

2-1-1853

Bleak House. No. 12

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. 12" (1853). *Bleak House by Charles Dickens*. Book 12.
<http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/bleak-house/12>

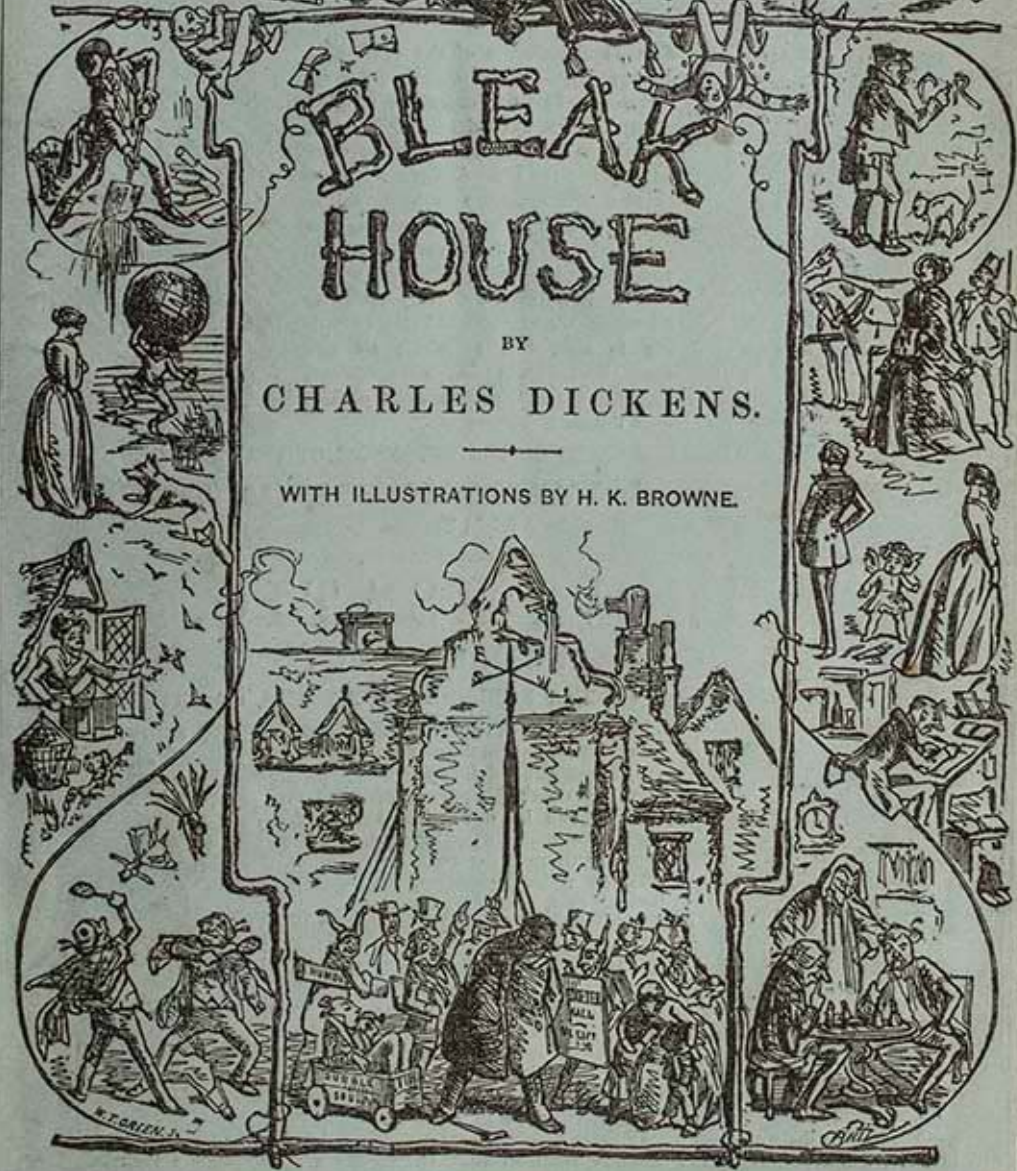
This Book is made available online by English, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in Bleak House by Charles Dickens by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the [FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines](#). For more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



BLEAK HOUSE

BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.



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.

TO SPORTSMEN, TOURISTS, & TRAVELLERS.



**EDMISTON'S POCKET SIPHONIA,
OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.**

WEIGHT 10 oz.

Sole Manufacturers of the celebrated Pocket Siphonia, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture, adapted for Sportsmen, Travellers, and Tourists, easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle; the most important feature in this *Waterproofing* is being mineralised, which effectually resists the powerful heat of the sun and the most violent rains, also obviating the stinkiness and unpleasant smell peculiar to all other Waterproofs.—Price according to size, 40s. to 55s.; all silk throughout, 50s. to 65s. Measurement, length of coat, and size round the chest over the coat.



NOTICE.—NAME & ADDRESS STAMPED INSIDE. NONE OTHERS ARE GENUINE.

**EDMISTON & SON, WATERPROOFERS, 416, STRAND,
Near the Adelphi Theatre.**

**THE VERSATIO,
OR REVERSIBLE COAT.**

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF THE NOBLEMAN, MERCHANT, OR TRADESMAN.

No. 1.

Reversed.



The importance of this *patented* invention consists in the novelty of the material and its application, viz., the double purpose of forming two in one without trouble, one side presenting a gentlemanly morning coat, the other a riding, shooting, or hunting coat, in any texture or colour desired.

In over-garments or paletots this happy discovery offers still more useful advantages to the wearer, one surface exhibiting a graceful and elegant walking coat, while its counterpart is conveniently adapted for the rougher purposes of travelling, skilfully designed in each, and

No. 2.

Reversed.



perfect in both their capacities. In these varying properties the public must recognise an union of novelty and usefulness not hitherto accomplished. Gentlemen supplied sending their height and size round the chest over the waistcoat. Price from 50s. to 70s.

LONDON: EDMISTON & SON, TAILORS, 69, STRAND, opposite the Adelphi Theatre.

BLEAK HOUSE ADVERTISER.

On the First of March will be published VOLUME I. PART I. of the

EIGHTH EDITION

OF THE

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

EDITED BY

THOMAS STEWART TRAILL, M.D.F. R.S.E.

PROFESSOR OF MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

To be continued Monthly, in Parts, at 8s., and Quarterly, in Volumes, at 24s.

To secure regularity of publication, the work will be considerably advanced at press before the publication of the First Part. The whole to be comprised in Twenty-One Volumes, 4to.

THIS GREAT REPERTORY of HUMAN KNOWLEDGE has continued since 1771 to accumulate the ever-increasing treasures of Science and Literature. It was first published in three volumes 4to. 1771; next, in ten volumes in 1778; in Eighteen Volumes in 1797, to this was added the Supplement, in two volumes, by Bishop Gleig, in 1801; this was followed by an edition in twenty volumes, in 1810, and two other editions during the succeeding ten years; to which was added the celebrated Supplement, in six volumes 4to, edited by Professor Napier, commenced in 1815, and finished in 1824.

The Seventh Edition, which was completed in 1842, embodied whatever remained valuable in the previous editions and in the Supplements, and was further enhanced in value by the contributions of men second to none in talents and reputation.

The sale of 35,000 copies, not during an excitement raised by a factitious reputation, but extending over seven editions, and during a succession of years, in which the work was tested and approved by the most accomplished and scientific scholars, remains an irrefragable proof of the unquestionable merit of this National Work.

THE EIGHTH EDITION will undergo careful revision and extensive correction. Articles rendered imperfect by the lapse of time will be submitted for improvement to writers intimately conversant with the respective subjects, whilst other articles will be superseded by entirely new contributions, and subjects not formerly embraced in its pages will be added.

Besides the valuable disquisitions on Science, Literature, Arts, and Commerce, by the illustrious men who assisted in the production of the former editions of this great Work, its stores will be further enriched by contributions from many of the most distinguished writers of the present day, whose names will appear with the volumes to which they contribute.

The First Volume will consist of the Dissertations by Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh, on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy; and by Professor Playfair and Sir John Leslie, on the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Science. In the new edition the Dissertation of Sir James Mackintosh will be accompanied with a Preface by W. Whewell, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge.

To these will be added two new Dissertations, the first by the Archbishop of Dublin on the Rise, Progress, and Corruptions of Christianity; the second by James D. Forbes, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; being a continuation of the Dissertations on the Progress of Physical Science to the present time.

EDINBURGH: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.

HANDLEY CROSS.—An Accident having happened to one of the Engravings too late to be remedied—the publication of the **First Number** is unavoidably postponed till the 1st of March.

January 29, 1853.

NEW SPORTING NEWSPAPER.

Published Weekly, price Sixpence,

THE FIELD,

OR,

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

LEECH, ANSELL, HABLOT BROWNE, AND WEIR.

DEVOTED ESPECIALLY TO

HUNTING,	SHOOTING,	YACHTING,
RACING,	COURSING,	CRICKETING,
FISHING,	ARCHERY,	FARMING,
GARDENING, AND POULTRY-KEEPING;		

Agricultural and Health-giving pursuits generally. With a **COMPREHENSIVE SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS**; Law and Police Reports, Lists of Markets, Theatricals, Fashionable Intelligence, Reviews of Books, Veterinary Information, &c. &c.

The Paper may be obtained through all respectable News Agents throughout the kingdom.

PUBLISHING OFFICE, 4, BRYDGES STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
Where Advertisements and Communications to the Editor can be addressed.

T. BOSWORTH'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Now ready.

THE FINE ARTS; their Nature and Relations. With detailed Criticisms on certain Pictures of the Italian and French Schools. By M. GUIZOT. Translated from the French, with the assistance of the Author, by GEORGE GROVES. With Seventeen Illustrations, drawn on Wood by GEORGE SCHARF, Jun. Medium 8vo. cloth extra, 14s.

"ET CETERA." By Lady EMME-LINE STUART WORTLEY. Crown 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

THE POETS of the WOODS. Twelve Pictures of ENGLISH SONG BIRDS, executed in Colours, in the best style of Lithography, from Designs by J. WOLF; with Poetical Descriptions, selected from the best Authors. Small 4to. cloth gilt, gilt edges, 15s.

"Gracefully planned and tastefully executed. The Engravings are among the best specimens of printing in colours which have been produced."—*Athenæum*.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON BUSINESS; or, How to get Money by Trading; with an Inquiry into the Chances of Success and Causes of Failure in Business. By EDWIN T. FREEDLEY. Crown 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

"A more interesting or useful publication for the Trading Community it were difficult to name."—*Globe*.

THE REVIVAL of the FRENCH EMPERORSHIP ANTICIPATED from the NECESSITY of PROPHECY. By GEORGE STANLEY FABER, B.D., Master of Sherburn Hospital, and Prebendary of Salisbury. Fep. 8vo. cloth, 2s.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS; the Mystery of the Day. Comprising an entire History of the American "Spirit" Manifestations, and their Origin, to the present time. By HENRY SPICKER, Esq. Crown 8vo. cloth, 9s.

LAST GLIMPSSES of CONVOCATION; showing the latest Incidents and Results of "Synodical Action" in the Church of England. 1 vol. fep. 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

THE RIFLE; its Uses and Advantages in War, in the Volunteer Service, and in Sporting Pursuits; with Observations upon the Nature, the Power, and the Relative Economy of the various kinds of Projective Weapons. Dedicated to the Metropolitan Rifle Club. By LONG RANOK. 8vo. sewed, 1s. 6d.

THE STANDARD COOK. Containing upwards of Seven Hundred Practical Receipts in Cookery, and One Hundred in Confectionary. To which is added, Bottling of Fruits and Juices, Home-made Wines, Distilling, Pickling, and Preserving. With an Appendix, containing the duties of the Steward, Housekeeper, and Man Cook; and other information necessary to be known by every Mistress of a family and Servant. By ROBERT RYLANDS, Cook to His Grace the Duke of Portland. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With a Preface by the Authoress, now first published. Be particular to order this Edition, as Mrs. Stowe has a direct interest in it, and no other can contain the Preface, it being Copyright. It is well printed in crown 8vo. price 3s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEDIEVAL COSTUME in ENGLAND, collected from MSS. in the British Museum, Bibliothèque de Paris, &c. By T. A. DAY and J. H. DINWES. With numerous coloured Engravings, small 4to. cloth, 9s.

"The Engravings leave nothing to be desired. They are really beautiful, and at the same time most accurate. The letterpress is terse, comprehensive, and good."—*Weekly News*.

THE ANATOMY OF POKERY.

CASES OF CONSCIENCE; for the Use of the Laity. By PASCAL the YOUNGER. 4th Edition, 8vo. price 2s. 6d.

"For powerful statements, startling facts, pungent wit, and that eloquence which is reasoning on fire, our day, fruitful in power, has produced nothing like 'Cases of Conscience.'"—*Archd. Garbett's Charge, Aug. 1852*.

THE PLEASURES, OBJECTS, and ADVANTAGES of LITERATURE. By the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, M.A., Author of "Lives of the Sacred Poets," "Jeremy Taylor; a Biography," &c. 2d. Edition, revised, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

"It may be read over and over again, and will always impart some new delight."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE LIFE OF WALLENSTEIN, DUKE OF FRIEDLAND. By Lieut.-Col. MICHIELL. Second Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, reduced to 5s.

"A work written with the feelings of a soldier, the principles of a patriot, and the penetration of a statesman."—*Alison's History of Europe*.

"We shall be glad if we can convey to the reader any part of the pleasure which we have received ourselves from the perusal of this work."—*Times*.

A YOUNG TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR in NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA. With Sixteen Illustrations. 12mo. cloth gilt, 6s.

"We have met with many works of the kind, by older and far more experienced persons, which were not half so agreeably and tastefully written. The young lady describes what she saw very prettily and distinctly."—*Athenæum*.

A LEAF FROM A CHRISTMAS TREE. Translated from the German; and edited by the Rev. F. GILBERT WHITE. With Illustrations, 12mo. cloth.

A HUNDRED SHORT TALES FOR CHILDREN, translated from the German of CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID. By FRANCIS B. WELLS, M.A., Rector of Woodchurch, Kent. With Frontispiece and Vignette. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

"A good collection of fables apologues, &c., by a writer deservedly popular—to be recommended."—*Athenæum*.

"Incidents, accidents, natural phenomena, thrown into the form of little narratives, designed to impress useful lessons upon children, at the same time that interest is excited by the tale."—*Spectator*.

11, BOUVERIE STREET.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY
BRADBURY AND EVANS.

Now ready, price 3s. 6d., neatly bound in cloth,

THE SECOND VOLUME
OF
A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH FRONTISPIECE FROM A DRAWING BY F. W. TOPHAM.

CORRECTED AND REVISED FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS," WITH A TABLE OF DATES.

. *The History will be completed in Three Volumes.*

Works by the same Author.

BLEAK HOUSE. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARLOT K. BROWNE. Now publishing in Monthly Parts, price 1s. each. (To be completed in Twenty.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD. With Forty Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE. Price 21s. in Cloth.

DOMBEY AND SON. With Forty Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE. Price 21s. in Cloth.

OLIVER TWIST. With Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Price 11s. in Cloth.

PICTURES FROM ITALY. In fep. Svo. Price 6s. in Cloth.

In small Svo, price 5s. each, bound in cloth, gilt edges, the Illustrations by D. MACLISH, R.A., CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., FRANK STONE, JOHN LEECH, JOHN TENNIEL, and RICHARD DOYLE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, IN PROSE.
THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.
A fairy Tale of Home.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE. A LOVE STORY.

THE HAUNTED MAN AND THE GHOST'S BARGAIN. A Fancy for Christmas Time.

THE CHIMES. A GOBLIN STORY OF SOME BELLS THAT RANG AN OLD YEAR OUT AND A NEW YEAR IN.

To be completed in about Seven Volumes, price 4s. each,

COLLECTED EDITION OF THE WRITINGS
OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

VOL. 1.—MEN OF CHARACTER.

2.—ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES

3.—MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES; STORY OF A FEATHER; AND THE SICK GIANT AND DOCTOR DWARF.

VOL. 4.—CAKES AND ALE.

5.—PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON; PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER; SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH.

Publishing also in Weekly Numbers, price 1½d. each, and Monthly Parts, price 7d. each.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY BRADBURY AND EVANS.

Illustrated Works suitable for Presents.

MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

By the Author of "Handley Cross," "Jorrocks's Jaunts," &c. Illustrated with Coloured Engravings and Woodcuts, by JOHN LEECH. Complete in 1 Volume 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, price 14s., or with gilt edges, price 15s.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. A BIOGRAPHY; IN FOUR BOOKS. By JOHN FORSTER. In one large volume. Forty Original Designs engraved on Wood. Price 21s.

THE STORY OF NELL GWYN

AND THE SAYINGS OF CHARLES THE SECOND. Collected and Related by PETER CUNNINGHAM. Plates. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK FOR

1853. With a large Coloured Engraving by JOHN LEECH, and numerous Woodcuts by JOHN LEECH and JOHN TENNIEL. Price 2s. 6d.

THE RISING GENERATION. A

Series of 12 large Coloured Plates, designed and engraved by JOHN LEECH. Price 10s. 6d.

YOUNG TROUBLESOME: Or,

MASTER JACKEY'S HOLIDAYS. A Series of Plates. Price 5s. 6d. plain; 7s. 6d. coloured.

THE MAN MADE OF MONEY.

By DOUGLAS JERROLD. With Illustrations by JOHN LEECH. Price 7s.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-

WRITER. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. With Fifty Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

By DOUGLAS JERROLD. With Twenty-Four Illustrations. Price 5s.

PUNCH; OR, THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Volumes 1 to 20, elegantly bound in 10. Price 7l.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF

THE ENGLISH IN 1849. Drawn from ye Quick, by RICHARD DOYLE. With some Extracts from Mr. Pips his Diary, by PERCIVAL LEIGH. Complete, price 15s.

THE LADIES' COMPANION. Em-

bellished with large Coloured Plates, and Numerous Engravings on Wood. 3 Vols., Imperial 8vo. Price 30s.

THE ENCHANTED DOLL. A FAIRY

TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By MARK LEMON. Illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE. Price 3s. 6d., in Boards.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF

CAGE BIRDS. Their Management, Habits, Food, Diseases, Treatment, Breeding, and the Methods of Catching them. By J. M. BECISTEIN, M.D. Price 6s. in Cloth, gilt.

THE MONTH. A VIEW OF PASSING

SUBJECTS AND MANNERS: HOME AND FOREIGN, SOCIAL AND GENERAL. By JOHN LEECH and ALBERT SMITH. Price 6s.

Works by W. M. Thackeray.

VANITY FAIR. With Forty Steel

Engravings, and Numerous Woodcuts, by the Author. 8vo. Price 21s.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS.

Forty-eight Steel Engravings, and Numerous Woodcuts, by the Author. 2 Vols., 8vo. Price 26s.

THE HISTORY OF SAMUEL

TITMARSH AND THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND. In One Volume, small 8vo, price 4s., in Cloth, with Ten Illustrations on Steel. A New Edition.

THE BOOK OF SNOBS. With

Sixty Illustrations by the Author. A New Edition in the Press.

Works by G. A. A'Beckett.

THE COMIC HISTORY OF ROME.

Illustrated with Ten Coloured Engravings, and Numerous Woodcuts, by JOHN LEECH. Price 11s. in Cloth.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

Price 5s.

THE COMIC HISTORY OF ENG-

LAND. Twenty coloured Engravings, and Numerous Woodcuts, by JOHN LEECH. In 2 Vols. 8vo. Price 21s.

THE QUIZZIOLOGY OF THE

BRITISH DRAMA. Price 2s.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY BRADBURY AND EVANS.

Now ready, price 6s. in cloth,

A NEW EDITION OF VANITY FAIR.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

"In forming our general estimate of this writer, we wish it to be understood as referring principally, if not exclusively, to 'Vanity Fair,' so immeasurably superior in our opinion is this to every other known production of his pen. The great charm of this work is its entire freedom from mannerism and affectation, both in style and sentiment,—the confiding frankness with which the reader is addressed,—the thoroughbred carelessness with which the author permits the thoughts and feelings suggested by the situations to flow in their natural channel, as if conscious that nothing mean or unworthy could fall from him. In a word, the book is the work of a gentleman—one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and here are touches of nature by the dozen."—*Edinburgh Review*.

Now ready, price 7s. in Cloth, a New Edition of

'THE LADIES' COMPANION TO THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

Being an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Ornamental Plants grown in Gardens and Shrubberies; with full directions for their culture.

By MRS. LOUDON.

Preparing for publication, a New Edition, enlarged and improved, of

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM:

OR, THE STRUCTURE, CLASSIFICATION, AND USES OF PLANTS. Illustrated upon the Natural System.

By DR. LINDLEY, Ph. D., F.R.S., &c.

In the Spring will be published, a New Edition, brought down to the present time, of

THE HANDBOOK OF BOTANY.

Works on Gardening and Botany.

THE ELEMENTS OF BOTANY, STRUCTURAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL. By DR. LINDLEY. With a Glossary of Technical Terms, and numerous Illustrations. 12s. cloth.

THE ELEMENTS OF MEDICAL AND ECONOMICAL BOTANY. By DR. LINDLEY. With numerous Illustrations. Svo. Price 14s. cloth.

SCHOOL BOTANY: OR, THE RUDIMENTS OF BOTANICAL SCIENCE. By DR. LINDLEY. With nearly 400 Illustrations. Svo. Price 5s. 6d. half-bound.

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 4s. cloth. With Illustrations.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL PLANTS AND PLANTING—with a description of all Evergreens adapted for the Climate of Great Britain;—the Cultivation of American Plants, the new Sikkim Rhododendrons, &c. By STANDISH AND NOBLE. Price 6s. cloth.

PAXTON'S FLOWER-GARDEN.

Edited by SIR JOSEPH PAXTON and DR. LINDLEY. Each Volume is Illustrated by 36 highly-finished Plates, and more than 200 beautiful Wood Engravings. Complete in three Volumes. Price 33s. each, elegantly bound in cloth.

* * * This work is also published in 36 Monthly Parts, the whole of which may be procured by order of any Bookseller, price 2s. 6d. each.

PAXTON'S BOTANICAL DICTIONARY. Comprising the Names, History, and Culture of all Plants known in Britain; with a full Explanation of Technical Terms. Crown 8vo, 16s.

HOW TO LAY OUT A SMALL GARDEN. By EDWARD KEMP, Landscape Gardener, Birkenhead Park. Price 3s. 6d. bound in cloth.

By the same Author, price 2s.

THE HAND-BOOK OF GARDENING. For the use of all persons who possess a Garden of limited extent. The Tenth Edition, enlarged and improved.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, *January.*

HURST & BLACKETT,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

THE FOLLOWING NEW WORKS.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT AND CABINETS OF GEORGE THE THIRD. From original Family Documents. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G., &c. 2 vols. 8vo., with Portraits.

A TOUR OF INQUIRY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, Illustrating their present Political, Social, and Religious Condition. By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq. 2 vols. 21s.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH SOLDIER IN THE UNITED STATES' ARMY. 2 vols. 21s.

TRAVELS IN INDIA AND KASHMIR. By Baron SCHONBERG. 2 vols. 21s.

MILITARY LIFE IN ALGERIA. By the Count P. de CASTELLANE. 2 vols. 21s.

THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE, AND THEIR TESTIMONY TO HOLY WRIT; By S. W. FULLON, Esq. Dedicated by permission to the King of Hanover. Third Edition, Revised. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA. By a BANISHED LADY. Second Edition. 2 vols. 21s.

"A thoroughly good book. It cannot be read by too many people."—*Dickens's Household Words.*

THE NEW NOVELS.

THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER; Or, THE DAYS WE LIVE IN. By Mrs. GORE. 3 vols.

THE FIRST LIEUTENANT'S STORY. By Lady CATHERINE LONG, Author of "Sir Roland Ashton." 3 vols.

HARRY MUIR. A Story of Scottish Life. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "Adam Graeme," &c. 3 vols. (*Just Ready.*)

CASTLE AVON. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," &c. 3 vols.

THE LONGWOODS OF THE GRANGE. By the Author of "Adelaide Lindsay." 3 vols. (*Just Ready.*)

BROOKES'S GENERAL GAZETTEER.

By A. G. FINDLAY, F.R.G.S.

New Edition, illustrated with Maps, 958 pages, 8vo, cloth. Price 15s.

A GENERAL GAZETTEER, or, Compendious Geographical Dictionary, containing Descriptions of every Country in the known World, with their Towns, People, Natural Productions, &c., and the various Remarkable Events by which they have been distinguished. Originally compiled by R. BROOKES, M.D. The whole revised and corrected to the present period by A. G. FINDLAY, F.R.G.S.

* * * With an Appendix: the Statistics of Population and Area of the World are collected at one view. They have been drawn up from the latest attainable information; and among the Tables, the recently published Census of Great Britain holds a prominent place. London: WILLIAM TEGG & Co., 85, Queen-street, Cheapside.

Now Ready,

THE CONCEITED PIG,

With Six Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR, Engraved on Wood. Royal 18mo, price 1s.

London: J. & C. MOZLEY, 6, Paternoster-row.

Weekly Numbers, price 2d., stitched in a neat Wrapper; in Monthly Parts, price 9d., and in Quarterly Volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, price 2s. 6d..

THE FAMILY FRIEND,

A Magazine of Domestic Economy, Entertainment, Instruction, and Practical Science, for Family Reading.

The *Family Friend* will be found doubly welcome to the homes of England, when it is stated that a New Tale was commenced in the Number for January 1, 1853, entitled, "THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE," by Mrs. ELLIS, authoress of "Family Secrets," "The Women of England," &c.

London: Published at the OFFICE, 69, FLEET STREET; HOULSTON & STONEMAN, 65, Paternoster Row; and sold by all Booksellers.

ALBANY LAMP AND CANDLE-

MANUFACTORY—CLARKE'S Russian Wax Candles, 1s. per lb., burn superior to all others. Best Albany Composite Candles, 8d. per lb., do not require snuffing; for ordinary purposes the Cheapest Candles that can be used, Moulds, 7d., Store Candles, 6d. per lb.; Express Pale Soap, very old and dry, 54s. per cwt.; Good Yellow, 50s. and 44s.; Best Mottled, 56s.; Honey Soap, 1s.; Old Brown Windsor, 2s.; all other Scented Soaps, 1s. 6d. per lb.; Patent Albany Oil, 4s. 6d. per gallon, superior to Sperm; CLARKE'S Refined Oil for French Lamps, 4s. per gallon; Solar, 3s. 6d. Italian goods of the finest quality at the Wholesale Price; Lamps of every description manufactured on the premises, for cash only.

SAMUEL CLARKE, Albany Lamp and Candle Manufactory, 55, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London, within two minutes' walk of the Colosseum.

N.B. Country Orders, amounting to £10 or upwards, Carriage Free.



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.

JOSEPH GILLOTT most respectfully begs to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the Public generally, that by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions, which for excellence of temper, quality of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, he believes will ensure universal approbation, and defy competition. Each pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of Boxes, containing One Gross each, with Label outside, and fac-simile of his signature.

Victoria Works, Graham-street, Birmingham. April 20th, 1852.

Just published; crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.,

SPIRITS OF THE PAST.

AN HISTORICAL POEM, WITH COPIOUS BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

By NICHOLAS MICHELL, Author of "Ruins of many Lands," &c.

"He causes to pass before the mind's eye those who, by their character and deeds, have illustrated the world's progress from the remotest ages. In delineating the leading features of the Scripture characters and the Military heroes, he shows himself at once to be a poet and a philosopher. In the Third Part he assumes a wholly different tone; there in his portraits of "Celebrated Women," enthusiasm breaks forth—Aspasia's lament over the body of Pericles, and that of Polla over Lucan, are equally characterised by genuine pathos. We would also instance Lucretia, Dante's Beatrice, Laura, and Lady Jane Grey, as highly wrought and most touching pictures. Mr. Michell is entitled to take a high rank among the poets of the age."—*New Quarterly Review*, January.

"The work has singular variety, fascinating grace, and thrilling power."—*Weekly Chronicle*.

London: WILLIAM TEGG & CO., 85, Queen-street, Cheap-side; and all Booksellers.

New Work by the Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," &c.

Now Ready, and may be had at all the Libraries,

VILLETTE. BY CURRER BELL,

In Three Volumes, post 8vo.

Just Published in One Volume, Post 8vo, price 10s. 6d.,

THE SCHOOL FOR DREAMERS.

By T. GWYNNE, Author of "THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS."

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO, 65, CORNHILL.

Price 56s. folio, half-bound morocco, gilt.



BLACK'S GENERAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

With upwards of Sixty-five Maps, Engraved and Coloured in the first style of Art, embracing all the latest discoveries, including those of Captain INGELFIELD, in the Arctic Regions, &c., and a COMPLETE INDEX of 60,000 names.

This Work is published on the plan of small impressions, and frequent new and corrected issues. The Publishers are thus enabled to take advantage of every discovery as it appears, and to offer the Public an Atlas that can be relied upon for accuracy, beauty, and comprehensiveness.

EDINBURGH: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK;

And Sold by all Booksellers.

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.

GORE HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

THE ROYAL



TURKISH TOWELS.

UNDER the Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, and which received the Prize Medal at the Great Exhibition. The brown Linen combines the advantages of a flesh-brush with the qualities most desirable in a Towel. The white cotton is the softest Towel ever made, and absorbs moisture without the necessity of using friction. To be had of all respectable Linendrapers.

THE REGISTERED NEEDLE ENVELOPE AND EPITOME.



MESSRS. H. MILWARD & SONS

HAVE great pleasure in presenting the Envelope to their customers as a very unique and perfect little invention for the reception of Needles; it is safe, ready, and economical; being no more bulky than a common packet of 25, and yet so much more convenient and easy of access.

The great advantage of this Envelope will be apparent to the most casual observer when it is noticed that it retains each Needle till separately taken out, thus avoiding all waste and loss; and it also saves much trouble, from the case with which it is opened and shut.

THE REGISTERED EPITOME.

The Envelope has been still increased in usefulness by being carried out as in the Epitome to contain 100 Needles, for the convenience of purchasers of that number; it combines the same advantages, and forms the most efficient Needle Case ever offered for sale.

Messrs. H. M. & SONS in presenting this article to the public, pledge themselves by the known respectability of their ancient house, (established 1730) to fill these cases with such Needles as shall ensure a constant demand for them.

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 Perruquean 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.

RODGERS'S IMPROVED SHIRT.

No. 64.

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.

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 Hornsley Fields, Wolverhampton.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS FOR**

RHEUMATIC PAINS AND THE CURE OF TIC DOLOUREUX.—Mrs. Harriet O'Connell, a lady of property residing in Union-street, Plymouth, states, in a letter to Professor Holloway, dated Nov. 10, 1852,—"That she was afflicted for nearly 5 years with frequent attacks of Tic Doloureux and Rheumatic pains. Medical aid had no effect whatever in alleviating her sufferings. The attacks left her in a weak and debilitated condition, and her bodily health was very much impaired. In this deplorable state she was induced to try Holloway's Pills, and by persevering in their use the pains became gradually diminished, and ultimately she was restored to perfect health and strength."

Sold by all Druggists, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244, Strand, London.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."

The Best Congou Tea	- - - - -	3s. 8d. per lb.
The Best Imperial Souchong Tea	- - - - -	2s. "
The Best Moyune Gunpowder	- - - - -	5s. "
The Best Plantation Coffee	- - - - -	1s. "
The Best Mocha Coffee	- - - - -	1s. 4d. "

Tea or Coffee to the value of 40s. or upwards sent, Carriage Free, to any part of England, by

PHILLIPS & COMPANY,

TEA MERCHANTS,

8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A CERTAIN REMEDY for disorders of the Pulmonary Organs—in Difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient CONSUMPTION (of which Cough is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In ASTHMA, and in WINTER COUGH, they have never been known to fail. Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Church Yard, London. Sold Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Venders in the Kingdom. N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES," are engraved on the GOVERNMENT STAMP of each box.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL.

Copy of a Letter from "COLONEL HAWKER, (the well-known Author on GUNS AND SHOOTING):"

Longparish House, near Whitechurch, Hants, October 21st, 1846.

SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough for several weeks that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
P. HAWKER.

To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard.

IMPORTANT FROM AUSTRALIA.

"WE consider we are performing an act of humanity to the community of Van Diemen's Land, in acknowledging that statements have been made to us by several persons who have taken PARR'S LIFE PILLS, with the most beneficial effect to them. Accounts of their efficacy have been furnished us by various individuals who have taken them, since the supply furnished by the patentees in England to Mr. Dowling; but they have generally savoured so much of the marvellous, that we have hesitated to make the statements public. However, we are now satisfied from further accounts given to us, that to hesitate longer would be perpetrating an act of criminal omission to our fellow-creatures, and having taken the Pills ourselves with the most satisfactory result, we perform only an act of duty in most strongly recommending them to the public at large. This we feel the more confidence in doing, knowing that under any circumstances they cannot do harm; and our conscientious belief is, that they cannot be taken by any person without doing him good."—*Cornwall (Van Diemen's Land) Gazette.*



IS the best Medicine ever used in Scurvy, and every variety of Scorbutic Affections, making it very desirable to TAKE TO SEA. It is eagerly sought after in all our Colonies, especially in Australia, where a small Box recently sold for 10s. In America, the West Indies, and China, also, its fame is known, and its virtues duly appreciated, causing an immense demand for it; and there is no country or port in the world where it will not speedily become an article of extensive traffic, profit, and general utility, as it may be had recourse to in all cases of sickness, with confidence in its simplicity and in its power to produce relief.

The following facts have been mentioned to Mr. J. F. WINKS, Agent for PARR'S LIFE PILLS, Leicester.

The wife of Mr. BROWN, in Fleet Street, has been in a low way for some time; she took the pills regularly, and soon found her spirits more cheerful; and her sight and hearing, which had been affected, were improved. She said they were pleasant to take, not causing a sickly feeling or giving the least pain.

Miss EVANS, Chatham-street, is a mender, in a warehouse; has been much afflicted for several years, and not able to do more than two hours work in a day; she took the pills, and soon was improved in health, and could see much better. She now works her regular hours.

Mr. HENSHAW, of Bagworth, has been long subject to palpitation of the heart, and could not walk up hill. Had the advice of an eminent physician, in Leicester, and was no better till he took these Pills, but is now quite recovered.

Mr. R. YANN, of Belgrave, has been ill five years of palpitation of the heart. Had been in the infirmary, and under several physicians and surgeons. Has been gradually improving since he took the Pills, and is now able to work.

Mrs. TURNER, of Whetstone, had found them very beneficial for the Scrofula.

Many other cases have been mentioned by persons who have purchased the Pills.

I shall be happy to answer any enquiries.

J. F. WINKS, Bookseller, Leicester.

CAUTION.

The words PARR'S LIFE PILLS are engraved on the Government Stamp, in WHITE LETTERS ON A RED GROUND; and attached to every box of the Genuine Medicine. The Signature of the Proprietors, "T. ROBERTS and Co.," Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, is also printed on the direction wrapped round each box. Without this mark of authenticity they are spurious and an imposition.

Sold by EDWARDS, 67, St. Paul's; BARCLAY & SONS, Farringdon-street; SUTTON & Co., Bow Churchyard, London; MOTTERSHED & Co., Manchester; RAINES & Co., Edinburgh and Liverpool; BOLTON & Co., York; DAGLISH & Co., Newcastle; MANDER & Co., Wolverhampton; and by all respectable Chemists, druggists, and dealers in Patent Medicine. Price 1s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., 2s. 9d., and family boxes 11s. each. Full directions are given with each box.

THE TEETH AND BREATH.

A GOOD SET OF TEETH ever insures favourable impressions, while their preservation is of the utmost importance to every individual, both as regards the general health by the proper mastication of food, and the consequent possession of pure and sweet breath. Among the various preparations offered for the purpose,

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,

stands unrivalled in its capability of embellishing, purifying, and preserving the teeth to the latest period of life. Prepared from Oriental Herbs with unusual care, transmitted to this country at great expense, this unique compound will be found to eradicate all tartar and concretions, and impart a pearl-like whiteness to the enamelled surface, remove spots of incipient decay, render the gums firm and red, fix the teeth firmly in their sockets, and from its aromatic influence impart sweetness and purity to the breath.—Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CAUTION.—The words "ROWLANDS' ODONTO" are on the Label, and "A. Rowland & Sons, 29, Hatton Garden," engraved on the Government Stamp affixed on each.

SOLD BY THE PROPRIETORS, AND BY CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

* * Beware of Spurious Imitations !!!

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.

Under Royal



Patronage.

PERFECT FREEDOM FROM COUGHS IN TEN MINUTES

AND INSTANT RELIEF AND A RAPID CURE OF

ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

AND ALL

DISORDERS OF THE BREATH AND LUNGS

ARE INSURED BY



* * Small books, containing many hundreds of properly authenticated testimonials may be had from every Agent.

Cure of 7 years' Cough.

From the Rev. Geo. Dawson, Primitive Methodist Minister.

Bridge-street, Peel, Isle of Man, January 29, 1851.
Gentlemen,—My wife having been afflicted with a severe cough for seven years last past, during the last spring was brought so low that her life was despaired of, when a friend recommended her to try Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers. She did so, and the benefit she derived from them was truly amazing. She was, after taking a few boxes, again able to return to her domestic duties.

I think it would be a great blessing to the afflicted in our island were they advertised here, as they appear not to be known. You are at liberty to make what use you may think proper of my testimony.

I am yours, &c. GEO. DAWSON,
Primitive Methodist Minister.

TO SINCERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and wonderfully increase the power and flexibility of the voice.

THEY HAVE A PLEASANT TASTE. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box.

Also, may be had,

DR. LOCOCK'S FAMILY APERIENT AND ANTIBILIOUS WAFERS.

A mild and gentle Aperient and Stomach Medicine, having a most agreeable taste, and of great efficacy for regulating the Secretions and correcting the action of the Stomach and Liver. Sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Also,

DR. LOCOCK'S FEMALE WAFERS,

The best Medicine for Females. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box.

Full directions are given with every box.

ALL PILLS UNDER SIMILAR NAMES ARE COUNTERFEITS.
SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE CHEMISTS.

Important to all who Sing.

From S. Pearsall, Esq., Her Majesty's Concerts, and Vicar Choral of Lichfield Cathedral, Lichfield.

Gentlemen,—A lady of distinction, having pointed out to me the qualities of Dr. Locock's Wafers, I was induced to make a trial of a box, and from this trial I am happy to give my testimonial in their favour. I find by allowing a few of the Wafers (taken in the course of the day) to gradually dissolve in the mouth, my voice becomes bright and clear, and the tone full and distinct. They are decidedly the most efficacious of any I have ever used.

S. PEARSALL.

PRIZE MEDAL.

**WATHERSTON & BROGDEN'S
GOLD CHAINS.**

By Troy Weight, and Workmanship at Wholesale
Manufacturers' Prices.

THE Great Exhibition having established the Advantage of Purchasing from the Wholesale Manufacturer, wherever it can be accomplished, and thereby dispensing with an intermediate profit, WATHERSTON & BROGDEN beg to announce that, in obedience to the numerous calls made upon them, they have thrown open their Manufactory to the Public at the same prices they have been in the habit (for the last half century) of charging to the Trade in London, India, and the Colonies.

WATHERSTON & BROGDEN beg to caution the Public against the **Electro Gold Chain and Polished Zinc Gold**, so extensively put forth in the present day, under the titles of "**Pure Gold**" and "**Fine Gold**," and to call attention to the genuine Gold Chains made from their own ingots, and sold by Troy Weight at its bullion or realisable value.

The system of Weighing Chains against Sovereigns being one of the greatest frauds ever practised on the Public, WATHERSTON & BROGDEN guarantee the Gold in their Chains, and will re-purchase it at the price charged; the workmanship according to the intricacy or simplicity of the pattern.

EXAMPLE.—Intrinsic value of a Chain of 15-Carat

Gold, weighing 17 Ounces £3 19 7

Supposing the workmanship to be 2 0 0

Total £5 19 7

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.

An extensive assortment of Jewellery, all of the first quality, made at their Manufactory,
16, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1798.

A. B. Australian and Californian Gold made into articles of Jewellery at a moderate charge for the workmanship.

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.

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.)

PULVERMACHER'S PATENT PORTABLE

HYDRO-ELECTRIC CHAIN

Exhibited with the greatest success before the Royal Coll. of Physicians, Royal Coll. of Surgeons, Royal Brit. Association, Prov. Med. Chirurgical Association, Académie de Médecine at Paris, (a vote of thanks to the Inventor.)

Highly favourable Testimonials in Writing from the most distinguished Members of the Profession, and now extensively used and prescribed in the Hospitals of London, Edinburgh, Manchester, Nottingham, Birmingham, Paris, &c.

Constructed to be worn on the body under the Garments.

**SUPPLYING MILD STREAMING ELECTRICITY,
OR VITAL ENERGY TO THE SYSTEM.**

Immediate Relief from acute pains. *Radical Cure* of RHEUMATIC, CATARRHAL, NEURALGIC, SPASMODIC, NERVOUS, and FUNCTIONAL DISORDERS, within an incredibly short space of time, by this simple and painless remedy, which can be freely tested *beforehand*, at C. MEINIG'S Head Depots, 103, Leadenhall Street, and 71, Regent Street. 600 Cases of Cures within the last Eight Months, signed by PHYSICIANS, NOBLEMEN, CLERGYMEN, MAGISTRATES, &c.—Price 4s. 6d., 6s., 12s., 18s., 22s., and 26s. 6d., according to Power.

FULL DESCRIPTION GRATIS (or per post for Two Stamps).

"I can scarcely recommend Dr. P.'s ingenious invention too strongly to the notice of my Medical Brethren." From that eminent Physician of Guy's Hospital, DR. GOLDING BIRD, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c.

BANKS OF DEPOSIT AND SAVINGS BANKS.

INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL AND SAVINGS.

**NATIONAL ASSURANCE AND INVESTMENT
ASSOCIATION,**

7, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON:

AND

56, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED IN 1844.

TRUSTEES.

Lieut.-Col. the Rt. Hon. LORD GEORGE PAGET, M.P.

The Right Hon. LORD TEMPLEMORE.

Rev. J. PRENDERGAST, D.D. (Cantab.) Lewisham.

GEORGE STONE, Esq., Banker, Lombard-st.

MATT. HUTTON CHAYTOR, Esq., Reigate.

THE Investment of Money with this Association secures equal advantages to the Savings of the provident and the Capital of the Affluent, and affords to both the means of realising the highest rate of Interest yielded by first-class securities, in which alone the Funds are employed.

The constant demand for advances upon securities of that peculiar class, which are offered almost exclusively to Life Assurance Companies, such as Reversions, Life Interests, &c., enables the Board of Management to employ Capital on more advantageous terms and at higher rates of Interest than could otherwise, with equal safety, be obtained.

The present rate of Interest is five per cent. per annum, and this rate will continue to be paid so long as the assurance department finds the same safe and profitable employment for money.

Interest payable half-yearly in January and July.

Money intended for investment is received daily between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, at the offices of the Association.

Immediate Annuities granted, and the business of Life Assurance in all its branches transacted, on highly advantageous terms. Rates, Prospectuses, and Forms of Proposal, with every requisite information, may be obtained on application at the Offices of the Association, or to the respective Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

PETER MORRISON, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Applications for Agencies may be made to the Managing Director.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION,

FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE, ANNUITIES, &c.,
48, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

SAMUEL HAYHURST LUCAS, Esq., CHAIRMAN.
CHARLES LUSHINGTON, Esq., DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN.
CONSULTING ACTUARY—CHARLES ANSELL, Esq., F.R.S.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT FOR 1852:—

" IN the year ending the 20th November last, 1,127 Policies have been issued: the Annual Premiums on which amount to £17,726 4s. 1d.
" Since the establishment of the Institution in December, 1835, 14,856 Policies have been effected, and the Annual Income is now £206,700 11s. 5d.
" The balance of receipts over disbursements in 1852 was £137,193 7s. 3d., making the Capital £875,656 5s. 7d.
" The following shows the progress of the Institution at each of the three divisions of profit:—

DATE.	No. of Policies issued.	Amount of Income.	Amount of Capital.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
From 1835 to 1842, being 7 years	3,215	39,360 9 7	139,805 1 7
From 1842 to 1847, being 5 years	4,975	71,753 3 5	227,366 14 5
From 1847 to 1852, being 5 years	7,666	95,585 18 5	568,513 9 7
Total on November 20, 1852	14,856	£206,700 11 5	£875,656 5 7"

By a recent Act of Parliament the Directors are empowered to grant Loans to Members on the security of their Policies to the extent of their value.

The Directors' Report presented to the Annual Meeting of Members on the 22nd instant, is now ready, and may be had on application at the Office, or of the Agents in the country.

December 24, 1852.

JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.

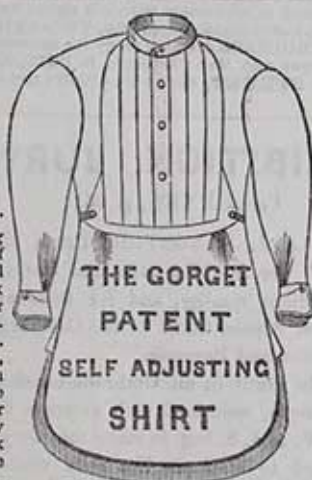
THE ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN AT THE BACK,



WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

A most perfect and easy-fitting Shirt, and by a simple invention of the Patentee, adjusts itself to all movements of the body, both back and front, either walking, sitting, or riding. Price, including the REGISTERED ELLIPTIC WRISTBAND, 42s. the half-dozen. The Elliptic Collar, quite unique, in all shapes, with Patent Elastic Fastenings, 12s. the dozen. The Patent Elastic Collar Fastening can be attached to any Collar, opening back or front. Six sent by post on receipt of 13 Postage Stamps.



THE ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN IN FRONT.



WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

Directions for Self Measurement.

1. Round the Chest, tight over the Shirt.
2. Round the Waist, tight over the Shirt.
3. Round the Neck, taken about the middle of the Throat.
4. Round the Wrist.
5. The length of Coat Sleeve, from the centre of Back, down the seam of Sleeve to bottom of cuff.
6. The length of Shirt.

Say if the Shirts are to open back or front. If with Collars attached (3s. the half-dozen extra).

PATENTEES,

COOPER & FRYER,

Removed next door to the

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS !! MOTHERS !!!

THE BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS

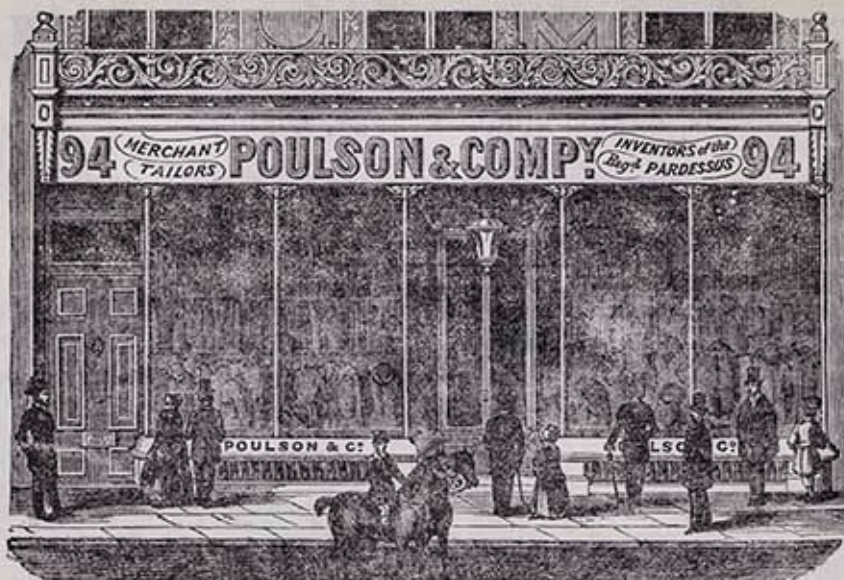
AND YOUNG CHILDREN IS ATKINSON AND BARKER'S ROYAL INFANTS' PRESERVATIVE.—Under the Patronage of the Queen.—The high and universal celebrity which this medicine continues to maintain for the prevention and cure of those disorders incident to infants; affording instant relief in convulsions, flatulency, affections of the bowels, difficult teething, the thrush, rickets, measles, whooping-cough, cow-pox, or vaccine inoculation, and may be given with safety immediately after birth. It is no misnomer cordial!—no stupefactive, deadly narcotic!—but a veritable preserver of infants! Mothers would do well in always keeping it in the nursery. Many thousands of children are annually saved by this much-esteemed medicine, which is an immediate remedy, and the infants rather like it than otherwise.

Prepared only by ROBERT BARKER, Ollerenshaw Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, late of Manchester, (Chemist to Her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria), in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

Sold by all druggists and medicine vendors throughout the United Kingdom.

CAUTION.—Observe the name of "ATKINSON & BARKER," on the Government Stamp. Established in the year 1793.

94, REGENT STREET, LONDON,



And 7, GREAT VINE STREET.

Messrs. POULSON & Co.'s REGISTERED PARDESSUS,
OF FINE AUSTRALIAN and LLAMA WOOLS, (6TH & 7TH VICTORIA, CAP. 65),
FOR WALKING OR RIDING.

THIS is an improved style of Coat, of a light convenient form, which admits of its being worn either over or without the ordinary coat. It is neatly and handsomely made, care being bestowed in its construction, to impart to it that graceful and appropriate character which, since its first introduction, has so greatly recommended it to public favour; it is produced in all colours with silk sleeve linings, at the very moderate price of TWO GUINEAS; and for Winter wear, richly lined and quilted, TWO-AND-A-HALF and THREE GUINEAS. The IMPROVED WINTER GUINEA TROUSERS are also ready for selection from a choice variety of patterns. 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.

GREAT EXHIBITION, JURY REPORT.

CLASS XXIX., p. 661.

“W. & J. SANGSTER, Prize Medal for Silk Parasols and Umbrellas of excellent quality, and for their application of Alpaca Cloth to the Coverings of Umbrellas and Parasols.”

As the merit in an Umbrella consists in its strength, combined with extreme lightness, W. & J. S. beg to state that they are prepared to offer an Umbrella made on Fox's Paragon Frames, possessing these requirements, and rendering it an article perfectly unique, whether in Silk or Alpaca.



W. AND J. SANGSTER,

140, Regent Street.

94, Fleet Street.

10, Royal Exchange.

75, Cheapside.

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES,

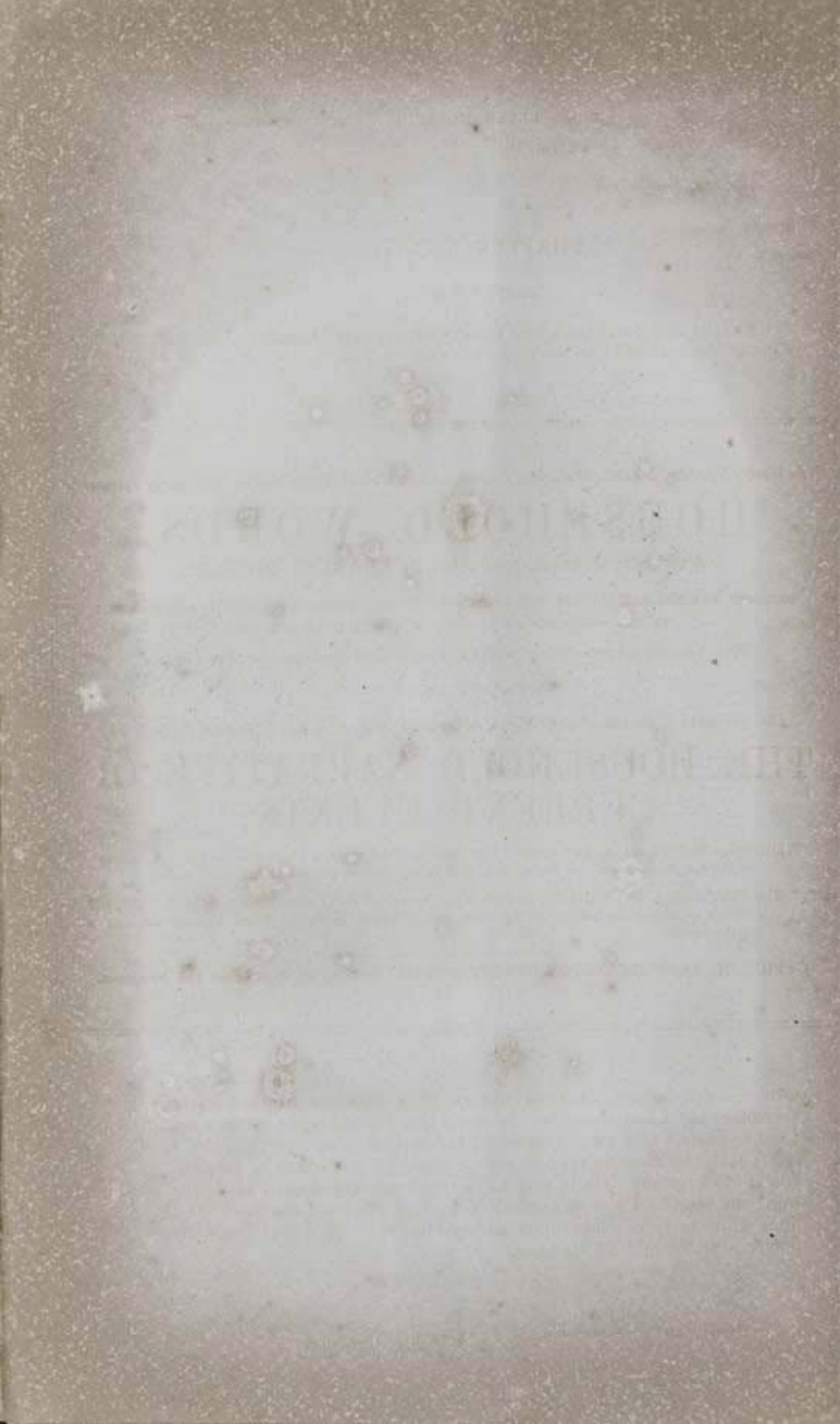
MESSRS. F. DERBY & CO., 12, PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.



Lady Bellamy in the Woods



The Specter's Walk



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.

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

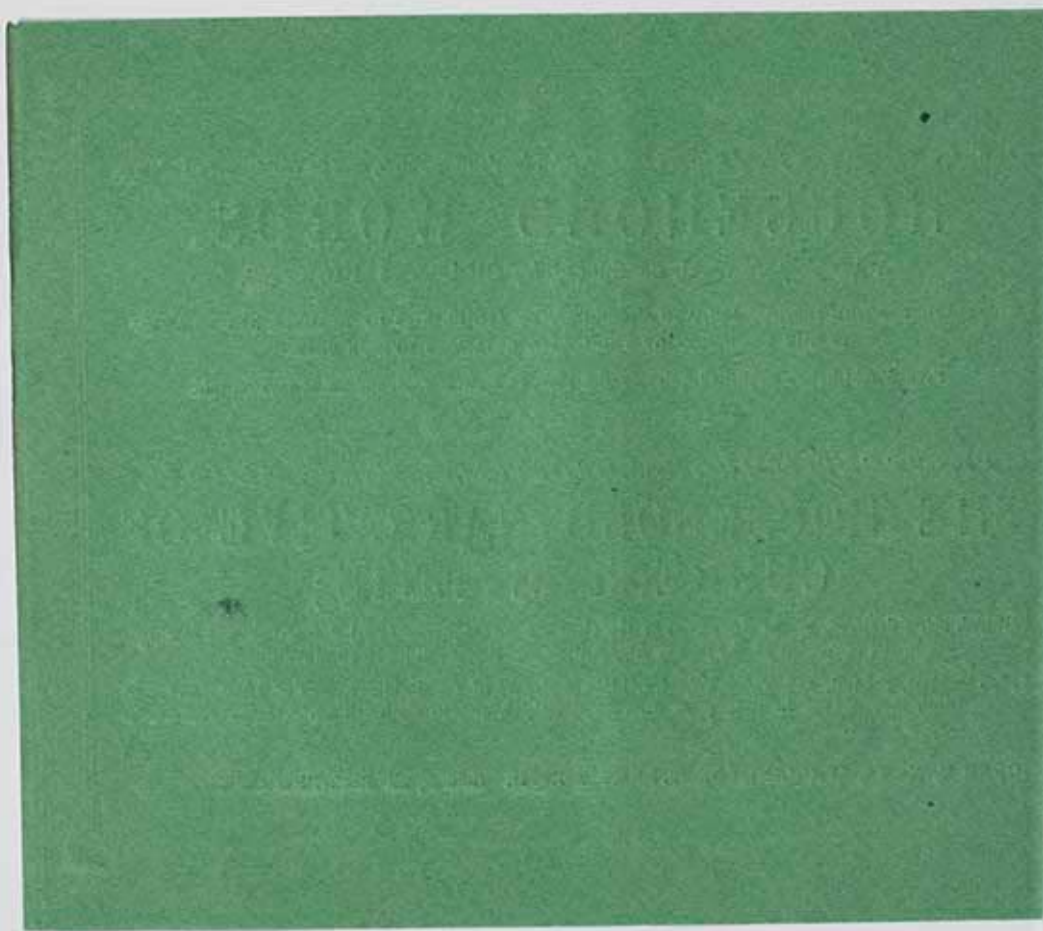
Also, published at the end of every Month, at the same Office, price 2d., or stamped for post, 3d.,

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, Second, and Third Volumes, being a Record of the Public Events of 1850, 1851, and 1852, may always be had, price 3s. each, neatly bound in cloth. Each Volume contains a copious Index.

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



CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHESNEY WOLD.

CHARLEY and I did not set off alone upon our expedition into Lincolnshire. My guardian had made up his mind not to lose sight of me until I was safe in Mr. Boythorn's house; so he accompanied us, and we were two days upon the road. I found every breath of air, and every scent, and every flower and leaf and blade of grass, and every passing cloud, and everything in nature, more beautiful and wonderful to me than I had ever found it yet. This was my first gain from my illness. How little I had lost, when the wide world was so full of delight for me.

My guardian intending to go back immediately, we appointed, on our way down, a day when my dear girl should come. I wrote her a letter, of which he took charge; and he left us within half an hour of our arrival at our destination, on a delightful evening in the early summer time.

If a good fairy had built the house for me with a wave of her wand, and I had been a princess and her favored godchild, I could not have been more considered in it. So many preparations were made for me, and such an endearing remembrance was shown of all my little tastes and likings, that I could have sat down, overcome, a dozen times, before I had revisited half the rooms. I did better than that, however, by showing them all to Charley instead. Charley's delight calmed mine; and after we had had a walk in the garden, and Charley had exhausted her whole vocabulary of admiring expressions, I was as tranquilly happy as I ought to have been. It was a great comfort to be able to say to myself after tea, "Esther, my dear, I think you are quite sensible enough to sit down now, and write a note of thanks to your host." He had left a note of welcome for me, as sunny as his own face, and had confided his bird to my care, which I knew to be his highest mark of confidence. Accordingly I wrote a little note to him in London, telling him how all his favorite plants and trees were looking, and how the most astonishing of birds had chirped the honors of the house to me in the most hospitable manner, and how, after singing on my shoulder, to the inconceivable rapture of my little maid, he was then at roost in the usual corner of his cage, but whether dreaming or no I could not report. My note finished and sent off to the post, I made myself very busy in unpacking and arranging; and I sent Charley to bed in good time, and told her I should want her no more that night.

For I had not yet looked in the glass, and had never asked to have my own restored to me. I knew this to be a weakness which must be overcome; but I had always said to myself that I would begin afresh, when I got to where I now was. Therefore I had wanted to be alone, and therefore I said, now alone, in my own room, "Esther, if you are to be happy, if you are to have any right to pray to be true-hearted, you must keep your word, my dear." I was quite resolved to keep it; but I sat down for a little while first, to reflect upon all my blessings. And then I said my prayers, and thought a little more.

My hair had not been cut off, though it had been in danger more than once. It was long and thick. I let it down, and shook it out, and went up to the glass upon the dressing-table. There was a little muslin curtain drawn across it. I drew it back; and stood for a moment looking through such a veil of my own hair, that I could see nothing else. Then I put my hair aside, and looked at the reflection in the mirror: encouraged by seeing how placidly it looked at me. I was very much changed—O very, very much. At first, my face was so strange to me, that I think I should have put my hands before it and started back, but for the encouragement I have mentioned. Very soon it became more familiar, and then I knew the extent of the alteration in it better than I had done at first. It was not like what I had expected; but I had expected nothing definite, and I dare say anything definite would have surprised me.

I had never been a beauty, and had never thought myself one; but I had been very different from this. It was all gone now. Heaven was so good to me, that I could let it go with a few not bitter tears, and could stand there arranging my hair for the night quite thankfully.

One thing troubled me, and I considered it for a long time before I went to sleep. I had kept Mr. Woodcourt's flowers. When they were withered I had dried them, and put them in a book that I was fond of. Nobody knew this, not even Ada. I was doubtful whether I had a right to preserve what he had sent to one so different—whether it was generous towards him to do it. I wished to be generous to him, even in the secret depths of my heart, which he would never know, because I could have loved him—could have been devoted to him. At last I came to the conclusion that I might keep them; if I treasured them only as a remembrance of what was irrevocably past and gone, never to be looked back on any more, in any other light. I hope this may not seem trivial. I was very much in earnest.

I took care to be up early in the morning, and to be before the glass when Charley came in on tiptoe.

"Dear, dear, miss!" cried Charley, starting. "Is that you?"

"Yes, Charley," said I, quietly putting up my hair. "And I am very well indeed, and very happy."

I saw it was a weight off Charley's mind, but it was a greater weight off mine. I knew the worst now, and was composed to it. I shall not conceal, as I go on, the weaknesses I could not quite conquer; but they always passed from me soon, and the happier frame of mind stayed by me faithfully.

Wishing to be fully re-established in my strength and my good spirits before Ada came, I now laid down a little series of plans with Charley for being in the fresh air all day long. We were to be out before breakfast, and were to dine early, and were to be out again before and after dinner, and were to walk in the garden after tea, and were to go to rest betimes, and were to climb every hill and explore every road, lane, and field in the neighbourhood. As to restoratives and strengthening delicacies, Mr. Boythorn's good housekeeper was for ever trotting about with something to eat or drink in her hand; I could not even be heard of as resting in the Park, but she would come trotting after me with a basket, her cheerful face shining with a lecture on the importance

of frequent nourishment. Then there was a pony expressly for my riding, a chubby pony, with a short neck and a mane all over his eyes, who could canter—when he would—so easily and quietly, that he was a treasure. In a very few days, he would come to me in the paddock when I called him, and eat out of my hand, and follow me about. We arrived at such a capital understanding, that when he was jogging with me lazily, and rather obstinately, down some shady lane, if I patted his neck, and said, "Stubbs, I am surprised you don't canter when you know how much I like it; and I think you might oblige me, for you are only getting stupid and going to sleep," he would give his head a comical shake or two, and set off directly; while Charley would stand still and laugh with such enjoyment, that her laughter was like music. I don't know who had given Stubbs his name, but it seemed to belong to him as naturally as his rough coat. Once we put him in a little chaise, and drove him triumphantly through the green lanes for five miles; but all at once, as we were extolling him to the skies, he seemed to take it ill that he should have been accompanied so far by the circle of tantalising little gnats, that had been hovering round and round his ears the whole way without appearing to advance an inch; and stopped to think about it. I suppose he came to the decision that it was not to be borne; for he steadily refused to move, until I gave the reins to Charley and got out and walked; when he followed me with a sturdy sort of good-humour, putting his head under my arm, and rubbing his ear against my sleeve. It was in vain for me to say, "Now, Stubbs, I feel quite sure from what I know of you, that you will go on if I ride a little while;" for the moment I left him, he stood stock still again. Consequently I was obliged to lead the way, as before; and in this order we returned home, to the great delight of the village.

Charley and I had reason to call it the most friendly of villages, I am sure; for in a week's time the people were so glad to see us go by, though ever so frequently in the course of a day, that there were faces of greeting in every cottage. I had known many of the grown people before, and almost all the children; but now the very steeple began to wear a familiar and affectionate look. Among my new friends was an old old woman who lived in such a little thatched and whitewashed dwelling, that when the outside shutter was turned up on its hinges, it shut up the whole house-front. This old lady had a grandson who was a sailor; and I wrote a letter to him for her, and drew at the top of it the chimney-corner in which she had brought him up, and where his old stool yet occupied its old place. This was considered by the whole village the most wonderful achievement in the world; but when an answer came back all the way from Plymouth, in which he mentioned that he was going to take the picture all the way to America, and from America would write again, I got all the credit that ought to have been given to the Post-office, and was invested with the merit of the whole system.

Thus, what with being so much in the air, playing with so many children, gossiping with so many people, sitting on invitation in so many cottages, going on with Charley's education, and writing long letters to Ada every day, I had scarcely any time to think about that little loss of mine, and was almost always cheerful. If I did think of it at odd moments now and then, I had only to be busy and forget it. I felt

it more than I had hoped I should, once, when a child said "Mother, why is the lady not a pretty lady now, like she used to be?" But when I found the child was not less fond of me, and drew its soft hand over my face with a kind of pitying protection in its touch, that soon set me up again. There were many little occurrences which suggested to me, with great consolation, how natural it is to gentle hearts to be considerate and delicate towards any inferiority. One of these particularly touched me. I happened to stroll into the little church when a marriage was just concluded, and the young couple had to sign the register. The bridegroom, to whom the pen was handed first, made a rude cross for his mark; the bride, who came next, did the same. Now, I had known the bride when I was last there, not only as the prettiest girl in the place, but as having quite distinguished herself in the school; and I could not help looking at her with some surprise. She came aside and whispered to me, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eyes, "He's a dear good fellow, miss; but he can't write, yet—he's going to learn of me—and I wouldn't shame him for the world!" Why, what had I to fear, I thought, when there was this nobility in the soul of a laboring man's daughter!

The air blew as freshly and revivingly upon me as it had ever blown, and the healthy color came into my new face as it had come into my old one. Charley was wonderful to see, she was so radiant and so rosy; and we both enjoyed the whole day, and slept soundly the whole night.

There was a favorite spot of mine in the park-woods of Chesney Wold, where a seat had been erected commanding a lovely view. The wood had been cleared and opened, to improve this point of sight; and the bright sunny landscape beyond, was so beautiful that I rested there at least once every day. A picturesque part of the Hall, called The Ghost's Walk, was seen to advantage from this higher ground; and the startling name, and the old legend in the Dedlock family which I had heard from Mr. Boythorn, accounting for it, mingled with the view and gave it something of a mysterious interest, in addition to its real charms. There was a bank here, too, which was a famous one for violets; and as it was a daily delight of Charley's to gather wild flowers, she took as much to the spot as I did.

It would be idle to enquire now why I never went close to the house, or never went inside it. The family were not there, I had heard on my arrival, and were not expected. I was far from being incurious or uninterested about the building; on the contrary, I often sat in this place, wondering how the rooms ranged, and whether any echo like a footstep really did resound at times, as the story said, upon the lonely Ghost's Walk. The indefinable feeling with which Lady Dedlock had impressed me, may have had some influence in keeping me from the house even when she was absent. I am not sure. Her face and figure were associated with it, naturally; but I cannot say that they repelled me from it, though something did. For whatever reason or no reason, I had never once gone near it, down to the day at which my story now arrives.

I was resting at my favorite point, after a long ramble, and Charley

was gathering violets at a little distance from me. I had been looking at the Ghost's Walk lying in a deep shade of masonry afar off, and picturing to myself the female shape that was said to haunt it, when I became aware of a figure approaching through the wood. The perspective was so long, and so darkened by leaves, and the shadows of the branches on the ground made it so much more intricate to the eye, that at first I could not discern what figure it was. By little and little, it revealed itself to be a woman's—a lady's—Lady Dedlock's. She was alone, and coming to where I sat with a much quicker step, I observed to my surprise, than was usual with her.

I was fluttered by her being unexpectedly so near (she was almost within speaking distance before I knew her), and would have risen to continue my walk. But I could not. I was rendered motionless. Not so much by her hurried gesture of entreaty, not so much by her quick advance and outstretched hands, not so much by the great change in her manner, and the absence of her haughty self-restraint, as by a something in her face that I had pined for and dreamed of when I was a little child; something I had never seen in any face; something I had never seen in hers before.

A dread and faintness fell upon me, and I called to Charley. Lady Dedlock stopped, upon the instant, and changed back almost to what I had known her.

"Miss Summerson, I am afraid I have startled you," she said, now advancing slowly. "You can scarcely be strong yet. You have been very ill, I know. I have been much concerned to hear it."

I could no more have removed my eyes from her pale face, than I could have stirred from the bench on which I sat. She gave me her hand; and its deadly coldness, so at variance with the enforced composure of her features, deepened the fascination that overpowered me. I cannot say what was in my whirling thoughts.

"You are recovering again?" she asked, kindly.

"I was quite well but a moment ago, Lady Dedlock."

"Is this your young attendant?"

"Yes."

"Will you send her on before, and walk towards your house with me?"

"Charley," said I, "take your flowers home, and I will follow you directly."

Charley, with her best curtsey, blushing tied on her bonnet, and went her way. When she was gone, Lady Dedlock sat down on the seat beside me.

I cannot tell in any words what the state of my mind was, when I saw in her hand my handkerchief, with which I had covered the dead baby.

I looked at her; but I could not see her, I could not hear her, I could not draw my breath. The beating of my heart was so violent and wild, that I felt as if my life were breaking from me. But when she caught me to her breast, kissed me, wept over me, compassionated me, and called me back to myself; when she fell down on her knees and cried to me, "O my child, my child, I am your wicked and unhappy mother! O try to forgive me!"—when I saw her at my feet on the bare earth in her great agony of mind, I felt, through all my tumult of emotion, a

burst of gratitude to the providence of God that I was so changed as that I never could disgrace her by any trace of likeness; as that nobody could ever now look at me, and look at her, and remotely think of any near tie between us.

I raised my mother up, praying and beseeching her not to stoop before me in such affliction and humiliation. I did so, in broken incoherent words; for, besides the trouble I was in, it frightened me to see her at *my* feet. I told her—or I tried to tell her—that if it were for me, her child, under any circumstances to take upon me to forgive her, I did it, and had done it, many, many years. I told her that my heart overflowed with love for her; that it was natural love, which nothing in the past had changed, or could change. That it was not for me, then resting for the first time on my mother's bosom, to take her to account for having given me life; but that my duty was to bless her and receive her, though the whole world turned from her, and that I only asked her leave to do it. I held my mother in my embrace, and she held me in hers; and among the still woods in the silence of the summer day, there seemed to be nothing but our two troubled minds that was not at peace.

"To bless and receive me," groaned my mother, "it is far too late. I must travel my dark road alone, and it will lead me where it will. From day to day, sometimes from hour to hour, I do not see the way before my guilty feet. This is the earthly punishment I have brought upon myself. I bear it, and I hide it."

Even in the thinking of her endurance, she drew her habitual air of proud indifference about her like a veil, though she soon cast it off again.

"I must keep this secret, if by any means it can be kept, not wholly for myself. I have a husband, wretched and dishonored creature that I am!"

These words she uttered with a suppressed cry of despair, more terrible in its sound than any shriek. Covering her face with her hands, she shrunk down in my embrace as if she were unwilling that I should touch her; nor could I, by my utmost persuasions, or by any endearments I could use, prevail upon her to rise. She said, No, no, no, she could only speak to me so; she must be proud and disdainful everywhere else; she would be humbled and ashamed there, in the only natural moments of her life.

My unhappy mother told me that in my illness she had been nearly frantic. She had but then known that her child was living. She could not have suspected me to be that child before. She had followed me down here, to speak to me but once in all her life. We never could associate, never could communicate, never probably from that time forth could interchange another word, on earth. She put into my hands a letter she had written for my reading only; and said, when I had read it, and destroyed it—but not so much for her sake, since she asked nothing, as for her husband's and my own—I must evermore consider her as dead. If I could believe that she loved me, in this agony in which I saw her, with a mother's love, she asked me to do that; for then I might think of her with a greater pity, imagining what she suffered. She had put herself beyond all hope, and beyond all help. Whether she preserved her secret until death, or it came to be discovered and she brought dishonor and disgrace upon the name she had taken, it was her

solitary struggle always; and no affection could come near her, and no human creature could render her any aid.

"But is the secret safe so far?" I asked. "Is it safe now, dearest mother?"

"No," replied my mother. "It has been very near discovery. It was saved by an accident. It may be lost by another accident—to-morrow, any day."

"Do you dread a particular person?"

"Hush! Do not tremble and cry so much for me. I am not worthy of these tears," said my mother, kissing my hands. "I dread one person very much."

"An enemy?"

"Not a friend. One who is too passionless to be either. He is Sir Leicester Dedlock's lawyer; mechanically faithful without attachment, and very jealous of the profit, privilege, and reputation of being master of the mysteries of great houses."

"Has he any suspicions?"

"Many."

"Not of you?" I said alarmed.

"Yes! He is always vigilant, and always near me. I may keep him at a stand still, but I can never shake him off."

"Has he so little pity or compunction?"

"He has none, and no anger. He is indifferent to everything but his calling. His calling is the acquisition of secrets, and the holding possession of such power as they give him, with no sharer or opponent in it."

"Could you trust in him?"

"I shall never try. The dark road I have trodden for so many years will end where it will. I follow it alone to the end, whatever the end be. It may be near, it may be distant; while the road lasts, nothing turns me."

"Dear mother, are you so resolved?"

"I *am* resolved. I have long outbidden folly with folly, pride with pride, scorn with scorn, insolence with insolence, and have outlived many vanities with many more. I will outlive this danger, and outdie it, if I can. It has closed around me, almost as awfully as if these woods of Chesney Wold had closed around the house; but my course through it is the same. I have but one; I can have but one."

"Mr. Jarndyce—" I was beginning, when my mother hurriedly enquired:

"Does *he* suspect?"

"No," said I. "No, indeed! Be assured that he does not!" And I told her what he had related to me as his knowledge of my story. "But he is so good and sensible," said I, "that perhaps if he knew ——"

My mother, who until this time had made no change in her position, raised her hand up to my lips, and stopped me.

"Confide fully in him," she said, after a little while. "You have my free consent—a small gift from such a mother to her injured child!—but do not tell me of it. Some pride is left in me, even yet."

I explained, as nearly as I could then, or can recal now—for my agitation and distress throughout were so great that I scarcely understood myself, though every word that was uttered in the mother's voice, so

unfamiliar and so melancholy to me; which in my childhood I had never learned to love and recognise, had never been sung to sleep with, had never heard a blessing from, had never had a hope inspired by; made an enduring impression on my memory—I say I explained, or tried to do it, how I had only hoped that Mr. Jarndyce, who had been the best of fathers to me, might be able to afford some counsel and support to her. But my mother answered no, it was impossible; no one could help her. Through the desert that lay before her, she must go alone.

“My child, my child!” she said. “For the last time! These kisses for the last time! These arms upon my neck for the last time! We shall meet no more. To hope to do what I seek to do, I must be what I have been so long. Such is my reward and doom. If you hear of Lady Dedlock, brilliant, prosperous, and flattered; think of your wretched mother, conscience-stricken, underneath that mask! Think that the reality is in her suffering, in her useless remorse, in her murdering within her breast the only love and truth of which it is capable! And then forgive her, if you can; and cry to Heaven to forgive her, which it never can!”

We held one another for a little space yet, but she was so firm, that she took my hands away, and put them back against my breast, and, with a last kiss as she held them there, released them, and went from me into the wood. I was alone; and, calm and quiet below me in the sun and shade, lay the old house, with its terraces and turrets, on which there had seemed to me to be such complete repose when I first saw it, but which now looked like the obdurate and un pitying watcher of my mother's misery.

Stunned as I was, as weak and helpless at first as I had ever been in my sick chamber, the necessity of guarding against the danger of discovery, or even of the remotest suspicion, did me service. I took such precautions as I could to hide from Charley that I had been crying; and I constrained myself to think of every sacred obligation that there was upon me to be careful and collected. It was not a little while before I could succeed, or could even restrain bursts of grief; but after an hour or so, I was better, and felt that I might return. I went home very slowly, and told Charley, whom I found at the gate looking for me, that I had been tempted to extend my walk after Lady Dedlock had left me, and that I was over-tired, and would lie down. Safe in my own room, I read the letter. I clearly derived from it—and that was much then—that I had not been abandoned by my mother. Her elder and only sister, the godmother of my childhood, discovering signs of life in me when I had been laid aside as dead, had, in her stern sense of duty, with no desire or willingness that I should live, reared me in rigid secrecy, and had never again beheld my mother's face from within a few hours of my birth. So strangely did I hold my place in this world, that, until within a short time back, I had never, to my own mother's knowledge, breathed—had been buried—had never been endowed with life—had never borne a name. When she had first seen me in the church, she had been startled; and had thought of what would have been like me, if it had ever lived, and had lived on; but that was all, then.

What more the letter told me, needs not to be repeated here. It has its own times and places in my story.

My first care was to burn what my mother had written, and to consume even its ashes. I hope it may not appear very unnatural or bad in me, that I then became heavily sorrowful to think I had ever been reared. That I felt as if I knew it would have been better and happier for many people, if indeed I had never breathed. That I had a terror of myself, as the danger and the possible disgrace of my own mother, and of a proud family name. That I was so confused and shaken, as to be possessed by a belief that it was right, and had been intended, that I should die in my birth; and that it was wrong, and not intended, that I should be then alive.

These are the real feelings that I had. I fell asleep, worn out; and when I awoke, I cried afresh to think that I was back in the world, with my load of trouble for others. I was more than ever frightened of myself, thinking anew of her, against whom I was a witness; of the owner of Chesney Wold; of the new and terrible meaning of the old words, now moaning in my ear like a surge upon the shore, "Your mother, Esther, was your disgrace, and you are hers. The time will come—and soon enough—when you will understand this better, and will feel it too, as no one save a woman can." With them, those other words returned, "Pray daily that the sins of others be not visited upon your head." I could not disentangle all that was about me; and I felt as if the blame and the shame were all in me, and the visitation had come down.

The day waned into a gloomy evening, overcast and sad, and I still contended with the same distress. I went out alone; and, after walking a little in the park, watching the dark shades falling on the trees, and the fitful flight of the bats, which sometimes almost touched me, was attracted to the house for the first time. Perhaps I might not have gone near it, if I had been in a stronger frame of mind. As it was, I took the path that led close by it.

I did not dare to linger or to look up, but I passed before the terrace garden with its fragrant odors, and its broad walks, and its well-kept beds and smooth turf; and I saw how beautiful and grave it was, and how the old stone balustrades and parapets, and wide flights of shallow steps, were seamed by time and weather; and how the trained moss and ivy grew about them, and around the old stone pedestal of the sun-dial; and I heard the fountain falling. Then the way went by long lines of dark windows, diversified by turreted towers, and porches, of eccentric shapes, where old stone lions and grotesque monsters bristled outside dens of shadow, and snarled at the evening gloom over the escutcheons they held in their grip. Thence the path wound underneath a gateway, and through a court-yard where the principal entrance was (I hurried quickly on), and by the stables where none but deep voices seemed to be, whether in the murmuring of the wind through the strong mass of ivy holding to a high red wall, or in the low complaining of the weathercock, or in the barking of the dogs, or in the slow striking of a clock. So, encountering presently a sweet smell of limes whose rustling I could hear, I turned with the turning of the path, to the south front; and there, above me, were the balustrades of the Ghost's Walk, and one lighted window that might be my mother's.

The way was paved here, like the terrace overhead, and my footsteps from being noiseless made an echoing sound upon the flags. Stopping

to look at nothing, but seeing all I did see as I went, I was passing quickly on, and in a few moments should have passed the lighted window, when my echoing footsteps brought it suddenly into my mind that there was a dreadful truth in the legend of the Ghost's Walk; that it was I, who was to bring calamity upon the stately house; and that my warning feet were haunting it even then. Seized with an augmented terror of myself which turned me cold, I ran from myself and everything, retraced the way by which I had come, and never paused until I had gained the lodge-gate, and the park lay sullen and black behind me.

Not before I was alone in my own room for the night, and had again been dejected and unhappy there, did I begin to know how wrong and thankless this state was. But, from my darling who was coming on the morrow, I found a joyful letter, full of such loving anticipation that I must have been of marble if it had not moved me; from my guardian too I found another letter, asking me to tell Dame Durden, if I should see that little woman anywhere, that they had moped most pitifully without her, that the housekeeping was going to rack and ruin, that nobody else could manage the keys, and that everybody in and about the house declared it was not the same house, and was becoming rebellious for her return. Two such letters together made me think how far beyond my deserts I was beloved, and how happy I ought to be. That made me think of all my past life; and that brought me, as it ought to have done before, into a better condition.

For, I saw very well that I could not have been intended to die, or I should never have lived: not to say should never have been reserved for such a happy life. I saw very well how many things had worked together, for my welfare; and that if the sins of the fathers were sometimes visited upon the children, the phrase did not mean what I had in the morning feared it meant. I knew I was as innocent of my birth, as a queen of hers; and that before my Heavenly Father I should not be punished for birth, nor a queen rewarded for it. I had had experience, in the shock of that very day, that I could, even thus soon, find comforting reconciliements to the change that had fallen on me. I renewed my resolutions, and prayed to be strengthened in them; pouring out my heart for myself, and for my unhappy mother, and feeling that the darkness of the morning was passing away. It was not upon my sleep; and when the next day's light awoke me, it was gone.

My dear girl was to arrive at five o'clock in the afternoon. How to help myself through the intermediate time better than by taking a long walk along the road by which she was to come, I did not know; so Charley and I and Stubbs—Stubbs, saddled, for we never drove him after the one great occasion—made a long expedition along that road, and back. On our return, we held a great review of the house and garden; and saw that everything was in its prettiest condition, and had the bird out ready as an important part of the establishment.

There were more than two full hours yet to elapse, before she could come; and in that interval, which seemed a long one, I must confess I was nervously anxious about my altered looks. I loved my darling so well that I was more concerned for their effect on her than on any one. I was not in this slight distress because I at all repined—I am quite certain I did not, that day—but, I thought, would she be wholly

prepared? When she first saw me, might she not be a little shocked and disappointed? Might it not prove a little worse than she had expected? Might she not look for her old Esther, and not find her? Might she not have to grow used to me, and to begin all over again?

I knew the various expressions of my sweet girl's face so well, and it was such an honest face in its loveliness, that I was sure, beforehand, she could not hide that first look from me. And I considered whether, if it should signify any one of these meanings, which was so very likely, could I quite answer for myself?

Well, I thought I could. After last night, I thought I could. But to wait and wait, and expect and expect, and think and think, was such bad preparation, that I resolved to go along the road again, and meet her.

So I said to Charley, "Charley, I will go by myself and walk along the road until she comes." Charley highly approving of anything that pleased me, I went, and left her at home.

But before I got to the second mile-stone, I had been in so many palpitations from seeing dust in the distance (though I knew it was not, and could not be, the coach yet), that I resolved to turn back and go home again. And when I had turned, I was in such fear of the coach coming up behind me (though I still knew that it neither would, nor could, do any such thing), that I ran the greater part of the way, to avoid being overtaken.

Then, I considered, when I had got safe back again, this was a nice thing to have done! Now I was hot, and had made the worst of it, instead of the best.

At last, when I believed there was at least a quarter of an hour more yet, Charley all at once cried out to me as I was trembling in the garden, "Here she comes, miss! Here she is!"

I did not mean to do it, but I ran up-stairs into my room, and hid myself behind the door. There I stood, trembling, even when I heard my darling calling as she came up-stairs, "Esther, my dear, my love, where are you? Little woman, dear Dame Durden!"

She ran in, and was running out again when she saw me. Ah, my angel girl! the old dear look, all love, all fondness, all affection. Nothing else in it—no, nothing, nothing!

O how happy I was, down upon the floor, with my sweet beautiful girl down upon the floor too, holding my scarred face to her lovely cheek, bathing it with tears and kisses, rocking me to and fro like a child, calling me by every tender name that she could think of, and pressing me to her faithful heart.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JARNDYCE AND JARNDYCE.

If the secret that I had to keep had been mine, I must have confided it to Ada before we had been long together. But it was not mine; and I did not feel that I had a right to tell it, even to my guardian, unless some great emergency arose. It was a weight to bear alone; still my present duty appeared to be plain, and, blest in the attachment of my dear, I did not want an impulse and encouragement to do it. Though often when she was asleep and all was quiet, the remembrance of my mother kept me waking, and made the night sorrowful, I did not yield to it at another time; and Ada found me what I used to be—except, of course, in that particular of which I have said enough, and which I have no intention of mentioning any more, just now, if I can help it.

The difficulty that I felt in being quite composed that first evening, when Ada asked me, over our work, if the family were at the House, and when I was obliged to answer yes, I believed so, for Lady Dedlock had spoken to me in the woods the day before yesterday, was great. Greater still, when Ada asked me what she had said, and when I replied that she had been kind and interested; and when Ada, while admitting her beauty and elegance, remarked upon her proud manner, and her imperious chilling air. But Charley helped me through unconsciously, by telling us that Lady Dedlock had only stayed at the House two nights, on her way from London to visit at some other great house in the next county; and that she had left early on the morning after we had seen her at our view, as we called it. Charley verified the adage about little pitchers, I am sure; for she heard of more sayings and doings, in a day, than would have come to my ears in a month.

We were to stay a month at Mr. Boythorn's. My pet had scarcely been there a bright week, as I recollect the time, when one evening after we had finished helping the gardener in watering his flowers, and just as the candles were lighted, Charley, appearing with a very important air behind Ada's chair, beckoned me mysteriously out of the room.

"Oh! if you please, miss," said Charley, in a whisper, with her eyes at their roundest and largest. "You're wanted at the Dedlock Arms."

"Why, Charley," said I, "who can possibly want me at the public-house?"

"I don't know, miss," returned Charley, putting her head forward, and folding her hands tight upon the band of her little apron; which she always did, in the enjoyment of anything mysterious or confidential, "but it's a gentleman, miss, and his compliments, and will you please to come without saying anything about it."

"Whose compliments, Charley?"

"His'n, miss," returned Charley: whose grammatical education was advancing, but not very rapidly.

"And how do you come to be the messenger, Charley?"

"I am not the messenger, if you please, miss," returned my little maid. "It was W. Grubble, miss."

"And who is W. Grubble, Charley?"

"Mister Grubble, miss," returned Charley. "Don't you know, miss? The Dedlock Arms, by W. Grubble," which Charley delivered as if she were slowly spelling out the sign.

"Aye? The landlord, Charley?"

"Yes, miss. If you please, miss, his wife is a beautiful woman, but she broke her ankle and it never joined. And her brother's the sawyer, that was put in the cage, miss, and they expect he'll drink himself to death entirely on beer," said Charley.

Not knowing what might be the matter, and being easily apprehensive now, I thought it best to go to this place by myself. I bade Charley be quick with my bonnet and veil, and my shawl; and having put them on, went away down the little hilly street, where I was as much at home as in Mr. Boythorn's garden.

Mr. Grubble was standing in his shirt sleeves at the door of his very clean little tavern, waiting for me. He lifted off his hat with both hands when he saw me coming, and carrying it so, as if it were an iron vessel (it looked as heavy), preceded me along the sanded passage to his best parlor: a neat carpeted room, with more plants in it than were quite convenient, a colored print of Queen Caroline, several shells, a good many tea-trays, two stuffed and dried fish in glass cases, and either a curious egg or a curious pumpkin (but I don't know which, and I doubt if many people did) hanging from the ceiling. I knew Mr. Grubble very well by sight, from his often standing at his door. A pleasant-looking, stoutish, middle-aged man, who never seemed to consider himself cosily dressed for his own fireside without his hat and top-boots, but who never wore a coat except at church.

He snuffed the candle, and backing away a little to see how it looked, backed out of the room—unexpectedly to me, for I was going to ask him by whom he had been sent. The door of the opposite parlor being then opened, I heard some voices, familiar in my ears I thought, which stopped. A quick light step approached the room in which I was, and who should stand before me but Richard!

"My dear Esther!" he said, "my best friend!" and he really was so warm-hearted and earnest, that in the first surprise and pleasure of his brotherly greeting, I could scarcely find breath to tell him that Ada was well.

"Answering my very thoughts—always the same dear girl!" said Richard, leading me to a chair, and seating himself beside me.

I put my veil up, but not quite.

"Always the same dear girl!" said Richard, just as heartily as before.

I put my veil up altogether, and laying my hand on Richard's sleeve, and looking in his face, told him how much I thanked him for his kind welcome, and how greatly I rejoiced to see him; the more so, because of the determination I had made in my illness, which I now conveyed to him.

"My love," said Richard, "there is no one with whom I have a greater wish to talk, than you, for I want you to understand me."

"And I want you, Richard," said I, shaking my head, "to understand some one else."

"Since you refer so immediately to John Jarndyce," said Richard—"I suppose you mean him?"

"Of course I do."

"Then, I may say at once that I am glad of it, because it is on that subject that I am anxious to be understood. By you, mind—you, my dear! I am not accountable to Mr. Jarndyce, or Mr. Anybody."

I was pained to find him taking this tone, and he observed it.

"Well, well, my dear," said Richard, "we won't go into that, now. I want to appear quietly in your country house here, with you under my arm, and give my charming cousin a surprise. I suppose your loyalty to John Jarndyce will allow that?"

"My dear Richard," I returned, "you know you would be heartily welcome at his house—your home, if you will but consider it so; and you are as heartily welcome here."

"Spoken like the best of little women!" cried Richard, gaily.

I asked him how he liked his profession?

"Oh, I like it well enough!" said Richard. "It's all right. It does as well as anything else, for a time. I don't know that I shall care about it when I come to be settled; but I can sell out then, and—however, never mind all that botheration at present."

So young and handsome, and in all respects so perfectly the opposite of Miss Flite! And yet, in the clouded, eager, seeking look that passed over him, so dreadfully like her!

"I am in town on leave, just now," said Richard.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I have run over to look after my—my Chancery interests, before the long vacation," said Richard, forcing a careless laugh. "We are beginning to spin along with that old suit at last, I promise you."

No wonder that I shook my head!

"As you say, it's not a pleasant subject." Richard spoke with the same shade crossing his face as before. "Let it go to the four winds for to-night.—Puff! Gone!—Who do you suppose is with me?"

"Was it Mr. Skimpole's voice I heard?"

"That's the man! He does me more good than anybody. What a fascinating child it is!"

I asked Richard if anyone knew of their coming down together? He answered, No, nobody. He had been to call upon the dear old infant—so he called Mr. Skimpole—and the dear old infant had told him where we were, and he had told the dear old infant he was bent on coming to see us, and the dear old infant had directly wanted to come too; and so he had brought him: "And he is worth—not to say his sordid expenses—but thrice his weight in gold," said Richard. "He is such a cheery fellow. No worldliness about him. Fresh and green-hearted!"

I certainly did not see the proof of Mr. Skimpole's unworldliness in his having his expenses paid by Richard; but I made no remark about that.

Indeed, he came in, and turned our conversation. He was charmed to see me; said he had been shedding delicious tears of joy and sympathy, at intervals for six weeks, on my account; had never been so happy as in hearing of my progress; began to understand the mixture of good and evil in the world now; felt that he appreciated health the more, when somebody else was ill; didn't know but what it might be in the scheme of things that A should squint to make B happier in looking straight; or that C should carry a wooden leg, to make D better satisfied with his flesh and blood in a silk stocking.

"My dear Miss Summerson, here is our friend Richard," said Mr. Skimpole, "full of the brightest visions of the future, which he evokes out of the darkness of Chancery. Now that's delightful, that's inspiring, that's full of poetry! In old times, the woods and solitudes were made joyous to the shepherd by the imaginary piping and dancing of Pan and the Nymphs. This present shepherd, our pastoral Richard, brightens the dull Inns of Court by making Fortune and her train sport through them to the melodious notes of a judgment from the bench. That's very pleasant you know! Some ill-conditioned growling fellow may say to me, 'What's the use of these legal and equitable abuses? How do you defend them?' I reply, 'My growling friend, I *don't* defend them, but they are very agreeable to me. There is a shepherd-youth, a friend of mine, who transmutes them into something highly fascinating to my simplicity. I don't say it is for this that they exist—for I am a child among you worldly grumblers, and not called upon to account to you or myself for anything—but it may be so.'"

I began seriously to think that Richard could scarcely have found a worse friend than this. It made me uneasy that at such a time, when he most required some right principle and purpose, he should have this captivating looseness and putting-off of everything, this airy dispensing with all principle and purpose, at his elbow. I thought I could understand how such a nature as my guardian's, experienced in the world, and forced to contemplate the miserable evasions and contentions of the family misfortune, found an immense relief in Mr. Skimpole's avowal of his weaknesses and display of guileless candour; but I could not satisfy myself that it was as artless as it seemed; or that it did not serve Mr. Skimpole's idle turn quite as well as any other part, and with less trouble.

They both walked back with me; and Mr. Skimpole leaving us at the gate, I walked softly in with Richard, and said, "Ada, my love, I have brought a gentleman to visit you." It was not difficult to read the blushing, startled face. She loved him dearly, and he knew it, and I knew it. It was a very transparent business, that meeting as cousins only.

I almost mistrusted myself, as growing quite wicked in my suspicions, but I was not so sure that Richard loved her dearly. He admired her very much—any one must have done that—and I dare say, would have renewed their youthful engagement with great pride and ardor, but that he knew how she would respect her promise to my guardian. Still, I had a tormenting idea that the influence upon him extended even here: that he was postponing his best truth and earnestness, in this as in all

things, until Jarndyce and Jarndyce should be off his mind. Ah me! what Richard would have been without that blight, I never shall know now!

He told Ada, in his most ingenuous way, that he had not come to make any secret inroad on the terms she had accepted (rather too implicitly and confidently, he thought) from Mr. Jarndyce; that he had come openly to see her, and to see me, and to justify himself for the present terms on which he stood with Mr. Jarndyce. As the dear old infant would be with us directly, he begged that I would make an appointment for the morning, when he might set himself right, through the means of an unreserved conversation with me. I proposed to walk with him in the park at seven o'clock, and this was arranged. Mr. Skimpole soon afterwards appeared, and made us merry for an hour. He particularly requested to see Little Coavinses (meaning Charley), and told her, with a patriarchal air, that he had given her late father all the business in his power; and that if one of her little brothers would make haste to get set-up in the same profession, he hoped he should still be able to put a good deal of employment in his way.

"For I am constantly being taken in these nets," said Mr. Skimpole, looking beamingly at us over a glass of wine-and-water, "and am constantly being bailed out—like a boat. Or paid off—like a ship's company. Somebody always does it for me. I can't do it, you know, for I never have any money. But Somebody does it. I get out by Somebody's means; I am not like the starling; I get out. If you were to ask me who Somebody is, upon my word, I couldn't tell you. Let us drink to Somebody. God bless him!"

Richard was a little late in the morning, but I had not to wait for him long, and we turned into the park. The air was bright and dewy, and the sky without a cloud. The birds sang delightfully; the sparkles in the fern, the grass, and trees, were exquisite to see; the richness of the woods seemed to have increased twenty-fold since yesterday, as if, in the still night when they had looked so massively hushed in sleep, Nature, through all the minute details of every wonderful leaf, had been more wakeful than usual for the glory of that day.

"This is a lovely place," said Richard, looking round. "None of the jar and discord of law-suits here!"

But there was other trouble.

"I tell you what, my dear girl," said Richard, "when I get affairs in general settled, I shall come down here, I think, and rest."

"Would it not be better to rest now?" I asked.

"Oh, as to resting *now*," said Richard, "or as to doing anything very definite *now*, that's not easy. In short, it can't be done; I can't do it, at least."

"Why not?" said I.

"You know why not, Esther. If you were living in an unfinished house, liable to have the roof put on or taken off—to be from top to bottom pulled down or built up—to-morrow, next day, next week, next month, next year—you would find it hard to rest or settle. So do I. Now? There's no now for us suitors."

I could almost have believed in the attraction on which my poor little

wandering friend had expatiated, when I saw again the darkened look of last night. Terrible to think, it had in it also, a shade of that unfortunate man who had died.

"My dear Richard," said I, "this is a bad beginning of our conversation."

"I knew you would tell me so, Dame Durden."

"And not I alone, dear Richard. It was not I who cautioned you once, never to found a hope or expectation on the family curse."

"There you come back to John Jarndyce!" said Richard, impatiently. "Well! We must approach him sooner or later, for he is the staple of what I have to say; and it's as well at once. My dear Esther, how can you be so blind? Don't you see that he is an interested party, and that it may be very well for him to wish me to know nothing of the suit, and care nothing about it, but that it may not be quite so well for me?"

"O Richard," I remonstrated, "is it possible that you can ever have seen him and heard him, that you can ever have lived under his roof and known him, and can yet breathe, even to me in this solitary place where there is no one to hear us, such unworthy suspicions?"

He reddened deeply, as if his natural generosity felt a pang of reproach. He was silent for a little while, before he replied in a subdued voice:

"Esther, I am sure you know that I am not a mean fellow, and that I have some sense of suspicion and distrust being poor qualities in one of my years."

"I know it very well," said I. "I am not more sure of anything."

"That's a dear girl!" retorted Richard, "and like you, because it gives me comfort. I had need to get some scrap of comfort out of all this business, for it's a bad one at the best, as I have no occasion to tell you."

"I know perfectly," said I, "I know as well, Richard—what shall I say? as well as you do—that such misconstructions are foreign to your nature. And I know, as well as you know, what so changes it."

"Come, sister, come," said Richard, a little more gaily, "you will be fair with me at all events. If I have the misfortune to be under that influence, so has he. If it has a little twisted me, it may have a little twisted him, too. I don't say that he is not an honorable man, out of all this complication and uncertainty; I am sure he is. But it taints everybody. You know it taints everybody. You have heard him say so fifty times. Then why should *he* escape?"

"Because," said I, "his is an uncommon character, and he has resolutely kept himself outside the circle, Richard."

"Oh, because and because!" replied Richard, in his vivacious way. "I am not sure, my dear girl, but that it may be wise and specious to preserve that outward indifference. It may cause other parties interested to become lax about their interests; and people may die off, and points may drag themselves out of memory, and many things may smoothly happen that are convenient enough."

I was so touched with pity for Richard, that I could not reproach him any more, even by a look. I remembered my guardian's gentleness towards his errors, and with what perfect freedom from resentment he had spoken of them.

"Esther," Richard resumed, "you are not to suppose that I have come here to make under-handed charges against John Jarndyce. I have only come to justify myself. What I say is, it was all very well, and we got on very well, while I was a boy, utterly regardless of this same suit; but as soon as I began to take an interest in it, and to look into it, then it was quite another thing. Then John Jarndyce discovers that Ada and I must break off, and that if I don't amend that very objectionable course, I am not fit for her. Now, Esther, I don't mean to amend that very objectionable course: I will not hold John Jarndyce's favor on those unfair terms of compromise, which he has no right to dictate. Whether it pleases him or displeases him, I must maintain my rights, and Ada's. I have been thinking about it a good deal, and this is the conclusion I have come to."

Poor dear Richard! He had indeed been thinking about it a good deal. His face, his voice, his manner all showed that, too plainly.

"So I tell him honorably (you are to know I have written to him about all this), that we are at issue, and that we had better be at issue openly than covertly. I thank him for his good-will and his protection, and he goes his road, and I go mine. The fact is, our roads are not the same. Under one of the wills in dispute, I should take much more than he. I don't mean to say that it is the one to be established; but there it is, and it has its chance."

"I have not to learn from you, my dear Richard," said I, "of your letter. I had heard of it already, without an offended or angry word."

"Indeed?" replied Richard, softening. "I am glad I said he was an honorable man, out of all this wretched affair. But I always say that, and have never doubted it. Now, my dear Esther, I know these views of mine appear extremely harsh to you, and will to Ada when you tell her what has passed between us. But if you had gone into the case as I have, if you had only applied yourself to the papers as I did when I was at Kenge's, if you only knew what an accumulation of charges and counter-charges, and suspicions and cross-suspicions, they involve, you would think me moderate in comparison."

"Perhaps so," said I. "But do you think that, among those many papers, there is much truth and justice, Richard?"

"There is truth and justice somewhere in the case, Esther ——"

"Or was once, long ago," said I.

"Is—is—must be somewhere," pursued Richard, impetuously, "and must be brought out. To allow Ada to be made a bribe and hush-money of, is not the way to bring it out. You say the suit is changing me; John Jarndyce says it changes, has changed, and will change, everybody who has any share in it. Then the greater right I have on my side, when I resolve to do all I can to bring it to an end."

"All you can, Richard! Do you think that in these many years no others have done all they could? Has the difficulty grown easier because of so many failures?"

"It can't last for ever," returned Richard, with a fierceness kindling in him which again presented to me that last sad reminder. "I am young and earnest; and energy and determination have done wonders many a time. Others have only half thrown themselves into it. I devote myself to it. I make it the object of my life."

"O, Richard, my dear, so much the worse, so much the worse!"

"No, no, no, don't you be afraid for me," he returned, affectionately. "You're a dear, good, wise, quiet, blessed girl; but you have your prepossessions. So I come round to John Jarndyce. I tell you, my good Esther, when he and I were on those terms which he found so convenient, we were not on natural terms."

"Are division and animosity your natural terms, Richard?"

"No, I don't say that. I mean that all this business puts us on unnatural terms, with which natural relations are incompatible. See another reason for urging it on! I may find out, when it's over, that I have been mistaken in John Jarndyce. My head may be clearer when I am free of it, and I may then agree with what you say to-day. Very well. Then I shall acknowledge it, and make him reparation."

Everything postponed to that imaginary time! Everything held in confusion and indecision until then!

"Now, my best of confidantes," said Richard, "I want my cousin, Ada, to understand that I am not captious, fickle, and wilful, about John Jarndyce; but that I have this purpose and reason at my back. I wish to represent myself to her through you, because she has a great esteem and respect for her cousin John; and I know you will soften the course I take, even though you disapprove of it; and—and in short," said Richard, who had been hesitating through these words, "I—I don't like to represent myself in this litigious, contentious, doubting character, to a confiding girl like Ada."

I told him that he was more like himself in those latter words, than in anything he had said yet.

"Why," acknowledged Richard, "that may be true enough, my love. I rather feel it to be so. But I shall be able to give myself fair-play by and by. I shall come all right again, then, don't you be afraid."

I asked him if this were all he wished me to tell Ada?

"Not quite," said Richard. "I am bound not to withhold from her that John Jarndyce answered my letter in his usual manner, addressing me as 'My dear Rick,' trying to argue me out of my opinions, and telling me that they should make no difference in him. (All very well of course, but not altering the case.) I also want Ada to know, that if I see her seldom just now, I am looking after her interests as well as my own—we two being in the same boat exactly—and that I hope she will not suppose, from any flying rumours she may hear, that I am at all light-headed or imprudent; on the contrary, I am always looking forward to the termination of the suit, and always planning in that direction. Being of age now, and having taken the step I have taken, I consider myself free from any accountability to John Jarndyce; but Ada being still a ward of the Court, I don't yet ask her to renew our engagement. When she is free to act for herself, I shall be myself once more, and we shall both be in very different worldly circumstances, I believe. If you will tell her all this with the advantage of your considerate way, you will do me a very great and a very kind service, my dear Esther; and I shall knock Jarndyce and Jarndyce on the head with greater vigor. Of course I ask for no secrecy at Bleak House."

"Richard," said I, "you place great confidence in me, but I fear you will not take advice from me?"

"It's impossible that I can on this subject, my dear girl. On any other, readily."

As if there were any other in his life! As if his whole career and character were not being dyed one color!

"But I may ask you a question, Richard?"

"I think so," said he, laughing. "I don't know who may not, if you may not."

"You say, yourself, you are not leading a very settled life?"

"How can I, my dear Esther, with nothing settled!"

"Are you in debt again?"

"Why of course I am," said Richard, astonished at my simplicity.

"Is it of course?"

"My dear child, certainly. I can't throw myself into an object so completely, without expense. You forget, or perhaps you don't know, that under either of the wills Ada and I take something. It's only a question between the larger sum and the smaller. I shall be within the mark any way. Bless your heart, my excellent girl," said Richard, quite amused with me, "I shall be all right! I shall pull through, my dear!"

I felt so deeply sensible of the danger in which he stood, that I tried, in Ada's name, in my guardian's, in my own, by every fervent means that I could think of, to warn him of it, and to show him some of his mistakes. He received everything I said with patience and gentleness, but it all rebounded from him without taking the least effect. I could not wonder at this, after the reception his pre-occupied mind had given to my guardian's letter; but I determined to try Ada's influence yet.

So, when our walk brought us round to the village again, and I went home to breakfast, I prepared Ada for the account I was going to give her, and told her exactly what reason we had to dread that Richard was losing himself, and scattering his whole life to the winds. It made her very unhappy, of course; though she had a far, far greater reliance on his correcting his errors than I could have—which was so natural and loving in my dear!—and she presently wrote him this little letter:

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

Esther has told me all you said to her this morning. I write this, to repeat most earnestly for myself all that she said to you, and to let you know how sure I am that you will sooner or later find our cousin John a pattern of truth, sincerity and goodness, when you will deeply deeply grieve to have done him (without intending it) so much wrong.

I do not quite know how to write what I wish to say next, but I trust you will understand it as I mean it. I have some fears, my dearest cousin, that it may be partly for my sake you are now laying up so much unhappiness for yourself—and, if for yourself, for me. In case this should be so, or in case you should entertain much thought of me in what you are doing, I most earnestly entreat and beg you to desist. You can do nothing for my sake that will make me half so happy, as for ever turning your back upon the shadow in which we both were born. Do not be angry with me for saying this. Pray, pray, dear Richard, for my sake, and for your own, and in a natural repugnance for that source of trouble which had its share in making us both orphans when we were very young, pray, pray, let it go for ever. We have reason to know, by this time, that there is no good in it, and no hope; that there is nothing to be got from it but sorrow.

My dearest cousin, it is needless for me to say that you are quite free, and that it is very likely you may find some one whom you will love much better than your first fancy. I am quite sure, if you will let me say so, that the object of your choice would greatly prefer to follow your fortunes far and wide, however moderate or poor, and see you happy, doing your duty and pursuing your chosen way; than to have the hope of being, or even to be, very rich with you (if such a thing were possible), at the cost of dragging years of procrastination and anxiety, and of your indifference to other aims. You may wonder at my saying this so confidently with so little knowledge or experience, but I know it for a certainty from my own heart.

Ever, my dearest cousin,

Your most affectionate,

ADA.

This note brought Richard to us very soon; but it made little change in him, if any. We would fairly try, he said, who was right and who was wrong—he would show us—we should see! He was animated and glowing, as if Ada's tenderness had gratified him; but I could only hope, with a sigh, that the letter might have some stronger effect upon his mind on re-perusal, than it assuredly had then.

As they were to remain with us that day, and had taken their places to return by the coach next morning, I sought an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Skimpole. Our out-of-door life easily threw one in my way; and I delicately said, that there was a responsibility in encouraging Richard.

"Responsibility, my dear Miss Summerson?" he repeated, catching at the word with the pleasantest smile, "I am the last man in the world for such a thing. I never was responsible in my life—I can't be."

"I am afraid everybody is obliged to be," said I, timidly enough: he being so much older and more clever than I.

"No, really?" said Mr. Skimpole, receiving this new light with a most agreeable jocularity of surprise. "But every man's not obliged to be solvent? I am not. I never was. See, my dear Miss Summerson," he took a handful of loose silver and halfpence from his pocket, "there's so much money. I have not an idea how much. I have not the power of counting. Call it four and ninepence—call it four pound nine. They tell me I owe more than that. I dare say I do. I dare say I owe as much as good-natured people will let me owe. If they don't stop, why should I? There you have Harold Skimpole in little. If that's responsibility, I am responsible."

The perfect ease of manner with which he put the money up again, and looked at me with a smile on his refined face, as if he had been mentioning a curious little fact about somebody else, almost made me feel as if he really had nothing to do with it.

"Now when you mention responsibility," he resumed, "I am disposed to say, that I never had the happiness of knowing any one whom I should consider so refreshingly responsible as yourself. You appear to me to be the very touchstone of responsibility. When I see you, my dear Miss Summerson, intent upon the perfect working of the whole little orderly system of which you are the centre, I feel inclined to say to myself—in fact I do say to myself, very often—*that's* responsibility!"

It was difficult, after this, to explain what I meant; but I persisted so far as to say, that we all hoped he would check and not confirm Richard in the sanguine views he entertained just then.

"Most willingly," he retorted, "if I could. But, my dear Miss Summerson, I have no art, no disguise. If he takes me by the hand, and leads me through Westminster Hall in an airy procession after Fortune, I must go. If he says, 'Skimpole, join the dance!' I must join it. Common sense wouldn't, I know; but I have *no* common sense."

"It was very unfortunate for Richard," I said.

"Do you think so?" returned Mr. Skimpole. "Don't say that, don't say that. Let us suppose him keeping company with Common Sense—an excellent man—a good deal wrinkled—dreadfully practical—change for a ten-pound note in every pocket—ruled account-book in his hand—say, upon the whole, resembling a tax-gatherer. Our dear Richard, sanguine, ardent, overleaping obstacles, bursting with poetry like a young bud, says to this highly respectable companion, 'I see a golden prospect before me; it's very bright, it's very beautiful, it's very joyous; here I go, bounding over the landscape to come at it!' The respectable companion instantly knocks him down with the ruled account-book; tells him, in a literal prosaic way, that he sees no such thing; shows him it's nothing but fees, fraud, horsehair wigs, and black gowns. Now you know that's a painful change;—sensible in the last degree, I have no doubt, but disagreeable. I can't do it. I haven't got the ruled account-book, I have none of the tax-gathering elements in my composition, I am not at all respectable, and I don't want to be. Odd perhaps, but so it is!"

It was idle to say more; so I proposed that we should join Ada and Richard, who were a little in advance, and I gave up Mr. Skimpole in despair. He had been over the Hall in the course of the morning, and whimsically described the family pictures as we walked. There were such portentous shepherdesses among the Ladies Dedlock dead and gone, he told us, that peaceful crooks became weapons of assault in their hands. They tended their flocks severely in buckram and powder, and put their sticking-plaster patches on to terrify commoners, as the chiefs of some other tribes put on their war-paint. There was a Sir Somebody Dedlock, with a battle, a sprung-mine, volumes of smoke, flashes of lightning, a town on fire, and a stormed fort, all in full action between his horse's two hind legs: showing, he supposed, how little a Dedlock made of such trifles. The whole race he represented as having evidently been, in life, what he called "stuffed people,"—a large collection, glassy eyed, set up in the most approved manner on their various twigs and perches, very correct, perfectly free from animation, and always in glass cases.

I was not so easy now, during any reference to the name, but that I felt it a relief when Richard, with an exclamation of surprise, hurried away to meet a stranger, whom he first descried coming slowly towards us.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Skimpole. "Vholes!"

We asked if that were a friend of Richard's?

"Friend and legal adviser," said Mr. Skimpole. "Now, my dear Miss Summerson, if you want common sense, responsibility, and respectability, all united—if you want an exemplary man—Vholes is *the* man."

We had not known, we said, that Richard was assisted by any gentleman of that name.

"When he emerged from legal infancy," returned Mr. Skimpole, "he

parted from our conversational friend Kenge, and took up, I believe, with Vholes. Indeed, I know he did, because I introduced him to Vholes."

"Had you known him long?" asked Ada.

"Vholes? My dear Miss Clare, I had had that kind of acquaintance with him, which I have had with several gentlemen of his profession. He had done something or other, in a very agreeable, civil manner—taken proceedings, I think, is the expression—which ended in the proceeding of his taking *me*. Somebody was so good as to step in and pay the money—something and fourpence was the amount; I forget the pounds and shillings, but I know it ended with fourpence, because it struck me at the time as being so odd that I could owe anybody fourpence—and after that, I brought them together. Vholes asked me for the introduction, and I gave it. Now I come to think of it," he looked enquiringly at us with his frankest smile as he made the discovery, "Vholes bribed me, perhaps? He gave me something, and called it commission. Was it a five-pound note? Do you know, I think it *must* have been a five-pound note!"

His further consideration of the point was prevented by Richard's coming back to us in an excited state, and hastily presenting Mr. Vholes—a sallow man with pinched lips that looked as if they were cold, a red eruption here and there upon his face, tall and thin, about fifty years of age, high-shouldered, and stooping. Dressed in black, black-gloved, and buttoned to the chin, there was nothing so remarkable in him as a lifeless manner, and a slow fixed way he had of looking at Richard.

"I hope I don't disturb you, ladies," said Mr. Vholes; and now I observed that he was further remarkable for an inward manner of speaking. "I arranged with Mr. Carstone that he should always know when his cause was in the Chancellor's paper, and being informed by one of my clerks last night after post time that it stood, rather unexpectedly, in the paper for to-morrow, I put myself into the coach early this morning and came down to confer with him."

"Yes!" said Richard, flushed, and looking triumphantly at Ada and me, "we don't do these things in the old slow way, now. We spin along, now! Mr. Vholes, we must hire something to get over to the post town in, and catch the mail to-night, and go up by it!"

"Anything you please, sir," returned Mr. Vholes. "I am quite at your service."

"Let me see!" said Richard, looking at his watch. "If I run down to the Dedlock, and get my portmanteau fastened up, and order a gig, or a chaise, or whatever's to be got, we shall have an hour then before starting. I'll come back to tea. Cousin Ada, will you and Esther take care of Mr. Vholes while I am gone?"

He was away directly, in his heat and hurry, and was soon lost in the dusk of evening. We who were left walked on towards the house.

"Is Mr. Carstone's presence necessary to-morrow, sir?" said I. "Can it do any good?"

"No, miss," Mr. Vholes replied. "I am not aware that it can."

Both Ada and I expressed our regret that he should go, then, only to be disappointed.

"Mr. Carstone has laid down the principle of watching his own interests," said Mr. Vholes, "and when a client lays down his own principle, and it is not immoral, it devolves upon me to carry it out. I wish in business to be exact and open. I am a widower with three daughters—Emma, Jane, and Caroline—and my desire is so to discharge the duties of life as to leave them a good name. This appears to be a pleasant spot, miss."

The remark being made to me, in consequence of my being next him as we walked, I assented, and enumerated its chief attractions.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Vholes. "I have the privilege of supporting an aged father in the Vale of Taunton—his native place—and I admire that country very much. I had no idea there was anything so attractive here."

To keep up the conversation, I asked Mr. Vholes if he would like to live altogether in the country?

"There, miss," said he, "you touch me on a tender string. My health is not good, (my digestion being much impaired,) and if I had only myself to consider, I should take refuge in rural habits; especially as the cares of business have prevented me from ever coming much into contact with general society, and particularly with ladies' society, which I have most wished to mix in. But with my three daughters, Emma, Jane, and Caroline—and my aged father—I cannot afford to be selfish. It is true, I have no longer to maintain a dear grandmother who died in her hundred-and-second year; but enough remains to render it indispensable that the mill should be always going."

It required some attention to hear him, on account of his inward speaking and his lifeless manner.

"You will excuse my having mentioned my daughters," he said. "They are my weak point. I wish to leave the poor girls some little independence, as well as a good name."

We now arrived at Mr. Boythorn's house, where the tea-table, all prepared, was awaiting us. Richard came in, restless and hurried, shortly afterwards, and leaning over Mr. Vholes's chair, whispered something in his ear. Mr. Vholes replied aloud—or as nearly aloud I suppose as he ever replied to anything—"You will drive me, will you, sir? It is all the same to me, sir. Anything you please. I am quite at your service."

We understood from what followed that Mr. Skimpole was to be left until the morning to occupy the two places which had been already paid for. As Ada and I were both in low spirits concerning Richard, and very sorry so to part with him, we made it as plain as we politely could that we should leave Mr. Skimpole to the Dedlock Arms, and retire when the night-travellers were gone.

Richard's high spirits carrying everything before them, we all went out together to the top of the hill above the village, where he had ordered a gig to wait; and where we found a man with a lantern standing at the head of the gaunt pale horse that had been harnessed to it.

I never shall forget those two seated side by side in the lantern's light; Richard, all flush and fire and laughter, with the reins in his hand; Mr. Vholes, quite still, black-gloved, and buttoned up, looking at him as if he were looking at his prey and charming it. I have before me the whole picture of the warm dark night, the summer lightning, the dusty

track of road closed in by hedgerows and high trees, the gaunt pale horse with his ears pricked up, and the driving away at speed to Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

My dear girl told me, that night, how Richard's being thereafter prosperous or ruined, befriended or deserted, could only make this difference to her, that the more he needed love from one unchanging heart, the more love that unchanging heart would have to give him; how he thought of her through his present errors, and she would think of him at all times: never of herself, if she could devote herself to him: never of her own delights, if she could minister to his.

And she kept her word?

I look along the road before me, where the distance already shortens and the journey's end is growing visible; and, true and good above the dead sea of the Chancery suit, and all the ashey fruit it casts ashore, I think I see my darling.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A STRUGGLE.

WHEN our time came for returning to Bleak House again, we were punctual to the day, and were received with an overpowering welcome. I was perfectly restored to health and strength; and finding my house-keeping keys laid ready for me in my room, rang myself in as if I had been a new year, with a merry little peal. "Once more, duty, duty, Esther," said I; "and if you are not overjoyed to do it, more than cheerfully and contentedly, through anything and everything, you ought to be. That's all I have to say to *you*, my dear!"

The first few mornings were mornings of so much bustle and business, devoted to such settlements of accounts, such repeated journeys to and fro between the Growlery and all other parts of the house, so many re-arrangements of drawers and presses, and such a general new beginning altogether, that I had not a moment's leisure. But when these arrangements were completed, and everything was in order, I paid a visit of a few hours to London, which something in the letter I had destroyed at Chesney Wold had induced me to decide upon in my own mind.

I made Caddy Jellyby—her maiden name was so natural to me that I always called her by it—the pretext for this visit; and wrote her a note previously, asking the favor of her company on a little business expedition. Leaving home very early in the morning, I got to London by stage-coach in such good time, that I walked to Newman Street with the day before me.

Caddy, who had not seen me since her wedding-day, was so glad and so affectionate that I was half inclined to fear I should make her husband jealous. But he was, in his way, just as bad—I mean as good; and in short it was the old story, and nobody would leave me any possibility of doing anything meritorious.

The elder Mr. Turveydrop was in bed, I found, and Caddy was milling

his chocolate, which a melancholy little boy who was an apprentice—it seemed such a curious thing to be apprenticed to the trade of dancing—was waiting to carry up-stairs. Her father-in-law was extremely kind and considerate, Caddy told me, and they lived most happily together. (When she spoke of their living together, she meant that the old gentleman had all the good things and all the good lodging, while she and her husband had what they could get, and were poked into two corner rooms over the Mews.)

“And how is your mama, Caddy?” said I.

“Why, I hear of her, Esther,” replied Caddy, “through Pa; but I see very little of her. We are good friends, I am glad to say; but Ma thinks there is something absurd in my having married a dancing-master, and she is rather afraid of its extending to her.”

It struck me that if Mrs. Jellyby had discharged her own natural duties and obligations, before she swept the horizon with a telescope in search of others, she would have taken the best precautions against becoming absurd; but I need scarcely observe that I kept this to myself.

“And your papa, Caddy?”

“He comes here every evening,” returned Caddy, “and is so fond of sitting in the corner there, that it’s a treat to see him.”

Looking at the corner, I plainly perceived the mark of Mr. Jellyby’s head against the wall. It was consolatory to know that he had found such a resting-place for it.

“And you, Caddy,” said I, “you are always busy, I’ll be bound?”

“Well, my dear,” returned Caddy, “I am indeed; for to tell you a grand secret, I am qualifying myself to give lessons. Prince’s health is not strong, and I want to be able to assist him. What with schools, and classes here, and private pupils, and the apprentices, he really has too much to do, poor fellow!”

The notion of the apprentices was still so odd to me, that I asked Caddy if there were many of them?

“Four,” said Caddy. “One in-door, and three out. They are very good children; only when they get together they *will* play—children-like—instead of attending to their work. So the little boy you saw just now waltzes by himself in the empty kitchen, and we distribute the others over the house as well as we can.”

“That is only for their steps, of course?” said I.

“Only for their steps,” said Caddy. “In that way they practise, so many hours at a time, whatever steps they happen to be upon. They dance in the academy; and at this time of year we do Figures at five every morning.”

“Why, what a laborious life!” I exclaimed.

“I assure you, my dear,” returned Caddy, smiling, “when the out-door apprentices ring us up in the morning (the bell rings into our room, not to disturb old Mr. Turveydrop), and when I put up the window, and see them standing on the door-step with their little pumps under their arms, I am actually reminded of the Sweeps.”

All this presented the art to me in a singular light, to be sure. Caddy enjoyed the effect of her communication, and cheerfully recounted the particulars of her own studies.

“You see, my dear, to save expense, I ought to know something of the

Piano, and I ought to know something of the Kit too, and consequently I have to practise those two instruments as well as the details of our profession. If Ma had been like anybody else, I might have had some little musical knowledge to begin upon. However, I hadn't any; and that part of the work is, at first, a little discouraging, I must allow. But I have a very good ear, and I am used to drudgery—I have to thank Ma for that, at all events—and where there's a will there's a way, you know, Esther, the world over." Saying these words, Caddy laughingly sat down at a little jingling square piano, and really rattled off a quadrille with great spirit. Then she good-humoredly and blushing got up again, and while she still laughed herself, said, "Don't laugh at me, please; that's a dear girl!"

I would sooner have cried, but I did neither. I encouraged her, and praised her with all my heart. For I conscientiously believed, dancing-master's wife though she was, and dancing-mistress though in her limited ambition she aspired to be, she had struck out a natural, wholesome, loving course of industry and perseverance that was quite as good as a Mission.

"My dear," said Caddy, delighted, "you can't think how you cheer me. I shall owe you, you don't know how much. What changes, Esther, even in my small world! You recollect that first night, when I was so unpolite and inky? Who would have thought, then, of my ever teaching people to dance, of all other possibilities and impossibilities!"

Her husband, who had left us while we had this chat, now coming back, preparatory to exercising the apprentices in the ball-room, Caddy informed me she was quite at my disposal. But it was not my time yet, I was glad to tell her; for I should have been vexed to take her away then. Therefore we three adjourned to the apprentices together, and I made one in the dance.

The apprentices were the queerest little people. Besides the melancholy boy, who I hoped had not been made so by waltzing alone in the empty kitchen, there were two other boys, and one dirty little limp girl in a gauzy dress. Such a precocious little girl, with such a dowdy bonnet on (that, too, of a gauzy texture), who brought her sandalled shoes in an old threadbare velvet reticule. Such mean little boys, when they were not dancing, with string, and marbles, and cramp-bones in their pockets, and the most untidy legs and feet—and heels particularly. I asked Caddy what had made their parents choose this profession for them? Caddy said she didn't know; perhaps they were designed for teachers; perhaps for the stage. They were all people in humble circumstances, and the melancholy boy's mother kept a ginger-beer shop.

We danced for an hour with great gravity; the melancholy child doing wonders with his lower extremities, in which there appeared to be some sense of enjoyment though it never rose above his waist. Caddy, while she was observant of her husband, and was evidently founded upon him, had acquired a grace and self-possession of her own, which, united to her pretty face and figure, was uncommonly agreeable. She already relieved him of much of the instruction of these young people; and he seldom interfered, except to walk his part in the figure if he had anything to do in it. He always played the tune. The affectation of the gauzy child,

and her condescension to the boys, was a sight. And thus we danced an hour by the clock.

When the practice was concluded, Caddy's husband made himself ready to go out of town to a school, and Caddy ran away to get ready to go out with me. I sat in the ball-room in the interval, contemplating the apprentices. The two out-door boys went upon the staircase to put on their half-boots, and pull the in-door boy's hair: as I judged from the nature of his objections. Returning with their jackets buttoned, and their pumps stuck in them, they then produced packets of cold bread and meat, and bivouacked under a painted lyre on the wall. The little gauzy child, having whisked her sandals into the reticule and put on a trodden down pair of shoes, shook her head into the dowdy bonnet at one shake; and answering my inquiry whether she liked dancing, by replying, "not with boys," tied it across her chin and went home contemptuous.

"Old Mr. Turveydrop is so sorry," said Caddy, "that he has not finished dressing yet, and cannot have the pleasure of seeing you before you go. You are such a favourite of his, Esther."

I expressed myself much obliged to him, but did not think it necessary to add that I readily dispensed with this attention.

"It takes him a long time to dress," said Caddy, "because he is very much looked up to in such things, you know, and has a reputation to support. You can't think how kind he is to Pa. He talks to Pa, of an evening, about the Prince Regent, and I never saw Pa so interested."

There was something in the picture of Mr. Turveydrop bestowing his Department on Mr. Jellyby, that quite took my fancy. I asked Caddy if he brought her papa out much?

"No," said Caddy, "I don't know that he does that; but he talks to Pa, and Pa greatly admires him, and listens, and likes it. Of course I am aware that Pa has hardly any claims to Department, but they get on together delightfully. You can't think what good companions they make. I never saw Pa take snuff before in my life; but he takes one pinch out of Mr. Turveydrop's box regularly, and keeps putting it to his nose and taking it away again, all the evening."

That old Mr. Turveydrop should ever, in the chances and changes of life, have come to the rescue of Mr. Jellyby from Borrioboola Gha, appeared to me to be one of the pleasantest of oddities.

"As to Peepy," said Caddy, with a little hesitation, "whom I was most afraid of—next to having any family of my own, Esther—as an inconvenience to Mr. Turveydrop, the kindness of the old gentleman to that child is beyond everything. He asks to see him, my dear! He lets him take the newspaper up to him in bed; he gives him the crusts of his toast to eat: he sends him on little errands about the house; he tells him to come to me for sixpences. In short," said Caddy, cheerily, "and not to prose, I am a very fortunate girl, and ought to be very grateful. Where are we going, Esther?"

"To the Old Street Road," said I; "where I have a few words to say to the solicitor's clerk, who was sent to meet me at the coach-office on the very day when I came to London, and first saw you, my dear. Now I think of it, the gentleman who brought us to your house."

"Then, indeed, I seem to be naturally the person to go with you," returned Caddy.

To the Old Street Road we went, and there inquired at Mrs. Guppy's residence for Mrs. Guppy. Mrs. Guppy, occupying the parlors, and having indeed been visibly in danger of cracking herself like a nut in the front parlor door by peeping out before she was asked for, immediately presented herself, and requested us to walk in. She was an old lady in a large cap, with rather a red nose and rather an unsteady eye, but smiling all over. Her close little sitting-room was prepared for a visit; and there was a portrait of her son in it, which, I had almost written here, was more like than life: it insisted upon him with such obstinacy, and was so determined not to let him off.

Not only was the portrait there, but we found the original there too. He was dressed in a great many colors, and was discovered at a table reading law-papers with his forefinger to his forehead.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Guppy, rising, "this is indeed an Oasis. Mother, will you be so good as to put a chair for the other lady, and get out of the gang-way."

Mrs. Guppy, whose incessant smiling gave her quite a waggish appearance, did as her son requested; and then sat down in a corner, holding her pocket-handkerchief to her chest, like a fomentation, with both hands.

I presented Caddy, and Mr. Guppy said that any friend of mine was more than welcome. I then proceeded to the object of my visit.

"I took the liberty of sending you a note, sir," said I.

Mr. Guppy acknowledged its receipt by taking it out of his breast pocket, putting it to his lips, and returning it to his pocket with a bow. Mr. Guppy's mother was so diverted that she rolled her head as she smiled, and made a silent appeal to Caddy with her elbow.

"Could I speak to you alone for a moment?" said I.

Anything like the jocoseness of Mr. Guppy's mother now, I think I never saw. She made no sound of laughter; but she rolled her head, and shook it, and put her handkerchief to her mouth, and appealed to Caddy with her elbow, and her hand, and her shoulder, and was so unspeakably entertained altogether that it was with some difficulty she could marshal Caddy through the little folding-door into her bed-room adjoining.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Guppy, "you will excuse the waywardness of a parent ever mindful of a son's apinness. My mother, though highly exasperating to the feelings, is actuated by maternal dictates."

I could hardly have believed that anybody could in a moment have turned so red, or changed so much, as Mr. Guppy did when I now put up my veil.

"I asked the favor of seeing you for a few moments here," said I, "in preference to calling at Mr. Kenge's, because, remembering what you said on an occasion when you spoke to me in confidence, I feared I might otherwise cause you some embarrassment, Mr. Guppy."

I caused him embarrassment enough as it was, I am sure. I never saw such faltering, such confusion, such amazement and apprehension.

"Miss Summerson," stammered Mr. Guppy, "I—I—beg your pardon, but in our profession—we—we—find it necessary to be explicit. You have referred to an occasion, miss, when I—when I did myself the honor of making a declaration which —"

Something seemed to rise in his throat that he could not possibly swallow. He put his hand there, coughed, made faces, tried again to

swallow it, coughed again, made faces again, looked all round the room, and fluttered his papers.

"A kind of a giddy sensation has come upon me, miss," he explained, "which rather knocks me over. I—er—a little subject to this sort of thing—er—By George!"

I gave him a little time to recover. He consumed it in putting his hand to his forehead and taking it away again, and in backing his chair into the corner behind him.

"My intention was to remark, miss," said Mr. Guppy, "—dear me—something bronchial, I think—hem!—to remark that you was so good on that occasion as to repel and repudiate that declaration. You—you wouldn't perhaps object to admit that? Though no witnesses are present, it might be a satisfaction to—to your mind—if you was to put in that admission."

"There can be no doubt," said I, "that I declined your proposal without any reservation or qualification whatever, Mr. Guppy."

"Thank you miss," he returned, measuring the table with his troubled hands. "So far that's satisfactory, and it does you credit. Er—this is certainly bronchial!—must be in the tubes—er—you wouldn't perhaps be offended if I was to mention—not that it's necessary, for your own good sense or any person's sense must shew 'em that—if I was to mention that such declaration on my part was final, and there terminated?"

"I quite understand that," said I.

"Perhaps—er—it may not be worth the form, but it might be a satisfaction to your mind—perhaps you wouldn't object to admit that, miss?" said Mr. Guppy.

"I admit it most fully and freely," said I.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Guppy. "Very honorable, I am sure. I regret that my arrangements in life, combined with circumstances over which I have no control, will put it out of my power ever to fall back upon that offer, or to renew it in any shape or form whatever; but it will ever be a retrospect entwined—er—with friendship's bowers." Mr. Guppy's bronchitis came to his relief, and stopped his measurement of the table.

"I may now perhaps mention what I wished to say to you?" I began.

"I shall be honored, I am sure," said Mr. Guppy. "I am so persuaded that your own good sense and right feeling, miss, will—will keep you as square as possible—that I can have nothing but pleasure, I am sure, in hearing any observations you may wish to offer.

"You were so good as to imply, on that occasion——"

"Excuse me, miss," said Mr. Guppy, "but we had better not travel out of the record into implication. I cannot admit that I implied anything."

"You said on that occasion," I recommenced, "that you might possibly have the means of advancing my interests, and promoting my fortunes, by making discoveries of which I should be the subject. I presume that you founded that belief upon your general knowledge of my being an orphan girl, indebted for everything to the benevolence of Mr. Jarndyce. Now, the beginning and the end of what I have come to beg of you is, Mr. Guppy, that you will have the kindness to relinquish all idea of so serving me. I have thought of this sometimes, and I have

thought of it most, lately—since I have been ill. At length I have decided, in case you should at any time recal that purpose, and act upon it in any way, to come to you, and assure you that you are altogether mistaken. You could make no discovery in reference to me that would do me the least service, or give me the least pleasure. I am acquainted with my personal history; and I have it in my power to assure you that you never can advance my welfare by such means. You may, perhaps, have abandoned this project a long time. If so, excuse my giving you unnecessary trouble. If not, I entreat you, on the assurance I have given you, henceforth to lay it aside. I beg you to do this, for my peace.”

“I am bound to confess,” said Mr. Guppy, “that you express yourself, miss, with that good sense and right feeling for which I gave you credit. Nothing can be more satisfactory than such right feeling, and if I mistook any intentions on your part just now, I am prepared to tender a full apology. I should wish to be understood, miss, as hereby offering that apology—limiting it, as your own good sense and right feeling will point out the necessity of, to the present proceedings.”

I must say for Mr. Guppy that the shuffling manner he had had upon him improved very much. He seemed truly glad to be able to do something I asked, and he looked ashamed.

“If you will allow me to finish what I have to say at once, so that I may have no occasion to resume,” I went on, seeing him about to speak, “you will do me a kindness sir. I come to you as privately as possible, because you announced this impression of yours to me in a confidence which I have really wished to respect—and which I always have respected, as you remember. I have mentioned my illness. There really is no reason why I should hesitate to say that I know very well that any little delicacy I might have had in making a request to you, is quite removed. Therefore I make the entreaty I have now preferred; and I hope you will have sufficient consideration for me, to accede to it.”

I must do Mr. Guppy the further justice of saying that he had looked more and more ashamed, and that he looked most ashamed, and very earnest, when he now replied with a burning face:

“Upon my word and honor, upon my life, upon my soul, Miss Summerson, as I am a living man, I’ll act according to your wish! I’ll never go another step in opposition to it. I’ll take my oath to it, if it will be any satisfaction to you. In what I promise at this present time touching the matters now in question,” continued Mr. Guppy, rapidly, as if he were repeating a familiar form of words, “I speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so——”

“I am quite satisfied,” said I, rising at this point, “and I thank you very much. Caddy, my dear, I am ready!”

Mr. Guppy’s mother returned with Caddy (now making me the recipient of her silent laughter and her nudges), and we took our leave. Mr. Guppy saw us to the door with the air of one who was either imperfectly awake or walking in his sleep; and we left him there, staring.

But in a minute he came after us down the street without any hat, and with his long hair all blown about, and stopped us, saying fervently:

“Miss Summerson, upon my honor and soul, you may depend upon me!”

“I do,” said I, “quite confidently.”

"I beg your pardon, miss," said Mr. Guppy, going with one leg and staying with the other, "but this lady being present—your own witness—it might be a satisfaction to your mind (which I should wish to set at rest) if you was to repeat those admissions."

"Well, Caddy," said I, turning to her, "perhaps you will not be surprised when I tell you, my dear, that there never has been any engagement—"

"No proposal or promise of marriage whatsoever," suggested Mr. Guppy.

"No proposal or promise of marriage whatsoever," said I, "between this gentleman—"

"William Guppy of Penton Place, Pentonville, in the county of Middlesex," he murmured.

"Between this gentleman, Mr. William Guppy of Penton Place, Pentonville, in the county of Middlesex, and myself."

"Thank you, miss," said Mr. Guppy. "Very full,—er—excuse me—lady's name, christian and surname both?"

I gave them.

"Married woman, I believe?" said Mr. Guppy. "Married woman. Thank you. Formerly Caroline Jellyby, spinster, then of Thavies Inn, within the city of London, but extra-parochial; now of Newman-street, Oxford-street. Much obliged."

He ran home and came running back again.

"Touching that matter, you know, I really and truly am very sorry that my arrangements in life, combined with circumstances over which I have no control, should prevent a renewal of what was wholly terminated some time back," said Mr. Guppy to me, forlornly and despondently, "but it couldn't be. Now *could* it, you know! I only put it to you."

I replied it certainly could not. The subject did not admit of a doubt. He thanked me, and ran to his mother's again—and back again.

"It's very honorable of you, miss, I am sure," said Mr. Guppy. "If an altar could be erected in the bowers of friendship—but, upon my soul, you may rely upon me in every respect, save and except the tender passion only!"

The struggle in Mr. Guppy's breast, and the numerous oscillations it occasioned him between his mother's door and us, were sufficiently conspicuous in the windy street (particularly as his hair wanted cutting), to make us hurry away. I did so with a lightened heart; but when we last looked back, Mr. Guppy was still oscillating in the same troubled state of mind.

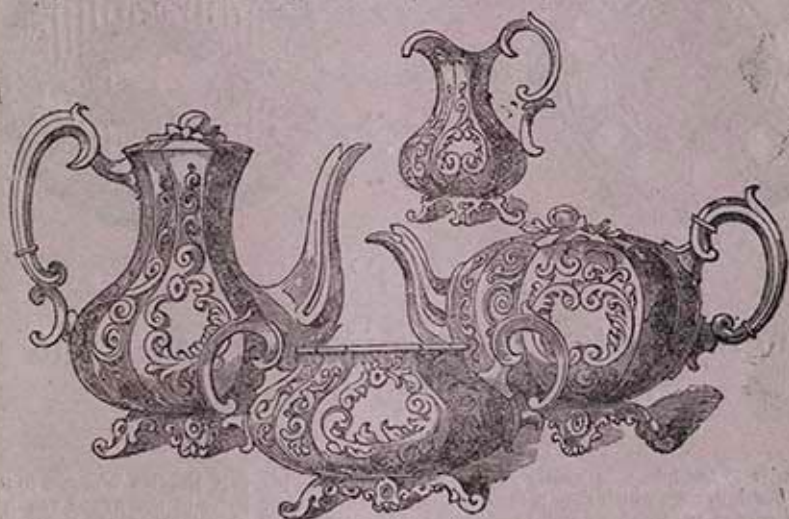
12, CHEAPSIDE, CITY.

MOTT'S NEW SILVER ELECTRO PLATE,

Possessing in a pre-eminent degree the qualities of Sterling Silver.

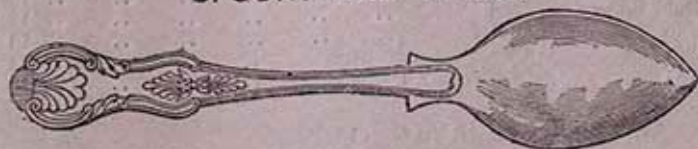
A table may be elegantly furnished with this beautiful manufacture at a fifth of the cost of Silver, from which it cannot be distinguished.

W. MOTT invites particular attention to his very extensive stock of all articles of Plate required for the Sideboard, Dinner and Breakfast Tables, now manufactured in this elegant material, comprising superb Epergnes, Candelabra, Salad Stands, Wine Coolers, Waiters, Corner Dishes, Meat and Venison Dishes, Dish Covers, Cruet Frames, Liqueur Stands, Spoons, and Forks, Tea and Coffee Services, Tea Kettles, Toast Racks, &c. &c.



	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
TEA POTS	2	5	0	to	4	4	0 each.
CRUET FRAMES, great variety	1	5	0	"	3	3	0 "
LIQUEUR FRAMES, elegant designs	2	18	0	"	5	10	0 "
WAITERS, of every size, from 8 to 24 inches, commencing at...					1	5	0 "
FLOWER VASES, with glass linings	1	5	0	"	4	4	0 "
DISH COVERS, 12 to 20 Guineas the set.							

SPOONS AND FORKS.



	Fiddle.	Threaded.	King's.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Table Spoons per dozen	2 8 0	3 10 0	3 15 0
Table Forks "	2 8 0	3 10 0	3 15 0
Dessert Spoons "	1 16 0	2 12 0	3 0 0
Dessert Forks "	1 16 0	2 12 0	3 0 0
Tea Spoons "	1 5 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
Gravy Spoons per pair	0 15 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
Sauce Ladles "	0 8 6	0 13 0	0 15 0
Soup Ladles each	0 17 0	1 1 0	1 2 0
Salt Spoons per pair	0 3 6	0 6 0	0 7 6

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS OF PRICES GRATIS.

W. MOTT, 12, CHEAPSIDE, CITY.

(Turn over.)

Manufactory, 36, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

English Watches that may be relied upon for
Accuracy and Durability.



MOTT'S

English Patent Levers in Gold Cases and
Gold Dial.—Ten Guineas.

In order to assimilate as nearly as possible the cost of his best English Watches to the price of Foreign, over which they possess an immeasurable superiority in the grand requirements of correct performance and durability, W. MOTT has made a considerable reduction in the scale of prices, at the same time maintaining the high character by which, for so many years, they have been distinguished.

GOLD CASES.

						£	s.	d.
Ladies' Gold Watches,	double back and gold dial	10	10 0
Ditto	ditto with engraved back	11	5 0
Ditto	ditto full size, highly finished	14	14 0
Ditto	ditto engraved back	15	10 0
Gentlemen's Gold Watches,	enamel dial	12	12 0
Ditto	ditto gold dial	13	13 0
Ditto	ditto ditto, engraved back	14	10 0
Ditto	ditto gold dial, very flat construction..	18	18 0

SILVER CASES.

Patent Lever,	double back, jewelled	4	4 0
Ditto	four holes jewelled, to go while winding	5	10 0
Ditto	ditto very flat construction	6	15 0
Ditto	Hunting cases	6	6 0

WATCHES REPAIRED, AND ONE LENT GRATIS DURING THE TIME,

AT THE

MANUFACTORY,

No. 36, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON,

CORNER OF FRIDAY STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

STATIONERY, THE CHEAPEST AND BEST, AT PARTRIDGE AND COZENS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL STATIONERY WAREHOUSES,

127 AND 128, CHANCERY LANE—FIVE DOORS FROM FLEET STREET, LONDON.

CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY PART.—CATALOGUES SENT FREE BY POST.

NOTE.—P. and C. being Paper-Makers' Agents, supply Papers at a small commission on the Mill Prices, and say, confidently, that their General List will be found at least FORTY PER CENT. lower than the usual retail charges.

TERMS—CASH.

ORDERS, CONTAINING A GOOD TOWN REFERENCE, WILL MEET WITH PROMPT ATTENTION;
BUT AN ORDER FOR PAYMENT WILL BE MORE SATISFACTORY.

LIST OF PRICES.

SOLICITORS' OFFICE PAPERS.

PER REAM.	s. d.	PER REAM.	s. d.
SATIN DRAFT OR COPY PAPER	6 6	FINE LAID FOOLSCAP	10 6
Ditto	7 0	SUPERFINE DITTO, 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and	16 6
LAID DRAFT	7 3	VERY BEST LAID FOOLSCAP	17 6
SATIN DRAFT	7 6	EXTRA STOUT, for Official Purposes ..	18 6
LAID AND SATIN Ditto	7 9	BEST RULED FOOLSCAP, for Bills of Costs, Agency Bills—Faint Lines only—and for General Purposes ..	18 6
These Papers can be recommended, and are equal in Quality to those usually sold at nearly double the Price.			
SUPER SATIN DRAFT	8 3	SECOND QUALITIES, RULED ... from	12 6
Ditto	8 6	PRECEDENT PAPER, Ruled Red and Faint	12 6
BEST QUALITY SATIN DRAFT	8 9	Ditto Faint only	11 0
This is a splendid Paper, and cannot but be approved. P. and C. beg to call particular attention to this Article.			
BEST LAID DRAFT	9 6	EXTRA LARGE BLUE WOVE LETTER Ditto	6 9 7 6
EXTRA THICK SATIN DRAFT	9 6	Ditto	8 6
Ditto (the Heaviest Manufactured)	10 6	Ditto	9 6
DRAFT, RULED WITH FAINT LINES Ditto, BEST	10 0 11 0	VERY BEST DITTO	11 0
All the above Papers may be had in Folio, if preferred.			
VERY BEST BRIEF PAPER, 36 and 42 Lines	18 6	EXTRA LARGE BLUE WOVE NOTE ..	4 0
All the best Kent Makes—as Smith and Allnut's, Dewdney's, Green's, &c., &c., &c.			
FIRST CLASS BRIEFS	17 6	Ditto	4 6
GOOD BRIEF PAPER	16 6	Ditto	5 0
Ditto	15 6	VERY BEST DITTO	5 6
COMMON BRIEF	13 6	Ditto	5 0
FOREIGN POST, Best Quality	12 6	VERY BEST DITTO	5 6
Ditto, Second Quality	8 6	BEST PINK BLOTTING	1 0
EXTRA LARGE COPYING PAPER, Best Quality Manufactured	7 6	BEST WHITE BLOTTING	1 3
YELLOW WOVE FOOLSCAP	8 6	PATENT BLOTTING BOARD ...	2 3
Ditto	9 6	BLOTTINGS, from 11s. 6d. per Ream.	10 0
This is a very good Paper.			
OUTSIDES FOOLSCAP, all Perfect, Sheets	8 6	THICK IMPERIAL CARTRIDGE ..	2 0
Ditto	7 6	Ditto	8 6
These Papers are much approved for Sermon Paper, and are of thorough good Quality.			
		Ditto	1 9
		ROYAL CARTRIDGE	7 6
		Ditto	1 6
		Ditto	6 6
		Ditto	1 3
		DEMY CARTRIDGE	5 6
		A great further variety of Cartridges.	1 0
		THICKEST AND BEST BROWN, PAPER	4 6
		DOUBLE SIZE DITTO	1 0
		And a variety too great to enumerate, from 7s 6d. to 40s. per Ream.	4 6
		WHITEY-BROWN PAPER	1 6
		Ditto, a very superior Article, Double Size, Smooth, for Curling, &c.	6 6
			2 9
			13 0
			Ream.
			3 2
			7 0

AN IMMENSE VARIETY OF GENERAL PAPERS.

Nos. 127 AND 128, CHANCERY LANE—FIVE DOORS FROM FLEET STREET, LONDON.

EMIGRANTS, SHIPPERS, AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED, AND EXCHANGED IF NOT APPROVED.

WRITING PAPERS.

All the Best Makes.

CREAM-LAID PAPERS.

PER REAM.	Letter s. d.	Note s. d.	PER REAM.	Letter s. d.	Note s. d.
EXTRA SUPER CREAM-LAID	12	0	6	0	3
This Paper is made exclusively for P. and C., and stands unequalled.					
SUPER THICK DITTO	10	9	5	6	
A magnificent Article.					
DITTO	8	3	4	3	
SUPER MIDDLE DITTO	8	6	4	6	
A very useful Paper, and generally approved.					
DITTO	7	9	4	0	
DITTO	6	9	3	6	
Same as the preceding, but a little thinner.					
FINE MIDDLE DITTO	6	6			
A good article.					
DITTO					
Same as preceding—a little thinner.					
SUPER THIN DITTO	5	6	2	9	
Needs no recommendation.					
BEST EXTRA SUPER, QUEEN'S SIZE	—			4	6
SUPER DITTO	—			4	0
SUPER MIDDLE DITTO	—			3	6
ALBERT SIZE	—			4	0
EXTRA LARGE CREAM-LAID, BEST	14	0	7	6	
MIDDLE DITTO	12	0	6	0	

SATIN PAPERS.

PER REAM.	Letter s. d.	Note s. d.	PER REAM.	Letter s. d.	Note s. d.
THIN SATIN POST	4	3	2	3	
A very neat and clean paper.					
DITTO	4	9	2	6	
This is a Paper much used.					
MIDDLE SATIN POST	5	6	2	9	
Can strongly recommend this.					
MIDDLE SATIN POST	6	9	3	6	
A good stout article.					
THICK SATIN POST	7	9			
Sheets all perfect.					
THICK OUTSIDES POST	4	9			
A very excellent article.					
THICK BLUE LAID POST	10	6	5	0	
EXTRA THICK, Highly Finished					
BLUE LAID POST	13	6	7	6	

Printing, Letter, or Note Paper, Copper Plate Address Headings, 3s. 6d. per ream extra; No Charge being made for Plate, when two or more reams are ordered.

MOURNING-PAPERS AND ENVELOPES.



DIAMOND BORDER.

NARROW BORDER.

MIDDLE BORDER.

BROAD BORDER.

Very best thick Cream Laid Note, per ream 7s. 6d. Per five quire packet, 2s. 0d.

“ “ Queen's Size..... 5s. 6d. “ “ “ “ 1s. 6d.

INFERIOR PAPERS, BORDERED, ALL PRICES.

Very best thick Adhesive Black Bordered Envelopes, per 1,000, 9s.; or, per 100, 1s.

SUPERIOR BLACK INK, warranted not to change colour or corrode the Pen, 4s. 6d. per Gal.; Quarts, 2s.; Pints, 1s.; and in smaller bottles at 6d., 4d., 2d., and 1d. per bottle.

COPYING INK, warranted to give perfect copies; quarts, 3s.; pints, 1s. 9d.; half-pints, 1s. A GOOD DRAUGHT INK, 2s. 6d. per Gallon.

PURE GOLD PENS, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. each. SILVER do., 1s. each. The above Pens are of the best description, and at about ONE THIRD the Price usually charged by many makers.

ACCOUNT BOOKS

In Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books, Letter Books, Minute Books, together with Manuscript Books, Precedent Books, Memorandum Books, &c., &c., of different Sized Papers, whole and half-bound, in various styles, are kept in stock, VERY MUCH BELOW THE ORDINARY PRICES, but from their multiplicity, it is impossible to enumerate intelligibly.

LAW FORMS OF ALL KINDS, AT HALF THE USUAL PRICES.

Nos. 127 AND 128, CHANCERY LANE—FIVE DOORS FROM FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PARTRIDGE AND COZENS.

IMPROVED ADHESIVE ENVELOPES.

MADE OF THE BEST PAPERS, AND WARRANTED TO BE ALL WELL CUMMED.

GOOD CREAM LAID ADHESIVE ENVELOPES, assorted sizes.....	4s. 6d. per 1,000.
SUPERFINE do.....	6 6 "
EXTRA SUPERFINE THICK " either with device, initials, or } stamped from own die.....	7 6 "
THICK BLUE LAID ADHESIVE ENVELOPES, Note Sizes.....	7 6 "
" " " Letter Sizes.....	8 6 "

EXTRA-SIZED ENVELOPES.

	8 1/2 by 3 1/2	Per 100	Per 1000
		2s. 0d.	16s. 8d.
OFFICIAL OR FOOLSCAP.....	10 1/2	4	2 0 0
DEMY SUPERFINE.....	10 1/2	4	3 6 30 0
EXTRA SUPERFINE DITTO.....	11	4 1/2	3 6 30 0
DRAFT CARTRIDGE.....	14 1/2	5	5 0 40 0
BRIEF CARTRIDGE.....	11 1/2	9 1/2	6 6 45 0
DEED DITTO.....			

Also, very many Intermediate Sizes in Stock. Stamping and Making Adhesive, above sizes, 1s. 6d. per 250. Envelopes Cut to any Size at an Hour's Notice. Lined Linen Envelopes of all Sizes. Private Dies sunk for Commercial Purposes, Coats of Arms, Crests, and Devices of every Description, at a small extra Charge; the Dies may also be used for Stamping Letter and Note Paper. No Extra Charge made for Embossing. Envelopes embossed in Colours, or Black for Mounting, Two Shillings per 1,000 extra.

WRITING PARCHMENTS.

BEST QUALITY, LONDON MANUFACTURE.

	Roll.	Dozen.	Each.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
INDENTURES, 30 Folios, &c., Ruled and Printed by Machine.....	65 0	13 6	1 3
FOLLOWERS, Machine Ruled.....	57 6	12 0	1 2
BILLS and ANSWERS, 30 Folios.....	57 6	12 0	1 2
MEMORIAL SKINS.....	20 6	5 0	0 6

Various Sizes kept Ruled.

PLAIN PARCHMENT.

	Per Roll s. d.	Per Roll s. d.	Per Roll s. d.	Per Roll s. d.	
32 in. by 28 in....	85 0	28 in. by 23 in....	47 6	22 1/2 in. by 17 1/2 in....	30 0
29 .. 26 ..	62 6	27 .. 23 ..	45 0	24 .. 18 ..	31 0
29 .. 25 ..	60 0	26 .. 22 ..	40 0	24 .. 19 ..	32 6
28 .. 24 ..	50 0	25 .. 21 ..	35 0		

PARCHMENT, CUT TO SIZE.

PARTRIDGE & COZENS'S STEEL PENS.

These Pens, now used in many of the largest Commercial Houses in the city, and very generally in Solicitors' Offices, are manufactured from the PUREST STEEL, and selected with the greatest care; and the VERY MODERATE PRICE at which they are charged commands an Universal Sale. EVERY PEN IS MARKED WITH THE MAKERS' NAME & ADDRESS.

PER GROSS.	s. d.	PER GROSS.	s. d.
CORRESPONDENCE PEN. (This Pen adapts itself to almost every hand.....)	1 3	RAILWAY, or Diamond Pen—Fine or Medium Points. Barrel Pen, well adapted for Ledger Posting, &c., &c.....	3 0
P. and C. are the original makers of this Pen, and although there are many IMITATIONS, it is still unequalled.		DITTO..... Per Half Gross	1 6
FINE POINTS, for Ladies and Light Writing..	1 3	DITTO..... Per Three Doz.	1 0
MEDIUM POINTS.....	1 3	THE ORIGINAL TWO-HOLE PEN. A well-known Pen. Also a Posting Pen—fine and clean.....	2 6
BROAD POINTS. This Pen we can recommend for Brief Writing and for General Hands.....	1 6	MAGNUM BONUM PEN—EXTRA. A better Pen than this cannot be manufactured..	4 6
EXTRA BROAD POINTS. A very easy Pen, and will write with composure on Brown Paper.	1 6	DITTO.....	3 6
UNIVERSAL PEN. This is a larger edition of the Correspondence Pen, and is indeed rightly named—an UNIVERSAL FAVOURITE	1 6	DITTO, with holder..... Per doz.	0 4
SWAN PEN.—BRONZE. A fine, strong Pen	1 6	DRAWING and MAPPING PEN; and also for Extra Fine, Ornamental, and Ladies' Writing	2 6
SWAN PEN.—ALBATA.....	2 0	An EXTRA FINE DRAWING, MAP-PING, and LITHOGRAPHIC PEN, for Finest Drawings on Paper or Ivory, &c. Per Doz.	1 0

Patent Holder, Polished Cedar, 5s. per Gross; 6d. per Doz. This is the neatest and cleanest Pen Holder made and will fit any pen. Porcupine Holders, Electro-Silver Mounted, 6d. each. An immense assortment of pen Holders, from 1s. 6d. to 50s. per Gross. Prime Quill Pens, at 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. per 100. Turkey Quills, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per 100.

Nos. 127 AND 128, CHANCERY LANE—FIVE DOORS FROM FLEET STREET, LONDON.

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE.

EVERY THING NOT ONLY CHEAP BUT GOOD.

MISCELLANEOUS; or SUNDRIES FOR SOLICITORS' OFFICES.

BOARD LETTER FILES, Folio.....each	2 6d.	CHEQUERED DEED WAFERS, Extra	2 6d.
DITTO, Quarto Demy	2 0	Adhesive	per 1,000
DITTO, Quarto Foolscap.....	1 9	DITTO	per 100
HAND LETTER CLIPS, No 1	0 9	ATTORNEYS' RUNNERS, Nos. 5, 6, 7,	1 6
DITTO, " No. 2	1 0	8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, per set, each	1 6
DITTO, Largest " No. 3	1 6	DITTO	Singly
ELASTIC BANDS, 5 Doz. in Box, various	1 0	BODKINS, or PIERCERS, with and	0 9
COLOURED TWINE, CORD, and	1 6	without eyes	
STRING, per lb		SEAL CHISELS	each
WAX VESTA LIGHTS, in Bronzed Box,		POUNCE BOXES, with RUBBERS..	1 0
DITTO, " Small.....per 500	1 0	PARCHMENT POUNCE, in Boxes..	0 3
DITTO, " Middle	1 3	SKIN HOLDERS or ROLLERS, " 4d. &	0 6
DITTO, " Large.....	1 6	RED LINING PENS, for parchment, &c.,	0 3
BEST PATENT RUBBER.....per lb.	3 6	SOLID, or BLOCK BLOTting PADS,	1 9
BEST BOTTLE RUBBER, per lb. 3s. 6d. &	4 6	Folio	each
CARD CASES, Morocco and Russia. each	0 9	DITTO " 4to.	1 0
BLACK INK POWDERS, Warranted, } per Doz.	3 6	BONE FOLDERS & PAPER KNIVES, ..	0 6
RED INK POWDERS, " " ..	4 0	IVORY DITTO (variety)	from
These Powders are recommended for India.		GREEN SILK FERRET, per piece, }	2 6
THERMOMETERS, in Box frame, } each.	1 3	1s. 6d., and	
and warranted correct		DITTO, narrower " 1s. 3d., and	2 3
BEST ADDRESS CARDS....Packs of 50	0 6	COTTON FERRET	0 6
VERY BEST RED WAX, that can be }	3 9	GREEN SILK UNION CORD...per piece	1 0
made	per lb. }	GREEN SILK RIBBON	1 0
DITTO, BLACK	3 9	GREEN SILK TAG FILES, 3d. each; }	2 6
SUPERFINE WAX, mostly sold as best,,	3 0	per dozen	
SECOND DITTO	2 3	BOXWOOD RULERS, Brass Bound,	6 6
SUPER PARCEL WAX	1 6	Best Quality, engraved inches, 36	
GOOD COMMON DITTO	1 0	and 42 in.	from
VERY BEST RED, COLOURED, or }	2 9	OFFICE BAGS, Lined, Strong, 1s. 6d., }	
BLACK WAFERS, of all Sizes, in }		2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., each	1 0
1lb., 1lb., and 1lb., Boxes.....		DESK KNIVES and Erasers.....each	1 0
		EBONY PEN TRAYS, Very neat.....	1 6
		Machine Copying Books, half-bound; }	
		Alpt. and Type - paged, Large 4to. size:	
		500 leaves.....	7s. and 9s.
		1000 "	12s. " 14s.
		Copying paper—best quality—7s. 6d. per	
		ream, or 3 reams, for 20s.	
		ROUND RULERS, 6 in. 4d., 9 in. 6d., }	
		12 in. 8d.; 15 in. 9d., 18 in. 1s.; 21 in. }	
		1s. 3d.; 24 in. 2s.	
		RUSSIA POCKET BOOKS and CASES, }	
		with Ass-Skin Leaves, and finished	0 8
		in the Best Manner, measuring the	
		length, at per inch	
		MOROCCO, DITTO, DITTO....	0 7
		SPANISH BILL CASES.....	0 3
		COPY BOOKS, Foolscap 4to., per doz., }	
		1s. 9d., to	2 9
		DITTO, Best Paper, Post Size...per doz	3 6
		DRAWING PENCILS, all degrees, best, }	3 6
		GOOD DITTO, Warranted.	3 6
		BEST OFFICE PENCILS	3 0
		GOOD DITTO	1 0
		BEST PENNY PENCILS, pr. gr. 7s. 6d., }	0 9
		GOOD DITTO	4s. 6d., }
		BEST ROUND SLATE PENCILS, in }	0 10
		box, per 100	
		in a Very Superior Manner. Correctness, Punctual-	
		Any amount of writing undertaken at the Shortest	
		Notice.	

RED TAPE.

Per doz. Pieces. Per Gross.

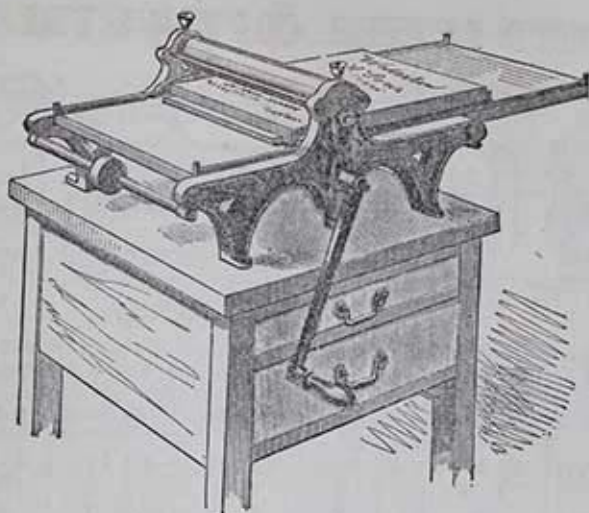
NARROW.....	0s. 9d.	8s. 0d.
MIDDLE.....	1 0	10 0
BROAD	1 4	15 0

BEST LEADS for PATENT PENCILS } of all Sizes and Finest Quality, per dozen	0 6
DITTO, per 3 dozen	1 0
INKSTANDS, Sheffield Plated, very neat	0 6
DITTO, Loggerhead shape, with and without Tops and Plates..from 1s. to }	4 6
PEWTER INKSTANDS, of all kinds and Sizes, at Prices greatly reduced.	
An Assortment of Bronze and Ebony Desk-Stands, with Double and Single Glasses, &c.	
GLASS CONE INKS	1 0
FRENCH SAFETY POCKET INKS, }	1 0
each, 6d., and	
PREPARED METALLIC BOOKS, each }	0 6
from	
CASES for BRIEFS or DRAFTS, in }	1 9
Black Roan	
EXCISEMEN'S INKS	0 6

GOLDEN ADVICE; OR, THE WAY TO WEALTH.

Purchase all your requirements for Cash only, of respectable Establishments, known neither to Receive nor Give Credit, and who eschew the vile practice of making the Profits from those who can and do pay, make up the losses on those who can't, won't, or don't pay; thus ensuring two of the great blessings of life—AN EASY MIND AND A FULL POCKET.

Nos. 127 AND 128, CHANCERY-LANE.—FIVE DOORS FROM FLEET STREET, LONDON.



WATERLOW'S
PATENT IMPROVED AUTOGRAPHIC PRESS,
 OR PORTABLE
PRINTING MACHINE,
 FOR THE COUNTING-HOUSE, OFFICE, OR LIBRARY,
 BY MEANS OF WHICH
EVERY PERSON MAY BECOME HIS OWN PRINTER.

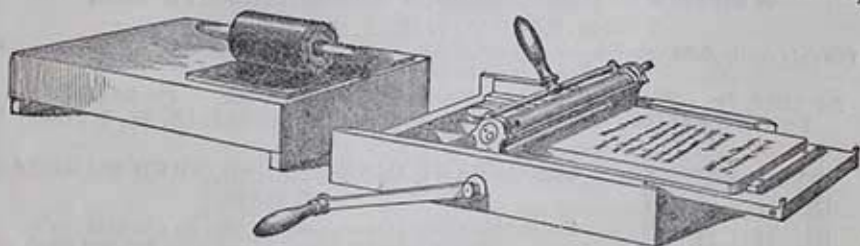
The process is simple, and thousands of copies may be produced from any writing, drawing, piece of music, or design (previously made on paper), and the requisite number of copies being finished, the subject may be effaced and another substituted.

Many hundreds of these Presses have now been sold, and are being successfully used by Railway and Public Companies, Bankers, Merchants, Amateurs, &c., &c.; also in Public and Private Schools, for the production of Lessons in Music, Drawing, &c., &c.

The Press may be seen at work at the Patentees' and specimens of its production will be forwarded free, upon application.

	PRICES.			On Mahogany Stand.
To print a Subject	11	x 9	- - £7 7 0	£9 9 0
Ditto	16½	x 10½	- - 8 8 0	10 10 0
Ditto	18	x 13½	- - 9 9 0	12 12 0

PATENT AUTOGRAPHIC PRESS FOR TRAVELLERS,



WHICH FROM ITS COMPACT FORM IS RECOMMENDED FOR USE ON
VOYAGES AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

To Print a Subject 11 x 9 Price complete £9 9 0.

PATENTEES—WATERLOW AND SONS, 65 TO 68, LONDON WALL, LONDON.

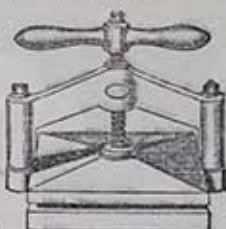
From the City Article of "The Times."

A very useful invention has been patented by Messrs. WATERLOW & SONS, which will be productive of great convenience to Banking Establishments and other concerns requiring to send out circulars with despatch. It is called the Autographic Press, and a letter written on prepared paper, with which it is furnished, can be transferred by a short process to a metallic plate, from which any number of copies may afterwards be taken on common paper and by ordinary pressure. In the colonies and other places where facilities for such operations are now scarce, and in all cases where the documents to be copied are of a confidential nature, it is likely to prove particularly valuable.

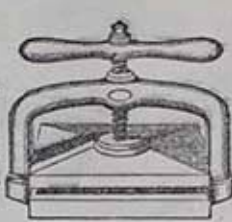
PATENT LETTER COPYING PRESSES.



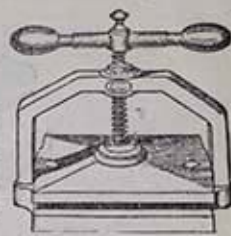
Lever Press.



Screw Press.



First Quality
Screw Press.



Wrought Iron Beam
Screw Press.

These Machines, although lower in price than those of any other manufacturer, are all warranted, and will be immediately exchanged, or the money returned, if any fault is discovered.

	Lever Press.	Screw Press.	1st quality, Screw.	Screw Press, wrt. iron beam.	Mahogany Tables.	Damping Boxes.
Large 4to	£1 10	£2 10	£3 3	£3 15	£1 5	11s.
Foolscap Folio ..	2 0	3 3	4 10	5 5	2 2	12s.
Post Folio	—	4 4	6 0	6 6	3 10	14s.



MAHOGANY STANDS FOR COPYING PRESSES.

	Quarto.	Foolscap.	Folio.
1 drawer	£1 5 0	—	—
2 ditto	1 12 0	£2 0 0	£2 12 0
3 ditto	2 2 0	2 12 0	3 0 0
2 ditto and flaps	2 5 0	2 15 0	3 5 0
3 ditto ditto	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 10 0

COPYING BOOKS,

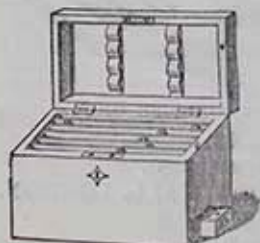
OF BLUE OR CREAM-WOVE COPYING PAPER, OF FIRST QUALITY, TYPE-PAGED BY STEAM POWER.

QUARTER BOUND.		Each.	per doz.	HALF BOUND.		Each.	per doz.
500 LEAVES	8s.	84s.	500 LEAVES	10s.	102s.
750 LEAVES	10s.	105s.	750 LEAVES	13s.	138s.
1000 LEAVES	12s.	126s.	1000 LEAVES	15s.	156s.

Waterlow's Instantaneous Communicative Ink, FOR COPYING LETTERS.

The only really fluid Copying Ink, is used in many of the Principal Establishments in London, and is universally admitted the best yet produced.

Per PINT, 2s. Per QUART, 3s. Per DOZEN QUARTS, 30s. Per GALLON, 10s.
Per HALF-GALLON, packed for the Country, 6s. 6d. Per GALLON, do., do., 12s.



STATIONERY CASES, OF POLISHED MAHOGANY OR OAK.

- No. 1, with secret drawer, lock, and key, &c., to hold foolscap and letter papers, envelopes, wax, &c., and fitted with pen-tray and inkstand 35 0
- No. 2, for large letter paper, envelopes, &c., &c. 24 0
- No. 3, for small letter paper, envelopes, &c., &c. 15 0

Sufficient paper, envelopes, &c., to fill the above cases, of the best quality, would be respectively about 21s. 6d., 14s. 6d., and 10s.

These Stationery Cases are admirably adapted for presents.

WATERLOW & SONS,

Manufacturing Stationers, Printers, Lithographers, and Engravers,
65 to 68. London Wall, London.

NEW WORK!!!

JUST PUBLISHED, PART II. OF

MARSLAND'S MANUAL

OF

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS

IN

CROCHET, GUIPURE,

LACËT AND EMBROIDERY WORK.

**DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE COUNTESS OF DUNRAVEN.**

MARSLAND, SON, AND CO.,

Have been induced to publish the present work for the purpose of supplying the very
BEST PATTERNS AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE.

Each Part contains twelve or more Designs, with Notes and Instructions, by Artists
of acknowledged talent, practically acquainted with the various branches of work illustrated,
and who have been engaged by them for this special purpose.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co;

EDINBRO':—THOMAS COOPER & Co., South Bridge;

DUBLIN:—JAMES MC. GLASHAM & Co.

PARIS:—J. DAWES, 3, Place Vendome (3 doors from Rue Saint Honoré).

MANCHESTER:

Published by MARSLAND, SON, & Co., Bridge Mills, Blackfriars.

A LIBERAL ALLOWANCE TO THE TRADE.

U S E

MARSLAND,  SON, & CO'S

UNRIVALLED AND REGISTERED

GRIFFIN CROCHET COTTON.

CROCHET WORK.

To such perfection has Crochet Work been brought, in consequence of the important improvements effected by MARSLAND, SON, and Co., in their CROCHET and SEWING COTTON, that it is now generally worn by the Nobility and Gentry in preference to real lace, and thereby employment has been afforded during the past year to thousands, who would, otherwise, have been in a state of the utmost poverty.

MARSLAND, SON, and Co., having devoted the most minute attention to the various requirements of Crochet Workers, as well as to those points in the production of THEIR COTTON, which constitute the great beauty and excellence of Crochet Work; being themselves extensive manufacturers of it, beg to inform all those who take an interest in the Crochet Manufacture, whether for their own amusement, or as a matter of business, that they guarantee every article made from their cotton, will not only retain its colour, but wear and wash to the satisfaction of the most fastidious.

LADIES will do well to ENQUIRE in making their purchases, whether the work has been made from *Marsland, Son, and Co.'s Cotton.*

From the many advantages which MARSLAND, SON, and Co. enjoy, not only in the newest and most improved machinery, but also in their great manufacturing skill, and extensive experience in this particular branch of business, they are enabled to produce both Crochet and Sewing Cotton which defies all competition!

To their CROCHET COTTON they would especially call attention, not only for the peculiarity of the material itself, but for the IMPORTANT DISCOVERY made and adopted by MARSLAND, SON and Co., in the MODE OF FINISH which gives to their Cotton a soft and pulpy appearance, and a complete freedom from fibre. It is warranted not to twist or curl in the working, or to shrink in the washing; and from its extraordinary silkiness, the Crochet Work has a beautiful pearly appearance, adding immensely to its value.

MARSLAND, SON, and Co., having brought their SIX CORD COTTON to the high degree of perfection of their Crochet Cotton, so as to render it peculiarly suitable for GUIPURE and LACET WORK, beg to call the attention of Ladies, who are engaged in this branch of Crochet Work, and request they will give their Cotton a TRIAL, if they have not hitherto done so, in order to prove that the OBJECTIONS, so important as regards other Cottons, ARE NOW COMPLETELY OVERCOME.

TO PUBLISHERS OF CROCHET BOOKS.

MARSLAND, SON, and Co.'s Crochet Cotton has now so fully established its character, that all the leading publishers of the present day are bringing out their books to suit the numbers of their Cottons.

Sold wholesale by all the principal wholesale houses, and retail by all the Berlin wool vendors, Drapers, Haberdashers, and Smallware Dealers throughout the Kingdom.

Manufactory, Bridge Mills, Blackfriars, Manchester.

LONDON AGENTS; WRIGHT and TURNBULL, 41, LAWRENCE LANE, CHEAPSIDE.

A FEW CLAIMS.

SOMETIMES both *claims* and *claimant* require a little consideration, and all *claims* want some arrangement. There are *claims* reasonable and *claims* unreasonable, but most people settle such matters to their own satisfaction. There are *claims* at home, and *claims* abroad—*claims* immediate, and *claims* remote; these severally pressing on our attention, make *claims* rather constant visitors—but they are very agreeable when they are profitable. It is a beautiful thing to be able to *claim* a good fortune, a good estate, and exemption from losses and inconveniences. Such are some *claims* which we briefly mention; thousands convinced of the *claims* of AUSTRALIA on their attention, are *claiming* an immediate passage to the Land of Golden Realities, but let them first *claim* a suitable *OUTFIT* at the Establishment of E. MOSES & SON, who *claim* the honour of more patronage than any House in the kingdom, yet they *claim* the lowest price for the BEST and most suitable Goods. Every one justly *claims* attention to their commands, and no House can more promptly and efficiently attend to Emigrants' *claims* than E. MOSES & SON'S.

THE *ATTIRE* required for comfort, the *DRESS* which associates *NOVELTY*, *ELEGANCE*, and *NEATNESS*, E. MOSES & SON justly *claim* as productions of their EAST and WEST Establishments, and their Branches, Bradford and Sheffield, Yorkshire.

IN *OVERCOATS*, *CAPES*, and *WRAPPERS*, E. MOSES & SON *claim* the distinction of Inventors of the newest, most comfortable, and Gentlemenly Styles; and the Price is considerably lower than is *claimed* elsewhere.

JUVENILE *DRESS* made by E. MOSES & SON has *claimed* universal attention—for the peculiarity of its cut, the *NOVELTY* of its make, and the *excellency* of its *MATERIALS*.

E. MOSES & SON'S

AUTUMN AND WINTER LIST OF PRICES.

MEN'S WINTER COATS.

	£	s.	d.
The New BEQUEME Over-Coat, designed by E. MOSES & SON	from 25s	to 4	10 0
Pea Coats	0	8	6
Chesterfields and Codringtons, various materials	0	10	6
The Witney Wrapper	0	16	0
The Derby Coat, made to wear as an Over or Surtout Coat	from 21s	to 2	0 0
The MELTON MOWBRAY, a new and elegant Overcoat	from 25s.	to 2	10 0
The Wellington Sac, made to form Coat, Cloak, and Traveller's Companion, designed by and only to be had of E. Moses & Son, from	40s.	to 3	0 0

BOYS' WINTER COATS.

Byron Coat	from 0	6	0	
Chesterfield	"	6	7 0	
The Bulwer, in cloth of all colours, and the new Melton Mowbray material, a neat gentlemanly style of Coat ..	10s.	6d.	to 1	5 0

WALKING, FISHING & SHOOTING COATS.

Plaid Shooting Coats	from 0	6	6	
The Melton Mowbray Cambridge Coat, quite a new material	21s.	to 1	15 0	
Fishing Coats in endless variety, suited either for Sporting, Gardening, or House Coat, ..	4s.	4d.	to 1	5 0

AUTUMN AND WINTER WAISTCOATS.

White Quilting (for Dress)	4s.	6d.	to 0	9 6
Black Kerseymer	4s.	6d.	to 0	13 6
Doeskins, Tweeds, &c.	4s.	to 0	9 6	
Embroidered Cloth	from 0	10	6	
A large assortment of Fancy Tibets, and a variety of Fancy Materials ..	from 4s.	6d.	to 0	13 6

AUTUMN AND WINTER TROUSERS.

	£	s.	d.		
Tweeds	from 4s.	6d.	to 0	7 6	
Black Kerseymer, for Dress ..	"	9s.	6d.	to 1	6 0
Ditto Doeskin, ditto	"	9s.	6d.	to 1	6 0
A large assortment of West of England Flain and Fancy Doeskins	18s.,	22s.	to 1	4 0	

DRESS COATS.

Dress Coat	from 0	17	0
Best quality	"	2	15 0

FROCK COATS.

Frock Coat	from 1	0	0
Best ditto	"	3	3 0

JUVENILE CLOTHING.

Tunic and Hussar Suit	from 15s.	6d.	to 1	12 0
Polka Jacket, handsomely trimmed ..	8s.	6d.	to 1	4 0
Spanish Dress	from 25s.	to 1	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

All the above materials are made into Suits to match, and form a very comfortable dress, either for Travelling, Walking, or Office.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HOSIERY.

The Largest Stock in the Kingdom,

LADIES' RIDING HABITS.

Summer Cloth Habits, with $\frac{1}{2}$ train ..	from 2	0	0
Superior Cloth Habits	3	3	0
Superfine quality	4	10	0

HATS AND CAPS, THE NEWEST STYLES AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

A large Assortment of HUNTING and SHOOTING BOOTS, including the celebrated GROUSE BOOT.

CAUTION.—E. MOSES & SON regret having to guard the Public against imposition, having learned that the *untrade-mantlike falsehood* of "being connected with their Establishment," or "It's the same concern," has been resorted to in many instances, and for obvious reasons. They beg to state they have NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE IN OR OUT OF LONDON, EXCEPT THEIR OWN ESTABLISHMENTS, as follows:—

London City Establishments:—152, 155, 156, and 157, Minories; 93, 82, 85, and 86, Aldgate, (opposite the Church) all communicating.

London West End Branch:—506, 507, and 508, New Oxford-street; 1, 2, and 3, Hart-street, all communicating.

Bradford, "Yorkshire" Branch, 19 and 20, Bridge-street.

Sheffield Branch, 36, Fargate.

THE FUR and SHAWL DEPARTMENT is now replete with every Novelty of the Season.

IMPORTANT.—Should any article not give satisfaction, it will be exchanged, if desired, or, if preferred, the money will be returned without hesitation. All Goods are marked, in plain figures, the lowest prices, from which no abatement can be made.

The Establishments are closed from sunset on Fridays till sunset on Saturdays, when business is resumed till 12 o'clock.

A New Book, entitled "The World's Pharos," containing the "Emigrant's Assistant," full Lists of Prices, and directions for self-measurement, may be had on application, or post free to any part of the kingdom.

E. MOSES & SON,

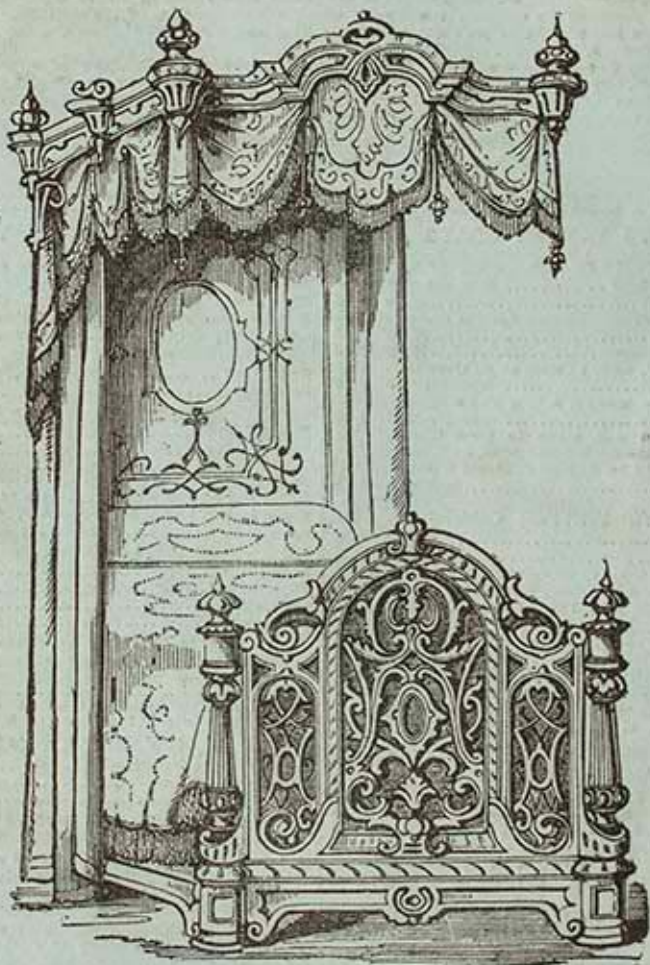
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, HOSIERS, FURRIERS, BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

HEAL & SON'S EIDER DOWN QUILT,

The most luxurious Covering for the Bed, the Couch, or the Carriage.

PRICED LIST SENT POST-FREE.

The Catalogue contains Designs and Prices of upwards
of One Hundred Different Bedsteads,



In Iron, Brass, Japanned Wood, Polished Birch, Mahogany,
Rosewood, and Walnut Tree Woods.

**HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS**

AND

PRICED LIST OF BEDDING,

SENT FREE BY POST FROM THEIR

BEDSTEAD AND BEDDING MANUFACTORY,

196, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON,