

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1841.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. CATTERMOLE & H. K. BROWNE.

BARNABY RUDGE.

BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; J. FINLAY & Co., Glasgow; L. SMITH, Aberdeen; S. J. MACHEN, Dublin; SIMMS & DINHAM, Manchester; WARING WEBB, Liverpool; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; S. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIDLER, Bristol; T. N. MORTON, Boston; H. S. KING, Brighton; G. THOMPSON, Bury; 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. CUSSENS, Hull; HENRY SHALDERS, Ipswich; W. REKVE, Leamington; T. HARRISON, Leeds; J. SMITH, Maidstone; FINLAY & CHARLTON, Newcastle-on-Tyne; JARROLD & SON, Norwich; R. MERCER, Nottingham; H. SLATTER, Oxford; P. R. D'EMMOND, Perth; E. NETTLETON, Plymouth; G. LOVEJOY, Reading; BRODIE & Co., Salisbury; JOHN INNOCENT, Sheffield; W. SHARLAND, Southampton; F. MAY, Taunton; A. DEIGHTON, Worcester; W. ALEXANDER, Yarmouth; J. SHILLITO, York; J. B. BROWN, Windsor; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK,
THE THIRD VOLUME,

CONTAINING THE CONCLUSION OF

BARNABY RUDGE,

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON DECEMBER 15TH, PRICE 10s. 6d.

Subscribers can have their copies bound after the 15th instant, by the Publishers, or through their Booksellers, for 2s. The cloth cases will be ready for sale to the Trade at the same time.

At the same time will be published,

COMPLETE IN A SINGLE VOLUME,

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

Price THIRTEEN SHILLINGS, handsomely bound in cloth.

ALSO, COMPLETE IN A SINGLE VOLUME,

BARNABY RUDGE.

Price THIRTEEN SHILLINGS, handsomely bound in cloth.

THE LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Nos. 347 & 348 will be published on the 1st December, being the commencement of the

HISTORY OF ROME.

SECOND DIVISION.—From the Retreat of the Gauls (B.C. 390), to the Battle of Actium (A.D. 31).

BY W. B. DONNE, Esq.

Shortly to be published,

THE HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE. Volume 2, Part 4.

THE HISTORY OF ROME UNDER THE EMPERORS. By the Rev. C. MERIVALE.
Part 5.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY. The concluding Parts, viz. 18 and 20.

The following Numbers of this Series have been already published, price 6d. each.

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE of the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Political Science. | IX. and X. THE FEUDAL SYSTEM. |
| II. and III. PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT. | XI. CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY. |
| IV. ABSOLUTE MONARCHY—EASTERN DESPOTISMS. | XII., XIII., and XIV. THE FRENCH MONARCHY. |
| V. EASTERN DESPOTISMS (<i>continued</i>)—EFFECTS OF ABSOLUTE MONARCHIES. | XV. and XVI. THE GERMANIC EMPIRE AND MONARCHIES. |
| VI. THE GOVERNMENTS OF CHINA AND JAPAN. | XVII. THE ITALIAN MONARCHIES—PAPAL STATES. |
| VII. and VIII. THE GOVERNMENT OF RUSSIA. | XIX. THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE, AND DANISH AND SWEDISH MONARCHIES. |

WORKS COMPLETED AND LATELY PUBLISHED.

THE HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND.

Illustrated by a Map, Coloured. One vol. 8vo, price 7s. 6d. cloth.

THE THEORY OF EQUATIONS.

By the Rev. ROBERT MURPHY, A.M. One vol., price 4s. cloth.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF AMERICA & THE WEST INDIES.

One vol. 8vo, with Two Maps, price 12s. cloth.

REPORT OF THE
STATE OF LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC,

AND
MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS, 1841.

With a List of such Institutions, and a List of Lecturers. Price 1s. 6d. in cloth.

PREPARING FOR EARLY PUBLICATION.

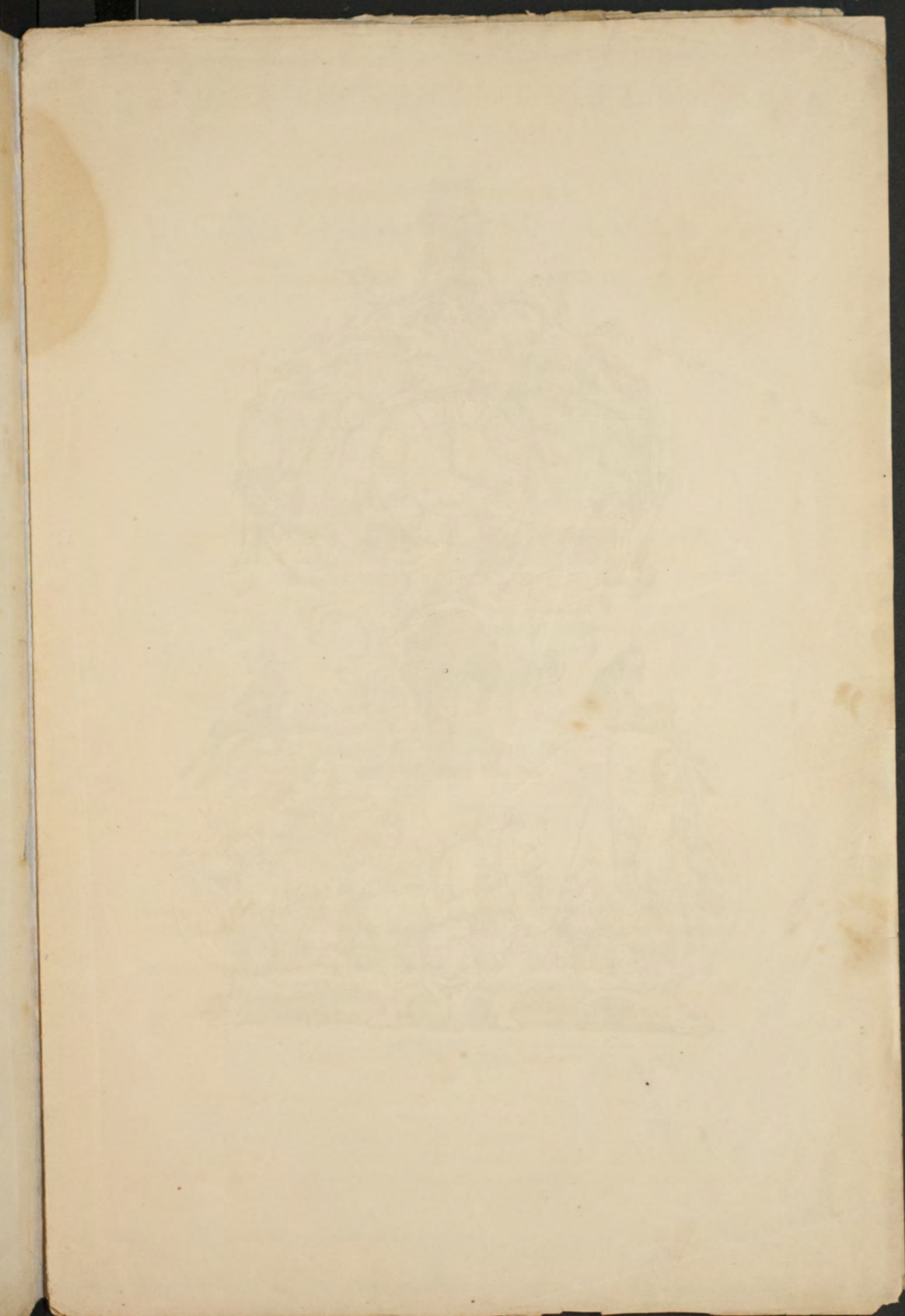
THE HORSE.

By Mr. YOUATT. A New Edition revised, with entirely new Cuts. To be issued in Numbers.

A SCHOOL ATLAS.

Being a Selection from the Modern and Ancient Maps of the Society, with an Index of Names.

LONDON:—PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, 59, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS; AND BY CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.





H.C.P.

E. Lindell sc.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

GEORGE CATTERMOLLE AND HABLLOT BROWNE.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

MDCCCLXI.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

MASTER HUMPHREY FROM HIS CLOCK-SIDE IN THE
CHIMNEY CORNER.

It is again midnight. My fire burns cheerfully; the room is filled with my old friend's sober voice; and I am left to muse upon the story we have just now finished.

It makes me smile, at such a time as this, to think if there were any one to see me sitting in my easy chair, my grey head hanging down, my eyes bent thoughtfully upon the glowing embers, and my crutch—emblem of my helplessness—lying upon the hearth at my feet, how solitary I should seem. Yet though I am the sole tenant of this chimney corner, though I am childless and old, I have no sense of loneliness at this hour; but am the centre of a silent group whose company I love.

Thus, even age and weakness have their consolations. If I were a younger man; if I were more active; more strongly bound and tied to life; these visionary friends would shun me, or I should desire to fly from them. Being what I am, I can court their society; and delight in it; and pass whole hours in picturing to myself the shadows that perchance flock every night into this chamber, and in imagining with pleasure what kind of interest they have in the frail, feeble mortal, who is its sole inhabitant.

All the friends I have ever lost, I find again among these visitors. I love to fancy their spirits hovering about me, feeling still some earthly kindness for their old companion, and watching his decay. "He is weaker, he declines apace, he draws nearer and nearer to us, and will soon be conscious of our existence." What is there to alarm me in this! It is encouragement and hope.

These thoughts have never crowded on me half so fast as they have done to-night. Faces I had long forgotten, have become familiar to me once again; traits I had endeavoured to recal for years, have come before me in an instant; nothing is changed but me: and even I can be my former self at will.

Raising my eyes but now to the face of my old clock, I remember, quite involuntarily, the veneration, not unmixed with a sort of childish awe, with which I used to sit and watch it, as it ticked unheeded in a dark staircase corner. I recollect looking more grave and steady when I met its dusty face, as if, having that strange kind of life within it, and being free from all excess of vulgar appetite, and warning all the house by night and day, it were a sage. How often have I listened to it as it told the beads of time, and wondered at its constancy! How often watched it slowly pointing round the dial, and, while I panted for the eagerly-expected hour to come, admired, despite myself, its steadiness of purpose, and lofty freedom from all human strife, impatience, and desire!

I thought it cruel once. It was very hard of heart, to my mind, I remember. It was an old servant, even then; and I felt as though it ought to show some sorrow; as though it wanted sympathy with us in our distress; and were a dull, heartless, mercenary creature. Ah! how soon I learnt to know that in its ceaseless going on, and in its being checked or stayed by nothing, lay its greatest kindness, and the only balm for grief and wounded peace of mind!

To-night, to-night, when this tranquillity and calm are on my spirits, and memory presents so many shifting scenes before me, I take my quiet stand, at

will, by many a fire that has been long extinguished, and mingle with the cheerful group that cluster round it. If I could be sorrowful in such a mood, I should grow sad to think what a poor blot I was upon their youth and beauty once, and now how few remain to put me to the blush; I should grow sad to think that such among them, as I sometimes meet with in my daily walks, are scarcely less infirm than I; that time has brought us to a level; and that all distinctions fade and vanish as we take our trembling steps towards the grave.

But memory was given us for better purposes than this: and mine is not a torment, but a source of pleasure. To muse upon the gaiety and youth I have known, suggests to me glad scenes of harmless mirth that may be passing now. From contemplating them apart, I soon become an actor in these little dramas; and humouring my fancy, lose myself among the beings it invokes.

When my fire is bright and high, and a warm blush mantles in the walls and ceiling of this ancient room; when my clock makes cheerful music, like one of those chirping insects who delight in the warm hearth, and are sometimes, by a good superstition, looked upon as the harbingers of fortune and plenty to that household in whose mercies they put their humble trust; when everything is in a ruddy genial glow, and there are voices in the crackling flame, and smiles in its flashing light; other smiles and other voices congregate around me, invading with their pleasant harmony the silence of the time.

For then a knot of youthful creatures gather round my fireside, and the room re-echoes to their merry voices. My solitary chair no longer holds its ample place before the fire, but is wheeled into a smaller corner, to leave more room for the broad circle formed about the cheerful hearth. I have sons and daughters, and grandchildren; and we are assembled on some occasion of rejoicing common to us all. It is a birthday, perhaps, or perhaps it may be Christmas-time: but be it what it may, there is rare holyday among us, we are full of glee.

In the chimney-corner, opposite myself, sits one who has grown old beside me. She is changed, of course; much changed; and yet I recognise the girl, even in that grey hair and wrinkled brow. Glancing from the laughing child who half hides in her ample skirts, and half peeps out,—and from her to the little matron of twelve years old, who sits so womanly and so demure at no great distance from me,—and from her again to a fair girl in the full bloom of early womanhood: the centre of the group: who has glanced more than once towards the opening door, and by whom the children, whispering and tittering among themselves, *will* leave a vacant chair, although she bids them not,—I see her image thrice repeated, and feel how long it is before one form and set of features wholly pass away, if ever, from among the living. While I am dwelling upon this, and tracing out the gradual change from infancy to youth; from youth to perfect growth; from that to age; and thinking, with an old man's pride, that she is comely yet; I feel a slight thin hand upon my arm, and, looking down, see seated at my feet a crippled boy—a gentle patient child—whose aspect I know well. He rests upon a little crutch—I know it, too—and leaning on it as he climbs my footstool, whispers in my ear, “I am hardly one of these, dear grandfather, although I love them dearly. They are very kind to me, but you will be kinder still, I know.”

I have my hand upon his neck, and stoop to kiss him: when my clock strikes, my chair is in its old spot, and I am alone.

What if I be? What if this fireside be tenantless, save for the presence of one weak old man! From my house-top I can look upon a hundred homes, in every one of which these social companies are matters of reality. In my daily walks I pass a thousand men whose cares are all forgotten, whose labours are made light, whose dull routine of work from day to day is cheered and brightened, by their glimpses of domestic joy at home. Amid the struggles of this struggling town, what cheerful sacrifices are made; what toil endured with readiness; what patience shown, and fortitude displayed; for the mere sake of home and its affections! Let me thank Heaven that I can people my fireside with shadows such as these: with shadows of bright objects that exist in crowds about me: and let me say, "I am alone no more."

I never was less so,—I write it with a grateful heart,—than I am to-night. Recollections of the past and visions of the present, come to bear me company: the meanest man to whom I have ever given alms, appears to add his mite of peace and comfort to my stock: and whenever the fire within me shall grow cold, to light my path upon this earth no more, I pray that it may be at such an hour as this, and when I love the world as well as I do now.

THE DEAF GENTLEMAN FROM HIS OWN APARTMENT.

OUR dear friend laid down his pen at the end of the foregoing paragraph, to take it up no more. I little thought ever to employ mine upon so sorrowful a task as that which he has left me, and to which I now devote it.

As he did not appear among us at his usual hour next morning, we knocked gently at his door. No answer being given, it was softly opened; and then, to our surprise, we saw him seated before the ashes of his fire, with a little table I was accustomed to set at his elbow when I left him for the night, at a short distance from him; as though he had pushed it away with the idea of rising and retiring to his bed. His crutch and footstool lay at his feet as usual, and he was dressed in his chamber-gown, which he had put on before I left him. He was reclining in his chair, in his accustomed posture, with his face towards the fire, and seemed absorbed in meditation,—indeed, at first, we almost hoped he was.

Going up to him, we found him dead. I have often, very often, seen him sleeping, and always peacefully; but I never saw him look so calm and tranquil. His face wore a serene, benign expression, which had impressed me very strongly when we last shook hands: not that he had ever any other look, God knows: but there was something in this so very spiritual, so strangely and indefinitely allied to youth, although his head was grey and venerable, that it was new even in him. It came upon me all at once, when on some slight pretence he called me back upon the previous night, to take me by the hand again, and once more say, "God bless you."

A bell-rope hung within his reach, but he had not moved towards it, nor had he stirred, we all agreed, except, as I have said, to push away his table, which he could have done, and no doubt did, with a very slight motion of his hand. He had relapsed for a moment into his late train of meditation, and with a thoughtful smile upon his face, had died.

I had long known it to be his wish, that whenever this event should come to pass, we might be all assembled in the house. I therefore lost no time in sending for Mr. Pickwick and for Mr. Miles: both of whom arrived before the messenger's return.

It is not my purpose to dilate upon the sorrow, and affectionate emotions, of which I was at once the witness and the sharer. But I may say, of the humbler mourners, that his faithful housekeeper was fairly heart-broken; that the poor barber would not be comforted; and that I shall respect the homely truth and warmth of heart of Mr. Weller and his son, to the last moment of my life.

"And the sweet old creetur, sir," said the elder Mr. Weller to me in the afternoon, "has bolted. Him as had no wice, and was so free from temper that a infant might ha' drove him, has been took at last with that 'ere unavoidable fit o' staggers as we all must come to, and gone off his feed for ever! I see him," said the old gentleman, with a moisture in his eye which could not be mistaken, "I see him gettin', every journey, more and more groggy; I says to Samivel, 'My boy! the Grey's a going at the knees;' and now my predilictions is fatally werified; and him as I could never do enough to serve or shew my likin' for, is up the great uniwersal spout o' natur'."

I was not the less sensible of the old man's attachment, because he expressed it in his peculiar manner. Indeed, I can truly assert, of both him and his son, that notwithstanding the extraordinary dialogues they held together, and the strange commentaries and corrections with which each of them illustrated the other's speech, I do not think it possible to exceed the sincerity of their regret: and that I am sure their thoughtfulness and anxiety, in anticipating the discharge of many little offices of sympathy, would have done honour to the most delicate-minded persons.

Our friend had frequently told us that his will would be found in a box in the Clock-case; the key of which was in his writing-desk. As he had told us also that he desired it to be opened immediately after his death, whenever that should happen, we met together that night, for the fulfilment of his request.

We found it where he had told us; wrapped in a sealed paper: and with it, a codicil of recent date, in which he named Mr. Miles and Mr. Pickwick his executors—as having no need of any greater benefit from his estate, than a generous token (which he bequeathed to them) of his friendship and remembrance.

After pointing out the spot in which he wished his ashes to repose, he gave to "his dear old friends," Jack Redburn and myself, his house, his books, his furniture—in short, all that his house contained: and with this legacy, more ample means of maintaining it in its present state, than we, with our habits, and at our terms of life, can ever exhaust. Besides these gifts, he left to us, in trust, an annual sum of no insignificant amount, to be distributed in charity among his accustomed pensioners—they are a long list—and such other claimants on his bounty as might, from time to time, present themselves. And as true charity not only covers a multitude of sins, but includes a multitude of virtues; such as forgiveness, liberal construction, gentleness and mercy to the faults of others, and the remembrance of our own imperfections and advantages; he bade us not inquire too closely into the venial errors of the poor, but finding that they *were* poor, first to relieve, and then endeavour—at an advantage—to reclaim them.

To the housekeeper, he left an annuity; sufficient for her comfortable main-

tenance and support through life. For the barber, who has attended him many years, he made a similar provision. And I may make two remarks in this place: first, that I think this pair are very likely to club their means together and make a match of it; and secondly, that I think my friend had this result in his mind: for I have heard him say, more than once, that he could not concur with the generality of mankind, in censuring equal marriages made in later life, since there were many cases in which such unions could not fail to be a wise and rational source of happiness to both parties.

The elder Mr. Weller is so far from viewing this prospect with any feelings of jealousy, that he appears to be very much relieved by its contemplation; and his son, if I am not mistaken, participates in this feeling. We are all of opinion, however, that the old gentleman's danger, even at its crisis, was very slight; and that he merely laboured under one of those transitory weaknesses, to which persons of his temperament are now and then liable, and which become less and less alarming at every return, until they wholly subside. I have no doubt he will remain a jolly old widower, for the rest of his life: as he has already inquired of me, with much gravity, whether a writ of habeas corpus would enable him to settle his property upon Tony, beyond the possibility of recal; and has, in my presence, conjured his son with tears in his eyes, that in the event of his ever becoming amorous again, he will put him in a strait-waistcoat until the fit is passed, and distinctly inform the lady that his property is "made over."

Although I have very little doubt that Sam would dutifully comply with these injunctions in a case of extreme necessity, and that he would do so with perfect composure and coolness, I do not apprehend things will ever come to that pass: as the old gentleman seems perfectly happy in the society of his son, his pretty daughter-in-law, and his grandchildren; and has solemnly announced his determination to "take arter the old un in all respects:" from which I infer that it is his intention to regulate his conduct by the model of Mr. Pickwick, who will certainly set him the example of a single life.

I have diverged for a moment from the subject with which I set out, for I know that my friend was interested in these little matters, and I have a natural tendency to linger upon any topic that occupied his thoughts, or gave him pleasure and amusement. His remaining wishes are very briefly told. He desired that we would make him the frequent subject of our conversation; at the same time, that we would never speak of him with an air of gloom or restraint, but frankly, and as one whom we still loved, and hoped to meet again. He trusted that the old house would wear no aspect of mourning, but that it would be lively and cheerful; and that we would not remove or cover up his picture, which hangs in our dining-room, but make it our companion, as he had been. His own room, our place of meeting, remains, at his desire, in its accustomed state: our seats are placed about the table, as of old; his easy chair, his desk, his crutch, his footstool, hold their accustomed places; and the clock stands in its familiar corner. We go into the chamber at stated times, to see that all is as it should be; and to take care that the light, and air, are not shut out: for on that point, he expressed a strong solicitude. But it was his fancy, that the apartment should not be inhabited; that it should be religiously preserved in this condition; and that the voice of his old companion should be heard no more

My own history may be summed up in very few words; and even those I should have spared the reader, but for my friend's allusion to me some time since. I have no deeper sorrow than the loss of a child—an only daughter, who is living, and who fled from her father's house but a few weeks before our friend and I first met. I had never spoken of this, even to him; because I have always loved her, and I could not bear to tell him of her error, until I could tell him also of her sorrow and regret. Happily I was enabled to do so some time ago. And it will not be long, with Heaven's good leave, before she is restored to me—before I find, in her and her husband, the support of my declining years.

For my pipe—it is an old relic of home, a thing of no great worth, a poor trifle: but sacred to me for her sake.

Thus, since the death of our venerable friend, Jack Redburn and I have been the sole tenants of the old house; and, day by day, have lounged together in his favourite walks. Mindful of his injunctions, we have long been able to speak of him with ease and cheerfulness; and to remember him as he would be remembered. From certain allusions which Jack has dropped, to his having been deserted and cast off in early life, I am inclined to believe that some passages of his youth may possibly be shadowed out in the history of Mr. Chester and his son: but seeing that he avoids the subject, I have not pursued it.

My task is done. The chamber in which we have whiled away so many hours, not I hope without some pleasure and some profit, is deserted: our happy hour of meeting strikes no more: the chimney corner has grown cold: and MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK has stopped for ever.



PREFACE TO BARNABY RUDGE.

If the object an author has had, in writing a book, cannot be discovered from its perusal, the probability is that it is either very deep, or very shallow. Hoping that mine may lie somewhere between these two extremes, I shall say very little about it, and that, only in reference to one point.

No account of the Gordon Riots, having been to my knowledge introduced into any Work of Fiction, and the subject presenting very extraordinary and remarkable features, I was led to project this Tale.

It is unnecessary to say, that those shameful tumults, while they reflect indelible disgrace upon the time in which they occurred, and all who had act or part in them, teach a good lesson. That what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at nought the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful; all History teaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well, to profit by even so humble and familiar an example as the "No Popery" riots of Seventeen Hundred and Eighty.

However imperfectly those disturbances are set forth in the following pages, they are impartially painted by one who has no sympathy with the Romish Church, although he acknowledges,

as most men do, some esteemed friends among the followers of its creed.

It may be observed that, in the description of the principal outrages, reference has been had to the best authorities of that time, such as they are; and that the account given in this Tale, of all the main features of the Riots, is substantially correct.

It may be further remarked, that Mr. Dennis's allusions to the flourishing condition of his trade in those days, have their foundation in Truth, not in the Author's fancy. Any file of old Newspapers, or odd volume of the Annual Register, will prove this with terrible ease.

Even the case of Mary Jones, dwelt upon with so much pleasure by the same character, is no effort of invention. The facts were stated exactly as they are stated here, in the House of Commons. Whether they afforded as much entertainment to the merry gentlemen assembled there, as some other most affecting circumstances of a similar nature mentioned by Sir Samuel Romilly, is not recorded.

It is a great pleasure to me to add in this place—for which I have reserved the acknowledgment—that for a beautiful thought, in the last chapter but one of “The Old Curiosity Shop,” I am indebted to Mr. Rogers. It is taken from his charming Tale, “Ginevra:”

“And long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering *as in quest of something*,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.”

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR FOR 1842. Price 15s.
JEFFERYS & NELSON beg to announce the publication of their Musical Annual for 1842, containing upwards of One Hundred pages of New Songs, Duets, Quadrilles, Waltzes, Pianoforte Pieces, &c. &c., none of which have ever before appeared in print. The Illustrations, by John Brandard, are superb specimens of Chromo-lithography, and the book is altogether the best musical volume ever offered to the Public.
 21, Soho Square, London.

Just published, 100 pages, 8vo, price 1s. 6d.,
GRIFFIN'S CATALOGUE OF CHEMICAL APPARATUS, RE-AGENTS, and MINERALS, containing Descriptions of nearly 2000 Instruments, illustrated by 480 Engravings, mostly from Original Drawings. Edited by **JOHN J. GRIFFIN**, author of "Chemical Recreations." With a List of the Prices at which the Apparatus is sold by **RICHARD GRIFFIN & Co.**, Glasgow, by whom the Catalogue will be sent, post-free, on receipt of 2s., with an address.

This Catalogue embraces every kind of French, German, and English Apparatus employed by Analytical Chemists, Lecturers, Chemical Manufacturers, Students, and Amateurs. The instruments are of the newest and most useful kinds, and are offered at very moderate prices. The Re-agents are of the purest description. All the articles are kept in stock, ready for immediate delivery, and orders will meet with prompt attention.
 Glasgow, Nov. 11th, 1841.

GERMAN UMBRELLAS,

Twenty-one Shillings each,

At W. & J. SANGSTER'S,

Manufacturers to H. R. H. Prince Albert, 140, Regent Street, and 94, Fleet Street.—Established A.D. 1777.

EMOLLIENT VEGETABLE SOAP.—In this Soap are introduced Vegetable Oils and Herbs of the most approved emollient qualities, as likewise extracts from Flowers of the purest fragrance. The skin, by its constant application, will become perceptibly soft and clear, and the unpleasant sensation derived from sudden changes of climate and seasons, as well as the harshness which it generally acquires from sea-bathing, will speedily be removed.—Made and sold at 18, a square by **RIGGE, BROCKBANK, and RIGGE**, 35, New Bond Street.

HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE.

E. LAZENBY and SON, sole Proprietors of the Receipt for this much-esteemed SAUCE, respectfully inform purchasers that each Bottle of the genuine article bears the name of **WILLIAM LAZENBY** on the back, in addition to the front label used so many years, and signed, **ELIZABETH LAZENBY**.
 Warehouse, 6, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MECHI'S FAMOUS BAGATELLE TABLES,

(Manufactured on the premises, 4, Cadenhall street, London) make long evenings appear short, and combine calculation with amusement. Price £3 10s., £4 10s., and £5 10s., up to £12. Sold also by his agents—Spiers and Son, Oxford; Eastee, Liverpool; Bruyton, and Williams, Dublin; M'Lachlin, Stewart, and Co., Edinburgh; Woolfield, Glasgow; Pratt, Bradford; Thompson, Nottingham; Squires and Son, Dover; Steel and Rix, Norwich; Brooks, Bishopswearmouth.—None genuine without Mechi's name and address.

TRY **MECHI'S Magic STROP.**

A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

CATALOGUE WITH ENGRAVINGS (GRATIS), POSTAGE FREE.

The material (Nickel Silver) is so like silver that it can only be told from it on reference to the stamp by persons well acquainted with it. MANY SPURIOUS IMITATIONS are being sold. The genuine metal, which we warrant more durable than silver, is only to be had at our Warehouse. It is the same colour throughout, and can be engraved the same as silver. As a criterion—

Fiddle Threaded King's		Fiddle Threaded King's	
Pattern.	Pattern.	Pattern.	Pattern.
Table Spoons and Forks, full size, per dozen	12s. 28s. 30s.	Gravy Spoons, full size, per dozen	4s. 6s. 7s.
Dessert ditto and ditto, ditto	10s. 21s. 25s.	Soup Ladles ditto	6s. 6d. 11s. 13s.
Tea Spoons ditto	5s. 11s. 12s.	Sauce ditto ditto	1s. 6d. 3s. 3s. 6d.
ugar Tongs ditto	1s. 2s. 6d. 3s.	Fish Knives ditto	7s. 10s. 11s. 6d.

Every article that is made in silver at proportionate prices.
 THE CATALOGUE CONTAINS THE PRICES, WITH ENGRAVINGS, OF EVERY IRONMONGERY ARTICLE necessary to the furnishing of a house of any size, 25 per cent. under any other old-established house.

RIPPON & BURTON, 12, Wells-street, Oxford-street.—Established 1820.

SEE
THE FAMOUS
18
SHILLING
TAGLIONI
WRAPPER.

A really respectable
and well-finished Coat,
unequaled!!

SPORTING COATS
HALF-A-GUINEA.
TROUSERS, 10s. 6d.

Of the most suitable and thickest materials,
universally pleasing by their cheapness and
style. Best Velveteen, printed or plain, thick
Buckskin, and fine Doeskin, 12s. 6d. per coat.
CONTRACTS.—Four Coats, 6 Guineas; or
Two Suits per annum, 6 Guineas.—Ladies Kid-
ing Habit, £3 10s.—Suit of Best Ivory, £3 3s.
Sixty new Patterns, Book of Prices, and way
to measure, sent (post free) to any part. The
new Spring for securing the bottoms of trou-
sers, without passing under the feet, sent (post
paid), on the receipt of two fourpenny pieces;
or may be ordered of any bookseller at 6d. each.

A MOST
GENTLEMANLY
DRESS OR UNDRRESS
SUIT,
£3 7s.

A Handsome Dress or
Hiding Coat, Black
or Coloured, edged
and best work. £2 2
Cloth or Buckskin
Trousers, 3s 6d. or 1s
The new Velvet, or
Woolen Waistcoats 6 7

DOUDNEY'S, 97, FLEET STREET.

Just published, gratis, Fourth Edition,
WARD'S CONDENSED CATALOGUE of
 CHEMICAL and PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,
 and Electrotpe Apparatus, with 360 Illustrations. Weight 4 oz.
 Manufactory, 79, Bishopsgate Street Within.—N.B. The De-
 scriptive Catalogue of 2000 Apparatus, with Illustrations, price 6d.

LUXURY IN SHAVING.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S AMBROSIAL SHAVING CREAM, patronised by **PRINCE ALBERT**.—This inestimable Cream possesses all the good qualities of the finest Naples Soap, without the disagreeable smell inseparable from that article in a genuine state. It is of a white pearly appearance, produces a creamy lather, which will not dry on the face, and emits in use the delightful flavour of the almond.
 Invented and prepared by her **MAJESTY'S PERFUMERS, JOHN GOSNELL & CO.**, successors to Price and Gosnell, at the original Establishments, 160, Regent-street, and 12, Three King-court, Lombard-street, Proprietors of **PRINCE ALBERT'S BOUQUET**, Royal Victoria Bouquet, Soap Tablets without angles, &c.

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 35,808,452	And from Oct. 1838 to Oct. 1839, was 44,654,792
or 2,984,037 2-3rd doz.	or 3,721,225 2-12th doz.
or 248,669 gro. 9 doz. 8 pens.	or 310,162 gro. 1 doz. 2 pens

Please observe—all the genuine Pens are marked in full, **JOSEPH GILLOTT**. Wholesale and for Exportation at the manufactory, Victoria Works, Graham-street, Birmingham.

DUNN'S FINE ARGAND LAMP OIL.

THE excessively high price of Sperm Oil is fast causing the elegant Table, and other Lamps made on the Argand principle, to be laid aside. The **ARGAND LAMP OIL** is confidently offered to the Public as a substitute for Sperm Oil: it burns with a clear bright flame, without smoke or smell, does not obstruct the tubes of the Lamps more than the best Sperm Oil, with the advantage that it does not chill with the cold; it consumes much slower than Sperm or other oils, consequently is little more than one-third the expense of Sperm Oil, and for Solar Lamps has been proved by experience to be cheaper than the common Oil, without the offensive smell. Half-a-gallon, or upwards, will be sent to any part of town, as a trial of the advantage and economy of using the Argand Lamp Oil. Sold by **JOHN DUNN**, Oil and Italian Warehouse, 59, Cannon-street, City. Cash price 5s. 6d. per gallon.

Notice, Liminary or Preliminary.

"MY DEAR LORREQUER,

"As there is no possibility of ever guessing how far your 'Irish impudence' and the good-nature of the public may lead you, a number of us have resolved on swimming with the current we cannot stem, and as you seem determined to 'take our lives,' we feel the best thing we can do is, to offer them to you freely.

"A little knot—some on full, some on half, some on no pay—of every age and rank in the service, from the lieutenant-general to the junior ensign, of every arm from the sepoy to the sapper, have agreed to form a reunion under the name of 'OUR MESS,' where meeting together, we can chat over and communicate such incidents of our early days as possibly might amuse the public, and at all events will prevent our being presented to their notice with more follies, faults, and absurdities than we can justly lay claim to.

"I need not tell you that our number was soon made up; some liked the gossip of the thing, others the jollity—one was pleased with the publicity, another with the punch, and not a few were frightened by the fate of Monsoon.

"We give you, then, all right and title to our memoirs and reminiscences; you have *carte blanche* as to style and every other matter of book-making, of which we suppose you understand something, and we are convinced we know nothing; and have only one parting injunction, which is, to treat us as tenderly as the trade will permit.

"Believe me yours, my dear Lorrequer,

"Badajos Lodge, Windermere.

"TOM O'FLAHERTY.

"P.S.—We have a stray Adonis or two among us, who would prefer it if your friend Phiz could come down here for their portraits, instead of trusting to chance, or, worse still, your vile descriptions; try if this could be managed.

"P.S. 2.—Don't you think it would be a polite attention to send us the thing as it comes out monthly? "T.O.F."

This free-and-easy epistle, most kind public, we present to you *verbatim*, with the double object of showing to what indignities we are exposed for your sake, and also of explaining the motive of the present publication:—To maintain with you an intimacy which is at once the pride and pleasure of our life—to continue, on any terms, an acquaintance which to us has been but a source of unceasing satisfaction—we have put our honest indignation in our pocket, and accepted our friend's proposal. Taking, then,

"OUR MESS"

as our title, we purpose to give you the memoirs of its members, suffering each man to tell his story, if he have one, in his own way. We shall interfere little with their claims to authorship, while we indulge the solitary hope that they may prove as agreeable in type as we have known some of them at table.

We remember once, in a ramble through the classic precincts of the liberties in Dublin, to have assisted in a species of lottery in which, for the payment of one shilling, you had a dive into a sack supposed to contain wigs of every shape and colour, from the "judge" to the "jasy." The disappointment and dismay of the luckless candidates who, by the fickleness of fortune, invariably drew forth the opposite to their wishes—the spruce apprentice falling upon a "scratch," while a cobbler flourished a full bottom that had figured in Chancery, diverted us for a considerable time.

The lesson, however, has lingered in our memory, and shall not be lost. Adopting the same method with our manuscripts, while we utter the honest invitation of our predecessor—No favour or affection, gentlemen; all fair, and only one shilling—we draw forth, at random, what first comes to hand, and here present you with—

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN;

which will be published on the 1st of January, 1842. To be continued in Monthly Numbers, with Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE (Phiz). Price One Shilling. The First Number will contain a fine Portrait of the Author, after LOVER.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

In 8vo, price 12s. bound in cloth,

CONFESSIONS OF

HARRY LORREQUER.

WITH TWENTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ.

CHARLES O'MALLEY,
THE IRISH DRAGOON.

Vol. I. with 22 Illustrations by PHIZ, price 12s. bound in cloth, is already published.

Vol. II., price 12s., will be ready on the 30th November; and on the same day will be issued, Nos. XXI. and XXII., price 2s., completing the Work.

THE COMMISSIONER; OR, DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

No. I.

On 1st of December. With Two Illustrations. Price One Shilling.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, PRICE 2s. 6d.

The Number for January, 1842, will commence a new Volume

EACH NUMBER CONTAINS A PORTRAIT OF SOME DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.