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PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

VARIETY OF FOOD.

A judicious variation of food is not only useful, but important. There are, it is true, some aliments, such as bread, which cannot be varied, and which no one ever wishes to be so. But apart from one or two articles, a certain variation or rotation is much to be desired, and will prove favourable to health. There is a common prepossession respecting *one dish*, which is more spoken of than acted upon. In reality there is no virtue in this practice, excepting that, if rigidly adhered to, it makes excess nearly impossible, no one being able to eat to satiety of one kind of food. There would be a benefit from both a daily variation of food and eating of more than one dish at a meal, *if moderation were in both cases to be strictly observed*; for the relish to be thus obtained is useful, as promotive of the flow of nervous energy to the stomach, exactly in the same manner as cheerfulness is useful. The policy which would make food in anyway unpleasant to the taste is a most mistaken one; for to eat with languor, or against inclination, or with any degree of disgust, is to loose much of the benefit of eating. On the other hand, to cook dishes highly, and provoke appetite by artificial means, are equally reprehensible. Propriety lies in the mean between the two extremes.

BEVERAGES.

The body containing a vast amount of fluids, which are undergoing a perpetual waste, there is a necessity for an occasional supply of liquor of some kind, as well as of solid aliment. It remains to be considered what is required in the character or nature of this liquor, to make it serve as a beverage consistently with the preservation of health.

It is scarcely necessary to remark how men in all ages, and almost all climes, have indulged in liquors containing a large infusion of alcohol, or how widespread in our own society is the custom of drinking considerable quantities of wine, spirits, and beer, both at meals and on other occasions. Against habits so inveterate it is apt to appear like fanaticism to make any decided objection; yet the investigator of the laws which regulate health is bound to consider, above all things, how any particular habit bears upon the human constitution, and to state what is the result of his inquiries, however irreconcilable it may be with popular prejudice or practice.

'The primary effect of all distilled and fermented liquors,' says Dr. Combe, 'is to *stimulate the nervous system and quicken the circulation.*' They may thus be said to have a larger measure of the effect which animal food has upon the system. It is therefore the less surprising that 'those tropical nations which live most on farinaceous diet are also found to be those which have the *least propensity to the drinking of ardent spirits*; while those northern nations which live most on animal food have the exactly contrary inclination with respect to liquor, the Scandinavian tribes being notoriously the greatest sots that have ever been known. Dr. Combe admits that in some conditions of the system, when the natural stimulus is defective, it may be proper to take an artificial supply in the form of ardent and fermented liquors. 'There are,' he says, 'many constitutions so inherently defective in energy, as to derive benefit from a moderate daily allowance of wine; and there are many situations in which even the healthiest derive additional security from its occasional use. If, for example, a healthy person is exposed to unusual and continued exertion in the open air, or to the influence of anxious and depressing watchfulness, a moderate quantity of wine with his food may become the means of warding off actual disease, and enabling him to bear up uninjured, where without it he would have given way.' But Dr. Combe at the same time declares, in the most decided language, that when the digestion is good, and the system in full vigour, the bodily energy is easily sustained by nutritious food, and 'artificial stimulant *only increases the wasting of the natural strength.*' Nearly all physicians, indeed, concur in representing ardent liquors as unfavourable to the health of the healthy, and as being, in their excess, highly injurious. Even the specious defence which has been set up for their use, on the ground that they would not have been given to man if they had not been designed for general use, has been shown to be ill-founded, seeing that *vinous fermentation*, from which they are derived, is not a healthy condition of vegetable matter, but a stage in its progress to decay. Upon the whole, there can be little doubt that these liquors are deleterious in our ordinary healthy condition; and that pure-water, toast-water, milk, whey, and other simple and unexciting beverages, would be preferable (the first being the most natural) if we could only consent to deny ourselves further indulgence.

CLEANLINESS.

To keep the body in a cleanly condition is the third important requisite for the preservation of health. This becomes necessary, in consequence of a very important natural process which is constantly going on near and upon the surface of the body.

The process in question is that of *perspiration.* The matter here concerned is a watery secretion, produced by glands near the surface of the body, and sent up through the skin by channels imperceptibly minute and wonderfully numerous. From two to six pounds of this

secretion is believed to exude through these channels or *pores* in the course of twenty-four hours, being in fact the chief form taken by what is called the waste of the system, the remainder passing off by the bowels, kidneys, and lungs. To promote the free egress of this fluid is of the utmost importance to health; for when it is suppressed, disease is apt to fall upon some of the other organs concerned in the discharge of waste.

One of the most notable checks which perspiration experiences is that produced by a current of cold air upon the skin, in which case the pores instantly contract and close, and the individual is seized with some ailment either in one of the other organs of waste, whichever is in him the weakest, or in the internal lining of some part of the body, all of which is sympathetic with the condition of the skin. A result of the nature of that last described is usually recognised as a cold or catarrh. We are not at present called on particularly to notice such effects of checked perspiration, but shall allude to others of a less perceptible, though not less dangerous nature.

The fluid alluded to is composed, besides water, of certain salts and animal matters, which, being solid, do not pass away in vapour, as does the watery part of the compound, but rest on the surface where they have been discharged. There, if not removed by some artificial means, they form a layer of hard stuff, and unavoidably impede the egress of the current perspiration. By cleanliness is merely meant the taking proper means to prevent this or any other extraneous matter from accumulating on the surface, to the production of certain hurtful consequences.

Ablution or washing is the best means of attaining this end; and accordingly it is well for us to wash or bathe the body frequently. Many leave by far the greater part of their bodies unwashed, except perhaps on rare occasions, thinking it enough if the parts exposed to common view be in decent time. If the object of cleaning were solely to preserve fair appearances, this might be sufficient; but the great end, it must be clearly seen, is to keep the skin in a fit state for its peculiar and very important functions. Frequent change of the clothing next to the skin is of course a great aid to cleanliness, and may partly be esteemed as a substitute for bathing, seeing that the clothes absorb much of the impurities, and, when changed, may be said to carry these off. But still this will not serve the end nearly so well as frequent ablution of the whole person. Any one will be convinced of this who goes into a bath, and uses the flesh brush in cleansing his body. The quantity of scurf and impurity which he will then remove, from a body which has changes of linen even once a day, will surprise him.

Considering the importance of personal cleanliness for health, it becomes a great duty of municipal rulers to afford every encouragement in their power to the establishment of public baths for the middle and working classes, and to extend and protect all existing facilities for washing clothes, as well as for private supplies of water. Baths should neither be very cold nor very warm, but in an agreeable medium; and they should never be taken within three hours of a meal. Nature may be said to make a strong pleading for their more general use, in the remarkably pleasing feeling which is experienced in the skin after ablution.

EXERCISE.

The constitution of external nature shows that man was destined for an active existence, as without labour scarcely any of the gifts of Providence are to be made available. In perfect harmony with this character of the material world, he has been furnished with a muscular and mental system, constructed on the principle of being fitted for exertion, and requiring exertion for a continued healthy existence. Formed as he is, it is not possible for him to abstain from exertion without very hurtful consequences.

MARY IRVING; OR THE TWO MEETINGS.

In the year 1777, the parents of Mary Irving occupied a *sunny-face cottage* in a small hamlet called *The Bluthering Syke*, situated within view of the confluence of the rivers Esk and Liddal, on the Scottish Border, and commanding, from its high-perched, road-side elevation, a distant glimpse northward of Gilnockie Tower—a picturesque remnant, still extant, of the favourite domicile and stronghold of the noted Johnnie Armstrong. Had I fiction only to relate, and not a few passages of real life, I might have chosen to confer upon the birth-place of my heroine a more harmonious name. But there could be none more appropriate—unless I were to substitute Bellevue, or Belvidere, from the surpassing beauty of the variegated scenery which its wide range of prospect embraced; and these would be but little in keeping with the humility of the aforesaid clay-built hamlet. The Bluthering Syke then spoke for itself, and still speaks, in the babbling of an adjacent runlet; and, about half-a-mile northwards, near the same road-side, the boglegite—another cluster of cottages, overlooking a rifted precipice, and pallisadoed round with piky, time-seered pine trees—where dwelt an ancient worthy, whom the "Wizard of the North" would have delighted to honour—equally proclaims the talents of the district for felicitous nomenclature. But the name of each place, at the time of which I speak, had an associated significancy beyond their local descriptiveness. The familiar appellations of Mary Irving's two brothers—who, with herself, were all of a once numerous family who had survived the blights of childhood, were Blethering Saunders and Daft Davy; the latter literally an idiot or *natural*; the former having what we call in Scotland a *mant*, a sullen visage, and a brawling temper; and Kate of the *Boglegite*, if she were not, as some have affirmed, the actual name-mother of her dwelling-place, might well, in form and feature, have passed for such. Yet the *spirit of that gaunt, weirdly shape*, was a spirit of "gentle bidding," and more than ordinary intelligence. She was, moreover, the depository of a larger collection of legendary lore, brownie and bogle stories, and authentic memorabilia of fairyland than any other wife between the forests of Nicol and Etterick could boast; and, as a crooner of exhaustless ballads, historical, humorous, and pathetic, had no rival in the district, throughout which she was not more famed for her eminence in song and legend than, in her home neighbourhood, beloved for the kind heart, shrewd sense, and merry motherwit, which, to the last of her long life, rendered this singular-looking original the helper, counsellor, and acceptable ingle-nook guest of every rural roof it contained. By no one was she more loved and untiringly listened to than by her pretty grand-niece, Mary Irving, into whom she had infused the pure spirit of her own romantic vein, and a touch of belief in an *inferior supernatural agency*, without prejudice to her natural good sense and firm trust in the overruling wisdom of a Higher Power.

The parents of Mary were industrious, God-fearing people—wholly illiterate, save in the reading of their Bible, and of such commentaries upon it as were prescribed by the pastor of the Seceder communion to which they belonged—in the deep mysticisms of which, if frequent dutiful perusal could ensure enlightenment, they might have been accounted deeply learned. But peace and hope had been granted to the prayer of their desiring faith; and, though they professed to set at naught human means in the work of correcting fallen nature, and were, consequently, less vigilant over their children, in

some particulars, than the worldly-wise and world-corrupted are wont to be, they failed not to set before them—together with certain doctrinal tenets hard to be understood, but which neither teacher nor taught would have deemed other than sacrilege to dispute reasoning upon—the more prevailing argument of good and holy living. And let none professing to respect the sacred page deride such simple docility, or pronounce such literally child-like faith to be inconsistent with the production and maturing of the best Christian fruits. We walk fearlessly in the midst of mundane mysteries; and reverence which is the root and nourishment of piety, has seldom been improved by curious searching into the conflicting opinions of men, concerning the deep things of God. It has been well said by the pious Ganganelli, that "man's fall was *at the foot of the tree of knowledge*;" and the further plundering of its branches, has but the more discovered to us the barrenness and insufficiency of our native pretensions towards "solving the mystery of our being;" of which the present duties and the future hopes are made sufficiently plain to us in the precepts and promises of the blessed gospel. Happy are they who, through whatever moral and metaphysical clouds, can, like Mary and her parents, discern the wisdom of piety, and the beauty of holiness. In the society I have described, Mary's early years were nutured, who was the pride and ornament of her humble home, and the chief solace of its grievances. A daily sufferer from her elder brother's petulant domineering temper, or the younger's capricious fatuity, she had the soft answer that turneth away wrath, ever ready to disarm the contender; and, better taught than to reply to the poor ignorant one, according to his folly, by love and gentleness she had won the wayward *natural* to a recognising love for her, and docility to her rule, such as he evinced towards no other human being. His wild, unsettled eye would soften into something like his own kindly humanity, to meet her affectionate smile, when she commended him; and a threat of "guid lassie's" displeasure, as he had learned to call her, was commonly a prevailing spell over his most freakish moods. The care of this "helpless, hapless being," was a heavy burden to hard-working parents; and, to lighten it to them, and prevent an object of terror from becoming an object of dislike in the neighbourhood, Mary employed her ascendancy over him with such assiduous, well-requited watchfulness, and was also so successful in the pacification of her other brother's churlish humours, it was hardly a conscious sacrifice to her to give up entirely, for her home duties, the society and amusements shared by other young persons around her. And thus, within the shade of those clay-built walls, the flowers of her delicate beauty and modesty grew up little noticed, and uncontaminated; and in that rude association, the virtues of fidelity to duty, patience, humility, and self-denial, preparing her to adorn the condition of servitude, for which she was intended, acquired early maturity, by constant and endeared exercise. What character is more honourable than the good and faithful domestic servant—and of that class, styled by a French writer "our natural friends, the victims of our ill humours, the witnesses of our weaknesses, and the sources of our reputation!" Never was there one more deserving to be held in honour than she whose two remarkable, well-authenticated "meetings" with her first and only mistress, I have undertaken to record.

Rosehall, on which the cottage of the Irvings looked down, was, at the date I have mentioned, the only mansion, in the parish of C——, having any pretensions to the character of a gentleman's seat. In its comparative architectural stateliness, and with its trim front lawn, and picturesque shrubberies, sloping along the windings of the romantic Esk, it had lain before Mary's eyes from her first dawn of observation, a vision of "glory and of beauty," in her estimation, scarcely to be surpassed by the notions she had formed of fairy palaces, or of the scriptural magnificence of Babylon the renowned. Its proprietors, whom I will call Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, were persons of good fortune and profuse expenditure, whose habits of self-indulgence had not quite hardened them to the distresses of the poor; and whose urbanity and easy good-nature gave a winning character of benevolence to their facilely-granted charities, which would not, perhaps, have stood the test of the analysing crucible, but which shone out like pure gold in the eyes of the supplicants it relieved. It was, therefore, not surprising, that, in a neighbourhood where necessities abounded, they had the blessing and the good word of a large portion of its rural community; cheaply obtained in any rural locality, by characters of their cast, holding in it the highest place.

On the strength of this reputation, the simple-minded Irvings, who knew them only by their good report, and nothing at all concerning the inside of fine houses, had often wished that their daughter might have the good fortune to get into service at the "great house." And Mary herself, with her more polished young imagination, having been accustomed to invest the Douglases almost with the attributes of her aunt Kate's benificent genii, whose power claimed awe, and whose benevolence love, (and with whom she was in fact much better acquainted,) considered such promotion, in connection with the vicinity to her beloved parents, the highest and most desirable to which she could aspire. But, though the idleness and intractability of her brother Saunders more than his manual incapacity to assist his father in his bread-winning trade, made it necessary, as the family advanced in years, that this good girl should leave the home her presence so much solaced, in order to add to its earnings, and lessen its increased expenses, the industry and frugality of the senior Irvings had hitherto rendered their earnings sufficient for their decent support. Their honest pride of independence placed them above soliciting gratuitous aids; and, as the Douglases were not of that importunate class of philanthropists who lift the latch of poverty, and pry into its doings unbidden, it happened that the Irvings, though living so near them, had never, by any chance, obtained more of their notice than the condescension of a passing salute; and the good couple were somewhat puzzled how to proceed with their scheme for their daughter's advancement. Old Kate shook her head, and disapproved of it altogether. She would rather have seen her grandniece placed in some rustic homestead, and "kent way of life," than with those "gay, grand fowk, and their clusters o' upsetting, fair-fashioned servants, and the maist o' them Englishers"—for Mrs. Douglas being an Englishwoman, and preferring those of her own country, had failed to find equal favour in the eyes of Scotland-loving Kate.

But her counsel, in this instance, was disregarded by her piously-trusting nephew, who considered his child of many prayers alike sheltered from vital evil, in whatever external circumstances placed. Had he felt and thought otherwise, many would perhaps have had more opportunities of being influenced by some other of his ancient aunt's notions and tastes; who, he used to say, "had gotten owre mony *b's* in her bonnet," (in jocose allusion to her brownies, ballads, and bogles,) "that, in his mind, had nae business to be working aneth a Christian's cap."

The introduction, however, of Mary to the favourable notice of Mrs. Douglas, was at length brought about; not by counsel, nor by wisdom, but through the instrumentality of Daft Davie, who happened one morning to be issuing from the cottage just at the moment when that lady and her little daughter Laura drew near to it, emerging from the unusual experiment of an unattended ramble, through the wooded banks of their domain, that stretched upwards to the high-road, where, finding an outlet, they had determined upon returning home by that way. His person and fame (as well as the Boglegite wife's) were not unknown to them, and their alarm was great, when they saw him coming forth; not, however, with a firebrand in his hand, but with the smoking kail-stick, while Mary, in close pursuit, was endeavouring to wrest from him. On observing the strangers, the idiot instantly let go the subject of contest, and clapping his hands, advanced rapidly towards them, shouting out, "Bonny leddies! bonny leddies!" in his most unearthly tones; which exclamation, however it might have sounded in the ears of the pretty Laura from other lips, had only the effect of increasing her terror, and quickening her retreating footsteps. Breaking away from her mother, who stood irresolute, the little girl fled at her utmost speed, and stopped not till, with new dismay, she found herself in an allmost equally dreaded

neighbourhood. She had reached the Boglegite! alone, upon the highroad, pursued, as she supposed, by Daft Davie, and now momently expecting to encounter old Kate, whom she had been taught, through menial gossip, to look upon as a sort of witch or hobgoblin. The bewildered feelings of an imaginative child of eight years old may easily be figured; and her joy, when, looking round, and Davie no longer in sight, she beheld help hastening towards her, in its more agreeable shape of his pleasing-looking sister. Mary gently took the little trembler by the hand, whose heart-beatings were almost audible, and whose tears now flowed fast, and, as she led her back to Mrs. Douglas, she completely won her heart, by her kind and sensible soothing—and such were the circumstances of Mary's first meeting with her future mistress. That wayward heart was not ungrateful. Her deliverer from such complicated terrors became an object of peculiar interest to Laura. Mrs. Douglas was much attracted by Mary's mild, ingenuous countenance, and still more by the remarkable union of modesty and self-possession in one so young; which at all times characterised her demeanour. Her pale but perfectly regular beauty both of features and form, which would have charmed a sculptor, had no gaudy attraction to strike the common observer, on a cursory survey, either with admiration or distrust; and, won by her darling and only daughter's importunities, she was speedily prevailed upon, after a few satisfactory preliminaries, to receive Mary, then eighteen, at the Hall; where, notwithstanding what Mrs. Douglas considered the disadvantages of her rusticity and Scottish dialect, she was appointed to the office of being Miss Laura's personal attendant. To many it would not have been an easy nor an enviable situation. Laura had most of the faults which flattered vanity, impetuous temper, and precocious talents usually engender in the nurseries of misrule; a prejudice was speedily created in the servants' hall against Mary, as a favourite and a puritan. Her beauty drew upon her impertinences of a nature equally new and embarrassing to her, both from the lackeys, and the male visitors at the Hall; and she did not discover in its heads, that example of wisdom and benignity her warm fancy had figured—they were, in fact, neither more nor less than ordinary two-vivored fashionable-living personages, but with sufficient taste for the beauty and benefit of exemplary moral conduct, to notice and reward it in their daughter's favourite servant; and her warmer heart and unconscious disposition, readily found excuses for them in their surrounding temptations. She was eating their bread, and benefiting her beloved parents through their liberalities; and her duty was to serve, not to censure them.

And thus, through varying circumstances, and changes of positions between country and town life, their mutual relation remained unbroken, until Laura had nearly completed her eighteenth year, and Mary her twenty-seventh. Then Laura one day found Mary weeping over an open letter, which she did not attempt to hide, but betrayed considerable agitation in delivering up to her. It contained dishonourable proposals from a young nobleman of high rank and fortune, who had followed Laura to the country as her professed and permitted admirer, and to whose union with their daughter her parents were ambitiously looking forward; and her indignant amazement may be imagined when she read, together with extravagantly expressed admiration of the superior beauty of her *waiting-maid,* a by no means covert intimation of his devoirs to herself having been prosecuted principally for the purpose of affording him opportunities of seeing her "who, from the first moment he beheld her, had reigned unrivalled in his heart." The impulses of deeply wounded pride and vanity were precipitately acted upon; their worst suggestions against Mary were temporarily adopted by Laura, and proclaimed outweighing the testimony of years. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, who anticipated in this disclosure the overthrow of their cherished hopes for the splendid establishment of their daughter, would not believe but that Mary had been greatly to blame; and her dismissal from the Hall was summarily determined upon. Laura's vanity rather than her predilection had favoured the addresses of her recreant admirer, and she soon repented of her haste. Her secret heart deeply reproved her for the unjust condemnation she had drawn upon the innocent Mary; but the feeling how wrong she had been, did not help to appease her wounded pride, nor operate to repair the mischief. She, however, parted from her with tears and protestations of continued regard; and these completely sufficed to restore her to the clinging affection of her she had so cruelly injured.

But the consequences of this disturbance extended farther. Mary's fond mother, who was at the time oppressed by illness, was heart-stricken when she heard of the opprobrium cast upon the fair name of her darling child, and never recovered from the shock. And, a very few weeks after, Laura, revenging upon herself the infidelity of a lover who never had possessed her preference, but whose vanity she thought to retaliate upon, committed the imprudence of bestowing her hand clandestinely upon his rival; a young man of showy pretensions, but without fortune, whose addresses her parents had forbidden.

It would be irrelevant to my purpose to relate all the causes of the implacable displeasure of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas at this rash act, or to follow their young, infatuated, once idolised Laura, through its train of disastrous consequences; who, unforgiven, soon accompanied her husband to the East Indies.

On hearing of her departure, Mary stole, at dead of night, to a favourite haunt of her regretted young lady called "Laura's Bower," and there committed her first and only theft, in prosecution of a cherished superstition. This was the transplanting of a flower, to emblem the departed to a foreign land; which, if done with due observances relative to time, property, and secrecy, its drooping or flourishing leaves would faithfully continue to indicate the condition of the absent one. Mary, as most appropriate, chose a rose plant, which she placed in her cottage window, and watched and tended through several years, feeding her affectionate thoughts with associated favours, concerning her whom it was set to commemorate, without having obtained any sure intimation even of her being in existence. That cottage was no longer the same. The vicissitudes of the interval had been great to both parties. Mary had lost her father and elder brother; married, and become a childless widow. She was living in *another home, but on the same road side,* and *not far from the* dwelling of her birth; her only companions, her poor imbecile brother, and his constant follower, a now aged, wiry terrier; her Bible, her spinnning-wheel, and her treasured leafy oracle; when her second meeting took place with her loved regretted mistress, under circumstances occasioning a more than nine days' wonder amongst her humble neighbours.

I cannot, I believe, more briefly and graphically describe this *true incident,* than by giving it in the native words of the rustic bard who made it the subject of a well-remembered ballad, entitled:

MARY'S ROSIE TREE.

"Wae's me, my bonny rosie bush,
That glinted at my hand
Sae mony simmers, cheerily!
Now, wha's dune me this wrang?

"O Davie, feckless innocent!
I trow it has been ye;
Nane else in a' the parishen
Wad harmed my bonnie tree.

"I stole it frae my leddy's bower,
In sorrow, no wi' shame;
And set it for a prophecy,
When she gaed far frae hame.

"It was my pleasant company
Through mony an eerie hour;
For, oh, *her een* had tented it—
That was a sweeter flower.

"When it lookit up, aye fresh and fair;
And blooming like hersel;
It tell'd me a' gaed weel wi' her—
But dule I now foretell."

As thus she stood and made her mane,
By her lanely biggin door;
The broken pot and rosie-bush,
She turn'd them o'er and o'er.

And Davie, in his witlessness,
But leugh to see her greet;
When by their came a traveller,
Wandering on weary feet.

In widow weed a' garbed was she,
And pale, pale was her face.
She looked at Mary wistfully,
Then craved to rest a space.

"O guidwife, can you tell me
If, down in yonder ha',
There's ony that remember
The dochter that's awa?

"If onie now be living there,
Ance held that dochter dear,
Wha gaed unto the Indies,
And's been sae lang frae here?

"And, think ye they wad welcome her,
If back she came again,
Wi' naething but a breaking heart
O' a' was ance her ain?"

"O, where cam ye frae, woman,
That siccan speerings tell?
It gars me grue to look at ye;
But you canna be hersel!

"The bairn I dawted on my knee—
The beauty in the ha'—
That aye was like a straik of light,
Shining aboon them a'.

"But see ye to that bonny stem,
A' lying crushed and broken:
O' her that gaed beyone the seas
It was a cherished token.

"As ilka leaf on't had been gowd,
An' a' its dew the pearl,
I lo'd it—a' for her ain sake,
That bonny leddy girl."

She flang her arms round Mary's neck—
She had nae word to speak.
Alace, the dowie prophecy
Was reed upon her cheek!

On her return with her husband to Britain, Laura made an early excursion to visit her native vale. Her parents were dead; Rosehall was now in the occupation of strange proprietors: and, leaving her carriage and attendants at the village inn, which was within a short distance of the cottage in which she last saw Mary Living, she walked thither alone; the door was slowly opened by Mary herself—grey-headed, trembling, and unrecognising.

Laura had been living in the habit of viewing the most of time's doings under falsely embellished aspects, and was utterly unprepared for the sad wreck she beheld. When Mary knew her mistress, who shuddered, but weepingly returned, on her withered cheek, the kisses she was feebly imprinting on the one hand she had taken, she pointed to her other one, which hung lifeless by her side, and then to her mouth. She had been stricken with palsy, and was dumb. Daft Davie, who was the only other human inhabitant of the cottage, looked at Laura with glaring eyes, as if ready to resent her intrusion; and her commiseration was deepened, to see her who had lavished upon herself so many tender cares, now, in her withered years and sad circumstances, alone with such an attendant. Mary read her thoughts, and first motioning deprecatingly to Davie, who *appeared to understand* her signal, and muttered out his customary response, "Weel, weel, guid lassie," she tottered towards the little table, where lay an open Bible. It was open at the 103d psalm. Mary sank heavily upon the cushioned chair which stood before it; passed her hand over the page; then pressed it on her heart, and then on Laura's; whose terror may be imagined when she saw her seized with intense trembling, sudden, violent, universal. The internal agitation of the meeting, which could not find way in words, proved too much for her feeble frame. It was her last. The struggle subsided. A calm came over her distorted features. A bright gleam illuminated, for a moment, her pallid countenance—almost restoring it to former beauty; and with her disstressed poor brother murmuring "guid lassie" in her ears, she fell asleep —and, may we not venture to believe awoke to the song of angels!

THE DRUNKARD'S SUNDAY MORNING.

After a few hours, not of sleep, but of a cessation of raving and riot, the drunkard wakens. The gross immoralities, or, it may be, peccadilloes of last night's debauch are dimly before him, and he stares about wildly and rubs his blood-shot eyes to ascertain where he is. The beast has drowned his reason and recollection, and although his bed-post and he are acquaintances of many years' standing, he knows it not! Puzzled in his grog-entailed stupidity, he turns round and sees the companion of his pillow asleep by his side. Poor, unfortunate woman! Her place is a living atlas of sadness, sorrow, and despair. How wan, and haggard, and sorrow-harrowed is that countenance, where erewhile health and happiness delighted to luxuriate! On the farther side, for suppose him a parent, he sees his own child—a child born to sorrow, and a patrimony of indigence and bad fame. The incessant outpouring of the mother's tears is told on the face of infancy; its chubbiness is giving way, and rising melancholy already knows the face it will invade in after years. The drunkard groans and sighs, but it is not for the bitterness of maternal tears, neither is his soul touched for the helplessness of his child. Oh, no! his last groat is gone, and, to use the slang phrase of the fraternity, he is at a loss how "to raise the wind." And this, and this alone, is the sole cause of his uneasiness and despondency; he is in what is technically termed "the horrors;" and unless some scarcely more provident brother chip comes in the way to procure "a hair of the dog that bit him," he puffs an oath that the dissolution of his worthless body and unmanly soul is nigh.

The scene around him is little calculated to cheer him out of his despondency. His presses and wardrobe are alike empty, want frowns from every corner of his dwelling, and the inroads and iron foot of disease are visible around him. Still the infatuated wretch pants for the ruinous cup—the cup of poison and alcohol—the cup that stole away his substance, that benumbed the nobleness of humanized feelings within him, and reduced to the grade of a brute the once fine image of his Creator. His furniture has been knocked to the four winds of heaven by the auctioneer's hammer, and his clothes lie under the embargo of the pawnbroker.

The heat of the torrid zone is within him, and remorse, like a cockatrice, sits on his disturbed and maddened brain. His morbid, has sadly outrun his natural appetite, and he pants, and yawns, and prays for just another glass. His panting is mournfully indicative of a broken-down constitution, broken down by unfathomed potations, and the whole round of vicious indulgences accompanying inebriety. And, morally speaking, every attempt thus to "mend the head" is but another blow—another ten-pounder hurled to storm the constitution. If the stomach of a man were like an aqueduct, which could gorge and disgorge its full with impunity, then the worst class of drinkers would not, perhaps, be the shortest livers; but, as it is, the nice structure of our organs renders it otherwise.

The church-bells begin to knoll, and the drinker casts an eye to his trunk—but, alas! it is empty. Saddened by the recollection of better days, he relapses into sullen and dogged taciturnity; or, maddened, he bellows forth deep and heavy curses on the head of his friends, and on his own immortal soul. He would fain act the long-headed politician with his wife, and is mighty persuasive to goad her into a new commercial, or, rather tippling treaty—"If she would send Betty or Jeanie for a gill of right stuff—real stingo, he would pass his word for it, that no man should ever see him drunk." Very good; but he has deceived her a hundred times, and she heeds him not; the sacredness of oaths and promises he acknowledges not; they are but so much empty breath—not morally binding, and he always violated them on the first temptation.

In the dwelling of the drunkard, the melody of psalms and the voice of prayer is never heard on Sunday morning. Oh, no! the turtle-dove nestles not there—it is the spirit of the raven and the croak of thirst. But he occupies it not, except at short intervals. The slave of vice and appetite hurries forth on the Lord's day to meet his debauched companions. If yellow sovereigns were as rife among them as blue eyes and felon cuts, they would guzzle mirth and hilarity out of many a gill. They meet by preconcerted arrangement at some given corner; they meet in their uniforms, and with epaulettes of filthy rags and empty purses. Strange as it may appear to the serious, well-disposed, and religious part of the community, who know no pleasure except that arising from the consciousness of having done good, the drunkard feels a strange but spurious delight in hearing a more circumstantial account of last night's quarrel from his companions than his own memory affords. His taste is vitiated, and the source whence that taste can derive pleasure and sobriety must of course be depraved.

How different from the above faintly-delineated character is the teetotaler! His home is neat, and clean, and comfortable; his wife is happy—she smiles upon him, and seriously blesses the history of their union. His children, the dear pledges of his love, are trained to habits of industry and sobriety; and by precept and example, the higher duties of moral and religious obligations are continually pointed out to them. The sober man maintains his parental authority unimpaired; he goes cheerfully to his work every day, and is seen more cheerfully hurrying to the house of prayer on the Sabbath; his employers have implicit confidence in him, and his neighbours call him a good man.

The fact is, that the one is a good man, and the other a bottle. Every one knows the story of Bonosus, and his posthumous humiliation from the lips of his own soldiers; soldiers, I have no doubt, that often partook of the bibber's hospitality, and as often offered him the incense of adulation. But he was hung up on a tree, and the thing was reversed. And could the drunkard but hear the pitiful observations and bitter irony with which he is often spoken of by those venders of alcohol whose coffers he contributed to enrich, he would forswear any farther oblations at the shrine of Bacchus.

But it is not on wordly or selfish considerations that I would rest the question of "*drink or no drink*," although these are cogent, and all on one side. The Bible utters its most fearful sentence against the drunkard—exclusion from heaven. Why, then, say some wise inquirers, have the inspired writers praised wine and its happy influences? The reply is one of a geographical nature. In foreign wine countries, especially in the Holy Land, the juice of the grape *was not* amalgamated with any other liquor. It was drunk by the peasant pure, unadulterated, as an article of daily food, the same as an Aberdeenshire ploughman drinks milk. Now, as such, it was a nutritive and wholesome beverage, and as a creature of Providence, well worthy of the praises bestowed upon it.

The drunkard and his companions look blue in each other's faces, until, by some lucky conjecture, they discover the possibility of raising the wind, and away they sneak to some back-door, which the cupidity of the spirit-dealer has left open, to help forward his purse and their ruin. The sabbath is spent by them in riot and dissipation; the moral atmosphere is contaminated by their oaths; the church, the Bible, and their families, are all disregarded, and the only study seems to be, how to obtain a larger portion of misery in this world, and damnation in the next!

Poet's Corner.

DEATH.

The flower-strewn earth is wonderous fair,
But DEATH, the strong, is everywhere.
It matters not how bright, how still,
Is valley green, or cloud-capped hill,
DEATH, like a hard unpitying foe,
Is there to strike the certain blow.
Thus, yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
Till time is done, shall be this sorrow.
Thus is it in all distant climes;
Thus was it in the ancient times.

The prophets are of former days;
All those whom we delight to praise;
The bard, whose soul was love and light;
The arm that combated for right;
The Patriot king; the wise, the brave;
All, all, are mouldering in the grave.
The gain was thine when rose on high
The Egyptian mothers' midnight cry;
When God's strong angel, with a blast
Which smote among the Assyrians passed;
When the unnumbered Persians lay
On Salamis at break of day;
And when, 'mid revelry, came down
Darkness on the Italian town;
Then, Death, thou hadst the victory.

Oh, Death! oh, spoiler stern and strong!
The sea, the isles, to thee belong.
The hoary hills are all thine own,
With the grey cairn and cromlech-stone;
The groves of oak, the woods of pine,
The sunless ocean-caves are thine.
Thy ancient slumbers lie beneath
The untilled verdure of the heath;
The merchant meets thee 'mid his gold,
The hunter on the breezy wold;
The seaman finds no unknown bay,
But there thou lurkest for thy prey.
Thou spoiler of life's charm! thou cold
Defacer of time's purest gold!
Where is the spot to thee unknown?
The whole wide world by thee is sown,
And years must pass in misery steeped,
Ere that dread harvest shall be reaped.

Yet, conqueror of conquerors stern!
Yet, deaf despoiler! who dost spurn
All prayers, all tears; thou yet must bow
Unto a mightier than thou.
Long in thy night was man forlorn,
Long didst thou laugh his hopes to scorn;
Vain where philosophy's faint dreams,
Their light was but as meteor gleams;
Till rose the conqueror of Death,
The humble man of Nazareth;
He stood between us and despair;
He bore and gave us strength to bear;
The mysteries of the grave unsealed,
And our high destiny revealed.
Nor bard, nor sage, may comprehend
The heaven of rest to which we tend,
Our home is not this mortal clime;
Our life hath not its bounds in time;
And death is but the cloud that lies
Between our souls and paradise!

Oh, Death! well might each thoughtful race
Give thee the high and holy place;
Earth's loveliest scenes are meet for thee,
Thou portal of Eternity!

LAZINESS AND INDUSTRY PROGRESSIVE.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The main-stay of religious education is to be found in our Sunday-schools. the most earnest, the most devoted, the most pious of our several congregations are accustomed, with meritorious zeal to dedicate themselves to this great work. All classes are blended together; rich and poor, one with the other, rejoice to undertake the office of Sunday-school teachers. Many young men and young women, who have no other day in the week for recreation and leisure, with a zeal and charity (for which may God Almighty bless them!) consecrate their little leisure on the Lord's day to the training of little children in the way they ought to go. Each has a seperate class, and becomes personally acquainted with the character of each member of the class. He visits his children at their homes, walks with them, converses with them, and, being a person of spiritual experience, is able to give that advice which a soul aspiring after heavenly things so greatly needs, and which none but those who know what spiritual difficulties and spiritual comforts are, can impart; while in all peculiar cases he has his pastor to whom he can refer his young charge, or from whom he can himself receive directions how to proceed. It is here that we are to look *for the real religious education of our people, and to* the perfecting of this system religious persons must bend their minds. No government system of education can interfere with this; but, on the contrary, if the day-schools turn out well-disciplined children, thoroughly grounded in all that they profess to know, the duties of the Sunday-school teacher will be lighter—the children will come to the Sunday-school, and to be catechised at church, with that advantage which is now only possessed by those who live in the vicinity of a good national school; a circumstance which must always be *doubtful, while the majority of the masters remain* untrained.—*Dr. Hook's Letter to the Bishop of St. David's.*

Death of John Wilson, the Vocalist.

Although an obituary notice does not properly belong to our Journal, yet we cannot avoid making mention of the death of poor John Wilson, the Scotch vocalist, who was so suddenly taken from amongst us, by th prevailing epidemic. His songs brought back old Scotland and home feelings to the heart of the crowded assemblies that eagerly congregated to greet him, and his death was the first convincing proof that the Cholera with its unsparing hand was amongst us. Far be it from us to throw a slur upon any country or class, but may we not be forgiven for saying that the Scotchmen of Quebec acted coldly and negligently in allowing the remains of poor Wilson to be borne to its last home, unattended, save by eleven solitary mourners, and amongst the scanty few *only five Scotchmen.* Wilson expired at the St. George's Hotel, in the Place d'Armes, on the 9th inst., where he and his two daughters had been residing during his sojourn in Quebec. His sudden death brings to our memory the words of one of his popular songs:

———" They're gone—they're gone,
Alas! they're gone—and we
Are left lamenting.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL
Of British North America.

QUEBEC, 21st JULY, 1849.

[At such a time when Cholera is making such havoc in the Domestic circle, snatching one here, and another there. Treating the rich with the same respect that it does the poor. The following simple directions for its treatment will be read with interest; at the same time we would caution the public against the too frequent use of stimulants, such as Brandy, Spiced Brandy, Cholera mixtures, &c.; they are all very well when taken with caution, but otherwise they have been known to prove fatal in a great many instances. We wish we could engrave the word TEMPERANCE upon the Hearts of all. It might be the means of saving many valuable lives.]

CHOLERA!

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

FOR THE

Prevention, Arresting and Treatment

OF

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

Doctor McCormick, of the United States Army, and one of the gentlemen constituting General Taylor's suite while on his way to Washington, is the author of the following remarks on the pathology and treatment of cholera. They were originally written and transmitted, in a private letter, to a friend at the North, who, knowing that Dr. McCormick's experience in the treatment of cholera embraced the visitation of that disease at Washington, in 1832, and recently at New Orleans, very naturally desired to learn his views with regard to the best mode of treating it. Another of the gentlemen accompanying General Taylor, who was aware that Dr. McCormick had committed his views on the subject to writing, and desirous to see them in print, applied to the Doctor for a copy. It will be found annexed:

Cholera has four distinctly marked stages:

1st. Loose dejections.

2d. Watery discharges by the stomach, bowels and skin.

3d. Corps-like coldness, and blueness of the skin or collapse.

4th. Reaction, choleric fever, a state strongly resembling Typhus.

The first consists in a simple looseness of the bowels —the dejections being frequent, and more or less copious, and then the consistence decreasing with each evacuation, until it arrives at the next plainly marked stage of the disease. The second period: the evacuations now consist of little else than a watery fluid. With *these discharges the thirst* is always intense, and the voice begins to fail. The stomach becomes involved, pouring forth the same watery fluid in greater or less abundance, and ushered in with this evacuation from the stomach, bowels and skin; and apparently intimately connected with it is seen the most *painfully* distressing phenomenon of this terrific malady—the cramps and spasms—causing the patient at times to writhe in agony, giving forth every expression of pain that human torture could provoke.

The third period follows, and consists of collapse. This seems naturally explained by the waste of the watery portion of the blood and the great exhaustion of the nervous system, so intimately connected with it, and with the violent cramps and spasms. The voice has become more feeble, the watery evacuations cease, the *agony is over, for the spasms have also ceased*, and the patient lies indifferent, apathetic, fearless, and craves only drink. The thirst continues intense, becomes insatiable, and seems to exist in a direct ratio to the quantity of watery fluid poured forth by the discharges, and *to depend thereon. It seems* to arise from an instinctive desire and urgent demand to supply the waste and drainage of the system. The whole body shrinks, the features become contracted, pointed, peculiar, (choleric countenance,) the eyes deeply sunken *in their sockets*, balls rolled upwards, or natural, expressing great suffering, or total indifference. The skin is as cold as a corpse, and moist, of a bluish hue, varying both in intensity of color, and extent of surface it occupies; the hands and feet particularly are shrivelled and corrugated, and greatly shrunken, having lost at least one-third of their bulk, and look as if long macerated in water, (like a wash-woman's hand,) the pulse is scarcely discernible or extinct, and the action of the heart feeble; the air enters the lungs, but respiration is laborious, with a sense of suffocation from the changed condition of the blood, that prevents the full vivifying influence of the air on it—the spissidity being such, that it does not flow in its usual channels, which expose so great a surface to the action of the air throughout its minute and abundant capillaries. The voice, enfeebled and greatly diminished, has become husky and nearly extinct, and the demand it makes is still for cold drinks—ice water. They complain of being parched, burning up, and yet the whole surface is icy cold, and possesses an exalted sensibility: sinapisms, blisters, &c., are loudly complained of as burning like fire—insupportable; even the hand of a healthy person, brought in contact with a collapsed cholera patient, I have heard loudly complained of as burning. The tongue is cold, broad, flat and dry, or mucous and pasty; the abdomen retracted. In short, the whole body has become collapsed. The blood, changed in its character, deprived of its water portion, no longer traverses its accustomed rounds, but collects in the heart and veins, especially the larger trunks, in undue quantity. This change of place, arising from a change in the spissidity of the blood, gives rise in its turn to other changes. There is *no arterial blood*; there is no secretion, perhaps, except that of bile, for, as before stated, the blood has forsaken the arteries, and retreated into the veins.

Throughout all this frightful havoc of the physical

frame, the mind moves calmly, clearly, self-possessed and begins to feel the destructive influence, or is gone (with but few exceptions, *only* when the brain has to be supplied with æreated blood—*only* when the individual is *inarticulo mortis*.

The fourth stage seldom occurs. But when an individual becomes collapsed and lives through it, the fourth stage is present; it is one of reaction, resembling typhus.

TREATMENT.

It is always of great, and sometime even of vital importance, that the patient should lie in bed.

In the first stage give calomel and opium, according to the nature and frequency of the stools.

I have usually commenced in ordinary cases by giving one of the following pills after each *loose* evacuation, viz: calomel thirty grains, powdered opium six grains; mix intimately, and divide into six pills.

In this way, in the course of a few hours, you will probably give twenty grains of calomel and four cases of opium, which, in ordinary cases, will generally prove sufficient, and even in most severe cases you will have administered as much calomel as will be necessary.

When this has proved sufficient, the evacuations will have become far less frequent, and changed in character, especially in consistence. *In this early stage the danger is greater the more frequent and the thinner, or more liquid and watery the stools may become.* You can continue, therefore, to give one of the calomel and opium pills after each evacuation, *if of this character*, until the whole six are taken; and if the passages still continue, it becomes necessary to continue the opium as follows:

Powdered opium, six grains; powdered camphor, twelve grains; mixed intimately, and made into six pills, giving one of the pills after each evacuation. Rest in bed, fomentation or *flaxseed poultices applied to* the abdomen, and mustard plasters and warm mustard foot-baths prove also highly beneficial.

When the attack is sudden and severe, give at one dose twenty grains of calomel and two of opium, and repeat the opium and camphor pills as directed, and use the sinapisms, poultices, &c.

In the second period, when the watery *evacuations* set in, they either resemble in fluidity and color of mustard foot-bath, or are of a rice-water character, with a white powder settling at the bottom of the vessel, or watery, with white flocculia or flakes interspersed in it, *making it some what turbid, looking like whey.* The voice fails also, and cramps or spasms come on in the legs, *arms, and sometimes in the bowels.*

The case is now extremely urgent, and unless the watery discharges can be *arrested, the patient must* pass into the collapse, from which there is little if any hope.

I have been in the habit of giving sugar of lead and opium in the following way, in pills:

Sugar of lead, one drachm; powdered opium, twelve grains; mix intimately, and make into twelve pills. Give one after every watery evacuation, and if these are copious, oftener, or in larger doses, say two pills at a time.

Or it may be given by injection, thus:

Take sugar of lead one drachm; dissolve in water six ounces, (three wineglasses full,) and add a teaspoonful of laudanum, and give half as an injection, and repeat as may be necessary.

To allay the distressing nausea, vomiting, and insatiable thirst, (in this and the following stage of collapse,) use—

Crœsote, four drops; *mucilage of gum arabic*, or flaxseed tea, one tablespooful, *shake well together*, and give a teaspoonful four or five times every day, or oftener, as may be necessary.

As in this stage they are about to pass into collapse if it is not stopped, the use of stimulants soon becomes necessary. I have used champagne brandy toddy and carbonate of ammonia, as follows:

Carbonate of ammonia, two drachms; powdered gum arabic, two drachms; water, three wine-glasses full; mix, and give a tablespoonful every fifteen minutes or half-hour, as may be necessary, using at the same time the brandy or wine alone. Direct sinapisms and blisters over the pit of the stomach and to the extremities. The spasms are sometimes distressingly severe in this period. They are greatly relieved by friction with No. 6, (Thompsonian remedy,) heated and used as a liniment, or red pepper and whiskey heated together.

In the collapse little can be done except giving the crœsote mixure, a teaspoonful every two or three hours, and using the stimulants above-named as freely as they can be borne. Apply blisters and sinapisms, and give warm chicken-broth either by mouth or as an injection. Give also as a *stimulant* the following:

Powdered camphor, two drachms; Hoffman's anodyne, *two ounces*; *mix from a teaspoonful to a table*spoonful at a dose, *and repeat according to the effect.*

This remedy, in the dose a *teaspoonful three or four* times a day, in half a wineglass full of cold water, is an excellent remedy, in the *premonitory and forming stage* for the looseness and griping.

The fourth period is treated like typhus.

In all the foregoing it will be seen that opium is the great remedy, and the calomel and sugar of lead, its main adjuvants. Their action, to my mind, in affording relief, is easily explained.

From careful examination of the symptoms of the disease, it is readily seen that its first manifestations are all referable to the alimentary canal; there is an exalted sensibility of the stomach and bowels at the first outset—an uneasiness that very speedily results in loose dejections; an irritation seems to be set up throughout the alimentary canal, the peristaltic movements become rapidly increased—the secretions are profusely poured forth, becoming thinner and thinner, while the irritation augments until it resembles somewhat that caused by the hydragogue cathartics, such as elaterium, but which in its action far outstrips them in effect. When it arrives at its height, the discharges consist solely of the watery portion of the blood, separated from it throughout the whole extent of the intestinal tube.

That the cause of *this disease is poison, I cannot de*cide. *It certainly does not enter* the blood *or if i*t does, opium is a certain antidote to it. It seems more reasonable to me to regard it as acting on the nervous system at large—in a way somewhat analagous to fear causing a reflux of blood on internal parts, *looseness* and relaxation of the bowels, and sphinsters, and sensation of faintness and sinking.

There is no disease milder in its first attack—none more frightful and fatal if neglected. Like a hay-rick on fire, at its outset a grasp of the hand may extinguish it—neglected a few moments, destruction is inevitable.

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 IV.

(*Continued from page* 159.)

"Our own house I mean," faltered my mother, evidently frightened—"I hope you must know what I mean, Edward—it's very hard that in our own house I may not have a word to say about domestic matters. I am sure I managed very well before we were married. There's evidence," said my mother sobbing; "ask Peggotty if I didn't do very well when I wasn't interfered with!"

"Edward," said Miss Murdstone, "let there be an end to this. I go to-morrow."

"Jane Murdstone," said her brother, "be silent! How dare you to insinuate that you don't know my character better than your words imply?"

"I am sure," my poor mother went on, at a greivous disadvantage, and with many tears, "I don't want anybody to go. I should be very miserable and unhappy if anybody was to go. I don't ask much. I am not unreasonable. I only want to be consulted sometimes. I am very much obliged to anybody who assists me, and I only want to be consulted as a mere form, sometimes. I thought you were pleased, once, with my being a little inexperienced and girlish, Edward—I am sure you did so—but you seem to hate me for it now, you are so severe."

"Edward," said Miss Murdstone, again, "let there be an end of this. I go to-morrow."

"Jane Murdstone," thundered Mr. Murdstone. "Will you be silent? How dare you?"

Miss Murdstone made a jail-delivery of her pocket-handkerchief, and held it before her eyes.

"Clara," he continued, and looking at my mother, "you surprise me. You astound me! Yes, I had a satisfaction in the thought of marrying an inexperienced and artless person, and forming her character, and infusing into it some amount of that firmness and decision of which it stood in need. But when Jane Murdstone is kind enough to come to my assistance in this endeavour, and to assume, for my sake, a condition something like a housekeeper's, and when she meets with a base return—"

"Oh pray, pray, Edward," cried my mother, "don't accuse me of being ungrateful. I am sure I am not ungrateful. No one ever said I was before. I have many faults, but not that. Oh don't, my dear!"

"When Jane Murdstone meets, I say," he went on, after waiting until my mother was silent, "with a base return, that feeling of mine is chilled and altered."

"Don't, my love, say that!" implored my mother, very piteously. "Oh don't Edward! I can't bear it. Whatever I am, I am affectionate, I know I am affectionate. I wouldn't say it, if I wasn't certain that I am. Ask Peggotty. I am sure she'll tell you I am affectionate."

"There is no extent of mere weakness, Clara," said Mr. Murdstone in reply, "that can have the least weight with me. You lose breath."

"Pray let us be friends," said my mother. "I couldn't live under coldness or unkindness. I am so sorry. I have a great many defects, I know, and it's very good of you, Edward, with your strength of mind, to endeavour to correct them for me. Jane, I don't object to anything. I should be quite broken-hearted if you thought of leaving—" My mother was too much overcome to go on.

"Jane Murdstone," said Mr. Murdstone to his sister, "any harsh words between us are, I hope, uncommon. It is not my fault that so unusual an occurrence has taken place to-night. I was betrayed into it by another. Nor is it your fault. You were betrayed into it by another. But let us both try to forget it. And as this," he added, after these magnanimous words, "is not a fit scene for the boy—David, go to bed!"

I could hardly find the door, through the tears that stood in my eyes. I was so sorry for my mother's distress; but I groped my way out, and groped my way up to my room in the dark, without even having the heart to say good night to Peggotty, or to get a candle from her. When her coming up to look for me, an hour or so afterwards, awoke me, she said that my mother had gone to bed poorly, and that Mr. and Miss Murdstone were sitting alone.

Going down next morning rather earlier than usual, I paused outside the parlor door, on hearing my mother's voice. She was very earnestly and humbly entreating Miss Murdstone's pardon, which that lady granted, and a perfect reconciliation took place. I never knew my mother afterwards to give an opinion on any matter, without first appealing to Miss Murdstone, or without having first ascertained, by some sure means, what Miss Murdstone's opinion was; and I never saw Miss Murdstone, when out of temper (she was infirm that way), move her hand towards her bag as if she were going to take out the keys and offer to resign them to my mother, without seeing that my mother was in a terrible fright.

The gloomy taint that was in the Murdstone blood, darkened the Murdstone religion, which was austere and wrathful. I have thought, since, that its assuming that character was a necessary consequence of Mr. Murdstone's firmness, which wouldn't allow him to let anybody off from the utmost weight of the severest penalties he could find any excuse for. Be this as it may, I well remember the tremendous visages with which we used to go to church, and the changed air of the place. Again, the dreaded Sunday comes round, and I file into the old pew first, like a guarded captive brought to a condemned service. Again, Miss Murdstone, in a black velvet gown, that looks as if it had been made out of a pall, followed close upon me; then my mother; then her husband. There is no Peggotty now, as in the old time. Again, I listen to Miss Murdstone mumbling the responses, and emphasising all the dread words with a cruel relish. Again, I see her dark eyes roll round the church when she says "miserable sinners," as if she were calling all the congrega-

tion names. Again, I catch rare glimpses of my mother, moving her lips timidly between the two, with one of them muttering at each ear like low thunder. Again, I wonder with a sudden fear whether it is likely that our good old clergyman can be wrong, and Mr. and Miss Murdstone right, and that all the angels in Heaven can be destroying angels. Again, if I move a finger or relax a muscle of my face, Miss Murdstone pokes me with her prayer-book, and makes my side ache.

Yes, and again, as we walk home, I note some neighbours looking at my mother, and at me, and whispering. Again, as the three go on arm-in-arm, and I linger behind alone, I follow some of those looks, and wonder if my mother's step be really not so light as I have seen it, and if the gaiety of her beauty be really almost worried away. Again, I wonder whether any of the neighbours call to mind, as I do, how we used to walk home together, she and I; I wonder stupidly about all the dreary dismal day.

There had been some talk on occasions of my going to a boarding-school. Mr. and Miss Murdstone had originated it, and my mother had of course agreed with them. Nothing, however, was concluded on the subject yet. In the meantime, I learnt lessons at home.

Shall I ever forget those lessons! They were presided over nominally by my mother, but really by Mr. Murdstone and his sister, who were always present, and found them a favourable occasion for giving my mother lessons in that miscalled firmness, which was the bane of both our lives. I believe I was kept at home for that purpose. I had been apt enough to learn, and willing enough, when my mother and I had lived alone together. I can faintly remember learning the alphabet at her knee. To this day, when I look upon the fat black letters in the primer, the puzzling novelty of their shapes, and the easy good-nature of O and Q and S, seem to present themselves again before me as they used to do. But they recall no feeling of disgust or reluctance. On the contrary, I seem to have walked along a path of flowers as far as the crocodile-book, and to have been cheered by the gentleness of my mother's voice and manner all the way. But these solemn lessons which succeeded those, I remember as the death-blow at my peace, and a grievous daily drudgery and misery. They were very long, very numerous, very hard—perfectly unintelligible, some of them, to me—and I was generally as much bewildered by them as I believe my poor mother was herself.

Let me remember how it used to be, and bring one morning back again.

I come into the second-best parlor after breakfast with my books, and an exercise book, and a slate. My mother is ready for me at her writing-desk, but not half so ready as Mr. Murdstone in his easy-chair by the window (though he pretends to be reading a book), or as Miss Murdstone, sitting near my mother stringing steel beads. The very sight of these two has such an influence over me, that I began to feel the words I have been at infinite pains to get into my head all sliding away, and going I don't know where. I wonder where they *do* go by-the-bye?

I hand the first book to my mother. Perhaps it is a grammar, perhaps a history, or a geography. I take a last drowning look at the page as I give it into her hand, and start off aloud at a racing pace while I have got it fresh. I trip over a word. Mr. Murdstone looks up. I trip over another word. Miss Murdstone looks up. I redden, tumble over half-a-dozen words, and stop. I think my mother would show me the book if she dared, but she does not dare, and she says softly:—

"Oh Davy, Davy!"

"Now, Clara," says Mr. Murdstone, "be firm with the boy. Don't say 'Oh Davy, Davy!' That's childish. He knows his lesson, or he does not know it."

"He does *not* know it," Miss Murdstone interposes awfully.

"I am really afraid he does not," says my mother.

"Then you see, Clara," returns Miss Murdstone, "you should just give him the book back, and make him know it."

"Yes, certainly," says my mother; "that's what I intend to do, my dear Jane. Now Davy, try once more, and don't be stupid."

I obey the first clause of the injunction by trying once more, but am not so successful with the second, for I am very stupid. I tumble down before I get to the old place, at a point where I was all right before, and stop to think. But I can't think about the lesson. I think of the number of yards of net in Miss Murdstone's cap, or of the price of Mr. Murdstone's dressing-gown, or any such ridiculous problem that I have no business with, and don't want to have anything at all to do with. Mr. Murdstone makes a movement of impatience which I have been expecting for a long time. Miss Murdstone does the same. My mother glances submissively at them, shuts the book, and lays it by as an arrear to be worked out when my tasks are done.

There is a pile of these arrears very soon, and it swells like a rolling snowball. The bigger it gets, the more stupid *I* get. The case is so hopeless, and I feel that I am wallowing in such a bog of nonsense, that I give up all idea of getting out, and abandon myself to my fate. The despairing way in which my mother and I look at each other, as I blunder on, is truly melancholy. But the greatest effect in these miserable lessons is when my mother (thinking nobody is observing her) tries to give me the cue by the motion of her lips. At that instant, Miss Murdstone, who has been lying in wait for nothing else all along, say in a deep warning voice:

"Clara!"

My mother starts, colours, and smiles faintly. Mr. Murdstone comes out of his chair, takes the book, throws it at me or boxes my ears with it, and turns me out of the room by the shoulders.

Even when the lessons are done, the worst is yet to happen, in the shape of an appalling sum. This is invented for me, and delivered to me orally by Mr. Murdstone, and begins, "If I go into a cheese-monger's shop, and buy five thousand double-Gloucester cheeses at fourpence-halfpenny each, present payment"—at which I see Miss Murdstone secretly overjoyed. I pore over these cheeses without any result or enlightenment until dinner-time; when, having made a Mulatto of myself by getting the dirt of the slate into the pores of my skin, I have a slice of bread to help me out with the cheeses, and am considered in disgrace for the rest of the evening.

It seems to me, at this distance of time, as if my unfortunate studies generally took this course. I could have done very well if I had been without the Murdstones; but the influence of the Murdstones upon me was like the fascination of two snakes on a wretched young bird. Even when I did get through the morning

with tolerable credit; there was *not much* gained but dinner; for Miss Murdstone never could endure to see me untasked, and if I rashly made any show of being unemployed, called her brother's attention to me by saying, "Clara, my dear, there is nothing like work—give your boy an exercise;" which caused me to be clapped down to some new labor there and then. As to any recreation with other childern of my age, I had very little of that; for the gloomy theology of the Murdstones made all children out to be a swarm of little vipers (though there *was* a child once set in the midst of the Disciples), and held that they contaminated one another.

The natural result of this treatment, continued, I suppose, for some six months, was to make me sullen, dull, and dogged. I was not made the less so, by my sense of being daily more and more shut out and alienated from my mother. I believe I should have been almost stupified but for one circumstance.

It was this. My father had left a small collection of books in a little room up stairs, to which I had access (for it adjoined my own) and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe, came out, a glorious host, to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy, and my hopes of something beyond that place and time,—they, and the Arabian Nights, and the Tales of the Genii,—and did me no harm; for whatever harm was in some of them was not there for me; *I* knew nothing of it. It is astonishing to me now, how I found time, in the midst of my porings and bluddering over heavier themes, to read those books as I did. It is curious to me how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles (which were great troubles to me), by impersonating my favourite characters in them—as I did—and by putting Mr. and Miss Murdstone into all the bad ones—which I did too. I have been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe. I had a greedy relish for a few volumes of Voyages and Travels—I forget what, now—that were on those shelves; and for days and days I can remember to have about my region of our house, armed with a centre-piece out of an old set of boot-trees—the perfect realisation of Captain Somebody, of the Royal British Navy, in danger of being beset by savages, and resolved to sell his life at a great price. The Captain never lost dignity, from having his ears boxed with the Latin Grammar. I did; but the Captain was a Captain and a hero, in despite of all the Grammars of all the languages in the world, dead or alive.

This was my only and constant comfort. When I think of it, the picture always rises in my mind, of a summer evening, the boys at play in the churchyard, and I sitting on my bed, reading as if for life. Every barn in the neighbourhood, every stone in the church, and every foot of the churchyard, had some association of its own, in my mind, connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them. I have seen Tom Pipes go climbing up the church-steeple: I have watched Strap, with the knapsack on his back, stopping to rest himself upon the wicket-gate; and I *know* that Commodore Trunnion held that club with Mr. Pickle, in the parlor of our little village alehouse.

The reader now understands as well as I do, what I was when I came to that point of that youthful history to which I am now coming again.

One morning when I went into the parlor with my books, I found my mother looking anxious, Miss Murdstone looking firm, and Mr. Murdstone binding something round the bottom of a cane—a lithe and limber cane, which he left off binding when I came in, and poised and switched in the air.

"I tell you, Clara," said Mr. Murdstone, I have been often flogged myself."

"To be sure; of course," said Miss Murdstone.

"Certainly, my dear Jane," faltered my mother, meekly. "But—but do you think it did Edward good?"

"Do you think it did Edward harm, Clara?" asked Mr. Murdstone, gravely.

"That's the point!" said his sister.

To this my mother returned "Certainly, my dear Jane," and said no more.

I felt apprehensive that I was personally interested in this dialogue, and sought Mr. Murdstone's eye as it lighted on mine.

"Now, David," he said—and I saw that cast again, as he said it—"you must be far more careful to-day than usual." He gave the cane another poise, and another switch, and having finished his preparation of it, laid it down beside him, with an expressive look, and took up his book.

This was a good freshner to my presence of mind, as a beginning. I felt the words of my lesson slipping off, not one by one, or line by line, but by the entire page. I tried to lay hold of them; but they seemed, if I may so express it, to have put skates on, and to skim away from me with a smoothness there was no checking.

We began badly, and went on worse. I had come in, with an idea of distinguishing myself rather, conceiving that I was very well prepared; but it turned out to be quite a mistake. Book after book was added to the heap of failures, Miss Murdstone being firmly watchful of us all the time. And when we came at last to the five thousand cheeses (canes he made it that day, I remember), my mother burst out crying.

"Clara!" said Miss Murdstone, in her warning voice.

"I am not quite well, my dear Jane, I think," said my mother.

I saw him wink, solemnly, at his sister, as he rose and said, taking up the cane,

"Why, Jane, we can hardly expect Clara to bear, with perfect firmness, the worry and torment that David has occasioned her to-day. That would be stoical. Clara is greatly strengthened and improved, but we can hardly expect so much from her. David, you and I will go up stairs, boy."

As he took me out at the door, my mother ran towards us. Miss Murdstone said, "Clara! are you a perfect fool?" and interfered. I saw my mother stop her ears then, and I heard her crying.

He walked me up to my room slowly and gravely—I am certain he had a delight in that formal parade of executing justice—and when we got there, suddenly twisted my head under his arm.

"Mr. Murdstone! Sir!" I cried to him. "Don't! Pray don't beat me! I have tried to learn, sir, but I

can't learn while you and Miss Murdstone are by. I can't indeed!"

"Can't you, indeed, David?" he said. "We'll try that."

He had my head as in a vice, but I twined round him somehow, and stopped him for a moment, entreating him not to beat me. It was only for a moment that I stopped him, for he cut me heavily an instant afterward, and in the same instant I caught the hand with which he held me in my mouth, between my teeth, and bit it through. It sets my teeth on edge to think of it.

He beat me then, as if he would have beaten me to death. Above all the noise we made, I heard them running up the stairs, and crying out—I heard my mother crying out—and Peggotty. Then he was gone; and the door was locked outside; and I was lying, fevered and hot, and torn, and sore, and raging in my puny way, upon the floor.

How well I recollect, when I became quiet, what an unnatural stillness seemed to reign through the whole house! How well I remember, when my smart and passion began to cool, how wicked I began to feel!

I sat listening for a long while, but there was not a sound. I crawled up from the floor, and saw my face in the glass, so swollen, red, and ugly, that it almost frightened me. My stripes were sore and stiff, and made me cry afresh, when I moved; but they were nothing to the guilt I felt. It lay heavier on my breast than if I had been a most atrocious criminal, I dare say.

It had begun to grow dark, and I had shut the window (I had been lying, for the most part, with my head upon the sill, by turns crying, dozing, and looking listlessly out), when the key was turned, and Miss Murdstone came in with some bread and meat, and milk. These she put down upon the table without a word, glaring at me the while with exemplary firmness, and then retired, locking the door after her.

Long after it was dark I sat there, wondering whether anybody else would come. When this appeared improble for that night, I undressed, and went to bed; and, there, I began to wonder fearfully what would be done to me. Whether it was a criminal act that I had committed? Whether I should be taken into custody, and sent to prison? Whether I was at all in danger of being hanged?

I never shall forget the waking, next morning; the being cheerful and fresh for the first moment, and then the being weighed down by the stale and dismal oppression of remembrance. Miss Murdstone re-appeared before I was out of bed; told me, in so many words, that I was free to walk in the garden for half an hour and no longer; and retired, leaving the door open, that I might avail myself of that permission.

I did so, and did so every morning of my imprisonment, which lasted five days. If I could have seen my mother alone, I should have gone down on my knees to her and besought her forgiveness; but I saw no one, Miss Murdstone excepted, during the whole time—except at evening prayers in the parlor; to which I was escorted by Miss Murdstone after every body else was placed; where I was stationed, a young outlaw, all alone by myself near the door; and whence I was solemnly conducted by my jailor, before any one arose from the devotional posture. I only observed that my mother was as far off from me as she could be, and kept her face another way so that I never saw it; and that Mr. Murdstone's hand was bound up in a large linnen wrapper.

The length of those five days I can convey no idea of to any one. They occupy the place of years in my remembrance. The way in which I listened to all the incidents of the house that made themselves audible to me; the ringing of the bells, the opening and shutting of doors, the murmering of voices, the footsteps on the stairs; to any laughing, whistling, or singing, outside, which seemed more dismal than anything else to me in my solitude and disgrace—the uncertain pace of the hours, especially at night, when I would wake thinking it was morning, and find that the family were not yet gone to bed, and that all the length of night had yet to come—the depressed dreams and nightmares I had—the return of day, noon, afternoon, evening, when the boys played in the churchyard, and I watched them from a distance within the room, being ashamed to show myself at the window least they should know I was a prisoner—the strange sensation of never hearing myself speak—the fleeting intervals of something like cheerfulness, which came with eating and drinking, and went away with it—the setting in of rain one evening, with a fresh smell, and its coming down faster and faster between me and the church, until it and gathering night seemed to quench me in gloom and fear, and remorse—all this appears to have gone round and round for years instead of days, it is so vividly and strongly stamped on my remembrance.

On the last night of my restraint, I was awakened by hearing my own name spoken in a whisper. I started up in bed, and putting out my arms in the dark, said:

"Is that you, Peggotty?"

There was no immediate answer but presently I heard my name again, in a tone so very mysterious and awful, that I think I should have gone into a fit, if it had not occurred to me that it must have come through the keyhole.

I groped my way to the door, and putting my own lips to the keyhole, whispered:

"Is that you, Peggotty, dear?"

"Yes, my own precious Davy," she replied. "Be as soft as a mouse, or the Cat 'ill hear us."

I understood this to mean Miss Murdstone, and was sensible of the urgency of the case; her room being close by.

"How's Mama, dear Peggotty? Is she very angry with me?"

I could hear Peggotty crying softly on her side of the keyhole, as I was doing on mine, before she answered. "No. Not very."

"What is going to be done with me, Peggotty dear? Do you know?"

"School. Near London," was Peggotty's answer. I was obliged to get her to repeat it, for she spoke it the first time quite down my throat, in consequence of my having forgotten to take my mouth away from the keyhole and put my ear there; and though her words tickled me a good deal, I didn't hear them.

"When, Peggotty?"

"To-morrow."

"Is that the reason why Miss Murdstone took the clothes out of my drawers?" which she had done, though I have forgotten to mention it.

"Yes," said Peggotty. "Box."

"Shan't I see Mama?"

"Yes said Peggotty. "Morning."

Then Peggotty fitted her mouth close to the keyhole, and delivered these words through it with as much feeling and earnestness as a keyhole has ever been the medium of communicating, I will venture to assert: shooting in each broken little sentence in a convulsive little burst of its own.

"Davy, dear. If I ain't ben azackly as intimate with you, lately, as I used to be, it ain't because I don't love you. Just as well and more, my pretty poppet. It's because I thought, it better for you. And for some one else besides. Davy, my darling, are you listening? Can you hear?"

"Ye—ye—ye—yes, Peggotty!" I sobbed.

"My own!" said Peggotty, with infinate compassion. "What I want to say, is. That you must never forget me. For I'll never forget you. And I'll take as much care of your Mama, Davy, as ever I took of you. And I won't leave her. The day may come when she'll be glad to lay her poor head, on her stupid, cross old Peggotty's arm again. And I'll write to you, my dear. Though I ain't no scholar. And I'll—I'll—" Peggotty fell to kissing the keyhole, as she couldn't kiss me.

"Thank you, dear Peggotty!" said I. "Oh, thank you! Thank you! Will you promise me one thing, Peggotty? Will you write and tell Mr. Peggotty and little Em'ly and Mrs. Gummidge and Ham, that I am not so bad as they might suppose, and that I sent 'em all my love—especially to little Em'ly? Will you, if you please, Peggotty?"

The kind soul promised, and we both of us kissed the keyhole with the greatest affection—I patted it with my hand, I recollect, as if it had been her honest face—and parted. From that night there grew up in my breast, a feeling for Peggotty, which I cannot very well define. She did not replace my mother; no one could do that; but she came into a vacancy in my heart which closed upon her, and I felt towards her something I have never felt for any other human being. It was a sort of comical affection too; and yet if she had died, I cannot think what I should have done, or how I should have acted out the tragedy it would have been to me.

In the morning Miss Murdstone appeared as usual, and told me I was going to school; which was not altogether such news to me as she supposed. She also informed me that when I was dressed, I was to come down stairs into the parlor, and have my breakfast. There, I found my mother, very pale and with red eyes: into whose arms I ran, and begged her pardon from my suffering soul.

"Oh Davy!" she said. "That you could hurt any one I love! Try to be better, pray to be better! I forgive you; but I am so grieved, Davy that you should have such bad passions in your heart."

They had persuaded her that I was a wicked fellow, and she was more sorry for that, than for my going away. I felt it sorely. I tried to eat my parting breakfast, but my tears dropped upon my bread and butter, and trickled into my tea. I saw my mother look at me sometimes, and then glance at the watchful Miss Murdstone, and then look down, or look away.

"Master Copperfield's box there!" said Miss Murdstone, when wheels were heard at the gate.

I looked for Peggotty but it was not she; neither she nor Mr. Murdstone appeared. My former acquaintance, the carrier, was at the door; the box was taken out to his cart, and lifted in.

"Clara!" said Miss Murdstone, in her warning note.

"Ready, my dear Jane," returned my mother. "Good bye, Davy. You are going for your own good. Good bye, my child. You will come home in the holidays, and be a better boy."

"Clara!" Miss Murdstone repeated.

"Certainly, my dear Jane," replied my mother, who was holding me. "I forgive you, my dear boy. God bless you!"

"Clara!" Miss Murdstone repeated.

Miss Murdstone was good enough to take me out to the cart, and to say on the way that she hoped that I would repent, before I came to a bad end; and then I got into the cart, and the lazy horse walked off with it.

CHAPTER V.

I AM SENT AWAY FROM HOME.

We might have gone about half a mile, and my pocket-handkerchief was quite wet through, when the carrier stopped short.

Looking out to ascertain what for, I saw, to my amazement, Peggotty burst from a hedge and climb into the cart. She took me in both her arms, and squeezed me to her stays until the pressure on my nose was extremely painful, though I never thought of that till afterwards when I found it very tender. Not a single word did Peggotty speak. Releasing one of her arms, she put it down in her pocket to the elbow, and brought out some paper-bags of cakes which she crammed into my pockets, and a purse which she put into my hand, but not one word did she say. After another and a final squeeze with both arms, she got down from the cart and ran away; and, my belief is, and has always been, without a solitary button on her gown. I picked up one, of several that were rolling about, and treasured it as a keepsake for a long time.

The carrier looked at me, as if to enquire if she were coming back. I shook my head, and said I thought not. "Then come up," said the carrier to the lazy horse; who came up accordingly.

Having by this time cried as much as I possibly could, I began to think it was of no use crying any more, especially as neither Roderick Random, nor that Captain in the Royal British Navy, had ever cried, that I could remember, in trying situations. The carrier, seeing me in this resolution, proposed that my pocket-handkerchief should be spread upon the horse's back to dry. I thanked him, and assented; particularly small it looked, under those circumstances.

I had now leisure to examine the purse. It was a stiff leather purse, with a snap, and had three bright shillings in it, which Peggotty had evidently polished up with whitening, for my greater delight. But its most precious contents were two half-crowns folded together in a bit of paper, on which was written, in my mother's hand, "For Davy. With my love." I was so overcome by this, that I asked the carrier to be so good as reach me my pocket-handkerchief again; but he said he thought I had better do without it; and I thought I really had; so I wiped my eyes on my sleeve and stopped myself.

For good, too; though in consequence of my previous emotion, I was still occasionally seized with a stormy sob. After we had jogged on for some little time, I asked the carrier if he was going all the way.

"All the way where?" enquired the carrier.

"There," I said.

"Where's there?" enquired the carrier.

"Near London?" I said.

"Why that horse," said the carrier, jerking the rein to point him out, "would be deader than pork afore he got over half the ground."

"Are you only going to Yarmouth then?" I asked.

"That's about it," said the carrier. "And there I shall take you to the stage-cutch, and the stage-cutch that'll take you to—wherever it is."

As this was a great deal for the carrier (whose name was Mr. Barkis) to say—he being, as I observed in a *former* chapter, of a phlegmatic temperament, and not at all conversational—I offered him a cake as a mark of attention, which he ate at one gulp, exactly like an elephant, and which made no more impression on his big face than it would have done on an elephant's.

"Did *she* make 'em now?" said Mr. Barkis, always leaning forward, in his slouching way, on the footboard of the cart with an arm on each knee.

"Peggotty, do you mean, Sir?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Barkis. "Her."

"Yes. She makes all our pastry, and does all our cooking."

"Do she though?" said Mr. Barkis.

He made up his mouth as if to whistle, but he didn't whistle. He sat looking at the horse's ears, as if he saw something new there; and sat so, for a considerable time. By-and-by, he said:

"No sweetheart, I b'lieve?"

"Sweetmeats did you say, Mr. Barkis?" For I thought he wanted something else to eat, and had pointedly alluded to that description of refreshment.

"Hearts," said Mr. Barkis. "Sweethearts; no person walks with her!"

"With Peggotty?"

"Ah!" he said. "Her."

"Oh no. She never had a sweetheart."

"Didn't she though!" said Mr. Barkis.

Again he made up his mouth to whistle, and again he didn't whistle, but sat looking at the horse's ears.

"So she makes," said Mr. Barkis after a long interval of reflection, "all the apple parsties, and does all the cooking, do she?"

I replied that such was the fact.

"Well. I'll tell you what," said Mr. Barkis. "P'raps you might be writin' to her?"

"I shall certainly write to her," I rejoined.

"Ah!" he said, slowly turning his eyes towards me. Well! If you was writin' to her, p'raps you'd recollect to say that Barkis was willin'; would you."

"That Barkis is willing," I repeated, innocently. "Is that all the message?"

"Ye—es," he said, considering. "Ye—s. Barkis is willin'."

"But you will be at Blunderstone again to-morrow, Mr. Barkis," I said, faltering a little at the idea of my being far away from it then, "and could give your own message so much better."

As he repudiated this suggestion, however, with a jerk of his head, and once more confirmed his previous request by saying, with profound gravity, Barkis is willin'. That's the message," I readily undertook its transmission. While I was waiting for the coach in the Hotel at Yarmouth that very afternoon, I procured a sheet of paper and an inkstand, and wrote a note to Peggotty which ran thus: "My dear Peggotty. I have come here safe. Barkis is willing. My love to Mama. Yours affectionately. P. S. He says he particularly wants you to know—*Barkis is willing*."

When I had taken this commission on myself, prospectively, Mr. Barkis relapsed into perfect silence; and I, feeling quite worn out by all that had happened lately, lay down on a sack in the cart and fell asleep. I slept soundly until we got to Yarmouth; which was so entirely new and strange to me in the inn yard to which we drove, that I at once abandoned a latent hope I had had of meeting with some of Mr. Peggotty's family there, perhaps even with little Em'y herself.

The coach was in the yard, shining very much all over, but without any horses to it as yet; and it looked in that state as if nothing was more unlikely than its ever going to London. I was thinking this and wondering what would ultimately become of my box, which Mr. Barkis had put down on the yard-pavement by the pole (he having driven up the yard to turn his cart), and also what would ultimately become of me when a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowl and joints of meat were hanging up, and said:

"Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"What name?" enquired the lady.

"Copperfield, ma'am," I said.

"That won't do," returned the lady. "Nobody's dinner is paid for here, in that name."

"Is it Murdstone, ma'am?" I said.

"If you're Master Murdstone," said the lady, "why d[o] you go and give another name first?"

I explained to the lady how it was, who then rang a bell and called out, "William! show the coffee-room!" Upon which a waiter came running out on a kitchen at the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was only to show it to me.

It was a large long room with some large maps in it. [I] doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had bee[n] real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of castors on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops, and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying, very affably, "Now six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife an fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time [I] caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said:

"There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have i[t] now?"

I thanked him, and said Yes. Upon which he poured i[t] out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it!"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me, to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here, yesterday," he said, "a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him!"

"No," I said, I don't think—"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, grey coat, speckled choaker," said the waiter.

"No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure—"

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drink it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

"Why you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But *I'll* drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it 'ill hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it *off quick*, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

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