

ing slyly at Nicholas; "so we had better go partners, two against two."

"What do you say, Mr. Nickleby?" inquired Miss Price.

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Nicholas. And so saying, quite unconscious of his heinous offence, he amalgamated into one common heap those portions of a Dotheboys Hall card of terms, which represented his own counters, and those allotted to Miss Price, respectively.

"Mr. Browdie," said Miss Squeers hysterically, "shall we make a bank against them?"

The Yorkshireman assented—apparently quite overwhelmed by the new usher's impudence—and Miss Squeers darted a spiteful look at her friend, and giggled convulsively.

The deal fell to Nicholas, and the hand prospered.

"We intend to win every thing," said he.

"Tilda has won something she didn't expect I think, haven't you, dear?" said Miss Squeers, maliciously.

"Only a dozen and eight, love," replied Miss Price, affecting to take the question in a literal sense.

"How dull you are to night!" sneered Miss Squeers.

"No, indeed," replied Miss Price, "I am in excellent spirits. I was thinking you seemed out of sorts."

"Me!" cried Miss Squeers, biting her lips, and trembling with very jealousy; "Oh no!"

"That's well," remarked Miss Price. "Your hair's coming out of curl, dear."

"Never mind me," tittered Miss Squeers; "you had better attend to your partner."

"Thank you for reminding her," said Nicholas. "So she had."

The Yorkshireman flattened his nose once or twice with his clenched fist, as if to keep his hand in, till he had an opportunity of exercising it upon the features of some other gentleman; and Miss Squeers tossed her head with such indignation, that the gust of wind raised by the multitudinous curls in motion, nearly blew the candle out.

"I never had such luck, really," exclaimed coquettish Miss Price, after another hand or two. "It's all along of you, Mr. Nickleby, I think. I should like to have you for a partner always."

"I wish you had."

"You'll have a bad wife, though, if you always win at cards," said Miss Price.

"Not if your wish is gratified," replied Nicholas. "I am sure I shall have a good one in that case."

To see how Miss Squeers tossed her head, and the corn-factor flattened his nose, while this conversation was carrying on! It would have been worth a small annuity to have beheld that; let alone Miss Price's evident joy at making them jealous, and Nicholas Nickleby's happy unconsciousness of making anybody uncomfortable.

"We have all the talking to ourselves, it seems," said Nicholas, looking good-humouredly round the table as he took up the cards for a fresh deal.

"You do it so well," tittered Miss Squeers, "that it would be a pity to interrupt, wouldn't it, Mr. Browdie? He! he! he!"

"Nay," said Nicholas, "we do it in default of having anybody else to talk to."

"We'll talk to you, you know, if you'll say anything," said Miss Price.

"Thank you, Tilda, dear," retorted Miss Squeers, majestically.

"Or you can talk to each other, if you don't choose to talk to us," said Miss Price, rallying her dear friend. "John, why don't you say something?"

"Say summat?" repeated the Yorkshireman.

"Ay, and not sit there so silent and glum."

"Weel then!" said the Yorkshireman, striking the table heavily with his fist, "what I say's this—Dang my boans and boddy, if I stan' this any longer. Do you gang whoam wi' me; and do you loight and toight young whipster, look sharp out for a broken head next time he cums under my hond."

"Mercy on us, what's all this?" cried Miss Price, in affected astonishment.

"Cum whoam, tell'e, cum whoam," replied the Yorkshireman, sternly. And as he delivered the reply Miss Squeers burst into a shower of tears; arising in part from desperate vexation, and in part from an impotent desire to lacerate somebody's countenance with her fair finger-nails.

This state of things had been brought about divers means and workings. Miss Squeers had brought it about by aspiring to the high state and condition of being matrimonially engaged without good grounds for so doing; Miss Price had brought it about by indulging in three motives of action; first, a desire to punish her friend for laying claim to a rivalry in dignity, having no good title; secondly, the gratification of her own vanity in receiving the compliments of a smart young man; and thirdly, a wish to convince the corn-factor of the great danger he ran, in deferring the celebration of their expected nuptials: while Nicholas had brought it about by half an hour's gaiety and thoughtlessness, and a very sin-

cere desire to avoid the imputation of inclining at all to Miss Squeers. So, that the means employed, and the end produced, were alike the most natural in the world: for young ladies will look forward to being married; and will jostle each other in the race to the altar, and will avail themselves of all opportunities of displaying their own attractions to the best advantage down to the very end of time as they have done from its beginning.

"Why, and here's Fanny in tears now!" exclaimed Miss Price, as if in fresh amazement. "What can be the matter?"

"Oh! you don't know, Miss, of course you don't know. Pray don't trouble yourself to inquire," said Miss Squeers, producing that change of countenance which children call making a face.

"Well, I'm sure," exclaimed Miss Price.

"And who cares whether you are sure or not, ma'am?" retorted Miss Squeers, making another face.

"You are monstrous polite, ma'am," said Miss Price.

"I shall not come to you to take lessons in the art, ma'am," retorted Miss Squeers.

"You needn't take the trouble to make yourself plainer than you are, ma'am, however," rejoined Miss Price, "because that's quite unnecessary."

Miss Squeers in reply turned very red, and thanked God that she hadn't got the bold faces of some people, and Miss Price in rejoinder congratulated herself upon not being possessed of the envious feeling of other people; whereupon Miss Squeers made some general remark touching the danger of associating with low persons, in which Miss Price entirely coincided, observing that it was very true indeed, and she had thought so a long time.

"Tilda," exclaimed Miss Squeers with dignity, "I hate you."

"Ah! There's no love lost between us I assure you," said Miss Price, tying her bonnet strings with a jerk. "You'll cry your eyes out when I'm gone, you know you will."

"I scorn your words. Minx," said Miss Squeers.

"You pay me a great compliment when you say so," answered the miller's daughter, curtsying very low. "Wish you a very good night, ma'am, and pleasant dreams attend your sleep."

With this parting benediction Miss Price swept from the room, followed by the huge Yorkshireman, who exchanged with Nicholas at parting, that peculiarly expressive scowl with which the cut-and-thrust counts in melo-dramatic performances inform each other they will meet again.

They were no sooner gone than Miss Squeers fulfilled the prediction of her quondam friend by giving vent to a most copious burst of tears, and uttering various dismal lamentations and incoherent words. Nicholas stood looking on for a few seconds, rather doubtful what to do, but feeling uncertain whether the fit would end in his being embraced or scratched, and considering that either infliction would be equally agreeable, he walked off very quietly while Miss Squeers was moaning in her pocket-handkerchief.

MRS. FRY.

About twenty years ago, Mrs. Fry was induced to visit Newgate, by the representations of its state made by some persons of the Society of Friends. She found the female side in a situation which no language can describe. Nearly three hundred women, sent there for every gradation of crime, some untried, and some under sentence of death, were crowded together in the two wards and two cells which are now appropriated to the untried alone, and are found quite inadequate to contain even the diminished number. Every one, even the governor, was reluctant to go amongst them. He persuaded Mrs. Fry to leave her watch in the office, telling her that even his presence would not prevent its being torn from her. She saw enough to convince her that every thing bad was going on. "In short," said she to her friend, Mr. Buxton, in giving him this account, "all I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which every thing bespoke, are quite indescribable." One act of which, Mr. Buxton was informed from another quarter, marks the degree of wretchedness to which they were reduced. Two women were seen in the act of stripping a dead child, for the purpose of clothing a living one.

Circumstances rendered any effort on the part of Mrs. Fry to reform this den of iniquity impossible at this time; but about Christmas, 1819, she resumed her visits, and succeeded in forming a Ladies' committee, consisting of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven members of the Society of Friends; to whom the sheriffs and governor delegated every necessary authority for carrying into effect the benevolent plan which they had conceived, of restoring the degraded portion of their sex confined within the walls of Newgate, to the paths of knowledge and virtue.

After a year of unceasing labor on the part of Mrs. Fry, and the other members of the committee, they had the noble satisfaction of exhibiting one of the most amazing transformations; which was perhaps ever effected in the condition of a number of human beings. "Riot, licentiousness, and filth," says Mr. Buxton, "were

exchanged for order, sobriety and comparative neatness, in the chamber, the apparel, and the persons of the prisoners. There was no more to be seen an assemblage of abandoned creatures, half-naked and half-drunk, rather demanding than requesting charity. The prison no longer resounded with obscenity, and imprecations, and licentious songs. To use the strong but just expression of one who knew this prison well, 'This hell upon earth,' exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory, or a well regulated family.

"It will naturally be asked," says Mr. Buxton, "how and by what vital principles was the reformation at Newgate accomplished? How were a few ladies of no extraordinary influences, unknown even by name to the magistrates of the metropolis, enabled with so much facility to guide those who had baffled all authority, and defied all law—how was it that they

'Wielded at will this fierce democracy?'

How did they divest habit of its influence? By what charm did they transform vice into virtue, riot into order? A visit to Newgate explained all. I found that the ladies ruled by the law of kindness, written in their hearts and displayed in their actions, they spoke to the prisoners with affection mixed with prudence. These had long been rejected by all reputable society. It was long since they had heard the voice of real compassion or seen the example of real virtue. They had steered their minds against the terrors of punishment; but they were melted at the warning voice of those who felt for their sorrows, while they gently reproved their misdeeds; and that virtue which discovered itself in such amiable exertions for them, recommended itself to their imitation with double attractions."

OPPOSITE VIEWS OF A WELL-KNOWN QUESTION.—*Miseries of a Bachelor's Life.*—Poor fellow! he returns to his lodging—I will not say to his "home." There may be every thing he can possibly desire, in the shape of mere external comforts, provided for him by the officious zeal of Mrs.—, his house-keeper; but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy; the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set round with provoking neatness, look reproachfully useless and unoccupied; and the tables and other furniture shine with impertinent and futile brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival—no loving hands meet his—no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws round the apartment. He sits down to a book—alone, there is no one sitting by his side, to enjoy with him that quiet passage—the apt remark—the just criticism—no eyes, in which to read his own feelings; his own tastes are unappreciated and unreflected; he has no resource but himself; all his happiness must emanate from himself. He flings down the volume in despair; hides his face in his hands, and sighs aloud, *O! me miserum!*—*Book of Courtship.*

BACHELOR'S PRIVILEGES.—These gentlemen accept all the pleasures of society, and support none of the expense. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to set down a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fetes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa; they are not regularly assailed with milliners', stay-makers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits for conjugal rights; for them, *La Belle Mere* is destitute of point, and they yawn at *La Femme Jalouse*. They are never godfathers from reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning, leave balls when they like, and invest money in the funds.—*Quarterly Review.*

HINDOO PAPER.—At Behar the paper most commonly made is that called Dufuri, which is nineteen by seventeen and a half inches a sheet; other kinds of a larger size, and rather superior quality are made, when commissioned. The material is old bags of the *Crotalaria juncea*. These are cut into small pieces, and, having been soaked in water, are beaten with the instrument called a Dhengki. The pulp is then put on a cloth strainer, washed with water, and dried on a rock. This substance is then put into a cistern with some ley of soda, and is trodden with the feet for some hours, after which it is in the same manner washed and dried, and these operations with the soda are in all performed six times. The bleached pulp is then put into a cistern with a large quantity of water, and is diligently stirred with a stick for about three quarters of an hour, when it is wrought off into sheets as usual. The moist sheets are stuck on a smooth wall and dried. Having been rubbed with a paste made of flour and water, they are then smoothed by placing them on a plank, and rubbing them with a stone.—*From Montgomery Martin's Eastern India.*

CHANCE FOR BACHELORS.—A young lady in Paris, with a fortune of fifty thousand francs, offers her hand (by advertisement) to any young gentleman who sings well, takes no snuff, is addicted to the domestic virtues, and has a fortune equal to her own! All these desiderata being present, she is not particular as to his personal beauty!