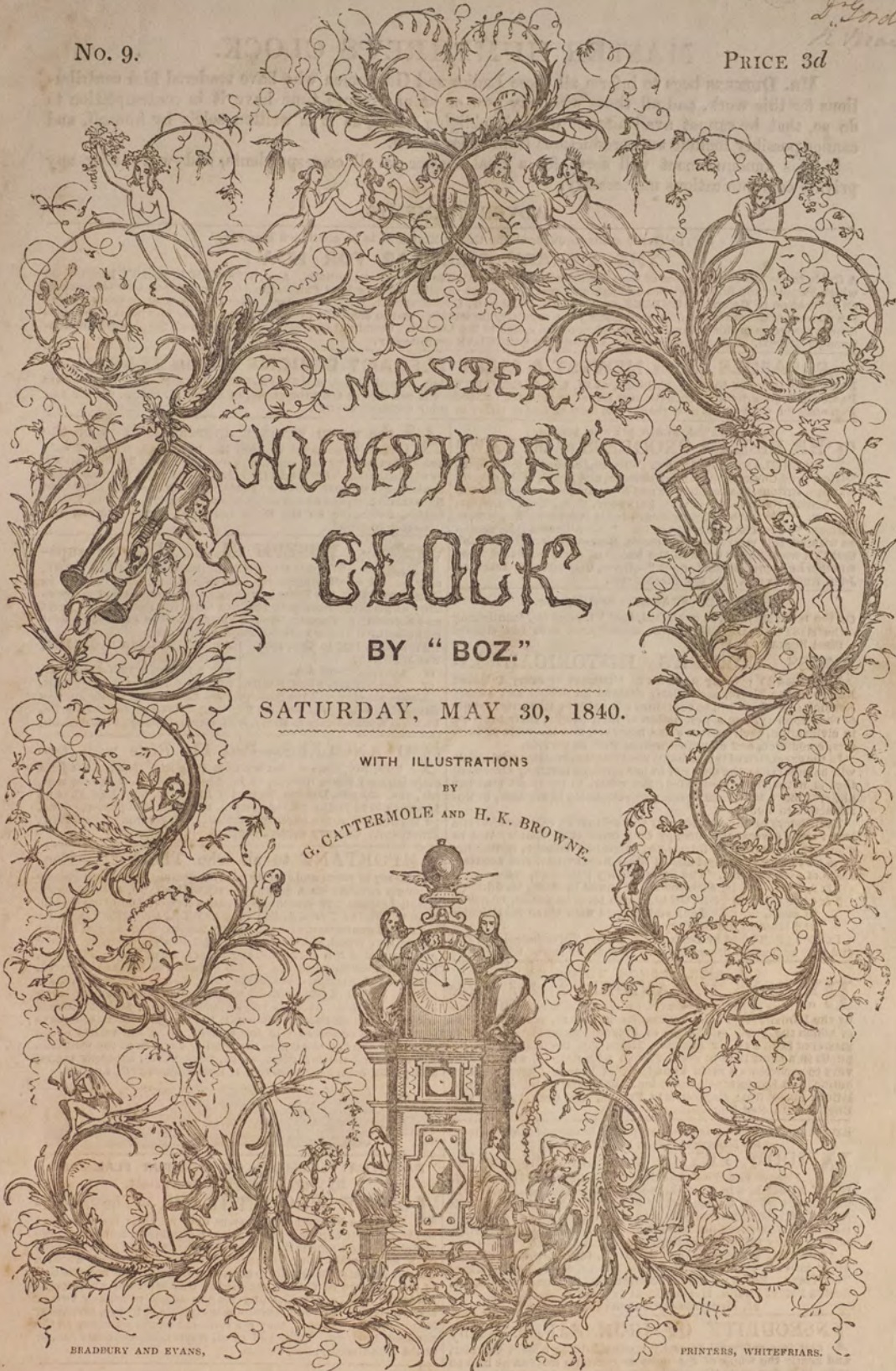


No. 9.

PRICE 3d

*London
Printed*



BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

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

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

MR. DICKENS begs to inform all those Ladies and Gentlemen who have tendered him contributions for this work, and all those who may now or at any future time have it in contemplation to do so, that he cannot avail himself of their obliging offers, as it is written solely by himself, and cannot possibly include any productions from other hands.

This announcement will serve for a final answer to all correspondents, and will render any private communications unnecessary.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Delivered gratis throughout the United Kingdom, to be continued Monthly,

THE LIBRARY CIRCULAR FOR MAY;

A Guide to readers in the choice of New Books, with brief descriptive and critical notices. Also, THE NEW LIBRARY TERMS, on which Families and Book Societies throughout Great Britain are supplied with the New Publications for perusal, can now be obtained on application to Messrs. SAUNDERS and OTLEY, Publishers, Conduit-street, Hanover-square. Monthly supplies in proportion to the number of members forming each Society are regularly forwarded; and to meet the increasing demand for new works, the publishing resources of this extensive establishment are added to the Library. Country Librarians supplied with all the modern publications for perusal. Subscribers receive the LIBRARY CIRCULAR gratuitously.

PARASOLS OF THE NEWEST & MOST ELEGANT DESIGNS FOR THE SEASON,

From Two Guineas to Two Shillings, at W. & J. SANGSTER'S, 140, Regent Street, and 94, Fleet Street.—N.B. The "ECENTRIC PARASOL," an article of entirely new principle, adapted either for the carriage or the promenade, of which W. & J. S. are the Sole Patentees for England, is now ready, and may be had at either of their Establishments.

Just published, in 8vo, price 8s. boards,

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

ENGLAND, FRANCE, SPAIN, &c.

On the 1st of May will be published, Part VI. price 1s., (continuing the HISTORY OF ENGLAND, embellished with two elegant Steel Engravings.)

MISS CORNER'S HISTORICAL LIBRARY; being a series of Histories of every Civilised Nation in the World, particularly adapted for School and Family Reading; in which will be contained not only the Historical events of each country, but a description of their people, their progress in civilisation, their customs and manners, and the state of their arts, commerce, and manufactures, at various periods.

In the execution of this arduous undertaking, two material points will be observed, the one, not to put forth, as fact, any statement that is not well authenticated, the other, to avoid all that has hitherto made Historical reading objectionable in families, or unattractive to Youth.

The History of any one country will seldom be extended beyond two Parts; several will occupy only one; each country will be complete in itself, and form one handsome volume, containing from three to six highly-finished Steel Engravings, and accurate Maps of each country. The Parts already published, are—

1 & 2, FRANCE, 1s. each sewed, or bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

3 & 4, SPAIN and PORTUGAL,—also 1s. each sewed, or bound in cloth, 2s. 6d. Each embellished with three Steel Plates and Maps of the Country.

London: Published by Dean and Munday, Threadneedle-street; and may be had, by order, of every Bookseller in the Kingdom.

SUPERIOR FRENCH TUITION.

BY MONS. H. VANNIER, Author of the "Cours de Lectures," a work ordered to be used in all Schools by the Minister of Public Instruction in France, and by the help of which the great difficulties of French Pronunciation may be mastered in five or six lessons. Mons. V.'s method enables his pupils in a short time to speak French with fluency, while it conveys to proficient a rapid knowledge of French Literature, Elocution, and Epistolary Composition. Schools attended, and Translations made from English into French, and from French into English.—16, Red Lion Square.

Export and Furnishing Ironmongery Warehouse and Manufactory, 51, Moorgate-street, near the Bank.

WIDOW FRYER respectfully informs her Friends and the Public that she continues the IRONMONGERY BUSINESS in all its branches (under the management of her eldest son) for the support of herself and family. She avails herself of this opportunity to return her sincere thanks to those friends who favoured her late husband with their kind commands, and earnestly solicits a continuance of their orders.

An elegant assortment of Elizabethan, Gothic, University, and other Stoves; Fenders, Fire Irons, Lamps, Urns, Papier Mâché Tea Trays. Baths of every description. Garden Engines, Dr. Scott's Patent Pumps, Horticultural Tools of all sorts, &c. 51, Moorgate-street, near the Bank.

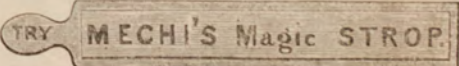
INSECURITY OF IRON SAFES.—Any cast-iron safe may be easily broken into by a large hammer, and nearly the whole of the safes in common use can be broken open in a few minutes without making any alarm by a new burglar's instrument. CHUBB'S PATENT WROUGHT-IRON SAFES, Chests, and Boxes, possess Perfect safety from all attempts to open them, and from the severe tests which they have undergone they will be found to give complete security from fire. Patent Detector Locks, Street-door Latches, Cash Boxes, &c. 57, St. Paul's Churchyard.

AS the warm weather approaches it is of the highest importance to keep the head cool, which is only done effectually by shaving it, and wearing one of ROSS & SON'S newly-invented VENTILATING HEAD-DRESSES, these being constructed without weaving or sewing silk, are even lighter than the natural hair, and do not retain the perspiration. Fronts, Fillets, Scalps, &c. made on the same improved plan.—Address, 119, Bishopsgate-street.

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 35,809,452 or 2,984,037 2-3rd doz. or 248,669 gro. 9 doz. 8 pens. And from Oct. 1838 to Oct. 1839, was 44,654,702 or 3,721,225 2-12th doz. or 310,102 gro. 1 doz. 2 pens. Please observe—all the genuine Pens are marked in full JOSEPH GILLOTT. Wholesale and for Exportation at the manufactory, Victoria Works, Graham-street, & 59, Newhall-street, Birmingham.

TO ANGLERS.—Best Fly Rods with two tops, &c., 29s. 1. 4-joint Walking-stick Rods, from 4s.; 4-joint plain Hickory Rods, from 7s.; 5-joint general Rods, with four tops, &c., 25s. 30 yds. London Taper Fly Lines, 4s. 6d. Best Flies on Limerick bent hooks, 2s. per dozen. Catalogues of prices (gratis), on application at the GOLDEN PERCH, 52, Strand. J. CHEEK, Proprietor. Country dealers supplied.

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



NASCITUR FLAMMANS ET MORITUR FLAMMANS.
By the King's Royal Letters Patent.

JONES'S PROMETHEANS.—The advantages the Prometheans possess over all other instantaneous lights are their extreme simplicity and durability, as neither time nor climate can impair their original quality; they are composed of a small glass bulb hermetically sealed, containing about a quarter of a drop of sulphuric acid, encompassed by a composition of the chlorate of potash, enclosed in wax papers or wax tapers; the latter will burn sufficiently long to admit of sealing two or three letters. The Prometheans being pleasant to use, and never falling of their purpose, they are rendered nearly as cheap as the common Lucifers. To be had of all respectable chemists &c., or at the Manufactory, 201, Strand.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

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

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.



MR. WELLER'S WATCH.



It seems that the housekeeper and the two Mr. Wellers were no sooner left together on the occasion of their first becoming acquainted, than the housekeeper called to her assistance Mr. Slithers the barber, who had been lurking in the kitchen in expectation of her summons; and with many smiles and much sweetness introduced him as one who would assist her in the responsible office of entertaining her distinguished visitors.

"Indeed" said she, "without Mr. Slithers, I should have been placed in quite an awkward situation."

"There is no call for any hock'erdness, mum" said Mr. Weller with the utmost politeness; "no call wotsumever. A lady" added the old gentleman, looking about him with the air of one who establishes an incontrovertible position, "a lady can't be hock'erd. Natur has otherwise purwided."

The housekeeper inclined her head and smiled yet more sweetly. The barber, who had been fluttering about Mr. Weller and Sam in a state of great anxiety to improve their acquaintance, rubbed his hands and cried "Hear! hear! Very true sir;" whereupon Sam turned about and steadily regarded him for some seconds in silence.

"I never knew" said Sam, fixing his eyes in a ruminative manner upon the

blushing barber, "I never knew but vun o'your trade, but *he* was worth a dozen and was indeed dewoted to his callin'!"

"Was he in the easy shaving way sir," inquired Mr. Slithers; "or in the cutting and curling line?"

"Both" replied Sam; "easy shavin' was his natur, and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. His whole delight was in his trade. He spent all his money in bears and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they was a growling away down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectoally gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends was being re-tailed in gallipots in the shop above, and the first-floor winder was ornamented vith their heads; not to speak o' the dreadful aggrawation it must have been to 'em to see a man always a walkin' up and down the pavement outside, vith the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters 'Another fine animal was slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's!' Hows'ever, there they was, and there Jinkinson was, till he was took wery ill vith some inn'ard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and was confined to his bed vere he laid a wery long time, but sich was his pride in his profession even then, that wenever he was worse than usual the doctor used to go down stairs and say 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir;' and as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes if he was ever so bad, calls out 'There's the bears!' and rewives agin."

"Astonishing!" cried the barber.

"Not a bit," said Sam, "human natur' neat as imported. Vun day the doctor happenin' to say 'I shall look in as usual tomorrow mornin', Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says 'Doctor' he says, 'will you grant me one favor?' 'I will Jinkinson' says the doctor; 'then doctor' says Jinkinson 'vill you come unshaved, and let me shave you?' 'I will' says the doctor. 'God bless you' says Jinkinson. Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skilful and reg'lar, he says 'Jinkinson' he says 'it's wery plain this does you good. Now' he says 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it'ud warm your heart to work on, and though the footman' he says 'hasn't got much of a beard, still he's a trying it on vith a pair o' viskers to that extent that razors is christian charity. If they take it in turns to mind the carriage wen it's a waitin' below' he says 'wot's to hinder you from operatin' on both of 'em ev'ry day as well as upon me? you've got six children' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? you've got two assistants in the shop down stairs, wot's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' them as often as you like? Do this' he says 'and you're a man agin.' Jinkinson squeeged the doctor's hand and begun that wery day; he kept his tools upon the bed, and wenever he felt his-self gettin' worse, he turned to at vun o' the children who was a runnin' about the house vith heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him agin. Vun day the lawyer come to make his vill; all the time he was a takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly a clippin' away at his hair vith a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that 'ere snippin' noise?' says the lawyer every now and then, 'it's like a man havin' his hair cut.' 'It is wery like a man havin' his hair cut' says poor Jinkinson

hidin' the scissors and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out, he was very nearly bald. Jinkinson was kept alive in this way for a long time, but at last vun day he has in all the children vun arter another, shaves each on 'em very clean, and gives him vun kiss on the crown of his head; then he has in the two assistants and arter cuttin' and curlin' of 'em in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the voice o' the greasiest bear, vich rekvest is immedety complied with; then he says that he feels very happy in his mind and wishes to be left alone; and then he dies, prevously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the very middle of his forehead."

This anecdote produced an extraordinary effect, not only upon Mr. Slithers but upon the housekeeper also, who evinced so much anxiety to please and to be pleased, that Mr. Weller, with a manner betokening some alarm, conveyed a whispered inquiry to his son whether he had gone "too fur."

"Wot do you mean by too fur?" demanded Sam.

"In that 'ere little compliment respectin' the want of hock'erdness in ladies Sammy" replied his father.

"You don't think she's fallen in love with you in consekens o' that, do you!" said Sam.

"More unlikelier things have come to pass my boy," replied Mr. Weller in a hoarse whisper; "I'm always afeerd of inadwertent captivation Sammy. If I know'd how to make myself ugly or unpleasant I'd do it Samivel, rayther than live in this here state of perpetival terror!"

Mr. Weller had, at that time, no further opportunity of dwelling upon the apprehensions which beset his mind, for the immediate occasion of his fears proceeded to lead the way down stairs, apologising as they went for conducting him into the kitchen, which apartment, however, she was induced to proffer for his accommodation in preference to her own little room, the rather as it afforded greater facilities for smoking, and was immediately adjoining the ale-cellar. The preparations which were already made sufficiently proved that these were not mere words of course, for on the deal table were a sturdy ale jug and glasses, flanked with clean pipes and a plentiful supply of tobacco for the old gentleman and his son, while on a dresser hard by was goodly store of cold meat and other eatables. At sight of these arrangements Mr. Weller was at first distracted between his love of joviality and his doubts whether they were not to be considered as so many evidences of captivation having already taken place; but he soon yielded to his natural impulse, and took his seat at the table with a very jolly countenance.

"As to imbibin' any o' this here flagrant veed, mum, in the presence of a lady," said Mr. Weller, taking up a pipe and laying it down again, "it couldn't be. Samivel, total abstinence, if *you* please."

"But I like it of all things," said the housekeeper.

"No," rejoined Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "No."

"Upon my word I do," said the housekeeper. "Mr. Slithers knows I do."

Mr. Weller coughed, and notwithstanding the barber's confirmation of the statement, said No again, but more feebly than before. The housekeeper lighted a piece of paper and insisted on applying it to the bowl of the pipe

with her own fair hands; Mr. Weller resisted; the housekeeper cried that her fingers would be burnt; Mr. Weller gave way. The pipe was ignited, Mr. Weller drew a long puff of smoke, and detecting himself in the very act of smiling on the housekeeper, put a sudden constraint upon his countenance and looked sternly at the candle, with a determination not to captivate, himself, or encourage thoughts of captivation in others. From this iron frame of mind he was roused by the voice of his son.

"I don't think," said Sam who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, "that if the lady wos agreeable, it 'ud be wery far out o' the vay for us four to make up a club of our own like the governors does up stairs, and let him," Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe towards his parent, "be the president."

The housekeeper affably declared that it was the very thing she had been thinking of. The barber said the same. Mr. Weller said nothing, but he laid down his pipe as if in a fit of inspiration, and performed the following manœuvres.

Unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and pausing for a moment to enjoy the easy flow of breath consequent upon this process, he laid violent hands upon his watch-chain and slowly and with extreme difficulty drew from his fob an immense double-cased silver watch, which brought the lining of the pocket with it and was not to be disentangled but by great exertions and an amazing redness of face. Having fairly got it out at last, he detached the outer case, and wound it up with a key of corresponding magnitude, then put the case on again, and having applied the watch to his ear to ascertain that it was still going, gave it some half-dozen hard knocks on the table to improve its performance.

"That," said Mr. Weller, laying it on the table with its face upwards, "is the title and emblem o' this here society. Sammy, reach them two stools this vay for the wacant cheers. Ladies and gen'lmen, Mr. Weller's watch is vound up and now a goin'. Order!"

By way of enforcing this proclamation, Mr. Weller, using the watch after the manner of a president's hammer, and remarking with great pride that nothing hurt it and that falls and concussions of all kinds materially enhanced the excellence of the works and assisted the regulator, knocked the table a great many times and declared the association formally constituted.

"And don't let's have no grinnin' at the cheer Samivel," said Mr. Weller to his son, "or I shall be committin' you to the cellar, and then p'raps we may get into wot the 'Merrikins call a fix, and the English a qvestion o' privileges."

Having uttered this friendly caution, the president settled himself in his chair with great dignity, and requested that Mr. Samuel would relate an anecdote.

"I've told one," said Sam.

"Wery good sir; tell another," returned the chair.

"We wos a talking jist now sir," said Sam turning to Slithers, "about barbers. Pursuing that 'ere fruitful theme sir, I'll tell you in a wery few words a romantic little story about another barber, as p'raps you may never have heerd."

"Samivel!" said Mr. Weller, again bringing his watch and the table into smart collision, "address your obserwations to the cheer, sir, and not to priwate individuals!"

"And if I might rise to order," said the barber in a soft voice, and looking round him with a conciliatory smile as he leant over the table with the knuckles of his left hand resting upon it, "if I *might* rise to order, I would suggest that 'barbers' is not exactly the kind of language which is agreeable and soothing to our feelings. You, sir, will correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe there *is* such a word in the dictionary as hair-dressers."

"Well, but suppose he wasn't a hair-dresser," suggested Sam.

"Wy then sir, be parliamentary, and call him vun all the more," returned his father. "In the same vay as ev'ry gen'lman in another place is a *honor*-able, ev'ry barber in this place is a hair-dresser. Ven you read the speeches in the papers, and see as vun gen'lman says of another, 'the *honor*able member if he vill allow me to call him so,' you vill understand sir that that means, 'if he vill allow me to keep up that 'ere pleasant and uniwersal fiction?'"

It is a common remark, confirmed by history and experience, that great men rise with the circumstances in which they are placed. Mr. Weller came out so strong in his capacity of chairman, that Sam was for some time prevented from speaking by a grin of surprise, which held his faculties enchained and at last subsided in a long whistle of a single note. Nay, the old gentleman appeared even to have astonished himself, and that to no small extent, as was demonstrated by the vast amount of chuckling in which he indulged after the utterance of these lucid remarks.

"Here's the story," said Sam. "Vunce upon a time there was a young hair-dresser as opened a very smart little shop vith four wax dummies in the winder, two gen'lmen and two ladies—the gen'lmen vith blue dots for their beards, very large viskers, ou-dacious heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazin' pinkness—the ladies vith their heads o' one side, their right forefingers on their lips, and their forms deweloped beautiful, in vich last respect they had the advantage over the gen'lmen, as wasn't allowed but very little shoulder and terminated rayther abrupt, in fancy drapery. He had also a many hair-brushes and tooth-brushes bottled up in the winder, neat glass-cases on the counter, a floor-clothed cuttin' room up-stairs, and a weighin' macheen in the shop, right opposite the door; but the great attraction and ornament was the dummies, which this here young hair-dresser was constantly a runnin' out in the road to 'look at, and constantly a runnin' in agin to touch up and polish; in short he was so proud on 'em that ven Sunday come, he was always wretched and mis'erable to think they was behind the shutters, and looked anxiously for Monday on that account. Vun o' these dummies was a fav'rite vith him beyond the others, and ven any of his acquaintance asked him wy he didn't get married—as the young ladies he know'd, in partickler, often did—he used to say, 'Never! I never vill enter into the bonds of vedlock', he says, 'until I meet vith a young 'ooman as realizes my idea o' that ere fairest dummy vith the light hair. Then and not till then,'

he says, 'I vill approach the altar!' All the young ladies he know'd as had got dark hair told him this wos wery sinful and that he wos wurshippin' a idle, but them as wos at all near the same shade as the dummy coloured up wery much, and wos observed to think him a wery nice young man."

"Samivel," said Mr. Weller gravely; "a member o' this assosiashun bein' one o' that 'ere tender sex which is now immedately referred to, I have to rekvest that you vill make no reflexions."

"I ain't a makin' any, am I?" inquired Sam.

"Order sir!" rejoined Mr. Weller with severe dignity; then sinking the chairman in the father, he added in his usual tone of voice, "Samivel, drive on!"

Sam interchanged a smile with the housekeeper, and proceeded:

"The young hair-dresser hadn't been in the habit o' makin' this awowal above six months, ven he en-counter'd a young lady as wos the wery pieter o' the fairest dummy. 'Now' he says 'it's all up. I am a slave!' The young lady wos not only the pieter o' the fairest dummy, but she wos wery romantic as the young hair-dresser wos too, and he says 'Oh!' he says 'here's a community o' feelin', here's a flow o' soul!' he says, 'here's a interchange o' sentiment!' The young lady didn't say much o' course, but she expressed herself agreeable, and shortly arterwards vent to see him vith a mutual friend. The hair-dresser rushes out to meet her, but d'rectly she sees the dummies she changes colour and falls a tremblin' wiolently. 'Look up my love' says the hair-dresser, 'behold your imige in my winder, but not correcter than in my art!' 'My imige!' she says. 'Your'n!' replies the hair-dresser. 'But whose imige is *that!*' she says, a pinting at vun o' the gen'lmen. 'No vun's my love' he says 'it is but a idea.' 'A idea!' she cries, 'it is a portrait, I feel it is a portrait, and that 'ere noble face must be in the milingtary!' 'Wot do I hear!' says he a crumplin' his curls. 'Villiam Gibbs' she says quite firm, 'never renoo the subject. I respect you as a friend' she says 'but my affections is set upon that manly brow.' 'This' says the hair-dresser 'is a reg'lar blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate. Farevell!' Vith these vords he rushes into the shop, breaks the dummy's nose vith a blow of his curlin' irons, melts him down at the parlour fire, and never smiles arterwards."

"The young lady, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"Why ma'am" said Sam, "finding that Fate had a spite agin her and everybody she come into contact vith, she never smiled neither, but read a deal o' poetry and pined away—by rayther slow degrees, for she an't dead yet. It took a deal o' poetry to kill the hair-dresser, and some people say arter all that it was more the gin and water as caused him to be run over; p'raps it wos a little o' both, and came o' mixing the two."

The barber declared that Mr. Weller had related one of the most interesting stories that had ever come within his knowledge, in which opinion the housekeeper entirely concurred.

"Are you a married man sir?" inquired Sam.

The barber replied that he had not that honour:

"I s'pose you mean to be?" said Sam.

"Well," replied the barber rubbing his hands smirkingly, "I don't know, I don't think it's very likely."

"That's a bad sign" said Sam, "if you'd said you meant to be vun o' these days, I should ha' looked upon you as bein' safe. You're in a verry precarious state."

"I am not conscious of any danger, at all events," returned the barber.

"No more wos I sir," said the elder Mr. Weller, interposing, "those vere my symptoms exactly. I've been took that vay twice. Keep your vether eye open my friend, or you're gone."

There was something so very solemn about this admonition, both in its matter and manner, and also in the way in which Mr. Weller still kept his eye fixed upon the unsuspecting victim, that nobody cared to speak for some little time, and might not have cared to do so for some time longer, if the housekeeper had not happened to sigh, which called off the old gentleman's attention and gave rise to a gallant inquiry whether, "there wos anythin' verry piercin' in that 'ere little heart."

"Dear me, Mr. Weller!" said the housekeeper, laughing.

"No, but is there anythin' as agitates it?" pursued the old gentleman. "Has it always been obderrate, always opposed to the happiness o' human creeturs? Eh? Has it?"

At this critical juncture for her blushes and confusion, the housekeeper discovered that more ale was wanted, and hastily withdrew into the cellar to draw the same, followed by the barber who insisted on carrying the candle. Having looked after her with a very complacent expression of face, and after him with some disdain, Mr. Weller caused his glance to travel slowly round the kitchen until at length it rested on his son.

"Sammy" said Mr. Weller, "I mistrust that barber."

"Wot for?" returned Sam "wot's he got to do with you? You're a nice man, you are, arter pretendin' all kinds o' terror, to go a payin' compliments and talkin' about hearts and piercers."

The imputation of gallantry appeared to afford Mr. Weller the utmost delight, for he replied in a voice choked by suppressed laughter and with the tears in his eyes,

"Wos I a talkin' about hearts and piercers—was I though, Sammy, eh?"

"Wos you; of course you wos."

"She don't know no better Sammy, there an't no harm in it—no danger Sammy; she's only a punster. She seemed pleased though, didn't she? O' course she wos pleased, it's nat'ral she should be, verry nat'ral."

"He's wain of it!" exclaimed Sam, joining in his father's mirth. "He's actually wain!"

"Hush!" replied Mr. Weller, composing his features, "they're a comin back, the little heart's a comin' back. But mark these wurd's o' mine once more, and remember 'em ven your father says he said 'em. Samivel, I mistrust that 'ere deceitful barber."

The Old Curiosity Shop.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

WHETHER Mr. Quilp took any sleep by snatches of a few winks at a time, or whether he sat with his eyes wide open all night long, certain it is that he kept his cigar alight, and kindled every fresh one from the ashes of that which was nearly consumed, without requiring the assistance of a candle. Nor did the striking of the clocks, hour after hour, appear to inspire him with any sense of drowsiness or any natural desire to go to rest, but rather to increase his wakefulness, which he showed, at every such indication of the progress of the night, by a suppressed cackling in his throat, and a motion of his shoulders, like one who laughs heartily but at the same time slyly and by stealth.

At length the day broke, and poor Mrs. Quilp, shivering with the cold of early morning and harassed by fatigue and want of sleep, was discovered sitting patiently on her chair, raising her eyes at intervals in mute appeal to the compassion and clemency of her lord, and gently reminding him by an occasional cough that she was still unpardoned and that her penance had been of long duration. But her dwarfish spouse still smoked his cigar and drank his rum without heeding her; and it was not until the sun had some time risen, and the activity and noise of city day were rife in the street, that he deigned to recognise her presence by any word or sign. He might not have done so even then, but for certain impatient tappings at the door which seemed to denote that some pretty hard knuckles were actively engaged upon the other side.

"Why dear me!" he said looking round with a malicious grin, "it's day! open the door, sweet Mrs. Quilp!"

His obedient wife withdrew the bolt, and her lady mother entered.

Now Mrs. Jiniwin bounced into the room with great impetuosity, for supposing her son-in-law to be still a-bed, she had come to relieve her feelings by pronouncing a strong opinion upon his general conduct and character. Seeing that he was up and dressed, and that the room appeared to have been occupied ever since she quitted it on the previous evening, she stopped short, in some embarrassment.

Nothing escaped the hawk's eye of the ugly little man, who perfectly understanding what passed in the old lady's mind, turned uglier still in the fulness of his satisfaction, and bade her good morning with a leer of triumph.

"Why Betsy," said the old woman, "you haven't been a—you don't mean to say you've been a—"

"Sitting up all night?" said Quilp supplying the conclusion of the sentence.

"Yes she has!"

"All night!" cried Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Aye, all night. Is the dear old lady deaf?" said Quilp, with a smile of which a frown was part. "Who says man and wife are bad company? Ha ha! The time has flown."

"You're a brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Come come," said Quilp, wilfully misunderstanding her, of course, "you mustn't call her names. She's married now, you know. And though she *did*

beguile the time and keep me from my bed, you must not be so tenderly careful of me as to be out of humour with her. Bless you for a dear old lady. Here's your health! "

"I am *much* obliged to you," returned the old woman, testifying by a certain restlessness in her hands a vehement desire to shake her matronly fist at her son-in-law. "Oh! I'm very much obliged to you!"

"Grateful soul!" cried the dwarf. "Mrs. Quilp."

"Yes Quilp," said the timid sufferer.

"Help your mother to get breakfast, Mrs. Quilp. I am going to the wharf this morning—the earlier, the better, so be quick."

Mrs. Jiniwin made a faint demonstration of rebellion by sitting down in a chair near the door and folding her arms as if in a resolute determination to do nothing. But a few whispered words from her daughter, and a kind inquiry from her son-in-law whether she felt faint, with a hint that there was abundance of cold water in the next apartment, routed these symptoms effectually, and she applied herself to the prescribed preparations with sullen diligence.

While they were in progress, Mr. Quilp withdrew to the adjoining room and turning back his coat-collar, proceeded to smear his countenance with a damp towel of very unwholesome appearance, which made his complexion rather more cloudy than it was before. But while he was thus engaged, his caution and inquisitiveness did not forsake him, for with a face as sharp and cunning as ever he often stopped, even in this short process, and stood listening for any conversation in the next room, of which he might be the theme.

"Ah!" he said after a short effort of attention, "it was not the towel over my ears, I thought it wasn't. I'm a little hunchy villain and a monster, am I, Mrs. Jiniwin? Oh!"

The pleasure of this discovery called up the old doglike smile in full force. When he had quite done with it, he shook himself in a very doglike manner, and rejoined the ladies.

Mr. Quilp now walked up to the front of a looking-glass, and was standing there putting on his neckerchief when Mrs. Jiniwin, happening to be behind him, could not resist the inclination she felt to shake her fist at her tyrant son-in-law. It was the gesture of an instant, but as she did so and accompanied the action with a menacing look, she met his eye in the glass, catching her in the very act. The same glance at the mirror conveyed to her the reflection of a horribly grotesque and distorted face with the tongue lolling out; and the next instant the dwarf, turning about with a perfectly bland and placid look, inquired in a tone of great affection,

"How are you now, my dear old darling?"

Slight and ridiculous as the incident was, it made him appear such a little fiend, and withal such a keen and knowing one, that the old woman felt too much afraid of him to utter a single word, and suffered herself to be led with extraordinary politeness to the breakfast-table. Here he by no means diminished the impression he had just produced, for he ate hard eggs, shell and all, devoured gigantic prawns with the heads and tails on, chewed tobacco and water-cresses at the same time and with extraordinary greediness, drank

boiling tea without winking, bit his fork and spoon till they bent again, and in short performed so many horrifying and uncommon acts that the women were nearly frightened out of their wits, and began to doubt if he were really a human creature. At last, having gone through these proceedings and many others which were equally a part of his system, Mr. Quilp left them, reduced to a very obedient and humble state, and betook himself to the river-side, where he took boat for the wharf on which he had bestowed his name.

It was flood tide when Daniel Quilp sat himself down in the wherry to cross to the opposite shore. A fleet of barges were coming lazily on, some sideways, some head first, some stern first; all in a wrong-headed, dogged, obstinate way, bumping up against the larger craft, running under the bows of steam-boats, getting into every kind of nook and corner where they had no business, and being crunched on all sides like so many walnut-shells; while each with its pair of long sweeps struggling and splashing in the water looked like some lumbering fish in pain. In some of the vessels at anchor all hands were busily engaged in coiling ropes, spreading out sails to dry, taking in or discharging their cargoes; in others no life was visible but two or three tarry boys, and perhaps a barking dog running to and fro upon the deck or scrambling up to look over the side and bark the louder for the view. Coming slowly on through the forest of masts was a great steam ship, beating the water in short impatient strokes with her heavy paddles as though she wanted room to breathe, and advancing in her huge bulk like a sea monster among the minnows of the Thames. On either hand were long black tiers of colliers; between them vessels slowly working out of harbour with sails glistening in the sun, and creaking noise on board, re-echoed from a hundred quarters. The water and all upon it was in active motion, dancing and buoyant and bubbling up; while the old grey Tower and piles of building on the shore, with many a church-spire shooting up between, looked coldly on, and seemed to disdain their chafing, restless neighbour.

Daniel Quilp, who was not much affected by a bright morning save in so far as it spared him the trouble of carrying an umbrella, caused himself to be put ashore hard by the wharf, and proceeded thither through a narrow lane which, partaking of the amphibious character of its frequenters, had as much water as mud in its composition, and a very liberal supply of both. Arrived at his destination, the first object that presented itself to his view was a pair of very imperfectly shod feet elevated in the air with the soles upwards, which remarkable appearance was referable to the boy, who being of an eccentric spirit and having a natural taste for tumbling was now standing on his head and contemplating the aspect of the river under these uncommon circumstances. He was speedily brought on his heels by the sound of his master's voice, and as soon as his head was in its right position, Mr. Quilp, to speak expressively in the absence of a better verb, "punched it" for him.

"Come, you let me alone," said the boy, parrying Quilp's hand with both his elbows alternately. "You'll get something you won't like if you don't, and so I tell you."

"You dog," snarled Quilp, "I'll beat you with an iron rod, I'll scratch you with a rusty nail, I'll pinch your eyes, if you talk to me—I will."

With these threats he clenched his hand again, and dexterously diving in between the elbows and catching the boy's head as it dodged from side to side, gave it three or four good hard knocks. Having now carried his point and insisted on it, he left off.

"You won't do it again" said the boy, nodding his head and drawing back, with the elbows ready in case of the worst; "now—"

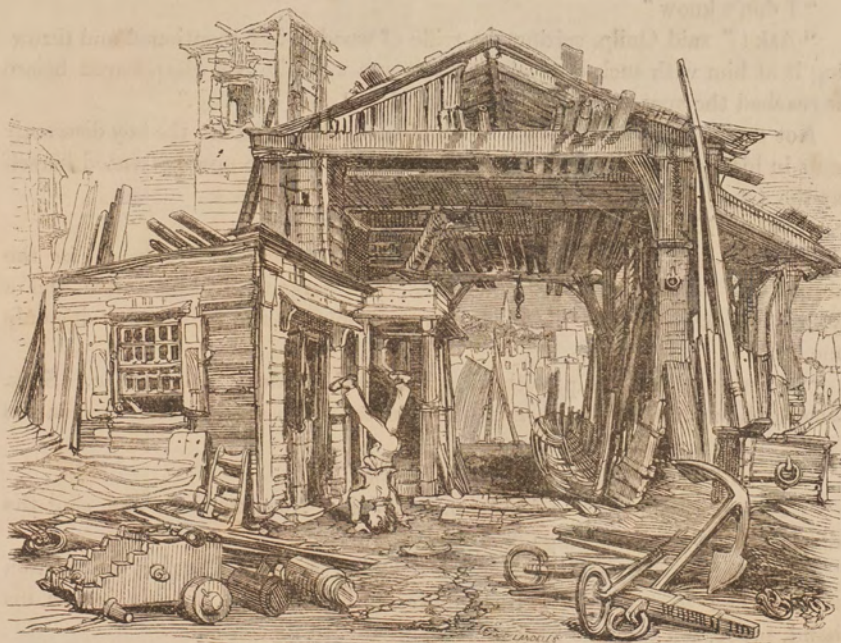
"Stand still, you dog," said Quilp. "I won't do it again, because I've done it as often as I want. Here. Take the key."

"Why don't you hit one of your size?" said the boy approaching very slowly.

"Where is there one of my size, you dog?" returned Quilp. "Take the key, or I'll brain you with it"—indeed he gave him a smart tap with the handle as he spoke. "Now, open the counting-house."

The boy sulkily complied, muttering at first, but desisting when he looked round and saw that Quilp was following him with a steady look. And here it may be remarked, that between this boy and the dwarf there existed a strange kind of mutual liking. How born or bred, or how nourished upon blows and threats on one side, and retorts and defiances on the other, is not to the purpose. Quilp would certainly suffer nobody to contradict him but the boy, and the boy would assuredly not have submitted to be so knocked about by anybody but Quilp, when he had the power to run away at any time he chose.

"Now," said Quilp, passing into the wooden counting-house, "you mind the wharf. Stand upon your head again, and I'll cut one of your feet off."



The boy made no answer, but directly Quilp had shut himself in, stood on his head before the door, then walked on his hands to the back and stood on his head there, and then to the opposite side and repeated the performance. There were indeed four sides to the counting-house, but he avoided that one where the window was, deeming it probable that Quilp would be looking out of it. This was prudent, for in point of fact the dwarf, knowing his disposition, was lying in wait at a little distance from the sash armed with a large piece of wood, which, being rough and jagged and studded in many parts with broken nails, might possibly have hurt him.

It was a dirty little box, this counting-house, with nothing in it but an old rickety desk and two stools, a hat-peg, an ancient almanack, an inkstand with no ink and the stump of one pen, and an eight-day clock which hadn't gone for eighteen years at least and of which the minute-hand had been twisted off for a tooth-pick. Daniel Quilp pulled his hat over his brows, climbed on to the desk (which had a flat top), and stretching his short length upon it went to sleep with the ease of an old practitioner; intending, no doubt, to compensate himself for the deprivation of last night's rest, by a long and sound nap.

Sound it might have been, but long it was not, for he had not been asleep a quarter of an hour when the boy opened the door and thrust in his head, which was like a bundle of badly-picked oakum. Quilp was a light sleeper and started up directly.

"Here's somebody for you," said the boy.

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"Ask!" said Quilp, seizing the trifle of wood before mentioned and throwing it at him with such dexterity that it was well the boy disappeared before it reached the spot on which he had stood. "Ask, you dog."

Not caring to venture within range of such missiles again, the boy discreetly sent in his stead the first cause of the interruption, who now presented herself at the door.

"What, Nelly!" cried Quilp.

"Yes,"—said the child, hesitating whether to enter or retreat, for the dwarf just roused, with his dishevelled hair hanging all about him and a yellow handkerchief over his head, was something fearful to behold; "it's only me sir."

"Come in," said Quilp, without getting off the desk. "Come in. Stay. Just look out into the yard, and see whether there's a boy standing on his head."

"No sir," replied Nell. "He's on his feet."

"You're sure he is?" said Quilp. "Well. Now, come in and shut the door. What's your message Nelly?"

The child handed him a letter; Mr. Quilp, without changing his position further than to turn over a little more on his side and rest his chin on his hand, proceeded to make himself acquainted with its contents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE Admirers of BOZ should order of their Stationer MURRAY'S WRITING INK, in bottles at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d., the only ink that will not rust or corrode steel pens. Sold by every Stationer in Great Britain. Douglas McMillan manufacturer, 33, Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell, London.

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

PERFUMERY.—CAUTION.—PRICE AND CO.

WHEREAS the PARTNERSHIP formerly existing between PRICE & GOSNELL was DISSOLVED, Mr. PRICE (the only surviving partner of the late firms of "Price and Gosnell," and "Patey, Butts, Price, and Co.") most respectfully informs his Customers and the Public that the PERFUMERY BUSINESS is now carried on under the firm or style of "Price and Co.," at the original premises, Montpellier House, 28, Lombard-street. Merchants, Shippers, and Dealers in Perfumery, are hereby cautioned against the manoeuvres of individuals illegally assuming the firm of "Price and Gosnell," well knowing they never were in any way whatever connected with Mr. Price, otherwise than as servants in the employ of Mr. Price's late firm of Price and Gosnell.

* * * To prevent fraud and ensure punctuality, all Orders, in future, are requested to be directed to "Price and Co., Montpellier House, 28, Lombard-street, London."

CORNS.—DICKER'S OPIATE CORN

PLASTER, for the removal of Corns, Bunions, and all hard fleshy substances on the Feet. It is admitted by the thousands who have tried it, and the most sceptical, to be the only remedy ever offered to Public notice; it acts both as an opiate and solvent, by relieving the most excruciating pain, and gradually dissolving the callous or horny substance. Prepared only and Sold by Wm. DICKER, Chemist, 235, Strand, next door to Temple Bar, London, in boxes 1s. 14d. each. Sold also by Sanger, 150, Oxford-street, and Johnston, 68, Cornhill, and the principal Chemists in every Town in the Country.

FOR THE HOME & EXPORT TRADE.—

COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

HALL & CO., sole Patentees of the PANNUS CORIUM, or LEATHER CLOTH BOOTS and SHOES for Ladies and Gentlemen. These articles have borne the test and received the approbation of all who have worn them. Such as are troubled with Corns, Bunions, Gout, Chilblains, or Tenderness of Feet from any other cause, will find them the softest and most comfortable ever invented; they never draw the feet or get hard, qualities which strongly recommend them to Merchants and Shippers for warm climates, where they are found easier and more durable than any other kind of shoes; they resemble the finest Leather, and are cleaned with common Blacking. The material sold by the yard in any quantity.

The much approved Patent India-Rubber Goloshes are light, durable, and perfectly waterproof; they thoroughly protect the feet from damp and cold.

HALL & CO.'S Portable Waterproof Dresses claim the attention of all who are exposed to the wet. Ladies' Cardinal Cloaks with hoods from 18s.; Gentlemen's Dresses, comprising Capes, Overalls, and Hood, 21s.; the whole can be carried with convenience in the pocket.

N.B.—The Shoes or Goloshes can be fitted by sending a shoe, and the Waterproof Dresses by the height of the figure.

HALL & CO., Patentees, Wellington-street, Strand.

A NEW LABEL.

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

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

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

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

A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton Garden, London. Counter-signed ALEX. ROWLAND.

The Label is backed by a design so exquisite and minute as to defy competition: it comprises the words "Rowland's Macassar Oil," written nearly 1500 times, and containing 29,028 letters. 20, Hatton Garden, London, January 1, 1840.

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

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

* * * Be sure to ask for "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL."

Sold by all respectable Chemists and Perfumers.

THO'S HARRIS & SON'S



Improved Achromatic Telescopes.

Warranted unequalled by any other house at the prices. On receiving a remittance a telescope will be sent, carriage free, to any part of the kingdom, and exchanged if not approved. No tourist or seaside visitor should be without one.

- A pocket telescope to show objects 8 miles off £0 18 0
- A pocket telescope to show objects 12 miles off 1 10 0
- A pocket telescope to show objects 16 miles off 2 2 0
- A pocket telescope to show objects 20 miles off 4 0 0

Thos. Harris & Son, Opticians, No. 52, opposite the British Museum, London, established 60 years. Recollect, not related to, nor connected with, a house of the same name.

C. AND A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, 1, WELLINGTON-STREET, STRAND.

THE wonderful virtues of this inestimable compound in restoring the hair to its pristine beauty, and the certainty with which its conservative agency operates in preserving it, has received, as might be expected, the most flattering testimonials from the grateful thousands who have experienced its effects.—OLDRIDGE'S BALM causes Whiskers and Eyebrows to grow, prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application causes it to curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off.—Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per Bottle.—No other prices are genuine.

EASY SHOES.—J. SPARKES HALL'S

Boots and Shoes are very soft, easy, and durable—neat in appearance and make—and warranted not to draw the feet. Ladies' 6s.; Gentlemen's 12s.—308, REGENT STREET.

N.B.—Just invented, a new Boot, which does not require lacing, unlacing, buttoning, or tying.

SUBSTITUTES FOR STAYS AND CORSETS.

PATENT BODY SUPPORTS, CONSTRUCTED

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

REFORM YOUR TAILORS' BILLS.

- | | | | |
|--|-----------|----------------------------|-----------|
| A GENTLEMANLY SUIT OF THE BEST QUALITY | | 3 12 6 | |
| Superfine Dress Coat | .. 2 7 6 | Summer Trousers, new style | 10 6 |
| Do. Frock do. silk facings | 2 10 0 | Summer Waistcoats ditto | 0 7 0 |
| Tagliani or Great Coats | .. 1 10 0 | Suit of best Liveries | .. 3 3 0 |
| Fishing or Shooting Coats | 1 1 0 | Army Cloth Blue Spanish | |
| Morning Dressing Gowns | 0 15 0 | Cloak, 94 yards round | .. 2 10 0 |
| Cloth or Buckskin Trousers | 1 1 0 | The new Waterproof Cloak | 1 1 0 |

LADIES' ELEGANT RIDING HABITS.

- | | | | | | |
|--------------|-------|-------|---------------|-------|-------|
| Summer Cloth | | 3 3 0 | Ladies' Cloth | | 4 4 0 |
|--------------|-------|-------|---------------|-------|-------|

FIRST-RATE BOYS' CLOTHING.

DOUDNEY & SON,

49, LOMBARD STREET.—ESTABLISHED 1784.

BEAUFOY & CO., SOUTH LAMBETH, LONDON.



BEAUFOY'S INSTANT CURE

FOR THE

TOOTHACHE.

THE GENUINE PACKAGES CONTAIN A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ABOVE VIGNETTE.

Sold by most respectable Druggists, with ample Directions for Use, in Bottles, price 1s. 14d. each, Stamp included.

BEAUFOY AND CO. SOUTH LAMBETH, LONDON.

THE HOLY LAND.

DAVID ROBERTS'S VIEWS IN PALESTINE, AND IN
EGYPT, ARABIA, AND SYRIA.

WITH

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES,

By THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.,

RECTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

Mr. MOON feels happy to announce, that, by an arrangement with Mr. ROBERTS, whose taste and talents are so well known, he will have an opportunity of presenting to the British public, in rapid succession, a Series of engraved Prints from the Drawings made by that distinguished Artist, on his late tour through the Holy Land, and the adjoining Countries, especially with a view to illustrate the localities and landscape of Holy Scripture.

He feels that it would be altogether superfluous to dwell on the interest which attaches to countries, the seat of the earliest civilisation—of the most picturesque and peculiar habits of mankind—of the original learning, and, above all, of the two great revelations of the Divine Will. If it is natural to regard the scenes of remarkable events, even in heathen history, with classic emotion, how much more natural, powerful, and solemn must be the feelings excited by scenes, among which lay the greatest events of human nature, from the beginning of time, and which will probably be again the theatre of events still more influential, superb, and comprehensive—the plains trodden by the Patriarchs—the very cities in which the Prophets and Apostles preached—the very mountains and waters hallowed by the presence of the great Sovereign and Inspirer of them all.

Mr. ROBERTS's journey extended through the whole range of the countries at the head of the Mediterranean. The mere names of Nubia, Egypt, Idumca, the wilderness of Sinai, Palestine, Syria, and Lebanon, are sufficient to express the nature and variety of the subjects which must offer themselves to an accomplished pencil; and the singular accuracy and graphic power of the Artist have fully availed themselves of the opportunity.

The Publisher proposes to give *fac-similes* of those Drawings, of the size of the original, executed in Lithography, (with the advantage of being executed under the eye of the Artist,) and to issue them in Parts; each Engraving accompanied with a letter-press Description, explanatory and historical, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. CROLY.

This Work will be published in imperial folio, in Parts, at 1*l.* 1*s.*; Proofs, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; and a few, coloured and mounted, in imitation of the original drawings, in a portfolio, at 2*l.* 2*s.*

F. G. MOON, HER MAJESTY'S PRINTSELLER AND PUBLISHER,
No. 20, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON.