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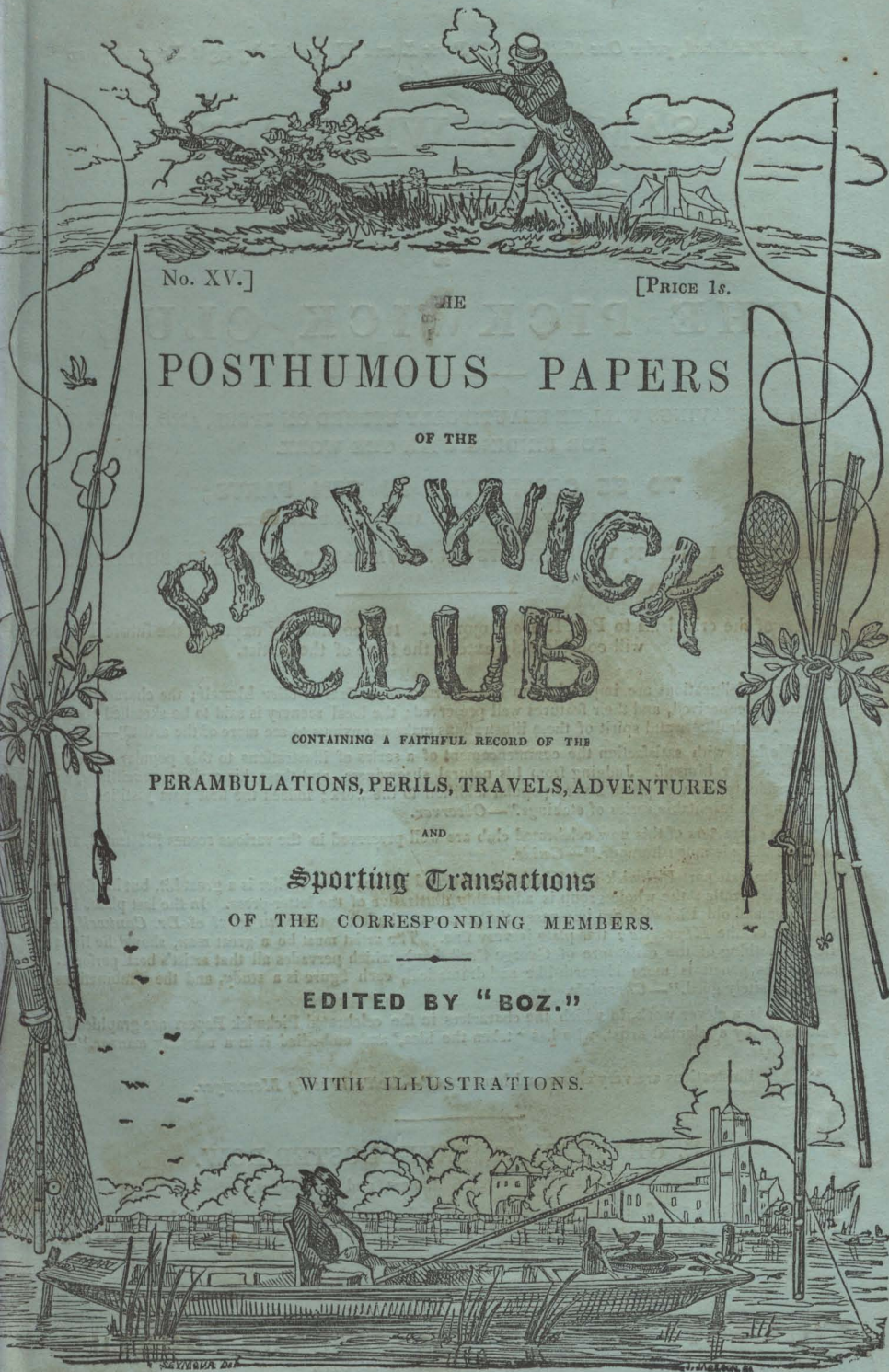
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**THE QUEER-FISH SOCIETY.**  
**REPORT OF A SECOND SPECIAL MEETING** of the above SOCIETY, held at the DOG-IN-BRECHES TAVERN.

(Abridged from the *Rumbledown Courier*.)

The Queerfish Society held a meeting last week, to receive from the Committee various reports concerning their new publication, entitled **THE QUEERFISH CHRONICLES**, and to deliberate on the same. As soon as the President had taken his seat, it was announced by the Secretary, Mr. Jeremiah Pike, that a packet of papers had been delivered into his charge by Lieutenant Thunderem, which papers contained a series of notes concerning numerous surprising adventures in which the hon. and gallant officer had been engaged, and which he (the hon. and gallant officer) wished to be perused by the President and the Committee, for the purpose of their being arranged as a narrative, to be read aloud for the amusement of the Society, and subsequently promulgated for the amusement of the Public. A burst of applause from all the members present followed this announcement. The distinguished officer, who was modestly seated in a corner, smoking his pipe, acknowledged the salute by gracefully flourishing the pipe, sending from his mouth a dense body of vapour, and drinking a large glass of brandy. The Secretary furthermore said, that it would appear from the tenour of those documents, that the veteran officer had, a few years ago, gone through great dangers; that he had fallen in love, and been most shamefully jilted—that he had made a voyage to foreign part; in the course of which he would have sunk to the bottom of the sea, had he not contrived to swim ashore; and would have been killed by a cannon-ball, had it not missed him by seven inches. But it was understood, that the memorandums more immediately referred to the adventures of several of the Lieutenant's friends, in which, however, he had been deeply concerned. The papers were ordered to be arranged so as to be ready by the time when the singular story of Mr. Tompkins had been finished. The meeting was then informed by the Secretary, that Nos. 1 and 2 of the **CHRONICLES** had met with a great number of subscribers, but that a still greater number were required. Mr. Scribble, the literary gentleman who, at a former meeting, had recommended the issuing of prospectuses, said, he thought that it would be found necessary to put forth, as had been previously suggested, a proclamation, commanding all persons who had any regard for the welfare of their understandings, to purchase the **CHRONICLES**: from the very centre of his heart he pitied the ignorance and weakness of those who did not. The learned gentleman also strongly advised the Society to adopt a certain mode of conduct, which, from his experience in the world, he could assure them would not fail to produce success, and which was to disparage and blacken, as much as they could, the reputation of every book that in the slightest degree interfered with theirs; and he said the consequence of such a proceeding would be, that theirs would be viewed in a very excellent light. Captain Bigshot declared that this would be a dishonourable mode of proceeding, and would ultimately meet with an appropriate reward. Mr. Scribble was again defeated. The meeting was then dissolved.

The Committee for superintending the publication of **THE QUEERFISH CHRONICLES**, do hereby give notice to the Public, that No. 3, containing, uniformly with the other numbers, 32 pages of Letter-press, with an Illustration on Steel, will be published on the 1st of July; and the work will be continued in Monthly Numbers, price 6d. each, for eighteen months, when it will be completed. And the Committee do hereby give notice, that they will not hold themselves responsible for the evils that may arise to any person in consequence of his or her not being a subscriber.

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I hereby certify that Mr. Wm. Thompson, the Inventor of the Court Blacking, has made me acquainted with the ingredients contained therein, and the mode of preparing it. These ingredients produce a beautiful black, susceptible of a superior polish; they are by no means destructive to leather, but, on the contrary, are eminently calculated to preserve it.

Witness my hand and seal,

Dated this 21st day of May, 1836.

W. MAUGHAM,

Lecturer on Chemistry at the Adelaide Gallery of Practical Science, &c. &c.

Sold in Bottles, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d. each; and may be obtained of all the Respectable Venders in town and country.

N. B. None are genuine but those bearing the Arms of the Proprietors on the label of each Bottle. A liberal allowance to Dealers.

**WATCHES,** Warranted in their Performance. — Silver Engine-turned Hunting Watches, at £3 13s. 6d.; Ditto, Double Bottom Cases, £4 14s. 6d., with inside glass; Ditto, Horizontal, four holes jewelled, £6 6s.; small Gold Waistcoat Watches, double-bottom, with gold or silver dials, £6 6s.; Ditto, superior-finished Horizontal 'Scapements, jewelled in four holes, £9 9s.; Ditto, highly-finished, from 10 to 13 guineas. Likewise every item in fashionable jewellery, new and second-hand plate, all of the best quality, as cheap as at any house in London. — J. P. ACKLAM, 133, Strand, opposite Catherine-street, masonic jewel, clothing, and furniture manufacturer, successor to the late Brother Harper.

NEARLY

**FORTY YEARS ESTABLISHED.**

No. 4, BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE, (HOLBORN-SIDE.)  
Observe—Parlour Windows—No Shop Front.

**IRISH SHIRTING CLOTH,** made without any admixture from pure Flax. Sold in any quantity. Whole Pieces at the Factor's prices, cheaper than any other House, being manufactured from the best material. The purchase-money will be returned, should any fault appear.

IRISH, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, and RUSSIA SHEETING of all widths and prices; Household and Table Linen. Families furnishing will find it much to their interest to apply to this Establishment.

Bank of Ireland Notes taken in payment, or discounted. Country and Town Orders punctually attended to by

JOHN DONOVAN, 4, BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE.

N. B. No connexion with any other House.

**TOOTH ACHE CURED.**

**DICKINS' CELEBRATED BRITISH TOOTH POWDER,** a most effectual remedy for this painful and distressing malady. The high reputation which this Tooth Powder has acquired induces the Proprietor to give it further publicity. Nothing more is necessary than to use it every morning as an ordinary Tooth Powder, which will prevent a recurrence of decay or pain. It renders the teeth beautifully white, is warranted not to contain acid or anything injurious to the enamel, produces a rich hue and healthy firmness of the gums, and prevents their bleeding when brushed or on the application of pressure. Prepared (only) and sold by R. Dickins, Chemist, 80, Holborn-bridge, London; sold also by Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street; and most respectable Medicine Venders in the country, in boxes, 1s. and 2s. each.

**MORISON'S PILLS.**

**THIS MEDICINE** cannot be held genuine unless the words "MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINES" are engraved on the Government Stamp, affixed to each box, in white letters upon a red ground; it is the only security to the Public of its genuineness, and therefore highly important that it should be particularly observed by all who take the Medicine, as many spurious imitations are now in circulation.

No Chemist or Druggist is allowed to sell "MORISON'S Pills," and the Public is hereby cautioned against purchasing the Medicine of them.

General Depots in London:—Medical Dissenter Office, 368, Strand; Midland Branch, 19, Red Lion Square; Western Branch, 72, Edgeware Road; Mr. Field, 65, Quadrant, Regent Street; Mr. Haslett, 118, Ratcliffe Highway; Mr. Lofts, 10, Park Place, Mile End Road; Mr. Chappell, Stationer, Royal Exchange.

**TEMPLE BAR TEA WAREHOUSE,**

226, STRAND,

Ten Doors from Temple Bar.

**W. LANE,** (from TWINING'S,) begs most respectfully to return his best thanks to his Friends and the Public, for the very liberal support he has received since his commencement in business, and to assure them, that no exertion shall be wanting on his part to merit a continuance of those favours so liberally conferred on him by their patronage and recommendation. There is great reduction in the price of Teas since the equalization of the duty; and from the great competition in the trade, W. L. is determined not to be undersold by any House in London. He is now retailing the best Teas from 3d. to 4d. per lb. advance on the cost price, and by taking them in 3lb. or 6lb. bags, at 2d.; which is considerably less profit than expensive establishments can afford to sell them at, and meet their enormous outlay.



**IMPORTANT REASONS for using  
BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY,  
IN PREFERENCE TO COGNAC.**

*First* :—Because it is declared, on the analyses of many eminent Chemists, to be a more pure and wholesome Spirit.

*Secondly* :—Because it is used in our Public Hospitals, and recommended by the Faculty in the most delicate medical cases.

*Thirdly* :—Because it is certain that, in consequence of its extreme purity, it will not, like French Brandy, produce Constipation, Headach, Nausea, and other injurious effects; a fact acknowledged by all its consumers.

*Fourthly* :—Because the flavour is so similar to that of French Brandy, as to confound the judgment in distinguishing between them.

*Fifthly* :—Because its rapidly increasing consumption, in defiance of prejudice, envy, and every species of opposition, are indisputable proofs of the facts above stated.

*Sixthly* :—Because, being made exclusively from Grain, its consumption is beneficial to our Agriculturists, in lieu of Foreigners, who refuse to admit our principal manufactures in return for their Brandy and other products.

*And Lastly* :—Because the price is only Eighteen Shillings per Imperial Gallon; whilst the best Foreign is charged at double that rate.

As Distillers, J. T. BETTS and Co. cannot send out less than two Gallons of their PATENT BRANDY; which may be obtained, either pale or coloured, at Eighteen Shillings per Imperial Gallon, of the highest legal strength, at the Distillery, No. 7, Smithfield-Bars, leading to St. John Street,—their only Establishment.

**FINE WINES.—A large Parcel of**

SHERRIES, of excellent quality, are submitted to the notice of the Public, at the following low prices:—

A good sound Dinner Sherry . . . . .	20s. per Dozen.
Superior Ditto . . . . .	24s. —
Excellent Brown Ditto . . . . .	26s. —
Good Crusted Port . . . . .	25s. —

Cash on Delivery. The above Wines are warranted at least 10s. per dozen cheaper than usually charged, having been bought at a price which, only owing to the late depression in the market, could possibly occur. Orders from the Country must contain a remittance, or an order for payment in London. Bottles 2s. 6d., Hampers 1s. per dozen: the above prices are for quantities not less than Three dozen, or 1s. per dozen extra will be charged. Sent to all parts of Town, and within four miles.

DAVID WATTS, 48, Chapel-street, Edgeware-road.

**TO PEDESTRIANS, SPORTSMEN, &c.**

**PATENT PEDIOMETERS, for the**  
Waistcoat Pocket, at PAYNE'S, No. 163, New Bond Street, opposite Clifford Street.

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**OUTFITS TO INDIA AND THE COLONIES.**

**ESTIMATFS, with complete Lists of**  
Articles necessary for LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, WRITERS', CADETS', and FAMILY OUTFITS, may be had on application.

**TRESHER and CO.,** next door to Somerset-house, Strand.

**WEST END STOCK and SHARE**  
OFFICE, 6, Waterloo-place. Prices from the City every Hour.

GENERAL ADVERTISING OFFICE for TOWN and COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS, which are regularly filed at the Offices for inspection.

**A NECESSARY CAUTION.—**No sooner does an article of REAL UTILITY attract public attention and secure extensive patronage, than ADVENTURERS start into the field with BASE IMITATIONS, to snatch from the INVENTOR the just recompence of his labour.

The means resorted to by the imitators of "FOX'S VEGETABLE CREAM for the HAIR," and the pertinacity with which they have practised these deceptions from the time of the first invention of the article in the year 1805, until the present hour, renders it the imperative duty of JOHN FOX, of No. 70 (from 456) Strand, London, to call the attention of the Public to the FACT, that there is no other person of the name of "FOX" who sells the genuine in London—that each bottle of the genuine is enveloped in "blue paper," bearing a label with the signature of "JOHN FOX, 70 (from 456), Strand;" which label is also on each bottle; and, as a FURTHER PROTECTION, the CORK of each bottle will henceforth bear an IMPRESSION, in wax, with the signature and address as above stated.—The only prices are 3s. 6d. and 7s.

**EMPLOYMENT.**

**PERSONS** having a little time to spare, are apprised that Agents continue to be appointed in London, and Country Towns by the EAST INDIA COMPANY, for the sale of their celebrated Teas. Offices, 9, Great St. Helen's, Bishopgate-street. They are packed in leaden canisters, from an ounce to a pound, and labelled with the price on each package. But little trouble is occasioned by the sale. Any respectable party may engage in it with advantage; the Licence is only 11s. per annum, and many, during the last twelve years, have realised considerable incomes, by the agency, without one shilling let or loss. Applications to be made to

CHARLES HANCOCK, Secretary.

**FULLER'S FREEZING-MACHINE,**

by which Four different Ices can be made at one time, and repeated as often as required. The Freezing-Apparatus by which a Cream-Ice can be made by Artificial process; also the Ice-Preserver, in which Rough Ice can be kept three weeks in the warmest season, to prevent the necessity of Opening the Ice-House except occasionally.—Ice-Pails for Iceing Wine, Water, Butter, &c. &c.

**FULLER'S SPARE-BED AIRER.**—This vessel is constructed upon philosophical principles, and will retain its Heat with once filling for Sixty Hours.

Carriage and Bed Feet-Warmers upon the same principle.

The above Articles of Scientific Discovery may be seen only at the Manufactory, Jermyn-street, six doors from St. James's-street, London.

**BOTTLED STOUT, ALE, AND CYDER.**

**BARCLAY'S** best Porter, 4s. 6d.;  
Brown Stout, 5s. 6d.; Double Brown Stout, 7s.; Guinness's Extra Double Dublin Stout, 7s.; Prestonpans Ale, 5s. 6d. and 6s. 6d.; Sparkling Edinburgh Ale, 8s. and 9s.; and Devonshire Cyder 7s. per dozen. Also the above in casks of 18 gallons. Orders per post promptly attended to. **WILLIAM SPRINGBETT, 4, Suffolk Lane, Upper Thames Street.**

ELEGANCIES FOR THE TOILET.

The combination of ELEGANCE with UTILITY, so necessary to meet the refined taste generally prevailing, will be found exemplified in

GOWLAND'S LOTION,

A preparation which the successful experience of nearly a CENTURY recommends to confident reception as a SAFE and EFFICACIOUS remedy for all impurities of the Skin, and as eminently promoting a DELICATE VIVACITY of the COMPLEXION: during the Summer Solstice the congenial qualities of the Lotion become invaluable, preventing SUN-BURN, FRECKLE, &c. removing every trace of SALLOWNESS, and sustaining unimpaired the agreeable FRESHNESS of TINT which has for so long a period distinguished its use.

GOWLAND'S LOTION has the Name and Address of the Proprietor, ROBERT SHAW, 33, QUEEN STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, engraved in White Letters on the Government Stamp, and each package is enclosed in the popular and interesting Work entitled "THE THEORY OF BEAUTY," without these distinctions none can be genuine.

Prices 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., and 8s. 6d.; and in cases from 1l. 1s. to 5l. 5s.

SHAW'S MINDORA OIL.

The introduction of this rare and costly production of the EASTERN Hemisphere as an appendage of the TOILET, has been honoured with unprecedented patronage in the Fashionable World; as a RESTORATIVE and BEAUTIFIER of the HAIR, its properties are of the highest and most undoubted character; while in the several qualities of PURITY, DELICATE FRAGRANCE, and freedom from CHEMICAL Admixture, or the addition of COLOURING substances, MINDORA OIL presents a superiority as remarkable as it invariably proves satisfactory for every purpose connected with the Culture and Embellishment of the Hair in both Sexes.

PREPARED for the TOILET by the sole Proprietor, ROBERT SHAW, 33, QUEEN STREET, CHEAPSIDE, London, and enclosed with a practical TREATISE ON THE HAIR, in Bottles, bearing his Signature on the Label and Wrapper, at 3s., 5s. 6d., and in Stopped Toilet Bottles at 10s. 6d. Sold as above, and by Sanger, Hannay, Oxford-street; Prout, Strand; Rigge, Cheapside, &c.

CAUTION.

NO sooner does an article of real utility attract attention, and secure extensive patronage, than adventurers start up with base imitations to rob the inventor of the just recompence of his labour. Robert Wiss's CELEBRATED Water Closets, on the principle of pumping the water from under the seat into the basin, have met with the fate of all good inventions. From the continual complaints made by gentlemen who have been imposed upon, R. W. very respectfully acquaints those who wish to purchase of the Inventor, and obtain a good and serviceable article, that the Original Manufactory for PATENT PORTABLE and FIXED WATER CLOSETS, is No. 38, CHARING CROSS, near the Admiralty.—Experienced Workmen sent to all parts to fix the above at half the expense of those on the old principle.

100,000 PACKETS HAVE ALREADY BEEN SOLD.

APPROVED AND PATRONIZED

By Her most

GRACIOUS MAJESTY,



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE

DUCHESS OF KENT,

AND

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

EDE'S ODORIFEROUS COMPOUND;

Or, Persian Sweet Bag.

The truly delicious fragrance of this Perfume is both improved, and rendered more powerful; and from the extensive patronage bestowed upon it, various attempts are made to impose on the Public inferior and worthless preparations; the Proprietor has therefore adopted, at a considerable expense,

NEW AND MORE ATTRACTIVE BOXES, LABELS, AND WRAPPERS

By which THE GENUINE BAGS CAN BE IDENTIFIED. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each.

EDE'S HEDYOSMIA, OR CONCENTRATED PERSIAN ESSENCE,

Is a powerful and colourless Esprit for the Handkerchief, and Toilet, extracted from and combining all the fragrant properties of the Odoriferous Compound. In fancy Boxes, containing 4 Bottles, retailing 2s. 6d. each.

WITH NEW AND ELEGANTLY EMBOSSED WRAPPERS,

Ede's COURT PLASTER and GOLD BEATER'S SKIN.

LONDON DEPOT, 79, BISHOPSGATE STREET within.



EMBROIDERY.

LADIES are respectfully informed, that a large importation of GERMAN PAPER PATTERNS, patterns in Canvas, Zephyr Wools, and Silks, and every material for Berlin Embroidery, has been received by the GERMAN and FRENCH WAREHOUSE, 7, King-street, St James's-square.

"Mr. Gibbins having just been in Germany, has made a selection of commenced Ottomans, Fountains, Screens, &c. of most tasteful designs, and far surpassing any hitherto introduced into this country."—*Morning Post.*



**BRITISH CONSUL'S OFFICE,**  
Philadelphia.—Know all Persons to whom these presents shall come, that I, Gilbert Robertson, Esq., his Britannic Majesty's Consul, do hereby certify, that R. Warton, Esq. (who attests to the efficacy of OLD-DRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, in RESTORING HAIR,) is Mayor of this City, and that M. Randall, Esq. is Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas, to both whose signatures full faith and credit is due. I further certify that I am personally acquainted with J. L. Inglis, Esq., another of the signers, and that he is a person of great respectability, and that I heard him express his unqualified approbation of the effects of Oldridge's Balm in restoring his Hair. Given under my hand and seal of office, at the City of Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1823.  
(Signed) GILBERT ROBERTSON.

Oldridge's Balm causes Whiskers and Eyebrows to grow, prevents the Hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Abundance of Certificates from gentlemen of the first respectability in England are shown by the Proprietors, C and A. OLDDRIDGE, 1, Wellington-street, Strand, where the Balm is sold, and by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Venders. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per Bottle. No other prices are genuine.

N.B. The Public are requested to be on their guard against Counterfeits. Ask for OLDDRIDGE'S BALM, 1, Wellington Street, Strand.

**HOW TO GET A GOOD DRESSING!!!**  
**REFORM** the State, with voice elate, let Politicians

about :  
Reform the Lords, Reform the Church, Reform the Land throughout ;  
Reform your house, your plans, your ailments and your ills ;  
But oh ! above all things, cry we, REFORM YOUR TAILORS' BILLS !  
Perhaps you say, in sore dismay, "How can the thing be done ?"  
Whereat we cry, most easily, with DODDNEY AND SON,  
Of Lombard Street, at Forty Nine, the number's on the door ;—  
Established Anno Seventeen Hundred and Eighty Four.  
Your person in a perfect Suit they'll prominently fix,  
In such as all who see admire, for Three Pounds Twelve and Six.  
GOOD WORK, GOOD CLOTH, GOOD QUALITY, and Patterns all the go !  
AND MORNING COATS, the price Fifteen—the charge, you'll own, is low.  
And oh, ye SPORTSMEN, listen now, while we your pleasures cater,  
For Two Pounds Ten, your Suit complete, including Leather Gaiter,  
Their TROUSERS, too, of many sorts, for Fishing or for Trav'ling,  
The price is small,—Thirteen and Six,—and safe from all unrav'ling.  
Their PILOT JACKETS, One Pound Ten, in which no man can founder,  
AND PERSHIAN GREAT COATS the same,—a very warm wrap-round'er,  
THE GUINEA CLOAK, a Waterproof, which will withstand all weather,—  
A proper COMFORT IN A STORM,—and wear as strong as leather.  
Or if within your carriage green you're leisurely reclined,  
A fine fat Coachman on the box, and Footman tall behind !  
The moment their old suits shows rust, on collar, cuff, or knee,  
A LIVERY they'll furnish each for only Three Pounds Three.  
Then as for BOYS, the wearing dogs, who tear their clothes to pieces,  
They'll clothe them in good Coats and Frocks, your Graces in smart Pelisses ;  
And should you want them Ready-made,—they say it without roguery,  
No House can show so cheap a Stock of Little Urchin's Toggery.  
Moreover, DODDNEYS were the first who very kindly proffered  
Their Yearly Contracts for our Clothes—the Cheapest ever offered,  
Two Stuns a Year at Eight Pounds Six, and THREE for Twelve Pounds  
Five.  
Or FOUR for Fifteen Pounds Eighteen,—'Tis you the benefit derive,  
THREE WAISTCOATS for One Pound they sell ; and TROUSERS, Cantons,  
Drillings—  
The Newest Patterns that are out,—THREE PAIRS for Thirty Shillings,  
DODDNEY AND SON, of Lombard Street, their promises fulfil,  
THE CITY MARI' at Forty Nine—REFORM YOUR TAILOR'S BILL !

LIST OF ARTICLES,

MANUFACTURED and Sold, Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation, by **MECHI, 4, Leadenhall Street, (Fourth House from Cornhill, same side as the India House,) London**

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| Table Cutlery and General Cutlery   | Candlesticks, &c ; being a description of superior Britannia Metal Goods | Workboxes, Writing Desks                           |
| Dish Covers   | Plate Leathers, Plate Powder, and Plate Brushes                          | Bagatelle Tables                                   |
| Tea Trays in Iron and Paper   | Canteens for Large or Small Parties                                      | Backgammon and Chess Boards                        |
| Tea Caddies   | Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wood and Leather Dressing Cases                  | Chess and Draughtmen                               |
| Every Variety of Real Sheffield Plated Goods  | Writing Cases, Pocket Books  | Hair, Cloth, Tooth, Nail, Hat, and Shaving Brushes |
| British Plate, or German Silver, Forks, Spoons, &c., plated on Steel Goods, Dessert Knives, &c. | Card Cases, Tablets  | Combs, Hones                                       |
| Albion Plate—Tea and Coffee Pots,   |  | Boot Jacks, Razors                                 |

Any article made to Order at a Short Notice, without Additional Charge, as MECHE manufactures nearly every Article he sells, in the LEADENHALL SKIN MARKET.

## ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,

As a preparation for the Skin, is, in preference to all others, selected by the Ladies as an indispensable toilet requisite and **sustainer of a fine complexion**, and the **conservator of female beauty in all climates**, and during all stages in the progression of life, from youth to age, has already become a favourite and indispensably appreciated article with all grades of Society; and is zealously recommended by the most eminent of the Faculty.

The ingredients of Rowland's solely genuine Kalydor are extracted from the most beautiful Exotics, of the mildest nature, **warranted perfectly innocent**, operating as a thorough cleanser of the Skin, yet powerfully efficacious; eradicating **Freckles, Pimples, Spots, Redness**, and all Cutaneous Eruptions, from whatever cause originating, and transforms into radiant brilliancy the most SALLOW COMPLEXION.

By persevering in the use of Kalydor, it gradually produces a clear and soft skin, smooth as velvet, actually realising a delicate **white Neck, Hand, and Arm**, and a healthy juvenile bloom will in a short time be infallibly elicited, while its constant application will tend to promote the free exercise of those important functions of the skin, which are of the utmost importance for the preservation of a **BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION**, and as averting the characteristics of age, even to a remote period of human life.

**Ladies travelling**, or temporarily subjected to any deviation of equable temperature, will find in the *Kalydor* a **renovating and refreshing Auxiliary**, dispelling the cloud of languor from the Complexion, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity of the Skin, a suspension of which is the usual effect of relaxation. The **Neck, Arms, and Hands** also partake largely of the advantages derived from its use, exhibiting a delicacy of appearance heretofore scarcely attainable, even with the most sedulous care and attention.

The mild and soothing effects of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR are conspicuous in the Nursery, where it becomes an invaluable resource for promptly allaying every description of casual inflammation, cooling the mouth of the infant, and rendering still more delightful those tasks which maternal solicitude impose.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, infallible in removing all harshness and irritability of the Skin, will also be found highly useful to **Gentlemen who suffer inconveniences from those causes after shaving**. To Gentlemen engaged in the Naval or Military Service, to the Traveller, and to all whose pursuits expose them to variations of temperature of weather, it affords secure protection against those ravages upon the Skin, which are frequently felt a drawback upon the happiness of a safe return. In fact, whether as an appendage to the elegant Toilet, the Dressing-room, or the Travelling Equipment, **The high repute of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR has caused Speculators to introduce Base Imitations.**

**To prevent Imposition, and by authority of Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners of Stamps, the Name and Address is engraved on the Government Stamp, which is pasted over the Cork of each Bottle;**

**A. ROWLAND AND SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN.** Sold in Half Pints, at 4s. 6d., and in Pint Bottles, at 8s. 6d. each, duty included.

## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

This Oil (composed of Vegetable Ingredients) is the ORIGINAL and GENUINE, and has, for many years, been universally admired and acknowledged to be the best and cheapest article for nourishing the Hair; PREVENTS it from FALLING OFF, or TURNING GREY, and CHANGES GREY HAIR to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. It PRODUCES and RESTORES the HAIR—even at a late period of life, frees it from scurf, and renders the most harsh and dry Hair as soft as **silk, curly**, and **glossy**; PRESERVES it in CURL, and other decorative formation—unimpaired by the Summer's heat, violent exercise, or the relaxing tendencies of the Ball Room.

NOTICE.—The Name and Address, in RED, on Lace-work,

A. ROWLAND and SON, 20, HATTON-GARDEN;  
Counter-signed ALEX. ROWLAND.

The lowest price is 3s. 6d.—the next 7s.—or Family Bottles (containing four small), at 10s. 6d., or double that size, 1l. 1s.

## ROWLAND'S ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTRIFICE.

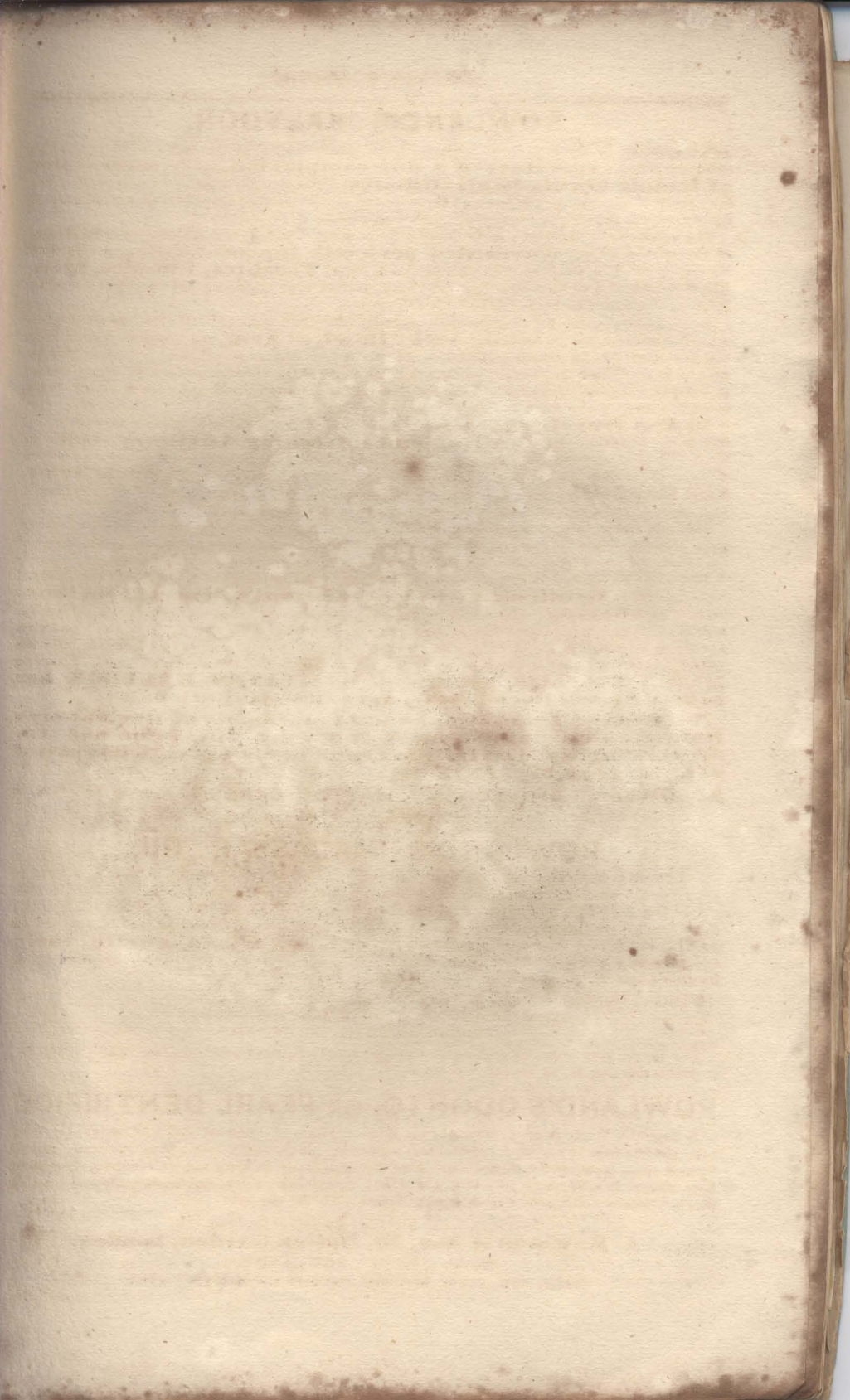
A Vegetable White Powder, prepared from Oriental Herbs of the most delicious flavour and sweetness, and free from any mineral, or pernicious ingredient. It eradicates tartar from the teeth, removes decayed spots, preserves the enamel, and fixes the teeth firmly in their sockets, rendering them beautifully white. It eradicates scurvy from the gums, strengthens, braces, and renders them of a healthy red, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. 2s. 9d. per Box.

NOTICE.—The Name and Address of the Proprietor,

**A. Rowland & Son, 20, Hatton Garden, London.**

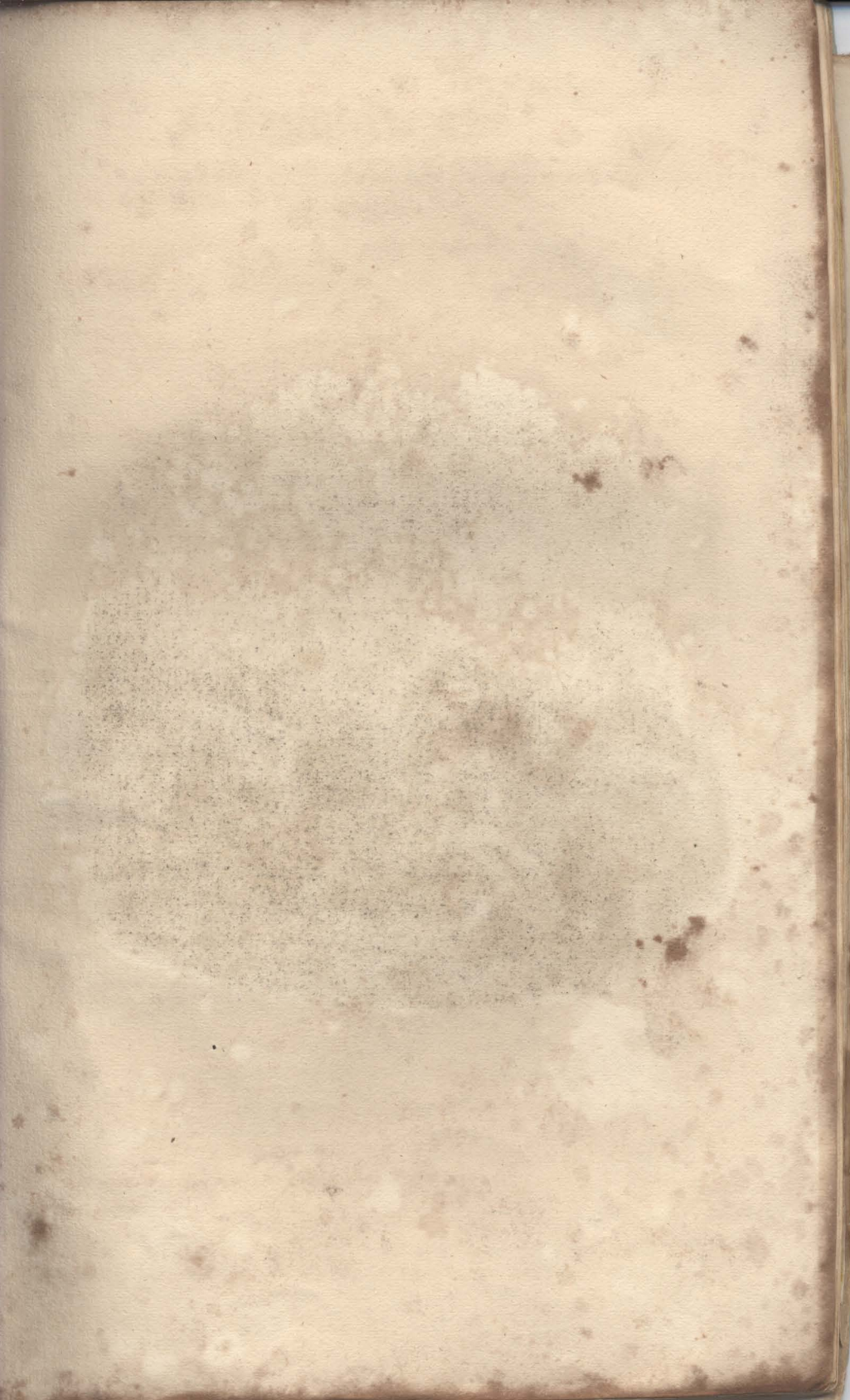
Be sure to ask for "ROWLAND'S."

Sold by them, and by respectable Perfumers and Medicine Venders.





- 1866 -





Phiz.

NEW WORKS  
 PUBLISHED BY CHAPMAN AND HALL  
 ADDRESS.

THE author is desirous to take the opportunity afforded him by his resumption of this work, to state once again what he thought had been stated sufficiently emphatically before, namely, that its publication was interrupted by a severe domestic affliction of no ordinary kind; that this was the sole cause of the non-appearance of the present number in the usual course; and that henceforth it will continue to be published with its accustomed regularity.

However superfluous this second notice may appear to many, it is rendered necessary by various idle speculations and absurdities which have been industriously propagated during the past month; which have reached the author's ears from many quarters, and have pained him exceedingly. By one set of intimate acquaintances, especially well informed, he has been killed outright; by another, driven mad; by a third, imprisoned for debt; by a fourth, sent per steamer to the United States; by a fifth, rendered incapable of any mental exertion for evermore—by all, in short, represented as doing anything but seeking in a few weeks' retirement the restoration of that cheerfulness and peace of which a sad bereavement had temporarily deprived him.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE receive every month an immense number of communications, purporting to be "suggestions" for the Pickwick Papers. We have no doubt that they are forwarded with the kindest intentions; but as it is wholly out of our power to make use of any such hints, and as we really have no time to peruse anonymous letters, we hope the writers will henceforth spare themselves a great deal of unnecessary and useless trouble.

NEW WORKS  
PUBLISHED BY CHAPMAN AND HALL.

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*In One Volume, small octavo, price Three Shillings boards,*

**SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES;**

IN WHICH

THESE INTERESTING MEMBERS OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Are Classified,

ACCORDING TO

THEIR INSTINCTS, HABITS, AND GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

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WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE BUSY YOUNG LADY.  
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THE YOUNG LADY WHO SINGS.  
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THE MANLY YOUNG LADY.  
THE LITERARY YOUNG LADY.  
THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS ENGAGED.  
THE PETTING YOUNG LADY.  
THE NATURAL HISTORIAN YOUNG LADY.  
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THE STUPID YOUNG LADY.  
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THE CLEVER YOUNG LADY.  
THE MYSTERIOUS YOUNG LADY.  
THE LAZY YOUNG LADY.  
THE YOUNG LADY FROM SCHOOL.

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*Price One Shilling.*

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## CHAPTER XL.

WHAT BEFEL MR. PICKWICK WHEN HE GOT INTO THE FLEET; WHAT DEBTORS HE SAW THERE; AND HOW HE PASSED THE NIGHT.

MR. TOM ROKER, the gentleman who had accompanied Mr. Pickwick into the prison, turned sharp round to the right when he got to the bottom of the little flight of steps, and led the way through an iron gate which stood open, and up another short flight of steps, into a long narrow gallery, dirty and low, paved with stone, and very dimly lighted by a window at each remote end.

"This," said the gentleman, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and looking carelessly over his shoulder to Mr. Pickwick, "This here is the hall flight."

"Oh," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking down a dark and filthy staircase, which appeared to lead to a range of damp and gloomy stone vaults beneath the ground, "and those, I suppose, are the little cellars where the prisoners keep their small quantities of coals. Ah! unpleasant places to have to go down to; but very convenient, I dare say."

"Yes, I shouldn't wonder if they was convenient," replied the gentleman, "seeing that a few people live there pretty snug. That's the fair, that is."

"My friend," said Mr. Pickwick, "you don't really mean to say that human beings live down in those wretched dungeons?"

"Don't I?" replied Mr. Roker, with indignant astonishment; "why shouldn't I?"

"Live!—live down there!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Live down there! yes, and die down there, too, wery often!" replied Mr. Roker; "and what of that? Who's got to say anything agin it? Live down there!—yes, and a wery good place it is to live in, ain't it?"

As Roker turned somewhat fiercely upon Mr. Pickwick in saying this, and moreover muttered, in an excited fashion, certain unpleasant invocations concerning his own eyes, limbs, and circulating fluids, the latter gentleman deemed it advisable to pursue the discourse no further. Mr. Roker then proceeded to mount another staircase, as dirty as that which led to the place which had just been the subject of discussion, in which ascent he was closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and Sam.

"There," said Mr. Roker, pausing for breath when they reached another gallery of the same dimensions as the one below, "this is the coffee-room flight: the one above's the third, and the one above that's the top; and the room where you're a going to sleep to-night is the warden's room, and it's this way—come on." Having said all this in a

breath, Mr. Roker mounted another flight of stairs, with Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller following at his heels.

These staircases received light from sundry windows placed at some little distance above the floor, and looking into a gravelled area bounded by a high brick wall, with iron *chevaux-de-frise* at the top. This area, it appeared from Mr. Roker's statement, was the racket-ground; and it further appeared, on the testimony of the same gentleman, that there was a smaller area in that portion of the prison which was nearest Farringdon-street, denominated and called "the Painted Ground," from the fact of its walls having once displayed the semblances of various men-of-war in full sail, and other artistical effects, achieved in bygone times by some imprisoned draughtsman in his leisure hours.

Having communicated this piece of information, apparently more for the purpose of discharging his bosom of an important fact, than with any specific view of enlightening Mr. Pickwick, the guide, having at length reached another gallery, led the way into a small passage at the extreme end; opened a door, and disclosed an apartment of an appearance by no means inviting, containing eight or nine iron bedsteads.

"There," said Mr. Roker, holding the door open, and looking triumphantly round at Mr. Pickwick, "There's a room!"

Mr. Pickwick's face, however, betokened such a very trifling portion of satisfaction at the appearance of his lodging, that Mr. Roker looked for a reciprocity of feeling into the countenance of Samuel Weller, who, until now, had observed a dignified silence.

"There's a room, young man," observed Mr. Roker.

"I see it," replied Sam, with a placid nod of the head.

"You wouldn't think to find such a room as this, in the Farringdon Hotel, would you?" said Mr. Roker, with a complacent smile.

To this Mr. Weller replied with an easy and unstudied closing of one eye; which might be considered to mean, either that he would have thought it, or that he would not have thought it, or that he had never thought anything at all about it, just as the observer's imagination suggested. Having executed this feat, and re-opened his eye, Mr. Weller proceeded to inquire which was the individual bedstead that Mr. Roker had so flatteringly described as an out-and-outer to sleep in.

"That's it," replied Mr. Roker, pointing to a very rusty one in a corner. "It would make any one go to sleep, that bedstead would, whether they wanted to or not."

"I should think," said Sam, eyeing the piece of furniture in question with a look of excessive disgust, "I should think poppies was nothin' to it."

"Nothing at all," said Mr. Roker.

"And I s'pose," said Sam, with a sidelong glance at his master, as if to see whether there were any symptoms of his determination being shaken by what passed, "I s'pose the other gen'l'men as sleeps here, are gen'l'men."

"Nothing but it," said Mr. Roker. "One of 'em takes his twelve pints of ale a-day, and never leaves off smoking, even at his meals."

"He must be a first-rater," said Sam.

"A, I," replied Mr. Roker.

Nothing daunted, even by this intelligence, Mr. Pickwick smilingly announced his determination to test the powers of the narcotic bedstead for that night; and Mr. Roker, after informing him that he could retire to rest at whatever hour he thought proper without any further notice or formality, walked off, leaving him standing with Sam in the gallery.

It was getting dark; that is to say, a few gas jets were kindled in this place, which was never light, by way of compliment to the evening, which had set in outside. As it was rather warm, some of the tenants of the numerous little rooms which opened into the gallery on either hand, had set their doors ajar. Mr. Pickwick peeped into them as he passed along, with great curiosity and interest. Here, four or five great hulking fellows, just visible through a cloud of tobacco-smoke, were engaged in noisy and riotous conversation over half-emptied pots of beer, or playing at all-fours with a very greasy pack of cards. In the adjoining room, some solitary tenant might be seen, poring, by the light of a feeble tallow candle, over a bundle of soiled and tattered papers, yellow with dust and dropping to pieces from age, writing, for the hundredth time, some lengthened statement of his grievances, for the perusal of some great man whose eyes it would never reach, or whose heart it would never touch. In a third, a man, with his wife and a whole crowd of children, might be seen making up a scanty bed on the ground, or upon a few chairs, for the younger ones to pass the night in. And in a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh, the noise, and the beer, and the tobacco-smoke, and the cards, all came over again in greater force than before.

In the galleries themselves, and more especially on the staircases, there lingered a great number of people, who came there, some because their rooms were empty and lonesome; others because their rooms were full and hot; and the greater part because they were restless and uncomfortable, and not possessed of the secret of exactly knowing what to do with themselves. There were many classes of people here, from the labouring man in his fustian jacket, to the broken down spendthrift in his shawl dressing-gown, most appropriately out at elbows; but there was the same air about them all—a kind of listless, jail-bird, careless swagger; a vagabondish who's-afraid sort of bearing, which is wholly indescribable in words; but which any man can understand in one moment if he wishes, by just setting foot in the nearest debtors' prison, and looking at the very first group of people he sees there, with the same interest as Mr. Pickwick did.

"It strikes me, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, leaning over the iron-rail at the stair-head, "It strikes me, Sam, that imprisonment for debt is scarcely any punishment at all."

"Think not, Sir?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"You see how these fellows drink, and smoke, and roar," replied Mr. Pickwick. "It's quite impossible that they can mind it much."

"Ah, that's just the very thing, Sir," rejoined Sam, "*they don't*

mind it; it's a reg'lar holiday to them—all porter and skettles. It's the t'other vuns as gets done over vith this sort o' thing: them down-hearted fellers as can't svig away at the beer, nor play skettles neither; them as vould pay if they could, and gets low by being boxed up. I'll tell you wot it is, Sir; them as is always a idlin' in public houses it don't damage at all, and them as is always a vorkin' ven they can, it damages too much. 'It's unekal,' as my father used to say ven his grog worn't made half-and-half—'It's unekal, and that's the fault on it.'

"I think you're right, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, after a few moments' reflection, "quite right."

"P'raps, now and then, there's some honest people as likes it," observed Mr. Weller, in a ruminative tone, "but I never heerd o' one as I can call to mind, 'cept the little dirty-faced man in the brown-coat, and that was force of habit."

"And who was he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Vy, that's just the very point as nobody never know'd," replied Sam.

"But what did he do?"

"Vy he did wot many men as has been much better know'd has done in their time, Sir," replied Sam, "he run a match agin the constable, and vun it."

"In other words, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick, "he got into debt?"

"Just that, Sir," replied Sam, "and in course o' time he come here in consekens. It warn't much—execution for nine pound nothin', multiplied by five for costs; but hows'ever here he stopped for seventeen year. If he got any wrinkles in his face, they was stopped up vith the dirt, for both the dirty face and the brown coat vos just the same at the end o' that time as they vos at the beginnin'. He vos a very peaceful inoffendin' little creetur, and vos always a bustlin' about for somebody, or playin' rackets and never vinnin'; till at last the turnkeys they got quite fond on him, and he vos in the lodge ev'ry night, a chattering vith 'em, and tellin' stories, and all that 'ere. Vun night he vos in there as usual, alone vith a very old friend of his, as vos on the lock, ven he says all of a sudden, 'I ain't seen the market outside, Bill,' he says (Fleet Market vos there at that time)—'I ain't seen the market outside, Bill,' he says, 'for seventeen year.' 'I know you ain't,' says the turnkey, smoking his pipe. 'I should like to see it for a minit, Bill,' he says. 'Wery probable,' says the turnkey, smoking his pipe very fierce, and making believe he warn't up to wot the little man wanted. 'Bill,' says the little man, more abrupt than afore, 'I've got the fancy in my head. Let me see the public street once more afore I die; and if I ain't struck vith apoplexy, I'll be back in five minits by the clock.' 'And wot 'ud become o' me if you vos struck vith apoplexy?' said the turnkey. 'Vy,' says the little creetur, 'whoever found me, 'ud bring me home, for I've got my card in my pocket, Bill,' he says, 'No. 20, Coffee-room Flight:' and that vos true, sure enough, for ven he wanted to make the acquaintance of any new comer, he used to pull out a little limp card vith them words on it and nothin' else; in consideration o'

vich, he was always called Number Twenty. The turnkey takes a fixed look at him, and at last he says in a solemn manner, 'Twenty,' he says, 'I'll trust you; you won't get your old friend into trouble.' 'No, my boy; I hope I've somethin' better behind here,' says the little man, and as he said it, he hit his little veskit very hard, and then a tear started out o' each eye, which was wery extraordinary; for it was supposed as water never touched his face. He shook the turnkey by the hand; out he vent——"

"And never came back again," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Wrong for vunce, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, "for back he come two minits afore the time, a bilin' vith rage, sayin' how he'd been nearly run over by a hackney coach; that he warn't used to it, and he was blowed if he wouldn't write to the Lord Mayor. They got him pacified at last; and for five year arter that, he never even so much as peeped out o' the lodge-gate."

"At the expiration of that time he died, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No he didn't, Sir," replied Sam. "He got a curiosity to go and taste the beer at a new public-house over the way, on the premises; and it was such a wery nice parlour, that he took it into his head to go there every night, which he did for a long time, always comin' back reg'lar about a quarter of an hour afore the gate shut, which was all wery snug and comfortable. At last he began to get so precious jolly, that he used to forget how the time vent, or care nothin' at all about it, and he vent on gettin' later and later, till vun night his old friend was just a shuttin' the gate—had turned the key in fact—ven he come up. 'Hold hard, Bill,' he says. 'Wot, ain't you come home yet, Twenty?' says the turnkey, 'I thought you was in long ago.' 'No I wasn't,' says the little man, with a smile. 'Vell then, I'll tell you wot it is, my friend,' says the turnkey, openin' the gate wery slow and sulky, 'it's my 'pinion as you've got into bad company o' late, which I'm wery sorry to see. Now I don't wish to do anything harsh,' he says, 'but if you can't confine yourself to steady circles, and find your vay back at reg'lar hours, as sure as you're a standin' there, I'll shut you out altogether!' The little man was seized vith a violent fit o' tremblin', and never vent outside the prison walls arterwards!"

As Sam concluded, Mr. Pickwick slowly retraced his steps down stairs. After a few thoughtful turns in the Painted Ground, which, as it was now dark, was nearly deserted, he intimated to Mr. Weller that he thought it high time for him to withdraw for the night; requesting him to seek a bed in some adjacent public house, and return early in the morning, to make arrangements for the removal of his master's wardrobe from the George and Vulture. This request Mr. Samuel Weller prepared to obey, with as good a grace as he could assume, but with a very considerable show of reluctance nevertheless. He even went so far as to essay sundry ineffectual hints regarding the expediency of stretching himself on the gravel for that night; but finding Mr. Pickwick obstinately deaf to any such suggestions, finally withdrew.

There is no disguising the fact that Mr. Pickwick felt very low-spirited and uncomfortable—not for lack of society, for the prison was very full, and a bottle of wine would at once have purchased the utmost good-fellowship of a few choice spirits, without any more formal ceremony of introduction; but he was alone in the coarse vulgar crowd, and felt the depression of spirit and sinking of heart, naturally consequent upon the reflection that he was cooped and caged up without a prospect of liberation. As to the idea of releasing himself by ministering to the sharpness of Dodson & Fogg, it never for an instant entered his thoughts.

In this frame of mind he turned again into the coffee-room gallery, and walked slowly to and fro. The place was intolerably dirty, and the smell of tobacco smoke perfectly suffocating. There was a perpetual slamming and banging of doors as the people went in and out, and the noise of their voices and footsteps echoed and re-echoed through the passages constantly. A young woman, with a child in her arms, who seemed scarcely able to crawl, from emaciation and misery, was walking up and down the passage in conversation with her husband, who had no other place to see her in. As they passed Mr. Pickwick, he could hear the female sob bitterly; and once she burst into such a passion of grief, that she was compelled to lean against the wall for support, while the man took the child in his arms, and tried to soothe her.

Mr. Pickwick's heart was really too full to bear it, and he went up stairs to bed.

Now, although the warden's room was a very uncomfortable one, being, in every point of decoration and convenience, several hundred degrees inferior to the commonest infirmary of a county gaol, it had at present the merit of being wholly deserted, save by Mr. Pickwick himself. So, he sat down at the foot of his little iron bedstead, and began to wonder how much a year the warden made out of the dirty room. Having satisfied himself, by mathematical calculation, that the apartment was about equal in annual value to the freehold of a small street in the suburbs of London, he took to wondering what possible temptation could have induced a dingy-looking fly that was crawling over his pantaloons, to come into a close prison, when he had the choice of so many airy situations—a course of meditation which led him to the irresistible conclusion that the insect was insane. After settling this point, he began to be conscious that he was getting sleepy; whereupon he took his nightcap out of the pocket in which he had had the precaution to stow it in the morning, and, leisurely undressing himself, got into bed, and fell asleep.

“Bravo! Heel over toe—cut and shuffle—pay away at it, Zephyr! I'm smothered if the Opera House isn't your proper hemisphere. Keep it up. Hooray!” These expressions, delivered in a most boisterous tone, and accompanied with loud peals of laughter, roused Mr. Pickwick from one of those sound slumbers which, lasting in reality some half hour, seem to the sleeper to have been protracted for about three weeks or a month.

The voice had no sooner ceased than the room was shaken with such



violence that the windows rattled in their frames, and the bedsteads trembled again. Mr. Pickwick started up, and remained for some minutes fixed in mute astonishment at the scene before him.

On the floor of the room, a man in a broad-skirted green coat, with corduroy knee smalls and grey cotton stockings, was performing the most popular steps of a hornpipe, with a slang and burlesque caricature of grace and lightness, which, combined with the very appropriate character of his costume, was inexpressibly absurd. Another man, evidently very drunk, who had probably been tumbled into bed by his companions, was sitting up between the sheets, warbling as much as he could recollect of a comic song, with the most intensely sentimental feeling and expression; while a third, seated on one of the bedsteads, was applauding both performers with the air of a profound connoisseur, and encouraging them by such ebullitions of feeling as had already roused Mr. Pickwick from his sleep.

This last man was an admirable specimen of a class of gentry which never can be seen in full perfection but in such places;—they may be met with, in an imperfect state, occasionally about stable-yards and public houses; but they never attain their full bloom except in these hot-beds, which would almost seem to be considerably provided by the Legislature for the sole purpose of rearing them.

He was a tall fellow, with an olive complexion, long dark hair, and very thick bushy whiskers meeting under his chin. He wore no neckerchief, as he had been playing rackets all day, and his open shirt collar displayed their full luxuriance. On his head he wore one of the common eighteenpenny French skull-caps, with a gawdy tassel dangling therefrom, very happily in keeping with a common fustian coat. His legs, which, being long, were afflicted with weakness, graced a pair of Oxford-mixture trousers, made to show the full symmetry of the limbs. Being somewhat negligently braced, however, and, moreover, but imperfectly buttoned, they fell in a series of not the most graceful folds over a pair of shoes sufficiently down at heel to display a pair of very soiled white stockings. There was a rakish vagabond smartness, and a kind of boastful rascality, about the whole man, that was worth a mine of gold.

This figure was the first to perceive that Mr. Pickwick was looking on; upon which he winked to the Zephyr, and entreated him, with mock gravity, not to wake the gentleman.

"Why, bless the gentleman's honest heart and soul!" said the Zephyr, turning round and affecting the extremity of surprise; "the gentleman is awake. Hem; Shakspeare. How do you do, Sir? How is Mary and Sarah, Sir? and the dear old lady at home, Sir—eh, Sir? Will you have the kindness to put my compliments into the first little parcel you're sending that way, Sir, and say that I would have sent 'em before, only I was afraid they might be broken in the waggon, Sir?"

"Don't overwhelm the gentleman with ordinary civilities when you see he's anxious to have something to drink," said the gentleman with the whiskers, with a jocose air. "Why don't you ask the gentleman what he'll take?"

"Dear me—I quite forgot," replied the other. "What *will* you take, Sir? Will you take port wine, Sir, or sherry wine, Sir? I can recommend the ale, Sir; or perhaps you'd like to taste the porter, Sir? Allow me to have the felicity of hanging up your nightcap, Sir."

With this, the speaker snatched that article of dress from Mr. Pickwick's head, and fixed it in a twinkling on that of the drunken man, who, firmly impressed with the belief that he was delighting a numerous assembly, continued to hammer away at the comic song in the most melancholy strains imaginable.

Taking a man's nightcap from his brow by violent means, and adjusting it on the head of an unknown gentleman of dirty exterior, however ingenious a witticism in itself, is unquestionably one of those which come under the denomination of practical jokes. Viewing the matter precisely in this light, Mr. Pickwick, without the slightest intimation of his purpose, sprang vigorously out of bed; struck the Zephyr so smart a blow in the chest, as to deprive him of a considerable portion of the com com com which sometimes bears his name; and then, recapturing his nightcap, boldly placed himself in an attitude of defence.

"Now," said Mr. Pickwick, gasping no less from excitement than from the expenditure of so much energy, "come on—both of you—both of you." And with this liberal invitation the worthy gentleman communicated a revolving motion to his clenched fists, by way of appalling his antagonists with a display of science.

It might have been Mr. Pickwick's very unexpected gallantry, or it might have been the complicated manner in which he had got himself out of bed, and fallen all in a mass upon the hornpipe man, that touched his adversaries. Touched they were; for, instead of then and there making an attempt to commit manslaughter, as Mr. Pickwick implicitly believed they would have done, they paused, stared at each other a short time, and finally laughed outright.

"Well; you're a trump, and I like you all the better for it," said the Zephyr. "Now jump into bed again, or you'll catch the rheumatics. No malice, I hope?" said the man, extending a hand about the size of the yellow clump of fingers which sometimes swings over a glover's door.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Pickwick, with great alacrity; for, now that the excitement was over, he began to feel rather cool about the legs.

"Allow me the honour, Sir?" said the gentleman with the whiskers, presenting his dexter hand, and aspirating the h.

"With much pleasure, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick; and having executed a very long and solemn shake, he got into bed again.

"My name is Smangle, Sir," said the man with the whiskers.

"Oh," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Mine is Mivins," said the man in the stockings.

"I am delighted to hear it, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Hem," coughed Mr. Smangle.

"Did you speak, Sir?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"No, I did not, Sir," said Mr. Smangle.

"I thought you did, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

All this was very genteel and pleasant; and, to make matters still more comfortable, Mr. Smangle assured Mr. Pickwick a great many times that he entertained a very high respect for the feelings of a gentleman; which sentiment, indeed, did him infinite credit, as he could be in no wise supposed to understand them.

"Are you going through the Court, Sir?" inquired Mr. Smangle.

"Through the what?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Through the Court—Portugal Street—the Court for the Relief of—you know."

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Pickwick. "No, I am not."

"Going out, perhaps?" suggested Mivins.

"I fear not," replied Mr. Pickwick. "I refuse to pay some damages, and am here in consequence."

"Ah," said Mr. Smangle, "paper has been my ruin."

"A stationer, I presume, Sir?" said Mr. Pickwick, innocently.

"Stationer! No, no; confound and curse me!—not so low as that. No trade. When I say paper, I mean bills."

"Oh, you use the word in that sense. I see," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Damme! a gentleman must expect reverses," said Smangle. "What of that? Here am I in the Fleet Prison. Well; good. What then? I'm none the worse for that, am I?"

"Not a bit," replied Mr. Mivins. And he was quite right; for, so far from Mr. Smangle being any the worse for it, he was something the better, inasmuch as to qualify himself for the place, he had attained gratuitous possession of certain articles of jewellery, which, long before that, had found their way to the pawnbroker's.

"Well; but come," said Mr. Smangle; "this is dry work. Let's rinse our mouths with a drop of burnt sherry; the last comer shall stand it, Mivins shall fetch it, and I'll help to drink it. That's a fair and gentlemanlike division of labour, any how—curse me!"

Unwilling to hazard another quarrel, Mr. Pickwick gladly assented to the proposition, and consigned the money to Mr. Mivins, who, as it was nearly eleven o'clock, lost no time in repairing to the coffee-room on his errand.

"I say," whispered Smangle, the moment his friend had left the room; "what did you give him?"

"Half a sovereign," said Mr. Pickwick.

"He's a devilish pleasant gentlemanly dog," said Mr. Smangle:—"infernal pleasant. I don't know anybody more so; but——" Here Mr. Smangle stopped short, and shook his head dubiously.

"You don't think there is any probability of his appropriating the money to his own use?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, no—mind, I don't say that; I expressly say that he's a devilish gentlemanly fellow," said Mr. Smangle. "But I think, perhaps, if somebody went down, just to see that he didn't drop his beak into the jug by accident, or make some confounded mistake in losing the money as he came up stairs, it would be as well. Here, you Sir, just run down stairs, and look after that gentleman, will you?"

This request was addressed to a little, timid-looking, nervous man, whose appearance bespoke great poverty, and who had been crouching on his bedstead all this while, apparently quite stupified by the novelty of his situation.

"You know where the coffee-room is," said Smangle; "just run down, and tell that gentleman you've come to help him up with the jug. Or—stop—I'll tell you what—I'll tell you how we'll do him," said Smangle, with a cunning look.

"How?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Send down word that he's to spend the change in cigars. Capital thought. Run and tell him that; d'ye hear? They shan't be wasted," continued Smangle, turning to Mr. Pickwick. "I'll smoke 'em."

This manœuvring was so exceedingly ingenious, and, withal, performed with such immoveable composure and coolness, that Mr. Pickwick would have had no wish to disturb it, even if he had had the power. In a short time Mr. Mivins returned, bearing the sherry, which Mr. Smangle dispensed in two little cracked mugs; considerably remarking, with reference to himself, that a gentleman must not be particular under such circumstances, and, for his part, he was not too proud to drink out of the jug; in which, to show his sincerity, he forthwith pledged the company in a daught which half emptied it.

An excellent understanding having been, by these means, promoted, Mr. Smangle proceeded to entertain his hearers with a relation of divers romantic adventures in which he had been from time to time engaged, involving various interesting anecdotes of a thorough-bred horse, and a magnificent Jewess, both of surpassing beauty, and much coveted by the nobility and gentry of these kingdoms.

Long before these elegant extracts from the biography of a gentleman were concluded, Mr. Mivins had betaken himself to bed, and set in snoring for the night: leaving the timid stranger and Mr. Pickwick to the full benefit of Mr. Smangle's experiences.

Nor were the two last-named gentlemen as much edified as they might have been by the moving passages which were narrated. Mr. Pickwick had been in a state of slumber for some time, when he had a faint perception of the drunken man bursting out afresh with the comic song, and receiving from Mr. Smangle a gentle intimation, through the medium of the water jug, that his audience were not musically disposed. He then once again dropped off to sleep, with a confused consciousness that Mr. Smangle was still engaged in relating a long story, the chief point of which appeared to be, that, on some occasion particularly stated and set forth, he had "done" a bill and a gentleman at the same time.

## CHAPTER XLI.

ILLUSTRATIVE, LIKE THE PRECEDING ONE, OF THE OLD PROVERB, THAT ADVERSITY BRINGS A MAN ACQUAINTED WITH STRANGE BED-FELLOWS. LIKEWISE CONTAINING MR. PICKWICK'S EXTRAORDINARY AND STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT TO MR. SAMUEL WELLER.

WHEN Mr. Pickwick opened his eyes next morning, the first object upon which they rested was Samuel Weller, seated upon a small black portmanteau, intently regarding, apparently in a condition of profound abstraction, the stately figure of the dashing Mr. Smangle, while Mr. Smangle himself, who was already partially dressed, was seated on his bedstead, occupied in the desperately hopeless attempt of staring Mr. Weller out of countenance. We say desperately hopeless, because Sam, with a comprehensive gaze, which took in Mr. Smangle's cap, feet, head, face, legs, and whiskers, all at the same time, continued to look steadily on with every demonstration of lively satisfaction, but with no more regard to Mr. Smangle's personal sentiments on the subject, than he would have displayed had he been inspecting a wooden statue, or a straw-embowelled Guy Faux.

"Well; will you know me again?" said Mr. Smangle, with a frown.

"I'd swear to you any veres, Sir," replied Sam, cheerfully.

"Don't be impertinent to a gentleman, Sir," said Mr. Smangle.

"Not on no account," replied Sam. "If you'll tell me ven he wakes, I'll be upon the very best extra-super behaviour!" This observation, having a remote tendency to imply that Mr. Smangle was no gentleman, rather kindled his ire.

"Mivins!" said Mr. Smangle, with a passionate air.

"What's the office?" replied that gentleman from his couch.

"Who the devil is this fellow?"

"Gad," said Mr. Mivins, looking lazily out from under the bed-clothes, "I ought to ask *you* that. Hasn't he any business here?"

"No," replied Mr. Smangle.

"Then knock him down stairs, and tell him not to presume to get up till I come and kick him," rejoined Mr. Mivins; and with this prompt advice, that excellent gentleman again betook himself to slumber.

The conversation exhibiting these unequivocal symptoms of rather verging on the personal, Mr. Pickwick deemed it a fit point at which to interpose.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," rejoined that gentleman.

"Has anything new occurred since last night?"

"Nothin' partickler, Sir," replied Sam, glancing at Mr. Smangle's whiskers; "the late prewailance of a close and confined atmosphere has

been rayther favourable to the growth of veeds, of an alarmin' and sanguinary natur; but vith that 'ere exception things is quiet enough."

"I shall get up," said Mr. Pickwick; "give me some clean things."

Whatever hostile intentions Mr. Smangle might have entertained, his thoughts were speedily diverted by the unpacking of the portmanteau; the contents of which appeared to impress him at once with a most favourable opinion, not only of Mr. Pickwick, but of Sam also, who, he took an early opportunity of declaring, in a tone of voice loud enough for that eccentric personage to overhear, was a regular thorough-bred original, and consequently the very man after his own heart. As to Mr. Pickwick, the affection he conceived for him knew no limits.

"Now is there anything I can do for you, my dear Sir?" said Smangle.

"Nothing that I am aware of, I am obliged to you," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"No linen that you want sent to the washerwoman's? I know a delightful washerwoman outside, that comes for my things twice a week, and, by Jove!—how devilish lucky!—this is the very day she calls. Shall I put any of those little things up with mine? Don't say anything about the trouble. Confound and curse it! if one gentleman under a cloud is not to put himself a little out of the way to assist another gentleman in the same condition, what's human nature?"

Thus spake Mr. Smangle, edging himself meanwhile as near as possible to the portmanteau, and beaming forth looks of the most fervent and disinterested friendship.

"There's nothing you want to give out for the man to brush, my dear creature, is there?" resumed Smangle.

"Nothin' whoever, my fine feller," rejoined Sam, taking the reply into his own mouth. "P'raps if vun of us wos to brush, without troubling the man, it 'ud be more agreeable for all parties, as the school-master said ven the young gentlemen objected to being flogged by the butler."

"And there's nothing that I can send in my little box to the washerwoman's, is there?" said Smangle, turning from Sam to Mr. Pickwick with an air of some discomfiture.

"Nothin' whatever, Sir," retorted Sam; "I'm afeerd the little box must be chock full o' your own as it is."

This speech was accompanied with such a very expressive look at that particular portion of Mr. Smangle's attire, by the appearance of which the skill of laundresses in getting up gentlemen's linen is generally tested, that he was fain to turn upon his heel, and, for the present at any rate, to give up all design on Mr. Pickwick's purse and wardrobe. He accordingly retired in dudgeon to the racket-ground, where he made a light and wholesome breakfast upon a couple of the cigars which had been purchased on the previous night.

Mr. Mivins, who was no smoker, and whose account for small articles of chandlery had also reached down to the bottom of the slate, and been "carried over" to the other side, remained in bed, and, in his own words, "took it out in sleep."

After breakfasting in a small closet attached to the coffee-room, which bore the imposing title of the Snuggery, the temporary inmate of which, in consideration of a small additional charge, has the unspeakable advantage of overhearing all the conversation in the coffee-room aforesaid; and after despatching Mr. Weller on some necessary errands, Mr. Pickwick repaired to the Lodge, to consult Mr. Roker concerning his future accommodation.

"Accommodation, eh?" said that gentleman, consulting a large book; "Plenty of that, Mr. Pickwick. Your chummage ticket will be on twenty-seven, in the third."

"Oh," said Mr. Pickwick. "My what, did you say?"

"Your chummage ticket," replied Mr. Roker; "you're up to that?"

"Not quite," replied Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"Why," said Mr. Roker, "it's as plain as Salisbury. You'll have a chummage ticket upon twenty-seven in the third, and them as is in the room will be your chums."

"Are there many of them?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, dubiously.

"Three," replied Mr. Roker.

Mr. Pickwick coughed.

"One of 'em 's a parson," said Mr. Roker, filling up a little piece of paper as he spoke, "another 's a butcher."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"A butcher," repeated Mr. Roker, giving the nib of his pen a tap on the desk to cure it of a disinclination to mark. "What a thorough-paced goer he used to be sure-ly! You remember Tom Martin, Neddy?" said Roker, appealing to another man in the lodge, who was paring the mud off his shoes with a five-and-twenty bladed pocket knife.

"I should think so," replied the party addressed, with a strong emphasis on the personal pronoun.

"Bless my dear eyes," said Mr. Roker, shaking his head slowly from side to side, and gazing abstractedly out of the grated window before him, as if he were fondly recalling some peaceful scene of his early youth; "it seems but yesterday that he whopped the coal-heaver down Fox-under-the-Hill by the wharf there. I think I can see him now, a coming up the Strand between the two street-keepers, a little sobered by the bruising, with a patch o' winegar and brown paper over his right eyelid, and that 'ere lovely bull-dog, as pinned the little boy arterwards, a following at his heels. What a rum thing time is, ain't it, Neddy?"

The gentleman to whom these observations were addressed, who appeared of a taciturn and thoughtful cast, merely echoed the inquiry; and Mr. Roker, shaking off the poetical and gloomy train of thought into which he had been betrayed, descended to the common business of life, and resumed his pen.

"Do you know what the third gentleman is?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, not very much gratified by this description of his future associates.

"What is that Simpson, Neddy?" said Mr. Roker, turning to his companion.

"What Simpson?" said Neddy.

"Why him in twenty-seven in the third, that this gentleman's going to be chummed on."

"Oh, him!" replied Neddy: "he's nothing exactly. He *was* a horse chaunter: he's a leg now."

"Ah, so I thought," rejoined Mr. Roker, closing the book, and placing the small piece of paper in Mr. Pickwick's hands—"That's the ticket, Sir."

Very much perplexed by this summary disposition of his person, Mr. Pickwick walked back into the prison, revolving in his mind what he had better do. Convinced, however, that before he took any other steps it would be advisable to see, and hold personal converse with, the three gentlemen with whom it was proposed to quarter him, he made the best of his way to the third flight.

After groping about in the gallery for some time, attempting in the dim light to decipher the numbers on the different doors, he at length appealed to a potboy, who happened to be pursuing his morning occupation of gleaning for pewter.

"Which is twenty-seven, my good fellow?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Five doors further on," replied the potboy. "There's the likeness of a man being hung, and smoking a pipe the while, chalked outside the door."

Guided by this direction, Mr. Pickwick proceeded slowly along the gallery until he encountered the "portrait of a gentleman," above described, upon whose countenance he tapped, with the knuckle of his fore-finger—gently at first, and then more audibly. After repeating this process several times without effect, he ventured to open the door and peep in.

There was only one man in the room, and he was leaning out of window as far as he could without over-balancing himself, endeavouring with great perseverance to spit upon the crown of the hat of a personal friend on the parade below. As neither speaking, coughing, sneezing, knocking, nor any other ordinary mode of attracting attention, made this person aware of the presence of a visiter, Mr. Pickwick, after some delay, stepped up to the window, and pulled him gently by the coat-tail. The individual brought in his head and shoulders with great swiftness, and surveying Mr. Pickwick from head to foot, demanded in a surly tone what the—something beginning with a capital H—he wanted.

"I believe," said Mr. Pickwick, consulting his ticket, "I believe this is twenty-seven in the third."

"Well?" replied the gentleman.

"I have come here in consequence of receiving this bit of paper," rejoined Mr. Pickwick.

"Hand it over," said the gentleman.

Mr. Pickwick complied.

"I think Roker might have chummed you somewhere else," said Mr. Simpson (for it was the leg), after a very discontented sort of a pause.



Mr. Pickwick thought so also ; but, under all the circumstances, he considered it a matter of sound policy to be silent.

Mr. Simpson mused for a few moments after this, and then, thrusting his head out of the window, gave a shrill whistle, and pronounced some word aloud several times. What the word was, Mr. Pickwick could not distinguish ; but he rather inferred that it must be some nickname which distinguished Mr. Martin, from the fact of a great number of gentlemen on the ground below, immediately proceeding to cry " Butcher," in imitation of the tone in which that useful class of society are wont diurnally to make their presence known at area railings.

Subsequent occurrences confirmed the accuracy of Mr. Pickwick's impression ; for, in a few seconds, a gentleman, prematurely broad for his years, clothed in a professional blue jean frock, and top-boots with circular toes, entered the room nearly out of breath, closely followed by another gentleman in very shabby black, and a seal-skin cap. The latter gentleman, who fastened his coat all the way up to his chin by means of a pin and a button alternately, had a very coarse red face, and looked like a drunken chaplain, which, indeed, he was.

These two gentlemen having by turns perused Mr. Pickwick's billet, the one expressed his opinion that it was " a rig," and the other his conviction that it was " a go." Having recorded their feelings in these very intelligible terms, they looked at Mr. Pickwick and each other in awkward silence.

" It's an aggravating thing, just as we got the beds so snug," said the chaplain, looking at three dirty mattresses, each rolled up in a blanket, which occupied one corner of the room during the day, and formed a kind of slab, on which were placed an old cracked basin, ewer, and soap-dish, of common yellow earthenware, with a blue flower : " Very aggravating."

Mr. Martin expressed the same opinion, in rather stronger terms ; Mr. Simpson, after having let a variety of expletive adjectives loose upon society without any substantive to accompany them, tucked up his sleeves, and began to wash the greens for dinner.

While this was going on, Mr. Pickwick had been eyeing the room, which was filthily dirty, and smelt intolerably close. There was no vestige of either carpet, curtain, or blind. There was not even a closet in it. Unquestionably there were but few things to put away, if there had been one ; but, however few in number, or small in individual amount, still remnants of loaves, and pieces of cheese, and damp towels, and scraps of meat, and articles of wearing apparel, and mutilated crockery, and bellows without nozzles, and toasting-forks without prongs, *do* present something of an uncomfortable appearance when they are scattered about the floor of a small apartment, which is the common sitting and sleeping room of three idle men.

" I suppose this can be managed somehow," said the butcher, after a pretty long silence. " What will you take to go out ?"

" I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Pickwick. " What did you say ? I hardly understand you."

" What will you take to be paid out ?" said the butcher. " The regular chumage is two-and-sixpence. Will you take three bob ?"

"—And a bender," suggested the clerical gentleman.

"Well, I don't mind that; it's only twopence a-piece more," said Mr. Martin. "What do you say now? We'll pay you out for three-and-sixpence a week. Come."

"And stand a gallon of beer down," chimed in Mr. Simpson. "There."

"And drink it on the spot," said the chaplain. "Now."

"I really am so wholly ignorant of the rules of this place," returned Mr. Pickwick, "that I do not yet comprehend you. *Can* I live anywhere else? I thought I could not."

At this inquiry Mr. Martin looked with a countenance of excessive surprise at his two friends, and then each gentleman pointed with his right thumb over his left shoulder. This action, imperfectly described in words by the very feeble term of "over the left," when performed by any number of ladies or gentlemen who are accustomed to act in unison, has a very graceful and airy effect; its expression is one of light and playful sarcasm.

"*Can* you!" repeated Mr. Martin, with a smile of pity.

"Well, if I knew as little of life as that, I'd eat my hat and swallow the buckle," said the clerical gentleman.

"So would I," added the sporting one, solemnly.

After this introductory preface, the three chums informed Mr. Pickwick in a breath, that money was, in the Fleet, just what money was out of it; that it would instantly procure him almost anything he desired; and that, supposing he had got it, and had no objection to spend it, if he only signified his wish to have a room to himself, he might take possession of one, furnished and fitted to boot, in half an hour's time.

With this, the parties separated, very much to their mutual satisfaction; Mr. Pickwick once more retracing his steps to the lodge, and the three companions adjourning to the coffee-room, there to expend the five shillings which the clerical gentleman had, with admirable prudence and foresight, borrowed of him for the purpose.

"I knewed it!" said Mr. Roker, with a chuckle, when Mr. Pickwick stated the object with which he had returned. "Didn't I say so, Neddy?"

The philosophical owner of the universal penknife growled an affirmative.

"I knewed you'd want a room for yourself, bless you!" said Mr. Roker. "Let me see. You'll want some furniture. You'll hire that of me, I suppose? That's the reg'lar thing."

"With great pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"There's a capital room up in the coffee-room flight, that belongs to a Chancery prisoner," said Mr. Roker. "It'll stand you in a pound a-week. I suppose you don't mind that?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Just step there with me," said Roker, taking up his hat with great alacrity; "the matter's settled in five minutes. Lord! why didn't you say at first that you was willing to come down handsome?"

The matter was soon arranged, as the turnkey had foretold. The Chancery prisoner had been there long enough to have lost friends, fortune, home, and happiness, and to have acquired the right of having a room to himself. As he laboured, however, under the slight inconvenience of often wanting a morsel of bread, he eagerly listened to Mr. Pickwick's proposal to rent the apartment; and readily covenanted and agreed to yield him up the sole and undisturbed possession thereof, in consideration of the weekly payment of twenty shillings; from which fund he furthermore contracted to pay out any person or persons that might be chummed upon it.

As they struck the bargain, Mr. Pickwick surveyed him with a painful interest. He was a tall, gaunt, cadaverous man, in an old great-coat and slippers, with sunken cheeks, and a restless, eager eye. His lips were bloodless, and his bones sharp and thin. God help him! the iron teeth of confinement and privation had been slowly filing them down for twenty years.

"And where will you live meanwhile, Sir?" said Mr. Pickwick, as he laid the amount of the first week's rent in advance on the tottering table.

The man gathered up the money with a trembling hand, and replied that he didn't know yet; he must go and see where he could move his bed to.

"I am afraid, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand gently and compassionately on his arm;—"I am afraid you will have to live in some noisy crowded place. Now, pray, consider this room your own when you want quiet, or when any of your friends come to see you."

"Friends!" interposed the man, in a voice which rattled in his throat. "If I lay dead at the bottom of the deepest mine in the world, tight screwed down and soldered in my coffin, rotting in the dark and filthy ditch that drags its slime along beneath the foundations of this prison, I could not be more forgotten or unheeded than I am here. I am a dead man—dead to society, without the pity they bestow on those whose souls have passed to judgment. Friends to see *me!* My God! I have sunk from the prime of life into old age in this place, and there is not one to raise his hand above my bed, when I lie dead upon it, and say, 'It is a blessing he is gone!'"

The excitement, which had cast an unwonted light over the man's face while he spoke, subsided as he concluded; and, pressing his withered hands together in a hasty and disordered manner, he shuffled from the room.

"Rides rather rusty," said Mr. Roker, with a smile. "Ah! they're like the elephants; they feel it now and then, and it makes 'em wild!"

Having made this deeply-sympathising remark, Mr. Roker entered upon his arrangements with such expedition, that in a short time the room was furnished with a carpet, six chairs, a table, a sofa bedstead, a tea-kettle, and various small *et ceteras*, on hire, at the very reasonable rate of seven-and-twenty shillings and sixpence per week.

"Now, is there anything more we can do for you?" inquired Mr.

Roker, looking round with great satisfaction, and gaily chinking the first week's hire in his closed fist.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Pickwick, who had been musing deeply for some time. "Are there any people here who run on errands, and so forth?"

"Outside, do you mean?" inquired Mr. Roker.

"Yes; I mean who are able to go outside. Not prisoners."

"Yes, there is," said Roker. "There's an unfortunate devil, who has got a friend on the poor side, that's glad to do anything of that sort. He's been running odd jobs, and that, for the last two months. Shall I send him?"

"If you please," rejoined Mr. Pickwick. "Stay;—no. The poor side, you say. I should like to see it;—I'll go to him myself."

The poor side of a debtor's prison is, as its name imports, that in which the most miserable and abject class of debtors are confined. A prisoner having declared upon the poor side, pays neither rent nor chummage. His fees, upon entering and leaving the gaol, are reduced in amount, and he becomes entitled to a share of some small quantities of food; to provide which, a few charitable persons have, from time to time, left trifling legacies in their wills. Most of our readers will remember, that, until within a very few years past, there was a kind of iron cage in the wall of the Fleet Prison, within which was posted some man of hungry looks, who, from time to time, rattled a money-box, and exclaimed, in a mournful voice, "Pray, remember the poor debtors; pray, remember the poor debtors." The receipts of this box, when there were any, were divided among the poor prisoners, and the men on the poor side relieved each other in this degrading office.

Although this custom has been abolished, and the cage is now boarded up, the miserable and destitute condition of these unhappy persons remains the same. We no longer suffer them to appeal at the prison gates to the charity and compassion of the passers by; but we still leave unblotted in the leaves of our statute book, for the reverence and admiration of succeeding ages, the just and wholesome law which declares that the sturdy felon shall be fed and clothed, and that the penniless debtor shall be left to die of starvation and nakedness. This is no fiction. Not a week passes over our heads but, in every one of our prisons for debt, some of these men must inevitably expire in the slow agonies of want, if they were not relieved by their fellow-prisoners.

Turning these things in his mind, as he mounted the narrow staircase at the foot of which Roker had left him, Mr. Pickwick gradually worked himself to the boiling-over point; and so excited was he with his reflections on this subject, that he had burst into the room to which he had been directed, before he had any distinct recollection either of the place in which he was, or of the object of his visit.

The general aspect of the room recalled him to himself at once; but he had no sooner cast his eyes on the figure of a man who was brooding over the dusty fire, than, letting his hat fall on the floor, he stood perfectly fixed and immoveable with astonishment.

Yes, in tattered garments, and without a coat; his common calico shirt yellow and in rags; his hair hanging over his face; his features changed with suffering, and pinched with famine,—there sat Mr. Alfred Jingle; his head resting upon his hand, his eyes fixed upon the fire, and his whole appearance denoting misery and dejection!

Near him, leaning listlessly against the wall, stood a strong-built countryman, flicking with a worn-out hunting-whip the top-boot that adorned his right foot: his left being thrust into an old slipper. Horses, dogs, and drink had brought him there pell-mell. There was a rusty spur on the solitary boot, which he occasionally jerked into the empty air, at the same time giving the boot a smart blow, and muttering some of the sounds by which a sportsman encourages his horse. He was riding, in imagination, some desperate steeple-chace at that moment. Poor wretch! he never rode a match on the swiftest animal in his costly stud, with half the speed at which he had torn along the course that ended in the Fleet.

On the opposite side of the room an old man was seated on a small wooden box, with his eyes rivetted on the floor, and his face settled into an expression of the deepest and most hopeless despair. A young girl—his little grand-daughter—was hanging about him, endeavouring, with a thousand childish devices, to engage his attention; but the old man neither saw nor heard her. The voice that had been music to him, and the eyes that had been light, fell coldly on his senses. His limbs were shaking with disease, and the palsy had fastened on his mind.

There were two or three other men in the room, congregated in a little knot, and noisily talking among themselves. There was a lean and haggard woman, too—a prisoner's wife—who was watering, with great solicitude, the wretched stump of a dried-up, withered plant, which, it was plain to see, could never send forth a green leaf again;—too true an emblem, perhaps, of the office she had come there to discharge.

Such were the objects which presented themselves to Mr. Pickwick's view, as he looked round him in amazement. The noise of some one stumbling hastily into the room roused him. Turning his eyes towards the door, they encountered the new comer; and in him, through all his rags, and dirt, and misery, he recognised the familiar features of Mr. Job Trotter.

“Mr. Pickwick!” exclaimed Job aloud.

“Eh?” said Jingle, starting from his seat.

“Mr. ———! So it is—queer place—strange thing—serves me right—very.” And with this Mr. Jingle thrust his hands into the place where his trousers pocket used to be, and, dropping his chin upon his breast, sunk back into his chair.

Mr. Pickwick was affected; the two men looked so very miserable. The sharp involuntary glance Jingle had cast at a small piece of raw loin of mutton, which Job had brought in with him, said more of their reduced state than two hours' explanation could have done. He looked mildly at Jingle, and said:—

"I should like to speak to you in private. Will you step out for an instant?"

"Certainly," said Jingle, rising hastily. "Can't step far—no danger of over-walking yourself here—spike park—grounds pretty—romantic, but not extensive—open for public inspection—family always in town—housekeeper desperately careful—very."

"You have forgotten your coat," said Mr. Pickwick, as they walked out to the staircase, and closed the door after them.

"Eh?" said Jingle. "Spout—dear relation—uncle Tom—couldn't help it—must eat, you know. Wants of nature—and all that."

"What do you mean?"

"Gone, my dear Sir—last coat—can't help it. Lived on a pair of boots—whole fortnight. Silk umbrella—ivory handle—week—fact—honour—ask Job—knows it."

"Lived for three weeks upon a pair of boots and a silk umbrella with an ivory handle!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, who had only heard of such things in shipwrecks, or read of them in Constable's Miscellany.

"True," said Jingle, nodding his head. "Pawnbroker's shop—duplicates here—small sums—mere nothing—all rascals."

"Oh," said Mr. Pickwick, much relieved by this explanation; "I understand you. You have pawned your wardrobe."

"Every thing—Job's too—all shirts gone—never mind—saves washing. Nothing soon—lie in bed—starve—die—Inquest—little bone-house—poor prisoner—common necessaries—hush it up—gentlemen of the jury—warden's tradesmen—keep it snug—natural death—coroner's order—workhouse funeral—serve him right—all over—drop the curtain."

Jingle delivered this singular summary of his prospects in life with his accustomed volubility, and with various twitches of the countenance to counterfeit smiles. Mr. Pickwick easily perceived that his recklessness was assumed, and looking him full, but not unkindly, in the face, saw that his eyes were moist with tears.

"Good fellow," said Jingle, pressing his hand, and turning his head away. "Ungrateful dog—boyish to cry—can't help it—bad fever—weak—ill—hungry. Deserved it all; but suffered much—very." Wholly unable to keep up appearances any longer, and perhaps rendered worse by the effort he had made, the dejected stroller sat down on the stairs, and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed like a child.

"Come, come," said Mr. Pickwick, with considerable emotion, "we'll see what can be done when I know all about the matter. Here, Job; where is that fellow?"

"Here, Sir," replied Job, presenting himself on the staircase. We have described him, by-the-bye, as having deeply-sunken eyes in the best of times; in his present state of want and distress, he looked as if those features had gone out of town altogether.

"Here, Sir," said Job.

"Come here, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, trying to look stern, with four large tears running down his waistcoat. "Take that, Sir."

Take what? In the ordinary acceptation of such language, it should have been a blow. As the world runs, it ought to have been a sound,

hearty cuff; for Mr. Pickwick had been duped, deceived, and wronged by the destitute outcast who was now wholly in his power. Must we tell the truth? It was something from Mr. Pickwick's waistcoat-pocket, which chinked as it was given into Job's hand: and the giving which, somehow or other imparted a sparkle to the eye, and a swelling to the heart of our excellent old friend, as he hurried away.

Sam had returned when Mr. Pickwick reached his own room, and was inspecting the arrangements that had been made for his comfort, with a kind of grim satisfaction which was very pleasant to look upon. Having a decided objection to his master's being there at all, Mr. Weller appeared to consider it a high moral duty not to appear too much pleased with anything that was done, said, suggested, or proposed.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Pretty comfortable now, eh, Sam?"

"Pretty vell, Sir," responded Sam, looking round him in a disparaging manner.

"Have you seen Mr. Tupman and our other friends?"

"Yes, I *have* seen 'em, Sir, and they're a comin' to-morrow, and was very much surprised to hear they warn't to come to-day," replied Sam.

"You have brought the things I wanted?"

Mr. Weller in reply pointed to various packages which he had arranged as neatly as he could, in a corner of the room.

"Very well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, after a little hesitation; "listen to what I am going to say, Sam."

"Cert'nly, Sir," rejoined Mr. Weller, "fire away, Sir."

"I have felt from the first, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, with much solemnity, "that this is not the place to bring a young man to."

"Nor an old 'un neither, Sir," observed Mr. Weller.

"You're quite right, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "but old men may come here through their own heedlessness and unsuspection, and young men may be brought here by the selfishness of those they serve. It is better for those young men, in every point of view, that they should not remain here. Do you understand me, Sam?"

"Vy no, Sir, I do not," replied Mr. Weller, doggedly.

"Try, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Vell, Sir," rejoined Sam, after a short pause, "I think I see your drift; and if I do see your drift, it's my 'pinion that you're a comin' it a great deal too strong, as the mail-coachman said to the snow storm, ven it overtook him."

"I see you comprehend me, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "Independently of my wish that you should not be idling about a place like this for years to come, I feel that for a debtor in the Fleet to be attended by his man-servant is a monstrous absurdity.—Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "for a time you must leave me."

"Oh, for a time, eh, Sir?" rejoined Mr. Weller, rather sarcastically.

"Yes, for the time that I remain here," said Mr. Pickwick. "Your wages I shall continue to pay. Any one of my three friends will be happy to take you, were it only out of respect to me. And if I ever do

leave this place, Sam," added Mr. Pickwick, with assumed cheerfulness—"if I do, I pledge you my word that you shall return to me instantly."

"Now I'll tell you wot it is, Sir," said Mr. Weller, in a grave and solemn voice, "This here sort o' thing von't do at all, so don't let's hear no more about it."

"I am serious, and resolved, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You air, air you, Sir?" inquired Mr. Weller, firmly. "Wery good, Sir; then so am I."

Thus speaking, Mr. Weller fixed his hat on his head with great precision, and abruptly left the room.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, calling after him, "Sam. Here."

But the long gallery ceased to re-echo the sound of footsteps. Sam Weller was gone.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### SHOWING HOW MR. SAMUEL WELLER GOT INTO DIFFICULTIES.

IN a lofty room, badly lighted and worse ventilated, situate in Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, there sit nearly the whole year round, one, two, three, or four gentlemen in wigs, as the case may be, with little writing desks before them, constructed after the fashion of those used by the judges of the land, barring the French polish; a box of barristers on their right hand; an inclosure of insolvent debtors on their left; and an inclined plane of most especially dirty faces in their front. These gentlemen are the Commissioners of the Insolvent Court, and the place in which they sit is the Insolvent Court itself.

It is, and has been, time out of mind, the remarkable fate of this Court to be somehow or other held and understood by the general consent of all the destitute shabby-genteel people in London, as their common resort, and place of daily refuge. It is always full. The steams of beer and spirits perpetually ascend to the ceiling, and, being condensed by the heat, roll down the walls like rain: there are more old suits of clothes in it at one time, than will be offered for sale in all Houndsditch in a twelvemonth; and more unwashed skins and grizzly beards than all the pumps and shaving-shops between Tyburn and Whitechapel could render decent between sunrise and sunset.

It must not be supposed that any of these people have the least shadow of business in, or the remotest connexion with, the place they so indefatigably attend. If they had, it would be no matter of surprise, and the singularity of the thing would cease at once. Some of them sleep during the greater part of the sitting; others carry small portable dinners wrapped in pocket handkerchiefs or sticking out of their worn-out pockets, and munch and listen with equal relish; but no one among them was ever known to have the slightest personal interest in any



case that was ever brought forward. Whatever they do, there they sit from the first moment to the last. When it is heavy rainy weather, they all come in wet through; and at such times the vapours of the Court are like those of a fungus-pit.

A casual visitor might suppose this place to be a temple dedicated to the Genius of Seediness. There is not a messenger or process-server attached to it, who wears a coat that was made for him; not a tolerably fresh, or wholesome-looking man in the whole establishment, except a little white-headed apple-faced tipstaff, and even he, like an ill-conditioned cherry preserved in brandy, seems to have artificially dried and withered up into a state of preservation, to which he can lay no natural claim. The very barristers' wigs are ill-powdered, and their curls lack crispness.

But the attorneys, who sit at a large bare table below the Commissioners, are, after all, the greatest curiosities. The professional establishment of the more opulent of these gentlemen, consists of a blue bag and a boy: generally a youth of the Jewish persuasion. They have no fixed offices, their legal business being transacted in the parlours of public houses, or the yards of prisons, whither they repair in crowds, and canvass for customers after the manner of omnibus cads. They are of a greasy and mildewed appearance; and if they can be said to have any vices at all, perhaps drinking and cheating are the most conspicuous among them. Their residences are usually on the outskirts of "the Rules," chiefly lying within a circle of one mile from the obelisk in St. George's Fields. Their looks are not prepossessing, and their manners are peculiar.

Mr. Solomon Pell, one of this learned body, was a fat flabby pale man, in a surtout which looked green one minute, and brown the next, with a velvet collar of the same cameleon tints. His forehead was narrow, his face wide, his head large, and his nose *all on one side*, as if Nature, indignant with the propensities she observed in him in his birth, had given it an angry tweak which it had never recovered. Being short-necked and asthmatic, however, he respired principally through this feature; so, perhaps, what it wanted in ornament it made up in usefulness.

"I'm sure to bring him through it," said Mr. Pell.

"Are you though?" replied the person to whom the assurance was pledged.

"Certain sure," replied Pell; "but if he'd gone to any irregular practitioner, mind you, I wouldn't have answered for the consequences."

"Ah!" said the other, with open mouth.

"No, that I wouldn't," said Mr. Pell; and he pursed up his lips, frowned, and shook his head mysteriously.

Now the place where this discourse occurred, was the public-house just opposite to the Insolvent Court; and the person with whom it was held was no other than the elder Mr. Weller, who had come there to comfort and console a friend, whose petition to be discharged under the act was to be that day heard, and whose attorney he was at that moment consulting.

"And vere is George?" inquired the old gentleman.

Mr. Pell jerked his head in the direction of a back parlour, whither Mr. Weller at once repairing, was immediately greeted in the warmest and most flattering manner by some half-dozen of his professional brethren, in token of their gratification at his arrival. The insolvent gentleman, who had contracted a speculative but imprudent passion for horsing long stages, which had led to his present embarrassments, looked extremely well, and was soothing the excitement of his feelings with shrimps and porter.

The salutation between Mr. Weller and his friends was strictly confined to the freemasonry of the craft; consisting of a jerking round of the right wrist, and a tossing of the little finger into the air at the same time. We once knew two famous coachmen (they are dead now, poor fellows) who were twins, and between whom an unaffected and devoted attachment existed. They passed each other on the Dover road every day, for twenty-four years, never exchanging any other greeting than this; and yet, when one died, the other pined away, and soon afterwards followed him!

"Vell, George," said Mr. Weller, senior, taking off his upper coat, and seating himself with his accustomed gravity. "How is it? All right behind, and full inside?"

"All right, old feller," replied the embarrassed gentlemen.

"Is the grey mare made over to any body?" inquired Mr. Weller, anxiously.

George nodded in the affirmative.

"Vell, that's all right," said Mr. Weller. "Coach taken care on, also?"

"Con-signed in a safe quarter," replied George, wringing the heads off half-a-dozen shrimps, and swallowing them without any more ado.

"Wery good, wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Always see to the drag ven you go down hill. Is the vay-bill all clear and straight for'erd?"

"The schedule, Sir," said Pell, guessing at Mr. Weller's meaning, "the schedule is as plain and satisfactory as pen and ink can make it."

Mr. Weller nodded in a manner which bespoke his inward approval of these arrangements; and then, turning to Mr. Pell, said, pointing to his friend George,—

"Ven do you take his cloths off?"

"Why," replied Mr. Pell, "he stands third on the opposed list, and I should think it would be his turn in about half an hour. I told my clerk to come over and tell us when there was a chance."

Mr. Weller surveyed the attorney from head to foot with great admiration, and said emphatically,—

"And what'll you take, Sir?"

"Why, really," replied Mr. Pell, "you're very——. Upon my word and honour, I'm not in the habit of——. It's so very early in the morning, that, actually, I am almost——. Well, you may bring me three penn'orth of rum, my dear."

The officiating damsel, who had anticipated the order before it was given, set the glass of spirits before Pell, and retired.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pell, looking round upon the company, "Success to your friend. I don't like to boast, gentlemen; it's not my way; but I can't help saying, that, if your friend hadn't been fortunate enough to fall into hands that—but I won't say what I was going to say. Gentlemen, my service to you." Having emptied the glass in a twinkling, Mr. Pell smacked his lips, and looked complacently round on the assembled coachmen, who evidently regarded him as a species of divinity.

"Let me see," said the legal authority—"What was I a-saying, gentlemen?"

"I think you was remarkin' as you wouldn't have no objection to another o' the same, Sir," said Mr. Weller, with grave facetiousness.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Pell. "Not bad, not bad. A professional man, too! At this time of the morning it would be rather too good a——. Well, I don't know, my dear—you *may* do that again, if you please. Hem!"

This last sound was a solemn and dignified cough, in which Mr. Pell, observing an indecent tendency to mirth in some of his auditors, considered it due to himself to indulge.

"The late Lord Chancellor, gentlemen, was very fond of me," said Mr. Pell.

"And wery creditable in him, too," interposed Mr. Weller.

"Hear, hear," assented Mr. Pell's client. "Why shouldn't he be?"

"Ah—why, indeed!" said a very red-faced man, who had said nothing yet, and who looked extremely unlikely to say anything more. "Why shouldn't he?"

A murmur of assent ran through the company.

"I remember, gentlemen," said Mr. Pell, "dining with him on one occasion;—there was only us two, but every thing as splendid as if twenty people had been expected; the great seal on a dumb-waiter at his right hand, and a man in a bag-wig and suit of armour guarding the mace with a drawn sword and silk stockings, which is perpetually done, gentlemen, night and day; when he said, 'Pell,' he said; 'no false delicacy, Pell. You're a man of talent; you can get any body through the Insolvent Court, Pell; and your country should be proud of you.' Those were his very words.—'My Lord,' I said, 'you flatter me.'—'Pell,' he said, 'if I do, I'm damned.'"

"Did he say that?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"He did," replied Pell.

"Vell, then," said Mr. Weller, "I say Parliament ought to ha' taken it up; and if he'd been a poor man, they would ha' done it."

"But, my dear friend," argued Mr. Pell, "it was in confidence."

"In what?" said Mr. Weller.

"In confidence."

"Oh! wery good," replied Mr. Weller, after a little reflection. "If he damned his-self in confidence, o' course that was another thing."

"Of course it was," said Mr. Pell. "The distinction's obvious, you will perceive."

"Alters the case entirely," said Mr. Weller. "Go on, Sir."

"No; I will not go on, Sir," said Mr. Pell, in a low and serious tone. "You have reminded me, Sir, that this conversation was private—private and confidential, gentlemen. Gentlemen, I am a professional man. It may be that I am a good deal looked up to, in my profession—it may be that I am not. Most people know. I say nothing. Observations have already been made, in this room, injurious to the reputation of my noble friend. You will excuse me, gentlemen; I was imprudent. I feel that I have no right to mention this matter without his concurrence. Thank you, Sir; thank you." Thus delivering himself, Mr. Pell thrust his hands into his pockets, and, frowning grimly around, rattled three-halfpence with terrible determination.

This virtuous resolution had scarcely been formed, when the boy and the blue bag, who were inseparable companions, rushed violently into the room, and said (at least the boy did; for the blue bag took no part in the announcement) that the case was coming on directly. The intelligence was no sooner received than the whole party hurried across the street, and began to fight their way into Court—a preparatory ceremony, which has been calculated to occupy, in ordinary cases, from twenty-five minutes to thirty.

Mr. Weller being stout, cast himself at once into the crowd, with the desperate hope of ultimately turning up in some place which would suit him. His success was not quite equal to his expectations, for having neglected to take his hat off, it was knocked over his eyes by some unseen person, upon whose toes he had alighted with considerable force. Apparently this individual regretted his impetuosity immediately afterwards, for, muttering an indistinct exclamation of surprise, he dragged the old man out into the hall, and, after a violent struggle, released his head and face.

"Samivel!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, when he was thus enabled to behold his rescuer.

Sam nodded.

"You're a dutiful and affectionate little boy, you are, ain't you?" said Mr. Weller, "to come a bonnetin' your father in his old age?"

"How should I know who you was?" responded the son. "Do you s'pose I was to tell you by the weight o' your foot?"

"Vell, that's wery true, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, mollified at once; "but wot are you doin' on here? Your gov'nor can't do no good here, Sammy. They von't pass that verdict; they von't pass it, Sammy." And Mr. Weller shook his head with legal solemnity.

"Wot a perverse old file it is!" exclaimed Sam, "always a goin' on about verdicts and alleybis, and that. Who said anything about the verdict?"

Mr. Weller made no reply, but once more shook his head most learnedly.

"Leave off rattlin' that 'ere nob o' yourn, if you don't want it to come off the springs altogether," said Sam impatiently, "and behave reasonable. I vent all the way down to the Markis o' Granby arter you last night."

"Did you see the Marchionness o' Granby, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller, with a sigh.

"Yes, I did," replied Sam.

"How was the dear creetur lookin'?"

"Wery queer," said Sam. "I think she's a injurin' herself gradivally vith too much o' that 'ere pine-apple rum, and other strong medicines o' the same natur."

"You don't mean that, Sammy?" said the senior, earnestly.

"I do, indeed," replied the junior.

Mr. Weller seized his son's hand, clasped it, and let it fall. There was an expression on his countenance in doing so—not of dismay or apprehension, but partaking more of the sweet and gentle character of hope. A gleam of resignation, and even of cheerfulness, passed over his face too, as he slowly said—"I ain't quite certain, Sammy; I wouldn't like to say I was altogeth'er positive, in case of any subsekent disappointment, but I rayther think, my boy—I rayther think that the shepherd's got the liver complaint!"

"Does he look bad?" inquired Sam.

"He's uncommon pale," replied his father, "'cept about the nose, vich is redder than ever. His appetite is wery so-so, but he imbibes wunderful."

Some thoughts of the rum appeared to obtrude themselves on Mr. Weller's mind as he said this, for he looked gloomy and thoughtful; but very shortly recovered, as was testified by a perfect alphabet of winks, in which he was only wont to indulge when particularly pleased.

"Vell, now," said Sam, "about my affair. Just open them ears o' yourn, and don't say nothin' till I've done." With this brief preface, Sam related, as succinctly as he could, the last memorable conversation he had had with Mr. Pickwick.

"Stop there by himself, poor creetur!" exclaimed the elder Mr. Weller, "without nobody to take his part! It can't be done, Samivel, it can't be done."

"O' course it can't," asserted Sam; "I know'd that afore I came."

"Vy, they'll eat him up alive, Sammy," exclaimed Mr. Weller.

Sam nodded his concurrence in the opinion.

"He goes in rayther raw, Sammy," said Mr. Weller metaphorically, "and he'll come out done so ex-ceedin' brown, that his most formiliar friends won't know him. Roast pigeon's nothin' to it, Sammy."

Again Sam Weller nodded.

"It oughn't to be, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"It mustn't be," said Sam.

"Cert'nly not," said Mr. Weller.

"Vell now," said Sam, "you've been a prophecyin' avay wery fine, like a red-faced Nixon, as the sixpenny books gives picters on."

"Who was he, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Never mind who he was," retorted Sam; "he warn't a coachman, that's enough for you."

"I know'd a ostler o' that name," said Mr. Weller, musing.

"It warn't him," said Sam. "This here gen'lm'n was a prophet."

"Wot's a prophet?" inquired Mr. Weller, looking sternly on his son.

"Vy, a man as tells what's a goin' to happen," replied Sam.

"I wish I'd know'd him, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. "P'raps he might ha' throw'd a small light on that 'ere liver complaint as we wos a speakin' on just now. Hows'ever, if he's dead, and ain't left the business to nobody, there's an end on it. Go on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, with a sigh.

"Vell," said Sam, "you're been a prophecyin' avay about wot'll happen to the gov'nor if he's left alone. Don't you see any vay o' takin' care on him?"

"No, I don't, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, with a reflective visage.

"No vay at all?" inquired Sam.

"No vay," said Mr. Weller, "unless"—and a gleam of intelligence lighted up his countenance as he sunk his voice to a whisper, and applied his mouth to the ear of his offspring—"unless it is getting him out in a turn-up bedstead, unbeknown to the turnkeys, Sammy, or dressin' him up like an old 'ooman vith a green wail."

Sam Weller received both of these suggestions with unexpected contempt, and again propounded his question.

"No," said the old gentleman; "if he von't let you stop there, I see no vay at all. Its no thoroughfare, Sammy—no thoroughfare."

"Well, then, I'll tell you wot it is," said Sam, "I'll trouble you for the loan of five-and-twenty pound."

"Wot good 'ull that do?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Never mind," replied Sam. "P'raps you may ask for it five minits arterwards; p'raps I may say I von't pay, and cut up rough. You von't think o' arrestin' your own son for the money, and sendin' him off to the Fleet, will you, you unnat'ral wagabond?"

At this reply of Sam's, the father and son exchanged a complete code of sly telegraphic nods and gestures, after which, the elder Mr. Weller sat himself down on a stone step, and laughed till he was purple.

"Wot a old image it is!" exclaimed Sam, indignant at this loss of time. "What are you a settin' down there for, con-wertin' your face into a street-door knocker, ven there's so much to be done. Vere's the money?"

"In the boot, Sammy, in the boot," replied Mr. Weller, composing his features. "Hold my hat, Sammy."

Having divested himself of this incumbrance, Mr. Weller gave his body a sudden wrench to one side, and, by a dexterous twist, contrived to get his right hand into a most capacious pocket, from whence, after a great deal of panting and exertion, he extricated a pocket-book of the large octavo size, fastened by a huge leather strap. From thence he drew forth a couple of whip-lashes, three or four buckles, a little sample-bag of corn, and finally a small roll of very dirty bank-notes, from which he selected the required amount, which he handed over to Sam.

"And now, Sammy," said the old gentleman, when the whip-lashes, and the buckles, and the sample, had been all put back, and the book once more deposited at the bottom of the same pocket, "Now, Sammy, I know a gen'lm'n here, as 'll do the rest o' the business for us, in no time

—a limb o' the law, Sammy, as has got brains like the frogs, dispersed all over his body, and reachin' to the wery tips of his fingers; a friend of the Lord Chancellorship's, Sammy, who'd only have to tell him what he wanted, and he'd lock you up for life, if that was all."

"I say," said Sam, "none o' that."

"None o' wot?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Vy, none o' them unconstitootional ways o' doin' it," retorted Sam. "The have-his-carcase, next to the perpetual motion, is vun o' the blesseddest things as wos ever made. I've read that 'ere in the newspapers wery of'en."

"Well, wot's that got to do vith it?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Just this here," said Sam, "that I'll patronise the invention, and go in, that vay. No visperin's to the Chancellorship—I don't like the notion. It mayn't be altogether safe, vith reference to the gettin' out agin."

Deferring to his son's feeling upon this point, Mr. Weller at once sought the erudite Solomon Pell, and acquainted him with his desire to issue a writ instantly for the sum of twenty-five pounds, and costs of process, to be executed without delay upon the body of one Samuel Weller; the charges thereby incurred to be paid in advance to Solomon Pell.

The attorney was in high glee, for the embarrassed coach-horser was ordered to be discharged forthwith. He highly approved of Sam's attachment to his master; declared that it strongly reminded him of his own feelings of devotion to his friend, the Chancellor; and at once led the elder Mr. Weller down to the Temple, to swear the affidavit of debt, which the boy, with the assistance of the blue bag, had drawn up on the spot.

Meanwhile Sam, having been formally introduced to the white-washed gentleman and his friends, as the offspring of Mr. Weller, of the Belle Sauvage, was treated with marked distinction, and invited to regale himself with them in honour of the occasion—an invitation which he was by no means backward in accepting.

The mirth of gentlemen of this class is of a grave and quiet character usually; but the present instance was one of peculiar festivity, and they relaxed in proportion. After some rather tumultuous toasting of the Chief Commissioner and Mr. Solomon Pell, who had that day displayed such transcendant abilities, a mottled-faced gentleman in a blue shawl proposed that somebody should sing a song. The obvious suggestion was, that the mottled-faced gentleman, being anxious for a song, should sing it himself; but this the mottled-faced gentleman sturdily, and somewhat offensively, declined to do; upon which, as is not unusual in such cases, a rather angry colloquy ensued.

"Gentlemen," said the coach-horser, "rather than disturb the harmony of this delightful occasion, perhaps Mr. Samuel Weller will oblige the company."

"Raly, gentlemen," said Sam, "I'm not wery much in the habit o' singin' vithout the instrument; but anythin' for a quiet life, as the man said ven he took the sivation at the light-house."

With this prelude, Mr. Samuel Weller burst at once into the following wild and beautiful legend, which, under the impression that it is not generally known, we take the liberty of quoting. We would beg to call particular attention to the monosyllable at the end of the second and fourth lines, which not only enables the singer to take breath at those points, but greatly assists the metre.

### Romance.

#### I.

Bold Turpin vunce, on Hounslow Heath,  
His bold mare Bess bestrode—er ;  
Ven there he see'd the Bishop's coach  
A-comin' along the road—er.  
So he gallops close to the orse's legs,  
And he claps his head vithin ;  
And the Bishop says, " Sure as eggs is eggs,  
This here's the bold Turpin ! "

(CHORUS.) *And the Bishop says, " Sure as eggs is eggs,  
This here's the bold Turpin ! "*

#### II.

Says Turpin, " You shall eat your words,  
With a sarse of leaden bul—let ; "  
So he puts a pistol to his mouth,  
And he fires it down his gul—let. !  
The coachman, he not likin' the job,  
Set off at a full gal-lop,  
But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,  
And perwailed on him to stop.

(CHORUS *surcastically.*) *But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,  
And perwailed on him to stop.*

" I maintain that that 'eresong's personal to the cloth," said the mottled-faced gentleman, interrupting it at this point. " I demand the name o' that coachman."

" Nobody know'd," replied Sam. " He hadn't got his card in his pocket."

" I object to the introduction o' politics," said the mottled-faced gentleman. " I submit that, in the present company, that 'ere song's political ; and, wot's much the same, that it ain't true. I say that that coachman did *not* run away ; but that he died game—game as pheasants ; and I won't hear nothin' said to the contrairey."

As the mottled-faced gentleman spoke with great energy and determination, and as the opinions of the company seemed divided on the subject, it threatened to give rise to fresh altercation, when Mr. Weller and Mr. Pell most opportunely arrived.

" All right, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

" The officer will be here at four o'clock," said Mr. Pell. " I suppose you won't run away meanwhile—eh ? Ha ! ha ! "



"Praps my cruel pa 'ull relent afore that," replied Sam, with a broad grin.

"Not I," said the elder Mr. Weller.

"Do," said Sam.

"Not on no account," replied the inexorable creditor.

"I'll give bills for the amount at sixpence a month," said Sam.

"I won't take 'em," said Mr. Weller.

"Ha, ha, ha! very good, very good," said Mr. Solomon Pell, who was making out his little bill of costs; "a very amusing incident indeed. Benjamin, copy that," and Mr. Pell smiled again, as he called Mr. Weller's attention to the amount.

"Thank you, thank you," said the professional gentleman, taking up another of the greasy notes as Mr. Weller took it from the pocket-book. "Three ten and one ten is five. Much obliged to you, Mr. Weller. Your son is a most deserving young man, very much so indeed, Sir. It's a very pleasant trait in a young man's character—very much so," added Mr. Pell, smiling smoothly round, as he buttoned up the money.

"Wot a game it is!" said the elder Mr. Weller, with a chuckle. "A reg'lar prodigy son!"

"Prodigal—prodigal son, Sir," suggested Mr. Pell, mildly.

"Never mind, Sir," said Mr. Weller, with dignity. "I know wot's o'clock, Sir. Ven I don't, I'll ask you, Sir."

By the time the officer arrived, Sam had made himself so extremely popular, that the congregated gentlemen determined to see him to prison in a body. So off they set; the plaintiff and defendant walking arm-in-arm, the officer in front, and eight stout coachmen bringing up the rear. At Sergeants' Inn Coffee-house the whole party halted to refresh; and, the legal arrangements being completed, the procession moved on again.

Some little commotion was occasioned in Fleet Street by the pleasantries of the eight gentlemen in the flank, who persevered in walking four abreast; and it was also found necessary to leave the mottled-faced gentleman behind, to fight a ticket-porter, it being arranged that his friends should call for him as they came back. Nothing but these little incidents occurred on the way. When they reached the gate of the Fleet, the cavalcade, taking the time from the plaintiff, gave three tremendous cheers for the defendant; and, after having shaken hands all round, left him.

Sam having been formally delivered into the warden's custody, to the intense astonishment of Roker, and to the evident emotion of even the phlegmatic Neddy, passed at once into the prison, walked straight to his master's room, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Pickwick.

Sam appeared, pulled off his hat, and smiled.

"Ah, Sam, my good lad," said Mr. Pickwick, evidently delighted to see his humble friend again; "I had no intention of hurting your feelings yesterday, my faithful fellow, by what I said. Put down your hat, Sam, and let me explain my meaning a little more at length."

"Won't presently do, Sir?" inquired Sam.

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick; "but why not now?"

"I'd rayerther not now, Sir," rejoined Sam.

"Why?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"'Cause," said Sam, hesitating.

"Because of what?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, alarmed at his follower's manner. "Speak out, Sam."

"'Cause," rejoined Sam; "'cause I've got a little bisness as I want to do."

"What business?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, surprised at Sam's confused manner.

"Nothin' partickler, Sir," replied Sam.

"Oh, if it's nothing particular," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile, "you can speak with me first."

"I think I'd better see arter it at once," said Sam, still hesitating.

Mr. Pickwick looked amazed, but said nothing.

"The fact is——" said Sam, stopping short.

"Well!" said Mr. Pickwick. "Speak out, Sam."

"Why, the fact is," said Sam, with a desperate effort, "P'raps I'd better see arter my bed afore I do anythin' else."

"*Your bed!*" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, in astonishment.

"Yes, my bed, Sir," replied Sam. "I'm a prisoner. I was arrested this here very arternoon for debt."

"You arrested for debt!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sinking into a chair.

"Yes, for debt, Sir," replied Sam; "and the man as put me in 'ull never let me out, till you go yourself."

"Bless my heart and soul!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick. "What do you mean?"

"Wot I say, Sir," rejoined Sam. "If it's forty year to come, I shall be a pris'ner, and I'm very glad on it; and if it had been New-gate, it vould ha' been just the same. Now the murder's out, and, damme, there's an end on it."

With these words, which he repeated with great emphasis and violence, Sam Weller dashed his hat upon the ground, in a most unusual state of excitement; and then, folding his arms, looked firmly and fixedly in his master's face.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

# JOHN JAMES RIPPON'S FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSES, WELLS STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

CATALOGUE of ARTICLES, which, if purchased for Town, must be paid for on delivery; if for the Country, or for Exportation, the money must be remitted, postage free, with the order. On any other terms JOHN JAMES RIPPON respectfully declines doing business at the Prices herein named.

## The Frequent ROBBERIES of PLATE

Have induced JOHN JAMES RIPPON to manufacture BRITISH PLATE of such a superior quality, that it requires the strictest scrutiny to distinguish it from silver, than which it is much more durable; it improves with use, and is warranted to stand the test of aquafortis. The prices will be found about one-half those usually charged.

### BRITISH PLATE.

Fiddle-handle Table Spoons & Forks, per doz.	£0 14 0
Ditto ditto very strong	1 0 0
Ditto Dessert Spoons and Forks	0 12 0
Ditto ditto very strong	0 16 0
Ditto Tea Spoons	0 6 0
Ditto ditto very strong	0 8 0
Ditto Gravy Spoons	0 4 0
Ditto Salt and Mustard Spoons	0 0 6
Ditto Ditto and Ditto, with gilt bowls	0 1 0
Ditto Sauce Ladles	0 1 6
Ditto Soup Ladles	0 8 0
Ditto Fish Knives	0 7 0
Ditto Butter Knives	0 2 0
Ditto Sugar Bows, per pair	0 1 0
Ditto ditto very strong	0 1 6
Ivory handle Fish Knives, each	0 9 6
Ditto Butter Knives	0 3 6
Pearl handle ditto	0 4 6
Cruet Frames, with 5 rich cut glasses, shell mountings, and feet	each 2 10 0
Ditto, ditto, 7 glasses	3 10 0

Liquor Frames, with 3 richly cut glasses	£4 0 0
Round Waiters, with rich shell mountings and feet, centre elegantly chased, 10 in. diameter	1 7 6
Ditto ditto 12 in. ditto	1 18 0
Ditto ditto 16 in. ditto	3 0 0
Table Candlesticks, 9 inches high	per pair 0 16 0
Ditto, with gadroon mountings, 8 inches high	1 0 0
Ditto ditto 10 ditto	1 4 0
Ditto, with shell mountings, 8 ditto	1 0 0
Ditto ditto 10 ditto	1 4 0
Ditto, Antique Silver Pattern, 10 ditto	1 5 0
Chamber Candlesticks, with Snuffers and Extinguisher, and gadroon mountings	each 0 12 6
Snuffers, per pair	from 5s. 6d. to 0 8 6
Snuffer Trays, with gadroon mountings	each 0 9 0
Do. with shell do. & richly chased centres, 10s.	to 0 12 0
Skewers	per inch 0 0 4

CAUTION.—The unprecedented demand which JOHN JAMES RIPPON has had for this Metal has induced others to use the name of British Plate to an inferior composition; but the genuine improved British Plate can only be obtained at the Manufactory, Wells-street, Oxford-street.

## Superior Table Cutlery.

Every Knife and Fork warranted Steel, and exchanged if not found good.	Table Knives, per doz.	Table Forks, per doz.	Dessert Knives, per doz.	Forks, per doz.	Carvers, per pair.	The set of 50 pieces.
3½-inch Octagon Ivory Handles, with Rimmed Shoulders	14s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	4s. 6d.	£2 0s. 0d
The same size to balance	16 0	8 0	14 0	7 0	5 6	2 10 0
3¼-inch Octagon Ivory Handles, with Rimmed Shoulders	18 0	9 0	16 0	8 0	6 0	2 15 0
The same size to balance	21 0	10 6	15 0	7 6	7 6	3 0 0
Ditto, with Waterloo Balance Shoulders	23 0	11 6	18 0	9 0	8 6	3 10 0
Ditto Transparent Ivory, with Shield, and Silver Ferrules	42 0	21 0	37 0	18 6	15 0	6 10 0
White Bone octagon shape Handles	8 8	4 4	6 8	3 4	3 0	1 6 0
Ditto ditto, with Rimmed Shoulders	11 4	5 8	9 4	4 8	3 6	1 14 6
Black Horn octagon shape Handles	7 4	3 8	6 0	3 0	2 6	1 2 6
Ditto ditto, with Rimmed Shoulders	8 8	4 4	6 8	4 8	3 6	1 14 6
Very strong Rough Bone Handles	7 4	3 8	6 0	3 0	2 6	1 2 6
Black Wood Handles	5 4	2 8	4 0	2 0	2 0	0 16 0
Oval shape White Bone Handles	6 0	3 0	4 0	2 0	2 0	0 17 0

The Forks priced in the above Scale are all forged Steel. Cast Steel Forks would be 2s. per doz. less.

Richly carved MAHOGANY CASES, containing, of Transparent Ivory Handles, with Shields and Silver Ferrules, Two dozen Table Knives, two dozen Dessert Knives, two pair of full size Carvers with } £10. 10s.  
French pattern Forks, one pair of Poultry Carvers, and one Steel

## DISH COVERS.

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

**Shower Baths**, Japanned Bamboo, with Brass Force-pump attached, to throw the water into the shower cistern, & curtains complete £4 10  
 Ditto, the very best made, with copper conducting tubes, brass force-pump, and curtains . . . . . 5 10  
**Hot Water Baths**, self-heating, slipper shaped, full size, japanned wainscot, with copper fire-place, so attached that the Bath may, with the greatest safety, be heated in any room in 20 minutes . . . . . 7 0  
**Kip Baths**, Japanned Bamboo . . . . . 1 2  
**Spunging Baths**, Round, 30 inches diameter, 7 inches deep . . . . . 1 5  
**Open Baths**, 3 ft. 6 in. long, 30s.; 4 ft. long, 35s.; 4 ft. 6 in. long, 50s.; 5 ft. long, 60s.; 5 ft. 6 in. long, 70s.  
**Feet Baths**, Japanned Bamboo, small size, 6s. 6d.; large, 7s. 6d.; tub shape, with hoops, 11s.  
**Bottle Jacks**, Japanned, 7s. 6d.; Brass, 9s. 6d. each.  
**Brass Stair Rods**, per doz. 21 inches long, 3s. 6d.; 24 in. 4s. 3d.; 27 in. 5s.; 30 in. 5s. 6d.  
**Brass Curtain Poles**, warranted solid, 1½ inch diameter, 1s. 6d. per foot; 2 in. 2s. 2d. per foot.  
**Brass Poles**, complete with end ornaments, rings, hooks & brackets, 3ft. long, 15s.; 3ft. 6 in. 17s.; 4ft. 20s.  
**Brass Curtain Bands**, 1½ in. wide, 2s. 6d. per pair, 1½ in. 3s.; 2 in. 4s. Richer patterns, 1½ in. 4s.; 2 in. 5s.  
**Finger Plates** for Doors, newest and richest patterns, long, 1s. 4d.; short, 1s. each.  
**Copper Coal Scoops**, small, 10s. 6d.; middle, 13s. large, 14s. 6d.. Helmet Shape, 14s. 6d., 18s., 20s.; Square Shape, with Hand Scoop, 28s.  
**Copper Tea Kettles**, Oval Shape, very strong, with barrel handle, 2 quarts, 5s. 6d.; 3 quarts, 6s.; 4 quarts, 7s. The strongest quality made, 2 quarts 8s.; 3 quarts, 10s.; 4 quarts, 11s.

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

**Copper Warming Pans**, with handles, for fire, 6s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.; Ditto, for water, 25s.

**Fire Irons.**

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

**Cruet Frames**, Black Japanned, with 3 Glasses, 3s. 8d.; 4 Glasses, 4s. 9d.; 5 Glasses, 6s.; 6 Glasses, 7s.

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

**Smoke Jack**, with Chains and Spit, £6. Superior Self-acting do. with Dangle and Horizontal Spit, £10.

N. B. Experienced Workmen employed to clean, repair, and oil Smoke Jacks, which are so constantly put out of order by the treatment they meet with from chimney sweepers.

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

**Britannia Metal Goods.**

Amongst the most useful articles that are made of this metal, may be named,—Teapots, Coffee Biggins, Cream Ewers, Sugar Basins, Table Candelsticks, Chamber Candelsticks complete with Snuffers and Extinguishers, Hot Water Dishes, Hot Water Plates, Pepper Castors, Mustard and Salt Cellars; of all of which an immense variety are kept, at prices of which the following may be safely taken as a criterion:—

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

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

Table Candelsticks, 8 in. 3s. per pair; 9 in. 4s. 6d.; 10 in. 6s. Chamber Candelsticks with Extinguishers, 2s. each.

Ditto with Gadroon Edges, complete with Snuffers and Extinguisher 4s. each.

Mustards, with Blue Earthen Lining, 1s. each.

Salt Cellars with ditto, 1s. 4d. per pair.

Pepper Boxes, 1s. each.

**Britannia Metal Hot Water Dishes**, with wells for gravy, and gadroon edges, 16 inches long, 30s.; 18 in., 35s.; 20 in., 42s.; 22 in., 50s.; 24 in., 55s. Hot Water Plates, 6s. 6d. each.

**Plated Table Candelsticks**, with Silver Mountings, 8½ inches high, 8s. 6d. per pair; 9 inches 12s. 6d.; 10 in. 16s. 6d.

**Reading Candelsticks**, with Shade and Light to slide, one light, 6s.; two lights, 8s.

**Coffee Filterers**, for making Coffee without boiling.

To hold . . . . .	1½ Pts.	1 Qt.	3 Pts.	2 Qts.
Best Black Tin . . . . .	4s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
Bronzed . . . . .	5 6	6 6	7 6	9 0

**Etnas**, for boiling a Pint of Water in three minutes, 3s. each.

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

Ditto, to fix, small, 4s. 6d.; middle, 5s. 6d.; large, 6s. 6d.

**Iron Digesters**, for making Soup, to hold 2 galls. 9s.; 3 galls. 10s. 6d.; 4 galls. 16s.

**Tea Urns**, Globe shape, to hold four quarts, 27s. each. Modern Shapes, to hold 6 quarts, 45s. to 60s. each.

**Improved Wove Wire Gauze Window Blinds**, in mahogany frames, made to any size, and painted to any shade of colour, 2s. 3d. per square foot.

Ornamenting with shadedlines, 1s. 6d. each blind.

Ditto, with lines and corner ornaments, 2s. 6d. each blind.

Blinds, ornamented with landscape, in mahogany frames, 4s. per square foot.

Old Blind Frames filled with new wire, and painted any colour, at 1s. 4d. per square foot.

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

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

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

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

**Egg Whisks**, Tinned Wire, 9d. each.

**Iron Coal Scoops and Boxes.**

Coal Boxes, Japanned with Covers, ornamented with Gold Lines

Coal Scoops, Iron, for Kitchen Use

Ditto, lined with Zinc, the most serviceable article of the kind ever made

Upright Hods

	14 in. long	16 in. long	18 in. long
	12s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
	1 9	2 6	3 6
	5 0	6 6	7 6
	1 9	2 6	3 6

**FENDERS.**

The immense variety which the Show Rooms contain, and the constant change of patterns of Fenders, render it impossible to give the prices of but a small portion of them. The following Scale, however, may be taken as a guide, and the prices generally will be found about 25 per cent. below any other house whatever.

	3 Feet.	3 Feet 3.	3 Feet 6.	3 Feet 9.	4 Feet.
Green, with Brass Top, suitable for Bed Rooms . . . . .	3s. 0d.	3s. 6d.	4s. 0d.		
All Brass . . . . .	9 6	10 6	12 0	13s. 6d.	15s. 0d.
Black Iron for Dining Rooms or Libraries . . . . .	12 0	13 0	14 0	15 0	16 0
Bronzed for ditto . . . . .	15 0	16 0	17 0	18 0	19 0
Ditto, with bright Steel Tops . . . . .	18 0	20 0	21 0	23 0	25 0
Ditto, very handsome, with Steel Tops and Steel Bottom Moulding . . . . .	21 0	23 0	25 0	27 0	29 0
Very rich Pattern, with Scroll Centre, Steel Rod and Steel Ends, for Drawing Rooms [all sizes] . . . . .	...	...	...	...	50 0
Green painted Wire Nursery Guard Fenders, Brass Tops, 18 in. high . . . . .	15 0	16 3	17 6	18 9	20 0
Ditto, 24 inches high . . . . .	18 0	19 6	21 0	22 6	24 0
Strong Iron Kitchen Fenders, with Sliding Bars . . . . .	6 0	6 6	7 0	7 6	
Ditto, extra strong, for long sizes . . . . .	...	...	8 9	9 6	10 0

**STOVES.**

Inches wide

	18	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
Elliptic or Rumford Stoves, for Bed Rooms . . . . .	6s. 0d.	6s. 8d.	7s. 4d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 8d.	9s. 4d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 8d.	11s. 4d.	12s. 0d.
Common half register Stoves . . . . .	9 0	10 0	11 0	12 0	13 0	14 0	15 0	16 0	17 0	18 0
Best do. bold Fronts and Bannister Bars . . . . .	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	23 0	30 0	32 0
Register Stoves of superior patterns . . . . .	-	-	-	18 0	20 0	22 0	24 0	26 0	28 0	30 0

Register Stoves, fine Cast, 3 feet wide, 2l. 5s., 2l. 10s., and 3l.—Ground Bright Front Register Stoves with Bronzed and Steel Ornaments, and with bright and black bars, 3 feet wide, 4l. 10s., 5l. and 5l. 10s.  
Ironing Stoves for Laundries, complete, with Frame and Ash Pan, 1l. 6s.

**KITCHEN RANGES.**

The very high prices charged and obtained for Kitchen Ranges, under a pretence of having made improvements in them, but which, in most cases, have proved quite the reverse, owing to the complicated manner in which they are made for the sake of showing an apparent alteration, induce JOHN JAMES RIPPON strongly to recommend those that are the most simple in their construction, which he has invariably found to answer. The prices are:—

To fit an opening of

	3 Ft.	3 Ft. 3.	3 Ft. 6.	3 Ft. 9.	4 Ft.	4 Ft. 6.	5 Ft.
With Oven and Boiler . . . . .	50s.	54s.	58s.				
Self-acting ditto, with Oven and Boiler, Sliding Check, and Wrought Iron Bars (recommended) . . . . .	90	95	100	105s.	110s.	126s.	140s.

**Iron Saucepans and Tea Kettles.**

	1 pint.	1½ pint.	1 Quart.	3 pint.	2 Quart.	3 Quart.	4 Quart.	6 Quart.	8 Quart.
Iron Saucepan and Cover . . . . .	1s. 0d.	1s. 2d.	1s. 4d.	1s. 8d.	1s. 10d.	2s. 3d.	2s. 9d.	3s. 6d.	4s. 0d.
Iron Stewpan and Cover . . . . .	...	1 4	1 10	2 3	3 3	4 0	5 6	6 6	7 6
Round Iron Tea Kettles . . . . .	...	...	...	...	3 0	4 3	5 0	5 6	7 0
Oval ditto . . . . .	...	...	...	...	3 6	4 9	5 6	6 0	7 6

**Iron Boiling Pots.**

	2½ Gall.	3 Gall.	3½ Gall.	4 Gall.	5 Gall.	6 Gall.
Oval Iron Boiling Pot and Cover . . . . .	5s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Tea Kitchens, or Water Fountains, with Brass Pipe & Cock . . . . .	13 0	14 0	14 6	16 0	18 6	

**Janned Goods.**

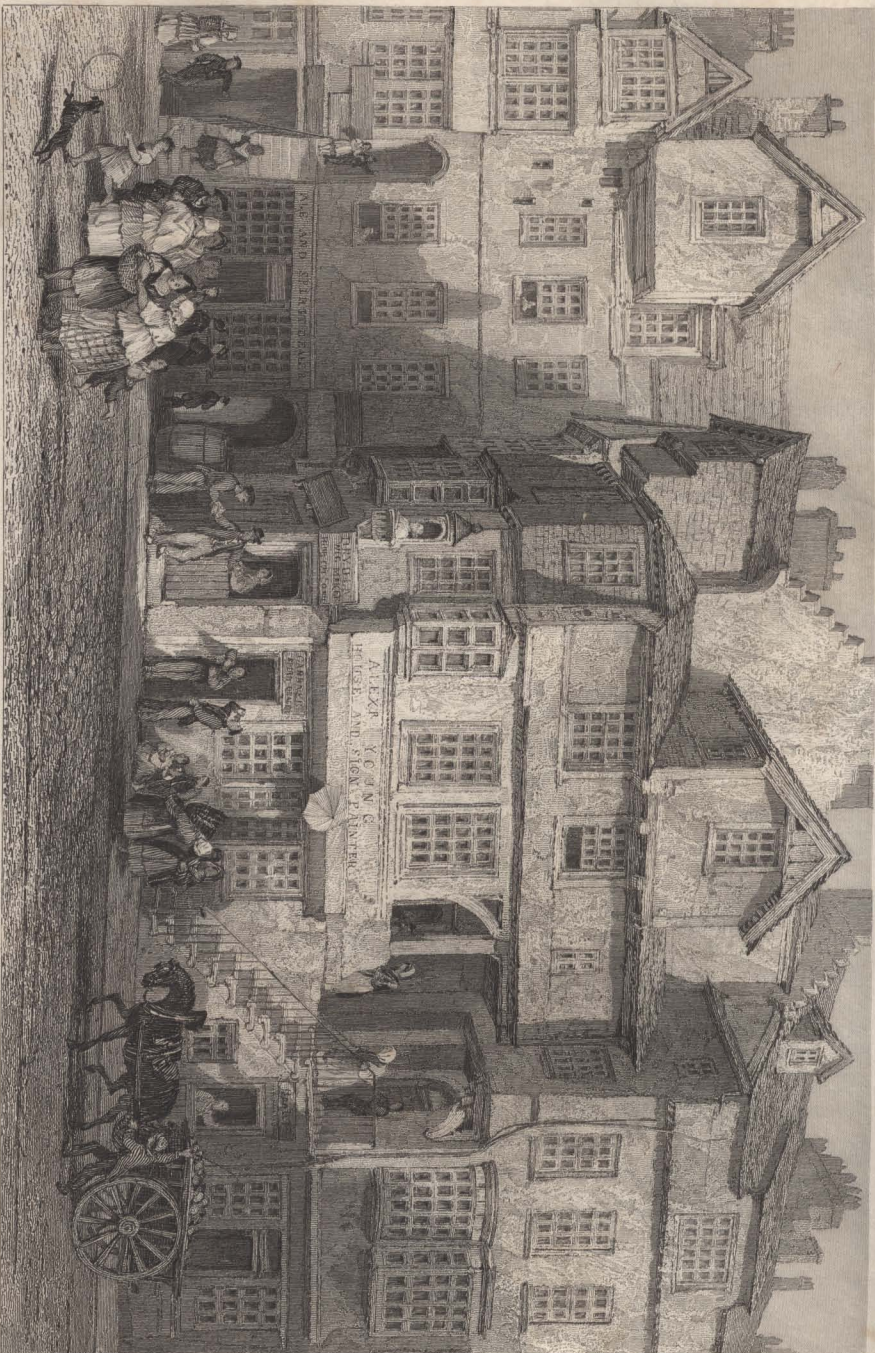
Inches long

	18	20	22	24	26	28	30
TEA TRAYS, good common quality . . . . .	1s. 3d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 9d.	2s. 3d.	2s. 9d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 9d.
Ditto, best common quality . . . . .	2 0	2 6	3 0	3 9	4 6	5 6	6 6
Ditto, paper shape, black . . . . .	5 6	7 0	8 0	9 6	11 0	12 6	14 0
Ditto, Gothic paper shape, black . . . . .	9 6	11 0	12 6	14 0	15 6	17 0	19 0
Ditto, ditto, Marone, ornamented all over . . . . .	11 0	12 6	14 0	16 0	17 6	19 0	21 0
Bread and Knife Trays, common, 9d., 1s. & 1s. 6d. each . . . . .							
Middle quality ditto, at 2s. and 2s. 6d. . . . .							
Best ditto, Gothic shape, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. each . . . . .							
Tea Trays, paper, Gothic shape, in sets of one each of 18, 24, and 30 inches, £3. 10s. . . . .							
Ditto, ornamented, the set, £4. 5s. . . . .							
Ditto, richest patterns, ditto, £5. 5s. and £6. . . . .							
Toast Racks, plain black, 1s. 6d. Ornamented, 2s. . . . .							
Ditto, marone or green, ornamented all over, 2s. 9d. . . . .							
Cheese Trays, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., and 3s. 6d. . . . .							
Snuffer Trays, 6d., 9d., 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. . . . .							
Paper ditto, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s. . . . .							
Paper Decanter Stands, plain black, 3s. 6d. per pair . . . . .							
Ditto, ditto, red, 4s. per pair . . . . .							
Ditto, ornamented black or marone, 4s. 6d. per pair . . . . .							
Plate Warmers, upright shade, with gilt lines, 18s. . . . .							
Ditto, long shape, £1. 5s. . . . .							
Toilet Cans and Toilet Pails, 7s. 6d. each . . . . .							
Chamber Slop Pails, janned green outside and red inside, small, 8s.; middle, 4s.; large, 5s. 6d. . . . .							
Chamber Candlesticks, complete, with Snuffers and Extinguisher, 6d. Ditto, better, 9d. to 3s. . . . .							
Cash Boxes, with Tumbler Locks, small size, 5s. 6d. . . . .							
Ditto, ditto, middle size, 6s. 6d.; large size, 7s. 6d. . . . .							
Ditto, ditto, with Patent Locks, 10s. 6d. . . . .							
Deed Boxes, Janned Brown, with Locks, 12 inches long, 9s.; 14 in. 13s.; 16 in. 15s.; 18 in. 18s. . . . .							
Candle Boxes, 1s. 4d. each . . . . .							
Candle or Rush Safes, 2s. 6d. each . . . . .							
Cinder Pails or Sifters, Janned Brown, 11s. each . . . . .							





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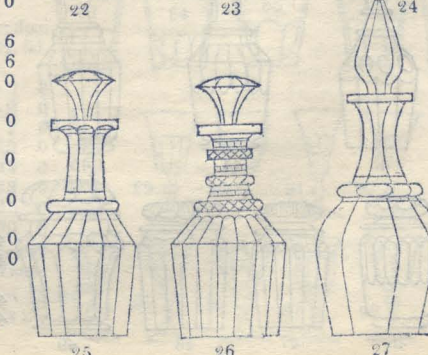
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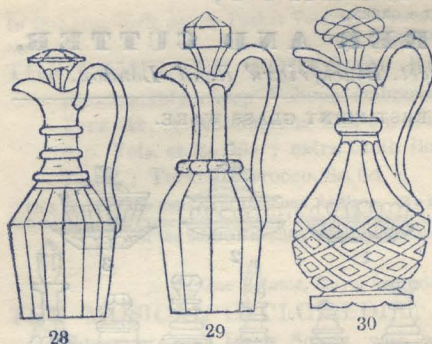
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	Do. six flutes only, each, P.M.	21s.	24



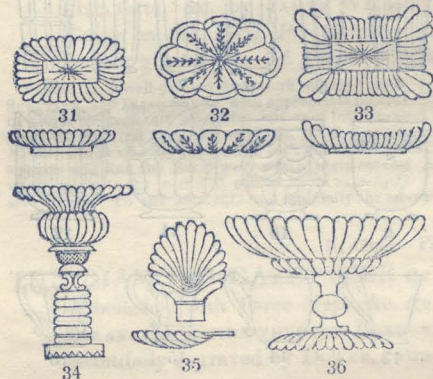
educt about one-third off quart decanters to ascertain the price of pints.  
P. M. indicates Polished Mouths to Cruets or Decanters.  
R. M. indicates Rough Mouths.

**DECANTERS FOR CLARET.**



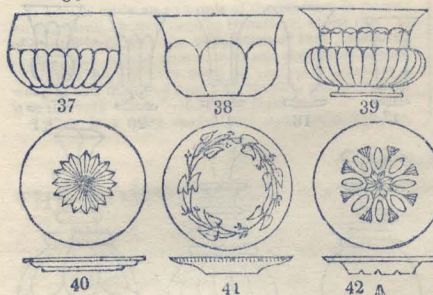
- |     |   |       |
|-----|---|-------|
| No. |   | s. d. |
| 28  | Claret decanters, p.m. quarts, each       | 15 0  |
|     | Do. cut on and between rings, each        | 18 0  |
|     | Do. to match Nelson decanter, No. 25, ea. | 18 0  |
| 29  | Do. cut 8 flutes, &c. each                | 24 0  |
|     | Do. 6 flutes, each                        | 30 0  |
| 30  | Turkish shape, richly cut, each           | 48 0  |

**DISHES.**



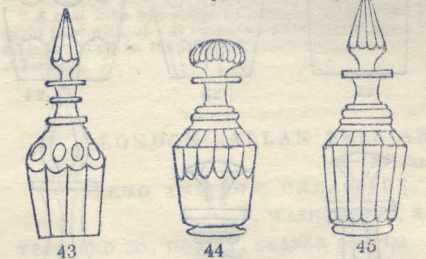
- |    |   |                         |
|----|---|-------------------------|
| 31 | Dishes, oblong, pillar moulded, scalloped edges, cut star,                  |                         |
|    | 5-in.   | 7-in. 9-in. 10-in.      |
|    | 3s. 6d.   | 6s. 6d. 11s. 13s. each. |
| 32 | Oval cut sprig; shell pattern,  |                         |
|    | 5-in.   | 7-in. 9-in. 11-in.      |
|    | 7s. 6d.   | 9s. 6d. 16s. 19s. each. |
| 33 | Square shape pillar, moulded star,  |                         |
|    | 5-in.   | 7-in. 9-in. 10-in.      |
|    | 4s.   | 8s. 12s. 6d. 15s. each. |
| 34 | Eleven-inch trifle dish, richly cut pillars, on high foot, complete (round) | 94 0                    |
| 35 | Moulded pillar shell, scallop cut edges, &c. each                           | 7 0                     |
| 36 | Ten-inch round pillar moulded dish and stand, complete                      | 27 0                    |

**FINGER-CUPS.**



- |    |   |              |
|----|---|--------------|
|    | Plain, per lb.  | 1s. 8d.      |
| 37 | Fluted finger-cups, strong, about 14 oz. ea.                                  | 2 6          |
|    | Do. plain flint, punted, per doz.   | 18 0         |
|    | Do. coloured, per doz.  | 18s. to 21 0 |
| 38 | Ten-fluted round, very strong, each   | 5 0          |
|    | Eight-fluted do. each   | 8 0          |
| 39 | Medicean shape, moulded pillar, pearl upper part, cut flat flutes, each       | 5 0          |
|    | To Monteiths or wine coolers add about 10 per cent. to the above finger cups. |              |

**ICE PLATES.**



- |    |   |     |
|----|---|-----|
| 40 | Ice plate, 7-in. cut star, each                       | 2 3 |
| 41 | Do. engraved bright border, on roughed ground, each   | 4 6 |
| 42 | Do. new pattern, bright star, on roughed ground, each | 3 6 |

**LIQUOR BOTTLES.**



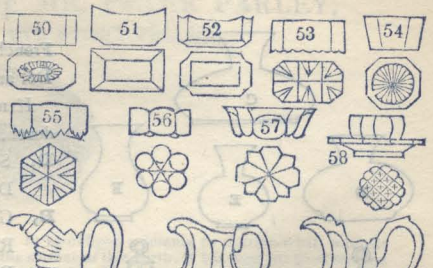
- |    |  |     |
|----|--|-----|
| 43 | Liquor bottles, slight, cut to fit 3-inch holes, r.m. each | 3 6 |
| 44 | Stronger do. 3-in. holes, r.m. each                        | 4 0 |
| 45 | Do. best cut, for 3 1/2-inch holes, r.m. each              | 6 0 |

**PICKLES.**

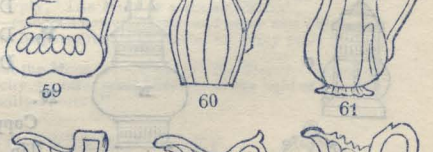


- |    |  |      |
|----|--|------|
| 46 | Pickles, half fluted for 3-in. holes, r.m. ea.                           | 4 6  |
| 47 | Strong, moulded bottom, 3-in. hole, cut all over, flat flutes, r.m. each | 5 0  |
| 48 | Best cut star do. for 3 1/2-in. hole, p.m. ea.                           | 7 6  |
| 49 | Very strong and best cut, p.m.   | 10 6 |

No.	SALTS.	s.	d.
50	Small oblong octagon salts, cut lapidary all over, moulded star, each	1	9
	Do. larger and heavier, each	2	0
51	Square lapidary, small, cut all over	1	9
	Larger do. do.	2	0
52	Hollow corner lapidary, do.	2	6
53	Oblong octagon, cut ornamental star	2	6
54	Octagon, moulded star	2	3
55	Hexagon, richly cut star	3	6
56	Six pillar salt, cut all over	3	3
57	Round Salt, richly cut	4	0
58	Salt and stand, diamond cut star	6	0



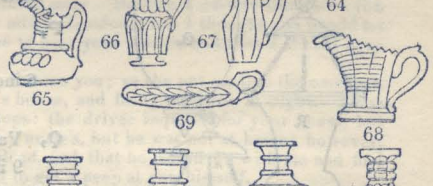
No.	WATER JUGS.	s.	d.
59	Quarts, neatly fluted & cut rings, ea. 14s. to 18	0	
	Ewer shape, best cut handles, &c.	21	0
61	Silver do. scalloped edges & extra large flutes	25	0
62	Etruscan do. best cut 21s.—63 Hebe do. do.	25	0
64	Tall antique, full qt. nearly 3 pints, very strong 31	0	
	Pints one-third less in price than the quarts.		



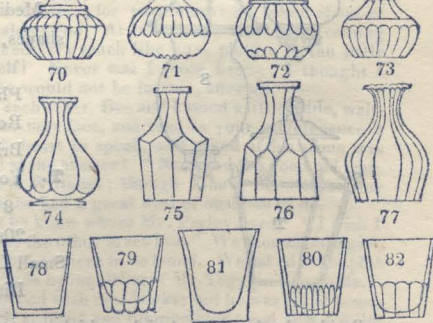
No.	MILK JUGS.	s.	d.
65	Milk jugs, to hold about 1/4 of a pint, plain, ea.	2	6
	Do. neatly cut star	3	0
	Do. fluted and star, 4s. — Do. better cut star	6	0
66	Gothic cut milk, 7s. 6d.—67 Ewer shape, 5s. to 6	0	
68	Open form, richly cut	9	0
69	Low antique, roughed, & bright laurel border	7	6



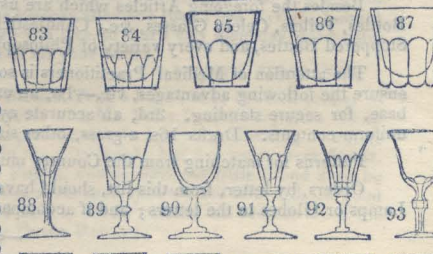
No.	WATER BOTTLES.	s.	d.
70	Moulded pillar body, cut neck, each	3	0
71	Cut neck and star	3	0
72	Double fluted cut rings	3	0
73	Very strong pillar, moulded body, cut neck and rings	5	6
74	Grecian shape, fluted all over	7	0
75	Straight ditto, 8s. — 76 Taper ditto	9	0
77	Portland ditto, scalloped lip	9	0



No.	TUMBLERS.	s.	d.
78	Tumblers, half pints, tale (5 and a half to 7 ounces each), per doz.	4s.	6 0
	Flint do. 8 oz. punted, 7s. to 8s.—Do slight fluted	10	0
79	Better ditto, (9 oz.)	12	0
80	Narrow or hollow fluted tumblers, (8 oz.)	12	0
	Ditto, (9 oz.)	14	0
81	Soda water tumblers, very strong, punted, 12s. to 15s.		
82	Pillar moulded tumblers, bottoms flattened, 10 oz	12	0
83	Strong fluted, moulded bottom	12	0
84	Ditto, edge flutes	14s.	18 0
85	Eight-fluted tumblers	18	0
86	Twelve fluted ditto, cut star	18	0
87	Very heavy best cut do. fancy star, regiment pattern	30	0

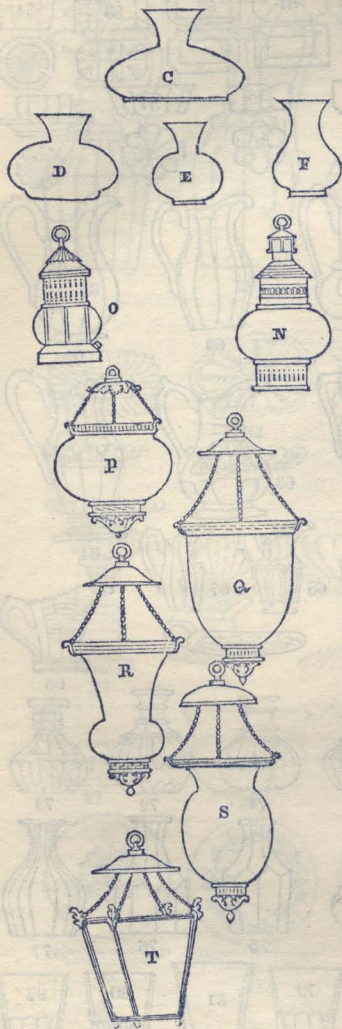


No.	WINE GLASSES.	s.	d.
	Best Plain 6s. 6d. to 7s.—Com. Plain 5s. to 6s. per doz.		
88	8s. per doz. Larger, 9s. 6d. Small claret, 10s. 6d. Large claret, 12s. fluted.		
89	Princess wines, fluted per doz.	7s. 6d.	to 9 0
90	York ditto	7s. 6d.	to 9 0
91	Coburgh ditto	7s. 6d.	to 9 0
92	Goderich ditto	8s. 6d.	to 10 0
93	Amelia shape, cut stem	14	0
94	Six fluted ball stem 12s.—95 Genteil shape	13	0
96	Six fluted pear bowl 15s.—97 Tulip cut stem	18	0
98	New Tulip cut stem 21s.—99 Ditto ditto	20	0



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 Ditto Japanned 10s. 6d. ditto 8s. 6d. ditto ditto

**O,** Kingston do. do. 3½ 4 4¾ 5 inches.  
 Copper ..... 6s. 7s. 6d. 9s. 11s. each.  
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 Ditto Japanned .. 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d. 8s. 10s. ditto

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"In the evening of a long toilsome life, if a man were to be obliged solemnly to declare what, without any exception, has been the most lovely thing which, on the surface of this earth, it has been his good fortune to witness, I conceive that, without hesitation, he might reply, 'THE MIND OF A YOUNG CHILD.'

"We observe with what delight a Child beholds light—colours—flowers—fruit, and every new object that meets his eye; and we all know, that (before his judgment be permitted to interfere) for many years he feels—or rather suffers—a thirst which is almost insatiable.

"He desires, and very naturally desires, to know what the Moon is?—What are the Stars?—Where the rain, wind, and frost come from?—With innocent simplicity, he asks, what becomes of the light of a candle, when it is blown out? Any story, or any history, he greedily devours."

COPY OF A LETTER TO PETER PARLEY.

To MR. PETER PARLEY,

*Somewhere in London.*

HAMPSTEAD, *January, 1837.*

"DEAR SIR,—I write this to tell you a story about myself. I have read your "Tales about Animals"—also, your "Tales about Europe, Asia, Africa, and America"—and your "Tales about Great Britain"—likewise your "Tales about the Sea, and the Islands in the Pacific Ocean"—and your "Tales about the Sun, Moon, and Stars"—as well as your "Tales about Greece;" but I want to see you very much. I learnt from your Books a great deal that I did not know before; and I thought if I could see you, you would tell me something more. Besides, I want to know how you look, and hear you talk (for I am told that you are now in London); and I thought you would let me sit down with the little boys and girls that come to hear your stories, and then I should have been very happy.

Well, I asked my mother to let me go to London and see you; so she put me into the omnibus, and told the driver to put me down at Mr. Parley's house, and bring me back at night. I was very impatient till we got to where the omnibus stops: the driver inquired for your house, but nobody could tell any thing about it. I went to my uncle's, but he was not at home; however, his son, Ben, told me that you lived in the City Road, and that he would go with me and find you. He was the more willing to go, as he wished to get a peep at you himself.

So we set out, and went up one street and down another, for two hours: we asked about at several places, but nobody could tell us any thing about you. At last we saw an old man coming along with a cane; he was gray and lame, and looked very much like your picture in the little books. Now, thought I, here is Mr. Parley himself! Never was I more happy: I thought I was about to talk with a friend, and that my journey would not be in vain, after all.

With eager eyes, and with our hands squeezed in each other, Ben and I stood a little aside, waiting till you should come up. I thought I saw your very face, and read in your countenance a welcome smile to my companion and me. I took heart to speak, and asked if his name was Mr. Parley? O dear! how much was I disappointed at the answer! "No," said the good old man, smiling; "no, my boy; my name is not Parley, it is Williams; though I have been taken for Peter Parley before." He then walked along, as if he had a great deal of business to do.

We asked a young man, with a book in his hand, if he knew where Mr. Parley lived. "I wish I did," said he; "I would go from one end of London to the other to see him." We then asked a girl, and she said you was in every body's house, yet you was no where to be found. We asked at the post office, they told us we should find out your place of abode by inquiring of Mr. Tegg, in Cheapside.

We went to Mr. Tegg's warehouse, which was stocked with nice books; but he was not at home. I was, at last, obliged to return home at night, sick at heart and disappointed; and now I write this letter, hoping that it may have better luck in its journey after you than I had myself. Should it reach you, I pray you be so kind as tell me where you live, so that I may some day, during the holidays, go and see you. I am, dear sir, a reader of all your books,

FRANK HOWARD.

\* \* This little friendly letter having come into Messrs. Tegg's hands, it is deemed proper to remark, that although, at No. 73, Cheapside, we converse with Mr. Peter Parley very often, we do not know where he lives. It is said that during his present visit to London (collecting materials for New Tales), he inhabits a little Brown House, in the City Road; but we could never find it. His books are all that he chooses to exhibit to the Public, and perhaps our little friend must be content with them; though we are not at all surprised at his anxiety to see and talk with the good old gentleman who has wound himself round our hearts; in truth, nothing has been so much the subject of our daily thoughts and nightly dreams as PETER PARLEY.

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\* \* The encomiums on the Works of Mr. PETER PARLEY are so numerous and so laudatory, that the Publishers find no small difficulty in determining which to present for the attention of the Public. The following are the opinions of some of the first journals of the present day.

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