



MASTER  
 HUMPHREY'S  
 CLOCK  
 BY "BOZ,"

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1841.

WITH  
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. CATTERMOLLE & 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; WARING WESS, Liverpool; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; S. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIDLER, Bristol; T. N. MORTON, Boston; H. S. KING, Brighton; G. THOMPSON, Bury; E. JOHNSON, Cambridge; C. THURNAM, Carlisle; J. LEE, Cheltenham; EVANS & DUCKER, Chester; W. EDWARDS, Coventry; W. ROWBOTTOM, Derby; W. BYERS, Devonport; W. T. ROBERTS, Exeter; T. DAVIES, Gloucester; R. CUSSONS, Hull; HENRY SHALDERS, Ipswich; W. RERVE, Leamington; T. HARRISON, Leeds; J. R. SMITH, LYON; 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.

**WORKS BY W. BRITAIN,**  
11, PATERNOSTER ROW.

**THE MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE, AND  
SCHOOL OF ARTS;**

Containing original articles on Astronomy, Chemistry, Magnetism and Electro-magnetism, Optics, Electricity, Galvanism, the Steam Engine, Wood Engraving, Turning, Distillation, Oil Painting, Modelling, making Waxen Fruit and Flowers, Glass Blowing, Gilding, Lacking, Bronzing, Dyeing, &c. In Weekly Numbers at 14d., and Monthly Parts at 7d. and 8d.

Vols. 1 and 2, bound in cloth and lettered, price 8s. each, containing 800 original papers on Science, Arts, and Manufactures, and embellished with 1000 Wood Engravings, are now ready.

**DICTIONARY OF ARTS & SCIENCES,**

Explanatory of all the terms, materials, processes, implements, and apparatus used in the Mathematical and Experimental Sciences, Chemistry, Mechanics, Trades and Manufactures, Architecture, Civil Engineering, the Fine Arts, &c. &c., with very numerous Engravings; now publishing in Weekly Numbers at 14d., and Monthly Parts at 7d. To be completed in about Twelve Parts, Parts I. to IV., and Nos. 1 to 20, are now ready.

**THE SELF-INSTRUCTING LATIN  
CLASSIC;**

Whereby a perfect knowledge of the Latin Language may be readily acquired, without burdening the memory with the multifarious rules of syntactical Grammar, the searching a Dictionary for the interpretation of words, or even requiring the assistance of a Classical Tutor. By W. JACOBS.

Part V. of the above Original work, which will be completed in Twelve Parts, is now ready.

**MYSTERIES OF THE LATIN LAN-  
GUAGE REVEALED;**

Or Remarks, showing that it can be read and understood, without being confined to the forms of Government of Grammatical construction; and proved by verbatim translations of passages from fourteen of the standard Poetical and Prose Latin Classics. 4s.

**THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN,**

In French and English, on an entirely new plan, in Two Parts. The first consists of the Original Text, and the second of a truly Analytical and Literal Translation; to which is prefixed a Preface, wherein are illustrated and explained the advantages of this Plan over the Hamiltonian system. By Mons. BORR, Teacher of Languages. Price, bound, 2s. 6d.

**SANDELL'S MECHANICAL SYSTEM  
OF TEACHING PENMANSHIP.**

By means of this system, Pupils, even in the absence of a Master, will be permanently taught a beautiful bold style of penmanship, without the slightest mental effort, and in considerably less time than is usually devoted to that study. By D. SANDELL, Stationer, 69, Tottenham court-road. Copy Books, Nos. I. to III., price 6d. each, to be completed in Six Books, are now ready.

Monthly at 1s.

**JOHN CHINAMAN.**

Contents of No. 1, for February. -1. The China Question. -2. India, and its Resources. -3. The Pirate, a Tale of Chinese Justice. -4. Some account of Commissioner Lin. -5. Jinkee Jo, or a Tale of a Comic Tail. Indian Miscellanies, Oriental Summary, &c.

**THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE  
COURT OF ENGLAND,**

From the commencement of 1750 to the reign of William IV. Compiled from works published under the superintendence of the Right Hon. Lady ANNE HAMILTON, and interspersed with a variety of Original Letters and Documents never before published. In Weekly Numbers at 3d., and in Monthly Parts at 1s. Parts I., II., III., and Nos. 1 to 12, are now ready.

**THE COOK, OR LADIES' KITCHEN  
DIRECTORY;**

In Weekly Numbers at 1d., Monthly Parts 4d., or complete, bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d.

**SANDFORD AND MERTON;**

Beautifully printed in foolscap 8vo, each number embellished with a splendid Engraving. In Weekly Numbers at 1d., and Monthly Parts at 6d.

**SKETCHES OF CHARACTER FROM  
MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK,**

By HAYES. Containing Portraits of Quill, Little Nell, The Old Man, and Master Humphrey; with letter-press descriptions. 6d. plain; 1s. 6d. coloured.

**SMILES FOR ALL SEASONS,**

In small quarto, price 2s. plain; 4s. coloured. COMIC SCRAPS, being a Series of Twenty-three humorous Designs, by J. PHILLIPS.

**A SERIES OF SUBJECTS FOR  
DRAWING,**

In 11 sheets folio, by C. DEZLY. 3s. plain; 6s. coloured.

**A NEW DISCOVERY.**

**M**R. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, begs to introduce an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures, at STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay; and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and are guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication; and, in order that Mr. Howard's improvement may be within the reach of the most economical, he has reduced his charges to the lowest scale possible. Tooth-ache instantly cured, and decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.—52, Fleet Street.

**TO ANGLERS.**

**THE GOLDEN PERCH.—Prices of Tackle**

lower than ever. 4-joint best Hickory Fly Rods, with two tops, winch fittings, socket, spear, landing handle, and partition bag, 20s.; 5-joint ditto, general ditto, with four tops, ditto, ditto, 25s.; 6-joint Bamboo Perch and Roach Rods, brazed winch fittings and ringed, 12s.; very best Flies, 2s. per dozen; Fly Cases 1s.; Winches 1s. 6d.; ditto 2 inches in diameter 3s.; Taper Fly Lines, 30 yards, 2s. 3d.; ditto, the very best, 40 yards, 6s.; 4-yard Gut Lines 1s. New Catalogues, containing the prices of several hundred articles, with the *Young Angler's Instructor*, gratis, on application, or forwarded (post-paid) in answer to a letter. Country orders punctually attended to, and any article exchanged if not approved of.—N.B. Merchants and Country Dealers supplied. J. CHEEK, Proprietor and Manufacturer, 132, Oxford Street, and 52, Strand.

**MEERSCHAUM PIPES.**

**J. INDERWICK'S Wholesale Warehouses for**

every description of Smoking Apparatus, 58, Princes-street, Leicester-square, and vis-à-vis la Sophien Mosch, Constantinople. Inventor and Patentee of the improved Persian Hookah for smoking through water, and part Proprietor of the "Keef Kil," or better known as the Meerschaum pits of the Crimea, in Asia Minor, of which those beautiful "ECUME DE MER" PIPES are made; which, from the peculiar properties they possess of imbibing the oil of the Tobacco, and giving it a most delicious flavour, are so much esteemed and patronised by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex and the nobility. J. INDERWICK begs to acquaint the nobility, gentry, &c. &c., that he has just received a large consignment of the above, together with a well-assorted stock of Pipes, Snuff Boxes, Cigar Cases, &c. &c., suitable in quality and price from the Prince to the Peasant. Also, a variety of Snuff Boxes and other fancy articles, made from wood recovered from the wreck of H. M. S. ROYAL GEORGE, sunk at Spithead 29th August 1782, having been under water upwards of 57 years.—58, Princes Street, Leicester Square.

**HEWETSON'S ZINK DOOR AND WINDOW PLATES.**

**T**HIS polished Metal is rapidly superseding the use of Brass Plates, owing to the superior contrast which the white metal affords to the engraved black letter. Prices varying from 2d. to 4d. per superficial inch, according to style. A design for the engraving will be sent, gratis, to any person forwarding the necessary particulars. Perforated Zink, for window blinds, meat safes, dairy windows, strainers, sieves, &c. Sheet Zink for roofing. Zink Plates, for lithographers, at 12d. per lb. Zink Cottage piping, guttering, chimney cowls, water tanks, cisterns, &c. ZINK CREAM-PRODUCING PAN.

New milk placed in HEWETSON'S ZINK PAN produces more cream than in other pans, arising from the galvanic quality of the metal. Zink is well adapted for all articles of out-door use, as it will not rust, like tin or iron, and is one-third the price of copper. H. Hewetson, 57, Cannon-street, near London-bridge.

**IMPORTANT DECLARATION.**

**THOMAS MASON, of 73, New Compton**

Street, Coach and Heraldic Painter, declares that he has for some time been afflicted with giddiness and ringing in the ears, and that he has had one fit of apoplexy, and he had a constant sleepiness, and that he was an out-patient at the London University College Hospital for 28 weeks, and was blistered and purged, but with no benefit, but became weaker; that he was afterwards bled, and continued to get worse; that since he has taken Dr. Perrengeton's Anti-Apoplectic or Head Pills, and found his giddiness and eyesight much better, and he is altogether much stronger and in better spirits since he took Dr. Perrengeton's Pills, which he is sure have saved his life, and he is now able to follow his business, which he was unable to do for nine months before.

The above and many other extraordinary Testimonials have been received by Dr. Perrengeton, proving the value of the ANTI-APOPLECTIC or HEAD PILLS in cases of Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Constant Headach, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Memory, Giddiness, Deafness, Want of Sleep, Nervousness, and all affections of the head arising from an increased flow of blood thereto. When taken with perseverance they gradually and safely remove all those unpleasant symptoms for which blood-letting is usually resorted to. These Pills are also excellent purifiers of the blood, and remove all tendency to inflammatory affections. They act with gentleness and require no confinement. Sold at 1s. 14d. & 2s. 9d.

**Central Depot, 44, Gerrard Street.**

Wholesale Agents—Barelay, Farrington Street; Saffron, Bow Churchyard; Edwards, St. Paul's Churchyard; and Sangars, Oxford Street. To be had retail of every respectable Chemist and Medicine Vendor in the Kingdom.

## CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IN the venerable suburb—it was a suburb once—of Clerkenwell, towards that part of its confines which is nearest to the Charter House, and in one of those cool, shady streets, of which a few, widely scattered and dispersed, yet remain in such old parts of the metropolis,—each tenement quietly vegetating like an ancient citizen who long ago retired from business, and dozing on in its infirmity until in course of time it tumbles down, and is replaced by some extravagant young heir, flaunting in stucco and ornamental work, and all the vanities of modern days,—in this quarter, and in a street of this description, the business of the present chapter lies.

At the time of which it treats, though only six-and-sixty years ago, a very large part of what is London now had no existence. Even in the brains of the wildest speculators, there had sprung up no long rows of streets connecting Highgate with Whitechapel, no assemblages of palaces in the swampy levels, nor little cities in the open fields. Although this part of town was then, as now, parcelled out in streets and plentifully peopled, it wore a different aspect. There were gardens to many of the houses, and trees by the pavement side; with an air of freshness breathing up and down, which in these days would be sought in vain. Fields were nigh at hand, through which the New River took its winding course, and where there was merry hay-making in the summer time. Nature was not so far removed or hard to get at, as in these days; and although there were busy trades in Clerkenwell, and working jewellers by scores, it was a purer place, with farm-houses nearer to it than many modern Londoners would readily believe; and lovers' walks at no great distance, which turned into squalid courts, long before the lovers of this age were born, or, as the phrase goes, thought of.

In one of these streets, the cleanest of them all, and on the shady side of the way—for good housewives know that sunlight damages their cherished furniture, and so choose the shade rather than its intrusive glare—there stood the house with which we have to deal. It was a modest building, not over-newly fashioned, not very straight, not large, not tall; not bold-faced, with great staring windows, but a shy, blinking house, with a conical roof going up into a peak over its garret window of four small panes of glass, like a cocked hat on the head of an elderly gentleman with one eye. It was not built of brick or lofty stone, but of wood and plaster; it was not planned with a dull and wearisome regard to regularity, for no one window matched the other, or seemed to have the slightest reference to anything besides itself.

The shop—for it had a shop—was, with reference to the first floor, where shops usually are; and there all resemblance between it and any other shop stopped short and ceased. People who went in and out didn't go up a flight of steps to it, or walk easily in upon a level with the street, but dived down three steep stairs, as into a cellar. Its floor was paved with stone and brick,

as that of any other cellar might be ; and in lieu of window framed and glazed it had a great black wooden flap or shutter, nearly breast high from the ground, which turned back in the day-time, admitting as much cold air as light, and very often more. Behind this shop was a wainscoted parlour, looking first into a paved yard, and beyond that again into a little terrace garden, raised some few feet above it. Any stranger would have supposed that this wainscoted parlour, saving for the door of communication by which he had entered, was cut off and detached from all the world ; and indeed most strangers on their first entrance were observed to grow extremely thoughtful, as weighing and pondering in their minds whether the upper rooms were only approachable by ladders from without ; never suspecting that two of the most unassuming and unlikely doors in existence, which the most ingenious mechanic on earth must of necessity have supposed to be the doors of closets, opened out of this room—each without the smallest preparation, or so much as a quarter of an inch of passage—upon two dark winding flights of stairs, the one upward, the other downward ; which were the sole means of communication between that chamber and the other portions of the house.

With all these oddities, there was not a neater, more scrupulously tidy, or more punctiliously ordered house, in Clerkenwell, in London, in all England. There were not cleaner windows, or whiter floors, or brighter stoves, or more highly shining articles of furniture in old mahogany ; there was not more rubbing, scrubbing, burnishing and polishing, in the whole street put together. Nor was this excellence attained without some cost and trouble and great expenditure of voice, as the neighbours were frequently reminded when the good lady of the house overlooked and assisted in its being put to rights on cleaning days ; which were usually from Monday morning till Saturday night, both days inclusive.

Leaning against the door-post of this, his dwelling, the locksmith stood early on the morning after he had met with the wounded man, gazing disconsolately at a great wooden emblem of a key, painted in vivid yellow to resemble gold, which dangled from the house-front, and swung to and fro with a mournful creaking noise, as if complaining that it had nothing to unlock. Sometimes he looked over his shoulder into the shop, which was so dark and dingy with numerous tokens of his trade, and so blackened by the smoke of a little forge, near which his 'prentice was at work, that it would have been difficult for one unused to such espials to have distinguished anything but various tools of uncouth make and shape, great bunches of rusty keys, fragments of iron, half-finished locks, and such-like things, which garnished the walls and hung in clusters from the ceiling.

After a long and patient contemplation of the golden key, and many such backward glances, Gabriel stepped into the road, and stole a look at the upper windows. One of them chanced to be thrown open at the moment, and a roguish face met his ; a face lighted up by the loveliest pair of sparkling eyes that ever locksmith looked upon ; the face of a pretty, laughing, girl ; dimpled and fresh, and healthful—the very impersonation of good-humour and blooming beauty.

"Hush!" she whispered, bending forward, and pointing archly to the window underneath. "Mother is still asleep."

"Still, my dear," returned the locksmith in the same tone. "You talk as if she had been asleep all night, instead of little more than half an hour. But I'm very thankful. Sleep's a blessing—no doubt about it." The last few words he muttered to himself.

"How cruel of you to keep us up so late this morning, and never tell us where you were, or send us word!" said the girl.

"Ah Dolly, Dolly!" returned the locksmith, shaking his head, and smiling, "how cruel of you to run up stairs to bed! Come down to breakfast, madcap, and come down lightly, or you'll wake your mother. She must be tired, I am sure—I am!"

Keeping these latter words to himself, and returning his daughter's nod, he was passing into the workshop, with the smile she had awakened still beaming on his face, when he just caught sight of his 'prentice's brown paper cap ducking down to avoid observation, and shrinking from the window back to its former place, which the wearer no sooner reached than he began to hammer lustily.

"Listening again, Simon!" said Gabriel to himself. "That's bad. What in the name of wonder does he expect the girl to say, that I always catch him listening when *she* speaks, and never at any other time! A bad habit, Sim, a sneaking, underhanded way. Ah! you may hammer, but you won't beat that out of me, if you work at it till your time's up!"

So saying, and shaking his head gravely, he re-entered the workshop, and confronted the subject of these remarks.

"There's enough of that just now," said the locksmith. "You needn't make any more of that confounded clatter. Breakfast's ready."

"Sir," said Sim, looking up with amazing politeness, and a peculiar little bow cut short off at the neck, "I shall attend you immediately."

"I suppose," muttered Gabriel, "that's out of the 'Prentice's Garland, or the 'Prentice's Delight, or the 'Prentice's Warbler, or the 'Prentice's Guide to the Gallows, or some such improving text-book. Now he's going to beautify himself—here's a precious locksmith!"

Quite unconscious that his master was looking on from the dark corner by the parlour door, Sim threw off the paper cap, sprang from his seat, and in two extraordinary steps, something between skating and minuet dancing, bounded to a washing place at the other end of the shop, and there removed from his face and hands all traces of his previous work—practising the same step all the time with the utmost gravity. This done, he drew from some concealed place a little scrap of looking-glass, and with its assistance arranged his hair, and ascertained the exact state of a little carbuncle on his nose. Having now completed his toilet, he placed the fragment of mirror on a low bench, and looked over his shoulder at so much of his legs as could be reflected in that small compass, with the greatest possible complacency and satisfaction.

Sim, as he was called in the locksmith's family, or Mr. Simon Tappertit, as he called himself, and required all men to style him out of doors, on holidays, and Sundays out,—was an old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, very little more than five feet high, and thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was above the middle size; rather tall, in fact, than otherwise. Of his figure, which was well enough formed, though somewhat of the leanest, he entertained the highest admiration; and with his legs, which, in knee-breeches, were perfect curiosities of littleness, he was enraptured to a degree amounting to enthusiasm. He also had some majestic, shadowy ideas, which had never been quite fathomed by his most intimate friends, concerning the power of his eye. Indeed he had been known to go so far as to boast that he could utterly quell and subdue the haughtiest beauty by a simple process, which he termed "eyeing her over;" but it must be added, that neither of this faculty, nor of the power he claimed to have, through the same gift, of vanquishing and heaving down dumb animals, even in a rabid state, had he ever furnished evidence which could be deemed quite satisfactory and conclusive.

It may be inferred from these premises, that in the small body of Mr. Tappertit there was locked up an ambitious and aspiring soul. As certain liquors, confined in casks too cramped in their dimensions, will ferment, and fret, and chafe in their imprisonment, so the spiritual essence or soul of Mr. Tappertit would sometimes fume within that precious cask, his body, until, with great foam and froth and splutter, it would force a vent, and carry all before it. It was his custom to remark, in reference to any one of these occasions, that his soul had got into his head; and in this novel kind of intoxication many scraps and mishaps befel him, which he had frequently concealed with no small difficulty from his worthy master.

Sim Tappertit, among the other fancies upon which his before-mentioned soul was for ever feasting and regaling itself (and which fancies, like the liver of Prometheus, grew as they were fed upon), had a mighty notion of his order; and had been heard by the servant-maid openly expressing his regret that the 'prentices no longer carried clubs wherewith to mace the citizens: that was his strong expression. He was likewise reported to have said that in former times a stigma had been cast upon the body by the execution of George Barnwell, to which they should not have basely submitted, but should have demanded him of the legislature—temperately at first; then by an appeal to arms, if necessary—to be dealt with as they in their wisdom might think fit. These thoughts always led him to consider what a glorious engine the 'prentices might yet become if they had but a master spirit at their head; and then he would darkly, and to the terror of his hearers, hint at certain reckless fellows that he knew of, and at a certain Lion Heart ready to become their captain, who, once afoot, would make the Lord Mayor tremble on his throne.

In respect of dress and personal decoration, Sim Tappertit was no less of an adventurous and enterprising character. He had been seen, beyond dis-

pute, to pull off ruffles of the finest quality at the corner of the street on Sunday nights, and to put them carefully in his pocket before returning home; and it was quite notorious that on all great holiday occasions it was his habit to exchange his plain steel knee-buckles for a pair of glittering paste, under cover of a friendly post, planted most conveniently in that same spot. Add to this that he was in years just twenty, in his looks much older, and in conceit at least two hundred; that he had no objection to be jested with touching his admiration of his master's daughter; and had even, when called upon at a certain obscure tavern to pledge the lady whom he honoured with his love, toasted, with many winks and leers, a fair creature whose Christian name, he said, began with a D—;—and as much is known of Sim Tappertit, who has by this time followed the locksmith in to breakfast, as is necessary to be known in making his acquaintance.

It was a substantial meal; for over and above the ordinary tea equipage, the board creaked beneath the weight of a jolly round of beef, a ham of the first magnitude, and sundry towers of buttered Yorkshire cake, piled slice upon slice in most alluring order. There was also a goodly jug of well-browned clay, fashioned into the form of an old gentleman, not by any means unlike the locksmith, atop of whose bald head was a fine white froth answering to his wig, indicative, beyond dispute, of sparkling home-brewed ale. But better far than fair home-brewed, or Yorkshire cake, or ham, or beef, or anything to eat or drink that earth or air or water can supply, there sat, presiding over all, the locksmith's rosy daughter, before whose dark eyes even beef grew insignificant, and malt became as nothing.

Fathers should never kiss their daughters when young men are by. It's too much. There are bounds to human endurance. So thought Sim Tappertit when Gabriel drew those rosy lips to his—those lips within Sim's reach from day to day, and yet so far off. He had a respect for his master, but he wished the Yorkshire cake might choke him.

"Father," said the locksmith's daughter, when this salute was over, and they took their seats at table, "what is this I hear about last night?"

"All true, my dear; true as the Gospel, Doll."

"Young Mr. Chester robbed, and lying wounded in the road, when you came up?"

"Ay—Mr. Edward. And beside him, Barnaby, calling for help with all his might. It was well it happened as it did; for the road's a lonely one, the hour was late, and, the night being cold, and poor Barnaby even less sensible than usual from surprise and fright, the young gentleman might have met his death in a very short time."

"I dread to think of it!" cried his daughter with a shudder. "How did you know him?"

"Know him!" returned the locksmith. "I didn't know him—how could I? I had never seen him, often as I had heard and spoken of him. I took him to Mrs. Rudge's; and she no sooner saw him than the truth came out."

“Miss Emma, father—If this news should reach her, enlarged upon as it is sure to be, she will go distracted.”

“Why, lookye there again, how a man suffers for being good-natured,” said the locksmith. “Miss Emma was with her uncle at the masquerade at Carlisle House, where she had gone, as the people at the Warren told me, sorely against her will. What does your blockhead father when he and Mrs. Rudge have laid their heads together, but goes there when he ought to be abed, makes interest with his friend the doorkeeper, slips him on a mask and domino, and mixes with the masquers.”

“And like himself to do so!” cried the girl, putting her fair arm round his neck, and giving him a most enthusiastic kiss.

“Like himself!” repeated Gabriel, affecting to grumble, but evidently delighted with the part he had taken, and with her praise. “Very like himself—so your mother said. However, he mingled with the crowd, and prettily worried and badgered he was, I warrant you, with people squeaking, ‘Don’t you know me?’ and ‘I’ve found you out,’ and all that kind of nonsense in his ears. He might have wandered on till now, but in a little room there was a young lady who had taken off her mask, on account of the place being very warm, and was sitting there alone.”

“And that was she?” said his daughter hastily.

“And that was she,” replied the locksmith; “and I no sooner whispered to her what the matter was—as softly, Doll, and with nearly as much art as you could have used yourself—than she gives a kind of scream and faints away.”

“What did you do—what happened next?” asked his daughter.

“Why, the masks came flocking round, with a general noise and hubbub, and I thought myself in luck to get clear off, that’s all,” rejoined the locksmith. “What happened when I reached home you may guess, if you didn’t hear it. Ah! Well, it’s a poor heart that never rejoices.—Put Toby this way, my dear.”

This Toby was the brown jug of which previous mention has been made. Applying his lips to the worthy old gentleman’s benevolent forehead, the locksmith, who had all this time been ravaging among the eatables, kept them there so long, at the same time raising the vessel slowly in the air, that at length Toby stood on his head upon his nose, when he smacked his lips, and set him on the table again with fond reluctance.

Although Sim Tappertit had taken no share in this conversation, no part of it being addressed to him, he had not been wanting in such silent manifestations of astonishment, as he deemed most compatible with the favourable display of his eyes. Regarding the pause which now ensued, as a particularly advantageous opportunity for doing great execution with them upon the locksmith’s daughter (who he had no doubt was looking at him in mute admiration), he began to screw and twist his face, and especially those features, into such extraordinary, hideous, and unparalleled contortions, that Gabriel, who happened to look towards him, was stricken with amazement.



"Why, what the devil's the matter with the lad!" cried the locksmith. "Is he choking?"



"Who?" demanded Sim, with some disdain.

"Who? why, you," returned his master. "What do you mean by making those horrible faces over your breakfast?"

"Faces are matters of taste, sir," said Mr. Tappertit, rather discomfited; not the less so because he saw the locksmith's daughter smiling.

"Sim," rejoined Gabriel, laughing heartily. "Don't be a fool, for I'd rather see you in your senses. These young fellows," he added, turning to his daughter, "are always committing some folly or another. There was a quarrel between Joe Willet and old John last night—though I can't say Joe was much in fault either. He'll be missing one of these mornings, and will have gone away upon some wild-goose errand, seeking his fortune.—Why, what's the matter, Doll? You are making faces now. The girls are as bad as the boys every bit!"

"It's the tea," said Dolly, turning alternately very red and very white, which is no doubt the effect of a slight scald—"so very hot."

Mr. Tappertit looked immensely big at a quartern loaf on the table and breathed hard.

"Is that all?" returned the locksmith. "Put some more milk in it. Yes, I am sorry for Joe, because he is a likely young fellow, and gains upon one every time one sees him. But he'll start off you'll find. Indeed he told me as much himself!"

"Indeed!" cried Dolly in a faint voice. "In—deed!"

"Is the tea tickling your throat still, my dear?" said the locksmith.

But before his daughter could make him any answer, she was taken with

a troublesome cough, and it was such a very unpleasant cough, that when she left off the tears were starting in her bright eyes. The good-natured locksmith was still patting her on the back and applying such gentle restoratives, when a message arrived from Mrs. Varden, making known to all whom it might concern, that she felt too much indisposed to rise after her great agitation and anxiety of the previous night; and therefore desired to be immediately accommodated with the little black tea-pot of strong mixed tea, a couple of rounds of buttered toast, a middling-sized dish of beef and ham cut thin, and the Protestant Manual in two volumes post octavo. Like some other ladies who in remote ages flourished upon this globe, Mrs. Varden was most devout when most ill-tempered. Whenever she and her husband were at unusual variance, then the Protestant Manual was in high feather.

Knowing from experience what these requests portended, the triumvirate broke up: Dolly to see the orders executed with all despatch; Gabriel to some out-of-door work in his little chaise; and Sim to his daily duty in the workshop, to which retreat he carried the big look, although the loaf remained behind.

Indeed the big look increased immensely, and when he had tied his apron on quite gigantic. It was not until he had several times walked up and down with folded arms, and the longest strides he could take, and had kicked a great many small articles out of his way, that his lip began to curl. At length



a gloomy derision came upon his features, and he smiled; uttering meanwhile with supreme contempt the monosyllable "Joe!"

"I eyed her over while he talked about the fellow," he said, "and that was of course the reason of her being confused. Joe!"

He walked up and down again much quicker than before, and if possible with longer strides; sometimes stopping to take a glance at his legs, and sometimes to jerk out as it were, and cast from him, another "Joe!" In the course of quarter an hour or so he again assumed the paper cap and tried to work. No. It could not be done.

"I'll do nothing to-day" said Mr. Tappertit, dashing it down again, "but grind. I'll grind up all the tools. Grinding will suit my present humour well. Joe!"

Whirr-r-r-r. The grindstone was soon in motion; the sparks were flying off in showers. This was the occupation for his heated spirit.

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r.

"Something will come of this!" said Mr. Tappertit, pausing as if in triumph, and wiping his heated face upon his sleeve. "Something will come of this. I hope it mayn't be human gore."

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

#### CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

As soon as the business of the day was over, the locksmith sallied forth alone to visit the wounded gentleman and ascertain the progress of his recovery. The house where he had left him was in a by-street in Southwark, not far from London Bridge; and thither he hied with all speed, bent upon returning with as little delay as might be, and getting to bed betimes.

The evening was boisterous—scarcely better than the previous night had been. It was not easy for a stout man like Gabriel to keep his legs at the street corners, or to make head against the high wind; which often fairly got the better of him, and drove him back some paces, or, in defiance of all his energy, forced him to take shelter in an arch or doorway until the fury of the gust was spent. Occasionally a hat or wig, or both, came spinning and trundling past him, like a mad thing; while the more serious spectacle of falling tiles and slates, or of masses of brick and mortar or fragments of stone-coping rattling upon the pavement near at hand, and splitting into fragments, did not increase the pleasure of the journey, or make the way less dreary.

"A trying night for a man like me to walk in!" said the locksmith, as he knocked softly at the widow's door. "I'd rather be in old John's chimney-corner, faith!"

"Who's there?" demanded a woman's voice from within. Being answered, it added a hasty word of welcome, and the door was quickly opened.

She was about forty—perhaps two or three years older—with a cheerful aspect, and a face that had once been pretty. It bore traces of affliction and

care, but they were of an old date, and Time had smoothed them. Any one who had bestowed but a casual glance on Barnaby might have known that this was his mother, from the strong resemblance between them; but where in his face there was wildness and vacancy, in hers there was the patient composure of long effort and quiet resignation.

One thing about this face was very strange and startling. You could not look upon it in its most cheerful mood without feeling that it had some extraordinary capacity of expressing terror. It was not on the surface. It was in no one feature that it lingered. You could not take the eyes, or mouth, or lines upon the cheek, and say, if this or that were otherwise, it would not be so. Yet there it always lurked—something for ever dimly seen, but ever there, and never absent for a moment. It was the faintest, palest shadow of some look, to which an instant of intense and most unutterable horror only could have given birth; but indistinct and feeble as it was, it did suggest what that look must have been, and fixed it in the mind as if it had had existence in a dream.

More faintly imaged, and wanting force and purpose, as it were, because of his darkened intellect, there was this same stamp upon the son. Seen in a picture, it must have had some legend with it, and would have haunted those who looked upon the canvas. They who knew the Maypole story, and could remember what the widow was, before her husband's and his master's murder, understood it well. They recollected how the change had come, and could call to mind that when her son was born, upon the very day the deed was known, he bore upon his wrist what seemed a smear of blood but half washed out.

"God save you, neighbour," said the locksmith, as he followed her with the air of an old friend into a little parlour where a cheerful fire was burning.

"And you," she answered, smiling. "Your kind heart has brought you here again. Nothing will keep you at home, I know of old, if there are friends to serve or comfort, out of doors."

"Tut, tut," returned the locksmith, rubbing his hands and warming them. "You women are such talkers. What of the patient, neighbour?"

"He is sleeping now. He was very restless towards daylight, and for some hours tossed and tumbled sadly. But the fever has left him, and the doctor says he will soon mend. He must not be removed until to-morrow."

"He has had visitors to-day—humph?" said Gabriel, slyly.

"Yes. Old Mr. Chester has been here ever since we sent for him, and had not been gone many minutes when you knocked."

"No ladies?" said Gabriel, elevating his eyebrows and looking disappointed.

"A letter," replied the widow.

"Come. That's better than nothing!" cried the locksmith. "Who was the bearer?"

"Barnaby, of course."

"Barnaby's a jewel!" said Varden; "and comes and goes with ease where we who think ourselves much wiser would make but a poor hand of it. He is not out wandering, again, I hope?"

"Thank Heaven he is in his bed; having been up all night, as you know, and on his feet all day. He was quite tired out. Ah, neighbour, if I could but see him oftener so—if I could but tame down that terrible restlessness—"

"In good time," said the locksmith kindly, "in good time—don't be down-hearted. To my mind he grows wiser every day."

The widow shook her head. And yet, though she knew the locksmith sought to cheer her, and spoke from no conviction of his own, she was glad to hear even this praise of her poor benighted son.

"He will be a 'cute man yet," resumed the locksmith. "Take care, when we are growing old and foolish, Barnaby doesn't put us to the blush, that's all. But our other friend," he added, looking under the table and about the floor—"sharpest and cunningest of all the sharp and cunning ones—where's he?"

"In Barnaby's room," rejoined the widow, with a faint smile.

"Ah! He's a knowing blade!" said Varden, shaking his head. "I should be sorry to talk secrets before him. Oh! He's a deep customer. I've no doubt he can read and write and cast accounts if he chooses. What was that—him tapping at the door?"

"No," returned the widow. "It was in the street, I think. Hark! Yes. There again! 'Tis some one knocking softly at the shutter. Who can it be!"

They had been speaking in a low tone, for the invalid lay overhead, and the walls and ceilings being thin and poorly built, the sound of their voices might otherwise have disturbed his slumber. The party without, whoever it was, could have stood close to the shutter without hearing anything spoken; and, seeing the light through the chinks and finding all so quiet, might have been persuaded that only one person was there.

"Some thief or ruffian, maybe," said the locksmith. "Give me the light."

"No, no," she returned hastily. "Such visitors have never come to this poor dwelling. Do you stay here. You're within call, at the worst. I would rather go myself—alone."

"Why?" said the locksmith, unwillingly relinquishing the candle he had caught up from the table.

"Because—I don't know why—because the wish is strong upon me," she rejoined. "There again—do not detain me, I beg of you!"

Gabriel looked at her, in great surprise to see one who was usually so mild and quiet thus agitated, and with so little cause. She left the room and closed the door behind her. She stood for a moment as if hesitating, with her hand upon the lock. In this short interval the knocking came again, and a voice close to the window—a voice the locksmith seemed to recollect, and to have some disagreeable association with—whispered "Make haste."

The words were uttered in that low distinct voice which finds its way so readily to sleepers' ears, and wakes them in a fright. For a moment it startled even the locksmith; who involuntarily drew back from the window, and listened.

The wind rumbling in the chimney made it difficult to hear what passed, but he could tell that the door was opened, that there was the tread of a man upon the creaking boards, and then a moment's silence—broken by a suppressed something which was not a shriek, or groan, or cry for help, and yet might have been either or all three; and the words "My God!" uttered in a voice it chilled him to hear.

He rushed out upon the instant. There, at last, was that dreadful look—the very one he seemed to know so well and yet had never seen before—upon her face. There she stood, frozen to the ground, gazing with starting eyes, and livid cheeks, and every feature fixed and ghastly, upon the man he had encountered in the dark last night. His eyes met those of the locksmith. It was but a flash, an instant, a breath upon a polished glass, and he was gone.

The locksmith was upon him—had the skirts of his streaming garment almost in his grasp—when his arms were tightly clutched, and the widow flung herself upon the ground before him.

"The other way—the other way," she cried. "He went the other way. Turn—turn."

"The other way! I see him now," rejoined the locksmith, pointing—"yonder—there—there is his shadow passing by that light. What—who is this? Let me go."

"Come back, come back!" exclaimed the woman, wrestling with and clasping him; "Do not touch him on your life. I charge you, come back. He carries other lives besides his own. Come back!"

"What does this mean?" cried the locksmith.

"No matter what it means, don't ask, don't speak, don't think about it. He is not to be followed, checked, or stopped. Come back!"

The old man looked at her in wonder, as she writhed and clung about him; and, borne down by her passion, suffered her to drag him into the house. It was not until she had chained and double-locked the door, fastened every bolt and bar with the heat and fury of a maniac, and drawn him back into the room, that she turned upon him once again that stony look of horror, and, sinking down into a chair, covered her face, and shuddered, as though the hand of death were on her.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THOS  
HARRIS  
AND  
SON'S**



**NEW  
DOUBLE  
OPERA  
GLASS.**

The most powerful ever made, price £5, 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.

**VENTILATING PERUKES, FRONTS, and SCALPS.**—An entirely new method of securing the Hair, doing away altogether with the weaving and sewing silks, which caused the foundations to be so thick and close. On this principle, the Perukes, &c. are not more than half their usual weight, are more porous, thus causing the perspiration to evaporate, and not corrode, as heretofore. They have only to be seen to be approved. Apply at the sole Inventors,

**ROSS AND SONS,**

119, and 120, Bishopsgate-within; who have also discovered a more natural imitation in making their skin-partings for Ladies' Head-dresses and Fronts, and which they most respectfully invite Ladies to inspect.

N.B.—Having completed their extensive alterations, their splendid new rooms on the ground-floor are now ready for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair-cutting and Dressing.

**COMFORT IN COLD and WET WEATHER.**

Hall and Co., Wellington-street, Strand, near Waterloo Bridge, London.

**THE PATENT INDIA-RUBBER**

**GOLOSHES,** for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, are invaluable at this season in protecting the Feet from cold and damp; they are made in the best possible form, and are more durable and cheaper than any other kind. HALL & Co.'s Portable Waterproof Dresses for Gentlemen, and Cardinal Cloaks for Ladies, are highly approved; they can with convenience be carried in the pocket.

**THE PANNUS CORIUM, or LEATHER-CLOTH BOOTS and SHOES,** have borne the test and received the approbation of all who have worn them. They are found to be the most comfortable article of the kind ever experienced for Tender Feet, Corns, Bunions, Gout, Chillsblains, &c. &c.

HALL & CO., Sole Patentees.

**BEAUTY.**—All Diseases of the Skin may be cured, and a beautiful complexion obtained, however dark or colourless, by applying for a recipe, post-paid, to M. M., Post Office, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy square.  
The expense is *very trifling*, as motives of benevolence influence the Advertiser, who is a worshipper of the truth, and whose word may be relied on.

“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.

**SARSAPARILLA.**—Compound Decoction of Sarsaparilla, made *precisely* according to the London Pharmacopoeia, and warranted to contain the due proportions of Sarsaparilla, Sassafras, Lignum-Vitæ, Licorice, and Mezereon Roots. Sold in wine bottles, 2s. 6d. each, by J. GRIFFITHS, Chemist, 41, Clerkenwell-green, and GRIFFITHS & BLAND, 57, Penton-street, Pentonville.

**HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE.**

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

**BRITISH CONSUL'S OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA'**

Know all persons to whom these presents shall come, that I, Gilbert Robertson, Esq., his Britannic Majesty's Consul, do hereby certify, that R. Warton, Esq. (who attests to the efficacy of OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, in restoring HAIR), is Mayor of this city, and that M. Randall, Esq. is Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas, to both whose signatures full faith and credit is due. I further certify that I am personally acquainted with J. L. Inglis, Esq., another of the signers, and that he is a person of great respectability, and that I heard him express his unqualified approbation of the effects of OLDRIDGE'S BALM in restoring his HAIR. Given under my hand and seal of office, at the City of Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1823. (Signed) GILBERT ROBERTSON.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM causes Whiskers and Eyebrows to grow, prevents the Hair turning grey, and the first application makes it 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. Ask for C. & A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM, 1, Wellington-street, Strand.

**NEW WORKS.**

*In the Press,*

**WRITTEN CARICATURES.**

From Hints in the PARIS CHARIVARI. With numerous Illustrations. By JOHN LEECH.

*In One Volume, small 8vo, price 3s. boards,*

**SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES.**

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

*EIGHTH EDITION. In One Volume, small 8vo, price 3s. boards,*

**SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES.**

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

*FIFTH EDITION. In One Volume, small 8vo, price 3s. boards,*

**SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN.**

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

*Bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 2s. 6d.*

**THE HAND-BOOK OF SWINDLING.**

By the late Captain BARABBAS WHITEFEATHER, Knight of every Order of the Fleece, S. C. A. M. P. and C. U. R.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

**THE JOE MANTON PENCIL AND TOOTHPICK.**

This unique article may be had of any respectable Jeweller or Stationer. Registered under Copyright Act, 2 Vic. c. 17.

**CELEBRATED FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.**

**DOUDNEY AND SON,**

49, LOMBARD STREET.—ESTABLISHED 1784.

Hussar Suits, 24s.; Best Cloth, 34s.—Camlet Cloaks, 8s. 6d.; Cloth ditto, 15s.

**GENTLEMEN'S**

Taglionis & great coats	£1 1 0	Buckskin trousers	£1 1 0
Armycloth Spanish cloaks,		Winter waistcoats	0 10 6
94 yards round	2 10 0	Morning dressing gowns	0 15 0
Opera cloaks	1 10 0	Superfine dress coat	2 7 6
Camlet cloaks, lined	1 1 0	Do., frock do., silk facings	2 10 0
Ladies' riding habits	4 4 0	Scarlet hunting coats	3 3 0

**COUNTRY GENTLEMEN**

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

**49, LOMBARD-STREET.**



ADVERTISEMENTS.

**NEW WORKS, PUBLISHED BY GRATTAN & CILBERT, 51, PATERNOSTER ROW,**  
 MAP AGENTS, BY APPOINTMENT, TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF ORDNANCE.

\*\*\* *The Agency of respectable Periodical and other Publications solicited, and efficiently attended to.*

**NEW DRAWING BOOK ON AN IMPROVED PLAN.**

Just published, Parts I. to IV., price 6d. each, to be continued monthly, of

**PRIOR'S DRAWING BOOK,**

FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS WHO ARE UNABLE TO OBTAIN THE ASSISTANCE OF A MASTER.

Containing four large quarto pages of examples, selected with the greatest care, and forming, in connexion with each other, a regular series of drawings showing the progress of the art from the simplest to the most elaborate form. Each Number will also include TWO PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS, having direct reference to the examples contained in the accompanying engravings, pointing out to the young artist the best method of proceeding, and rendering the aid of an instructor unnecessary, thus placing this delightful art within the reach of all who are willing to bestow a little time and attention on its acquirement.

*The extraordinary demand the Publishers have received for this Work sufficiently proves how much a work of merit was needed by the public.*

In 8vo, price 1s., with Engravings,

**THE EXHUMATION OF NAPOLEON'S REMAINS,**

WITH A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THEIR TRANSPORTATION TO PARIS, & ALL THE INCIDENTS AND CEREMONIES CONNECTED THEREWITH.

\*\*\* This interesting work forms an indispensable sequel to all the various Lives of the Emperor.

In one vol., foolscap 8vo, price 6s.,

**THE WORLD DESCRIBED,**

FAMILIARLY BUT PHILOSOPHICALLY. By R. MUDIE.

On May 1 will be published, size 3ft. 6in. by 2ft. 10in., with a **SPLENDID FAC-SIMILE OF THE GREAT SEAL OF HER MAJESTY**, by B. WYON, Esq.; and numerous other Engravings; price, coloured, mounted on black roller, and highly varnished, 16s.; mahogany ditto, 20s.; or 9s. in sheet,

**KELVEY'S ROYAL GENEALOGICAL CHART,**

SHOWING THE DESCENT OF THE BRITISH SOVEREIGNS FROM THE TIME OF THE CONQUEROR; AND OF THE KINGS OF FRANCE FOR ABOVE 600 YEARS.

The Chart is so arranged as to show, in a "bird's-eye view," the descent of the English monarchs *in one continuous line*—and of her present illustrious Majesty Victoria, through the male line of the House of Brunswick, for above 600 years. The different branches of the Capetines are also distinctly traced, showing in what manner the first line of Valois, the first house of Orleans, the second line of Valois, the house of Bourbon, and the present line of Orleans, have descended from Louis IX., great-grandson of Henry II., King of England.

The consanguinity of contemporary monarchs may be easily traced—many of the principal characters mentioned in history are given—and the ancestors of some of the most illustrious of our present nobility, who have descended from the collateral branches of the Royal Family, are pointed out.

The design of the Chart is to render that assistance to a reader of history which a Map affords him when reading the geographical description or situation of a country; even a reference to it will, by association of ideas, recall to memory many transactions which occurred during that period: and a slight perusal of it will impress on the mind an outline of the various branches which have emanated from the Conqueror.

Preparing for publication, in Monthly Parts, price 1s. each,

GILBERT'S SPLENDID PICTORIAL EDITION OF

**BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,**

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND LIFE.

**THE IMPORT DUTIES.**

Now ready, in 8vo, price Half-a-Crown,

**A DIGEST OF THE EVIDENCE** before the IMPORT DUTIES' COMMITTEE: being the first of a Series of publications on the RESOURCES and STATISTICS OF THE NATION.

London: HOW and PARSONS, 132, Fleet Street.

Published this day, price 8d., illustrated with Six superb Engravings on Wood,

**THE MIRROR.**

Part 241 of the Series.—Part 2, Vol. I. for 1841. Edited by Mr. JOHN TIMAS, late Editor of the "Literary World."

\*\*\* Vol. XXXVI. is now ready. Price 5s. 6d.

London: Published by Hugh Cunningham, 1, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

On the 15th of every month, price Eight-pence, stamped,

**THE ART-UNION;**

A Monthly Journal devoted exclusively to the Fine Arts.

CONTENTS: No. 25, now ready—The Exhibition at the British Institution.—Report on Foreign Art.—Art in the Provinces.—The Glasgow Statue.—Frauds on Artists.—Association for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—The Artist; a Tale, by Mrs. Hall, continued.—Varieties, &c. &c.

London: HOW and PARSONS, 132, Fleet Street.

**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.**

**ON EVERY SPORTSMAN'S AND EPICURE'S TABLE.**

**THORN'S TALLY-HO! SAUCE,**

For Fish, Game, Steaks, Chops, and General purposes, as Soups, Gravies, &c., stands unrivalled for zest and economy, in Bottles, 2s. and 4s. each. Also,

**THORN'S POTTED YARMOUTH BLOATERS,**

For Toast, Biscuits, Sandwiches, and as a fine relish for Wine, are allowed by the first Epicures to be the greatest luxury ever prepared. In Pots 1s. and 2s. each. Warehouse, 223, High Holborn; and of all Sauce-vendors.

\*\*\* BEWARE OF IMPOSITION.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

**HAVE YOU HALF-A-CROWN?**

If so, buy "THE GUIDE TO ALL THE LONDON LOAN SOCIETIES," and never want money again. It contains all their places of business, their forms of application, and their charges for lending from £5 to £500, with all requisite information relating to nearly 100 different London Loan Societies.

London: Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

**NEW SONGS.—"MERRILY GOES THE MILL,"**

an admirable song, both words and music—it was well sung by Mr. Frazer, and deserved the *encore* it obtained. "I LOVE THEE TO THE LAST"—Last night Frazer sang a new ballad, by Montgomery, which was listened to with breathless attention, and demanded a second time; we can recommend it as one of the sweetest compositions published for years.

Jefferys and Nelson, 21, Soho Square.

**WRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, &c.**

**P**ERSONS 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. Arithmetic on a method requiring only one-third the time and mental labour usually requisite. Book-keeping as practised in the government, 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.