he had already gleaned; but he fixed his eyes upon the fire, and did not look round once.

His recital ended, Newman insisted upon his young friend's stripping off his coat, and allowing whatever injuries he had received to be properly tended. Nicholas, after some opposition, at length consented, and while some pretty severe bruises on his arms and shoulders were being rubbed with oil and vinegar, and various other efficacious remedies which Newman borrowed from the different lodgers, related in what manner they had been received. The recital made a strong impression on the warm imagination of Newman; for when Nicholas came to the violent part of the quarrel, he rubbed so hard, as to occasion him the most exquisite pain, which he would not have exhibited, however, for the world, it being perfectly clear that, for the moment, Newman was operating on Sir Mulberry Hawk, and had quite lost sight of his real patient.

This martyrdom over, Nicholas arranged with Newman that while he was otherwise occupied next morning, arrangements should be made for his mother's immediately quitting her present residence, and also for despatching Miss La Creevy to break the intelligence to her. He then wrapped himself in Smike's great-coat, and repaired to the inn where they were to pass the night, and where (after writing a few lines to Ralph, the delivery of which was to be entrusted to Newman next day,) he endeavoured to obtain the repose of which he stood so much in need.

Drunken men, they say, may roll down precipices, and be quite unconscious of any serious personal inconvenience when their reason returns. The remark may possibly apply to injuries received in other kinds of violent excitement; certain it is, that although Nicholas experienced some pain on first awakening next morning, he sprung out of bed as the clock struck seven, with very little difficulty, and was soon as much on the alert as if nothing had occurred.

Merely looking into Smike's room, and telling him that Newman Noggs would call for him very shortly, Nicholas descended into the street, and calling a hackney-coach, bade the man drive to Mrs. Wititterly's, according to the direction which Newman had given him on the previous night.

It wanted a quarter to eight when they reached Cadogan Place. Nicholas began to fear that no one might be stirring at that early hour, when he was relieved by the sight of a female servant, employed in

cleaning the door-steps. By this functionary he was referred to the doubtful page, who appeared with dishevelled hair and a very warm and glossy face, as of a page who had just got out of bed.

By this young gentleman he was informed that Miss Nickleby was then taking her morning's walk in the gardens before the house. On the question being propounded whether he could go and find her, the page desponded and thought not; but being stimulated with a shilling, the page grew sanguine and thought he could.

"Say to Miss Nickleby that her brother is here, and in great haste to see her," said Nicholas.

The plated buttons disappeared with an alacrity most unusual to them, and Nicholas paced the room in a state of feverish agitation which made the delay even of a minute insupportable. He soon heard a light footstep which he well knew, and before he could advance to meet her, Kate had fallen on his neck and burst into tears.

"My darling girl," said Nicholas as he embraced her. "How pale you are!"

"I have been so unhappy here, dear brother," sobbed poor Kate; "so very, very, miserable. Do not leave me here, dear Nicholas, or I shall die of a broken heart."

"I will leave you nowhere," answered Nicholas—"never again. Kate," he cried, moved in spite of himself as he folded her to his heart. "Tell me that I acted for the best. Tell me that we parted because I feared to bring misfortune on your head; that it was a trial to me no less than to yourself, and that if I did wrong it was in ignorance of the world and unknowingly."

"Why should I tell you what we know so well?" returned Kate soothingly. "Nicholas—dear Nicholas—how can you give way thus?"

"It is such bitter reproach to me to know what you have undergone," returned her brother; "to see you so much altered, and yet so kind and patient—God!" cried Nicholas, clenching his fist and suddenly changing his tone and manner, "it sets my whole blood on fire again. You must leave here with me directly; you should not have slept here last night, but that I knew all this too late. To whom can I speak, before we drive away?"

This question was most opportunely put, for at that instant Mr. Witterly walked in, and to him Kate introduced her brother, who at once announced his purpose, and the impossibility of deferring it.

"The quarter's notice," said Mr. Witterly, with the gravity of a man on the right side, "is not yet half expired. Therefore—"

"Therefore," interposed Nicholas, "the quarter's salary must be lost, Sir. You will excuse this extreme haste, but circumstances require that I should immediately remove my sister, and I have not a moment's time to lose. Whatever she brought here I will send for, if you will allow me, in the course of the day."

Mr. Witterly bowed, but offered no opposition to Kate's immediate departure; with which, indeed, he was rather gratified than otherwise, Sir Tumley Snuffin having given it as his opinion, that she rather disagreed with Mrs. Witterly's constitution.

"With regard to the trifle of salary that is due," said Mr. Wititterly, "I will—" here he was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing—"I will—owe it to Miss Nickleby."

Mr. Wititterly, it should be observed, was accustomed to owe small accounts, and to leave them owing. All men have some little pleasant way of their own; and this was Mr. Wititterly's.

"If you please," said Nicholas. And once more offering a hurried apology for so sudden a departure, he hurried Kate into the vehicle, and bade the man drive with all speed into the City.

To the City they went accordingly, with all the speed the hackney-coach could make; and as the horses happened to live at Whitechapel and to be in the habit of taking their breakfast there, when they breakfasted at all, they performed the journey with greater expedition than could reasonably have been expected.

Nicholas sent Kate up-stairs a few minutes before him, that his unlooked-for appearance might not alarm his mother, and when the way had been paved, presented himself with much duty and affection. Newman had not been idle, for there was a little cart at the door, and the effects were hurrying out already.

Now, Mrs. Nickleby was not the sort of person to be told anything in a hurry, or rather to comprehend anything of peculiar delicacy or importance on a short notice. Wherefore, although the good lady had been subjected to a full hour's preparation by little Miss La Creevy, and was now addressed in most lucid terms both by Nicholas and his sister, she was in a state of singular bewilderment and confusion, and could by no means be made to comprehend the necessity of such hurried proceedings.

"Why don't you ask your uncle, my dear Nicholas, what he can possibly mean by it?" said Mrs. Nickleby.

"My dear mother," returned Nicholas, "the time for talking has gone by. There is but one step to take, and that is to cast him off with the scorn and indignation he deserves. Your own honour and good name demand that, after the discovery of his vile proceedings, you should not be beholden to him one hour, even for the shelter of these bare walls."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Nickleby, crying bitterly, "he is a brute, a monster; and the walls are very bare, and want painting too, and I have had this ceiling white-washed at the expense of eighteen pence, which is a very distressing thing, considering that it is so much gone into your uncle's pocket. I never could have believed it—never."

"Nor I, nor anybody else," said Nicholas.

"Lord bless my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby. "To think that that Sir Mulberry Hawk should be such an abandoned wretch as Miss La Creevy says he is, Nicholas, my dear; when I was congratulating myself every day on his being an admirer of our dear Kate's, and thinking what a thing it would be for the family if he was to become connected with us, and use his interest to get you some profitable government place. There are very good places to be got about the court, I know; for the brother of a friend of ours (Miss Cropley, at

Exeter, my dear Kate, you recollect), he had one, and I know that it was the chief part of his duty to wear silk stockings, and a bag wig like a black watch-pocket; and to think that it should come to this after all—oh, dear, dear, it's enough to kill one, that it is!" With which expressions of sorrow, Mrs. Nickleby gave fresh vent to her grief, and wept piteously.

As Nicholas and his sister were by this time compelled to superintend the removal of the few articles of furniture, Miss La Creevy devoted herself to the consolation of the matron, and observed with great kindness of manner that she must really make an effort, and cheer up.

"Oh I dare say, Miss La Creevy," returned Mrs. Nickleby, with a petulance not unnatural in her unhappy circumstances, "it's very easy to say cheer up, but if you had had as many occasions to cheer up as I have had—and there," said Mrs. Nickleby, stopping short, "Think of Mr. Pyke and Mr. Pluck, two of the most perfect gentlemen that ever lived, what am I to say to them—what can I say to them? Why, if I was to say to them, 'I'm told your friend Sir Mulberry is a base wretch,' they'd laugh at me."

"They will laugh no more at us, I take it," said Nicholas, advancing. "Come mother, there is a coach at the door, and until Monday, at all events, we will return to our old quarters."

"—Where every thing is ready, and a hearty welcome into the bargain," added Miss La Creevy. "Now, let me go with you down stairs."

But Mrs. Nickleby was not to be so easily moved, for first she insisted on going up stairs to see that nothing had been left, and then on going down stairs to see that every thing had been taken away; and when she was getting into the coach she had a vision of a forgotten coffee-pot on the back-kitchen hob, and after she was shut in, a dismal recollection of a green umbrella behind some unknown door. At last Nicholas, in a condition of absolute despair, ordered the coachman to drive away, and in the unexpected jerk of a sudden starting, Mrs. Nickleby lost a shilling among the straw, which fortunately confined her attention to the coach until it was too late to remember any thing else.

Having seen every thing safely out, discharged the servant, and locked the door, Nicholas jumped into a cabriolet and drove to a bye place near Golden Square where he had appointed to meet Noggs; and so quickly had every thing been done, that it was barely half past nine when he reached the place of meeting.

"Here is the letter for Ralph," said Nicholas, "and here the key. When you come to me this evening, not a word of last night. All news travels fast, and they will know it soon enough. Have you heard if he was much hurt?"

Newman shook his head.

"I will ascertain that myself without loss of time," said Nicholas.

"You had better take some rest," returned Newman. "You are fevered and ill."

Nicholas waved his hand carelessly, and concealing the indisposition he really felt, now that the excitement which had sustained him was over, took a hurried farewell of Newman Noggs, and left him.

Newman was not three minutes' walk from Golden Square, but in the course of that three minutes he took the letter out of his hat and put it in again twenty times at least. First the front, then the back, then the sides, then the superscription, then the seal, were objects of Newman's admiration. Then he held it at arm's length as if to take in the whole at one delicious survey, and then he rubbed his hands in a perfect ecstasy with his commission.

He reached the office, hung his hat on its accustomed peg, laid the letter and key upon the desk, and waited impatiently until Ralph Nickleby should appear. After a few minutes, the well-known creaking of his boots was heard on the stairs, and then the bell rung.

"Has the post come in?"

"No."

"Any other letters?"

"One." Newman eyed him closely, and laid it on the desk.

"What's this?" asked Ralph, taking up the key.

"Left with the letter;—a boy brought them—quarter of an hour ago, or less."

Ralph glanced at the direction, opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"You are known to me now. There are no reproaches I could heap upon your head which would carry with them one thousandth part of the grovelling shame that this assurance will awaken even in your breast.

"Your brother's widow and her orphan child spurn the shelter of your roof, and shun you with disgust and loathing. Your kindred renounce you, for they know no shame but the ties of blood which bind them in name with you.

"You are an old man, and I leave you to the grave. May every recollection of your life cling to your false heart, and cast their darkness on your death-bed."

Ralph Nickleby read this letter twice, and frowning heavily, fell into a fit of musing; the paper fluttered from his hand and dropped upon the floor, but he clasped his fingers, as if he held it still.

Suddenly, he started from his seat, and thrusting it all crumpled into his pocket, turned furiously to Newman Noggs, as though to ask him why he lingered. But Newman stood unmoved, with his back towards him, following up, with the worn and blackened stump of an old pen, some figures in an Interest-table which was pasted against the wall, and apparently quite abstracted from every other object.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

# RIPPON AND BURTON'S FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSES, 12, WELLS STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

CATALOGUE of ARTICLES, which, if purchased for Town, must be paid for on delivery; if for the Country, or for Exportation, the money must be remitted, postage free, with the order. On any other terms RIPPON & BURTON respectfully decline doing business at the Prices herein named.

## The Frequent ROBBERIES of PLATE

Have induced RIPPON & BURTON to manufacture a SUBSTITUTE for SILVER, possessing all its advantages in point of appearance and durability, at less than one-tenth the cost. Their BRITISH PLATE is of such a superior quality, that it requires the strictest scrutiny to distinguish it from silver, than which it is more durable, every article being made of solid wrought material. It improves with use, and is warranted to stand the test of the strongest of acids—aquafortis.

### BRITISH PLATE.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Fiddle-handle Table Spoons & Forks, per doz. 12s. & 16s 0 | King's Pattern Table Spoons & Forks, per doz. £1 15s 0      |
| Ditto ditto very strong £1 0 0                            | Ditto Dessert ditto do... 1 8 0                             |
| Ditto Dessert Spoons and Forks 10s. & 0 14 0              | Ditto Tea Spoons..... do... 0 15 0                          |
| Ditto ditto very strong 0 16 0                            | Ditto Gravy ditto..... each 0 8 0                           |
| Ditto Tea Spoons..... 5s. & 0 6 0                         | Ditto Fish Knives..... do... 0 13 0                         |
| Ditto ditto very strong..... 0 10 0                       | Ditto Salt and Mustard Spoons do... 0 1 3                   |
| Ditto Gravy Spoons..... each 0 4 0                        | Ditto Soup Ladles..... do... 0 14 0                         |
| Ditto ditto very strong..... 0 5 0                        | Ditto Sauce Ladles..... do... 0 3 6                         |
| Ditto Salt and Mustard Spoons..... 0 0 6                  | Ditto Sugar Tongs..... do... 0 3 0                          |
| Ditto Ditto and ditto, with gilt bowls..... 0 1 0         | Table Candlesticks, 8 inches high.....pe pair 0 16 0        |
| Ditto Sauce Ladles..... 0 1 6                             | Ditto, with gadroon mountings, 8 inches high... 1 0 0       |
| Ditto ditto very strong..... 0 2 0                        | Ditto ditto 10 ditto... 1 5 0                               |
| Ditto Soup Ladles..... 0 8 0                              | Ditto with shell mountings 8 ditto... 1 5 0                 |
| Ditto ditto very strong..... 0 9 0                        | Ditto ditto 10 ditto... 1 10 0                              |
| Ditto Fish Knives..... 0 7 0                              | Ditto Antique Silver pattern 10 ditto... 1 15 0             |
| Ditto Butter Knives..... 0 2 0                            | Chamber Candlesticks, with Snuffers and Ex-                 |
| Ditto Sugar Bows..... per pair 0 1 0                      | tinguisher..... each from 0 9 6                             |
| Ditto ditto very strong..... 0 1 6                        | Snuffers, per pair..... from 5s. 6d. to 0 8 6               |
| Ditto Butter Knives..... 0 9 6                            | Snuffer Trays, with gadroon mountings... each 0 10 6        |
| Ivory handle Fish Knives..... each 0 3 0                  | Do. with shell do. & richly chased centres, 9s. 6d. to 12 0 |
| Ditto ditto..... 0 4 6                                    | Skewers..... per inch 0 0 4                                 |
| Pearl handle ditto..... 0 4 6                             | Handsome modern pattern Teapots, to hold 1 qt. 1 10 0       |
| Round Waiters, with rich shell mountings and              | Newest Silver Pattern ditto..... 2 2 0                      |
| feet, centre elegantly chased, 8 in. diameter             | Coffee Pots, Sugar Basins, and Cream Ewers to match.        |
| Ditto ditto 10 in. ditto... 1 10 0                        | Steak Dishes and Covers, with rich shell                    |
| Ditto ditto 12 in. ditto... 2 2 0                         | mountings and loose handles, per pair..... 3 3 0            |
| Ditto ditto 16 in. ditto... 3 3 0                         | Teakettle, with ivory handle, and with stand                |
| Cruet Frames, with 4 Rich Cut Glasses, Shell              | and spirit lamp..... 6 10 0                                 |
| Mountings and Feet..... each 1 8 0                        | Salt Cellars, richly mounted, with insides gilt,            |
| Ditto ditto 5 Glasses..... 2 0 0                          | per pair..... 0 14 0  |
| Ditto ditto 7 Glasses..... 2 15 0                         |   |
| Liquor Frames, with 3 Richly Cut Glasses..... 3 15 0      |   |
| Decanter Stands, with shell mountings, per pair 1 1 0     |   |
| Bread Baskets, richly chased, and with rich               |   |
| shell mountings..... 2 10 0                               |   |
| Toast Racks..... 0 10 6                                   |   |
| Asparagus Tongs, per pair..... 0 12 0                     |   |

**CAUTION.**—In consequence of the objections so justly urged against the use of the article called German Silver, the Manufacturers of that Metal are now calling it British Plate, although the materials of which it is made remain unchanged. The British Plate manufactured by RIPPON & BURTON UNDERGOES A CHEMICAL PROCESS, by which it is rendered pure, and superior to any other so called.

\* \* From the continual accession of fresh Patterns and Articles, this list is necessarily incomplete. The above may, however, be taken as a criterion of prices, and are always on sale.

### Superior TABLE CUTLERY.

| Every Knife and Fork warranted Steel, and exchanged if not found good. | Table Knives, per doz. | Table Forks, per doz. | Dessert Knives, per doz. | Dessert Forks, per doz. | Carvers, per pair. | The set of 50 pieces. |
|--|------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 3½-inch Octagon Ivory Handles, with Rimmed Shoulders                   | 14s. 0d.               | 7s. 0d.               | 12s. 0d.                 | 6s. 0d.                 | 4s. 6d.            | £2 0s. 0d.            |
| The same size to balance   | 16 0                   | 8 0                   | 14 0                     | 7 0                     | 5 6                | 2 10 0                |
| 3½-inch Octagon Ivory Handles, with Rimmed Shoulders                   | 18 0                   | 9 0                   | 15 0                     | 7 0                     | 6 0                | 2 15 0                |
| The same size to balance   | 21 0                   | 10 6                  | 16 0                     | 8 0                     | 7 6                | 3 0 0                 |
| 4-inch Octagon Ivory Balance Handles                                   | 28 0                   | 14 0                  | 18 0                     | 9 0                     | 8 6                | 3 17 6                |
| 4-inch ditto, with Waterloo Balance Shoulders                          | 28 0                   | 14 0                  | 18 0                     | 9 0                     | 8 6                | 3 17 6                |
| White Bone Octagon shape Handles                                       | 8 8                    | 4 4                   | 6 8                      | 3 4                     | 3 0                | 1 6 0                 |
| Ditto ditto, with Rimmed Shoulders                                     | 11 4                   | 5 8                   | 9 4                      | 4 8                     | 3 6                | 7 14 6                |
| Black Horn Octagon shape Handles                                       | 7 4                    | 3 8                   | 6 0                      | 3 0                     | 2 6                | 1 2 6                 |
| Ditto ditto, with Rimmed Shoulders                                     | 11 4                   | 5 8                   | 9 4                      | 4 8                     | 3 6                | 1 14 6                |
| Very strong Rough Bone Handles   | 7 4                    | 3 8                   | 6 0                      | 3 0                     | 2 0                | 1 2 6                 |
| Black Wood Handles   | 5 4                    | 2 8                   | 4 0                      | 2 0                     | 2 0                | 0 16 0                |
| Oval shape White Bone Handles  | 6 0                    | 3 0                   | 4 0                      | 2 0                     | 2 0                | 0 17 0                |

The Forks priced in the above Scale are all forged Steel. Cast Steel Forks 2s. per doz. less.

Richly Carved Rosewood Cases, containing of Transparent Ivory Handles, with Silver Ferules, 18 Table Knives 18 Dessert Knives, 2 pair of large Carvers, and 1 pair of Poultry or Game Carvers, £10.

January 1st, 1839.





ESTABLISHED 1820.

Rippon & Burton, 12, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London.

3

**FENDERS.**

The immense variety which the Show Rooms contain, and the constant change of patterns of Fenders, render it impossible to give the prices of but a small portion of them. The following Scale, however, may be taken as a guide, and the prices generally will be found about 25 per cent. below any other house whatever.

|  | 3 Feet. | 3 Feet 3. | 3 Feet 6. | 3 Feet 9. | 4 Feet.  |
|--|---------|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| Green, with Brass Top, suitable for Bed Rooms  | 3s. 0d. | 3s. 6d.   | 4s. 0d.   |           |          |
| All Brass  | 9 6     | 10 6      | 12 0      | 13s. 6d.  | 15s. 0d. |
| Black Iron for Dining Rooms or Libraries   | 12 0    | 13 0      | 14 0      | 15 0      | 16 0     |
| Bronzed for ditto  | 15 0    | 16 0      | 17 0      | 18 0      | 19 0     |
| Ditto, with bright Steel Tops  | 18 0    | 20 0      | 21 0      | 23 0      | 25 0     |
| Ditto, very handsome, with Steel Tops and Steel Bottom Moulding                                | 21 0    | 23 0      | 25 0      | 27 0      | 29       |
| Very rich Pattern, with Scroll Centre, Steel Rod and Steel Ends, for Drawing Rooms (all sizes) | ***     | ***       | ***       | from      | 50 0     |
| Green painted Wire Nursery Guard Fenders, Brass Tops, 18 in. high                              | 15 0    | 16 3      | 17 6      | 18 9      | 20 0     |
| Ditto, 24 inches high  | 18 0    | 19 6      | 21 0      | 22 6      | 24 0     |
| Iron Kitchen Fenders, with Sliding Bars  | 6 0     | 6 6       | 7 0       | 7 6       |          |

**STOVES.**

| Inches wide                               | 18      | 20      | 22      | 24      | 26      | 28      | 30       | 32       | 34       | 36       |
|---|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| Elliptic or Rumford Stoves, for Bed Rooms | 6s. 0d. | 6s. 8d. | 7s. 4d. | 8s. 0d. | 8s. 8d. | 9s. 4d. | 10s. 0d. | 10s. 8d. | 11s. 4d. | 12s. 0d. |
| Common half register Stoves               | 9 0     | 10 0    | 11 0    | 12 0    | 13 0    | 14 0    | 15 0     | 16 0     | 17 0     | 18 0     |
| Best do. bold Fronts and Bannister Bars   | -       | -       | -       | -       | -       | -       | -        | 28 0     | 30 0     | 32 0     |
| Register Stoves of superior patterns      | -       | -       | -       | 18 0    | 19 6    | 21 0    | 22 6     | 24 0     | 25 6     | 27 0     |

Register Stoves, fine Cast, 3 feet wide, 2l. 5s., 2l. 10s., and 3l.—Ground Bright Front Register Stoves with Bronzed and Steel Ornaments, and with bright and black bars, 3 feet wide, 4l. 10s., 5l. and 5l. 10s.  
Ironing Stoves for Laundries, complete, with Frame and Ash Pan, 1l. 6s.

**KITCHEN RANGES.**

| To fit an opening of.....  | 3 Ft. 2. | 3 Ft. 4. | 3 Ft. 6. | 4 Ft. | 4 Ft. 4. | 5 Ft. |
|--|----------|----------|----------|-------|----------|-------|
| With Oven and Boiler   | 50s.     | 54s.     | 58s.     |       |          |       |
| Self-acting do. with Oven and Boiler, Sliding Check, and Wrought Iron Bars (recommended) | 90       | 95       | 100      | 110s. | 125s.    | 140s. |

**Iron Saucepans and Tea Kettles.**

|                         | 1 pint.  | 1½ pint. | 1 Quart. | 3 pint. | 2 Quart. | 3 Quart. | 4 Quart. | 6 Quart. | 8 Quart. |
|-------------------------|----------|----------|----------|---------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| Iron Saucepan and Cover | 0s. 11d. | 1s. 1d.  | 1s. 3d.  | 1s. 6d. | 1s. 9d.  | 2s. 2d.  | 2s. 8d.  | 3s. 6d.  | 4s. 0d.  |
| Iron Stepan and Cover   | ...      | ...      | 1 4      | 1 10    | 2 3      | 3 3      | 4 0      | 5 6      | 6 6      |
| Round Iron Tea Kettles  | ...      | ...      | ...      | ...     | 2 9      | 4 3      | 5 0      | 7 0      | 9 0      |
| Oval ditto              | ...      | ...      | ...      | ...     | 3 3      | 4 9      | 5 6      | 7 6      | 9 6      |

**Iron Boiling Pots.**

|  | 2½ Gall. | 3 Gall. | 3½ Gall. | 4 Gall. | 5 Gall.  | 6 Gall.  |
|--|----------|---------|----------|---------|----------|----------|
| Oval Iron Boiling Pot and Cover                          | 5s. 6d.  | 6s. 6d. | 7s. 0d.  | 8s. 6d. | 10s. 0d. | 11s. 6d. |
| Tea Kitchens, or Water Fountains, with Brass Pipe & Cock | 13 0     | 14 0    | 14 6     | 16 0    | 18 6     |          |

**Iron Coal Scoops and Boxes.**

|  | 14 in. long. | 16 in. long. | 18 in. long. |
|--|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Coal Boxes, Japanned, with Covers, ornamented with Gold Lines              | 12s. 0d.     | 14s. 0d.     | 16s. 0d.     |
| Coal Scoops, Iron, for Kitchen Use   | 1 9          | 2 6          | 3 6          |
| Ditto, lined with Zinc, the most serviceable article of the kind ever made | 5 0          | 6 6          | 7 6          |
| Unbright Hods  | 1 9          | 2 6          | 3 6          |

**Japanned Goods.**

| Inches long   | 18      | 20      | 22      | 24      | 26      | 28      | 30      |
|---|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| TEA TRAYS, good common quality  | 1s. 3d. | 1s. 6d. | 1s. 9d. | 2s. 3d. | 2s. 9d. | 3s. 3d. | 3s. 9d. |
| Ditto, best common quality  | 2 6     | 3 0     | 3 6     | 4 6     | 5 6     | 6 0     | 7 0     |
| Ditto, paper shape, black   | 5 6     | 7 0     | 8 0     | 9 6     | 11 0    | 12 6    | 14 0    |
| Ditto, Gothic paper shape, black  | 9 6     | 11 0    | 12 6    | 14 0    | 15 6    | 17 0    | 19 0    |
| Ditto, ditto, Marone, ornamented all over   | 11 0    | 12 6    | 14 0    | 16 0    | 17 6    | 19 0    | 21 0    |
| Bread and Knife Trays, each 9d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. & 2s. 6d.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Middle quality ditto, at 2s. and 2s. 6d.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Best quality ditto, Gothic shape, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. each.                               |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Tea Trays, paper, Gothic shape, in sets of one each of 18, 24, and 30 inches, £5.                   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Ditto, richest patterns, the set, £6. and £7.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Toast Racks, plain black, 1s. 6d. Ornamented, 2s.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Ditto, marone or green, ornamented all over, 2s. 9d.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Cheese Trays, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., and 3s. 6d.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Snuffer Trays, 6d., 9d., 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Paper ditto, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Paper Decanter Stands, plain black, 3s. 6d. per pair.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Ditto, ditto, red, 4s. per pair.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Ditto, ornamented black or marone, 4s. 6d. per pair.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Plate Warmers, upright shape, with Gilt lines, 21s.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Ditto, long shape, £1. 5s.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Toilet Cans and Toilet Pails, 7s. 6d. each.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Chamber Slop Pails, japanned green outside and red inside, small, 3s.; middle, 4s.; large, 5s. 6d.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Chamber Candlesticks, complete with Snuffers and Extinguisher, 6d. Ditto, better, 9d. to 3s.        |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Cash Boxes, with Tumbler Locks, small size, 5s. 6d.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Ditto, ditto, middle size, 6s. 6d.; large size, 7s. 6d.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Ditto ditto, with Patent Locks, 10s. 6d.  |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Deed Boxes, Japanned Brown, with Locks, 12 inches long, 11s.; 14 in. 15s.; 16 in. 18s.; 18 in. 21s. |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Candle Boxes, 1s. 4d. each.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Candle or Rush Safes, 2s. 6d. each.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Cinder Pails or Sifters, Japanned Brown, 11s. each.   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |





# STEEL PENS.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT,**  
**STEEL PEN MANUFACTURER,**  
 AND PATENTEE OF THE  
 ELONGATED EQUI-POINTED METALLIC PEN,  
 59, *Newhall Street and Graham Street,*  
**BIRMINGHAM.**  
 WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION.

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

The Patentee is proud to acknowledge, that a discerning public has paid the most gratifying tribute to his humble, though useful labours, by a demand for his pens far exceeding his highest expectations.

The number of steel pens manufactured at Joseph Gillott's Works, from October, 1837, to October, 1838,  
 was **35,808,452**  
 or **2,984,037**  $\frac{2}{3}$  dozens.  
 or **248,659** gross, **9** dozen and **8** pens.

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

Manufactured by Joseph Gillott, at his Works, 59, Newhall Street, and Graham Street, Birmingham, and may be had of all stationers and other respectable dealers in steel pens throughout the kingdom.

Fearson, Printer, 36, Bishopsgate Street Within.



# STREET

## JOHN

STREET

AND

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