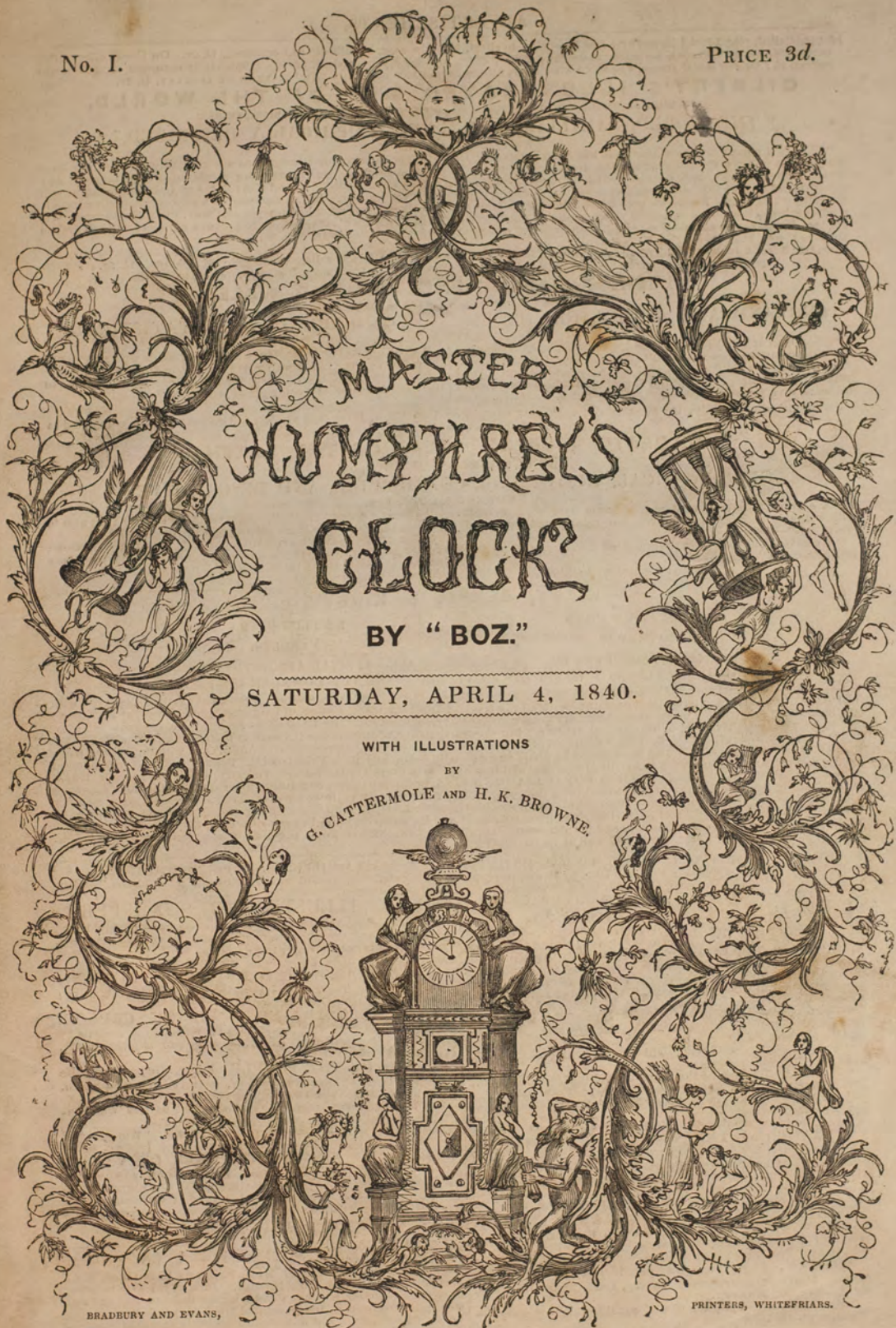


No. I.

PRICE 3d.



BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; J. FINLAY & Co., Glasgow; S. J. MACHEN & Co., Dublin; G. SIMMS, Manchester; WAREING WEBB, Liverpool; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; S. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIDLER, Bristol; E. JOHNSON, Cambridge; H. SLATTER, Oxford; BRODIE & Co., Salisbury; J. SHILLITO, York; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just published, size 3 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 6;—price, in sheet, 16s. : in case, beautifully full coloured, 1l. 2s. : On black roller, ditto, varnished, 1l. 6s. : French polished, mahogany roller, ditto, and highly varnished, 1l. 12s. : Splendidly mounted on gilt metal rollers, 2l. : Or gilt metal frame, FORMING A MOST SPLENDID ORNAMENT FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM OR LIBRARY, 3l. 3s.

GILBERT'S ILLUSTRATED MAP OF THE WORLD,

With which is given, a volume of 360 pages of descriptive Letter-press, entitled

"THE WORLD, FAMILIARLY, BUT PHILOSOPHICALLY DESCRIBED,"

By ROBERT MUDIE, Esq.

"This is the most accurate Map that has been produced; the illustrations of the waterfalls, mountains, and rivers, give a good notion of the subjects; they are also well coloured, which adds to the effect. The Map is accompanied by a volume from the pen of Mr. Mudie: it would hardly be credited by those who have not read the book, how much has been done, and well done, by the author; it contains a vast deal of information, much of it entirely new."—*Times*, Dec. 24.

"The picturesque illustrations are elegantly got up; the lines and inscriptions on the map are much fuller than those of any which have preceded it, and this fulness of information alone will make it popular. In the Companion a pleasing narrative style is preserved, developing, in a popular way, the fruits of many sciences, with a clear tendency to provoke curiosity, and to diffuse knowledge."—*Atlas*, Dec. 28.

Also, size 3 feet 5 inches, by 2 feet 4 inches; price, in sheet, 16s.; Case, 1l. : Black roller, varnished and coloured, 1l. 5s. : French polished mahogany roller, beautifully coloured and varnished, 1l. 12s. : on gilt metal roller, ditto, 1l. 16s.

GILBERT'S MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES,

With a Volume (gratis) of 300 pages entitled

ENGLAND AND WALES, GEOGRAPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND STATISTICAL,

By ROBERT MUDIE, Esq.

"This map is beautifully executed, and is rendered altogether the most complete we have seen."—*Conservative Journal*.

"Mr. Mudie exhibits his usual industry and research, and arranges a vast amount of useful knowledge which must render his work a very instructive companion."—*Atlas*.

"The Companion is written with Mr. Mudie's wonted vigour; the chapters on tides are well worth perusal, not only for the direct information they impart, but for the light they throw upon one of the chief causes of our commercial prosperity."—*Spectator*.

Now publishing, monthly, in imperial 4to, each part containing Two Maps, Price only 1s. 6d., full coloured, (to be completed in twenty-five parts, seven of which are already published.)

GILBERT'S MODERN ATLAS OF THE EARTH.

With copious and original Letter-press,

GEOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE,

By ROBERT MUDIE, Esq.

"A cheap and useful, neat and accurate, collection of maps, with valuable geographical information, clearly and intelligibly conveyed."—*Atlas*.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be a work of great intrinsic merit."—*Old England*.

"This is a cheap and neatly engraved Atlas: it promises also to be unusually accurate."—*Monthly Review*.

"Not only a cheap and elegant, but also a very valuable work; the Maps are drawn with a beauty and precision which we vainly look for in charts many times larger."—*Britannia*.

London: Grattan and Gilbert, 51, Paternoster-row.—Orders received by all Booksellers.

KIRBY, BEARD, & KIRBY'S

ROYAL DIAMOND
PATENT PINS.



NE PLUS ULTRA
NEEDLES.

MANUFACTURERS BY

SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

TO HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, AND THE DOWAGER QUEEN ADELAIDE.

The surpassing excellence of the above PINS and NEEDLES has justly rendered them worthy of the most exalted Patronage with which they have been honoured, and combined with all the recent improvements, the effect of long experience and great skill in the application of the most ingenious mechanism, are most confidently recommended to the LADIES as possessing every requisite Quality so long sought after in these most useful Articles. For the convenience of Purchasers (as well as in the usual manner) KIRBY & CO. make up their NE PLUS ULTRA NEEDLES in a variety of Novel and Unique embellished CASES, each containing One Hundred of assorted useful sizes; also in Morocco Leather, and Splendid Satin and Rich Velvet Pocket Book Cases, with ornamental Locks, and elegantly Bound with Rich Gilt Mountings and furnished with every kind of Needle (Tapestry, Tambour, Chenille, Lama) FOR LADIES' FANCY WORK. Also their ROYAL DIAMOND PINS, in Superb Cases, containing Six Papers of the most approved Sizes, forming a choice of elegant and useful little Presets. KIRBY & CO. rely entirely for a preference given to the Articles of their Manufacture from their uniform Perfection, and respectfully solicit LADIES who desire to use them (to prevent mistakes) to ask for KIRBY & Co.'s PINS and NEEDLES, which are sold by all the Haberdashers and Drapers of the United Kingdom, most parts of Europe and America, and Wholesale and for Exportation at their Old-Established Royal Diamond Patent Pin and Needle Manufactory, No. 46, Cannon Street, LONDON, and at GLOUCESTER.

DEDICATED BY ESPECIAL COMMAND TO HER MAJESTY. This day is published in demy 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, price 1l. 1s. and in royal 8vo, 1l. 1s. 6d. the first volume of

THE LIFE OF FIELD MARSHAL HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.,
G.C.B., G.C.H., &c., by W. H. MAXWELL, author of "Stories of Waterloo," "The Bivouac," "Victories of the British Army," &c. Containing Portraits of the most distinguished Generals, and Representations of some of the most important Battles, together with numerous Plans of Battles, several Maps, and a great number of wood engravings, illustrative of European and Eastern Warfare.

"Thousands will rejoice at the appearance of this work, for it promises to furnish a worthy record of the greatest man of the age."—*Morning Post*.

"When complete, this work will be the most valuable of its kind."—*Britannia*.

"Mr. Maxwell's Life of the Duke of Wellington is by far the best by many degrees, both in matter and manner."—*Sun*.

"Mr. Maxwell's Life, in the judgment of military men, has no equal."—*Hull Packet*.

In demy 8vo, handsomely bound, price 10s. 6d.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON DRAWING, AND PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS; the treatment of Coast Scenery, River Scenery, and general Landscape. By G. F. PHILLIPS. With Twenty Plates; Fac-Similes of the Original Drawings, made expressly for this work by the author.

By the same Author, in the press, 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

THE ART OF MINIATURE AND FLOWER PAINTING, with Twenty Plates; of which Fourteen are of the Human Figure, and Eight of Flowers.

In post 8vo, price 9s. cloth extra, the Second Edition of **WOMAN,** Physiologically considered as to Mind, Morals, Marriage, Matrimonial Slavery, Infidelity, and Divorce. By ALEXANDER WALKER.

"Mr. A. Walker, a physiologist of considerable ingenuity."—*Times*, Sept. 18, 1839.

In post 8vo, price 12s.

UP THE RHINE! By THOMAS HOOD, Esq.
London: A. H. Baily & Co., 83, Cornhill.

TYAS' ILLUSTRATED PERIODICALS.

"Singularly beautiful and interesting publications."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

TYAS' ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPERE;

In Weekly Numbers, Price Twopence, or Monthly Parts, Price Ninepence, the whole to be illustrated by nearly One Thousand Engravings on Wood, from designs by Kenny Meadows, engraved by Orrin Smith.

TYAS' ILLUSTRATED NAPOLEON: in Weekly Numbers, Price Threepence; Fortnightly Numbers, Sixpence; and Monthly Parts, One Shilling.

TYAS' ILLUSTRATED ROBINSON CRUSOE. Profusely Illustrated with Engravings on Wood, from designs by Granville. In Numbers, Price Threepence; or Monthly Parts, Price One Shilling each.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE: being Portraits of the English, drawn by Kenny Meadows, engraved by Orrin Smith. In Monthly Parts, Price One Shilling each.

The following are among the distinguished writers who contribute original articles to this popular work:—Mrs. Gore | Miss Mitford | Douglas Jerrold | Wm. Howitt
Mrs. S. C. Hall | Thos. Hood | L. Blanchard &c. &c.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF VALENTINE VOX THE VENTRILOQUIST. In Monthly Numbers, each number containing Three Illustrations on Steel, Price 1s.

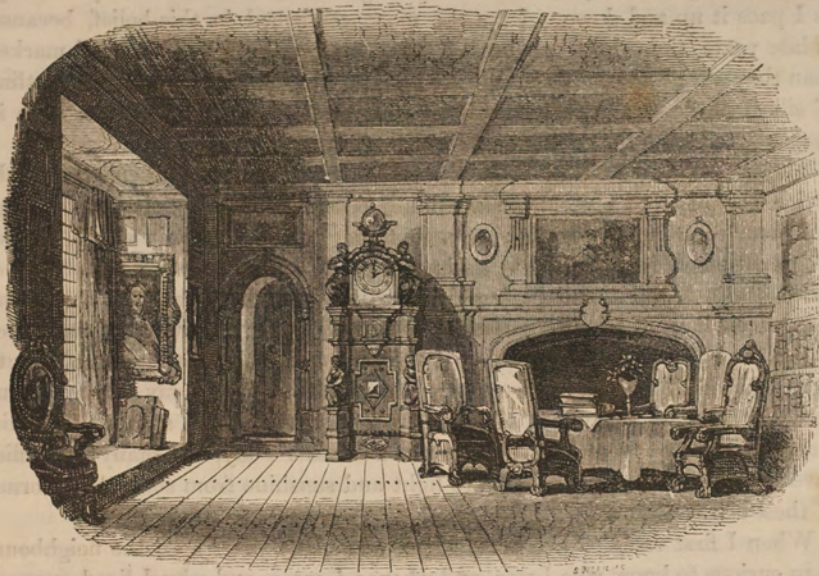
"There is in this publication such a fund of wit, and such an acuteness of observation, that we are not at all surprised at its increasing popularity."—*Age*.

Robert Tyas, Paternoster-row.

THE NOBLE SCIENCE.—A few general

Ideas on Fox Hunting. By F. P. DELME RADCLIFFE, Esq., Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds. In a royal 8vo volume, handsomely bound and gilt; with highly-finished and faithful steel-plate Portraits of the celebrated Hugo Meynell, Esq., and C. Loraine Smith, Esq., and numerous beautifully executed illustrations on wood, from Original Drawings by the Rev. C. D. Radcliffe. Price 2s.—"It is a book which ought to be in the hands of every fox-hunter."—*Bell's Life in London*.
Rudolph Ackermann, 191, Regent-street.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.



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



HE reader must not expect to know where I live. At present, it is true, my abode may be a question of little or no import to anybody, but if I should carry my readers with me, as I hope to do, and there should spring up, between them and me, feelings of homely affection and regard attaching something of interest to matters ever so slightly connected with my fortunes or my speculations, even my place of residence might one day have a kind of charm for them. Bearing this possible contingency in mind, I wish them to understand in the outset, that they must never expect to know it.

I am not a churlish old man. Friendless I can never be, for all mankind are of my kindred, and I am on ill terms with no one member of my great family. But for many years I have led a lonely, solitary life;—what wound I sought to heal, what sorrow to forget, originally, matters not now; it is sufficient that retirement has become a habit with me, and that I am unwilling to break the spell which for so long a time has shed its quiet influence upon my home and heart.

I.

B

I live in a venerable suburb of London, in an old house, which in bygone days was a famous resort for merry roysterers and peerless ladies, long since departed. It is a silent shady place, with a paved court-yard so full of echoes, that sometimes I am tempted to believe that faint responses to the noises of old times linger there yet, and that these ghosts of sound haunt my footsteps as I pace it up and down. I am the more confirmed in this belief, because, of late years, the echoes that attend my walks have been less loud and marked than they were wont to be; and it is pleasanter to imagine in them the rustling of silk brocade, and the light step of some lovely girl, than to recognise in their altered note the failing tread of an old man.

Those who like to read of brilliant rooms and gorgeous furniture, would derive but little pleasure from a minute description of my simple dwelling. It is dear to me for the same reason that they would hold it in slight regard. Its worm-eaten doors, and low ceilings crossed by clumsy beams; its walls of wainscot, dark stairs, and gaping closets; its small chambers, communicating with each other by winding passages or narrow steps; its many nooks, scarce larger than its corner-cupboards; its very dust and dullness, all are dear to me. The moth and spider are my constant tenants, for in my house the one basks in his long sleep, and the other plies his busy loom, secure and undisturbed. I have a pleasure in thinking on a summer's day; how many butterflies have sprung for the first time into light and sunshine from some dark corner of these old walls.

When I first came to live here, which was many years ago, the neighbours were curious to know who I was, and whence I came, and why I lived so much alone. As time went on, and they still remained unsatisfied on these points, I became the centre of a popular ferment, extending for half a mile round, and in one direction for a full mile. Various rumours were circulated to my prejudice. I was a spy, an infidel, a conjuror, a kidnapper of children, a refugee, a priest, a monster. Mothers caught up their infants and ran into their houses as I passed; men eyed me spitefully, and muttered threats and curses. I was the object of suspicion and distrust: ay, of downright hatred, too.

But when in course of time they found I did no harm, but, on the contrary, inclined towards them despite their unjust usage, they began to relent. I found my footsteps no longer dogged, as they had often been before, and observed that the women and children no longer retreated, but would stand and gaze at me as I passed their doors. I took this for a good omen, and waited patiently for better times. By degrees I began to make friends among these humble folks, and though they were yet shy of speaking, would give them "good day," and so pass on. In a little time, those whom I had thus accosted, would make a point of coming to their doors and windows at the usual hour, and nod or curtsy to me; children, too, came timidly within my reach, and ran away quite scared when I patted their heads and bade them be good at school. These little people soon grew more familiar. From exchanging mere words of course with my older neighbours, I gradually

became their friend and adviser, the depository of their cares and sorrows, and sometimes, it may be, the reliever, in my small way, of their distresses. And now I never walk abroad, but pleasant recognitions and smiling faces wait on Master Humphrey.

It was a whim of mine, perhaps as a whet to the curiosity of my neighbours, and a kind of retaliation upon them for their suspicions,—it was, I say, a whim of mine, when I first took up my abode in this place, to acknowledge no other name than Humphrey. With my detractors, I was Ugly Humphrey. When I began to convert them into friends, I was Mr. Humphrey, and Old Mr. Humphrey. At length I settled down into plain Master Humphrey, which was understood to be the title most pleasant to my ear; and so completely a matter of course has it become, that sometimes when I am taking my morning walk in my little court-yard, I overhear my barber—who has a profound respect for me, and would not, I am sure, abridge my honours for the world—holding forth on the other side of the wall, touching the state of “Master Humphrey’s” health, and communicating to some friend the substance of the conversation that he and Master Humphrey have had together in the course of the shaving which he has just concluded.

That I may not make acquaintance with my readers under false pretences, or give them cause to complain hereafter that I have withheld any matter which it was essential for them to have learnt at first, I wish them to know—and I smile sorrowfully to think that the time has been when the confession would have given me pain—that I am a mis-shapen, deformed, old man.

I have never been made a misanthrope by this cause. I have never been stung by any insult, nor wounded by any jest upon my crooked figure. As a child I was melancholy and timid, but that was because the gentle consideration paid to my misfortune sunk deep into my spirit and made me sad, even in those early days. I was but a very young creature when my poor mother died, and yet I remember that often when I hung around her neck, and oftener still when I played about the room before her, she would catch me to her bosom, and bursting into tears, soothe me with every term of fondness and affection. God knows I was a happy child at those times—happy to nestle in her breast—happy to weep when she did—happy in not knowing why.

These occasions are so strongly impressed upon my memory, that they seem to have occupied whole years. I had numbered very very few when they ceased for ever, but before then their meaning had been revealed to me.

I do not know whether all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty and a strong love for it, but I was. I had no thought that I remember, either that I possessed it myself or that I lacked it, but I admired it with an intensity I cannot describe. A little knot of play-mates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—were clustered one day round my mother’s knee in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand. Whose the picture was, whether it was familiar to me or otherwise, or how all the children came

to be there, I forget : I have some dim thought it was my birth-day, but the beginning of my recollection is that we were all together in a garden, and it was summer weather—I am sure of that, for one of the little girls had roses in her sash. There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looking at each other, and my turning red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same ; and then, and when the old sorrow came into my dear mother's mild and tender look, the truth broke upon me for the first time, and I knew, while watching my awkward and ungainly sports, how keenly she had felt for her poor crippled boy.

I used frequently to dream of it afterwards, and now my heart aches for that child as if I had never been he, when I think how often he awoke from some fairy change to his own old form, and sobbed himself to sleep again.

Well, well—all these sorrows are past. My glancing at them may not be without its use, for it may help in some measure to explain why I have all my life been attached to the inanimate objects that people my chamber, and how I have come to look upon them rather in the light of old and constant friends, than as mere chairs and tables which a little money could replace at will.

Chief and first among all these is my Clock—my old cheerful companionable Clock. How can I ever convey to others an idea of the comfort and consolation that this old clock has been for years to me !

It is associated with my earliest recollections. It stood upon the staircase at home (I call it home still, mechanically) nigh sixty years ago. I like it for that, but it is not on that account, nor because it is a quaint old thing in a huge oaken case curiously and richly carved, that I prize it as I do. I incline to it as if it were alive, and could understand and give me back the love I bear it.

And what other thing that has not life could cheer me as it does ; what other thing that has not life (I will not say how few things that have) could have proved the same patient, true, untiring friend ! How often have I sat in the long winter evenings feeling such society in its cricket-voice, that raising my eyes from my book and looking gratefully towards it, the face reddened by the glow of the shining fire has seemed to relax from its staid expression and to regard me kindly ; how often in the summer twilight, when my thoughts have wandered back to a melancholy past, have its regular whisperings recalled them to the calm and peaceful present ; how often in the dead tranquillity of night has its bell broken the oppressive silence, and seemed to give me assurance that the old clock was still a faithful watcher at my chamber-door ! My easy-chair, my desk, my ancient furniture, my very books, I can scarcely bring myself to love even these last, like my old clock !

It stands in a snug corner, midway between the fireside and a low arched door leading to my bed-room. Its fame is diffused so extensively throughout

the neighbourhood, that I have often the satisfaction of hearing the publican or the baker, and sometimes even the parish-clerk, petitioning my house-keeper (of whom I shall have much to say bye and bye,) to inform him the exact time by Master Humphrey's Clock. My barber, to whom I have already referred, would sooner believe it than the sun. Nor are these its only distinctions. It has acquired, I am happy to say, another, inseparably connecting it not only with my enjoyments and reflections, but with those of other men; as I shall now relate.

I lived alone here for a long time without any friend or acquaintance. In the course of my wanderings by night and day, at all hours and seasons, in city streets and quiet country parts, I came to be familiar with certain faces, and to take it to heart as quite a heavy disappointment if they failed to present themselves each at its accustomed spot. But these were the only friends I knew, and beyond them I had none.

It happened, however, when I had gone on thus for a long time, that I formed an acquaintance with a deaf gentleman, which ripened into intimacy and close companionship. To this hour, I am ignorant of his name. It is his humour to conceal it, or he has a reason and purpose for so doing. In either case I feel that he has a right to require a return of the trust he has reposed, and as he has never sought to discover my secret, I have never sought to penetrate his. There may have been something in this tacit confidence in each other, flattering and pleasant to us both, and it may have imparted in the beginning an additional zest, perhaps, to our friendship. Be this as it may, we have grown to be like brothers, and still I only know him as the deaf gentleman.

I have said that retirement has become a habit with me. When I add that the deaf gentleman and I have two friends, I communicate nothing which is inconsistent with that declaration. I spend many hours of every day in solitude and study, have no friends or change of friends but these, only see them at stated periods, and am supposed to be of a retired spirit by the very nature and object of our association.

We are men of secluded habits with something of a cloud upon our early fortunes, whose enthusiasm nevertheless has not cooled with age, whose spirit of romance is not yet quenched, who are content to ramble through the world in a pleasant dream, rather than ever waken again to its harsh realities. We are alchemists who would extract the essence of perpetual youth from dust and ashes, tempt coy Truth in many light and airy forms from the bottom of her well, and discover one crumb of comfort or one grain of good in the commonest and least regarded matter that passes through our crucible. Spirits of past times, creatures of imagination, and people of to-day, are alike the objects of our seeking, and, unlike the objects of search with most philosophers, we can ensure their coming at our command.

The deaf gentleman and I first began to beguile our days with these fancies, and our nights in communicating them to each other. We are now four. But in my room there are six old chairs, and we have decided that the two empty

seats shall always be placed at our table when we meet, to remind us that we may yet increase our company by that number, if we should find two men to our mind. When one among us dies, his chair will always be set in its usual place, but never occupied again; and I have caused my will to be so drawn out, that when we are all dead, the house shall be shut up, and the vacant chairs still left in their accustomed places. It is pleasant to think that even then, our shades may, perhaps, assemble together as of yore we did, and join in ghostly converse.

One night in every week, as the clock strikes ten, we meet. At the second stroke of two, I am alone.

And now shall I tell how that my old servant, besides giving us note of time, and ticking cheerful encouragement of our proceedings, lends its name to our society, which for its punctuality and my love, is christened "Master Humphrey's Clock?" Now shall I tell, how that in the bottom of the old dark closet where the steady pendulum throbs and beats with healthy action, though the pulse of him who made it stood still long ago and never moved again, there are piles of dusty papers constantly placed there by our hands, that we may link our enjoyments with my old friend, and draw means to beguile time from the heart of time itself? Shall I, or can I, tell with what a secret pride I open this repository when we meet at night, and still find new store of pleasure in my dear old Clock!

Friend and companion of my solitude! mine is not a selfish love; I would not keep your merits to myself, but disperse something of pleasant association with your image through the whole wide world; I would have men couple with your name cheerful and healthy thoughts; I would have them believe that you keep true and honest time; and how would it gladden me to know that they recognised some hearty English work in Master Humphrey's Clock!



THE CLOCK-CASE.

IT is my intention constantly to address my readers from the chimney-corner, and I would fain hope that such accounts as I shall give them of our histories and proceedings, our quiet speculations or more busy adventures, will never be unwelcome. Lest, however, I should grow prolix in the outset by lingering too long upon our little association, confounding the enthusiasm with which I regard this chief happiness of my life with that minor degree of interest which those to whom I address myself may be supposed to feel for it, I have deemed it expedient to break off as they have seen.

But, still clinging to my old friend and naturally desirous that all its merits should be known, I am tempted to open (somewhat irregularly and against our laws, I must admit) the clock-case. The first roll of paper on which I lay my hand is in the writing of the deaf gentleman. I shall have to speak of him in my next paper, and how can I better approach that welcome task than by prefacing it with a production of his own pen, consigned to the safe keeping of my honest clock by his own hands?

The manuscript runs thus :

INTRODUCTION TO THE GIANT CHRONICLES.

ONCE upon a time, that is to say, in this our time,— the exact year, month, and day, are of no matter,—there dwelt in the city of London a substantial citizen, who united in his single person the dignities of wholesale fruiterer, alderman, common-councilman, and member of the worshipful company of Patten-makers: who had superadded to these extraordinary distinctions the important post and title of Sheriff, and who at length, and to crown all, stood next in rotation for the high and honourable office of Lord Mayor.

He was a very substantial citizen indeed. His face was like the full moon in a fog, with two little holes punched out for his eyes, a very ripe pear stuck on for his nose, and a wide gash to serve for a mouth. The girth of his waistcoat was hung up and lettered in his tailor's shop as an extraordinary curiosity. He breathed like a heavy snorer, and his voice in speaking came thickly forth, as if it were oppressed and stifled by feather-beds. He trod the ground like an elephant, and eat and drank like—like nothing but an alderman, as he was.

This worthy citizen had risen to his great eminence from small beginnings. He had once been a very lean, weazen little boy, never dreaming of carrying

such a weight of flesh upon his bones or of money in his pockets, and glad enough to take his dinner at a baker's door, and his tea at a pump. But he had long ago forgotten all this, as it was proper that a wholesale fruiterer, alderman, common-councilman, member of the worshipful company of Patten-makers, past sheriff, and above all, a Lord Mayor that was to be, should; and he never forgot it more completely in all his life than on the eighth of November in the year of his election to the great golden civic chair, which was the day before his grand dinner at the Guildhall.

It happened that as he sat that evening all alone in his counting-house, looking over the bill of fare for next day, and checking off the fat capons in fifties and the turtle-soup by the hundred quarts for his private amusement,—it happened that as he sat alone occupied in these pleasant calculations, a strange man came in and asked him how he did: adding, “If I am half as much changed as you, sir, you have no recollection of me, I am sure.”

The strange man was not over and above well dressed, and was very far from being fat or rich-looking in any sense of the word, yet he spoke with a kind of modest confidence, and assumed an easy, gentlemanly sort of air, to which nobody but a rich man can lawfully presume. Besides this, he interrupted the good citizen just as he had reckoned three hundred and seventy-two fat capons and was carrying them over to the next column, and as if that were not aggravation enough, the learned recorder for the city of London had only ten minutes previously gone out at that very same door, and had turned round and said, “Good night, my lord.” Yes, he had said, ‘my lord;’—he, a man of birth and education, of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law—he who had an uncle in the House of Commons, and an aunt almost but not quite in the House of Lords (for she had married a feeble peer, and made him vote as she liked)—he, this man, this learned recorder, had said, ‘my lord.’ “I’ll not wait till to-morrow to give you your title, my Lord Mayor,” says he, with a bow and a smile; “you are Lord Mayor *de facto*, if not *de jure*. Good night, my lord!”

The Lord Mayor elect thought of this, and turning to the stranger, and sternly bidding him “go out of his private counting-house,” brought forward the three hundred and seventy-two fat capons, and went on with the account.

“Do you remember,” said the other, stepping forward,—“Do you remember little Joe Toddyhigh?”

The port wine fled for a moment from the fruiterer’s nose as he muttered “Joe Toddyhigh! What about Joe Toddyhigh?”

“I am Joe Toddyhigh,” cried the visitor. “Look at me, look hard at me;—harder, harder. You know me now? you know little Joe again? What a happiness to us both, to meet the very night before your grandeur! Oh! give me your hand, Jack—both hands—both, for the sake of old times.”

“You pinch me, sir. You’re a hurting of me,” said the Lord Mayor

elect pettishly: "don't—suppose anybody should come—Mr. Toddyhigh, sir."

"Mr. Toddyhigh!" repeated the other ruefully.

"Oh! don't bother," said the Lord Mayor elect, scratching his head. "Dear me! Why, I thought you was dead. What a fellow you are!"

Indeed, it was a pretty state of things, and worthy the tone of vexation and disappointment in which the Lord Mayor spoke. Joe Toddyhigh had been a poor boy with him at Hull, and had oftentimes divided his last penny and parted his last crust to relieve his wants, for though Joe was a destitute child in those times, he was as faithful and affectionate in his friendship as ever man of might could be. They parted one day to seek their fortunes in different directions. Joe went to sea, and the now wealthy citizen begged his way to London. They separated with many tears like foolish fellows as they were, and agreed to remain fast friends, and if they lived, soon to communicate again.

When he was an errand-boy, and even in the early days of his apprenticeship, the citizen had many a time trudged to the Post-office to ask if there were any letter from poor little Joe, and had gone home again with tears in his eyes, when he found no news of his only friend. The world is a wide place, and it was a long time before the letter came; when it did, the writer was forgotten. It turned from white to yellow from lying in the Post-office with nobody to claim it, and in course of time was torn up with five hundred others, and sold for waste-paper. And now at last, and when it might least have been expected, here was this Joe Toddyhigh turning up and claiming acquaintance with a great public character, who on the morrow would be cracking jokes with the Prime Minister of England, and who had only, at any time during the next twelve months, to say the word, and he could shut up Temple Bar, and make it no thoroughfare for the king himself!

"I am sure I don't know what to say, Mr. Toddyhigh," said the Lord Mayor elect; "I really don't. It's very inconvenient. I'd sooner have given twenty pound—it's very inconvenient, really."

A thought had struggled into his mind, that perhaps his old friend might say something passionate which would give him an excuse for being angry himself. No such thing. Joe looked at him steadily, but very mildly, and did not open his lips.

"Of course I shall pay you what I owe you," said the Lord Mayor elect, fidgetting in his chair. "You lent me—I think it was a shilling or some small coin—when we parted company, and that of course I shall pay, with good interest. I can pay my way with any man, and always have done. If you look into the Mansion House the day after to-morrow—some time after dusk—and ask for my private clerk, you'll find he has a draft for you. I haven't got time to say anything more just now, unless—" he hesitated, for, coupled with a strong desire to glitter for once in all his glory in the eyes of his former companion, was a distrust of his appearance which might be more shabby than he could tell by that feeble light—"unless you'd like to come

to the dinner to-morrow. I don't mind your having this ticket, if you like to take it. A great many people would give their ears for it, I can tell you."

His old friend took the card without speaking a word, and instantly departed. His sunburnt face and grey hair were present to the citizen's mind for a moment; but by the time he reached three hundred and eighty-one fat capons, he had quite forgotten him.

Joe Toddyhigh had never been in the capital of Europe before, and he wandered up and down the streets that night, amazed at the number of churches and other public buildings, the splendour of the shops, the riches that were heaped up on every side, the glare of light in which they were displayed, and the concourse of people who hurried to and fro, indifferent apparently to all the wonders that surrounded them. But in all the long streets and broad squares, there were none but strangers; it was quite a relief to turn down a byway and hear his own footsteps on the pavement. He went home to his inn; thought that London was a dreary, desolate place, and felt disposed to doubt the existence of one true-hearted man in the whole worshipful company of Patten-makers. Finally, he went to bed, and dreamed that he and the Lord Mayor elect were boys again.

He went next day to the dinner, and when, in a burst of light and music, and in the midst of splendid decorations and surrounded by brilliant company, his former friend appeared at the head of the Hall, and was hailed with shouts and cheering, he cheered and shouted with the best, and for the moment could have cried. The next moment he cursed his weakness in behalf of a man so changed and selfish, and quite hated a jolly-looking old gentleman opposite for declaring himself, in the pride of his heart, a Patten-maker.

As the banquet proceeded, he took more and more to heart the rich citizen's unkindness,—and that, not from any envy, but because he felt that a man of his state and fortune could all the better afford to recognise an old friend, even if he were poor and obscure. The more he thought of this, the more lonely and sad he felt. When the company dispersed and adjourned to the ball-room, he paced the hall and passages alone, ruminating in a very melancholy condition upon the disappointment he had experienced.

It chanced, while he was lounging about in this moody state, that he stumbled upon a flight of stairs, dark, steep, and narrow, which he ascended without any thought about the matter, and so came into a little music-gallery, empty and deserted. From this elevated post, which commanded the whole hall, he amused himself in looking down upon the attendants, who were clearing away the fragments of the feast very lazily, and drinking out of all the bottles and glasses with most commendable perseverance.

His attention gradually relaxed, and he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, he thought there must be something the matter with his eyes; but, rubbing them a little, he soon found that the moonlight was really

streaming through the east window, that the lamps were all extinguished, and that he was alone. He listened, but no distant murmur in the echoing passages, not even the shutting of a door, broke the deep silence; he groped his way down the stairs, and found that the door at the bottom was locked on the other side. He began now to comprehend that he must have slept a long time, that he had been overlooked, and was shut up there for the night.

His first sensation, perhaps, was not altogether a comfortable one, for it was a dark, chilly, earthy-smelling place, and something too large for a man so situated, to feel at home in. However, when the momentary consternation of his surprise was over, he made light of the accident, and resolved to feel his way up the stairs again, and make himself as comfortable as he could in the gallery until morning. As he turned to execute this purpose, he heard the clocks strike three.

Any such invasion of a dead stillness as the striking of distant clocks, causes it to appear the more intense and insupportable when the sound has ceased. He listened with strained attention in the hope that some clock, lagging behind its fellows, had yet to strike—looking all the time into the profound darkness before him until it seemed to weave itself into a black tissue, patterned with a hundred reflections of his own eyes. But the bells had all pealed out their warning for that once, and the gust of wind that moaned through the place seemed cold and heavy with their iron breath.

The time and circumstances were favourable to reflection. He tried to keep his thoughts to the current, unpleasant though it was, in which they had moved all day, and to think with what a romantic feeling he had looked forward to shaking his old friend by the hand before he died, and what a wide and cruel difference there was between the meeting they had had, and that which he had so often and so long anticipated. Still he was disordered by waking to such sudden loneliness, and could not prevent his mind from running upon odd tales of people of undoubted courage, who, being shut up by night in vaults or churches, or other dismal places, had scaled great heights to get out, and fled from silence as they had never done from danger. This brought to his mind the moonlight through the window, and bethinking himself of it, he groped his way back up the crooked stairs—but very stealthily, as though he were fearful of being overheard.

He was very much astonished when he approached the gallery again, to see a light in the building: still more so, on advancing hastily and looking round, to observe no visible source from which it could proceed. But how much greater yet was his astonishment at the spectacle which this light revealed!

The statues of the two giants, Gog and Magog, each above fourteen feet in height, those which succeeded to still older and more barbarous figures after the Great Fire of London, and which stand in the Guildhall to this day, were endowed with life and motion. These guardian genii of the City had

quitted their pedestals, and reclined in easy attitudes in the great stained glass window. Between them was an ancient cask, which seemed to be full of wine; for the younger Giant, clapping his huge hand upon it, and throwing up his mighty leg, burst into an exulting laugh, which reverberated through the hall like thunder.

Joe Toddyhigh instinctively stooped down, and, more dead than alive, felt his hair stand on end, his knees knock together, and a cold damp break out upon his forehead. But even at that minute curiosity prevailed over every other feeling, and somewhat reassured by the good-humour of the Giants and their apparent unconsciousness of his presence, he crouched in a corner of the gallery, in as small a space as he could, and peeping between the rails, observed them closely.



It was then that the elder Giant, who had a flowing grey beard, raised his thoughtful eyes to his companion's face, and in a grave and solemn voice addressed him thus:

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EDWARD LACY

Having bought the whole remaining stock of the following beautiful books, offers them complete and elegantly bound at less than half price.

THE ROYAL BOOK OF GEMS.
Illustrated with Fifty-five splendid Steel Engravings, and handsomely bound and gilt, only Twelve Shillings and Sixpence.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD, in Nature, Art, and Mind. Illustrated with upwards of Two Hundred Engravings, besides Maps, &c.; one of the most useful and instructive books, containing an endless fund of information, in 1200 broad columns (equal to 2000 ordinary pages), complete in one large and handsome volume, gilt, &c. E. L. having the whole stock, has determined at once to reduce it to only Six Shillings and Sixpence.

TYROLESE AND SWISS SCENERY.

FORTY-SIX VIEWS IN THE TYROL, SWITZERLAND, &c., most beautifully engraved on Steel, from drawings by T. ALLOM, Esq., and Historical Descriptions by a Companion of Hofer. Tyrolese and Swiss Scenery is generally admitted to be the finest in the world—the lovers of the Romantic and Picturesque have now an opportunity of purchasing this elegant work complete, at the low price of 9s. 6d., handsomely bound in Turkey cloth, 4to size, gilt, &c. &c.

THE GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, consisting of nearly Sixty fine Steel Engravings, super-royal size, from the works of the first English Painters, with Historical Descriptions by J. GREGORY, Esq.; handsomely bound and gilt, only 12s. 6d. each. But few copies remain.

THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY PICTURESQUE VIEWS IN GREAT BRITAIN; Land and Water Scenery, Castles, Towns, Villages, Seats, Villas, Churches, Bridges, Public Buildings, and all objects of note and interest; the whole drawn and engraved by G. W. BONNER, with Historical Descriptions by CHARLES MACKENZIE, 4to size, strongly and handsomely bound, only Four Shillings. This is, without exception, the cheapest as well as the most interesting work ever offered.

The last new volume of the **LANDSCAPE ANNUAL,** being the most interesting work on Portugal, &c., with numerous beautiful Steel Plates, only Eight Shillings and Sixpence, handsomely bound in morocco gilt, &c.—Also the former volumes, being the Tourist in FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. &c. only 6s. 6d. per volume in morocco.

THE "LIBRARY OF ANECDOTE AND INFORMATION," illustrated with One Hundred Medallion Portraits of Eminent Men; now offered at only Two Shillings and Sixpence, handsomely bound and gilt. It is a never-failing fund of instructive and entertaining reading, and from the low price at which it is now offered, is sure of a most extensive sale.

THE BEAUTIES AND WONDERS OF NATURE AND SCIENCE. A collection of curious, interesting, and valuable information, for the instruction and improvement of the inquiring mind; edited by LINNEY GILBERT, A.M., assisted by his literary friends. Illustrated with Sixty Engravings, which are printed on tinted drawing paper. Complete in one volume, large 8vo size, handsomely bound and gilt, now offered at only Five Shillings.

THE VICTORIA KEEPSAKE. An elegant Present for Young People, with fine Steel Engravings, and a great variety of Tales, &c. &c., by the most approved Authors, for Youth; handsomely bound and gilt, &c., only 2s. It is the prettiest present published this season.

THE ROYAL CABINET OF ART; a splendid Present to the Collectors of Fine Engravings, illustrated with 55 highly executed Plates on Steel, handsomely bound and gilt, only 12s. 6d.

FOUR HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS TO HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL, beautifully printed on Eight large Sheets, only Two Shillings the Set complete.

CRUIKSHANK'S HUMOURIST, a new Comic Olio; by the first writers of the day, with 33 superior Engravings, by Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK; lately published at 10s. 6d., the remaining stock now offered at only Three Shillings, bound in satin cloth, gilt, &c. One of the most agreeable volumes ever produced.

CRUIKSHANK'S OFFERING OF MIRTH, or Evergreen of Fun; illustrated with 30 superior Engravings, by the first artists, a collection of comic tales of unusual interest and attraction; now offered at one quarter its published price. Only Three Shillings, handsomely bound and gilt. Also,

CRUIKSHANK AT HOME; a new Family Album of endless Entertainment; with 30 original Illustrations, by R. CRUIKSHANK; handsomely bound and gilt, price Three Shillings, lately published at 10s. 6d.

THE ODD VOLUME, consisting of a variety of clever Articles, by the first writers of the day, and beautifully illustrated by CRUIKSHANK and SEYMOUR. Lately published at 16s., now offered at only Three Shillings complete.

"A charming volume; odd enough, certainly, to judge from the comic character of its engravings, but very clever and amusing." *Literary Gazette.*

London: Edward Lacy, 76, St. Paul's Church-yard.

BOTANY.

Now publishing, Monthly, Large 2s. 6d., Small 1s. 6d.

THE BOTANIST; conducted by B. MAUND, F.L.S., assisted by the Rev. J. S. HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge. It contains the most highly finished coloured engravings of the best Greenhouse and other flowering Plants, and more ample scientific and popular descriptions than will be found in any similar publication. Portions of a descriptive Guide to Botany, and a Botanical Dictionary, written by Professor Henslow, with Diagrams and many Woodcuts, are given in each Number. Volumes I., II., and III., contain Fifty Plates each, gilt boards, Large 32s., Small 20s., or elegantly half-bound, Large 37s., Small 25s.

At 1s. 6d. Large, and 1s. Small,

THE BOTANIC GARDEN; or, Magazine of hardy Flowering Plants; by B. MAUND, F.L.S. Each Number contains four finely-coloured figures of Ornamental Plants, suitable for the Open Flower Garden, with popular descriptions, and instruction for their culture. Annexed to each number is a FLORAL REGISTER, with sixteen miniature cuts of the rarest plants, and a detailed account of each; also, an AUCTARIUM, being a Register of desirable Information on Garden Cultivation, &c. Nine volumes are completed, each containing Ninety-six Plants; in boards, Large 37s., Small 25s.; or elegantly half-bound, Large 42s., Small 30s.

These are the only two Botanical Periodicals which contain entirely different Flowers; all interesting Plants of recent introduction are given in them; and whether regarded as works of Science, Art, or pleasing Information, on a moral basis, they are esteemed as pre-eminent to every other.

Now publishing, Monthly, in 8vo, price 1s. coloured, and 6d. plain. **FLORIGRAPHIA BRITANNICA;** or, Engravings and Descriptions of the Flowering Plants and Ferns of Britain. By Dr. RICHARD DEAKIN.

* * * Thirty-six numbers of this extremely beautiful and popular work are already published, each number containing Twelve Figures drawn from Nature, with a proportionate quantity of letter-press.

ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND. The best description of these interesting remains of Antiquity is to be found in the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL, now completed in 4 vols., price 1l. 6s.; containing, besides other useful information, 180 Legends and Stories of Irish Life, and upwards of One Thousand well-executed Engravings, the entire forming one of the most amusing and instructive miscellanies relative to Ireland which has ever been published.—London: Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row.

In an elegant Case, resembling a handsomely ornamented Quarto Volume, price Two Guineas.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HEAVENS: a familiar Lecture on Astronomy. Illustrated by One Hundred and Four Scenes, on separate Cards, beautifully coloured, from Drawings made expressly for the work. Whitehead and Co., 76, Fleet-street; also Ackermann and Co., Strand; and C. Tilt, Fleet-street.

PATRONISED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT. **THE SPORTING REVIEW.** Edited by "CRAVEN." This periodical was started under an impression, that a work of a higher character than any then in existence was required in the walk of literature to which it belongs. The best Sporting talent of the country was secured for it, and the Proprietors have the honour gratefully to acknowledge, that their exertions have been rewarded beyond their most sanguine hopes. **THE SPORTING REVIEW** has obtained the greatest circulation of any Magazine of its class, and, by especial command, is regularly supplied to the Courts of England and France; thus distinguished, it will ever be the honest ambition of those connected with it, to make it worthy of being the leading Sporting Journal of the greatest sporting country in the world. Monthly, price 2s. 6d., with Two exquisite Steel Plates, besides other embellishments. R. Ackermann, 191, Regent-street; Menzies, Edinburgh; Cumming, Dublin.

On the 31st of March, Part III., price 2s. 6d., royal 8vo, of a **NATURAL HISTORY OF QUADRUPEDS,** and other MAMMIFEROUS ANIMALS (including a description of the principal varieties of the Human Race), comprising a description of the class MAMMALIA. In Monthly Parts. By W. C. LINNÆUS MARTIN, F.L.S. With above 1500 Engravings, of which about 500 are representations of Animals, beautifully engraved on wood, from Drawings by William Harvey; besides numerous incidental illustrations.—Whitehead and Co., 76, Fleet-street, London.

This day is published, price 1s., with Two Engravings on Steel, including a Map of Spain and Portugal, Part IV. of **THE JUVENILE HISTORICAL LIBRARY,** completing the History of Spain and Portugal. By Miss JULIA CORNER, author of "Questions on the History of Europe, a Sequel to Mangnall's Historical Questions," &c. &c. Being the commencement of a Series of Histories for the entertainment and instruction of Youth and Families; in which will be contained the Historical events of every civilised nation in the world. Especially adapted for School and Family reading, on account of its brevity, its propriety of language, and its truth. London: Published by Dean and Munday, Threadneedle-street; and may be obtained, by order, from every Bookseller and Newsman in the United Kingdom.

Agents for Ireland, Machen and Co., D'Olier-street, Dublin; Scotland, J. Menzies, Prince's-street, Edinburgh. The History of France may be had, handsomely bound in cloth, 2s. 6d., or in two parts 1s. each. On the 1st May will appear the first part of England, 1s.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL.
 With Sixteen Engravings, price 10d., Part XI. of the
LITERARY WORLD, a Journal of Popular
 Information and Entertainment. Conducted by JOHN
 TIMBS, Eleven Years Editor of "the Mirror." Engravings: The
 Three South-American Indians, exhibiting in Regent-street; Scott
 Column, Glasgow; Novelties in London: Street Architecture;—
 Seat of the War in India: Fortress of Kelat; and eleven others.—
 On the 1st of March. Vol. 1., with 66 Engravings, 5s. 6d. Vol.
 II. on the 31st of March.—Also weekly, price Twopence. George
 Berger, Holywell-street, Strand.

Just published, the First Volume of a
HISTORY OF ENGLAND, during the
 Reign of George III., by JOHN ADOLPHUS, ESQ. The
 whole to be completed in Eight large 8vo volumes, uniform with
 the last edition of Hume and Smollett. The three volumes which
 have already appeared and passed through four editions, are much
 enlarged from more recent disclosures, and will be continued in
 regular succession at intervals of about two months.
 Subscriptions for the whole at £5, or for the volumes at 14s.
 each, continue to be received by John Lee, Bookseller, 440, West
 Strand.

CAUTION.—MECHI'S DRESSING-
CASES, &c. The extraordinary success of Mechi's New
 Patterns in Portable Dressing Cases, and the facility of obtaining
 a copy of them when exposed in his window, has induced several
 unprincipled persons to make a miserable imitation of them, ad-
 vertising them at prices somewhat cheaper than his, but with
 Instruments, Razors, &c., perfectly unfit for use. To prevent
 disappointment, the public are requested not to purchase as
 Mechi's any articles that have not his name and address, No. 4,
 Leadenhall-street, distinctly marked not only on the case, but on
 each separate article.

Mechi warrants every thing he sells, and will either *exchange*,
 or *return the money* for any article not approved. Let the public
 apply the same test to those houses who advertise Dressing Cases
 complete at 10s. 6d., and they will speedily find them wanting.
 Mechi manufactures on his own premises, No. 4, Leadenhall-
 street, a splendid variety of Portable Desks, in leather and wood,
 Dressing-Cases, Work-Boxes, Envelope-Cases, Tea-Caddies, Ba-
 gabelle-Tables, Backgammon-Boards, Ivory Chessmen, Show-
 Boards, Tea-Trays, Table Cutlery, Dessert Sets, &c.
 Mechi's celebrated Strops and Paste are sold by most perfumers,
 cutlers, &c., throughout the kingdom.
 Principal agents—Powell, Leeds; Stears, Leeds; Stephenson,
 Hull; Hart, Cambridge; Spiers and Son, Oxford; Jolley and Son,
 Bath; Brunton and Williams, Merchant's Quay, Dublin; Theodor
 Hopff, Hamburg; Bates, Dover; Isaacs, Chatham; Steel, Nor-
 wich; Hughes, Manchester, &c. &c.

ZINC DOOR AND WINDOW PLATES.

H. HEWETSON respectfully informs the Public, that in consequence of the general preference given to his improved ZINC
 PLATES he has increased his manufactory, and engaged artists of first ability, by which he will be enabled to furnish those who
 may favour him with their commands with ZINC DOOR PLATES, executed with taste, and in a first-rate manner. The engraved
 black letter in contrast with the silvery appearance of the metal, renders the effect of these plates both neat and conspicuous.
 At HEWETSON'S ZINC WAREHOUSE, 57, Cannon-street, near London Bridge.
 N.B.—Portable Zinc Fountains, a beautiful ornament for Noblemen and Gentlemen's Lawns.

REFORM YOUR TAILOR'S BILLS!

**LADIES' ELEGANT
 RIDING HABITS.**
 Summer Cloth £3 3 0
 Ladies' Cloth 4 4 0
 Saxony Cloth 5 5 0

GENTLEMAN'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

GENTLEMAN'S
 Morning Coats and Dressing Gowns 0 15 0
 Petersham Great Coats and Pilot P
 Jackets, bound, and Velvet Collar 1 10 9
 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 AND SPLENDID STOCK.

REGIMENTALS AND NAVAL UNIFORMS,

The numerous Applications for
 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** and **ECONOMICAL**. THE PRICES ARE THE **LOWEST EVER OFFERED**—
 Two Suits per Year, Super- Extra Saxony, the best
 fine, 7 7— that is made 8 5
 Three Suits per Year, do. 10 17—Extra Saxony, do. 12 6
 Four Suits per Year, do. 14 6—Extra Saxony, do. 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 dispatched 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.



how
 8/10