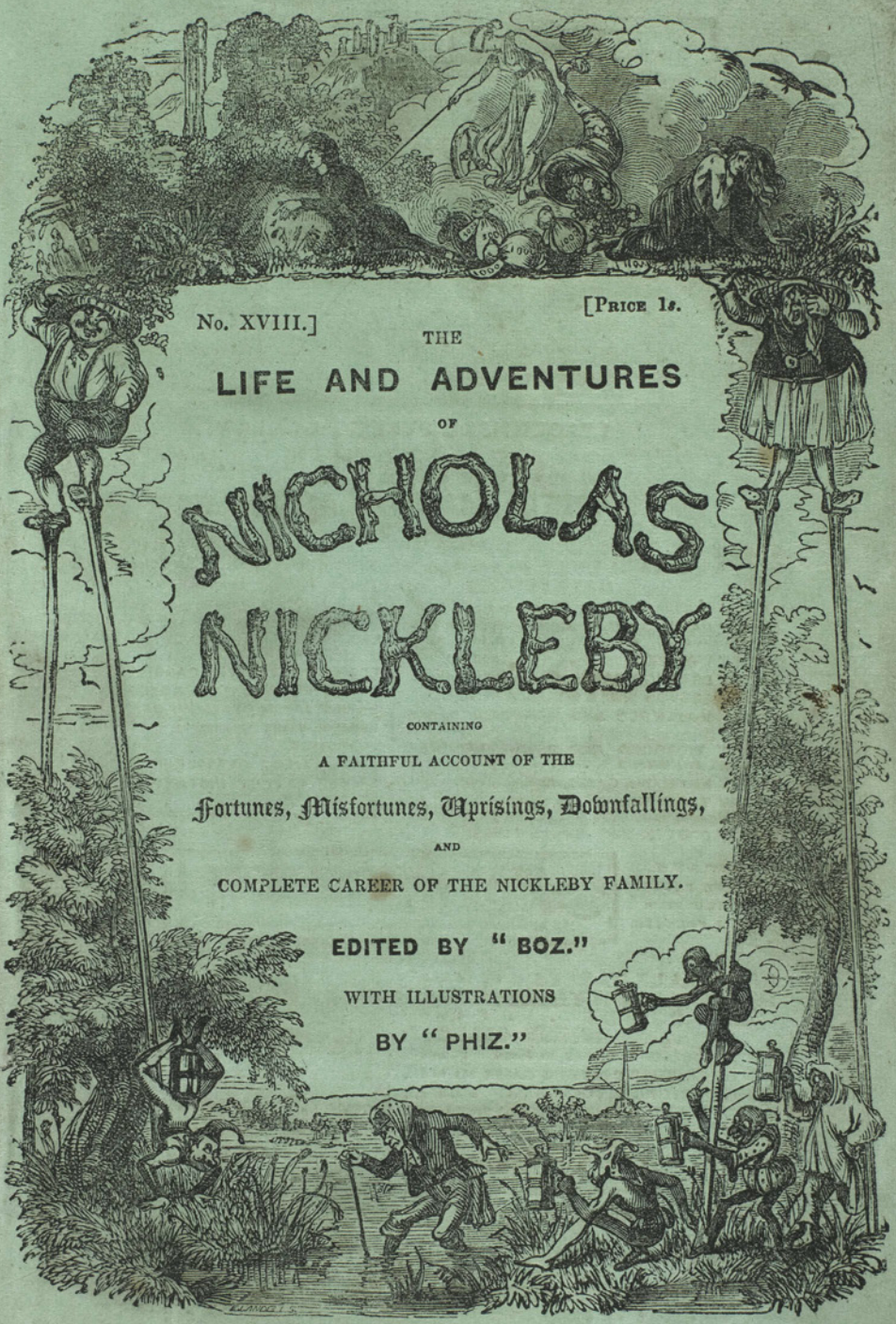

No. XVIII.] [Price 1*s*.

THE

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OF

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CONTAINING

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AND

COMPLETE CAREER OF THE NICKLEBY FAMILY.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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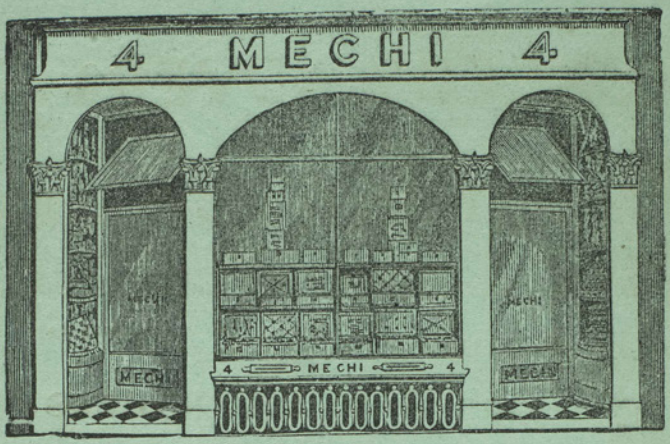

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LADIES' CARD CASES, in Pearl, Ivory, and Tortoiseshell . . . . . 10*s.* to 5*l.* each.
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GENT.'S SILVER AND IVORY SHAVING BRUSHES In elegant Patterns.
GENT.'S SILVER AND SHELL TABLETS.

MECHI, 4, LEADENHALL ST LONDON. MECHI,

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

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

No. XVIII.—September 1, 1839.

THE NICKLEBY ADVERTISER.

MR. MOON, Her Majesty's Publisher and Printseller, 20, Threadneedle Street, London, has the honour to announce his intention to publish the following IMPORTANT ENGRAVINGS.

THE WATERLOO BANQUET,
AT APSLEY HOUSE.

From a Picture by WILLIAM SALTER, Esq., Member of the Academies of Florence, Rome, &c

Mr. Moon has the distinguished honour to announce that Mr. Salter, who has been so long and anxiously engaged on this great and interesting National Picture, received from his Grace the Duke of Wellington the exclusive privilege of being present at the recent Banquet, with a view to its completion. Proofs before the Letters, 15*l.* 15*s.*; Proofs, 12*l.* 12*s.*; Prints, 10*l.* 10*s.*

From the Times.—The room in which the banquet is held, is in the picture an exact copy of the real apartment. The numerous paintings in the possession of his Grace, which decorate the walls of the apartment itself, are in the representation in Mr. Salter's picture all faithfully copied; and the details of furniture, the candelabra, the superb plateau, &c., are all elaborately set forth. The numerous portraits are good likenesses of the originals; indeed, the eye of the spectator discovers without difficulty the face of every individual, and recognises the closeness of its resemblance to the features with which he is familiar ... The engravings will be most interesting records and excellent illustrations of the great day of victory which resulted from the talents, valour, and military skill of the illustrious Duke and his companions on the field of battle.

From the Morning Chronicle.—The subject is an extremely bold and difficult one, but Mr. Salter has treated it with consummate skill, and his success may be said to be complete. A masterly style of composition has enabled him at once to preserve the order of the table, and yet to overcome the unpleasantness of straight lines in the arrangement of his figures. The dinner has been eaten, the dishes have been removed, dessert and wines have followed, the table is laden with the costly plate which grateful nations have heaped upon the invincible defender of their liberties and independence—the veteran chief himself has risen to address that remnant of his old companions in arms (upwards of sixty in number), who, surviving the shock of a hundred battles, are still left unvanquished by the hand of time. The stiffness of the party has relaxed—the chairs have somewhat receded from the table—the old warriors have grouped themselves in knots (here the mastery of the composition, aided by the fine perspective, is most conspicuously evinced), and are either attentively listening to their illustrious host, or engaged in earnest and brief conversation amongst themselves. There is a wonderful reality in the picture. The likenesses are positively startling.

Mr. Moon has felt himself compelled to address the following Circular to the various Noblemen and other Officers who have sat to the Artist for their Portraits for this great Picture.

20, Threadneedle-street.

My Lord,—Mr. Salter's Painting of the Waterloo Banquet is now, after several years' labour, nearly completed; and as you have done the Artist the honour of sitting for your Portrait, will you allow me, as his Publisher, to solicit the favour of your Autograph, Coat of Arms, and proper Style and Titles, to prevent any mistake occurring in the due description of the distinguished individuals who are there represented? Will you, my Lord, at the same time, permit me to avail myself of the opportunity which this application affords, for laying before your Lordship the following facts?

The high honour of the valuable and exclusive privilege granted by his Grace the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Salter, has not prevented certain unscrupulous individuals from pirating the subject originally conceived by that gentleman, (the Anniversary, at Apsley House, of the Victory of Waterloo,) even while it is yet in his Study,—a proceeding hitherto held by Artists, who have any sense of justice and good faith, to be most dishonourable. No excuse can fairly be admitted, for receiving and executing a commission from any Publisher to do a thing so unusual and so unworthy. The very title, so far as these parties have dared to copy it, has been adopted, in order to deceive the Public, and in the hope of obtaining patronage, by means of misrepresentation, for a work which is without authority, and was never heard of until Mr. Salter had long been occupied upon his picture, and my advertisements had been some time before the public.

Permit me, my Lord, to state that I have entered into very heavy engagements for a Print from Mr. Salter's grand work, in the confidence that the Artist's original thought would be held sacred by his brother artists, and the belief that this most interesting and national subject was one which every Englishman would gladly see thus commemorated by the Painter. This fact, coupled with the circumstances of the very glaring attempt at piracy, which is now in the course of being carried into effect, to the serious injury of the original Painter and his Publisher, have obliged me, my Lord, in self-defence, to issue the following Advertisement:—

Mr. Moon, of 20, Threadneedle-street, who has no connexion whatever with any other Publishing House in London, begs to caution his friends and the public against any spurious publication, purporting to represent the Waterloo Heroes at Apsley House celebrating the Anniversary of the great Battle.

Mr. Salter alone has been authorised, by His Grace the Duke of Wellington, to paint the 'Waterloo Banquet' at Apsley House; and for this purpose he has been afforded every facility by His Grace, by the Commander-in-Chief, and by upwards of seventy Officers, who have expressly sat to Mr. Salter for their Portraits.

Begging leave to apologise for this intrusion upon your valuable time, I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

FRAS. GRAH. MOON.

Nearly ready for publication, the last Portrait of

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

In the MILITARY UNDRESS of a FIELD MARSHAL, as worn in Action.
Painted by J. SIMPSON, Esq., and Engraving in Mezzotint by B. P. GIBBON.
Price to Subscribers: Prints, 12*s.*; Proofs, 21*s.*; Proofs before Letters, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

London: F. G. MOON, Her Majesty's Publisher and Printseller in Ordinary, 20, Threadneedle-street.

TO ANGLERS—GOLDEN PERCH.

THAMES ANGLING.—4-joint Hickory Roach and Barbel Rods, with two tops, for punt fishing, 15s.; 3-joint Bamboo Rods, 2s. each; 4-joint do. Walking-stick Rods, 4s.; 4-joint best plain Fly Rods, 11s.; 4-joint best Fly Rods, with two tops, winch fittings, socket, spear, landing-handle, and partition-bag, 20s.; 4-joint do. Salmon Rod, do. do. do., 18 feet long, 34s.; 6-joint do. General Rods, 5 tops, do. do. do. 30s.; Patent Taper Lines, 1d. per yard; the best London-made do., 20 yards, 3s.; do. 40 yards, 6s.; Town-made plain Winches from 1s. 6d.; do. multiplying do., from 4s.; Pocket Fishing Stools, 2s. 6d; Eel line, 40 yards long, and 30 hooks, 1s.; Fly-cases, from 1s. 6d.; the best Flies that can be dressed on the Limerick bend hooks, 2s. per dozen, either selected from 300 gross, or dressed to pattern. Patent Taper Quill Floats for Rod fishing, from 6d. each. Catalogues of Prices of several hundred articles, with the Young Angler's Instructor, containing 14 Woodcuts, gratis, on application, or forwarded, in answer to a post-paid letter. Orders from the country, with a remittance, punctually attended to, and any article exchanged if not approved of.—J. CHEEK, Golden Perch, 52, Strand.

PATENT FIRE-PROOF SAFES.—CHARLES CHUBB begs to state that he has on sale several very large Wrought-iron and Patent Fire-proof Safes, fitted up in the most complete manner, for Books, Deeds, Plate, &c., and secured by his Patent Detector Locks. The inspection of these safes by Bankers, and all persons who wish for secure depositories for their property, is respectfully solicited. Patent Detector Locks and Latches, Iron Doors, Deed Boxes, Cash Boxes, &c., of all sizes.

C. CHUBB, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.
C. CHUBB and SON, 3, St. Mary's Gate, Manchester.
C. CHUBB, Jun., Lord-street, Liverpool.

THE CELEBRATED TALISMANIC RAZOR and PENKNIFE RENOVATOR, price 1s. The Public are respectfully informed, that the above incomparable Shaving Assistant, &c., is sold by Messrs. Johnston, 68, Cornhill; Rigge, 65, Cheapside; Green, 168, Oxford-street; Brewster, 40, Bond-street; Lee, 226, Regent-street; Stephenson, 12 Parliament-street; Woodman, 46, Piccadilly; Ollivier, 59, Pall-mall; Bentley, 280, Holborn; Sharpe, 65, Haymarket; Griffin, 182, Strand, &c.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, and Neuralgic Affections, effectually cured by One or Two Doses of Dr. Davis' Restorative Mixture, which invaluable Medicine relieves the most excruciating pain, with the greatest safety to the sufferer; avoiding the baneful effects often produced by an indiscriminate use of the colchicum, or meadow saffron, frequently contained in other Gout Medicines.

Sold in bottles, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., for the Proprietor, by William Shilliter, High-street, Birmingham: Barclay and Sous, Farringdon-street; Edwards, 56, St. Paul's Church-yard; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; and all respectable Medicine Venders.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS COATS.

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

FLOOR-CLOTH WAREHOUSE, 253, Strand, near Temple Bar. Established 1815. JOHN WILSON begs respectfully to remind the Public, that he continues to supply THE BEST Floor Cloth at the very lowest price at which it can be manufactured. His present stock comprises every width, from half-yard to eight yards wide, without seam, in the greatest variety of pattern, and warranted thoroughly seasoned. A second quality may be had at 2s. 6d. the square yard, cut to any size or plan.

DIET.—NERVOUS and BILIOUS DISORDERS speedily and permanently CURED by a system of Diet adapted to the respective cases, without the aid of medicine.—INDIGESTION, with its consequences, and all other disorders in any degree depending on the state of the Bile, cured on the same principle.—Apply by letter to Mr. W. BROWN, Midhurst, Sussex, to whom a remittance for advice may be made, by a post-office order from any part of the kingdom, on which a letter may be written.—Mr. B. occasionally comes to town to see patients, but correspondence, detailing cases, is in general sufficient.

METCALFE'S NEW & ORIGINAL PATTERN OF TOOTH BRUSH,

MADE on the most scientific principle, and patronised by the most eminent of the faculty. This celebrated brush will search thoroughly into the divisions of the teeth, and will clean in the most effectual and extraordinary manner. Metcalfe's Tooth Brushes are famous for being made on a plan that the hairs never come loose in the mouth. An improved Clothes Brush, that cleans in a third part of the usual time, and incapable of injuring the finest nap. A newly-invented Brush for cleaning Velvet with quick and satisfactory effect. The much-approved Flesh Brushes, as recommended by the faculty. Penetrating Hair Brushes, with the durable unbleached Russian bristles, that do not soften in washing or use like common hair; and combs of all descriptions.—At Metcalfe's, 130, Oxford-st., nearly opposite Hanover-sq.

which does not wash off. This novel article is universally admired; it sticks firm and close for several days, through all the necessary washing of the hands and face, obviating the inconvenience of the continual renewing so justly complained of in the old Court Plaster. Sold at Prout's Perfumery Warehouse, 229, Strand, seventh house from Temple Bar; and by at least one Druggist in every town in the Kingdom. Price 6d. per packet.

THOS HARRIS & SON'S

Improved Achromatic Telescopes.

are warranted to be *unequalled* in quality by any other house at the prices noted below.

	£	s.	d.
A Pocket Telescope to show objects 8 miles off	0	18	0
A Pocket Telescope to show objects 12 miles off	1	10	0
A Pocket Telescope to show objects 16 miles off	2	2	0
A Pocket Telescope to show objects 20 miles off	4	0	0

N.B. A distant object to test them with. Thos. Harris and Son, Opticians to the Royal Family, 52, Great Russell-street, opposite the British Museum, established 60 years. No other connexion.

IMPORTANT CASE.

TO MESSRS. MORISON, BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH, LONDON.

Crewkerne, July 23 1839.

GENTLEMEN,—Again has the pleasing duty devolved on me to record, at the express desire of the undersigned, another undoubted demonstration of the superior efficacy of your system, and of your invaluable medicines, which are founded thereon. I will give the case without further preface, as delivered to me by Elizabeth Wetheral herself, in the presence of her husband, and of the attesting witness. I beg to assure you, gentlemen, that I am ever most faithfully yours,

HARRIET BEANHAM.

STATEMENT OF CURE MADE BY ELIZABETH WETHERAL, OF HINTON ST. GEORGE, SOMERSET.

It is now eleven years ago that I was laid up many months from the effects of a severe chill, having scarlet fever at the same time, in consequence of which I became so dangerously ill, that my life was not expected from day to day. In this illness I was attended by two medical gentlemen, who were very kind and attentive to me; but the complaint having fallen into my legs, my sufferings were extreme, and nothing seemed to relieve them. The veins in my legs were so swollen, that they were frightful to look at; and in spite of bandages, fomentations, rubbing in mercurial ointment on the swollen parts, leeches, &c. &c., besides being salivated inwardly with mercury, and being almost continually bled with the lancet, with vast quantities of medicines taken under the direction of the first and most esteemed medical men. I found no benefit, but grew worse and worse. I was afterwards two months in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London, and left it as an incurable person. I had now no hope of ever being better, and continued in this sad condition several years, suffering most severely, month after month, with nothing that could relieve me. I was at last persuaded to try Morison's Pills, and began them in small doses, increasing them, as my constitution could bear them, from five to ten, and sometimes from ten to twenty, and even forty pills, decreasing again, and so changing my doses, according to a greater or a smaller number, every night. At this time my legs were covered with the most frightful ulcers, and I could ill afford the bread which was required for the poultices. After persevering with the medicines, however, for five or six months, the ulcers began to heal, and in the course of twelve months they were all entirely cured. I now desire to testify, and can solemnly declare, that I am in the most perfect health, and that I attribute my being so entirely, under the blessing of God, to Morison's Pills, which I took every night for one whole year. I have now not a spot or blemish on my legs, nor have I had any for the last three years past. I wish to give this statement to Mrs. Beanham, who attended me during my great affliction, and I request her to publish it for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, and in justice to Mr. Morison's valuable medicines.

Signed by me, ELIZABETH WETHERAL.

Delivered to Mrs. Beanham in the presence of Joseph Wetheral, the husband, and witnessed by Susan Collins.

Hinton St. George, Somerset, July 15th, 1839.

The Public are cautioned against spurious imitations. None can be genuine unless the words "Morison's Universal Medicines" are engraved on the government stamp affixed to each box, in white letters upon a red ground.

British College of Health, Hamilton-place, New-road, London, August, 1839.

WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION.

V. R.

JOSEPH GILLOTT,

PATENT STEEL PEN MANUFACTURER,

59, NEWHALL STREET & GRAHAM STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

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

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

was 35,808,452
or 2,984,037 2-3rds dozens
or 248.669 gross, 9 dozen and 8 Pens.

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

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

☞ NONE ARE GENUINE BUT THOSE MARKED IN FULL **JOSEPH GILLOTT.**

Sold by all Stationers and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens throughout the Kingdom.

THE NEW LIGHT FIELD HAT.

GENTLEMEN Sportsmen should provide themselves with a Brazilian Hat to keep their heads cool and comfortable on a long day, either Shooting or Cricketing, or any field exercise; and also for the Coast, Aquatic Excursions, visiting the Continent, &c. Manufactured by THOMAS WALLER, Luton, Bedfordshire; and sold retail by most Hatters, Drapers, and Straw-hat manufacturers in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

NEEDLES.—"A great improvement in the manufacture of these important articles has recently been made by Mr. Walker, who has invented a needle possessing, with the most beautifully tapered form, an unusual and amazing strength, and, above all, a new finish, which prevents their great liability to rust, and enables them to work with a freedom hitherto unknown; they possess the greatest elasticity, yet the hardness and brilliant smoothness of their surface can be equalled only by that of a diamond."—*Court Journal*, April 12, 1834.—These unrivalled NEEDLES, which do not cut the thread, are put up in the usual manner, or in the Victoria cases, containing 100, 500, or 1,000 needles, either of which forms a most pleasing present. These cases are decorated in a variety of colours, with the following devices in relief, engraved by one of our first artists:—A HEAD OF HER MAJESTY, surrounded with an elegant scroll work; a bust of ditto; AN EQUESTRIAN FIGURE of ditto: a royal crown, surrounded with the shamrock, rose, and thistle, &c. The resemblance of OUR YOUTHFUL QUEEN is most striking, and universally admitted to be the best published. The name "H. Walker" on each label will prevent others of a different character being mistaken for them. Sold by almost every respectable dealer.—H. WALKER, 20, Maiden-lane, Wood-street.

THE GOLDEN PERCH, 52, STRAND.

THE CHEAPEST RIDING-WHIP MANUFACTORY IN THE WORLD. Strong Riding Whips, 1s. each; Ladies' best Town-made, with Patent Braided Whalebone Handles, 5s.; Jockey size do. do., from 6s.; Ladies' do. do., with solid silver mountings, from 6s. 6d.; Jockey size do do, from 8s.; Ladies' do. do., with handsomely worked solid silver wire buttons, from 10s.; Jockey size do. do. do., from 12s. Can be selected from the largest assortment in London, or forwarded in answer to a post-paid letter, with a remittance, and exchanged if not approved of.

J. CHEEK, Golden Perch, 52, Strand.

LAMING'S TASTELESS EFFERVESCING CHELTENHAM SALTS constitutes one of the safest and best aperients in existence, and, in consequence of the composition being well known to the Faculty, it is personally used by many medical men. It will be found particularly beneficial in removing bilious derangements, which are liable to attack every person during hot weather, and which so frequently lead to dangerous diseases. "No traveller should be without them"—*Brockedon's Italy*. "I do strongly recommend them as including the best circumstances pertaining to the Cheltenham waters."—*Dr. Birkbeck*. Sold in bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s., and 10s., by R. E. DEAR, 89, Bishopsgate, and all respectable chemists.

HOSIERY.

POPE and Co. have removed from 28, Friday Street, to 4, *Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.*

THEY continue to manufacture every description of HOSIERY, in the old-fashioned substantial manner, the greatest attention being paid to *Elasticity and Durability*.—Orders and Patterns to be forwarded to 4, Waterloo Place, or to their manufactory, Mount Street, Nottingham.

ROE'S PATENT WATER-CLOSET. No. 69, STRAND.

MR. HARDWICK begs to acquaint Mr. ROE, that he is quite satisfied with the Water-closets which have been fitted up at the New Schools in the Parish of St. Marylebone, with Mr. Roe's "Patent Water-closet Basin:" and that it is his intention to have them used in the Hotels erecting in Euston Grove, opposite the London and Birmingham Railway entrance.—Russell-square, March 8, 1839.

BRIDGENORTH HOUSE.

CARPET & FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTURERS.

THE Cheapest House in London! (for the best Quality.) A most splendid Assortment of Elegant and New Designs in Brussels, Kidderminster, Damask, and Venetian Carpets. Hearth Rugs, Floor Cloths, & General Furnishing Warehouse—At Element, Collins, and Knight's, 273, High Holborn, opposite Red Lion-street. Families furnishing, are particularly requested to inspect their immense stock.

NASCITUR FLAMMANS ET MORITUR FLAMMANS.

By the King's Royal Letters Patent.

JONESS PROMETHEANS.—The advantages the Prometheans possess over all other instantaneous lights are their extreme simplicity and durability, as neither time nor climate can impair their original quality: they are composed of a small glass bulb hermetically sealed, containing about a quarter of a drop of sulphuric acid, encompassed by a composition of the chlorate of potash, enclosed in wax papers or wax tapers; the latter will burn sufficiently long to admit of sealing two or three letters. The Prometheans being pleasant to use, and never failing of their purpose, they are rendered nearly as cheap as the common Lucifers. To be had of all respectable chemists, &c., or at the Manufactory, 201, Strand.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

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

COMFORT IN THE RAIN,

FREE from risk or inconvenience, will be fully realised in the new WATERPROOF CODRINGTON FROCKS. In appearance they are highly respectable, and, while completely impervious to rain, offer no obstruction to the free escape of perspiration. This desideratum, in thus rendering clothing waterproof, was first introduced to the public by W. BERDOE, who has received the most ample testimonials of its complete success, and is convinced that the process of the British Waterproofing Company is the best. A great variety of waterproof articles, suitable for all climates and purposes, kept by WALTER BERDOE, TAILOR, 69, CORNHILL.

First-rate Clothing of every description made to order.

*** A Show-Room for Waterproof Clothing.

GOWLAND'S LOTION.

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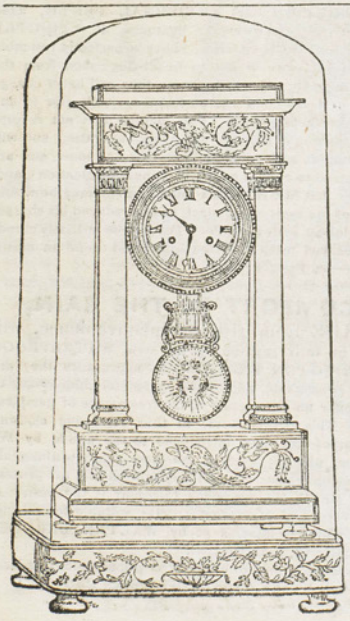

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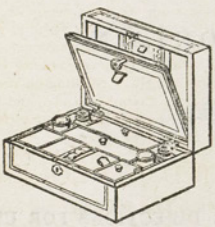

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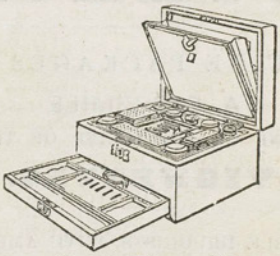

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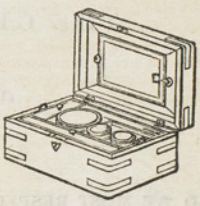

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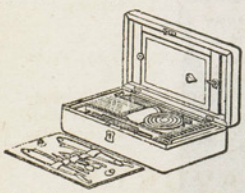

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One Guinea Dressing Case,
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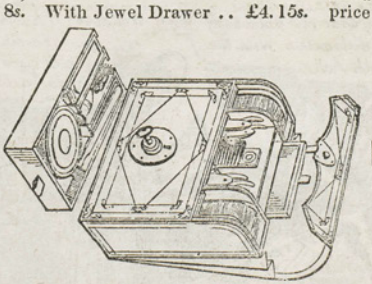

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186, Strand.
September, 1839.

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Messrs. Chapman & Hall have the pleasure of announcing that they have completed arrangements with Mr. Charles Dickens for the publication of

A NEW WORK,

ON AN ENTIRELY NEW PLAN.

The first number of this work will appear in March next.

COMPLETION OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

Subscribers are informed that Nos. XIX. and XX., being the completion of Nicholas Nickleby, will be published together on the 30th of September, and will contain a Portrait of the Author, engraved by Mr. Wm. Finden, from an original painting by D. Maclise, Esq., A.R.A.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ,"

THE HAND-BOOK OF SWINDLING.

BY THE LATE

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"A man he was to all the country *dear*."—GOLDSMITH.

EDITED BY JOHN JACKDAW.

* * "When 'HAND-BOOKS' devoted to the lighter elegances, nay, to the frivolities, of life, are every day poured down upon a thankful generation, it would indeed be to incur the charge of poltroonery to doubt the brilliant success of the present essay.

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CHAPTER LV.

OF FAMILY MATTERS, CARES, HOPES, DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND SORROWS.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Nickleby had been made acquainted by her son and daughter with every circumstance of Madeline Bray's history which was known to them; although the responsible situation in which Nicholas stood had been carefully explained to her, and she had been prepared even for the possible contingency of having to receive the young lady in her own house—improbable as such a result had appeared only a few minutes before it came about—still, Mrs. Nickleby, from the moment when this confidence was first reposed in her late on the previous evening, had remained in an unsatisfactory and profoundly mystified state, from which no explanations or arguments could relieve her, and which every fresh soliloquy and reflection only aggravated more and more.

"Bless my heart, Kate," so the good lady argued, "if the Mr. Cheerybles don't want this young lady to be married, why don't they file a bill against the Lord Chancellor, make her a chancery ward, and shut her up in the Fleet prison for safety—I have read of such things in the newspapers a hundred times; or, if they are so very fond of her as Nicholas says they are, why don't they marry her themselves—one of them I mean. And even supposing they don't want her to be married, and don't want to marry her themselves, why in the name of wonder should Nicholas go about the world forbidding people's banns?"

"I don't think you quite understand," said Kate, gently.

"Well I am sure, Kate, my dear, you're very polite," replied Mrs. Nickleby. "I have been married myself I hope, and I have seen other people married. Not understand, indeed!"

"I know you have had great experience, dear mama," said Kate; "I mean that perhaps you don't quite understand all the circumstances in this instance. We have stated them awkwardly, I dare say."

"That I dare say you have," retorted her mother, briskly. "That's very likely. I am not to be held accountable for that; though at the same time, as the circumstances speak for themselves, I shall take the liberty, my love, of saying that I do understand them, and perfectly well too, whatever you and Nicholas may choose to think to the contrary. Why is such a great fuss made because this Miss Magdalen is going to marry somebody who is older than herself? Your poor papa was older than I was—four years and a half older. Jane Dibabs—the Dibabses lived in the beautiful little thatched white house one story high, covered all over with ivy and creeping plants, with an exquisite little porch with twining honeysuckles and all sorts of things, where the earwigs used to fall into one's tea on a summer evening, and always fell upon their backs and kicked dreadfully, and where the frogs used to get into the rushlight shades when one stopped all night, and sit up

and look through the little holes like Christians—Jane Dibabs, *she* married a man who was a great deal older than herself, and would marry him notwithstanding all that could be said to the contrary, and she was so fond of him that nothing was ever equal to it. There was no fuss made about Jane Dibabs, and her husband was a most honourable and excellent man, and everybody spoke well of him. Then why should there be any fuss about this Magdalen?"

"Her husband is much older; he is not her own choice, his character is the very reverse of that which you have just described. Don't you see a broad distinction between the two cases?" said Kate.

To this Mrs. Nickleby only replied that she durst say she was very stupid, indeed she had no doubt she was, for her own children almost as much as told her so every day of her life; to be sure she was a little older than they, and perhaps some foolish people might think she ought reasonably to know best. However, no doubt she was wrong, of course she was—she always was—she couldn't be right, indeed—couldn't be expected to be—so she had better not expose herself any more; and to all Kate's conciliations and concessions for an hour ensuing, the good lady gave no other replies than—Oh, certainly—why did they ask *her*—*her* opinion was of no consequence—it didn't matter what *she* said—with many other rejoinders of the same class.

In this frame of mind (expressed when she had become too resigned for speech, by nods of the head, upliftings of the eyes, and little beginnings of groans, converted as they attracted attention into short coughs), Mrs. Nickleby remained until Nicholas and Kate returned with the object of their solicitude; when, having by this time asserted her own importance, and becoming besides interested in the trials of one so young and beautiful, she not only displayed the utmost zeal and solicitude, but took great credit to herself for recommending the course of procedure which her son had adopted; frequently declaring with an expressive look, that it was very fortunate things were *as* they were, and hinting, that but for great encouragement and wisdom on her own part, they never could have been brought to that pass.

Not to strain the question whether Mrs. Nickleby had or had not any great hand in bringing matters about, it is unquestionable that she had strong ground for exultation. The brothers, upon their return, bestowed such commendations upon Nicholas for the part he had taken, and evinced so much joy at the altered state of events and the recovery of their young friend from trials so great and dangers so threatening, that, as she more than once informed her daughter, she now considered the fortunes of the family "as good as" made. Mr. Charles Cheeryble, indeed, Mrs. Nickleby positively asserted had, in the first transports of his surprise and delight, "as good as" said so, and without precisely explaining what this qualification meant, she subsided, whenever she mentioned the subject, into such a mysterious and important state, and had such visions of wealth and dignity in perspective, that (vague and clouded though they were) she was at such times almost as happy as if she had really been permanently provided for on a scale of great splendour, and all her cares were over.

The sudden and terrible shock she had received, combined with the great affliction and anxiety of mind which she had for a long time endured, proved too much for Madeline's strength. Recovering from the state of stupefaction into which the sudden death of her father happily plunged her, she only exchanged that condition for one of dangerous and active illness. When the delicate physical powers which have been sustained by an unnatural strain upon the mental energies and a resolute determination not to yield, at last give way, their degree of prostration is usually proportionate to the strength of the effort which has previously upheld them. Thus it was that the illness which fell on Madeline was of no slight or temporary nature, but one which for a time threatened her reason, and—scarcely worse—her life itself.

Who, slowly recovering from a disorder so severe and dangerous, could be insensible to the unremitting attentions of such a nurse as gentle, tender, earnest Kate? On whom could the sweet soft voice, the light step, the delicate hand, the quiet, cheerful, noiseless discharge of those thousand little offices of kindness and relief which we feel so deeply when we are ill, and forget so lightly when we are well—on whom could they make so deep an impression as on a young heart stored with every pure and true affection that women cherish; almost a stranger to the endearments and devotion of its own sex, save as it learnt them from itself; and rendered by calamity and suffering keenly susceptible of the sympathy so long unknown and so long sought in vain? What wonder that days became as years in knitting them together? What wonder, if with every hour of returning health, there came some stronger and sweeter recognition of the praises which Kate, when they recalled old scenes—they seemed old now, and to have been acted years ago—would lavish on her brother; where would have been the wonder even if those praises had found a quick response in the breast of Madeline, and if, with the image of Nicholas so constantly recurring in the features of his sister that she could scarcely separate the two, she had sometimes found it equally difficult to assign to each the feelings they had first inspired, and had imperceptibly mingled with her gratitude to Nicholas, some of that warmer feeling which she had assigned to Kate?

"My dear," Mrs. Nickleby would say, coming into the room with an elaborate caution, calculated to discompose the nerves of an invalid rather more than the entry of a horse-soldier at full gallop; "how do you find yourself to-night. I hope you are better?"

"Almost well, mama," Kate would reply, laying down her work, and taking Madeline's hand in hers.

"Kate!" Mrs. Nickleby would say, reprovingly, "don't talk so loud" (the worthy lady herself talking in a whisper that would have made the blood of the stoutest man run cold in his veins).

Kate would take this reproof very quietly, and Mrs. Nickleby, making every board creak, and every thread rustle as she moved stealthily about, would add—

"My son Nicholas has just come home, and I have come, according to custom, my dear, to know from your own lips exactly how you are, for he won't take my account, and never will."

"He is later than usual to-night," perhaps Madeline would reply. "Nearly half an hour."

"Well, I never saw such people in all my life as you are for time up here!" Mrs. Nickleby would exclaim in great astonishment; "I declare I never did! I had not the least idea that Nicholas was after his time—not the smallest. Mr. Nickleby used to say—your poor papa I am speaking of, Kate my dear—used to say that appetite was the best clock in the world, but you have no appetite, my dear Miss Bray, I wish you had, and upon my word I really think you ought to take something that would give you one; I am sure I don't know, but I have heard that two or three dozen native lobsters give an appetite, though that comes to the same thing after all, for I suppose you must have an appetite before you can take 'em. If I said lobsters, I meant oysters, but of course it's all the same, though really how you came to know about Nicholas——"

"We happened to be just talking about him, mama; that was it."

"You never seem to me to be talking about anything else, Kate, and upon my word I am quite surprised at your being so very thoughtless. You can find subjects enough to talk about sometimes, and when you know how important it is to keep up Miss Bray's spirits, and interest her and all that, it really is quite extraordinary to me what can induce you to keep on prose, prose, prose, din, din, din, everlastingly upon the same theme. You are a very kind nurse, Kate, and a very good one, and I know you mean very well; but I will say this—that if it wasn't for me, I really don't know what would become of Miss Bray's spirits, and so I tell the doctor every day. He says he wonders how I sustain my own, and I am sure I very often wonder myself how I can contrive to keep up as I do. Of course it's an exertion, but still, when I know how much depends upon me in this house, I am obliged to make it. There's nothing praiseworthy in that, but it's necessary, and I do it."

With that, Mrs. Nickleby would draw up a chair, and for some three quarters of an hour run through a great variety of distracting topics in the most distracting manner possible: tearing herself away at length on the plea that she must now go and amuse Nicholas while he took his supper. After a preliminary raising of his spirits with the information that she considered the patient decidedly worse, she would further cheer him up by relating how dull, listless, and low-spirited Miss Bray was, because Kate foolishly talked about nothing else but him and family matters. When she had made Nicholas thoroughly comfortable with these and other inspiriting remarks, she would discourse at length on the arduous duties she had performed that day, and sometimes be moved to tears in wondering how, if anything were to happen to herself, the family would ever get on without her.

At other times when Nicholas came home at night, he would be accompanied by Mr. Frank Cheeryble, who was commissioned by the brothers to inquire how Madeline was that evening. On such occasions (and they were of very frequent occurrence), Mrs. Nickleby deemed it of particular importance that she should have her wits about her; for

from certain signs and tokens which had attracted her attention, she shrewdly suspected that Mr. Frank, interested as his uncles were in Madeline, came quite as much to see Kate as to inquire after her; the more especially as the brothers were in constant communication with the medical man, came backwards and forwards very frequently themselves, and received a full report from Nicholas every morning. These were proud times for Mrs. Nickleby, and never was anybody half so discreet and sage as she, or half so mysterious withal; and never was there such cunning generalship, or such unfathomable designs, as she brought to bear upon Mr. Frank, with the view of ascertaining whether her suspicions were well founded, and if so, of tantalising him into taking her into his confidence and throwing himself upon her merciful consideration. Extensive was the artillery, heavy and light, which Mrs. Nickleby brought into play for the furtherance of these great schemes, and various and opposite the means which she employed to bring about the end she had in view. At one time she was all cordiality and ease, at another, all stiffness and frigidity. Now she would seem to open her whole heart to her unhappy victim, and the next time they met receive him with the most distant and studious reserve, as if a new light had broken in upon her, and guessing his intentions, she had resolved to check them in the bud; as if she felt it her bounden duty to act with Spartan firmness, and at once and for ever to discourage hopes which never could be realised. At other times, when Nicholas was not there to overhear, and Kate was up stairs busily tending her sick friend, the worthy lady would throw out dark hints of an intention to send her to France for three or four years, or to Scotland for the improvement of her health, impaired by her late fatigues, or to America on a visit, or anywhere that threatened a long and tedious separation. Nay, she even went so far as to hint obscurely at an attachment entertained for her daughter by the son of an old neighbour of theirs, one Horatio Peltirogus (a young gentleman who might have been at that time four years old, or thereabouts), and to represent it indeed as almost a settled thing between the families—only waiting for her daughter's final decision to come off with the sanction of the church, and to the unspeakable happiness and content of all parties.

It was in the full pride and glory of having sprung this last mine one night with extraordinary success, that Mrs. Nickleby took the opportunity of being left alone with her son before retiring to rest, to sound him upon the subject which so occupied her thoughts: not doubting that they could have but one opinion respecting it. To this end, she approached the question with divers laudatory and appropriate remarks touching the general amiability of Mr. Frank Cheeryble.

"You are quite right, mother," said Nicholas, "quite right. He is a fine fellow."

"Good-looking, too," said Mrs. Nickleby.

"Decidedly good-looking," answered Nicholas.

"What may you call his nose, now, my dear?" pursued Mrs. Nickleby, wishing to interest Nicholas in the subject to the utmost.

"Call it?" repeated Nicholas.

"Ah!" returned his mother, "what style of nose—what order of architecture, if one may say so. I am not very learned in noses. Do you call it a Roman or a Grecian?"

"Upon my word, mother," said Nicholas, laughing, "as well as I remember, I should call it a kind of Composite, or mixed nose. But I have no very strong recollection upon the subject, and if it will afford you any gratification, I'll observe it more closely, and let you know."

"I wish you would, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, with an earnest look.

"Very well," returned Nicholas. "I will."

Nicholas returned to the perusal of the book he had been reading, when the dialogue had gone thus far. Mrs. Nickleby, after stopping a little for consideration, resumed.

"He is very much attached to you, Nicholas, my dear."

Nicholas laughingly said, as he closed his book, that he was glad to hear it, and observed that his mother seemed deep in their new friend's confidence already.

"Hem!" said Mrs. Nickleby. "I don't know about that, my dear, but I think it is very necessary that somebody should be in his confidence—highly necessary."

Elated by a look of curiosity from her son, and the consciousness of possessing a great secret all to herself, Mrs. Nickleby went on with great animation:

"I am sure, my dear Nicholas, how you can have failed to notice it is to me quite extraordinary; though I don't know why I should say that either, because of course as far as it goes, and to a certain extent, there is a great deal in this sort of thing, especially in this early stage, which however clear it may be to females, can scarcely be expected to be so evident to men. I don't say that I have any particular penetration in such matters. I may have; those about me should know best about that, and perhaps do know. Upon that point I shall express no opinion—it wouldn't become me to do so; it's quite out of the question—quite."

Nicholas snuffed the candles, put his hands in his pockets, and leaning back in his chair, assumed a look of patient suffering and melancholy resignation.

"I think it's my duty, Nicholas, my dear," resumed his mother, "to tell you what I know, not only because you have a right to know it too, and to know everything that happens in this family, but because you have it in your power to promote and assist the thing very much; and there is no doubt that the sooner one can come to a clear understanding upon such subjects, it is always better every way. There are a great many things you might do, such as taking a walk in the garden sometimes, or sitting up stairs in your own room for a little while, or making believe to fall asleep occasionally, or pretending that you recollected some business, and going out for an hour or so, and taking Mr. Smike with you. These seem very slight things, and I dare say you will be amused at my making them of so much importance; at the same time, my dear, I can assure you (and you'll find this out,

Nicholas, for yourself one of these days, if you ever fall in love with anybody, as I trust and hope you will, provided she is respectable and well-conducted, and of course you'd never dream of falling in love with anybody who was not), I say, I can assure you that a great deal more depends upon these little things than you would suppose possible. If your poor papa was alive, he would tell you how much depended upon the parties being left alone. Of course you are not to go out of the room as if you meant it and did it on purpose, but as if it was quite an accident, and to come back again in the same way. If you cough in the passage before you open the door, or whistle carelessly, or hum a tune, or something of that sort, to let them know you're coming, it's always better; because of course, though it's not only natural, but perfectly correct and proper under the circumstances, still it is very confusing if you interrupt young people when they are—when they are sitting on the sofa, and—and all that sort of thing, which is very nonsensical perhaps, but still they will do it."

The profound astonishment with which her son regarded her during this long address, gradually increasing as it approached its climax, in no way discomposed Mrs. Nickleby, but rather exalted her opinion of her own cleverness; therefore, merely stopping to remark, with much complacency, that she had fully expected him to be surprised, she entered upon a vast quantity of circumstantial evidence of a particularly incoherent and perplexing kind, the upshot of which was to establish, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Mr. Frank Cheeryble had fallen desperately in love with Kate.

"With whom?" cried Nicholas.

Mrs. Nickleby repeated, with Kate.

"What! *our* Kate—my sister!"

"Lord, Nicholas!" returned Mrs. Nickleby, "whose Kate should it be, if not ours; or what should I care about it, or take any interest in it for, if it was anybody but your sister?"

"Dear mother," said Nicholas, "surely it can't be."

"Very good, my dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, with great confidence. "Wait, and see."

Nicholas had never, until that moment, bestowed one thought upon the remote possibility of such an occurrence as that which was now communicated to him; for, besides that he had been much from home of late and closely occupied with other matters, his own jealous fears had prompted the suspicion that some secret interest in Madeline, akin to that which he felt himself, occasioned those visits of Frank Cheeryble which had recently become so frequent. Even now, although he knew that the observation of an anxious mother was much more likely to be correct in such a case than his own, and although she reminded him of many little circumstances which, taken together, were certainly susceptible of the construction she triumphantly put upon them, he was not quite convinced but that they arose from mere good-natured thoughtless gallantry, which would have dictated the same conduct towards any other girl who was young and pleasing—at all events, he hoped so, and therefore tried to believe it.

"I am very much disturbed by what you tell me," said Nicholas, after a little reflection, "though I yet hope you may be mistaken."

"I don't understand why you should hope so," said Mrs. Nickleby, "I confess; but you may depend upon it I am not."

"What of Kate?" inquired Nicholas.

"Why that, my dear," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "is just the point upon which I am not yet satisfied. During this sickness, she has been constantly at Madeline's bedside—never were two people so fond of each other as they have grown—and to tell you the truth, Nicholas, I have rather kept her away now and then, because I think it's a good plan, and urges a young man on. He doesn't get too sure, you know."

She said this with such a mingling of high delight and self-congratulation, that it was inexpressibly painful to Nicholas to dash her hopes; but he felt that there was only one honourable course before him, and that he was bound to take it.

"Dear mother," he said kindly, "don't you see that if there really were any serious inclination on the part of Mr. Frank towards Kate, and we suffered ourselves for one moment to encourage it, we should be acting a most dishonourable and ungrateful part? I ask you if you don't see it, but I need not say that, I know you don't, or you would have been more strictly upon your guard. Let me explain my meaning to you—remember how poor we are."

Mrs. Nickleby shook her head, and said through her tears that poverty was not a crime.

"No," said Nicholas, "and for that very reason poverty should engender an honest pride, that it may not lead and tempt us to unworthy actions, and that we may preserve the self-respect which a hewer of wood and drawer of water may maintain—and does better in maintaining than a monarch his. Think what we owe to these two brothers; remember what they have done and do every day for us with a generosity and delicacy for which the devotion of our whole lives would be a most imperfect and inadequate return. What kind of return would that be which would be comprised in our permitting their nephew, their only relative, whom they regard as a son, and for whom it would be mere childishness to suppose they have not formed plans suitably adapted to the education he has had, and the fortune he will inherit—in our permitting him to marry a portionless girl so closely connected with us, that the irresistible inference must be that he was entrapped by a plot; that it was a deliberate scheme and a speculation amongst us three. Bring the matter clearly before yourself, mother. Now, how would you feel if they were married, and the brothers coming here on one of those kind errands which bring them here so often, you had to break out to them the truth? Would you be at ease, and feel that you had played an honest, open, part?"

Poor Mrs. Nickleby, crying more and more, murmured that of course Mr. Frank would ask the consent of his uncles first.

"Why, to be sure, that would place *him* in a better situation with them," said Nicholas, "but we should still be open to the same suspicions, the distance between us would still be as great, the advantages

to be gained would still be as manifest as now. We may be reckoning without our host in all this," he added more cheerfully, "and I trust, and almost believe we are. If it be otherwise, I have that confidence in Kate that I know she will feel as I do, and in you, dear mother, to be assured that after a little consideration you will do the same."

After many more representations and entreaties, Nicholas obtained a promise from Mrs. Nickleby that she would try all she could to think as he did, and that if Mr. Frank persevered in his attentions she would endeavour to discourage them, or, at the least, would render him no countenance or assistance. He determined to forbear mentioning the subject to Kate until he was quite convinced there existed a real necessity for his doing so, and resolved to assure himself, as well as he could by close personal observation, of the exact position of affairs. This was a very wise resolution, but he was prevented from putting it in practice by a new source of anxiety and uneasiness.

Smike became alarmingly ill; so reduced and exhausted that he could scarcely move from room to room without assistance, and so worn and emaciated that it was painful to look upon him. Nicholas was warned by the same medical authority to whom he had at first appealed, that the last chance and hope of his life depended on his being instantly removed from London. That part of Devonshire in which Nicholas had been himself bred when a boy, was named as the most favourable spot; but this advice was cautiously coupled with the information, that whoever accompanied him thither must be prepared for the worst, for every token of rapid consumption had appeared, and he might never return alive.

The kind brothers, who were acquainted with the poor creature's sad history, despatched old Tim to be present at this consultation. That same morning, Nicholas was summoned by brother Charles into his private room, and thus addressed:

"My dear sir, no time must be lost. This lad shall not die if such human means as we can use can save his life; neither shall he die alone, and in a strange place. Remove him to-morrow morning, see that he has every comfort that his situation requires, and don't leave him—don't leave him, my dear sir, until you know that there is no longer any immediate danger. It would be hard indeed to part you now—no, no, no. Tim shall wait upon you to-night, sir; Tim shall wait upon you to-night with a parting word or two. Brother Ned, my dear fellow, Mr. Nickleby waits to shake hands and say good bye; Mr. Nickleby won't be long gone; this poor chap will soon get better—very soon get better—and then he'll find out some nice homely country people to leave him with, and go backwards and forwards sometimes—backwards and forwards you know, Ned—and there's no cause to be down-hearted, for he'll very soon get better, very soon, won't he—won't he, Ned?"

What Tim Linkinwater said, or what he brought with him that night, needs not to be told. Next morning Nicholas and his feeble companion began their journey.

And who but one—and that one he who, but for those who crowded round him then, had never met a look of kindness, or known a word

of pity—could tell what agony of mind, what blighted thoughts, what unavailing sorrow, were involved in that sad parting!

"See," cried Nicholas eagerly, as he looked from the coach window, "they are at the corner of the lane still! And now there's Kate—poor Kate, whom you said you couldn't bear to say good bye to—waving her handkerchief. Don't go without one gesture of farewell to Kate!"

"I cannot make it!" cried his trembling companion, falling back in his seat and covering his eyes. "Do you see her now? Is she there still?"

"Yes, yes!" said Nicholas earnestly. "There, she waves her hand again. I have answered it for you—and now they are out of sight. Do not give way so bitterly, dear friend, do not. You will meet them all again."

He whom he thus encouraged, raised his withered hands and clasped them fervently together.

"In heaven—I humbly pray to God—in heaven!'

It sounded like the prayer of a broken heart.

CHAPTER LVI.

RALPH NICKLEBY, BAFFLED BY HIS NEPHEW IN HIS LATE DESIGN, HATCHES A SCHEME OF RETALIATION WHICH ACCIDENT SUGGESTS TO HIM, AND TAKES INTO HIS COUNSELS A TRIED AUXILIARY.

THE course which these adventures shape out for themselves and imperatively call upon the historian to observe, now demands that they should revert to the point they attained previous to the commencement of the last chapter, when Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride were left together in the house where death had so suddenly reared his dark and heavy banner.

With clenched hands, and teeth ground together so firm and tight that no locking of the jaws could for the time have fixed and riveted them more securely, Ralph stood for some minutes in the same attitude in which he had last addressed his nephew: breathing heavily, but as rigid and motionless in other respects as if he had been a brazen statue. After a time, he began by slow degrees, as a man rousing himself from heavy slumber, to relax. For a moment he shook his clasped fist stealthily and savagely towards the door by which Nicholas had disappeared, and then thrusting it into his breast as if to repress by force even this show of passion, turned round and confronted the less hardy usurer, who had not yet risen from the ground.

The cowering wretch, who still shook in every limb, and whose few grey hairs trembled and quivered on his head with abject dismay, tottered to his feet as he met Ralph's eye, and shielding his face with

both hands, protested while he crept towards the door that it was no fault of his.

"Who said it was, man?" returned Ralph, in a suppressed voice. "Who said it was?"

"You looked as if you thought I was to blame," said Gride, timidly.

"Pshaw!" Ralph muttered, forcing a laugh. "I blame him for not living an hour longer—one hour longer would have been long enough—I blame no one else."

"N—n—no one else?" said Gride.

"Not for this mischance," replied Ralph. "I have an old score to clear with that—that young fellow who has carried off your mistress, but that has nothing to do with his blustering just now, for we should soon have been quit of him, but for this cursed accident."

There was something so unnatural in the constrained calmness with which Ralph Nickleby spoke, when coupled with the livid face, the horrible expression of the features to which every nerve and muscle as it twitched and throbbed with a spasm whose workings no effort could conceal, gave every instant some new and frightful aspect—there was something so unnatural and ghastly in the contrast between his harsh, slow, steady voice (only altered by a certain halting of the breath which made him pause between almost every word like a drunken man bent upon speaking plainly), and these evidences of the most intense and violent passions, and the struggle he made to keep them under, that if the dead body which lay above had stood instead of him before the cowering Gride, it could scarcely have presented a spectacle which would have terrified him more.

"The coach," said Ralph after a time, during which he had struggled like some strong man against a fit. "We came in a coach. Is it—waiting?"

Gride gladly availed himself of the pretext for going to the window to see, and Ralph, keeping his face steadily the other way, tore at his shirt with the hand which he had thrust into his breast, and muttered in a hoarse whisper—

"Ten thousand pounds! He said ten thousand! The precise sum paid in but yesterday for the two mortgages, and which would have gone out again at heavy interest to-morrow. If that house has failed, and he the first to bring the news!—Is the coach there?"

"Yes, yes," said Gride, startled by the fierce tone of the inquiry. "It's here. Dear, dear, what a fiery man you are!"

"Come here," said Ralph, beckoning to him. "We mustn't make a show of being disturbed. We'll go down arm in arm."

"But you pinch me black and blue," urged Gride, writhing with pain.

Ralph threw him off impatiently, and descending the stairs with his usual firm and heavy tread, got into the coach. Arthur Gride followed. After looking doubtfully at Ralph when the man asked where he was to drive, and finding that he remained silent, and expressed no wish upon the subject, Arthur mentioned his own house, and thither they proceeded.

On their way, Ralph sat in the furthest corner with folded arms, and uttered not a word. With his chin sunk upon his breast, and his downcast eyes quite hidden by the contraction of his knotted brows, he might have been asleep for any sign of consciousness he gave, until the coach stopped, when he raised his head, and glancing through the window inquired what place that was.

"My house," answered the disconsolate Gride, affected perhaps by its loneliness. "Oh dear! my house."

"True," said Ralph. "I have not observed the way we came. I should like a glass of water. You have that in the house, I suppose?"

"You shall have a glass of—of anything you like," answered Gride, with a groan. "It's no use knocking, coachman. Ring the bell."

The man rang, and rang, and rang again; then knocked until the street re-echoed with the sounds; then listened at the keyhole of the door. Nobody came, and the house was silent as the grave.

"How's this?" said Ralph impatiently.

"Peg is so very deaf," answered Gride with a look of anxiety and alarm. "Oh dear! Ring again, coachman. She *sees* the bell."

Again the man rang and knocked, and knocked and rang again. Some of the neighbours threw up their windows and called across the street to each other that old Gride's housekeeper must have dropped down dead. Others collected round the coach and gave vent to various surmises; some held that she had fallen asleep, some that she had burnt herself to death, some that she had got drunk; and one very fat man that she had seen something to eat which had frightened her so much (not being used to it) that she had fallen into a fit. This last suggestion particularly delighted the bystanders, who cheered it rather uproariously, and were with some difficulty deterred from dropping down the area and breaking open the kitchen door to ascertain the fact. Nor was this all, for rumours having gone abroad that Arthur was to be married that morning, very particular inquiries were made after the bride, who was held by the majority to be disguised in the person of Mr. Ralph Nickleby, which gave rise to much jocose indignation at the public appearance of a bride in boots and pantaloons, and called forth a great many hoots and groans. At length the two money-lenders obtained shelter in a house next door, and being accommodated with a ladder, clambered over the wall of the back yard, which was not a high one, and descended in safety on the other side.

"I am almost afraid to go in, I declare," said Arthur, turning to Ralph when they were alone. "Suppose she should be murdered—lying with her brains knocked out by a poker—eh?"

"Suppose she were," said Ralph, hoarsely. "I tell you I wish such things were more common than they are, and more easily done. You may stare and shiver—I do!"

He applied himself to a pump in the yard, and having taken a deep draught of water and flung a quantity on his head and face, regained his accustomed manner and led the way into the house, Gride following close at his heels.

It was the same dark place as ever: every room dismal and silent

as it was wont to be, and every ghostly article of furniture in its customary place. The iron heart of the old grim clock undisturbed by all the noise without, still beat heavily within its dusty case, the tottering presses slunk from the sight as usual in their melancholy corners, the echoes of footsteps returned the same dreary sound; the long-legged spider paused in his nimble run, and scared by the sight of men in that his dull domain, hung motionless upon the wall counterfeiting death until they should have passed him by.

From cellar to garret went the two usurers opening every creaking door and looking into every deserted room. But no Peg was there. At last they sat them down in the apartment which Arthur Gride usually inhabited, to rest after their search.

"The hag is out on some preparation for your wedding festivities, I suppose," said Ralph preparing to depart. "See here. I destroy the bond; we shall never need it now."

Gride who had been peering narrowly about the room fell at that moment upon his knees before a large chest, and uttered a terrible yell.

"How now?" said Ralph looking sternly round.

"Robbed! robbed!" screamed Arthur Gride.

"Robbed! of money?"

"No, no, no. Worse, far worse."

"Of what then?" demanded Ralph.

"Worse than money, worse than money!" cried the old man, casting the papers out of the chest, like some beast tearing up the earth. "She had better have stolen money—all my money—I haven't much. She had better have made me a beggar, than have done this!"

"Done what?" said Ralph. "Done what, you devil's dotard?"

Still Gride made no answer, but tore and scratched among the papers, and yelled and screeched like a fiend in torment.

"There is something missing, you say," said Ralph, shaking him furiously by the collar. "What is it?"

"Papers, deeds. I am a ruined man—lost—lost! I am robbed, I am ruined. She saw me reading it—reading it of late.—I did very often.—She watched me—saw me put it in the box that fitted into this—the box is gone—she has stolen it.—Damnation seize her, she has robbed me!"

"Of *what!*" cried Ralph, on whom a sudden light appeared to break, for his eyes flashed and his frame trembled with agitation as he clutched Gride by his bony arm. "Of what?"

"She don't know what it is; she can't read!" shrieked Gride, not heeding the inquiry. "There's only one way in which money can be made of it, and that is by taking it to *her*. Somebody will read it for her and tell her what to do. She and her accomplice will get money for it and be let off besides; they'll make a merit of it—say they found it—knew it—and be evidence against me. The only person it will fall upon is me—me—me!"

"Patience!" said Ralph, clutching him still tighter and eyeing him with a sidelong look, so fixed and eager as sufficiently to denote that he had some hidden purpose in what he was about to say. "Hear reason.

She can't have been gone long. I'll call the police. Give you but information of what she has stolen, and they'll lay hands upon her, trust me.—Here—help!"

"No—no—no," screamed the old man putting his hand upon Ralph's mouth. "I can't, I daren't."

"Help! help!" cried Ralph.

"No, no, no," shrieked the other, stamping upon the ground with the energy of a madman. "I tell you no. I daren't—I daren't!"

"Daren't make this robbery public?" said Ralph eagerly.

"No!" rejoined Gride, wringing his hands. "Hush! Hush! Not a word of this; not a word must be said. I am undone. Whichever way I turn, I am undone. I am betrayed. I shall be given up. I shall die in Newgate!"

With frantic exclamations such as these, and with many others in which fear, grief, and rage, were strangely blended, the panic-stricken wretch gradually subdued his first loud outcry until it had softened down into a low despairing moan chequered now and then by a howl as, going over such papers as were left in the chest, he discovered some new loss. With very little excuse for departing so abruptly, Ralph left him, and greatly disappointing the loiterers outside the house by telling them there was nothing the matter, got into the coach and was driven to his own home.

A letter lay on his table. He let it lie there for some time as if he had not the courage to open it, but at length did so and turned deadly pale.

"The worst has happened," he said, "the house has failed. I see—the rumour was abroad in the City last night, and reached the ears of those merchants. Well—well!"

He strode violently up and down the room and stopped again.

"Ten thousand pounds! And only lying there for a day—for one day! How many anxious years, how many pinching days and sleepless nights, before I scraped together that ten thousand pounds!—Ten thousand pounds! How many proud painted dames would have fawned and smiled, and how many spendthrift blockheads done me lip-service to my face and cursed me in their hearts, while I turned that ten thousand pounds into twenty! While I ground, and pinched, and used these needy borrowers for my pleasure and profit, what smooth-tongued speeches, and courteous looks, and civil letters they would have given me! The cant of the lying world is, that men like me compass our riches by dissimulation and treachery, by fawning, cringing, and stooping. Why, how many lies, what mean and abject evasions, what humbled behaviour from upstarts who, but for my money, would spurn me aside as they do their betters every day, would that ten thousand pounds have brought me in!—Grant that I had doubled it—made cent. per cent.—for every sovereign told another—there would not be one piece of money in all that heap of coin which wouldn't represent ten thousand mean and paltry lies, told—not by the money-lender, oh no! but by the money-borrowers—your liberal, thoughtless, generous, dashing folks, who wouldn't be so mean as save a sixpence for the world."

Striving as it would seem to lose part of the bitterness of his regrets in the bitterness of these other thoughts, Ralph continued to pace the room. There was less and less of resolution in his manner as his mind gradually reverted to his loss; and at length, dropping into his elbow-chair and grasping its sides so firmly that they creaked again, he said, between his set teeth:

"The time has been when nothing could have moved me like the loss of this great sum—nothing, for births, deaths, marriages, and every event which is of interest to most men, had (unless it is connected with gain or loss of money) no interest for me. But now I swear, I mix up with the loss, his triumph in telling it. If he had brought it about, —I almost feel as if he had—I couldn't hate him more. Let me but retaliate upon him, by degrees however slow; let me but begin to get the better of him, let me but turn the scale, and I can bear it."

His meditations were long and deep. They terminated in his despatching a letter by Newman, addressed to Mr. Squeers at the Saracen's Head, with instructions to inquire whether he had arrived in town, and if so, to wait an answer. Newman brought back the information that Mr. Squeers had come by mail that morning, and had received the letter in bed; but that he sent his duty, and word that he would get up and wait upon Mr. Nickleby directly.

The interval between the delivery of this message and the arrival of Mr. Squeers was very short, but before he came, Ralph had suppressed every sign of emotion, and once more regained the hard, immoveable, inflexible manner which was habitual to him, and to which, perhaps, was ascribable no small part of the influence which, over many men of no very strong prejudices on the score of morality, he could exert almost at will.

"Well, Mr. Squeers," he said, welcoming that worthy with his accustomed smile, of which a sharp look and a thoughtful frown were part and parcel.—"how do *you* do?"

"Why, sir," said Mr. Squeers, "I'm pretty well. So's the family, and so's the boys, except for a sort of rash as is a running through the school, and rather puts 'em off their feed. But it's a ill wind as blows no good to nobody; that's what I always say when them lads has a wisitation. A wisitation, sir, is the lot of mortality. Mortality itself, sir, is a wisitation. The world is chock full of wisitations; and if a boy repines at a wisitation and makes you uncomfortable with his noise, he must have his head punched. That's going according to the scripter, that is."

"Mr. Squeers," said Ralph, drily.

"Sir."

"We'll avoid these precious morsels of morality if you please, and talk of business."

"With all my heart, sir," rejoined Squeers, "and first let me say——"

"First let *me* say, if you please——Noggs!"

Newman presented himself when the summons had been twice or thrice repeated, and asked if his master called.

"I did. Go to your dinner. And go at once. Do you hear?"

"It an't time," said Newman, doggedly.

"My time is yours, and I say it is," returned Ralph.

"You alter it every day," said Newman. "It isn't fair."

"You don't keep many cooks, and can easily apologize to them for the trouble," retorted Ralph. "Begone, sir!"

Ralph not only issued this order in his most preremptory manner, but under pretence of fetching some papers from the little office, saw it obeyed, and when Newman had left the house, chained the door to prevent the possibility of his returning secretly by means of his latch key.

"I have reason to suspect that fellow," said Ralph, when he returned to his own office. "Therefore, until I have thought of the shortest and least troublesome way of ruining him, I hold it best to keep him at a distance."

"It wouldn't take much to ruin him, I should think," said Squeers, with a grin.

"Perhaps not," answered Ralph. "Nor to ruin a great many people whom I know. You were going to say——?"

Ralph's summary and matter-of-course way of holding up this example and throwing out the hint that followed it, had evidently an effect (as doubtless it was designed to have) upon Mr. Squeers, who said, after a little hesitation and in a much more subdued tone—

"Why, what I was a going to say, sir, is, that this here business regarding of that ungrateful and hard-hearted chap Snawley senior, puts me out of my way, and occasions a inconveniency quite unparalleled, besides, as I may say, making, for whole weeks together, Mrs. Squeers a perfect widder. It's a pleasure to me to act with you, of course."

"Of course," said Ralph, drily.

"Yes, I say, of course," resumed Mr. Squeers, rubbing his knees, "but at the same time, when one comes, as I do now, better than two hundred and fifty mile to take a afferdavid, it does put a man out a good deal, letting alone the risk."

"And where may the risk be, Mr. Squeers?" said Ralph.

"I said, letting alone the risk," replied Squeers, evasively.

"And I said, where was the risk?"

"I wasn't complaining, you know, Mr. Nickleby," pleaded Squeers. "Upon my word I never see such a——"

"I ask you where is the risk?" repeated Ralph, emphatically.

"Where the risk?" returned Squeers, rubbing his knees still harder. "Why, it an't necessary to mention—certain subjects is best awoided. Oh, you know what risk I mean."

"How often have I told you," said Ralph, "and how often am I to tell you, that you run no risk? What have you sworn, or what are you asked to swear, but that at such and such a time a boy was left with you in the name of Smike; that he was at your school for a given number of years, was lost under such and such circumstances, is now found, and has been identified by you in such and such keeping. This is all true—is it not?"

"Yes," replied Squeers, "that's all true."

"Well, then," said Ralph, "what risk do you run? Who swears to a lie but Snawley—a man whom I have paid much less than I have you?"

"He certainly did it cheap, did Snawley," observed Squeers.

"He did it cheap!" retorted Ralph, testily, "yes, and he did it well, and carries it off with a hypocritical face and a sanctified air, but you—risk! What do you mean by risk? The certificates are all genuine, Snawley *had* another son, he *has* been married twice, his first wife *is* dead, none but her ghost could tell that she didn't write that letter, none but Snawley himself can tell that this is not his son and that his son is food for worms. The only perjury is Snawley's, and I fancy he is pretty well used to it. Where's your risk?"

"Why, you know," said Squeers, fidgeting in his chair, "if you come to that, I might say where's yours?"

"You might say where's mine!" returned Ralph; "you may say where's mine. I don't appear in the business—neither do you. All Snawley's interest is to stick well to the story he has told, and all his risk is to depart from it in the least. Talk of *your* risk in the conspiracy!"

"I say," remonstrated Squeers, looking uneasily round; "don't call it that—just as a favour, don't."

"Call it what you like," said Ralph, irritably, "but attend to me. This tale was originally fabricated as a means of deep annoyance against one who hurt your trade and half cudgelled you to death, and to enable you to obtain repossession of a half-dead drudge, whom you wished to regain, because while you wreaked your vengeance on him for his share in the business, you knew that the knowledge that he was again in your power would be the best punishment you could inflict upon your enemy. Is that so, Mr. Squeers?"

"Why, sir," returned Squeers, almost overpowered by the determination which Ralph displayed to make everything tell against him, and by his stern unyielding manner, "in a measure it was."

"What does that mean?" said Ralph, quietly.

"Why, in a measure, means," returned Squeers, "as it may be so; that it wasn't all on my account, because you had some old grudge to satisfy, too."

"If I had not had," said Ralph, in no way abashed by the reminder, "do you think I should have helped you?"

"Why no, I don't suppose you would," Squeers replied. "I only wanted that point to be all square and straight between us."

"How can it ever be otherwise?" retorted Ralph. "Except that account is against me, for I spend money to gratify my hatred, and you pocket it, and gratify yours at the same time. You are at least as avaricious as you are revengeful—so am I. Which is best off? You, who win money and revenge at the same time and by the same process, and who are at all events sure of money, if not of revenge; or I, who am only sure of spending money in any case, and can but win bare revenge at last?"

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As Mr. Squeers could only answer this proposition by shrugs and smiles, Ralph sternly bade him be silent, and thankful that he was so well off, and then fixing his eyes steadily upon him, proceeded to say—

First, that Nicholas had thwarted him in a plan he had formed for the disposal in marriage of a certain young lady, and had, in the confusion attendant upon her father's sudden death, secured that lady himself and borne her off in triumph.

Secondly, that by some will or settlement—certainly by some instrument in writing, which must contain the young lady's name, and could be therefore easily selected from others, if access to the place where it was deposited were once secured—she was entitled to property which, if the existence of this deed ever became known to her, would make her husband (and Ralph represented that Nicholas was certain to marry her) a rich and prosperous man, and most formidable enemy.

Thirdly, that this deed had been, with others, stolen from one who had himself obtained or concealed it fraudulently, and who feared to take any steps for its recovery; and that he (Ralph) knew the thief.

To all this, Mr. Squeers listened with greedy ears that devoured every syllable, and with his one eye and his mouth wide open: marvelling for what special reason he was honoured with so much of Ralph's confidence, and to what it all tended.

"Now," said Ralph, leaning forward, and placing his hand on Squeers's arm, "hear the design which I have conceived, and which I must—I say, must, if I can ripen it—have carried into execution. No advantage can be reaped from this deed, whatever it is, save by the girl herself, or her husband, and the possession of this deed by one or other of them is indispensable to any advantage being gained. *That* I have discovered beyond the possibility of doubt. I want that deed brought here, that I may give the man who brings it fifty pounds in gold, and burn it to ashes before his face."

Mr. Squeers, after following with his eye the action of Ralph's hand towards the fire-place as if he were at that moment consuming the paper, drew a long breath, and said—

"Yes; but who's to bring it?"

"Nobody, perhaps, for much is to be done before it can be got at," said Ralph. "But if anybody—you."

Mr. Squeers's first tokens of consternation, and his flat relinquishment of the task, would have staggered most men, if they had not occasioned an utter abandonment of the proposition. On Ralph they produced not the slightest effect. Resuming when the schoolmaster had quite talked himself out of breath, as coolly as if he had never been interrupted, Ralph proceeded to expatiate on such features of the case as he deemed it most advisable to lay the greatest stress upon.

These were, the age, decrepitude, and weakness of Mrs. Sliderskew, the great improbability of her having any accomplice or even acquaintance, taking into account her secluded habits, and her long residence in such a house as Gride's; the strong reason there was to suppose that the robbery was not the result of a concerted plan, otherwise she would have watched an opportunity of carrying off a sum of money, or even

of her being in want (to which the same argument applied); the difficulty she would be placed in when she began to think on what she had done, and found herself incumbered with documents of whose nature she was utterly ignorant; and the comparative ease with which somebody, with a full knowledge of her position, obtaining access to her and working upon her fears, if necessary, might worm himself into her confidence, and obtain, under one pretence or another, free possession of the deed. To these were added such considerations as the constant residence of Mr. Squeers at a long distance from London, which rendered his association with Mrs. Sliderskew a mere masquerading frolic, in which nobody was likely to recognise him either at the time or afterwards; the impossibility of Ralph's undertaking the task himself, being already known to her by sight, and various comments upon the uncommon tact and experience of Mr. Squeers, which would make his overreaching one old woman a mere matter of child's play and amusement. In addition to these influences and persuasions, Ralph drew, with his utmost skill and power, a vivid picture of the defeat which Nicholas would sustain should they succeed, in linking himself to a beggar where he expected to wed an heiress—glanced at the immeasurable importance it must be to a man situated as Squeers, to preserve such a friend as himself—dwelt on a long train of benefits conferred since their first acquaintance, when he had reported favourably of his treatment of a sickly boy who had died under his hands (and whose death was very convenient to Ralph and his clients, but this he did *not* say), and finally hinted that the fifty pounds might be increased to seventy-five, or in the event of very great success, even to a hundred.

These arguments at length concluded, Mr. Squeers crossed his legs and uncrossed them, and scratched his head, and rubbed his eye, and examined the palms of his hands, and bit his nails, and after exhibiting many other signs of restlessness and indecision, asked "whether one hundred pound was the highest that Mr. Nickleby could go." Being answered in the affirmative, he became restless again, and after some thought, and an unsuccessful inquiry "whether he couldn't go another fifty," said he supposed he must try and do the most he could for a friend, which was always his maxim, and therefore he undertook the job.

"But how are you to get at the woman?" he said; "that's what it is as puzzles me."

"I may not get at her at all," replied Ralph, "but I'll try. I have hunted down people in this city before now who have been better hid than she, and I know quarters in which a guinea or two carefully spent will often solve darker riddles than this—ay, and keep them close too, if need be. I hear my man ringing at the door. We may as well part. You had better not come to and fro, but wait till you hear from me."

"Good!" returned Squeers. "I say, if you shouldn't find her out, you'll pay expenses at the Saracen, and something for loss of time?"

"Well," said Ralph, testily; "yes. You have nothing more to say?"

Squeers, shaking his head, Ralph accompanied him to the street-

door, and audibly wondering, for the edification of Newman, why it was fastened as if it were night, let him in and Squeers out, and returned to his own room.

"Now!" he muttered, doggedly. "Come what come may, for the present I am firm and unshaken. Let me but retrieve this one small portion of my loss and disgrace. Let me but defeat him in this one hope, dear to his heart as I know it must be. Let me but do this, and it shall be the first link in such a chain, which I will wind about him, as never man forged yet."

CHAPTER LVII.

HOW RALPH NICKLEBY'S AUXILIARY WENT ABOUT HIS WORK, AND HOW HE PROSPERED WITH IT.

It was a dark, wet, gloomy night in autumn, when in an upper room of a mean house, situated in an obscure street or rather court near Lambeth, there sat all alone, a one-eyed man grotesquely habited, either for lack of better garments or for purposes of disguise, in a loose great-coat, with arms half as long again as his own, and a capacity of breadth and length which would have admitted of his winding himself in it, head and all, with the utmost ease, and without any risk of straining the old and greasy material of which it was composed.

So attired, and in a place so far removed from his usual haunts and occupations, and so very poor and wretched in its character, perhaps Mrs. Squeers herself would have had some difficulty in recognising her lord, quickened though her natural sagacity doubtless would have been by the affectionate yearnings and impulses of a tender wife. But Mrs. Squeers's lord it was; and in a tolerably disconsolate mood Mrs. Squeers's lord appeared to be, as, helping himself from a black bottle which stood on the table beside him, he cast round the chamber a look, in which very slight regard for the objects within view was plainly mingled with some regretful and impatient recollection of distant scenes and persons.

There were certainly no particular attractions, either in the room over which the glance of Mr. Squeers so discontentedly wandered, or in the narrow street into which it might have penetrated, if he had thought fit to approach the window. The attic-chamber in which he sat was bare and mean; the bedstead, and such few other articles of necessary furniture as it contained, of the commonest description, in a most crazy state, and of a most uninviting appearance. The street was muddy, dirty, and deserted. Having but one outlet, it was traversed by few but the inhabitants at any time, and the night being one of those on which most people are glad to be within doors, it now presented no other signs of life than the dull glimmering of poor candles from the

dirty windows, and few sounds but the pattering of the rain, and occasionally the heavy closing of some creaking door.

Mr. Squeers continued to look disconsolately about him, and to listen to these noises in profound silence, broken only by the rustling of his large coat, as he now and then moved his arm to raise his glass to his lips—Mr. Squeers continued to do this for some time, until the increasing gloom warned him to snuff the candle. Seeming to be slightly roused by this exertion, he raised his eyes to the ceiling, and fixing them upon some uncouth and fantastic figures, traced upon it by the wet and damp which had penetrated through the roof, broke out into the following soliloquy:

"Well, this is a pretty go, is this here!—an uncommon pretty go! Here have I been a matter of how many weeks—hard upon six—a-follering up this here blessed old dowager, petty larcenerer,"—Mr. Squeers delivered himself of this epithet with great difficulty and effort—"and Dotheboys Hall a-running itself regularly to seed the while! That's the worst of ever being in with a ow-dacious chap like that old Nickleby; you never know when he's done with you, and if you're in for a penny, you're in for a pound."

This remark perhaps reminded Mr. Squeers that he was in for a hundred pound; at any rate, his countenance relaxed, and he raised his glass to his mouth with an air of greater enjoyment of its contents than he had before evinced.

"I never see," soliloquised Mr. Squeers in continuation, "I never see nor come across such a file as that old Nickleby—never. He's out of everybody's depth, he is. He's what you may a-call a rasper, is Nickleby. To see how sly and cunning he grubbed on, day after day, a-worming and plodding and tracing and turning and twining of hisself about, till he found out where this precious Mrs. Peg was hid, and cleared the ground for me to work upon—creeping and crawling and gliding, like a ugly old, bright-eyed, stagnation-blooded adder! Ah! He'd have made a good un in our line, but it would have been too limited for him; his genius would have busted all bounds, and coming over every obstacle, broke down all before it, 'till it erected itself into a monneyment of—Well, I'll think of the rest, and say it when convenient."

Making a halt in his reflections at this place, Mr. Squeers again put his glass to his lips, and drawing a dirty letter from his pocket, proceeded to con over its contents with the air of a man who had read it very often, and now refreshed his memory rather in the absence of better amusement than for any specific information.

"The pigs is well," said Mr. Squeers, "the cows is well, and the boys is bobbish. Young Sprouter has been a-winking, has he? I'll wink him when I get back. 'Cobbey would persist in sniffing while he was a-eating his dinner, and said that the beef was so strong it made him.'—Very good, Cobbey, we'll see if we can't make you sniff a little without beef. 'Pitcher was took with another fever,'—of course he was—'and being fetched by his friends, died the day after he got home,'—of course he did, and out of aggravation; it's part of a deep-laid system.

There an't another chap in the school but that boy as would have died exactly at the end of the quarter, taking it out of me to the very last, and then carrying his spite to the utmost extremity. 'The juniorest Palmer said he wished he was in Heaven,'—I really don't know, I do not know what's to be done with that young fellow; he's always a-wishing something horrid. He said once he wished he was a donkey, because then he wouldn't have a father as didn't love him!—pretty wicious that, for a child of six!"

Mr. Squeers was so much moved by the contemplation of this hardened nature in one so young, that he angrily put up the letter, and sought, in a new train of ideas, a subject of consolation.

"It's a long time to have been a-lingering in London," he said, "and this is a precious hole to come and live in, even if it has been only for a week or so. Still, one hundred pound is five boys, and five boys takes a whole year to pay one hundred pound, and there's their keep to be substracted, besides. There's nothing lost, neither, by one's being here; because the boys' money comes in just the same as if I was at home, and Mrs. Squeers she keeps them in order. There'll be some lost time to make up, of course—there'll be an arrear of flogging as'll have to be gone through; still, a couple of days makes that all right, and one don't mind a little extra work for one hundred pound. It's pretty nigh the time to wait upon the old woman. From what she said last night, I suspect that if I'm to succeed at all, I shall succeed to-night, so I'll have half a glass more to wish myself success, and put myself in spirits. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, your health."

Leering with his one eye as if the lady to whom he drank had been actually present, Mr. Squeers—in his enthusiasm, no doubt—poured out a full glass, and emptied it; and as the liquor was raw spirits, and he had applied himself to the same bottle more than once already, it is not surprising that he found himself by this time in an extremely cheerful state, and quite enough excited for his purpose.

What his purpose was, soon appeared; for, after a few turns about the room to steady himself, he took the bottle under his arm and the glass in his hand, and blowing out the candle as if he purposed being gone some time, stole out upon the staircase, and creeping softly to a door opposite his own, tapped gently at it.

"But what's the use of tapping?" he said, "she'll never hear. I suppose she isn't doing anything very particular, and if she is, it don't much matter that I see."

With this brief preface, Mr. Squeers applied his hand to the latch of the door, and thrusting his head into a garret far more deplorable than that he had just left, and seeing that there was nobody there but an old woman, who was bending over a wretched fire (for although the weather was still warm, the evening was chilly), walked in, and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Well, my Slider," said Mr. Squeers, jocularly.

"Is that you?" inquired Peg.

"Ah! it's me, and me's the first person singular, nominative case, agreeing with the verb 'it's,' and governed by Squeers understood, as a

acorn, a hour; but when the h is sounded, the a only is to be used, as a hand, a heart, a highway," replied Mr. Squeers, quoting at random from the grammar, "at least if it isn't, you don't know any better, and if it is, I've done it accidentally."

Delivering this reply in his accustomed tone of voice, in which of course it was inaudible to Peg, Mr. Squeers drew a stool up to the fire, and placing himself over against her, and the bottle and glass on the floor between them, roared out again very loud,

"Well, my Slider."

"I hear you," said Peg, receiving him very graciously.

"I've come according to promise," roared Squeers.

"So they used to say in that part of the country I come from," observed Peg, complacently, "but I think oil's better."

"Better than what?" shouted Squeers, adding some rather strong language in an under-tone.

"No," said Peg, "of course not."

"I never saw such a monster as you are!" muttered Squeers, looking as amiable as he possibly could the while; for Peg's eye was upon him, and she was chuckling fearfully, as though in delight at having made a choice repartee. "Do you see this? this is a bottle."

"I see it," answered Peg.

"Well, and do you see *this?*" bawled Squeers. "This is a glass?" Peg saw that too.

"See here, then," said Squeers, accompanying his remarks with appropriate action, "I fill the glass from the bottle, and I say, 'your health, Slider,' and empty it; then I rinse it genteelly with a little drop, which I'm forced to throw into the fire—Hallo! we shall have the chimbley alight next—fill it again, and hand it over to you."

"*Your* health," said Peg.

"She understands that, anyways," muttered Squeers, watching Mrs. Sliderskew as she despatched her portion, and choked and gasped in a most awful manner after so doing; "now then, let's have a talk. How's the rheumatics?"

Mrs. Sliderskew, with much blinking and chuckling, and with looks expressive of her strong admiration of Mr. Squeers, his person, manners, and conversation, replied that the rheumatics were better.

"What's the reason," said Mr. Squeers, deriving fresh facetiousness from the bottle; "what's the reason of rheumatics, what do they mean, what do people have 'em for—eh?"

Mrs. Sliderskew didn't know, but suggested that it was possibly because they couldn't help it.

"Measles, rheumatics, hooping-cough, fevers, agues, and lumbagers," said Mr. Squeers, "is all philosophy together, that's what it is. The heavenly bodies is philosophy, and the earthly bodies is philosophy. If there's a screw loose in a heavenly body, that's philosophy, and if there's a screw loose in a earthly body that's philosophy too; or it may be that sometimes there's a little metaphysics in it, but that's not often. Philosophy's the chap for me. If a parent asks a question in the classical, commercial, or mathematical line, says I, gravely, 'Why,

sir, in the first place, are you a philosopher?'—'No, Mr. Squeers,' he says, 'I an't.' 'Then, sir,' says I, 'I am sorry for you, for I shan't be able to explain it.' Naturally the parent goes away and wishes he was a philosopher, and equally naturally, thinks I'm one."

Saying this and a great deal more with tipsy profundity and a serio-comic air, and keeping his eye all the time on Mrs. Sliderskew, who was unable to hear one word, Mr. Squeers concluded by helping himself and passing the bottle, to which Peg did becoming reverence.

"That's the time of day!" said Mr. Squeers. "You look twenty pound ten better than you did."

Again Mrs. Sliderskew chuckled, but modesty forbade her assenting verbally to the compliment.

"Twenty pound ten better," repeated Mr. Squeers, "than you did that day when I first introduced myself—don't you know?"

"Ah!" said Peg, shaking her head, "but you frightened me that day."

"Did I?" said Squeers, "well, it was rather a startling thing for a stranger to come and recommend himself by saying that he knew all about you, and what your name was, and why you were living so quiet here, and what you had boned, and who you boned it from, wasn't it?"

Peg nodded her head in strong assent.

"But I know everything that happens in that way, you see," continued Squeers. "Nothing takes place of that kind that I an't up to entirely. I'm a sort of a lawyer, Slider, of first-rate standing, and understanding too; I'm the intimate friend and confidental adwiser of pretty nigh every man, woman, and child that gets themselves into difficulties by being too nimble with their fingers, I'm——"

Mr. Squeers's catalogue of his own merits and accomplishments, which was partly the result of a concerted plan between himself and Ralph Nickleby, and flowed, in part, from the black bottle, was here interrupted by Mrs. Sliderskew.

"Ha, ha, ha!" she cried, folding her arms and wagging her head; "and so he wasn't married after all, wasn't he—not married after all?"

"No," replied Squeers, "that he wasn't!"

"And a young lover come and carried off the bride, eh?" said Peg.

"From under his very nose," replied Squeers; "and I'm told the young chap cut up rough besides, and broke the winders, and forced him to swaller his wedding favor, which nearly choked him."

"Tell me all about it again," cried Peg, with a malicious relish of her old master's defeat, which made her natural hideousness something quite fearful; "let's hear it all again, beginning at the beginning now, as if you'd never told me. Let's have it every word—now—now—beginning at the very first, you know, when he went to the house that morning."

Mr. Squeers, plying Mrs. Sliderskew freely with the liquor, and sustaining himself under the exertion of speaking so loud by frequent applications to it himself, complied with this request by describing the discomfiture of Arthur Gride, with such improvements on the truth as

happened to occur to him, and the ingenious invention and application of which had been very instrumental in recommending him to her notice in the beginning of their acquaintance. Mrs. Sliderskew was in an ecstacy of delight, rolling her head about, drawing up her skinny shoulders, and wrinkling her cadaverous face into so many and such complicated forms of ugliness, as awakened the unbounded astonishment and disgust even of Mr. Squeers.

"He's a treacherous old goat," said Peg, "and cozened me with cunning tricks and lying promises, but never mind—I'm even with him—I'm even with him."

"More than even, Slider," returned Squeers; "you'd have been even with him if he'd got married, but with the disappointment besides, you're a long way a-head—out of sight, Slider, quite out of sight. And that reminds me," he added, handing her the glass, "if you want me to give you my opinion of them deeds, and tell you what you'd better keep and what you'd better burn, why, now's your time, Slider."

"There an't no hurry for that," said Peg, with several knowing looks and winks.

"Oh! very well!" observed Squeers, "it don't matter to me; you asked me, you know. I shouldn't charge you nothing, being a friend. You're the best judge of course, but you're a bold woman, Slider—that's all."

"How do you mean—bold?" said Peg.

"Why, I only mean that if it was me, I wouldn't keep papers as might hang me, littering about when they might be turned into money; them as wasn't useful made away with, and them as was, laid by somewheres safe, that's all," returned Squeers; "but everybody's the best judge of their own affairs. All as I say is, Slider, *I* wouldn't do it."

"Come," said Peg, "then you shall see 'em."

"*I* don't want to see 'em," replied Squeers, affecting to be out of humour, "don't talk as if it was a treat. Show 'em to somebody else and take their advice."

Mr. Squeers would very likely have carried on the farce of being offended a little longer, if Mrs. Sliderskew, in her anxiety to restore herself to her former high position in his good graces, had not become so extremely affectionate that he stood at some risk of being smothered by her caresses. Repressing, with as good a grace as possible, these little familiarities—for which there is reason to believe that the black bottle was at least as much to blame as any constitutional infirmity on the part of Mrs. Sliderskew—he protested that he had only been joking, and, in proof of his unimpaired good humour, that he was ready to examine the deeds at once, if, by so doing, he could afford any satisfaction or relief of mind to his fair friend.

"And now you're up, my Slider," bawled Squeers, as she rose to fetch them, "bolt the door."

Peg trotted to the door, and after fumbling at the bolt, crept to the other end of the room, and from beneath the coals which filled the bottom of the cupboard, drew forth a small deal box. Having placed this on the floor at Squeers's feet, she brought from under the pillow of

her bed, a small key, with which she signed to that gentleman to open it. Mr. Squeers, who had eagerly followed her every motion, lost no time in obeying this hint, and throwing back the lid, gazed with rapture on the documents which lay within.

"Now you see," said Peg, kneeling down on the floor beside him, and staying his impatient hand; "what's of no use we'll burn, what we can get any money by we'll keep, and if there's any we could get him into trouble by, and fret and waste away his heart to shreds, those we'll take particular care of, for that's what I want to do, and hoped to do when I left him."

"I thought," said Squeers, "that you didn't bear him any particular good-will. But I say, why didn't you take some money besides?"

"Some what?" asked Peg.

"Some money," roared Squeers. "I do believe the woman hears me, and wants to make me break a wessel, so that she may have the pleasure of nursing me. Some money, Slider—money."

"Why, what a man you are to ask!" cried Peg, with some contempt. "If I had taken money from Arthur Gride, he'd have scoured the whole earth to find me—aye, and he'd have smelt it out, and raked it up somehow if I had buried it at the bottom of the deepest well in England. No, no! I knew better than that. I took what I thought his secrets were hid in, and them he couldn't afford to make public, let 'em be worth ever so much money. He's an old dog, a sly, old, cunning, thankless dog. He first starved and then tricked me, and if I could, I'd kill him."

"All right, and very laudable," said Squeers. "But first and foremost, Slider, burn the box. You should never keep things as may lead to discovery—always mind that. So while you pull it to pieces (which you can easily do, for it's very old and rickety) and burn it in little bits, I'll look over the papers and tell you what they are."

Peg, expressing her acquiescence in this arrangement, Mr. Squeers turned the box bottom upwards, and tumbling the contents upon the floor, handed it to her; the destruction of the box being an extemporary device for engaging her attention, in case it should prove desirable to distract it from his own proceedings.

"There," said Squeers, "you poke the pieces between the bars, and make up a good fire, and I'll read the while—let me see—let me see." And taking the candle down beside him, Mr. Squeers, with great eagerness and a cunning grin overspreading his face, entered upon his task of examination.

If the old woman had not been very deaf, she must have heard, when she last went to the door, the breathing of two persons close behind it, and if those two persons had been unacquainted with her infirmity they must probably have chosen that moment either for presenting themselves or taking to flight. But, knowing with whom they had to deal, they remained quite still, and now, not only appeared unobserved at the door—which was not bolted, for the bolt had no hasp—but warily, and with noiseless footsteps, advanced into the room.

As they stole further and further in by slight and scarcely perceptible

degrees, and with such caution that they scarcely seemed to breathe, the old hag and Squeers little dreaming of any such invasion, and utterly unconscious of there being any soul near but themselves, were busily occupied with their tasks. The old woman with her wrinkled face close to the bars of the stove, puffing at the dull embers which had not yet caught the wood—Squeers stooping down to the candle, which brought out the full ugliness of his face, as the light of the fire did that of his companion—both intently engaged, and wearing faces of exultation which contrasted strongly with the anxious looks of those behind, who took advantage of the slightest sound to cover their advance, and almost before they had moved an inch, and all was silent, stopped again —this, with the large bare room, damp walls, and flickering doubtful light, combined to form a scene which the most careless and indifferent spectator—could any have been present—could scarcely have failed to derive some interest from, and would not readily have forgotten.

Of the stealthy comers Frank Cheeryble was one, and Newman Noggs the other. Newman had caught up by the rusty nozzle an old pair of bellows, which were just undergoing a flourish in the air preparatory to a descent upon the head of Mr. Squeers, when Frank, with an earnest gesture, stayed his arm, and taking another step in advance, came so close behind the schoolmaster that, by leaning slightly forward, he could plainly distinguish the writing which he held up to his eye.

Mr. Squeers not being remarkably erudite, appeared to be considerably puzzled by this first prize, which was in an engrossing hand, and not very legible except to a practised eye. Having tried it by reading from left to right and from right to left, and finding it equally clear both ways, he turned it upside down with no better success.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Peg, who, on her knees before the fire, was feeding it with fragments of the box, and grinning in most devilish exultation. "What's that writing about, eh?"

"Nothing particular," replied Squeers, tossing it towards her. "It's only an old lease, as well as I can make out. Throw it in the fire."

Mrs. Sliderskew complied, and inquired what the next one was.

"This," said Squeers, "is a bundle of over-due acceptances and renewed bills of six or eight young gentlemen, but they're all M.P's., so it's of no use to anybody. Throw it in the fire."

Peg did as she was bidden, and waited for the next.

"This," said Squeers, "seems to be some deed of sale of the right of presentation to the rectory of Purechurch, in the valley of Cashup. Take care of that, Slider—literally for God's sake. It'll fetch its price at the Auction Mart."

"What's the next?" inquired Peg.

"Why, this," said Squeers, "seems, from the two letters that's with it, to be a bond from a curate down in the country to pay half-a-year's wages of forty pound for borrowing twenty. Take care of that, for if he don't pay it, his bishop will very soon be down upon him. We know what the camel and the needle's eye means—no man as can't live upon his income, whatever it is, must expect to go to heaven at any price—it's very odd. I don't see anything like it yet."

"What's the matter?" said Peg.

"Nothing," replied Squeers, "only I'm looking for——"

Newman raised the bellows again, and once more Frank, by a rapid motion of his arm, unaccompanied by any noise, checked him in his purpose.

"Here you are," said Squeers, "bonds—take care of them. Warrant of attorney—take care of that. Two cognovits—take care of them. Lease and release—burn that. Ah! 'Madeline Bray—come of age or marry—the said Madeline'—Here, burn *that*."

Eagerly throwing towards the old woman a parchment that he caught up for the purpose, Squeers, as she turned her head, thrust into the breast of his large coat, the deed in which these words had caught his eye, and burst into a shout of triumph.

"I've got it!" said Squeers. "I've got it. Hurrah! The plan was a good one though the chance was desperate, and the day's our own at last!"

Peg demanded what he laughed at, but no answer was returned, for Newman's arm could no longer be restrained; the bellows descending heavily and with unerring aim on the very centre of Mr. Squeers's head, felled him to the floor, and stretched him on it flat and senseless.

CHAPTER LVIII.

IN WHICH ONE SCENE OF THIS HISTORY IS CLOSED.

Dividing the distance into two days' journey, in order that his charge might sustain the less exhaustion and fatigue from travelling so far, Nicholas, at the end of the second day from their leaving home, found himself within a very few miles of the spot where the happiest years of his life had been passed, and which, while it filled his mind with pleasant and peaceful thoughts, brought back many painful and vivid recollections of the circumstances in which he and his had wandered forth from their old home, cast upon the rough world and the mercy of strangers.

It needed no such reflections as those which the memory of old days, and wanderings among scenes where our childhood has been passed, usually awaken in the most insensible minds, to soften the heart of Nicholas, and render him more than usually mindful of his drooping friend. By night and day, at all times and seasons, always watchful, attentive, and solicitous, and never varying in the discharge of his self-imposed duty to one so friendless and helpless as he whose sands of life were now fast running out and dwindling rapidly away, he was ever at his side. He never left him; to encourage and animate him, administer to his wants, support and cheer him to the utmost of his power, was now his constant and unceasing occupation.

They procured a humble lodging in a small farm-house, surrounded by meadows, where Nicholas had often revelled when a child with a troop of merry schoolfellows; and here they took up their rest.

At first, Smike was strong enough to walk about for short distances at a time, with no other support or aid than that which Nicholas could afford him. At this time, nothing appeared to interest him so much as visiting those places which had been most familiar to his friend in bygone days. Yielding to this fancy, and pleased to find that its indulgence beguiled the sick boy of many tedious hours, and never failed to afford him matter for thought and conversation afterwards, Nicholas made such spots the scenes of their daily rambles: driving him from place to place in a little pony-chair, and supporting him on his arm while they walked slowly among these old haunts, or lingered in the sunlight to take long parting looks of those which were most quiet and beautiful.

It was on such occasions as these, that Nicholas, yielding almost unconsciously to the interest of old associations, would point out some tree that he had climbed a hundred times to peep at the young birds in their nest, and the branch from which he used to shout to little Kate, who stood below terrified at the height he had gained, and yet urging him higher still by the intensity of her admiration. There was the old house too, which they would pass every day, looking up at the tiny window through which the sun used to stream in and wake him on the summer mornings—they were all summer mornings then—and climbing up the garden-wall and looking over, Nicholas could see the very rose-bush which had come a present to Kate from some little lover and she had planted with her own hands. There were the hedge-rows where the brother and sister had so often gathered wild flowers together, and the green fields and shady paths where they had so often strayed. There was not a lane, or brook, or copse, or cottage near, with which some childish event was not entwined, and back it came upon the mind as events of childhood do—nothing in itself: perhaps a word, a laugh, a look, some slight distress, a passing thought or fear—and yet more strongly and distinctly marked, and better far remembered, than the hardest trials or severest sorrows of but a year ago.

One of these expeditions led them through the churchyard where was his father's grave. "Even here," said Nicholas, softly, "we used to loiter before we knew what death was, and when we little thought whose ashes would rest beneath, and wondering at the silence, sit down to rest and speak below our breath. Once Kate was lost, and after an hour of fruitless search, they found her fast asleep under that tree which shades my father's grave. He was very fond of her, and said when he took her up in his arms, still sleeping, that whenever he died he would wish to be buried where his dear little child had laid her head. You see his wish was not forgotten."

Nothing more passed at the time, but that night, as Nicholas sat beside his bed, Smike started up from what had seemed to be a slumber, and laying his hand in his, prayed, as the tears coursed down his face, that he would make him one solemn promise.

"What is that?" said Nicholas, kindly. "If I can redeem it, or hope to do so, you know I will."

"I am sure you will," was the reply. "Promise me that when I die, I shall be buried near—as near as they can make my grave—to the tree we saw to-day."

Nicholas gave the promise; he had few words to give it in, but they were solemn and earnest. His poor friend kept his hand in his, and turned as if to sleep. But there were stifled sobs; and the hand was pressed more than once, or twice, or thrice, before he sank to rest, and slowly loosed his hold.

In a fortnight's time, he became too ill to move about. Once or twice Nicholas drove him out, propped up with pillows, but the motion of the chaise was painful to him, and brought on fits of fainting, which, in his weakened state, were dangerous. There was an old couch in the house which was his favourite resting-place by day; when the sun shone, and the weather was warm, Nicholas had this wheeled into a little orchard which was close at hand, and his charge being well wrapt up and carried out to it, they used to sit there sometimes for hours together.

It was on one of these occasions that a circumstance took place, which Nicholas at the time thoroughly believed to be the mere delusion of an imagination affected by disease, but which he had afterwards too good reason to know was of real and actual occurrence.

He had brought Smike out in his arms—poor fellow! a child might have carried him then—to see the sunset, and, having arranged his couch, had taken his seat beside it. He had been watching the whole of the night before, and being greatly fatigued both in mind and body, gradually fell asleep.

He could not have closed his eyes five minutes, when he was awakened by a scream, and starting up in that kind of terror which affects a person suddenly roused, saw to his great astonishment that his charge had struggled into a sitting posture, and with eyes almost starting from their sockets, the cold dew standing on his forehead, and in a fit of trembling which quite convulsed his frame, was shrieking to him for help.

"Good Heaven, what is this!" cried Nicholas, bending over him. "Be calm; you have been dreaming."

"No, no, no!" cried Smike, clinging to him. "Hold me tight. Don't let me go. There—there—behind the tree!"

Nicholas followed his eyes, which were directed to some distance behind the chair from which he himself had just risen. But there was nothing there.

"This is nothing but your fancy," he said, as he strove to compose him; "nothing else indeed."

"I know better. I saw as plain as I see now," was the answer. "Oh! say you'll keep me with you—swear you won't leave me for an instant!"

"Do I ever leave you?" returned Nicholas. "Lie down again now—there. You see I'm here. Now tell me—what was it?"

"Do you remember," said Smike, in a low voice, and glancing fear-

fully round, "do you remember my telling you of the man who first took me to the school?"

"Yes, surely."

"I raised my eyes just now towards that tree—that one with the thick trunk—and there, with his eyes fixed on me, he stood."

"Only reflect for one moment," said Nicholas; "granting for an instant that it's likely he is alive and wandering about a lonely place like this, so far removed from the public road, do you think that at this distance of time you could possibly know that man again?"

"Anywhere—in any dress," returned Smike; "but just now, he stood leaning upon his stick and looking at me, exactly as I told you I remembered him. He was dusty with walking, and poorly dressed—I think his clothes were ragged—but directly I saw him, the wet night, his face when he left me, the parlour I was left in, and the people that were there, all seemed to come back together. When he knew I saw him, he looked frightened, for he started and shrunk away. I have thought of him by day, and dreamt of him by night. He looked in my sleep when I was quite a little child, and has looked in my sleep ever since, as he did just now."

Nicholas endeavoured, by every persuasion and argument he could think of, to convince the terrified creature that his imagination had deceived him, and that this close resemblance between the creation of his dreams and the man he supposed he had seen was but a proof of it; but all in vain. When he could persuade him to remain for a few moments in the care of the people to whom the house belonged, he instituted a strict inquiry whether any stranger had been seen, and searched himself behind the tree, and through the orchard, and upon the land immediately adjoining, and in every place near, where it was possible for a man to lie concealed, but all in vain. Satisfied that he was right in his original conjecture, he ultimately applied himself to calming the fears of Smike, which after some time he partially succeeded in doing, though not in removing the impression upon his mind, for he still declared again and again in the most solemn and fervid manner, that he had positively seen what he described, and that nothing could ever remove his firm conviction of its reality.

And now Nicholas began to see that hope was gone, and that upon the partner of his poverty, and the sharer of his better fortune, the world was closing fast. There was little pain, little uneasiness, but there was no rallying, no effort, no struggle for life. He was worn and wasted to the last degree; his voice had sunk so low, that he could scarce be heard to speak. Nature was thoroughly exhausted, and he had lain him down to die.

On a fine, mild autumn day, when all was tranquil and at peace, when the soft sweet air crept in at the open window of the quiet room, and not a sound was heard but the gentle rustling of the leaves, Nicholas sat in his old place by the bedside, and knew that the time was nearly come. So very still it was, that every now and then he bent down his ear to listen for the breathing of him who lay asleep, as if to assure himself that life was still there, and that he had not fallen into that deep slumber from which on earth there is no waking.

While he was thus employed, the closed eyes opened, and on the pale face there came a placid smile.

"That's well," said Nicholas. "The sleep has done you good."

"I have had such pleasant dreams," was the answer. "Such pleasant, happy dreams!"

"Of what?" said Nicholas.

The dying boy turned towards him, and putting his arm about his neck, made answer, "I shall soon be there!"

After a short silence, he spoke again.

"I am not afraid to die," he said, "I am quite contented. I almost think that if I could rise from this bed quite well, I would not wish to do so now. You have so often told me we shall meet again—so very often lately, and now I feel the truth of that so strongly—that I can even bear to part from you."

The trembling voice and tearful eye, and the closer grasp of the arm which accompanied these latter words, showed how they filled the speaker's heart; nor were there wanting indications of how deeply they had touched the heart of him to whom they were addressed.

"You say well," returned Nicholas at length, "and comfort me very much, dear fellow. Let me hear you say you are happy, if you can."

"I must tell you something first. I should not have a secret from you. You would not blame me at a time like this, I know."

"*I* blame you!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"I am sure you would not. You asked me why I was so changed, and—and sat so much alone. Shall I tell you why?"

"Not if it pains you," said Nicholas. "I only asked that I might make you happier if I could."

"I know—I felt that at the time." He drew his friend closer to him. "You will forgive me; I could not help it, but though I would have died to make her happy, it broke my heart to see—I know he loves her dearly—Oh! who could find that out so soon as I!"

The words which followed were feebly and faintly uttered, and broken by long pauses; but from them Nicholas learnt, for the first time, that the dying boy, with all the ardour of a nature concentrated on one absorbing, hopeless, secret passion, loved his sister Kate.

He had procured a lock of her hair, which hung at his breast, folded in one or two slight ribands she had worn. He prayed that when he was dead, Nicholas would take it off, so that no eyes but his might see it, and that when he was laid in his coffin and about to be placed in the earth, he would hang it round his neck again, that it might rest with him in the grave.

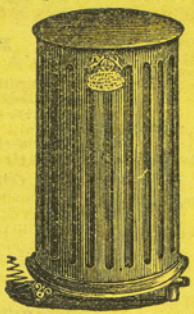
Upon his knees Nicholas gave him this pledge, and promised again that he should rest in the spot he had pointed out. They embraced, and kissed each other on the cheek.

"Now," he murmured, "I am happy."

He fell into a slight slumber, and waking, smiled as before; then spoke of beautiful gardens, which he said stretched out before him, and were filled with figures of men, women, and many children, all with light upon their faces; then whispered that it was Eden—and so died.

The CHUNK PATENT STOVE,

Invented by Mr. RICHARD PROSSER, Civil Engineer.



RIPPON & BURTON,

Ironmongers,

12, WELLS STREET,

OXFORD STREET,

SOLE PROPRIETORS

And Manufacturers.

PRICE, PLAIN, £3.

FLUTED, £3. 15s.

THE peculiar advantages of the CHUNK PATENT STOVE are—its entire freedom from dust or smoke; its very great economy of fuel; and its perfect safety from fire. It has no door, and does not produce any of the unpleasant effects upon the atmosphere which have been experienced in the use of all others. It does not exhaust the air of the apartment—that portion of air which is required to cause the combustion of the fuel being retained in this Stove much longer than in any other in consequence of its having to descend, and in its descent to pass the fire before it can escape into the flue. It does not require so much attention as any other, and it is so exceedingly simple, that instructions as to its use are almost unnecessary. It is impossible for it to set any substance on fire, or to cause gunpowder to explode, even though in actual contact with the Stove or pipe, consequently the Stove may be fixed in any part of a room with perfect safety; and the size of the pipe or flue being only two inches in diameter, it may be placed behind the paper or the skirting board. There are no ashes to collect, the Stove can therefore stand upon the most delicate carpet without injuring it. The vessel to be used for conveying the fuel is the one in which it will be consumed, and all the ashes will remain in it until removed, 24 hours afterwards, during which time it is not necessary to rake or pay any attention whatever to the fire. It is so light that one person can with ease remove or erect the Stove for the season in 10 minutes, without the assistance of a bricklayer, or other mechanic. The cost of fuel will be about 2d. for 24 hours, and it will warm an apartment either in conjunction with an open fire-place or otherwise. It is 2 ft. 9 in. high, by 1 ft. 4 in. diameter; and the shape being cylindrical, the space it occupies is very small.

Wherever warmth is required, this Stove is applicable. It is equally desirable for the Drawing Room as for the Laundry. For warming Greenhouses it possesses extraordinary claims. The very great expense of building flues, and afterwards the immense consumption of fuel being avoided, with the certainty of warmth during the night without attention. For Ship's Cabins and Workshops it will be found invaluable.

It has been found a source of great comfort in the bed-room of the invalid, affording a uniform temperature through the day and night, with only one supply of fuel; the most delicate chemical test can detect nothing arising from its use which is injurious to health, it merely warms the air without decomposing it, and as there is no door, none of the gases generated by the fuel can pass into the apartment.

☞ 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 aquafortis.

BRITISH PLATE.

Fiddle-handle Table Spoons & Forks, per doz.	12s. &	16s	0	
Ditto ditto very strong	£1	0	0	
Ditto Dessert Spoons & Forks	10s. 14s. &	0	16	0
Ditto Tea Spoons	5s., 6s. and	0	8	0
Ditto Gravy Spoons ..... each	4s. and	0	5	0
Ditto Salt and Mustard Spoons		0	0	6
Ditto Ditto and Ditto, with gilt bowls		0	1	0
Ditto Sauce Ladles	1s. 6d. &	0	2	0
Ditto Soup Ladles	6s. 6d. &	0	7	6
Ditto Fish Knives		0	7	0
Ditto Butter Knives		0	2	0
Ditto Sugar Bows..... per pair	1s. &	0	1	6
Ivory handle Fish Knives ..... each		0	9	0
Ditto Butter Knives.....		0	2	6
Pearl handle Ditto		0	4	0
Round Waiters, with rich shell mountings and feet, centre elegantly chased, 8 in. diameter		1	0	0
Ditto, ditto, 10 in. ditto ...		1	5	0
Ditto, ditto, 12 in. ditto ...		1	10	0
Ditto, ditto, 16 in. ditto ...		2	0	0
Cruet Frames, with 4 richly cut glasses, shell mountings, and feet ..... each		1	8	0
Ditto, 5 glasses, £1 15s. Ditto, 7 Glasses		2	10	0
Liquor Frames, with 3 richly cut glasses		3	0	0
Decanter Stands, with shell mountings, per pair		1	1	0
Bread Basket, richly chased, shell mountings		2	10	0
Toast Racks		0	10	6
Asparagus Tongs, per pair		0	12	0
Teakettle, ivory handle, stand and spirit lamp		6	0	0

King's Pattern Table Spoons & Forks, per doz.	£1	10s	0	
Ditto Dessert ditto do...	1	5	0	
Ditto Tea Spoons..... do...	0	12	0	
Ditto Gravy ditto ..... each	0	7	0	
Ditto Fish Knives ..... do...	0	11	6	
Ditto Salt and Mustard Spoons... do...	0	1	3	
Ditto Soup Ladles..... do...	0	13	0	
Ditto Sauce Ladles ..... do...	0	3	6	
Ditto Sugar Tongs ..... do...	0	3	0	
Table Candlesticks, 8 inches high ..... per pair	0	14	0	
Ditto, with gadroon mountings, 8 inches high	0	16	0	
Ditto ditto, 9 ditto	0	18	0	
Ditto, with shell mountings 10 ditto	1	1	0	
Ditto, Antique Silver Pattern, 10 in.	1	15	0	
Chamber Candlesticks, complete, from.....	0	9	6	
Snuffers, per pair .....from 4s. 6d. to	0	8	6	
Snuffer Trays, with gadroon mountings ... each	0	5	6	
Handsome modern pattern Teapots, to hold 1 qt.	1	8	0	
Newest Silver Pattern ditto	2	2	0	
Coffee Pots, Sugar Basins, and Cream Ewers to match.				
Steak Dish and Cover with loose handles, so that the cover will form a dish	3	3	0	
Salt Cellars, richly mounted, gilt insides, per pair	0	14	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.

August, 1839.

Shower Baths, Japanned Bamboo, with Brass Force-pump attached, to throw the water into the cistern, the very best made, with copper conducting tubes, and curtains complete, £5.

Hip Baths, Japanned Bamboo, £1. 2s.

Sponging Baths, Round, 30 inches diameter, 7 inches deep, 20s.

Open Baths, 3 ft. 6 in. long, 30s.; 4 ft. long, 35s.; 4 ft. 6in. long, 50s.; 5 ft. long, 60s.; 5 ft. 6 in. long, 70s.

Feet Baths, Japanned Bamboo, small size, 6s. 6d.; large, 7s 6d.; tub shape, with hoops, 11s.

Table Lamps, Bronze or Gilt, with ground glass globe shades.

Hall Lamps or Lanterns, with glass shade over top, complete with burner, Bronzed or Gilt.

Brooms and Brushes of every description.

Bottle Jacks, Japanned, 7s. 6d.; Brass, 9s. 6d. each.

Brass Stair Rods, per doz. 21 inches long, 3s. 0d.; 24 in. 3s. 9d.; 27 in. 4s. 6d.; 30 in. 5s. 6d.

Brass Curtain Poles, warranted solid, 1¼ inch diameter, 1s. 3d. per foot; 2 in. 1s. 8d. per foot.

Brass Poles, complete with end ornaments, rings, hooks and brackets, 3ft. long, 14s.; 3ft. 6 in. 16s.; 4ft. 18s. 6d.

Brass Curtain Bands, 1¼ in. wide, 2s. per pair, 1½ in. 2s. 6d.; 2 in. 3s. 6d. Richer patterns, 1½ in. 4s.; 2 in. 5s.

Finger Plates for Doors, newest and richest patterns, long, 1s. 2d.; short, 10d. each.

Copper Coal Scoops, small, 10s. 6d.; middle, 13s. large, 14s. 6d. Helmet Shape, 15s. 0d., 16s. 6d., 18s. 6d.; Square Shape, with Hand Scoop, 28s.

Copper Tea Kettles, Oval Shape, very strong, with barrel handle, 2 quarts, 5s. 6d.; 3 quarts, 6s.; 4 quarts, 7s. The strongest quality made, 2 quarts 9s. 6d.; 3 quarts, 10s. 6d.; 4 quarts, 11s. 6d.

Copper Stewpans; Soup or Stock Pots, and Fish Kettles, with Brazing Pan; Saucepans & Preserving Pans; Cutlet Pans, Frying Pans, and Omelette Pans, at prices proportionate with the above.

Copper Warming Pans, with handles, for fire, 6s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.; Ditto, for water, 9s. 6d.

Fire Irons.

Large strong Wrought Iron, for Kitchens, 5s. 6d. to 12s.	0
Wrought Iron, suitable for Servants' Bed Rooms	2 0
Small Polished Steel, for better Bed Rooms	4 6
Large ditto, for Libraries	7 0
Ditto ditto, for Dining Rooms	8 6
Ditto ditto, with Cut Heads, for ditto	11 6
Ditto very highly polished Steel, plain good pattern	20 0
Ditto ditto, richly cut 25s. to 50	0

Cruet Frames, Black Japanned, with 3 Glasses, 4s. 6d.; 4 Glasses, 6s.; 5 Glasses, 7s. 6d.; 6 Glasses, 9s.

Corkscrews, Patent, 3s. 6d. each; Common ditto, 6d., 9d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s.

Smoke Jack, with Chains and Spit, £6. Superior Self-acting do. with Dangle and Horizontal Spit, £10. N. B. Experienced Workmen employed to clean, repair, and oil Smoke Jacks, which are so constantly put out of order by the treatment they meet with from chimney sweepers.

Captains' Cabin Lamps, with 1 quart kettles, 6s.

Britannia Metal Goods.

To hold	1½ Pts.	1 Qt.	2½ Pts.
Teapots, with Black Handles and Black Knobs	1s. 6d.	2s. 0d.	2s. 9d.
Ditto, very strong	3 0	3 6	
Ditto, with Pearl Knobs	4 6	5 6	6 6
Ditto with Pearl Knobs and Metal Handles	6 6	8 0	9 6

Coffee Biggins, 1s. 6d. each size extra.

Table Candlesticks, 8 in. 3s. per pair; 9 in. 4s. 6d.; 10 in. 7s. 6d.
Chamber Candlesticks with Extinguishers, 2s. each.
Ditto with Gadroon Edges, complete with Snuffers and Extinguisher, 4s. each.
Mustards, with Blue Earthen Lining, 1s. each.
Salt Cellars with ditto, 1s. 0d. per pair.
Pepper Boxes, 1s. each.

Britannia Metal Hot Water Dishes, with wells for gravy, and gadroon edges, 16 inches long, 30s.; 18 in., 36s.; 20 in., 43s.; 22 in., 51s.; 24 in., 57s. Hot Water Plates, 6s. 6d. each. Block Tin ditto, with loose earthen tops, 2s. 3d. each.

Reading Candlesticks, with Shade and Light to slide, one light, 5s. 6d.; two lights, 7s. 6d.

Coffee Filterers, for making Coffee without boiling.

To hold	1 Pint.	1½ Pts.	1 Qt.	3 Pts.
Best Block Tin	4s. 0d.	4s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	7s. 0d.
Bronzed	5 6	6 6	7 6	9 6

Beart's Patent Pneumatic Filterer, which will make Coffee with boiling water in five minutes, as clear as crystal, without waste, and superior in flavour to that made by any other mode, 8s., 10s., & 12s.

Etnas, for boiling a Pint of Water in three minutes, 3s. each; larger size, 4s. each.

Coffee and **Pepper Mills,** small, 3s.; middle, 4s.; large, 4s. 6d.
Ditto, to fix, small, 4s. 6d.; middle, 5s. 6d.; large, 6s. 6d.

Iron Digesters, for making Soup, to hold 2 galls. 7s.; 3 galls. 9s. 6d.; 4 galls. 13s.

Tea Urns, Globe shape, to hold four quarts, 27s. each. Modern Shapes, 45s. to 60s. each.

Improved Wove Wire Gauze Window Blinds, in mahogany frames, made to any size, and painted to any shade of colour, 2s. 3d. per square foot. Ornamenting with shaded lines, 1s. 6d. each blind.
Ditto, with lines and corner ornaments, 3s. each blind.
Blinds, ornamented with landscape, in mahogany frames, 4s. per square foot.
Old Blind Frames filled with new wire, and painted any colour, at 1s. 4d. per square foot.

Servants' Wire Lanterns, Open Tops, with Doors, 1s. 6d. each. Closed Tops, with Doors, 2s.

Rush Safes, Open Tops, 2s. 3d. each. Closed Tops, with Doors, 2s. 9d. each.

Fire Guards, painted Green, with Dome Tops, 14 inch, 1s. 6d.; 16 in. 1s. 9d.; 18 in. 2s. 3d. Brass Wire, 6s., 6s. 6d., and 7s. 6d.

Egg Whisks, Tinned Wire, 10d. each.

Wire Work.—All kinds of useful and ornamental Wire Work made to order.

Family Weighing Machines, or Balances, complete, with weights from ¼ oz. to 14lbs., 26s.

Ditto Patent Spring Weighing Machines, which do not require weights, 6s. 6d. to 22s.

DISH COVERS.

Inches long	9	10	11	12	14	16	18	Set of 6.	Set of 7.
The commonest are in sets of the six first sizes, which cannot be separated	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£0 6s. 6d	
Block Tin	1s. 6d	1s. 9d	2s. 0d	2s. 6d	3s. 3d	3s. 6d	5s. 6d	0 11 6	£0 17s. 0d
Ditto, Anti-Patent shape	1 9	2 0	2 6	3 0	4 0	4 6	8 0	0 16 0	1 4 0
Ditto, O. G. shape	2 0	2 6	3 0	3 6	4 6	6 0	8 6	1 1 0	1 9 6
Ditto, Patent Imperial Silver shape. The Tops raised in one piece, the very best made, except Plated or Silver	3 6	4 0	4 9	6 0	7 6	9 6	11 6	1 15 0	2 5 0
Wove Wire Fly-proof, tin rims, spanned	...	2 0	...	2 6	3 0	3 6	4 6		

WOVE WIRE MEAT SAFES, warranted fly proof, from 21s. each.

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
3¾-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 6	1 6 0
Ditto ditto, with Rimmed Shoulders...	11 4	5 8	9 4	3 4	3 6	1 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 6	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 6	0 17 6

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 large Carvers, and 1 pair of Poultry or Game Carvers, £10.

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 0	11 0	13s. 0d.	14s. 0d.
Black Iron for Dining Rooms or Libraries	8 0	9 0	10 0	11 0	11 6
Bronzed for ditto	11 0	12 0	13 0	14 0	15 0
Fenders, with bright Steel Tops	13 6	15 0	16 6	17 0	18 0
Ditto, very handsome, with Steel Tops and Steel Bottom Moulding	16 6	17 6	20 0	22 0	24 0
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	4s. 6d.	5s. 0d.	5s. 6d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 6d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 6d.	-	-	-
Register Stoves of superior patterns	-	-	-	14 0	15 2	16 4	17 6	18s. 8d	19s. 10	21s. 0d

Register Stoves, fine Cast, 3 feet wide, 2*l.* 5*s.*, 2*l.* 10*s.*, and 3*l.*—Ground Bright Front Register Stoves with Bronzed and Steel Ornaments, and with bright and black bars, 3 feet wide, 4*l.* 10*s.*, 5*l.* and 5*l.* 10*s.*

Ironing Stoves for Laundries, complete, with Frame and Ash Pan, 1*l.* 5*s.*

KITCHEN RANGES.

To fit an opening of	2 ft. 8.	2 ft. 10	3 ft.	3 ft. 2	3 ft. 4	3ft. 6.	4ft.	4 ft. 4.	5 ft.
With Oven and Boiler	34s.	40s.	48s.						
Self-acting ditto, with Oven and Boiler, Sliding Cheek, and Wrought Iron Bars (recommended)				75s.	80s.	85s.	95s.	120s.	135s.

Ranges without Oven or Boiler, and with sliding cheeks, at 8d. per inch.

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 Stewpan 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. 0d.	7s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	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	10s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Coal Scoops, Iron, for Kitchen Use	1 6	2 6	3 6
Ditto, lined with Zinc, the most serviceable article of the kind ever made	5 0	6 6	7 6
Upright Hods	1 6	2 6	3 6

Japanned Goods.

	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

Bread and Knife Trays, each 9d., 1s., 1s. 6d 2s. & 2s. 6d.
Middle quality ditto, at 2s. and 2s. 6d.
Best ditto, Gothic shape, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. & 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, 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.
Dittc, ditto, red, 4s. per pair.

Plate Warmers, upright shape, with gilt lines, 21s.
Ditto, long shape, £1. 10s.
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, 5s.; 6s. 6d.; & 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. Candle or Rush Safes, 2s. 6d. each.
Cinder Pails or Sifters, Japanned Brown, 9s. 6d. & 11s.

TIN GOODS.

	1 Pt.	1 Qt.	3 Pt.	2 Qt.	3 Qt.	4 Qt.	6 Qt.	8 Qt.	9 Qt.	10 Qt.
SAUCEPANS, strong common. with Covers	0s. 3d	0s. 4d	0s. 6d	0s. 8d	0s. 10	1s. 1d	1s. 2d	1s. 4d	1s. 8d	2s. 0d
Strongest Tin, with Iron Handles	0 9	1 0	1 4	1 10	2 2	2 9	3 6	4 0	4 6	5 0
Block Tin	1 4	2 0	2 6	3 0	3 9	4 6	6 0			
Saucepans and Steamers	—	—	—	—	2 9	3 6	4 0	4 6		

Coffee and Chocolate Pots, Block Tin, to hold 1 quart, 1s. 4d.; 3 pints, 1s. 10d.; 2 quarts, 2s. 3d
Colanders, small, 10d.; large, 1s. 4d.
Ditto, Block Tin, small, 3s. 6d.; large, 4s. 6d.
Dripping Pans, with wells, small, 3s.; mid., 5s.; large, 7s.
Fish Kettles, small, 4s. 6d.; middle, 5s. 6d.; large, 6s. 6d.

Turbot Pans, or Kettles, Turbot shape, 21s.
Meat Screens for Bottle Jacks, 15s. each.
Ditto, Wood, Elliptic Shape, lined with Tin, upon Rollers, with Shelf and Door, 3 feet wide, £1. 10s. Larger sizes in proportion.
Stomach Warmers, each 2s. 6d.

To hold	3 Pts.	2 Qts.	3 Qts.	4 Qts.
TEA KETTLES, Oval shape, strong Common Tin	1s. 0d.	1s. 2d.	1s. 4d.	1s. 6d.
Ditto, strongest Tin	2 0	2 6	3 0	3 6
Block Tin, with Iron Handles and Iron Spouts	4 0	4 3	5 3	6 3
Oblong shape, with round Barrel Handles and Iron Spout	4 9	5 6	6 6	7 6

RIPPON & BURTON'S Prices of STRONG SETS of IRON and TIN

KITCHEN FURNITURE.

Small Set.

1 Bread Grater	0s. 6
1 Pair Brass Candlesticks	2 6
1 Bottle Jack	7 6
1 Tin Candlestick	1 3
1 Candle Box	0 10
1 Meat Chopper	1 6
1 Cinder Sifter	1 0
1 Coffee Pot	1 0
1 Colander	1 0
1 Dripping Pan & Stand	5 0
1 Dust Pan	0 6
1 Slice	0 6
1 Fish Kettle	4 0
1 Flour Box	0 8
2 Flat Irons	1 8
1 Fryingpan	1 2
1 Gridiron	1 0
1 Mustard Pot	1 0
1 Salt Cellar	0 8
1 Pepper Box	0 6
1 Block Tin Butter Saucepan	1 6
2 Iron Saucepans	6 0
2 Iron Stewpans	3 6
1 Boiling Pot, Iron	7 0
1 Set of Skewers	0 6
6 Knives and Forks	4 6
3 Spoons	0 9
1 Tea Pot and 1 Tea Tray	6 0
1 Toasting Fork	0 6
1 Tea Kettle	4 6
	£3 10 0

Middle Set.

1 Bread Grater	1s. 0
1 Pair Brass Candlesticks	3 0
1 Bottle Jack	7 6
1 Pair of Bellows	1 4
2 Tin Candlesticks	2 6
1 Candle Box	1 4
1 Cheese Toaster	1 4
1 Chopper	1 9
1 Cinder Sifter	1 3
1 Coffee Pot	1 3
1 Colander	1 3
1 Dripping Pan & Stand	5 6
1 Dust Pan	0 8
1 Fish Slice	1 0
1 Fish Kettle	5 6
Pepper and Flour Boxes	1 2
3 Flat Irons	3 0
1 Fryingpan	1 9
1 Gridiron	1 3
2 Jelly Moulds	5 6
1 Mustard Pot	1 0
1 Salt Cellar	0 8
1 Plate Basket	5 6
2 Block Tin Saucepans	3 6
3 Iron Saucepans	7 6
1 Saucepan and Steamer	3 6
1 Large Boiling Pot	9 6
3 Stewpans	7 0
1 Set of Skewers	0 6
6 Knives and Forks	5 6
6 Iron Spoons	1 6
1 Tea Pot & 1 Tea Tray	6 0
1 Toasting Fork	0 6
1 Tea Kettle	6 6
	£5 7 6

Large Set.

1 Bread Grater	1s. 0
1 Pair Brass Candlesticks	3 6
1 Bottle Jack	9 6
1 Pair of Bellows	2 0
2 Deep Tin Candlesticks	2 8
1 Candle Box	1 4
1 Cheese Toaster	1 10
1 Chopper, for Meat	2 0
1 Cinder Sifter	1 6
1 Coffee Pot	2 3
1 Coal Shovel	2 6
1 Colander	1 6
1 Dripping Pan and Stand	7 0
1 Dust Pan	1 0
1 Egg Slice	0 6
1 Fish Slice	1 3
2 Fish Kettles	10 6
1 Flour Box	1 0
3 Flat Irons	4 0
2 Fryingpans	4 6
1 Gridiron, with fluted Bars	3 6
1 Wood Meat Screen	30 0
3 Jelly Moulds	8 3
1 Mustard Pot	1 0
1 Salt Cellar	0 8
1 Pepper Box	0 6
1 Wicker Plate Basket, lined with Tin	7 6
3 Block Tin Saucepans	6 0
4 Iron Saucepans	12 3
1 Saucepan and Steamer	4 6
1 Large Boiling Pot, Iron	10 6
4 Stewpans, Iron	9 0
2 Sets of Skewers	1 0
6 Knives and Forks	5 6
6 Iron Spoons	1 6
1 Tea Pot	3 0
1 Tea Tray	4 0
1 Toasting Fork	1 0
1 Egg Whisk	0 9
1 Tea Kettle	7 6
	£8 19 3

*** One or more articles may be selected from either of the above sets at the prices quoted.

J. Bradley, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield street, London.

The Saint Ann's Society Schools,

BRIXTON HILL AND ALDERSGATE,

INSTITUTED 1709,

Supported by Voluntary Contributions,

For Educating, Clothing and wholly Maintaining the Legitimate Children of Necessitous Parents, and of those more especially who have seen Better Days,

FROM ALL PARTS, WHETHER ORPHANS OR NOT.

Under the Patronage of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.
H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.
H. R. H. THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBERG.
H. R. H. THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, K. G.

President.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Ladies President.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
MRS. PARTIS.

THIS Institution, which affords relief to the fallen parent and helps him in the maintenance of his child, is the *only Charity*, supported by voluntary contributions and unchecked by local boundaries, which feels for the agonized father or mother in times of sudden misfortune, and aids *at once*, without waiting till their offspring becomes an orphan.

The SAINT ANN'S SOCIETY SCHOOLS were founded by the union of a few individuals in 1709, to form a Day School, each member presenting a child in turn. That School still exists, where 30 Boys and 30 Girls are clothed and educated, and 2 Girls also wholly maintained; but the nobler Charity has been grafted on it.

The Asylum at Brixton contains at present 160 Children, who are *wholly maintained Clothed* and *Educated* by the Society, which waits but the extension of its Funds to extend its benefits.

Children from all parts of the world are eligible for admission.

A *Building Fund* has recently been established for the purpose of enlarging the Country Asylum, to afford greater accommodation to the inmates, and to meet the increasing claims of Candidates.

So laudable an Institution surely cannot fail to obtain the warm approbation and the best wishes of every reflecting and benevolent member of the community. *On what portion of our fellow creatures can the bounty of the respectable and wealthy classes of society be more appropriately and beneficially conferred, than on the helpless and unoffending offspring of the numerous individuals who have been visited by adversity, and crushed by poverty?* How often, in this age of competition and enterprise, has the Merchant, the Manufacturer, the Trader, the Agriculturist, notwithstanding the utmost exertion of talent and industry, been reduced to the privations and the hardships attendant on the failure of his reasonable calculations! And what greater solace can be offered to the mind of a father or a mother, under such melancholy circumstances, than the cheering reflection that their destitute Children may find an Asylum in an Institution, where, protected from pauperism, and from constant exposure to vicious example, they may in some degree obtain those advantages which their unfortunate parents have no longer the means of bestowing.

For such an Institution,

the continued liberality of the Public is most respectfully and earnestly solicited.

A Yearly Subscription of One Guinea or more constitutes an *Annual* Governor.

A Subscription of Ten Guineas or upwards at one payment constitutes a Governor for *Life*.

Governors are entitled to Votes, at the *half-yearly Ballot* for the admission of Children into the *Brixton Asylum*, according to the amount of their Subscription: they are likewise, in rotation, from the date of their Subscription, entitled to present a Child into the *Day School* in Town.

Every Governor has the right to nominate a Candidate, Boy or Girl, at each Election, either from the Children in the *Day* School, or not; but all Children are required to be between the ages of *Seven* and *Eleven* years.

Every Governor has as many Votes at each Election as there are Children to be admitted, and may give the *whole* of them to any one Candidate, or divide them, instead of being restricted to the giving a *single vote* to any one child.

Governors become entitled to vote, and to all other privileges, *immediately* on the payment of their Subscriptions.

Proprietors of Pulpits, who may lend them for a Sermon in aid of the Charity, become Honorary Life Governors.

Clergymen preaching for the Charity receive the privileges of Life Governors; or, should they prefer it from being interested in any case at the Ballot, may receive the privilege of a Governor at the next Election for each Guinea collected after their Sermon.

The Executors of Benefactors by will become entitled to the privileges of Life Governors according to the amount of the Bequest.

A Contribution of One Hundred Guineas, *in one payment*, entitles the Donor to the privilege of immediately placing a Child, either Boy or Girl, on the Foundation at *Brixton*.

A Contribution of Two Hundred and Fifty Guineas, in one payment, entitles the Donor to the privilege, *for life*, of always keeping one Child, either Boy or Girl, on the Foundation at Brixton. And a Contribution of Seven Hundred and Fifty Pounds, gives that privelege in perpetuity.

The Elections are half-yearly; on the second Thursday in February and August.

Lists of the Governors *and of the* Contributions *to this Charity are published yearly, at the charge of One Shilling each, (which is applied in reduction of the Printing Expenses), and may be had on application to the Secretary, who will at all times be most happy to give any information relative to the Institution.*

Subscriptions and Donations will be most thankfully received by

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At the Brixton Asylum, and at the Town School.

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"I give and bequeath unto the Treasurer, for the time being, of an Institution called or known by the name of 'THE SAINT ANN'S SOCIETY SCHOOLS,' established in the year 1709, the sum of to be raised and paid by and out of my ready money, plate, goods and personal effects, which by law I may or can charge with the payment of the same, (and not out of any part of my lands, tenements or hereditaments), to be applied towards carrying on the laudable designs of the said Institution."

N.B. Devises of land, or bequests of money charged on land, are void by the Statute of Mortmain; but money or stock may be given by will, the same not being directed to be laid out.

EDW. FRED. LEEKS,
Secretary.

Society's Office,
2, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.

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To put an effectual check to these evils, DR. PERRENGTON has determined to bring into popular use his

TONIC APERIENT LIQUEUR;

a Preparation, the utility of which may be estimated from the following passage in a work recently published by DR. HOLLAND, Physician Extraordinary to the QUEEN. "I wish to suggest the value of a direct combination of Tonics with Aperients; *a form of prescription which might well be brought into more general use.* In the greater number of instances, weakness in the proper action of the bowels is the cause of costiveness, and in seeking to remove the effect by means which act through irritation merely, we do but add to the mischief. The Tonic conjoined with the Aperient enforces its action without weakening the organs."—"This practice is of more especial use in those languid and strumous habits in which strength and good digestion are so carefully to be maintained."

The name of the TONIC APERIENT LIQUEUR is a compendium of its properties. It is a TONIC containing the concentrated essence of the most valuable INDIGENOUS and EXOTIC INVIGORANTS; strengthening the stomach, sharpening the appetite, exhilarating the spirits, promoting nutrition, and bracing the nerves. As an APERIENT, it acts with the most insurpassable gentleness and cordiality, without nausea, griping, or flatulence, whilst, to crown the whole, its taste is a combination of the slightest but finest bitterness, with the most EXQUISITE AROMA and DELICATE FLAVOUR that ever met the approbation of the most refined palate.

The following letter, the original of which may be seen at 44, Gerrard Street, was recently sent in the most handsome manner to Dr. Perrengton, and will explain the nature of some of the symptoms which this medicine is capable of removing.

TO DR. PERRENGTON.

"Sir,—Having long suffered from indigestion, with great pain after eating (whatever it might have been that I had taken), attended with constant flatulence, restless nights, and a running of clear water from the stomach, I was persuaded to try your Tonic Aperient Liqueur, and am most happy to say that after having taken a few bottles, I am so far recovered as to be able to take my meals without experiencing those pains afterwards, and I sleep soundly. It also removed bilious feelings, from which I was a great sufferer, and kept my bowels regular.

"I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,
(Signed) "W. B. ROBARTSON.

"No. 1, Ladbrooke Terrace, Notting Hill, Kensington, July 1st, 1839."

For further particulars respecting the composition and properties of this medicine, we must refer to

A POPULAR TREATISE ON THE STOMACH;

WITH CERTAIN NEW AND IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES IN THE TREATMENT OF INDIGESTION.

BY DE S. PERRENGTON, M.D.P.

A work, containing a concise but complete account of the anatomy of the digestive organs, of the causes which disorder them, and of the treatment of the most important varieties of Indigestion—especially of *Acidity. Biliousness*, and *Flatulence.* There is many an elderly gentleman who will be grateful for the observations which it offers on the Nature, Cause, and Prevention of Corpulence; and many a young and studious dyspeptic, whose fears of mortal disease will be dispelled by the comments on Hypochondriasis; whilst (to quote from a popular Magazine), "it is written in a style so lively and perspicuous, that no one can help reading it through when once they have taken it in hand."

This interesting work is enclosed with every bottle of the Tonic Aperient Liqueur, which is sold in bottles, at 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 11*s.*, at the

CENTRAL DEPOT, 44, GERRARD STREET, SOHO;

At 6, Bruton Street, Bond Street; by Powel and Co, Boston; and by every Medicine Vendor of repute in the British Empire and the United States of America.