

7-1-1852

## Bleak House. No. 05

Charles Dickens

H.K. Browne

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/bleak-house>



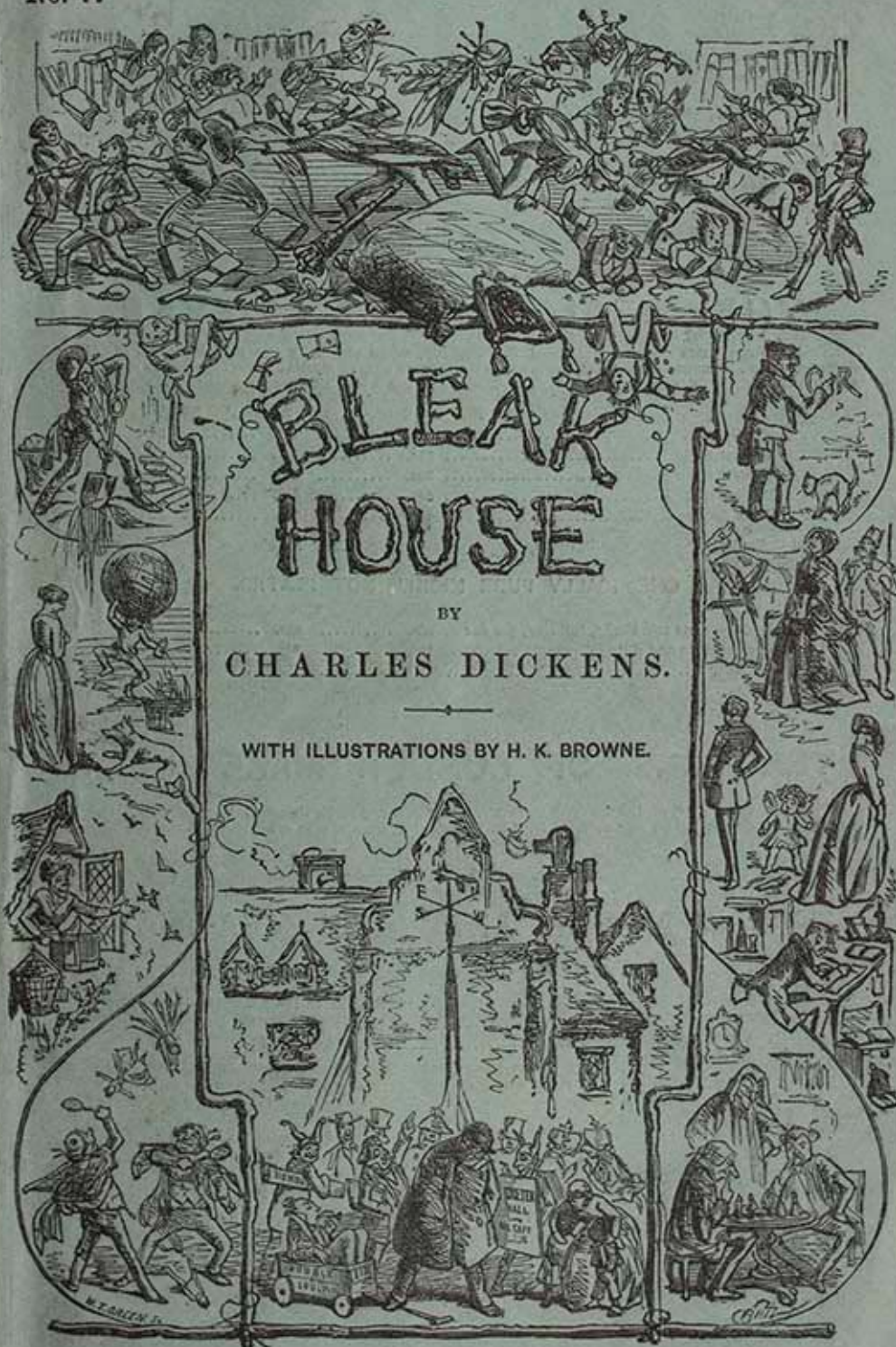
Part of the [Literature in English, British Isles Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Dickens, Charles and Browne, H.K., "Bleak House. No. 05" (1852). *Bleak House by Charles Dickens*. Book 5.  
<http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/bleak-house/5>

This Book is made available online by English, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in Bleak House by Charles Dickens by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the [FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines](#). For more information, please contact [scholarexchange@furman.edu](mailto:scholarexchange@furman.edu).



LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET.

AGENTS: J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; MURRAY AND SON, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

The Author of this Work notifies that it is his intention to reserve the right of translating it.



# THE BEST SHOW OF IRON BEDSTEADS IN THE KINGDOM IS WILLIAM S. BURTON'S.

Common Iron Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d.; Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d.; Patent Iron Bedstead, fitted with dove-tail joints and patent sacking, from 16s. 6d.; and Cots from 2s. each; handsome Ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads in great variety, from £3 5s. to £31.

## BEDDING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The Perfect Substitute for Silver.

## THE REAL NICKEL SILVER,

Introduced fifteen years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when plated by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington & Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Tea Spoons, per dozen .....	18s.	32s.	36s.
Dessert Forks .....	30s.	54s.	58s.
Dessert Spoons .....	30s.	56s.	62s.
Table Forks .....	40s.	65s.	70s.
Table Spoons .....	40s.	70s.	75s.

Tea and Coffee Sets, Waiters, Candlesticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

### CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.

	Fiddle.	Thread.	King's.
Table Spoons and Forks, full size, per doz...	12s.	23s.	30s.
Dessert ditto and ditto .....	10s.	21s.	25s.
Tea ditto .....	5s.	11s.	12s.

## TEA URNS OF LONDON MAKE ONLY.

The largest assortment of London-made Tea-Urns in the world (including all the recent novelties, many of which are registered) is on sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, from 27s. to £6.

## PAPIER MÂCHÉ AND IRON TEA-TRAYS.

An assortment of Tea-Trays and Waiters wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty.

Gothic-shape Papier Mâché Tray, per set of three .....	from 29s. 6d. to 10 guineas.
Ditto Iron ditto .....	from 15s. 6d. to 4 guineas.
Convex-shape ditto .....	from 7s. 6d.

A large quantity of small Papier Mâché and Iron Trays, many of them executed in the highest style of art, at about a quarter of their original cost; being odd, or slightly out of condition. These are especially worthy the attention of tavern and coffee-house keepers. Round and Gothic Waiters, Cake and Bread Baskets, equally low.

## WILLIAM S. BURTON

Has TEN LARGE SHOW ROOMS (all communicating), exclusive of the shop, devoted solely to the show of

### GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY,

including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated, and Japanned Wares, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, so arranged and classified that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.

Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

59, OXFORD STREET (corner of Newman-street); Nos. 1 and 2, NEWMAN STREET; and 4 and 5, PERRY'S PLACE.

**BLEAK HOUSE ADVERTISER.***"The most compact of Peerages."*—DAILY NEWS.

In a handsome volume of 540 pages, price 5s.

**FORSTER'S POCKET PEERAGE**  
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND FOR 1852.

With Genealogical and Historical Notices of the Families of the Nobility; the Archbishops and Bishops; a List of Titles of Courtesy; a Baronetage of the United Kingdom; the Privy Council, &amp;c. &amp;c.

By HENRY RUMSEY FORSTER,

OF THE "MORNING POST."

(SECOND YEAR.)

*The following are a few of the Critical Notices of this Work:—*

**MORNING HERALD.**—"A cheap, elegant, and useful work, which must command universal appreciation. Although in a pocket compass, it is replete with genealogical and historical notices, as well as the most striking biographical and anecdotal coincidences, which have occurred in all the leading families of Great Britain."

**MORNING POST.**—"The works are very few in number which perform as faithfully as the one before us the promises held out in the title-page. It is literally what it professes to be—a Pocket Peerage; yet does it lack nothing of what is supplied by volumes four times its size. In addition to a mere record of the existing Peers and their immediate connexions, this useful compendium contains various genealogical sketches of our most distinguished families, interspersed with anecdotes, not only of the actual holders of a title, but of their ancestors. These, though highly interesting, are given with a brevity highly commendable, but seldom attained. Thus, in the case of the Duke of Wellington, we have a whole life of glory compressed, in the record of it, into a couple of pages. The style, in its succinctness, approaches more nearly to that of the old chroniclers than to any other that occurs to us at this moment. In short, we do not hesitate to pronounce 'Forster's Pocket Peerage' a very valuable, because a very useful work. It abounds with information; and the facility of reference is so great, that a child might avail himself of it without the slightest difficulty."

**MORNING CHRONICLE.**—"A pocket volume, containing a vast mass of genealogical and historical information relative to the peerage and baronetage, has just been published by Mr. Henry Rumsey Forster. The work is beautifully 'got up,' and in all respects worthy of general reference."

**MORNING ADVERTISER.**—"This is a successful attempt to place in the hands of the million a book which has hitherto circulated exclusively among the wealthier classes. Mr. Forster, in his elegant volume, furnishes, for five shillings, accurate and well-digested information on subjects hitherto only treated of in ponderous and expensive works. There is not a question relative to the past and present history of the titled classes of this country which may not be satisfactorily determined by a reference to the 'Pocket Peerage.'"

**GLOBE.**—"What the miniature is to the larger portrait, this Pocket Peerage is to the more pompous and assuming compilations on the subject of which it treats. Not inferior to the best of the Leviathans in information, it is easy of reference, portable and cheap."

**EXPRESS.**—"The special recommendations of this Peerage are its portable form and accessible price."

**SUN.**—"As a work of reference it is the best which has yet appeared, especially when its portability and cheapness, as well as its comprehensiveness, are taken into consideration."

**ATHENÆUM.**—"A very convenient and comprehensive little volume on a good plan."

**SPECTATOR.**—"The object of this book is to combine the information of the more expensive Peerages with ready reference and cheapness; all which is successfully attained."

**EXAMINER.**—"A well-arranged, compact, and most convenient little volume."

**JOHN BULL.**—"This new competitor for public favour presents itself on the strength of a twofold claim, which the present age is sufficiently prone to recognise—cheapness and compendiousness. \* \* \* All that is of general or public importance has been carefully noticed."

**CHARLES DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE.**—"A Pocket Peerage and Baronetage which suits the pockets of the commonalty in more ways than one, being portable and cheap."

**OBSERVER.**—"There is no book of its kind which combines at once the desiderata of cheapness and copiousness in the same degree as this."

**ATLAS.**—"Of all the various editions of the Peerage which annually claim our attention, Mr. Forster's is the best, not solely by reason of the lateness of its information, but from the clear and lucid order of its arrangement."

**ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**—"A successful attempt has here been made by Mr. Forster to give an anecdotic interest to the Peerage by the relation of personal incidents in the history of noble families, thus relieving the dryness of genealogical details."

**SUNDAY TIMES.**—"It is a very useful book, and we doubt not will become the leading book of reference on all matters to which its contents relate."

**BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER.**—"Mr. Forster's object has been to compress as much useful and attractive information as possible within the compass of a pocket volume; and he has been successful in his attempt."

**WEEKLY NEWS.**—"The title-page of this excellent little book hardly does justice to its contents. \* \* \* From the manner in which the work is compiled, Mr. Forster has evidently profited by his long connection with that organ of fashion, the *Morning Post*. The book is beautifully printed, of a most convenient size, and from its external appearance, is adapted either to the drawing-room, the boudoir, or the library."

DAVID BOGUE, FLEET STREET



This day is published, price 4s., cloth, with Plates,

## THE BRITISH WINTER GARDEN.

A Practical Treatise on Evergreens; showing their general utility in the formation of Garden and Landscape Scenery, and their mode of Propagating, Planting, and Removal, from one to fifty feet in height, as practised at Elvaston Castle.

BY WILLIAM BARRON Head Gardener.

Price 3s. 6d., bound in cloth.

## HOW TO LAY OUT A SMALL GARDEN.

Intended as a Guide to Amateurs in Choosing, Forming, or Improving a Place (from a Quarter of an Acre to Thirty Acres in extent), with reference to both design and execution.

BY EDWARD KEMP, Landscape Gardener, Birkenhead Park.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, price 2s.,

## THE HANDBOOK OF GARDENING.

For the use of all persons who possess a Garden of limited extent. The Tenth Edition, enlarged and improved.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

Now complete in 8 vols. 8vo, price £4 4s. bound,

## LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

By AGNES STRICKLAND.

NEW, REVISED, AND CHEAPER EDITION.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS OF EVERY QUEEN.

"No one can be said to possess an accurate knowledge of the history of England who has not studied this truly national work, which in this new edition, has received all the aids that further research on the part of the author, and of embellishments on the part of the publishers, could tend to make it still more valuable, and still more attractive, than it had been in its original form."—*Morning Herald*.

N.B. Any volumes may for a short time be had separately, price 12s. each, to complete sets.

COLBURN & CO., 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

## SECOND ANNUAL PUBLICATION.

Shortly will be Compiled,

WATKINS'S COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL

## LONDON DIRECTORY AND COURT GUIDE FOR 1853;

Extending on the North to Camden Town, South to Camberwell, East to the East India Docks, West to Bayswater, containing upwards of

120,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES; BEING 20,000 MORE

Than will be found in any other Directory of London ever published.

Embellished with A SUPERIOR MAP OF LONDON, prepared expressly for this Work.

Cloth, 19s. 6d.; Subscribers, 16s. 6d.; Leather, 5s. extra.

Principal Features:—General Alphabetical Directory; Scientific Directory; Professional Directory; Classification of Trades; Court Guide; Legal Directory; Guide to all the Government and Public Offices; Parliamentary Companion; List of Bankers; Postal Information; Conveyance; Street Key, &c.

Published for the Proprietor of the Work, by LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS, Directory Office, 38, Nelson Square.

## ETON MONTEM.

## THE SCHOOL-YARD,

AND

## THE PLAYING-FIELDS,

TWO VIEWS ILLUSTRATIVE OF ETON MONTEM.

PAINTED BY WILLIAM EVANS, ESQ., ENGRAVED BY CHARLES LEWIS.

The time chosen is "The Halt" in the School-yard in the morning, before the march to Salt-Hill, at the moment of flourishing the Flag by the Ensign before Her Majesty; and the "Playing-fields," at the time of the Evening Absence. The Drawings were made on the spot by Mr. EVANS, of Eton, for J. H. SMYTH PROCTOR, Esq., of Brockley. The Prices to Subscribers will be, for—

Artist's Proofs .....	£12	12	0	the pair.
Proofs on India Paper .....	10	10	0	"
Proofs with Letters .....	5	5	0	"
Prints .....	3	3	0	"

Subscribers' Names received by the Publisher, J. HODGKIN, Printseller to Her Majesty, 5, Haymarket.

## NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

**MARK SEAWORTH**: a Tale of the Indian Ocean. By the Author of "Peter the Whaler." With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 6s. cloth.

**ANECDOTES OF THE HABITS AND INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.** By Mrs. LEE. With Illustrations by H. WHEAT. Fcap. 8vo, 6s. cloth.

**THE DOLL AND HER FRIENDS.** By the Author of "Letters from Madras." With Illustrations by PRIZ. 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured.

**GOOD IN EVERYTHING**; or, the Early History of Gilbert Harland. By Mrs. BARWELL. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured.

**STORIES OF JULIAN AND HIS PLAY-FELLOWS.** With Illustrations. Small 4to, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

**TALES FROM CATLAND.** Written for Young Kittens. By an OLD TABBY. With Illustrations by H. WHEAT. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

**ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA**; or, The Wanderings of Captain Specker in the Bush and the Wilds. By Mrs. R. LEE, Author of "The African Wanderers." With Illustrations by J. S. PAOUR. Fcap. 8vo, 6s. cloth.

**PETER THE WHALER**: his Early Life and Adventures in the Arctic Regions. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Esq. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 6s. cloth.

**TALES OF SCHOOL LIFE.** By AGNES LOUDON. Illustrated by J. ABSOLON. Royal 16mo, 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.

**HANS ANDERSEN'S TALES "FROM DENMARK."** Translated by C. BONER. With 50 Illustrations by COUNT POCCO. Small 4to, 6s.

"We prophesy for these Tales an immortality in the nursery."—*Blackwood.*

**TRUE STORIES FROM ANCIENT, MODERN, AND ENGLISH HISTORY,** chronologically arranged. New Editions, with numerous Steel Engravings. 5s. each, cloth.

**THE WONDER-SEEKER**; or, the History of Charles Douglas. By M. F. TYTLER. Illustrated by ABSOLON. Fcap. 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth.

**THE WONDERS OF HOME**: in Eleven Stories. By GRANDFATHER GREY. Second Edition. With Engravings. Royal 16mo, 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.

**FACTS FROM THE WORLD** OF NATURE. Animate and Inanimate. By Mrs. LOUDON. With numerous Engravings. Fcap. 8vo, 6s. cloth, gilt edges.

**G LIMPSES OF NATURE AND OBJECTS OF INTEREST,** described during a Visit to the Isle of Wight. By Mrs. LOUDON. Second Edition, with 41 Illustrations. Square 16mo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

**THE MINE**; or, Subterranean Wonders: an Account of the Operations of the Miner, and the Products of his Labour. Sixth Edition. 45 new Woodcuts, and 16 Steel Engravings. 4s. cloth.

**THE SHIP**: a Description of various kinds of Vessels, the origin of Ship-building, Steamboats, &c. With numerous Illustrative Engravings. Fifth Edition, revised by M. H. BARKER, Esq., "The Old Sailor." Price 4s. cloth.

GRANT AND GRIFFITH, SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS,  
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

## THE HISTORY OF THE PAINTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

Just published, the First Part of a magnificent Work in Quarto, under the above title, printed on the best paper, and produced in the most perfect style of typography, containing

### THE LIFE OF MURILLO,

WITH HIS PORTRAIT, AND EIGHT SPECIMENS OF HIS CHOICEST WORKS.

Including the "Conception of the Virgin," lately purchased by the French Government for the sum of £23,440.

This beautiful Work, to the preparation of which many years have already been devoted, will comprise the lives of the greatest Masters of the Flemish, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, English, French, and German schools, with their Portraits and Specimens of their most celebrated Works, from Drawings and Engravings by the first Artists of England and France. The editorship of the Work has been confided to Mr. DIGBY WYATT, Author of the "Industrial Arts of the Nineteenth Century," &c., whose deep study of the Fine Arts, as well as of the connexion which should exist between their culture and industrial progress, will enable him to confer a utilitarian value upon the Work by a judicious arrangement of the whole, and the supply of original notes and contributions. The Parts will appear on the First of every Month, at Two Shillings each, and will be supplied through every Bookseller in Town and Country.

JOHN CASSELL, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

MR. HOGARTH has the honour to announce for publication, a Portrait-subject, by Mr. MACLISE, R.A., from

### LORD BYRON'S TRAGEDY OF "WERNER,"

REPRESENTING

## W. C. MACREADY, ESQ.

IN HIS CELEBRATED PERSONATION OF THAT CHARACTER.

Engraved in the highest style of Line, by W. C. SHARPE, from the picture by D. MACLISE, Esq., R.A., in the Possession of JOHN FORSTER, Esq. Artist's Proofs, £5 5s.; Autograph Proofs, £3 3s.; Prints, £1 11s. 6d.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. HOGARTH, 5, HAYMARKET.



FOR BOOK CLUBS AND LENDING LIBRARIES.

**NIEBUHR'S ANCIENT HISTORY**; comprising Lectures on the

History of the Asiatic Nations, the Egyptians, Greeks, Carthaginians, and Macedonians. Translated from the German by Dr. L. SCHMITZ. With Additions from MSS. in the exclusive possession of the Editor. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.

"In his account of the Asiatic empires and of Egypt, Niebuhr is reported to have foretold more than twenty years ago the splendid discoveries which have been made in our own days by Mr. Layard and others."

LITERARY GAZETTE.

**NIEBUHR'S LECTURES ON ROMAN HISTORY.** By Dr.

SCHMITZ. New and cheaper Edition. 3 vols. 8vo., £1 4s. cloth.

**REGAL ROME.** By Professor F. W. Newman. Post 8vo, 5s. 6d.

**LIEBIG'S FAMILIAR LETTERS ON CHEMISTRY.** New and cheap Edition, containing the Author's latest Researches on Dietetics, Physiology, Agriculture, &c. Foolscap 8vo, 6s. cloth.

**BUFF'S FAMILIAR LETTERS ON THE PHYSICS OF THE EARTH.** Treating of the Chief Movements of the Land, the Waters, and the Air, and the Forces that give rise to them. Edited by Dr. A. W. HOFMANN. Foolscap 8vo, 5s. cloth.

**DR. LARDNER'S RAILWAY ECONOMY; or, The New Art of Transport.** Its Management, Prospects, and Relations, Commercial, Financial, and Social; with an Exposition of the Practical Results of the Railways in operation in the United Kingdom, on the Continent, and in America. Large 12mo, 12s.

**DR. LARDNER ON THE STEAM-ENGINE, STEAM NAVIGATION, ROADS, and RAILWAYS.** New and Cheap Edition. 1 vol., large 12mo, 8s. 6d. cloth.

**BARON VON REICHENBACH'S RESEARCHES ON MAGNETISM, &c.** Translated and Edited (at the express desire of the Author) by Dr. GAXCOAY, of the University of Edinburgh. 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.

**CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.** Cheap Edition, 2s.

**GUESSES AT TRUTH.** By Two Brothers. New Edition. 2 vols., foolscap 8vo, 13s.

London: TAYLOR, WALTON, and MABERLY, 28, Upper Gower-street; and 27, Ivy-lane.

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND'S  
NEW SERIES OF ROYAL FEMALE BIOGRAPHIES.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND,

AND

ENGLISH PRINCESSES CONNECTED WITH THE REGAL  
SUCCESSION.

In 6 vols. Post 8vo, with Portraits and Historical Vignettes, uniform with "Lives of the Queens of England," by the same Author. Vols. I. and II. are published, price 10s. 6d. each, containing—

MARGARET TUDOR, Queen of James IV.

MAGDALENE OF FRANCE, First Queen of James V.

MARY OF LORRAINE, Second Queen of James V., and Mother of Mary Queen of Scots.

MARGARET DOUGLAS, Countess of Lennox, and Mother of Darnley.

VOL. THIRD will contain

THE LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"Every step in Scotland is historical: the shades of the dead arise on every side; the very rocks breathe Miss Strickland's talents as a writer, and turn of mind as an individual, in a peculiar manner fit her for painting a historical gallery of the most illustrious or dignified female characters in that land of chivalry and song."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.



## READABLE BOOKS,

PROFUSELY AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.  
PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH, ORNAMENTAL BOARDS.

"Twenty years ago such books as these could not have been purchased for twenty times their present cost."—*Birmingham Journal*.

On June 30,

### VOL. IV. NILE NOTES OF A "HOWADJI,"

Or the American in Egypt. By G. W. Curtis.  
ILLUSTRATED WITH FROM 30 TO 40 ENGRAVINGS.

### VOL. III. THE LETTERS OF PETER PLYMLEY, ESSAYS AND SPEECHES.

By the Rev. Sydney Smith.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FULL-SIZE PAGE ENGRAVINGS.  
"These letters are even at this day allowed to be amongst the most interesting and amusing publications with which a few leisure hours can be occupied."—*The Times*.

(TWENTIETH THOUSAND.)

### VOL. II. PHILOSOPHERS & ACTRESSES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 ENGRAVINGS.

"This book is a most amusing one, full of liveliness and gaiety of spirit, and prettily illustrated."—*Globe*.

(TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.)

### VOL. I. TALES OF MYSTERY, IMAGINATION, & HUMOUR, & POEMS,

By E. A. POE. ILLUSTRATED WITH 26 ENGRAVINGS.

"This volume contains some of the most remarkable fictions of modern times, and whoever reads them will acknowledge that rarely have such absorbing creations of the fancy come beneath his notice."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"A more interesting companion for a solitary hour than this profusely and beautifully illustrated book, it would be difficult to find."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"Once let the eye fall on one of these remarkable stories, and we venture to say that it will not be withdrawn until it has reached the end."—*Leeds Times*.

"The binding is novel—the manner in which its well-executed Engravings are interspersed, is novel—and the high excellence of its literary contents is novel, and moreover agreeable."—*Sherbourne Journal*.

"It is our duty to award the projector of Readable Books the palm of superiority. He has excelled all his contemporaries; for with unrivalled cheapness he has united an exquisite taste, to which no work of a similar class can lay the slightest pretension."—*Nottingham Journal*.

"It is in our opinion the model of a Readable Book. We have gone through it from cover to cover, and when we have leisure shall do so again."—*Cork Southern Reporter*.

London: CLARKE & Co., Foreign

## Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!



TWENTY-FIVE  
Elegant Gold Watches

TO BE GIVEN AWAY WITH THE  
Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine,  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

Price 2d. Nos. I. and II. are now ready.

The great success which has attended the sale of the "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" has determined the Proprietors on substituting Watches of greater value than was at first intended. On reference to the Certificate below, it will be perceived that the watches are ordered of Mr. Bennett, the eminent Watch and Clock Maker to her Majesty, whose Clock will be remembered for its beauty and excellence, as forming one of the most attractive objects at the Exhibition. For further particulars see the work itself.

Certificate of Mr. John Bennett, F.R.A.S.

I hereby certify that the twenty-five Gold Watches, ordered of me by the Proprietors of the "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine," shall be of the London-made Lever construction, Jewelled in four holes, and of superior quality in design and workmanship, of the full value of Fifteen Guineas. Each one will be accompanied with a written guarantee.

(Signed) JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside, London.

Booksellers, 148, Fleet-street; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

Now ready, post 8vo, 360 closely-printed pages, price 2s. 6d. cloth gilt, or 3s. free by post,

## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

OR  
Negro Life in the Slave States of America.

Opinions of the Press.

FROM THE "WEEKLY DISPATCH."

Of all those exposures which attack an evil system, and, by a minute and unexaggerated anatomy of those details of turpitude and suffering—which can make an edifice, consolidated in blood and tears, and perfected by every devilish ingenuity that can be invented—rock to its very foundation, this is the most terrible. It is a deed of accusation—drawn up by a woman, inspired with such fervour and strength of imagery and language as a prophet of old might be supposed to be imbued with, written in letters of fire, with a pen of iron—against the slave-holders and the slave States of America. It is only after reading such a book that we can fully appreciate and realise the humanity of a principle which has annihilated slavery in the British Colonies. Never till now did we comprehend the reasons for self-gratulation. We could enlarge upon this book with an enthusiastic amplitude, but we recommend it universally to each and to all. It is in a cheap form, well printed, and well got up.

FROM "TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE."

We have here the most singular and absorbing specimen of American literature which has ever come to our shores. It will be read, and must be read, by everybody everywhere.

FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

A wonderful book, teeming with thrilling anecdotes, penned to the life. We know of no story of modern times of more intensely exciting interest than "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

FROM THE "CONGREGATIONALIST," BOSTON, U.S.

We look upon the writing of this book as providential, and upon it as the best missionary God has yet sent into the field to plead for his poor and oppressed children at the South. Such a book was a necessity of the age, and had to be written.

### CHEAP EDITION.

The Publishers of the above Work, desirous that every facility should be afforded for its circulation among all classes of the community, have determined on issuing the above work in Twenty Four

**PENNY WEEKLY NUMBERS.**

The first to be published on Monday next. This Edition will be magnificently illustrated.

Part I. will be ready with the Monthly Magazines. Sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



New Sporting Publication, Illustrated by JOHN LEECH.

Now Publishing, in Monthly Parts, to be completed in Twelve, price 1s. each,

## MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

By the Author of "Handley Cross," "Jorrocks's Jaunts," &c. &c.

EACH NUMBER CONTAINS ONE COLOURED ENGRAVING AND NUMEROUS WOODCUTS, BY JOHN LEECH.

Seven Parts are ready, and may be had by order of any Bookseller or Newsvender, and at all Railway Stations.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

## TWO VIEWS OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL,

FROM THE GARDEN AND THE CLOISTERS.

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY OWEN B. CARTER, ARCHITECT, WINCHESTER.

Mr. HOGARTH has made arrangements with Mr. OWEN CARTER for the production of a large and important SET OF DRAWINGS, exhibiting the Beauties of our PRINCIPAL CATHEDRALS upon a scale calculated to do justice to the magnificent variety which they individually and collectively present. Two Views of SALISBURY CATHEDRAL for the Series are now ready, and will be published uniform with the other DRAWINGS IN TINTED LITHOGRAPHY, executed in the best style of Art. The Drawings will be published in succession as they are completed.

Subscribers' Names are now received by the Publisher, and by the principal Printsellers, either for single Prints or the whole Work, which is limited to Twenty Subjects.

Size of the Prints, 27½ by 24½ inches, exclusive of margin.

### PRICE.

Prints ..... £1 1 0

Ditto, Coloured ..... 2 2 0

London: Published by J. HOGARTH, 5, Haymarket; and G. BROWN, Bookseller, Salisbury.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.—All interested in the Art should possess the SHILLING PRACTICAL MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY;

Containing a concise History of the Science and its connection with Optics, together with simple and Practical Details for the Production of Good Pictures by the Action of Light upon prepared surfaces of Paper, Glass and Silvered Plates, by the processes known as the Daguerreotype, Calotype, Collodion, Albumen, &c. &c. By a PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

LONDON: W. M. CLARK, 17, WARWICK LANE, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

## MR. HENRY LOVELL'S NEW SONGS, COMPOSED BY N. J. SPORLE,

AND SUNG BY

MISS POOLE, MISS BLANCHE YOUNGE, MR. GEORGE BUCKLAND,

And others, are enjoying an unprecedented popularity in the Drawing Room, the School Room, and the Lecture Theatre.

"Of easy compass, never rising above E, and possessed of a catching melody, any one with the least voice or ear will find them decided acquisitions to their repertoire."

### THE SERIO-COMIC BALLADS

Are "St. Valentine's Day is a Dangerous Time," "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady," "A Friend in need is a Friend indeed," "That's the Man," "Draw round the Fire," "Hope Deferred," and "Evergreen Leaves." G. CASE, 32, NEW BOND STREET.

### MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY COPIES OF THE LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY, and a proportionate supply of every other good new Work, are in circulation at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, 510, New Oxford-street, and 29, Museum-street, removed from 28, Upper King-street, Bloomsbury-square.—Single Subscription, One Guinea per Annum. First Class Country Subscription, Two Guineas and upwards, according to the number of volumes required.—For further prospectuses apply to CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, 510, New Oxford-street.

## SOYER'S RELISH.

"To describe the Sauce would be to make our readers hungry,—rich, savoury, exotic, it infuses an ambrosial flavour into the substance on which it is poured."—*Bell's Life*.

**THIS JUSTLY CELEBRATED SAUCE** is now in universal use throughout the world. The great renown acquired by M. SOYER, having induced the introduction of several imitations of his Relish, purchasers are requested particularly to observe that every genuine bottle bears his portrait on the label, accompanied by the names of his wholesale Agents,

**CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, 21, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON,**

of whom also may be had his Original Sauces for Ladies and Gentlemen.

GORR HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

COLBURN &amp; CO.'S

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## Life of Marie de Medicis, Queen of France.

By Miss PARDOE. 3 Vols. 8vo, with Portraits, &amp;c., 42s.

"A fascinating book—a biography combining the attractiveness of romance with the reliableness of history."—*Daily News*.

## Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches.

By Capt. MACKINNON, R.N. 2 Vols. 21s.

## Five Years at Nepaul.

By Capt. SMITH. 2 Vols. 21s.

## History of the British Conquests in India.

By HORACE ST. JOHN. 2 Vols. 21s.

## Five Years in the West Indies.

By C. W. DAY, Esq. 2 Vols. 21s.

## THE NEW NOVELS.

## Mary Seaham. By Mrs. GREY.

"A powerfully conceived novel, founded on a plot of high moral and dramatic interest."—*John Bull*.

## Confessions of an Etonian.

By C. ROWCROFT, Esq.

## Amy Paul. A Tale. 2 Vols.

"A tale of considerable interest, which commands the highest praise."—*Messenger*.

To New Subscribers. Commencement of another Volume. SUNDAY READING for every Family; illustrated with Engravings. May be ordered of any Bookseller, in Weekly Numbers, 16 pp. 8vo, 14d.; Monthly Parts, with Engravings, 7d.

## THE WEEKLY VISITOR,

AND

## CHRISTIAN FAMILY READER.

Edited by the Rev. R. BICKERSTETH, M.A.

As a family periodical, more especially for Sunday reading, either in the social circle, the closet, the nursery, or the kitchen, the WEEKLY VISITOR is unequalled by any periodical in existence. Among the contributors to the work are the Editor (Rev. R. BICKERSTETH), Rev. Dr. CUMMING, Rev. T. R. BIRKS, Rev. T. LATHURRY, the Editor of "Tracts for Churchmen," P. H. GOSSE, Esq., the Editor of "The Cottage Lamp," the Authoress of "Chillon," &amp;c.

Vols. I, II, and III, may be had of all Booksellers, price 4s. 6d. each. Vol. IV, commences July 1.

London: H. WOOLDRIDGE, Aldine Chambers, Paternoster-row.—Sold also by WERTHEIM &amp; MACINTOSH, and by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

## EVERY EMPLOYER—EVERY

SERVANT should read A PLEA FOR A GENERAL HALF-HOLIDAY, once in every week; being an Appeal on behalf of the Labouring Classes. Price 2d.

London: JOHN KING, 120, Fleet-street, and by all Booksellers.

## TO ALL BAD WRITERS.—

Patronized by H.R.H. the late Duke of Kent. The celebrated SYSTEMS OF WRITING, invented by Mr. CARSTAIRS, and now taught in all their perfection, enabling all those who require it to obtain a command and freedom, seldom, if ever, equalled. Prospectuses of Terms, &amp;c., may be had at the Establishment, 81, Lombard-street, City.

This day is published, price 8s., in post 8vo, cloth gilt, with numerous engravings,

## THE CELT, THE ROMAN, AND THE SAXON.

A History of the early Inhabitants of Britain down to the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. Illustrated by the Ancient Remains brought to light by recent research. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, &amp; Co., 25, Paternoster-row.

Fifth Edition, price 1s., or 14 stamps by post,

## WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY? OR, THOUGHTS ABOUT SAFE INVESTMENTS.

"We strongly recommend this clever little production."—*Railway Times*."Exceedingly useful to parties desirous of ascertaining the best mode of investing their money."—*Herapath's Journal*.

By post of the Author, T. S. HARVEY, 12, Pall Mall East, for 14 stamps. Sold by D. STEEL, 2, Spring-gardens.

Now ready, the Third Edition, 1s. cloth, (1s. 4d. by post).

## A WORD TO THE WISE; OR, HINTS ON THE CURRENT IMPROPRIETIES OF EXPRESSION IN WRITING AND SPEAKING. By PARRY GWYNNE.

"All who wish to mind their p's and q's should consult this little book."—*Gentleman's Magazine*."May be advantageously consulted by the well educated."—*Athenaeum*.

GRANT &amp; GRIFFITH, Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard.

## THE TWENTY GUINEA HARMONION

with the new Patent Percussion, or Piano Forte Hammer Action, being a Piano Forte with sustained tones, that does not require tuning, in handsome rosewood case, with columns; also the TEN GUINEA HARMONION, which has, like the foregoing, a rich powerful tone, and the full compass of 5 octaves. WHEATSTONE &amp; CO, Importers and Manufacturers, and Inventors of the Concertina, 20, Conduit-street, Regent-street. Messrs. W. &amp; Co. were awarded the only Exhibition Prize Medal for Harmoniums.

## INFANTS' NEW FEEDING

BOTTLES.—From the *Lancet*:—"We have seldom seen anything so beautiful as the nursing bottles introduced by Mr. Elam, of Oxford-street." They are adapted to milk, biscuits, and all kinds of food, have an elastic soft nipple, very cleanly and exceedingly durable, which no infant will refuse, and whether for weaning, rearing by hand, or occasional feeding, are quite unrivalled.—BENJAMIN ELAM, 195, Oxford-street. 7s. 6d. Each is stamped with my name and address. Beware of imitations.

## GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH.

NOW USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.—The Ladies are respectfully solicited to make a trial of the GLENFIELD PATENT DOUBLE-REFINED POWDER STARCH, which for Domestic Use now stands UNRIVALLED. Sold by nearly all the Oil and Colourmen and Chandlers in London, and throughout the Kingdom. Agents wanted; apply to Mr. R. WOTHERSPOON, 40, Dunlop street, Glasgow.

London Depot: WOTHERSPOON, MACKAY &amp; Co., 40, King William-street, City.

## EASE IN WALKING AND COMFORT TO THE FEET.

THE LEATHER CLOTH, OR, PANNUS CORIUM BOOTS and SHOES, are the softest and easiest ever worn. They yield to the feet without the least pressure, or any drawing or painful effect. Corns, Bunions, and Chilblains are cured by their use. HALL &amp; Co., Patentees, Wellington-street, Strand, leading to Waterloo Bridge.



Chubb's Fire-proof Safes and Locks.

## CHUBB & SON

Have now on Sale, at their Warehouses, an Assortment of their

### FIRE-PROOF SAFES,

WHICH GAINED THE PRIZE MEDAL, WITH SPECIAL APPROBATION,

at the Great Exhibition, this distinction being awarded to them SOLELY by the Jurors of Class XXII., after a careful comparison with those of other makers from all parts of England.

These SAFES, undoubtedly the MOST SECURE FROM FORCE, FRAUD, and FIRE, are sold at moderate prices.

CHUBB'S LOCKS, with all the recent improvements, CASH BOXES and DEED BOXES of all sizes, may be inspected.

IRON DOORS and FRAMES for Strong Rooms.

\* \* Complete Lists, with Prices, will be sent on application.

CHUBB & SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 28, Lord-street, Liverpool; 16, Market-street, Manchester; and Horsley Fields, Wolverhampton.

## RODGERS'S IMPROVED SHIRT.

No. 84.

31s. 6d. & 37s. 6d. the Half-dozen.



THE most comfortable and perfect-fitting Shirts extant, combining the highest degree of excellence at the smallest cost. Satisfaction (as usual) guaranteed, or the money returned.

Superb Dress Shirts for evening wear, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. each. Also, Fashionable Coloured Shirts, ready made, or made to order, 20s. 26s., and 31s. 6d. the half-dozen. A choice of 200 New Patterns.

The general Ready-made Stock is the best, the cheapest, and the largest assortment of Shirts in London, and embraces all the recent improvements in the art.

Illustrated Priced Lists, with directions for self-measurement, and full particulars, gratis and post-free.

Patterns of the new and elegant designs for Coloured Shirts sent post-paid on receipt of Four Stamps.

RODGERS & CO., Shirt Makers, 59, St. Martin's-lane, Charing Cross, and No. 29, at the Corner of New-street, Covent-garden, London. Established Sixty Years.—N.B. Boys' Shirts in all Sizes.

## THE TOILET OF BEAUTY

furnishes innumerable proofs of the high estimation in which GOWLAND'S LOTION is held by the most distinguished possessors of brilliant complexion. This elegant preparation comprehends the preservation of the complexion, both from the effects of cutaneous malady and the operation of variable temperature, by refreshing its delicacy and preserving the brightest tints with which beauty is adorned. "ROBERT SHAW, London," is in white letters on the Government stamp, without which none is genuine. Prices, 2s. 9d. and 5s. 6d.; quarts, 8s. 6d.

## CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Persons of all ages, and in every station, may assure with this Society, and the assured can reside in any part of Europe, the Holy Land, Egypt, Madeira, the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, and in most parts of North and South America, without extra charge.

### FIFTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The FIFTH BONUS was declared in January last, and the amount varied with the different ages, from 24 to 55 per cent. on the Premiums paid, during the last five years; or from £1 to £2 10s. per cent. per annum, on the sums assured.

The small share of Profit divisible in future among the Shareholders being now provided for, without entrenching on the amount made by the regular business, the ASSURED will hereafter derive all the benefits obtainable from a Mutual Office, with, at the same time, complete freedom from liability, secured by an ample Proprietary Capital,—thus combining, in the same office, all the advantages of both systems.

A copy of the last Report, setting forth full particulars, with a Prospectus, can now be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or by addressing a line to

GEO. H. PINCKARD, Resident Secretary.

99, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

## THE GORGET,

A SELF-ADJUSTING SHIRT.

Registered in London and Patented in Paris, September, 1851.

## THE ELLIPTIC COLLAR AND

WRISTBAND, Registered January, 1852. The most perfect and easy fitting shirt yet produced, and by a simple invention of the patentee, adjusts itself to all movements of the body, either walking, sitting, or riding. The Patentee invites inspection, and is confident no other Shirt will be worn after the Gorget. The price, including the ELLIPTIC WRISTBAND, 42s. the half dozen. The ELLIPTIC COLLAR (quite unique), in all sizes and shapes, with Patent Elastic Fastening, 12s. the dozen. Price List, with directions for Self-measurement, forwarded on application. The PATENT ELASTIC COLLAR FASTENING can be attached to any collar opening back or front. Six sent by post on receipt of thirteen postage stamps. Patentee:—G. P. COOPER, Tailor to Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales, 6, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, A MOST

EFFICIENT REMEDY FOR BILE, INDIGESTION, AND DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS.—The extraordinary powers of this medicine in curing disorders of the stomach, bile, indigestion, and liver complaints are wonderful. Thousands whose lives were a burden to them whilst suffering from these complaints are now enjoying the best of health by taking these invaluable pills, and now strongly recommend their use to others similarly afflicted. A few doses give relief, and a continuance of them for a short time effects a perfect cure. Persons whose constitutions have been weakened by long residence in hot climates cannot have a more certain remedy to restore them to robust health than Holloway's Pills.—Sold by all Druggists, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244, Strand, London.

## SCHWEPPE'S SODA, POTASS

and MAGNESIA WATERS and AERATED LEMONADE continue to be manufactured upon the largest scale at their several Establishments in London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Derby. The celebrity of these well-known waters, and the preference they universally command, are evidences that their original superior quality over all others is well sustained. Every bottle is protected by a label with the name of their firm, without which none is genuine, and it may be had of nearly all respectable chemists throughout the kingdom. Importers of the German Selters Water direct from the springs, as for the last twenty years.

51, BERNERS STREET, LONDON.



**LADIES TRAVELLING,  
OR DURING THE DRIVE, AQUATIC EXCURSION,**

or while otherwise 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. Composed of choice exotics of balsamic nature, utterly free from all mineral admixture, and pleasing and delightful in its effects, ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, tends to neutralise the effects of atmosphere upon the Skin, and to promote that healthy action of the microscopic vessels, by which its general well-being and the beauty of its appearance are so essentially promoted. Freckles, Tan, Spots, Pimples, Flushes, and Discolorations fly before its application, and give place to delicate clearness with the glow of beauty and of bloom. In cases of Sunburn, or Stings of Insects, its virtues have long been acknowledged.

Its purifying and refreshing properties have obtained its selection by Royalty, and the several Courts throughout Europe, together with the elite of the Aristocracy.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

CAUTION.—The words ROWLANDS' KALYDOR are on the wrapper of each bottle.

Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by all Chemists and Perfumers.

**MECHI,**  
*4, Leadenhall Street,*  
**LONDON.**

THE BEST & CHEAPEST  
CUTLERY, DESKS, DRESSING CASES  
WORK BOXES, TEA TRAYS  
& PAPIER MACHÉ ELEGANCIES.  
*Bayonnette & Backgammon Boards.*

EVERY THING FOR THE TOILET & WORK TABLE.  
Pocket Books, Card Cases, Portfolios & Inkstands

TRY MECHI'S MAGIC STROP  
Mechi's Patent Castellated Silver Wire  
Tooth Brushes, 9d. each.

LADIES' IVORY HANDLED PENKNIVES 1s. EACH

**LADIES' BONNETS,  
DUNSTABLE, RICE, CHIP.**

English and Foreign Fancy Bonnets, in every shape, every size, and every quality. A large and superior assortment of Leghorn Bonnets and Children's Hats.

Millinery Bonnets in all colours and of the newest designs in shape and material. Also a variety of the choicest Bonnets direct from the first houses in Paris. Morning Bonnets. Wedding Bonnets.

ALL AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, FOR CASH ONLY.

**BETHEL WARE, 217, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.**

**THE GENTLEMAN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE**

PERUKE.—The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruqueian Art, at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH-STREET.

**F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.**

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



**THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR,  
ONLY £1 10s.**



## PRIZE MEDAL.

**WATHERSTON & BROGDEN, Manufacturing Goldsmiths, Established A.D. 1798,** beg to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that in obedience to the numerous calls made upon them since the Great Exhibition, they have resolved to throw open their Manufactory to the public at *Manufacturers' Prices*, a closer connexion than has hitherto existed between the real worker in the precious metals and the Public, being obviously an advantage to both parties.

WATHERSTON & BROGDEN'S dealings will be principally to establish confidence in the gold employed in the manufacture of chains, where at present the greatest uncertainty exists, owing to the prevalence of electro-gilt articles, and weighing chains, frequently as low as 11 carats fine—38s. 11½d., against sovereigns of 22 carats fine = 77s. 10½d. per oz., when there is no analogy between one and the other; a chain weighing 5 sovereigns being intrinsically worth only 50s. The object of the vendor is wholly to conceal the remaining 50s. Gold is capable of being alloyed to any extent, and in order to protect the public, WATHERSTON & BROGDEN will make the Mint-price of 77s. 10½d. per oz. for British standard, the basis of all their operations, and making their profit on the workmanship alone, will charge the bullion in their chains at its intrinsic value, undertaking to repurchase it at any time at the same price: thus—

15 Carat Gold will be charged and will realise	.....	53s. 1d.
18 Carat ditto ditto ditto	.....	63s. 8½d.
22 Carat ditto ditto ditto	.....	77s. 10½d.
The price for workmanship will be charged according to the intricacy or simplicity of the pattern. For example—		
A Chain weighing 2 oz. of 15 Carat	£	s. d.
Gold is worth, at 53s. 1d. per oz.	.....	5 6 2
Supposing the Workmanship to be	.....	2 0 0
Total		.....
		£7 6 2

By this arrangement the purchaser will see at a glance the proportion charged for *labour* compared with the *bullion* in a gold chain, and being always able to realise the one, will have only to decide on the value of the other.

WATHERSTON & BROGDEN'S Stock consists of Gold Guard Chains, Albert Chains, Seals, Keys, Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Diamond Setting, and every description of Goldsmiths' and Jewellers' Work, all made on the premises.

MANUFACTORY, No. 16, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London; where the processes of manipulation may be seen by those who are interested in the subject.

# FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS

Differ from other Patterns, not merely in shape and design, but in their great superiority of Fit, quality of Material, and Workmanship.—*Globe*, April 12, 1852. They are of two prices; viz. Six for 40s.; Second Quality Six for 30s. in both of which the principle is strictly carried out.

List of Prices, and mode of Self-measurement sent free per Post.

FORD'S REGISTERED SHIRT COLLARS, 11s. per dozen.

Patterns of the New Coloured Shirtings in every variety of Colours. Upwards of 200 different styles for making FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS sent to select from on the receipt of six postage stamps. Price 27s. the half dozen.

**RICHARD FORD, 38, POULTRY,**  
LONDON, (Late 185, Strand.)

## RIMMEL'S TOILET

VINEGAR (as exhibited in the Fountain at the Crystal Palace) is far superior to Eau-de-Cologne as a Tonic and Refreshing Lotion for the Toilet or Bath; a reviving Perfume, a pleasant Dentifrice, and a powerful Disinfectant for Apartments and Sick Rooms. Its numerous useful and sanitary properties render it an indispensable requisite in all families.

Price 2s. 6d. and 5s.



## RIMMEL'S HAIR DYE im-

parts instantaneously to the Hair Whiskers, &c., a natural and permanent Black or Brown Shade, without the trouble or danger attending other Dyes.—Price 5s. 6d.

RIMMEL'S Guards' Bouquet, Jockey Club Bouquet, and other fashionable perfumes. RIMMEL'S Odontine for the Teeth, Nutritive Cream for the Hair, &c., are also highly recommended.—Beware of counterfeits.

Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists, and by E. RIMMEL, 39, Gerard-street, Soho, London

The  
Anthropos.



£2 2 0



The  
Omega Shirts.



6 for £1 18 6

THE ANTHROPOS OVER COAT .....	£2 2 0
BLACK SAXONY DRESS COAT, SILK LININGS .....	2 15 0
BLACK SAXONY FROCK COAT, ditto .....	3 10 0
BLACK DRESS TROUSERS .....	1 8 0
SHRUNK SUMMER ANGOLA TROUSERS .....	1 1 0
NEW MORNING COAT .....	1 18 6
MORNING CASHMERE VEST .....	0 12 6
DERBY OVER COAT.....	1 1 0
DRESSING GOWNS .....	1 11 6

OMEGA SHIRTS SIX FOR £1 18s. 6d.

Barker & Company, Clothiers and Shirt Makers, 70, Cornhill, London.

**CHILDREN'S FROCKS, COATS, & PELISSES,**

of every description,

LONG AND SHORT ROBES. WITH EVERY  
OTHER REQUISITE FOR A YOUNG FAMILY.  
IN FULL DRESS.

WALKING AND SCHOOL WEAR.

SEVERAL HUNDREDS CONSTANTLY ON  
VIEW,

**AT SHEARMAN'S, 5, FINSBURY PAVEMENT,**

BETWEEN THE BANK AND FINSBURY SQUARE.

INFANTS' DRESSES, CLOAKS, HOODS  
HATS, BONNETS, ROBES, CAPS, GOWNS, OPEN  
SHIRTS, ROBE BLANKETS,  
BOYS' AND GIRLS' OVER GARMENTS,  
WITH EVERY OTHER ARTICLE IN CLOTHING  
REQUIRED FOR A YOUNG FAMILY.

BABY LINEN, IN COMPLETE SETS OR OTHERWISE.  
TRIMMED BASSINET BASKETS AND CUSHIONS.

An ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, affording additional  
information. sent free on receipt of a paid letter.

**A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR BAD TEA.**

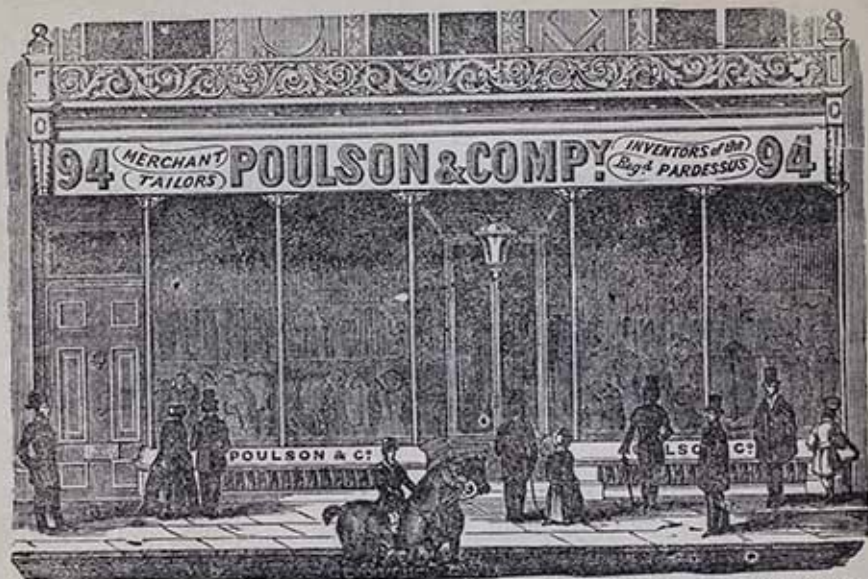
A LEADEN PACKAGE, containing FIVE POUNDS of FINE, TRUE, RICH,  
RIPE, RARE SOUCHONG TEA (which will please everybody), sent, CARRIAGE FREE, to any part of  
England, on receipt of a Post-office Order for ONE SOVEREIGN, by

**PHILLIPS AND COMPANY, TEA MERCHANTS,  
No. 8, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY, LONDON.**

And will prove indeed a Sovereign Remedy for Bad Tea.







Messrs. POULSON & Co.'s REGISTERED PARDESSUS,  
(6 & 7 VIC. CAP. 65.)

The distinguished patronage bestowed upon this really economical and truly elegant  
**LIGHT SPRING AND SUMMER WALKING OVER-COAT,**

(which can also be worn without another,) has had but few precedents. It is made of an extremely fine though durable cloth, and, from its peculiarly soft and silky nature, produces a sensation of the most complete ease and comfort; it may be had ready for immediate use in all sizes and colours, at the very moderate charge of **TWO GUINEAS.**—The Pardeessus d'Ete, for Heat, Dust, and Rain, **ONE GUINEA.**

In London only at the Sole Patentees and Manufacturers, B. POULSON & CO.'s, Court, Clerical, Naval and Military Tailors, **94, REGENT STREET,** and in the country and colonies of their recognised Agents.

## CHINA CRAPE PARASOLS.

W. AND J. SANGSTER



Be respectfully to announce that they have just received from Canton a quantity of China Crape, embroidered expressly to their order, for Parasols.

This beautiful material, so well adapted for the purpose by its peculiar richness and strength, will form a most novel and elegant Parasol.

Their stock will likewise comprise a great variety of Parasols made of Glacé,



Moire Antique, and Figured Silks from Lyons. Also, some of the richest Brocaded Silk from Spitalfields, and the Alpaca Parasol, so much approved of for the country and sea-side.

140, Regent Street.  
94, Fleet Street.

110, Royal Exchange.  
75, Cheapside.







*The Dancing School*



*Consecrated ground.*







*In Weekly Numbers, price 2d., or stamped for post, 3d.; in Monthly Parts, and in Half-yearly Volumes,*

# HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal, conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

DESIGNED FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF ALL CLASSES OF READERS, AND TO ASSIST  
IN THE DISCUSSION OF THE SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF THE TIME.

FOUR VOLUMES are published, price 5s. 6d. each, in cloth boards, and are always on sale.



*Also, published at the end of every Month, at the same Office, price 2d., or stamped for post, 3d.,*

## THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS;

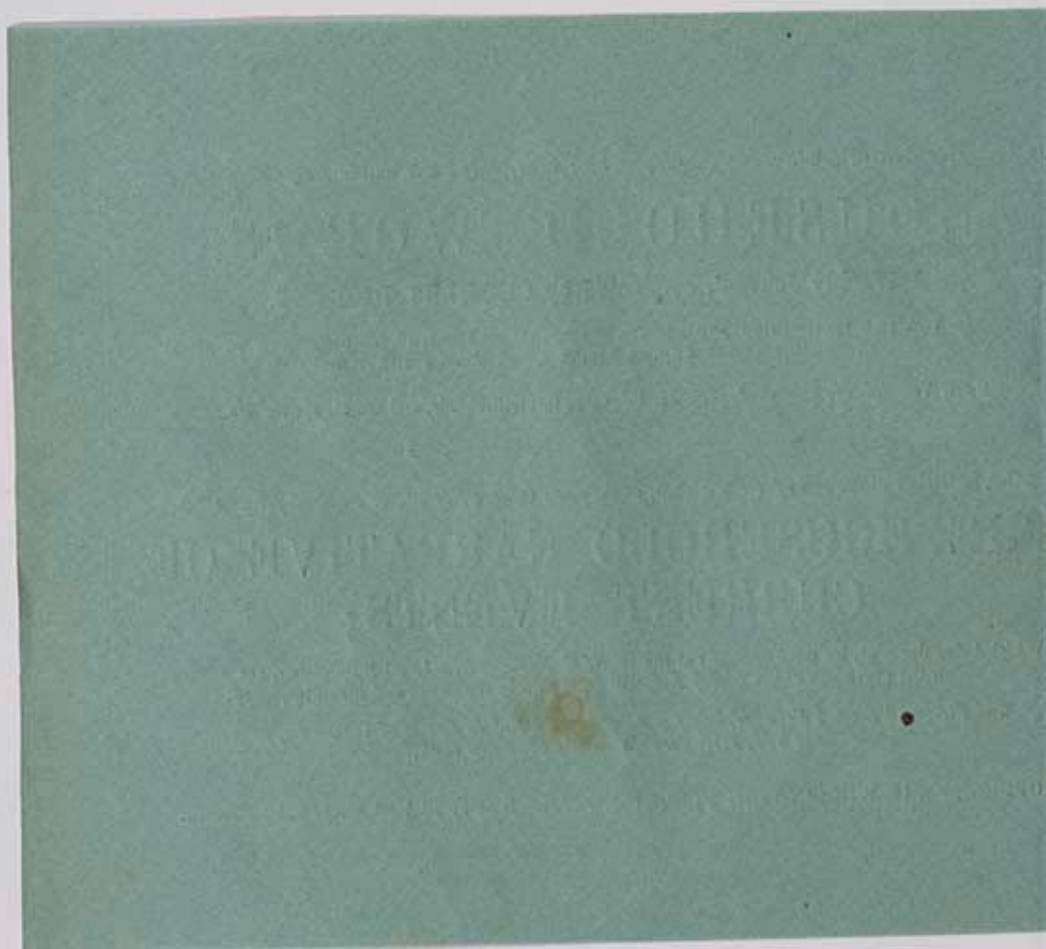
Which being declared, by the Judgment of the Court of Exchequer, a Legal Publication, not coming  
within the provisions of the Stamp Act, will be regularly continued and much improved.

\* \* *The First and Second Volumes, being a Record of the Public Events of 1850—51, may always  
be had, price 3s. each, neatly bound in cloth.*

OFFICE, No. 16, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH. Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.







## CHAPTER XIV.

## DEPORTMENT.

RICHARD left us on the very next evening, to begin his new career, and committed Ada to my charge with great love for her, and great trust in me. It touched me then to reflect, and it touches me now, more nearly, to remember (having what I have to tell) how they both thought of me, even at that engrossing time. I was a part of all their plans, for the present and the future. I was to write to Richard once a week, making my faithful report of Ada who was to write to him every alternate day. I was to be informed, under his own hand, of all his labors and successes; I was to observe how resolute and persevering he would be; I was to be Ada's bridesmaid when they were married; I was to live with them afterwards; I was to keep all the keys of their house; I was to be made happy for ever and a day.

"And if the suit *should* make us rich, Esther—which it may, you know!" said Richard, to crown all.

A shade crossed Ada's face.

"My dearest Ada," asked Richard, pausing, "why not?"

"It had better declare us poor at once," said Ada.

"O! I don't know about that," returned Richard; "but, at all events, it won't declare anything at once. It hasn't declared anything in Heaven knows how many years."

"Too true," said Ada.

"Yes, but," urged Richard, answering what her look suggested rather than her words, "the longer it goes on, dear cousin, the nearer it must be to a settlement one way or other. Now, is not that reasonable?"

"You know best, Richard. But I am afraid if we trust to it, it will make us unhappy."

"But, my Ada, we are not going to trust to it!" cried Richard gaily. "We know it better than to trust to it. We only say that if it *should* make us rich, we have no constitutional objection to being rich. The Court is, by solemn settlement of law, our grim old guardian, and we are to suppose that what it gives us (when it gives us anything) is our right. It is not necessary to quarrel with our right."

"No," said Ada, "but it may be better to forget all about it."

"Well, well!" cried Richard, "then we will forget all about it! We consign the whole thing to oblivion. Dame Durden puts on her approving face, and it's done!"

"Dame Durden's approving face," said I, looking out of the box in which I was packing his books, "was not very visible when you called it by that name; but it does approve, and she thinks you can't do better."

So, Richard said there was an end of it,—and immediately began, on no other foundation, to build as many castles in the air as would man the great wall of China. He went away in high spirits. Ada and I, prepared to miss him very much, commenced our quieter career.



On our arrival in London, we had called with Mr. Jarndyce at Mrs. Jellyby's, but had not been so fortunate as to find her at home. It appeared that she had gone somewhere, to a tea-drinking, and had taken Miss Jellyby with her. Besides the tea-drinking, there was to be some considerable speech-making and letter-writing on the general merits of the cultivation of coffee, conjointly with natives, at the Settlement of Borrioboola Gha. All this involved, no doubt, sufficient active exercise of pen and ink, to make her daughter's part in the proceedings, anything but a holiday.

It being, now, beyond the time appointed for Mrs. Jellyby's return, we called again. She was in town, but not at home, having gone to Mile End, directly after breakfast, on some Borrioboolan business, arising out of a Society called the East London Branch Aid Ramification. As I had not seen Peepy on the occasion of our last call (when he was not to be found anywhere, and when the cook rather thought he must have strolled away with the dustman's cart), I now enquired for him again. The oyster shells he had been building a house with, were still in the passage, but he was nowhere discoverable, and the cook supposed that he had "gone after the sheep." When we repeated, with some surprise, "The sheep?" she said, O yes, on market days he sometimes followed them quite out of town, and came back in such a state as never was!

I was sitting at the window with my Guardian, on the following morning, and Ada was busy writing—of course to Richard—when Miss Jellyby was announced, and entered, leading the identical Peepy, whom she had made some endeavours to render presentable, by wiping the dirt into corners of his face and hands, and making his hair very wet and then violently frizzling it with her fingers. Everything the dear child wore, was either too large for him or too small. Among his other contradictory decorations he had the hat of a Bishop, and the little gloves of a baby. His boots were, on a small scale, the boots of a ploughman: while his legs, so crossed and recrossed with scratches that they looked like maps, were bare, below a very short pair of plaid drawers finished off with two frills of perfectly different patterns. The deficient buttons on his plaid frock had evidently been supplied from one of Mr. Jellyby's coats, they were so extremely brazen and so much too large. Most extraordinary specimens of needlework appeared on several parts of his dress, where it had been hastily mended; and I recognised the same hand on Miss Jellyby's. She was, however, unaccountably improved in her appearance, and looked very pretty. She was conscious of poor little Peepy being but a failure after all her trouble, and she showed it as she came in, by the way in which she glanced, first at him and then at us.

"O dear me!" said my Guardian, "Due East!"

Ada and I gave her a cordial welcome, and presented her to Mr. Jarndyce; to whom she said, as she sat down:

"Ma's compliments, and she hopes you'll excuse her, because she's correcting proofs of the plan. She's going to put out five thousand new circulars, and she knows you'll be interested to hear that. I have brought one of them with me. Ma's compliments." With which she presented it sulkily enough.

"Thank you," said my Guardian. "I am much obliged to Mrs. Jellyby. O dear me! This is a very trying wind!"

We were busy with Peepy; taking off his clerical hat; asking him if he remembered us; and so on. Peepy retired behind his elbow at first, but relented at the sight of sponge-cake, and allowed me to take him on my lap, where he sat munching quietly. Mr. Jarndyce then withdrawing into the temporary Growlery, Miss Jellyby opened a conversation with her usual abruptness:

"We are going on just as bad as ever in Thavies Inn," said she. "I have no peace of my life. Talk of Africa! I couldn't be worse off if I was a what's-his-name—man and a brother!"

I tried to say something soothing.

"O, it's of no use, Miss Summerson," exclaimed Miss Jellyby, "though I thank you for the kind intention all the same. I know how I am used, and I am not to be talked over. *You* wouldn't be talked over, if you were used so. Peepy, go and play at Wild Beasts under the piano!"

"I shan't!" said Peepy.

"Very well, you ungrateful, naughty, hard-hearted boy!" returned Miss Jellyby, with tears in her eyes. "I'll never take pains to dress you any more."

"Yes, I will go, Caddy!" cried Peepy, who was really a good child, and who was so moved by his sister's vexation that he went at once.

"It seems a little thing to cry about," said poor Miss Jellyby, apologetically, "but I am quite worn out. I was directing the new circulars till two this morning. I detest the whole thing so, that that alone makes my head ache till I can't see out of my eyes. And look at that poor unfortunate child. Was there ever such a fright as he is!"

Peepy, happily unconscious of the defects in his appearance, sat on the carpet behind one of the legs of the piano, looking calmly out of his den at us, while he ate his cake.

"I have sent him to the other end of the room," observed Miss Jellyby, drawing her chair nearer ours, "because I don't want him to hear the conversation. Those little things are so sharp! I was going to say, we really are going on worse than ever. Pa will be a bankrupt before long, and then I hope Ma will be satisfied. There'll be nobody but Ma to thank for it."

We said we hoped Mr. Jellyby's affairs were not in so bad a state as that.

"It's of no use hoping, though it's very kind of you!" returned Miss Jellyby, shaking her head. "Pa told me, only yesterday morning, (and dreadfully unhappy he is) that he couldn't weather the storm. I should be surprised if he could. When all our tradesmen send into our house any stuff they like, and the servants do what they like with it, and I have no time to improve things if I knew how, and Ma don't care about anything, I should like to make out how Pa *is* to weather the storm. I declare if I was Pa, I'd run away!"

"My dear!" said I, smiling. "Your papa, no doubt, considers his family."

"O yes, his family is all very fine, Miss Summerson," replied Miss Jellyby; "but what comfort is his family to him? His family is nothing but bills, dirt, waste, noise, tumbles down stairs, confusion, and



wretchedness. His scrambling home, from week's-end to week's-end, is like one great washing-day—only nothing's washed!

Miss Jellyby tapped her foot upon the floor, and wiped her eyes.

"I am sure I pity Pa to that degree," she said, "and am so angry with Ma, that I can't find words to express myself! However, I am not going to bear it, I am determined. I won't be a slave all my life, and I won't submit to be proposed to by Mr. Quale. A pretty thing, indeed, to marry a Philanthropist. As if I hadn't had enough of *that!*" said poor Miss Jellyby.

I must confess that I could not help feeling rather angry with Mrs. Jellyby, myself; seeing and hearing this neglected girl, and knowing how much of bitterly satirical truth there was in what she said.

"If it wasn't that we had been intimate when you stopped at our house," pursued Miss Jellyby, "I should have been ashamed to come here to-day, for I know what a figure I must seem to you two. But, as it is, I made up my mind to call: especially as I am not likely to see you again, the next time you come to town."

She said this with such great significance that Ada and I glanced at one another, foreseeing something more.

"No!" said Miss Jellyby, shaking her head. "Not at all likely! I know I may trust you two. I am sure you won't betray me. I am engaged."

"Without their knowledge at home?" said I.

"Why, good gracious me, Miss Summerson," she returned, justifying herself in a fretful but not angry manner, "how can it be otherwise? You know what Ma is—and I needn't make poor Pa more miserable by telling *him*."

"But would it not be adding to his unhappiness, to marry without his knowledge or consent, my dear?" said I.

"No," said Miss Jellyby, softening. "I hope not. I should try to make him happy and comfortable when he came to see me; and Peepy and the others should take it in turns to come and stay with me; and they should have some care taken of them, then."

There was a good deal of affection in poor Caddy. She softened more and more while saying this, and cried so much over the unwonted little home-picture she had raised in her mind, that Peepy, in his cave under the piano, was touched, and turned himself over on his back with loud lamentations. It was not until I had brought him to kiss his sister, and had restored him to his place in my lap, and had shewn him that Caddy was laughing (she laughed expressly for the purpose), that we could recal his peace of mind; even then, it was for some time conditional on his taking us in turns by the chin, and smoothing our faces all over with his hand. At last, as his spirits were not yet equal to the piano, we put him on a chair to look out of window; and Miss Jellyby, holding him by one leg, resumed her confidence.

"It began in your coming to our house," she said.

We naturally asked how?

"I felt I was so awkward," she replied, "that I made up my mind to be improved in that respect, at all events, and to learn to dance. I told Ma I was ashamed of myself, and I must be taught to dance. Ma looked at me in that provoking way of hers as if I wasn't in sight; but, I was

quite determined to be taught to dance, and so I went to Mr. Turveydrop's Academy in Newman Street.

"And was it there, my dear ——" I began.

"Yes, it was there," said Caddy, "and I am engaged to Mr. Turveydrop. There are two Mr. Turveydrops, father and son. My Mr. Turveydrop is the son, of course. I only wish I had been better brought up, and was likely to make him a better wife; for I am very fond of him."

"I am sorry to hear this," said I, "I must confess."

"I don't know why you should be sorry," she retorted a little anxiously, "but I am engaged to Mr. Turveydrop, whether or no, and he is very fond of me. It's a secret as yet, even on his side, because old Mr. Turveydrop has a share in the connexion, and it might break his heart, or give him some other shock, if he was told of it abruptly. Old Mr. Turveydrop is a very gentlemanly man indeed—very gentlemanly."

"Does his wife know of it?" asked Ada.

"Old Mr. Turveydrop's wife, Miss Clare?" returned Miss Jellyby, opening her eyes. "There's no such person. He is a widower."

We were here interrupted by Peepy, whose leg had undergone so much on account of his sister's unconsciously jerking it like a bell-rope whenever she was emphatic, that the afflicted child now bemoaned his sufferings with a very low-spirited noise. As he appealed to me for compassion, and as I was only a listener, I undertook to hold him. Miss Jellyby proceeded, after begging Peepy's pardon with a kiss, and assuring him that she hadn't meant to do it.

"That's the state of the case," said Caddy. "If I ever blame myself, I still think it's Ma's fault. We are to be married whenever we can, and then I shall go to Pa at the office and write to Ma. It won't much agitate Ma: I am only pen and ink to her. One great comfort is," said Caddy, with a sob, "that I shall never hear of Africa after I am married. Young Mr. Turveydrop hates it for my sake; and if old Mr. Turveydrop knows there is such a place, it's as much as he does."

"It was he who was very gentlemanly, I think?" said I.

"Very gentlemanly, indeed," said Caddy. "He is celebrated, almost everywhere, for his Department."

"Does he teach?" asked Ada.

"No, he don't teach anything in particular," replied Caddy. "But his Department is beautiful."

Caddy went on to say, with considerable hesitation and reluctance, that there was one thing more she wished us to know, and felt we ought to know, and which she hoped would not offend us. It was, that she had improved her acquaintance with Miss Flite, the little crazy old lady; and that she frequently went there early in the morning, and met her lover for a few minutes before breakfast—only for a few minutes. "I go there, at other times," said Caddy, "but Prince does not come then. Young Mr. Turveydrop's name is Prince; I wish it wasn't, because it sounds like a dog, but of course he didn't christen himself. Old Mr. Turveydrop had him christened Prince, in remembrance of the Prince Regent. Old Mr. Turveydrop adored the Prince Regent on account of his Department. I hope you won't think the worse of me for having made these little appointments at Miss Flite's, where I first went with you; because I like the poor thing for her own sake and I believe she likes



me. If you could see young Mr. Turveydrop, I am sure you would think well of him—at least, I am sure you couldn't possibly think any ill of him. I am going there now, for my lesson. I couldn't ask you to go with me, Miss Summerson; but if you would," said Caddy, who had said all this, earnestly and tremblingly, "I should be very glad—very glad."

It happened that we had arranged with my Guardian to go to Miss Flite's that day. We had told him of our former visit, and our account had interested him; but something had always happened to prevent our going there again. As I trusted that I might have sufficient influence with Miss Jellyby to prevent her taking any very rash step, if I fully accepted the confidence she was so willing to place in me, poor girl, I proposed that she and I and Peepy should go to the Academy, and afterwards meet my guardian and Ada at Miss Flite's—whose name I now learnt for the first time. This was on condition that Miss Jellyby and Peepy should come back with us to dinner. The last article of the agreement being joyfully acceded to by both, we smartened Peepy up a little, with the assistance of a few pins, some soap and water, and a hair-brush; and went out: bending our steps towards Newman Street, which was very near.

I found the academy established in a sufficiently dingy house at the corner of an archway, with busts in all the staircase windows. In the same house there were also established, as I gathered from the plates on the door, a drawing-master, a coal-merchant (there was, certainly, no room for his coals), and a lithographic artist. On the plate which, in size and situation, took precedence of all the rest, I read MR. TURVEYDROP. The door was open, and the hall was blocked up by a grand piano, a harp, and several other musical instruments in cases, all in progress of removal, and all looking rakish in the daylight. Miss Jellyby informed me that the academy had been lent, last night, for a concert.

We went up-stairs—it had been quite a fine house once, when it was anybody's business to keep it clean and fresh, and nobody's business to smoke in it all day—and into Mr. Turveydrop's great room, which was built out into a mews at the back, and was lighted by a skylight. It was a bare, resounding room, smelling of stables; with cane forms along the walls; and the walls ornamented at regular intervals with painted lyres, and little cut-glass branches for candles, which seemed to be shedding their old-fashioned drops as other branches might shed autumn leaves. Several young lady pupils, ranging from thirteen or fourteen years of age to two or three and twenty, were assembled; and I was looking among them for their instructor, when Caddy, pinching my arm, repeated the ceremony of introduction. "Miss Summerson, Mr. Prince Turveydrop!"

I curtsied to a little blue-eyed fair man of youthful appearance, with flaxen hair parted in the middle, and curling at the ends all round his head. He had a little fiddle, which we used to call at school a kit, under his left arm, and its little bow in the same hand. His little dancing shoes were particularly diminutive, and he had a little innocent, feminine manner, which not only appealed to me in an amiable way, but made this singular effect upon me: that I received the impression that he was like his mother, and that his mother had not been much considered or well used.

"I am very happy to see Miss Jellyby's friend," he said, bowing low

to me. "I began to fear," with timid tenderness, "as it was past the usual time, that Miss Jellyby was not coming."

"I beg you will have the goodness to attribute that to me, who have detained her, and to receive my excuses, sir," said I.

"O dear!" said he.

"And pray," I entreated, "do not allow me to be the cause of any more delay."

With that apology I withdrew to a seat between Peepy (who, being well used to it, had already climbed into a corner place) and an old lady of a censorious countenance, whose two nieces were in the class, and who was very indignant with Peepy's boots. Prince Turveydrop then tinkled the strings of his kit with his fingers, and the young ladies stood up to dance. Just then, there appeared from a side-door, old Mr. Turveydrop, in the full lustre of his Department.

He was a fat old gentleman with a false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and a wig. He had a fur collar, and he had a padded breast to his coat, which only wanted a star or a broad blue ribbon to be complete. He was pinched in, and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down, as much as he could possibly bear. He had such a neck-cloth on (puffing his very eyes out of their natural shape), and his chin and even his ears so sunk into it, that it seemed as though he must inevitably double up, if it were cast loose. He had, under his arm, a hat of great size and weight, shelving downward from the crown to the brim; and in his hand a pair of white gloves, with which he flapped it, as he stood poised on one leg, in a high-shouldered round-elbowed state of elegance not to be surpassed. He had a cane, he had an eye-glass, he had a snuff-box, he had rings, he had wristbands, he had everything but any touch of nature; he was not like youth, he was not like age, he was like nothing in the world but a model of Department.

"Father! A visitor. Miss Jellyby's friend, Miss Summerson."

"Distinguished," said Mr. Turveydrop, "by Miss Summerson's presence." As he bowed to me in that tight state, I almost believed I saw creases come into the whites of his eyes.

"My father," said the son, aside, to me, with quite an affecting belief in him, "is a celebrated character. My father is greatly admired."

"Go on, Prince! Go on!" said Mr. Turveydrop, standing with his back to the fire, and waving his gloves condescendingly. "Go on, my son!"

At this command, or by this gracious permission, the lesson went on. Prince Turveydrop, sometimes, played the kit, dancing; sometimes played the piano, standing; sometimes hummed the tune with what little breath he could spare, while he set a pupil right; always conscientiously moved with the least profieient through every step and every part of the figure; and never rested for an instant. His distinguished father did nothing whatever, but stand before the fire, a model of Department.

"And he never does anything else," said the old lady of the censorious countenance. "Yet would you believe that it's *his* name on the doorplate?"

"His son's name is the same, you know," said I.

"He wouldn't let his son have any name, if he could take it from



him," returned the old lady. "Look at the son's dress!" It certainly was plain—threadbare—almost shabby. "Yet the father must be garished and tricked out," said the old lady, "because of his Department. I'd deport him! Transport him would be better!"

I felt curious to know more, concerning this person. I asked, "Does he give lessons in Department, now?"

"Now!" returned the old lady, shortly. "Never did."

After a moment's consideration, I suggested that perhaps fencing had been his accomplishment?

"I don't believe he can fence at all, ma'am," said the old lady.

I looked surprised and inquisitive. The old lady, becoming more and more incensed against the Master of Department as she dwelt upon the subject, gave me some particulars of his career, with strong assurances that they were mildly stated.

He had married a meek little dancing-mistress, with a tolerable connexion, (having never in his life before done anything but deport himself), and had worked her to death, or had, at the best, suffered her to work herself to death, to maintain him in those expenses which were indispensable to his position. At once to exhibit his Department to the best models, and to keep the best models constantly before himself, he had found it necessary to frequent all public places of fashionable and lounging resort; to be seen at Brighton and elsewhere at fashionable times; and to lead an idle life in the very best clothes. To enable him to do this, the affectionate little dancing-mistress had toiled and labored, and would have toiled and labored to that hour, if her strength had lasted so long. For, the main-spring of the story was, that, in spite of the man's absorbing selfishness, his wife (overpowered by his Department) had, to the last, believed in him, and had, on her death-bed, in the most moving terms, confided him to their son as one who had an inextinguishable claim upon him, and whom he could never regard with too much pride and deference. The son, inheriting his mother's belief, and having the Department always before him, had lived and grown in the same faith, and now, at thirty years of age, worked for his father twelve hours a-day, and looked up to him with veneration on the old imaginary pinnacle.

"The airs the fellow gives himself!" said my informant, shaking her head at old Mr. Turveydrop with speechless indignation as he drew on his tight gloves: of course unconscious of the homage she was rendering. "He fully believes he is one of the aristocracy! And he is so condescending to the son he so egregiously deludes, that you might suppose him the most virtuous of parents. O!" said the old lady, apostrophising him with infinite vehemence, "I could bite you!"

I could not help being amused, though I heard the old lady out with feelings of real concern. It was difficult to doubt her, with the father and son before me. What I might have thought of them without the old lady's account, or what I might have thought of the old lady's account without them, I cannot say. There was a fitness of things in the whole that carried conviction with it.

My eyes were yet wandering, from young Mr. Turveydrop working so hard to old Mr. Turveydrop deporting himself so beautifully, when the latter came ambling up to me, and entered into conversation.

He asked me, first of all, whether I conferred a charm and a distinction

on London by residing in it? I did not think it necessary to reply that I was perfectly aware I should not do that, in any case, but merely told him where I did reside.

"A lady so graceful and accomplished," he said, kissing his right glove, and afterwards extending it towards the pupils, "will look leniently on the deficiencies here. We do our best to polish—polish—polish!"

He sat down beside me; taking some pains to sit on the form, I thought, in imitation of the print of his illustrious model on the sofa. And really he did look very like it.

"To polish—polish—polish!" he repeated, taking a pinch of snuff and gently fluttering his fingers. "But we are not—if I may say so, to one formed to be graceful both by Nature and Art;" with the high-shouldered bow, which it seemed impossible for him to make without lifting up his eyebrows and shutting his eyes—"we are not what we used to be in point of Department."

"Are we not, sir?" said I.

"We have degenerated," he returned, shaking his head, which he could do, to a very limited extent, in his cravat. "A levelling age is not favorable to Department. It develops vulgarity. Perhaps I speak with some little partiality. It may not be for me to say that I have been called, for some years now, Gentleman Turveydrop; or that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent did me the honor to inquire, on my removing my hat as he drove out of the Pavilion at Brighton (that fine building), 'Who is he? Who the Devil is he? Why don't I know him? Why hasn't he thirty thousand a year?' But these are little matters of anecdote—the general property, ma'am,—still repeated, occasionally, among the upper classes."

"Indeed?" said I.

He replied with the high-shouldered bow. "Where what is left among us of Department," he added, "still lingers. England—alas, my country!—has degenerated very much, and is degenerating every day. She has not many gentlemen left. We are few. I see nothing to succeed us, but a race of weavers."

"One might hope that the race of gentlemen would be perpetuated here," said I.

"You are very good," he smiled, with the high-shouldered bow again. "You flatter me. But, no—no! I have never been able to imbue my poor boy with that part of his art. Heaven forbid that I should disparage my dear child, but he has—no Department."

"He appears to be an excellent master," I observed.

"Understand me, my dear madam, he *is* an excellent master. All that can be acquired, he has acquired. All that can be imparted, he can impart. But there *are* things"—he took another pinch of snuff and made the bow again, as if to add, "this kind of thing, for instance."

I glanced towards the centre of the room, where Miss Jellyby's lover, now engaged with single pupils, was undergoing greater drudgery than ever.

"My amiable child," murmured Mr. Turveydrop, adjusting his cravat.

"Your son is indefatigable," said I.

"It is my reward," said Mr. Turveydrop, "to hear you say so. In



some respects, he treads in the footsteps of his sainted mother. She was a devoted creature. But Wooman, lovely Wooman," said Mr. Turveydrop, with very disagreeable gallantry, "what a sex you are!"

I rose and joined Miss Jellyby, who was, by this time, putting on her bonnet. The time allotted to a lesson having fully elapsed, there was a general putting on of bonnets. When Miss Jellyby and the unfortunate Prince found an opportunity to become betrothed I don't know, but they certainly found none, on this occasion, to exchange a dozen words.

"My dear," said Mr. Turveydrop benignly to his son, "do you know the hour?"

"No, father." The son had no watch. The father had a handsome gold one, which he pulled out, with an air that was an example to mankind.

"My son," said he, "it's two o'clock. Recollect your school at Kensington at three."

"That's time enough for me, father," said Prince. "I can take a morsel of dinner, standing, and be off."

"My dear boy," returned his father, "you must be very quick. You will find the cold mutton on the table."

"Thank you, father. Are *you* off now, father?"

"Yes, my dear. I suppose," said Mr. Turveydrop, shutting his eyes and lifting up his shoulders, with modest consciousness, "that I must show myself, as usual, about town."

"You had better dine out comfortably, somewhere," said his son.

"My dear child, I intend to. I shall take my little meal, I think, at the French house, in the Opera Colonnade."

"That's right. Good bye, father!" said Prince, shaking hands.

"Good bye, my son. Bless you!"

Mr. Turveydrop said this in quite a pious manner, and it seemed to do his son good; who, in parting from him, was so pleased with him, so dutiful to him, and so proud of him, that I almost felt as if it were an unkindness to the younger man not to be able to believe implicitly in the elder. The few moments that were occupied by Prince in taking leave of us (and particularly of one of us, as I saw, being in the secret), enhanced my favorable impression of his almost childish character. I felt a liking for him, and a compassion for him, as he put his little kit in his pocket—and with it his desire to stay a little while with Caddy—and went away good-humouredly to his cold mutton and his school at Kensington, that made me scarcely less irate with his father than the censorious old lady.

The father opened the room door for us, and bowed us out, in a manner, I must acknowledge, worthy of his shining original. In the same style he presently passed us on the other side of the street, on his way to the aristocratic part of the town, where he was going to show himself among the few other gentlemen left. For some moments, I was so lost in reconsidering what I had heard and seen in Newman Street, that I was quite unable to talk to Caddy, or even to fix my attention on what she said to me: especially, when I began to inquire in my mind whether there were, or ever had been, any other gentlemen, not in the dancing profession, who lived and founded a reputation entirely on their Department. This became so bewildering, and suggested the possibility of so many

Mr. Turveydrops, that I said, "Esther, you must make up your mind to abandon this subject altogether, and attend to Caddy." I accordingly did so, and we chatted all the rest of the way to Lincoln's Inn.

Caddy told me that her lover's education had been so neglected, that it was not always easy to read his notes. She said, if he were not so anxious about his spelling, and took less pains to make it clear, he would do better; but he put so many unnecessary letters into short words, that they sometimes quite lost their English appearance. "He does it with the best intentions," observed Caddy, "but it hasn't the effect he means, poor fellow!" Caddy then went on to reason, how could he be expected to be a scholar, when he had passed his whole life in the dancing-school, and had done nothing but teach and fag, fag and teach, morning, noon, and night! And what did it matter? She could write letters enough for both, as she knew to her cost, and it was far better for him to be amiable than learned. "Besides, it's not as if I was an accomplished girl who had any right to give herself airs," said Caddy. "I know little enough, I am sure, thanks to Ma!"

"There's another thing I want to tell you, now we are alone," continued Caddy, "which I should not have liked to mention unless you had seen Prince, Miss Summerson. You know what a house ours is. It's of no use my trying to learn anything that it would be useful for Prince's wife to know, in *our* house. We live in such a state of muddle that it's impossible, and I have only been more disheartened whenever I have tried. So, I get a little practice with—who do you think? Poor Miss Flite! Early in the morning, I help her to tidy her room, and clean her birds; and I make her cup of coffee for her (of course she taught me), and I have learnt to make it so well that Prince says it's the very best coffee he ever tasted, and would quite delight old Mr. Turveydrop, who is very particular indeed about his coffee. I can make little puddings too; and I know how to buy neck of mutton, and tea, and sugar, and butter, and a good many housekeeping things. I am not clever at my needle, yet," said Caddy, glancing at the repairs on Peepy's frock, "but perhaps I shall improve. And since I have been engaged to Prince, and have been doing all this, I have felt better-tempered, I hope, and more forgiving to Ma. It rather put me out, at first this morning, to see you and Miss Clare looking so neat and pretty, and to feel ashamed of Peepy and myself too; but, on the whole, I hope I am better-tempered than I was, and more forgiving to Ma."

The poor girl, trying so hard, said it from her heart, and touched mine. "Caddy, my love," I replied, "I begin to have a great affection for you, and I hope we shall become friends." "Oh, do you?" cried Caddy; "how happy that would make me!" "My dear Caddy," said I, "let us be friends from this time, and let us often have a chat about these matters, and try to find the right way through them." Caddy was overjoyed. I said everything I could, in my old-fashioned way, to comfort and encourage her; and I would not have objected to old Mr. Turveydrop, that day, for any smaller consideration than a settlement on his daughter-in-law.

By this time, we were come to Mr. Krook's, whose private door stood open. There was a bill, pasted on the door-post, announcing a room to let on the second floor. It reminded Caddy to tell me as we proceeded



up-stairs, that there had been a sudden death there, and an inquest; and that our little friend had been ill of the fright. The door and window of the vacant room being open, we looked in. It was the room with the dark door, to which Miss Flite had secretly directed my attention when I was last in the house. A sad and desolate place it was; a gloomy, sorrowful place, that gave me a strange sensation of mournfulness and even dread. "You look pale," said Caddy, when we came out, "and cold!" I felt as if the room had chilled me.

We had walked slowly, while we were talking; and my guardian and Ada were here before us. We found them in Miss Flite's garret. They were looking at the birds, while a medical gentleman who was so good as to attend Miss Flite with much solicitude and compassion, spoke with her cheerfully by the fire.

"I have finished my professional visit," he said, coming forward. "Miss Flite is much better, and may appear in court (as her mind is set upon it) to-morrow. She has been greatly missed there, I understand."

Miss Flite received the compliment with complacency, and dropped a general curtsy to us.

"Honored, indeed," said she, "by another visit from the Wards in Jarndyce! Ve-ry happy to receive Jarndyce of Bleak House beneath my humble roof!" with a special curtsy. "Fitz-Jarndyce, my dear;" she had bestowed that name on Caddy, it appeared, and always called her by it; "a double welcome!"

"Has she been very ill?" asked Mr. Jarndyce of the gentleman whom we had found in attendance on her. She answered for herself directly, though he had put the question in a whisper.

"O decidedly unwell! O very unwell indeed," she said, confidentially. "Not pain, you know—trouble. Not bodily so much as nervous, nervous! The truth is," in a subdued voice and trembling, "we have had death here. There was poison in the house. I am very susceptible to such horrid things. It frightened me. Only Mr. Woodcourt knows how much. My physician, Mr. Woodcourt!" with great stateliness. "The Wards in Jarndyce—Jarndyce of Bleak House—Fitz-Jarndyce!"

"Miss Flite," said Mr. Woodcourt, in a grave kind voice as if he were appealing to her while speaking to us; and laying his hand gently on her arm; "Miss Flite describes her illness with her usual accuracy. She was alarmed by an occurrence in the house which might have alarmed a stronger person, and was made ill by the distress and agitation. She brought me here, in the first hurry of the discovery, though too late for me to be of any use to the unfortunate man. I have compensated myself for that disappointment by coming here since, and being of some small use to her."

"The kindest physician in the college," whispered Miss Flite to me. "I expect a Judgment. On the day of Judgment. And shall then confer estates."

"She will be as well, in a day or two," said Mr. Woodcourt, looking at her with an observant smile, "as she ever will be. In other words, quite well of course. Have you heard of her good fortune?"

"Most extraordinary!" said Miss Flite, smiling brightly. "You never heard of such a thing, my dear! Every Saturday, Conversation Kenge, or Guppy (clerk to Conversation K.), places in my hand a paper of shillings.

Shillings. I assure you! Always the same number in the paper. Always one for every day in the week. Now you know, really! So well-timed, is it not? Ye-es! From whence do these papers come, you say? That is the great question. Naturally. Shall I tell you what *I* think? *I* think," said Miss Flite, drawing herself back with a very shrewd look, and shaking her right forefinger in a most significant manner, "that the Lord Chancellor, aware of the length of time during which the Great Seal has been open, (for it has been open a long time!) forwards them. Until the Judgment I expect, is given. Now that's very creditable, you know. To confess in that way that he *is* a little slow for human life. So delicate! Attending Court the other day—I attend it regularly—with my documents—I taxed him with it, and he almost confessed. That is, I smiled at him from my bench, and *he* smiled at me from his bench. But it's great good fortune, is it not? And Fitz-Jarndyce lays the money out for me to great advantage. O, I assure you to the greatest advantage!"

I congratulated her (as she addressed herself to me) upon this fortunate addition to her income, and wished her a long continuance of it. I did not speculate upon the source from which it came, or wonder whose humanity was so considerate. My Guardian stood before me, contemplating the birds, and I had no need to look beyond him.

"And what do you call these little fellows, ma'am?" said he in his pleasant voice. "Have they any names?"

"I can answer for Miss Flite that they have," said I, "for she promised to tell us what they were. Ada remembers?"

Ada remembered very well.

"Did I?" said Miss Flite.—"Who's that at my door? What are you listening at my door for, Krook?"

The old man of the house, pushing it open before him, appeared there with his fur-cap in his hand, and his cat at his heels.

"I warn't listening, Miss Flite," he said. "I was going to give a rap with my knuckles, only you're so quick!"

"Make your cat go down. Drive her away!" the old lady angrily exclaimed.

"Bah bah!—There ain't no danger, gentlefolks," said Mr. Krook, looking slowly and sharply from one to another, until he had looked at all of us; "she'd never offer at the birds when I was here, unless I told her to it."

"You will excuse my landlord," said the old lady with a dignified air. "M, quite M! What do you want, Krook, when I have company?"

"Hi!" said the old man. "You know I am the Chancellor."

"Well?" returned Miss Flite. "What of that?"

"For the Chancellor," said the old man, with a chuckle, "not to be acquainted with a Jarndyce is queer, ain't it, Miss Flite? Mightn't I take the liberty?—Your servant, sir. I know Jarndyce and Jarndyce a'most as well as you do, sir. I knowed old Squire Tom, sir. I never to my knowledge see you afore though, not even in court. Yet, I go there a mortal sight of times in the course of the year, taking one day with another."

"I never go there," said Mr. Jarndyce (which he never did on any consideration). "I would sooner go—somewhere else."

"Would you though?" returned Krook, grinning. "You're bearing



hard upon my noble and learned brother in your meaning, sir; though, perhaps, it is but nat'ral in a Jarndyce. The burnt child, sir! What, you're looking at my lodger's birds, Mr. Jarndyce?" The old man had come by little and little into the room, until he now touched my Guardian with his elbow, and looked close up into his face with his spectacled eyes. "It's one of her strange ways, that she'll never tell the names of these birds if she can help it, though she named 'em all." This was in a whisper. "Shall I run 'em over, Flite?" he asked aloud, winking at us and pointing at her as she turned away, affecting to sweep the grate."

"If you like," she answered hurriedly.

The old man, looking up at the cages, after another look at us, went through the list.

"Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach. That's the whole collection," said the old man, "all cooped up together, by my noble and learned brother."

"This is a bitter wind!" muttered my Guardian.

"When my noble and learned brother gives his Judgment, they're to be let go free," said Krook, winking at us again. "And then," he added, whispering and grinning, "if that ever was to happen—which it won't—the birds that have never been caged would kill 'em."

"If ever the wind was in the east," said my Guardian, pretending to look out of the window for a weathercock, "I think it's there to-day!"

We found it very difficult to get away from the house. It was not Miss Flite who detained us; she was as reasonable a little creature in consulting the convenience of others, as there possibly could be. It was Mr. Krook. He seemed unable to detach himself from Mr. Jarndyce. If he had been linked to him, he could hardly have attended him more closely. He proposed to show us his Court of Chancery, and all the strange medley it contained; during the whole of our inspection (prolonged by himself) he kept close to Mr. Jarndyce, and sometimes detained him, under one pretence or other, until we had passed on, as if he were tormented by an inclination to enter upon some secret subject, which he could not make up his mind to approach. I cannot imagine a countenance and manner more singularly expressive of caution and indecision, and a perpetual impulse to do something he could not resolve to venture on, than Mr. Krook's was, that day. His watchfulness of my Guardian was incessant. He rarely removed his eyes from his face. If he went on beside him, he observed him with the slyness of an old white fox. If he went before, he looked back. When we stood still, he got opposite to him, and drawing his hand across and across his open mouth with a curious expression of a sense of power, and turning up his eyes, and lowering his grey eyebrows until they appeared to be shut, seemed to scan every lineament of his face.

At last, having been (always attended by the cat) all over the house, and having seen the whole stock of miscellaneous lumber, which was certainly curious, we came into the back part of the shop. Here, on the head of an empty barrel stood on end, were an ink-bottle, some old stumps of pens, and some dirty playbills; and, against the wall, were pasted several large printed alphabets in several plain hands.

"What are you doing here?" asked my Guardian.

"Trying to learn myself to read and write," said Krook.

"And how do you get on?"

"Slow. Bad," returned the old man, impatiently. "It's hard at my time of life."

"It would be easier to be taught by some one," said my Guardian.

"Aye, but they might teach me wrong!" returned the old man, with a wonderfully suspicious flash of his eye. "I don't know what I may have lost, by not being learn'd afore. I wouldn't like to lose anything by being learn'd wrong now."

"Wrong?" said my Guardian, with his good-humoured smile. "Who do you suppose would teach you wrong?"

"I don't know, Mr. Jarndyce of Bleak House!" replied the old man, turning up his spectacles on his forehead, and rubbing his hands. "I don't suppose as anybody would—but I'd rather trust my own self than another!"

These answers, and his manner, were strange enough to cause my Guardian to enquire of Mr. Woodcourt, as we all walked across Lincoln's Inn together, whether Mr. Krook were really, as his lodger represented him, deranged? The young surgeon replied, no, he had seen no reason to think so. He was exceedingly distrustful, as ignorance usually was, and he was always more or less under the influence of raw gin: of which he drank great quantities, and of which he and his back-shop, as we might have observed, smelt strongly; but he did not think him mad, as yet.

On our way home, I so conciliated Peepy's affections by buying him a windmill and two flour-sacks, that he would suffer nobody else to take off his hat and gloves, and would sit nowhere at dinner but at my side. Caddy sat upon the other side of me, next to Ada, to whom we imparted the whole history of the engagement as soon as we got back. We made much of Caddy, and Peepy too; and Caddy brightened exceedingly; and my Guardian was as merry as we were; and we were all very happy indeed; until Caddy went home at night in a hackney-coach, with Peepy fast asleep, but holding tight to the windmill.

I have forgotten to mention—at least I have not mentioned—that Mr. Woodcourt was the same dark young surgeon whom we had met at Mr. Badger's. Or, that Mr. Jarndyce invited him to dinner that day. Or, that he came. Or, that when they were all gone, and I said to Ada, "Now, my darling, let us have a little talk about Richard!" Ada laughed and said—

"But, I don't think it matters what my darling said. She was always merry."



## CHAPTER XV.

## BELL YARD.

WHILE we were in London, Mr. Jarndyce was constantly beset by the crowd of exciteable ladies and gentlemen whose proceedings had so much astonished us. Mr. Quale, who presented himself soon after our arrival, was in all such excitements. He seemed to project those two shining knobs of temples of his into everything that went on, and to brush his hair farther and farther back, until the very roots were almost ready to fly out of his head in inappeasable philanthropy. All objects were alike to him, but he was always particularly ready for anything in the way of a testimonial to any one. His great power seemed to be his power of indiscriminate admiration. He would sit, for any length of time, with the utmost enjoyment, bathing his temples in the light of any order of luminary. Having first seen him perfectly swallowed up in admiration of Mrs. Jellyby, I had supposed her to be the absorbing object of his devotion. I soon discovered my mistake, and found him to be train-bearer and organ-blower to a whole procession of people.

Mrs. Pardiggle came one day for a subscription to something—and with her, Mr. Quale. Whatever Mrs. Pardiggle said, Mr. Quale repeated to us; and just as he had drawn Mrs. Jellyby out, he drew Mrs. Pardiggle out. Mrs. Pardiggle wrote a letter of introduction to my Guardian, in behalf of her eloquent friend, Mr. Gusher. With Mr. Gusher, appeared Mr. Quale again. Mr. Gusher, being a flabby gentleman with a moist surface, and eyes so much too small for his moon of a face that they seemed to have been originally made for somebody else, was not at first sight prepossessing; yet, he was scarcely seated, before Mr. Quale asked Ada and me, not inaudibly, whether he was not a great creature—which he certainly was, flabbily speaking; though Mr. Quale meant in intellectual beauty—and whether we were not struck by his massive configuration of brow? In short, we heard of a great many Missions of various sorts, among this set of people; but, nothing respecting them was half so clear to us, as that it was Mr. Quale's mission to be in ecstasies with everybody else's mission, and that it was the most popular mission of all.

Mr. Jarndyce had fallen into this company, in the tenderness of his heart and his earnest desire to do all the good in his power; but, that he felt it to be too often an unsatisfactory company, where benevolence took spasmodic forms; where charity was assumed, as a regular uniform, by loud professors and speculators in cheap notoriety, vehement in profession, restless and vain in action, servile in the last degree of meanness to the great, adulatory of one another, and intolerable to those who were anxious quietly to help the weak from falling, rather than with a great deal of bluster and self-laudation to raise them up a little way when they were down; he plainly told us. When a testimonial was originated to Mr. Quale, by Mr. Gusher (who had already got one, originated by Mr. Quale), and when Mr. Gusher spoke for an hour and a half on the subject to a

meeting, including two charity schools of small boys and girls, who were specially reminded of the widow's mite, and requested to come forward with half-pence and be acceptable sacrifices; I think the wind was in the east for three whole weeks.

I mention this, because I am coming to Mr. Skimpole again. It seemed to me, that his off-hand professions of childishness and carelessness were a great relief to my guardian, by contrast with such things, and were the more readily believed in; since, to find one perfectly undesigning and candid man, among many opposites, could not fail to give him pleasure. I should be sorry to imply that Mr. Skimpole divined this, and was politic: I really never understood him well enough to know. What he was to my Guardian, he certainly was to the rest of the world.

He had not been very well; and thus, though he lived in London, we had seen nothing of him until now. He appeared one morning, in his usual agreeable way, and as full of pleasant spirits as ever.

Well, he said, here he was! He had been bilious, but rich men were often bilious, and therefore he had been persuading himself that he was a man of property. So he was, in a certain point of view—in his expansive intentions. He had been enriching his medical attendant in the most lavish manner. He had always doubled, and sometimes quadrupled, his fees. He had said to the doctor, "Now, my dear doctor, it is quite a delusion on your part to suppose that you attend me for nothing. I am overwhelming you with money—in my expansive intentions—if you only knew it!" And really (he said) he meant it to that degree, that he thought it much the same as doing it. If he had had those bits of metal or thin paper to which mankind attached so much importance, to put in the doctor's hand, he would have put them in the doctor's hand. Not having them, he substituted the will for the deed. Very well! If he really meant it—if his will were genuine and real: which it was—it appeared to him that it was the same as coin, and cancelled the obligation.

"It may be, partly, because I know nothing of the value of money," said Mr. Skimpole, "but I often feel this. It seems so reasonable! My butcher says to me, he wants that little bill. It's a part of the pleasant unconscious poetry of the man's nature, that he always calls it a 'little' bill—to make the payment appear easy to both of us. I reply to the butcher, My good friend, if you knew it you are paid. You haven't had the trouble of coming to ask for the little bill. You are paid, I mean it."

"But, suppose," said my Guardian, laughing, "he had meant the meat in the bill, instead of providing it?"

"My dear Jarndyce," he returned, "you surprise me. You take the butcher's position. A butcher I once dealt with, occupied that very ground. Says he, 'Sir, why did you eat spring lamb at eighteen-pence a pound?' 'Why did I eat spring lamb at eighteen-pence a pound, my honest friend?' said I, naturally amazed by the question. 'I like spring lamb!' This was so far convincing. 'Well, sir,' says he, 'I wish I had meant the lamb as you mean the money!' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'pray let us reason like intellectual beings. How could that be? It was impossible. You *had* got the lamb, and I have *not* got the money. You couldn't really mean the lamb without sending it in, whereas I can,



and do, really mean the money without paying it!' He had not a word. There was an end of the subject."

"Did he take no legal proceedings?" inquired my Guardian.

"Yes, he took legal proceedings," said Mr. Skimpole. "But, in that, he was influenced by passion; not by reason. Passion reminds me of Boythorn. He writes me that you and the ladies have promised him a short visit at his bachelor-house in Lincolnshire."

"He is a great favorite with my girls," said Mr. Jarndyce, "and I have promised for them."

"Nature forgot to shade him off, I think?" observed Mr. Skimpole to Ada and me. "A little too boisterous—like the sea? A little too vehement—like a bull, who has made up his mind to consider every color scarlet? But, I grant a sledge-hammering sort of merit in him!"

I should have been surprised if those two could have thought very highly of one another; Mr. Boythorn attaching so much importance to many things, and Mr. Skimpole caring so little for anything. Besides which, I had noticed Mr. Boythorn more than once on the point of breaking out into some strong opinion, when Mr. Skimpole was referred to. Of course I merely joined Ada in saying that we had been greatly pleased with him.

"He has invited me," said Mr. Skimpole; "and if a child may trust himself in such hands: which the present child is encouraged to do, with the united tenderness of two angels to guard him: I shall go. He proposes to frank me down and back again. I suppose it will cost money? Shillings perhaps? Or pounds? Or something of that sort? By the bye. Coavinses. You remember our friend Coavinses, Miss Summerson?"

He asked me, as the subject arose in his mind, in his graceful light-hearted manner, and without the least embarrassment.

"O yes!" said I.

"Coavinses has been arrested by the great Bailiff," said Mr. Skimpole. "He will never do violence to the sunshine any more."

It quite shocked me to hear it; for, I had already recalled, with anything but a serious association, the image of the man sitting on the sofa that night, wiping his head.

"His successor informed me of it yesterday," said Mr. Skimpole, "His successor is in my house now—in possession, I think he calls it. He came yesterday, on my blue-eyed daughter's birthday. I put it to him, 'This is unreasonable and inconvenient. If you had a blue-eyed daughter you wouldn't like *me* to come, uninvited, on *her* birthday?' But, he stayed."

Mr. Skimpole laughed at the pleasant absurdity, and lightly touched the piano by which he was seated.

"And he told me," he said, playing little chords where I shall put full stops, "That Coavinses had left. Three children. No mother. And that Coavinses profession. Being unpopular. The rising Coavinses. Were at a considerable disadvantage."

Mr. Jarndyce got up, rubbing his head, and began to walk about. Mr. Skimpole played the melody of one of Ada's favorite songs. Ada and I both looked at Mr. Jarndyce, thinking that we knew what was passing in his mind.

After walking, and stopping, and several times leaving off rubbing his head, and beginning again, my Guardian put his hand upon the keys and

stopped Mr. Skimpole's playing. "I don't like this, Skimpole," he said, thoughtfully.

Mr. Skimpole, who had quite forgotten the subject, looked up surprised.

"The man was necessary," pursued my Guardian, walking backward and forward in the very short space between the piano and the end of the room, and rubbing his hair up from the back of his head as if a high east wind had blown it into that form. "If we make such men necessary by our faults and follies, or by our want of worldly knowledge, or by our misfortunes, we must not revenge ourselves upon them. There was no harm in his trade. He maintained his children. One would like to know more about this."

"O! Coavinses?" cried Mr. Skimpole, at length perceiving what he meant. "Nothing easier. A walk to Coavinses head-quarters, and you can know what you will."

Mr. Jarndyce nodded to us, who were only waiting for the signal. "Come! We will walk that way, my dears. Why not that way, as soon as another!" We were quickly ready, and went out. Mr. Skimpole went with us, and quite enjoyed the expedition. It was so new and so refreshing, he said, for him to want Coavinses, instead of Coavinses wanting him!

He took us, first, to Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, where there was a house with barred windows, which he called Coavinses Castle. On our going into the entry and ringing a bell, a very hideous boy came out of a sort of office, and looked at us over a spiked wicket.

"Who did you want?" said the boy, fitting two of the spikes into his chin.

"There was a follower, or an officer, or something, here," said Mr. Jarndyce, "who is dead."

"Yes?" said the boy. "Well?"

"I want to know his name, if you please?"

"Name of Neckett," said the boy.

"And his address?"

"Bell Yard," said the boy. "Chandler's shop, left hand side, name of Blinder."

"Was he—I don't know how to shape the question," murmured my guardian—"industrious?"

"Was Neckett?" said the boy. "Yes, very much so. He was never tired of watching. He'd set upon a post at a street corner, eight or ten hours at a stretch, if he undertook to do it."

"He might have done worse," I heard my Guardian soliloquize. "He might have undertaken to do it, and not done it. Thank you. That's all I want."

We left the boy, with his head on one side, and his arms on the gate, fondling and sucking the spikes; and went back to Lincoln's Inn, where Mr. Skimpole, who had not cared to remain nearer Coavinses, awaited us. Then, we all went to Bell Yard: a narrow alley, at a very short distance. We soon found the chandler's shop. In it, was a good-natured-looking old woman, with a dropsy, or an asthma, or perhaps both.

"Neckett's children?" said she, in reply to my inquiry. "Yes, surely, miss. Three pair, if you please. Door right opposite the top of the stairs." And she handed me a key across the counter.



I glanced at the key, and glanced at her; but, she took it for granted that I knew what to do with it. As it could only be intended for the children's door, I came out, without asking any more questions, and led the way up the dark stairs. We went as quietly as we could; but, four of us made some noise on the aged boards; and, when we came to the second story, we found we had disturbed a man who was standing there, looking out of his room.

"Is it Gridley that's wanted?" he said, fixing his eyes on me with an angry stare.

"No, sir," said I, "I am going higher up."

He looked at Ada, and at Mr. Jarndyce, and at Mr. Skimpole: fixing the same angry stare on each in succession, as they passed and followed me. Mr. Jarndyce gave him good day. "Good day!" he said, abruptly, and fiercely. He was a tall sallow man, with a care-worn head, on which but little hair remained, a deeply-lined face, and prominent eyes. He had a combative look; and a chafing, irritable manner, which, associated with his figure—still large and powerful, though evidently in its decline—rather alarmed me. He had a pen in his hand, and, in the glimpse I caught of his room in passing, I saw that it was covered with a litter of papers.

Leaving him standing there, we went up to the top room. I tapped at the door, and a little shrill voice inside said, "We are locked in. Mrs. Blinder's got the key!"

I applied the key on hearing this, and opened the door. In a poor room with a sloping ceiling, and containing very little furniture, was a mite of a boy, some five or six years old, nursing and hushing a heavy child of eighteen months. There was no fire, though the weather was cold; both children were wrapped in some poor shawls and tippets, as a substitute. Their clothing was not so warm, however, but that their noses looked red and pinched, and their small figures shrunken, as the boy walked up and down, nursing and hushing the child with its head on his shoulder.

"Who has locked you up here alone?" we naturally asked.

"Charley," said the boy, standing still to gaze at us.

"Is Charley your brother?"

"No. She's my sister, Charlotte. Father called her Charley."

"Are there any more of you besides Charley?"

"Me," said the boy, "and Emma," patting the limp bonnet of the child he was nursing. "And Charley."

"Where is Charley now?"

"Out a washing," said the boy, beginning to walk up and down again, and taking the nankeen bonnet much too near the bedstead, by trying to gaze at us at the same time.

We were looking at one another, and at these two children, when there came into the room a very little girl, childish in figure but shrewd and older-looking in the face—pretty-faced too—wearing a womanly sort of bonnet much too large for her, and drying her bare arms on a womanly sort of apron. Her fingers were white and wrinkled with washing, and the soap-suds were yet smoking which she wiped off her arms. But for this, she might have been a child, playing at washing, and imitating a poor working woman with a quick observation of the truth.

She had come running from some place in the neighbourhood, and had

made all the haste she could. Consequently, though she was very light, she was out of breath, and could not speak at first, as she stood panting, and wiping her arms, and looking quietly at us.

"O, here's Charley!" said the boy.

The child he was nursing, stretched forth its arms, and cried out to be taken by Charley. The little girl took it, in a womanly sort of manner belonging to the apron and the bonnet, and stood looking at us over the burden that clung to her most affectionately.

"Is it possible," whispered my Guardian, as we put a chair for the little creature, and got her to sit down with her load: the boy keeping close to her, holding to her apron, "that this child works for the rest? Look at this! For God's sake look at this!"

It was a thing to look at. The three children close together, and two of them relying solely on the third, and the third so young and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure.

"Charley, Charley!" said my Guardian. "How old are you?"

"Over thirteen, sir," replied the child.

"O! What a great age," said my Guardian. "What a great age, Charley!"

I cannot describe the tenderness with which he spoke to her; half playfully, yet all the more compassionately and mournfully.

"And do you live alone here with these babies, Charley?" said my Guardian.

"Yes, sir," returned the child, looking up into his face with perfect confidence, "since father died."

"And how do you live, Charley? O! Charley," said my Guardian, turning his face away for a moment, "how do you live?"

"Since father died, sir, I've gone out to work. I'm out washing to-day."

"God help you, Charley!" said my Guardian. "You're not tall enough to reach the tub!"

"In pattens I am, sir," she said quickly. "I've got a high pair as belonged to mother."

"And when did mother die? Poor mother!"

"Mother died, just after Emma was born," said the child, glancing at the face upon her bosom. "Then, father said I was to be as good a mother to her as I could. And so I tried. And so I worked at home, and did cleaning and nursing and washing, for a long time before I began to go out. And that's how I know how; don't you see, sir?"

"And do you often go out?"

"As often as I can," said Charley, opening her eyes, and smiling, "because of earning sixpences and shillings!"

"And do you always lock the babies up when you go out?"

"To keep 'em safe, sir, don't you see?" said Charley. "Mrs. Blinder comes up now and then, and Mr. Gridley comes up sometimes, and perhaps I can run in sometimes, and they can play you know, and Tom an't afraid of being locked up, are you, Tom?"

"No-o!" said Tom, stoutly.

"When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright—almost quite bright. Don't they, Tom?"



"Yes, Charley," said Tom, "almost quite bright."

"Then he's as good as gold," said the little creature—O! in such a motherly, womanly way! "And when Emma's tired, he puts her to bed. And when he's tired, he goes to bed himself. And when I come home and light the candle, and has a bit of supper, he sits up again and has it with me. Don't you, Tom?"

"O yes, Charley!" said Tom. "That I do!" And either in this glimpse of the great pleasure of his life, or in gratitude and love for Charley, who was all in all to him, he laid his face among the scanty folds of her frock, and passed from laughing into crying.

It was the first time since our entry, that a tear had been shed among these children. The little orphan girl had spoken of their father, and their mother, as if all that sorrow were subdued by the necessity of taking courage, and by her childish importance in being able to work, and by her bustling busy way. But, now, when Tom cried; although she sat quite tranquil, looking quietly at us, and did not by any movement disturb a hair of the head of either of her little charges; I saw two silent tears fall down her face.

I stood at the window with Ada, pretending to look at the housetops, and the blackened stacks of chimnies, and the poor plants, and the birds in little cages belonging to the neighbours, when I found that Mrs. Blinder, from the shop below, had come in (perhaps it had taken her all this time to get up stairs) and was talking to my Guardian.

"It's not much to forgive 'em the rent, sir," she said: "who could take it from them!"

"Well, well!" said my Guardian to us two. "It is enough that the time will come when this good woman will find that it *was* much, and that forasmuch as she did it unto the least of these—! This child," he added, after a few moments, "could she possibly continue this?"

"Really, sir, I think she might," said Mrs. Blinder, getting her heavy breath by painful degrees. "She's as handy as it's possible to be. Bless you, sir, the way she tended them two children, after the mother died, was the talk of the yard! And it was a wonder to see her with him after he was took ill, it really was! 'Mrs. Blinder,' he said to me the very last he spoke—he was lying there—'Mrs. Blinder, whatever my calling may have been, I see a Angel sitting in this room last night along with my child, and I trust her to Our Father!'"

"He had no other calling?" said my Guardian.

"No, sir," returned Mrs. Blinder, "he was nothing but a follerer. When he first came to lodge here, I didn't know what he was, and I confess that when I found out I gave him notice. It wasn't liked in the yard. It wasn't approved by the other lodgers. It is *not* a genteel calling," said Mrs. Blinder, "and most people do object to it. Mr. Gridley objected to it, very strong; and he is a good lodger, though his temper has been hard tried."

"So you gave him notice?" said my Guardian.

"So I gave him notice," said Mrs. Blinder. "But really when the time came, and I knew no other ill of him, I was in doubts. He was punctual and diligent; he did what he had to do, sir," said Mrs. Blinder, unconsciously fixing Mr. Skimpole with her eye; "and it's something, in this world, even to do that."

"So you kept him after all?"

"Why, I said that if he could arrange with Mr. Gridley, I could arrange it with the other lodgers, and should not so much mind its being liked or disliked in the yard. Mr. Gridley gave his consent gruff—but gave it. He was always gruff with him, but he has been kind to the children since. A person is never known till a person is proved."

"Have many people been kind to the children?" asked Mr. Jarndyce.

"Upon the whole, not so bad, sir," said Mrs. Blinder, "but, certainly not so many as would have been, if their father's calling had been different. Mr. Coavins gave a guinea, and the follers made up a little purse. Some neighbours in the yard, that had always joked and tapped their shoulders when he went by, came forward with a little subscription, and—in general—not so bad. Similarly with Charlotte. Some people won't employ her, because she was a follerer's child; some people that do employ her, cast it at her; some make a merit of having her to work for them, with that and all her drawbacks upon her: and perhaps pay her less and put upon her more. But she's patienter than others would be, and is clever too, and always willing, up to the full mark of her strength and over. So I should say, in general, not so bad, sir, but might be better."

Mrs. Blinder sat down to give herself a more favorable opportunity of recovering her breath, exhausted anew by so much talking before it was fully restored. Mr. Jarndyce was turning to speak to us, when his attention was attracted, by the abrupt entrance into the room of the Mr. Gridley who had been mentioned, and whom we had seen on our way up.

"I don't know what you may be doing here, ladies and gentlemen," he said, as if he resented our presence, "but you'll excuse my coming in. I don't come in, to stare about me. Well, Charley! Well, Tom! Well, little one! How is it with us all to-day?"

He bent over the group, in a caressing way, and clearly was regarded as a friend by the children, though his face retained its stern character, and his manner to us was as rude as it could be. My Guardian noticed it, and respected it.

"No one, surely, would come here to stare about him," he said mildly.

"May be so, sir, may be so," returned the other, taking Tom upon his knee, and waving him off impatiently. "I don't want to argue with ladies and gentlemen. I have had enough of arguing, to last one man his life."

"You have sufficient reason, I dare say," said Mr. Jarndyce, "for being chafed and irritated——"

"There again!" exclaimed the man, becoming violently angry. "I am of a quarrelsome temper. I am irascible. I am not polite!"

"Not very, I think."

"Sir," said Gridley, putting down the child, and going up to him as if he meant to strike him. "Do you know anything of Courts of Equity?"

"Perhaps I do, to my sorrow."

"To your sorrow?" said the man, pausing in his wrath. "If so, I beg your pardon. I am not polite, I know. I beg your pardon! Sir," with renewed violence, "I have been dragged for five-and-twenty years over burning iron, and I have lost the habit of treading upon velvet. Go into



the Court of Chancery yonder, and ask what is one of the standing jokes that brighten up their business sometimes, and they will tell you that the best joke they have, is the man from Shropshire. I," he said, beating one hand on the other passionately, "am the man from Shropshire."

"I believe, I and my family have also had the honor of furnishing some entertainment in the same grave place," said my Guardian, composedly. "You may have heard my name—Jarndyce."

"Mr. Jarndyce," said Gridley, with a rough sort of salutation, "you bear your wrongs more quietly than I can bear mine. More than that, I tell you—and I tell this gentleman, and these young ladies, if they are friends of yours—that if I took my wrongs in any other way, I should be driven mad! It is only by resenting them, and by revenging them in my mind, and by angrily demanding the justice I never get, that I am able to keep my wits together. It is only that!" he said, speaking in a homely, rustic way, and with great vehemence. "You may tell me that I over-excite myself. I answer that it's in my nature to do it, under wrong, and I must do it. There's nothing between doing it, and sinking into the smiling state of the poor little mad woman that haunts the Court. If I was once to sit down under it, I should become imbecile."

The passion and heat in which he was, and the manner in which his face worked, and the violent gestures with which he accompanied what he said, were most painful to see.

"Mr. Jarndyce," he said, "consider my case. As true as there is a Heaven above us, this is my case. I am one of two brothers. My father (a farmer) made a will, and left his farm and stock, and so forth, to my mother, for her life. After my mother's death, all was to come to me, except a legacy of three hundred pounds that I was then to pay my brother. My mother died. My brother, some time afterwards, claimed his legacy. I, and some of my relations, said that he had had a part of it already, in board and lodging, and some other things. Now, mind! That was the question, and nothing else. No one disputed the will; no one disputed anything but whether part of that three hundred pounds had been already paid or not. To settle that question, my brother filing a bill, I was obliged to go into this accursed Chancery; I was forced there, because the law forced me, and would let me go nowhere else. Seventeen people were made defendants to that simple suit! It first came on, after two years. It was then stopped for another two years, while the Master (may his head rot off!) inquired whether I was my father's son—about which, there was no dispute at all with any mortal creature. He then found out, that there were not defendants enough—remember, there were only seventeen as yet!—but, that we must have another who had been left out; and must begin all over again. The costs at that time—before the thing was begun!—were three times the legacy. My brother would have given up the legacy, and joyful, to escape more costs. My whole estate, left to me in that will of my father's, has gone in costs. The suit, still undecided, has fallen into rack, and ruin, and despair, with everything else—and here I stand, this day! Now, Mr. Jarndyce, in your suit there are thousands and thousands involved where in mine there are hundreds. Is mine less hard to bear, or is it harder to bear, when my whole living was in it, and has been thus shamefully sucked away?"

Mr. Jarndyce said that he condoled with him with all his heart, and

that he set up no monopoly, himself, in being unjustly treated by this monstrous system.

"There again!" said Mr. Gridley, with no diminution of his rage. "The system! I am told, on all hands, it's the system. I mustn't look to individuals. It's the system. I mustn't go into Court, and say, 'My Lord, I beg to know this from you—is this right or wrong? Have you the face to tell me I have received justice, and therefore am dismissed?' My Lord knows nothing of it. He sits there, to administer the system. I mustn't go to Mr. Tulkinghorn, the solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and say to him when he makes me furious, by being so cool and satisfied—as they all do; for I know they gain by it while I lose, don't I?—I mustn't say to him, I will have something out of some one for my ruin, by fair means or foul! *He* is not responsible. It's the system. But, if I do no violence to any of them, here—I may! I don't know what may happen if I am carried beyond myself at last!—I will accuse the individual workers of that system against me, face to face, before the great eternal bar!"

His passion was fearful. I could not have believed in such rage without seeing it.

"I have done!" he said, sitting down and wiping his face. "Mr. Jarn-dyce, I have done! I am violent, I know. I ought to know it. I have been in prison for contempt of Court. I have been in prison for threatening the solicitor. I have been in this trouble, and that trouble, and shall be again. I am the man from Shropshire, and I sometimes go beyond amusing them—though they have found it amusing, too, to see me committed into custody, and brought up in custody, and all that. It would be better for me, they tell me, if I restrained myself. I tell them, that if I did restrain myself, I should become imbecile. I was a good-enough-tempered man once, I believe. People in my part of the country, say, they remember me so; but, now, I must have this vent under my sense of injury, or nothing could hold my wits together. 'It would be far better for you, Mr. Gridley,' the Lord Chancellor told me last week, 'not to waste your time here, and to stay, usefully employed, down in Shropshire.' 'My Lord, my Lord, I know it would,' said I to him, 'and it would have been far better for me never to have heard the name of your high office; but, unhappily for me, I can't undo the past, and the past drives me here!'—Besides," he added, breaking fiercely out, "I'll shame them. To the last, I'll shew myself in that court to its shame. If I knew when I was going to die, and could be carried there, and had a voice to speak with, I would die there, saying, 'You have brought me here, and sent me from here, many and many a time. Now send me out, feet foremost!'"

His countenance had, perhaps for years, become so set in its contentious expression that it did not soften, even now when he was quiet.

"I came to take these babies down to my room for an hour," he said, going to them again, "and let them play about. I didn't mean to say all this, but it don't much signify. You're not afraid of me, Tom; are you?"

"No!" said Tom. "You ain't angry with *me*."

"You are right, my child. You're going back, Charley? Aye? Come then, little one!" He took the youngest child on his arm, where she



was willing enough to be carried. "I shouldn't wonder if we found a gingerbread soldier downstairs. Let's go and look for him!"

He made his former rough salutation, which was not deficient in a certain respect, to Mr. Jarndyce; and bowing slightly to us, went downstairs to his room.

Upon that, Mr. Skimpole began to talk, for the first time since our arrival, in his usual gay strain. He said, Well, it was really very pleasant to see how things lazily adapted themselves to purposes. Here was this Mr. Gridley, a man of a robust will, and surprising energy—intellectually speaking, a sort of inharmonious blacksmith—and he could easily imagine that there Gridley was, years ago, wandering about in life for something to expend his superfluous combativeness upon—a sort of Young Love among the thorns—when the Court of Chancery came in his way, and accommodated him with the exact thing he wanted. There they were, matched, ever afterwards! Otherwise he might have been a great general, blowing up all sorts of towns, or he might have been a great politician, dealing in all sorts of parliamentary rhetoric; but, as it was, he and the Court of Chancery had fallen upon each other in the pleasantest way, and nobody was much the worse, and Gridley was, so to speak, from that hour provided for. Then look at Coavinses! How delightfully poor Coavinses (father of these charming children) illustrated the same principle! He, Mr. Skimpole, himself, had sometimes repined at the existence of Coavinses. He had found Coavinses in his way. He could have dispensed with Coavinses. There had been times, when, if he had been a Sultan, and his Grand Vizier had said one morning, "What does the Commander of the Faithful require at the hands of his slave?" he might have even gone so far as to reply, "The head of Coavinses!" But what turned out to be the case? That, all that time, he had been giving employment to a most deserving man; that he had been a benefactor to Coavinses; that he had actually been enabling Coavinses to bring up these charming children in this agreeable way, developing these social virtues! Insomuch that his heart had just now swelled, and the tears had come into his eyes, when he had looked round the room, and thought, "*I was the great patron of Coavinses, and his little comforts were my work!*"

There was something so captivating in his light way of touching these fantastic strings, and he was such a mirthful child by the side of the graver childhood we had seen, that he made my Guardian smile even as he turned towards us from a little private talk with Mrs. Blinder. We kissed Charley, and took her down stairs with us, and stopped outside the house to see her run away to her work. I don't know where she was going, but we saw her run, such a little, little creature, in her womanly bonnet and apron, through a covered way at the bottom of the court; and melt into the city's strife and sound, like a dewdrop in an ocean.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## TOM-ALL-ALONE'S.

My Lady Dedlock is restless, very restless. The astonished fashionable intelligence hardly knows where to have her. To-day, she is at Chesney Wold; yesterday, she was at her house in town; to-morrow, she may be abroad, for anything the fashionable intelligence can with confidence predict. Even Sir Leicester's gallantry has some trouble to keep pace with her. It would have more, but that his other faithful ally, for better and for worse—the gout—darts into the old oak bed-chamber at Chesney Wold, and grips him by both legs.

Sir Leicester receives the gout as a troublesome demon, but still a demon of the patrician order. All the Dedlocks, in the direct male line, through a course of time during and beyond which the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, have had the gout. It can be proved, sir. Other men's fathers may have died of the rheumatism, or may have taken base contagion from the tainted blood of the sick vulgar; but, the Dedlock family have communicated something exclusive, even to the levelling process of dying, by dying of their own family gout. It has come down, through the illustrious line, like the plate, or the pictures, or the place in Lincolnshire. It is among their dignities. Sir Leicester is, perhaps, not wholly without an impression, though he has never resolved it into words, that the angel of death in the discharge of his necessary duties may observe to the shades of the aristocracy, "My lords and gentlemen, I have the honor to present to you another Dedlock certified to have arrived per the family gout."

Hence, Sir Leicester yields up his family legs to the family disorder, as if he held his name and fortune on that feudal tenure. He feels, that for a Dedlock to be laid upon his back and spasmodically twitched and stabbed in his extremities, is a liberty taken somewhere; but, he thinks, "We have all yielded to this; it belongs to us; it has, for some hundreds of years, been understood that we are not to make the vaults in the park interesting on more ignoble terms; and I submit myself to the compromise."

And a goodly show he makes, lying in a flush of crimson and gold, in the midst of the great drawing-room, before his favorite picture of my Lady, with broad strips of sunlight shining in, down the long perspective, through the long line of windows, and alternating with soft reliefs of shadow. Outside, the stately oaks, rooted for ages in the green ground which has never known ploughshare, but was still a Chase when kings rode to battle with sword and shield, and rode a hunting with bow and arrow; bear witness to his greatness. Inside, his forefathers, looking on him from the walls, say, "Each of us was a passing reality here, and left this colored shadow of himself, and melted into remembrance as dreamy as the distant voices of the rooks now lulling you to rest;" and bear their testimony to his greatness too. And he is very great, this day. And woe to Boythorn, or other daring wight, who shall presumptuously contest an inch with him!

My Lady is at present represented, near Sir Leicester, by her portrait.



She has flitted away to town, with no intention of remaining there, and will soon flit hither again, to the confusion of the fashionable intelligence. The house in town is not prepared for her reception. It is muffled and dreary. Only one Mercury in powder, gapes disconsolate at the hall-window; and he mentioned last night to another Mercury of his acquaintance, also accustomed to good society, that if that sort of thing was to last—which it couldn't, for a man of his spirits couldn't bear it, and a man of his figure couldn't be expected to bear it—there would be no resource for him, upon his honor, but to cut his throat!

What connexion can there be, between the place in Lincolnshire, the house in town, the Mercury in powder, and the whereabouts of Jo the outlaw with the broom, who had that distant ray of light upon him when he swept the churchyard-step? What connexion can there have been between many people in the innumerable histories of this world, who, from opposite sides of great gulfs, have, nevertheless, been very curiously brought together!

Jo sweeps his crossing all day long, unconscious of the link, if any link there be. He sums up his mental condition, when asked a question, by replying that he "don't know nothink." He knows that it's hard to keep the mud off the crossing in dirty weather, and harder still to live by doing it. Nobody taught him, even that much; he found it out.

Jo lives—that is to say, Jo has not yet died—in a ruinous place, known to the like of him by the name of Tom-all-alone's. It is a black, dilapidated street, avoided by all decent people; where the crazy houses were seized upon, when their decay was far advanced, by some bold vagrants, who, after establishing their own possession, took to letting them out in lodgings. Now, these tumbling tenements contain, by night, a swarm of misery. As, on the ruined human wretch, vermin parasites appear, so, these ruined shelters have bred a crowd of foul existence that crawls in and out of gaps in walls and boards; and coils itself to sleep, in maggot numbers, where the rain drips in; and comes and goes, fetching and carrying fever, and sowing more evil in its every footprint than Lord Coodle, and Sir Thomas Doodle, and the Duke of Foodle, and all the fine gentlemen in office, down to Zoodle, shall set right in five hundred years—though born expressly to do it.

Twice, lately, there has been a crash and a cloud of dust, like the springing of a mine, in Tom-all-alone's; and, each time, a house has fallen. These accidents have made a paragraph in the newspapers, and have filled a bed or two in the nearest hospital. The gaps remain, and there are not unpopular lodgings among the rubbish. As several more houses are nearly ready to go, the next crash in Tom-all-alone's may be expected to be a good one.

This desirable property is in Chancery, of course. It would be an insult to the discernment of any man with half an eye, to tell him so. Whether "Tom" is the popular representative of the original plaintiff or defendant in Jarndyce and Jarndyce; or, whether Tom lived here when the suit had laid the street waste, all alone, until other settlers came to join him; or, whether the traditional title is a comprehensive name for a retreat cut off from honest company and put out of the pale of hope; perhaps nobody knows. Certainly, Jo don't know.

"For I don't," says Jo, "I don't know nothink."

It must be a strange state to be like Jo! To shuffle through the

streets, unfamiliar with the shapes, and in utter darkness as to the meaning, of those mysterious symbols, so abundant over the shops, and at the corners of streets, and on the doors, and in the windows! To see people read, and to see people write, and to see the postmen deliver letters, and not to have the least idea of all that language—to be, to every scrap of it, stone blind and dumb! It must be very puzzling to see the good company going to the churches on Sundays, with their books in their hands, and to think (for perhaps Jo *does* think, at odd times) what does it all mean, and if it means anything to anybody, how comes it that it means nothing to me? To be hustled, and jostled, and moved on; and really to feel that it would appear to be perfectly true that I have no business, here, or there, or anywhere; and yet to be perplexed by the consideration that I *am* here somehow, too, and everybody overlooked me until I became the creature that I am! It must be a strange state, not merely to be told that I am scarcely human (as in the case of my offering myself for a witness), but to feel it of my own knowledge all my life! To see the horses, dogs, and cattle, go by me, and to know that in ignorance I belong to them, and not to the superior beings in my shape, whose delicacy I offend! Jo's ideas of a Criminal Trial, or a Judge, or a Bishop, or a Government, or that inestimable jewel to him (if he only knew it) the Constitution, should be strange! His whole material and immaterial life is wonderfully strange; his death, the strangest thing of all.

Jo comes out of Tom-all-alone's, meeting the tardy morning which is always late in getting down there, and munches his dirty bit of bread as he comes along. His way lying through many streets, and the houses not yet being open, he sits down to breakfast on the door-step of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and gives it a brush when he has finished, as an acknowledgment of the accommodation. He admires the size of the edifice, and wonders what it's all about. He has no idea, poor wretch, of the spiritual destitution of a coral reef in the Pacific, or what it costs to look up the precious souls among the coconuts and bread-fruit.

He goes to his crossing, and begins to lay it out for the day. The town awakes; the great tee-totum is set up for its daily spin and whirl; all that unaccountable reading and writing, which has been suspended for a few hours, recommences. Jo, and the other lower animals, get on in the unintelligible mess as they can. It is market-day. The blinded oxen, over-goaded, over-driven, never guided, run into wrong places and are beaten out; and plunge, red-eyed and foaming, at stone walls; and often sorely hurt the innocent, and often sorely hurt themselves. Very like Jo and his order; very, very like!

A band of music comes, and plays. Jo listens to it. So does a dog—a drover's dog, waiting for his master outside a butcher's shop, and evidently thinking about those sheep he has had upon his mind for some hours, and is happily rid of. He seems perplexed respecting three or four; can't remember where he left them; looks up and down the street, as half expecting to see them astray; suddenly pricks up his ears and remembers all about it. A thoroughly vagabond dog, accustomed to low company and public-houses; a terrific dog to sheep; ready at a whistle to scamper over their backs, and tear out mouthfuls of their wool; but an educated, improved, developed dog, who has been taught his duties and knows how



to discharge them. He and Jo listen to the music, probably with much the same amount of animal satisfaction; likewise, as to awakened association, aspiration or regret, melancholy or joyful reference to things beyond the senses, they are probably upon a par. But, otherwise, how far above the human listener is the brute!

Turn that dog's descendants wild, like Jo, and in a very few years they will so degenerate that they will lose even their bark—but not their bite.

The day changes as it wears itself away, and becomes dark and drizzly. Jo fights it out, at his crossing, among the mud and wheels, the horses, whips, and umbrellas, and gets but a scanty sum to pay for the unsavory shelter of Tom-all-alone's. Twilight comes on; gas begins to start up in the shops; the lamplighter, with his ladder, runs along the margin of the pavement. A wretched evening is beginning to close in.

In his chambers, Mr. Tulkinghorn sits meditating an application to the nearest magistrate to-morrow morning for a warrant. Gridley, a disappointed suitor, has been here to-day, and has been alarming. We are not to be put in bodily fear, and that ill-conditioned fellow shall be held to bail again. From the ceiling, foreshortened allegory, in the person of one impossible Roman upside down, points with the arm of Samson (out of joint, and an odd one) obtrusively toward the window. Why should Mr. Tulkinghorn, for such no-reason, look out of window? Is the hand not always pointing there? So he does not look out of window.

And if he did, what would it be to see a woman going by? There are women enough in the world, Mr. Tulkinghorn thinks—too many; they are at the bottom of all that goes wrong in it, though, for the matter of that, they create business for lawyers. What would it be to see a woman going by, even though she were going secretly? They are all secret. Mr. Tulkinghorn knows that, very well.

But they are not all like the woman who now leaves him and his house behind; between whose plain dress, and her refined manner, there is something exceedingly inconsistent. She should be an upper servant by her attire, yet, in her air and step, though both are hurried and assumed—as far as she can assume in the muddy streets, which she treads with an unaccustomed foot—she is a lady. Her face is veiled, and still she sufficiently betrays herself to make more than one of those who pass her look round sharply.

She never turns her head. Lady or servant, she has a purpose in her, and can follow it. She never turns her head, until she comes to the crossing where Jo plies with his broom. He crosses with her, and begs. Still, she does not turn her head until she has landed on the other side. Then, she slightly beckons to him, and says "Come here!"

Jo follows her, a pace or two, into a quiet court.

"Are you the boy I have read of in the papers?" she asks behind her veil.

"I don't know," says Jo, staring moodily at the veil, "nothink about no papers. I don't know nothink about nothink at all."

"Were you examined at an Inquest?"

"I dont know nothink about no—where I was took by the beadle, do you mean?" says Jo. "Was the boy's name at the Inkwhich, Jo?"

"Yes."

"That's me!" says Jo.

"Come farther up."

"You mean about the man?" says Jo, following. "Him as was dead?"

"Hush! Speak in a whisper! Yes. Did he look, when he was living, so very ill and poor?"

"O jist!" says Jo.

"Did he look like—not like *you*?" says the woman with abhorrence.

"O not so bad as me," says Jo. "I'm a reg'lar one, I am! You didn't know him, did you?"

"How dare you ask me if I knew him?"

"No offence, my lady," says Jo, with much humility; for even he has got at the suspicion of her being a lady.

"I am not a lady. I am a servant."

"You are a jolly servant!" says Jo; without the least idea of saying anything offensive; and merely as a tribute of admiration.

"Listen and be silent. Don't talk to me, and stand farther from me! Can you shew me all those places that were spoken of in the account I read? The place he wrote for, the place he died at, the place where you were taken to, and the place where he was buried? Do you know the place where he was buried?"

Jo answers with a nod; having also nodded as each other place was mentioned.

"Go before me, and show me all those dreadful places. Stop opposite to each, and don't speak to me unless I speak to you. Don't look back. Do what I want, and I will pay you well."

Jo attends closely while the words are being spoken; tells them off on his broom-handle, finding them rather hard; pauses to consider their meaning; considers it satisfactory, and nods his ragged head.

"I am fly," says Jo. "But fen larks, you know! Stow hooking it!"

"What does the horrible creature mean?" exclaims the servant, recoiling from him.

"Stow cutting away, you know!" says Jo.

"I don't understand you. Go on before! I will give you more money than you ever had in your life."

Jo screws up his mouth into a whistle, gives his ragged head a rub, takes his broom under his arm, and leads the way; passing deftly, with his bare feet, over the hard stones, and through the mud and mire.

Cook's Court. Jo stops. A pause.

"Who lives here?"

"Him wot give him his writing, and give me half a bull," says Jo, in a whisper, without looking over his shoulder.

"Go on to the next."

Krook's house. Jo stops again. A longer pause.

"Who lives here?"

"*He* lived here," Jo answers as before.

After a silence, he is asked "In which room?"

"In the back room up there. You can see the winder from this corner. Up there! That's where I see him stritched out. This is the public ouse where I was took to."

"Go on to the next!"

It is a longer walk to the next; but, Jo, relieved of his first suspicions, sticks to the terms imposed upon him, and does not look round. By many devious ways, reeking with offence of many kinds, they come to the



little tunnel of a court, and to the gas-lamp (lighted now), and to the iron gate.

"He was put there," says Jo, holding to the bars and looking in.

"Where? O, what a scene of horror!"

"There!" says Jo, pointing. "Over yinder. Among them piles of bones, and close to that there kitchin winder! They put him wery nigh the top. They was obliged to stamp upon it to git it in. I could unkiver it for you, with my broom, if the gate was open. That's why they locks it, I s'pose," giving it a shake. "It's always locked. Look at the rat!" cries Jo, excited. "Hi! Look! There he goes! Ho! Into the ground!"

The servant shrinks into a corner—into a corner of that hideous archway, with its deadly stains contaminating her dress; and putting out her two hands, and passionately telling him to keep away from her, for he is loathsome to her, so remains for some moments. Jo stands staring, and is still staring when she recovers herself.

"Is this place of abomination, consecrated ground?"

"I don't know nothink of consequential ground," says Jo, still staring.

"Is it blessed?"

"WHICH?" says Jo, in the last degree amazed.

"Is it blessed?"

"I'm blest if I know," says Jo, staring more than ever; "but I shouldn't think it warn't. Blest?" repeats Jo, something troubled in his mind. "It an't done it much good if it is. Blest? I should think it was t'othered myself. But I don't know nothink!"

The servant takes as little heed of what he says, as she seems to take of what she has said herself. She draws off her glove, to get some money from her purse. Jo silently notices how white and small her hand is, and what a jolly servant she must be to wear such sparkling rings.

She drops a piece of money in his hand, without touching it, and shuddering as their hands approach. "Now," she adds, "show me the spot again!"

Joe thrusts the handle of his broom between the bars of the gate, and, with his utmost power of elaboration, points it out. At length, looking aside to see if he has made himself intelligible, he finds that he is alone.

His first proceeding, is, to hold the piece of money to the gas-light, and to be overpowered at finding that it is yellow—gold. His next, is, to give it a one-sided bite at the edge, as a test of its quality. His next, to put it in his mouth for safety, and to sweep the step and passage with great care. His job done, he sets off for Tom-all-alone's; stopping in the light of innumerable gas-lamps to produce the piece of gold, and give it another one-sided bite, as a re-assurance of its being genuine.

The Mercury in powder is in no want of society to-night, for my Lady goes to a grand dinner and three or four balls. Sir Leicester is fidgetty, down at Chesney Wold, with no better company than the gout; he complains to Mrs. Rouncewell that the rain makes such a monotonous pattering on the terrace, that he can't read the paper, even by the fireside in his own snug dressing-room.

"Sir Leicester would have done better to try the other side of the house, my dear," says Mrs. Rouncewell to Rosa. "His dressing-room is on my Lady's side. And in all these years I never heard the step upon the Ghost's Walk, more distinct than it is to-night!"

# ALLSOPP'S PALE OR BITTER ALE.

IN consequence of the reported adulteration of Bitter Beer, Messrs. SAMUEL ALLSOPP and SONS have received numerous incidental TESTIMONIALS to the excellence, purity, and salutary effects of their ALES. They consider it due to the Medical Profession, who have so long recommended ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE in all cases where dietetic regimen is required, to give publicity to these Testimonials, as a means of disabusing the public mind of any possible prejudice on the subject.

By the following extracts, among a number from the most eminent medical men, the Profession throughout the country will have the satisfaction of finding their just appreciation of the remedial advantages of ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE amply confirmed by the concurring testimony of the most able Physicians and Surgeons, as well as the most illustrious Chemists of the time :—

FROM BARON LIEBIG.

"The specimens of your Pale Ale sent to me afforded me another opportunity of confirming its valuable qualities. I am myself an admirer of this beverage, and my own experience enables me to recommend it, in accordance with the opinion of the most eminent English physicians, as a very agreeable and efficient tonic, and as a general beverage, both for the invalid and the robust.

"*Giessen, May 6.*"

FROM PROFESSOR GRAHAM, F.R.S.

University College, London; and

PROFESSOR HOFMANN, PH.D. F.R.S.

College of Chemistry, London.

"The sifting nature of the chemical examination which the Beers of Messrs. ALLSOPP'S manufacture for many months past have been subjected to, fully establishes their incontestable purity. The process of brewing Pale Ale is one in which nothing but water and the best malt and hops, of the first quality, are used; it is an operation of the greatest delicacy and care, which would be entirely ruined by any tampering with the materials employed.

"*London, April 26.*"

FROM THE ANALYTICAL SANITARY COMMISSIONER OF THE "LANCET"

MAY 15, 1852.

"From the pure and wholesome nature of the ingredients employed, the moderate proportion of alcohol present, and the very considerable quantity of aromatic anodyne bitter derived from hops contained in these Beers, they tend to preserve the tone and vigour of the stomach, and conduce to the restoration of the health of that organ when in a state of weakness or debility. They resemble, indeed, from their lightness, a WINE OF MALT rather than an ordinary fermented infusion; and it is very satisfactory to find that a beverage of such general consumption is entirely free from every kind of impurity."

FROM PROFESSOR MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E.

Member of the Royal Irish Academy.

"I have carefully examined and analysed samples of your Ales, and find that they do not contain a particle of any injurious substance. I and my family have used your Ales for years, and with perfect confidence in their purity. I know that Pale Ale, when prepared, as it must be in your Brewery, under scientific surveillance, contains a large quantity of nutritious matter; and the hop, by its tonic properties, gives a healthy tone to the stomach.

"*College of Chemistry, Liverpool, April 20.*"

FROM SIR CHARLES M. CLARKE, BART.

Physician to Her late Majesty the Queen Dowager.

"I have frequently recommended Bitter Ale medicinally, and when my home-brewed ale has been exhausted, I have been supplied with Ale from your brewery.

"*Wiggington Lodge, May 2.*"

FROM THOMAS WATSON, M.D.

"In the genuineness and salubrity of Pale Ale and Bitter Beer as manufactured at Burton, my confidence remains unshaken.

"*Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, May 5.*"

FROM GEORGE BUDD, M.D.

Senior Physician of King's College Hospital.

"I did not want any testimony to satisfy me of the perfect purity of the Pale Ale manufactured by you. A close observation of its effects upon myself, and upon many others to whom I have prescribed it, long ago convinced me, as much as the most searching chemical analysis could do, that it contains nothing more than malt and hops, and that it is a first-rate beverage.

"*Dover-street, May 1.*"



## ALLSOPP'S PALE OR BITTER ALE.

### FROM MARSHALL HALL, M.D., F.R.S.

"My confidence in the purity of your Pale Ale remains unshaken, and my opinion of its great value in a dietetic and remedial point of view is entirely confirmed by long time and experience.

*" Grosvenor-street, April 30."*

### FROM BENJAMIN TRAVERS, ESQ., F.R.S.

"I do not hesitate to affirm that no deleterious substance is employed in ALLSOPP'S Pale Ale and Bitter Beer, and that my confidence in its wholesomeness as a beverage remains unshaken.

*" Green-street, April 30."*

### FROM WILLIAM FERGUSSON, ESQ., F.R.S.

"I can fancy that the foolish rumour must have caused you some anxiety, but I believe that this history may prove the practical character of the proverb, that 'out of evil cometh good,' for the report of the chemists very clearly shows that the wholesome beverage which you supply to the public may be relied upon as of the purest description.

*" George-street, Hanover Square, May 5."*

### FROM JAMES TEEVAN, ESQ., M.R.C.S.

I believe you continue to possess, and in a higher degree than ever, the confidence of the public. The strong man finds your Pale Ale an agreeable and nutritious beverage, the invalid discovers in it a pure and efficient tonic. I shall continue to recommend it, believing it to be a most useful adjunct to medical treatment, equally calculated to regain health and to preserve it.

*Chesham-street, Belgrave-square, May 15th, 1852.*

### FROM GEORGE ROBERT ROWE, M.D.

"For the last twelve years I have prescribed the Pale Ale to invalids suffering from the various forms of indigestion, particularly in those cases resulting from the morbid effects of tropical climates, and I have no hesitation in asserting, with the happiest success. I believe the Bitter Beer to be one of the greatest modern improvements in malt liquor, for, when properly prepared, it contains a larger quantity of farinaceous nutritive matter, and a less proportion of spirit; while the hop, by its tonic and narcotic properties, tends to give strength to the stomach and to allay its morbid irritability. The daily adoption I witness of the future drinking of Pale Ale by former invalids, leads to an additional conclusion in my mind of its value and salubrity. I am induced to believe that Bitter Beer is an excellent adjunct to the physician in the exercise of his professional duties if properly administered, and consequently a boon to mankind.

*" Cavendish Square, March 31."*

### FROM BANFIELD VIVIAN, ESQ., SURGEON.

"ALLSOPP'S Pale and Bitter Ale is one of the most useful of beverages, possessing exceedingly valuable tonic properties in an elegant form. Lupuline, or the active principles of the hop, is a well known tonic, but is apt to disagree with the stomach when given simply; it is usual, then, when prescribed, to combine it with some corrigent, no better can be than the extractive matters of malt; hence, as the analysis of your Beer has proved it to be a fermented solution of malt and hops only, we have a most useful medicine in a most acceptable form. Again; your Beer is the best vehicle for administering quinine; the dose being mixed with it and taken at meal-time, the headache attendant on the use of this medicine is thereby materially obviated.

*" Crocean, Cornwall, June 7."*

### FROM JAMES HEYGATE, M.D., F.R.S.

"I beg to say that I have been for years in the habit of recommending Messrs. ALLSOPP'S Pale Ale for invalids, and delicate stomachs, and that I consider it a pure and wholesome beverage.

*" Derby, June 2."*

### FROM FREDERICK LEMAN, ESQ.,

Senior Surgeon to the Teignmouth and Dawlish Infirmary.

"My opinion of the good qualities of ALLSOPP'S Bitter Beer has never been shaken. I should hope that the public could not be deterred by such idle insinuation from the continued use of so agreeable and healthful a beverage.

*" Teignmouth, May 3."*

### FROM B. NORTH ARNOLD, M.D.

"I consider ALLSOPP'S Burton Ales as forming the best malt beverage that can be taken, either in health or disease. From an experience of twelve years, I can most positively assert that in those cases in which malt liquors are suitable, none meet the desired effect more certainly; none are prescribed with more confidence by the physician. The absurd attempt lately made to prejudice them in the eyes of the public, will utterly fail in its object, both from their long continued use without the slightest injury to the most delicate constitution, and the high position they hold in the estimation of the medical profession, from the absence of all deleterious ingredients, and their tonic influence on the system.

*" Sutton Coldfield, May 5."*

### FROM R. M. GLOVER, M.D.

"But that I am not now in the habit of drinking 'Bitter Beer,' I should be glad to show my confidence by drinking plenty of it.

*" Newcastle-upon-Tyne, April 11."*

## FROM RICHARD FORMBY, M.D.

"I often order to my patients 'ALLSOPP'S Bitter Beer,' with marked advantage. I attribute this to the pure extract of hops and malt which the beer contains.

*"Liverpool, April 30."*

## FROM JAMES PETRIE, M.D.

"For many years I have been in the habit of recommending the use of ALLSOPP'S Bitter Beer as a beverage to invalids who required a regulated diet; and I certainly could not have done so, unless from the evidence that the liquor was perfectly fermented, and made from the best and most wholesome ingredients. Where drinks of a nutritive and stomachic character are indicated, I know of none, as yet, on which I feel I could so safely depend for doing good, as ALLSOPP'S Bitter Beer.

*"Liverpool, May 6."*

## FROM DAVID MACRORIE, M.D.

"I have been in the habit of recommending 'ALLSOPP'S Bitter Ale' for invalids, ever since the time it was first made, and do so still, as much as ever I did; and I am of opinion that it is in many cases an excellent and safe stomachic, and that it may often supersede the use of a medicated form of tonic, or strengthening medicine.

*"Liverpool, May 29."*

## FROM JAMES R. W. VOSE, M.D.

"It has long been my habit to recommend the use of Bitter Beer to invalids, and I shall continue to do so, believing that it is one of the most agreeable and valuable tonics we possess.

*"Liverpool, May 3."*

## FROM JOLLIFFE RUSSELL, ESQ.,

Surgeon, City of Dublin Hospital.

"I am in the habit of prescribing Bitter Beers as the drink for dinner use in very many cases.

*"Mount-street, Merrion Square, Dublin, May 3."*

## FROM CHRISTOPHER T. A. HUNTER, ESQ., SURGEON, &amp;c.

"I recommend ALLSOPP'S Ale strongly to all my patients. To me it is much more agreeable than that of other brewers.

*"Downham, Norfolk, May 16."*

## FROM LLEWELYN JONES, M.D.

"I continue the consumption of ALLSOPP'S Pale Ale in my own family, and in the two public institutions with which I am connected, viz, our County Infirmary and the Cheshire Lunatic Asylum.

*"Chester, May 6."*

## FROM RICHARD P. JONES M.D.

"I have often recommended Pale Ale to young children and persons suffering from excessive debility, and shall continue to do so, from the good effects that have resulted.

*"Stanley-place, Chester, April 30."*

## FROM RAWSON SENIOR, ESQ., SURGEON, &amp;c.

"I have much pleasure in bearing my testimony to the great value the celebrated Burton Ales exercise in many dyspeptic complaints, being a perfect medicine in numerous cases, tending to restore and to invigorate the tone of the stomach, which effects are doubtless attributable to the presence of the hop.

*"Bowden, near Manchester, May 18."*

## FROM GEORGE FABIAN EVANS, M.D.,

Physician to the Birmingham General Hospital.

"I deem it my duty to state that I have been in the habit of recommending the use of Burton and Bitter Ale, and of using in my own family that of Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS for many years. I have the greatest confidence in expressing my belief that the Burton Bitter Ale is not only free from adulteration but is even more wholesome than common home-brewed ale.

*"Birmingham, May 4."*

## FROM THOMAS MACAULAY, ESQ.,

Surgeon to the Leicester Infirmary.

"It will require a great deal more than a newspaper paragraph to shake my confidence in the entire purity and superlative wholesomeness of your Pale Bitter Ales. Having used them for many years in my own family, and recommended them extensively amongst a large circle of patients, I am competent to bear the most unqualified testimony to your merits as manufacturers of what my experience tells me is the very best form of malt liquor ever supplied to the public.

*"Leicester May 5."*

## FROM WILLIAM GRAY, M.D.

"I have repeatedly recommended your Bitter Ale to my patients, when I find any of them require a mild, bitter, and pleasant beverage for giving increased impetus and vigour to a weak and low stomach; and so often have I seen decided advantages accrue from its use, that you may rest assured I shall still continue to suggest its being drunk in numerous cases where a gentle tonic appears requisite.

*"Thorn, May 4."*



## ALLSOPP'S PALE OR BITTER ALE.

### FROM WM. MACLAREN, ESQ., SURGEON.

"I never believed the report for a moment. Your permitting your celebrated Burton Ale to be tested by two such eminent chemists as Professors Graham and Hofmann, will not only tend to calm the public mind as to the unfounded apprehension of strychnine being used in the manufacture of ale, but will also tend to make such an useful and wholesome beverage more generally brought into use.

*"Aberdeen, May 7."*

### FROM EDWARD C. HILL, ESQ., SURGEON.

"I constantly recommend to my patients ALLSOPP'S Pale Ale as a wholesome beverage and tonic.

*"Crantbourne, near Salisbury, May 11."*

### FROM JAMES HAYWARD, ESQ.,

Professional Chemist.

"I have for many years been in the habit of using the Bitter Beer of Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS in my house, and have had frequent opportunities of examining the same analytically.

*"Sheffield."*

### FROM JOHN HARRISON, ESQ., SURGEON.

"I am particularly glad that so foul an aspersion has been removed from so valuable an article, as it would otherwise have deprived the Profession of recommending to their patients what they have hitherto found to be of so much service, in so many cases where other beverages were inadmissible.

*"Nicholas-street, Chester, May 4."*

### FROM J. H. PEPPER, F.C.S. A.C.E., &c.

Professor of Chemistry, Royal Polytechnic Institution.

"I have examined a great many samples of the Bitter Beer brewed by the firm of Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS, and I cannot by chemical analysis discover any other matter but that procurable from malt, hops and water. From my own experience, I consider it a most wholesome beverage, well adapted to those in health, and calculated to strengthen and invigorate the system in hot climates.

*"Royal Polytechnic Institution, June 17."*

### FROM THE "MEDICAL TIMES."

"It would be a good result if the suspicion of such adulteration caused the public to apply always to the great firms, or to their accredited and responsible agents."

### FROM THOMAS INMAN, M.D.,

Lecturer on Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence, Liverpool Royal Infirmary.

"I have been in the habit of drinking ALLSOPP'S Bitter Ale for many years, and recommending it in preference to any other beverage of a similar kind.

*"16, Rodney-street, Liverpool, May 1."*

---

## ALLSOPP'S PALE OR BITTER ALE

May be obtained in Casks of all sizes from the BREWERY, BURTON-ON-TRENT; and from the undermentioned BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS:—

LONDON, at 61, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY;

LIVERPOOL, at COOK STREET;

MANCHESTER, at DUCIE PLACE;

DUDLEY at the ROYAL BREWERY;

GLASGOW, at 115, ST. VINCENT STREET;

DUBLIN, at ULSTER CHAMBERS, DAME STREET;

BIRMINGHAM, at MARKET HALL;

At either of which places a list of respectable parties who supply the Beer in Bottles (and also in Casks at the same prices as from the Brewery), may at any time be seen.



**CHEAPEST**

**LARGEST & BEST**  
**FAMILY NEWSPAPER**

**LLOYD'S**  
**WEEKLY LONDON**  
**NEWSPAPER**

**60 COLUMNS**

EDITED BY  
**DOUGLAS JERROLD,**  
Price Threepence, Post Free,

which, in addition to Original Writings by the Editor, contains SIXTY COLUMNS of the LATEST NEWS from all parts of the world—obtained by Electric Telegraph and other extraordinary means—including the Parliamentary Debates—Foreign Intelligence (by Submarine Telegraph)—Trials in the Civil and Criminal Courts—Assize Intelligence—Police Reports—Accidents—Fires—Murders—Sporting—Theatricals—Reviews of New Books—Gratuitous Answers to Legal and General Questions—Gardening, by Mr. Glennie, F.H.S.—The Court—Valuable and Exclusive Information for Emigrants and their Friends—Lists of Share drawn in Freehold Land Societies—"Our City Article," on Money and Commerce—London and Country Markets to the latest moment—Calendar—Movements of the Army and Navy—and

**ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

Send Three Postage Stamps to E. Lloyd, Salisbury-square, London, and receive one paper as sample, or order of any newsagent.



LLOYD'S  
WEEKLY LONDON NEWSPAPER,

EDITED BY

**DOUGLAS JERROLD.**

SIXTY COLUMNS OF THE LATEST NEWS,

**THREEPENCE, STAMPED, TO GO POST FREE  
TO ALL PARTS.**

LLOYD'S WEEKLY LONDON NEWSPAPER

CONTAINS

MORE NEWS THAN ALL THE WEEKLY PAPERS COMBINED—INCLUDING  
ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK, COMPRISING

**LEADING ARTICLES BY THE EDITOR,**

The Parliamentary Debates, Law Intelligence, Police Reports,  
Sporting Intelligence of all Kinds, Trials at the Old Bailey and  
Assizes, Foreign News, Movements of the Army and Navy, Litera-  
ture, Theatricals and the Fine Arts, together with all the Provincial  
and London Markets throughout the Kingdom,

Up to the moment of Publication.—Corn, Mark Lane, Smithfield, Newgate, and  
Leadenhall, Provisions, Poultry and Game, Potato, Covent Garden, Coal, Hops, Hay,  
Tallow, Sugar, Tea and Coffee, Soap and Oils, Leather, Wool, &c., with Telegraphic Ex-  
presses from the WAKEFIELD AND LIVERPOOL CORN MARKETS.

THE LATEST AND BEST  
INFORMATION ON EMIGRATION

WITH

**ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS AND THEIR FRIENDS.**

LLOYD'S WEEKLY LONDON NEWSPAPER,  
PRICE ONLY THREEPENCE.

Stamped to go Postage Free, the First Edition of which arrives within 250 miles early on  
Saturday Morning, and the Second on Sunday Morning, delivered Free. In addition to  
the whole of the Markets up to Friday night, this Journal is the

**BEST AND CHEAPEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER,**

CONTAINING

SIXTY COLUMNS OF IMPORTANT MATTER,

INCLUDING

**THE WHOLE OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK,  
UP TO THE MOMENT OF PUBLICATION.**

Send Three Postage Stamps, and you will receive one as a Sample. Send Three Shillings and Three-  
pence in Postage Stamps or otherwise, and you will receive LLOYD'S WEEKLY LONDON NEWSPAPER for  
One Quarter, (Thirteen Weeks.) Address to—**EDWARD LLOYD, 12, Salisbury-  
square, Fleet-street, London, or order of any News Agent.**



THE RED-HOT POLITICIAN



NEWS, NEWS, NEWS!

---

THE CHEAPEST, LARGEST, AND

BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

LLOYD'S

WEEKLY LONDON

NEWSPAPER:

EDITED BY

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

CONTAINING

LEADING ARTICLES BY THE EDITOR,

AND

SIXTY COLUMNS

OF THE

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

---

Send Three Postage Stamps to EDWARD LLOYD, 12, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street, London, and receive one Paper as a Sample: or send Three Shillings and Threepence, in Postage Stamps or otherwise, and receive LLOYD'S WEEKLY LONDON NEWSPAPER for One Quarter, (Thirteen Weeks) Post Free.



THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE



THE BEST WORK ON GARDENING EXTANT.

---

PRICE ONLY ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

---

THE

FLOWER, FRUIT,

AND

KITCHEN GARDEN:

CONTAINING THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY PAGES OF CLOSELY  
PRINTED MATTER,

BY FIRST-RATE PRACTICAL GARDENERS AND FLORISTS OF THE DAY.

WITH FULL DIRECTIONS FOR

THE HOTHOUSE, THE GREENHOUSE,

AND

EVERY BRANCH OF FRUIT, FLOWER, AND VEGETABLE CULTURE,

WITH UPWARDS OF

FORTY SUPERIOR ENGRAVINGS.

---

PUBLISHED BY E. LLOYD, SALISBURY-SQUARE, LONDON, AND SOLD BY  
ALL BOOKSELLERS.

ALL WHO HAVE GARDENS SHOULD PURCHASE

LLOYD'S CHEAP

TREATISES ON POPULAR FLOWERS, &c.

**THE ROSE.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Rose; with General Instructions for its Pruning and General Treatment; and full instructions for the particular treatment of the Moss Rose, the Double Yellow Rose, and the Bourbon Rose. Illustrated with fine wood engravings. Price 1d.

**THE GERANIUM.**—A Treatise on the Cultivation of the Geranium or Pelargonium; with plain and easy Instructions for its Cultivation and Management—the mode of propagation by seeds and cuttings, &c. With illustrations of fine specimens. Price 1d.

**THE VERBENA.**—A Treatise on the Cultivation of the Verbena, with Directions for its Propagation and General Treatment. To which is added the CULTIVATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THE HOLLYBROCK, with its uses as an article of domestic economy. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**THE LILY.**—The General Cultivation and Management of the various species of the Lily tribe, with instructions for the propagation of the Lily of the Valley, Lillium Speciosum Roseum, the Striped Lily &c. With illustrations. Price 1d.

**THE HYACINTH.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Hyacinth, with general instructions for its propagation, and the operations necessary to be performed throughout the year. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**THE PICOTE.**—The Management of the Picotee, with instructions for its cultivation. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**THE PINK.**—Instructions for the Cultivation and Management of the Pink. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**THE PANSY.**—Culture of the Pansy, with full directions for its propagation and general management. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**THE FUCHSIA.**—Culture of the Fuchsia, with full directions for its propagation and management. With superior illustrations. Price 1d.

**THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.**—Culture of the Chrysanthemum, with directions for its propagation and general management. With superior engravings. Price 1d.

**THE CALCEOLARIA.**—An Illustrated Treatise on the Calceolaria, containing every information relative to its Culture and Management. Price 1d.

**THE CARNATION.**—The Cultivation of the Carnation in a simple and easy manner. The wintering of this beautiful flower is here treated on with minuteness and care; and those who follow the instructions contained in this little treatise, cannot fail in preserving their choice plants through the rigid winter months. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**THE TULIP.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Tulip, with instructions for preparing its composts, &c. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**CAMELLIA.**—The Cultivation of the Camellia, according to the mode adopted by the most approved authorities; with instructions for grafting, layering, marching, &c. With a fine illustration. Price 1d.

**CINERARIA.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Cineraria. The summer and winter culture—criteria of good flowers—how to procure them, and every particular of its propagation and management. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**THE CACTUS.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Cactus, with instructions by which any amateur may cultivate this beautiful flower with the most perfect success. The different species are treated on separately, and the cultivation of the whole in green-houses, sitting-rooms, or halls, extremely simplified; showing the species best adapted to the different situations in which it is intended to grow plants and flowers. Illustrated with the blooms of two splendid specimens. Price 1d.

**PETUNIA.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Petunia; its successful treatment in the Greenhouse, Borders, Beds, and Sitting-room windows, for which it is well adapted, and where it grows luxuriantly. With a fine illustration. To which is added the Culture of the CAMPANULA PYRAMIDALIS. Price 1d.

**AURICULA.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Auricula; with instructions for preparing its various composts. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**RANUNCULUS.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Ranunculus; the depth of planting, and every information for producing the finest blooms. Illustrated. Price 1d.

**STOCKS.**—The Cultivation and Management of the STOCK JULY FLOWER and WALLFLOWER, with instructions for sowing the annual sorts—the propagation of the double varieties, and the management of biennial and hardy shrub species. Price 1d.

**THE DAHLIA.**—A Treatise on the Cultivation of the Dahlia; containing full Directions for its Treatment. With engravings of Oakley's Gem; Keyne's War Eagle; Collison's Skyrock; Golden Fleece Union; Turner's Canary; Procktor's Jane; and Elphinstone's Mrs. Shaw Lefevre. Price 3d.

**EVERGREENS.**—The General Culture and Character of Evergreen Trees and Shrubs; the mode of treatment, and their varied culture and management. Price 1d.

**STRAWBERRY.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Strawberry; with the time of making new plantations, the mode of forcing, and every necessary information on its culture. Illustrated by a splendid plant in full bearing. Price 1d.

**GRAPE VINE.**—The Cultivation and Management of the Grape Vine, showing the operations necessary to be performed every month in the year, to secure fine-flavoured fruit before the frost commences; with practical opinions of the best cultivators of the plant. Illustrated with a fine engraving. Price 1d.

**THE MELON.**—The Cultivation of the Melon, and its General Treatment; with instructions for choosing the best sorts, the most eligible spot for a melon ground, effectual mode of expelling the red spider, and every particular requisite to its management. Price 1d.

**CUCUMBERS.**—The Cultivation and Management of Cucumbers; with instructions for making the necessary seed-pits, hotbeds, and every information of their culture. Price 1d.

**CABBAGES.**—The General Culture of the BRASSICA TRIBE; including the Propagation of CORKWORKS, SAVOY, CAULIFLOWERS, &c., with the best mode of insuring successful crops during the whole year. Price 1d.

**SOILS AND MANURES.**—The Soils and Manures best adapted to the growth of nearly every flower cultivated in our gardens and nurseries. It shows the use of the component parts of manure, the manner of compounding the ingredients, and the exact proportion required to be mixed for each plant, shrub, or flower; the time of blooming, colour of flower, and habits of plant. To the Farmer, the instructions for Economising Manure will be found invaluable, as he will find more practical information in **SOILS AND MANURES**, than he would obtain from large and expensive works on the same subject. Price 6d.

**SILKWORMS.**—The General Management of Silk-worms; their variety of breed, &c., with illustrations. Price 6d.

**APIARIANS.**—A capital Bee-Keeper's Guide, comprising all the information required by the Amateur Apiarian. With designs of the best hives in use. Price 2d.

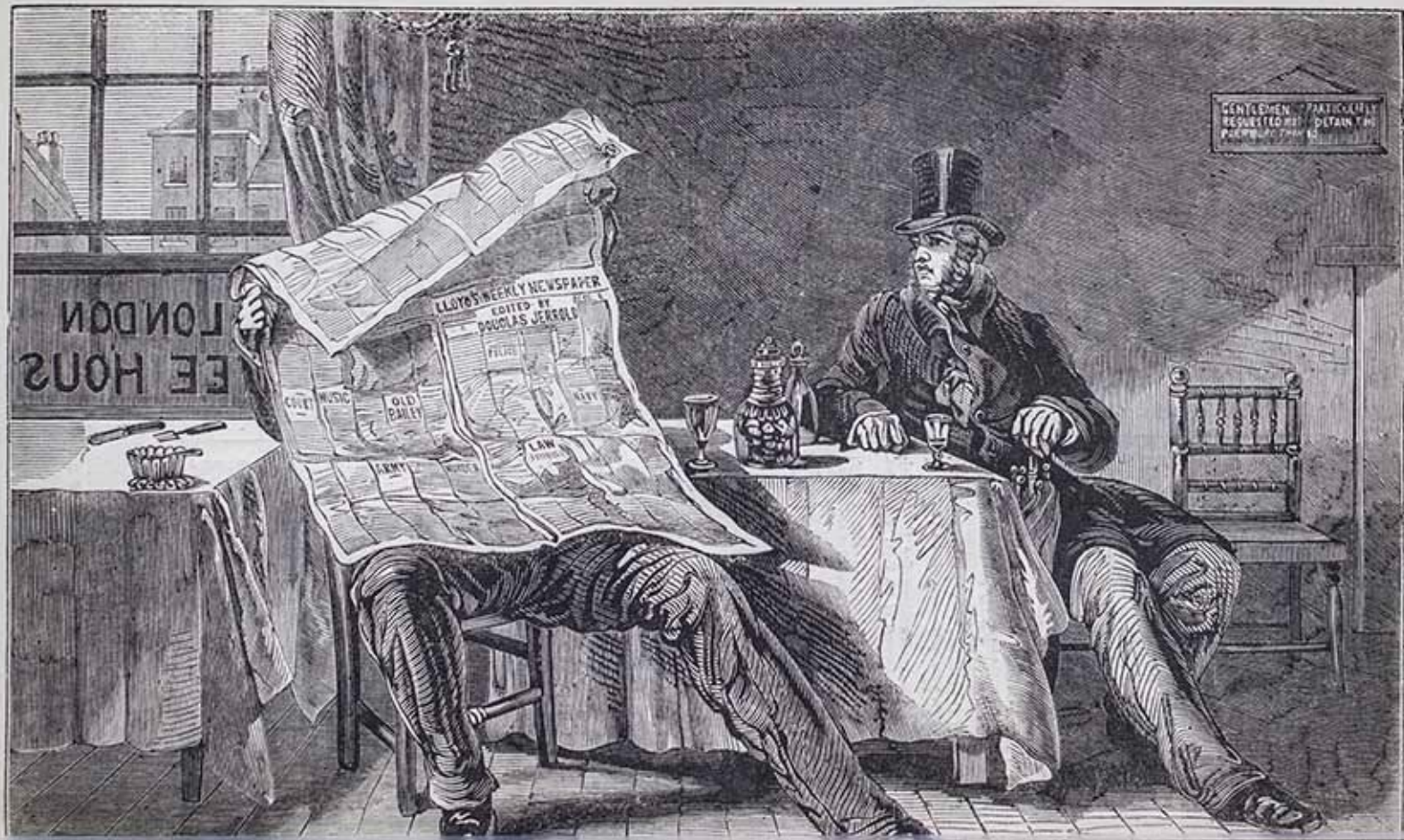
**PIGEONS.**—THE PIGEON-KEEPER'S COMPANION.—Treating on the Different Varieties of the Pigeon; its Diseases, with their Remedies, Feeding, and General Management. Price 2d.

**FOWLS.**—General Management and Rearing of Fowls.—With instructions for the Breeding and Treatment of all kinds; including the Dorking; the Sussex; the Polish; the Chittaugong or Malay; the Spanish; the Dutch every-day layers; the Bantam; the Spangled Hamburg; the Pheasant; and the Ostrich, or Cochinchina Kow; with instructions for MAKING CAPONS, with the Treatment of Fowls intended to be operated upon; full instructions for the operation, and their treatment after they become capons. Price 2d.

Emigration.—Emigration.—Emigration.

**EMIGRANTS AND THEIR FRIENDS** requiring wholesome ADVICE and the BEST POSSIBLE INFORMATION on all subjects connected with EMIGRATION, must order **Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper**, edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD, Price only THREEPENCE, Post-free. Send Three Postage Stamps to Mr E. LLOYD, 13, Salisbury-square, and you will receive one as a Sample.





TO THE ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS  
OF THE  
UNITED KINGDOM.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN, — In a short time you will be involved in all the bustle of a GENERAL ELECTION. Although the limitations of the Franchise will leave the great majority of you in the position of spectators rather than of actors in the GREAT NATIONAL DRAMA, yet it will be impossible for any man of patriotic feelings to avoid being drawn within the vortex of excitement. It is highly necessary that those of you who are electors, should be in a condition to judge calmly and discriminate accurately between contending candidates; but it is not less essential that those to whose sentiments the Constitution has not afforded this vent, should have some other means of preserving self-control.

Since, on the one hand, over-excitement of the mind is apt to induce disease of the body, while, on the other, physical health is absolutely requisite to the wise exercise of the mental faculties, my respectful counsel to all parties is, instantly to prepare themselves for the COMING STRUGGLE, by *purifying the current of the blood, by cooling the system, and as a consequence of these composing the mind, and nerving the whole man to patriotic action.*

This advice I tender with the utmost IMPARTIALITY. I call upon *Ministerialists* to minister to their own comfort, as the best means of enabling them to consult the nation's welfare; upon *Oppositionists* to remove all obstructions in their own system; upon *Protectionists* to protect themselves from the numerous liabilities of disease; upon *Free Traders* to keep open the grand human passage, as well as "the highway of nations;" upon *Conservatives* to conserve all that makes life valuable and society happy; and upon *Radical Reformers* to strike at the roots of evil in themselves. Whatever differences there may be on other points, all are agreed, that REFORM, end where it may, should BEGIN AT HOME.

Where, then, it will be asked, shall we find this great DOMESTIC MEDICINE? Gentlemen, it is not for any individual to dictate your choice. Here, at least, you are all free and on a level. On this point we enjoy UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, and every man, woman, and child have a vote, which needs no ballot to protect it from bribery or intimidation.

All, therefore, that I will venture to do is, confidently to recommend to your adoption KAYE'S WORSEDELL'S PILLS, which, without provoking external war, have never failed to put down the most menacing INTERNAL DISORDERS, and will, I have no doubt, if allowed fair play, render the approaching General Election equally memorable for the tranquillity of the process and the auspiciousness of the results.

Gentlemen, I have the honour to be,

Your friend, and Fellow-countryman,

JOHN KAYE,

80, Fleet-street, London, May, 1852.



TESTIMONIES  
AS TO THE EFFICACY OF  
**KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.**

THE VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS are fully established in the public estimation as the most valuable FAMILY MEDICINE that was ever presented to notice. It has been put to the test among all classes of persons, and in all possible varieties of disease, and in every instance its efficacy has been proved. Thousands who had suffered greatly, some of whose cases had long been given up by eminent medical practitioners, and considered hopeless by themselves, have been speedily and thoroughly cured.

These Pills may be taken with perfect safety by persons of the most delicate constitution. They are warranted free from mercurial, mineral, and every other poisonous substance, and are compounded upon principles consistent alike with true science and sound philosophy. They go at once to the root of the disease; namely, impurities of the blood; at once removing every obstruction from that vital principle, and causing it to circulate through the whole system, so as to produce health, vigour, and cheerfulness.

The expressions of gratitude which have been received from persons who now rejoice in perfect health in consequence of their persevering use of these Pills, would fill a large volume; but, in order that afflicted persons may indulge the confident hope of receiving RELIEF and CURE, a few cases are given. They have been forwarded by persons of unquestionable truth, and who have requested their cases may be published for the encouragement of others:—

Mrs. BRIDLE, of Horndean, Hants, suffered from a disease caught by washing some clothes. For four years she was in the hospitals of Winchester and Portsmouth, and was a most pitiable object. She persevered in taking KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS, and is now able to attend to her domestic duties with comfort. Both Mrs. Bridle and her husband "desire to express their sincere gratitude for the benefits received from these Pills." This case is well known in the neighbourhood. In the next parish (Blindworth), a woman who had long suffered from indigestion, was cured by the use of a few boxes of the pills.—February, 1852.

RICHARD GOLDING, of Stroud, had had a cancer cut from his tongue, about two years ago, and had been ill from that time, and expected nothing but death. He took one box of KAYE'S PILLS, and they completely cured him. He says they are worth a guinea each.—January 23, 1852.

Mrs. G. HILL, Trumpet-gate, Herefordshire, had a severe complaint in the chest for two years, and tried every means that could be thought of, but without success, till she heard of KAYE'S PILLS. She took a few boxes, and is now quite well.—Jan. 28, 1852.

A Lady, residing at a village near Worthing, says she has not been so well for the last eighteen years, as since she took KAYE'S PILLS. They have cured her of an abscess on the liver. Another Lady, resident in Worthing, after taking two and a-half boxes of the pills, has been cured of chills in the back and violent pains in the head.

Mr. M'WHA, 16, Hanley-street, Liverpool, after having suffered from jaundice and an affection of the liver, was severely attacked by dropsy; and, upon application to his medical adviser, was told that his case was hopeless; but a friend induced him to try KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS, and, after taking two boxes, was perfectly restored to health.—April 27, 1852.

Mrs. M'WHA had also suffered for twenty-seven years with sore legs. After trying every remedy she could hear of, but without effect, was induced by her husband to try KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS (from which he had derived such unparalleled relief). After taking two boxes, one leg was completely restored, and the other very nearly so, in addition to a general improvement of her health.—April 27, 1852.

Mrs. W., of Ewelme, Wallingford, writing to Mr. C. J. Venimore says:—"I believe KAYE'S PILLS saved my life last summer when I was attacked by English cholera."

DAVID DAVIES, of the Victoria Iron Works, Monmouthshire, was confined to his bed for eleven weeks, consequent upon a severe attack of inflammation on the lungs; by taking KAYE'S PILLS he was completely cured. DAVID DAVIES, of the same works, father of the above, after suffering for three months from a violent pain in his left side, was perfectly cured by the use of these pills.

HARRIET ISHERWOOD, residing at Mr. White's, Lees, near Oldham, had her breast taken off (in consequence of a cancer); after the operation, she was troubled with fits, and tried various remedies without effect. KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS were recommended to her; and, after taking two boxes, she is, thankful to say, restored to good health.—November 14, 1851.

Mr. JAMES GAMMAGE, Cumberland-street, Woodbridge, states that for some years he was greatly troubled with a redundancy of bile, foulness of stomach, and other unpleasant symptoms. He had almost given up all hope of cure; but he tried KAYE'S PILLS, and found them a speedy and efficacious remedy.

Mr. J. K. UPTON, of Banbury, declares that he found his life a burden to him in consequence of dizziness, constant head-ache, loss of appetite, and great weakness and nervous debility; but, by taking three pills regularly every night for some time, he was completely restored to health, and is now comfortable and happy.

Mrs. ANN HINDER, of Wroughton, near Swindon, was for upwards of twenty years the subject of great pain and trouble, arising from bile on the stomach, attended with dreadful sickness, nausea, and head-ache. After having sought assistance from medical men in vain, she resorted to the use of KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS, which soon effected a cure.

Mr. THOMAS SHARPE, of Barrowby, near Grantham, had suffered for twenty-two years from indigestion, accompanied by constant sickness and vomiting. Many physicians had been applied to in vain; but a very few doses of KAYE'S PILLS effectually relieved him, and he continues to enjoy a good state of health.

Mr. PULFORD, of Kirby Cane, Norfolk, writes, that he was afflicted for ten years with great weakness and pain, in consequence of indigestion. By taking the VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS the distressing pains were removed, and his general health considerably improved.

Mrs. LANG, of Bitten-street, Teignmouth, states that her daughter was severely afflicted with indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and an overflow of blood to the head, occasioning dizziness and pain. For two years she received medical advice in vain. In a very short space of time she was perfectly cured by the use of KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

ANN FOIZER, of Broxwich, near Walsal, in consequence of indigestion, suffered much pain from spasms in the stomach. She lost her appetite also. A few doses of KAYE'S PILLS greatly strengthened her digestive powers, and the painful symptoms were speedily removed.

Mr. G. HATCH, Ugborough, near Totnes, was troubled for nearly eighteen years with extreme pains in the stomach and giddiness in the head; for upwards of four years he was unable to attend to business. The use of KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS has restored him to perfect health.

JOSEPH MURRAY, Grundy-street, Poplar New Town, says:—"I suffered for several years from a severe bilious disorder, attended with loss of appetite, and great depression of spirits, even to such a degree that I was unable to attend to any kind of business. In this state I was recommended to try your pills, and have been truly astonished at their miraculous effects; for by their use I was in a short time restored to such a state of health and strength as I had not enjoyed for many years, and now, thanks to your pills, my health is completely re-established."

Mrs. MARIA SLEEP, of Parson-street, Teignmouth, was for a long time afflicted with dropsy, and though under medical care she received no benefit. She tried KAYE'S PILLS, and, after taking two boxes, she was able to attend as formerly to her household employment.

Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON, 3, Ormond-yard, Ormond-street, Queen's-square, London, says KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS have done him more good than any other medicine for tightness in the chest, and occasional bad breathing. He is determined never to be without them.

SARAH ANN LEE, of Hoo, in the county of Kent, says she was afflicted with an infirmity of her whole body for several years; that she spent large sums upon medicines and medical men, but without effect; and that, after taking eight and a-half boxes of KAYE'S PILLS, she is better than for many years past.

Parties wishing to be supplied direct, may obtain them by sending, to the above Address, Fourteen Postage-stamps for small size; 2s. 9d. for second size; and 4s. 6d. for third size. A considerable saving is effected by purchasing the larger sizes.

#### IMPORTANT CAUTION.

Be careful that you are not imposed upon by spurious imitations. The genuine have these words: "WORSDELL'S PILLS, by JOHN KAYE," engraved on the Government Stamp; and, as a further protection, Mr. Kaye's coat of arms and a facsimile of his signature are printed on the directions wrapped round the Box, and to imitate which is felony.

Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d.,

2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, at the Depot, 80, Fleet-street, London; and by every respectable Medicine Vender throughout the United Kingdom. Applications for Agencies (where none at present exist) to be made at 80, Fleet-street, London.





# JOHN KAYE'S INFANT'S RESTORATIVE.

Considerable attention has, of late, been paid to the health of the ADULT population of this country. The causes of disease have been pointed out, and excellent remedial measures have been suggested. Strange to say, the health of INFANTS and CHILDREN has been grossly neglected; their condition has been either overlooked altogether, or remedies for their ailments have been proposed worse than the ailments themselves. Hence, DISEASE and DEATH are continually committing frightful ravages among the Infant population. Careful inquiries have demonstrated that ONE-HALF of all the children born in this country are carried to the grave while in a state of infancy, or before they reach their fifth year! This is especially the case in large manufacturing towns. Under any circumstances this is affecting; but it is peculiarly so when it can be demonstrated that this mortality arises, in the great majority of cases, from causes which may be remedied, and by means now accessible to all classes of the community.

A large proportion of the mortality amongst children is occasioned by the use of OPIUM, as part of those deleterious compounds sold for the benefit of mothers. Opium, according to Dr. Graham, "operates as a powerful and very diffusive stimulus, but its primary operation is followed by narcotic and sedative effects. In moderate doses it increases the fulness, force, and frequency of the pulse, augments the heat of the body, quickens respiration, and invigorates both the corporeal and mental functions, exhilarating even to intoxication; but, by degrees, these effects are succeeded by languor, lassitude, and sleep; and, in many instances, headache, sickness, thirst, tremors, and other symptoms of debility, such as follow the excessive use of ardent spirits, supervene. It is hurtful when there is any disposition to local inflammation, particularly of the chest; and where there is much determination to the head. The younger the patient, the more energetic is its action on the system; and palpitations of the heart and convulsions not unfrequently follow its use."

The INFANT'S RESTORATIVE is a medicine worthy the attention of all who desire the health of children. While it is EFFICACIOUS, it is PALATABLE, and even PLEASANT, to Infants and Young Children. It is warranted free from OPIUM, and from all those stupefying and dangerous ingredients which are so frequently dispensed under the appellation of SOOTHING CORDIALS, and by the use of which many a mistaken mother extinguishes the slender flame of infant life, while she fondly imagines that she is cherishing and strengthening it.

The INFANT'S RESTORATIVE is composed of a combination of agents which cannot fail to remove the causes of all the complaints to which infants are subject. It corrects acidity in the stomach, cools and purifies the blood, allays griping or irritation in the bowels, expels redundant wind, clears the lungs, and removes every unhealthy obstruction from the system; and it is peculiarly serviceable during the important and trying period of DENTITION, or TEETHING; in all CUTANEOUS DISORDERS, or Eruptions of the Skin, such as Measles, Nettle-rash, Chicken-pox, and others of that class, as well as Hooping-cough, Frog, Thrush, Croup, Rickets, Slight Fevers, Convulsions, Fits, &c., &c.

Mr. KAYE, before making known this valuable medicine, repeatedly used it in his own family with success, and its efficacy has been triumphantly proved in his immediate neighbourhood, and wherever else it has been used.

## IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS.

A few Testimonials, selected from those most recently received, are subjoined:—

"Having given your INFANT'S RESTORATIVE a fair trial, I can, from what it has effected in the case of my own child, confidently recommend it as a most invaluable remedy, especially for the pain to which children are subject during the time of teething, by soothing them and relieving them from the many irregularities which almost invariably accompany that critical period. I wish you an extensive sale for your inestimable RESTORATIVE. I shall recommend it to all within the sphere of my influence.—JOHN FREEMAN, City Missionary, Metropolitan-buildings, Somers-town, London."

"I conceive it to be only an act of justice to yourself, and of duty to parents and guardians of infants, to state that your INFANT'S RESTORATIVE has fully accomplished in my family all that your advertisement declares it is able to do.—E. RITA, Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane, London."

"Having procured a bottle of your INFANT'S RESTORATIVE, and having given the medicine to two of my children, I have great pleasure in stating that it has, to all appearance, removed that irritation and restlessness to which they have frequently been subjected, owing to a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, indicated by gripings and flatulency.—H. AUSTEN, 64, Wootton-street, Cornwall-road, Lambeth."

Prepared by JOHN KAYE, Esq., of Dalton-hall, near Huddersfield, and St. John's-wood-park, London; and sold in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d. each, with ample directions for use; in London, at the Wholesale Depot, No. 80, Fleet-street; and by all respectable Medicine Venders throughout the United Kingdom.

N.B.—A considerable saving will be effected by purchasing the larger-sized bottles.

MARSLAND, SON, & CO.'S



UNRIVALLED AND REGISTERED

# GRIFFIN CROCHET COTTON.

MARSLAND, SON, and Co. beg to call particular attention to their unrivalled "GRIFFIN CROCHET COTTON," which has deservedly attained such an extraordinary celebrity throughout the whole country, arising from its decided superiority over every other cotton yet presented to the public.

From the many advantages which MARSLAND, SON, and Co. enjoy in the most improved machinery and great manufacturing skill, together with a rapidly increasing trade, they are enabled to produce both Crochet and Sewing Cotton, which will defy all competition.

Their CROCHET COTTON is made of a peculiar material, which renders it exceedingly pleasant to work with; it has a soft, yet cabled surface, is extremely free from fibre, is warranted not to twist or curl in the working, or to shrink in the washing, and has an extraordinary silkiness of finish, which causes the pattern, when crocheted and washed, to possess a beautiful pearly appearance never before attained by any other manufacture.

M. S. & Co.'s manufacture of CROCHET COTTON contains every variety of Colors, warranted fast.

The Editresses of the "Ladies' Newspaper," the "Ladies' Own Book," the Editor of the "Shortway Edging and Round D'Oyley," the "Exhibition and Telegraph," the Editor of the "Bijou," and all the leading Publishers of the present day, are bringing on their works and patterns to suit the numbers of MARSLAND, SON, and Co.'s Crochet Cotton.

M. S. and Co. also manufacture NINE CORD, SIX CORD, and THREE CORD SEWING COTTON, of a quality equal to their Crochet Cotton, which is sold at the same establishments.

The full Lengths are guaranteed.

Sold retail by the principal Berlin Wool vendors, drapers, haberdashers, smallware dealers, &c.

N.B.—The trade supplied by Messrs. Fandel and Phillips, Messrs. Hutton and Co., and Messrs. Block and Son, Newgate Street, London; Messrs. Todd, Burns and Co., Dublin; Messrs. Lindsay Brothers, Belfast; Messrs. Revington and Co., Limerick; by all the leading warehouses in Manchester; or at the Manufactory, Bridge Mills, Blackfriars, Manchester, where all orders by post or personal application will be immediately attended to.

LONDON AGENT: EDWARD WRIGHT, 33, LAWRENCE LANE, CHEAPSIDE.



MARSLAND, SON AND CO.'S  
 NEWLY REGISTERED VARIAGATED AND COLORED  
**CROCHET COTTON,**  
 FOR MATTS, D'OYLEYS, MACASSARS, &c. &c.  
 WARRANTED FAST COLORS.



CRESTS & CENTRES FOR D'OYLEYS, &c.

MARSLAND, SON, and Co's. Crochet Thread, No. 24;  
 Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 3. Work the ground in  
 open, and the design in close squares. *Vide "Ladies'  
 Newspaper,"* page 182, March 27th, 1852; Edited by  
 Madlle. DUFOUR.

Manufactory, Bridge Mills, Blackfriars, Manchester.

# NEW EMPIRE.

**WHEN** Constantine founded that City now the Capital of Turkey, he offered large premiums to the Roman people as inducements for them to emigrate; but nature has far outstripped the Roman Emperor, and has laid open the most amazing riches, sufficient to furnish the kingdoms of the earth with precious metal. From every city, town, village, and hamlet throughout the United Kingdom, preparations are making for the gold-fields; and though thousands are preparing for this long voyage and far distant country, for every one **E. MOSES & SON** can furnish a suitable and complete **OUTFIT**. Their **OUTFITS** are perfectly adapted to the requirements of the Emigrant,—during his passage, or when he arrives at his station; they are suitable for all classes and for every profession and occupation. Many years' experience in the **OUTFITTING** business fully qualifies **E. MOSES & SON** to make up an **OUTFIT** of perfect suitability, and their immense transactions enable them to offer all necessary articles of first-rate quality cheaper than they can be obtained elsewhere. If the Emigrant would enjoy comfort in his important undertaking, an **OUTFIT** from **E. MOSES & SON'S** is indispensable, the superiority of their **OUTFITS** being universally acknowledged. Gigantic transactions in the Outfitting Branch induces them to keep a separate Department in their magnificent Establishment expressly devoted to **OUTFITS**, where the emigrant receives immediate attention. Cabin Passengers **OUTFITTED** as usual. All necessary information relative to sailing of vessels, cost of passage, gratuitously communicated. Full List of **OUTFITS** may be had on application, or forwarded post-free to any part of the kingdom.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Juvenile Clothing in the most fashionable styles; Summer Dress for all ages, for all professions or occupations, for excursion or for sporting engagements, the best and the cheapest in the world.

## LIST OF PRICES, READY MADE OR MADE TO MEASURE.

### SPRING AND SUMMER OVERCOATS.

	£	s.	d.
The New Vicuna Summer Overcoat . . . . .	from	0	5
Lustre Coats, in a variety of light and elegant textures . . . . .	from	8s.	6d. to 0 15 0
The Albert Wrapper, in a registered light material . . . . .	15s.	to	1 15 0
Super light texture cloths, in every shape, including the Bequeme . . . . .	18s.	to	2 15 0
The New Parisian Coat-Cape, made only by <b>E. MOSES &amp; SON</b> . . . . .	30s.	to	3 0 0
The Nepalesse Wrapper, weighing only six ounces . . . . .	from	1	5 0
Boys Spring and Summer Coats, in all the above materials and shapes, at proportionably low prices.			

### LOUNGING AND MORNING COATS.

Holland Cambridge Coats . . . . .	from	0	2
Alpaca Lustre do. . . . .	from	5s.	to 0 12 6
Cashmere and Orleans do. . . . .	6s.	6d.	to 0 14 0
Mixed Summer Cloth, in all shades from 15s. to 1 10 0			
Super cloth, of a light texture, black and coloured . . . . .	16s.	to	2 2 0
Shooting Jackets, in a variety of materials, &c. . . . .	10s.	6d.	to 2 2 0

### DRESS COATS.

Dress Coat . . . . .	from	17s.	to 1 5 0
Super Saxony ditto . . . . .	25s.	to	1 15 0
Imperial, usually called best . . . . .	2	10	0
Best quality, West of England . . . . .	2	15	0

### FROCK COATS.

Frock Coat . . . . .	from	1	0
Super ditto . . . . .	1	8	0
Saxony ditto . . . . .	2	2	0
Imperial ditto . . . . .	2	15	0
Very best . . . . .	3	3	0

A HANDSOME ALMANACK for the year 1852, to be had Gratis on application.

**NOTICE.**—The Parasol and Mantle Departments are now replete with every novelty of the season.

A New Book, entitled "The Library of Elegance," containing full directions for self-measurement, can be had gratis on application or forwarded post free to any part of the kingdom.

**OBSERVE.**—Any article purchased either ready made or made to measure, if not approved of, will be exchanged or the money returned.

**CAUTION.**—**E. MOSES & SON** have no connection with any other house, in or out of London, except the following:—

London City Establishments—154, 155, 156, and 157, Minories; 83, 84, 85, 36, Aldgate, opposite the Church, all communicating.

London West End Branch:—506, 507, 508, New Oxford-street; 1, 2, 3, Hart-street, all communicating.

Bradford, Yorkshire Branch, 19, Bridge-street.

Sheffield Branch, 36, Fargate.

**TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, HOSIERS, FURRIERS, BOOT & SHOE MAKERS, AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.**

The Establishments are closed from sunset, on Friday, till sunset, on Saturday, when business is resumed till 12 o'clock.

### SPRING AND SUMMER WAISTCOATS.

	£	s.	d.
Fancy Quilting Vest . . . . .	from	2s.	6d. to 0 7 6
Plain and long Alpaca Lustre . . . . .	3s.	6d.	to 0 6 6
White Quilting, for Dress . . . . .	4s.	6d.	to 0 9 6
Black Cassimere . . . . .	4s.	6d.	to 0 13 6
Embroidered Cloth . . . . .	10s.	6d.	to 2 0 0
A large assortment of Fancy Tibets and other materials . . . . .	4s.	6d.	to 0 13 6

### SPRING AND SUMMER TROUSERS.

Tweeds . . . . .	from	4s.	8d. to 0 7 6
Scotch ditto, in great variety . . . . .	8s.	6d.	to 0 16 6
Black Cassimere, for Dress . . . . .	9s.	6d.	to 1 6 0
Fancy Summer Doeskin . . . . .	8s.	6d.	to 1 1 0
A large variety of Fancy Checks and Stripes, with borders . . . . .	10s.	6d.	to 1 1 0
White Drill Trousers . . . . .	5s.	6d.	to 0 12 6
Plain and Fancy Gambroon . . . . .	6s.	to	0 12 6
A splendid assortment of West of England Plain and Fancy Doeskin . . . . .	18s., 22s.	to	1 4 0

### LADIES' RIDING HABITS.

Summer cloth, with $\frac{1}{2}$ train, from . . . . .	2	0	0
Superior ditto . . . . .	3	3	0
Superfine ditto . . . . .	4	10	0

### LIVERIES.

Page's suit, from . . . . .	1	8	0
Footman's . . . . .	2	15	0
Groom's . . . . .	3	0	0
Coachman's . . . . .	3	10	0

### MOURNING.

Ready made at Five Minutes' Notice.

Suit complete . . . . .	1	16	0
Boy's ditto . . . . .	0	18	6

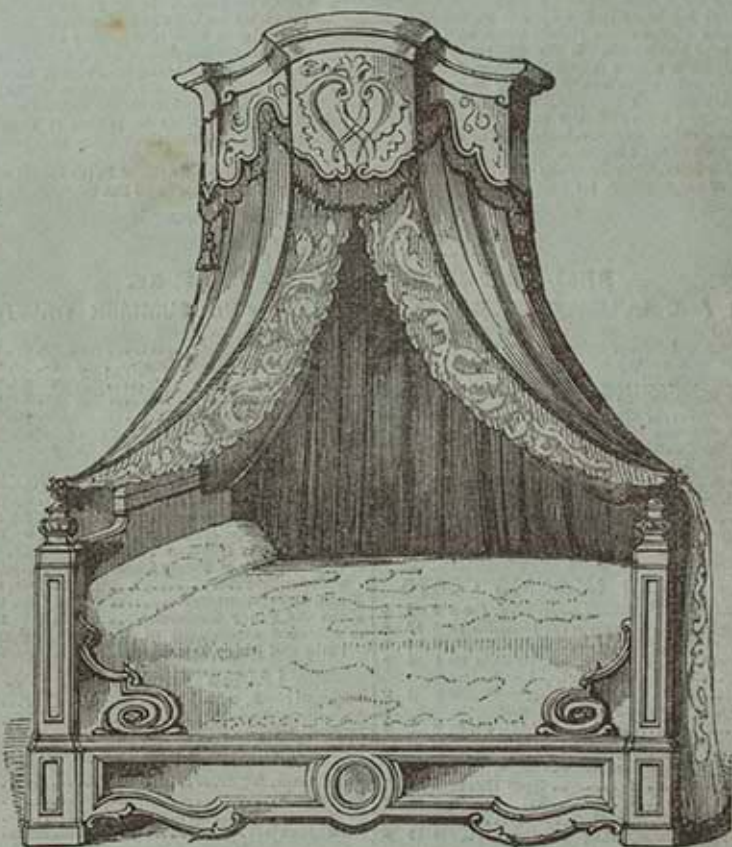
Made to Measure in Five Hours.



# HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS,

Sent free by post.

It contains Designs and Prices of upwards of One  
Hundred Different Bedsteads,



In Iron, Brass, Japanned Wood, Polished Birch,  
Mahogany, Rosewood, & Walnut Tree Woods;

Also their

## PRICED LIST OF BEDDING.

*Their New Warerooms enable them to keep one of each design fixed for inspection.*

They have also, in addition to their usual stock, a great variety of the best designs of

## PARISIAN BEDSTEADS,

BOTH IN WOOD AND IRON, WHICH THEY HAVE JUST IMPORTED.

## HEAL & SON,

BEDSTEAD AND BEDDING MANUFACTURERS,

196, (opposite the Chapel), Tottenham Court Road.