

him, and though I say it, massa Billy mighty cleber man. He funny, too, tell a heap o' stories, 'bout 'goses and spirits, notwithstanding he 'fraid on 'em heself, too, my opinion.' 'Afraid of ghosts, eh?' said the traveller, musing. 'Well, go ahead, Quash—as it is getting late, I will stop with Mr. Lemond to-night.'

Yes, sah; gee up hoo, dohbin! go along, lively! and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in 'Gwine down shillbone alley.'

The burden of 'Long time ago,' was taken up by one apparently in an adjoining corn-field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with 'Long time ago,' and the same voice resounded again from the field,

'Who dat?? said the astonished negro, suddenly checking his horses and looking around on every side for the cause of his surprise.

'Oh, never mind; drive ahead, snowball; its some of your master's spirits, I suppose.

Quash in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without another word. Halting before the door the stranger was soon waited on by the obliging Mr. Lemond, a bustling talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with—'Light, sir, light—here, John! Quash! never mind your umbrella, sir, here, Quash, take off that trunk—walk in, sir—John, take out that chair box—come, sir—and carry his horse to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?'

'If you please, sir. He is rather particular about his lodgings.'

'Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and attend to him well; I always like to see a horse well attended; and this is a noble critter too,' continued the landlord, clapping him on the back.

'None of your familiarity,' said the horse, looking spitefully around at the astonished tavern-keeper.

'Silence, Beelzebub,' said the traveller, carressing the animal; and turning to the landlord observed, 'you must excuse him, sir; he is rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of education, sir.'

'He's a witch sir.'

'Wo hoo, Beelzebub! loose those traces, Quash. What are you staring at? He'll not eat you.'

'Come, landlord,' said Beelzebub, 'I want my oats.'

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the porch—and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle, and drive round in search of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned to the tavern.

As soon supper came on. The eggs had apparently chickens in them—the landlord, confused at such a mortifying circumstance, promised the traveller amends from a cold pig, which as he inserted the carving-knife into it uttered a piercing squeak, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the perspiration began to grow in large loads upon the forehead of the host, as he looked carefully at the grunter; his attention was taken, however, by a voice from without, calling out, 'Hillo, house! landlord!'

'Ay, coming gentlemen—more travellers—do help yourself, sir.'

'Coming, gentlemen; here John, a light, bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the gentleman,'—and out the landlord bounced, followed by John with lights, but soon returned with looks of disappointment—he declared there was no living being without. The voices called again—and the landlord, after going, returned the second time, declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted that night by evil spirits.

That night rumour sayeth, Mr. Billy Lemond slept with a candle burning in his room till morning, and those who pass there to this day, upon close examination, discover the heels of horse-shoes peeping over the door casement, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins, and other evil spirits.

THE
PERSONAL HISTORY, ADVENTURES,
Experience and Observation

OF

DAVID COPPERFIELD,
OF BLUNDERSTONE ROOKERY.

(Which he never meant to be published, on any account.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

I AM BORN.

Whether I shall turn to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by any body else, these pages must show. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. It was remarked that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously.

In consideration of the day and hour of birth, it was declared by the nurse, and by some sage women in the neighborhood, who had taken a lively interest in me several months before there was any possibility of our becoming personally acquainted; first, that I was destined to be unlucky in life, and secondly, that I was privileged to see ghosts and spirits—both these gifts inevitably attaching, as they believed, to all unlucky infants, of either gender, born towards the small hours on a Friday night.

I need say nothing here on the first head, because nothing can show better than my history whether that prediction was verified or falsified by the result. On the second branch of the question, I will only remark, that unless I ran through that part of my inheritance while I was still a baby, I have not come into it yet. But I do not at all complain of having been kept out of this property; and if any body else should be in the present enjoyment of it, he is heartily welcome to keep it.

I was born with a caul, which was advertised for sale, in the newspapers, at the low price of fifteen guineas. Whether sea-going people were short of money about that time, or were short of faith and preferred cork-jackets, I don't know; all I know is, that there was but one solitary bidding, and that from an attorney connected with the bill-broking business, who offered two pounds in cash, and the balance in Sherry, but declined to be guaranteed from drowning on any higher bargain. Consequently the advertisement was withdrawn at a dead loss—for as to sherry, my poor dear mother's own sherry was in the market then—and ten years afterwards the caul was put up in a raffle down in our part of the country to fifty members at half-a-crown a head, the winner to spend five shillings. I was present myself, and I remember to have felt quite uncomfortable and confused, at a part of myself being disposed of in that way. The caul was won, I recollect, by an old lady with a hand-basket, who, very reluc-