

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1841.

WITH

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

BARNABY RUDCE.



BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; J. FINLAY & Co., Glasgow; L. SMITH, Aberdeen; S. J. MACHEN & Co., Dublin; SIMMS & DINHAM, Manchester; WAREING WEBB, Liverpool; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; S. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIDLER, Bristol; T. N. MORTON, Boston; H. S. KING, Brighton; G. THOMPSON, Bury; E. JOHNSON, Cambridge; C. TURNAM, Carlisle; J. LEE, Cheltenham; EVANS & DUCER, 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. R. SMITH, Lynn; J. SMITH, Maidstone; FINLAY & CHARLTON, Newcastle-on-Tyne; JARROLD & SON, Norwich; R. MERCER, Nottingham; H. SLATTER, Oxford; P. R. DRUMMOND, Perth; E. NETTLETON, Plymouth; BRODIE & Co., Salisbury; JOHN INNOCENT, Sheffield; W. SHARLAND, Southampton; F. MAY, Taunton; A. DEIGHTON, Worcester; W. ALEXANDER, Yarmouth; J. SHILLITO, York; J. B. BROWN, Windsor; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WAVERLEY FOR FOUR SHILLINGS.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS

OF

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

I. WAVERLEY NOVELS.—ROYAL OCTAVO.

On Saturday, 27th March, PART I.

In Royal Octavo, Double Columns, with all the Author's Introductions and Notes—1829 to 1833.
To be completed in Twenty-five Monthly Parts, price *Four Shillings each*, stitched; or, in Five large Volumes, cloth lettered, £5.

PART I. will contain WAVERLEY, and each Issue a complete Novel or Novels.

The First VOLUME, which will be ready on 1st August, will contain

WAVERLEY, | THE ANTIQUARY,
GUY MANNERING, | ROB ROY,
OLD MORTALITY.

Price ONE POUND.

Volume Fifth will have an Engraving of SIR WALTER SCOTT, from Greenshields' well-known Statue, and a Glossary.

II. WAVERLEY NOVELS.—SMALL OCTAVO.

Also, on Saturday, 27th March, VOLUME I.

In Foolscap Octavo, with all the Author's Introductions and Notes—1829 to 1833.

To be completed in Twenty-five Monthly Volumes, price *Four Shillings each*, cloth lettered.

VOLUME I will contain WAVERLEY, and each Issue a complete Novel or Novels, corresponding in matter and arrangement with the Edition in Royal Octavo.

The last Volume will have an Engraving of SIR WALTER SCOTT, and a Glossary.

. The call for cheaper Issues of these celebrated Novels, has induced the Proprietors to bring forward, on the present occasion, Reprints, cheaper than the cheapest books of the day, in place of more costly and highly-embellished Editions.

ROBERT CADELL, EDINBURGH;

HOULSTON & STONEMAN, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON;

And every Bookseller throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

SAUNDERS ON MINERAL TEETH.

This day is published, price 1s.,

MINERAL TEETH, their MERITS and MANUFACTURE; with an Account of a new kind of Artificial Teeth. By the Author of "Advice on the Care of the Teeth."—Henry Renshaw, 356, Strand. To be had of the Author, 16, Argyll Street, and all Booksellers.

This day is published, a

NEW AND SPLENDID WORK ON THE SPORTS OF YOUTH.

Embellished with upwards of Four Hundred Engravings,

BY SAMUEL WILLIAMS.—THE

EVERY BOY'S BOOK: a Compendium of all the SPORTS AND RECREATIONS OF YOUTH. By J. L. WILLIAMS. Price 8s. bound in cloth; 9s. in roan, marbled edges; and 10s. *éd.* embossed, gilt edges.

London: Dean and Munday, Threadneedle-street; and all other Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

ART BEFORE NATURE.

This seeming paradox has been solved by the Pukes and Head Dresses made by ROSS & SONS, 119 and 120, BISHOPSGATE STREET, LONDON; for although perfectly natural, they at the same time possess that elegance and gracefulness of contour otherwise unattainable. Being made of natural curling hair, which always looks easy and becoming, (particularly in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pukes,) being quite porous, and finished with their newly-invented partings, the latter so close a resemblance to the skin as to defy detection, they are perfectly unique. ROSS & SONS having completed their extensive alterations, can now offer to the Public, on the ground floor, the most splendid apartments for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair Cutting and Arranging; and request a visit, the first week in every month, to inspect the fashions. An immense assortment of Fronts, Toupees, Ringlets, Braids, &c. of the most beautiful description. Ladies' own Hair made into Chains, Love-knots, or any other device required.

DR. PERRENGTON'S TONIC APERIENT

LIQUEUR, for INDIGESTION. The name of this incomparable medicine is a compendium of its properties. It is a TONIC, containing the concentrated essence of the most valuable INDIGENOUS AND EXOTIC INVIGORANTS, strengthening the stomach, sharpening the appetite, exhilarating the spirits, promoting nutrition, and bracing the nerves. As an APERIENT, it acts with the most insurpassable gentleness and cordiality, without griping, nausea, or flatulence, and without leaving the bowels subsequently confined; whilst, to crown the whole, its taste is a combination of the slightest, but FINEST BITTERNESS, with the MOST EXQUISITE AROMA and DELICATE FLAVOUR that ever met the approbation of the most refined palate.

The following letters and testimonials will satisfy the most scrupulous as to the efficacy of the Tonic Aperient Liqueur:—

From the "Medical Observations and Reflections," by H. HOLLAND, M.D., F.R.S. Physician Extraordinary to the Queen:—

"I wish to suggest the value of a direct combination of tonics with aperients, a form of prescription which might well be brought into more general use. In the greater number of instances, weakness in the proper action of the bowels is the cause of costiveness, and in seeking to remove the effect by means which act through irritation only, we do but add to the mischief. The tonic conjoined with the aperient, enforces its action without weakening the organs." "This practice is of more especial value in these languid and strumous habits, in which strength and good digestion are so carefully to be maintained."

From G. G. SIGMOND, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Materia Medica to the ROYAL MEDICO BOTANICAL SOCIETY, and Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine at Sydenham College, London.

"Sir—I must confess that your medicine is an excellent cordial aperient, but I think it is your duty, as a member of the Medical Profession, to make its composition public.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

(Signed)

"G. G. SIGMOND.

"24, Dover Street.

"To Dr. De S. Perrengron."

Central Depot, 44, Gerrard Street. Sold at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., at Sanger's, Oxford Street; 6, Bruton Street, Bond Street; Johnson's, Cornhill; Wilkinson's, Strand, & all Medicine Vendors.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

CLEAR of the locksmith's house, Sim Tappertit laid aside his cautious manner, and assuming in its stead that of a ruffling, swaggering, roving blade, who would rather kill a man than otherwise, and eat him too if needful, made the best of his way along the darkened streets.

Half pausing for an instant now and then to smite his pocket and assure himself of the safety of his master key, he hurried on to Barbican, and turning into one of the narrowest of the narrow streets which diverged from that centre, slackened his pace and wiped his heated brow, as if the termination of his walk were near at hand.

It was not a very choice spot for midnight expeditions, being in truth one of more than questionable character, and of an appearance by no means inviting. From the main street he had entered, itself little better than an alley, a low-browed doorway led into a blind court, or yard, profoundly dark, unpaved, and reeking with stagnant odours. Into this ill-favoured pit, the locksmith's vagrant 'prentice groped his way; and stopping at a house from whose defaced and rotten front the rude effigy of a bottle swung to and fro like some gibbeted malefactor, struck thrice upon an iron grating with his foot. After listening in vain for some response to his signal, Mr. Tappertit became impatient, and struck the grating thrice again.

A further delay ensued, but it was not of long duration. The ground seemed to open at his feet, and a ragged head appeared.

"Is that the captain?" said a voice as ragged as the head.

"Yes," replied Mr. Tappertit haughtily, descending as he spoke, "who should it be?"

"It's so late, we gave you up," returned the voice, as its owner stopped to shut and fasten the grating. "You're late, sir."

"Lead on," said Mr. Tappertit, with a gloomy majesty, "and make remarks when I require you. Forward!"

This latter word of command was perhaps somewhat theatrical and unnecessary, inasmuch as the descent was by a very narrow, steep, and slippery flight of steps, and any rashness or departure from the beaten track must have ended in a yawning water-butt. But Mr. Tappertit being, like some other great commanders, favourable to strong effects, and personal display, cried "Forward!" again, in the hoarsest voice he could assume; and led the way, with folded arms and knitted brows, to the cellar down below, where there was a small copper fixed in one corner, a chair or two, a form and table, a glimmering fire, and a truckle-bed, covered with a ragged patchwork rug.

"Welcome, noble captain!" cried a lanky figure, rising as from a nap.

The captain nodded. Then, throwing off his outer coat, he stood composed in all his dignity, and eyed his follower over.

"What news to-night?" he asked, when he had looked into his very soul.

"Nothing particular," replied the other, stretching himself—and he was so long already that it was quite alarming to see him do it—"how come you to be so late?"

"No matter," was all the captain deigned to say in answer. "Is the room prepared?"

"It is," replied his follower.

"The comrade—is he here?"

"Yes. And a sprinkling of the others—you hear 'em?"

"Playing skittles!" said the captain moodily. "Light-hearted revellers!"

There was no doubt respecting the particular amusement in which these heedless spirits were indulging, for even in the close and stifling atmosphere of the vault, the noise sounded like distant thunder. It certainly appeared, at first sight, a singular spot to choose, for that or any other purpose of relaxation, if the other cellars answered to the one in which this brief colloquy took place; for the floors were of sodden earth, the walls and roof of damp bare brick tapestried with the tracks of snails and slugs; the air was sickening, tainted, and offensive. It seemed, from one strong flavour which was uppermost among the various odours of the place, that it had, at no very distant period, been used as a storehouse for cheeses; a circumstance which, while it accounted for the greasy moisture that hung about it, was agreeably suggestive of rats. It was naturally damp besides, and little trees of fungus sprung from every mouldering corner.

The proprietor of this charming retreat, and owner of the ragged head before mentioned—for he wore an old tie-wig as bare and frouzy as a stunted hearth-broom—had by this time joined them; and stood a little apart, rubbing his hands, wagging his hoary bristled chin, and smiling in silence. His eyes were closed; but had they been wide open, it would have been easy to tell, from the attentive expression of the face he turned towards them—pale and unwholesome as might be expected in one of his underground existence—and from a certain anxious raising and quivering of the lids, that he was blind.

"Even Stagg hath been asleep," said the long comrade, nodding towards this person.

"Sound, captain, sound!" cried the blind man; "what does my noble captain drink—is it brandy, rum, usquebaugh? Is it soaked gunpowder, or blazing oil? Give it a name, heart of oak, and we'd get it for you, if it was wine from a bishop's cellar, or melted gold from King George's mint."

"See," said Mr. Tappertit haughtily, "that it's something strong, and comes quick; and so long as you take care of that, you may bring it from the devil's cellar, if you like."

"Boldly said, noble captain!" rejoined the blind man. "Spoken like the 'Prentices' Glory. Ha, ha! From the devil's cellar! A brave joke! The captain joketh. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll tell you what, my fine feller," said Mr. Tappertit, eyeing the host over as he walked to a closet, and took out a bottle and glass as carelessly as if he had been in full possession of his sight, "if you make that row, you'll find that the captain's very far from joking, and so I tell you."

"He's got his eyes on me!" cried Stagg, stopping short on his way back,

and affecting to screen his face with the bottle. "I feel 'em though I can't see 'em. Take 'em off, noble captain. Remove 'em, for they pierce like gimlets."

Mr. Tappertit smiled grimly at his comrade; and twisting out one more look—a kind of ocular screw—under the influence of which the blind man feigned to undergo great anguish and torture, bade him, in a softened tone, approach, and hold his peace.

"I obey you, captain," cried Stagg, drawing close to him and filling out a bumper without spilling a drop, by reason that he held his little finger at the brim of the glass, and stopped at the instant the liquor touched it, "drink, noble governor. Death to all masters, life to all 'prentices, and love to all fair damsels. Drink, brave general, and warm your gallant heart!"

Mr. Tappertit condescended to take the glass from his outstretched hand. Stagg then dropped on one knee, and gently smoothed the calves of his legs, with an air of humble admiration.

"That I had but eyes!" he cried, "to behold my captain's symmetrical proportions! That I had but eyes, to look upon these twin invaders of domestic peace!"

"Get out!" said Mr. Tappertit, glancing downward at his favourite limbs. "Go along, will you, Stagg!"

"When I touch my own afterwards," cried the host, smiting them reproachfully, "I hate 'em. Comparatively speaking, they've no more shape than wooden legs, beside these models of my noble captain's."

"Yours!" exclaimed Mr. Tappertit. "No, I should think not. Don't talk about those precious old toothpicks in the same breath with mine; that's rather too much. Here. Take the glass. Benjamin. Lead on. To business!"

With these words, he folded his arms again; and frowning with a sullen majesty, passed with his companion through a little door at the upper end of the cellar, and disappeared; leaving Stagg to his private meditations.

The vault they entered, strewn with sawdust and dimly lighted, was between the outer one from which they had just come, and that in which the skittle-players were diverting themselves; as was manifested by the increased noise and clamour of tongues, which was suddenly stopped, however, and replaced by a dead silence, at a signal from the long comrade. Then, this young gentleman, going to a little cupboard, returned with a thigh-bone, which in former times must have been part and parcel of some individual at least as long as himself, and placed the same in the hands of Mr. Tappertit; who, receiving it as a sceptre and staff of authority, cocked his three-cornered hat fiercely on the top of his head, and mounted a large table, whereon a chair of state, cheerfully ornamented with a couple of skulls, was placed ready for his reception.

He had no sooner assumed this position, than another young gentleman appeared, bearing in his arms a huge clasped book, who made him a profound obeisance, and delivering it to the long comrade, advanced to the table, and turning his back upon it, stood there Atlas-wise. Then, the long comrade got upon the table too; and seating himself in a lower chair than Mr. Tappertit's, with much state and ceremony, placed the large book on the shoulders of their mute companion as deliberately as if he had been a wooden desk, and prepared to make entries therein with a pen of corresponding size.

When the long comrade had made these preparations, he looked towards Mr. Tappertit; and Mr. Tappertit, flourishing the bone, knocked nine times therewith upon one of the skulls. At the ninth stroke, a third young gentleman emerged from the door leading to the skittle ground, and bowing low, awaited his commands.

"'Prentice!" said the mighty captain, "who waits without?"

The 'prentice made answer that a stranger was in attendance, who claimed admission into that secret society of 'Prentice Knights, and a free participation in their rights, privileges, and immunities. Thereupon Mr. Tappertit flourished the bone again, and giving the other skull a prodigious rap on the nose, exclaimed "Admit him!" At these dread words the 'prentice bowed once more, and so withdrew as he had come.

There soon appeared at the same door, two other 'prentices, having between them a third, whose eyes were bandaged, and who was attired in a bag-wig, and a broad-skirted coat, trimmed with tarnished lace; and who was girded with a sword, in compliance with the laws of the Institution regulating the introduction of candidates, which required them to assume this courtly dress, and kept it constantly in lavender, for their convenience. One of the conductors of this novice held a rusty blunderbuss pointed towards his ear, and the other a very ancient sabre, with which he carved imaginary offenders as he came along in a sanguinary and anatomical manner.



As this silent group advanced, Mr. Tappertit fixed his hat upon his head. The novice then laid his hand upon his breast and bent before him. When he had humbled himself sufficiently, the captain ordered the bandage to be removed, and proceeded to eye him over.

“Ha!” said the captain, thoughtfully, when he had concluded this ordeal. “Proceed.”

The long comrade read aloud as follows:—“Mark Gilbert. Age, nineteen. Bound to Thomas Curzon, hosier, Golden Fleece, Aldgate. Loves Curzon’s daughter. Cannot say that Curzon’s daughter loves him. Should think it probable. Curzon pulled his ears last Tuesday week.”

“How!” cried the captain, starting.

“For looking at his daughter, please you,” said the novice.

“Write Curzon down, Denounced,” said the captain. “Put a black cross against the name of Curzon.”

“So please you,” said the novice, “that’s not the worst—he calls his ’prentice idle dog, and stops his beer unless he works to his liking. He gives Dutch cheese, too, eating Cheshire sir, himself; and Sundays out, are only once a month.”

“This,” said Mr. Tappertit gravely, “is a flagrant case. Put two black crosses to the name of Curzon.”

“If the society,” said the novice, who was an ill-looking, one-sided, shambling lad, with sunken eyes set close together in his head—“if the society would burn his house down—for he’s not insured—or beat him as he comes home from his club at night, or help me to carry off his daughter, and marry her at the Fleet, whether she gave consent or no—”

Mr. Tappertit waved his grizzly truncheon as an admonition to him not to interrupt, and ordered three black crosses to the name of Curzon.

“Which means,” he said in gracious explanation, “vengeance, complete and terrible. ’Prentice, do you love the Constitution?”

To which the novice (being to that end instructed by his attendant sponsors) replied “I do!”

“The Church, the State, and everything established—but the masters?” quoth the captain.

Again the novice said “I do.”

Having said it, he listened meekly to the captain, who, in an address prepared for such occasions, told him how that under that same Constitution (which was kept in a strong-box somewhere, but where exactly he could not find out, or he would have endeavoured to procure a copy of it), the ’prentices had, in times gone by, had frequent holidays of right, broken people’s heads by scores, defied their masters, nay, even achieved some glorious murders in the streets, which privileges had gradually been wrested from them, and in all which noble aspirations they were now restrained; how the degrading checks imposed upon them were unquestionably attributable to the innovating spirit of the times, and how they united therefore to resist all change, except such change as would restore those good old English customs, by which they would stand or fall. After illustrating the wisdom of going backward, by reference to that sagacious fish, the crab, and the not unfrequent practice of the mule and donkey, he described their general objects; which were briefly vengeance on their Tyrant Masters (of whose grievous and insupportable oppression no ’prentice could entertain a moment’s doubt) and the restoration, as aforesaid, of their ancient rights and holidays; for neither of which objects were they

now quite ripe, being barely twenty strong, but which they pledged themselves to pursue with fire and sword when needful. Then he described the oath which every member of that small remnant of a noble body took, and which was of a dreadful and impressive kind; binding him, at the bidding of his chief, to resist and obstruct the Lord Mayor, sword-bearer, and chaplain; to despise the authority of the sheriffs; and to hold the court of aldermen as nought; but not on any account, in case the fullness of time should bring a general rising of 'prentices, to damage or in any way disfigure Temple Bar, which was strictly constitutional and always to be approached with reverence. Having gone over these several heads with great eloquence and force, and having further informed the novice that this society had had its origin in his own teeming brain, stimulated by a swelling sense of wrong and outrage, Mr. Tappertit demanded whether he had strength of heart to take the mighty pledge required, or whether he would withdraw while retreat was yet within his power.

To this, the novice made rejoinder that he would take the vow, though it should choke him; and it was accordingly administered with many impressive circumstances, among which the lighting up of the two skulls with a candle-end inside of each, and a great many flourishes with the bone, were chiefly conspicuous; not to mention a variety of grave exercises with the blunderbuss and sabre, and some dismal groaning by unseen 'prentices without. All these dark and direful ceremonies being at length completed, the table was put aside, the chair of state removed, the sceptre locked up in its usual cupboard, the doors of communication between the three cellars thrown freely open, and the 'Prentice Knights resigned themselves to merriment.

But Mr. Tappertit, who had a soul above the vulgar herd, and who, on account of his greatness, could only afford to be merry now and then, threw himself on a bench with the air of a man who was faint with dignity. He looked with an indifferent eye, alike on skittles, cards, and dice, thinking only of the locksmith's daughter, and the base degenerate days on which he had fallen.

"My noble captain neither games, nor sings, nor dances," said his host, taking a seat beside him. "Drink, gallant general!"

Mr. Tappertit drained the proffered goblet to the dregs; then thrust his hands into his pockets, and with a lowering visage walked among the skittles, while his followers (such is the influence of superior genius) restrained the ardent ball, and held his little shins in dumb respect.

"If I had been born a corsair or a pirate, a brigand, gen-teel highwayman or patriot—and they're the same thing," thought Mr. Tappertit, musing among the nine-pins, "I should have been all right. But to drag out a ignoble existence unbeknown to mankind in general—patience! I will be famous yet. A voice within me keeps on whispering Greatness. I shall burst out one of these days, and when I do, what power can keep me down? I feel my soul getting into my head at the idea. More drink there!"

"The novice," pursued Mr. Tappertit, not exactly in a voice of thunder, for his tones, to say the truth, were rather cracked and shrill,—but very impressively, notwithstanding—"where is he?"

"Here, noble captain!" cried Stagg. "One stands beside me who I feel is a stranger."

“Have you,” said Mr. Tappertit, letting his gaze fall on the party indicated, who was indeed the new knight, by this time restored to his own apparel; “Have you the impression of your street-door key in wax?”

The long comrade anticipated the reply, by producing it from the shelf on which it had been deposited.

“Good,” said Mr. Tappertit, scrutinising it attentively, while a breathless silence reigned around; for he had constructed secret door-keys for the whole society, and perhaps owed something of his influence to that mean and trivial circumstance—on such slight accidents do even men of mind depend!—“This is easily made. Come hither, friend.”

With that, he beckoned the new knight apart, and putting the pattern in his pocket, motioned to him to walk by his side.

“And so,” he said, when they had taken a few turns up and down, “you—you love your master’s daughter?”

“I do,” said the ’prentice. “Honour bright. No chaff, you know.”

“Have you,” rejoined Mr. Tappertit, catching him by the wrist, and giving him a look which would have been expressive of the most deadly malevolence, but for an accidental hiccup that rather interfered with it; “have you a—a rival?”

“Not as I know on,” replied the ’prentice.

“If you had now—” said Mr. Tappertit—“what would you—eh—?”

The ’prentice looked fierce and clenched his fists.

“It is enough,” cried Mr. Tappertit hastily, “we understand each other. We are observed. I thank you.”

So saying, he cast him off again; and calling the long comrade aside after taking a few hasty turns by himself, bade him immediately write and post against the wall, a notice, proscribing one Joseph Willet (commonly known as Joe) of Chigwell; forbidding all ’Prentice Knights to succour, comfort, or hold communion with him; and requiring them, on pain of excommunication, to molest, hurt, wrong, annoy, and pick quarrels with the said Joseph, whensoever and wheresoever they, or any of them, should happen to encounter him.

Having relieved his mind by this energetic proceeding, he condescended to approach the festive board, and warming by degrees, at length deigned to preside, and even to enchant the company with a song. After this, he rose to such a pitch as to consent to regale the society with a hornpipe, which he actually performed to the music of a fiddle (played by an ingenious member) with such surpassing agility and brilliancy of execution, that the spectators could not be sufficiently enthusiastic in their admiration; and their host protested, with tears in his eyes, that he had never truly felt his blindness until that moment.

But the host withdrawing—probably to weep in secret—soon returned with the information that it wanted little more than an hour of day, and that all the cocks in Barbican had already begun to crow, as if their lives depended on it. At this intelligence, the ’Prentice Knights arose in haste, and marshalling into a line, filed off one by one and dispersed with all speed to their several homes, leaving their leader to pass the grating last.

"Good night, noble captain," whispered the blind man as he held it open for his passage out; "Farewell brave general. Bye, bye, illustrious commander. Good luck go with you for a—conceited, bragging, empty-headed, duck-legged idiot."

With which parting words, coolly added as he listened to his receding footsteps and locked the grate upon himself, he descended the steps, and lighting the fire below the little copper, prepared, without any assistance, for his daily occupation; which was to retail at the area-head above pennyworths of broth and soup, and savoury puddings, compounded of such scraps as were to be bought in the heap for the least money at Fleet Market in the evening time; and for the sale of which he had need to have depended chiefly on his private connexion, for the court had no thoroughfare, and was not that kind of place in which many people were likely to take the air, or to frequent as an agreeable promenade.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

CHRONICLERS are privileged to enter where they list, to come and go through keyholes, to ride upon the wind, to overcome, in their soarings up and down, all obstacles of distance, time, and place. Thrice blessed be this last consideration, since it enables us to follow the disdainful Miggs even into the sanctity of her chamber, and to hold her in sweet companionship through the dreary watches of the night!

Miss Miggs, having undone her mistress, as she phrased it (which means, assisted to undress her), and having seen her comfortably to bed in the back room on the first floor, withdrew to her own apartment, in the attic story. Notwithstanding her declaration in the locksmith's presence, she was in no mood for sleep; so, putting her light upon the table and withdrawing the little window curtain, she gazed out pensively at the wild night sky.

Perhaps she wondered what star was destined for her habitation when she had run her little course below; perhaps speculated which of those glimmering spheres might be the natal orb of Mr. Tappertit; perhaps marvelled how they could gaze down on that perfidious creature, man, and not sicken and turn green as chemists' lamps; perhaps thought of nothing in particular. Whatever she thought about, there she sat, until her attention, alive to anything connected with the insinuating 'prentice, was attracted by a noise in the next room to her own—his room; the room in which he slept, and dreamed—it might be, sometimes dreamed of her.

That he was not dreaming now, unless he was taking a walk in his sleep, was clear, for every now and then there came a shuffling noise, as though he were engaged in polishing the whitewashed wall; then a gentle creaking of his door; then the faintest indication of his stealthy footsteps on the landing-place outside. Noting this latter circumstance, Miss Miggs turned pale and shuddered, as mistrusting his intentions; and more than once exclaimed, below her breath, "Oh! what a Providence it is as I am bolted in!"—which, owing doubtless to her alarm, was a confusion of ideas on her part between a bolt and its use; for though there was one on the door, it was not fastened.

Miss Miggs' sense of hearing, however, having as sharp an edge as her temper, and being of the same snappish and suspicious kind, very soon informed her that the footsteps passed her door, and appeared to have some object quite separate and disconnected from herself. At this discovery she became more alarmed than ever, and was about to give utterance to those cries of "Thieves!" and "Murder!" which she had hitherto restrained, when it occurred to her to look softly out, and see that her fears had some good palpable foundation.

Looking out accordingly, and stretching her neck over the hand-rail, she descried, to her great amazement, Mr. Tappetit completely dressed, stealing down stairs, one step at a time, with his shoes in one hand and a lamp in the other. Following him with her eyes, and going down a little way herself to get the better of an intervening angle, she beheld him thrust his head in at the parlour door, draw it back again with great swiftness, and immediately begin a retreat up stairs with all possible expedition.

"Here's mysteries!" said the damsel, when she was safe in her own room again, quite out of breath. "Oh gracious, here's mysteries!"

The prospect of finding anybody out in anything, would have kept Miss Miggs awake under the influence of henbane. Presently she heard the step again, as she would have done if it had been that of a feather endowed with motion and walking down on tiptoe. Then gliding out as before, she again beheld the retreating figure of the 'prentice; again he looked cautiously in at the parlour door, but this time, instead of retreating, he passed in and disappeared.

Miggs was back in her room, and had her head out of the window, before an elderly gentleman could have winked and recovered from it. Out he came at the street door, shut it carefully behind him, tried it with his knee, and swaggered off, putting something in his pocket as he went along. At this spectacle Miggs cried "Gracious!" again, and then "Goodness gracious!" and then, "Goodness gracious me!" and then, candle in hand, went down stairs as he had done. Coming to the workshop, she saw the lamp burning on the forge, and everything as Sim had left it.

"Why I wish I may only have a walking funeral, and never be buried decent with a mourning-coach and feathers, if the boy hasn't been and made a key for his own self!" cried Miggs. "Oh the little villain!"

This conclusion was not arrived at without consideration, and much peeping and peering about; nor was it unassisted by the recollection that she had on several occasions come upon the 'prentice suddenly, and found him busy at some mysterious occupation. Lest the fact of Miss Miggs calling him, on whom she stooped to cast a favourable eye, a boy, should create surprise in any breast, it may be observed that she invariably affected to regard all male bipeds under thirty as mere chits and infants; which phenomenon is not unusual in ladies of Miss Miggs's temper, and is indeed generally found to be the associate of such indomitable and savage virtue.

Miss Miggs deliberated within herself for some little time, looking hard at the shop door while she did so, as though her eyes and thoughts were both

upon it; and then, taking a sheet of paper from a drawer, twisted it into a long thin spiral tube. Having filled this instrument with a quantity of small coal dust from the forge, she approached the door, and dropping on one knee before it, dexterously blew into the keyhole as much of these fine ashes as the lock would hold. When she had filled it to the brim in a very workmanlike and skilful manner, she crept up stairs again, and chuckled as she went.

"There!" cried Miggs, rubbing her hands, "now let's see whether you won't be glad to take some notice of me, mister. He, he, he! You'll have eyes for somebody besides Miss Dolly now, I think. A fat-faced puss she is, as ever *I* come across!"

As she uttered this criticism, she glanced approvingly at her small mirror, as who should say, I thank my stars that can't be said of me!—as it certainly could not; for Miss Miggs' style of beauty was of that kind which Mr. Tapertit himself had not inaptly termed, in private, "scraggy."

"I don't go to bed this night!" said Miggs, wrapping herself in a shawl, drawing a couple of chairs near the window, flouncing down upon one, and putting her feet upon the other, "till you come home, my lad. I wouldn't," said Miggs viciously, "no, not for five-and-forty pound!"



With that, and with an expression of face in which a great number of opposite ingredients, such as mischief, cunning, malice, triumph, and patient

expectation, were all mixed up together in a kind of physiognomical punch, Miss Miggs composed herself to wait and listen, like some fair ogress who had set a trap and was watching for a nibble from a plump young traveller.

She sat there, with perfect composure, all night. At length, just upon break of day, there was a footstep in the street, and presently she could hear Mr. Tappertit stop at the door. Then she could make out that he tried his key—that he was blowing into it—that he knocked it on the nearest post to beat the dust out—that he took it under a lamp to look at it—that he poked bits of stick into the lock to clear it—that he peeped into the keyhole, first with one eye, and then with the other—that he tried the key again—that he couldn't turn it, and what was worse couldn't get it out—that he bent it—that then it was much less disposed to come out than before—that he gave it a mighty twist and a great pull, and then it came out so suddenly that he staggered backwards—that he kicked the door—that he shook it—finally, that he smote his forehead, and sat down on the step in despair.

When this crisis had arrived, Miss Miggs, affecting to be exhausted with terror, and to cling to the window-sill for support, put out her nightcap, and demanded in a faint voice who was there.

Mr. Tappertit cried "Hush!" and, backing into the road, exhorted her in frenzied pantomime to secrecy and silence.

"Tell me one thing," said Miggs. "Is it thieves?"

"No—no—no!" cried Mr. Tappertit.

"Then," said Miggs, more faintly than before, "it's fire. Where is it, sir? It's near this room, I know. I've a good conscience, sir, and would much rather die than go down a ladder. All I wish is, respecting my love to my married sister, Golden Lion Court, number twenty-sivin, second bell-handle on the right hand door-post."

"Miggs!" cried Mr. Tappertit, "don't you know me? Sim, you know—Sim—"

"Oh! what about him!" cried Miggs, clasping her hands. "Is he in any danger? Is he in the midst of flames and blazes? Oh gracious, gracious!"

"Why I'm here, an't I?" rejoined Mr. Tappertit, knocking himself on the breast. "Don't you see me? What a fool you are, Miggs!"

"There!" cried Miggs, unmindful of this compliment. "Why—so it—Goodness, what is the meaning of—If you please Mim here's"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Tappertit, standing on tiptoe, as if by that means he, in the street, were any nearer being able to stop the mouth of Miggs in the garret. "Don't!—I've been out without leave, and something or another's the matter with the lock. Come down, and undo the shop window, that I may get in that way."

"I durstn't do it, Simmun," cried Miggs—for that was her pronunciation of his christian name. "I durstn't do it, indeed. You know as well as anybody, how particular I am. And to come down in the dead of night, when the house is wrapped in slumbers and veiled in obscurity." And there she stopped and shivered, for her modesty caught cold at the very thought.

"But Miggs," cried Mr. Tappertit, getting under the lamp, that she might see his eyes. "My darling Miggs—"

Miggs screamed slightly.

"—That I love so much, and never can help thinking of,"—and it is impossible to describe the use he made of his eyes when he said this—"do—for my sake, do."

"Oh Simmun," cried Miggs, "this is worse than all. I know if I come down, you'll go, and—"

"And what, my precious?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"And try," said Miggs, hysterically, "to kiss me, or some such dreadfulness; I know you will!"

"I swear I won't," said Mr. Tappertit, with remarkable earnestness. "Upon my soul I won't. It's getting broad day and the watchman's waking up. Angelic Miggs! If you'll only come and let me in, I promise you faithfully and truly I won't."

Miss Miggs, whose gentle heart was touched, did not wait for the oath (knowing how strong the temptation was, and fearing he might forswear himself), but tripped lightly down the stairs, and with her own fair hands drew back the rough fastenings of the workshop window. Having helped the wayward 'prentice in, she faintly articulated the words "Simmun is safe!" and yielding to her woman's nature, immediately became insensible.

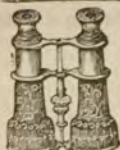
"I knew I should quench her," said Sim, rather embarrassed by this circumstance. "Of course I was certain it would come to this, but there was nothing else to be done—if I hadn't eyed her over, she wouldn't have come down. Here. Keep up a minute, Miggs. What a slippery figure she is! There's no holding her, comfortably. Do keep up a minute, Miggs, will you?"

As Miggs, however, was deaf to all entreaties, Mr. Tappertit leant her against the wall as one might dispose of a walking-stick or umbrella, until he had secured the window, when he took her in his arms again, and, in short stages and with great difficulty—arising mainly from her being tall and his being short, and perhaps in some degree from that peculiar physical conformation on which he had already remarked—carried her up stairs, and planting her, in the same umbrella or walking-stick fashion, just inside her own door, left her to her repose.

"He may be as cool as he likes," said Miss Miggs, recovering as soon as she was left alone; "but I'm in his confidence and he can't help himself, nor couldn't if he was twenty Simmuneses!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THOS.
HARRIS
AND
SON'S



NEW
DOUBLE
OPERA
GLASS.

The most powerful ever made, price £5. 0s. 6d.
To be had only of THOS. HARRIS & SON, Opticians, No. 52, Great
Russell St., opposite the British Museum, London, established 60
years. No other connexion.

"And the nice conduct of a clouded Cane."—POPE.

P. A. DRESS AND RIDING CANES
of the newest and most elegant designs for
the present season, at W. & J. SANGSTER'S, Manufacturers to
H. R. H. Prince Albert, 140, Regent-street, and 94, Fleet-street.—
Wholesale and for exportation.

By its amusing self-action
makes Coffee of the finest fla-
vor at the breakfast table as
speedily as Tea. Described in
PLATOW'S PATENT



COFFEE URN.

Mechanic's Magazine, for 14th
March, 1840. Sold by all Iron-
mongers and by the Patentee
Patent Pots from 6s.
Urns from £1.



**GAS-PLA-
TOW'S PATENT**
GAS MODERA-
TOR & BURNER
prevent smoke
and waste of
Gas.
Moderator from 6s.
14s., High Holborn.

WRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, &c.

PERSONS of any age, however bad their
WRITING, may, in Eight Lessons, for One Guinea, acquire
permanently an elegant and flowing style of Penmanship, adapted
either to professional pursuits or private correspondence. Arith-
metic on a method requiring only one-third the time and mental
labour usually requisite. Book-keeping as practised in the govern-
ment, banking, and merchants' offices. Short-hand, &c. Apply to
Mr. SMART, at the Institution, 7, New Street, Covent Garden,
leading to St. Martin's Lane.

HART'S CHINESE QUADRILLES, price
4s.—H. Hart's Chinese Quadrilles have become the most
favourite set of the season; they are quite equal to his celebrated
7th set from Pietro l'Ermita, and his 13th set from Macbeth; vide
"Dancing Master."—London: Published by Leoni Lee, 48, Albe-
marle-street; where may be had, "Vocal Beauties of Caledonia,"
No. 1, "O'er the Bonnie Clyde," duet, 2s.

ROYAL NURSERY.

PRICE'S GOLDEN OIL, patronised by Roy-
alty, is deserving the station it now holds of the highest
public distinction. It prevents hair from falling off or turning
grey to the latest period of life; frees it from scurf, and renders
it beautifully Soft, Curly, and Glossy. In dressing Hair, it keeps
it firm in the curl, uninjured by damp weather, crowded rooms,
the dance, or in the exercise of riding. To children it is invalua-
ble, as it lays a foundation for a Beautiful Head of Hair. Depots,
MONTPELLIER HOUSE, 28, LOMBARD STREET, and DEL-
CROIX'S, 158, NEW BOND STREET.



BATH CHAIRS.—Important to Invalids.—
A large assortment of Bath and Brighton Wheel Chairs, for
Sale or Hire, some with Patent reclining backs for Spinal com-
plaints, enabling an Invalid to lie at full length, at G. MINTER'S,
33, Gerrard-street, Soho; also Minter's Patent Self-acting Re-
clining Chairs for the sick-chamber, or the indulgent; and Minter's
Patent improved Rising Couch or Bed, which, for variety of posi-
tions and the ease it affords, ought to be inspected by every in-
valid in the kingdom, at 33, Gerrard-street, Soho.

A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

The extraordinary patronage we continue to receive for the articles manufactured by us in a material so like silver that it can only
be told from it on reference to the stamp by persons well acquainted with it, induces us to caution the public against many spurious
imitations which are being sold. The genuine metal, which we warrant more durable than silver, is only to be had at our warehouses.
Catalogues of prices, gratis (postage free). As a criterion, Spoons and Forks, full-sized Table, 12s.; Desserts, 10s.; Teas, 5s. per doz.

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

OLD PARR'S PILLS.

LETTERS

From Mr. J. DRURY, of Lincoln, showing the high estimation these invaluable Medicines are held in
in that city:—

"To the Proprietors of Parr's Life Pills.

"GENTLEMEN,—

"I beg to inform you, several persons have acknowledged to me they have experienced great improvement in their
health, through taking Old Parr's Pills; in particular a lady, who said she never knew what it was to be without a pain in her
head, but after taking one box, she has been free from it ever since.

"You must, I am sure, from the great demand for the pills at my shop, think they are considered here of great value,
and I have no doubt many more will be sold when they are generally known; in fact, some folk begin now to think they will
have no occasion to make their wills for these 90 or 100 years to come.

"I am your obedient servant,

"224, near the Stone Bow, Lincoln, Sept. 28, 1840."

"JAMES DRURY.

"GENTLEMEN,—

"When you first appointed me to sell Old Parr's Life Pills, which was August 14, 1840, I was doubtful of making
much sale, there being so many different pills for the public to please themselves with. There must, however, be more length
of life in Parr's Pills than in others, for I find on enquiry, that much benefit is obtained from them, and that they really do
good to hundreds and thousands of people: I may say thousands, if all your agents sell at the same rate I do, for I have
already sold, up to the present time, 624 boxes!! large and small sizes. I am now wanting a fresh supply, which please to
send *instantly*, or else you will have much to answer for: by not making haste to give new length of life to them wanting
it; and you may depend upon it for truth, that many of those people who were going down fast in life, are now invigorated with new
life, new feelings,—*sprightly*, and full of activity, and who say they are far better in health since they have taken OLD
PARR'S LIFE PILLS, than they were some twenty years back! Surely there is magic in the pills to do so much good to
the human frame, not only to the aged, but the young as well, and particularly to young females.

"I am, your obedient servant,

"224, Stone Bow, Lincoln, Feb. 8, 1841."

"JAMES DRURY.

Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and family boxes 11s. each: the boxes at 2s. 9d. contain equal to three small, and those at 11s.
equal to five at 2s. 9d. Full directions are given with each box.

This Medicine is sold, by appointment, by EDWARDS, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, and by most respectable Medicine
Vendors in the country.

In order to protect the Public from imitations, the Hon. Commissioners of Stamps have ordered "PARR'S LIFE
PILLS" to be engraved on the Government Stamp attached to each box, without which none are genuine.

A Book of sixteen pages, containing a memoir of the "LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS PARR," who lived to be 152 years of
age, may be had, gratis, of all the accredited Agents for the sale of "PARR'S INFALLIBLE PILLS."

This day is published,
BY CHARLES KNIGHT AND CO.

The FIRST NUMBER, price FOURPENCE, to be continued EVERY SATURDAY, and forming a MONTHLY PART, price EIGHTEENPENCE, of

LONDON.

"I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame,
That do renown this city."

It was an afternoon walk for the stranger who thus desired to 'see the reliques' of some ancient Dalmatian town, whose Roman monuments covered a few acres. But London! in what time shall we visit her 'memorials,' so as to 'satisfy our eyes?' What amount of labour does it require to become acquainted with her 'things of fame?' A week, or a month, may indeed enable us to see those 'reliques' which every one sees; but 'memorials' as true and as interesting lie perishing or hidden in dark corners; and here are 'things of fame' in the meanest alleys. Their chief value, however, consists in the associations which they suggest; and these do not always lie upon the surface. To comprehend modern London, we must make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us; to be properly interested in ancient London, we must turn from our old Chroniclers and Topographers, and Poets and Memoir-writers, and look upon its living scenes, ever changing in their outward forms, but essentially the slow growth of a long antiquity.

We propose in this spirit to produce a NEW WORK ON LONDON; and the principle which we have thus indicated of looking at the Present through the Past, and at the Past through the Present, requires that our work shall be wholly different from any which has preceded it. It will neither be a 'Survey' of London, nor a 'History' of London. Its arrangement will neither be topographical nor chronological. It will not travel 'with tedious steps and slow' from Portsoken Ward to Westminster; nor begin at the beginning with King Lud, and end at the end with Queen Victoria. Nor will it, in point of fact, be ambitious of any classification. London, which Camden has called *Totius Britanniae Epitome*, is too vast a thing to be analysed, and sorted, and labelled,—at least in a book which will endeavour to combine amusement with information. The greatest and the meanest features of such a city lie mingled together, in the same way that the mightiest and the minutest works of Nature are presented to the observing eye. That traveller is to our minds the most faithful, the most entertaining, and perhaps the most scientific, who, whilst he is measuring the height of an Alpine mountain, makes himself familiar with the habits of the little marmot that burrows in its crevices.

The plan of publication which we shall adopt will also, in some degree, determine the miscellaneous character of the proposed work. We shall publish a *Weekly Sheet*, devoted, for the most part, to some portion of the great total of London, which shall be complete in itself. This subject must necessarily be of no abstract nature—no mere disquisition upon remote and lifeless matters—but something which can be seen, and thus copied for the reader's eye, or made more intelligible by the graphic art. OUR LONDON WILL BE PICTORIAL. The several artists of eminence who will be engaged upon this undertaking will labour upon a well-defined principle—that of uniting to the imaginative power the strictest fidelity in every detail of Architecture and Costume. In the same spirit will the writers work. The time is past when it was thought that what was accurate could not be amusing; and in the great subject before us, whether in its modern or its ancient aspects, the truest delineation will unquestionably be the most interesting.

Of the probable extent of this work the editor can at present form no very exact notion. It is the less necessary that he should do so, as every number, every part, and every volume, will be, as far as it goes, complete in itself. If the encouragement of the public (of which encouragement the publishers can scarcely doubt, because they are prepared to deserve it by an adequate expenditure upon the literary and pictorial departments) should enable this work to be carried forward to something like a general completeness, its miscellaneous character may be reduced into system by chronological and topographical indexes. But as it proceeds, it will have all the charm of variety. For example:—A Memoir on the Maps of London for three centuries, showing the gradual spread of the great Babel, may fitly be in company with a picture of its locomotive facilities through all the phases of Wherry, Sedan, Hackney Coach, Cabriolet, Omnibus, and Steam-Boat. We may linger about Smithfield, with its horse-races of the days of Henry II., its tournaments, its wagers of battle, its penances, its martyrdoms, its Bartholomew fairs, and its cattle-market, without feeling that any of its associations are incongruous, or unworthy of description and reflection. The Cock-Lane Ghost is a matter of history as much as the records of that fatal Traitor's Gate of the Tower, over which might have been written the terrible words of Dante—

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

The City Poet, with his tawdry Lord Mayor's state and doggerel verses, belongs to the social history of London as distinctly as the classical inventor of the Masques in which James and Charles delighted. The Christmas revels of the Lord of Misrule in the Temple, and the triumphant entry of Henry V. after the battle of Agincourt, have each had their historians, and they may each form episodes in our pages. Tempesta drew from the life the Cries of London in the days of Anne, and they may be found in company with some account of Catnach's ballads in our day. The glorious pictures of Hogarth may tell us of a generation that is past, whilst the splendid caricatures of Gillray may slide into the generation that is present.

There are many aspects of Society in London which are not fit to be described; there are scenes, past and present, which are improper to be exhibited to the general eye. Those which a parent would not wish his child to look upon will never be delineated in this book. We shall not, however, from any false refinement, confine ourselves to what is most agreeable. All reasoning beings should know that there is crime, and ignorance, and suffering, and sorrow, in such an immense city, as well as propriety, and elegance,

and comfort, and pleasure. But, by a careful attention to what we are and what we were—to our improvements, as well as to some things in which we begin to find out we have not improved—we may indirectly show how the condition of every Londoner is to be ameliorated; and how, by diminishing ignorance, we may diminish crime; and, by cultivating innocent pleasures, do something to drive out unlawful excitements.

We have a few observations to add. Such a work as we hope to produce may interest every English reader, whether he be a resident in London, or in Australia. It treats of the largest city in the world,—whose inhabitants are in intercourse, commercial, political, or religious, with almost the whole human race,—which has been the scene of the most stirring events of history,—which has sent forth its literature through four centuries to the uttermost ends of the earth,—and which is full, therefore, not only of material monuments of the past, but of the more abiding memorials which exist in imperishable books. If the *Tabard Inn* at Southwark is now but a waggoner's yard, with its accompanying liquor-shop and tap-room, we have Chaucer's immortal picture of 'that hostelry,' and its guests—

'Well nine-and-twenty in a compaign
Of sundry folk;'

and he will tell us

'The chambers and the stables weren wide.'

If *East-Cheep* has lost all its ancient characteristics in the improvements of London Bridge, Lydgate will show us that *there*,

'Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;

There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy.'

If *Finsbury* and *Islington* are covered with interminable rows of houses, Ben Jonson shall call to mind 'the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington ponds.' If *Spring Garden* be no longer green, Garrard, the gossiping correspondent of the great Lord Strafford, shall inform us of its 'Bowling,' its 'Ordinary of six shillings a meal, continual bibbing and drinking wine all day long under the trees, and two or three quarrels every week.' If the *Devil Tavern*, with its Apollo Club, has perished, Squire Western's favourite song of 'Old Sir Simon the King' shall bring back the memory of Simon Wadloe, its landlord, with Jonson's verses over the door of the Apollo Room. If the *River Fleet* no longer runs across Holborn, Pope shall recall that polluted stream,—

'Than whom no sluice of mud

With deeper sable blots the silver flood.'

If the glories of White's, and Will's, and the Grecian, and the St. James's, have passed away, in the fall of Coffee-houses and the rise of Clubs,—if the stranger can no longer expect to walk without obstruction into a common room where wit is as current as tea and muffins, and a Dryden stands by the fire with a young Pope gazing upon him,—he may yet live in the social life of the days of Anne, and people the solitary Coffee-house with imaginary Swifts, and Addison, and Steeles. Such, and so various, are the literary 'memorials' of London; and these literary 'memorials' are, in truth, amongst her best antiquities. As a city of progress, her materials remain of the past are comparatively few; but the mightiest of the earth—those who have made our language immortal and universal—have dwelt within her walls, and their records have outlived brick and stone.

To one of observation, and reflection, and adequate knowledge, everything in London is suggestive. In her external features we read the history of her past, and the description of her present social state.

'The things of fame

That do renown this city,'—

Churches, palaces, theatres, exhibitions, courts of justice, prisons, hospitals—parks, squares, streets, bridges, wharfs, docks, warehouses, markets, shops, factories, inns,—pavements, sewers, gas-lights, water-pipes,—post-offices, rail-roads, steam-boats, public carriages—have each their tale of that mighty stirring of Humanity which in its aggregate is a spectacle of real sublimity unequalled in the world. It is the more sublime and the more wonderful that all this mass—with its manifold associations of Government, Municipal Arrangements, Police, Supply of Food, Population, Disease, Mortality, Industry, Wealth, Poverty, Crime, Religion, Charity, Education, Literature, Science, Arts, Amusements, Dress, Manners, Domestic Life—is ever-growing and ever-changing. While we are putting down the figures the facts are shifting. We shall not, therefore, trouble our readers with many figures. But the great aspects of London humanity are written in tolerably permanent characters, whether of the past or the present. It will be our duty sometimes to digest the abiding facts that are not likely to elude our vision or our grasp—sometimes to

'Catch ere she flies the Cynthia of the minute.'

If what is permanent, and what is fleeting, shall be found equally without attraction; the fault will be in ourselves and not in our subject. The interest of that subject we believe to be universal. The features of such a city, physical and moral, present and antiquarian, if truly and strikingly presented, are to be looked upon with interest and curiosity, by the stranger as well as the citizen who daily hears the sound of Bow-bell. London is not England, as Paris is said to be France; neither is she the head and England the body, as used to be set down; but she is so identified with the whole empire—she absorbs and returns again so much of the general prosperity—that what belongs to her belongs to all. To the British public, then, we offer, in confident hope of their support, our

LONDON.