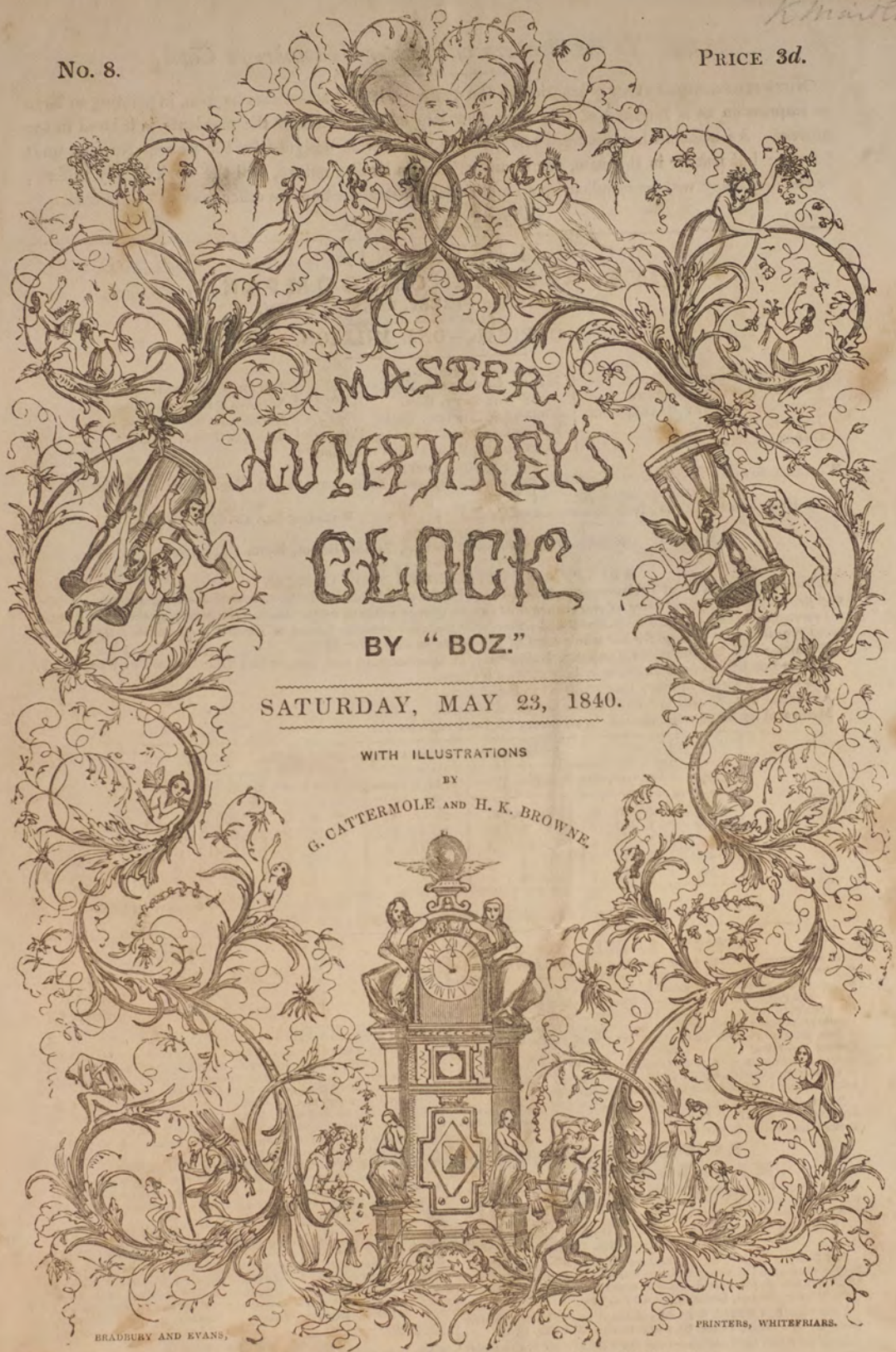


*J. Gordon
K. Marland*

No. 8.

PRICE 3d.



SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1840.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY

G. CATTERMOLE AND H. K. BROWNE.




BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; J. FINLAY & Co., Glasgow; S. J. MACHEN & Co., Dublin; SIMMS & DINHAM, Manchester; WAREING WEBB, Liverpool; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; S. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIDLER, Bristol; T. N. MORTON, Boston; H. S. KING, Brighton; E. JOHNSON, Cambridge; C. THURNAM, Carlisle; J. LEE, Cheltenham; EVANS & DUCKER, Chester; W. EDWARDS, Coventry; W. ROWBOTTOM, Derby; W. BYERS, Devonport; W. T. ROBERTS, Exeter; T. DAVIES, Gloucester; R. CUSSONS, Hull; HENRY SHALDERS, Ipswich; W. REEVE, Leamington; T. HARRISON, Leeds; J. SMITH, Maidstone; FINLAY & CHARLTON, Newcastle-on-Tyne; JARROLD & SON, Norwich; B. S. OLIVER, Nottingham; H. SLATTER, Oxford; P. R. DRUMMOND, Perth; E. NETTLETON, Plymouth; BRODIE & Co., Salisbury; JOHN INNOCENT, Sheffield; F. MAY, Taunton; A. DEIGHTON, Worcester; W. ALEXANDER, Yarmouth; J. SHILLITO, York; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

 To the Readers of Master Humphrey's Clock.

NOTWITHSTANDING every precaution to the contrary, it will sometimes happen, in printing so large an impression as is required of this work, that one of the blocks for the woodcuts is injured in the process. An accident has rendered one of those which were designed for the present Number unfit for use; but neither in this case, nor in any other of a similar nature, will the work be any sufferer, as the deficiency will be supplied by an additional illustration to some other portion of the text.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRITANNIA
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 1, PRINCES STREET, BANK, LONDON.

CAPITAL,—ONE MILLION.

DIRECTORS. WILLIAM BARDGETT, Esq. SAMUEL BEVINGTON, Esq. WILLIAM FECHNEY BLACK, Esq. JOHN BRIGHTMAN, Esq. GEORGE COHEN, Esq.		MILLIS COVENTRY, Esq. JOHN DREWETT, Esq. ROBERT EGLINTON, Esq. ERASMUS ROBERT FOSTER, Esq. ALEXANDER ROBERT IRVINE, Esq.		PETER MORRISON, Esq. WILLIAM SHAND, JUN., Esq. HENRY LEWIS SMALE, Esq. THOMAS TEED, Esq.	
MEDICAL OFFICERS. WILLIAM STROUD, M.D., Great Coram Street, Russell Square. EBENEZER SMITH, Esq., Surgeon, Billiter Square					
STANDING COUNSEL. The Hon. JOHN ASHLEY, New Square, Lincoln's Inn.			SOLICITOR. WILLIAM BEVAN, Esq., Old Jewry.		
BANKERS. Messrs. DREWETT and FOWLER, Princes Street, Bank.					

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.

A most economical set of Tables—computed expressly for the use of this Institution, from authentic and complete data, and presenting the lowest rates of Assurance that can be offered without compromising the safety of the Institution.
 Increasing Rates of Premium on a new and remarkable plan, for securing Loans or Debts; a less immediate payment being required on a Policy for the whole term of Life than in any other Office.
 Premiums may be paid either Annually, Half-yearly, or Quarterly, in one sum, or in a limited number of payments.
 A Board of Directors in attendance daily at Two o'Clock.
 Age of the Assured in every case admitted in the Policy.
 All claims payable within One Month after proof of death.
 Medical Attendants remunerated, in all cases, for their reports.

Age.	Premium per Cent. per Annum, payable during				
	1st Five Years.	2nd Five Years.	3rd Five Years.	4th Five Years.	Remainder of Life.
20	£ s. d. 1 1 4	£ s. d. 1 5 10	£ s. d. 1 10 11	£ s. d. 1 16 9	£ s. d. 2 3 8
30	1 6 4	1 12 2	1 19 1	2 7 4	2 17 6
40	1 16 1	2 4 4	2 14 6	3 7 3	4 3 4
50	2 16 7	3 9 4	4 5 5	5 6 3	6 13 7

PETER MORRISON, Resident Director.

A liberal Commission allowed to Solicitors and Agents.

A NEW LABEL.

In consequence of the great variety of Counterfeit Wrappers of "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL" now in circulation, and which so nearly resemble the Original as frequently to deceive the unwary—the Proprietors, acting under a sense of duty, and regardless of expense in the attainment of their object, the protection of the Public from fraud and imposition, have employed those celebrated artists Messrs. Perkins and Bacon, who have succeeded in producing "A NEW LABEL" from steel, of so complicated and intricate a nature, and of such excessive difficulty of execution, as to amount to an impossibility of Imitation, and to be considered by connoisseurs a Masterpiece in the art of Engraving.

The Label forms a combination of beautiful designs—a portion encircling a BUST of Her Majesty the "Queen"—which surmounts the words, in two lines,

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL.

(The ground-work is composed of the most elaborate and chaste patterns of lace-work.) Under which are the Signature and Address of the Proprietors, in red,

A. ROWLAND & SON, 29, Hatton Garden, London.
Counter-signed ALEX. ROWLAND.

The Label is backed by a design so exquisite and minute as to defy competition: it comprises the words "Rowland's Macassar Oil," written nearly 1500 times, and containing 29,028 letters.
29, Hatton Garden, London, January 1, 1840.

THE LOWEST PRICE is 3s. 6d.; the next 7s.; or Family Bottles (containing 4 small) at 10s. 6d.; and Double that size, 1l. 1s.

Some IMPOSTORS call their trash the "GENUINE MACASSAR OIL," and sign it "A. Rowland & Son," omitting the "s," offering it for sale under the lure of "cheapness."

*** Be sure to ask for "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,"
Sold by all respectable Chemists and Perfumers.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.

PATRONISED BY THE ROYAL AND FAMILY NOBILITY.



PAUL'S EVERY MAN'S FRIEND is a speedy and sure cure for those painful annoyances, without Cutting or Pain. It is a luxury to the tenderest Feet, acting on the Corn with the most gentle pressure, producing a delightful relief, and entirely eradicating both Corns and Bunions.

Prepared by John Fox, in boxes at 1s. 1/4d. or three in one for 2s. 9d.; and to be had of C. King, 232, Blackfriars-road, and all wholesale and retail Medicine Venders in Town and Country. The genuine has the name of John Fox on the Stamp. A 2s. 9d. box cures the most obdurate Corns.

Ask for **PAUL'S EVERY MAN'S FRIEND**.
N.B.—Persons whose country residence renders it inconvenient to procure the above, may have it forwarded to them, free of expense, by sending an order, pre-paid, with a remittance of 1s. 6d. or 3s., according to the quantity required.

SUBSTITUTES FOR STAYS AND CORSETS.
PATENT BODY SUPPORTS, CONSTRUCTED UPON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, ACTION PRESERVATIVE AND CURATIVE. Invented by JOSEPH AMESBURY, Surgeon, M.R.C.S., &c.—For Pamphlets and particulars, Ladies residing in London and its vicinity will apply personally, or by letter (post paid), to Miss WILKINS, Resident Manager, Factory, 8, Berners-street, Oxford-street.
THOMAS LAYTON, Chief Manager.

PROMENADE CONCERTS every Evening, by a Band of 60 Musicians. Solo Performers:—Messrs. Harper, Platt, Hatton, G. Cooke, Baumann, Richardson, Lazarus, Laurent, Jun., and the celebrated Mons. Colliquet. Conductor, Signor Negri. Admission One Shilling.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE child was closely followed by an elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin, bristly with the stubble of a coarse hard beard; and his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expression of his face, was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit and to have no connection with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discolored fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such hair as he had, was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowzy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow.

There was ample time to note these particulars, for besides that they were sufficiently obvious without very close observation, some moments elapsed before any one broke silence. The child advanced timidly towards her brother and put her hand in his, the dwarf (if we may call him so) glanced keenly at all present, and the curiosity-dealer, who plainly had not expected his uncouth visitor, seemed disconcerted and embarrassed.

"Ah!" said the dwarf, who with his hand stretched out above his eyes had been surveying the young man attentively, "that should be your grandson, neighbour!"

"Say rather that he should not be," replied the old man. "But he is."

"And that?" said the dwarf, pointing to Dick Swiveller.

"Some friend of his, as welcome here as he," said the old man.

"And that?" inquired the dwarf wheeling round and pointing straight at me.

"A gentleman who was so good as to bring Nell home the other night when she lost her way, coming from your house."

The little man turned to the child as if to chide her or express his wonder, but as she was talking to the young man, held his peace, and bent his head to listen.

"Well, Nelly," said the young fellow aloud. "Do they teach you to hate me, eh?"

"No, no. For shame. Oh, no!" cried the child.

"To love me, perhaps?" pursued her brother with a sneer.

"To do neither," she returned. "They never speak to me about you. Indeed they never do."

"I dare be bound for that," he said, darting a bitter look at the grandfather. "I dare be bound for that, Nell. Oh! I believe you there!"

"But I love you dearly, Fred," said the child.

"No doubt!"

"I do indeed, and always will," the child repeated with great emotion, "but oh! if you would leave off vexing him and making him unhappy, then I could love you more."

"I see!" said the young man, as he stooped carelessly over the child, and having kissed her, pushed her from him: "There—get you away now you have said your lesson. You needn't whimper. We part good friends enough, if that's the matter."

He remained silent, following her with his eyes, until she had gained her little room and closed the door; and then turning to the dwarf, said abruptly,

"Harkee Mr.—"

"Meaning me?" returned the dwarf. "Quilp is my name. You might remember. It's not a long one—Daniel Quilp."

"Harkee Mr. Quilp then," pursued the other. "You have some influence with my grandfather there."

"Some," said Mr. Quilp emphatically.

"And are in a few of his mysteries and secrets."

"A few," replied Quilp, with equal dryness.

"Then let me tell him once for all, through you, that I will come into and go out of this place as often as I like, so long as he keeps Nell here; and that if he wants to be quit of me, he must first be quit of her. What have I done to be made a bugbear of, and to be shunned and dreaded as if I brought the plague? He'll tell you that I have no natural affection; and that I care no more for Nell, for her own sake, than I do for him. Let him say so. I care for the whim, then, of coming to and fro and reminding her of my existence. I *will* see her when I please. That's my point. I came here to-day to maintain it, and I'll come here again fifty times with the same object and always with the same success. I said I would stop till I had gained it. I have done so, and now my visit's ended. Come, Dick."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Swiveller, as his companion turned towards the door. "Sir!"

"Sir, I am your humble servant," said Mr. Quilp, to whom the monosyllable was addressed.

"Before I leave the gay and festive scene, and halls of dazzling light Sir," said Mr. Swiveller, "I will, with your permission, attempt a slight remark. I came here sir this day, under the impression that the old min was friendly."

"Proceed sir," said Daniel Quilp; for the orator had made a sudden stop.

"Inspired by this idea and the sentiments it awakened, sir, and feeling as a mutual friend that badgering, baiting, and bullying, was not the sort of thing calculated to expand the souls and promote the social harmony of the

contending parties, I took upon myself to suggest a course which is *the* course to be adopted on the present occasion. Will you allow me to whisper half a syllable sir?"

Without waiting for the permission he sought, Mr. Swiveller stepped up to the dwarf, and leaning on his shoulder and stooping down to get at his ear, said in a voice which was perfectly audible to all present,

"The watch-word to the old min is—fork."

"Is what?" demanded Quilp.

"Is fork sir, fork," replied Mr. Swiveller slapping his pocket. "You are awake sir?"

The dwarf nodded. Mr. Swiveller drew back and nodded likewise, then drew a little further back and nodded again, and so on. By these means he in time reached the door, where he gave a great cough to attract the dwarf's attention and gain an opportunity of expressing in dumb show, the closest confidence and most inviolable secrecy. Having performed the serious pantomime that was necessary for the due conveyance of these ideas, he cast himself upon his friend's track, and vanished.

"Humph!" said the dwarf with a sour look and a shrug of his shoulders, "so much for dear relations. Thank God I acknowledge none! Nor need you either," he added, turning to the old man, "if you were not as weak as a reed, and nearly as senseless."

"What would you have me do?" he retorted in a kind of helpless desperation. "It is easy to talk and sneer. What would you have me do?"

"What would *I* do if I was in your case?" said the dwarf.

"Something violent, no doubt."

"You're right there," returned the little man, highly gratified by the compliment, for such he evidently considered it; and grinning like a devil as he rubbed his dirty hands together. "Ask Mrs. Quilp, pretty Mrs. Quilp, obedient, timid, loving Mrs. Quilp. But that reminds me—I have left her all alone, and she will be anxious and know not a moment's peace till I return. I know she's always in that condition when I'm away, though she doesn't dare to say so, unless I lead her on and tell her she may speak freely and I won't be angry with her. Oh! well-trained Mrs. Quilp!"

The creature appeared quite horrible with his monstrous head and little body, as he rubbed his hands slowly round, and round, and round again—with something fantastic even in his manner of performing this slight action—and, dropping his shaggy brows and cocking his chin in the air, glanced upward with a stealthy look of exultation that an imp might have copied and appropriated to himself.

"Here," he said, putting his hand into his breast and sidling up to the old man as he spoke; "I brought it myself for fear of accidents, as being, in gold, it was something large and heavy for Nell to carry in her bag. She need be accustomed to such loads betimes though, neighbour, for she will carry weight when you are dead."

"Heaven send she may! I hope so," said the old man with something like a groan.

"Hope so!" echoed the dwarf, approaching close to his ear; "neighbour, I would I knew in what good investment all these supplies are sunk. But you are a deep man, and keep your secret close."

"My secret!" said the other with a haggard look. "Yes, you're right—I—I—keep it close—very close."

He said no more, but taking the money turned away with a slow uncertain step, and pressed his hand upon his head like a weary and dejected man. The dwarf watched him sharply, while he passed into the little sitting-room and locked it in an iron safe above the chimney-piece; and after musing for a short space, prepared to take his leave, observing that unless he made good haste, Mrs. Quilp would certainly be in fits on his return.

"And so neighbour," he added, "I'll turn my face homewards, leaving my love for Nelly and hoping she may never lose her way again, though her doing so *has* procured me an honour I didn't expect." With that he bowed and leered at me, and with a keen glance around which seemed to comprehend every object within his range of vision, however small or trivial, went his way.

I had several times essayed to go myself, but the old man had always opposed it and entreated me to remain. As he renewed his entreaties on our being left alone, and adverted with many thanks to the former occasion of our being together, I willingly yielded to his persuasions, and sat down, pretending to examine some curious miniatures and a few old medals which he placed before me. It needed no great pressing to induce me to stay, for if my curiosity had been excited on the occasion of my first visit, it certainly was not diminished now.

Nell joined us before long, and bringing some needle-work to the table, sat by the old man's side. It was pleasant to observe the fresh flowers in the room, the pet bird with a green bough shading his little cage, the breath of freshness and youth which seemed to rustle through the old dull house and hover round the child. It was curious, but not so pleasant, to turn from the beauty and grace of the girl, to the stooping figure, care-worn face, and jaded aspect of the old man. As he grew weaker and more feeble, what would become of this lonely little creature; poor protector as he was, say that he died—what would her fate be, then?

The old man almost answered my thoughts, as he laid his hand on hers, and spoke aloud.

"I'll be of better cheer, Nell," he said; "there must be good fortune in store for thee—I do not ask it for myself, but thee. Such miseries must fall on thy innocent head without it, that I cannot believe but that, being tempted, it will come at last!"

She looked cheerfully into his face, but made no answer.

"When I think," said he, "of the many years—many in thy short life—that thou hast lived alone with me; of thy monotonous existence, knowing no companions of thy own age nor any childish pleasures; of the solitude in

which thou hast grown to be what thou art, and in which thou hast lived apart from nearly all thy kind but one old man; I sometimes fear I have dealt hardly by thee, Nell."

"Grandfather!" cried the child in unfeigned surprise.

"Not in intention—no no," said he. "I have ever looked forward to the time that should enable thee to mix among the gayest and prettiest, and take thy station with the best. But I still look forward, Nell, I still look forward, and if I should be forced to leave thee, meanwhile how have I fitted thee for struggles with the world? The poor bird yonder is as well qualified to encounter it, and be turned adrift upon its mercies—Hark! I hear Kit outside. Go to him Nell, go to him."

She rose, and hurrying away, stopped, turned back, and put her arms about the old man's neck, then left him and hurried away again—but faster this time, to hide her falling tears.

"A word in your ear Sir," said the old man in a hurried whisper. "I have been rendered uneasy by what you said the other night, and can only plead that I have done all for the best—that it is too late to retract, if I could (though I cannot)—and that I hope to triumph yet. All is for her sake. I have borne great poverty myself, and would spare her the sufferings that poverty carries with it. I would spare her the miseries that brought her mother, my own dear child, to an early grave. I would leave her—not with resources which could be easily spent or squandered away, but with what would place her beyond the reach of want for ever. You mark me Sir? She shall have no pittance, but a fortune—Hush! I can say no more than that, now or at any other time, and she is here again!"

The eagerness with which all this was poured into my ear, the trembling of the hand with which he clasped my arm, the strained and starting eyes he fixed upon me, the wild vehemence and agitation of his manner, filled me with amazement. All that I had heard and seen, and a great part of what he had said himself, led me to suppose that he was a wealthy man. I could form no comprehension of his character, unless he were one of those miserable wretches who, having made gain the sole end and object of their lives and having succeeded in amassing great riches, are constantly tortured by the dread of poverty, and beset by fears of loss and ruin. Many things he had said which I had been at a loss to understand, were quite reconcileable with the idea thus presented to me, and at length I concluded that beyond all doubt he was one of this unhappy race.

The opinion was not the result of hasty consideration, for which indeed there was no opportunity at that time, as the child came back directly, and soon occupied herself in preparations for giving Kit a writing lesson, of which it seemed he had a couple every week, and one regularly on that evening, to the great mirth and enjoyment both of himself and his instructress. To relate how it was a long time before his modesty could be so far prevailed upon as to admit of his sitting down in the parlour, in the presence of an unknown gentleman—how when he did sit down he tucked up his sleeves and

squared his elbows and put his face close to the copy-book and squinted horribly at the lines—how from the very first moment of having the pen in his hand, he began to wallow in blots, and to daub himself with ink up to the very roots of his hair—how if he did by accident form a letter properly, he immediately smeared it out again with his arm in his preparations to make another—how at every fresh mistake, there was a fresh burst of merriment from the child and a louder and not less hearty laugh from poor Kit himself—and how there was all the way through, notwithstanding, a gentle wish on her part to teach, and an anxious desire on his to learn—to relate all these particulars would no doubt occupy more space and time than they deserve. It will be sufficient to say that the lesson was given—that evening passed and night came on—that the old man again grew restless and impatient—that he quitted the house secretly at the same hour as before—and that the child was once more left alone within its gloomy walls.

And now that I have carried this history so far in my own character and introduced these personages to the reader, I shall for the convenience of the narrative detach myself from its further course, and leave those who have prominent and necessary parts in it to speak and act for themselves.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Quilp resided on Tower Hill; and in her bower on Tower Hill Mrs. Quilp was left to pine the absence of her lord, when he quitted her on the business which he has been already seen to transact.

Mr. Quilp could scarcely be said to be of any particular trade or calling, though his pursuits were diversified and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the water-side, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant vessels, had a share in the ventures of divers mates of East Indiamen, smoked his smuggled cigars under the very nose of the Custom House, and made appointments on Change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day. On the Surrey side of the river was a small rat-infested dreary yard called "Quilp's Wharf," in which were a little wooden counting-house burrowing all awry in the dust as if it had fallen from the clouds and ploughed into the ground; a few fragments of rusty anchors; several large iron rings; some piles of rotten wood; and two or three heaps of old sheet copper, crumpled, cracked, and battered. On Quilp's Wharf, Daniel Quilp was a ship-breaker, yet to judge from these appearances he must either have been a ship-breaker on a very small scale, or have broken his ships up very small indeed. Neither did the place present any extraordinary aspect of life or activity, as its only human occupant was an amphibious boy in a canvass suit, whose sole change of occupation was from sitting on the head of a pile and throwing stones into the mud when the tide was out, to standing with his hands in his pockets gazing listlessly on the motion and on the bustle of the river at high-water.

The dwarf's lodging on Tower Hill comprised, besides the needful accommodation for himself and Mrs. Quilp, a small sleeping-closet for that lady's mother, who resided with the couple and waged perpetual war with Daniel: of whom, notwithstanding, she stood in no slight dread. Indeed, the ugly creature contrived by some means or other—whether by his ugliness or his ferocity or his natural cunning is no great matter—to impress with a wholesome fear of his anger, most of those with whom he was brought into daily contact and communication. Over nobody had he such complete ascendancy as Mrs. Quilp herself—a pretty little, mild-spoken, blue-eyed woman, who having allied herself in wedlock to the dwarf in one of those strange infatuations of which examples are by no means scarce, performed a sound practical penance for her folly, every day of her life.

It has been said that Mrs. Quilp was pining in her bower. In her bower she was, but not alone, for besides the old lady her mother of whom mention has recently been made, there were present some half-dozen ladies of the neighbourhood who had happened by a strange accident (and also by a little understanding among themselves) to drop in one after another, just about tea-time. This being a season favourable to conversation, and the room being a cool, shady, lazy kind of place, with some plants at the open window shutting out the dust, and interposing pleasantly enough between the tea table within and the old Tower without, it is no wonder that the ladies felt an inclination to talk and linger, especially when there are taken into account the additional inducements of fresh butter, new bread, shrimps, and water-cresses.

Now, the ladies being together under these circumstances, it was extremely natural that the discourse should turn upon the propensity of mankind to tyrannise over the weaker sex, and the duty that devolved upon the weaker sex to resist that tyranny and assert their rights and dignity. It was natural for four reasons; firstly because Mrs. Quilp being a young woman and notoriously under the dominion of her husband ought to be excited to rebel, secondly because Mrs. Quilp's parent was known to be laudably shrewish in her disposition and inclined to resist male authority, thirdly because each visitor wished to show for herself how superior she was in this respect to the generality of her sex, and fourthly because the company being accustomed to scandalise each other in pairs were deprived of their usual subject of conversation now that they were all assembled in close friendship, and had consequently no better employment than to attack the common enemy.

Moved by these considerations, a stout lady opened the proceedings by inquiring, with an air of great concern and sympathy, how Mr. Quilp was; whereunto Mr. Quilp's wife's mother replied sharply, "Oh! he was well enough—nothing much was ever the matter with him—and ill weeds were sure to thrive." All the ladies then sighed in concert, shook their heads gravely, and looked at Mrs. Quilp as at a martyr.

"Ah!" said the spokeswoman, "I wish you'd give her a little of your advice Mrs. Jiniwin"—Mrs. Quilp had been a Miss Jiniwin it should be observed—"nobody knows better than you Ma'am what us women owe to ourselves."

"Owe indeed, Ma'am!" replied Mrs. Jiniwin. "When my poor husband, her dear father, was alive, if he had ever ventur'd a cross word to *me*, I'd have——" the good old lady did not finish the sentence, but she twisted off the head of a shrimp with a vindictiveness which seemed to imply that the action was in some degree a substitute for words. In this light it was clearly understood by the other party who immediately replied with great approbation "You quite enter into my feelings Ma'am, and it's jist what I'd do myself."

"But you have no call to do it," said Mrs. Jiniwin. "Luckily for you, you have no more occasion to do it than I had."

"No woman need have, if she was true to herself," rejoined the stout lady.

"Do you hear that Betsy?" said Mrs. Jiniwin, in a warning voice. "How often have I said the very same words to you, and almost gone down on my knees when I spoke 'em!"

Poor Mrs. Quilp, who had looked in a state of helplessness from one face of condolence to another, coloured, smiled, and shook her head doubtfully. This was the signal for a general clamour, which beginning in a low murmur gradually swelled into a great noise in which everybody spoke at once, and all said that she being a young woman had no right to set up her opinions against the experiences of those who knew so much better; that it was very wrong of her not to take the advice of people who had nothing at heart but her good; that it was next door to being downright ungrateful to conduct herself in that manner; that if she had no respect for herself she ought to have some for other women all of whom she compromised by her meekness; and that if she had no respect for other women, the time would come when other women would have no respect for her, and she would be very sorry for that, they could tell her. Having dealt out these admonitions, the ladies fell to a more powerful assault than they had yet made upon the mixed tea, new bread, fresh butter, shrimps, and water-cresses, and said that their vexation was so great to see her going on like that, that they could hardly bring themselves to eat a single morsel.

"It's all very fine to talk," said Mrs. Quilp with much simplicity, "but I know that if I was to die to-morrow, Quilp could marry anybody he pleased—now that he could, I know!"

There was quite a scream of indignation at this idea. Marry whom he pleased! They would like to see him dare to think of marrying any of them; they would like to see the faintest approach to such a thing. One lady (a widow) was quite certain she should stab him if he hinted at it.

"Very well," said Mrs. Quilp, nodding her head, "as I said just now, it's very easy to talk, but I say again that I know—that I'm sure—Quilp has such a way with him when he likes, that the best-looking woman here couldn't refuse him if I was dead, and she was free, and he chose to make love to her. Come!"

Everybody bridled up at this remark, as much as to say "I know you mean me. Let him try—that's all." And yet for some hidden reason they were all angry with the widow, and each lady whispered in her neighbour's ear that it

was very plain the said widow thought herself the person referred to, and what a puss she was!

"Mother knows," said Mrs. Quilp, "that what I say is quite correct, for she often said so before we were married. Didn't you say so mother?"

This inquiry involved the respected lady in rather a delicate position, for she certainly had been an active party in making her daughter Mrs. Quilp, and, besides, it was not supporting the family credit to encourage the idea that she had married a man whom nobody else would have. On the other hand, to exaggerate the captivating qualities of her son-in-law would be to weaken the cause of revolt, in which all her energies were deeply engaged. Beset by these opposing considerations, Mrs. Jiniwin admitted the powers of insinuation, but denied the right to govern, and with a timely compliment to the stout lady brought back the discussion to the point from which it had strayed.

"Oh! It's a sensible and proper thing indeed, what Mrs. George has said!" exclaimed the old lady. "If women are only true to themselves!—But Betsy isn't, and more's the shame and pity."

"Before I'd let a man order me about as Quilp orders her," said Mrs. George; "before I'd consent to stand in awe of a man as she does of him, I'd—I'd kill myself, and write a letter first to say he did it!"

This remark being loudly commended and approved of, another lady (from the Minorities) put in her word:

"Mr. Quilp may be a very nice man," said this lady, "and I suppose there's no doubt he is, because Mrs. Quilp says he is, and Mrs. Jiniwin says he is, and they ought to know, or nobody does. But still he is not quite a—what one calls a handsome man, nor quite a young man neither, which might be a little excuse for him if anything could be; whereas his wife is young, and is good-looking, and is a woman—which is the great thing after all."

This last clause being delivered with extraordinary pathos elicited a corresponding murmur from the hearers, stimulated by which the lady went on to remark that if such a husband was cross and unreasonable with such a wife, then—

"If he is!" interposed the mother, putting down her tea-cup and brushing the crumbs out of her lap, preparatory to making a solemn declaration. "If he is! He is the greatest tyrant that ever lived, she daren't call her soul her own, he makes her tremble with a word and even with a look, he frightens her to death, and she hasn't the spirit to give him a word back, no, not a single word."

Notwithstanding that the fact had been notorious beforehand to all the tea-drinkers, and had been discussed and expatiated on at every tea-drinking in the neighbourhood for the last twelve months, this official communication was no sooner made than they all began to talk at once and to vie with each other in vehemence and volubility. Mrs. George remarked that people would talk, that people had often said this to her before, that Mrs. Simmons then and there present had told her so twenty times, that she had always said, "No Henrietta Simmons, unless I see it with my own eyes and hear it with my own ears, I never will believe it." Mrs. Simmons corroborated this testimony and added strong evidence of her own. The lady from the Minorities recounted

a successful course of treatment under which she had placed her own husband, who, from manifesting one month after marriage unequivocal symptoms of the tiger, had by this means become subdued into a perfect lamb. Another lady recounted her own personal struggle and final triumph, in the course whereof she had found it necessary to call in her mother and two aunts, and to weep incessantly night and day for six weeks. A third, who in the general confusion could secure no other listener, fastened herself upon a young woman still unmarried who happened to be amongst them, and conjured her as she valued her own peace of mind and happiness to profit by this solemn occasion, to take example from the weakness of Mrs. Quilp, and from that time forth to direct her whole thoughts to taming and subduing the rebellious spirit of man. The noise was at its height, and half the company had elevated their voices into a perfect shriek in order to drown the voices of the other half, when Mrs. Jiniwin was seen to change colour and shake her fore-finger stealthily, as if exhorting them to silence. Then, and not until then, Daniel Quilp himself, the cause and occasion of all this clamour, was observed to be in the room, looking on and listening with profound attention.



“Go on ladies, go on,” said Daniel. “Mrs. Quilp, pray ask the ladies to stop to supper, and have a couple of lobsters and something light and palatable.”

“I—I—didn’t ask them to tea, Quilp,” stammered his wife. “It’s quite an accident.”

“So much the better, Mrs. Quilp; these accidental parties are always the

pleasantest," said the dwarf, rubbing his hands so hard that he seemed to be engaged in manufacturing, of the dirt with which they were encrusted, little charges for popguns. "What! Not going ladies, you are not going, surely!"

His fair enemies tossed their heads slightly as they sought their respective bonnets and shawls, but left all verbal contention to Mrs. Jiniwin, who finding herself in the position of champion, made a faint struggle to sustain the character.

"And why *not* stop to supper, Quilp," said the old lady, "if my daughter had a mind?"

"To be sure," rejoined Daniel. "Why not?"

"There's nothing dishonest or wrong in a supper, I hope?" said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Surely not" returned the dwarf. Why should there be? Nor anything unwholesome either, unless there 's lobster-salad or prawns, which I'm told are not good for digestion."

"And you wouldn't like *your* wife to be attacked with that, or anything else that would make her uneasy, would you?" said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Not for a score of worlds" replied the dwarf with a grin. "Not even to have a score of mothers-in-law at the same time—and what a blessing that would be!"

"My daughter 's your wife, Mr. Quilp, certainly" said the old lady with a giggle, meant for satirical and to imply that he needed to be reminded of the fact; "your wedded wife."

"So she is certainly. So she is" observed the dwarf.

"And she has a right to do as she likes, I hope, Quilp," said the old lady trembling, partly with anger and partly with a secret fear of her impish son-in-law.

"Hope she has!" he replied, "Oh! Don't you know she has? Don't you know she has, Mrs. Jiniwin?"

"I know she ought to have, Quilp, and would have if she was of my way of thinking."

"Why an't you of your mother's way of thinking, my dear?" said the dwarf, turning round and addressing his wife, "why don't you always imitate your mother, my dear? She's the ornament of her sex—your father said so every day of his life, I am sure he did."

"Her father was a blessed creetur, Quilp, and worth twenty thousand of some people" said Mrs. Jiniwin; "twenty hundred million thousand."

"I should like to have known him" remarked the dwarf. "I dare say he was a blessed creature then; but I'm sure he is now. It was a happy release. I believe he had suffered a long time?"

The old lady gave a gasp but nothing came of it; Quilp resumed, with the same malice in his eye and the same sarcastic politeness on his tongue.

"You look ill, Mrs. Jiniwin; I know you have been exciting yourself too much—talking perhaps, for it is your weakness. Go to bed. Do go to bed."

"I shall go when I please, Quilp, and not before."

"But please to go now. Do please to go now," said the dwarf.

The old woman looked angrily at him, but retreated as he advanced, and

falling back before him suffered him to shut the door upon her and bolt her out among the guests, who were by this time crowding down stairs. Being left alone with his wife, who sat trembling in a corner with her eyes fixed upon the ground, the little man planted himself before her, and folding his arms looked steadily at her for some time without speaking.

"Mrs. Quilp," he said at last.

"Yes, Quilp," she replied meekly.

Instead of pursuing the theme he had in his mind, Quilp folded his arms again, and looked at her more sternly than before, while she averted her eyes and kept them on the ground.

"Mrs. Quilp."

"Yes Quilp."

"If ever you listen to these beldames again, I'll bite you."

With this laconic threat, which he accompanied with a snarl that gave him the appearance of being particularly in earnest, Mr. Quilp bade her clear the tea-board away, and bring the rum. The spirit being set before him in a huge case-bottle, which had originally come out of some ship's locker, he ordered cold water and the box of cigars; and these being supplied, he settled himself in an arm-chair with his large head and face squeezed up against the back, and his little legs planted on the table.

"Now, Mrs. Quilp," he said; "I feel in a smoking humour, and shall probably blaze away all night. But sit where you are, if you please, in case I want you."

His wife returned no other reply than the customary "Yes, Quilp," and the small lord of the creation took his first cigar and mixed his first glass of grog. The sun went down and the stars peeped out, the Tower turned from its own proper colours to grey and from grey to black, the room became perfectly dark and the end of the cigar a deep fiery red, but still Mr. Quilp went on smoking and drinking in the same position, and staring listlessly out of window with the dog-like smile always on his face, save when Mrs. Quilp made some involuntary movement of restlessness or fatigue; and then it expanded into a grin of delight.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHINA Now ready, an interesting description of THE CHINESE, their country, manners, customs &c., with TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS, after Grandville and Victor Adam. Complete price One Shilling. LONDON: STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW: AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NEW ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL.
On Mar 30, with numerous Engravings, Part XIV. of the **LITERARY WORLD**, a Journal of Popular Information and Entertainment. Conducted by JOHN THOMAS, Eleven Years Editor of "The Mirror." Also, Vol. II. Literary World, with 84 Engravings, 5s. 6d. cloth. In Weekly Numbers, price 2d., and in Monthly Parts.—G. Berger, Holywell-st., Strand.

Just published, in 8vo, price 8s. boards,
THE RISE and PROGRESS of the LAWS of ENGLAND and WALES. With an Account of the Origin, History, and Customs, Warlike, Domestic, and Legal, of the several Nations, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, who now compose the British Nation. By OWEN FLINTOFF, M.A., Esq., Barrister-at-Law. "We unhesitatingly award to his labours high commendations."—*The Times*, December 13. "No educated man should be without this work."—*Legal Guide*, December 21. "We think that this work ought to be in the hands of every educated man, whether he be professional or not."—*Argus*, December 15. London: John Richards and Co., 194, Fleet-street.

Just published, price Sixpence, to be continued every Fortnight, with an Illustration on Steel by E. LAMBERT, and occasional Woodcuts, until completed in 24 Numbers, No. IV. of
GIDEON GILES, THE ROPER. By THOMAS MILLER, Author of "Royston Gower," "Rural Sketches," "Lady Jane Grey," "Beauties of the Country," "A Day in the Woods," &c. &c. Part II., price 1s., to be continued Monthly, until completed in Twelve Parts, will be ready for delivery with the Magazines.
London: Hayward & Moore, Paternoster row. Machen & Co., Dublin; M'Lachlan, Stewart & Co., Edinburgh; Rutherglen & Co., Glasgow; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

NEW WORKS.

In one volume, small octavo, price 3s. boards,
SKETCHES of YOUNG COUPLES. With an urgent Remonstrance to the Gentlemen of England (being Bachelors or Widowers) on the present alarming Matrimonial Crisis. By the Author of "Sketches of Young Gentlemen." With Six Illustrations by "PHIZ."

EIGHTH EDITION. In one volume, small octavo, price 3s. boards.
SKETCHES of YOUNG LADIES.
With Six Illustrations by "PHIZ."

FIFTH EDITION. In one volume, small octavo, price 3s. boards,
SKETCHES of YOUNG GENTLEMEN.
With Six Illustrations by "PHIZ."

Bound in cloth, with gilt edges, price 2s. 6d.
THE HAND-BOOK of SWINDLING.

By the late Captain BARABAS WHITEFEATHER, Late of the Body-guard of his Majesty, King Carlos; Treasurer of the British Wine and Vinegar Company; Trustee for the Protection of the River Thames from Incendiaries; Principal Inventor of Poyais Stock; Ranger of St. George's Fields; Original Patentee of the Parachute Conveyance Association; and Knight of every Order of the Fleecy.
With Illustrations by "PHIZ."
Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand.

CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE, from the richest style, to plain, cheap Kitchen Wares. The Original ROCKINGHAM TEA-POTS and CADOGANS, as manufactured 65 years, by Messrs. BRAMELD only. The Griffin, 232, Piccadilly, late Weeks's.

H. WALKER'S NEEDLES, with the new eyes of increased size, are now in course of delivery to the trade. These needles work with greater freedom and are more durable than any others. The new Labels to protect the public against imitation, consist of a very beautiful set of designs of her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert in very bold relief, on a variety of colours, by the first artist of the day. The style is truly novel, extremely elegant, and very generally admired.—H. WALKER, 20, Maiden-lane, Wood-street.

POST OFFICE STAMPS.—As the new regulations impose on writers of letters the necessity of affixing proper stamps according to weight, a Letter Balance now becomes altogether indispensable. A newly-invented instrument, called "DAMPIER'S PATENT GEOMETRIC BALANCE," is submitted to the Public by J. G. HUGHES, 158, Strand, which most accurately and instantaneously accomplishes that object without the change of weights; and the principle of the invention being adapted to machines for shipping use, trade and domestic purposes, apothecaries, &c., J. G. H. feels confident will be found worthy the attention of every class of persons, as one more simple, and in every respect superior, to any self-adjusting weighing machine hitherto introduced.—158, Strand (adjoining King's College).

CARPET and FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTURERS.—To parties Furnishing. If you wish for Carpets &c. of the best quality and newest designs, call at ELEMENT and KNIGHT'S, 274, High Holborn, opposite Red Lion Street, where you will find the very best articles, at wholesale prices.

TO ANGLERS.—Best Fly Rods with two tops, &c., 20s.; 4-joint Walking-stick Rods, from 4s.; 4-joint plain Hickory Rods, from 7s.; 5-joint general Rods, with four tops, &c., 25s. 30 yds. London Taper Fly Lines, 4s. 6d. Best Flies on Limerick bent hooks, 2s. per dozen. Catalogues of prices (gratis), on application at the GOLDEN PERCH, 52, Strand. J. CHEEK, Proprietor. Country dealers supplied.

FRINGES, TASSELS, TRIMMINGS, &c.—Messrs. R. SHUTER & Co. respectfully advertise the Trade and the Public in general, that they continue to manufacture every article suitable to the season with the greatest expedition, and on reasonable terms.—21, St. Martin's-court, London.

CHUBB'S PATENT COMBINATION LATCH, for Front Doors, Counting-houses, &c. These Latches are simple in their construction, low in price, and possess security far beyond any yet offered to the public; the keys are very neat and portable. Patent Fire-proof Boxes, forming a complete security for Deeds, Plate, Jewellery, &c., of all sizes, on sale or made to order. The preceding articles may be had of the Inventor and Patentee, No. 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

J. INDERWICK'S Wholesale Warehouses for every description of Smoking Apparatus, 58, Princes-street, Leicester-square, and Vis-a-Vis la Sophien Mosch, Constantinople. Inventor and Patentee of the improved Persian Hookah for smoking through water, and part Proprietor of the "Keff Kil," or better known as the Meerschaum pits of the Crimea, in Asia Minor, of which those beautiful "ECUME DE MER" Pipes are made; which, from the peculiar properties they possess of imbuing the oil of the Tobacco, and giving it a most delicious flavour, are so much esteemed and patronised by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex and the nobility.

J. INDERWICK begs to acquaint the nobility, gentry, &c. &c., that he has just received a large consignment of the above, together with a well-assorted stock of Pipes, Snuff Boxes, Cigar Cases, &c. &c., suitable in quality and price from the Prince to the Peasant. Also, a variety of Snuff Boxes and other fancy articles, made from wood recovered from the wreck of H. M. S. ROYAL GEORGE, sunk at Spithead 29th August, 1782, having been under water upwards of 57 years.—58, Princes-street, Leicester-square.

V. R. JOSEPH GILLOTT'S very superior PATENT and other METALLIC PENS, may be had of all Stationers, Booksellers, and other dealers in Pens throughout the United Kingdom.—The best test of the celebrity which these Pens have attained with the Public is the great and regularly increasing demand for them.—The number of Pens manufactured at the works of JOSEPH GILLOTT,
From Oct. 1837 to Oct. 1838, was 35,894,452
And from Oct. 1838 to Oct. 1839, was 44,654,702
or 2,984,037 2-3rd doz. or 3,721,225 2-12th doz.
or 248,669 gro. 9 doz. 3 pens. or 310,102 gro. 1 doz. 2 pens.
Please observe—all the genuine Pens are marked in full JOSEPH GILLOTT. Wholesale and for Exportation at the manufactories, Victoria Works, Graham-street, & 59, Newhall-street, Birmingham.

IMPORTANT to all who TRAVEL.—Economy of room and facility of arrangement contribute greatly to one's comfort on a journey.—MECHI, of No. 4, Leadenhall-street, London, has studiously considered every point connected with the TOILET or DRESSING-CASE DEPARTMENT, both for ladies and gentlemen, and can offer to the public the largest variety of Leather, Wood, and Japan Dressing Cases yet exhibited. Here may be suited the economic, the luxurious, or the extravagant, the prices varying from 7s. to 100 guineas, or higher if ordered. The Mechian Russian cases, at 25s., 35s., 40s., and 52s., are strongly recommended. Every article is warranted, the manufactory being on the premises. Mechi's emporium of fashion and novelties is open to the inspection of the public without their being obliged to purchase. The elegance of the establishment and variety of his stock are allowed to surpass any similar concern at the west end. Envelope and writing cases, desks, work-boxes, bagatelle tables, and papier maché articles, &c., 4, Leadenhall-street, London.



BREWSTER'S EXTRACT OF LILIES.

FOR Improving and Beautifying the Complexion, the EXTRACT OF LILIES has been made by W. BREWSTER for a Lady of distinction for several years from the receipt of the family Physician, and now (by permission) offered to the public. Acting as a thorough cleanser of the skin, it removes sunburns, eradicates freckles, spots, and all cutaneous eruptions, allaying irritation caused by frost, cold winds, damp atmosphere, &c., and is the most innocent and efficacious article ever made for the skin. Brewster's Almond and Honey Soap, combining the emollient and balsamic properties of the honey with the finest Almond Oil Soap, in a perfection hitherto unattainable; it prevents chapped hands, &c. Asiatic Vegetable, or Extract of Cocoa-nut Oil, for dressing and promoting the growth of Hair; it invigorates the roots, strengthens the weak hair, and produces a luxuriant growth. Made only by BREWSTER, Perfumer to the Royal Family, 48, New Bond-street.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RIDING WHIPS from 1s. each. The best London made ditto, 4s. 6d.; ditto, ditto, with silver mounts, from 6s. 6d.; ditto ditto, chased silver ditto, from 9s.; ditto ditto, chased gold ditto, from 12s. can be selected from a choice assortment at the **GOLDEN PERCH**, 52, Strand. **J. CHEEK**, Proprietor and Manufacturer. Country dealers supplied.

IN consequence of **MESSRS. ROSS and SONS'**, of 119, Bishopsgate-street, intention to re-model their extensive premises in August next, the whole of their present Stock, consisting of 10,000L. worth of **ORNAMENTAL HAIR** and **PERFUMERY** of the most fashionable description and first-rate quality, will be offered at a considerable reduction in price.

RIDING AND DRESS CANES IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES,

From Twenty Guineas to Five Shillings each. Also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Riding Whips, of entirely new designs in gold and silver, from Ten Guineas to Five Shillings each, at **W. & J. SANGSTER'S**, 140, Regent-street, and 94, Fleet-street.—N.B. Wholesale and for exportation.

BEART'S PATENT PNEUMATIC COFFEE FILTER.

The principle of this beautiful invention is allowed, by all Engineers and Men of Science, to surpass that of any other Coffee Filter ever offered to the public. The simplicity of its construction enables the most ignorant servant to send to table, without trouble, a Pot of Coffee, surpassing, in brilliancy of colour and flavour, the most sanguine wishes of the greatest epicure in this delicious beverage. We have heard a great deal of the luxury of the Coffee introduced after dinner by the French; without trouble their black Coffee may be made by this invention, and the Coffee being made by Infusion, the Aroma only is extracted, and the rancid and injurious parts remain in the grounds.

It is a well-known fact, that, from the first introduction of Coffee, the only preventive to its general use has been the difficulty of making it. Various means have been adopted—Patents have been taken out for Filters—Percolators have been introduced—all have failed; some, from their requiring a scientific person to use them; others, from the length of time occupied in making the Coffee, and the circumstance of its being nearly cold when brought to table.

The Patentee, without hesitation, submitted his invention to the Mechanical Section of the British Association, at their late meeting in Birmingham. He was honoured by the thanks of that scientific body; and had the satisfaction of hearing it stated by them, that his invention surpassed, from its great simplicity, anything they had before seen, being in every respect adapted for general use.

The article has now been before the public for more than Six Months, and

HAS GIVEN UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION TO ALL WHO HAVE PURCHASED IT.

A fair trial only is required to convince every admirer of this exhilarating beverage, that this is the only mode by which there can be

TWO QUARTS OF COFFEE MADE IN FIVE MINUTES,

BRILLIANTLY CLEAR AND BOILING HOT.

TO BE HAD OF ALL RESPECTABLE IRONMONGERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

RYTON and WALTON, SOLE MANUFACTURERS, WOLVERHAMPTON.

REFORM YOUR TAILOR'S BILLS!

LADIES' ELEGANT RIDING HABITS.

Summer Cloth	£3 3 0
Ladies' Cloth	4 4 0
Saxony Cloth	5 5 0

GENTLEMEN'S

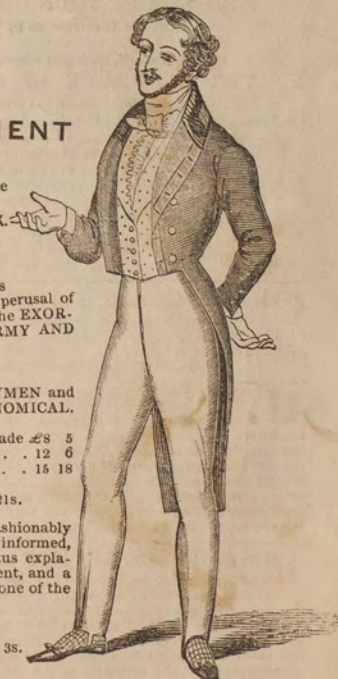
Superfine Dress Coat	2 7 6
Extra Saxony, the best that is made	2 15 0
Superfine Frock Coat, silk facings .	2 10 0
Buckskin Trousers	1 1 0
Cloth or double-milled Cassimere ditto	17s. 6d. to 1 5 0
New Patterns, Summer Trousers,	
10s. 6d. per pair, or three pair . . .	1 10 0
Summer Waistcoats, 7s.; or three . .	1 0 0
Splendid Silk Valencia Dress Waist-	
coats, 10s. 6d. each, or three	1 10 0

FIRST-RATE BOYS' CLOTHING.

Skeleton Dresses	£0 15 0
Tunic and Hussar Suits	1 10 0
Camlet Cloaks	0 8 6
Cloth Cloaks	0 15 6

GENTLEMEN'S

Morning Coats and Dressing Gowns	0 18 0
Petersham Great Coats and Pilot P	
Jackets, bound, and Velvet Collar	1 10 0
Camlet Cloak, lined all through . . .	1 1 0
Cloth Opera Cloak	1 10 0
Army cloth Blue Spanish Cloak, 9½	
yards round	2 10 0
Super Cloth ditto	3 3 0
Cloth or Tweed Fishing or Travelling	
Trousers	0 13 6



THE CELEBRITY THE CITY CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT

Has so many years maintained, being the **BEST AS WELL AS THE CHEAPEST HOUSE.** Renders any Assurance as to **STYLE** and **QUALITY** unnecessary. The Nobility and Gentry are invited to the **SHOW ROOMS, TO VIEW THE IMMENSE & SPLENDID STOCK.**

The numerous Applications for REGIMENTALS AND NAVAL UNIFORMS,

Have induced **E. P. D. & Son** to make ample Arrangements for an extensive Business in this particular Branch, a perusal of their List of Prices (which can be had gratis) will show the **EXORBITANT CHARGES** to which **OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY** HAVE SO LONG BEEN SUBJECTED.

CONTRACTS BY THE YEAR.

Originated by **E. P. D. & SON**, are universally adopted by **CLERGYMEN** and **PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN** as being **MORE REGULAR & ECONOMICAL.** THE PRICES ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED:—
Two Suits per Year, Superfine £7 7—Extra Saxony, the best that is made £8 5
Three Suits per Year, ditto . . . 10 17—Extra Saxony, ditto 12 6
Four Suits per Year, ditto . . . 14 6—Extra Saxony, ditto 15 18
(THE OLD SUITS TO BE RETURNED.)

Capital Shooting Jackets, 21s. The new Waterproof Cloak, 21s.

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN, preferring their Clothes Fashionably made, at a **FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSE**, are respectfully informed, that by a post-paid Application, they will receive a Prospectus explanatory of the System of Business, Directions for Measurement, and a Statement of Prices. Or if Three or Four Gentlemen unite, one of the Travellers will be despatched immediately to wait on them.

STATE LIVERIES SPLENDIDLY MADE. Footman's Suit of Liveries, £3 3s. Scarlet Hunting Coat, £3 3s.

E. P. DOUDNEY AND SON,

49, LOMBARD STREET, ESTABLISHED 1784.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.