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CONTENTS.

Preservation of Health.
Where is my Trunk.
A great Printing office.
Poetry.
Superstition in 1848.
Temperance Statistics.
Importance of Flannel next the skin.
The great Viaduct across the Dee, in the vale of Llngollena.
Female Education.
Necessity of Truth.
David Copperfield—by Charles Dickens.
Advertisements.

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

SECOND ARTICLE.

FOOD.

The second requisite for the preservation of health is —a sufficiency of nutritious food.

Organic bodies, in which are included vegetables as well as animals, are constituted (as explained under Physiology) upon the principle of *a continual waste of substance supplied by continual nutrition.*

The Nutritive System of animals, from apparently the humblest of these to the highest, comprehends an *elementary tube* or *cavity*, into which food is received, and from which, after undergoing certain changes, it is diffused by means of smaller vessels throughout the whole structure. In the form of this tube, and in the other apparatus connected with the taking of food, there are in different animals varieties of structure, all of which are respectively in conformity with peculiarities in the quality and amount of food which the particular animals are designed to take. The harmony to be observed in these arrangements is remarkably significant of that Creative Design to be traced in all things.

Man designed to live on a mixed Diet.

Some animals are formed to live upon vegetable substances alone; others are calculated to live upon the flesh of other animals. Herbivorous animals, as the former are called, have generally a long and complicated alimentary tube, because the nutritious part of such food, being comparatively small in proportion to the whole bulk, requires a greater space in which to be extracted and absorbed into the system. The sheep, for example, has a series of intestines twenty-seven times the length of its body. For the opposite reasons, carnivorous or flesh devouring animals—as the feline tribe of quadrupeds and the rapacious birds—have generally a short intestinal canal. The former class of animals are furnished with teeth, calculated, by their broad and flat surfaces, as well by the lateral movement of the jaws in which they are set, to mince down the herbage and grain eaten by them. But the carnivorous animals, with wide-opening jaws, have long and sharp fangs to seize and tear their prey. These peculiarities of structure mark sufficiently *the designs* of nature with respect to the kinds of food required by the two different classes of animals for their support.

The human intestinal canal being of medium length, and the human teeth being a mixture of the two kinds, it necessarily follows that man was designed to eat both vegetable and animal food. As no animal can live agreeably or healthy except in conformity with the laws of its constitution, it follows that man will not thrive unless with a mixture of animal and vegetable food. The followers of Pythagoras argued, from the cruelty of putting animals to death, that it was proper to live on vegetables alone; and eccentric persons of modern times have acted upon this rule. But the ordinances of Nature speak a different language; and if we have any faith in these, we cannot for a moment doubt that a mixture of animal food is necessary for our well-being. On *the other hand, we cannot dispense with* vegetable food without injurious consequences. In that case, we place in a medium alimentary canal a kind of food which is calculated for a short one, thus violating an arrangement of the most important nature. A balance between the two kinds of food is what we should observe, if we would desire to live a natural and healthy life.

Rules connected with eating.

In order fully to understand how to eat, what to eat and how to conduct ourselves after eating, it is necessary that we should be acquainted in some measure with *the process of nutrition*—that curious series of operations by which food is received and assimilated by our system, in order to make good the deficiency produced by waste.

Food is first received into the mouth, and there the operations in question may be said to commence. It is there *to be* chewed (or masticated), and mixed with saliva, preparatorily to its being swallowed or sent into the stomach. Even in this introductory stage there are certain rules to be observed. Strange as it may appear, to know *how to eat* is, physiologically a matter of very considerable importance.

Many persons, thinking it all a matter of indifference, or perhaps unduly anxious to despatch their meals, eat very fast. If we are to believe the accounts of travellers, the whole of the mercantile classes in the United States of America eat hurriedly, seldom *taking* more than ten minutes to breakfast, and a quarter of an hour to dinner. They tumble their meat precipitately into their mouths, and swallow it almost without mastication. This is contrary to an express law of nature, as may be very easily demonstrated.

Food, on being received into the mouth, has two processes to undergo, both very necessary to digestion. It *has to be masticated,* or chewed down, and also to re-

ceive an admixture of saliva. The saliva is a fluid arising from certain glands in and near the mouth, and approaching in character to the gastric juice afterwards to be described. Unless food be well broken down or masticated, and also well mixed up with the salivary fluid, it will be difficult of digestion. The stomach is then called upon to perform, besides its own proper function, that which properly belongs to the teeth and saliva, and it is thus overburdened often in a very serious manner. The pains of indigestion are the immediate consequence, and more remote injuries are likely to follow.

The importance of the saliva has been shown in a striking manner on several occasions when food was received into the stomach otherwise than through the mouth. A gentleman, who, in consequence of a stricture in the gullet, had his food introduced by an aperture into that tube, used to suffer severely from indigestion. It is recorded of a criminal, who, having cut his throat in prison without fatal consequences, required to get his food introduced by means of a tube inserted by the mouth, that every time he was fed there was an effusion of saliva to the amount of from six to eight ounces. We cannot suppose that a fluid of a peculiar character would have been prepared in such quantity, when water would serve as well merely to moisten the food, if it had not been designed to act an important part in the business of nutrition.

With regard to mastication, the evidence of its importance is still more decided. A few years ago, a young Canadian, named Alexis St. Martin, had a hole made by a shot into his stomach, which healed without becoming closed. It was therefore possible to observe the whole operations of the stomach with the eye. His medical attendant, Dr. Beaumont, by these means ascertained that when a piece of solid food was introduced, the gastric juice acted merely on its outside. It was only when the food was comminuted, or made *small*, that this fluid could fully perform its function. When the stomach finds itself totally unable to digest a solid piece of food, it either rejects it by vomiting, or passes it into the gut, where it produces an irritating effect, and is apt to occasion an attack of cholic or flatulency. It must therefore be concluded that *a deliberate mastication of our food is conducive to health, and that fast eating is injurious, and sometimes even dangerous.*

The food, having been properly masticated, is by the action of the tongue thrown into the gullet. It then descends into the stomach, not so much by its own gravity, as by its being urged along by the contractions and motions of the gullet itself. The stomach may be considered as an expansion of the gullet, and the chief part of the alimentary canal. It is, in fact, a membranous pouch or bag, very similar in shape to a bagpipe, having two openings, the one by which the food is admitted, the other that by which it is passed onward. It is into the greater curvature of the bag that the gullet enters; it is at its lesser that it opens into that adjoining portion of the canal into which the half-digested mass is next propelled.

When food has been introduced, the two orifices close, and that which we may term the second stage in the process of digestion commences. The mass, already saturated with saliva, and so broken down as to expose all its particles to the action of the gastric juice, is now submitted to the action of that fluid, which, during digestion, is freely secreted by the vessels of the stomach. The most remarkable quality of this juice is its solvent owr, which is prodigious.

The food exposed to this dissolving agency is converted into a soft, gray, pulpy mass, called *chyme*, which, by the muscular contraction of the stomach, is urged on into the adjoining part of the alimentary canal, called the *duodenum*. This is generally completed in the space of from half an hour to two or three hours; the period varying according to the nature and volume of the food taken, and the degree of mastication and insalivation it has undergone.

In the duodenum, the chyme becomes intimately mixed and incorporated with the bile and pancreatic juices; also with a fluid secreted by the mucuous follicles of the intestine itself. The bile is a greenish, bitter and somewhat viscic fluid, secreted by the liver, which occupies a considerable space on the right side of the body immediately under the ribs. From this organ the bile, after a portion of it has passed up into the adjacent gall-bladder, descends through a small duct, about the size of a goose-quill, into the duodenum. The chyme, when mixed with these fluids, undergoes a change in its appearance: it assumes a yellow colour and bitter taste, owing to the predominance of the bile in the mass; but its character varies according to the nature of the food that has been taken. Fatty matters, tendons, cartilages, white of eggs, &c., are not so readily converted into chyme as fibrous or fleshy, cheesy, and gelatinous substances. The chyme, having undergone the changes adverted to, is urged by the peristaltic motion of the intestines onwards through the alimentary canal. This curious motion of the intestines is caused by the contraction of the muscular coat which enters into their structure, and one of the principal uses ascribed to the bile is that of stimulating them to this motion. If the peristaltic motion be diminished, owing to a deficiency of bile, then the progress of digestion is retarded, and the intestines become constipated. In such cases, calomel, the blue pill, and other medicines, are administered for the purpose of stimulating the liver to secrete the biliary fluid, that it may quicken, by its stimulating properties, the peristaltic action.

The preceding, however, is not the only use of the bile: it also assists in separating the nutritious from the non-nutritious portion of the alimentary mass, for the chyme now presents a mixture of a fluid termed *chyle*, which is in reality the nutritious portion eliminated from the food. The chyme thus mixed with chyle arrives in the small intestines; on the mass of which a series of exquisitely delicate vessels ramify in every direction. These vessels absorb or take up the chyle, leaving the rest of the mass to be ejected from the body. The chyle, thus taken up, is carried into little bodies or glands, where it is still further elaborated, acquiring additional nutritious properties; after which corresponding vessels, emerging from these glands, carry along the fluid to a comparatively large vessel, called the thoracic duct, which ascends in the abdomen along the side of the backbone, and pours it into that side of the heart to which the blood that has already circulated through the body returns. Here the chyle is intimately mixed with the blood, which fluid is now propelled into the the lungs, where it undergoes, from being exposed to the action of the air we breathe, the changes necessary to render it again fit for circulation. It is in the lungs, therefore, that the process of digestion is completed; the blood has now acquired those nutritient properties from which it secretes the new particles of matter adapted to supply the waste of the different textures of the body.

When food is received into the stomach, the secretion of the gastric juice immediately commences; and when a full meal has been taken, this secretion generally lasts for about an hour. It is a law of vital action, that when any living organ is called into play, there is immediately an increased flow of blood and nervous energy towards it. The stomach, while secreting the bile, displays this phenomenon, and the consequence is that the blood and nervous energy are called away from other organs. This is the cause of that chilliness at the extremities which we often feel after eating heartily. So great is the demand which the stomach thus makes upon the rest of the system, that during and for some time after a meal, we are not in a condition to take strong exercise of any kind. Both body and mind are inactive and languid. They are so simply because that which supports muscular and mental activity is concentrated for the time upon the organs of digestion. This is an arrangement of naturewhich a regard to health requires that we should not interfere with. *We should indulge in the muscular and mental repose which is demanded; and this should last for not much less than an hour after every regular meal.* In that time the secretion of bile is nearly finished; the new nutriment begins to tell upon the general circulation; and we are again fit for active exertion. The consequence of not observing this rule is often very hurtful. Strong exercise, or mental application, during or immediately after a meal, diverts the flow of nervous energy and of blood to the stomach, and the process of digestion is necessarily retarded or stopped. Confusion and obstruction are thus introduced into the system, and a tendency to the terrible calamity of dyspepsia is perhaps established.

For the same reason that repose is required after a meal, it is necessary in some measure for a little while before. At the moment when we have concluded a severe muscular task—such, for example, as a long walk—the flow of nervous energy and of circulation is strongly directed to the muscular system. It requires some time to allow this flow to stop and subside; and till this takes place, it is not proper to bring the stomach into exercise, as the demand which it makes when filled would not in that case be answered. In like manner also, if we be engaged in close mental application, the nervous energy and circulation being in that case directed to the brain, it is not right all at once to call another and distant organ into play; some time is required to allow of the energy and circulation being prepared to take the new direction. It may therefore be laid down as a maxim, that *a short period of repose, or at least very light occupation, should be allowed before every meal.*

It is remarkable that these rules, although the natural reasons for them were not perhaps well known, have long been followed with regard to animals upon which man sets a value, while as yet their application to the human constitution is thought of only by a few. Those intrusted with horses and dogs will not allow them to feed immediately after exercise; nor will they allow them to be subjected to exercise for some time after feeding. Experience has also instructed veteran soldiers not to dine the instant that a long march has been concluded, but to wait coolly till ample time has been allowed for all the proper preparations.

Although strong mental and muscular exercise should be avoided before, during, and immediately after a meal, there can be no objection to the light and lively chat which is generally indulged in where several are met to eat together. On the contrary, it is believed that jocund conversation is useful towards the process of nutrition. Dr. Combe, in one of his invaluable works, 'The Physiology of Digestion,' observes the following:—'The necessary churning or agitation of the food is, from the peculiar situation of the stomach, greatly assisted by the play of the diaphragm and abdomical muscles during inspiration and expiration; and the diminution of the vivacity and extent of the respiratory movement which always attend despondency and grief, is one source of the enfeebled digestion which notoriously accompanies depression of mind. The same cause also leads necessarily to an unfavourable condition of the blood itself, which in its turn weakens digestion in common with every other function; but the muscular or mechanical influence is that which at present chiefly concerns us. On the other hand, the active and energetic respiration attendant on cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits adds to the power of digestion, both by aiding the motions of the stomach and by imparting to it a more richly-constituted blood. If to these causes be added the increase of nervous stimulus which pleasing emotions occasion in the stomach (as in the muscles and organs of secretion generally), we shall have no difficulty in perceiving why digestion goes on so well in parties where there is so much jocularity and mirth. "Laughter," says Professor Hufeland of Berlin, "is one of the greatest helps to indigestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons, was founded on [or rather, accidentally in harmony with?] true medical principles. In a word, endeavour to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals: what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good and light blood."'

WHERE IS MY TRUNK?

It is well known in Scoland that the road from Edinburgh to Dundee, though only forty-three miles in extent, is rendered tedious and troublesome by the interposition of two arms of the sea; namely, the Friths of Forth and Tay; one of which is seven, and the other three miles across. Several rapid and well-conducted stage-coaches travel upon this road; but, from their frequent loading and unloading at the ferries, there is not only considerable delay to the travellers, but also rather more than the usual risk of damage and loss to their luggage. On one occasion it happened that the common chances against the safety of a traveller's integuments were multiplied in a mysterious but somewhat amusing manner—as the following little narrative will show.

The gentleman in question was an inside passenger—a very tall man, which was so much the worse for him in that situation—and it appeared that his whole baggage consisted of a single black trunk,—one of medium size, and no way remarkable in appearance. On our leaving Edinburgh, this trunk had been disposed in the boot of the coach, amidst a great variety of other trunks, bundles, and carpet-bags belonging to the rest of the passengers.

Having arrived at Newhaven, the luggage was brought forth from the coach and disposed upon a barrow, in order that it might be taken down to the steamer which

was to convey us across. Just as the barrow was moving off, the tall gentleman said, 'Guard, have you got my trunk.'

'Oh yes, sir,' answered the guard; 'You may be sure it's there.'

'Not so sure of that' quoth the gentleman; 'whereabouts is it?'

The guard poked into the barrow, and sought in vain among the numberless articles for the trunk. After he had puzzled about for two or three minutes, he came to a pause, and looked up evidently a little nonplussed.

'Why, here it is in the boot!' exclaimed the passenger, 'snug at the bottom, where it might have remained, I suppose, for you, till safely returned to the coach-yard in Edinburgh.'

The guard made an awkward apology, put the trunk upon the barrow, and away we all went to the steamer.

Nothing further occurred till we were all standing beside the coach at Pettycur, ready to proceed on our journey through Fife.

Everything seemed to have been stowed into the coach, and most of the passengers had taken their proper places, when the tall gentleman cried out, 'Guard, where is my trunk?'

'In the boot, sir,' answered the guard; 'you may depend upon that.'

'I have not seen it put in,' said the passenger, 'and I don't believe it is there.'

'Oh, sir,' said the guard, 'there can surely be no doubt about the trunk now.'

'There! I declare—there!' cried the owner of the missing property; 'my trunk is still lying down yonder upon the sands. Don't you see it? The sea, I declare, is just about reaching it. What a careless set of porters! I protest I was never so treated on any journey before.'

The trunk was instantly rescued from its somewhat perilous situation, and all having been at length put to rights, we went on our way to Cupar.

Here the coach stops a few minutes at the inn, and there is generally a partial discharge of passengers. As some individuals, on the present occasion, had to leave the coach, there was a slight discomposure of the luggage, and various trunks and bundles were presently seen departing on the backs of porters after the gentlemen to whom they belonged. After all seemed to have been again put to rights, the tall gentleman made his wonted inquiry respecting his trunk.

'The trunk, sir,' said the guard rather pettishly, 'is in the boot.'

'Not a bit of it,' said its owner, who in the meantime had been peering about. 'There it lies in the lobby of the inn!'

The guard now began to think that this trunk was in some way bewitched, and possessed a power, unenjoyed by other earthly trunks, of removing itself or staying behind according to its own good pleasure.

'Have a care o' us!' cried the astonished custodier of baggage; 'that trunk's no canny.'*

'It's canny enough, you fool, said the gentleman; 'but only you don't pay proper attention to it.'

The fact was, that the trunk had been taken out of the coach and placed in the lobby, in order to allow of certain other articles being got at which lay beneath. It was now once more stowed away, and we set forward upon the remaining part of our journey, hoping that there would be no more disturbance about this pestilent trunk. All was right till we came to the lonely inn of St. Michael's, where a side-road turns off to St. Andrews, and where it happened that a passenger had to leave us to walk to that seat of learning, a servant having been in waiting to carry his luggage.

The tall gentleman hearing a bustle about the boot, projected his immensely long slender body through the coach window, in order, like the lady in the fairy tale, to see what he could see.

'Hollo, fellow!' cried he to the servant following the gentleman down the St. Andrews road; 'is not that my trunk? Come back, if you please, and let me inspect it.

'The trunk, sir,' interposed the guard in a sententious manner, 'is that gemman's trunk, and not yours: yours is in the boot.

'We'll make sure of that, Mr. Guard, if you please. Come back, my good fellow, and let me see the trunk you have got with you.

The trunk was accordingly brought back, and, to the confusion of the guard, who had thought himself fairly infallible for this time, it was the tall man's property as clear as brass nails could make it.

The trunk was now the universal subject of talk both inside and outside, and everybody said he would be surprised if it got to its journey's end in safety. All agreed that it manifested a most extraordinary disposition to be lost, stolen, or strayed, but yet every one thought that there was a kind of special providence about it, which kept it on the right road after all; and therefore it became a fair subject of debate, whether the chances *against* or the chances *for* were likely to prevail.

Before we arrived at Newport, where we had to go on board the ferry steamer for Dundee, the conversation had gone into other channels, and, each being engaged about his own concern, no one thought any more about the trunk, till, just as the barrow was descending along the pier, the eternal long man cried out, 'Guard, have you got my trunk?'

'Oh yes,' cried the guard very promptly; 'I've taken care of it now. There it is on the top of all.'

'It's no such thing,' cried a gentleman who had come into the coach at Cupar; 'that's *my* trunk.'

Everybody then looked about for the enchanted trunk; the guard ran back and once more searched the boot, which he knew to have been searched to the bottom before; and the tall gentlemen gazed over land, water, and sky, in quest of his missing property.

'Well, guard,' cried he at length, 'what a pretty fellow you are! There, don't you see?—there's my trunk thrust into the shed like a piece of lumber!'

And so it really was. At the head of the pier at Newport there is a shed, with seats within, where people wait for the ferry-boats; and there, *perdu* beneath a form, lay the enchanted trunk, having been so disposed, in the bustle of unloading, by means which nobody could pretend to understand. The guard, with a half-frightened look, approached the awful object, and soon placed it with the other things on board the ferry-boat.

On our landing at Dundee pier, the proprietor of the trunk saw so well after it himself, that it was evident no accident was for this time to be expected. However, it appeared that this was only a lull to our

* Not innocent—a phrase applied by the common people in Scotland to anything which they suppose invested with supernatural powers of a noxious kind.

attention. The tall gentleman was to go on to Aberdeen by a coach then just about to start from the Royal Hotel; while I, for my part, was to proceed by another coach which was about to proceed from the same place to Perth. A great bustle took place in the narrow street at the inn door, and some of my late fellow-travellers were getting into the one coach and some into the other. The Aberdeen coach was soonest prepared to start, and just as the guard cried 'All's right,' the long figure devolved from the window, and said, in an anxious tone of voice, 'Guard, have you got my trunk?

'Your trunk, sir!' cried the man; 'what like is your trunk?—we have nothing here but bags and baskets.'

'Heaven preserve me!' exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, and burst out of the coach.

It immediately appeared that the trunk had been deposited by mistake in the Perth instead of the Aberdeen coach; and unless the owner had spoken, it would have been, in less than an hour, half way up the Carse of Gowrie. A transfer was immediately made, to the no small amusement of myself and one or two other persons in both coaches who had witnessed its previous misadventures on the road through Fife. Seeing a friend on the Aberdeen vehicle, I took an opportunity of privately requesting that he would, on arriving at his destination, send me an account by post of all the further mistakes and dangers which were sure to befall the trunk in the course of the journey. To this he agreed, and about a week after I received the following letter:—

'Dear——, All went well with myself, my fellow-travellers, and THE TRUNK, till we had got a few miles on this side of Stonehaven, when, just as we were passing one of the boggiest parts of the whole of that boggy road, an unfortunate lurch threw us over upon one side, and the exterior passengers, along with several heavy articles of luggage, were all projected several yards off into the morass. As the place was rather soft, nobody was much hurt; but after everything had again been put to rights, the tall man put some two-thirds of himself through the coach window, in his usual manner, and asked the guard if he was sure the trunk was safe in the boot.

'"Oh Lord, sir!" cried the guard, as if a desperate idea had at that moment rushed into his mind; "the trunk was on the top. Has nobody seen it lying about anywhere?"

'"If it be a trunk ye're looking after," cried a rustic very coolly, "I saw it sink into that well-ee* a quarter of an hour syne."

'"Good God!" exclaimed the distracted owner, "my trunk is gone for ever. Oh, my poor dear trunk!—where is the place?—show me where it disappeared."

'The place being pointed out, he rushed madly up to it, and seemed as if he would have plunged into the watery profound to search for his lost property, or die in the attempt. Being informed that the bogs in this part of the country were understood to be bottomless, he soon saw how vain every endeavour of that kind would be; and so he was with difficulty induced to resume his place in the coach, loudly threatening, however, to make the proprietors of the vehicle pay sweetly for his loss.

'What was in the trunk I have not been able to learn. Perhaps the title-deeds of an estate were among the contents—perhaps it was only filled with bricks and rags, in order to impose upon the innkeepers. In all likelihood the mysterious object is still descending and descending, like the angel's hatchet in Rabbinical story, down the groundless abyss; in which case its contents will not probably be revealed till a great many things of more importance and equal mystery are made plain.'

* The orifice of a deep pool in a morass is so called in Scotland.

A GREAT PRINTING-OFFICE.

We copy from 'Dickson's Almanack for 1846' an account of his immense printing-office, in Boston:—The office covers an area of 14,283 square feet, embracing fifteen rooms. It is lighted by day by 1664 squares of glass set in 100 different windows; and by night by gas shooting up from 100 different burners. In those premises we have one steam-engine of ten-horse power, three Adam's power presses, two Napier presses, three rotary presses, two Ruggle's job presses, eleven hand presses, two copper-plate presses, two embossing presses, one hydraulic press, four standing presses, one small power press, two paper cutters, three card cutters, one ink-mill, and four machines for shaving stereotype plates, two of which are moved by steam-power. We have more than 400 different styles of types—borders, flowers, and cuts of various sorts; in weight, 30,000 pounds. These are all held in their places by means of 860 type cases, or brass galleys, 200 feet standing galleys, 330 chases, and three bushels of quoins. We have two large cisterns, which contain about 1000 gallons, or up-wards of eighteen hogsheads of water. This is distributed through every part of the office by means of 500 feet of lead pipe. We use six hogsheads of water per day, which, supposing it was brought in buckets, would take one man thirteen and a-half hours each day to furnish, allowing him to bring four gallons every ten minutes. Our various presses threw off in the course of the year, 6,069,480 sheets of paper, or 12,645 reams. Supposing each sheet to be about two and a-half feet long, and that they were placed in one continuous line, they would stretch out to 15,173,700 feet, or nearly 2875 miles, about the distance from here to Europe. It is computed that we have printed the past year 130,240,000 pages of books, 64,000 circulars, 25,000 commercial and lawyers' blanks, 20,000 cheques, 25,000 billets, 500,000 bill-heads, 300,000 shop bills and hand bills, and 2,000,000 of labels. We have cut up, printed, embossed, and sold 1,201,520 cards or 24,030 packs. Our average consumption of coal is over two tons a week, or more than 100 tons a year. Besides our 100 gas burners, we use about 150 gallons of oil for extra lights and machinery. For our various printing it takes 1200 pounds of ink per annum, besides gold leaf, bronze, and size. In our type and stereotype foundry we have used the past year 50,000 pounds metal, and turned out 7000 stereotype plates of various sizes and shapes. In our whole establishment we employ usually about 100 hands, and it is safe to conclude that our office affords direct sustenance to at least 500 persons.

Boston paper. [In these days of steam-printing there is nothing very wonderful in all this. The great Boston office could be matched in Edinburgh, and many times more than matched in London.]

Poet's Corner.

THE DEPARTED.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

THE beautiful hath vanished! Like the flower
Tended through storm and shine with kindliest care,
Which had survived the winter's dreariest hour,
And faded when its hues the loveliest were:—
In the glad Spring-time's morn,
When the warm sunbeam kissed its beauty mild,
Then, from its soil uptorn,
Lay cold and crushed that human *flower*, our Child,
And hope was changed to grief.

That bitter grief no wild lament need say—
Noiseless and calm the deepest waters flow—
And ours is measureless; for, day by day,
More strong and sad its bitterness doth grow.
Our hope of hopes is gone!
Vanished from heart and home is one dear *light*:
The best of life is done,
For on its sunshine hath descended night,
Starless, and murk, and cold.

Not now, with bounding spirit, do we drain
Hope's charmed chalice as we did of yore;
Nor, questioning the Future, strive to gain
Knowledge of all the good she had in store.
The past—the past alone
Holds in her cells the treasures which we prize;
The memory of the gone—
The smile—the glance—whate'er the grave denies,
It yields them all again.

Not where the light jest speeds, where smilers come,
Breathe we thy name, departed Child of Earth;
But in the unwonted silence of our home—
That home once joyous with thy heartful mirth,
When, on thy vacant chair
Sadly we look and miss thee from thy place—
Miss thy high forehead fair,—
Thy full, dark eyes—thy curls—thy radient face—
Thy laugh, like mirthful music.

Like a bright dream thy sojourn seems to be—
A brilliancy no sooner here than past.
We miss thy quick, light step,—thy glance of glee,—
Thy graceful form,—all, all too fair to last.
We miss thy thought-crowned brow,
Thy cheerful converse and thy gentlest voice,
Like far-off music, low;
Yet such as made even strangers' hearts rejoice—
Sadly we miss them now.

Often in summer-glowing, hand in hand,
We sit together where thy smiles have been,—
Sometimes in silence, sometimes in bland
And mournful converse suited to the scene,
We talk of days gone by,
Filled with bright promise of the coming years,
When, thou, fair child, wert nigh—
And, talking thus, our eyes are filled with tears,
Whose fount is in the heart.

Thou wert a child in years, oh, daughter mine!
But thy young mind was ripe before its time,
For thou didst love to read, in lore divine,
High expiation for all human crime.
With earnest thought and look
Didst thou explore the treasures of the *Word*,
And, and from His blessed Book,
Thy spirit drew its commune with the Lord—
Hast thou not such above?

Surely, *oh earthly flower*, thou art with him!
Surely, beloved child, thou art in heaven;
Before whose light the joys of life grow dim!
For faith and hope to thee were early given.
Surely there is a time,
When *this* life faileth and *this* sight grows dull,
When, in that sphere sublime,
The hearts that mourn will join their beautiful,
Never to part again.

We grieve,—but we repine not. On the stem
Which bore thy fragrance yet remains on flower,
Our last of living hopes,—and oh! from them
Fain do we pray that we retain *this* dower.
The youngest born hath fled
From earth's affliction to the better sphere;
One brother of the Dead,
Bearing her semblence, yet doth linger here.
Lord, spare him unto us!

SUPERSTITION IN 1848.

'There is (says the *Worcester Chronicle*) now living at Cradley, near Stourbridge, a woman who professes to have the power of witchcraft. A short time ago she greatly terrified a neighbouring butcher by declaring that, within a given time, he would fall from his horse and break his neck; and such was his credulity, that he gave her 2s. 6d. to induce her to change or remove the spell that hung over him. At the latter end of last week the wretch threw the whole neighbourhood into the greatest consternation by asserting that a large steam-engine boiler would burst at the British Company's Iron-works, Congreaves; the result of which was, that numbers of people residing in the vicinity of the works left the neighbourhood, in order to avoid the destruction which would have resulted from such a catastrophe; and on the same account several persons engaged in the works were induced to absent themselves during the day.' The *Cornwall Gazette* records another instance of ignorant superstition in 1848;—A farmer in the parish of Bodmin, believing that some ailment of his

cattle was the consequence of their being bewitched, has recently attempted, as a remedy, the expedient of killing a chicken, and roasting its heart sting it over with pins! The experiment has been so recently adopted, that the enlightened agriculturist is still awaiting the result. Meanwhile he is in doubt as the proper side, right or left, on which, for his own immunity, and the health of his cattle, he ought to pass when he meets the supposed witch.'

TEMPERANCE STATISTICS.

There are at present in England, Ireland, and Scotland, eight hundred and fifty temperance societies, with one million six hundred and forty thousand members. In the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, there are nine hundred and fifty temperance societies, with three hundred and seventy thousand members. In South America there are seventeen thousand persons who have signed the temperance pledge. In Germany there are fifteen hundred temperance societies, with one million three hundred thousand members. In Sweden and Norway there are five hundred and ten temperance societies, with one hundred and twenty thousand members. In the Sandwich Islands there are five thousand persons who have signed the pledge of total abstinence. At the Cape of Good Hope there are nine hundred pledged members. It is ascertained that upwards of seven thousand persons annually perish in Great Britain through accidents while drunk; and the loss to the working-classes alone, through drinking, appears to be annually five hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The enormous sum of four hundred and ninety millions of dollars was expended in Great Britain last year for intoxicating beverages, and five hundred and twenty millions of gallons of malt liquors were brewed last year in Great Britain. In the United States there are three thousand seven hundred and ten temperance societies, with two million six hundred and fifteen thousand members, which includes the Sons of Temperance. In Russia all temperance societies are strictly forbidden by the emperor. In Prussia, Austria, and Italy, there are no temperance societies. In France the temperance cause, although yet in its infancy, is greatly on the increase. The first temperance society in the world, so far as discovery is known, was formed in Germany on Christmas day in the year 1600.—*C. K. Delavan of New-York.*

IMPORTANCE OF FLANNEL NEXT THE SKIN.

It would be easy to adduce strong evidence in behalf of the value and importance of wearing flannel next the skin. 'Sir John Pringle,' says Dr. Hodgkin, 'who accompanied our army into the north at the time of the Rebellion, relates that the health of the soldiers was greatly promoted by their wearing flannel waistcoats, with which they had been supplied on their march by some Society of Friends;' and Sir George Ballingall, in his lectures on military surgery, adduces the testimony of Sir James Macgrigor to the statement that, in the Peninsula, the best-clothed regiments were generally the most healthy; adding that, when in India, he witnessed a remarkable proof of the usefulness of flannel in checking the progress of the most aggravated form of dysentery, in the second battalion of the Royals. Captain Murray told Dr. Combe that 'he was so strongly impressed, from former experience, with a sense of the efficacy of the protection afforded by the constant use of flannel, next the skin, that, when, on his arrival in England, in December 1823, after two years' service amid the iceberg on the coast of Labrador, the ship was ordered to sail immediately for the West Indies, he ordered the purser to draw two extra flannel shirts and pairs of drawers for each man, and instituted a regular daily inspection to see that they were worn. These precautions were followed by the happiest results. He proceeded to his station with a crew of 150 men; visited almost every island in the West Indies, and many of the ports of the Gulf of Mexico; and notwithstanding the sudden transition from extreme climates returned to England without the loss of a single man, or having any sick on board on his arrival. It would be going too far to ascribe this excellent state of health solely to the use of flannel; but there can be little doubt that the latter was an important element in Captain Murray's success.'—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

THE GREAT VIADUCT ACROSS THE DEE, IN THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

One of the most daring and stupendous efforts of skill and art to which the railway has given rise, is the great viaduct now in course of completion across the Valley of the Dee, in the Vale of Llangollen, the dimensions of which surpass anything of the kind in the world. It is upwards of 150 feet above the level of the river—being 30 feet higher than the Stockport viaduct, and 34 feet higher than the Menai Bridge. It is supported by 19 arches of 90 feet span, and its length is upwards of 1530 feet, or nearly one-third of a mile. The outline of the structure is perhaps one of the most handsome that could have been conceived, both as regards its chaste style and attractive finish, and its general appearance is considerably enhanced by the roundness of the arches, which are enriched by massive coins, and the curvilinear batter of the piers. This style of architecture imparts a grace and beauty to the structure without impairing its strength. The greatest attention seems to have been paid to the abutments—the only part of the erection, in reality, where any decorative display could be made. In the middle of both, on each side, there are beautifully-executed niches in the Corinthian order, in addition to some highly-finished masonry. The piers are neatly wrought at the angles, and at the base of nearly each there is a bedding of upwards of 400 square feet of masonry. With the exception of the entradoes of the arches, which are composed of a blue sort of brick, the whole structure is built of beautiful stone, if not as durable, at least equal in richness and brilliancy to Darlydale. The viaduct has an inclination from end to end of ten feet, and connects that part of the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway between Rhos-y-Medre and Chirk. Viewed from beneath, the vast structure presents a noble and truly grand appearance, and its bold proportions, with its height, cannot fail to call forth admiration from the most indifferent beholder. The viaduct has been erected by Messrs. Makin, Mackenzie, and Brassy, contractors, at a cost of upwards of £100,000, being upwards of £30,000 more than the Stockport viaduct. The cost of the timber required to form scaffolding, &c. for its erection was £15000, and between 300 and 400 masons alone were employed during the whole time of construction.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL
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FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE POSITIVE—THE POSSIBLE.

Great as are the improvements the last twenty years have seen in *female education*, and continually increasing as is the number of enlightened and faithful teachers who, having dedicated their lives to the work, carry it on with *renewed* success from day to day, it is still a melancholy fact that, in the majority of our schools, we find many of the old mistakes in full force, together with a *general non-progressiveness* of character which, to the thoughtful, becomes a subject for serious consideration.

To such as call to mind the *days of back-boards and samplers*, and knowing only the really good schools of to-day, rejoicingly draw a contrast between past and present, the assertion just made will *probably* appear both uncalled for and unjust. *But that, unhappily, it is neither the one nor the* other, increasing acquaintance with facts will testify. So far from wishing to obtain credit for her statement through undue weight attached to the facts on which it is based, the sole desire of the writer *is to* induce a more *careful inquiry into* what schools are, and a more earnest consideration of what they should be. Still, such facts as she may adduce—not being selected *to serve a purpose*, but chosen from the general number as most characteristic and expressive, and being all matter, not of hearsay, but of personal knowledge—deserve that degree of consideration which should be accorded to every contribution, however, to the cause of truth. It may assist the better understanding of the subject, if we take a particular class of schools, in order to indicate the traces of old errors still to be found in them; and perhaps those in which it will be most easy to demonstrate our position are the religious.

But before going further, an attempt must be made to guard, if possible, against misconstruction. It is the primary article of the writer's faith, that however gifted or amiable an instructress may be, whatever her *native powers* or acquired accomplishments, she is unfitted for the charge of rational and immortal beings unless her heart, mind, and conscience be under the influence of religion. In speaking, then, of 'religious schools,' it must be borne in mind that it is to such as have taken to themselves the name, not such as we should be disposed to give it to, that reference is always made. These are *sometimes* farther characterised as 'evangelical.' Now, in the use of this word, we are influenced only by a desire of indicating to those who are conversant with them the class of schools referred to, and it is employed with as *little of an invidious meaning* as the terms 'preparatory' or 'finishing' would be, if they suited our purpose. However designated, perhaps the great mistake of the schools in question consists in this, that religion, which they are undoubtedly right in making their first object, is so formally and unattractively presented, so restlessly obtruded at all times and seasons, and so connected with pain and discomfort, that unless a strong interest has been already gained for it in the more genial atmosphere of home, the best result we can hope for is—indifference, and that which we shall most commonly find—dislike. For it will not be asserted, that to bring tired children in from a long walk—where, if really desirous to *improve*, they are *just beginning* to arrange how to make the best of their time—and summoning them all around you, to read *six consecutive* chapters from the Bible—prophecy, history, genealogy, or doctrine, just as it may happen—are the means best calculated to give a *love for the Scriptures*. Or that, after prolonging lessons for an hour and a-half before breakfast, to keep them kneeling a quarter of an hour or more on a cold morning, whilst you are pouring forth prayers which, however true of your individual soul, are without meaning to youthful hearers, is the most hopeful way of *leading* their hearts to God. And yet these are the established usages of religious schools. One verse from the Bible, chosen with reference to time and place—one heartfelt aspiration, poured into the ear of a child whose heart was tuned to receive it—would do as much good as these well-meant but ill-judged attempts do harm. Nor are they the only customs that appear injudicious. The habit of learning from the Bible as a lesson, of being hurried to church twice in the heat *of the summer day, and* reproved for the consequent bodily weariness, as if it were a moral crime; the dulness and gloom of Sundays, the formal preachments *made* on the slightest occasions, and the unfortunate practice of meeting children at every turn with no lighter argument than the Day of *Judgment*—all these are *mistakes more* generally made, and more serious in their consequences, than any who are unacquainted with the subject practically can well imagine. So little *knowledge* of the child's nature is sometimes shown, that an 'Essay on Faith' has been required as a vacation lesson from a whole school, including at least *two* little girls under eleven. Now, if this had been imposed only on the advanced pupils, by whom the subject was understood and felt, and the younger ones *suffered* to write on some other subject within their comprehension, no fault could have been found. But imagine unfortunate little beings suddenly stopping in the *midst of some game* to which they have given their whole heart, and vainly striving to recollect some text, or fragment of a text, that may stand in place of original ideas, *and* fill a decent page in the theme book! Imagine the utter dislike they will *feel to such subjects for years to* come. Teachers seldom fail to see this dislike, but for the most part attribute it to natural perversion and innate depravity. God knows, there is enough of both in every heart, however *comparatively innocent*; *but* the question is—*Is* the right means taken for removing it? And to some of us the farther question arises—May not the mistakes of the teacher help to confirm the wrong feelings of the child? Again: in many schools deceit is effectually taught by the system of espionage maintained over letters. If children are told to say just what they like, but know at the same time that every word they do say will be overlooked, they will, either consciously or unconsciously, be hypocrites in the writing. They cannot fail to say what is likely to give pleasure or gain favour; and going in time a step farther, when communications of a contrary nature have to be made, a piece of paper will be slily slipped in after supervision of the original letter.

And yet, under these influences are brought up every year a large number of children, whose parents, thinking they have secured for them the inestimable benefit of a sound religious education, vainly hope to see springing up in their hearts that good seed which, for want of due preparation of the soil, has never taken root. Happy is it if they do *not find in its place indifference*, callousness, deceit. Now it seems impossible that intelligent parents, and honest but mistaken teachers, should meditate on *these evils without* feeling that they must be removed, at whatever cost or effort.

It is to such I address myself in the following attempt to determine how *many* of the errors that belong to our present school *system* are essentially *interwoven* with it, and how many only make part of it by accidental association; in short, *to set the positive in the light of the possible.*

In doing this, we require one principle given; namely, that schools are a substitute, and at best a poor one, *for home* training, which, when attainable with few or none of the inconveniences commonly attached to it, we hold to be the perfect mode of education, the normal state appointed by God; and which, therefore, we may not change without and sufficient reasons.

This principle granted, and the school admitted to be a substitute for the home, a *good school* is that in which the best features of the home are copied, and its highest advantage secured. By this practical test the merits of the system may be tried, and the causes of failure indicated.

I. In the first place, if a school is to resemble a home, some proportion must exist between the numbers contained in both. And here I should observe, that I am speaking altogether and entirely of female education, and of education as apart from, and above, mere instruction. Large public schools for boys are, by common consent, one of the many necessary evils with which the world abounds. With these, therefore, we have no desire to meddle. But desirable as public spirit and hardihood may be for boys, they are not the objects we propose to ourselves in bringing up our daughters; neither for them do we make the attainment of intellectual excellence our first desire. On the contrary, the culture of the domestic affections, the formation of the character, the strengthening of that heroic, self-denying element which is the basis of a woman's nature, and which enables her to find in duty its own motive and reward, and to do right for the right's sake—these are the ends every thoughtful parent would seek to pursue in the education of his daughters. As much intellectual attainment, as many external accomplishments, as may be consistent with these, he will desire, and no more. Now the home influences, where the moral atmosphere is pure, will be found precisely adapted to secure these ends. The parental affection in which children 'live, move, and have their being,' tends to develop the feeling of love in their young hearts; whilst the deep interest of the parent must quicken his comprehension of the individual character of the child, and teach him how to bring about that peculiar combination of qualities which he desires to see him possessed of.

These being some of the peculiar characteristics of home education, it is at once evident that a large school can never supply its place; for the affection and interest with which each child is regarded by the 'principal' must be infinitely estimable, even if, as too often happens, the feeling of individuality is not lost sight of altogether. If a school, then, be intended to supply the place of the home, it must be sufficiently limited in extent to admit of the same close study of individual character, and will differ chiefly from the natural home in bringing together companions nearer of an age than can possibly be found amongst brothers and sisters. In this respect, and in this only, the school has necessarily the advantage. Many children, studying single-handed, find a degree of dulness in their occupations which would be quickly removed by the presence of companions. Again: unless two or three sisters are very nearly of an age, the consequence of teaching them together is, that the elder is kept back, and grows idle; or, more probably, that the powers of the younger are overstrained. Now, it is by no means asserted that many girls of twelve are incapable of studying with sisters two or three years older—for age is by no means synonymous with power, there being greater capability in some at ten than in others at fifteen. Still, the rule of course is, that fellow-students of the same age are preferable. Moreover, all wise teachers know that children often gain from each other, both mentally and morally, fully as much as it is in the instructor's power to bestow. Difficult as it is to make this clear to any who have not studied education practically, by those who have, it will be readily admitted, because the philosophy of it is rightly understood.

II. The first point being established—that a school must resemble a family in extent—the second is naturally connected with it—that its mode of government shall be the same; namely, patriarchal. That all large schools are despotisms, is by no means asserted; but that they have a natural tendency to become so, can scarcely be denied. In legislating for numbers, recourse must be had to rules, regulations, formulæ, and other mechanical substitutes for personal direction; whilst every school not larger than a family might be governed, as all wisely-ordered families are, almost, if not altogether, by principles. Each member might feel herself the object of the watchful care and affectionate interest of the head, and might partake as largely of the infusion of her spirit. But this is only possible on the supposition that her heart is loving, her judgment sound, and her energy unfailing.

III. In the third place, every head of a school who undertakes to supply the place of home education, must have deeper views of what is required from her, and be more far-sighted with regard to the future, than the majority of our teachers at present are. A school is too often a mere intellectual mill, employed in grinding out of unfortunate children a certain quantity of labour *for present purposes.* Lessons appear to be learned in order to be said, and said to be speedily forgotten. Candour, however, requires us to admit that the whole of this mistake is not to be charged to school-mistresses; parents often, by their ill-judged desire to see their children advance rapidly, adding fuel to that flame by which the powers of young minds are wasted and destroyed. On both sides there is a want of that wise economy by which the immediate results of intellectual efforts are made a part, and but a small part, of the advantages to be derived; the chief gain being the moral discipline involved, and the power this gives for future years; or, to confine our attention to the intellect, the sharpening and strengthening of the faculties, rather than the immediate knowledge they are the means of procuring. Now, the great intellectual mistake in many schools is, that there is no working for the future. Young people are not shown practically that all their studies and pursuits are mainly valuable for the promise they hold out, and the facilities they afford, for future attainments. Could we show them in the present the germ of the future, and make it clear to their minds how much their happiness here and hereafter depends on the faithful fulfilment of those simple duties which they are accustomed to regard as mere indifferent routine, how much more lifelike and earnest would be their daily employments! Common situations, and unromantic circumstances, would then content them; for into the meanest they would see the possibility of carrying all those great deeds and high thoughts which they have reverenced in others, and perhaps sighed for in themselves. Their life would thus become a connected whole, instead of in its two periods offering the slavery of school, and the emancipation of leaving it, with nothing to show the oneness and reality of existence. There can be no doubt that, if judiciously attempted, it will be found possible, without making young persons prematurely thoughtful, to show them the close connection between those two stages of education which they have been accustomed to think so different—the school-teaching, and the life-teaching. A wise teacher will do even more than this. Foreseeing the end of all her efforts from the very beginning, and gradually approximating towards it by slow degrees, in proportion as she finds the power of self-guidance developed, she will remove external motive and stimulus, and so prepare the mind to depend on itself, that, when the period arrives for losing sight of authority altogether, the change shall be in many important particulars imperceptible.

Neither is it necessary that young women should leave school, as they often do, with little preparation for the active duties of life. No other law but the absurd one of fashion has laid down the cultivation of all kinds of useless and frivolous needlework, to the exclusion, in many cases, of that particular branch in which every woman should be well practised. The period of life passed at school is that on which future happiness and usefulness mainly depend, it being during the course of this that habits are, to a certain extent, unalterably formed. To accustom young people, therefore, exclusively to the use of Berlin wools and floss silks, is to preclude the hope of their being, in one important particular, useful mistresses of families.

IV. Are schools and school-life necessarily and unavoidably the dull, formal, *negative* things we commonly find them? May not the cultivation of a loving spirit in the young people, together with constant cheerfulness, intelligent conversation, and an animated manner in the principal, help to make a school-life a happy and pleasant one—inferior to home only in the one great particular, of separation from relative?

In the present administration of schools, one of the principal mistakes arises from the fear of giving too free a course

to that natural reaction, that exuberance of spirits, which is found to follow close attention to study. Now, as certainly as we must relax the bow before we can hope to see it firmly strung, so surely does earnest study require at intervals the most unbounded freedom, the most unrestrained enjoyment of every rational and harmless amusement. Children who do not play with all their heart, are seldom found to learn with all their might; whilst in those who do, the energy and vitality of the playground will accompany the mind to the study, unless some chilling influence meet it on the way. Of refreshing, inspiriting amusements, bodily as well as mental, children at school have too small a share. They are for the most part characterised by a grave dulness of character, a dignified nonchalance of manner, which, painful as we feel it in all, is absolutely hopeless in the young; for it is one of the surest indications of that solemn listlessness which gives us the peculiar specimen of animated nature so *puzzling to many* of our philosophers—the young lady from school. Under a more lifelike and enterprising government, this negativeness of character would cease to exist. The peculiarities of individuals would be cherished and rejoiced in; and school girls would no longer be distinguished from their fellow-mortals by the habit, when dining in tolerably large numbers, of asking for the wing of a fowl all round the table. In all seriousness, we do desire to see a less *genenic* character in the young, who have years enough before them, with no lack of influences, to wear them down to the customary degree of conventional commonplaceness. But this desirable change will not be effected so long as the formal walk for an hour in the day, and the dance in which the posture-master's frown is feared, are held relaxation sufficient for young minds and limbs. Not merely walking, running races, and every game that can be pursued out of doors, but gardening, botany, excursions, visits to manufactories, &c. will help to give a definite object to our exercise, and thereby preserve us from lassitude; a state, by the by, so unnatural to the young, that we never see it—except in the single case of illhealth—without mentally laying the blame on the seniors in charge.

v. The chief points connected with the wellbeing of schools are, undoubtedly, the four we have been attempting to consider; namely, extent, government, purpose, spirit. Many practical points will, however, be found to have great influence on their success; such as choice of situation, arrangement of time, &c. With regard to the former, I feel no hesitation in saying that every school boy, if not quite in the country, still so near it, as to admit of much time being spent every day in the fields and lanes, and without the annoyance of passing through crowded streets in order to reach them. Indeed, unless insurmountable difficulties are in the way, every school should be not only near, but in the country; for health and happiness are both involved in making the most not only of the hour, or hour and a half, devoted to a walk, but of the fragments of time which are constantly occurring between studies, and before and after meals. There is, moreover, an invigorating influence in breathing pure air, the absence of which is poorly compensated by all that a large town has to offer in the shape of lectures or exhibitions. But the advantages of both may be partially united by a situation in the country, in the immediate neighbourhood of a town. And in cases where this is not attainable, which will form the majority, the loss of all town advantages is more than made up to us by and picturesqueness the neighbourhood may afford. To teach a child to love nature, is far more important than to make her a connoisseur in works of art; though, unfortunately, it is less understood. It can only be by living in the midst of fair scenes, and keeping the heart always open to their influence. If this advantage be once given, little positive teaching will be found necessary; there being a secret affinity between the freshness of young hearts and the joyousness of nature, by which all our attempts at formal introductions are felt to be wholly gratuitous. It is because this is imperfectly, if at all, understood by many teachers, that young people are often charged with being idle, when they are in reality full of thought and feeling. A child lies down under a shady tree, and shuts his eyes to feel the sweet breath of summer; or looks up into the interwoven branches, and wonders why they seem to be in the sky, and why the sky looks like another sea, and wherein sky and sea differ from each other, until he loses himself altogether in reverie. The teacher finds him thus engaged, and because he is neither conjugating, nor calculating, nor poring over book or map, pronounces him idle. Now, it would be most absurd to dream of children's spending their time either entirely or principally in this desultory manner, when the advantages of regular employments are known to be invaluable. Still, it is both unjust and unwise to confound together two things so utterly distinct as the love of nature and the love of idleness.

vi. With regard to the arrangement of time, a few practical hints will best explain what is meant.

Work should be always close and earnest, but not too long continued. Two hours are, perhaps, the longest time children should ever be allowed to study without some interval of rest longer or shorter. For very young children, even this is two much. *They cannot give their best attention so long;* or, if they can, that is the strongest of all reasons for never suffering them to do it on any pretext whatever. Intellectual studies should occupy the hours of the morning; music and drawing those of the afternoon; and the evening should be given to work, amusing reading, chess, and all games that afford either exercise to the limbs or relaxation to the mind. It is the time for establishing a cordial sympathy between all the members of a family, but leading each to employ his particular talent for the benefit of the rest. All attempts to make the day begin and end with work are, therefore, mistakes, and deserve to be as unsuccessful as we invariably find them. We are not sent into this world *only* to learn Greek, and Latin, and '*theologics*;' but to comfort and be comforted, and bless and be blessed. The child whose last thought every night are of grammars and lexicons, will make but an ungenial companion in after-life. In female education more especially, where the moral and spiritual culture if all-important, this truth must be carefully borne in mind.

One word in conclusion, to explain the earlier pages of this paper. Religious schools were selected for notice as being more generally believed in than any others. The folies of fashionable seminaries, and the sins of the intellectual hothouses, have already been so fully exposed, that little faith can remain in them among the intelligent: whilst the existence of religious schools of the mistakes we have attempted to point out, is wholly unsuspected by the majority of parents, and can never have been duly considered by the teachers themselves.

And now, with a full conviction that the foregoing observations, however crude in form, are true in substance, the writer commits them to the earnest consideration of all concerned in education. She is conscious that many other particulars might have been brought forward, and many truths more clearly indicated. But Her object is to suggest merely, to throw on the subject just as much light as will serve to guide those less particularly conversant with it; and to point out to any who have been working without reflecting, the greatness of their responsibility for good or for evil.

NECESSITY OF TRUTH.

We are so constituted, that obedience to the law of veracity is absolutely necessary to our happiness. Were we to lose either our feeling of obligation to tell the truth, or our disposition to receive as truth whatever is told to us, there would at once be an end to all science and all knowledge, beyond that which every man had obtained by his own personal observation and experience. No man could profit by the discoveries of those men who have gone before him. Language would be useless, and we should be but little removed from the brutes. Every one must be aware, upon the slightest reflection, that a community of entire liars could not exist in a state of society. The effects of such a course of conduct upon the whole, show us what is the will of the Creator in the individual case.—*Dr. Wayland.*

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.

(Continued from page 127.)

CHAPTER I.

I AM BORN.

" Ba—a—ah !" said my aunt, with a perfect shake on the contemptuous interjection. And corked herself, as before.

Really—really—as Mr. Chillip told my mother, he was almost shocked ; speaking in a professional point of view alone, he was almost shocked. But he sat and looked at her, notwithstanding, for nearly two hours, as she sat looking at the fire, until he was again called out. After another absence, he again returned.

" Well?' said my aunt, taking out the cotton on that side, again.

" Well ma'am," returned Mr. Chillip, " we are—we are progressing slowly, ma'am."

" Ya—a—ah !" said my aunt. With such a snarl at him, that Mr. Chillip absolutely could not bear it. It was really calculated to break his spirit, he said afterwards. He preferred to go and sit upon the stairs, in the dark and a strong draught, until he was again sent for.

Ham Peggotty, who went to the National school, and was a very dragon at his catechism, and who may therefore be regarded as a credible witness, reported next day, that happening to peep in at the parlor-door an hour after this, he was instantly descried by Miss Betsey, then walking to and fro in a state of agitation, and pounced upon before he could make his escape. That there were now occasional sounds of feet and voices overhead which he inferred the cotton did not exclude, from the circumstance of his evidently being clutched by the lady as a victim on whom to expend her superabundant agitation when the sounds were loudest. That, marching him constantly up and down by the collar (as if he had been taking too much laudanum), she, at those times, shook him, rumpled his hair, made light of his linen, stopped *his* ears as if she confounded them with her own, and otherwise touzled and maltreated him. This was in part confirmed by his aunt, who saw him at half-past twelve o'clock, soon after his release, and affirmed that he was then as red as wax.

The mild Mr. Chillip could not possibly bear malice at such a time, if at any time. He sidled into the parlor as soon as he was at liberty, and said to my aunt in his meekest manner.

" Well, ma'am, I am happy to congratulate you."

" What upon ?" said my aunt sharply.

Mr. Chillip was fluttered again, by the extreme severity of my aunt's manner ; so he made her a little bow and gave her a little smile, to mollify her.

" Mercy on the man, what's he doing !" cried my aunt impatiently. " Can't he speak ?"

" Be calm my dear ma'am," said Mr. Chillip, in his softest accents. " There is no longer any occasion for uneasiness, ma'am. Be calm."

It has since been considered almost a miracle that my aunt didn't shake him, and shake what he had to say, out of him, by main force. She only shook her head at him, but in a way that made him quail.

" Well ma'am," resumed Mr. Chillip, as soon as he had courage, " I am happy to congratulate you. All is now over ma'am, and well over."

During the five minutes or so that Mr. Chillip devoted to the delivery of this oration, my aunt eyed him narrowly.

" How is she ?' said my aunt, folding her arms with her bonnet still tied on one of them.

" Well ma'am, she will soon be quite comfortable, I hope," returned Mr. Chillip. " Quite as comfortable as we can expect a young mother to be, under these melancholy domestic circumstances. There cannot be any objection to your seeing her presently, ma'am. It may do her good."

" And *she*. How is *she?*" said my aunt sharply.

Mr. Chillip laid his head a little more on one side, and looked at my aunt like an amiable bird.

" The baby," said my aunt. " How is she ?"

" Ma'am." returned Mr. Chillip, " I apprehended you had known. It's a boy."

My aunt said never a word, but took her bonnet by the strings, in the manner of a sling, aimed a blow at Mr. Chillip's head with it, put it on bent, walked out, and never came back. She vanished like a discontented fairy, or like one of those supernatural beings, whom it was popularly supposed I was entitled to see ; and never came back any more.

No. I lay in my basket, and my mother lay in her bed ; but Betsey Trotwood Copperfield was for ever in the land of dreams and shadows, the tremendous region whence I had so lately travelled ; and the light upon the window of our room, shone out upon the earthly bourne of all such travellers, and the mound above the ashes and the dust that once was he, without whom I had never been.

CHAPTER II.

I OBSERVE.

The first objects that assume a distinct presence before me, as I look far back, into the blank of my infancy, are my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken the whole neighborhood in her face, and cheeks and arms so hard and red that I wondered the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples.

I believe I can remember these two at a little distance apart, dwarfed to my sight by stooping down or kneeling on the floor, and I going unsteadily from the one to the other. I have an impression on my mind which I

cannot distinguish from actual remembrance, of the touch of Peggotty's fore-finger as she used to hold it out to me, and of its being roughened by needle-work, like a pocket nutmeg-grater.

This may be fancy, though I think the memory of most of us can go farther back into such times than many of us suppose. Just as I believe the power of observation in numbers of very young childern to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy. Indeed, I think that most grown men who are remarkable in this respect, may with greater propriety be said not to have lost the faculty, than to have acquired it; the rather, as I generally observe such men to retain a certain freshness, and gentleness, and capacity of being pleased, which are also an inheritance they have preserved from their childhood.

I might have a misgiving that I am "meandering" in stopping to say this, but that it brings me to remark that I build these conclusions, in part upon my own experience of myself; and if it should appear from anything I may set down in this narrative that I was a child of close observation, or that as a man I have a strong memory of my childhood, I undoubtedly lay claim to both of these characteristics.

Looking back, as I was saying, into the blank of my infancy, the first objects I can remember as standing out by themselves from a confusion of things, are my mother and Peggotty. What else do I remember? Let me see.

There comes out of the cloud, our house—not new to me, but quite familiar, in its earliest remembrance. On the ground-floor is Peggotty's kitchen, opening into a back yard; with a pigeon-house on a pole, in the centre, without any pigeons in it; a great dog-kennel in a corner, without any dog; and a quantity of fowls that looked terribly tall to me, walking about, in a menacing and ferocious manner. There is one cock who gets upon a post to crow, and seems to take particular notice of me as I look at him through the kitchen window, who makes me shiver, he is so fierce. Of the geese outside the side-gate who come waddling after me with their long necks stretched out when I go that way, I dream at night as a man environed by wild beasts might dream of lions.

Here is a long passage—what an enormous perspective I make of it!—leading from Peggotty's kitchen to the front door. A dark store-room opens out of it, and that is a place to be run past at night; for I don't know what may be among those tubs and jars and old tea chests, when there is nobody in there with a dimly burning light, letting a mouldy air come out at the door, in which there is the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles, and coffee, all at one whiff. Then there are the two parlors; the parlor in which we sit of an evening, my mother and I and Peggotty—for Peggotty is quite our companion, when her work is done and we are alone—and the best parlor where we sit on a Sunday: grandly, but not so comfortably. There is something of a doleful air about that room to me, for Peggotty has told me—I don't know when, but apparently ages ago—about my father's funeral, and the company having their black cloaks put on. On Sunday night my mother reads to Peggotty and me in there, how Lazarus was raised up from the dead. And I am so frightened, that they are afterwards obliged to take me out of bed, and show me the quiet churchyard out of the bedroom window, with the dead all lying in their graves at rest, below the solemn moon.

There is nothing half so green that I know any where, as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell me the time again?"

Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen—and *is* seen many times during the morning's service by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wonders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape but I must do something. I look at my mother, but *she* pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and *he* makes faces at me. I look at the sun-light coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but a mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time, Mr. Bodgers bore, and the physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain, and if so, how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit, and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up, and from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive by Peggotty.

And now I see the outside of our house, with the lattaced bedroom-windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks' nests still dangling in the elm-trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are—a very preserve of butterflies, as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and a padlock; where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlor. When my mother is out of breath and rests herself in an elbow chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straitening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty.

That is among my very earliest impressions. That, and a sense that we were both a little afraid of Peggotty, and submitted ourselves in most things to her

direction, were among the first opinions—if they may be so called—*that* I ever derived from what I saw.

Peggotty and I were sitting one night by the parlor fire, alone. I had been reading to Peggotty about crocodiles. I must have read very perspicously, or the poor soul must have been deeply interested, for I remember she had a cloudy impression after I had done, that they were a sort of vegetable. I was tired of reading, and dead sleepy; but having leave, as a high treat, to sit up until my mother came home from spending the evening at a neighbor's, I would rather have died upon my post (of course) than gone to bed. I had reached that stage of sleepiness when Peggotty seemed to swell and grow immensley large. I propped my eyelids open with my two forefingers, and looked perseveringly at her as she sat at work; at the little bit of wax candle she had got for her thread—how old it looked, being so wrinkled in all directions;—at the little house with a thatched roof, where the yard-measure lived; at her work-box with a sliding lid with a view of Saint Paul's Cathedral (with a pink dome) painted on the top; at the brass thimble on her finger; at herself, whom I thought lovely. I felt so sleepy that I knew if I lost sight of any thing, for a moment, I was gone.

"Peggotty," says I, suddenly, "were you ever married?"

"Lord, Master Davy," replied Peggotty. "What's put marriage in your head?"

She answered with such a start, that it quite awoke me. And then she stopped in her work, and looked at me, with her needle drawn out to its thread's length.

"But *were* you ever married, Peggotty?" says I. "You are a very handsome woman, an't you?"

I thought her in a very different style from my mother, certainly; but of another school of beauty, I considered her a perfect example. There was a red velvet footstool in the best parlor on which my mother had painted a nosegay. The groundwork of that stool, and Peggotty's complexion, appeared to me to be one and the same thing. The stool was smooth, and Peggotty was rough, but that made no difference.

"Me handsome, Davy!" said Peggotty. "Lawk, no my dear! But what put marriage in your head?"

"I don't know!—You mustn't marry more than one person at a time, may you, Peggotty?"

"Certainly not," says Peggotty, with the promptest decision.

"But if you marry a person, and the person dies, why then you may marry another person, mayn't you Peggotty?"

"You MAY," says Peggotty—"if you choose, my dear. That's a matter of opinion."

"But what is your opinion, Peggotty?" said I.

I asked her, and looked curiously at her, because she looked so curiously at me.

"My opinion is," said Peggotty, taking her eyes from me, after a little indecision, and going on with her work, "that I never was married myself, Master Davy, and that I don't expect to be. That's all I know about the subject."

"You an't cross, I suppose, Peggotty, are you?" said I, after sitting quiet for a minute.

I really thought she was, she had been so short with me: but I was quite mistaken; for she laid aside her work (which was a stocking of her own) and opening her arms wide, took my curly head within them, and gave it a good squeeze. I know it was a good squeeze, because, being very plump, whenever she made any little exertion after she was dressed, some of the buttons on the back of her gown, flew off. And I recollect two bursting to the opposite side of the parlor, while she was hugging me,

"Now let me hear some more about the Crorkindills," said Peggotty, who was not quite right in the name yet, 'for I an't heard half enough."

I couldn't quite understand why Peggotty looked so queer, or why she was so ready to go back to the crocodiles. However, we returned to those monsters, with fresh wakefulness on my part, and we left their eggs in the sand for the sun to hatch; and we ran away from them and baffled them by constantly turning, which they were unable to do quickly, on account of their wieldy make; and we went into the water after them, as natives, and put sharp pieces of timber down their throats; and in short we ran the whole crocodile gauntlet. I did at least; but I had my doubts of Peggotty, who was thoughtfully sticking her needle into various parts of her face and arms, all the time.

We had exhausted the crocodiles, and began with the alligators when the garden bell rang. We went out to the door, and there was my mother, looking unusually pretty, I thought, and with her a gentleman with beautiful black hair and whiskers, who had walked home with us from church last Sunday.

As my mother stooped down on the threshold to take me in her arms and kiss me, the gentleman said I was a more highly privileged little fellow than a monarch—or something like that; for my later understanding comes, I am sensible, to my aid here.

"What does that mean?" I asked him over her shoulder.

He patted me on the head; but somehow, I didn't like him or his deep voice, and I was jealous that his hand should touch my mother's in touching me—which it did. I put it away, as well as I could.

"Oh Davy!" remonstrated my mother.

"Dear boy!" said the gentleman. "I cannot wonder at his devotion!"

I never saw such a beautiful color on my mother's face before. She gently chid me for being rude, and keeping me close to her shawl, turned to thank the gentleman for taking so much trouble as to bring her home. She put out her hand to him, as she spoke, and, as he met it with his own she glanced, I thought, at me.

"Let us say 'good night,' my fine boy," said the gentleman, when he had bent his head—I saw him!—over my mother's little glove.

"Good night!" said I.

"Come! Let us be the best friends in the world!" said the gentleman, laughing. "Shake hands."

My right hand was in my mother's left, so I gave him the other.

"Why, that's the *wrong* hand, Davy!" laughed the gentleman.

My mother drew my right hand forward, but I was resolved, for my former reason, not to give it him, and I did not. I gave him the other, and he shook it heartily, and said I was a brave fellow, and went away.

At this minute I see him turned round in the garden, and gave us a last look with his damned black eyes, before the door was shut.

Peggotty, who had not said a word or moved a finger, secured the fastenings instantly, and we all went

into the parlor. My mother, contrary to her usual habit, instead of coming to the elbow chair by the fire, remained at the other end of the room, and sat singing to herself.

"—Hope you have had a pleasant evening, ma'am," said Peggotty, standing as stiff as a barrel in the centre of the room, with a candlestick in her hand.

"Much obliged to you, Peggotty," returned my mother, in a cheerful voice, "I have had a *very* pleasant evening."

"A stranger or so makes an agreeable change," suggested Peggotty.

"A very agreeable change indeed," returned my mother.

Peggotty continuing to stand motionless in the middle of the room, and my mother resuming her singing, I fell asleep, though I was not so sound asleep but that I could hear voices, without hearing what they said. When I half awoke from this uncomfortable doze, I found Peggotty and my mother both in tears, and both talking.

"Not such a one as this, Mr. Copperfield wouldn't have liked," said Peggotty. "That I say, and that I swear!"

"Good Heavens!" cried my mother. "You'll drive me mad! Was ever any poor girl so illused by her servants as I am! Why do I do myself the injustice of calling myself a girl? Have I never been married Peggotty?"

"God knows you have, ma'am," returned Peggotty.

"Then how can you dare," said my mother—"you know I don't mean how can you dare, Peggotty, but how can you have the heart—to make me so uncomfortable, and say such bitter things to me, when you are well aware that I haven't, out of this place a single friend to turn to!"

"The more's the reason," returned Peggotty, "for saying that it won't do. No! That it won't do. No! No price could make it do. No!"—I thought Peggotty would have thrown the candlestick away, she was so emphatic with it.

"How can you be so aggravating!" said my mother, shedding more tears than before, as to talk in such an unjust manner! How can you go on as if it was all settled and arranged, Peggotty, when I tell you over and over again, you cruel thing, that beyond the commonest civilities nothing has passed! You talk of admiration. What am I to do? If people are so silly as to indulge the sentiment, is it my fault? What am I to do, I ask you? Would you wish me to shave my head and black my face, or disfigure myself with a burn, or a scald, or something of that sort? I dare say you would, Peggotty. I dare say you'd quite enjoy it."

Peggotty seemed to take this aspersion very much at heart, I thought.

"And my dear boy," cried my mother, coming to the elbow chair in which I was, and caressing me, "my own little Davy! Is it to be hinted to me that I am wanting in affection for my precious treasure, the dearest little fellow that ever was!"

"Nobody never went and hinted no such thing," said Peggotty.

"You did, Peggotty!" returned my mother. "You know you did. What else was it possible to infer from what you said you unkind creature, when you know as well as I do, that on his account only last quarter I wouldn't buy myself a new parasol, though that old green one is frayed the whole way up, and the fringe is perfectly mangey. You know it is, Peggotty. You can't deny it." Then turning affectionately to me with her cheek against mine; "Am I a naughty mamma to you, Davy? Am I a nasty, cruel, selfish, bad mamma? Say I am, my child; say 'yes,' dear boy, and Peggotty will love you, and Peggotty's love is a great deal better than mine, Davy. I don't love you at all, do I?"

At this, we all fell a crying together. I think I was the loudest of the party, but I am sure we were all sincere about it. I was quite heart-broken myself, and am afraid that in the first transports of wounded tenderness I called Peggotty a "beast." That honest creature was in deep affliction I remember, and must have become quite buttonless on the occasion: for a little volly of those explosives went off, when, after having made it up with my mother, she kneeled down by the elbow chair, and made it up with me.

We went to bed greatly dejected. My sobs kept waking me for a long time, and when one very strong sob quite hoisted me up in bed, I found my mother sitting on the coverlet, and leaning over me. I fell asleep in her arms, after that, and slept soundly.

Whether it was the following Sunday when I saw the gentleman again, or whether there was any greater lapse of time before he re-appeared, I cannot recall. I don't profess to be clear about dates. But there he was, in church, and he walked home with us afterwards. He came in, too, to look at a famous geranium we had in the parlor window. It did not appear to me that he took much notice of it, but before he went he asked my mother to give him a bit of the blossom. She begged him to choose it for himself, but he refused to do that—I could not understand why—so she plucked it for him and gave it into his hand. He said he should never, never part with it any more, and I thought he must be quite a fool not to know that it would fall to pieces in a day or two.

Peggotty began to be less with us of an evening, than she had always been. My mother deferred to her very much—more than usual, it occurred to me—and we were all three excellent friends, still we were different from what we used to be, and were not so comfortable among ourselves. Sometimes I fancied that Peggotty perhaps objected to my mother's wearing all the pretty dresses she had in her drawers, or to her going so often to that neighbor's of an evening; but I couldn't, to my satisfaction, make out how it was.

Gradually I became used to seeing the gentleman with the whiskers. I liked him no better than at first, and had the same uneasy jealousy of him; but if I had any reason for it beyond a child's instinctive dislike, and a general idea that Peggotty and I could make much of my mother without any help, it certainly was not *the* reason that I might have found if I had been older. No such thing came into my mind or near it. I could observe, in little pieces, as it were; but as to making a net of a number of these pieces, and catching any body in it, that was as yet, beyond me.

One autumn morning I was with my mother in the front garden, when Mr. Murdstone—I knew him by that name now—came by, on horseback. He reined up his horse to salute my mother, and said he was going to Lewestoft to see some friends who were there with a yatcht, and merrily proposed to take me on the saddle before him if I would like the ride.

The air was so clear and pleasant, and the horse seemed to like the idea of the ride so much himself, as he stood snorting and pawing at the garden gate, that

I had a great desire to go. So I was sent up stairs to Peggotty to be made spruce, and in the meantime Mr. Murdstone dismounted, and, with his horse's bridle drawn over his arm, walked slowly up and down on the outer side of the sweetbrier fence, while my mother walked slowly up and down on the inner to keep him company. I recollect Peggotty and I peeping out at them from my little window; I recollect how closely they appeard to be examining the sweetbrier between them, as they strolled along; and how, from being in a perfectly angelic temper, Peggotty turned cross in a moment, and brushed my hair the wrong way, excessively hard.

Mr. Murdstone and I were soon off, and trotting along on the green turf by the side of the road. He held me quite easily with one arm, and I don't think I was restless usually; but I could not make up my mind to sit in front of him without turning my head sometimes, and looking up in his face. He had that kind of shallow black eye—I want a better word to express an eye that has no depth in it to be looked into—which, when it is abstracted, seems, from some peculiarity of light to be disfigured, for a moment at a time, by a cast. Several times when I glanced at him, I observed that appearance with a sort of awe, wondered what he was thinking about so closely. His hair and whiskers were blacker and thicker, looked at so near, than ever I had given them credit for being. A squareness about the lower part of his face, and the dotted indication of the strong black beard he shaved close every day, reminded me of the Wax-work that had travelled into our neighbourhood some half a year before. This, his regular eyebrows, and the rich white, and black, and brown, of his complexion, and his memory!—made me think him, in spite of my misgivings, a very handsome man. I have no doubt that my poor dear mother thought him so too.

We went to a hotel by the sea, where two gentlemen were smoking cigars in a room by themselves. Each of them was lying on at least four chairs, and had a large rough jacket on. In a corner was a heap of coats and boat cloaks, and a flag, all bundled up together.

They both rolled on to their feet in an untidy sort of manner when we came in, and said "Halloa Murdstone! We thought you were dead!"

"Not yet," said Murdstone.

"And who's this shaver?" said one of the gentlemen, taking hold of me.

"That's Davy," returned Mr. Murdstone.

"Davy who?" said the gentleman, "Jones?"

"Copperfield," said Mr. Murdstone.

"What! Bewithching Mrs. Copperfield's incumbrance?" cried the gentleman. "The pretty little widow?"

"Quinion," said Mr. Murdstone, "take care if you please. Somebody's sharp."

"Who is?" asked the gentleman, laughing.

I looked up quickly; being curious to know.

"Only Brooks of Sheffield," said Mr. Murdstone.

I was quite relieved to find it was only Brooks of Sheffield; for, at first, I really thought it was I.

There seemed to be something very comical in the reputation of Mr. Brooks of Sheffield, for both the gentlemen laughed heartily when he was mentioned, and Mr. Murdstone was a good deal amused also. After some laughing, the gentleman whom he had called Quinion, said:

"And what is the opinion of Brooks of Sheffield, in reference to the projected business?"

"Why, I don't know that Brooks understands much about it at present," replied Mr. Murdstone; but he is not generally favorable, I believe."

There was more laughter at this, and Mr. Quinion said, he would ring the bell for some sherry in which to drink to Brooks. This he did, and when the wine came, he made me have a little, with a biscuit, and before I drank it, stand up and say "Confusion to Brooks of Sheffield!" The toast was received with great applause, and such hearty laughter that it made me laugh too; at which they laughed the more. In short, we quite enjoyed ourselves.

We walked about on the cliff after that, and sat on the grass, and looked at things through a telescope—I could make out nothing myself when it was put to my eye, but I pretended I could—and then we came back to the hotel to an early dinner. All the time we were out the two gentlemen smoked incessantly—which, I thought if I might judge from the smell of their rough coats, that they must have been doing ever since the coats had first come home from the tailors'. I must not forget, that we went on board the yacht, where they all three descended into the cabin, and were busy with some papers—I saw them quite hard at work, when I looked down through the open skylight. They left me, during this time, with a very nice man with a very large head of red hair and a very small shiny hat upon it, who had got a cross barred shirt or waistcoat on, with "Skylark" in capital letters, across the chest. I thought it was his name, and that, as he lived on board ship and hadn't a street door to put his name on, he put it there instead; but when I called him Mr. Skylark, he said it meant the vessel.

I observed all day that Mr. Murdstone was graver and steadier than the two gentlemen. They were very gay and careless. They joked freely with one another, but seldom with him. It appeared to me that he was more clever and cold than they were, and that they regarded him with something of my own feeling. I remarked that once or twice when Mr. Quinion was talking he looked at Mr. Murdstone sideways, as if to make sure of his not being displeased; and that once when Mr. Jegg (the other gentleman) was in high spirits, he trod upon his foot, and gave him a secret caution with his eyes, to observe Mr. Murdstone, who was sitting stern and silent. Nor do I recollect that Mr. Murdstone laughed at all that day, except at the Sheffield joke—and that, by the by, was his own.

We went home, early in the evening. It was a very fine evening, and my mother and he had another stroll by the sweet-brier while I was sent in to get my tea. When he was gone, my mother asked me all about the day I had had, and what they had said and done. I mentioned what they had said about her, and she laughed, and told me they were impudent fellows who talked nonsense—but I knew it pleased her. I knew it quite as well as I know it now. I took the opportunity of asking if she was at all acquainted with Mr. Brooks of Sheffield, but she answered, no, only she supposed he must be a manufacturer in the knife and fork way.

(To be continued.)

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