

Five minutes after this honest and straight-forward speech, little Miss La Creevy and Tim were talking as pleasantly as if they had been married for a score of years, and had never once quarrelled all the time; and five minutes after that, when Miss La Creevy had bustled out to see if her eyes were red and put her hair to rights, Tim moved with a stately step towards the drawing-room exclaiming as he went, 'There an't such another woman in al. London—I know there an't.'"

## THE DINNER.

"Never was such a dinner as that since the world began. There was the superannuated bank clerk Tim Linkinwater's friend, and there was the chubby old lady Tim Linkinwater's sister, and there was so much attention from Tim Linkinwater's sister to Miss La Creevy, and there were so many jokes from the superannuated bank clerk, and Tim Linkinwater himself was in such a tip-top spirits, and little Miss La Creevy was in such a comical state, that of themselves they would have composed the pleasantest party conceivable. Then there was Mrs. Nickleby so grand and complacent, Madeline and Kate so blushing and beautiful, Nicholas and Frank so devoted and proud, and all four so silently and tremblingly happy—there was Newman so subdued yet so overjoyed, and there were the twin Brothers so delighted and interchanging such looks, that the old servant stood transfixed behind his master's chair and felt his eyes grow dim as they wandered round the table.

When the first novelty of the meeting had worn off, and they began truly to feel how happy they were, the conversation became more general and the harmony and pleasure if possible increased. The Brothers were in a perfect ecstasy, and their insisting on saluting the ladies all round before they would permit them to retire, gave occasion to the superannuated bank clerk to say so many good things that he quite outshone himself, and was looked upon as a prodigy of humour."

Nicholas feels dissatisfied in the midst of his blessings, because he has not had an opportunity of communicating some of this pleasure to a friend whom we met in his worst days, John Browdie, a neighbour of Squeers the master of Dotheboy's Hall. Nicholas, therefore resolves to pay a visit to Yorkshire, and renew acquaintance with some places and faces which had been closely connected with his story.

## AN HONEST YORKSHIREMAN.

"The next morning he began his journey. It was now cold, winter weather, forcibly recalling to his mind under what circumstances he had first travelled that road, and how many vicissitudes and changes he had since undergone. He was alone inside the greater part of the way, and sometimes, when he had fallen into a doze, and rousing himself, looked out of the window, and recognised some place which he well remembered of having passed either on his journey down, or in the long walk back with poor Smike, he could hardly believe but that all which had since happened had been a dream, and that they were still plodding wearily on towards London, with the world before them.

To render these recollections the more vivid, it came on to snow as night set in, and passing through Stamford and Grantham, and by the little alehouse where he had heard the story of the bold Baron of Grogswig, everything looked as if he had seen it but yesterday, and not even a flake of the white crust upon the roofs had melted away. Encouraging the train of ideas which flocked upon him, he could almost persuade himself that he sat again outside the coach, with Squeers and the boys, that he heard their voices in the air, and that he felt again, but with a mingled sensation of pain and pleasure now, that old sinking of the heart and longing after home. While he was yet yielding himself up to these fancies he fell asleep, and, dreaming of Madeline, forgot them.

He slept at the inn at Greta Bridge on the night of his arrival, and, rising at a very early hour next morning, walked to the market town, and inquired for John Browdie's house. John lived in the outskirts, now he was a family man, and, as everybody knew him, Nicholas had no difficulty in finding a boy who undertook to guide him to his residence.

Dismissing his guide at the gate, and in his impatience not even stopping to admire the thriving look of cottage or garden either, Nicholas made his way to the kitchen door, and knocked lustily with his stick.

'Halloa!' cried a voice inside, 'waat be the matther noo? Be the toon a-fire? Ding, but thou mak'est noise eneaf!'

With these words John Browdie opened the door himself, and opening his eyes too to their utmost width, cried, as he clapped his hands together and burst into a hearty roar,

'Ecod, it be the godfeyther, it be the godfeyther! Tilly, here be Misher Nickleby. Gi, us thee hond, mun. Coom awa', coom awa'. In wi' un, doon beside the fire; tak' a soop o' thot. Dinnot say a word till thou'st droonk it a', oop wi' it, mun. Ding! but I'm reeght glod to see thee.'

Adapting his action to his text, John dragged Nicholas into the kitchen, forced him down upon a huge settle beside a blazing fire, poured out from an enormous bottle about a quarter of a pint of

liquor thrust it into his hand, opened his mouth and threw back his head as a sign to him to drink it instantly, and stood with a broad grin of welcome overspreading his great red face, like a jolly giant."

'I might ha' knowa'd,' said John, 'that nobody but thou would ha' coom wi' sike a knock as yon. Thot was the wa' thou knocked at schoolmeaster's door eh? Ha, ha, ha! But I say—waa't be a' this about schoolmeaster?'

'You know it then?' said Nicholas.

'They were talking about it doon toon last neeght,' replied John, 'but neane on 'em seemed quite to un'erstan' it loike.'

'After various shiftings and delays,' said Nicholas, 'he has been sentenced to be transported for seven years, for being in the unlawful possession of a stolen will; and after that, he was to suffer the consequence of a conspiracy.'

'Whew!' cried John, 'a conspiracy! Soomat in the pooder plot wa'—eh? Sooma't in the Guy Faurx line?'

'No, no, no, a conspiracy connected with his school; I'll explain it presently.'

'Thot's reeght!' said John, 'explain it arter breakfast, not noo, for thou bes't hoongry, and so am I; and Tilly she mun' be at the bottom o' a' explanations, for she says thot's the mutual confidence. Ha, ha, ha! Ecod it's a room start is the mutual confidence!'

The entrance of Mrs. Browdie with a smart cap on and very many apologies for their having been detected in the act of breakfasting in the kitchen, stopped John in his discussion of this grave subject, and hastened the breakfast, which being composed of vast mounds of toast, new-laid eggs, boiled ham, Yorkshire pie, and other cold substantial (of which heavy relays were constantly appearing from another kitchen under the direction of a very plump servant), was admirably adapted to the cold bleak morning, and received the utmost justice from all parties. At last it came to a close, and the fire which had been lighted in the best parlour having by this time burnt up, they adjourned thither to hear what Nicholas had to tell.

Nicholas told them all, and never was there a story which awakened so many emotions in the breasts of two eager listeners. At one time honest John groaned in sympathy, and at another roared with joy; at one time he vowed to go up to London on purpose to get a sight of the Brothers Cheeryble, and at another swore that Tim Linkinwater should receive such a him by coach, and carriage free, as mortal knife had never carved. When Nicholas began to describe Madeline, he sat with his mouth wide open nudging Mrs. Browdie from time to time, and exclaiming under his breath that she must be 'raa'ther a tidy sort,' and when he heard at last that his young friend had come down purposely to communicate his good fortune, and to convey to him all those assurances of friendship which he could not state with sufficient warmth in writing—that the only object of his journey was to share his happiness with them, and to tell them that when he was married they must come up to see him, and that Madeline insisted on it as well as he—John could hold out no longer, but after looking indignantly at his wife and demanding to know what she was whi'per'ng for, drew his coat-sleeve over his eyes and blubbered outright."

John apprehends that the boys at the hall will commit some frantic expressions of their joy, on hearing of their late tyrant being in jail on charges of a highly criminal nature, and he resolves on paying a visit to the school.

## BREAKING UP OF DOTHEBOY'S HALL.

"Giving his wife a hearty kiss, and Nicholas a no less hearty shake of the hand, John mounted his horse and rode off: leaving Mrs. Browdie to apply herself to hospitable preparations, and his young friend to stroll about the neighbourhood, and revisit spots which were rendered familiar to him by many a miserable association.

John cantered away, and arriving at Dotheboys Hall tied his horse to a gate and made his way to the schoolroom door, which he found locked on the inside. A tremendous noise and riot arose from within, and applying his eye to a convenient crevice in the wall, he did not remain long in ignorance of its meaning.

The news of Mr. Squeers's downfall had reached Dotheboys; that was quiet clear. To all appearance it had very recently become known to the young gentlemen, for the rebellion had just broken out.

It was one of the brimstone-and-treacle mornings, and Mrs. Squeers had entered school according to custom with the large bowl and spoon, followed by Miss Squeers and the amiable Wackford, who during his father's absence had taken upon him such minor branches of the executive as kicking the pupils with his nailed boots, pulling the hair of some of the smaller boys, pinching the others in aggravating places, and rendering himself in various similar ways a great comfort and happiness to his mother. Their entrance, whether by premeditation or a simultaneous impulse, was the signal of revolt. While one detachment rushed to the door and locked it, and another mounted upon the desks and forms, the stoutest (and consequently the newest) boy seized the cane, and confronting Mrs. Squeers with a stern coun-

tenance, snatched off her cap and beaver-bonnet, put it on his own head, armed himself with the wooden spoon, and bade her on pain of death, go down upon her knees, and take a dose directly. Before that estimable lady could recover herself or offer the slightest retaliation, she was forced into a kneeling posture by a crowd of shouting tormentors, and compelled to swallow a spoonful of the odious mixture, rendered more than usually savoury by the immersion in the bowl of Master Wackford's head, whose ducking was entrusted to another rebel,

(To be concluded next week.)

## "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."

Concluded.

No less a personage than the "Printer's Devil," is next brought on the carpet, and what follows treats humourously enough of the kind of wealth, and power, which is frequently committed to the safe keeping of this urchin, who is so mixed up with the literary world and yet is not of it, and who has so prominent a share in enlightening the human family, while he is one of the darkest of Adam's sons himself.

## THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

*His Honesty and Influence.*—"That the riches of the mind outvalue, to an inconceivable degree, all tangible wealth, whether in gems or metals, is a truth preached from a thousand pulpits—a truth we emblazon in our copy-books—a truth that even men of ten, twenty, forty thousand a-year are in a condition to very placidly admit. How often, if we search the archives of the police, shall we find goldsmiths' porters—jewellers' shopmen—nay, the clerks of bankers—how often shall we find them wanting! Plate has been stolen—diamonds carried off—moneys embezzled; yes, men in trust have succumbed to the blandishments of the baser wealth, and become naught. But when—and we put the question with a thrill of triumph at our heart—when was a Printer's Devil ever known to embezzle his copy? When did he ever attempt to turn an article into money, and escape to France or America with the fruits of his wickedness? We answer for him—never. We call upon all the police magistrates, the Lord Mayor, all the aldermen, and with them of course Mr. Hobler—we call upon these gentlemen to confound us if they can. No: our Printer's Devil, intrusted as he hourly is with valuables to which the regalia of the Tower—whatever Mr. Swift, the keeper of the same, may assert to the contrary—are as paste and foil-stones; made the bearer of thoughts more brilliant and more durable than virgin gold; a carrier of little packets outvaluing the entrails of Golconda; nay, single sheets, to which the Mogul's dominions are, at least in the opinion of one man, as a few unprofitable mole-hills; the Devil, freighted with this inconceivable treasure, despatched trustingly by its producer with this immortal wealth, goes unerringly to his destination; and with the innocence of a dove, and the meekness of a lamb, gives up his precious burden. He never betrays his trust, not he. The Printer's Devil takes not the mental gold to unlawful crucible—offers not the precious paper to the felonious money-changer—seeks no loan upon the copy from the pawnbroker; but, with a fine rectitude, with a noble simplicity of purpose, gives up the treasure to the hand appointed to receive it, as though it were rags or dirt. The oyster that breeds an union for the crown of an emperor, is not more unpresuming on its wealth than is the Printer's Devil on his costlier copy.

And now, gentle reader, does not the Printer's Devil present himself to your admiring imagination, despite his ink-stained hands and face, in colours of the brightest radiance? Jostled in the street or, it may be, triflingly bespattered by mud from his mercurial heels, how little do you dream that the offending urchin, the hurrying Devil, has about him "something dangorous." You know it not; but, innocent, mirthful as he seems, he is loaded with copy. He may be rushing, gambolling, jumping like a young satyr, and is withal the Devil to a newspaper. His looks are the looks of merriment; yet the pockets of his corduroy trowsers may be charged with thunderbolts. He would not hurt a mouse; yet in his jacket slumbers lightning to destroy a ministry. Perhaps, for the whole Mint, he could not compass a sum in addition; and yet, it rests with his integrity whether to-morrow morning the nation shall be saved from bankruptcy; for, deposited in his cap, is an elaborate essay addressed to the ingenious traders in the Money Market; an essay setting forth principles which, if adopted, shall in a fortnight transform beggaried England into El Dorado. If the Printers' Devils, as a body, knew their strength, what darkness might they for a time bring upon the world! A conspiracy amongst the gas-men would be matter for a jest, compared to the Cimmerian gloom produced by Printers' Devils, sworn to a simultaneous destruction of copy! We own, this is a dangerous suggestion; hut, had we not a great faith in the natural goodness of our Devils, we might assure ourselves in their want of combination. Besides, it is just possible that the Devil may bear copy as a bishop's horse may bear his master; without for one moment suspecting the wisdom, the learning, the piety, the charity and loving-kindness to all men, that he carries. We say, this is possible."

This article closes the first volume of the Heads.—As we before mentioned, the hands of the Printer's Devil are not done with the work, if the proprietor's are done with his head, and we hope to renew our acquaintance, next month, with the faithful draughtsmen who are so busily employed on the cranium of John Bull's family.