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The Queerfish Society held a meeting last week, to receive from the Committee various reports concerning their new publication, entitled THE QUEER-FISH CHRONICLES, and to deliberate on the same. As soon as the President had taken his seat, it was announced by the Secretary, Mr. Jeremias, that a packet of papers had been delivered into his charge by Lieutenant Thunderer, 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 late, 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 punctually seated in a corner, smoking his pipe, acknowledged the salutation by giving a puff or two down 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 these 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 parts; 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 cannibal-lady, had it not missed him by seven inches. But it was understood, that the manuscript was 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 disperse 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 QUEER-FISH 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, nor any person in consequence of his or her not being a subscriber.

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<th>TERMS AS TO TRAINING HUNTERS, &amp;c. STANDING AT LIVERY, HIRE OF HORSES, &amp;c.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.</strong></td>
<td>Use of Race Course, on private days -</td>
<td>Breaking Horses, and making Hunters, from their commencement -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Gentleman on Horseback, &amp;c. d.</td>
<td>Ditto, ditto, if a Match only 2 2 0</td>
<td>Finishing a Horse that has already had lessons, and does not show particular temper 2 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>or in his Carriage, and Groom on all days, with privilege for Two Ladies of his Family - 5 5 0</td>
<td>Ditto, Steeple Chase Course, on private days - 3 3 0</td>
<td>A single lesson to a Hunter - 5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Gentleman on Horseback, or in a 2-wheeled Carriage, on all days, with privilege for one Lady of his Family 3 3 0</td>
<td>Ditto, ditto, if a Match only 2 2 0</td>
<td>Do, do. for a Road Horse 5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A person on foot, all days - 0 10 0</td>
<td>Or a single gallop, or sweat - 0 5 0</td>
<td>Day standing for Horses coming to the Hippodrome for the above purposes, and one feed - 0 1 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ENTRANCE ON PUBLIC DAYS.**

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- 2-wheeled Carriage - 0 0 0
- Person on Horseback - 0 2 0
- Ditto on Foot - 0 1 0

**ENTRANCE ON ALL DAYS BUT PUBLIC DAYS.**

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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 exceeding. 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.

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.
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CHAPTER XL.

WHAT BEFELL 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, very often!" replied Mr. Roker; "and what of that? Who's got to say anything agin it? Live down there!—yes, and a very 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 Farrington-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 artistic 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-rate," 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 hearing, 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 regular holiday to them—all porter and sketkles. It's the t'other vuns as gets done over with this sort o' thing: them down-hearted fellers as can't svg away at the beer, nor play sketkles neither; them as would 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 uneikal,' as my father used to say ven his grog wortn't made half-and-half—'It's uneikal, and that's the fault on it.'"

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

"P'paps, 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 wery 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 wortn'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 with the dirt, for both the dirty face and the brown coat was just the same at the end o' that time as they was at the beginnin'. He was a very peaceful inoffendin' little creature, and was 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 was in the lodge ev'ry night, a chatterin' with 'em, and tellin' stories, and all that 'ere. Vun night he was in there as usual, alone with a very old friend of his, as was on the lock, ven he says all of a sudden, 'I ain't seen the market outside, Bill,' he says (Fleet Market was 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. 'Very 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 with apoplexy, I'll be back in five minits by the clock.' 'And wot 'ud become o' me if you was struck with apoplexy?,' said the turnkey. 'Vy,' says the little creature, '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 was true, sure enough, for ven he wanted to make the acquaintance of any new comer, he used to pull out a little limp card with 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 vest like very hard, and then a tear started out of each eye, which was very extraordinary; for it was supposed as water never touched his face. He shook the turnkey by the hand; out he went—"

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

"Wrong for yunce, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, "for back he come two minits afore the time, a bilin' with rage, sayin' how he'd been nearly run over by a hackney coach; that he warn't used to it, and he was blown 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 of 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 very nice parlour, that he took it into his head to go there every night, which he did for a long time, always comin' back regular about a quarter of an hour afore the gate shut, which was all very snug and comfortable. At last he began to get so precious jolly, that he used to forget how the time went, or care nothin' at all about it, and he went on gettin' later and later, till yun 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 very slow and sulky, 'it's my pinion as you've got into bad company o' late, which I'm very 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 way back at regular hours, as sure as you're a standin' there, I'll shut you out altogether!'

The little man was seized with a violent fit o' tremblin', and never went 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 cordery 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 ingenuous 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 commodity 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 glove'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 aspiring 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.”

“Oh,” 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 stupefied 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 manoeuvring was so exceedingly ingenious, and, withal, performed with such immovable 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 aflush 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 EXTRA-ORDINARY 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' particler, Sir," replied Sam, glancing at Mr. Smangle's whiskers; "the late prewillance of a close and confined atmosphere has
been rather favourable to the growth of weeds, of an alarmin' and sangvinary natur; but with 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 was to brush, without troubling the man, it'd be more agreeable for all parties, as the schoolmaster 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 discomfort.

"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' vinegar 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 chanter: 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 visitor, 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 chummage 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 rattleth 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 immovable with astonishment.
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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-chase 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:

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


"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."


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,
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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'ny, 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 what it is, Sir,” said Mr. Weller, in a grave and solemn voice, “This here sort o' thing won'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 chameleon 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.

"Very good, very good," said Mr. Weller. "Alvays see to the drag ven you go down hill. Is the ray-bill all clear and straight for'rd?"

"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 very 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! very 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 wos?” responded the son. “Do you s’pose I wos to tell you by the weight o’ your foot?”

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

“Wot a perverse old file it is!” exclaimed Sam, “alwayz 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 Marchioness o' Granby, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller, with a sigh.

"Yes, I did," replied Sam.

"How was the dear creetur lookin'?"

"Wery queeer," said Sam. "I think she's a injurin' herself gradivally with 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 altogether positive, in case of any subsekent disappointmunt, 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, wich is redder than ever. His appetite is very so-so, but he imbies 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 formilar friends won't know him. Roast pigeon's nothin' to it, Sammy."

Again Sam Weller nodded.

"It oughtn'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' away very 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'l'm'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. "'Praps he might ha' throw'd a small light on that 'ere liver complaint as we was a speakin' on just now. Hows ever, if he's dead, and ain't left the bisness 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' away 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 'oman with a green wall."

Sam Weller received both of these suggestions with unexpected contempt, and again propounded his question.
"No," said the old gentleman; "if he won'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. "'Praps you may ask for it five minits arterwards; p'raps I may say I won't pay, and cut up rough. You won'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'l'm'n here, as 'll do the rest o' the bisness 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 very 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’ wit’?” 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 blessedest things as was ever made. I’ve read that ’ere in the newspapers wery of’en.”

“Well, wot’s that got to do with it?” inquired Mr. Weller.

“Just this here,” said Sam, “that I’ll patronise the invention, and go in, that way. No visperin’s to the Chancellorship—I don’t like the notion. It mayn’t be altogether safe, with reference to the gettin’ out ag’in.”

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 transcendent 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’ without the instrument; but anythin’ for a quiet life, as the man said ven he took the sitivation 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 Hounslo 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 within';
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 sarcastically.) *But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And perwailed on him to stop.*

"I maintain that that 'ere song'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 contrary."

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 I 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 Sergeant's 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 pleasantry 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 rayther 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 afternoon 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 would 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 ROBBERS 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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fiddle-handle Table Spoons &amp; Forks, per doz.</td>
<td>£0 14 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>very strong</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Dessert Spoons and Forks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Tea Spoons</td>
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<td>Ditto</td>
<td>very strong</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Gravy Spoons</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Salt and Mustard Spoons</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Ditto, with gilt bowls</td>
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<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Sauce Ladies</td>
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<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Soup Ladies</td>
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<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Fish Knives</td>
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<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Butter Knives</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Sugar Bowls</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Ditto, very strong</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ivory handle Fish Knives, each</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Butter Knives</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pearl handle Ditto</td>
<td>0 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cruet Frames, with rich cut glasses, shell mountings, and feet, each</td>
<td>2 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>ditto, 7 glasses,</td>
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Superior Table Cutlery.

Every Knife and Fork warranted Steel, and excelled if not found good.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3/4-inch Octagon Ivory Handles, with Rimmed Shoulders</td>
<td>14s. 6d.</td>
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<td>The same size to balance</td>
<td>16 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>3/8-inch Octagon Ivory Handles, with Rimmed Shoulders</td>
<td>18 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The same size to balance</td>
<td>18 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto, with Waterloo Balance Shoulders</td>
<td>20 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto Transparent Ivory, with Shield, and Silver Ferrules</td>
<td>21 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Bone octagon shape Handles</td>
<td>42 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>42 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Black Horn octagon shape Handles</td>
<td>2 0</td>
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<td>Ditto</td>
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<tr>
<td>Very strong Rough Bone Handles</td>
<td>5 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Black Wood Handles</td>
<td>6 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oval shape White Bone Handles</td>
<td>6 0</td>
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<td>The Forks priced in the above Scale are all forged Steel. Cast Steel Forks would be 2s. per doz. less.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>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</td>
<td>£10. 10s.</td>
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<tr>
<td>French pattern Forks, one pair of Poultry Carvers, and one Steel</td>
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DISH COVERS.

Dimensions long

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>The commonest are in sets of the six first sizes, which cannot be separated</td>
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<tr>
<td>Block Tin</td>
<td>1s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 3s. 6d. 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d. 6s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto, Anti-Patent shape</td>
<td>9 2 0 2 6 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto, O. G. shape</td>
<td>2 0 2 6 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, Patent Imperial Silver shape. The Tops raised in one piece</td>
<td>2 3 2 9 3 6 1 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, the very best made, except Plated or Silver</td>
<td>3 4 0 4 2 0 4 2 0 4 2 0 4 2 0 4 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wove Wire Fly-proof, tin rims, japanned</td>
<td>2 6</td>
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<td></td>
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</table>
Shower Baths, Japanned Bamboo, with Brass Force-pump attached, to throw the water into the shower cistern, & curtains complete £1 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 30 minutes... 7 0

Bip Baths, Japanned Bamboo... 1 2
Spunings Baths, Round, 30 inches diameter, 7 inches deep... 1 5
Open Baths, 3 ft. 6 in. long, 30 in.; 4 ft. long, 35 in.; 4 ft. 6 in. long, 39 in.; 5 ft. 6 in. long, 60 in.; 6 ft. 6 in. long, 70 in. 3 20

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. 6d. per foot.

Brass Poles, complete with end ornaments, rings, books, &c., 4 ft., 3s. 6d. per pair; 5 ft., 2f. 6s. 6d.; 20 ft. 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 finest patterns, long, 1s. 6d. short, 1s. each.

Copper Coal Scoops, small, 10s. 6d.; middle, 13s.; large, 14s. 6d. Helmet Shape, 14s. 6d., 16s. 8d.; Square Shape, with Hand Scoop, 25s.

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 3s.; 3 quarts, 4s.; 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.

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Large strong Wrought Iron, for Kitchens, 5s. 6d. to 12s. 0
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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 50s.

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 Jacks, with Chains and Spits, £6. Superior Self-acting do with Dangle and Horizontal Spits, £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.

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Amongst the most useful articles that are made of this metal, are named,—Teapots, Coffee Biggins, Cream Ewers, Sugar Basins, Table Candlesticks, Chamber Candlesticks 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:

<table>
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<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Teapots, with Black Handles and Black Knobs</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, very strong</td>
<td>3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, with Pearl Knobs</td>
<td>4 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto with Pearl Knobs and Metal Handles</td>
<td>6 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

Table Candlesticks, 8in. 3s. per pair; 9in. 4s. 6d.; 10 in. 6s. Chamber Candlesticks 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. 6d. per pair.

Pepper Boxes, 1s. each.

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

Hot Water Plates, 6s. 6d. each.

Plated Table Candlesticks, with Silver Mountings, 6½ inches high, 6s. 6d. per pair; 9 inches 12s. 6d.; 10 in. 16s. 6d.

Reading Candlesticks, 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. 2 Pts. 2 Qts.

Best Brown Tin
4s. 6d. 5s. 6d. 6s. 6d. 7s. 6d.
Bronzed
5 6 6 7 6 9 0

Etmas, for boiling a Fint of Water in three minutes, 3s. each.

Coffee and Pepper Mills, small, 3s.; middle, 4s.; large, 6s.
Ditto, to be fixed, 3½ inches; middle, 5½ inches; large, 6s. 6d.

Iron Digesters, for making Soup, to hold 2 gallons.
9s.; 3 gallons, 15s. 6d.; 4 gallons, 18s.

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 in any shade of colour, 2s. 6d. per square foot. Ornamented with shaded lines, 4s. 6d. each blind.
Ditto, with lines and corner ornaments, 2½s. 6d. each blind.
Blinds, ornamented with landscape, in mahogany frames, 4s. per square foot.
Old Blind Frames fitted 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.

Bush 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, Tinued, 9d. each.

Iron Coal Scoops and Boxes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Coal Boxes, Japanned with Covers, ornamented with Gold Lines</td>
<td>12s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coal Scoops, for Kitchen Use</td>
<td>14s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, lined with Zine, the most serviceable article of the kind ever made</td>
<td>16s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Upright Hoods

14 in. long; 16 in. long; 18 in. long.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12s. 6d.</td>
<td>1 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14s. 6d.</td>
<td>2 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16s. 6d.</td>
<td>3 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 0</td>
<td>6 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 6</td>
<td>1 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 6</td>
<td>3 6</td>
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</table>
STOVES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Inches wide</th>
<th>18</th>
<th>20</th>
<th>22</th>
<th>24</th>
<th>26</th>
<th>28</th>
<th>30</th>
<th>32</th>
<th>34</th>
<th>36</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Common half register Stoves</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best do. bold Fronts and Bannister Bars</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Register Stoves of superior pattern.

Register Stoves, fine Cast, 3 feet wide, 2½ ft., 2 lit., and 2½ ft.—Ground Bright Front Register Stoves with Bronzed and Steel Ornaments, and with bright and black bars, 5 feet wide, 4¼ ft., 3½ ft. and 2½ ft.

Ironing Stoves for Laundries, complete, with Frame and Ash Pan, 1½ ft.

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 Pt. | 3 Pt. 3. | 3 Pt. 6. | 3 Pt. 9. | 4 Pt. | 4 Pt. 6. | 5 Pt. |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>With Oven and Boller</td>
<td>50s.</td>
<td>54s.</td>
<td>58s.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Self acting ditto, with Oven and Boller, Sliding Check, and Wrought Iron (recommended)</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>105s.</td>
<td>110s.</td>
<td>120s.</td>
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Iron Saucepans and Tea Kettles.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>1 pint</th>
<th>1¼ pint</th>
<th>1 Quart</th>
<th>2 pints</th>
<th>2 Quart</th>
<th>3 pints</th>
<th>3 Quart</th>
<th>4 Quart</th>
<th>5 Quart</th>
<th>6 Quart</th>
<th>8 Quart</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Iron Saucepan and Cover</td>
<td>1½d.</td>
<td>1½d. ₄d.</td>
<td>1½d. 6d.</td>
<td>1½d. 10½d.</td>
<td>2½d. 3½d.</td>
<td>2½d. 9d.</td>
<td>3½d. 10½d.</td>
<td>3½d. 3½d.</td>
<td>4½d. 5½d.</td>
<td>9d. 12d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron Stand and Cover</td>
<td>1½d.</td>
<td>1½d. ₄d.</td>
<td>1½d. 6d.</td>
<td>1½d. 10½d.</td>
<td>2½d. 3½d.</td>
<td>2½d. 9d.</td>
<td>3½d. 10½d.</td>
<td>3½d. 3½d.</td>
<td>4½d. 5½d.</td>
<td>9d. 12d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Round Iron Tea Kettles</td>
<td>1½d.</td>
<td>1½d. ₄d.</td>
<td>1½d. 6d.</td>
<td>1½d. 10½d.</td>
<td>2½d. 3½d.</td>
<td>2½d. 9d.</td>
<td>3½d. 10½d.</td>
<td>3½d. 3½d.</td>
<td>4½d. 5½d.</td>
<td>9d. 12d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oval ditto</td>
<td>1½d.</td>
<td>1½d. ₄d.</td>
<td>1½d. 6d.</td>
<td>1½d. 10½d.</td>
<td>2½d. 3½d.</td>
<td>2½d. 9d.</td>
<td>3½d. 10½d.</td>
<td>3½d. 3½d.</td>
<td>4½d. 5½d.</td>
<td>9d. 12d.</td>
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</table>

Iron Boiling Pots.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>1½ Gall.</th>
<th>2 Gall.</th>
<th>2½ Gall.</th>
<th>3 Gall.</th>
<th>4½ Gall.</th>
<th>5 Gall.</th>
<th>6 Gall.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oral Iron Boiling Pot and Cover</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>6s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 6d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
<td>12s. 6d.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Tea Kitchens, or Water Fountains, with Brass Pipe & Cock

13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 16 | 18 | 18 | 16 | 18 | 18 |

Japanned Goods.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Inches long</th>
<th>18</th>
<th>20</th>
<th>22</th>
<th>24</th>
<th>26</th>
<th>28</th>
<th>30</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TEA TRAYS, good common quality</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
<td>2s. 3d.</td>
<td>2s. 9d.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto, best common quality</td>
<td>2s. 6d.</td>
<td>3s. 0d.</td>
<td>3s. 9d.</td>
<td>4s. 6d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto, paper shade, black</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
<td>12s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto, Gothic paper shade, black</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 0d.</td>
<td>12s. 6d.</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td>16s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bread and Kufe Trays, common, 9d., 1s. 1½d. each.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middle quality ditto, at 2s. and 2½d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Best ditto, Gothic shade, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. each.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 0d.</td>
<td>12s. 6d.</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea Trays, paper, Gothic shade, in sets of one each of 1s., 1½d., and 2s. and 2½d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bread and Kufe Trays, common, 9d., 1s. 1½d. each.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middle quality ditto, at 2s. and 2½d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Best ditto, Gothic shade, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. each.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 0d.</td>
<td>12s. 6d.</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheese Trays, or green and ornamented, all over 2s. 9d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheese Trays, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheese Trays, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheese Trays, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paper ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paper Decanter Stands, plain black, 3s. 6d. per pair</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto, red, 4s. per pair</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto, ornamented black or marone, 4s. 6d. per pair</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>9s. 6d.</td>
<td>11s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Plate Warmers, upright shade, with gilt lines, 18s.

Ditto, long shape, 2½s.

Toilet Cans and Toilet Pails, 7s. 6d. each.

Chamber Slop Pails, japanned green outside and red inside, small, 3s., middle, 4s.; large, 5s. 6d.

Chamber Candlessticks, complete, with Snuffers and Extinguisher, 6d. Ditto, better, 9d. to 18s.

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, Japanned Brown, with Locks, 12 inches long, 9s.; 14 in. 1½d.; 18.in. 18s.

Candle Boxes, 1s. 4d. each.

Candle or Rush Safes, 2s. 6d. each.

Cinder Pails or Sifters, Japanned Brown, 11s. each.
ESTABLISHED 1826.

John James Rippon, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London.

TIN GOODS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>To hold</th>
<th>1 Pt.</th>
<th>1 Qt.</th>
<th>3 Pt.</th>
<th>2 Qt.</th>
<th>3 Qt.</th>
<th>4 Qt.</th>
<th>6 Qt.</th>
<th>8 Qt.</th>
<th>10 Qt.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SAUCEPANS, strong common, with Covers</td>
<td>0s. 6d.</td>
<td>0s. 5d.</td>
<td>0s. 4d.</td>
<td>0s. 3d.</td>
<td>0s. 2d.</td>
<td>0s. 1d.</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
<td>2s. 6d.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strong Tin, Iron Handles, not Blocked</td>
<td>0s. 9d.</td>
<td>0s. 8d.</td>
<td>0s. 7d.</td>
<td>0s. 6d.</td>
<td>0s. 5d.</td>
<td>0s. 4d.</td>
<td>0s. 3d.</td>
<td>1s. 3d.</td>
<td>1s. 2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Block Tin</td>
<td>1s. 4d.</td>
<td>1s. 3d.</td>
<td>1s. 2d.</td>
<td>1s. 1d.</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
<td>1s. 5d.</td>
<td>1s. 4d.</td>
<td>1s. 3d.</td>
<td>1s. 2d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Saucepans and Steamers</td>
<td>2s. 6d.</td>
<td>2s. 5d.</td>
<td>2s. 4d.</td>
<td>2s. 3d.</td>
<td>2s. 2d.</td>
<td>2s. 1d.</td>
<td>2s. 6d.</td>
<td>2s. 5d.</td>
<td>2s. 4d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee and Chocolate Pots, Block Tin, to hold 1 quart, 1 1/2 pints, 1 1/4 lb.; 2 quarts, 1 3/4 pints, 2 lb.</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
<td>1s. 5d.</td>
<td>1s. 4d.</td>
<td>1s. 3d.</td>
<td>1s. 2d.</td>
<td>1s. 1d.</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
<td>1s. 5d.</td>
<td>1s. 4d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Colanders, small, 1/2; large, 1 lb.</td>
<td>2s. 6d.</td>
<td>2s. 5d.</td>
<td>2s. 4d.</td>
<td>2s. 3d.</td>
<td>2s. 2d.</td>
<td>2s. 1d.</td>
<td>2s. 6d.</td>
<td>2s. 5d.</td>
<td>2s. 4d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ditto, Block Tin, small, 5s. 6d.; large, 4s. 6d.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td>3s. 5d.</td>
<td>3s. 4d.</td>
<td>3s. 3d.</td>
<td>3s. 2d.</td>
<td>3s. 1d.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td>3s. 5d.</td>
<td>3s. 4d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dipping Pans, with wells, small, 5s.; mid., 6s.; large, 7s.</td>
<td>4s. 6d.</td>
<td>4s. 5d.</td>
<td>4s. 4d.</td>
<td>4s. 3d.</td>
<td>4s. 2d.</td>
<td>4s. 1d.</td>
<td>4s. 6d.</td>
<td>4s. 5d.</td>
<td>4s. 4d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fish Kettles, small, 4s. 6d.; middle, 5s. 6d.; large, 6s. 6d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>5s. 5d.</td>
<td>5s. 4d.</td>
<td>5s. 3d.</td>
<td>5s. 2d.</td>
<td>5s. 1d.</td>
<td>5s. 6d.</td>
<td>5s. 5d.</td>
<td>5s. 4d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Turbot Pans, or Kettles, Turbot shape, 21s.</td>
<td>21s. 6d.</td>
<td>21s. 5d.</td>
<td>21s. 4d.</td>
<td>21s. 3d.</td>
<td>21s. 2d.</td>
<td>21s. 1d.</td>
<td>21s. 6d.</td>
<td>21s. 5d.</td>
<td>21s. 4d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meat Screwers, with Bottle Jacks, 15s.</td>
<td>15s. 6d.</td>
<td>15s. 5d.</td>
<td>15s. 4d.</td>
<td>15s. 3d.</td>
<td>15s. 2d.</td>
<td>15s. 1d.</td>
<td>15s. 6d.</td>
<td>15s. 5d.</td>
<td>15s. 4d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, Wood, Elliptic Shape, lined with Tin, upon Rollers, with Shelf and Door, 3 feet wide, £1. 5s.</td>
<td>1£ 5s.</td>
<td>1£ 5s.</td>
<td>1£ 5s.</td>
<td>1£ 5s.</td>
<td>1£ 5s.</td>
<td>1£ 5s.</td>
<td>1£ 5s.</td>
<td>1£ 5s.</td>
<td>1£ 5s.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Larger sizes in proportion.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stomach Warmers, each 2s. 6d.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

TEA KETTLES, Oval shape, strong Common Tin

Ditto, strongest Tin

Block Tin, with Iron Handles and Iron Spouts

Oblong shape, with round Barrel Handles and Iron Spout

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<tr>
<th>Small Set.</th>
<th>Middle Set.</th>
<th>Large Set.</th>
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<td>1 Bread Grater</td>
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<td>1 Meat Chopper</td>
<td>1 Bottle Jack</td>
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<td>1 Bottle Jack</td>
<td>1 Pair of Belows</td>
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<td>1 Tin Candlestick</td>
<td>2 Deep Tin Candlesticks</td>
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<td>1 Candle Box</td>
<td>2 Casserole Boxes</td>
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<td>1 Cheese Toaster</td>
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<td>1 Cinder Sifter</td>
<td>1 Cheese Toaster</td>
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<td>1 Coffee Pot</td>
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#### Butter Basins

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Butter basin and plate, moulded pillar, scalloped edge, and star, each</td>
<td>12 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. cut leather pattern, each</td>
<td>15 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Do. Roman shape, cut basin, cover &amp; plate, each</td>
<td>15 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Do. plain, pointed only, each 7s. 6d. to 10 d</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Taper butter basin, plate and cover, flat flutes, slight, each</td>
<td>15 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. strong and larger, each</td>
<td>21 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. cut rich pillars, each</td>
<td>25 d</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Cruets

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Cruets, castors, mustards, and soys, tale r.m. per doz.</td>
<td>7 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Do. slight Flint, small cut, per doz.</td>
<td>10 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Do. flint, half fluted, r.m. per doz.</td>
<td>12 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Do. stronger, cut all over, r.m. per doz.</td>
<td>16 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Do. very strong, cut pannels, p.m. per doz.</td>
<td>24 d</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Cadies

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Cadies, 12 oz. engraved, each</td>
<td>2 d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Do. 16 oz. cut variously, each</td>
<td>3 s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Do. 1 lb. 8 oz. do. scalloped edge, each</td>
<td>5 s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Do. 2 lbs. very richly cut, each</td>
<td>7 s</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Custards

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Custards, flatted bottom, per doz.</td>
<td>8 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Do.</td>
<td>8 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Do. reform shape, narrow flutes, per doz.</td>
<td>12 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Do. do. broad flutes, per doz.</td>
<td>16 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>If the above are without handles, deduct 1s. to 1s. 6d. per doz. from the above prices.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Tale jellies, very slight, per doz.</td>
<td>4 s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Films do. c.m. per doz. about</td>
<td>8 s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Jellies, reform shape, narrow flutes, doz.</td>
<td>12 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Do. do. broad flutes, per doz.</td>
<td>16 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Do. do. medicean, fluted, per doz.</td>
<td>14 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Do. do. plain flatted bottoms</td>
<td>10 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Decanters

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Slight quart decanters, plain moulded stopper, each about.</td>
<td>3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Do. cut stopper, and fluted top and bottom r.s. 1-lb. 12-oz. each</td>
<td>4 s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. do. stronger P.M. 2-1/2-oz. each 5 s. to 7 6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Do. Impl. cut broad flutes, 3 lb. P.M. ea. 8 s. to 9 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Do. Nelson shape, cut all over, bold flutes and cut brim &amp; stopper, P.M. ea. 10 6d. to 12 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Do. three-ring royal shaped, cut on and between rings, turned out stop, P.M. ea. 10 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. do. not cut on or between rings, nor turned out stopper, P.M. each 8 s. to 9 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Do. six flutes only, each, P.M. 21 s. to 24 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

P. M. indicates Polished Mouths to Cruets or Decanters.

R. M. indicates Rough Mouths.
DECANTERS FOR CLARET.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Claret decanters, P.M. quarts, each</td>
<td>15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. cut on and between rings, each</td>
<td>18 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. to match Nelson decanter, No. 26, ea.</td>
<td>18 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Do. cut 8 flutes, &amp;c. each</td>
<td>24 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. 6 flutes, each</td>
<td>30 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Turkish shape, richly cut, each</td>
<td>49 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DISHES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Dishes, oblong, pillar moulded, scalloped edges, cut star, 5-in.</td>
<td>3.6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. 7-in.</td>
<td>6.6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. 9-in.</td>
<td>9.11.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td>13s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Oval cut spng. shell pattern, 5-in.</td>
<td>7.7.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. 7-in.</td>
<td>9.9.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. 11-in.</td>
<td>11.19.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7s. 6d.</td>
<td>13s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Square shape pillar, moulded star, 5-in.</td>
<td>5.4s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. 7-in.</td>
<td>6.9.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. 9-in.</td>
<td>9.1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4s. 8s.</td>
<td>12s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>15s. each</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Eleven-inch trifle dish, richly cut pillars, on high foot, complete (round)</td>
<td>94 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Moulded pillar shell, scallop cut edges, &amp;c. each</td>
<td>7 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Ten-inch round pillar, moulded dish and stand, complete</td>
<td>27 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FINGER-CUPS.

Plain, per lb. 1s. 8d.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Fluted finger-cups, strong, about 14 oz. ea.</td>
<td>2 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. plain flint, punctured, per doz.</td>
<td>18 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do. coloured, per doz.</td>
<td>21 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Ten-fluted round, very strong, each</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Eight-fluted do. each</td>
<td>8 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Medicean shape, moulded pillar, pearl upper part, cut flat flutes, each</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

To Monteiths or wine coolers add about 10 per cent. to the above finger cups.

ICE PLATES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Ice plate, 7-in. cut star, each</td>
<td>2 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Do. engraved bright border, on roughed ground, each</td>
<td>4 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Do. new pattern, bright star, on roughed ground, each</td>
<td>3 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LIQUOR BOTTLES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Liquor bottles, slight, cut to fit 3-inch holes, P.M. each</td>
<td>3 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Stronger do. 3-in. holes, P.M. each</td>
<td>4 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Do. best cut, for 42-inch holes, P.M. each</td>
<td>6 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PICKLES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Pickles, half fluted for 3-in. holes, P.M. ea.</td>
<td>4 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Strong, moulded bottom, 3-in. hole, cut all over, flat flutes, P.M. each</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Best cut star do. for 34-in. hole, P.M. ea.</td>
<td>7 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Very strong and best cut, P.M.</td>
<td>10 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**APSELY PELLATT, Falcon Glass Works, Holland Street, Blackfriars’ Road.**

**SALTS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Small oblong octagon salts, cut lapidary all over, moulded star, each</td>
<td>1/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Square lapidary, small, cut all over</td>
<td>1/9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Larger do.</td>
<td>2/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Hollow corner lapidary, do.</td>
<td>2/5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Oblong octagon, cut ornamental star</td>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Octagon, moulded star</td>
<td>2/8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Hexagon, richly cut</td>
<td>3/3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Six pillar salt, cut all over</td>
<td>4/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Round Salt, richly cut</td>
<td>4/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Salt and stand, diamond cut star</td>
<td>6/0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**WATER JUGS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>Quarts, neatly fluted &amp; cut rings, ea. 14s. to 18s.</td>
<td>18/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Ever shape, best cut handles, &amp;c.</td>
<td>21/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>Silver do, scoloped edges &amp; extra large flutes</td>
<td>25/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>Etruscan do, best cut 21s. — Helio do. do. 25/0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>Tall antique, full quart, nearly 3 pints, very strong 31/0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Pints one-third less in price than the quarts.

**MILK JUGS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Milk jugs, to hold about 1/2 of a pint, plain, ea.</td>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Do, neatly cut star</td>
<td>3/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>Do, fluted and star, 4s. — Do, better cut star</td>
<td>6/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>Gothic cut milk, 7s. 6d.</td>
<td>6/7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Open form, richly cut</td>
<td>7/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>Low antique, roughed, &amp; bright laurel border</td>
<td>7/6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**WATER BOTTLES.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>Moulded pillar body, cut neck, each</td>
<td>3/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>Cut neck and star</td>
<td>3/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>Double fluted cut rings</td>
<td>3/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>Very strong pillar, moulded body, cut neck and rings</td>
<td>5/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>Grecian shape, fluted all over</td>
<td>7/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>Straight ditto, 8s. — 76 Taper ditto</td>
<td>9/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>Portland ditto, scoloped lip</td>
<td>9/0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TUMBLERS.**

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

Three to pint tumblers about one-fifth less in price.

**WINE GLASSES.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Best Plain 6s. 6d. to 7s. — Com. Plain 5s. to 6s. per doz.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>8s. per doz. Larger, 9s. 6d. Small claret, 10s. 6d. Large claret, 12s. fluted.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>Princess wines, fluted per doz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>York ditto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>Cobourg ditto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Godeich ditto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93</td>
<td>Aronella shape, cut stem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>Six fluted ball stem 12s. — 55 Small ted shape 14/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>Six fluted pear bowl 15s. — 97 Tulip cut stem 18/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>New Tulip cut stem 21s. — 99 Ditto ditto 20/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>97</td>
<td>Liqueurs about 10 per cent, less than Wines. Claret and Hocks about 25 per cent; advance on the price of Wines. Three-to-pint Goblets, Ales, or Champagnes, about 35 per cent; advance, and half-pint Goblets about double the price of Wines.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Apsley Pellatt, Falcon Glass Works, Holland Street, Blackfriars' Road.

G, 7 8 9 to 10 inches
French Roughed........... 5s. 6s. 7s. 6d. each.
Do. and Bright Engraved... 7s. 6d. 9s. 10s. 6d. ditto
If made to fit Rims in smaller quantities than half a
dozens, 1s. each extra.

D, Sigrambras Roughed ............. 7s. 6d. each.
Ditto Roughed and Bright Engraved. 10s. 6d. ditto

E, Globes or Moons............. 4 5 6 inches.
Roughed .................. 2s. 2d. 3s. 6d. each
Ditto and Bright Engraved 4s. 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d. ditto

F, Ditto Pavilion or Lotus shaped, roughed 3s. 6d. each.
Ditto roughed and Bright Engraved 4s. ditto

N, LANTERNS, extra strong.
Copper ........ 13s. large 10s. 6d. small, each.
Tin ............ 10s. 6d. ditto 8s. ditto ditto
Ditto Japanned 10s. 6d. ditto 8s. 6d. ditto ditto

O, Kingston do. do. 3½ 4 4½ 5 inches.
Copper ............ 6s. 7s. 6d. 9s. 11s. each.
Tin ............ 4s. 5s. 6d. 7s. 9s. ditto
Ditto Japanned 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d. 8s. 10s. ditto

P, PASSAGE LAMPS, extra strong.
Lacquered, Mounted.
6 inch diameter 10s. 6d. 7 inch 12s. 8 inch 14s.

HALL LAMPS.

Q, Vase Lamps usual strength, mounted complete, lackd.
9 inch 12s. 10½ inch 15s. 12 inch 20s. each.
Medicean, R. Burghese, S. Roman or other fancy
shapes, extra strong glass, lackd. mounted, 10 inch diameter

Com. Chain. Best Chain.
Plain ................. 20s. 22s.
Roughed .............. 22s. 24s.
Bright Engraved ....... 29s. 31s. 6d.

T, York Lanterns glazed and mounted, complete.
8 9 10 11 12 inches.
20s. 25s. 31s. 35s. 42s. each

Small Lackd. Brass Burners for oil, 3s. each
Ditto Tin ditto 2s. ditto

Besides the foregoing Articles which are usually kept in Stock, a variety of Fancy Smelling
Bottles, Toilets, Celry Glasses, &c.; Candlesticks, Girandoles, and Chandeliers, are on sale. Also
Stoppered Bottles, and every variety of Philosophical and Medical Glass Ware.

The attention of Medical Practitioners is solicited to Pellatt's improved moulded Vials, which
ensure the following advantages, viz.—1st, an exact uniformity of diameter and height. 2nd, a flat
base, for secure standing. 3rd, an accurate cylindrical form. 4th, superior strength; and 5th,
uniform contents. Drafts 16s. a gross, other sizes in proportion

Patterns for matching from the Country must be carriage paid.

Orders, by letter, from this list, should have reference to the figures of the Table Glass, and for
Lamps or Globes to the letters; and if accompanied by a remittance will have immediate attention.

Glass Blowing, Cutting, and Engraving may be inspected by Purchasers, at Mr. PELLATT'S
EXTENSIVE FLINT GLASS WORKS in Holland Street, near Blackfriars' Bridge, any Tuesday,
Wednesday, or Thursday.

NO ABATEMENT FROM THE ABOVE SPECIFIED READY MONEY PRICES.
NO CONNEKXON WITH ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT.

M. & W. COLLIS, Printers 106. Bishopsgate-street Within
"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?—If you ask, 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, Hampstead, January, 1837.

Somewhere in London.

"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 anything 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 several places, but nobody could tell us anything 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 (collated by 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 wounded himself round our hearts; in truth, nothing has been so much the subject of our daily thoughts and nightly dreams as Peter Parley.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS TEGG AND SON, WHOLESALE BOOK MERCHANTS,
NO. 73, CHEAPSIDE: AND SOLD BY TEGG AND CO. DUBLIN;
R. GRIFFIN AND CO. GLASGOW; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.
A LIST OF THE POPULAR WORKS OF MR. PETER PARLEY, VOYAGER, TRAVELLER, AND STORY-TELLER.

Comprising Pieces adapted to all stages of the youthful faculties, written in a familiar manner, that they who read may have delight—that they who are desirous to commit to memory may have ease—and that all into whose hands they come may have profit. These books may pass from hand to hand in the family circle, and the Parents will not disdain to find amusement in what they are called upon to explain to their Children. Young people will not regard them as things they must read as a task; but which they will love to consult as a companion and friend; in short, the reading of which may be permitted as a reward of good conduct, but the denial felt as a punishment for bad.

"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.

1. TALES OF ANIMALS.
Comprising Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and Insects. The Sixth Edition, embellished with Two Hundred and Eighty Cuts. Price 5s. in cloth boards.

"Natural History is a subject which affords much amusing detail and more astonishing facts, and suggests more deep and important reflections, than any other in the whole range of natural science. The matter in this volume is very excellently adapted to the capacity and the wants of children. The style is simple, neat, and perspicuous; the subjects are well selected and happily treated."

2. TALES ABOUT EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.
A New Edition, with great Additions. Embellished with One Hundred and Thirty-six Cuts. Price 7s. 6d. in fancy boards.

"The execution of this work, as respects typography and arrangement, is admirable and attractive; the wood cuts are of uncommon excellence. Here is that specific kind of literature for youth, combining information with amusement, which is adapted to counteract the taste for silly tales, awaken a laudable curiosity, and gratify an intelligent youth in a manner and to an extent which mere fiction never can."

3. TALES ABOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.
A New Edition, greatly improved, and embellished with upwards of One Hundred Cuts. Price 7s. 6d. in fancy boards.

"These volumes by Peter Parley are now universally admitted into every family, and particularly among the Quakers, whose method of using them is interesting; one of the children reads some interesting fact, the rest sit still and hear; sometimes they are requested to repeat the substance of their reading verbally (by word of mouth), at others they write it on slates. Thus by these means a habit is formed of attending to what they hear and read; a habit of great importance, but very much neglected. In this way they cultivate the faculties of attention and memory. And to relate a story in this way, which we have heard or read, what is it but learning to compose? More than all, they learn to think. And if there be any one thing which should be urged upon the young again and again, it is LEARN TO THINK."

4. TALES ABOUT THE SEA, AND THE ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
The Second Edition, enlarged. Embellished with numerous Cuts. 4s. 6d. fancy bds.

"The recent boisterous weather, and its calamitous results on our shores, make us take up this volume in the hope of soothing our anxiety for those whose march is on the mountain waves, and home upon the deep. The charm of its graphic descriptions and fascinating tales fell on us with all the power of enchantment. It is a lively little volume, well adapted for the instruction and amusement of children."

5. TALES ABOUT ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.
Embellished with One Hundred Cuts. Price 4s. 6d. in fancy boards.

"The works of Peter Parley will need no puffing to insure success, they are really the most ingenious and taking conceptions yet developed to aid the cause of education; they are full of simple and substantial food for the juvenile mind, and add to the many claims of the benevolent Peter to the gratitude both of parents and children."

6. TALES ABOUT THE SUN, MOON, STARS, AND COMETS.
A New and very greatly improved Edition. With 130 Cuts. Price 4s. 6d. fancy bds.

"This beautiful volume is extremely well adapted to convey a knowledge of astronomical science to the youthful understanding. Peter is so bland and earnest in his manner, that he never fails to win attention and raise curiosity; he then uses such familiar terms in gratifying it, that the rudiments of astronomy are impressively impressed upon the mind, and an abstruse science rendered a pleasing study. We wish that Peter had lived and written in the days of our boyhood! The young of both sexes are bound to pray for length of days to so engaging an instructor."

** The Works published under the title of Peter Parley's Tales consist chiefly of matters of fact. Truth and knowledge are presented in a guise most attractive to the youthful mind as that in which fiction has generally been arrayed; and no expense has been spared in getting them up, both as regards the literary or graphic departments, men of first rate abilities having been engaged in the completion of this Series of popular Works for Youth. A Volume will be published about every three Months, until the whole are completed.
Royal Beulah Spa & Gardens, NORWOOD.

We, the undersigned Physicians and Surgeons, having examined Professor Faraday's Analysis of the Beulah Spring, are of opinion that this Saline Water is calculated to be eminently beneficial in all those diseases in which the most celebrated Aperient Mineral Springs have been found to afford relief.

HENRY HALFORD
ASTLEY COOPER
B. C. BRODIE
BENJAMIN TRAVERS
THOMAS ADDISON
J. Mc GREGOR
FREDERICK TIRREL
H. J. CHOLMELEY
A. P. W. PHILIP
A. T. THOMSON
MARTIN HALL
R. LITTON
HENRY CLUTTERBUCK

ROBERT KEATE
DAVID D. DAVIS
M. J. TIERNAY
CHARLES M. CLARKE
GEORGE BIRKBECK
W. F. CHAMBERS
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J. A. PARIS
HENRY HOLLAND
WILLIAM MACMICHAEL
EDWARD J. SEYMOUR
WILLIAM PIOUT

JAMES JOHNSON
JOHN SIMS
C. LOCOCK
J. BOSTOCK.
W. BURNETT
JAMES E. ANDERSON
C. ASTON KEY
J. GODDZYER ANDREWS
J. F. CONQUEST
FREDERICK COBB
JOHN RAMSBOOTH
ALGERNON FRAMPTON

ANALYSIS OF THE BEULAH SALINE WATER, BY PROFESSOR FARADAY.

CONTENTS OF A PINT OF WATER.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Substance</th>
<th>Grams</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sulphate of Magnesia</td>
<td>61.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chloride of Sodium</td>
<td>20.74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muriate of Magnesia</td>
<td>9.29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carbonate of Lime</td>
<td>7.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carbonate of Soda</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carbonic Acid Gas</td>
<td>68.07</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7.6 cubic inches</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

OPINIONS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

"The improvements lately effected at the Beulah Spa have been conducted with much judgment and taste."—Times.

"The object of the present operations appears to be, by a combination of its natural attractions with artificial ones, in which the tastes of the more refined classes shall be consulted, to render it at once a place of fashionable resort."—Morning Post.

"The scene is altogether such a one as we read of in fairy tales. It is one of those which must be seen to be believed."—Observer.

"To the laying out of grounds, and especially to the floral department, the utmost attention seems to have been given."—Morning Chronicle.

"The lawn is increased in extent, and presents to the eye of the visitor, when he first emerges from the path through the wood which leads to it from the lodge, a beautiful expanse of the richest turf."—Standard.

"We know of no rural retreat so delightful or so romantic."—True Sun.

"We can conceive nothing more agreeable than wandering about the cool and shady groves which abound here."—Morning Herald.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Per Year</th>
<th>Per Quarter</th>
<th>Per Month</th>
<th>Per Week</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Person</td>
<td>£1 11 6</td>
<td>£1 1 0</td>
<td>£0 10 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Family</td>
<td>3 3 0</td>
<td>2 2 0</td>
<td>1 1 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Non-Subscribers, One Shilling each, except on Gala Days.

THE ABOVE INCLUDES THE USE OF THE WATERS.

Servants in Livery not admitted.

Subscribers are also entitled to have the Water sent to their Residences free from charge, except for Carriage and Bottles.

THE SALINE SPA WATER, TWO SHILLINGS PER GALLON.

The Gardens are not opened on Sundays.
ROYAL BEULAH SPA AND GARDENS, NORWOOD.

Since the last Season, these delightful and romantic Grounds have undergone continued improvements; and to those to whom a day of tranquil enjoyment and unexceptionable relaxation is desirable, the advantages of Beulah Spa may be confidently proffered, as combining every inducement that can be yielded by invigorating air, delightful prospects, and the efforts of art to embellish the charms of nature. The greatest attention has been paid to Floriculture; and throughout the Season there will be a succession of from twelve to fifteen thousand Flowers around the Lawn and Rosery constantly in bloom.

FLOWER SHOWS. A principal feature among the attractions of the Establishment will be Floricultural Exhibitions, for which these Grounds may be presumed to possess superior advantages, among which the rustic style of the buildings, and the appropriateness of the other embellishments, aided by the picturesque scenery of the surrounding country, are not the least. The first of these Exhibitions by the Metropolitan Floricultural Society open to all England, will take place early in July, of which due notice will be given. The extensive and liberal scale on which this is projected, will, it is expected, constitute it the first of a series of the most splendid Floricultural Exhibitions ever attempted in this country.

ARCHERY. A commodious space is set apart for the practice of Archery, and every facility is afforded for the pursuit of this delightful exercise.

PIC-NIC PARTIES. Certain portions of the Grounds are allotted to the accommodation of Pic-Nic Parties, for whom attendance and every convenience are provided. Parties bringing their own Provisions and Wines, will find the supply of Glass, Linen, &c. as ample and complete as may be desired, at a small charge per head. In addition to the Confectionary, and numerous secluded spots of green sward in various parts of the Grounds, Tents and Marquees are provided to accommodate any number of persons.

REFRESHMENTS. The decided preference given to the arrangements which have been made for supplying Refreshments in the Grounds, has induced the Proprietors to pay particular attention to this department; they have the satisfaction to announce that Refreshments on the most extensive and liberal scale will be purveyed by Mr. Dever, (late Angell) at fixed and moderate prices, of which a printed list may be seen in the Confectionary and at the Lodge. Special contracts may be entered into for Dejeuners and Pic-Nics for large parties. A letter addressed to Mr. Dever, at the Beulah Spa, or 60, Corinth, will insure attention; and it is suggested that, in case of a very numerous party, a few days' notice may be desirable, to make the preparations as complete as possible, and suited to the tastes of individuals.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS desire to benefit their funds by holding Festivals, &c. in the Grounds, will be treated with in the most liberal manner.

WOOD'S MILITARY BAND will be in attendance daily during the Season.

It is requested that Drivers of Carriages be directed to proceed through the Entrance Gate, and to set down their Company at the Lodge.

All Communications to be addressed (post paid) to the Clerk, at the Lodge, Beulah Spa, Norwood.
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