OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

MARCUS STONE.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, PICCADILLY.

The right of Translation is reserved.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET, AND CHARING CROSS.
NEW SILKS
(PATTERNS FREE).

RICH, PLAIN, CHECKED, AND STRIPED GLACÉS,
£2 2s. for 12 Yards.

BLACK FRENCH FIGURED GLACÉS,
£1 15s. 6d. for 12 Yards.

JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9 LUDGATE HILL.
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

PRIZE MEDAL.

THOMAS'S PATENT SEWING MACHINES,
For Private Family Use, Dressmaking, &c. &c.
THEY WILL HEM, FELL, GATHER, BIND,
BRAID, TUCK, ETC. ETC.

CATALOGUES and SAMPLES of WORK
May be had on application to
34, ST. MARTIN'S LE GRAND,
AND
REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD STREET.

PURE ARROWROOT as IMPORTED.
CERTIFIED BY THE GOVERNMENT FOOD ANALYSTS.

THE ASSOCIATION established by Proprietors of Estates import the FINEST ARROWROOT direct.
Dr. Lankester and Hassall's Analysis Gratis.

Tins, 1 & 2 lbs., 1s. 6d.; 6 lbs., 1s. 4d.; 12 lbs., 2s. 6d.; or in the ORIGINAL PACKAGES, as IMPORTED, of 31 lbs., at 1s. per lb. Sole Consignees—

NEVELL & CO., ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN,
5 Eccleston Street, Belgravia. Established 1828.

SANSEFLECTUM CRINOLINES.

Puffed Horse-hair Jupon
(Registered)
25/6, 30/6, and 35/6, in Grey White, 5/6 extra.

The Sansflectum Jupon,
18/6, 15/6, 12/6, and 9/6;
Muslin Covers, 3/6;
Llama or Alpaca, 5/11.

The Outline, or Waved Jupon,
18/6 and 21/4;
Muslin Covers, 3/6 each;
French Llama, 5/11 each.

"The Sansflectum Jupon is a most graceful Crinoline, admirably adapted for the promenade.—Court Journal.
"The Patent Outline, or Waved Jupon, does away with the unsightly results of the ordinary hoops; and so perfect are the wave-like bands, that a lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, throw herself into an arm-chair, pass to her stall at the Opera, or occupy a fourth seat in a carriage, without inconvenience to herself or others, or provoking the rude remarks of the observer—thus modifying, in an important degree, all those peculiarities tending to destroy the modesty of Englishwomen; and, lastly, it allows the dress to fall into graceful folds."—Lady's Newspaper.

Illustrations and Pamphlet Gratis and Post Free.

E. PHILPOTT,
Family Draper and Jupon Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail,
37, PICCADILLY, W.
Of all these publications, we are inclined to consider the
Then there is a well-considered leading article or essay, every week, upon some subject of an instructive or thoughtful
Novels and Tales.
"Its novels and tales are quite as well written as the best circulating library stories."—Saturday Review.
Under the head of the "Story Teller," we have novels and tales simpler and purer in structure than in the pages
of the other penny serials."—British Quarterly Review.
Poetry.
"There are charming verses let into its pages, like sunshine, to brighten them."—British Quarterly Review.
Answers to Correspondents.
"For amusing reading, such as may be admitted to one’s household without fear of consequences, we may recom-
mand the "Family Herald," the father of this class of publications. For one penny you get a portion of a well-
written novel, two or three novels, a lot of useful information interspersed throughout, a page of answers to
 correspondents, alone worth the penny, and a variety of other matters, which will make readers either merrier or
perhaps both."
British Quarterly Review.
"The Family Herald" may be considered the Paterfamilias of the whole stock of penny weekly serials. It is
well considered, with reference to its aim, and is various and amusing, with a fair amount of utility intermixed.
Then there is a little column of receipts and instructions in household matters; gleanings of small facts, useful and
scientific; a few scraps of statistics; chess problems and riddles; and an anthology of stray humour and miscellanies.
Of all these publications, we are inclined to consider the "Family Herald" the best.
Leigh Hunt.
"I call out every week for my "Family Herald," a penny publication qualified to inform the best of its contem-
poraries."—Leigh Hunt’s Autobiography.
Literary Gazette.
"It must be said of the "Family Herald" that it is the purest reading of all purely amusing literature; it is,
indeed, a family paper."
Saturday Review.
"The Family Herald" stands at the head, both in age and popularity, of all the penny serials.
FAMILY HERALD HANDY BOOKS.
Just published, price 3d each, post free, 4d.
1. How to Carve and how to Serve a Dinner.
2. First Steps in Chess.
4. Etiquette for Ladies.
5. The Language of Flowers.
7. How to Swim and how to Skate.
8. How to Anglo; including Trolling and Spinning.
9. How to Brew; from a Barrel of Beer to a Bowl of Bishop.
10. How to Bake; from a Batch of Bread to a Biscuit.
11. How to Play Whist, Loz, and Cribbage.
12. How to Play Billiards and Bagatelle.
14. Draughts, Backgammon, and Dominoes.
15. Hints on the Toilette.

Other Books are in Preparation.

London: B. BLAKE, 421 Strand, W.C., and all Booksellers.
MAYALL'S
NEW SERIES OF
PORTRAITS OF EMINENT AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS.

TO BE COMPLETED IN TWENTY MONTHLY PARTS,
Each containing Two original Photographs, handsomely mounted on India paper, 17 inches by 11; accompanied by Memoirs, and stitched in Tinted Wrapper.

CONTENTS.

Part I., April 1864:—
H. R. H. PRINCE ALFRED, in Uniform as Lieutenant R.N.

Part II., May 1864:—
Their R. H. The PRINCE AND PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESS (group).
His Highness The MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH.

Part III., June 1864:—
ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate.
Right Hon. LORD STANLEY, M.P.

These are new candidates, in Photographic Art, for public favour. It will suffice to say they are the productions of Mr. Mayall to give assurance of their merit. Among the first to adopt Photography as a profession, he has been among the best, if not the very best, by whom it has been upheld; and the art is undoubtedly much indebted to him for the universal interest it excites. We cannot fear that his "selection" of subjects will be other than good; there are few persons, eminent or illustrious, in Great Britain, who will object to sit to him, for all may be certain of "mercy" as well as "justice" in the transcripts that will be made. He has made a most satisfactory beginning. Part I. contains Portraits—about 6 inches by 4—in their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred; others of the Royal Family will no doubt follow in due course."—Art-Journal, May, 1864.

PUBLISHED AT MR. MAYALL'S STUDIO, 224 and 226 Regent Street, W.
And by Messrs. A. MARION, SON, and Co., Agents for the Trade, 23 Soho Square, W.
BLACK'S GUIDE BOOKS.
1864.

BELFAST and GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, 1s. 6d.
CORNWALL (and Scilly Isles), 2s.
DERBYSHIRE (Buxton, Matlock, Chatsworth), 2s. 6d.
DEVONSHIRE (Torquay, Exeter, Plymouth, &c.), 2s. 6d.
DORSETSHIRE (Swanage, Weymouth, &c.), 1s. 6d.
DORSET, DEVON, and CORNWALL, complete in 1 vol. 5s.
DUBLIN and WICKLOW, 1s. 6d.
ENGLAND, new edition, with Plans of Towns, 10s. 6d.
ENGLISH LAKES, 5s. and 1s. 6d.
GALWAY, CONNEMARA, and the SHANNON, 1s. 6d.
HANTS AND ISLE of WIGHT, 2s. 6d.
HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND (Anderson's), 10s. 6d.
IRELAND, new edition, 5s.
ISLE OF WIGHT, 1s. 6d.
KENT (Dover, Deal, Ramsgate, Margate, &c.), 3s. 6d.
KILLARNEY LAKES, 1s. 6d.
LONDON and ENVIRONS, 3s, 6d.
Do. Plain, 1s.; coloured, 1s. 6d.
MOFFAT and ST. MARY'S LOCH, 1s.
SCARBOROUGH, HARROGATE, and WHITBY, 1s.
SCOTLAND, 8s. 6d.
SKYE and WEST of ROSS-SHIRE, 1s.
SURREY (Croydon, Reigate, Guildford, &c.), 5s.
SUSSEX (Brighton, Hastings, &c.), 2s. 6d.
SUTHERLANDSHIRE, 1s.
TROSSACHS and LOCH LOMOND, 1s.
WALES, complete in one volume, 5s.
NORTH WALES, 3s. 6d. SOUTH WALES, 2s. 6d.
WARWICKSHIRE, 1s.
WHERE SHALL WE GO? (Watering Places), 2s. 6d.
YORKSHIRE, with Maps, Plans, and Views, 5s.

EDINBURGH: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK.
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND ADVERTISER.

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In demy 8vo.,
THE EPOCHS OF PAINTING: a Biographical and Critical Essay on Painting and Painters of all Times and Many Places. By RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. With numerous Illustrations. [Now ready.]

In 2 vols. post 8vo.,

In crown 8vo., 8s. 6d.,
A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.—DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. By ROBERT BROWNING. [Now ready.]

In 3 vols. post 8vo.,
JOHN LAW, THE PROJECTOR. By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH. [Now ready.]

In post 8vo.,

In crown 8vo.,
FOOTPRINTS ON THE ROAD. By CHARLES KENT. [Now ready.]

CHARLES MEREDITH'S NEW NOVEL.

EMILLA IN ENGLAND. By GEORGE MEREDITH, Author of 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,' 'The Shaving of Shagpat,' &c.

"It is, in its way, very well worth reading and has more in it than most novels that delight the reader."—Saturday Review.

"Emilla in England" is fully equal to the author's former works in humour and power. —Reader.

"Emilla in England" is a charming story, and we recommend our readers to get it for themselves. . . . . The character of Emilla herself is a fine study of the nature and development of a true artist. We have seldom met in fiction with a character which we have felt to be so fascinating."—Athenaeum.

3 vols. post 8vo.,
ZOE'S BRAND. By the Author of 'Recommended to Mercy.'

"Zoe's Brand," besides being a good novel, is a valuable contribution towards our understanding that hostility between race and race, which seems to be the mainspring of modern wars, and to cause the chief enigmas of modern politics. —Revalid.

SPORT IN NORWAY, AND WHERE TO FIND IT; together with a Short Account of the Vegetable Productions of the Country. To which is added a List of the Alpine Flos of the Dovre, Fjeld, and of the Norwegian Ferns. By M. R. BARNARD, B.A., late Chaplain to the British Consulate, Christiania, Norway.

In crown 8vo., 4s. 6d.,
THE ART AND MYSTERY OF CURING, PRESERVING, AND POTTING ALL KINDS OF MEATS, GAME, AND FISH; also the Art of Pickling and the Preservation of Fruits and Vegetables. Adapted as well for the wholesale dealer as all housekeepers. By a WHOLESALE CURER of COMESTIBLES.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.
THE NEW NOVELS.

MATTIE: A Stray. By the Author of "No Church," "Owen a Wulf," &c. 3 vols.

This story is fully worthy of the Author's high reputation. It bids fair to be one of the most popular novels of the season. —John Bull.

NOT DEAD YET. By J. C.

JEAFFRISON, Author of "Love it Down," &c. 3 vols.

"A pleasant, healthy book. We have read it through with interest, and commend it to our readers." —Atheneum.

ADVENTURES OF A MAN OF FAMILY. By Lord William Pitt Le Nux. 3 vols.

A GUARDIAN ANGEL. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c. 2 vols.

JOHN GRESWOLD. By the Author of "Paul Ferris," 2 vols.

JANITA'S CROSS. By the Author of "St. Oliver's," 2 vols.


BLOUNT TEMPEST. By the Rev. J. M. BUCKLEY. 3 vols. [Just ready.]

Hussey and Blackett, 13 Great Marlborough Street.

MR. LUMLEY'S REMINISCENCES.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 8vo. With Portrait.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OPERA.

By Benjamin Lumley,

Twenty Years Director of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Hussey & Blackett, 13 Great Marlborough St.

CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN'S SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.

THE QUIVER. Weekly. One Penny; Monthly, 5d. and 6d.

CASSELL'S ROBINSON CRUSOE (Illustrated). Weekly, One Penny; Monthly, 5d. and 6d.

CASSELL'S UNIVERSAL ATLAS. Weekly, One Penny; Monthly, with Coloured Maps, One Shilling.

CASSELL'S FAMILY BIBLE (Illustrated). New Edition on Two Paper. Weekly, Three-halfpence; Monthly, 7d. and 8d.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR (Illustrated). Weekly, Three-halfpence; Monthly, 7d. and 8d.

CASSELL'S BIBLE DICTIONARY (Illustrated). Monthly, 6d.

CASSELL'S ATLASES AND MAPS.

CASSELL'S FOLIO COUNTY ATLAS. Price, in paper boards, 18s. 6d.; strongly half-bound, 15s.

CASSELL'S RAILWAY ATLAS. Price 8s.

CASSELL'S ORIENTAL ATLAS. Price, in paper boards, 8s.; strongly half-bound, 15s.

CASSELL'S COLONIAL ATLAS. Price, in paper boards, 8s.; strongly half-bound, 15s.

CASSELL'S INDIAN ATLAS. Price, in a wrapper, 3s. 6d.

CASSELL'S EMIGRANTS' ATLAS. Price, in a wrapper, 2s. 6d.

COUNTRY AND HOME MAPS.

In Sheets, 3d. each; or Folded, and in a Neat Wrapper, for the Pocket, 4d. each.

** A complete List of Maps. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin's Publications, may be had, post free, by enclosing a Stamp to the Publishing Office, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
MR. THOMAS CARLYLE’S WORKS.


UNIFORM EDITION.
Handsomely printed in Crown Octavo, price Six Shillings per Volume.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: A HISTORY. In 2 Volumes. 12s.

OLIVER CROMWELL’S LETTERS AND SPEECHES. With Elucidations and Connecting Narrative. In 3 Volumes. 18s.

LIFE OF JOHN STERLING. One Volume. 6s.

LIFE OF SCHILLER. One Volume. 6s.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. In 4 Volumes. 24s.

SARTOR RESARTUS. One Volume. 6s.

HERO WORSHIP. One Volume. 6s.

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. One Volume. 6s.

CHARTISM. One Volume. 6s.

PAST AND PRESENT. One Volume. 6s.

TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN ROMANCE. One Volume. 6s.

WILHELM MEISTER. By GÖTHE. A Translation. In 2 Volumes. 12s.

Sets, in 16 vols., crown 8vo., cloth, 4l. 16s.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE’S WORKS.

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER? A New Serial, with Illustrations, uniform with ‘Orley Farm.’ To be completed in 20 Parts. Parts I. to V. now ready. 1s.


ORLEY FARM. With Forty Illustrations by J. E. Millais. Handsomely bound in cloth. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 1/. 2s.

TALES OF ALL COUNTRIES. 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

DR. THORNE. Eighth Edition. 5s.

THE BERTRAMS. Sixth Edition. 5s.

WEST INDIES AND THE SPANISH MAIN. Fifth Edition. 5s.


THE MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLORAN. Third Edition. 5s.

CASTLE RICHMOND. Fourth Edition. 5s.

WORKS (uniform edition), containing the last named six works, crown 8vo., handsomely bound in red cloth. 3s. each.


CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND ADVERTISER.
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND ADVERTISER.

BENHAM AND SONS’
GENERAL FURNISHING IRON-MONGERY CATALOGUE

May be had Gratis and Free by Post. It contains Illustrations of their extensive Stock of Stoves, Fenders, and Fire Irons, Kitchen Ranges, and Cooking Apparatus, for which Prize Medals have been awarded to them in the International Exhibitions of 1851, 1855, and 1862.


Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children’s Cots, Bedding, Bed-Hangings, Blankets, &c.

FLAVEL’S
PRIZE KITCHENER,

With Patented Improvements, to which a Prize Medal has been awarded in 1862; also the only Kitchen Range which obtained a prize medal and special approbation in 1851.

These Ranges are strongly recommended for their simplicity of construction, and economy and cleanliness in use, also as a certain cure for smoky chimneys.

They are made from 3 feet to 18 feet in width for large or small establishments, and may be arranged to supply a bath, steam kettles, hot closets, &c.

BENHAM AND SONS,
19, 20, and 21 WIGMORE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON, W.

THORLEY’S FOOD FOR CATTLE.

CAUTION.

Fox’s Frames for Umbrellas and Parasols.

S. FOX & Co.,
PATENTEES and SOLE MANUFACTURERS of the PARAGON FRAME,

And Manufacturers of Frames, made of solid steel wire, for Umbrellas and Parasols, beg to invite notice to their Label, which should be placed inside each Umbrella and Parasol, and to caution Dealers and the Public against imitations of their Patent Pebble Tips. These imitations, which are brittle and easily defaced, are being used by other persons to cause inferior Frames to resemble those manufactured by S. Fox and Co., by which a small extra profit may be made, at the expense of the durability of the Umbrella or Parasol.

S. Fox and Co.’s Frames, made of solid wire, are warranted not to lock together on opening the Umbrella or Parasol, and, from the superior quality and temper of the steel, will not snap nor become bent in the use. They are charged one penny per Umbrella or Parasol more than the Frames of other makers.

S. Fox and Co.’s Patent Pebble Tips, being used only as a trade mark to denote their special manufacture, are charged without profit. They are of extreme strength and durability, and will last as long as the Frames.

DEEPDEAR, near Sheffield, May, 1864.
THE MALVERN GLASSES.

Burrow's
Race, Field, and Opera Glasses.
MOUNTED IN BRONZE AND DARK LEATHER.
Small Pocke Size, 2s. 6d. and 3s. Medium Size, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. Large Size, 3s. 4d. and 4s. 6d.

Ivory.

£2 2s., £4 4s., and £7 7s.

PEARL:
£3 13s. 6d., £4 11s. 4d., £2 7s., and £10 10s.

ALUMINUM:
£2 6s., £3 17s. 6d., £2 10s., and £4 14s.

The brilliancy and beauty of these glasses, their power and superior optical qualities, and their careful and accurate construction, have obtained for them a very flattering preference, and established them in the estimation of the first authorities as "The best Binoculars yet invented." Detailed lists and full particulars on application to

W. and J. Burrow, Malvern.
London Agents.—B. ARNOLD, 72 Baker Street;
WALES & MCCULLOCH, 58 Cheapside, and 22 Ludgate Street.

Furniture, Carpets, and Bedding, carriage free.—See our illustrated catalogues, containing prices and estimates for furnishling houses of different classes, forwarded gratis. This book is the most useful guide ever published: contains 400 designs of furniture drawn from an extensive stock, and embraces every article necessary in furnishing. The prices are based upon the lowest possible scale, and cannot be equalled for cheapness and quality combined. The stock always in hand at this extensive establishment is one of the largest in the kingdom. References to former customers are offered.—LEWIS OLMLECO and Co., cabinet-makers, upholsterers, and bedding manufacturers, 73 and 75, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge. N.B. Fifty drawing-room suites in various styles, from 12 to 160 guineas. An assortment of old oak furniture. Established 1810.

Kaye's Worsdell's Pills.—These Pills are a purely vegetable preparation, and may be taken at any time by either sex without fear of danger, and are thus strongly recommended as the best family medicine. Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 12s. 14d., 2s. 6d., and 1s. 6d.

Rimmel's Choice Perfumery, and Elegant Novelties.

The Stella Colas Bouquet, with Portrait and Autograph of that Talented Artist.

The Lily of the Vale. May Blossoms.

Price 2s. 6d. each, or the three in an elegant box, 7s. 6d.

Rimmel's Extract of Lime Juice and Glycerine.

For imparting to the Hair a beautiful gloss and softness. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

Rimmel's Perfume Fountain.
An elegant adjunct to the Drawing-room, Ball-room, Dinner Table, &c. Price from £1 18s. Rent on Hire for Bazaars and Parties.

Eugene Rimmel, Perfumer by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

Dyspepsia.

Morrison's Pepsine Wine is a perfectly palatable form for administering this popular remedy for weak digestion. Manufactured by T. Morrison and Son, 10 and 46, Southampton Row, Russell Square, W.C., in bottles at 2s. 6d. and 10s. each. Pepsine Lozenges, in boxes, at 2s. 6d. and 5s. each.

Wheeler and Wilson's Unrivalled Prize Medal Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines.

With all recent improvements and additions. These Machines, from their acknowledged superiority to all others, have obtained the patronage of the Nobility, Gentry, Families, and Manufacturers throughout the civilized world, being capable of doing every description of Household and Manufacturing work with speed, beauty, and efficiency.

Illustrated Prospectus gratis and post free. Instructions gratis to every purchaser.

Offices and Sales Rooms, 199, Regent Street, London, W.
Manufacturers of Foot's Patent Umbrella Stand.

Now ready, price 6s., No. IV. of


Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly.
COOPER'S

ANTISEPTIC CARNATION TOOTH PASTE,
Possesses, in an extraordinary degree, the power of Cleansing, Polishing, and Whitening the Teeth, let them be ever so discoloured by sickness or neglect, leaving upon them a pleasing smoothness.

In Pots, 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. each.

ANIMAL OIL POMADE
FOR THE HAIR,
Does not dry, as is the case with Pomade made with Vegetable Oils. In Stoppered Bottles, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each.

PERSIAN PERFUME
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF,
Particularly recommended for its Fragrance and Durability.
In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. 9d., and 7s. 6d.

W. T. COOPER, 26 OXFORD STREET, W.

** West End Agent for Rowlands' Macassar, Kalydor, and Odonto.

NO MORE PILLS OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.

PERFECT digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs, healthy liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity, and energy, restored to the most disordered or enfeebled—removing speedily and effectually indigestion (dyspepsia), cough, asthma, consumption, habitual constipation, diarrhoea, all gastric derangements, hemorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, fevers, sore throats, diphtheria, cataracts, colds, influenza, noises in the head and ears, rheumatism, gout, impurities, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleeplessness, acidity, palpitation, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms, nausea and sickness even in pregnancy or at sea, sinking fits, bronchitis, scrofula, tightness of the chest, pains at the pit of the stomach and between the shoulders, &c. —by

DU BARRY’S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD.

Extract from 60,000 Cures.—Cure No. 58,316, of the Marchioness de Brehan, Paris, of a fearful liver complaint, wasting away, with a nervous palpitation all over, bad digestion, constant sleeplessness, low spirits, and the most intolerable nervous agitation, which prevented even her sitting down for hours together, and which for seven years had resisted the careful treatment of the best French and English medical men. Cure No. 1771: Lord Stuart de Dees, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Waterford, of many years’ dyspepsia. Cure No. 49,842: ‘Fifty years’ indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting.—Maria Joly.’ Cure No. 47,121: Miss Elizabeth Jacob, Nazing Vicarage, Waltham Cross, Herts., of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies. Cure No. 54,816: The Rev. James T. Campbell, Fakenham, Norfolk, of indigestion and torpidity of the liver, which had resisted all medical treatment. Cure No. 54,812: Miss Virginia Zoguers, of consumption. In Tins, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lbs., 4s. 6d.; 12 lbs., 22s.

Barry Du Barry & Co., 77, Regent Street, London; and 26, Place Vendôme, Paris; 12, Rue de l’Empereur, Brussels; and 2, Via Oporto, Turin.
THE PERFECT HAIR-DYE.

UNWIN AND ALBERTS'S COLUMBIAN.—Its extraordinary power is so effective and instantaneous that grey hair is coloured permanently a natural brown or black the moment it is touched by the dye, leaving it perfectly clean and soft as before the application. In cases at 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., and 1s. 1d. Sample Case, 2s. 6d.; by post 40 stumps: 2s. PICCADILLY, where Specimens may be seen.

Beware of Imitations.

HAIR-DYEING ROOMS.

UNWIN AND ALBERTS'S, 24 PICCADILLY, are as private and replete with every convenience and comfort as a lady's dressing-room, and where the hair can be coloured the lightest shade of flaxen or the darkest shade of brown or black, by experienced assistants at moderate charges.

Bond's Permanent Marking Ink.

THE ORIGINAL INVENTION, established 1821, is by far the best for Marking NAMES and INITIALS upon household linen, wearing apparel, &c. Price 1s. per bottle. No expiry size ever made. Sold by E. E. BOND, 10, Bishopsgate St., Whitechapel, E.C., and by all respectable chemists and stationers in the United Kingdom.—NOTICE. Removed from 28, Long Lane, E.C. (where it has been established nearly half a century), to 18, Bishopsgate Street, Whitechapel, E.C.

OSBORNE'S ANALYSED PROVISIONS.

A saving of 15 per cent. To the purchaser on these truly excellent food products.

OSBORNE HOUSE,

30 LUDGATE HILL, NEAR ST. PAULS.

PESSE & LUBINS NEW PERFUMES FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON.

LOVE AND KISSES!

THE CONGRESS OF FLOWERS, THE SANDRINGHAM BOUQUET.

"The rose looks fair, but fuller we do deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live."

Shakespeare.

And a Thousand others.

"The Bottles in a Pretty Case, 7s. Single Sample, 2s. 6d.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established in 1836.


PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY SINCE 1860.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Fire Premiums</th>
<th>Life Premiums</th>
<th>Invested Funds</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>54,306</td>
<td>27,167</td>
<td>502,024</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td>222,273</td>
<td>12,261</td>
<td>521,661</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>289,253</td>
<td>154,072</td>
<td>1,091,905</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1889</td>
<td>527,197</td>
<td>143,940</td>
<td>1,590,493</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fire Policies falling due at Midsummer must be renewed on or before July 5th.

S. WINTON BOULT, Secretary to the Company.

JOHN ATKINS, Resident Secretary, London.

OLDRIDGES'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, established upwards of forty years, is the best and only certain remedy ever discovered for Deserving Strengthening, Beautifying, or Restoring the Hair, Whiskers, or Moustaches, and preventing them turning grey. Sold in Bottles, 3s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. by C. and A. OLDRIDGE, 22, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C., and all Chemists and Perfumers. For Children's and Ladies' Hair it is most efficacious and unrivalled.
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

JOSEPH GILLOTT,
METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN,

BEGS to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the Public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions, which, for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICES, must insure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality. They are put up in boxes containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of numerous persons engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his WARRANTED SCHOOL and PUBLIC PENS, which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 91 John-street, New York; and at 37 Gracechurch-street, London.

CAUTION.—CHLORODYNE.
IN CHANCERY.

It was clearly proved, before Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. Wood, by affidavits from eminent Hospital Physicians of London, that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWN was the Discoverer of Chlorodyne; that they prescribe it largely, and mean no other than Dr. BROWNE'S. — See Times, Jan. 12, 1864. The Public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWN'S CHLORODYNE.

This invaluable remedy produces quiet refreshing sleep, relieves pain, calms the system, restores the deranged functions, and stimulates healthy action of the secretions of the body, without creating any of those unpleasant results attending the use of opium. Old and young may take it at all hours and times, when requisite. Thousands of persons testify to its marvellous good effects and wonderful cures, while Medical Men extol its virtues most extensively, using it in great quantities in the following diseases:—

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping-Cough, Neuralgia, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Spasms, &c.

From J. McGregor Croft, M.D., M.R.C. Physicians, London, late Staff-Surgeon to H.M.F.

"After prescribing Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne, for the last three years, in severe cases of Neuralgia and Tic Dolorosus, I find that I am in a position to testify to its valuable effects. Really in some cases it acted as a charm, when all other means had failed. Without being asked for this report, I must come forward and state my candid opinion that it is a most valuable medicine."

From Jno. E. Goulstone, M.D., Knighton.

"I can confidently state that Chlorodyne is an admirable Sedative and Anti-Spasmodic, having used it in Neuralgia, Hysteria, Asthma, and Consumption with remarkably favourable results. It relieved a fit of Asthma in four minutes, where the patient had suffering 11 years in a most distressing manner, no previous remedy having had so immediate and beneficial an effect."

CAUTION.—To avoid Spurious Compounds or Imitations of 'Chlorodyne,' always ask for 'Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE,' and see that his name is on the Government stamp of each Bottle.

Sold only in Bottles, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists.

Sole Agent and Manufacturer,
J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.
"RECONNOITERER" GLASS 9/6"

Prepaid to any address, 16s. 10d. Weighs only 8 ounces. Shows distinctly Jupiter's Moons, windows and doors of small houses 10 miles off, &c. &c. This "Tourist's Favourite" is valuable for Landscape at 30 miles! The extraordinary excellence and cheapness are due to enormous sales, refined division of labour, steam power, and very small profits.

"The Reconnoiterer is very good." The Marquis of Carnarvon. — "A most useful glass." Lord Gifford of Ampney. — "It is remarkably good." Lord Digby Gailey, of Brompton, York. — "I never before met with an article that so completely answered the recommendation of its maker, nor, although I have tried many, a glass combining so much power for its size with so much clearness." F. H. Fawkes, of Farnley, Esq. — "Quite as powerful as that for which I gave £5; Major Starkey, Wrenbury Hall, Nantwich. — "I have found it effective on the 1000 yards range." Capt. Seuday, Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield. — "We have carefully tried it at an 800 yard range against all the glasses possessed by the members of the corps, and found it fully equal to others which cost more than four times its price." Field. — "What intending tourist will now start without such an indispensable companion to a pleasure trip?" Notes and Queries.

The HYTHE GLASS shows bullet marks at 1200 yards, and men at 35 miles, price 31s. 6d. The above Glasses are only to be had direct from SALOM and CO., 98 Princes Street, Edinburgh, who have positively No Agents anywhere.

MAKERS TO THE QUEEN AND PRINCE OF WALES.

FRY'S HOMEOPATHIC PEARL
FRY'S SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE.
FRY'S COCOA.

Fry's Chocolate for Eating, in Sticks, Drops, &c. Fry's Chocolate Creams.

J. S. FRY & SONS are the ONLY English House in the trade to whom a PRIZE MEDAL was awarded at the International Exhibition, 1862. The superior quality of their articles has been attested by uniform public approbation DURING A CENTURY.

FOR CHILDREN'S DIET

BROWN & POLSON'S

PATENT CORN FLOUR.

Perfumes

MARROW OIL

IODINE

SOAP

JAMES LEWIS.

Factory,

BARTLETT'S BUILDINGS,

HOLBORN, E.C.

GLASS SHADeS

For the Protection of Articles injured by exposure, FERN CASES AND AQUARIUMS, GLASS AND OTHER MATERIALS FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC PURPOSES, AND EVERY KIND OF PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL WINDOW-GLASS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT CLAUDET & HOUGHTON'S, 89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Lists of Prices sent Free on Application.
SLACK'S ELECTRO-PLATE

Ts a coating of Pure Silver over Nickel. A combination of two metals possessing such valuable properties renders it in appearance and wear equal to Sterling Silver.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY R. AND J. SLACK.

Cruet Frames, from 1s.; Corner Dishes, 6s. each, forming Eight
Elders; Tea and Coffee Sets from 4l. 10s.

Their Catalogue of Drawings and Prices may be had gratis, or sent Post-free. per rail, and packed without charge.

A coin-bination of two Metals possessing such valuable properties renders it in appearance and wear equal to Sterling Silver.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY
BY
R. AND J. SLACK.

Cruet Frames, 1s.; Corner Dishes, 6s. each, forming Eight
Elders; Tea and Coffee Sets from 4l. 10s.

Their Catalogue of Drawings and Prices may be had gratis, or sent Post-free. per rail, and packed without charge.

EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE TABLE AS IN SILVER.

SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY

Has been celebrated 50 years for quality and cheapness.

ORDER ABOVE 1s. SENT CARRIAGE FREE.

RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK,
IRONMONGERS TO HER MAJESTY,
336 STRAND, OPPOSITE SOMERSET HOUSE.

Cash's Cambric Frilling

Requires neither hemming nor whipping, and is of a fine and peculiarly durable material, perfectly free from all dress. It is of various widths. For trimming all kinds of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S WASHING APPAREL. Sold by all Drapers, in Envelopes containing 12 yards, and bearing the names of J. & J. CASH, Patentees.

This Frilling is not attached to any band, and can be sewn on with great neatness.

FAMILY JARS.

MANY a Lady has had to lament the total loss of her Preserves and Pickles for want of a good Cover for her Jars; this want is now supplied in the shape of an Air-tight Cap or Lid, which hermetically seals any Bottle, Jar, or other vessel it may be placed on, and is proof against the attacks of Rats, Mice, or Insects. It can be fixed or removed in a moment, and will last for years in any climate.

Sold by Chemists, Ironmongers, Glass, China, and other Dealers, throughout the United Kingdom.

Descriptive Illustrations, Prices, &c., may be had from

GEORGE JENNINGS,
Wholesale Depot, Palace Wharf, Palace Road, LAMBETH, S.

Sample Cap post free for Four Stamps.
SCOTT ADIE,

By Special Appointment to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,

Has on View the largest Choice of

LADIES' WATERPROOF CLOAKS AND JACKETS
In the most Fashionable and Useful Shapes, suited for the Season.

LADIES' SUMMER AND WINTER LINSEY WOOLSEY DRESSES AND PETTICOATS,
SCOTCH SPUN SILKS, IRISH POPLINS, &c.

BOYS' KILT SUITS
In all the Clans, made to Order.

SCOTT ADIE'S FAMOUS WATERPROOF HIGHLAND CLOAKS
For Gentlemen, of SCOTCH TWEEDS, in various Textures, suited for all Seasons and Climates.

HAND-LOOM TWEEDS of real HIGHLAND WOOLS
For Shooting, Fishing, and General Country wear.

BANNOCKBURN MAUDS in the Heathers, Granites, Stone, Lovat, and other Mixtures,
Sufficient in each for Suits, at 28s. 6d. each.

HOME-SPUN SHEPHERD'S PLAIDS, 21s. each.
BLACK and OXFORD SCOTCH TWEEDS in all substances for Clergymen's wear.

SCOTT ADIE, 115 AND 115A REGENT STREET.
ENTRANCE, CORNER OF VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY V. COGNAC BRANDY.

This celebrated OLD IRISH WHISKY rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England; or, wholesale, at & Great Windmill Street, Haymarket, W. Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

Two Prize Medals, 1862.

JAQUES'S CROQUET GAMES.

Prices:—Including the newly-revised Laws of the Game, 8vo. cloth gilt, in Box complete, 15s., 18s., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., 60s., and 5l. 5s. per set.

Observe.—Each set bears the Manufacturer's Name. Descriptive Price Lists to be had at most Fancy Repositories. Sold Wholesale by the Manufacturers,

JAQUES AND SON,
102, HATTON GARDEN.
Tourists & Travellers,
VISITORS TO THE SEASIDE,
AND OTHERS.

Exposed to
The Scorching RAYS of the SUN, and
Heated Particles of DUST,
Will Find

Rowlands' Kalydor,
a most refreshing preparation for the Complexion, dispelling the cloud of languor and relaxation, allaying all heat and irritability, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity and healthful state of the skin. Freckles, Tan Spots, Pimples, Flashes, and Discoloration fly before its application, and give place to a clear and healthy complexion. In cases of sunburn, or stings of insects, its virtues have long been acknowledged. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

The heat of Summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of

Rowlands' Macassar Oil,
an invigorator and beautifier of the hair beyond all precedent. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (equal to four small), and 21s. per Bottle.

Rowlands' Odonto, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,
A White Powder compounded of the choicest and most fragrant exotics. It bestows on the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, frees them from tartar, and imparts to the gums a healthy firmness, and to the breath a pleasing fragrance. Price 2s. 6d. per box.

Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.

* Ask for "ROWLANDS" Articles.

By Appointment to T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales,

W. & J. SANGSTER
Beg to announce that they have prepared, for the present Season, a large assortment of SUN SHADES and PARASOLS, made of entirely New Patterns in Lyons Silk, Lace, &c.

PRIZE MEDAL, 1862.

140 REGENT STREET;
94 FLEET STREET,
10 ROYAL EXCHANGE,
*75 CHEAPSIDE.

*Wholesale Department.

UMBRELLAS,
ON FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES.

W. and J. S. have been awarded FOUR PRIZE MEDALS for the quality of their Silk and Alpaca Umbrellas. A Label, of the annexed pattern, with the words 'SANGSTERS' MAKERS,' is attached to all Umbrellas of their Manufacture.

Wholesale Lists of Prices may be had on application at their Warehouse, 75 Cheapside.

N.B.—OBSERVE THE NAME.
THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

THE REAL NICKEL SILVER,

Introduced more than thirty years ago by

WILLIAM S. BURTON,

When PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either wholly or partially, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and durability, as follows:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern</th>
<th>Bead Pattern</th>
<th>Thread or Brussick Pattern</th>
<th>King's or Lily &amp;c.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12 Table Forks</td>
<td>2 x 0</td>
<td>2 x 0</td>
<td>2 x 0</td>
<td>2 x 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Table Spoons</td>
<td>1 10 0</td>
<td>2 0 0</td>
<td>2 4 0</td>
<td>2 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Dessert Forks</td>
<td>1 4 0</td>
<td>1 10 0</td>
<td>1 12 0</td>
<td>1 15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Dessert Spoons</td>
<td>1 4 0</td>
<td>1 10 0</td>
<td>1 12 0</td>
<td>1 15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Tea Spoons</td>
<td>1 10 0</td>
<td>2 0 0</td>
<td>2 4 0</td>
<td>2 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 Egg Spoons</td>
<td>10 0</td>
<td>12 0</td>
<td>12 0</td>
<td>13 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Sauce Ladles</td>
<td>6 0</td>
<td>0 0</td>
<td>0 0</td>
<td>9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Gravy Spoon</td>
<td>6 6</td>
<td>0 0</td>
<td>10 0</td>
<td>11 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Salt Spoons</td>
<td>3 4</td>
<td>4 0</td>
<td>4 0</td>
<td>4 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mustard Spoon</td>
<td>1 8</td>
<td>2 0</td>
<td>2 0</td>
<td>2 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Pate Sugar Pong</td>
<td>2 6</td>
<td>3 0</td>
<td>5 6</td>
<td>4 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Pate Fish Carvers</td>
<td>1 4 0</td>
<td>1 10 0</td>
<td>1 12 0</td>
<td>1 15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Butter Knife</td>
<td>2 6</td>
<td>4 0</td>
<td>5 6</td>
<td>6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Scoup Ladle</td>
<td>10 0</td>
<td>12 0</td>
<td>10 0</td>
<td>17 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Sugar Sitter</td>
<td>3 3</td>
<td>4 6</td>
<td>4 6</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>2 19 9</td>
<td>3 12 8</td>
<td>3 0 15 9</td>
<td>9 6 14 17 2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., £2 12s. Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers, and Corner Dishes, Groat and Liquidum Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CUTLERY WARRANTED.
The most varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the World, all warranted, is on sale at

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S,

At prices which are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Table Knives per dozen</th>
<th>Dessert Knives per dozen</th>
<th>Carvers per pair</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ivory Handles</td>
<td>s. d.</td>
<td>s. d.</td>
<td>s. d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3½-inch ivory handles</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>9 0</td>
<td>4 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-inch ivory handles</td>
<td>15 0</td>
<td>11 6</td>
<td>6 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-inch ivory balance handles</td>
<td>18 0</td>
<td>14 0</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-inch fine Ivory handles</td>
<td>24 0</td>
<td>17 0</td>
<td>3 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-inch finest African ivory handles</td>
<td>32 0</td>
<td>26 0</td>
<td>11 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, with silver handles</td>
<td>40 0</td>
<td>33 0</td>
<td>12 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, carved handles, silver</td>
<td>50 0</td>
<td>43 0</td>
<td>17 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nickle Electro-silver handles</td>
<td>25 0</td>
<td>19 0</td>
<td>17 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver handles of any pattern</td>
<td>84 0</td>
<td>64 0</td>
<td>21 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bone and Horn Handles.</td>
<td>11 0</td>
<td>8 6</td>
<td>2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knives and Forks per dozen.</td>
<td>21 0</td>
<td>17 6</td>
<td>4 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Bone handles</td>
<td>17 0</td>
<td>14 0</td>
<td>4 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black horn, rim'd shoulders</td>
<td>12 0</td>
<td>9 0</td>
<td>3 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Largest Stock in existence of PLATED DESSERT KNIVES and FORKS, in Cases and otherwise, and of the new Plated Fish Carvers.

BATHS & TOILET WARE.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the display of BATHS and TOILET WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the Public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country. It is the policy of Mr. Burton to manufacture his own Bubbling Showers, Pillar Showers, 15. 46.; Pillar Showers, 3½. to 5½.; Nursery, 1½. to 2½.; Sponging 14½. to 25½.; Hip, 14½. to 31½. A large Assortment of Gas Furnaces, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapor, and Cold Water-baths; Toilet Ware in great variety, from 15d. to 45s., the set of three.

WILLIAM S. BURTON,

GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER.

By Appointment to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post paid. It contains upwards of 500 Illustrations of his magnificent Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasoliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bedroom Cabinet Furniture, &c, with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the TWENTY LARGE SHOW-ROOMS at

39 OXFORD STREET, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, & 4, NEWMAN STREET; 4, 5, & 6, PERRY'S PLACE; & 1 NEWMAN YARD, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOYES AND SONS, ST. GEORGE STREET AND CHALING CROSS.
THE BOFFIN PROGRESS.
CHAPTER VIII.

MR. BOFFIN IN CONSULTATION.

Whosoever had gone out of Fleet Street into the Temple at the date of this history, and had wandered disconsolate about the Temple until he stumbled on a dismal churchyard, and had looked up at the dismal windows commanding that churchyard until at the most dismal window of them all he saw a dismal boy, would in him have beheld, at one grand comprehensive sweep of the eye, the managing clerk, junior clerk, common-law clerk, conveyancing clerk, chancery clerk, every refinement and department of clerk, of Mr. Mortimer Lightwood, erewhile called in the newspapers eminent solicitor.

Mr. Boffin having been several times in communication with this clerkly essence, both on its own ground and at the Bower, had no difficulty in identifying it when he saw it up in its dusty eyrie. To the second floor on which the window was situated, he ascended, much pre-occupied in mind by the uncertainties besetting the Roman Empire, and much regretting the death of the amiable Pertinax: who only last night had left the Imperial affairs in a state of great confusion, by falling a victim to the fury of the praetorian guards.

"Morning, morning, morning!" said Mr. Boffin, with a wave of his hand, as the office door was opened by the dismal boy, whose appropriate name was Blight. "Governor in?"

"Mr. Lightwood gave you an appointment, sir, I think?"

"I don't want him to give it, you know," returned Mr. Boffin; "I'll pay my way, my boy."

"No doubt, sir. Would you walk in? Mr. Lightwood ain't in at the present moment, but I expect him back very shortly. Would you take a seat in Mr. Lightwood's room, sir, while I look over our Appointment Book?" Young Blight made a great show of fetching from his desk a long thin manuscript volume with a brown paper cover, and running his finger down the day's appointments, murmuring, "Mr. Aggs, Mr. Baggs, Mr. Caggs, Mr. Daggs, Mr. Faggs, Mr. Gaggs, Mr. Boffin. Yes, sir; quite right. You are a little before your time, sir. Mr. Lightwood will be in directly."

"I'm not in a hurry," said Mr. Boffin.

"Thank you, sir. I'll take the opportunity, if you please, of entering your name in our Callers' Book for the day." Young Blight made another great show of changing the volume, taking up a pen, sucking it, dipping it, and running over previous entries before he wrote. As, "Mr. Alley, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Calley, Mr. Halley, Mr. Falley, Mr. Galley, Mr. Halley, Mr. Lalley, Mr. Malley. And Mr. Boffin."

"Strict system here; eh, my lad?" said Mr. Boffin, as he was booked.

"Yes, sir," returned the boy. "I couldn't get on without it."

By which he probably meant that his mind would have been
shattered to pieces without this fiction of an occupation. Wearing in his solitary confinement no fetters that he could polish, and being provided with no drinking-cup that he could carve, he had fallen on the device of ringing alphabetical changes into the two volumes in question, or of entering vast numbers of persons out of the Directory as transacting business with Mr. Lightwood. It was the more necessary for his spirits, because, being of a sensitive temperament, he was apt to consider it personally disgraceful to himself that his master had no clients.

"How long have you been in the law, now?" asked Mr. Boffin, with a pounce, in his usual inquisitive way.

"I've been in the law, now, sir, about three years."

"Must have been as good as born in it," said Mr. Boffin, with admiration. "Do you like it?"

"I don't mind it much," returned Young Blight, heaving a sigh, as if its bitterness were past.

"What wages do you get?"

"Half what I could wish," replied young Blight.

"What's the whole that you could wish?"

"Fifteen shillings a week," said the boy.

"About how long might it take you now, at a average rate of going, to be a Judge?" asked Mr. Boffin, after surveying his small stature in silence.

The boy answered that he had not yet quite worked out that little calculation.

"I suppose there's nothing to prevent your going in for it?" said Mr. Boffin.

The boy virtually replied that as he had the honour to be a Briton who never never never, there was nothing to prevent his going in for it. Yet he seemed inclined to suspect that there might be something to prevent his coming out with it.

"Would a couple of pound help you up at all?" asked Mr. Boffin.

On this head, young Blight had no doubt whatever, so Mr. Boffin made him a present of that sum of money, and thanked him for his attention to his (Mr. Boffin's) affairs; which, he added, were now, he believed, as good as settled.

Then Mr. Boffin, with his stick at his ear, like a Familiar Spirit explaining the office to him, sat staring at a little bookcase of Law Practice and Law Reports, and at a window, and at an empty blue bag, and at a stick of sealing-wax, and a pen, and a box of wafers, and an apple, and a writing-pad—all very dusty—and at a number of inky smears and blots, and at an imperfectly-disguised gun-case pretending to be something legal, and at an iron box labelled Harmon Estate, until Mr. Lightwood appeared.

Mr. Lightwood explained that he came from the proctor's, with whom he had been engaged in transacting Mr. Boffin's affairs.

"And they seem to have taken a deal out of you," said Mr. Boffin, with commiseration.

Mr. Lightwood, without explaining that his weariness was chronic, proceeded with his exposition that, all forms of law having been at length complied with, will of Harmon deceased having been proved,
death of Harmon next inheriting having been proved, &c., and so forth, Court of Chancery having been moved, &c. and so forth, he, Mr. Lightwood, had now the great gratification, honor, and happiness, again &c. and so forth, of congratulating Mr. Boffin on coming into possession, as residuary legatee, of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, standing in the books of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, again &c. and so forth.

"And what is particularly eligible in the property Mr. Boffin is, that it involves no trouble. There are no estates to manage, no rents to return so much per cent. upon in bad times (which is an extremely dear way of getting your name into the newspapers), no voters to become parboiled in hot water with, no agents to take the cream off the milk before it comes to table. You could put the whole in a cash-box to-morrow morning, and take it with you to—say, to the Rocky Mountains. Inasmuch as every man," concluded Mr. Lightwood, with an indolent smile, "appears to be under a fatal spell which oblige him, sooner or later, to mention the Rocky Mountains in a tone of extreme familiarity to some other man, I hope you'll excuse my pressing you into the service of that gigantic range of geographical bores."

"Without following this last remark very closely, Mr. Boffin cast his perplexed gaze first at the ceiling, and then at the carpet.

"Well," he remarked, "I don't know what to say about it, I am sure. I was a'most as well as I was. It's a great lot to take care of."

"My dear Mr. Boffin, then don't take care of it!"

"Eh?" said that gentleman.

"Speaking now," returned Mortimer, "with the irresponsible imbecility of a private individual, and not with the profundity of a professional adviser, I should say that if the circumstance of its being too much, weighs upon your mind, you have the haven of consolation open to you that you can easily make it less. And if you should be apprehensive of the trouble of doing so, there is the further haven of consolation that any number of people will take the trouble off your hands."

"Well! I don't quite see it," retorted Mr. Boffin, still perplexed. "That's not satisfactory, you know, what you're a-saying."

"Is Anything satisfactory, Mr. Boffin?" asked Mortimer, raising his eyebrows.

"I used to find it so," answered Mr. Boffin, with a wistful look. "While I was foreman at the Bower—after it was the Bower—I considered the business very satisfactory. The old man was an awful Tartar (saying it, I'm sure, without disrespect to his memory) but the business was a pleasant one to look after, from before daylight to past dark. It's a'most a pity," said Mr. Boffin, rubbing his ear, "that he ever went and made so much money. It would have been better for him if he hadn't so given himself up to it. You may depend upon it," making the discovery all of a sudden, "that he found it a great lot to take care of!"

Mr. Lightwood coughed, not convinced.

"And speaking of satisfactory," pursued Mr. Boffin, "why, Lord save us! when we come to take it to pieces, bit by bit, where's the
satisfactoriness of the money as yet? When the old man does right the poor boy after all, the poor boy gets no good of it. He gets made away with, at the moment when he's lifting (as one may say) the cup and earner to his lips. Mr. Lightwood, I will now name to you, that on behalf of the poor dear boy, me and Mrs. Boffin have stood out against the old man times out of number, till he has called us every name he could lay his tongue to. I have seen him, after Mrs. Boffin has given him her mind respecting the claims of the natural affections, catch off Mrs. Boffin's bonnet (she wore, in general, a black straw, perched as a matter of convenience on the top of her head), and send it spinning across the yard. I have indeed. And once, when he did this in a manner that amounted to personal, I should have given him a rattler for himself, if Mrs. Boffin hadn't thrown herself betwixt us, and received flush on the temple. Which dropped her, Mr. Lightwood. Dropped her."

"You understand; I name this," pursued Mr. Boffin, "to show you, now the affairs are wound up, that me and Mrs. Boffin have ever stood, as we were in Christian honor bound, the children's friend. Me and Mrs. Boffin stood the poor girl's friend; me and Mrs. Boffin stood the poor boy's friend; me and Mrs. Boffin up and faced the old man when we momentarily expected to be turned out for our pains. As to Mrs. Boffin," said Mr. Boffin, lowering his voice, "she mightn't wish it mentioned now she's Fashionable, but she went so far as to tell him, in my presence, he was a flinty-hearted rascal."

"Vigorous Saxon spirit—Mrs. Boffin's ancestors—bowmen—Agincourt and Cressy."

"The last time me and Mrs. Boffin saw the poor boy," said Mr. Boffin, warming (as fat usually does) with a tendency to melt, "he was a child of seven year old. For when he come back to make intercession for his sister, me and Mrs. Boffin were away overlooking a country contract which was to be sifted before carted, and he was come and gone in a single hour. I say he was a child of seven year old. He was going away, all alone and forlorn, to that foreign school, and he come into our place, situate up the yard of the present Bower, to have a warm at our fire. There was his little scanty travelling clothes upon him. There was his little scanty box outside in the shivering wind, which I was going to carry for him down to the steamboat, as the old man wouldn't hear of allowing a sixpence coach-money. Mrs. Boffin, then quite a young woman and a pictur of a full-blowen rose, stands him by her, kneels down at the fire, warms her two open hands, and falls to rubbing his cheeks; but seeing the tears come into the child's eyes, the tears come fast into her own, and she holds him round the neck, like as if she was protecting him, and cries to me, 'I'd give the wide wide world, I would, to run away with him!' I don't say but what it cut me, and but what it at the same time heightened my feelings of admiration for Mrs. Boffin. The poor child clings to her for awhile, as she clings to him, and then, when the old man calls, he says 'I must go! God bless you!' and for a moment rests his heart against her bosom,
and looks up at both of us, as if it was in pain—in agony. Such a look! I went aboard with him (I gave him first what little treat I thought he'd like), and I left him when he had fallen asleep in his berth, and I came back to Mrs. Boffin. But tell her what I would of how I had left him, it all went for nothing; for, according to her thoughts, he never changed that look that he had looked up at us two. But it did one piece of good. Mrs. Boffin and me had no child of our own, and had sometimes wished that how we had one. But not now. 'We might both of us die,' says Mrs. Boffin, 'and other eyes might see that lonely look in our child.' So of a night, when it was very cold, or when the wind roared, or the rain dripped heavy, she would wake sobbing, and call out in a fluster, 'Don't you see the poor child's face? O shelter the poor child!'—till in course of years it gently wore out, as many things do."

"My dear Mr. Boffin, everything wears to rags," said Mortimer, with a light laugh.

"I won't go so far as to say everything," returned Mr. Boffin, on whom his manner seemed to grate, "because there's some things that I never found among the dust. Well, sir. So Mrs. Boffin and me grow older and older in the old man's service, living and working pretty hard in it, till the old man is discovered dead in his bed. Then Mrs. Boffin and me seal up his box, always standing on the table at the side of his bed, and having frequently heard tell of the Temple as a spot where lawyers' dust is contracted for, I come down here in search of a lawyer to advise, and I see your young man up at this present elevation, chopping at the flies on the window-sill with his penknife, and I give him a Hoy! not then having the pleasure of your acquaintance, and by that means come to gain the honor. Then you, and the gentleman in the uncomfortable neckcloth under the little archway in Saint Paul's Churchyard——""
“But let me represent to you,” returned Lightwood, “speaking now with professional profundity, and not with individual imbecility, that the offer of such an immense reward is a temptation to forced suspicion, forced construction of circumstances, strained accusation, a whole tool-box of edged tools.”

“Well,” said Mr. Boffin, a little staggered, “that's the sum we put o' one side for the purpose. Whether it shall be openly declared in the new notices that must now be put about in our names——”

“In your name, Mr. Boffin; in your name.”

“Very well; in my name, which is the same as Mrs. Boffin’s, and means both of us, is to be considered in drawing 'em up. But this is the first instruction that I, as the owner of the property, give to my lawyer on coming into it.”

“Your lawyer, Mr. Boffin,” returned Lightwood, making a very short note of it with a very rusty pen, “has the gratification of taking the instruction. There is another?”

“There is just one other, and no more. Make me as compact a little will as can be reconciled with tightness, leaving the whole of the property to 'my beloved wife, Henerietty Boffin, sole executrix.' Make it as short as you can, using those words; but make it tight.”

At some loss to fathom Mr. Boffin's notions of a tight will, Lightwood felt his way.

“I beg your pardon, but professional profundity must be exact. When you say tight——”

“I mean tight,” Mr. Boffin explained.

“Exactly so. And nothing can be more laudable. But is the tightness to bind Mrs. Boffin to any and what conditions?”

“Bind Mrs. Boffin?” interposed her husband. “No! What are you thinking of? What I want is, to make it all hers so tight as that her hold of it can't be loosened.”

“Hers freely, to do what she likes with? Hers absolutely?”

“Absolutely?” repeated Mr. Boffin, with a short sturdy laugh. “Hah! I should think so! It would be handsome in me to begin to bind Mrs. Boffin at this time of day!”

So that instruction, too, was taken by Mr. Lightwood; and Mr. Lightwood, having taken it, was in the act of showing Mr. Boffin out, when Mr. Eugene Wrayburn almost jostled him in the doorway. Consequently Mr. Lightwood said, in his cool manner, “Let me make you two known to one another,” and further signified that Mr. Wrayburn was counsel learned in the law, and that, partly in the way of business and partly in the way of pleasure, he had imparted to Mr. Wrayburn some of the interesting facts of Mr. Boffin's biography.

“Delighted,” said Eugene—though he didn't look so—“to know Mr. Boffin.”

“Thank you, sir, thank you,” returned that gentleman. “And how do you like the law?”

“A—not particularly,” returned Eugene.

“Too dry for you, eh? Well, I suppose it wants some years of sticking to, before you master it. But there's nothing like work. Look at the bees.”
"I beg your pardon," returned Eugene, with a reluctant smile, "but will you excuse my mentioning that I always protest against being referred to the bees?"

"Do you!" said Mr. Boffin.

"I object on principle," said Eugene, "as a biped——"

"As a what?" asked Mr. Boffin.

"As a two-footed creature;—I object on principle, as a two-footed creature, to being constantly referred to insects and four-footed creatures. I object to being required to model my proceedings according to the proceedings of the bee, or the dog, or the spider, or the camel. I fully admit that the camel, for instance, is an excessively temperate person; but he has several stomachs to entertain himself with, and I have only one. Besides, I am not fitted up with a convenient cool cellar to keep my drink in."

"But I said, you know," urged Mr. Boffin, rather at a loss for an answer, "the bee."

"Exactly. And may I represent to you that it's injudicious to say the bee? For the whole case is assumed. Conceding for a moment that there is any analogy between a bee, and a man in a shirt and pantaloons (which I deny), and that it is settled that the man is to learn from the bee (which I also deny), the question still remains, what is he to learn? To imitate? Or to avoid? When your friends the bees worry themselves to that highly fluttered extent about their sovereign, and become perfectly distracted touching the slightest monarchical movement, are we men to learn the greatness of Tuft-hunting, or the littleness of the Court Circular? I am not clear, Mr. Boffin, but that the hive may be satirical."

"At all events, they work," said Mr. Boffin.

"Yes," returned Eugene, disparagingly, "they work; but don't you think they overdo it? They work so much more than they need—they make so much more than they can eat—they are so incessantly boring and buzzing at their one idea till Death comes upon them—that don't you think they overdo it? And are human labourers to have no holidays, because of the bees? And am I never to have change of air, because the bees don't? Mr. Boffin, I think honey excellent at breakfast; but, regarded in the light of my conventional schoolmaster and moralist, I protest against the tyrannical humbug of your friend the bee. With the highest respect for you."

"Thankee," said Mr. Boffin. "Morning, morning!"

But, the worthy Mr. Boffin jogged away with a comfortless impression he could have dispensed with, that there was a deal of unsatisfactoriness in the world, besides what he had recalled as appertaining to the Harmon property. And he was still jogging along Fleet Street in this condition of mind, when he became aware that he was closely tracked and observed by a man of genteel appearance.

"Now then?" said Mr. Boffin, stopping short, with his meditations brought to an abrupt check, "what's the next article?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Boffin."

"My name too, eh? How did you come by it? I don't know you."

"No, sir, you don't know me."

Mr. Boffin looked full at the man, and the man looked full at him.
"No," said Mr. Boffin, after a glance at the pavement, as if it were made of faces and he were trying to match the man's, "I don't know you."

"I am nobody," said the stranger, "and not likely to be known; but Mr. Boffin's wealth——"

"Oh! that's got about already, has it?" muttered Mr. Boffin.

"—And his romantic manner of acquiring it, make him conspicuous. You were pointed out to me the other day."

"Well," said Mr. Boffin, "I should say I was a disappointment to you when I was pinted out, if your politeness would allow you to confess it, for I am well aware I am not much to look at. What might you want with me? Not in the law, are you?"

"No, sir."

"No information to give, for a reward?"

"No, sir."

There may have been a momentary mantling in the face of the man as he made the last answer, but it passed directly.

"If I don't mistake, you have followed me from my lawyer's and tried to fix my attention. Say out! Have you? Or haven't you?" demanded Mr. Boffin, rather angry.

"Yes."

"Why have you?"

"If you will allow me to walk beside you, Mr. Boffin, I will tell you. Would you object to turn aside into this place—I think it is called Clifford's Inn—where we can hear one another better than in the roaring street?"

("Now," thought Mr. Boffin, "if he proposes a game at skittles, or meets a country gentleman just come into property, or produces any article of jewellery he has found, I'll knock him down!" With this discreet reflection, and carrying his stick in his arms much as Punch carries his, Mr. Boffin turned into Clifford's Inn aforesaid.)

"Mr. Boffin, I happened to be in Chancery Lane this morning, when I saw you going along before me. I took the liberty of following you, trying to make up my mind to speak to you, till you went into your lawyer's. Then I waited outside till you came out."

("Don't quite sound like skittles, nor yet country gentleman, nor yet jewellery," thought Mr. Boffin, "but there's no knowing.")

"I am afraid my object is a bold one, I am afraid it has little of the usual practical world about it, but I venture it. If you ask me, or if you ask yourself—which is more likely—what emboldens me, I answer, I have been strongly assured, that you are a man of rectitude and plain dealing, with the soundest of sound hearts, and that you are blessed in a wife distinguished by the same qualities."

"Your information is true of Mrs. Boffin, anyhow," was Mr. Boffin's answer, as he surveyed his new friend again. There was something repressed in the strange man's manner, and he walked with his eyes on the ground—though conscious, for all that, of Mr. Boffin's observation—and he spoke in a subdued voice. But his words came easily, and his voice was agreeable in tone, albeit constrained.

"When I add, I can discern for myself what the general tongue says of you—that you are quite unspoiled by Fortune, and not up-
lifed—I trust you will not, as a man of an open nature, suspect that I mean to flatter you, but will believe that all I mean is to excuse myself, these being my only excuses for my present intrusion.”

(“How much?” thought Mr. Boffin. “It must be coming to money. How much?”)

“You will probably change your manner of living, Mr. Boffin, in your changed circumstances. You will probably keep a larger house, have many matters to arrange, and be beset by numbers of correspondents. If you would try me as your Secretary—”

“As what?” cried Mr. Boffin, with his eyes wide open.

“Your Secretary.”

“Well,” said Mr. Boffin, under his breath, “that’s a queer thing!”

“Or,” pursued the stranger, wondering at Mr. Boffin’s wonder, “if you would try me as your man of business under any name, I know you would find me faithful and grateful, and I hope you would find me useful. You may naturally think that my immediate object is money. Not so, for I would willingly serve you a year—two years—any term you might appoint—before that should begin to be a consideration between us.”

“Where do you come from?” asked Mr. Boffin.

“I come,” returned the other, meeting his eye, “from many countries.”

Mr. Boffin’s acquaintance with the names and situations of foreign lands being limited in extent and somewhat confused in quality, he shaped his next question on an elastic model.

“From—any particular place?”

“I have been in many places.”

“What have you been?” asked Mr. Boffin.

Here again he made no great advance, for the reply was, “I have been a student and a traveller.”

“But if it ain’t a liberty to plump it out,” said Mr. Boffin, “what do you do for your living?”

“I have mentioned,” returned the other, with another look at him, and a smile, “what I aspire to do. I have been superseded as to some slight intentions I had, and I may say that I have now to begin life.”

Not very well knowing how to get rid of this applicant, and feeling the more embarrassed because his manner and appearance claimed a delicacy in which the worthy Mr. Boffin feared he himself might be deficient, that gentleman glanced into the mouldy little plantation or cat-preserve, of Clifford’s Inn, as it was that day, in search of a suggestion. Sparrows were there, cats were there, dry-rot and wet-rot were there, but it was not otherwise a suggestive spot.

“All this time,” said the stranger, producing a little pocket-book and taking out a card, “I have not mentioned my name. My name is Rokesmith. I lodge at one Mr. Wilfer’s, at Holloway.”

Mr. Boffin stared again.

“Father of Miss Bella Wilfer?” said he.

“My landlord has a daughter named Bella. Yes; no doubt.”

Now, this name had been more or less in Mr. Boffin’s thoughts all the morning, and for days before; therefore he said:

“That’s singular, too!” unconsciously staring again, past all
bounds of good manners, with the card in his hand. "Though, by-the-bye, I suppose it was one of that family that pined me out?"

"No. I have never been in the streets with one of them."

"Heard me talked of among 'em, though?"

"No. I occupy my own rooms, and have held scarcely any communication with them."

"Odder and odder!" said Mr. Boffin. "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I don't know what to say to you."

"Say nothing," returned Mr. Rokesmith; "allow me to call on you in a few days. I am not so unconscionable as to think it likely that you would accept me on trust at first sight, and take me out of the very street. Let me come to you for your further opinion, at your leisure."

"That's fair, and I don't object," said Mr. Boffin; "but it must be on condition that it's fully understood that I no more know that I shall ever be in want of any gentleman as Secretary—it was Secretary you said; wasn't it?"

"Yes."

Again Mr. Boffin's eyes opened wide, and he stared at the applicant from head to foot, repeating "Queer!—You're sure it was Secretary? Are you?"

"I am sure I said so."

"As Secretary," repeated Mr. Boffin, meditating upon the word:

"I no more know that I may ever want a Secretary, or what not, than I do that I shall ever be in want of the man in the moon. Me and Mrs. Boffin have not even settled that we shall make any change in our way of life. Mrs. Boffin's inclinations certainly do tend towards Fashion; but, being already set up in a fashionable way at the Bower, she may not make further alterations. However, sir, as you don't press yourself, I wish to meet you so far as saying, by all means call at the Bower if you like. Call in the course of a week or two. At the same time, I consider that I ought to name, in addition to what I have already named, that I have in my employment a literary man—with a wooden leg—as I have no thoughts of parting from."

"I regret to hear I am in some sort anticipated," Mr. Rokesmith answered, evidently having heard it with surprise; "but perhaps other duties might arise?"

"You see," returned Mr. Boffin, with a confidential sense of dignity, "as to my literary man's duties, they're clear. Professionally he declines and he fails, and as a friend he drops into poetry."

Without observing that these duties seemed by no means clear to Mr. Rokesmith's astonished comprehension, Mr. Boffin went on:

"And now, sir, I'll wish you good-day. You can call at the Bower any time in a week or two. It's not above a mile or so from you, and your landlord can direct you to it. But as he may not know it by its new name of Boffin's Bower, say, when you inquire of him, its Harmon's; will you?"

"Harmon's," repeated Mr. Rokesmith, seeming to have caught the sound imperfectly, "Harmon's. How do you spell it?"

"Why, as to the spelling of it," returned Mr. Boffin, with great presence of mind, "that's your look out. Harmoon's is all you've got to say to him. Morning, morning, morning!" And so departed, without looking back.
CHAPTER IX.

MR. AND MRS. BOFFIN IN CONSULTATION.

BETAKING himself straight homeward, Mr. Boffin, without further let or hindrance, arrived at the Bower, and gave Mrs. Boffin (in a walking dress of black velvet and feathers, like a mourning coach-horse) an account of all he had said and done since breakfast.

"This brings us round, my dear," he then pursued, "to the question we left unfinished: namely, whether there's to be any new go-in for Fashion."

"Now, I'll tell you what I want, Noddy," said Mrs. Boffin, smoothing her dress with an air of immense enjoyment, "I won't Society."

"Fashionable Society, my dear?"

"Yes!" cried Mrs. Boffin, laughing with the glee of a child. "Yes! It's no good my being kept here like Wax-Work; is it now?"

"People have to pay to see Wax-Work, my dear," returned her husband, "whereas (though you'd be cheap at the same money) the neighbours is welcome to see you for nothing."

"But it don't answer," said the cheerful Mrs. Boffin. "When we worked like the neighbours, we suited one another: Now we have left work off, we have left off suiting one another."

"What, do you think of beginning work again?" Mr. Boffin hinted.

"Out of the question! We have come into a great fortune, and we must do what's right by our fortune: we must ast up to it."

Mr. Boffin, who had a deep respect for his wife's intuitive wisdom, replied, though rather pensively: "I suppose we must."

"It's never been acted up to yet, and, consequently, no good has come of it," said Mrs. Boffin.

"True, to the present time," Mr. Boffin assented, with his former pensiveness, as he took his seat upon his settle. "I hope good may be coming of it in the future time. Towards which, what's your views, old lady?"

Mrs. Boffin, a smiling creature, broad of figure and simple of nature, with her hands folded in her lap, and with buxom creases in her throat, proceeded to expound her views.

"I say, a good house in a good neighbourhood, good things about us, good living, and good society. I say, live like our means, without extravagance, and be happy."

"Yes. I say be happy, too," assented the still pensive Mr. Boffin.

"Lor-a-mussy!" exclaimed Mrs. Boffin, laughing and clapping her hands, and gaily rocking herself to and fro, "when I think of me in a light yellow chariot and pair, with silver boxes to the wheels——""Oh! you was thinking of that, was you, my dear?"

"Yes!" cried the delighted creature. "And with a footman up behind, with a bar across, to keep his legs from being poled! And
with a coachman up in front, sinking down into a seat big enough for three of him, all covered with upholstery in green and white! And with two bay horses tossing their heads and stepping higher than they trot long-ways! And with you and me leaning back inside, as grand as ninepence! Oh-h-h-h My! Ha ha ha ha ha!"

Mrs. Boffin clapped her hands again, rocked herself again, beat her feet upon the floor, and wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes.

"And what, my old lady," inquired Mr. Boffin, when he also had sympathetically laughed: "what's your views on the subject of the Bower?"

"Shut it up. Don't part with it, but put somebody in it, to keep it."

"Any other views?"

"Noddy," said Mrs. Boffin, coming from her fashionable sofa to his side on the plain settle, and hooking her comfortable arm through his, "Next I think—and I really have been thinking early and late—of the disappointed girl; her that was so cruelly disappointed, you know, both of her husband and his riches. Don't you think we might do something for her? Have her to live with us? Or something of that sort?"

"Ne-never once thought of the way of doing it!" cried Mr. Boffin, smiting the table in his admiration. "What a thinking steaming-ingein this old lady is. And she don't know how she does it. Neither does the ingein!"

Mrs. Boffin pulled his nearest ear, in acknowledgment of this piece of philosophy, and then said, gradually toning down to a motherly strain: "Last, and not least, I have taken a fancy. You remember dear little John Harmon, before he went to school? Over yonder across the yard, at our fire? Now that he is past all benefit of the money, and it's come to us, I should like to find some orphan child, and take the boy and adopt him and give him John's name, and provide for him. Somehow, it would make me easier, I fancy. Say it's only a whim—"

"But I don't say so," interposed her husband.

"No, but deary, if you did—"

"I should be a Beast if I did," her husband interposed again.

"That's as much as to say you agree? Good and kind of you, and like you, deary! And don't you begin to find it pleasant now," said Mrs. Boffin, once more radiant in her comely way from head to foot, and once more smoothing her dress with immense enjoyment, "don't you begin to find it pleasant already, to think that a child will be made brighter, and better, and happier, because of that poor sad child that day? And isn't it pleasant to know that the good will be done with the poor sad child's own money?"

"Yes; and it's pleasant to know that you are Mrs. Boffin," said her husband, "and it's been a pleasant thing to know this many and many a year?" It was ruin to Mrs. Boffin's aspirations, but, having so spoken, they sat side by side, a hopelessly Unfashionable pair.

These two ignorant and unpolished people had guided themselves so far on in their journey of life, by a religious sense of duty and desire to do right. Ten thousand weaknesses and absurdities might
have been detected in the breasts of both; ten thousand vanities additional, possibly, in the breast of the woman. But the hard wrathful and sordid nature that had wrung as much work out of them as could be got in their best days, for as little money as could be paid to hurry on their worst, had never been so warped but that it knew their moral straightness and respected it. In its own despite, in a constant conflict with itself and them, it had done so. And this is the eternal law. For, Evil often stops short at itself and dies with the door of it; but Good, never.

Through his most inveterate purposes, the dead Jailer of Harmony Jail had known these two faithful servants to be honest and true. While he raged at them and reviled them for opposing him with the speech of the honest and true, it had scratched his stony heart, and he had perceived the powerlessness of all his wealth to buy them if he had addressed himself to the attempt. So, even while he was their gripping taskmaster and never gave them a good word, he had written their names down in his will. So, even while it was his daily declaration that he mistrusted all mankind — and sorely indeed he did mistrust all who bore any resemblance to himself— he was as certain that these two people, surviving him, would be trustworthy in all things from the greatest to the least, as he was that he must surely die.

Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, sitting side by side, with Fashion withdrawn to an immeasurable distance, fell to discussing how they could best find their orphan. Mrs. Boffin suggested advertisement in the newspapers, requesting orphans answering annexed description to apply at the Bower on a certain day; but Mr. Boffin wisely apprehending obstruction of the neighbouring thoroughfares by orphan swarms, this course was negatived. Mrs. Boffin next suggested application to their clergymen for a likely orphan. Mr. Boffin thinking better of this scheme, they resolved to call upon the reverend gentleman at once, and to take the same opportunity of making acquaintance with Miss Bella Wilfer. In order that these visits might be visits of state, Mrs. Boffin's equipage was ordered out.

This consisted of a long hammer-headed old horse, formerly used in the business, attached to a four-wheeled chaise of the same period, which had long been exclusively used by the Harmony Jail poultry as the favourite laying-place of several discreet hens. An unwonted application of corn to the horse, and of paint and varnish to the carriage, when both fell in as a part of the Boffin legacy, had made what Mr. Boffin considered a neat turn-out of the whole; and a driver being added, in the person of a long hammer-headed young man who was a very good match for the horse, left nothing to be desired. He, too, had been formerly used in the business, but was now entombed by an honest jobbing tailor of the district in a perfect Sepulchre of coat and gaiters, sealed with ponderous buttons.

Behind this domestic, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin took their seats in the back compartment of the vehicle: which was sufficiently commodious, but had an undignified and alarming tendency, in getting over a rough crossing, to hiccup itself away from the front compartment. On their being descried emerging from the gates of the Bower, the
neighbourhood turned out at door and window to salute the Boffins. Among those who were ever and again left behind, staring after the equipage, were many youthful spirits, who hailed it in stentorian tones with such congratulations as "Noddy Boffin!" "Boffin's mon-ey!" "Down with the dust, Boffin!" and other similar compliments. These, the hammer-headed young man took in such ill part that he often impaired the majesty of the progress by pulling up short, and making as though he would alight to exterminate the offenders; a purpose from which he only allowed himself to be dissuaded after long and lively arguments with his employers.

At length the Bower district was left behind, and the peaceful dwelling of the Reverend Frank Milvey was gained. The Reverend Frank Milvey's abode was a very modest abode, because his income was a very modest income. He was officially accessible to every blundering old woman who had incoherence to bestow upon him, and readily received the Boffins. He was quite a young man, expensively educated and wretchedly paid, with quite a young wife and half a dozen quite young children. He was under the necessity of teaching and translating from the classics, to eke out his scanty means, yet was generally expected to have more time to spare than the idolest person in the parish, and more money than the richest. He accepted the needless inequalities and inconsistencies of his life, with a kind of conventional submission that was almost slavish; and any daring layman who would have adjusted such burdens as his, more decently and graciously, would have had small help from him.

With a ready patient face and manner, and yet with a latent smile that showed a quick enough observation of Mrs. Boffin's dress, Mr. Milvey, in his little book-room—charged with sounds and cries as though the six children above were coming down through the ceiling, and the roasting leg of mutton below were coming up through the floor—listened to Mrs. Boffin's statement of her want of an orphan.

"I think," said Mr. Milvey, "that you have never had a child of your own, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin?"

Never.

"But, like the Kings and Queens in the Fairy Tales, I suppose you have wished for one?"

In a general way, yes.

Mr. Milvey smiled again, as he remarked to himself, "Those kings and queens were always wishing for children." It occurring to him, perhaps, that if they had been Curates, their wishes might have tended in the opposite direction.

"I think," he pursued, "we had better take Mrs. Milvey into our Council. She is indispensable to me. If you please, I'll call her."

So, Mr. Milvey called, "Margaretta, my dear!" and Mrs. Milvey came down. A pretty, bright little woman, something worn by anxiety, who had repressed many pretty tastes and bright fancies, and substituted in their stead, schools, soup, flannel, coals, and all the week-day cares and Sunday coughs of a large population, young and old. As gallantly had Mr. Milvey repressed much in himself that
naturally belonged to his old studies and old fellow-students, and
taken up among the poor and their children with the hard crumbs of life.

"Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, my dear, whose good fortune you have
heard of?"

Mrs. Milvey, with the most unaffected grace in the world, con-
gratulated them, and was glad to see them. Yet her engaging face,
being an open as well as a perceptive one, was not without her
husband's latent smile.

"Mrs. Boffin wishes to adopt a little boy, my dear."

Mrs. Milvey, looking rather alarmed, her husband added:

"An orphan, my dear."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Milvey, reassured for her own little boys.

"And I was thinking, Margaretta, that perhaps old Mrs. Goody's
grandchild might answer the purpose."

"Oh my dear Frank! I don't think that would do!"

"No?"

"Oh no!"

The smiling Mrs. Boffin, feeling it incumbent on her to take part
in the conversation, and being charmed with the emphatic little wife
and her ready interest, here offered her acknowledgments and
inquired what there was against him?

"I don't think," said Mrs. Milvey, glancing at the Reverend Frank
"—and I believe my husband will agree with me when he considers
it again—that you could possibly keep that orphan clean from snuff.
Because his grandmother takes so many ounces, and drops it
over him."

"But he would not be living with his grandmother then, Marga-
retta," said Mr. Milvey.

"No, Frank, but it would be impossible to keep her from Mrs.
Boffin's house; and the more there was to eat and drink there, the
oftener she would go. And she is an inconvenient woman. I hope
it's not uncharitable to remember that last Christmas Eve she drank
eleven cups of tea, and grumbled all the time. And she is not a
grateful woman, Frank. You recollect her addressing a crowd out-
side this house, about her wrongs, when, one night after we had gone
to bed, she brought back the petticoat of new flannel that had been
given her, because it was too short."

"That's true," said Mr. Milvey. "I don't think that would do.
Would little Harrison——"

"Oh, Frank!" remonstrated his emphatic wife.

"He has no grandmother, my dear."

"No, but I don't think Mrs. Boffin would like an orphan who
squints so much."

"That's true again," said Mr. Milvey, becoming haggard with
perplexity. "If a little girl would do——"

"But, my dear Frank, Mrs. Boffin wants a boy."

"That's true again," said Mr. Milvey. "Tom Bocker is a nice
boy" (thoughtfully).

"But I doubt, Frank," Mrs. Milvey hinted, after a little hesitation,
"if Mrs. Boffin wants an orphan quite nineteen, who drives a cart
and waters the roads."
Mr. Milvey referred the point to Mrs. Boffin in a look; on that smiling lady's shaking her black velvet bonnet and bows, he remarked, in lower spirits, "that's true again."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Boffin, concerned at giving so much trouble, "that if I had known you would have taken so much pains, sir—and you too, ma'am—I don't think I would have come."

"Pray don't say that!" urged Mrs. Milvey.

"No, don't say that," assented Mr. Milvey, "because we are so much obliged to you for giving us the preference." Which Mrs. Milvey confirmed; and really the kind, conscientious couple spoke, as if they kept some profitable orphan warehouse and were personally patronized. "But it is a responsible trust," added Mr. Milvey, "and difficult to discharge. At the same time, we are naturally very unwilling to lose the chance you so kindly give us, and if you could afford us a day or two to look about us—you know, Margretta, we might carefully examine the workhouse, and the Infant School, and your District."

"To be sure!" said the emphatic little wife.

"We have orphans, I know," pursued Mr. Milvey, quite with the air as if he might have added, "in stock," and quite as anxiously as if there were great competition in the business and he were afraid of losing an order, "over at the clay-pits; but they are employed by relations or friends, and I am afraid it would come at last to a transaction in the way of barter. And even if you exchanged blankets for the child—or books and firing—it would be impossible to prevent their being turned into liquor."

Accordingly, it was resolved that Mr. and Mrs. Milvey should search for an orphan likely to suit, and as free as possible from the foregoing objections, and should communicate again with Mrs. Boffin. Then, Mr. Boffin took the liberty of mentioning to Mr. Milvey that if Mr. Milvey would do him the kindness to be perpetually his banker to the extent of "a twenty-pound note or so," to be expended without any reference to him, he would be heartily obliged. At this, both Mr. Milvey and Mrs. Milvey were quite as much pleased as if they had no wants of their own, but only knew what poverty was, in the persons of other people; and so the interview terminated with satisfaction and good opinion on all sides.

"Now, old lady," said Mr. Boffin, as they resumed their seats behind the hammer-headed horse and man: "having made a very agreeable visit there, we'll try Wilfer's."

It appeared, on their drawing up at the family gate, that to try Wilfer's was a thing more easily projected than done, on account of the extreme difficulty of getting into that establishment; three pulls at the bell producing no external result, though each was attended by audible sounds of scampering and rushing within. At the fourth tug—vindictively administered by the hammer-headed young man—Miss Lavinia appeared, emerging from the house in an accidental manner, with a bonnet and parasol, as designing to take a contemplative walk. The young lady was astonished to find visitors at the gate, and expressed her feelings in appropriate action.

"Here's Mr. and Mrs. Boffin!" growled the hammer-headed young
man through the bars of the gate, and at the same time shaking it, as if he were on view in a Menagerie; "they've been here half an hour."

"Who did you say?" asked Miss Lavinia.

"Mr. and Mrs. BOFFIN!" returned the young man, rising into a roar.

Miss Lavinia tripped up the steps to the house-door, tripped down the steps with the key, tripped across the little garden, and opened the gate. "Please to walk in," said Miss Lavinia, haughtily. "Our servant is out."

Mr. and Mrs. Boffin complying, and pausing in the little hall until Miss Lavinia came up to show them where to go next, perceived three pairs of listening legs upon the stairs above. Mrs. Wilfer's legs, Miss Bella's legs, Mr. George Sampson's legs.

"Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, I think?" said Lavinia, in a warning voice.

Strained attention on the part of Mrs. Wilfer's legs, of Miss Bella's legs, of Mr. George Sampson's legs.

"Yes, Miss."

"If you'll step this way—down these stairs—I'll let Ma know."

Excited flight of Mrs. Wilfer's legs, of Miss Bella's legs, of Mr. George Sampson's legs.

After waiting some quarter of an hour alone in the family sitting-room, which presented traces of having been so hastily arranged after a meal, that one might have doubted whether it was made tidy for visitors, or cleared for blindman's buff. Mr. and Mrs. Boffin became aware of the entrance of Mrs. Wilfer, majestically faint, and with a condescending stitch in her side: which was her company manner.

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Wilfer, after the first salutations, and as soon as she had adjusted the handkerchief under her chin, and waved her gloved hands, "to what am I indebted for this honour?"

"To make short of it, ma'am," returned Mr. Boffin, "perhaps you may be acquainted with the names of me and Mrs. Boffin, as having come into a certain property."

"I have heard, sir," returned Mrs. Wilfer, with a dignified bend of her head, "of such being the case."

"And I dare say, ma'am," pursued Mr. Boffin, while Mrs. Boffin added confirmatory nods and smiles, "you are not very much inclined to take kindly to us?"

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Wilfer. "Twere unjust to visit upon Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, a calamity which was doubtless a dispensation."

These words were rendered the more effective by a serenely heroic expression of suffering.

"That's fairly meant, I am sure," remarked the honest Mr. Boffin; "Mrs. Boffin and me, ma'am, are plain people, and we don't want to pretend to anything, nor yet to go round and round at anything: because there's always a straight way to everything. Consequently, we make this call to say, that we shall be glad to have the honor and pleasure of your daughter's acquaintance, and that we shall be revered if your daughter will come to consider our house in the light of her home equally with this. In short, we want to cheer your daughter, and to give her the opportunity of sharing such pleasures
as we are going to take ourselves. We want to brisk her up, and brisk her about, and give her a change."

"That's it!" said the open-hearted Mrs. Boffin. "Lor! Let's be comfortable."

Mrs. Wilfer bent her head in a distant manner to her lady visitor, and with majestic monotony replied to the gentleman:

"Pardon me. I have several daughters. Which of my daughters am I to understand is thus favoured by the kind intentions of Mr. Boffin and his lady?"

"Don't you see?" the ever-smiling Mrs. Boffin put in. "Naturally, Miss Bella, you know."

"Oh-h!" said Mrs. Wilfer, with a severely unconvincing look. "My daughter Bella is accessible and shall speak for herself." Then opening the door a little way, simultaneously with a sound of scuttling outside it, the good lady made the proclamation, "Send Miss Bella to me!" Which proclamation, though grandly formal, and one might almost say herculean, to hear, was in fact enunciated with her maternal eyes reproachfully glaring on that young lady in the flesh—and in so much of it that she was retiring with difficulty into the small closet under the stairs, apprehensive of the emergence of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin.

"The avocations of R. W., my husband," Mrs. Wilfer explained, on resuming her seat, "keep him fully engaged in the City at this time of the day, or he would have had the honor of participating in your reception beneath our humble roof."

"Very pleasant premises!" said Mr. Boffin, cheerfully.

"Pardon me, sir," returned Mrs. Wilfer, correcting him, "it is the abode of conscious though independent Poverty."

Finding it rather difficult to pursue the conversation down this road, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin sat staring at mid-air, and Mrs. Wilfer sat silently giving them to understand that every breath she drew required to be drawn with a self-denial rarely paralleled in history, until Miss Bella appeared: whom Mrs. Wilfer presented, and to whom she explained the purpose of the visitors.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," said Miss Bella, coldly shaking her curls, "but I doubt if I have the inclination to go out at all."

"Bella!" Mrs. Wilfer admonished her. "Bella, you must conquer this."

"Yes, do what your Ma says, and conquer it, my dear," urged Mrs. Boffin, "because we shall be so glad to have you, and because you are much too pretty to keep yourself shut up." With that, the pleasant creature gave her a kiss, and patted her on her dimpled shoulders; Mrs. Wilfer sitting stiffly by, like a functionary presiding over an interview previous to an execution.

"We are going to move into a nice house," said Mrs. Boffin, who was woman enough to compromise Mr. Boffin on that point, when he couldn't very well contest it; "and we are going to set up a nice carriage, and we'll go everywhere and see everything. And you mustn't," seating Bella beside her, and patting her hand, "you mustn't feel a dislike to us to begin with, because we couldn't help it, you know, my dear."
With the natural tendency of youth to yield to candour and sweet temper, Miss Bella was so touched by the simplicity of this address that she frankly returned Mrs. Boffin's kiss. Not at all to the satisfaction of that good woman of the world, her mother, who sought to hold the advantageous ground of obliging the Boffins instead of being obliged.

"My youngest daughter, Lavinia," said Mrs. Wilfer, glad to make a diversion, as that young lady reappeared. "Mr. George Sampson, a friend of the family."

The friend of the family was in that stage of the tender passion which bound him to regard everybody else as the foe of the family. He put the round head of his cane in his mouth, like a stopper, when he sat down. As if he felt himself full to the throat with affronting sentiments. And he eyed the Boffins with implacable eyes.

"If you like to bring your sister with you when you come to stay with us," said Mrs. Boffin, "of course we shall be glad. The better you please yourself, Miss Bella, the better you'll please us."

"Oh, my consent is of no consequence at all, I suppose?" cried Miss Lavinia.

"Lavvy," said her sister, in a low voice, "have the goodness to be seen and not heard."

"No, I won't," replied the sharp Lavinia. "I'm not a child, to be taken notice of by strangers."

"You are a child."

"I'm not a child, and I won't be taken notice of. 'Bring your sister,' indeed!"

"Lavinia!" said Mrs. Wilfer. "Hold! I will not allow you to utter in my presence the absurd suspicion that any strangers—I care not what their names—can patronize my child. Do you dare to suppose, you ridiculous girl, that Mr. and Mrs. Boffin would enter these doors upon a patronizing errand; or, if they did, would remain within them, only for one single instant, while your mother had the strength yet remaining in her vital frame to request them to depart? You little know your mother if you presume to think so."

"It's all very fine," Lavinia began to grumble, when Mrs. Wilfer repeated:

"Hold! I will not allow this. Do you not know what is due to guests? Do you not comprehend that in presuming to hint that this lady and gentleman could have any idea of patronizing any member of your family—I care not which—you accuse them of an impertinence little less than insane?"

"Never mind me and Mrs. Boffin, ma'am," said Mr. Boffin, smilingly:

"we don't care."

"Pardon me, but I do," returned Mrs. Wilfer.

Miss Lavinia laughed a short laugh as she muttered, "Yes, to be sure."

"And I require my audacious child," proceeded Mrs. Wilfer, with a withering look at her youngest, on whom it had not the slightest effect, "to please to be just to her sister Bella; to remember that her sister Bella is much sought after; and that when her sister Bella accepts an attention, she considers herself to be conferring qui-i-ite
as much honour,—this with an indignant shiver,—"as she receives."

But, here Miss Bella repudiated, and said quietly, "I can speak for myself, you know, ma'am. You needn't bring me in, please."

"And it's all very well aiming at others through convenient me," said the irrepressible Lavinia, spitefully; "but I should like to ask George Sampson what he says to it."

"Mr. Sampson," proclaimed Mrs. Wilfer, seeing that young gentleman take his stopper out, and so darkly fixing him with her eyes as that he put it in again: "Mr. Sampson, as a friend of this family and a frequenter of this house, is, I am persuaded, far too well-bred to interpose on such an invitation."

This exaltation of the young gentleman moved the conscientious Mrs. Boffin to repentance for having done him an injustice in her mind, and consequently to saying that she and Mr. Boffin would at any time be glad to see him; an attention which he handsomely acknowledged by replying, with his stopper unremoved, "Much obliged to you, but I'm always engaged day and night."

However, Bella compensating for all drawbacks by responding to the advances of the Boffins in an engaging way, that easy pair were on the whole well satisfied, and proposed to the said Bella that as soon as they should be in a condition to receive her in a manner suitable to their desires, Mrs. Boffin should return with notice of the fact. This arrangement Mrs. Wilfer sanctioned with a stately inclination of her head and wave of her gloves, as who should say, "Your demerits shall be overlooked, and you shall be mercifully gratified, poor people."

"By-the-bye, ma'am," said Mr. Boffin, turning back as he was going, "you have a lodger?"

"A gentleman," Mrs. Wilfer answered, qualifying the low expression, "undoubtedly occupies our first floor."

"I may call him Our Mutual Friend," said Mr. Boffin. "What sort of a fellow is Our Mutual Friend, now? Do you like him?"

"Mr. Rokesmith is very punctual, very quiet, a very eligible inmate."

"Because," Mr. Boffin explained. "you must know that I'm not particularly well acquainted with Our Mutual Friend, for I have only seen him once. You give a good account of him. Is he at home?"

"Mr. Rokesmith is at home," said Mrs. Wilfer; "indeed," pointing through the window, "there he stands at the garden gate. Waiting for you, perhaps?"

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Boffin. "Saw me come in, maybe."

Bella had closely attended to this short dialogue. Accompanying Mrs. Boffin to the gate, she as closely watched what followed.

"How are you, sir; how are you?" said Mr. Boffin. "This is Mrs. Boffin. Mr. Rokesmith, that I told you of, my dear."

She gave him good day, and he bestirred himself and helped her to her seat, and the like, with a ready hand.

"Good-bye for the present, Miss Bella," said Mrs. Boffin, calling out a hearty parting. "We shall meet again soon! And then I hope I shall have my little John Harmon to show you."
Mr. Rokesmith, who was at the wheel adjusting the skirts of her dress, suddenly looked behind him, and around him, and then looked up at her, with a face so pale that Mrs. Boffin cried:

"Gracious!" And after a moment, "What's the matter, sir?"

"How can you show her the Dead?" returned Mr. Rokesmith.

"It's only an adopted child. One I have told her of. One I'm going to give the name to!"

"You took me by surprise," said Mr. Rokesmith, "and it sounded like an omen, that you should speak of showing the Dead to one so young and blooming."

Now, Bella suspected by this time that Mr. Rokesmith admired her. Whether the knowledge (for it was rather than suspicion) caused her to incline to him a little more, or a little less, than she had done at first; whether it rendered her eager to find out more about him, because she sought to establish reason for her distrust, or because she sought to free him from it; was as yet dark to her own heart. But at most times he occupied a great amount of her attention, and she had set her attention closely on this incident.

That he knew it as well as she, she knew as well as he, when they were left together standing on the path by the garden gate.

"Those are worthy people, Miss Wilfer."

"Do you know them well?" asked Bella.

He smiled, reproaching her, and she coloured, reproaching herself—both, with the knowledge that she had meant to entrap him into an answer not true—when he said "I know of them."

"Truly, he told us he had seen you but once."

"Truly, I supposed he did."

Bella was nervous now, and would have been glad to recall her question.

"You thought it strange that, feeling much interested in you, I should start at what sounded like a proposal to bring you into contact with the murdered man who lies in his grave. I might have known—of course in a moment should have known—that it could not have that meaning. But my interest remains."

Re-entering the family-room in a meditative state, Miss Bella was received by the irrepressible Lavinia with:

"There, Bella! At last I hope you have got your wishes realized—by your Boffins. You'll be rich enough now—with your Boffins. You can have as much flirting as you like—at your Boffins. But you won't take me to your Boffins, I can tell you—you and your Boffins too!"

"If," quoth Mr. George Sampson, moodily pulling his stopper out, "Miss Bella's Mr. Boffin comes any more of his nonsense to me, I only wish him to understand, as betwixt man and man, that he does it at his peril—and was going to say peril; but Miss Lavinia, having no confidence in his mental powers, and feeling his oration to have no definite application to any circumstances, jerked his stopper in again, with a sharpness that made his eyes water.

And now the worthy Mrs. Wilfer, having used her youngest daughter as a lay-figure for the edification of these Boffins, became bland to her, and proceeded to develop her last instance of force of
character, which was still in reserve. This was, to illuminate the family with her remarkable powers as a physiognomist; powers that terrified R. W. whenever let loose, as being always fraught with gloom and evil which no inferior prescience was aware of. And this Mrs. Wilfer now did, be it observed, in jealousy of these Boffins, in the very same moments when she was already reflecting how she would flourish these very same Boffins and the state they kept, over the heads of her Boffinless friends.

"Of their manners," said Mrs. Wilfer, "I say nothing. Of their appearance, I say nothing. Of the disinterestedness of their intentions towards Bella, I say nothing. But the craft, the secrecy, the dark deep underhanded plotting, written in Mrs. Boffin's countenance, make me shudder."

As an incontrovertible proof that those baleful attributes were all there, Mrs. Wilfer shuddered on the spot.

CHAPTER X.

A MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

There is excitement in the Veneering mansion. The mature young lady is going to be married (powder and all) to the mature young gentleman, and she is to be married from the Veneering house, and the Veneerings are to give the breakfast. The Analytical, who objects as a matter of principle to everything that occurs on the premises, necessarily objects to the match; but his consent has been dispensed with, and a spring-van is delivering its load of greenhouse plants at the door, in order that to-morrow's feast may be crowned with flowers.

The mature young lady is a lady of property. The mature young gentleman is a gentleman of property. He invests his property. He goes, in a condescending amateurish way, into the City, attends meetings of Directors, and has to do with traffic in Shares. As is well known to the wise in their generation, traffic in Shares is the one thing to have to do with in this world. Have no antecedents, no established character, no cultivation, no ideas, no manners; have Shares. Have Shares enough to be on Boards of Direction in capital letters, oscillate on mysterious business between London and Paris, and be great. Where does he come from? Shares. Where is he going to? Shares. What are his tastes? Shares. Has he any principles? Shares. What squeezes him into Parliament? Shares. Perhaps he never of himself achieved success in anything, never originated anything, never produced anything? Sufficient answer to all; Shares. O mighty Shares! To set those blaring images so high, and to cause us smaller vermin, as under the influence of henbane or opium, to cry out, night and day, "Relieve us of our money, scatter it for us, buy us and sell us, ruin us, only we beseech you take rank among the powers of the earth, and fatten on us"!

While the Loves and Graces have been preparing this torch for Hymen, which is to be kindled to-morrow, Mr. Twemlow has suffered
much in his mind. It would seem that both the mature young lady
and the mature young gentleman must indubitably be Veneering's
oldest friends. Wars of his, perhaps? Yet that can scarcely be, for
they are older than himself. Veneering has been in their confidence
throughout, and has done much to lure them to the altar. He has
mentioned to Twemlow how he said to Mrs. Veneering, "Anastatia,
this must be a match." He has mentioned to Twemlow how he
regards Sophronia Akershem (the mature young lady) in the light
of a sister, and Alfred Lammle (the mature young gentleman) in the
light of a brother. Twemlow has asked him whether he went to
school as a junior with Alfred? He has answered, "Not exactly."
Whether Sophronia was adopted by his mother? He has answered,
"Not precisely so." Twemlow's hand has gone to his forehead with
a lost air.

But, two or three weeks ago, Twemlow, sitting over his newspaper,
and over his dry-toast and weak tea, and over the stable-yard in
Duke Street, St. James's, received a highly-perfumed cocked-hat and
monogram from Mrs. Veneering, entreating her dearest Mr. T., if not
particularly engaged that day, to come like a charming soul and
make a fourth at dinner with dear Mr. Podsnap, for the discussion of
an interesting family topic; the last three words doubly underlined
and pointed with a note of admiration. And Twemlow, replying,
"Not engaged, and more than delighted," goes, and this takes
place:

"My dear Twemlow," says Veneering, "your ready response to
Anastatia's unceremonious invitation is truly kind, and like an old,
old friend. You know our dear friend Podsnap?"

Twemlow ought to know the dear friend Podsnap who covered
him with so much confusion, and he says he does know him, and
Podsnap reciprocates. Apparently, Podsnap has been so wrought
upon in a short time, as to believe that he has been intimate in the
house many, many, many years. In the friendliest manner he is
making himself quite at home with his back to the fire, executing a
statuette of the Colossus at Rhodes. Twemlow has before noticed in
his feeble way how soon the Veneering guests become infected with
the Veneering fiction. Not, however, that he has the least notion of
its being his own case.

"Our friends, Alfred and Sophronia," pursues Veneering the veiled
prophet: "our friends Alfred and Sophronia, you will be glad to hear,
my dear fellows, are going to be married. As my wife and I make
it a family affair the entire direction of which we take upon our-

ourselves, of course our first step is to communicate the fact to our
family friends.

("Oh!" thinks Twemlow, with his eyes on Podsnap, "then there
are only two of us, and he's the other.")

"I did hope," Veneering goes on, "to have had Lady Tippins to
meet you; but she is always in request, and is unfortunately engaged."

("Oh!" thinks Twemlow, with his eyes wandering, "then there
are three of us, and she's the other.")

"Mortimer Lightwood," resumes Veneering, "whom you both
know, is out of town; but he writes, in his whimsical manner, that
as we ask him to be bridegroom's best man when the ceremony takes
place, he will not refuse, though he doesn't see what he has to do
with it."

("Oh!!" thinks Twemlow, with his eyes rolling, "then there are
four of us, and he's the other.")

"Boots and Brewer," observes Veneering, "whom you also
know, I have not asked to-day; but I reserve them for the oc-
casion."

("Then," thinks Twemlow, with his eyes shut, "there are si——"
But here collapses and does not completely recover until dinner is
over and the Analytical has been requested to withdraw.)

"We now come," says Veneering, "to the point, the real point, of
our little family consultation. Sophronia, having lost both father
and mother, has no one to give her away."

"Give her away yourself," says Podsnap.

"My dear Podsnap, no. For three reasons. Firstly, because I
couldn't take so much upon myself when I have respected family
friends to remember. Secondly, because I am not so vain as to
think that I look the part. Thirdly, because Anastatia is a little
superstitions on the subject and feels averse to my giving away any-
body until baby is old enough to be married."

"What would happen if he did?" Podsnap inquires of Mrs.
Veneering.

"My dear Mr. Podsnap, it's very foolish I know, but I have an
instinctive presentiment that if Hamilton gave away anybody else
first, he would never give away baby." Thus Mrs. Veneering; with
her open hands pressed together, and each of her eight aquiline
fingers looking so very like her one aquiline nose that the bran-new
jewels on them seem necessary for distinction's sake.

"But, my dear Podsnap," quoth Veneering, "there is a tried friend
of our family who, I think and hope you will agree with me, Podnap,
is the friend on whom this agreeable duty almost naturally devolves.
That friend," saying the words as if the company were about a
hundred and fifty in number, "is now among us. That friend is
Twemlow."

"Certainly!" From Podsnap.

"That friend," Veneering repeats with greater firmness, "is our
dear good Twemlow. And I cannot sufficiently express to you, my
dear Podsnap, the pleasure I feel in having this opinion of mine and
Anastatia's so readily confirmed by you, that other equally familiar
and tried friend who stands in the proud position—I mean who
proudly stands in the position—or I ought rather to say, who places
Anastatia and myself in the proud position of himself standing in the
simple position—of baby's godfather." And, indeed, Veneering is
much relieved in mind to find that Podnap betrays no jealousy of
Twemlow's elevation.

So, it has come to pass that the spring-van is strewing flowers on
the rosy hours and on the staircase, and that Twemlow is surveying
the ground on which he is to play his distinguished part to-morrow.
He has already been to the church, and taken note of the various
impediments in the aisle, under the auspices of an extremely dreary
widow who opens the pews, and whose left hand appears to be in a state of acute rheumatism, but is in fact voluntarily doubled up to act as a money-box.

And now Veneering shoots out of the Study wherein he is accustomed, when contemplative, to give his mind to the carving and gilding of the Pilgrims going to Canterbury, in order to show Twemlow the little flourish he has prepared for the trumpets of fashion, describing how that on the seventeenth instant, at St. James's Church, the Reverend Blank Blank, assisted by the Reverend Dash Dash, united in the bonds of matrimony, Alfred Lammle Esquire, of Sackville Street, Piccadilly, to Sophronia, only daughter of the late Horatio Akershem, Esquire, of Yorkshire. Also how the fair bride was married from the house of Hamilton Veneering, Esquire, of Stucconia, and was given away by Melvin Twemlow, Esquire, of Duke Street, St. James's, second cousin to Lord Snigsworth, of Snigsworthy Park. While perusing which composition, Twemlow makes some opaque approach to perceiving that if the Reverend Blank Blank and the Reverend Dash Dash fail, after this introduction, to become enrolled in the list of Veneering's dearest and oldest friends, they will have none but themselves to thank for it.

After which, appears Sophronia (whom Twemlow has seen twice in his lifetime), to thank Twemlow for counterfeiting the late Horatio Akershem Esquire, broadly of Yorkshire. And after her, appears Alfred (whom Twemlow has seen once in his lifetime), to do the same and to make a pasty sort of glitter, as if he were constructed for candle-light only, and had been let out into daylight by some grand mistake. And after that, comes Mrs. Veneering, in a pervadingly aquiline state of figure, and with transparent little knobs on her temper, like the little transparent knob on the bridge of her nose, "Worn out by worry and excitement," as she tells her dear Mr. Twemlow, and reluctantly revived with curaçoa by the Analytical. And after that, the bridesmaids begin to come by railroad from various parts of the country, and to come like adorable recruits enlisted by a sergeant not present; for, on arriving at the Veneering depot, they are in a barrack of strangers.

So, Twemlow goes home to Duke Street, St. James's, to take a plate of mutton broth with a chop in it, and a look at the marriage-service, in order that he may cut in at the right place to-morrow; and he is low, and feels it dull over the livery stable-yard, and is distinctly aware of a dint in his heart, made by the most adorable of the adorable bridesmaids. For, the poor little harmless gentleman once had his fancy, like the rest of us, and she didn't answer (as she often does not), and he thinks the adorable bridesmaid is like the fancy as she was then (which she is not at all), and that if the fancy had not married some one else for money, but had married him for love, he and she would have been happy (which they wouldn't have been), and that she has a tenderness for him still (whereas her toughness is a proverb). Brooding over the fire, with his dried little head in his dried little hands, and his dried little elbows on his dried little knees, Twemlow is melancholy. "No Adorable to bear me company here!" thinks he. "No Adorable at the club! A waste,
a waste, a waste, my Twemlow!" And so drops asleep, and has
galvanic starts all over him.

Betines next morning, that horrible old Lady Tippins (relief of
the late Sir Thomas Tippins, knighted in mistake for somebody else
by His Majesty King George the Third, who, while performing the
ceremony, was graciously pleased to observe, "What, what, what?
Who, who, who? Why, why, why?") begins to be dyed and varnished
for the interesting occasion. She has a reputation for giving smart
accounts of things, and she must be at these people's early, my
dear, to lose nothing of the fun. Whereabout in the bonnet and
drapery announced by her name, any fragment of the real woman
may be concealed, is perhaps known to her maid; but you could
easily buy all you see of her, in Bond Street; or you might scalp her,
and peel her, and scrape her, and make two Lady Tippinses out of her,
and yet not penetrate to the genuine article. She has a large gold
eye-glass, has Lady Tippins, to survey the proceedings with. If she
had one in each eye, it might keep that other drooping lid up, and
look more uniform. But perennial youth is in her artificial flowers,
and her list of lovers is full.

"Mortimer, you wretch," says Lady Tippins, turning the eye-glass
about and about, "where is your charge, the bridegroom?"

"Give you my honor," returns Mortimer, "I don't know, and I
don't care."

"Miserable! Is that the way you do your duty?"

"Beyond an impression that he is to sit upon my knee and be seconded
at some point of the solemnities, like a principal at a prize-fight, I
assure you I have no notion what my duty is," returns Mortimer.

Eugene is also in attendance, with a pervading air upon him of
having presupposed the ceremony to be a funeral, and of being
disappointed. The scene is the Vestry-room of St. James's Church,
with a number of leathery old registers on shelves, that might be
bound in Lady Tippinses.

But, hark! A carriage at the gate, and Mortimer's man arrives,
looking rather like a spurious Mephistophiles and an unacknow-
ledged member of that gentleman's family. Whom Lady Tippins,
surveying through her eye-glass, considers a fine man, and quite a
catch; and of whom Mortimer remarks, in the lowest spirits, as he
approaches, "I believe this is my fellow, confound him!" More
carriages at the gate, and to the rest of the characters. Whom
Lady Tippins, standing on a cushion, surveying through the eye-
glass, thus checks off: "Bride; five-and-forty if a day, thirty
shillings a yard, veil fifteen pound, pocket-handkerchief a present.
Bridesmaids; kept down for fear of outshining bride, consequently
not girls, twelve and sixpence a yard, Veneering's flowers, sub-
nosed one rather pretty but too conscious of her stockings, bonnets
three pound ten. Twemlow; blessed release for the dear man if she
really was his daughter, nervous even under the pretence that she
is, well he may be. Mrs. Veneering; never saw such velvet, say
two thousand pounds as she stands, absolute jeweller's window, father
must have been a pawnbroker, or how could these people do it?
Attendant unknowns; pokey."
Ceremony performed, register signed, Lady Tippins escorted out of sacred edifice by Veneering, carriages rolling back to Stuccoaria, servants with favours and flowers, Veneering’s house reached, drawing-rooms most magnificent. Here, the Podsnaps await the happy party; Mr. Podsnap, with his hair-brushes made the most of; that imperial rocking-horse, Mrs. Podsnap, majestically skittish. Here, too, are Boots and Brewer, and the two other Buffers; each Buffer with a flower in his button-hole, his hair curled, and his gloves buttoned on tight, apparently come prepared, if anything had happened to the bridgroom, to be married instantly. Here, too, the bride’s aunt and next relation; a widowed female of a Medusa sort, in a stoney cap, glaring petrifaction at her fellow-creatures. Here, too, the bride’s trustee; an oilcake-fed style of business-gentleman with mooney spectacles, and an object of much interest. Veneering launching himself upon this trustee as his oldest friend (which makes seven, Twemlow thought), and confidentially retiring with him into the conservatory, it is understood that Veneering is his co-trustee, and that they are arranging about the fortune. Buffers are even overheard to whisper Thir-ty Thou-sand Poun-nds! with a smack and a relish suggestive of the very finest oysters. Pokey unknowns, amazed to find how intimately they know Veneering, pluck up spirit, fold their arms, and begin to contradict him before breakfast. What time Mrs. Veneering, carrying baby dressed as a bridesmaid, flits about among the company, emitting flashes of many-coloured lightning from diamonds, emeralds, and rubies.

The Analytical, in course of time achieving what he feels to be due to himself in bringing to a dignified conclusion several quarrels he has on hand with the pastrycook’s men, announces breakfast. Dining-room no less magnificent than drawing-room; tables superb; all the camels out, and all laden. Splendid cake, covered with Cupids, silver, and true-lovers’ knots. Splendid bracelet, produced by Veneering before going down, and clasped upon the arm of bride. Yet nobody seems to think much more of the Veneerings than if they were a tolerable landlord and landlady doing the thing in the way of business at so much a head. The bride and bridgroom talk and laugh apart, as has always been their manner; and the Buffers work their way through the dishes with systematic perseverance, as has always been their manner; and the pokey unknowns are exceedingly benevolent to one another in invitations to take glasses of champagne; but Mrs. Podsnap, arching her mane and rocking her grandest, has a far more deferential audience than Mrs. Veneering; and Podsnap all but does the honours.

Another dismal circumstance is, that Veneering, having the captivating Tippins on one side of him and the bride’s aunt on the other, finds it immensely difficult to keep the peace. For, Medusa, besides unmistakingly glaring petrifaction at the fascinating Tippins, follows every lively remark made by that dear creature, with an audible snort; which may be referable to a chronic cold in the head, but may also be referable to indignation and contempt. And this snort being regular in its reproduction, at length comes to be expected by the company, who make embarrassing pauses when it is falling due,
and by waiting for it, render it more emphatic when it comes. The stoney aunt has likewise an injurious way of rejecting all dishes whereof Lady Tippins partakes: saying aloud when they are proffered to her, "No, no, no, not for me. Take it away!" As with a set purpose of implying a misgiving that if nourished upon similar meats, she might come to be like that charmer, which would be a fatal consummation. Aware of her enemy, Lady Tippins tries a youthful sally or two, and tries the eye-glass; but, from the impenetrable cup and snorting armour of the stoney aunt all weapons rebound powerless.

Another objectionable circumstance is, that the pokey unknowns support each other in being unimpressable. They persist in not being frightened by the gold and silver camels, and they are banded together to defy the elaborately chased ice-pails. They even seem to unite in some vague utterance of the sentiment that the landlord and landlady will make a pretty good profit out of this, and they almost carry themselves like customers. Nor is there compensating influence in the adorable bridesmaids; for, having very little interest in the bride, and none at all in one another, those lovely beings become, each one on her own account, depreciatingly contemplative of the millinery present; while the bridegroom's man, exhausted, in the back of his chair, appears to be improving the occasion by penitentially contemplating all the wrong he has ever done; the difference between him and his friend Eugene, being, that the latter, in the back of his chair, appears to be contemplating all the wrong he would like to do—particularly to the present company.

In which state of affairs, the usual ceremonies rather droop and flag, and the splendid cake when cut by the fair hand of the bride has but an indigestible appearance. However, all the things indispensable to be said are said, and all the things indispensable to be done are done (including Lady Tippins's yawning, falling asleep, and waking insensible), and there is hurried preparation for the nuptial journey to the Isle of Wight, and the outer air teems with brass bands and spectators. In full sight of whom, the malignant star of the Analytical has pre-ordained that pain and ridicule shall befall him. For he, standing on the doorsteps to grace the departure, is suddenly caught a most prodigious thump on the side of his head with a heavy shoe, which a Buffer in the hall, champagne-flushed and wild of aim, has borrowed on the spur of the moment from the pastry-cook's porter, to cast after the departing pair as an auspicious omen.

So they all go up again into the gorgeous dressing-rooms—all of them flushed with breakfast, as having taken scarlatina sociably—and the combined unknowns do malignant things with their legs to ottomans, and take as much as possible out of the splendid furniture. And so, Lady Tippins, quite undetermined whether to-day is the day before yesterday, or the day after to-morrow, or the week after next, fades away; and Mortimer Lightwood and Eugene fade away, and Twemlow fades away, and the stoney aunt goes away—she declines to fade, proving rock to the last—and even the unknowns are slowly strained off, and it is all over.
All over, that is to say, for the time being. But, there is another
time to come, and it comes in about a fortnight, and it comes to Mr.
and Mrs. Lammle on the sands at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. and Mrs. Lammle have walked for some time on the Shanklin
sands, and one may see by their footprints that they have not walked
arm in arm, and that they have not walked in a straight track, and
that they have walked in a moody humour; for, the lady has prodded
little spiriting holes in the damp sand before her with her parasol,
and the gentleman has trailed his stick after him. As if he were of
the Mephistopheles family indeed, and had walked with a drooping
tail.

"Do you mean to tell me, then, Sophronia——"

Thus he begins after a long silence, when Sophronia flashes fiercely,
and turns upon him.

"Don't put it upon me, sir. I ask you, do you mean to tell
me?"

Mr. Lammle falls silent again, and they walk as before. Mrs.
Lammle opens her nostrils and bites her under-lip; Mr. Lammle
takes his gingerous whiskers in his left hand, and, bringing them
together, frowns furtively at his beloved, out of a thick gingerous
bush.

"Do I mean to say!" Mrs. Lammle after a time repeats,
with indignation. "Putting it on me! The unmanly disingenuousness!"

Mr. Lammle stops, releases his whiskers, and looks at her. "The
what?"

Mrs. Lammle haughtily replies, without stopping, and without
looking back. "The meanness."

He is at her side again in a pace or two, and he retorts, "That is
not what you said. You said disingenuousness."

"What if I did?"

"There is no 'if' in the case. You did."

"I did, then. And what of it?"

"What of it?" says Mr. Lammle. "Have you the face to utter
the word to me?"

"The face, too!" replied Mrs. Lammle, staring at him with cold
scorn. "Pray, how dare you, sir, utter the word to me?"

"I never did."

As this happens to be true, Mrs. Lammle is thrown on the fe-
ninine resource of saying, "I don't care what you uttered or did not
utter."

After a little more walking and a little more silence, Mr. Lammle
breaks the latter.

"You shall proceed in your own way. You claim a right to ask
me do I mean to tell you. Do I mean to tell you what?"

"That you are a man of property?"

"No."

"Then you married me on false pretences?"

"So be it. Next comes what you mean to say. Do you mean to
say you are a woman of property?"

"No."

"Then you married me on false pretences."
"If you were so dull a fortune-hunter that you deceived yourself, or if you were so greedy and grasping that you were over-willing to be deceived by appearances, is it my fault, you adventurer?" the lady demands, with great asperity.

"I asked Veneering, and he told me you were rich."

"Veneering!" with great contempt. "And what does Veneering know about me?"

"Was he not your trustee?"

"No. I have no trustee, but the one you saw on the day when you fraudulently married me. And his trust is not a very difficult one, for it is only an annuity of a hundred and fifteen pounds. I think there are some odd shillings or pence, if you are very particular."

Mr. Lammle bestows a by no means loving look upon the partner of his joys and sorrows, and he mutters something; but checks himself.

"Question for question. It is my turn again, Mrs. Lammle. What made you suppose me a man of property?"

"You made me suppose you so. Perhaps you will deny that you always presented yourself to me in that character?"

"But you asked somebody, too. Come, Mrs. Lammle, admission for admission. You asked somebody?"

"I asked Veneering."

"And Veneering knew as much of me as he knew of you, or as anybody knows of him."

After more silent walking, the bride stops short, to say in a passionate manner:

"I never will forgive the Veneerings for this!"

"Neither will I," returns the bridegroom.

With that, they walk again; she, making those angry spirits in the sand; he, dragging that deflected tail. The tide is low, and seems to have thrown them together high on the bare shore. A gull comes sweeping by their heads, and flouts them. There was a golden surface on the brown cliffs but now, and behold they are only damp earth. A taunting roar comes from the sea, and the far-out rollers mount upon one another, to look at the entrapped imposters, and to join in impish and exultant gambols.

"Do you pretend to believe," Mrs. Lammle resumes, sternly, "when you talk of my marrying you for worldly advantages, that it was within the bounds of reasonable probability that I would have married you for yourself?"

Again there are two sides to the question, Mrs. Lammle. What do you pretend to believe?"

"So you first deceive me and then insult me?" cries the lady, with a heaving bosom.

"Not at all. I have originated nothing. The double-edged question was yours."

"Was mine?" the bride repeats, and her parasol breaks in her angry hand.

His colour has turned to a livid white, and ominous marks have come to light about his nose, as if the finger of the very devil him-
self had, within the last few moments, touched it here and there. But he has repressive power, and she has none.

"Throw it away," he coolly recommends as to the parasol; "you have made it useless; you look ridiculous with it."

Whereupon she calls him in her rage, "A deliberate villain," and so casts the broken thing from her as that it strikes him in falling. The finger-marks are something whiter for the instant, but he walks on at her side.

She bursts into tears, declaring herself the wretchedest, the most deceived, the worst-used, of women. Then she says that if she had the courage to kill herself, she would do it. Then she calls him vile impostor. Then she asks him, why, in the disappointment of his base speculation, he does not take her life with his own hand, under the present favourable circumstances. Then she cries again. Then she is enraged again, and makes some mention of swindlers. Finally, she sits down crying on a block of stone, and is in all the known and unknown humours of her sex at once. Pending her changes, those aforesaid marks in his face have come and gone, now here now there, like white stops of a pipe on which the diabolical performer has played a tune. Also his livid lips are parted at last, as if he were breathless with running. Yet he is not.

"Now, get up, Mrs. Lammle, and let us speak reasonably."

She sits upon her stone, and takes no heed of him.

"Get up, I tell you."

Raising her head, she looks contemptuously in his face, and repeats, "You tell me! Tell me, forsooth!"

She affects not to know that his eyes are fastened on her as she droops her head again; but her whole figure reveals that she knows it uneasily.

"Enough of this. Come! Do you hear? Get up."

Yielding to his hand, she rises, and they walk again; but this time with their faces turned towards their place of residence.

"Mrs. Lammle, we have both been deceiving, and we have both been deceived. We have both been biting, and we have both been bitten. In a nutshell, there's the state of the case."

"You sought me out——"

"Tut! Let us have done with that. We know very well how it was. Why should you and I talk about it, when you and I can't disguise it? To proceed. I am disappointed and cut a poor figure."

"Am I no one?"

"Some one—and I was coming to you, if you had waited a moment. You, too, are disappointed and cut a poor figure."

"An injured figure!"

"You are now cool enough, Sophronia, to see that you can't be injured without my being equally injured; and that therefore the mere word is not to the purpose. When I look back, I wonder how I can have been such a fool as to take you to so great an extent upon trust."

"And when I look back——" the bride cries, interrupting.

"And when you look back, you wonder how you can have been—you'll excuse the word?"
"Most certainly, with so much reason."

"—Such a fool as to take me to so great an extent upon trust. But the folly is committed on both sides. I cannot get rid of you; you cannot get rid of me. What follows?"

"Shame and misery," the bride bitterly replies.

"I don't know. A mutual understanding follows, and I think it may carry us through. Here I split my discourse (give me your arm, Sophronia), into three heads, to make it shorter and plainer. Firstly, it's enough to have been done, without the mortification of being known to have been done. So we agree to keep the fact to ourselves. You agree?"

"If it is possible, I do."

"Possible! We have pretended well enough to one another. Can't we, united, pretend to the world? Agreed. Secondly, we owe the Veneering a grudge, and we owe all other people the grudge of wishing them to be taken in, as we ourselves have been taken in. Agreed?"

"Yes. Agreed."

"We come smoothly to thirdly. You have called me an adventurer, Sophronia. So I am. In plain uncomplimentary English, so I am. So are you, my dear. So are many people. We agree to keep our own secret, and to work together in furtherance of our own schemes."

"What schemes?"

"Any scheme that will bring us money. By our own schemes, I mean our joint interest. Agreed?"

She answers, after a little hesitation, "I suppose so. Agreed."

"Carried at once, you see! Now, Sophronia, only half a dozen words more. We know one another perfectly. Don't be tempted into twitting me with the past knowledge that you have of me, because it is identical with the past knowledge that I have of you, and in twitting me, you twit yourself, and I don't want to hear you do it. With this good understanding established between us, it is better never done. To wind up all:—You have shown temper to-day, Sophronia. Don't be betrayed into doing so again, because I have a Devil of a temper myself."

So, the happy pair, with this hopeful marriage contract thus signed, sealed, and delivered, repair homeward. If, when those infernal finger-marks were on the white and breathless countenance of Alfred Lammle, Esquire, they denoted that he conceived the purpose of subduing his dear wife Mrs. Alfred Lammle, by at once divesting her of any lingering reality or pretence of self-respect, the purpose would seem to have been presently executed. The mature young lady has mighty little need of powder, now, for her downcast face, as he escorts her in the light of the setting sun to their abode of bliss.
The July Number of

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

begins a New Volume.

In this Volume will be commenced

A New Novel,

by

The Author of "Cousin Phillis;"

and

A New Serial Story,

by

Wilkie Collins,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name,"

Etc. Etc.

[For further Select Medical Opinions see other side.]
"Most certainly, with so much reason."

"—Such a fool as to take me to so great an extent upon trust. But the folly is committed on both sides. I cannot get rid of you; you cannot get rid of me. What follows?"

"Shame and misery," the bride bitterly replies.

"I don't know. A mutual understanding follows, and I think it may carry us through. Here I split my discourse (give me your

...
The distinctive characteristics which have gained for Dr. de Jongh's Oil so much celebrity, the entire confidence of the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, and, notwithstanding the active and unscrupulous opposition of many interested dealers, an unprecedented amount of public patronage, may be thus concisely enumerated:

I. Its genuineness, purity, and uniform strength are ascertained and guaranteed.

II. It contains all the active and essential principles that therapeutic experience has found to be most effective in the operation of the remedy.

III. It is palatable; easily taken; and creates no nausea.

IV. It is borne with facility by the most delicate stomach, and improves the functions of digestion and assimilation.

V. Its medicinal properties and remedial action have been found to be immeasurably greater than those of any other kind of Cod Liver Oil.

VI. From the unequalled rapidity of its curative effects, it is infinitely more economical than any which is offered, even at the lowest price.

CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

The extraordinary virtues of Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil in Pulmonary Consumption may now be considered as fully established. No remedy so rapidly restores the exhausted strength, improves the nutritive functions, stops or diminishes emaciation, checks the perspiration, quiets the cough and expectoration, or produces a more marked and favourable influence on the local malady.

The following high testimony to the efficacy of Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil is afforded by Allen G. Chattaway, Esq., M.R.C.S., L.S.A., of Leominster:

"Having for some years extensively used Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, both in public and private practice, I have no hesitation in stating its effects are very far superior to those of any other Cod Liver Oil. Nearly four years since, two cases of confirmed Consumption were placed under my care. In both, the lungs were a mass of tubercular deposit, and every possible sound to be heard in phthisis was present. The sole remedy employed was Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil; and now (1860) the patients are strong and fat; the diseased (abnormal) sounds nearly inaudible; and in the one case (male) hunting, fishing, and shooting are freely indulged in, the patient expressing himself quite capable of undergoing as much fatigue as any of his fellow sportsmen."

[For further Select Medical Opinions see other side.]
GENERAL DEBILITY AND EMACIATION.

In cases of prostration and emaciation, where the vital forces are reduced, and where life appears to be at its lowest ebb, the restorative powers of Dr. de Jongh's LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL are remarkably manifested. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, reanimated, and regulated; and, when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar tonic and nutritive properties have entirely restored health and strength to the most feeble and deteriorated constitutions.

The actual benefit derived is thus described by ROWLAND DALTON, Esq., M.R.O.S., L.S.A., District Medical Officer at Bury St. Edmonds:—

"In giving my opinion of Dr. de Jongh's LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, I have no hesitation in saying that I have not the slightest confidence in any other kind. The effects of Dr. de Jongh's Oil are sure and most remarkable, especially in that broken down state of health and strength which usually precede and favours tubercular deposit; and I never recommend any other sort. The Oil I have had from you was for my own use, and it has certainly been the only means of saving my life on two occasions, and even now, when I feel 'out of condition,' I take it, and like it, unmixed with anything, as being the most agreeable way. I could wish that Dr. de Jongh's Oil would come into general use, and entirely supersede the Pale and other worthless preparations."

From innumerable medical opinions of the highest character in commendation of Dr. de Jongh's LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, the following are selected:—

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., T.C.D.,
Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, Ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, Physician to St. Vincent's Hospital, Consulting Physician to the City of Dublin, St. Vincent, and Rotunda Hospitals, &c., &c.

"I have frequently prescribed Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil. I consider it to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."
Merrion Square, Dublin, Sept. 6, 1860.

EDWIN LANKESTER, Esq., M.D., I.L.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.,
Coroner for Central Middlesex, Late Lecturer on the Practice of Physic at St. George's Medical School, Medical Officer of Health, St. James's, &c., &c.

"I consider that the purity and genuineness of this Oil are secured in its preparation by the personal attention of so good a Chemist and Intelligent a Physician as Dr. de Jongh, who has also written the best medical treatise on the Oil with which I am acquainted. Hence, I deem the Cod Liver Oil sold under his guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."
8, Savile Row, W., Aug. 1, 1859.

A. B. GRANVILLE, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.P., F.R.S.,

"Dr. Granville considers this Oil to be preferable in many respects to Oils sold without the guarantee of such an authority as Dr. de Jongh. Dr. Granville has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oils. The Oil being, moreover, much more palatable, Dr. Granville's patients have themselves expressed a preference for Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil."
1, Curzon Street, May Fair, Jan. 7, 1856.

RICHARD MOORE LAWRENCE, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.P.,
Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent-Oliver, and Galler, Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Great Northern Hospital, Author of "On Gout and Rheumatism," &c., &c.

"I have frequently tested your Cod Liver Oil, and so impressed am I with its superiority that I invariably prescribe it in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."
21, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, Jan. 26, 1856.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in IMPERIAL Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; Capsulated, and labelled with his Stamp and Signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE.

By most respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the World.

ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

CAUTION.—Beware of unprincipled attempts to substitute inferior or worthless preparations.
THE DIRECTORS OF THE

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE COMPANY

Invite the attention of the Public to the principles on which the business of the Company is carried on, and the advantages which it affords to all classes of the community.

They would more especially request the attention of Masters of large Establishments, Directors of Railways, and other large Companies, to the Scheme of this Company, adopted in 1859, called "THE ASSURANCE & ANNUITY TABLE," founded on the same principle as that contained in the measure lately introduced into Parliament by the Chancellor of Exchequer, whereby a Policy of Assurance can be converted into an Annuity, on the party attaining the age of 60 or 65. In this way there can be secured for their employees and workmen, at a trifling yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly payment, either an Insurance payable in the event of death, or an Annuity in the event of the party attaining 60 or 65.

EDINBURGH, 64 PRINCES STREET.
The Realized & Invested Funds amount to £2,233,927:17:7.
The Revenue for 1863 was £497,263:14:3.

In the Life Department,

The New Business for the year 1863 was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. of Policies</th>
<th>Sums Assured</th>
<th>New Premiums</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1071</td>
<td>£953,859</td>
<td>£33,002:14s.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Whole Profits (except 10 per cent for guarantee) are divided among the Assured on the Participating Scale. At the pleasure of the party interested, these profits may be applied in any of the following ways:

1. In adding to the Sums Assured;
2. In reduction of future Premiums;
3. For an immediate Cash Payment; or
4. In the purchase of an Annuity.

The next Declaration of Bonus will be made on the close of the Books for 1865.

For the five years prior to the last Division of Profits (1858), the sums assured amounted to £1,525,063
Or an Annual Average of £305,012.

For the five years since 1858 they have been £3,175,361
Showing an Annual Average of £635,072.

Being an Increase of upwards of 108 per cent above the amount assured during the preceding period.

The mortality also, during the year 1863, has been much less than was shown by the calculations on which the Tables of the Company were based,—being only 66 per cent, or two-thirds, of the expected amount.
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Liberal Terms allowed to parties who may find it necessary to surrender their policies.

Lapsed Policies may, on reasonable terms, be revived within six months from the twenty-one days of grace allowed for paying the premium.

Certificates of Indisputability are, on application, granted to the Assured; and, on certain conditions, Certificates are also issued declaring Policies free from extra premium for Foreign Residence.

Foreign Travel and Residence.—In time of peace license is granted to the Assured to travel or reside abroad within certain limits. No extra premium is charged for most of the British Colonies, and, in such cases where it is required, the rates have been much modified.

In the Annuity Department,
Annuities immediate, deferred, or contingent, granted. The Rates are fixed on the most moderate scale.

In the Fire Department,
All descriptions of property at Home and Abroad may be insured, at the lowest Rates of Premium corresponding to the Risk.

The premiums received in 1863 were £190,291 18 10

Less Re-insurances . . . . . . . . . . 25,099 10 7

Showing a nett amount of . . . . . . . . . . £165,192 8 3

Being an increase over the preceeding year of . . . . . . . . . . £45,600 18 7

Losses invariably settled with Promptitude and Liberality.

Full Explanations, Tables of Rates, &c., may be had at any of the Company’s Offices or Agents throughout the Kingdom.

AND 4 NEW BANK BUILDINGS.
Establishment.

All of whom, including the President and Vice-Presidents, are Shareholders.

President—His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, K.T.

Vice-Presidents.

His Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

The Most Noble the Marquis of Abercorn, K.G.


EDINBURGH.

James Campbell Tait, Esq., W.S.

Laurence Davidson, Esq., W.S.


Frederick Pitman, Esq., W.S.

John Brown Innes, Esq., W.S.

Henry D. Ferguson, Esq., W.S.

J. Maitland, Esq., Accountant-General to the Court of Session.

R. B. Macdonachie, Esq., W.S.

Sir James Gardiner Baird, Bart.

D. Davidson, Esq., Treasurer of the Bank of Scotland.

G. Aubin Jamieson, Esq., C.A.

J. F. W. Drummond, Esq., Merchant.

Secretary.—John Ogilvie.

Actuary.—David Chisholm.

Medical Officer.

John G. M. Burt, M.D., President of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.

Auditor.—George Murray, C.A.

General Manager.—David Smith.

BRANCH OFFICES OF THE COMPANY.

GLASGOW.

102 St. Vincent Street.

NEWCASTLE.

25 Mosley Street.

LIVERPOOL.

High Street, Exchange.

MANCHESTER.

Hartford Chambers, St. Ann Sq.

BIRMINGHAM.

10 Broad Street.

Bristol.

St. Augustine Parade.

DUBLIN.

67 Upper Sackville Street and 47 Dame Street.

BELFAST.

23 Waring Street.

CANADA BRANCH—4 and 5 Merchants' Exchange, Montreal.

West-end Office, 8 WATERLOO PLACE, Pall Mall.
MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL'S

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

1.

Charles Dickens.

New Work in Monthly Parts, uniform with the Original Editions of "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," &c.

On June 30th, will be published, PART III., price 1s., of

Our Mutual Friend.

By CHARLES DICKENS. To be completed in Twenty Monthly Parts. With Illustrations by MARCUS STONE.

2.

Viscount Kirkwall.

Four Years in the Ionian Islands.

Their Political and Social Condition. With a History of the British Protectorate. Edited by VISCOUNT KIRKWALL, lately on the Staff of Sir Henry Ward, Seventh Lord High Commissioner.

2 Vols. post 8vo. [July 1.

3.

Ralph Nicholson Wornum.

The Epochs of Painting.

A Biographical and Critical Essay on Painting and Painters of all Times and many Places. By RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. With numerous Illustrations.

Demy 8vo. [July 1.

4.

E. T. Kebbel.

Essays upon History and Politics.


Crown 8vo. [July 1.
5.

Robert Browning.


Crown 8vo, 3r. 6d.

[Now ready.]

6.

William Harrison Ainsworth.

John Law, the Projector.

By William Harrison Ainsworth, Author of "Rookwood," &c.

3 Vols. post 8vo.

[July 1.]

7.

Charles Kent.

Footprints on the Road.

By Charles Kent. Crown 8vo.

[July 1.]

8.

The Art and Mystery of Curing, Preserving, and Potting all Kinds of Meats, Game, and Fish. Also, The Art of Pickling and the Preservation of Fruits and Vegetables. Adapted as well for the Wholesale Dealer as all Housekeepers. By a Wholesale Curer of Comestibles.

Post 8vo, 4r. 6d.

[Now ready.]

9.

John Lalor, A.B.

England among the Nations.

By John Lalor, A.B.

Crown 8vo, 3r.

"This is a reprint, singularly well-timed, of certain nobly felt chapters in a book less known than it deserves to be." — Examiner.

10.

Thomas Carlyle.

History of Friedrich the Second,

Called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. With Portrait and Maps.

Vol. IV., demy 8vo, 20r.
11.

R. Wright.

The Life of General Wolfe.

By R. Wright. With Portrait.

Demy 8vo, 16s.

"Wolfe was formed in no school save one of his own teaching. . . . Mr. Wright's biography affords ample means for satisfying the curiosity of those who would seek to follow him into private life, and are anxious to learn how far we are justified in terming him a perfect pares chevalier, whether on the field of battle or in the boudoir of beauty." - Athenaeum.

"Mr. Wright has written a very careful and compendious memoir, well-arranged, unaffected, and free from that diffuseness that is the bane of second and third rate biography. . . . Wolfe's single purpose was the subjection of the Canadian capital; and the notable line of policy by which he effected this end, and won for himself an immortality, is recounted in the three last chapters of Mr. Wright's most interesting volume." - Examiner.

"The life of the military Nelson of England has at length been written, and, on the whole, well written, by Mr. Wright. . . . This publication is a national acquisition." - Spectator.

"We have not before seen anything like so full and satisfactory an account, both of the war, and of the whole surrounding circumstances, as Mr. Wright has here written and compiled for us. The book, in fact, teems with scraps which will be devoured with avidity by the military reader. The battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, the feats of 'Johnny Cope,' the town life of the period, camp life, the old-fashioned drill and uniform, form only a tithe of the attractive morceaux which will be found in this single volume. . . . What could a soldier desire more in choosing a book?"—United Service Gazette.

12.

Henry Morley.

The Writers before Chaucer, with an Introductory Sketch of the Four Periods of English Literature. By Henry Morley.

Demy 8vo, 22s.

"Mr. Morley's history of English literature gives us hopes that the want of an adequate text-book on a most important subject may at last be worthily supplied. . . . The condensed story of Beowulf is the happiest instance we know of an attempt to tell a long legend in simple, nervous English that shall give a fair idea of the style without reproducing the words. . . . The book is a very useful and good one, and holds a distinct place in English literature."—The Reader.

"Mr. Morley does all that learning, industry, and a real love for the subject can do to complete the intellectual record from all remaining sources. . . . We do not hesitate to say that the work will be a monument of learning, and an essential portion of every complete library."—Daily News.

"Mr. Morley has a remarkable capacity for bringing before us the men of whom he writes. . . . Let him but complete his task with equal skill, and students of English literature will have in their hands a history of it hitherto unrivalled. Entirely devoid of the tedious dryness which usually seems the destiny of writers on such topics, Mr. Morley's work is as readable as a romance. His style, moreover, is a study in itself—fresh, simple, manly, straightforward."—Church and State Review.

"If the succeeding volumes shall be as carefully and skilfully composed as the first, Mr. Morley will have succeeded in worthily doing what he says in the Preface it is his object to do, that is, 'to tell, with something of the sustained interest of national biography, the story of the English mind.' The work will be indispensable both for reference and study."—Westminster Review.

"The first instalment of a work which promises to be of high value, and is itself a pledge thereof . . . A treasure house of literary information."—Globe.

"Having given the plan of his work in a chapter—by itself an admirable treatise upon English literature—Mr. Morley sets out upon his journey in earnest. . . . The volume is a valuable instalment, and gives promise that the book when complete will be a great aid to the student of English literature."—London Review.
13. Percy Fitz-Gerald, M.A., F.S.A.

The Life of Laurence Sterne.

By Percy Fitz-Gerald, M.A., F.S.A. With Illustrations.
2 Vols. post 8vo, 24s.

"In the belief that if we knew more of Sterne we should hesitate at adopting Thackeray’s harsh judgment, Mr. Fitz-Gerald has applied himself with diligence to a study of his writings and an investigation into the incidents of his life. The story of that life may now he said to be told for the first time. In the book before us we have abundance of new materials, and the result is what Mr. Fitz-Gerald is certainly justified in calling, ‘one of the most curious biographical stories in English literature.’"—Notes and Queries.

14. Lieutenant Francis Duncan, R.A.

Our Garrisons in the West;

Or, Sketches in British North America. By Francis Duncan, M.A., Fellow of the Geological Society; Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; Member of Colonies’ Committee, Society of Arts; D.C.L. King’s College, N.S.; Lieutenant R.A. With Maps.

Post 8vo, 9s.

"Mr. Duncan has written a book which cannot fail to direct attention to the defence of our North American Colonies. . . . One who is so keen an observer, and so capable of imparting the knowledge he has acquired, will not fail to command a large circle of readers."—Morning Post.

15. Henry Taylor.

Henry Taylor’s Plays and Poems.

3 vols. fcap. 8vo, 16s.

"The lovers of poetical literature will be glad to welcome, in a uniform and convenient shape, the various poems Mr. Taylor has given to the world. They are all, in one or other degree remarkable. . . . Besides the author’s chef-d’œuvre, ‘Philip van Artevelde,’ we have here ‘Isaac Comnenus,’ ‘Edwin the Fair,’ ‘A Sicilian Summer,’ ‘St. Clement’s Eve,’ ‘The Eve of the Conquest,’ and some minor poems."—London Review.


Post 8vo, 8s. 6d.

"This is a singularly interesting work—a perfect treasury of curiosities. The author of this volume brings chapter and verse to authenticate favourite legends and popular superstitions, and to enable us hencforth to believe as truth what has hitherto only been ‘believed as a fable.’ We have before us the result of most praiseworthy industry and most elaborate research."—Sun.
17. The Rev. M. R. Barnard, B.A.

Sport in Norway, and Where to Find it;

Post 8vo, 12s.

"Mr. Barnard has here compiled a pleasant and instructive guide-book for such British sportsmen as wish to go in search of arduous and exciting hunting grounds. He maps out the whole country minutely, taking each 'amt' or province in turn; tells where the rein-deer are to be found, and how they are easiest got at; and gives an immense amount of information about salmon fishing and salmon breeding. The gardener will find in this interesting book full particulars respecting the vegetable productions of the country, and the botanist is furnished with a complete list of the Alpine flora of the Dovre Fjeld."—Daily News.


Roba di Roma.

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"Be the cause what it may, the fact is certain that people never get tired of living at Rome, and people apparently never get tired of reading about Rome. . . . All who have lived at Rome must be aware that Mr. Story has been long resident there, and has had unusual opportunities of learning to know that strange half-dead city as it lives and moves. We can commend his work to all persons who have either been to Rome, or think of going there."—Spectator.

"Whoever reads this book will rise from its perusal as well acquainted with the out-of-doors life of Rome as if he had spent years in the Eternal City. Nothing calculated to fix the attention or excite the interest of a stranger is omitted by Mr. Story in the ample record of his experience, which teems with the most vivid recollections and is expressed by the most picturesque details. An enumeration of the contents of his volumes is like the bill of fare of a promising dinner, and the contents themselves resemble the dinner when the cookery is first-rate."—Examiner.


The Pocket Date Book;

Second Edition, with additions. [In the Press.

"Mr. Cates, in his 'Pocket-book of Dates,' has really done good service. He is evidently a lover of historical accuracy, and wishes every one to be like himself. In addition to a catalogue of names, the year of birth and death of each individual, his birthplace, and principal works, literary, military, artistic, or scientific, are also added, and the dry bones of chronology thereby made to assume a faint vitality. All this has been done carefully and well; great facts have not been overlaid by little ones, and much judgment has been shown in the omission of many subordinate events. We have only to add that the type and printing are clear and accurate, and that the 'get up' of the book adds another merit to those already mentioned."—Times.
20.

The Works of Shakespeare.

Edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

This Edition is not a mere reprint of that which appeared in 1857; on the contrary, it will present a text very materially altered and amended from beginning to end, with a large body of critical Notes, almost entirely new, and with a Glossary, in which the language of the Poet, his allusions to customs, &c., will be fully explained.

A New Edition, to be completed in Eight Volumes. To be published every alternate Month. Vol. IV. will be published in July.

Demy 8vo, 10s. each.

"The best text of Shakespeare which has yet appeared.... Mr. Dyce's edition is a great work, worthy of his reputation, and for the present it contains the standard text."—Times, January 20, 1864.

"We have no space for more than a word of welcome to Mr. Dyce's new and beautifully printed edition of the Works of Shakespeare. As a critic of Shakespeare, Mr. Dyce combines qualifications which have never before met in one man; and, fearlessly following his own judgment, he is giving us an edition worthy of both editor and poet."—Quarterly Review, April, 1864.

21.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poetical Works.


Fcap. 8vo, 24s.


Poems before Congress. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.


22.

Robert Browning.

Robert Browning's Poetical Works.

New Edition. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo.

Vol. I. "Lyrics, Romances, Men and Women," 7s.

Vol. II. "Tragedies, and other Plays," 8s.

Vol. III. "Paracelsus, Christmas Eve and Easter-Day, and Sordello," 7s. 6d.

Sold separately.

23.

Rachel Ray.

By Anthony Trollope.

In 2 Vols. post 8vo, 21s. [Sixth Edition now ready.]
Emilia in England.

By George Meredith, Author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "The Shaving of Shagpat," &c.

In 3 Vols. post 8vo.

"It is, in its way, very well worth reading, and has more in it than most novels that delight the reader." — Saturday Review.

"'Emilia in England' is fully equal to the author's former works in humour and power." — Reader.

"'Emilia in England' is a charming story, and we recommend our readers to get it for themselves, as the character of Emilia herself is a fine study of the nature and development of a true artist. We have seldom met in fiction with a character which we have felt to be so fascinating." — Athenæum.

The Author of "Recommended to Mercy."

Zoe's Brand.

By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy."

In 3 Vols. post 8vo.

"Zoe's Brand,' besides being a good novel, is a valuable contribution towards our understanding that hostility between race and race which seems to be the main-spring of modern wars, and to cause the chief enigmas of modern politics." — Realm.

Thomas Adolphus Trollope.

Beppo the Conscript.

By Thomas Adolphus Trollope, Author of "Marietta," "Giulio Malatesta," &c.

In 2 Vols. post 8vo.

"This is another of Mr. Adolphus Trollope's charming Italian stories, in which the perfumed breezes of that sunny land seem to breathe upon the reader, and its people to move and speak with life-like reality." — Daily News.

"'Beppo the Conscript' is a charming story, bright, spirited, and pleasant to read. The descriptions of Italian rural life are evidently transcripts from real scenes and places: indeed, the whole story seems to be quite true, only it is told so well that it has the fascination of a novel." — Athenæum.

Sir Goodwin's Folly.

A Story of the Year 1795. By Arthur Locker.

In 3 Vols. post 8vo.

"The interest of the story turns on the question, 'Will they marry?' and this interest is cleverly maintained till the close of the third volume . . . . The costume, manners, and amusements of the period are set forth with no ordinary power." — Athenæum.

"A work which deserves to become very popular." — Daily News.

"Every chapter has its peculiar interest, and a better novel has not appeared for a considerable time." — Observer.

"Mr. Locker attains his end chiefly by unusual incident; and it may safely be said that so original a contriver of incident is not often to be encountered . . . The book is uncommonly pleasant to read, and deserves high praise." — Press.
28.

Charles Clarke.

A Box for the Season.

By Charles Clarke, Author of "Charlie Thornhill."

In 2 Vols. post 8vo. "

"Some of the satirical sketches, commendably severe, are easily recognizable. What will the celebrities of Pumpington say when they see themselves in print? All the numerous libraries on that pleasant parade will want several copies of the audacious volumes."—Press.

"It is light and spirited, and will force a laugh from a dull man, so that readers of it will not be wanting."—The Reader.

29.

Michael Banim.

The Town of the Cascades.

By Michael Banim, Survivor of the O'Hara Family, and Author of several of the "O'Hara Tales."

In 2 Vols. post 8vo. "

"We advise all who are in search of a pleasant and amusing book to read 'The Town of the Cascades,' though the name of Mr. Banim on the title-page is sufficient to find readers, without any recommendations we can give to his story."—Observer.

30.

Henry Spicer.

A White Hand and a Black Thumb.

By Henry Spicer. (Reprinted from All the Year Round.) Together with an Original Tale by the same Author, entitled "Cousin Cis."

Post 8vo. 9s. "

"We must say that the whole story of 'Cousin Cis' is twined round the character of the heroine most happily, and we do not know that for an idle half hour we could wish for a pleasanter companion."—London Review.

31.

Ralph Neville.

Lloyd Pennant;

A Tale of the West. By Ralph Neville.

In 2 Vols. post 8vo. "

"The story is a sad one, though it ends happily. The historical incidents, which chiefly concern the disastrous career of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, are melancholy, and the fanciful surroundings even more pathetic than the facts, yet the tone of the book is so admirably relieved by the occasional strain of humour and skilfully introduced anecdote which runs through it, that the impression created by it is never unpleasantly gloomy. . . . It is a story which represents the Irish temperament as faithfully as it chronicles Irish history; and whose many merits will lead the reader to believe that in the hitherto unknown author he welcomes a valuable addition to the ranks of modern novelists."—Morning Post.
GLENFIELD STARCH
EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT,
STARCH PURVEYORS
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The best proofs of the great superiority of this STARCH are the numerous distinguished marks of approval which have been accorded to it from all quarters; amongst which may be mentioned the following, viz.:

IT IS EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,
AND HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says it is the FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.
HONOURABLE MENTION was awarded at the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851.
A PRIZE MEDAL was awarded for it at the New York Exhibition in 1853; and
A PRIZE MEDAL was also awarded for it at the International Exhibition in London, 1862.
HER MAJESTY'S LACE DRESSER says that it is the best she has tried; and
HUNDREDS OF GROCERS, &c., say that it pleases their Customers better than any other;
and perhaps the most striking proof of all is, that notwithstanding the great depression in the Cotton Manufacturing Trade, which influences the Starch trade materially, the demand for
THE GLENFIELD STARCH
HAS CONTINUED TO INCREASE RAPIDLY.

The Manufacturers have every confidence in asserting, that if those Ladies and Laundresses who do not regularly use this STARCH would disregard the advice of interested dealers, who are allowed extra profits on inferior articles, and give it a fair trial, they would then feel satisfied with the very superior finish which it imparts to Lace, Linens, Muslins, &c., the great saving of trouble in its application, and the entire absence of disappointment with the results, and would for the future, like
THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS, USE NO OTHER.

To be had of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, Chemists, &c., &c., and wholesaler of the Manufacturers,
ROBERT WOTHERSPOON & CO.,
STARCH PURVEYORS
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF WOTHERSPOON'S VICTORIA LOZENGES,
WHICH WERE AWARDED
A PRIZE MEDAL FOR PURITY AND EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY
AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862

46, Dunlop Street, GLASGOW; and 66, Queen Street, LONDON, E.C.
GLENFIELD
PATENT
STARCH

EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE
ROYAL LAUNDRY
AND
AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL
FOR ITS SUPERIORITY
AT THE
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

ROBERT WOTHERSPOON & CO.
DUNLOP ST, GLASGOW & QUEEN ST, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
PATTERNS POST FREE.

CHENÉ AND BROCHÉ SILKS.

PETER ROBINSON is now offering a Manufacturer’s Stock from Thirty Shillings to Thirty Guineas; Three large Lots of Last Year’s Designs, £1 7s. 6d. the extra full dress—remarkably cheap; 1000 Pieces of Plain Glacés, in Thirty-three Shades of Colour, commencing at £2 15s. 6d. the extra full Dress; Rich Moiré Antiques, £1 18s. 6d.—nearly half price.

RICH DRESSES AND MUSLINS,

Perfectly new Fabrics, highest Novelties of Fashion, from £1 5s. 6d. to Three Guineas the extra full Dress; an endless Assortment of cheap and useful Dresses, in every variety of Material, from 3s. 9d. to 21s. the full Dress. Washing Grenadine Dresses (pure White), Striped, Figured, and Plain, from 9s. 6d. to 14s. 9d. the extra full Dress. Last Year’s French Organdie Muslins at very reduced Prices.

MANTLES, SHAWLS, JACKETS.

New Mantles, in every variety of Shape and Material, from One Guinea to Twenty Guineas; Open Mantles, from 18s. 6d. to Ten Guineas; Waterproof Mantles, always 500 in Stock, commencing at 21s.; Large Travelling ditto, from 30s. Ten large Show Rooms, the Largest in London. PETER ROBINSON’S Illustrations of New Fashions in Mantles and Dresses published Monthly, and forwarded free on application.

LACE, LENO, & NET CURTAINS.

Upwards of One Thousand Pairs to select from, commencing at 6s. 6d. to Five Guineas per pair. A quantity of last season’s, equal to new patterns, at half price.—A sample pair of any price sent anywhere on approval, returnable if not approved. PETER ROBINSON’S complete Household, Family, and Furnishing Linen Guide gratis, and forwarded free on application. A distinct Warehouse for this Department only.

PETER ROBINSON’S,
103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON.
The Furnishing of Bed-rooms.

HEAL and SON having observed for some time that it would be advantageous to their customers to see a much larger selection of Bed-room Furniture than is usually displayed, and that to judge properly of the style and effect of the different descriptions of Furniture, it is necessary that each description should be placed in separate rooms, have erected large and additional Show Rooms, by which they will be enabled not only to extend their show of Iron, Brass, and Wood Bedsteads, and Bed-room Furniture, beyond what they believe has ever been attempted; but also to provide several small rooms for the purpose of keeping complete suites of Bed-room Furniture in the different styles.

Japanned Deal Goods may be seen in complete suites of five or six different colours, some of them light and ornamental, and others of a plainer description. Suites of Stained Deal Gothic Furniture, Polished Deal, Oak, and Walnut, are also set apart in separate rooms, so that customers are able to see the effect as it would appear in their own rooms. A Suite of very superior Gothic Oak Furniture will generally be kept in stock, and from time to time new and select Furniture in various woods will be added.

Bed Furnitures are fitted to the Bedsteads in large numbers, so that a complete assortment may be seen, and the effect of any particular pattern ascertained as it would appear on the Bedstead.

A very large stock of Bedding (HEAL and SON’s original trade) is placed on the Bedsteads.

The stock of Mahogany Goods for the better Bed-rooms, and Japanned Goods for plain and Servants’ use, is very greatly increased. The entire stock is arranged in eight rooms, six galleries, each 120 feet long, and two large ground floors, the whole forming an complete assortment of Bed-room Furniture as they think can possibly be desired.

Every attention is paid to the manufacture of the Cabinet work; and they have just erected large Workshops on the premises for this purpose, that the manufacture may be under their own immediate care.

Their Bedding trade receives their constant and personal attention, every article being made on the premises.

They particularly call attention to their New Spring Mattress, the Sommier Elastique Portatif. It is portable, durable, and elastic, and lower in price than the old Spring Mattress.

HEAL AND SON’S

Illustrated Catalogue of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bed-room Furniture sent Free by Post.

196, 197, 198 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.