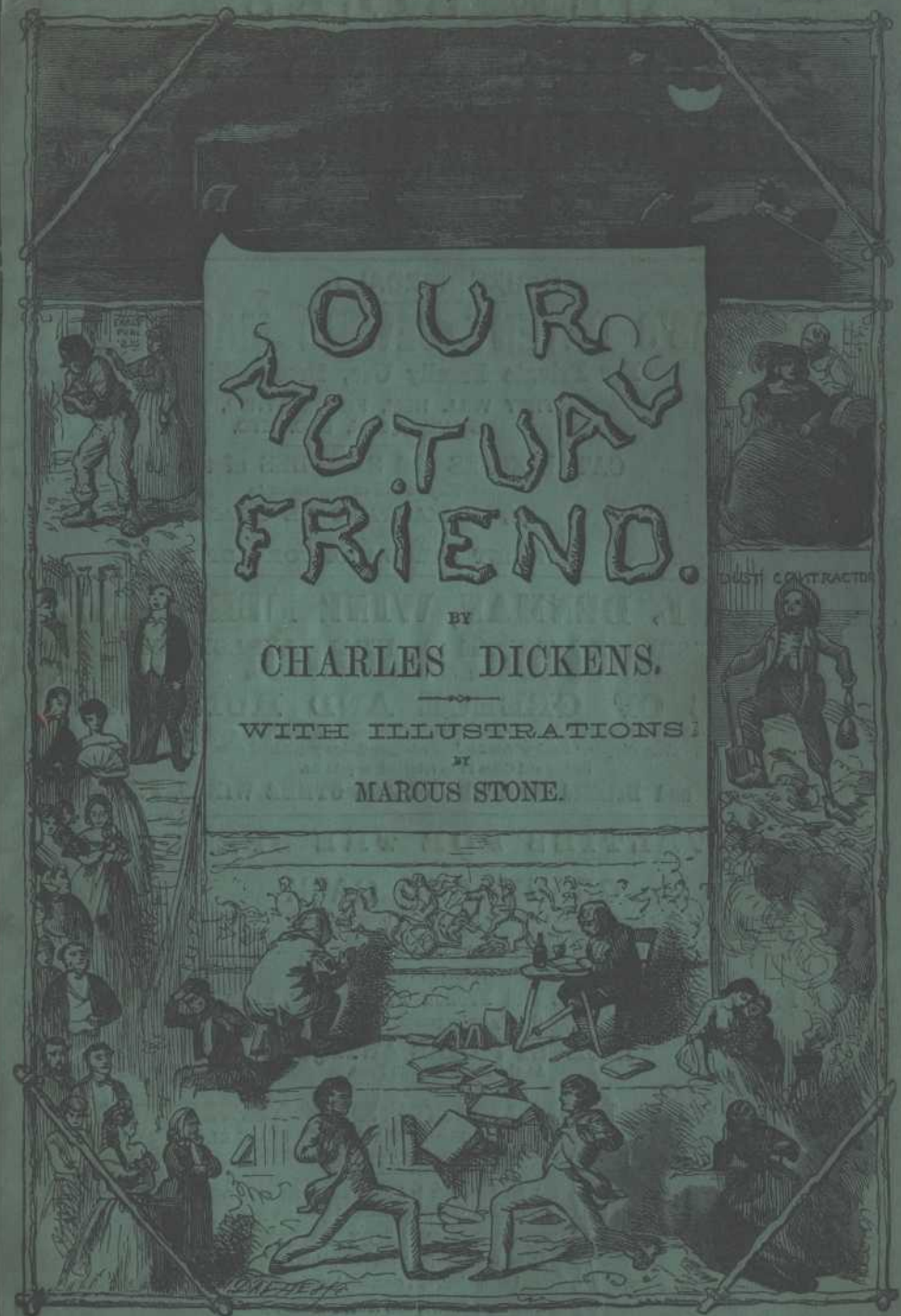


OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
MARCUS STONE.



LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, PICCADILLY.

The right of Translation is reserved.

NEW SILKS

(PATTERNS FREE).

CHECKED AND STRIPED GLACÉS,
£2 2s. for 14 Yards.

BLACK FRENCH FIGURED GLACÉS,
£2 5s. 6d. for 14 Yards.

JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9 LUDGATE HILL.

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

(PRIZE MEDAL.)

THOMAS'S PATENT SEWING MACHINES,

For Private Family Use, Dressmaking, &c. &c.

(THEY WILL HEM, FELL, GATHER, BIND,
BRAID, TUCK, ETC. ETC.)



CATALOGUES and SAMPLES of the WORK

May be had on application to

34, ST. MARTIN'S LE GRAND,

AND
REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD STREET.

JAMES L. DENMAN, WINE MERCHANT,

11 ABCHURCH LANE, and 20 PICCADILLY, LONDON,

Directs attention to the Natural, Full-bodied, and Unbranded

WINES OF GREECE AND HUNGARY.

Terms, Cash. Cross Cheques, 'Bank of London.' Post-Office Orders payable at General Post Office.

Bottles and Cases to be returned, or paid for.

Wine Report and Detailed Price List of ALL OTHER WINES, Post Free.

NOVELTIES FOR THE SPRING.

GRANT AND GASK

Invite an inspection of their large collection of Novelties for the present Season in French Fancy Silks, Rich Silk Robes, Court Trains, Satins in the New Shades of Colour, Moire Antiques, Made-up Skirts, Mantles, Shawls, Fancy Dress Fabrics, French Piques and Prints, Evening Dresses, Organdie Mouslins, &c. &c.

Amongst them are several very cheap lots of

Rich French Silk Robes and French Fancy Silks, Plain Glaces, &c.,

Greatly under present value.

RICHEST MOIRE ANTIQUES,

At 4½ Guineas the Full Dress.

IN THE MOURNING DEPARTMENT

Are several hundred pieces of New Makes of Plain and Figured BLACK SILKS, BLACK GLACES, &c., from 2s. 6d. per yard, which can be strongly recommended to wear.

The remainder of the Autumn and Winter Stock is being cleared out at greatly reduced prices.

RICH BROCHE FRENCH GRENADINES, at 10½d. per yard.

ODD DRESS LENGTHS OF RICH FRENCH SILKS,

From 2s. 6d. to 3s. 9d. per yard, full width.

Court Trains, Wedding Trousseau, General Mourning, &c., completed on the premises on the shortest notice

Patterns forwarded free.

58, 59, 60, 61, 62, Oxford Street; and 3, 4, 5, Wells Street, London.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND ADVERTISER. ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON:

ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDINGS, LOMBARD STREET
(CORNER OF CLEMENT'S LANE).

LIVERPOOL:

ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDINGS, NORTH JOHN STREET.

BRANCH OFFICES IN GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND:

MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, LEEDS, SHEFFIELD,
NEWCASTLE, SOUTHAMPTON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, AND DUBLIN.

CHAIRMAN IN LIVERPOOL: CHARLES TURNER, Esq., M.P.
CHAIRMAN IN LONDON: WILLIAM WAINWRIGHT, Esq.

Total
ANNUAL REVENUE
EXCEEDS

£600,000.



Accumulated
FUNDS IN HAND
OVER

£1,000,000.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The progressive increase of the FIRE PREMIUMS during the last Ten Years has been as follows:—

1853	£112,959	1859	£228,314
1855	130,060	1861	292,402
1857	175,028		

While for 1863 they amount to £341,668.

Thus the Fire Revenue has been enhanced in four years by the enormous sum of £113,353, and during the last six years it has been nearly doubled.

The Government Returns of Fire Duty recently published again show that the increase of the ROYAL is greater than that of any other Company.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The Rapid Progress and position of this Branch will be best shown by the following statement of the New Life Business effected for the

Year.	Sum Assured on New Policies after deducting Guarantees.	Net Premiums.	Year.	Sum assured on New Policies after deducting Guarantees.	Net Premiums.
1859	£434,479 11 10	£13,086 0 5	1862	£701,427 15 3	£22,333 13 2
1860	449,341 10 2	15,479 17 10	1863	752,546 18 10	24,069 12 8
1861	521,101 17 0	16,527 18 0			

The half-year of 1864, however, far outsteps the ratio of increase indicated by the figures just quoted, as the sum assured for that period of SIX MONTHS ONLY actually EXCEEDS HALF-A-MILLION STERLING.

The rate of mortality, likewise, still presents highly favourable features, augurs well for the result to be shown by the quinquennial investigation, which is to take place when the present year is concluded.

Large Bonuses declared 1855 and 1860—2 per Cent. per Annum.

The Greatest Bonus ever continuously declared by any Company.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES—Divisions of Profits every Five Years, to Policies then in existence two entire years. Expenses chiefly borne by the Fire Branch, in order to increase the Bonus to be returned.

SECURITY FOR BOTH FIRE & LIFE BRANCHES—CAPITAL, TWO MILLIONS STERLING.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary in London.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE'S

February 28, 1865.

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Vols. V. and VI., completing the Work. With PORTRAITS and MAPS.
Price 40s. [Will be published the first week in March.]

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S

NEW NOVEL—MISS MACKENZIE.

In 2 Vols. post 8vo.

[This day.]

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

Vol. I. With 20 Illustrations. Price 11s.

[Is now ready.]

MR. THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE'S

HISTORY OF FLORENCE.

[In the Press.]

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

From the German of Baron MAX MARIA VON WEBER. By J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.
2 Vols. post 8vo. 22s. [This day.]

SCRUTATOR'S

PRACTICAL LESSONS ON HUNTING AND SPORTING.

Post 8vo.

[Early in March.]

MR. JAMES M. HUTCHINGS'S

SCENES OF WONDER & CURIOSITY IN CALIFORNIA.

With above One Hundred Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. [This day.]

MR. CHARLES CLARKE'S

CRUMBS FROM A SPORTSMAN'S TABLE.

2 Vols. post 8vo.

[Early in March.]

MAJOR WHYTE MELVILLE'S THE BROOKES OF BRIDLEMERE.

Third Edition.

[Now ready.]

MR. CHARLES LEVER'S

LUTTRELL OF ARRAN.

With 32 Illustrations. Price 17s.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S

POETICAL WORKS.

A New Edition, in 3 Vols. fcap. 8vo. With a Photographic Portrait of Mr. Browning.
[Will be ready about March 20th.]

MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Second Edition, fcap 8vo., 8s. 6d.

MR. OWEN MEREDITH'S

POETICAL WORKS.

A Collated Edition, in 2 Vols.

[In the Press.]

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD'S

A FAMOUS FORGERY.

BEING THE STORY OF THE UNFORTUNATE DR. DODD. Post 8vo., 8s.
[Now ready.]

MR. JOHN FORSTER'S

LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A New Edition, with 40 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

MRS. WALKER'S

THROUGH MACEDONIA.

Beautifully Illustrated. Price 20s.

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE'S

SHAKESPEARE.

Vols. I. to V. of the New Edition now ready, price 10s. per volume.

LUTHER'S LETTERS TO WOMEN.

Translated by Mrs. MALCOLM. Post 8vo., 5s.

THE PERFECT HAIR-DYE.**UNWIN AND ALBERT'S COLUMBIAN.**

—Its extraordinary power is so effective and instantaneous that grey hair is coloured permanently a natural brown or black the moment it is touched by the dye, leaving it perfectly clean and soft as before the application. In cases at 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. Sample Case, 2s. 6d.; by post 4s. stamps. 24 PICCADILLY, where Specimens may be seen.

Beware of Imitations.**AURICOMUS FLUID, for producing**

the rich golden flaxen colour so greatly admired for its beautiful and becoming shade, on ladies' and children's hair. Prepared only by UNWIN and ALBERT, Court Hairdressers, 24 Piccadilly. In bottles, 10s. 6d. and 21s.

SHEPPARD'S**NEW MODEL DAIRY BUTTER,**

In One Pound Baskets, really delicious, 1s. 4½d., basket included. The largest Stock of Dairy Provisions in London. 'Stilton Cheese All the Year Round.' Devonshire Clotted Cream fresh daily.

Warehouses, 88 Borough,

AND

The Terminus Stores, London Bridge, S.E.**Bond's Permanent Marking Ink.**

THE ORIGINAL INVENTION, established 1821, is by far the BEST for Marking NAMES and INITIALS upon household linen, wearing apparel, &c. Price 1s. per bottle. No sixpenny size ever made. Sold by E. R. BOND, 10, Bishopsgate St. Within, E.C., and by all respectable chemists and stationers in the United Kingdom.—Norwich. Removed from 23, Long Lane, E.C. (where it has been established nearly half a century), to 10, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

**OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA,**

established upwards of forty years, is the best and only certain remedy ever discovered for Preserving, Strengthening, Beautifying, or Restoring the Hair, Whiskers, or Moustaches, and preventing them turning grey. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s., by G. and A. Oldridge, 22, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C., and all Chemists and Perfumers. For Children's and Ladies' Hair it is most efficacious and univalued.



Used in the Palaces of

THE QUEEN

and the

PRINCE OF WALES**More cleanly, polishes more quickly, & cheaper.**

Because it is less wasteful, and because a little goes further than any other kind. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Ironmongers, &c. RECKITT and SONS, Suffolk Lane, Upper Thames Street, E.C., and Hull.

White and Sound Teeth:

JEWELRY and BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE. Established by 40 years' experience as the best preservative for the teeth and gums. The original and only Genuine, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per pot.

113, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER; and by Agents throughout the Kingdom and Colonies.

SPANISH FLY is the acting ingredient in ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL, which speedily produces whiskers and thickens hair. 3s. 6d.; by post, 5s. stamps. Microscopic examination free.—Alex. Ross, 248, High Holborn, London.

HAIR DYE.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S LIQUID DYE is the best in the world, producing either light or dark colours. 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d., or per post for 54, 84, and 144 stamps.

DYSPEPSIA.

MORSON'S PEPSINE WINE is a perfectly palatable form for administering this popular remedy for weak digestion. Manufactured by T. MORSON and SON, 19 and 46, Southampton Row, Russell Square, W.C., in bottles at 3s., 5s., and 10s. each. Pepsine Lozenges, in boxes, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each.

**GLASS SHADES**

For the Protection of Articles injured by exposure,

FERN CASES AND AQUARIUMS,**GLASS AND OTHER MATERIALS FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC PURPOSES,****AND EVERY KIND OF PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL****WINDOW-GLASS,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT

CLAUDET & HOUGHTON'S,**89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.**

Lists of Prices sent Free on Application.

FAMILY MEDICINE.—The most healthy families are visited, at times, with some ailments, and at such times no medicine can be resorted to with more perfect confidence than

PARR'S LIFE PILLS

This esteemed Medicine produces immediate relief, without the slightest pain or inconvenience.—May be had of any Chemist.

Now Ready, Vol. I., price 11s.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARCUS STONE.

Cases can be had for binding Vol. I.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SPASMS, &c.

CAUTION.—"IN CHANCERY."
CHLORODYNE.

VICE-CHANCELLOR WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the Inventor of Chlorodyne. Eminent Hospital Physicians of London stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was the Discoverer of Chlorodyne; that they prescribe it largely, and mean no other than Dr. BROWNE'S.—See *Times*, July 13, 1864. The Public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THIS INVALUABLE REMEDY produces quiet refreshing sleep, relieves pain, calms the system, restores the deranged functions, and stimulates healthy action of the secretions of the body, without creating any of those unpleasant results attending the use of opium. Old and young may take it at all hours and times, when requisite.

From J. M'GRIGOR CROFT, M.D., M.R.C. Physicians, London, late Staff-Surgeon to H.M.F.

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

From JNO. E. GOULSTONE, M.D., Brighton.

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

No home should be without it. Sold in Bottles at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. Sent free on receipt of stamps, by **J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, London, SOLE MANUFACTURER.** Observe particularly none genuine without the words 'Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE' on the Government Stamp.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS.

THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION.
Beautifully printed in Post Octavo, and carefully revised by the Author. With the Original Illustrations.

43 Illustrations	2 vols. 15s.
39 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
40 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
36 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
36 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
39 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
24 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
39 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
40 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
8 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
40 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
40 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
17 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
16 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
8 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.

THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION.
Beautifully printed in Post Octavo, and carefully revised by the Author. With the Original Illustrations.

43 Illustrations	2 vols. 15s.
39 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
40 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
36 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
36 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
39 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
24 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
39 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
40 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
8 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
40 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
40 ditto	2 vols. 15s.
17 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
16 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.
8 ditto	1 vol. 7s. 6d.

PICKWICK PAPERS .. 2 vols. 15s.
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY .. 2 vols. 15s.
MARTIN CHuzzlewit .. 2 vols. 15s.
OLD Curiosity Shop .. 2 vols. 15s.
BARNABY RUDGE .. 2 vols. 15s.
SKETCHES BY BOZ .. 2 vols. 15s.
OLIVER TWIST .. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.
DOMBEY AND SON .. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.
DAVID COPPERFIELD .. 2 vols. 15s.
PICTURES FROM ITALY .. 2 vols. 15s.
and AMERICAN NOTES .. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.
BLEAK HOUSE .. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.
LITTLE DORRIT .. 2 vols. 15s.
CHRISTMAS BOOKS .. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES .. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS .. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS.

UNIFORM EDITION.

Handsomely printed in Crown Octavo.

- THE FRENCH REVOLUTION:** a History. In 2 Volumes. 12s.
OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES. With Elucidations and Connecting Narrative. In 3 Volumes. 18s.
LIFE OF JOHN STERLING. } 1 Volume. 6s.
LIFE OF SCHILLER. }
CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. In 4 Volumes. 24s.
SARTOR RESARTUS. } 1 Volume. 6s.
HERO WORSHIP. }
LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. 1 Volume. 6s.
CHARTISM. } 1 Volume. 6s.
PAST AND PRESENT. }
TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN ROMANCE. 1 Volume. 6s.
WILHELM MEISTER. By Goethe. A Translation. In 2 Volumes. 12s.
 Sets, in 16 Volumes, crown 8vo., cloth, 4l. 16s.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS.

HAUNTED LONDON. By WALTER THORNBURY. 8vo., with numerous Illustrations by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO PERSEPOLIS. Including Wanderings in Daghestan, Georgia, Armenia, Kurdistan, Mesopotamia, and Persia. By J. USSURER, Esq., F.R.G.S. Royal 8vo., with numerous beautifully coloured Illustrations. 42s.

The Hon. GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS. 2 vols.

LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Cheap Edition. 5s. bound; with Portrait.

THE NEW NOVELS.

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. 1 vol.

BEATRICE. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie." 3 vols.

CARRY'S CONFESSION. By the Author of "No Church," "Owen," "Mattie," &c. 3 vols.

BLOUNT TEMPEST. By the Rev. J. C. M. BELLIEW. Third Edition, 3 vols.

SHATTERED IDOLS. 3 vols.

LISABEE'S LOVE STORY. By the Author of "John and I," &c. 3 vols. [In March.]

OSBORNE'S ANALYSED PROVISIONS.

A saving of 15 per cent. To the purchaser on these truly excellent food products. **OSBORNE HOUSE,** 30 LUDGATE HILL, NEAR ST. PAUL'S.

TOOTHACHE is instantly cured by **BUNTER'S NERVINE**, which also forms a stopping, and saves the tooth. Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 1/2 per packet; or post free, for 15 stamps, from J. R. COOPER, Chemist, Maidstone.

TWINBERROW'S DANDELION, CAMOMILE, and RHUBARB PILLS, an effectual cure of Indigestion, all Stomach Complaints, and Liver Affections. In cases of Constipation these Pills never fail in producing a healthy and permanent action of the bowels, so that in a short time aperients will not be required, and being quite as innocent as castor-oil, they may be given to children. Prepared by TWINBERROW, Operative and Dispensing Chemist, 2 Edward Street, Portman Square, and 92 b. Westbourne Terrace, London; and may be had of all Patent Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom.

TRELOAR'S COCOA-NUT MATTING

AND **KAMPTULICON,** Wholesale and Retail at the Manufacturer's Warehouses, **10 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.**

Kaye's Worsdell's Pills.

THE experience of nearly half a century proves that this invaluable Medicine is potent for the removal of DISEASE, and the restoration of HEALTH. No FAMILY should be without it, as a timely use of this great Remedy has saved THOUSANDS of valuable lives. There is no form of disease which may not be cured if Kaye's Worsdell's Pills are taken in time. Sold by all Chemists, &c., at 1s. 1/2, 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

INSTANT RELIEF OF COLDS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, AND COUGHS is given by



From Mr. J. W. DALE, Chemist, Queen Street, Portsea. 'I consider them invaluable for coughs, colds, asthma, &c.' They give instant relief and a rapid cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, and all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs. To Singers and Public Speakers they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the Voice, and have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1/2, 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. Sold by all Chemists. Small Books, containing many hundreds of Cures, may be had from every Agent.

A Clear Complexion is produced by **OWLAND'S LOTION.**

Ladies riding and promenading, or exposed to the weather at this season, will, immediately on the application of this celebrated preparation (established 105 years), experience its extraordinary genial qualities. It produces and sustains GREAT PURITY AND DELICACY OF COMPLEXION, removes Freckles, Tan, and Redness, and promotes healthy action, softness, and elasticity of the skin, and is recommended in preference to any other preparation by the Medical Profession. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers. Half-pints, 2s. 9d. CAUTION—Observe the name of the Proprietor, 'E. C. Bourne, 19 Lamb's Conduit Street,' on the Government Stamp.

THE BOOK OF PERFUMES.

BY EUGENE RIMMEL. With upwards of 250 Illustrations by Thomas, Bourdoin, &c.



- 'One of the curiosities of the season.'—Morning Post.
- 'A delicious book.'—Sun.
- 'A learned, elegant, and fascinating volume.'—London
- 'An acceptable present.'—Public Opinion. [Review.]
- 'A very ably-written volume.'—Court Journal.
- 'Full of odd, out-of-the-way information.'—Spectator.
- 'A very good book.'—Globe.
- 'A beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated book.'—Notes and Queries.

Crown 8vo., bound in cloth, gilt edged, 5s.; free by post for 6s stamps.

DRAWING-ROOM EDITION.

Rose-leaf coloured paper, extra margins, tinted edges, 10s. 6d.; free by post for 140 stamps.

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY. To be had also of the Author, 96 Strand; 128 Regent Street; and 24 Cornhill, London. 17 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, and BEDDING, carriage free.—See our illustrated catalogue, containing prices and estimates for furnishing houses of different classes, forwarded gratis. This book is the most useful guide ever published; contains 400 designs of furniture drawn from an extensive stock, and embraces every article necessary in furnishing. The prices are based upon the lowest possible scale, and cannot be equalled for cheapness and quality combined. The stock always in hand at this extensive establishment is one of the largest in the kingdom. References to former customers are offered.—LEWIN CRAWFOUR and Co., cabinet-makers, upholsterers, and bedding manufacturers, 73 and 75, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge. N.B. Fifty drawing-room suites in various styles, from 12 to 100 guineas. An assortment of old oak furniture. Established 1810.



DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE LIFE OF THORVALDSEN. Collated from the Danish of J. M. THIELE. By the Rev. M. R. BARNARD. Post 8vo. 9s.

THE POCKET DATE-BOOK; or, Classified Tables of Dates of the Principal Facts, Historical, Biographical, and Scientific, from the Beginning of the World to the Present Time. By WILLIAM L. R. CATES. Second Edition, with Additions. 5s.

ROBA DI ROMA. By W. W. Story. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL WOLFE. By R. Wright. With Portrait. Demy 8vo. 16s.

THE LIFE OF LAURENCE STERNE. By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

HENRY TAYLOR'S PLAYS AND POEMS. 'Philip Van Artevelde,' &c. Collected Edition. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo. 16s.

CURIOSITIES OF INDO-EUROPEAN TRADITION AND FOLK-LORE. By WALTER K. KELLY. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

THE ART and MYSTERY of CURING, PRESERVING, AND POTTING ALL KINDS OF MEATS, GAME, AND FISH. Also, THE ART OF PICKLING AND THE PRESERVATION OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. Adapted as well for the Wholesale Dealer as all Housekeepers. By a Wholesale Curer of Comestibles. Post 8vo. 4s. 6d.

NEW NOVELS, TO BE HAD AT ALL LIBRARIES.

MILES BULLER; or, The Little World of Onnigate. 3 vols. post 8vo. [This day.]

SIGNES HISTORY. A Norwegian Tale. By Magdalene THORESEN. Translated by the Rev. M. R. BARNARD. 1 vol. post 8vo.

QUITE ALONE. By George Augustus Sala. 3 vols.

WHICH IS THE WINNER? By Charles Clarke. 3 vols.

LANGLEYHAUGH; A Tale of an Anglo-Saxon Family. By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, Author of 'The Canoe Voyage,' &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. [In March.]

JEANNE LARAGUAY. A Novel. By Mrs. Hamerton. 1 vol. post 8vo.

THE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE, and Other Tales. By HUGH M. WALMSLEY, Colonel Imperial Ottoman Army, Author of 'Sketches of Algeria,' &c. With Photographic Illustrations. Post 8vo.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

BENHAM AND SONS'

GENERAL FURNISHING IRON-MONGERY CATALOGUE

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

Gas Works, Gas Fittings, &c., Baths, Pumps, and Water Closets, Hot Water Apparatus, Conservatories, &c., Cutlery, Electro-Plate, Tea Urns, Lamps, and every description of General Furnishing Ironmongery.

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



FLAVEL'S PRIZE KITCHENER,

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

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

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



BENHAM AND SONS,

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

"PURITY & EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY"



THEIR GENUINE AND DOUBLE SUPERFINE ARE THE QUALITIES PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED FOR FAMILY USE.
RETAILED IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

J. Colman, London



THIS ELEGANT AND FRAGRANT OIL is universally in high repute for its unparalleled success during the last sixty years in promoting the Growth, Restoring and Improving the Human Hair.

It prevents Hair from falling off or turning grey, strengthens weak hair, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, and makes it

BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, PLIABLE, AND GLOSSY.

In the growth of

THE BEARD, WHISKERS, AND MOUSTACHIOS,

it is unfailing in its stimulative operation. For CHILDREN it is especially recommended as forming the basis of

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

The Patronage of ROYALTY and the ANTIPOACH throughout Europe; its introduction into the Nursery of ROYALTY, and the high esteem in which it is universally held, with numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of its merits—Price 3s. 6d. and 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s. Sold at **20 HATTON GARDEN**, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

* ASK FOR "ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL."

THE NEW CANDLE.

No Holder, Paper, or Scraping required,

BY USING

**J. C. & J. FIELD'S PATENT
HARD CHAMBER CANDLE,**

Which fits any candlestick, and burns to the end.

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY GROCERS AND OILMEN.

Only see that 'FIELDS', LONDON,' is on each Candle.

Wholesale and for export only at the Works, Upper Marsh, Lambeth, London, where also may be had their richly-perfumed and celebrated

United Service Soap Tablets, and the Prize Medal Paraffine Candles,

As supplied to Her Majesty's Government.

To Umbrella and Parasol Dealers and the Public.

THE REMARKABLE DURABILITY OF THE

PARAGON FRAMES FOR UMBRELLAS

Is exemplified by a fact which has recently come to the knowledge of SAMUEL FOX & CO., viz., that these frames are frequently taken out of old umbrellas and put into new ones, and the extent to which this is done by some manufacturers compels the patentees, Samuel Fox and Co., to notice it, and to invite particular attention to their label, having their trade mark as well as their name, which they issue only with new frames, and which should be placed inside each umbrella or parasol. Samuel Fox and Co.'s frames, made of solid steel wire, are warranted in every way; they are charged one penny per umbrella or parasol more than the frames of other makers. Samuel Fox and Co.'s Patent Pebble Tips are used as an additional mark to denote their special manufacture; they are charged without profit, and are of extreme strength and durability, and will last as long as the frames. The various imitations of these tips also necessitates reference to the label of S. Fox and Co.

DREPCAR, near Sheffield, January, 1865.

SONG, UP THE ALMA'S HEIGHT!

By CAPTAIN COLOMB, R.A., Author of 'Hearths and Watchfires.'

Illustrated by LEWIS SKOCOMBE, R.A. Inscribed to Her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort.

Also, by the same Composer.

L'ABBANDONATA.

'A pretty ballad, written with feeling and elegance.'—Orchestra.

CRAMER & CO., REGENT STREET.

SCOTT ADIE,

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

Has on View the largest Choice of

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

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

BOYS' KILT SUITS

In all the Clans, made to Order.

SCOTT ADIE'S FAMOUS WATERPROOF HIGHLAND CLOAKS

For Gentlemen, of SCOTCH TWEEDS, in various Textures, suited for all Seasons and Climates.

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

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

HOME-SPUN SHEPHERD'S PLAIDS, 21s. each.

BLACK and OXFORD SCOTCH TWEEDS in all substances for Clergymen's wear.

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

FIRST MANUFACTURED IN LONDON,

A.D. 1742.



BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

SANGSTERS' UMBRELLAS,

ON FOX'S PATENT PARAGON FRAMES.



W. and J. S. beg to call attention to their large assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Umbrellas, elegantly mounted with Ivory, Silver, &c., suitable for Presents, from 10s. 6d.

140, Regent Street, W., | 10, Royal Exchange, E.C.,
94, Fleet Street, E.C., | 75, Cheapside, E.C.

Four Prize Medals have been awarded to W. and J. S. for the quality of their Umbrellas, upwards of THREE MILLIONS having been made under one of their Patents.

All Umbrellas of their Manufacture have labels of the annexed pattern attached, with the words "SANGSTERS, MAKERS."
Wholesale Lists of Prices at 75 Cheapside. Shippers supplied on the lowest terms.

N.B.—OBSERVE THE NAME.

SLACK'S ELECTRO-PLATE

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

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY R. AND J. SLACK.

Cruet Frames, from 18s.; Corner Dishes, 8l. 8s. set, forming Eight Dishes; Tea and Coffee Sets from 4l. 10s.

	Electro Plated	Strong Plate	Thread	King's
	Fiddle Pattern.	Fiddle Pattern.	Pattern.	with Shell.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Table Forks, per dozen	1 10 0	1 13 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
Dessert Forks	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
Table Spoons	1 10 0	1 13 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
Dessert Spoons	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 13 0	1 3 6	1 10 0

EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE TABLE AS IN SILVER.

OLD GOODS REPLATED EQUAL TO NEW.

SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY

Has been celebrated 50 years for quality and cheapness.

Their Catalogue of Drawings and Prices may be had gratis, or sent Post-free. Orders above 2l. sent carriage free, per rail, and packed without charge.

RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK,

IRONMONGERS TO HER MAJESTY,

336 STRAND, opposite SOMERSET HOUSE.

Cash's Cambric Frilling



Requires neither hemming nor whipping, and is of a fine and peculiarly durable material, perfectly free from all dress. It is of various widths. For trimming all kinds of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S WASHING APPAREL.

Sold by all Drapers, in Envelopes containing 12 yards, and bearing the names of J. & J. CASH, Patentees.

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

ESTABLISHED 1814.

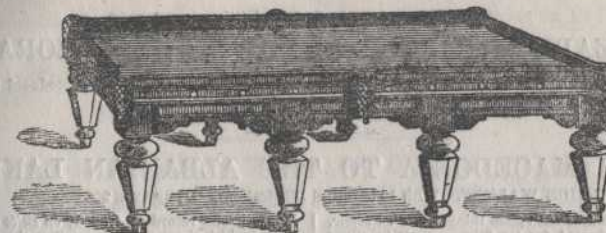
THURSTON AND CO.,

Billiard Table Manufacturers

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

BY APPOINTMENT,

And to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



The great superiority of the Billiard Tables manufactured by this Firm is fully attested by the fact of their Tables having been patronized by Royalty since the reign of George III., during which period they have been honoured also by the patronage of the principal Nobility and Gentry of England, upwards of two hundred of Her Majesty's and the Native Regiments at home and abroad, and more than one hundred of the principal London, Provincial, and Foreign Clubs.

CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

MAKERS TO THE QUEEN AND PRINCE OF WALES.

FRY'S | HOMEOPATHIC PEARL ICELAND MOSS ROCK | COCOA.

FRY'S SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE.

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

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

FOR CHILDREN'S DIET.

GUARANTEED
PERFECTLY PURE.

CORRECTED RECIPE FOR
INFANTS' FOOD.

BROWN & POLSON'S



PATENT CORN FLOUR.

To two teaspoonful of BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, mixed with two tablespoonful of cold water, add half-pint of boiling milk and water (equal quantities); boil for seven minutes, and sweeten very slightly. It should be when warm about the thickness of cream.

MAJOR WHYTE MELVILLE'S NEW NOVEL.

Now ready at all the Libraries, Third Edition, 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE BROOKES OF BRIDLEMERE. By WHYTE MELVILLE.

"We must say a word for Major Whyte Melville, whose new novel—"The Brookes of Bridlemere"—is in our opinion his best. . . . Now we have a story of gentlemen and ladies told in an agreeable and straightforward manner, without any strain after false sentiment, or parade of muscular Christianity. Mr. Whyte Melville has got into a good easy style, with a great deal of pleasant rattle in it. Every story of his must of necessity have a ball in it,

a fox-hunt, and something of barmek life. Here we have his favourite themes in full bloom, and presented with so much spirit that we are not troubled with the remembrance of his previous efforts in the same line. On the whole we are inclined to rank this novel of Mr. Whyte Melville's as the most agreeable of the present season.—*Times*, December 19, 1864.

This day, the Seventh Edition,

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S AURORA LEIGH.

"Aurora Leigh" is one of the greatest works of art which this century has produced. . . . It is the greatest

single poem which has been produced in our time.—*Times*, Jan. 11, 1865.

THROUGH MACEDONIA TO THE ALBANIAN LAKES. By

MARY ADELAIDE WALKER. With 12 beautiful Illustrations. Demy 8vo., 20s.

"The book is crammed with good things."—*Sat. Review*.
"Monastir is celebrated for its filigree work in silver and gold. The authoress has designed a brilliant picture of the costume of the place as an illustration of its handsome textures but ungainly make. And before she leaves

Monastir she records a tragedy *en suite* of other similar stories which show, notwithstanding the rising character of this neighbourhood, the abominable method of administering justice which still prevails in this province of the Ottoman Empire.—*Times*.

THE FARM HOMESTEADS OF ENGLAND. A Collection of

Plans of English Homesteads existing in different Districts of the Country, carefully selected from the most approved specimens of Farm Architecture, to illustrate the Accommodation required under various modes of Husbandry; with a Digest of the leading Principles recognised in the Construction and Arrangement of the Buildings. Edited by J. BAILEY DENTON, M. Inst. C.E., F.G.S., Engineer to the General Land Drainage and Improvement Company. Imperial 4to., with Illustrations, 3l. 2s.

"The magnificent quarto of Mr. Bailey Denton is quite original in conception. . . . We cannot too warmly commend Mr. Bailey Denton's "Farm Homesteads of England" to the attention of landowners, agents, and architects—indeed, of all persons interested in the improvement of landed estates. Those who may hesitate to build, per-

plexed by a multiplicity of theoretical "designs," may here see actual and successful precedents of the very form they are seeking, and may gather in one reading what is the present state of our knowledge in every department of the subject.—*Times*, Feb. 3, 1865.

THE EPOCHS OF PAINTING: a Biographical and Critical Essay

on Painting and Painters of all Times and many Places. By RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. With numerous Illustrations, demy 8vo., 20s.

"The work is a valuable one, and the professional artist or amateur lover of painting will find in it much to set him thinking, whether in the way of agreement or dissent."—*London Review*.

"Although Mr. Wornum styles his present performance a biographical and critical essay on painting and painters, it is really an elaborate, though general, survey of the history of art from the earliest to the latest periods. . . .

Mr. Wornum prides himself upon the value he has imparted to his treatment of the subject, by the care he has bestowed upon the collection and verification of dates. He does himself less than justice if he wishes us to believe that the highest merit of his book is to be found in this direction of inquiry. . . . We know no book of the class which can be read with less fatigue than this one.—*Athenæum*.

ENGLISH WRITERS. THE WRITERS BEFORE CHAUCER. By

HENRY MORLEY. Demy 8vo., price 22s.

"Mr. Morley has a sense of the duty and dignity of his task, and he is evidently prepared for a commensurate effort to perform it successfully. . . . We have confined ourselves to the Introduction of nearly 120 pages, which, as it is the vestibule only of the entire edifice, only permits the reader to see the outline and plan of the projected work. There are 600 or 700 pages more in this volume, in which lie the detailed fruits of Mr.

Morley's research, erudition, and critical judgment. . . . In fact, he does not appear to have overlooked any one important work from the very earliest whatever that may have been; and the extent to which he describes and analyzes some of these will make his book a valuable addition to our libraries, when it is the important whole, of which this is the first and, perhaps, the most valuable instalment.—*Times*.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY V. COGNAC BRANDY.

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

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS,

WALL LIGHTS AND LUSTRES, FOR GAS AND CANDLES.

TABLE GLASS, ETC.

Glass Dinner Services for 12 Persons, from 7l. 15s. Glass Dessert Services for 12 Persons, from 2l.

ALL ARTICLES MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents.

Mess, Export, and Furnishing Orders promptly executed.

LONDON—SHOW ROOMS, 45 OXFORD STREET.

BIRMINGHAM—MANUFACTORY & SHOW ROOMS, BROAD STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

Chandeliers in Bronze and Ormolu for Dining-room and Library.

Candelabra, Moderator Lamps, in Bronze, Ormolu, China, and Glass. Statuettes in Porcelain, Vases, and other Ornaments, in a Show-Room erected expressly for these Articles.

OSLER, 45 OXFORD STREET, W.



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

JOSEPH GILLOTT,
METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN,

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER,

By Appointment, to H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

THE REAL NICKEL SILVER,

Introduced more than thirty years ago by

WILLIAM S. BURTON,

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

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

	Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern.	Bead Pattern.	Thread or Bruns- wick Pattern.	King's or Lily, &c.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 Table Forks	1 13 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 10 0
12 Table Spoons ...	1 13 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 10 0
12 Dessert Forks ...	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Dessert Spoons ...	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Tea Spoons ...	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 5 0
6 Egg Spoons, } gilt bowls... }	10 0	12 0	12 0	13 6
2 Sauce Ladies... }	6 0	8 0	8 0	9 0
1 Gravy Spoon ... }	6 6	9 0	10 0	11 0
2 Salt Spoons, } gilt bowls... }	3 4	4 0	4 0	4 6
1 Mustard Spoon, } gilt bowl... }	1 8	2 0	2 0	2 3
1 Pair Sugar Tongs }	2 6	3 6	3 6	4 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers }	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
1 Butter Knife ... }	2 6	4 0	5 6	6 0
1 Soup Ladle ... }	10 0	12 0	15 0	17 0
1 Sugar Sifter ... }	3 2	4 6	4 6	5 0
Total.....	9 19 9	12 9 0	13 9 6	14 17 3

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., £2 15s. Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers, and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER

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

Sends a **CATALOGUE** gratis and post paid. It contains upwards of 600 Illustrations of his unlimited Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gaseliers, Tea Trays, Urns and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bedroom Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices, and PLANS of the TWENTY LARGE SHOW-ROOMS at

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

ESTABLISHED 1820.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET AND CHANCING CROSS.

CUTLERY WARRANTED.

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

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S,

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

	Table Knives per doz.	Dessert Knives per doz.	Carvers' per patr.
IVORY HANDLES.			
34-inch ivory handles	12 0	9 6	4 6
34-inch fine ivory handles ...	15 0	11 6	4 6
4-inch ivory balance handles	18 0	14 0	5 0
4-inch fine Ivory handles ...	24 0	17 0	7 3
4-inch finest African ivory } handles	32 0	26 0	11 0
Ditto, with silver ferules ... }	40 0	33 0	12 0
Ditto, carved handles, silver } ferules	50 0	43 0	17 6
Nickel electro-silver han- } dles, any pattern	25 0	19 0	17 6
Silver handles of any pattern }	84 0	54 0	21 0
BONE AND HORN HANDLES.			
Knives and Forks per dozen.			
White bone handles	11 0	8 6	2 0
Ditto, balance handles	21 0	17 0	4 6
Black horn, rim'd shoulders.	17 0	14 0	4 0
Do., very strong rivetted hdls.	12 0	9 0	3 0

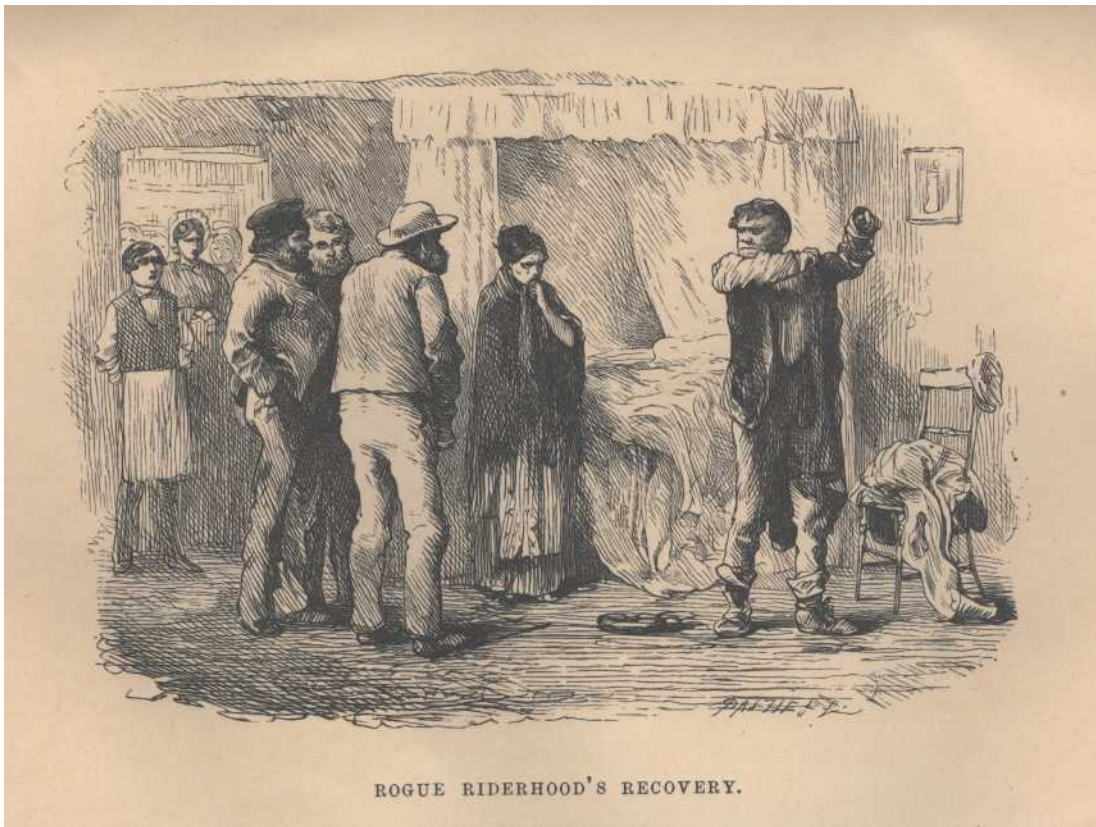
The Largest Stock in existence of PLATED DESSERT KNIVES and FORKS, in Cases and otherwise, and of the new Plated Fish Carvers.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS,

and CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of fenders, stoves, ranges, chimney-pieces, fire-irons, and general ironmongery as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ormolu ornaments, £3 15s. to £33 10s.; bronze fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; steel fenders, £3 3s. to £11; ditto, with rich ormolu ornaments, from £3 3s. to £18; chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £100; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set to £4 4s. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.



TRYING ON FOR THE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.



ROGUE RIDERHOOD'S RECOVERY.

THE PEOPLE'S PICKWICK.

Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL beg to announce

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION

OF

THE WORKS

OF

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

IN MONTHLY VOLUMES, PRICE TWO SHILLINGS EACH;

COMMENCING WITH

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Volume One on March the 30th.

193, PICCADILLY.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

In Four Books.

BOOK THE THIRD. A LONG LANE.

CHAPTER I.

LODGERS IN QUEER STREET.

It was a foggy day in London, and the fog was heavy and dark. Animate London, with smarting eyes and irritated lungs, was blinking, wheezing, and choking; inanimate London was a sooty spectre, divided in purpose between being visible and invisible, and so being wholly neither. Gaslights flared in the shops with a haggard and unblest air, as knowing themselves to be night-creatures that had no business abroad under the sun; while the sun itself, when it was for a few moments dimly indicated through circling eddies of fog, showed as if it had gone out and were collapsing flat and cold. Even in the surrounding country it was a foggy day, but there the fog was grey, whereas in London it was, at about the boundary line, dark yellow, and a little within it brown, and then browner, and then browner, until at the heart of the City—which call Saint Mary Axe—it was rusty-black. From any point of the high ridge of land northward, it might have been discerned that the loftiest buildings made an occasional struggle to get their heads above the foggy sea, and especially that the great dome of Saint Paul's seemed to die hard; but this was not perceivable in the streets at their feet, where the whole metropolis was a heap of vapour charged with muffled sound of wheels, and enfolding a gigantic catarrh.

At nine o'clock on such a morning, the place of business of Pubsey and Co. was not the liveliest object even in Saint Mary Axe—which is not a very lively spot—with a sobbing gaslight in the counting-house window, and a burglarious stream of fog creeping in to strangle it through the keyhole of the main door. But the light went out, and the main door opened, and Riah came forth with a bag under his arm.

Almost in the act of coming out at the door, Riah went into the fog, and was lost to the eyes of Saint Mary Axe. But the eyes of

this history can follow him westward, by Cornhill, Cheapside, Fleet Street, and the Strand, to Piccadilly and the Albany. Thither he went at his grave and measured pace, staff in hand, skirt at heel; and more than one head, turning to look back at his venerable figure already lost in the mist, supposed it to be some ordinary figure indistinctly seen, which fancy and the fog had worked into that passing likeness.

Arrived at the house in which his master's chambers were on the second floor, Riah proceeded up the stairs, and paused at Fascination Fledgeby's door. Making free with neither bell nor knocker, he struck upon the door with the top of his staff, and, having listened, sat down on the threshold. It was characteristic of his habitual submission, that he sat down on the raw dark staircase, as many of his ancestors had probably sat down in dungeons, taking what befell him as it might befall.

After a time, when he had grown so cold as to be fain to blow upon his fingers, he arose and knocked with his staff again, and listened again, and again sat down to wait. Thrice he repeated these actions before his listening ears were greeted by the voice of Fledgeby, calling from his bed, "Hold your row!—I'll come and open the door directly!" But, in lieu of coming directly, he fell into a sweet sleep for some quarter of an hour more, during which added interval Riah sat upon the stairs and waited with perfect patience.

At length the door stood open, and Mr. Fledgeby's retreating drapery plunged into bed again. Following it at a respectful distance, Riah passed into the bed-chamber, where a fire had been sometime lighted, and was burning briskly.

"Why, what time of night do you mean to call it?" inquired Fledgeby, turning away beneath the clothes, and presenting a comfortable rampart of shoulder to the chilled figure of the old man.

"Sir, it is full half-past ten in the morning."

"The deuce it is! Then it must be precious foggy?"

"Very foggy, sir."

"And raw, then?"

"Chill and bitter," said Riah, drawing out a handkerchief, and wiping the moisture from his beard and long grey hair as he stood on the verge of the rug, with his eyes on the acceptable fire.

With a plunge of enjoyment, Fledgeby settled himself afresh.

"Any snow, or sleet, or slush, or anything of that sort?" he asked.

"No, sir, no. Not quite so bad as that. The streets are pretty clean."

"You needn't brag about it," returned Fledgeby, disappointed in his desire to heighten the contrast between his bed and the streets. "But you're always bragging about something. Got the books there?"

"They are here, sir."

"All right. I'll turn the general subject over in my mind for a minute or two, and while I'm about it you can empty your bag and get ready for me."

With another comfortable plunge, Mr. Fledgeby fell asleep again.

The old man, having obeyed his directions, sat down on the edge of a chair, and, folding his hands before him, gradually yielded to the influence of the warmth, and dozed. He was roused by Mr. Fledgeby's appearing erect at the foot of the bed, in Turkish slippers, rose-coloured Turkish trousers (got cheap from somebody who had cheated some other somebody out of them), and a gown and cap to correspond. In that costume he would have left nothing to be desired, if he had been further fitted out with a bottomless chair, a lantern, and a bunch of matches.

"Now, old 'un!" cried Fascination, in his light raillery, "what dodgery are you up to next, sitting there with your eyes shut? You ain't asleep. Catch a weasel at it, and catch a Jew!"

"Truly, sir, I fear I nodded," said the old man.

"Not you!" returned Fledgeby, with a cunning look. "A telling move with a good many, I dare say, but it won't put *me* off my guard. Not a bad notion though, if you want to look indifferent in driving a bargain. Oh, you are a dodger!"

The old man shook his head, gently repudiating the imputation, and suppressed a sigh, and moved to the table at which Mr. Fledgeby was now pouring out for himself a cup of steaming and fragrant coffee from a pot that had stood ready on the hob. It was an edifying spectacle, the young man in his easy chair taking his coffee, and the old man with his grey head bent, standing awaiting his pleasure.

"Now!" said Fledgeby. "Fork out your balance in hand, and prove by figures how you make it out that it ain't more. First of all, light that candle."

Riah obeyed, and then taking a bag from his breast, and referring to the sum in the accounts for which they made him responsible, told it out upon the table. Fledgeby told it again with great care, and rang every sovereign.

"I suppose," he said, taking one up to eye it closely, "you haven't been lightening any of these; but it's a trade of your people's, you know. *You* understand what sweating a pound means; don't you?"

"Much as you do, sir," returned the old man, with his hands under opposite cuffs of his loose sleeves, as he stood at the table, deferentially observant of the master's face. "May I take the liberty to say something?"

"You may," Fledgeby graciously conceded.

"Do you not, sir—without intending it—of a surety without intending it—sometimes mingle the character I fairly earn in your employment, with the character which it is your policy that I should bear?"

"I don't find it worth my while to cut things so fine as to go into the inquiry," Fascination coolly answered.

"Not in justice?"

"Bother justice!" said Fledgeby.

"Not in generosity?"

"Jews and generosity!" said Fledgeby. "That's a good connexion! Bring out your vouchers, and don't talk Jerusalem palaver."

The vouchers were produced, and for the next half-hour Mr. Fledgeby concentrated his sublime attention on them. They and the accounts were all found correct, and the books and the papers resumed their places in the bag.

"Next," said Fledgeby, "concerning that bill-broking branch of the business; the branch I like best. What queer bills are to be bought, and at what prices? You have got your list of what's in the market?"

"Sir, a long list," replied Riah, taking out a pocket-book, and selecting from its contents a folded paper, which, being unfolded, became a sheet of foolscap covered with close writing.

"Whew!" whistled Fledgeby, as he took it in his hand. "Queer Street is full of lodgers just at present! These are to be disposed of in parcels; are they?"

"In parcels as set forth," returned the old man, looking over his master's shoulder; "or the lump."

"Half the lump will be waste-paper, one knows beforehand," said Fledgeby. "Can you get it at waste-paper price? That's the question."

Riah shook his head, and Fledgeby cast his small eyes down the list. They presently began to twinkle, and he no sooner became conscious of their twinkling, than he looked up over his shoulder at the grave face above him, and moved to the chimney-piece. Making a desk of it, he stood there with his back to the old man, warming his knees, perusing the list at his leisure, and often returning to some lines of it, as though they were particularly interesting. At those times he glanced in the chimney-glass to see what note the old man took of him. He took none that could be detected, but, aware of his employer's suspicions, stood with his eyes on the ground.

Mr. Fledgeby was thus amiably engaged when a step was heard at the outer door, and the door was heard to open hastily. "Hark! That's your doing, you Pump of Israel," said Fledgeby; "you can't have shut it." Then the step was heard within, and the voice of Mr. Alfred Lammle called aloud, "Are you anywhere here, Fledgeby?" To which Fledgeby, after cautioning Riah in a low voice to take his cue as it should be given him, replied, "Here I am!" and opened his bedroom door.

"Come in!" said Fledgeby. "This gentleman is only Pubsey and Co. of Saint Mary Axe, that I am trying to make terms for an unfortunate friend with in a matter of some dishonoured bills. But really Pubsey and Co. are so strict with their debtors, and so hard to move, that I seem to be wasting my time. Can't I make *any* terms with you on my friend's part, Mr. Riah?"

"I am but the representative of another, sir," returned the Jew in a low voice. "I do as I am bidden by my principal. It is not my capital that is invested in the business. It is not my profit that arises therefrom."

"Ha ha!" laughed Fledgeby. "Lammle?"

"Ha ha!" laughed Lammle. "Yes. Of course. We know."

"Devilish good, ain't it, Lammle?" said Fledgeby, unspeakably amused by his hidden joke.

"Always the same, always the same!" said Lammle. "Mr. ——"

"Riah, Pubsey and Co. Saint Mary Axe," Fledgeby put in, as he wiped away the tears that trickled from his eyes, so rare was his enjoyment of his secret joke.

"Mr. Riah is bound to observe the invariable forms for such cases made and provided," said Lammle.

"He is only the representative of another!" cried Fledgeby. "Does as he is told by his principal! Not his capital that's invested in the business. Oh, that's good! Ha ha ha ha!" Mr. Lammle joined in the laugh and looked knowing; and the more he did both, the more exquisite the secret joke became for Mr. Fledgeby.

"However," said that fascinating gentleman, wiping his eyes again, "if we go on in this way, we shall seem to be almost making game of Mr. Riah, or of Pubsey and Co. Saint Mary Axe, or of somebody: which is far from our intention. Mr. Riah, if you would have the kindness to step into the next room for a few moments while I speak with Mr. Lammle here, I should like to try to make terms with you once again before you go."

The old man, who had never raised his eyes during the whole transaction of Mr. Fledgeby's joke, silently bowed and passed out by the door which Fledgeby opened for him. Having closed it on him, Fledgeby returned to Lammle, standing with his back to the bedroom fire, with one hand under his coat-skirts, and all his whiskers in the other.

"Halloa!" said Fledgeby. "There's something wrong!"

"How do you know it?" demanded Lammle.

"Because you show it," replied Fledgeby in unintentional rhyme.

"Well then; there is," said Lammle; "there *is* something wrong; the whole thing's wrong."

"I say!" remonstrated Fascination very slowly, and sitting down with his hands on his knees to stare at his glowering friend with his back to the fire.

"I tell you, Fledgeby," repeated Lammle, with a sweep of his right arm, "the whole thing's wrong. The game's up."

"What game's up?" demanded Fledgeby, as slowly as before, and more sternly.

"The game. Our game. Read that."

Fledgeby took a note from his extended hand and read it aloud. "Alfred Lammle, Esquire. Sir: Allow Mrs. Podsnap and myself to express our united sense of the polite attentions of Mrs. Alfred Lammle and yourself towards our daughter, Georgiana. Allow us also, wholly to reject them for the future, and to communicate our final desire that the two families may become entire strangers. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant, JOHN PODSNAP." Fledgeby looked at the three blank sides of this note, quite as long and earnestly as at the first expressive side, and then looked at Lammle, who responded with another extensive sweep of his right arm.

"Whose doing is this?" said Fledgeby.

"Impossible to imagine," said Lammle.

"Perhaps," suggested Fledgeby, after reflecting with a very discontented brow, "somebody has been giving you a bad character."

"Or you," said Lammle, with a deeper frown.

Mr. Fledgeby appeared to be on the verge of some mutinous expressions, when his hand happened to touch his nose. A certain remembrance connected with that feature operating as a timely warning, he took it thoughtfully between his thumb and forefinger, and pondered; Lammle meanwhile eyeing him with furtive eyes.

"Well!" said Fledgeby. "This won't improve with talking about. If we ever find out who did it, we'll mark that person. There's nothing more to be said, except that you undertook to do what circumstances prevent your doing."

"And that you undertook to do what you might have done by this time, if you had made a prompter use of circumstances," snarled Lammle.

"Hah! That," remarked Fledgeby, with his hands in the Turkish trousers, "is matter of opinion."

"Mr. Fledgeby," said Lammle, in a bullying tone, "am I to understand that you in any way reflect upon me, or hint dissatisfaction with me, in this affair?"

"No," said Fledgeby; "provided you have brought my promissory note in your pocket, and now hand it over."

Lammle produced it, not without reluctance. Fledgeby looked at it, identified it, twisted it up, and threw it into the fire. They both looked at it as it blazed, went out, and flew in feathery ash up the chimney.

"Now, Mr. Fledgeby," said Lammle, as before; "am I to understand that you in any way reflect upon me, or hint dissatisfaction with me, in this affair?"

"No," said Fledgeby.

"Finally and unreservedly no?"

"Yes."

"Fledgeby, my hand."

Mr. Fledgeby took it, saying, "And if we ever find out who did this, we'll mark that person. And in the most friendly manner, let me mention one thing more. I don't know what your circumstances are, and I don't ask. You have sustained a loss here. Many men are liable to be involved at times, and you may be, or you may not be. But whatever you do, Lammle, don't—don't—don't, I beg of you—ever fall into the hands of Pubsey and Co. in the next room, for they are grinders. Regular flayers and grinders, my dear Lammle," repeated Fledgeby with a peculiar relish, "and they'll skin you by the inch, from the nape of your neck to the sole of your foot, and grind every inch of your skin to tooth-powder. You have seen what Mr. Riah is. Never fall into his hands, Lammle, I beg of you as a friend!"

Mr. Lammle, disclosing some alarm at the solemnity of this affectionate adjuration, demanded why the devil he ever should fall into the hands of Pubsey and Co.?

"To confess the fact, I was made a little uneasy," said the candid Fledgeby, "by the manner in which that Jew looked at you when he heard your name. I didn't like his eye. But it may have been the heated fancy of a friend. Of course if you are sure that you have no

personal security out, which you may not be quite equal to meeting, and which can have got into his hands, it must have been fancy. Still, I didn't like his eye."

The brooding Lammle, with certain white dints coming and going in his palpitating nose, looked as if some tormenting imp were pinching it. Fledgeby, watching him with a twitch in his mean face which did duty there for a smile, looked very like the tormentor who was pinching.

"But I mustn't keep him waiting too long," said Fledgeby, "or he'll revenge it on my unfortunate friend. How's your very clever and agreeable wife? She knows we have broken down?"

"I showed her the letter."

"Very much surprised?" asked Fledgeby.

"I think she would have been more so," answered Lammle, "if there had been more go in *you*?"

"Oh!—She lays it upon me, then?"

"Mr. Fledgeby, I will not have my words misconstrued."

"Don't break out, Lammle," urged Fledgeby, in a submissive tone, "because there's no occasion. I only asked a question. Then she don't lay it upon me? To ask another question."

"No, sir."

"Very good," said Fledgeby, plainly seeing that she did. "My compliments to her. Good-bye!"

They shook hands, and Lammle strode out pondering. Fledgeby saw him into the fog, and, returning to the fire and musing with his face to it, stretched the legs of the rose-coloured Turkish trousers wide apart, and meditatively bent his knees, as if he were going down upon them.

"You have a pair of whiskers, Lammle, which I never liked," murmured Fledgeby, "and which money can't produce; you are boastful of your manners and your conversation; you wanted to pull my nose, and you have let me in for a failure, and your wife says I am the cause of it. I'll bowl you down. I will, though I have no whiskers," here he rubbed the places where they were due, "and no manners, and no conversation!"

Having thus relieved his noble mind, he collected the legs of the Turkish trousers, straightened himself on his knees, and called out to Riah in the next room, "Halloa, you sir!" At sight of the old man re-entering with a gentleness monstrously in contrast with the character he had given him, Mr. Fledgeby was so tickled again, that he exclaimed, laughing, "Good! Good! Upon my soul it is uncommon good!"

"Now, old 'un," proceeded Fledgeby, when he had had his laugh out, "you'll buy up these lots that I mark with my pencil—there's a tick there, and a tick there, and a tick there—and I wager two-pence you'll afterwards go on squeezing those Christians like the Jew you are. Now, next you'll want a cheque—or you'll say you want it, though you've capital enough somewhere, if one only knew where, but you'd be peppered and salted and grilled on a gridiron before you'd own to it—and that cheque I'll write."

When he had unlocked a drawer and taken a key from it to open

another drawer, in which was another key that opened another drawer, in which was another key that opened another drawer, in which was the cheque book; and when he had written the cheque; and when, reversing the key and drawer process, he had placed his cheque book in safety again; he beckoned the old man, with the folded cheque, to come and take it.

"Old 'un," said Fledgeby, when the Jew had put it in his pocket-book, and was putting that in the breast of his outer garment; "so much at present for my affairs. Now a word about affairs that are not exactly mine. Where is she?"

With his hand not yet withdrawn from the breast of his garment, Riah started and paused.

"Oho!" said Fledgeby. "Didn't expect it! Where have you hidden her?"

Showing that he was taken by surprise, the old man looked at his master with some passing confusion, which the master highly enjoyed.

"Is she in the house I pay rent and taxes for in Saint Mary Axe?" demanded Fledgeby.

"No, sir."

"Is she in your garden up atop of that house—gone up to be dead, or whatever the game is?" asked Fledgeby.

"No, sir."

"Where is she then?"

Riah bent his eyes upon the ground, as if considering whether he could answer the question without breach of faith, and then silently raised them to Fledgeby's face, as if he could not.

"Come!" said Fledgeby. "I won't press that just now. But I want to know this, and I will know this, mind you. What are you up to?"

The old man, with an apologetic action of his head and hands, as not comprehending the master's meaning, addressed to him a look of mute inquiry.

"You can't be a gallivanting dodger," said Fledgeby. "For you're a 'regular pity the sorrows,' you know—if you *do* know any Christian rhyme—'whose trembling limbs have borne him to'—*et cetera*. You're one of the Patriarchs; you're a shaky old card; and you can't be in love with this Lizzie?"

"O, sir!" expostulated Riah. "O, sir, sir, sir!"

"Then why," retorted Fledgeby, with some slight tinge of a blush, "don't you out with your reason for having your spoon in the soup at all?"

"Sir, I will tell you the truth. But (your pardon for the stipulation) it is in sacred confidence; it is strictly upon honor."

"Honor too!" cried Fledgeby, with a mocking lip. "Honor among Jews. Well. Cut away."

"It is upon honor, sir?" the other still stipulated, with respectful firmness.

"Oh, certainly. Honor bright," said Fledgeby.

The old man, never bidden to sit down, stood with an earnest hand laid on the back of the young man's easy chair. The young man

sat looking at the fire with a face of listening curiosity, ready to check him off and catch him tripping.

"Cut away," said Fledgeby. "Start with your motive."

"Sir, I have no motive but to help the helpless."

Mr. Fledgeby could only express the feelings to which this incredible statement gave rise in his breast, by a prodigiously long derisive sniff.

"How I came to know, and much to esteem and to respect, this damsel, I mentioned when you saw her in my poor garden on the house-top," said the Jew.

"Did you?" said Fledgeby, distrustfully. "Well, Perhaps you did, though."

"The better I knew her, the more interest I felt in her fortunes. They gathered to a crisis. I found her beset by a selfish and ungrateful brother, beset by an unacceptable wooer, beset by the snares of a more powerful lover, beset by the wiles of her own heart."

"She took to one of the chaps then?"

"Sir, it was only natural that she should incline towards him, for he had many and great advantages. But he was not of her station, and to marry her was not in his mind. Perils were closing round her, and the circle was fast darkening, when I—being as you have said, sir, too old and broken to be suspected of any feeling for her but a father's—stepped in, and counselled flight. I said, 'My daughter, there are times of moral danger when the hardest virtuous resolution to form is flight, and when the most heroic bravery is flight.' She answered, she had had this in her thoughts; but whither to fly without help she knew not, and there were none to help her. I showed her there was one to help her, and it was I. And she is gone."

"What did you do with her?" asked Fledgeby, feeling his cheek.

"I placed her," said the old man, "at a distance;" with a grave smooth outward sweep from one another of his two open hands at arm's length; "at a distance—among certain of our people, where her industry would serve her, and where she could hope to exercise it, unassailed from any quarter."

Fledgeby's eyes had come from the fire to notice the action of his hands when he said "at a distance." Fledgeby now tried (very unsuccessfully) to imitate that action, as he shook his head and said, "Placed her in that direction, did you? Oh you circular old dodger!"

With one hand across his breast and the other on the easy chair, Riah, without justifying himself, waited for further questioning. But, that it was hopeless to question him on that one reserved point, Fledgeby, with his small eyes too near together, saw full well.

"Lizzie," said Fledgeby, looking at the fire again, and then looking up. "Humph, Lizzie. You didn't tell me the other name in your garden atop of the house. I'll be more communicative with you. The other name's Hexam."

Riah bent his head in assent.

"Look here, you sir," said Fledgeby. "I have a notion I know

something of the inveigling chap, the powerful one. Has he anything to do with the law?"

"Nominally, I believe it his calling."

"I thought so. Name anything like Lightwood?"

"Sir, not at all like."

"Come, old 'un," said Fledgeby, meeting his eyes with a wink, "say the name."

"Wrayburn."

"By Jupiter!" cried Fledgeby. "That one, is it? I thought it might be the other, but I never dreamt of that one! I shouldn't object to your baulking either of the pair, dodger, for they are both conceited enough; but that one is as cool a customer as ever I met with. Got a beard besides, and presumes upon it. Well done, old 'un! Go on and prosper!"

Brightened by this unexpected commendation, Riah asked were there more instructions for him?

"No," said Fledgeby, "you may toddle now, Judah, and grope about on the orders you have got." Dismissed with those pleasing words, the old man took his broad hat and staff, and left the great presence: more as if he were some superior creature benignantly blessing Mr. Fledgeby, than the poor dependent on whom he set his foot. Left alone, Mr. Fledgeby locked his outer door, and came back to his fire.

"Well done you!" said Fascination to himself. "Slow, you may be; sure, you are!" This he twice or thrice repeated with much complacency, as he again dispersed the legs of the Turkish trousers and bent the knees.

"A tidy shot that, I flatter myself," he then soliloquised. "And a Jew brought down with it! Now, when I heard the story told at Lamble's, I didn't make a jump at Riah. Not a bit of it; I got at him by degrees." Herein he was quite accurate; it being his habit, not to jump, or leap, or make an upward spring, at anything in life, but to crawl at everything.

"I got at him," pursued Fledgeby, feeling for his whisker, "by degrees. If your Lammles or your Lightwoods had got at him anyhow, they would have asked him the question whether he hadn't something to do with that gal's disappearance. I knew a better way of going to work. Having got behind the hedge, and put him in the light, I took a shot at him and brought him down plump. Oh! It don't count for much, being a Jew, in a match against me!"

Another dry twist in place of a smile, made his face crooked here.

"As to Christians," proceeded Fledgeby, "look out, fellow-Christians, particularly you that lodge in Queer Street! I have got the run of Queer Street now, and you shall see some games there. To work a lot of power over you and you not know it, knowing as you think yourselves, would be almost worth laying out money upon. But when it comes to squeezing a profit out of you into the bargain, it's something like!"

With this apostrophe Mr. Fledgeby appropriately proceeded to divest himself of his Turkish garments, and invest himself with

Christian attire. Pending which operation, and his morning ablutions, and his anointing of himself with the last infallible preparation for the production of luxuriant and glossy hair upon the human countenance (quacks being the only sages he believed in besides usurers), the murky fog closed about him and shut him up in its sooty embrace. If it had never let him out any more, the world would have had no irreparable loss, but could have easily replaced him from its stock on hand.

CHAPTER II.

A RESPECTED FRIEND IN A NEW ASPECT.

IN the evening of this same foggy day when the yellow window-blind of Pubsey and Co. was drawn down upon the day's work, Riah the Jew once more came forth into Saint Mary Axe. But this time he carried no bag, and was not bound on his master's affairs. He passed over London Bridge, and returned to the Middlesex shore by that of Westminster, and so, ever wading through the fog, waded to the doorstep of the dolls' dressmaker.

Miss Wren expected him. He could see her through the window by the light of her low fire—carefully banked up with damp cinders that it might last the longer and waste the less when she was out—sitting waiting for him in her bonnet. His tap at the glass roused her from the musing solitude in which she sat, and she came to the door to open it; aiding her steps with a little crutch-stick.

"Good evening, godmother!" said Miss Jenny Wren.

The old man laughed, and gave her his arm to lean on.

"Won't you come in and warm yourself, godmother?" asked Miss Jenny Wren.

"Not if you are ready, Cinderella, my dear."

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Wren, delighted. "Now you ARE a clever old boy! If we gave prizes at this establishment (but we only keep blanks), you should have the first silver medal, for taking me up so quick." As she spake thus, Miss Wren removed the key of the house-door from the keyhole and put it in her pocket, and then bustling closed the door, and tried it as they both stood on the step. Satisfied that her dwelling was safe, she drew one hand through the old man's arm and prepared to ply her crutch-stick with the other. But the key was an instrument of such gigantic proportions, that before they started Riah proposed to carry it.

"No, no, no! I'll carry it myself," returned Miss Wren. "I'm awfully lopsided, you know, and stowed down in my pocket it'll trim the ship. To let you into a secret, godmother, I wear my pocket on my high side, o' purpose."

With that they began their plodding through the fog.

"Yes, it was truly sharp of you, godmother," resumed Miss Wren with great approbation, "to understand me. But, you see, you are so like the fairy godmother in the bright little books! You

look so unlike the rest of people, and so much as if you had changed yourself into that shape, just this moment, with some benevolent object. Boh!" cried Miss Jenny, putting her face close to the old man's. "I can see your features, godmother, behind the beard."

"Does the fancy go to my changing other objects too, Jenny?"

"Ah! That it does! If you'd only borrow my stick and tap this piece of pavement—this dirty stone that my foot taps—it would start up a coach and six. I say! Let's believe so!"

"With all my heart," replied the good old man.

"And I'll tell you what I must ask you to do, godmother. I must ask you to be so kind as give my child a tap, and change him altogether. O my child has been such a bad, bad child of late! It worries me nearly out of my wits. Not done a stroke of work these ten days. Has had the horrors, too, and fancied that four copper-coloured men in red wanted to throw him into a fiery furnace."

"But that's dangerous, Jenny."

"Dangerous, godmother? My bad child is always dangerous, more or less. He might"—here the little creature glanced back over her shoulder at the sky—"be setting the house on fire at this present moment. I don't know who would have a child, for my part! It's no use shaking him. I have shaken him till I have made myself giddy. Why don't you mind your Commandments and honor your parent, you naughty old boy? I said to him all the time. But he only whimpered and stared at me."

"What shall be changed, after him?" asked Riah in a compassionately playful voice.

"Upon my word, godmother, I am afraid I must be selfish next, and get you to set me right in the back and the legs. It's a little thing to you with your power, godmother, but it's a great deal to poor weak aching me."

There was no querulous complaining in the words, but they were not the less touching for that.

"And then?"

"Yes, and then—you know, godmother. We'll both jump up into the coach and six and go to Lizzie. This reminds me, godmother, to ask you a serious question. You are as wise as wise can be (having been brought up by the fairies), and you can tell me this: Is it better to have had a good thing and lost it, or never to have had it?"

"Explain, god-daughter."

"I feel so much more solitary and helpless without Lizzie now, than I used to feel before I knew her." (Tears were in her eyes as she said so.)

"Some beloved companionship fades out of most lives, my dear," said the Jew,—“that of a wife, and a fair daughter, and a son of promise, has faded out of my own life—but the happiness was.”

"Ah!" said Miss Wren thoughtfully, by no means convinced, and chopping the exclamation with that sharp little hatchet of hers; "then I tell you what change I think you had better begin with,

godmother. You had better change Is into Was and Was into Is, and keep them so."

"Would that suit your case? Would you not be always in pain then?" asked the old man tenderly.

"Right!" exclaimed Miss Wren with another chop. "You have changed me wiser, godmother.—Not," she added with the quaint hitch of her chin and eyes, "that you need be a very wonderful godmother to do that deed."

Thus conversing, and having crossed Westminster Bridge, they traversed the ground that Riah had lately traversed, and new ground likewise; for, when they had recrossed the Thames by way of London Bridge, they struck down by the river and held their still foggier course that way.

But previously, as they were going along, Jenny twisted her venerable friend aside to a brilliantly-lighted toy-shop window, and said: "Now look at 'em! All my work!"

This referred to a dazzling semicircle of dolls in all the colours of the rainbow, who were dressed for presentation at court, for going to balls, for going out driving, for going out on horseback, for going out walking, for going to get married, for going to help other dolls to get married, for all the gay events of life.

"Pretty, pretty, pretty!" said the old man with a clap of his hands. "Most elegant taste!"

"Glad you like 'em," returned Miss Wren, loftily. "But the fun is, godmother, how I make the great ladies try my dresses on. Though it's the hardest part of my business, and would be, even if my back were not bad and my legs queer."

He looked at her as not understanding what she said.

"Bless you, godmother," said Miss Wren, "I have to scud about town at all hours. If it was only sitting at my bench, cutting out and sewing, it would be comparatively easy work; but it's the trying-on by the great ladies that takes it out of me."

"How, the trying-on?" asked Riah.

"What a mooney godmother you are, after all!" returned Miss Wren. "Look here. There's a Drawing Room, or a grand day in the Park, or a Show, or a Fête, or what you like. Very well. I squeeze among the crowd, and I look about me. When I see a great lady very suitable for my business, I say 'You'll do, my dear!' and I take particular notice of her, and run home and cut her out and baste her. Then another day, I come scudding back again to try on, and then I take particular notice of her again. Sometimes she plainly seems to say, 'How that little creature is staring!' and sometimes likes it and sometimes don't, but much more often yes than no. All the time I am only saying to myself, 'I must hollow out a bit here; I must slope away there;' and I am making a perfect slave of her, with making her try on my doll's dress. Evening parties are severer work for me, because there's only a doorway for a full view, and what with hobbling among the wheels of the carriages and the legs of the horses, I fully expect to be run over some night. However, there I have 'em, just the same. When they go bobbing into the hall from the carriage, and catch a glimpse of my little

physiognomy poked out from behind a policeman's cape in the rain, I dare say they think I am wondering and admiring with all my eyes and heart, but they little think they're only working for my dolls! There was Lady Belinda Whitrose. I made her do double duty in one night. I said when she came out of the carriage, 'You'll do, my dear!' and I ran straight home and cut her out and basted her. Back I came again, and waited behind the men that called the carriages. Very bad night too. At last, 'Lady Belinda Whitrose's carriage! Lady Belinda Whitrose coming down!' And I made her try on—oh! and take pains about it too—before she got seated. That's Lady Belinda hanging up by the waist, much too near the gas-light for a wax one, with her toes turned in."

When they had plodded on for some time nigh the river, Riah asked the way to a certain tavern called the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. Following the directions he received, they arrived, after two or three puzzled stoppages for consideration, and some uncertain looking about them, at the door of Miss Abbey Potterson's dominions. A peep through the glass portion of the door revealed to them the glories of the bar, and Miss Abbey herself seated in state on her snug throne, reading the newspaper. To whom, with deference, they presented themselves.

Taking her eyes off her newspaper, and pausing with a suspended expression of countenance, as if she must finish the paragraph in hand before undertaking any other business whatever, Miss Abbey demanded, with some slight asperity: "Now then, what's for you?"

"Could we see Miss Potterson?" asked the old man, uncovering his head.

"You not only could, but you can and you do," replied the hostess.

"Might we speak with you, madam?"

By this time Miss Abbey's eyes had possessed themselves of the small figure of Miss Jenny Wren. For the closer observation of which, Miss Abbey laid aside her newspaper, rose, and looked over the half-door of the bar. The crutch-stick seemed to entreat for its owner leave to come in and rest by the fire; so, Miss Abbey opened the half-door, and said, as though replying to the crutch-stick: "Yes, come in and rest by the fire."

"My name is Riah," said the old man, with courteous action, "and my avocation is in London city. This, my young companion——"

"Stop a bit," interposed Miss Wren. "I'll give the lady my card." She produced it from her pocket with an air, after struggling with the gigantic door-key which had got upon the top of it and kept it down. Miss Abbey, with manifest tokens of astonishment, took the diminutive document, and found it to run concisely thus:—

MISS JENNY WREN,

DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.

Dolls attended at their own residences.

"Lud!" exclaimed Miss Potterson, staring. And dropped the card. "We take the liberty of coming, my young companion and I, madam," said Riah, "on behalf of Lizzie Hexam."

Miss Potterson was stooping to loosen the bonnet-strings of the dolls' dressmaker. She looked round rather angrily, and said: "Lizzie Hexam is a very proud young woman."

"She would be so proud," returned Riah, dexterously, "to stand well in your good opinion, that before she quitted London for——"

"For where, in the name of the Cape of Good Hope?" asked Miss Potterson, as though supposing her to have emigrated.

"For the country," was the cautious answer,—"she made us promise to come and show you a paper, which she left in our hands for that special purpose. I am an unserviceable friend of hers, who began to know her after her departure from this neighbourhood. She has been for some time living with my young companion, and has been a helpful and a comfortable friend to her. Much needed, madam," he added, in a lower voice. "Believe me; if you knew all, much needed."

"I can believe that," said Miss Abbey, with a softening glance at the little creature.

"And if it's proud to have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts," Miss Jenny struck in, flushed, "she is proud. And if it's not, she is not."

Her set purpose of contradicting Miss Abbey point blank, was so far from offending that dread authority, as to elicit a gracious smile. "You do right, child," said Miss Abbey, "to speak well of those who deserve well of you."

"Right or wrong," muttered Miss Wren, inaudibly, with a visible hitch of her chin, "I mean to do it, and you may make up your mind to *that*, old lady."

"Here is the paper, madam," said the Jew, delivering into Miss Potterson's hands the original document drawn up by Rokesmith, and signed by Riderhood. "Will you please to read it?"

"But first of all," said Miss Abbey, "—did you ever taste shrub, child?"

Miss Wren shook her head.

"Should you like to?"

"Should if it's good," returned Miss Wren.

"You shall try. And, if you find it good, I'll mix some for you with hot water. Put your poor little feet on the fender. It's a cold, cold night, and the fog clings so." As Miss Abbey helped her to turn her chair, her loosened bonnet dropped on the floor. "Why, what lovely hair!" cried Miss Abbey. "And enough to make wigs for all the dolls in the world. What a quantity!"

"Call *that* a quantity?" returned Miss Wren. "Poof! What do you say to the rest of it?" As she spoke, she untied a band, and the golden stream fell over herself and over the chair, and flowed down to the ground. Miss Abbey's admiration seemed to increase her perplexity. She beckoned the Jew towards her, as she reached down the shrub-bottle from its niche, and whispered:

"Child, or woman?"

"Child in years," was the answer; "woman in self-reliance and trial."

"You are talking about Me, good people," thought Miss Jenny, sitting in her golden bower, warming her feet. "I can't hear what you say, but I know your tricks and your manners!"

The shrub, when tasted from a spoon, perfectly harmonizing with Miss Jenny's palate, a judicious amount was mixed by Miss Potterson's skilful hands, whereof Riah too partook. After this preliminary, Miss Abbey read the document; and, as often as she raised her eyebrows in so doing, the watchful Miss Jenny accompanied the action with an expressive and emphatic sip of the shrub and water.

"As far as this goes," said Miss Abbey Potterson, when she had read it several times, and thought about it, "it proves (what didn't much need proving) that Rogue Riderhood is a villain. I have my doubts whether he is not the villain who solely did the deed; but I have no expectation of those doubts ever being cleared up now. I believe I did Lizzie's father wrong, but never Lizzie's self; because when things were at the worst I trusted her, had perfect confidence in her, and tried to persuade her to come to me for a refuge. I am very sorry to have done a man wrong, particularly when it can't be undone. Be kind enough to let Lizzie know what I say; not forgetting that if she will come to the Porters, after all, by-gones being by-gones, she will find a home at the Porters, and a friend at the Porters. She knows Miss Abbey of old, remind her, and she knows what-like the home, and what-like the friend, is likely to turn out. I am generally short and sweet—or short and sour, according as it may be and as opinions vary—" remarked Miss Abbey, "and that's about all I have got to say, and enough too."

But before the shrub and water was sipped out, Miss Abbey bethought herself that she would like to keep a copy of the paper by her. "It's not long, sir," said she to Riah, "and perhaps you wouldn't mind just jotting it down." The old man willingly put on his spectacles, and, standing at the little desk in the corner where Miss Abbey filed her receipts and kept her sample phials (customers' scores were interdicted by the strict administration of the Porters), wrote out the copy in a fair round character. As he stood there, doing his methodical penmanship, his ancient scribe-like figure intent upon the work, and the little dolls' dressmaker sitting in her golden bower before the fire, Miss Abbey had her doubts whether she had not dreamed those two rare figures into the bar of the Six Jolly Fellowships, and might not wake with a nod next moment and find them gone.

Miss Abbey had twice made the experiment of shutting her eyes and opening them again, still finding the figures there, when, dream-like, a confused hubbub arose in the public room. As she started up, and they all three looked at one another, it became a noise of clamouring voices and of the stir of feet; then all the windows were heard to be hastily thrown up, and shouts and cries came floating into the house from the river. A moment more, and Bob Gliddery came clattering along the passage, with the noise of all the nails in his boots condensed into every separate nail.

"What is it?" asked Miss Abbey.

"It's summut run down in the fog, ma'am," answered Bob. "There's ever so many people in the river."

"Tell 'em to put on all the kettles!" cried Miss Abbey. "See that the boiler's full. Get a bath out. Hang some blankets to the fire. Heat some stone bottles. Have your senses about you, you girls down stairs, and use 'em."

While Miss Abbey partly delivered these directions to Bob—whom she seized by the hair, and whose head she knocked against the wall, as a general injunction to vigilance and presence of mind—and partly hailed the kitchen with them—the company in the public room, jostling one another, rushed out to the causeway, and the outer noise increased.

"Come and look," said Miss Abbey to her visitors. They all three hurried to the vacated public room, and passed by one of the windows into the wooden verandah overhanging the river.

"Does anybody down there know what has happened?" demanded Miss Abbey, in her voice of authority.

"It's a steamer, Miss Abbey," cried one blurred figure in the fog.

"It always is a steamer, Miss Abbey," cried another.

"Them's her lights, Miss Abbey, wot you see a-blinking yonder," cried another.

"She's a-blowing off her steam, Miss Abbey, and that's what makes the fog and the noise worse, don't you see?" explained another.

Boats were putting off, torches were lighting up, people were rushing tumultuously to the water's edge. Some man fell in with a splash, and was pulled out again with a roar of laughter. The drags were called for. A cry for the life-buoy passed from mouth to mouth. It was impossible to make out what was going on upon the river, for every boat that put off sculled into the fog and was lost to view at a boat's length. Nothing was clear but that the unpopular steamer was assailed with reproaches on all sides. She was the Murderer, bound for Gallows Bay; she was the Manslaughterer, bound for Penal Settlement; her captain ought to be tried for his life; her crew ran down men in row-boats with a relish; she mashed up Thames lightermen with her paddles; she fired property with her funnels; she always was, and she always would be, wreaking destruction upon somebody or something, after the manner of all her kind. The whole bulk of the fog teemed with such taunts, uttered in tones of universal hoarseness. All the while, the steamer's lights moved spectrally a very little, as she lay-to, waiting the upshot of whatever accident had happened. Now, she began burning blue-lights. These made a luminous patch about her, as if she had set the fog on fire, and in the patch—the cries changing their note, and becoming more fitful and more excited—shadows of men and boats could be seen moving, while voices shouted: "There!" "There again!" "A couple more strokes a-head!" "Hurrah!" "Look out!" "Hold on!" "Haul in!" and the like. Lastly, with a few tumbling clots of blue fire, the night closed in dark again, the wheels of the steamer were heard revolving, and her lights glided smoothly away in the direction of the sea.

It appeared to Miss Abbey and her two companions that a considerable time had been thus occupied. There was now as eager a set towards the shore beneath the house as there had been from it; and it was only on the first boat of the rush coming in that it was known what had occurred.

"If that's Tom Tootle," Miss Abbey made proclamation, in her most commanding tones, "let him instantly come underneath here."

The submissive Tom complied, attended by a crowd.

"What is it, Tootle?" demanded Miss Abbey.

"It's a foreign steamer, miss, run down a wherry."

"How many in the wherry?"

"One man, Miss Abbey."

"Found?"

"Yes. He's been under water a long time, Miss; but they've grappled up the body."

"Let 'em bring it here. You, Bob Gliddery, shut the house-door and stand by it on the inside, and don't you open till I tell you. Any police down there?"

"Here, Miss Abbey," was official rejoinder.

"After they have brought the body in, keep the crowd out, will you? And help Bob Gliddery to shut 'em out."

"All right, Miss Abbey."

The autocratic landlady withdrew into the house with Riah and Miss Jenny, and disposed those forces, one on either side of her, within the half-door of the bar, as behind a breastwork.

"You two stand close here," said Miss Abbey, "and you'll come to no hurt, and see it brought in. Bob, you stand by the door."

That sentinel, smartly giving his rolled shirt-sleeves an extra and a final tuck on his shoulders, obeyed.

Sound of advancing voices, sound of advancing steps. Shuffle and talk without. Momentary pause. Two peculiarly blunt knocks or pokes at the door, as if the dead man arriving on his back were striking at it with the soles of his motionless feet.

"That's the stretcher, or the shutter, whichever of the two they are carrying," said Miss Abbey, with experienced ear. "Open, you Bob!"

Door opened. Heavy tread of laden men. A halt. A rush. Stoppage of rush. Door shut. Baffled hoots from the vexed souls of disappointed outsiders.

"Come on, men!" said Miss Abbey; for so potent was she with her subjects that even then the bearers awaited her permission. "First floor."

The entry being low, and the staircase being low, they so took up the burden they had set down, as to carry that low. The recumbent figure, in passing, lay hardly as high as the half door.

Miss Abbey started back at sight of it. "Why, good God!" said she, turning to her two companions, "that's the very man who made the declaration we have just had in our hands. That's Riderhood!"

CHAPTER III.

THE SAME RESPECTED FRIEND IN MORE ASPECTS THAN ONE.

In sooth, it is Riderhood and no other, or it is the outer husk and shell of Riderhood and no other, that is borne into Miss Abbey's first-floor bedroom. Supple to twist and turn as the Rogue has ever been, he is sufficiently rigid now; and not without much shuffling of attendant feet, and tilting of his bier this way and that way, and peril even of his sliding off it and being tumbled in a heap over the balustrades, can he be got up stairs.

"Fetch a doctor," quoth Miss Abbey. And then, "Fetch his daughter." On both of which errands, quick messengers depart.

The doctor-seeking messenger meets the doctor halfway, coming under convoy of police. Doctor examines the dank carcase, and pronounces, not hopefully, that it is worth while trying to reanimate the same. All the best means are at once in action, and everybody present lends a hand, and a heart and soul. No one has the least regard for the man; with them all, he has been an object of avoidance, suspicion, and aversion; but the spark of life within him is curiously separable from himself now, and they have a deep interest in it, probably because it is life, and they are living and must die.

In answer to the doctor's inquiry how did it happen, and was anyone to blame, Tom Tootle gives in his verdict, unavoidable accident and no one to blame but the sufferer. "He was slinking about in his boat," says Tom, "which slinking were, not to speak ill of the dead, the manner of the man, when he come right athwart the steamer's bows and she cut him in two." Mr. Tootle is so far figurative, touching the dismemberment, as that he means the boat, and not the man. For, the man lies whole before them.

Captain Joey, the bottle-nosed regular customer in the glazed hat, is a pupil of the much-respected old school, and (having insinuated himself into the chamber, in the execution of the important service of carrying the drowned man's neck-kerchief) favours the doctor with a sagacious old-scholastic suggestion that the body should be hung up by the heels, "sim'lar," says Captain Joey, "to mutton in a butcher's shop," and should then, as a particularly choice manoeuvre for promoting easy respiration, be rolled upon casks. These scraps of the wisdom of the captain's ancestors are received with such speechless indignation by Miss Abbey, that she instantly seizes the Captain by the collar, and without a single word ejects him, not presuming to remonstrate, from the scene.

There then remain, to assist the doctor and Tom, only those three other regular customers, Bob Glamour, William Williams, and Jonathan (family name of the latter, if any, unknown to mankind), who are quite enough. Miss Abbey having looked in to make sure that nothing is wanted, descends to the bar, and there awaits the result, with the gentle Jew and Miss Jenny Wren.

If you are not gone for good, Mr. Riderhood, it would be something

to know where you are hiding at present. This flabby lump of mortality that we work so hard at with such patient perseverance, yields no sign of you. If you are gone for good, Rogue, it is very solemn, and if you are coming back, it is hardly less so. Nay, in the suspense and mystery of the latter question, involving that of where you may be now, there is a solemnity even added to that of death, making us who are in attendance alike afraid to look on you and to look off you, and making those below start at the least sound of a creaking plank in the floor.

Stay! Did that eyelid tremble? So the doctor, breathing low, and closely watching, asks himself.

No.

Did that nostril twitch?

No.

This artificial respiration ceasing, do I feel any faint flutter under my hand upon the chest?

No.

Over and over again No. No. But try over and over again, nevertheless.

See! A token of life! An indubitable token of life! The spark may smoulder and go out, or it may glow and expand, but see! The four rough fellows, seeing, shed tears. Neither Riderhood in this world, nor Riderhood in the other, could draw tears from them; but a striving human soul between the two can do it easily.

He is struggling to come back. Now, he is almost here, now he is far away again. Now he is struggling harder to get back. And yet—like us all, when we swoon—like us all, every day of our lives when we wake—he is instinctively unwilling to be restored to the consciousness of this existence, and would be left dormant, if he could.

Bob Gliddery returns with Pleasant Riderhood, who was out when sought for, and hard to find. She has a shawl over her head, and her first action, when she takes it off weeping, and curtsies to Miss Abbey, is to wind her hair up.

"Thank you, Miss Abbey, for having father here."

"I am bound to say, girl, I didn't know who it was," returns Miss Abbey; "but I hope it would have been pretty much the same if I had known."

Poor Pleasant, fortified with a sip of brandy, is ushered into the first-floor chamber. She could not express much sentiment about her father if she were called upon to pronounce his funeral oration, but she has a greater tenderness for him than he ever had for her, and crying bitterly when she sees him stretched unconscious, asks the doctor, with clasped hands: "Is there no hope, sir? O poor father! Is poor father dead?"

To which the doctor, on one knee beside the body, busy and watchful, only rejoins without looking round: "Now, my girl, unless you have the self-command to be perfectly quiet, I cannot allow you to remain in the room."

Pleasant, consequently, wipes her eyes with her back-hair, which is in fresh need of being wound up, and having got it out of the way, watches with terrified interest all that goes on. Her natural

woman's aptitude soon renders her able to give a little help. Anticipating the doctor's want of this or that, she quietly has it ready for him, and so by degrees is intrusted with the charge of supporting her father's head upon her arm.

It is something so new to Pleasant to see her father an object of sympathy and interest, to find any one very willing to tolerate his society in this world, not to say pressingly and soothingly entreating him to belong to it, that it gives her a sensation she never experienced before. Some hazy idea that if affairs could remain thus for a long time it would be a respectable change, floats in her mind. Also some vague idea that the old evil is drowned out of him, and that if he should happily come back to resume his occupation of the empty form that lies upon the bed, his spirit will be altered. In which state of mind she kisses the stony lips, and quite believes that the impassive hand she chafes will revive a tender hand, if it revive ever.

Sweet delusion for Pleasant Riderhood. But they minister to him with such extraordinary interest, their anxiety is so keen, their vigilance is so great, their excited joy grows so intense as the signs of life strengthen, that how can she resist it, poor thing! And now he begins to breathe naturally, and he stirs, and the doctor declares him to have come back from that inexplicable journey where he stopped on the dark road, and to be here.

Tom Tootle, who is nearest to the doctor when he says this, grasps the doctor fervently by the hand. Bob Glamour, William Williams, and Jonathan of the no surname, all shake hands with one another round, and with the doctor too. Bob Glamour blows his nose, and Jonathan of the no surname is moved to do likewise, but lacking a pocket handkerchief abandons that outlet for his emotion. Pleasant sheds tears deserving her own name, and her sweet delusion is at its height.

There is intelligence in his eyes. He wants to ask a question. He wonders where he is. Tell him.

"Father, you were run down on the river, and are at Miss Abbey Potterson's."

He stares at his daughter, stares all around him, closes his eyes, and lies slumbering on her arm.

The short-lived delusion begins to fade. The low, bad, unimpressible face is coming up from the depths of the river, or what other depths, to the surface again. As he grows warm, the doctor and the four men cool. As his lineaments soften with life, their faces and their hearts harden to him.

"He will do now," says the doctor, washing his hands, and looking at the patient with growing disfavour.

"Many a better man," moralizes Tom Tootle with a gloomy shake of the head, "ain't had his luck."

"It's to be hoped he'll make a better use of his life," says Bob Glamour, "than I expect he will."

"Or than he done afore," adds William Williams.

"But no, not he!" says Jonathan of the no surname, clinching the quartette.

They speak in a low tone because of his daughter, but she sees that they have all drawn off, and that they stand in a group at the other end of the room, shunning him. It would be too much to suspect them of being sorry that he didn't die when he had done so much towards it, but they clearly wish that they had had a better subject to bestow their pains on. Intelligence is conveyed to Miss Abbey in the bar, who reappears on the scene, and contemplates from a distance, holding whispered discourse with the doctor. The spark of life was deeply interesting while it was in abeyance, but now that it has got established in Mr. Riderhood, there appears to be a general desire that circumstances had admitted of its being developed in anybody else, rather than that gentleman.

"However," says Miss Abbey, cheering them up, "you have done your duty like good and true men, and you had better come down and take something at the expense of the Porters."

This they all do, leaving the daughter watching the father. To whom, in their absence, Bob Gliddery presents himself.

"His gills looks rum; don't they?" says Bob, after inspecting the patient.

Pleasant faintly nods.

"His gills 'll look rummer when he wakes; won't they?" says Bob.

Pleasant hopes not. Why?

"When he finds himself here, you know," Bob explains. "Cause Miss Abbey forbid him the house and ordered him out of it. But what you may call the Fates ordered him into it again. Which is rumness; ain't it?"

"He wouldn't have come here of his own accord," returns poor Pleasant, with an effort at a little pride.

"No," retorts Bob. "Nor he wouldn't have been let in, if he had."

The short delusion is quite dispelled now. As plainly as she sees on her arm the old father, unimproved, Pleasant sees that everybody there will cut him when he recovers consciousness. "I'll take him away ever so soon as I can," thinks Pleasant with a sigh; "he's best at home."

Presently they all return, and wait for him to become conscious that they will all be glad to get rid of him. Some clothes are got together for him to wear, his own being saturated with water, and his present dress being composed of blankets.

Becoming more and more uncomfortable, as though the prevalent dislike were finding him out somewhere in his sleep and expressing itself to him, the patient at last opens his eyes wide, and is assisted by his daughter to sit up in bed.

"Well, Riderhood," says the doctor, "how do you feel?"

He replies gruffly, "Nothing to boast on." Having, in fact, returned to life in an uncommonly sulky state.

"I don't mean to preach; but I hope," says the doctor, gravely shaking his head, "that this escape may have a good effect upon you, Riderhood."

The patient's discontented growl of a reply is not intelligible; his

daughter, however, could interpret, if she would, that what he says is, he "don't want no Poll-Parrotin'."

Mr. Riderhood next demands his shirt; and draws it on over his head (with his daughter's help) exactly as if he had just had a Fight.

"Warn't it a steamer?" he pauses to ask her.

"Yes, father."

"I'll have the law on her, bust her! and make her pay for it."

He then buttons his linen very moodily, twice or thrice stopping to examine his arms and hands, as if to see what punishment he has received in the Fight. He then doggedly demands his other garments, and slowly gets them on, with an appearance of great malevolence towards his late opponent and all the spectators. He has an impression that his nose is bleeding, and several times draws the back of his hand across it, and looks for the result, in a pugilistic manner, greatly strengthening that incongruous resemblance.

"Where's my fur cap?" he asks in a surly voice, when he has shuffled his clothes on.

"In the river," somebody rejoins.

"And warn't there no honest man to pick it up? O' course there was though, and to cut off with it arterwards. You are a rare lot, all on you!"

Thus, Mr. Riderhood: taking from the hands of his daughter, with special ill-will, a lent cap, and grumbling as he pulls it down over his ears. Then, getting on his unsteady legs, leaning heavily upon her, and growling "Hold still, can't you? What! You must be a staggering next, must you?" he takes his departure out of the ring in which he has had that little turn-up with Death.

CHAPTER IV.

A HAPPY RETURN OF THE DAY.

MR. and Mrs. Wilfer had seen a full quarter of a hundred more anniversaries of their wedding day than Mr. and Mrs. Lammle had seen of theirs, but they still celebrated the occasion in the bosom of their family. Not that these celebrations ever resulted in anything particularly agreeable, or that the family was ever disappointed by that circumstance on account of having looked forward to the return of the auspicious day with sanguine anticipations of enjoyment. It was kept morally, rather as a Fast than a Feast, enabling Mrs. Wilfer to hold a sombre darkling state, which exhibited that impressive woman in her choicest colours.

The noble lady's condition on these delightful occasions was one compounded of heroic endurance and heroic forgiveness. Lurid indications of the better marriages she might have made, shone athwart the awful gloom of her composure, and fitfully revealed the cherub as a little monster unaccountably favoured by Heaven, who had possessed himself of a blessing for which many of his superiors

had sued and contended in vain. So firmly had this his position towards his treasure become established, that when the anniversary arrived, it always found him in an apologetic state. It is not impossible that his modest penitence may have even gone the length of sometimes severely reproofing him for that he ever took the liberty of making so exalted a character his wife.

As for the children of the union, their experience of these festivals had been sufficiently uncomfortable to lead them annually to wish, when out of their tenderest years, either that Ma had married somebody else instead of much-teased Pa, or that Pa had married somebody else instead of Ma. When there came to be but two sisters left at home, the daring mind of Bella on the next of these occasions scaled the height of wondering with droll vexation "what on earth Pa ever could have seen in Ma, to induce him to make such a little fool of himself as to ask her to have him."

The revolving year now bringing the day round in its orderly sequence, Bella arrived in the Boffin chariot to assist at the celebration. It was the family custom when the day recurred, to sacrifice a pair of fowls on the altar of Hymen; and Bella had sent a note beforehand, to intimate that she would bring the votive offering with her. So, Bella and the fowls, by the united energies of two horses, two men, four wheels, and a plum-pudding carriage dog with as uncomfortable a collar on as if he had been George the Fourth, were deposited at the door of the parental dwelling. They were there received by Mrs. Wilfer in person, whose dignity on this, as on most special occasions, was heightened by a mysterious toothache.

"I shall not require the carriage at night," said Bella. "I shall walk back."

The male domestic of Mrs. Boffin touched his hat, and in the act of departure had an awful glare bestowed upon him by Mrs. Wilfer, intended to carry deep into his audacious soul the assurance that, whatever his private suspicions might be, male domestics in livery were no rarity there.

"Well, dear Ma," said Bella, "and how do you do?"

"I am as well, Bella," replied Mrs. Wilfer, "as can be expected."

"Dear me, Ma," said Bella; "you talk as if one was just born!"

"That's exactly what Ma has been doing," interposed Lavvy, over the maternal shoulder, "ever since we got up this morning. It's all very well to laugh, Bella, but anything more exasperating it is impossible to conceive."

Mrs. Wilfer, with a look too full of majesty to be accompanied by any words, attended both her daughters to the kitchen, where the sacrifice was to be prepared.

"Mr. Rokesmith," said she, resignedly, "has been so polite as to place his sitting-room at our disposal to-day. You will therefore, Bella, be entertained in the humble abode of your parents, so far in accordance with your present style of living, that there will be a drawing-room for your reception as well as a dining-room. Your papa invited Mr. Rokesmith to partake of our lowly fare. In excusing himself on account of a particular engagement, he offered the use of his apartment."

Bella happened to know that he had no engagement out of his own room at Mr. Boffin's, but she approved of his staying away. "We should only have put one another out of countenance," she thought, "and we do that quite often enough as it is."

Yet she had sufficient curiosity about his room, to run up to it with the least possible delay, and make a close inspection of its contents. It was tastefully though economically furnished, and very neatly arranged. There were shelves and stands of books, English, French, and Italian; and in a portfolio on the writing-table there were sheets upon sheets of memoranda and calculations in figures, evidently referring to the Boffin property. On that table also, carefully backed with canvas, varnished, mounted, and rolled like a map, was the placard descriptive of the murdered man who had come from afar to be her husband. She shrank from this ghostly surprise, and felt quite frightened as she rolled and tied it up again. Peeping about here and there, she came upon a print, a graceful head of a pretty woman, elegantly framed, hanging in the corner by the easy chair. "Oh, indeed, sir!" said Bella, after stopping to ruminate before it. "Oh, indeed, sir! I fancy I can guess whom you think *that's* like. But I'll tell you what it's much more like—your impudence!" Having said which she decamped: not solely because she was offended, but because there was nothing else to look at.

"Now, Ma," said Bella, reappearing in the kitchen with some remains of a blush, "you and Lavvy think magnificent me fit for nothing, but I intend to prove the contrary. I mean to be Cook to-day."

"Hold!" rejoined her majestic mother. "I cannot permit it. Cook, in that dress!"

"As for my dress, Ma," returned Bella, merrily searching in a dresser-drawer, "I mean to apron it and towel it all over the front; and as to permission, I mean to do without."

"You cook?" said Mrs. Wilfer. "You, who never cooked when you were at home?"

"Yes, Ma," returned Bella; "that is precisely the state of the case."

She girded herself with a white apron, and busily with knots and pins contrived a bib to it, coming close and tight under her chin, as if it had caught her round the neck to kiss her. Over this bib her dimples looked delightful, and under it her pretty figure not less so. "Now, Ma," said Bella, pushing back her hair from her temples with both hands, "what's first?"

"First," returned Mrs. Wilfer solemnly, "if you persist in what I cannot but regard as conduct utterly incompatible with the equipage in which you arrived—"

("Which I do, Ma.")

"First, then, you put the fowls down to the fire."

"To—be—sure!" cried Bella; "and flour them, and twirl them round, and there they go!" sending them spinning at a great rate. "What's next, Ma?"

"Next," said Mrs. Wilfer with a wave of her gloves, expressive of abdication under protest from the culinary throne, "I would recom-

mend examination of the bacon in the saucepan on the fire, and also of the potatoes by the application of a fork. Preparation of the greens will further become necessary if you persist in this unseemly demeanour."

"As of course I do, Ma."

Persisting, Bella gave her attention to one thing and forgot the other, and gave her attention to the other and forgot the third, and remembering the third was distracted by the fourth, and made amends whenever she went wrong by giving the unfortunate fowls an extra spin, which made their chance of ever getting cooked exceedingly doubtful. But it was pleasant cookery too. Meantime Miss Lavinia, oscillating between the kitchen and the opposite room, prepared the dining-table in the latter chamber. This office she (always doing her household spiring with unwillingness) performed in a startling series of whisks and bumps; laying the table-cloth as if she were raising the wind, putting down the glasses and salt-cellars as if she were knocking at the door, and clashing the knives and forks in a skirmishing manner suggestive of hand-to-hand conflict.

"Look at Ma," whispered Lavinia to Bella when this was done, and they stood over the roasting fowls. "If one was the most dutiful child in existence (of course on the whole one hopes one is), isn't she enough to make one want to poke her with something wooden, sitting there bolt upright in a corner?"

"Only suppose," returned Bella, "that poor Pa was to sit bolt upright in another corner."

"My dear, he couldn't do it," said Lavvy. "Pa would loll directly. But indeed I do not believe there ever was any human creature who could keep so bolt upright as Ma, or put such an amount of aggravation into one back! What's the matter, Ma? Ain't you well, Ma?"

"Doubtless I am very well," returned Mrs. Wilfer, turning her eyes upon her youngest born, with scornful fortitude. "What should be the matter with Me?"

"You don't seem very brisk, Ma," retorted Lavvy the bold.

"Brisk?" repeated her parent, "Brisk? Whence the low expression, Lavinia? If I am uncomplaining, if I am silently contented with my lot, let that suffice for my family."

"Well, Ma," returned Lavvy, "since you will force it out of me, I must respectfully take leave to say that your family are no doubt under the greatest obligations to you for having an annual toothache on your wedding day, and that it's very disinterested in you, and an immense blessing to them. Still, on the whole, it is possible to be too boastful even of that boon."

"You incarnation of sauciness," said Mrs. Wilfer, "do you speak like that to me? On this day, of all days in the year? Pray do you know what would have become of you, if I had not bestowed my hand upon R. W., your father, on this day?"

"No, Ma," replied Lavvy, "I really do not; and, with the greatest respect for your abilities and information, I very much doubt if you do either."

Whether or no the sharp vigour of this sally on a weak point of Mrs. Wilfer's entrenchments might have routed that heroine for the time, is rendered uncertain by the arrival of a flag of truce in the person of Mr. George Sampson: bidden to the feast as a friend of the family, whose affections were now understood to be in course of transference from Bella to Lavinia, and whom Lavinia kept—possibly in remembrance of his bad taste in having overlooked her in the first instance—under a course of stinging discipline.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Wilfer," said Mr. George Sampson, who had meditated this neat address while coming along, "on the day." Mrs. Wilfer thanked him with a magnanimous sigh, and again became an unresisting prey to that inscrutable toothache.

"I am surprised," said Mr. Sampson feebly, "that Miss Bella condescends to cook."

Here Miss Lavinia descended on the ill-starred young gentleman with a crushing supposition that at all events it was no business of his. This disposed of Mr. Sampson in a melancholy retirement of spirit, until the cherub arrived, whose amazement at the lovely woman's occupation was great.

However, she persisted in dishing the dinner as well as cooking it, and then sat down, bibless and apronless, to partake of it as an illustrious guest: Mrs. Wilfer first responding to her husband's cheerful "For what we are about to receive—" with a sepulchral Amen, calculated to cast a damp upon the stoutest appetite.

"But what," said Bella, as she watched the carving of the fowls, "makes them pink inside, I wonder, Pa! Is it the breed?"

"No, I don't think it's the breed, my dear," returned Pa. "I rather think it is because they are not done."

"They ought to be," said Bella.

"Yes, I am aware they ought to be, my dear," rejoined her father, "but they—ain't."

So, the gridiron was put in requisition, and the good-tempered cherub, who was often as un-cherubically employed in his own family as if he had been in the employment of some of the Old Masters, undertook to grill the fowls. Indeed, except in respect of staring about him (a branch of the public service to which the pictorial cherub is much addicted), this domestic cherub discharged as many odd functions as his prototype; with the difference, say, that he performed with a blacking-brush on the family's boots, instead of performing on enormous wind instruments and double-basses, and that he conducted himself with cheerful alacrity to much useful purpose, instead of foreshortening himself in the air with the vaguest intentions.

Bella helped him with his supplemental cookery, and made him very happy, but put him in mortal terror too by asking him when they sat down at table again, how he supposed they cooked fowls at the Greenwich dinners, and whether he believed they really were such pleasant dinners as people said? His secret winks and nods of remonstrance, in reply, made the mischievous Bella laugh until she choked, and then Lavinia was obliged to slap her on the back, and then she laughed the more.

But her mother was a fine corrective at the other end of the table; to whom her father, in the innocence of his good-fellowship, at intervals appealed with: "My dear, I am afraid you are not enjoying yourself?"

"Why so, R. W.?" she would sonorously reply.

"Because, my dear, you seem a little out of sorts."

"Not at all," would be the rejoinder, in exactly the same tone.

"Would you take a merry-thought, my dear?"

"Thank you. I will take whatever you please, R. W."

"Well, but my dear, do you like it?"

"I like it as well as I like anything, R. W." The stately woman would then, with a meritorious appearance of devoting herself to the general good, pursue her dinner as if she were feeding somebody else on high public grounds.

Bella had brought dessert and two bottles of wine, thus shedding unprecedented splendour on the occasion. Mrs. Wilfer did the honors of the first glass by proclaiming: "R. W. I drink to you."

"Thank you, my dear. And I to you."

"Pa and Ma!" said Bella.

"Permit me," Mrs. Wilfer interposed, with outstretched glove. "No. I think not. I drank to your papa. If, however, you insist on including me, I can in gratitude offer no objection."

"Why, Lor, Ma," interposed Lavvy the bold, "isn't it the day that made you and Pa one and the same? I have no patience!"

"By whatever other circumstance the day may be marked, it is not the day, Lavinia, on which I will allow a child of mine to pounce upon me. I beg—nay, command!—that you will not pounce. R. W., it is appropriate to recall that it is for you to command and for me to obey. It is your house, and you are master at your own table. Both our healths!" Drinking the toast with tremendous stiffness.

"I really am a little afraid, my dear," hinted the cherub meekly, "that you are not enjoying yourself?"

"On the contrary," returned Mrs. Wilfer, "quite so. Why should I not?"

"I thought, my dear, that perhaps your face might——"

"My face might be a martyrdom, but what would that import, or who should know it, if I smiled?"

And she did smile; manifestly freezing the blood of Mr. George Sampson by so doing. For that young gentleman, catching her smiling eye, was so very much appalled by its expression as to cast about in his thoughts concerning what he had done to bring it down upon himself.

"The mind naturally falls," said Mrs. Wilfer, "shall I say into a reverie, or shall I say into a retrospect? on a day like this."

Lavvy, sitting with defiantly folded arms, replied (but not audibly), "For goodness' sake say whichever of the two you like best, Ma, and get it over."

"The mind," pursued Mrs. Wilfer in an oratorical manner, "naturally reverts to Papa and Mamma—I here allude to my parents—at a period before the earliest dawn of this day. I was considered tall;

perhaps I was. Papa and Mamma were unquestionably tall. I have rarely seen a finer woman than my mother; never than my father."

The irrepressible Lavvy remarked aloud, "Whatever grandpapa was, he wasn't a female."

"Your grandpapa," retorted Mrs. Wilfer, with an awful look, and in an awful tone, "was what I describe him to have been, and would have struck any of his grandchildren to the earth who presumed to question it. It was one of mamma's cherished hopes that I should become united to a tall member of society. It may have been a weakness, but if so, it was equally the weakness, I believe, of King Frederick of Prussia." These remarks being offered to Mr. George Sampson, who had not the courage to come out for single combat, but lurked with his chest under the table and his eyes cast down, Mrs. Wilfer proceeded, in a voice of increasing sternness and impressiveness, until she should force that skulker to give himself up. "Mamma would appear to have had an indefinable foreboding of what afterwards happened, for she would frequently urge upon me, 'Not a little man. Promise me, my child, not a little man. Never, never, never, marry a little man!' Papa also would remark to me (he possessed extraordinary humour), 'that a family of whales must not ally themselves with sprats.' His company was eagerly sought, as may be supposed, by the wits of the day, and our house was their continual resort. I have known as many as three copper-plate engravers exchanging the most exquisite sallies and retorts there, at one time." (Here Mr. Sampson delivered himself captive, and said, with an uneasy movement on his chair, that three was a large number, and it must have been highly entertaining.) "Among the most prominent members of that distinguished circle, was a gentleman measuring six feet four in height. *He was not an engraver.*" (Here Mr. Sampson said, with no reason whatever, Of course not.) "This gentleman was so obliging as to honor me with attentions which I could not fail to understand." (Here Mr. Sampson murmured that when it came to that, you could always tell.) "I immediately announced to both my parents that those attentions were misplaced, and that I could not favour his suit. They inquired was he too tall? I replied it was not the stature, but the intellect was too lofty. At our house, I said, the tone was too brilliant, the pressure was too high, to be maintained by me, a mere woman, in every-day domestic life. I well remember mamma's clasping her hands, and exclaiming 'This will end in a little man!'" (Here Mr. Sampson glanced at his host and shook his head with despondency.) "She afterwards went so far as to predict that it would end in a little man whose mind would be below the average, but that was in what I may denominate a paroxysm of maternal disappointment. Within a month," said Mrs. Wilfer, deepening her voice, as if she were relating a terrible ghost story, "within a month, I first saw R. W. my husband. Within a year, I married him. It is natural for the mind to recall these dark coincidences on the present day."

Mr. Sampson at length released from the custody of Mrs. Wilfer's eye, now drew a long breath, and made the original and striking remark

that there was no accounting for these sort of presentiments. R. W. scratched his head and looked apologetically all round the table until he came to his wife, when observing her as it were shrouded in a more sombre veil than before, he once more hinted, "My dear, I am really afraid you are not altogether enjoying yourself?" To which she once more replied, "On the contrary, R. W. Quite so."

The wretched Mr. Sampson's position at this agreeable entertainment was truly pitiable. For, not only was he exposed defenceless to the harangues of Mrs. Wilfer, but he received the utmost contumely at the hands of Lavinia; who, partly to show Bella that she (Lavinia) could do what she liked with him, and partly to pay him off for still obviously admiring Bella's beauty, led him the life of a dog. Illuminated on the one hand by the stately graces of Mrs. Wilfer's oratory, and shadowed on the other by the checks and frowns of the young lady to whom he had devoted himself in his destitution, the sufferings of this young gentleman were distressing to witness. If his mind for the moment reeled under them, it may be urged, in extenuation of its weakness, that it was constitutionally a knock-knee'd mind and never very strong upon its legs.

The rosy hours were thus beguiled until it was time for Bella to have Pa's escort back. The dimples duly tied up in the bonnet-strings and the leave-taking done, they got out into the air, and the cherub drew a long breath as if he found it refreshing.

"Well, dear Pa," said Bella, "the anniversary may be considered over."

"Yes, my dear," returned the cherub, "there's another of 'em gone."

Bella drew his arm closer through hers as they walked along, and gave it a number of consolatory pats. "Thank you, my dear," he said, as if she had spoken; "I am all right, my dear. Well, and how do you get on, Bella?"

"I am not at all improved, Pa."

"Ain't you really though?"

"No, Pa. On the contrary, I am worse."

"Lor!" said the cherub.

"I am worse, Pa. I make so many calculations how much a year I must have when I marry, and what is the least I can manage to do with, that I am beginning to get wrinkles over my nose. Did you notice any wrinkles over my nose this evening, Pa?"

Pa laughing at this, Bella gave him two or three shakes.

"You won't laugh, sir, when you see your lovely woman turning haggard. You had better be prepared in time, I can tell you. I shall not be able to keep my greediness for money out of my eyes long, and when you see it there you'll be sorry, and serve you right for not being warned in time. Now, sir, we entered into a bond of confidence. Have you anything to impart?"

"I thought it was you who was to impart, my love."

"Oh! did you indeed, sir? Then why didn't you ask me, the moment we came out? The confidences of lovely women are not to be slighted. However, I forgive you this once, and look here, Pa; that's"—Bella laid the little forefinger of her right glove on her lip,

and then laid it on her father's lip—"that's a kiss for you. And now I am going seriously to tell you—let me see how many—four secrets. Mind! Serious, grave, weighty secrets. Strictly between ourselves."

"Number one, my dear?" said her father, settling her arm comfortably and confidentially.

"Number one," said Bella, "will electrify you, Pa. Who do you think has"—she was confused here in spite of her merry way of beginning—"has made an offer to me?"

Pa looked in her face, and looked at the ground, and looked in her face again, and declared he could never guess.

"Mr. Rokesmith."

"You don't tell me so, my dear!"

"Mis—ter Roke—smith, Pa," said Bella separating the syllables for emphasis. "What do you say to that?"

Pa answered quietly with the counter-question, "What did you say to that, my love?"

"I said No," returned Bella sharply. "Of course."

"Yes. Of course," said her father, meditating.

"And I told him why I thought it a betrayal of trust on his part, and an affront to me," said Bella.

"Yes. To be sure. I am astonished indeed. I wonder he committed himself without seeing more of his way first. Now I think of it, I suspect he always has admired you though, my dear."

"A hackney coachman may admire me," remarked Bella, with a touch of her mother's loftiness.

"It's highly probable, my love. Number two, my dear?"

"Number two, Pa, is much to the same purpose, though not so preposterous. Mr. Lightwood would propose to me, if I would let him."

"Then I understand, my dear, that you don't intend to let him?"

Bella again saying, with her former emphasis, "Why, of course not!" her father felt himself bound to echo, "Of course not."

"I don't care for him," said Bella.

"That's enough," her father interposed.

"No, Pa, it's *not* enough," rejoined Bella, giving him another shake or two. "Haven't I told you what a mercenary little wretch I am? It only becomes enough when he has no money, and no clients, and no expectations, and no anything but debts."

"Hah!" said the cherub, a little depressed. "Number three, my dear?"

"Number three, Pa, is a better thing. A generous thing, a noble thing, a delightful thing. Mrs. Boffin has herself told me, as a secret, with her own kind lips—and truer lips never opened or closed in this life, I am sure—that they wish to see me well married; and that when I marry with their consent they will portion me most handsomely." Here the grateful girl burst out crying very heartily.

"Don't cry, my darling," said her father, with his hand to his eyes; "it's excusable in me to be a little overcome when I find that my dear favourite child is, after all disappointments, to be so provided for and so raised in the world; but don't you cry, don't you

cry. I am very thankful I congratulate you with all my heart, my dear." The good soft little fellow, drying his eyes, here, Bella put her arms round his neck and tenderly kissed him on the high road, passionately telling him he was the best of fathers and the best of friends, and that on her wedding-morning she would go down on her knees to him and beg his pardon for having ever teased him or seemed insensible to the worth of such a patient, sympathetic, genial, fresh young heart. At every one of her adjectives she redoubled her kisses, and finally kissed his hat off, and then laughed immoderately when the wind took it and he ran after it.

When he had recovered his hat and his breath, and they were going on again once more, said her father then: "Number four, my dear?"

Bella's countenance fell in the midst of her mirth. "After all, perhaps I had better put off number four, Pa. Let me try once more, if for never so short a time, to hope that it may not really be so."

The change in her, strengthened the cherub's interest in number four, and he said quietly: "May not be so, my dear? May not be how, my dear?"

Bella looked at him pensively, and shook her head.

"And yet I know right well it is so, Pa. I know it only too well."

"My love," returned her father, "you make me quite uncomfortable. Have you said No to anybody else, my dear?"

"No, Pa."

"Yes to anybody?" he suggested, lifting up his eyebrows.

"No, Pa."

"Is there anybody else who would take his chance between Yes and No, if you would let him, my dear?"

"Not that I know of, Pa."

"There can't be somebody who won't take his chance when you want him to?" said the cherub, as a last resource.

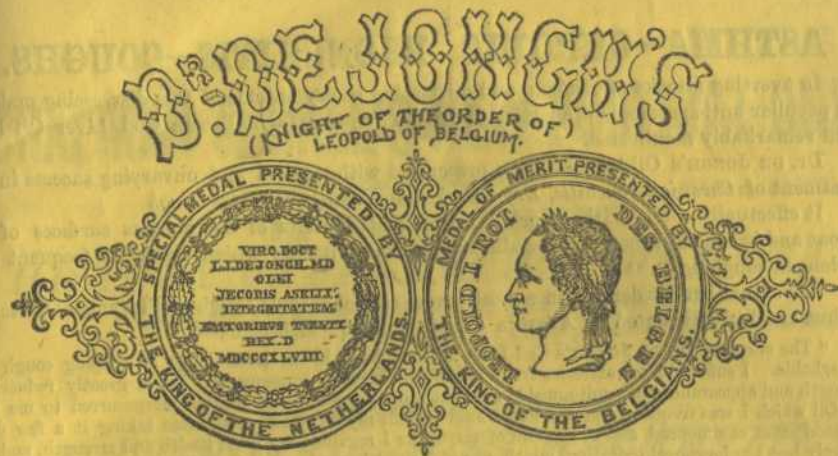
Why, of course not, Pa," said Bella, giving him another shake or two.

"No, of course not," he assented. "Bella, my dear, I am afraid I must either have no sleep to-night, or I must press for number four."

"Oh, Pa, there is no good in number four! I am so sorry for it, I am so unwilling to believe it, I have tried so earnestly not to see it, that it is very hard to tell, even to you. But Mr. Boffin is being spoiled by prosperity, and is changing every day."

"My dear Bella, I hope and trust not."

"I have hoped and trusted not too, Pa; but every day he changes for the worse, and for the worse. Not to me—he is always much the same to me—but to others about him. Before my eyes he grows suspicious, capricious, hard, tyrannical, unjust. If ever a good man were ruined by good fortune, it is my benefactor. And yet, Pa, think how terrible the fascination of money is! I see this, and hate this, and dread this, and don't know but that money might make a much worse change in me. And yet I have money always in my thoughts and my desires; and the whole life I place before myself is money, money, money, and what money can make of life!"



LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

Prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

**CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS,
GENERAL DEBILITY, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, DISEASES OF THE SKIN,
RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.**

The invariable purity, palatableness, speedy efficacy, and consequent economy of this unrivalled preparation, have obtained for it the general approval and unqualified confidence of the Medical Profession, and, notwithstanding the active and in too many instances unscrupulous opposition of interested dealers, an unprecedented amount of public patronage.

The immeasurable therapeutic superiority of Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil over every other variety is incontestably established by the recorded opinions of the most distinguished Physicians and Surgeons in all parts of the world. In numberless instances, where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been long and copiously administered with little or no benefit, Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil has produced almost immediate relief, arrested disease, and restored health.

CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

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

Dr. WAUDBY, late Physician to the Hereford Infirmary, bears the following high testimony to its efficacy from his own personal experience:—

"I can take Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil without difficulty or dislike, and with as little inconvenience as water alone. Not only in my own case, but in many others I have seen, it has caused an improvement of chest symptoms, and an increase of weight, so soon and so lastingly, as to be quite remarkable. I believe Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil to be the most valuable remedy we possess for chronic and constitutional disease."

Dr. HITCHMAN, of Liverpool, Author of "A Manual of Phthisis," observes:—

"Having extensively prescribed Dr. DE JONGH'S Light Brown Cod Liver Oil for a long series of years in cases of Consumption, I deem it but an act of justice to record my emphatic testimony in favour of its superior merits as a preventive of EMACIATION, and generally as an excellent restorative in DEBILITY and DISEASES OF THE CHEST."

ASTHMA—CHRONIC BRONCHITIS—COUGHS.

In averting attacks of *Asthma*, and mitigating the symptoms of this distressing malady, the peculiar anti-spasmodic properties of Dr. DE JONGH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil have been remarkably manifested.

Dr. DE JONGH's Oil has also been prescribed with marked and unvarying success in the treatment of *Chronic Bronchitis*, *Dry Cough*, and *Humid or Winter Cough*.

It effectually corrects the morbid action and deposits of the mucous surfaces of the throat and bronchial tubes, and speedily allays the irritation which provokes frequent and prolonged coughing.

The actual benefit derived in a most severe case of chronic cough and laryngeal irritation is thus conclusively stated by ARTHUR CRIDLAND, Esq., M.R.C.S. :—

"The effect of Dr. DE JONGH's Cod Liver Oil on myself in the latter stage of whooping cough was remarkable. I suffered from excessive irritation of the larynx; consequently, I was greatly reduced in strength and appearance, and quite unable to attend to my professional duties. It occurred to me that the Oil which I was frequently prescribing would benefit my own case; and, after taking it a few days, its good effect commenced, and at the end of six weeks I regained my usual health and strength, and had entirely lost the laryngeal irritation, which was of a most harassing and fearfully distressing character.

"It is therefore with much pleasure I beg to add my testimony to the excellent results attendant on Dr. DE JONGH's Oil."

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

SIR HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., T.C.D.,

Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, President of the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, Visiting Physician to Stevens' Hospital, Consulting Physician to the City of Dublin, St. Vincent, and Rotunda Hospitals, &c., &c.

"I have frequently prescribed Dr. DE JONGH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and I consider it to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value.

"Merrion Square, Dublin, Sept. 6, 1860."

SIR JOSEPH FRANCIS OLLIFFE, M.D., F.R.C.P.L.,

Physician to the British Embassy at Paris, late President of the Paris Medical Society, &c., &c.

"I have frequently prescribed Dr. DE JONGH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and I have every reason to be satisfied with its beneficial and salutary effects.

"Paris, July 12, 1861."

EDWIN LANKESTER, Esq., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.,

Late Lecturer on the Practice of Physic at St. George's Medical School, Superintendent of the Food Collection at the South Kensington Museum, Medical Officer of Health, St. James's, &c., &c.

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

"8, Savile Row, W., Aug. 1, 1859."

RICHARD MOORE LAWRENCE, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.P.,

Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Great Northern Hospital, Author of "ON GOUT AND RHEUMATISM," &c., &c.

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

"21, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, Jan. 26, 1856."

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 9s.; Capsuled and Labelled with his Stamp and Signature,

WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE,

By most respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the British Empire.

SOLE CONSIGNEES,

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

CAUTION.—Firmly resist attempts often made by unscrupulous dealers to recommend, or substitute, with a view to an extra profit, other preparations, under the fallacious pretence that they are the same as Dr. de Jongh's, or equally efficacious.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

February 28, 1865.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE'S HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Vols. V. and VI., completing the Work. With PORTRAITS and MAPS.

Price 40s. [Will be published the first week in March.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NEW NOVEL—MISS MACKENZIE.

In 2 Vols. post 8vo. [This day.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

Vol. I. With 20 Illustrations. Price 11s.

[Is now ready.

MR. THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE'S HISTORY OF FLORENCE.

[In the Press.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER. THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

From the German of Baron MAX MARIA VON WEBER. By J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

2 Vols. post 8vo. 22s.

[This day.

SCRUTATOR'S PRACTICAL LESSONS ON HUNTING AND SPORTING.

Post 8vo.

[Early in March.

MR. JAMES M. HUTCHINGS'S SCENES OF WONDER & CURIOSITY IN CALIFORNIA.

With above One Hundred Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s.

[This day.

MR. CHARLES CLARKE'S CRUMBS FROM A SPORTSMAN'S TABLE.

2 Vols. post 8vo.

[Early in March.

MAJOR WHYTE MELVILLE'S
THE BROOKES OF BRIDLEMERE.

Third Edition.

[Now ready.]

MR. CHARLES LEVER'S
LUTTRELL OF ARRAN.

With 32 Illustrations. Price 17s.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S
POETICAL WORKS.

A New Edition, in 3 Vols. fcap. 8vo. With a Photographic Portrait of Mr. Browning.
[Will be ready about March 20th.]

MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Second Edition, fcap 8vo., 8s. 6d.

MR. OWEN MEREDITH'S
POETICAL WORKS.

A Collated Edition, in 2 Vols.

[In the Press.]

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD'S
A FAMOUS FORGERY.

BEING THE STORY OF THE UNFORTUNATE DR. DODD. Post 8vo., 8s.

[Now ready.]

MR. JOHN FORSTER'S
LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A New Edition, with 40 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

MRS. WALKER'S
THROUGH MACEDONIA.

Beautifully Illustrated. Price 20s.

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE'S
SHAKESPEARE.

Vols. I. to V. of the New Edition now ready, price 10s. per volume.

LUTHER'S LETTERS TO WOMEN.

Translated by Mrs. MALCOLM. Post 8vo., 5s.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE LIFE OF THORVALDSEN. Collated from the
Danish of J. M. THIELE. By the Rev. M. R. BARNARD. Post 8vo. 9s.

THE POCKET DATE-BOOK; or, Classified Tables of
Dates of the Principal Facts, Historical, Biographical, and Scientific, from the Beginning of the
World to the Present Time. By WILLIAM L. R. CATES. Second Edition, with Additions. 5s.

ROBA DI ROMA. By W. W. Story. Third Edition.
Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL WOLFE. By R. Wright.
With Portrait. Demy 8vo. 16s.

THE LIFE OF LAURENCE STERNE. By Percy Fitz-
GERALD. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

HENRY TAYLOR'S PLAYS AND POEMS. 'Philip Van
Artevelde,' &c. Collected Edition. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo. 16s.

CURIOSITIES OF INDO-EUROPEAN TRADITION
AND FOLK-LORE. By WALTER K. KELLY. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

THE ART and MYSTERY of CURING, PRESERVING,
AND POTTING ALL KINDS OF MEATS, GAME, AND FISH. Also, THE ART OF
PICKLING AND THE PRESERVATION OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. Adapted as
well for the Wholesale Dealer as all Housekeepers. By a Wholesale Curer of Comestibles. Post
8vo. 4s. 6d.

"NEW NOVELS, TO BE HAD AT ALL LIBRARIES.

MILES BULLER; or, The Little World of Onnigate.
3 vols. post 8vo. [This day.]

SIGNEE HISTORY. A Norwegian Tale. By Magdalene
THORESEN. Translated by the Rev. M. R. BARNARD. 1 vol. post 8vo.]

QUITE ALONE. By George Augustus Sala. 3 vols.

WHICH IS THE WINNER? By Charles Clarke. 3 vols.

LANGLEYHAUGH; A Tale of an Anglo-Saxon Family.
By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, Author of 'The Canoe Voyage,' &c. 2 vols. post 8vo.
[In March.]

JEANNE LARAGUAY. A Novel. By Mrs. Hamerton.
1 vol. post 8vo.

THE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE, and Other Tales. By
HUGH M. WALMSLEY, Colonel Imperial Ottoman Army, Author of 'Sketches of Algeria,' &c.
With Photographic Illustrations. Post 8vo.

MAJOR WHYTE MELVILLE'S NEW NOVEL.

Now ready at all the Libraries, Third Edition, 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE BROOKES OF BRIDLEMERE. By WHYTE MELVILLE.

'We must say a word for Major Whyte Melville, whose new novel—"The Brookes of Bridlemere"—is in our opinion his best. . . . Now we have a story of gentlemen and ladies told in an agreeable and straightforward manner, without any strain after false sentiment, or parade of muscular Christianity. Mr. Whyte Melville has got into a good easy style, with a great deal of pleasant rattle in it. Every story of his must of necessity have a ball in it,

a fox-hunt, and something of barrack life. Here we have his favourite themes in full bloom, and presented with so much spirit that we are not troubled with the remembrance of his previous efforts in the same line. On the whole we are inclined to rank this novel of Mr. Whyte Melville's as the most agreeable of the present season.'—*Times*, December 13, 1864.

This day, the Seventh Edition,

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S AURORA LEIGH.

"Aurora Leigh" is one of the greatest works of art which this century has produced. . . . It is the greatest single poem which has been produced in our time.'—*Times*, Jan. 11, 1865.

THROUGH MACEDONIA TO THE ALBANIAN LAKES. By

MARY ADELAIDE WALKER. With 12 beautiful Illustrations. Demy 8vo., 20s.

'The book is crammed with good things.'—*St. Review*.
'Monastir is celebrated for its filigree work in silver and gold. The authoress has designed a brilliant picture of the costume of the place as an illustration of its handsome textures but ungainly make. And before she leaves

Monastir she records a tragedy *en suite* of other similar stories which show, notwithstanding the rising character of this neighbourhood, the abominable method of administering justice, which still prevails in this province of the Ottoman Empire.'—*Times*.

THE FARM HOMESTEADS OF ENGLAND. A Collection of

Plans of English Homesteads existing in different Districts of the Country, carefully selected from the most approved specimens of Farm Architecture, to illustrate the Accommodation required under various modes of Husbandry; with a Digest of the leading Principles recognised in the Construction and Arrangement of the Buildings. Edited by J. BAILEY DENTON, M. Inst. C.E., F.G.S., Engineer to the General Land Drainage and Improvement Company. Imperial 4to., with Illustrations, 3l. 3s.

'The magnificent quarto of Mr. Bailey Denton is quite original in conception. . . . We cannot too warmly commend Mr. Bailey Denton's "Farm Homesteads of England" to the attention of landowners, agents, and architects—indeed, of all persons interested in the improvement of landed estates. Those who may hesitate to build, per-

plexed by a multiplicity of theoretical "designs," may here see actual and successful precedents of the very form they are seeking, and may gather in one reading what is the present state of our knowledge in every department of the subject.'—*Times*, Feb. 3, 1865.

THE EPOCHS OF PAINTING: a Biographical and Critical Essay

on Painting and Painters of all Times and many Places. By RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. With numerous Illustrations, demy 8vo., 20s.

'The work is a valuable one, and the professional artist or amateur lover of painting will find in it much to set him thinking, whether in the way of agreement or dissent.'—*London Review*.

'Although Mr. Wornum styles his present performance a biographical and critical essay on painting and painters, it is really an elaborate, though general, survey of the history of art from the earliest to the latest periods. . . .

Mr. Wornum prides himself upon the value he has imparted to his treatment of the subject, by the care he has bestowed upon the collection and verification of dates. He does himself less than justice if he wishes us to believe that the highest merit of his book is to be found in this direction of inquiry. . . . We know no book of the class which can be read with less fatigue than this one.'—*Athenæum*.

ENGLISH WRITERS. THE WRITERS BEFORE CHAUCER. By

HENRY MORLEY. Demy 8vo., price 22s.

'Mr. Morley has a sense of the duty and dignity of his task, and he is evidently prepared for a commensurate effort to perform it successfully. . . . We have confined ourselves to the introduction of nearly 120 pages, which, as it is the vestibule only of the entire edifice, only permits the reader to see the outline and plan of the projected work. There are 600 or 700 pages more in this volume, in which lie the detailed fruits of Mr.

Morley's research, erudition, and critical judgment. . . . In fact, he does not appear to have overlooked any one important work from the very earliest, whatever that may have been; and the extent to which he describes and analyzes some of these will make his book a valuable addition to our libraries, when it is the important whole, of which this is the first and, perhaps, the most valuable instalment.'—*Times*.

In Twenty Parts, Sixpence each,

THE
HEADLESS HORSEMAN:

A STRANGE TALE OF TEXAS.



By **CAPTAIN WAYNE REID.**

CHAPMAN AND HALL, PICCADILLY.

Part I.]

[March I.]

EARLY SPRING FABRICS.

PETER ROBINSON has now ready many novelties of manufacture and design in Silks for the Spring, many varieties having been produced specially for young ladies' wear.

Three Hundred Pieces of NEW CHINÉ SILKS, in every colour and variety of pattern, 2l. 15s. 6d. full dress of 14 yards. Any length cut, 3s. 11½d. per yard.

RICH PLAIN SILKS in 48 new colours, including our well-known makes of Poult de Soies, Glacés, and Ducapes, 2l. 19s. 6d. to 5 guineas, the latter price being the best quality made.

NEW CHECKED AND STRIPED SILKS in most brilliant colours, from 1l. 7s. 6d. to 3 guineas the full dress of 14 yards, or any length cut from 1s. 11½d. to 4s. 6d. per yard.

THE REVERSIBLE CORDED SILKS, including the Alexandra, Royal Italian, and Gros de Londres, 2l. 15s. 6d. to 3l. 15s. 6d. the extra full dress.

A Paris Stock of very rich FIGURED MOIRE ANTIQUES and CHINÉ and BROCHÉ SILKS, adapted for every degree of wear, 3½, 4½, and 5½ guineas, the extra full dress of 14 yards 27 inches wide.

NEW SPRING DRESSES in the following variety. The Honeycomb Silk Poplinettes, 35s. the full dress. The Diagonal Serge, this season's colours, 39s. 6d. the full dress. The Silk Mexican, plain, striped, and figured, 25s. 6d. to 31s. 6d. the full dress.

A new series of colourings in plain LLAMA MEXICAINE, 14s. 6d. the full dress.

A choice collection of RICH FOREIGN DRESSES, embracing several novelties of this year, from 1½ to 3 guineas.

All the new patterns in BRITISH and FOREIGN PRINTS, BRILLIANTS, and PIQUÉS, for morning dresses.

ALL LAST SEASON'S Patterns at very reduced prices.

PATTERNS OF THE ABOVE FORWARDED FREE, with a directed wrapper to enclose them when they are returned, the postage of which Peter Robinson defrays, thereby giving ladies resident in the country, or unable to make a personal visit, the advantage of inspecting one of the largest stocks in the kingdom without any expense or trouble to themselves.

PETER ROBINSON'S

SPECIALITÉ for MANTLES, SHAWLS, and JACKETS. Four Show-Rooms (en suite), each upwards of fifty feet long. The Illustrated Fashions sent free on application.

103 TO 108, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

The Furnishing of Bed-rooms.

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

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

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

A very large stock of Bedding (HEAL and SON'S original trade) is placed on the BEDSTEADS.

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

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

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

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

HEAL AND SON'S

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

196, 197, 198 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.