Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- ☐ Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached / Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough / Transparence
- ☑ Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

☑ Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

SIRCLAIR'S JOURNAL
Of British North America.

VOL. 1. QUEBEC, 7TH, JULY, 1849. No. 10.

CONTENTS.

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

THIRD ARTICLE.

KINDS OF FOOD.

It has been shown, by a reference to the structure of the human intestinal canal, that our food is designed to be a mixture of animal and vegetable substances. There is, it is to be remarked, a power of adaptation in nature, by which individuals may be enabled for a considerable time to live healthy on one or the other kind exclusively or nearly so. The above is nevertheless the general rule, to which it is safest to adhere. It has been found, for instance, that field-labourers, including ploughmen, will live healthily for many years on a diet chiefly farinaceous—that is composed of the farina of grain. But it is to be feared that the food in this case, though apparently; sufficient for health, is only so apparently; and that the constitution, being all the time not supported as it ought to be, breaks down prematurely in a great proportion of instances. It has been said again that the Irish labouring classes are a remarkably robust race, although their food consists almost exclusively of potatoes. The fact is overlooked, that the Irish eat a quantity of potatoes so enormous, as could not fail to make up in some measure for the want of animal diet. It was found by the Poor-Law Commissioners, that the greater number of the peasantry of Ireland, women as well as men, take at their two daily meals in general about nine pounds weight of this aliment! Such a case is rather to be ranked amongst instances of extraordinary adaptations to a particular variety of food, then as a proof that an unmixed potato diet is healthy.

Climate has a remarkable effect in modifying the rule as to the mixture and amount of animal and vegetable food. The former has most of a stimulating quality, and this quality is greater in beef, and flesh in general, than in fowl or fish. Now the inhabitants of torrid countries are, in their ordinary condition, least in need of stimulus: hence they find a simple diet of rice and sago sufficient for them. Those, on the contrary, who dwell in cold countries need much stimulus: hence they can devour vast quantites of flesh and blubber, with scarcely any mixture of vegetable food.

Inquiries with respect to the comparative digestibility of different kinds of food, are perhaps chiefly of consequence to those in whom health has already been lost. To the sound and healthy it is comparatively of little consequence what kind of food is taken, provided that some variation is observed, and no excess committed as to quantity. Within the range of fish, flesh, and fowl, there is ample scope for a safe choice. There is scarcely any of the familiar aliments of these kinds but, if plainly dressed, will digest in from two to four hours, and prove perfectly healthy. One rule alone has been pretty well ascertained with respect to animal foods, that they are the more digestible the more minute and tender the fibre may be. They contain more nutriment in a given bulk than vegetable matters, and hence there less need for length of intestine to digest them. Yet it is worthy of notice, that between the chyle produced from animal and that from vegetable food no essential distinction can be observed.

Tendon, suet, and oily matters in general, are considerably less digestible than the ordinary fibre; and these are aliments which should be taken sparingly. Pickling, from its effect in hardening the fibre, diminishes the digestability of meat. Dressed shell-fish, cheese, and some other animal foods, are avoided by many as not sufficiently digestible.

Farinaceous foods of all kinds—wheat, oaten, and barley bread, oaten porrige, sago, arrow-root, tapioca, and potatoes—are highly suitable to the human constitution. They generally require under two hours for digestion, or about half the time of a full mixed meal. The cottage children of Scotland, reared exclusively upon oaten porrige and bread, with potatoes and milk, may be cited as a remarkable example of a class of human beings possessing in an uncommon degree the blessing of health. Green vegetables and fruit, however softened by dressing, are less digestible, and less healthy as a diet. One important consideration here occurs: there is need for a certain bulk in our ordinary food. Receiving nutriment in a condensed form, and in a small space, will not serve the purpose. This is because the organs of digestion are calculated for receiving our food nearly in the condition in which nature presents it—namely, in a considerable bulk with regard to the proportion of its nutritious properties. The same law applies with respect to the lower animals. When a horse is fed upon corn alone, it does not thrive. Nature did not contemplate that all horses should readily obtain a corn diet, but looked chiefly to grass and hay for their support. She therefore prepared the organs for the reception of something of considerable volume; and when a food of less volume is persisted in, her law is violated, and fatal consequences ensue. Civilised man is apt to pay little attention to this rule in his own case. Consulting taste alone, he is apt to refine his food overmuch, and reject what it were better for him to take. The

present writer is much inclined to doubt the propriety of grinding off the coarse exterior of wheaten grain. It does not seem by any means likely that nature calculated the human alimentary cavity for the use of the white interior of the grain, exclusive of all the rest, which consists of very different but not less necessary chemical constituents. Wheat forms so large a part of our daily food, that if this be the case, we unquestionably make a departure of a very important kind from the laws of health. Experience is favourable to this view, for the effect of coarse brown bread in relaxing seems only comparable to that of white bread in constipating the bowels.

Quantity of Food—Number and Times of Meals.

With respect to the amount of food necessary for health, it is difficult to lay down any rule, as different quantities are safe with different individuals, according to their sex, age, activity of life, and some other conditions. There is a general and probably well-founded opinion, that most persons who have the means eat too much, and thereby injure their health. This may be true, and yet it may not be easy to assign to such persons a limit beyond which they ought not to go.

The best authorities are obliged to refer the matter to our own sensations. *Dr. Beaumont*, for example, says that we should not eat till the mind has a sense of *satiety*, for appetite may exceed the power of digestion, and generally does so, particularly in invalids; but to *a point previous to that*, which 'may be known by the pleasurable sensations of *perfect satisfaction, ease, and quiescence of body and mind.*'

The number and times of meals are other questions as yet undetermined. As the digestion of a meal rarely requires more than four hours, and the waking part of a day is about sixteen, it seems unavoidable that at least three meals be taken, though it may be proper that one, if not two of these, be comparatively of a light nature. Breakfast, dinner, and tea as a light meal, may be considered as a safe, if not a very accurate prescription for the daily food of a healthy person. Certainly four good meals a day is too much. No experiments, as far as we are aware, have been made with regard to the total amount of solids which a healthy person in active life may safely take in a day. It has been found, however, that confined criminals and paupers are *healthiest when the daily solids are not much either* above or below twenty-four ounces. Of course, in active life there must be need for a larger allowance, but only to a small extent. We may thus arrive at a tolerably clear conviction of the reality of that excess which is said to be generally indulged in; for certainly most grown people who have the means, not excepting many who pursue very sedentary lives, eat *much more* than twenty-four ounces.

The interval between rising and breakfast ought not to be great, and no severe exercise or taskwork of any kind should be undergone during this interval. There is a general prepossession to the contrary, arising probably from that feeling of freedom and lightness which most people feel at that period of the day, and which seems to them as indicating a preparedness for exertion. But this feeling, perhaps, only arises from a sense of relief from the oppression of food under which much of the rest of the day is spent. It is quite inconsistent with all we know of the physiology of aliment, to suppose that the body is capable of much exertion when the stomach has been for several hours quite empty. We have known many persons take long walks before breakfast, under an impression that they were doing something extremely favourable to health. Others we have known go through three hours of mental task-work at the same period, believing that they were gaining so much time. But the only observable result was, to subtract from the powers of exertion in the middle and latter part of the day. In so far as the practice was contrary to nature, it would likewise of course produce permanent injury. Only a short saunter in the open air, or a very brief application to business or task-work, can be safely indulged in before breakfast.

With regard to the time for either breakfast or dinner, nothing can be said with scientific authority. Dr. Combe, who is by no means disposed to take lax or indulgent views with regard to dietary matters, while favourable to an early dinner hour, allows that he has himself changed his hours for both breakfast and dinner, from comparatively early to comparatively late periods, without any perceptible inconvenience. In rural life, it is found convenient to dine not long after the middle of the day; but in cities, where it is necessary to have a long uninterrupted space in the middle of the day for business, a late dinner hour is scarcely avoidable. In such a case a slight lunch serves to keep the strength from sinking; and if dinner is taken not less than five or six hours before bed-time, it is not easy to see how any injurous consequences should follow. The changes that have taken place in meal hours from old times are more apparent than real. The present substantial lunch of fashionable life occurs nearly at the same hour as the Elizabethan dinner, and the present dinner is in all respects, except name, the same as the supper of those times. The only thing which the physiologist would much insist on, is, that between the two principal meals of the day there should be no long fasts. If the interval be above seven hours, a biscuit should be taken after four of the seven hours have elapsed. When the interval amounts to nine hours, the lunch should be a little more substantial, but not of animal food, particularly if any has been taken at breakfast. A glass of wine is often added to a biscuit lunch, or wine alone is taken; but neither of these practices can be commended. While a small quantity of bread or biscuit gives real strength, and is quite sufficient for the occasion, wine only gives a stimulus, serving for the time, but making the case worse afterwards.

A HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED.—"Stand and deliver!" were the words addressed to a tailor travelling on foot, by a highwayman, whose brace of pistols looked rather dangerous than otherwise. "I'll do that with pleasure" was the reply, at the same time handling over to the outstretched hands of the robber, a purse apparently pretty well stocked; "but," continued he, "suppose you do me a favour in return. My friends would laugh at me were I to go home and tell them I was robbed with as much patience as a lamb, s'pose you fire your two bull-dogs right through the crown of my hat; it will look something like a show of resistance." His request was acceded to; but hardly had the smoke from the discharge of the weapons passed away, the tailor pulled out a rusty old horse pistol, and in his turn politely requested the thunder-struck highwayman to turn out every thing of value, his pistols not omitted, about him.

JULIA FORRESTER.

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
Made up of charms and simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

WORDSWORTH.

"Here, then, our conference ends!" said Mr. Barton, rising; "I love your daughter, Constance—fondly, passionately love her; but you are well aware my slender means are inadequate to support her as my wife."

"And, however happy I might be," said Mr. Forrester, also rising, "to settle a very good girl with a man of character, whom she seems to approve, I cannot consent to *injure the interests of my youngest daughter*, by bestowing such a sum as you propose upon her sister."

"Farewell, then!" cried Barton, pressing the old man's hand—"Heaven bless you and her! Farewell, for ever!" So saying, the suitor took his hat, and passed from the apartment.

For some time after his departure, Mr. Forrester stood with his eyes fixed upon the door which Barton had closed behind him. He could hardly believe but that the scene which had just passed, was all a dream.

"That the noble, the romantic lover!" he exclaimed, "could be thus mercenary. I could not have believed." He passed his hand across his eyes, and hastened to convey tidings of the unpleasant result of this interview to his daughter.

Constance heard all, calmly, meekly. There was no fainting—no tremor shook her frame; but a deadly paleness o'erspread her "carnation-dyed" cheek. She approved her father's resolution, while she felt that *Barton's ascendancy over her affections* could never be shaken off.

"She pined in thought," and her health became impaired. Her sister, Julia, a bright-eyed laughing girl of sixteen, marked the change upon her, and the discontinuance of the visits of one who had been with them for the last two years almost daily. Soon the truth beamed upon her. That instant she flew to her father, and entreated him not to let a mistaken kindness to her, prove their general unhappiness. She declared, with all the sincerity of a young affectionate mind, that she valued fortune only in so far as it might enable her to promote the comfort of those she loved. The continued illness of Constance, and the fear that it might hurry her into an untimely grave, were urged by Julia. The father heard, and reluctantly approved. Constance, while she could not but admire the noble-mindedness of Julia, would not consent to this sacrifice of her sister's interest. She attempted to rally her spirits, and resume her wonted avocations; but the effort was too great—her heart sickened, and the couch of suffering again received her.

Julia could bear this no longer; and with her father's consent, she recalled Barton. His return soon restored the declining health of his mistress. The day was fixed, and he and Constance Forrester were united.

Charles Sommerville—the young, the gay—"the glass of fashion, and the mould of form"—had won the affections of the pretty Julia Forrester. Shortly after the marriage of her sister, a letter came from him, informing her that his father had obtained a cadetship for him, and that in less than a week he must sail for India. "It is best," he said, "that I should depart without the misery of a meeting." He concluded, by vowing that in his "heart of hearts," she should ever hold the chiefest place; and that, in a few years, he would return to her, and once again they should be happy.

Bitter were the tears that Julia shed—joyless was that heart to which grief had been a stranger. The very scenes which together they had looked on, became hateful to her for the remembrances they brought. She resolved on a change of scene, and accordingly set out on a visit to her sister, who had fixed her abode at a distance of about thirty miles from her father's, on the borders of Northumberland.

For some weeks she remained under the Barton's roof, and great was her annoyance when she saw that they were far, very far from happy. Barton himself had got into a course of dissipation, and he was borne away by its impulse. He neglected his wife, staying away from her for days, whenever she ventured to reprove or contradict him. Julia remonstrated *with him on the* folly of such a course; but for her pains, she received nothing but a volley of invectives, intermingled with the wish that she would never more enter his house. Within the hour, she took leave of her sister, who was somewhat astonished at the abruptness of her departure, and returned to her father's.

In due course of time, Constance became a mother; but her infant was so sickly that it lived only a few hours after its birth.

Time wore away, and Constance, feeling keenly the untoward conduct of her husband, pined away, and died. The widower passed the customary period of mourning in the outward show of grief, and many weeks did not thereafter elapse ere he led to the altar a more wealthy bride.

Julia was deeply afflicted by the death of her sister; but, alas! this affliction was not the only one reserved for her. Her father was connected with an extensive mercantile house in Liverpool, which he visited twice a-year, along with another "sleeping partner" of the firm, to examine into the state of its affairs. His whole fortune was embarked in the concern. What then was his horror on being one morning informed by a communication from the head clerk in the establishment, that the acting partner had absconded with all the money in his possession, and that he himself was a ruined man! Fast upon the heels of this announcement, came a demand upon him to pay the outstanding debts of the firm, with which he was unable to comply. Proceedings were summary; and the evening of that day month on which his eldest daughter had died, saw him the tenant of a jail. Not long did his body survive the troubles of his mind. A raging fever attacked him, and confined him to his cell. Julia was ever near his couch, endeavouring to alleviate his sufferings; but all was of no avail—the old man expired, after recommending his daughter to the protection of his sister, Mrs. M'Tavish, a widow lady, resident in Edinburgh.

Possessed of a comfortable jointure, and a notable spirit of economy, Mrs. M'Tavish was enabled to make a very conspicuous figure in that particular corner of the Modern Athens *in which she was domiciled*. She rented a house at Newington. She was one of those rigidly righteous women, who, by paying the most punctual visits to a church, imagine they acquire an unquestionable right, not only to descant upon their own exemplary virtues, but to make free with the conduct and character of every body. Having enjoyed from her youth a very hale constitution, and not having injured it by any tender excesses either of love or sorrow, she

was at the age of fifty-five, completely equal to all the business and bustle of the female world. She was but too happy to receive the ill-starred Julia under her roof, for the sake of the pleasure she would derive from informing every one who visited her, "what a great friend she was to that poor girl."

Mrs. M'Tavish had an utter contempt, or rather constitutional antipathy, to literature and music. All her ideas of useful knowledge and rational amusements, were centred in a social game of cards; and Julia, who, from principles of gratitude and good-nature, wished to accommodate herself to the humour of every person from whom she had received an obligation, assiduously endeavoured in this respect to promote the diversion of her aunt; but, having little or no pleasure in cards, she usually came off a loser—a circumstance which produced a very bitter oration from the attentive old lady, who declared that inattention of this kind was inexcusable in a girl, when the money she lost did not come out of her own pocket. At the keenness, or rather brutality of this reproach, uttered in presence of a large and promiscuous assortment of people, the poor insulted Julia burst into tears, and retired to her room.

In various other little ways did Mrs. M'Tavish annoy the sensitive Julia, who at length determined to abandon her protection, and seek her fortune in the world. But, how to employ herself, and where to seek for that employment, she could not determine; for, from her retired habits, Edinburgh and its community were quite unknown to her. Mr. Barton, whose second wife was now dead, had written, assuring her that when she needed a home his house was open to receive her; but the recollection of his conduct to her sister and herself deterred her from accepting his offer.

Casting her eyes by chance upon the advertisements of the newspaper next morning at breakfast, Julia noticed one to this effect:—

"Wanted, by a family a short distance from town, a young lady as governess. She must be competent to teach English reading, grammar, geography with the use of the globes, French, music, and other branches of female education. Apply, personally, to Mrs. Sarah M'Dougal, 10, Dove's Court, Sallyville Place, West End."

Joyfully did she treasure up in her memory the name and residence of the person to whom application was to be made; and, breakfast over, she sallied forth for the purpose of calling upon the lady, and, if possible, securing her situation.

Sallyville Place was situated not in the most fashionable part of the old town of Edinburgh; and it was only after much inquiry that Julia was enabled to discover Dove's Court; No. 10 was thereafter speedily found, and, up two pair of stairs, was the habitation of Mrs. Sarah M'Dougal.

Julia was not a little astonished, on being shown into a sumptuously furnished apartment, that the interior of the house should present such a contrast to the outside; but her thoughts and conjectures were interrupted by the entrance of the lady of the mansion, as large as life.

Mrs. Sarah M'Dougal was a fat fusby woman of seemingly five-and-forty, not at all to be mistaken for a lady. She inquired of Julia, in the broadest of broad Scotch, whether she had ever been in a situation before, what her terms were, and other particulars, to all of which Julia gave suitable replies, at the same time informing her how uncomfortably she was situated in the house of her aunt, and of her wish to leave it. Something like a pleasurable feeling passed over the countenance of Mrs. M'Dougal when she mentioned this; and the worthy lady immediately advised her to quit the protection of her aunt without so much as bidding her "good-bye." "For it's no respec she should hae frae you," continued she, "whan she hasna *shewn* much."

"This would be unkind," said Julia.

But the old lady soon overruled her scruples on the subject, by suggesting that, if she once signified her intention to her aunt, her every motion would be watched, and the treatment she would receive would be more heartless and unfeeling than before. Accordingly, it was at length agreed that Julia should depart from her aunt's house that night after the venerable lady retired to bed, and put herself under the protection of Mrs. M'Dougal.

"An', in the mornin," said Mrs. M'Dougal, "I'll hae great pleasure in introducin ye to my friend Mrs. Spigot, the brewer's leddy at Canaan. It's her that wants the governess. Sae ye'll juist consider yoursel as engaged."

And, as an earnest of the agreement, Mrs. M'Dougal, in ushering Julia out, thrust a five-pound note into her hand. That night, as the clock struck twelve, Julia, with her clothes tied in a bundle, jumped from her aunt's dining-room window into the little garden plot that lay before the door; and, passing through the outer gate, bade adieu to the house for ever, and set out for the habitation of her new friend. The moon was up; and with somewhat less of difficulty than she had experienced in the morning, Julia picked her way to Dove's Court, Sallyville Place, and gained ready admittance into No. 10.

After a little pattering talk with Mrs. M'Dougal, and a hot supper, consisting of stewed kidneys and minced collops, Julia was conducted, by a stout, red-elbowed serving-girl, to her bedroom. Her observation led her to detect the entire absence of a bolt, or any other fastening by which the door of the apartment might be effectually secured in the inside; and, that no one might enter her room without her knowledge—for this circumstance had not divested her altogether of suspicion—she placed a chair against the door, and then, half undressing, threw herself upon the bed, and commended her eyelids to the especial tutelage of Morpheus. Restless, fatigued, and feverish, she found it impossible to sleep. The imprudence of the step which she had taken occurred in vivid colours to her imagination. Thought pressed heavy upon her, and she rose and paced her chamber with a noiseless foot. Her candle, though still burning, was fast consuming away. She trimmed it; and, as a precautionary step towards the prevention of fire, lifted it from the dressing-table, whereon it had been placed, and carefully set it down upon the hob of the cheerless grate—in which, from the accumulated mass of well-used curl-papers, and other *debris*, it was quite evident that no blaze had been for many a day. During the process of this action, the eye of Julia rested upon a piece of paper, of greater dimensions and better texture than the other occupants of the fire-place, stuck between the bars. Her curiosity was excited. She drew it forth. It seemed to be the scroll of a letter. She read:—

"Mr CRAFORD.—SIR,—I am exceedingly sorry for troubling you this morning. But, realey, as a Gentle-

man, so as I take you to be, I thought you would have come done on Sauterday. I am very hard up to-day, or I would not have sent. Were it ever so little, I would take it kind would you give it to the bearer. I am, with much respect,

FANNEY DIXON."

This was an odd enough epistle in itself; and to Julia—finding it as she had done, in such a place—it was doubly so. It puzzled her extremely.

An hour had passed away in this manner, the candle was now quite burned out, and Julia was about to make a second appeal to the better nature of sleep, when, as she suddenly stopped, she distinctly heard *footsteps treading softly in the passage* leading to her room. They approached the door, and ceased. She could hear a whispering; and presently a light streamed through the crannies of the door. Breathless with fear, the truth at once flashed upon her mind. The situation of the house—its shabby appearance on the outside, and its magnificent appearance in the inside—the strange looks of Mrs. M'Dougal—and the letter she had just read—all tended to confirm her worst suspicions. A hand was laid upon the handle of the door—Julia shrank into a corner. The door was opened, and the falling of the chair which Julia had placed against it, seemed to delay the further progress of her mysterious visiters for a moment. She could hear the voice of Mrs. M'Dougal whisper, "Bide a bit," to her companion. A moment afterwards, and one in the dress of a gentleman entered her appartment. He was evidently in liquor. Mrs. M'Dougal followed cautiously after, with a light, which she was carefully shading with the corner of her apron. The light by accident glanced upon the countenance of the stranger, and the horror-stricken Julia was scarcely able to suppress the scream which involuntarily rose to her lips; for in that stranger she beheld him to whom her sister had pledged her earliest love—she beheld Mr. Barton! Not a moment was to be lost; Julia rushed forward, blew out the light, passed Mrs. M'Dougal, and flew along the passage; and, as she ran, the mingled screams of Mrs. M'Dougal and the imprications of Barton struck upon her ear. In groping in the dark, they had both stumbled against the prostrate chair, and there they lay sprawling on the floor. The outer door was luckily ajar—Julia pulled it forward, and gained the street.

Turning the corner of Sallyville Place as quickly as possible, she ran on, without meeting a single person, until, at length, she found herself in the suburbs of the town. A light—the only one to be seen, for the moon had retired half an hour before—was burning in a little public-house; and thither Julia was but too glad to betake herself for shelter. The woman to whom the house belonged give some credence to her tale, and agreed to give her lodgings for the night. Next morning, Julia rose not. A fever—the consequence of the state of overexcitement into which she had been thrown the preceding night—confined her to the pallet-bed whereon she had passed the hours till sunrise; and, for weeks after that morning, she still lay on it—oftentimes delirious. Her landlady was compassionate enough to allow her to retain the shelter of her roof; but little more could she afford to give her. She had searched Julia's person, and discovered the five-pound note which Mrs M'Dougal had thrust into Julia's hand on the day of her so-called engagement—that expended, no other resources remained. Julia felt she was dying. She bethought herself of her desolate situation—not a being to care for her—not a friend to soothe her in her wretchedness! And where was Charles Sommerville—he to whom her young affection had been given—he who should have smoothed her dying pillow? She could not believe that he meant to play her false—but why, then, had he allowed seven years to elapse without writing or sending to her? The thought was madness; and she strove to repress it.

Once Julia had determined on sending to inform her aunt, Mrs. M'Tavish, of her present situation, and had, accordingly given orders to the woman of the house; but, on second thoughts, had countermanded them, as she scorned to owe anything to the pity of a relation. The woman, however, seeing little prospect of remuneration for more than a month's rent of her room, had secretly dispatched a message to Mrs. M'Tavish, informing her of the present residence of Julia, and her pitiable condition. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of Julia, when, the following night, on opening her eyes for the first time, and casting them round the miserable apartment, she beheld, seated in the only chair which it could boast of, a young man, of apparently twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, in a military undress. He advanced; and, taking her hand, said, with an evidently forced calmness of manner:

"Pardon me, lady, that I have thus presumed to thrust myself unbidden into your presence; but business of an urgent nature demanded it. Here is a letter from your aunt, in which, I trust, she meets your fondest wishes."

So saying, he extended his hand with the letter; but Julia did not take it. Half-rising on her couch, she gazed and gazed upon the handsome countenance of the speaker. A hectic flush was on her cheek; a wild, unearthly glare was in her eye—these might tell that for this world she could not long be; but the stranger marked them not. He could not imagine how ill she was.

"That voice!" she cried—"that form! Am I—can I be mistaken? Ah, no!—It is my own, my long-lost Charles!"

The exertion was too much for her, and she fell back fainting. Charles Sommerville—for is was indeed he—with the prompt assistance of the woman of the house, soon effected her recovery from the swoon.

When he thought she was composed enough to listen to his narrative, Sommerville informed her that, having obtained leave of absence from India for the space of seven years, he had returned to England for the purpose of making her his wife. Judge of his horror and disappointment when, in answer to his inquiries regarding Mr. Forrester and his daughter, he learned that the former had died in a jail, and the latter was dependent on the bounty of an aunt in Edinburgh. Without farther delay, he hastened thither; and, without much difficulty, discovered the whereabouts of Mrs. M'Tavish, who informed him that Julia, having decamped from her house some weeks before, was living at a low public house on the outskirts of the town, adding, that she was about to dispatch a note to "the dear girl." This note Charles Sommerville insisted on carrying, and Mrs. M'Tavish had reluctantly acceded to his wish. He had flown to the place to which it was directed; and, on being shewn into the room where Julia lay, he observed that she was asleep. Hearing that she had been ill, he feared to disturb her; and had accordingly thrown himself into the chair, in which he had patiently sat for

three hours; at the end of that time Julia had unclosed her eyes. He ended by urging Julia to read, if she felt herself able for the task, the letter from her aunt; for, he argued, if that lady desired her presence at Newington, the sooner she went there the better. He trusted she was now well enough to be moved.

Julia answered him by a mournful shake of her head, and with a trembling hand she undid the seal of the letter, and read:—

"Mrs. M'Tavish is exceedingly sorry that, for the reputation of her house, she cannot receive Miss Julia Forrester again under her roof. Miss Julia's conduct will sufficiently explain this. Yet, as Miss Julia Forrester seems repentant, Mrs. M'T. will have much pleasure in soliciting the interests of her own personal friends to procure Miss Julia a situation in some friendly asylum.

"Enclosed is a letter which was left at Mrs. M'T.'s, a few days ago, addressed to Miss Julia Forrester.

"P.S.—Pray, Miss Forrester, did you walk off with any of my night-caps? I had half-a-dozen before you went, and after that I could only find five."

"Well, well!" said Julia, throwing down the letter, "'tis no matter. She won't be long tormented with me now." Sommerville started at these words, as the truth began to dawn upon him.

"Ay, you may doubt it, Charles, but I must tell you I am dying. Once the thought crossed me that there was a peculiar cruelty in the lot assigned to me; but for that thought may Heaven forgive me! My past murmurs are, I trust, forgiven. Charles!"—and her voice faltered—"I have but little business to adjust on earth. May I—may I entreat you to be my executor? My property," added she, with a tender yet ghastly smile, "being all contained in this narrow chamber, will not give you much embarrassment. That letter"—and she pointed to the enclosure in the one received from her aunt—"I have neither strength nor inclination to persue. It cannot contain much of consequence—nothing of pleasure. Charles, when I am gone, I pray you answer it. My last request is, that you will cause me to be buried by the side of my dear, unhappy father." Charles could not answer, but he looked consent, and, supporting Julia, he pressed his lips to hers, and her last sigh was mingled with his tears.

"Is the leddy dead?" cried the woman of the house, abruptly entering. And she bustled forward to open the window, as she gratuitously informed Sommerville, "to let out the soul."

Among the first acts of Sommerville's executorship, it was to open the letter that she had requested him to answer. It was from a lawyer, mentioning the sudden death of Mr. Barton, and of his having bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to Julia Forrester.

SENDING FOR THE DOCTOR.

First, when you wish a call from your medical attendant, always send a written note, and never a verbal message. A written note presents itself to the eye, and tells its own tale, without depending on the memory of the messenger. A message, on the other hand, progresses through at least two, often illiterate, brains, before reaching the doctor, viz: those of the person who carries, and of the person who receives it; and when not altogether forgotten by the latter, it is frequently so jumbled and confused with other messages received at the same time, as to be altogether unintelligible.

Secondly, give the address, as well as the name. This saves many mistakes. We know a medical man who lately attended three patients of the same name at the same time, and more than once went in great haste to the wrong house, in consequence of the name only being mentioned. Similar mistakes are not of uncommon occurrence, and are sources of much discomfort to the patient.

Thirdly, when practicable, send early in the morning. The medical man starts betimes on his rounds; and if he receives notice before going out, where his services are wanted, he can generally make the required visit when seeing his other patients in the same quarter, and so economise his time and leave more leisure for minute inquiry. If, on the other hand, the notice is not delivered till after he has left home, his labour is doubled and his time consumed by going twice over the same ground. This rule is of immense importance in the country, where the distance is very great.

Fourthly, it is a good rule, especially when sending in haste, to state the supposed seat and nature of the ailment for which advice is required. This enables the practitioner, as he goes along, to reflect on the constitutional peculiarities of the patient, and the probable influence of prevailing epidemics and the precautions which a knowledge of these may suggest in directing the treatment. The rule is of much importance in sending for assistance in the night time; because, from having some previous notion of the case, the practitioner may carry remedies with him, and give relief on the spot. And in all cases, it in some degree prepares the mind of the adviser for the investigation of the phenomenon.

Fifthly, when any one is taken ill in the day time and likely to need assistance, send for it while it is yet day: and never wait, as too often happens, till midnight darkness frightens you into alarm. In every sense the last is bad policy. By sending early, you obviate mischief, secure tranquility, and disturb no one; and there is no medical man who would not rather make a needless visit now and then, early in the evening, than be even once disturbed in the night-time, when perhaps he is already exhausted with the labours of the day.

Sixthly, when your medical attendant calls, proceed at once to business, and do not seek to occupy his time with the state of the weather, or the news of the day, before telling him what you complain of. A doctor's time is like a stock in trade, and you may with as much propriety make free with a yard of broadcloth in a merchant's shop, as with an hour of his time. Finish your consultation first, and then, if he has time to bestow in a friendly chat, you and he can settle the affairs of the nation, or the state of the crops, with comfort, because you then leave him at liberty to depart the moment his leisure is expired, which he could not do if you were to take the generalities first, and your case last. Every right-minded medical man will, even as a matter of professional duty, bestow some time in this way, when not much pressed: for without doing so, he cannot acquire that competent knowledge of the patient's condition, or exercise that wholesome moral influence over his mind, which are equally essential to obtaining confidence and successful results. Many people complain of the hurried and unsatisfactory visits of their professional advisers, when they have chiefly themselves to blame for insisting on long disquisitions, which have nothing to do with the purpose to which they were consulted.

Seventhly, when the doctor arrives, conduct him to

his patient, or send away the friends who may be in the room, except the nurse or parent, if the patient be a young person; and follow this rule, however trivial the ailment. Professional inquiries, to be satisfactory, must often involve questions, which delicacy shrinks from answering in the presence of unnecessary witnesses; and even for a sore finger or broken skin, it may be required to enter upon such topics in order to prescribe successfully. Patients shrink from communicating their feeling and sensations in the presence of third parties, who may misunderstand and misrepresent them.

Eightly, never attempt to deceive your medical adviser; for besides thereby being guilty of an immorality, the deceit is carried on at your own risk, and may lead to *the injury of others.* If you conceal circumstances concerning your disease, which ought to be known, *and your attendant is thus misled to prescribe* on erroneous information, your life may be endangered, as well as his reputation, which is unjustifiably made to suffer by your disingenuousness. If your confidence in him is not such as to make you rely on his honour, good sense, and skill, change him for another, but do not practice deceit. Or if he prescribe medicines which you do not choose to take, do not lead him to believe that you have swallowed them, and that the present symptoms or change have been the effects of such medicines. By doing so, you cause him not only to prescibe erroneously in your own case, but also in *that of* others which he may consider analogous to yours; and if, by the persuasion of friends or otherwise, you have either broken through the regimen prescribed, or in any other way consciously departed from what you know to have been the intention of your adviser, do not add to the evil *by further deceit,* but endeavour, at once, to obviate the consequence by a candid statement. And, lastly, do not, unknown to your regular attendant, call in another medical attendant to ascertain what his views are. If you wish for their advice, have recourse to it openly and honourably, in the form of consultation, allowing your first adviser to communicate his views and observations both as regards the past, the present, and the future. This is required to enable the new-comer to appreciate the situation of the patient, and decide as to treatment; and it is not only unworthy of an honest mind to attempt to obtain a surreptitious opinion, but the mingling of two methods of treatment, which almost always results from such a proceeding, does justice to neither, and is almost sure to hurt the patient, who alone deserves to suffer.

The above are a few general rules for every-day use. There may be exceptions to some of them, but to specify such exceptions would occupy much room, and be a waste of time.

Poet's Corner.

THE LANGUAGE OF EYES.

Trust not word or tone:
Both may be affected;
Since e'en sighs have shown
Secrets least expected.

All that smiles can speak,
All the hopes they give thee,
Red lip, rosy cheek,
Still may but deceive thee.

Eyes the truth must tell;
Feelings we deem hidden
In the bosom's cell
Looks reveal unbidden.

Hands may coldly meet
In a formal greeting;
Careless lips repeat
Idle words at meeting;

But the heart to know,
In the eyes read slowly;
Silence there can show
Its recesses wholly.

There, joy unexprest,
Gaily, lightly dances,
Without will, confest,
Thence the pleasure glances.

There love tells the tale,
Lips repressed so often,
Nought cold words avail,
When the eyes thus soften.

There gleam unshed tears
From the fount of Pity;
Painted there appears
Thought sublime and witty;

Ah! and there too scorn
Hath her venom darted,
And to hopes new-born
Sudden blight imparted!

Passion, sternly curbed,
By the tongue unbreathed,
There, with look disturbed,
Has his lightenings wreathed.

There Hope sheds her light
Brightly now, now faintly;
There truth meets the sight
With her aspect saintly.

Read, then, in the looks
What the lips deny thee,
While those Sybil Books
Shine so clearly by thee.

Should words uttered be
For thy heart's assurance?
Ah! if eyes be free,
Though the tongue's in durance.

All you burn to know,
They will tell you plainly,
While the lips below
Keep their secret vainly.

G. F. R.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL
Of British North America.

QUEBEC, 7TH JULY, 1849.

BATHING,

ITS IMPORTANCE AS A PRESERVATIVE OF HEALTH.

Cleanliness is indispensable in securing not only a healthy condition, but also much comfort both of body and mind. Cleanliness is attained by an attention to various circumstances and practices; for the most part people are clean only by halves. The great and almost universally recognised engine of personal purification is the *bath*. The most Eminent Physicians in England have of late years been assiduous in drawing the attention of the British Government to the importance of public baths, and of countenancing their use by every aid of example and encouragement.

While we wonder at their prevalence among all the eastern and northern nations may we not lament that they are so little used in our own country. Until the commencement of the present summer, a public bath in the open river was unthought of, either in Quebec or Montreal; but the importance of bathing, having become so manifest to the Inhabitants of both Cities, we are happy in being able to say, that Montreal can now boast of two well arranged baths, and that in Quebec another is fast approaching completion, so that before the hot July sun has arrived at its full power, the citizens will be provided with a healthy means of recreation. We might, perhaps, find reason to allow that erysipelas, surfeit, rheumatism, colds, and a hundred other evils, particularly all sorts of cutaneous and nervous disorders, might be alleviated, if not prevented, by a proper attention to bathing. The inhabitants of countries in which the bath is constantly used, anxiously seek it, in full confidence of getting rid of all such complaints; and they are rarely disappointed.

There is hardly *any* act of benevolence more essential to the comfort of the community in all cities and large towns than that of establishing the use of baths. Throughout the vast empire of Russia, through all Finland, Lapland, Sweden, and Norway, there is no cottage so poor, no hut so destitute, but it possesses its bath, in which all its inhabitants every Saturday at least, and every day in cases of sickness, experience comfort and salubrity. Among the ancients, baths were public edifices, under the immediate inspection of the government. They were considered as institutions which owed their origin to absolute necessity, as well as to decency and cleanliness. Under her emperors, Rome had nearly a thousand such buildings, which, besides their utility were regarded as masterpieces of architectural skill and sumptuous decoration. In the American cities, more particularly in New York, the floating bath is much resorted to and looked upon as an absolute essential to health, there are several such establishments in the immediate neighborhood of the city, where all can resort who are prevented by business or other circumstances from going to either Staten or Coney Islands for a "dip in the open sea." The water of the St. Lawrence does not possess all the beneficial qualities of the salt sea, but pure water surrounded by healthy atmosphere can at all times be found by its banks, and the situation selected by the gentlemen who have taken much trouble to bring the arrangement to maturity in Quebec, is acknowledged to be in every way fitted for the purpose.

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* 148.)

Can I say of her face—altered as I have reason to remember it, perished as I know it is—that it is gone, when here it comes before me at this instant as distinct as any face that I may choose to look on in a crowded street? Can I say of her innocent and girlish beauty, that it faded and was no more, when its breath falls on my cheek now, as it fell that night? Can I say she ever changed, when my remembrance brings her back to life, thus only, and truer to its loving youth than I have been, or man ever is, still holds fast what it cherished then?

I write of her just as she was when I had gone to bed after this talk, and she came to bid me good night. She kneeled down playfully by the side of the bed, and laying her chin upon her hands, and laughing said:

"What was it they said, Davy? Tell me again. I can't believe it."

"'Bewitching——'" I began.

My mother put her hands upon my lips to stop me.

"It was never bewitching," she said, laughing. "It never could have been bewitching Davy. Now I know it wasn't!"

"Yes it was. 'Bewitching Mrs. Copperfield,'" I repeated stoutly. "And 'pretty.'"

"No no, it was never pretty. Not pretty," interposed my mother, laying her fingers on my lips again.

"Yes it was. 'Pretty little widow.'"

"What foolish, impudent creatures!" cried my mother, laughing and covering her face. "What ridiculous men! An't they? Davy dear——"

"Well, Ma."

"Don't tell Peggotty; she might be angry with them. I am dreadfully angry with them myself; but I would rather Peggotty didn't know."

I promised, of course, and we kissed one another over and over again, and I soon fell fast asleep.

It seems to me at this distance of time, as if it were the next day when Peggotty broached the striking and

adventurous proposition I am about to mention; but it was probably about two months afterwards.

We were sitting as before, one evening (when my mother was out as before), in company with the stocking and the yard measure, and the bit of wax, and the box with Saint Paul's on the lid, and the crocodile book, when Peggotty after looking at me several times, and opening her mouth as if she were going to speak, without doing it—which I thought was merely gaping, or I should have been rather alarmed—said coaxingly:

"Master Davy, how should you like to go along with me and spend a fortnight at my brother's at Yarmouth? Wouldn't *that* be a treat?"

"Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?" I enquired, provisionally.

"*Oh what an agreeable man he is?*" cried Peggotty, holding up her hands. "Then there's the sea; and the boats and ships; and the fishermen; and the beach; and Am to play with—"

Peggotty meant her nephew Ham, mentioned in my first chapter; but she spoke of him as a morsel of English Grammar—first person singular, present tense Indicative, verb neuter To be.

I was flushed by her summary of delights, and replied that it would indeed be a treat, but what would my mother say?

"Why then I'll as good as bet a guinea," said Peggotty, intent upon my face, "that she'll let us go. I'll ask her, if you like, as soon as ever she comes home. There now?"

"But what's she to do while we're away?" said I, putting my small elbows on the table to argue the point. "She can't live by herself."

If Peggotty were looking for a hole, all of a sudden, in the heel of that stocking, it must have been a very little one indeed, and not worth darning.

"I say! Peggotty! She can't live by herself, you know.

"O bless you!" said Peggotty, looking at me again at last. "Don't you know? She's going to stay for a fortnight with Mrs. Graper. Mrs. Graper's going to have a lot of company.

Oh! If that was it, I was quite ready to go. I waited in the utmost impatience until my mother came home from Mrs. Graper's (for it was that identical neighbor) to ascertain if we could get leave to carry out this great idea. Without being nearly so much surprised as I had expected, my mother entered into it readily, and it was arranged that night, and my board and lodging during the visit were to be paid for.

The day soon came for our going. It was such an early day that it came soon, even to me, who was in a fever of expectation, and half afraid that an earthquake or a fiery mountain, or some other great convulsion of nature might interpose to stop the expedition. We were to go in a carrier's cart, which departed in the morning after breakfast. I would have given any money to have been allowed to wrap myself up over night, and sleep in my hat and boots.

It touches me nearly now, although I tell it lightly, to recollect how eager I was to leave my happy home; to think how little I suspected what I did leave for ever.

I am glad to recollect that when the carrier's cart was at the gate, and my mother stood there kissing me, a grateful fondness for her and for the old place I had never turned my back upon before, made me cry. I am glad to know that my mother cried too, and that I felt her heart beat against mine.

I am glad to recollect that when the carrier began to move, my mother ran out at the gate, and called to him to stop, that she might kiss me once more. I am glad to dwell upon the earnestness and love with which she lifted up her face to mine, and did so.

As we left her standing in the road, Mr. Murdstone came up to where she was, and seemed to expostulate with her for being so moved. I was looking back round the awning of the cart, and wondered what business it was of his. Peggotty, who was also looking back on the other side, seemed anything but satisfied; as the face she brought back into the cart denoted.

I sat looking at Peggotty for some time, in a reverie on this suppositious case. Whether, if she were employed to lose me like the boy in the fairy tale, I should be able to track my way home again by the buttons she would shed.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE A CHANCE.

The carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope, and shuffled along with his head down, as if he liked to keep the people waiting to whom the packages were directed. I fancied, indeed, that he sometimes chuckled audibly over his reflection, but the carrier said he was only troubled with a cough.

The carrier had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove, with one of his arms on each of his knees. I say "drove," but it struck me that the cart would have gone to Yarmouth quite as well without him, for the horse did all that—and as to conversation, he had no idea of it but whistling.

Peggotty had got a basket of refreshments on her knee, which would have lasted us out handsomely, if we had been going to London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket, her hold of which never relaxed; and I could not have believed unless I had heard her do it, that one defenceless woman could have snored so much.

We made so many deviations up and down lanes, and were such a long time delivering a bedstead at a public house, and calling at other places, that I was quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. I looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eyes over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography-book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles; which would account for it.

As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a *mound or so might have improved it*, and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much *mixed up*, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, *and that, for her part*, she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater.

When we got into the street (which was strange enough to me) and smelt the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice, and said as much to Peggotty, who heard my expressions of delight with great complacency, and told me it was well known (I suppose to those who had the *good fortune* to be born Bloaters) that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe.

"Here's my Am!" screamed Peggotty, "growed out of knowledge!"

He was waiting for us, in fact, at the public-house, and asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance. I did not feel, at first, that I knew him as well as he knew me, because he had never come to our house since the night I was born, and naturally he had the advantage of me. But our intimacy was much advanced by his taking me on his back to carry me home. He was now, a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simpering boy's face, and curly light hair, that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them. And you couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in atop, like an old building, with something pitchy.

Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas-works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, ship-wrights' yards, ship-breakers' yards, calkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said,

"Yon's our house, Master Davy!"

I looked in all directions as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out at it for a chimney and smoking very cosily, but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to me.

"That's not it?" said I, "that ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Master Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's Palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely, but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down, by a Bible, and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common colored pictures, framed and glazed, of Scripture subjects, such as I have never seen since in the hands of peddlers, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again, at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantel-shelf, was a picture of the Sarah Jane Lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it; a work of art, combining composition with carpentery, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats, and eked out the chairs.

All this, I saw in the first glance after I crossed the treshold—childlike, according to my theory—and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen; in the stern of the vessel; with a little window where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster shells; a little bed which there was just room-enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house, was the smell of fish; which was so searching that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one and other, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden out-house where the pots and kettles were kept.

We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen courtseying at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought her so) with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself. By and by, when we had dined in a sumptuous manner off boiled dabs, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me, a hairy man with a very good-natured face, came home. As he called Peggotty "Lass," and gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, I had no doubt, from the general propriety of her conduct, that he was her brother; and so he turned out: being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house.

"Glad to see you, Sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You'll find us rough, Sir, but you'll find us ready."

I thanked him, and replied that I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

"How's your Ma, Sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "Did you leave her pretty jolly?"

I gave Mr. Peggotty to understand that she was as jolly as I could wish, and that she desired her compliments—which was a polite fiction on my part.

"I'm much obleeged to her, I'm sure," said Mr. Peggotty. "Well, Sir, if you can make out here, for a fortnut, 'long wi' her," nodding at his sister, "and Ham, and little Em'ly, we shall be proud of your company."

Having done the honors of his house in this hospitable manner, Mr. Peggotty went out to wash himself in a kettle-full of hot water, remarking that "cold would never get his muck off." He soon returned, greatly improved in appearance, but so rubicund, that I couldn't help thinking his face had this in common with the lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; that it went into the hot water very black, and came out very red.

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the night being cold and misty now) it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire, and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimey corner. Mrs. Peggotty with the white apron, was knitting on the oposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needle-work was as much at home with Saint Paul's and the bit of wax-candle as if they had never known any other roof. Ham, who had been giving me my first lesson in all-fours, was trying to recollect a scheme of telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and printing of fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence.

"Mr. Peggotty!" says I.

"Sir," says he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham, because you lived in a sort of Ark?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea, but answered:

"No Sir. I never giv him no name."

"Who gave him that name, then?" said I, putting question number two of the catechism to Mr. Peggotty.

"Why, Sir, his father giv it him," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I thought you were his father!"

"My brother Joe was *his* father," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Dead, *Mr. Peggotty?*" *I hinted*, after a respectful pause.

"Drowned," said Mr. Peggotty.

I was very much surprised that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to any body *else there*. I was so curious to know, that I made up my mind to have it out with Mr. Peggotty.

"Little Em'ly," I said, glancing at her. "She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, Sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father."

I couldn't help it. "—Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drownded," said Mr. Peggotty.

I felt the difficulty of resuming the subject, but had not got to the bottom of it yet, and must attain the bottom somehow. So I said:

"Haven't you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, master," he answered, with a short laugh. "I'm a bacheldore."

"A bachelor!" I said, astonished. "Why, who's that, Mr. Peggotty?" pointing to the person *in the* apron who was knitting.

"That's Missis Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty?"

But at this point, Peggotty—I mean my own peculiar Peggotty—*made such impressive motions to me not to ask any* further questions, that I could only sit and look at all the silent company, until it was time to go to bed. Then, in the privacy of my own little cabin, she *informed me* that Ham and Em'ly were an orphan nephew and niece, whom my host had at different times adopted in their childhood when they were left destitute; and that *Mrs. Gummidge* was the widow *of his partner in a boat*, who had died very poor. He was but a poor man himself, said Peggotty, but as good *as gold* and as true as steel—*those* were her similes. The only subject, she informed me, on which he ever showed a violent temper or swore an oath, was this generosity *of his*; and if it were *ever referred* to, by any one of them, he struck the table a heavy blow with his right hand (had split it on one occasion), and swore a *dreadful oath* that he would be "gormed" if he didn't cut and run for good, if it was ever mentioned again. It appeared, in answer to my *inquiries*, that nobody had the least idea of the etymology of this terrible verb passive to be gormed; but that they all regarded it as constituting a most solemn imprecation.

I was very sensible of my entertainer's goodness, and listened to the women's going to bed in another *little crib like* mine at the opposite end of the boat, and to him and Ham hanging up two hammocks for themselves on the hooks I had noticed in the roof, in a very luxurious state of mind, enhanced by my being sleepy. As slumber gradually stole upon *me*, I heard the wind howling out at sea and coming on across the flat so fiercely, that I had a lazy apprehension of *the great deep rising in* the night. But I bethought myself that I was in a boat, after all, and that a man like Mr. Peggotty was not a bad person on board if any thing did happen.

Nothing happened, however, worse than morning. Almost as soon as it shone upon the oyster-shell frame of my *mirror*, I was *out of bed, and out with little Em'ly* picking up stones upon the beach.

"You're quite a sailor, I suppose?" *I said to Em'ly*. I don't know that I supposed anything of the kind, but I felt it an act of gallantry to say something; and a shining sail close to us, made such a pretty little image of itself, at the moment, in her bright eye, that it came into my head to say this.

"No," *replied* Em'ly shaking her head. "*I'm afraid of* the sea."

"Afraid!" I said, with a becoming air of boldness, and looking very big at the mighty ocean. "I ain't."

"Ah! but it's cruel," said Em'ly. "I have seen it very cruel to some of our men. I have seen it tear a boat as big as our house, all to pieces."

"*I hope it wasn't* the boat that——"

"That father was drownded in!" said Em'ly. "No. Not that one, I never saw that boat."

"Nor him?" I asked her.

Little Em'ly shook her head. "*Not to remember!*"

Here was a coincidence! I immediately went into an explanation how I had never seen my own father, and how my mother and I had always lived by ourselves in the happiest state imaginable, and lived so then, and always meant to live so; and how my father's grave was in the churchyard near our house, and shaded by a tree, beneath the boughs of which I had walked and heard the birds sing many a pleasant morning. But there were some differences between Em'ly's orphanhood and mine it appeared. She had lost her mother before her father; and where her father's grave was no one knew, except that it was somewhere in the depths of the sea.

"*Besides*," said Em'ly, as she looked about for shells and pebbles, "your father was a gentleman and your mother is a lady; *and my father was a fisherman*, and my mother was a fisherman's daughter, and my uncle Dan is a fisherman."

"Dan is Mr. Peggotty, is he?" said I.

"*Uncle Dan—yonder*," answered Em'ly, nodding at the boat-house.

"Yes. I mean him. He must be *very good*, I should think?"

"Good?" said Em'ly. "If I was ever to be a *lady*, I'd give him a sky-blue coat with diamond buttons, nankeen trousers, a red velvet waistcoat, a cocked hat, a large gold watch, a silver pipe, and a box of money."

I said I had *no* doubt that Mr. Peggotty well deserved these treasures. I must acknowledge that I felt it difficult to picture him quite at his ease in the raiment proposed for him by his *grateful little* niece, and that I was particularly doubtful of the policy of the cocked hat; but I kept these sentiments to myself.

Little Em'ly had stopped and looked up at the sky in her enumeration of these articles, as if they were a glorious vision. We went *on again, picking up* shells and pebbles.

"You would like to be a lady?" I said.

Emily looked at me, *and laughed, and nodded "yes."*

"I should like it very much. We would all be gentlefolks together then. Me, and uncle, and Ham, and Mrs. Gummidge. We wouldn't *mind* then, when there come stormy weather. Not for our own sakes, I mean. We would for the *poor fishermen's, to be sure, and we'd help 'em with money* when they come to any hurt."

This seemed to me to be a very satisfactory, and therefore not at all improbable picture. I expressed my pleasure in the contemplation of it, and little Emly was emboldened to say, shyly,

"Don't you think you are afraid of the sea now?"

It was quite enough to reassure me, but I have *no* doubt if I had seen a moderately large wave come tumbling *in*, I should *have taken to my heels*, with an awful recollection of her drowned relations. However, I said "No" and I added, "You don't seem to be, either, though you say you are;"—for she was walking much too near the brink of a sort of jetty or wooden causeway we had strolled upon, and I was afraid *of her falling over*.

"I'm not afraid in this way," said little Em'ly. "But I wake when it blows, and tremble to think of uncle *Dan and* Ham, and believe I hear 'em crying out for help. That's why I should like so much to be a lady. But I'm not afraid in this way. Not a bit. Look here!"

She started from my side, and ran along a jagged timber which *protruded from the place we stood upon*, and overhung the deep water at *some height*, without the least defence. The incident is so impressed on my remembrance, that if I were a draughtsman I could draw its form here, I dare say, accurately as it was that day, and Little Em'ly springing forward to her destruction (as it appeared to me), with a look that I have never forgotten, directed out to sea.

The light, bold, *fluttering* little figure turned and came back safe to me, and I soon laughed at my fears, and at the cry I had uttered; *fruitlessly in* any case, for there was no one near. But there have been times since, in my manhood, many times there have been, when I have thought, Is it possible, among the possibilities of hidden things, that in the sudden rashness of the child and her wild look so far off, there was any merciful attraction *of her into danger, any tempting*

her towards him permitted on the part of her dead father, that her life might have a chance of ending that day! There has been a time since when I have wondered whether, if the life before her could have been revealed to me at a glance, and so revealed as that a child could fully comprehend it, and if ever her preservation could have depended on a motion of my hand, I ought to have held it up to save her. There has been a time since—I do not say it lasted long, but it has been—when I have asked myself the question, would it have been better for little Em'ly to have had the waters close above her head that morning in my sight; and when I have answered Yes, it would have been.

This may be premature. I have set it down too soon, perhaps. But let it stand.

We strolled a long way, and loaded ourselves with things that we thought curious, and put some stranded star-fish carefully back into the water—I hardly know enough of the race at this moment to be quite certain whether they had reason to feel obliged to us for doing so, or the reverse—and then made our way home to Mr. Peggotty's dwelling. We stopped under the lee of the lobster out-house to exchange an innocent kiss, and went into breakfast glowing with health and pleasure.

"Like two young Mavishes," Mr. Peggotty said. I knew this meant, in our local dialect, like two young thrushes, and received it as a compliment.

Of course I was in love with little Em'ly. I am sure I loved that baby quite as truly, quite as tenderly, with greater purity, and more disinterestedness, than can enter into the best love of a later time of life, high and ennobling as it is. I am sure my fancy raised up something round that blue-eyed mite of a child, which etherealized, and made a very angel of her. If, any sunny forenoon, she had spread a little pair of wings and flown away before my eyes, I don't think I should have regarded it as much more than I had had reason to expect.

We used to walk about that dim old flat at Yarmouth in a loving manner, hours and hours. The days sported by us, as if Time had not grown up himself yet, but were a child too, and always at play. I told Em'ly I adored her, and that unless she confessed she adored me I should be reduced to the necessity of killing myself with a sword. She said she did, and I have no doubt she did.

As to any sense of inequality, or youthfulness, or other difficulty in our way, little Em'ly and I had no such trouble, because we had no future. We made no more provisions for growing older, than we did for growing younger. We were the admiration of Mrs. Gummidge and Peggotty, who used to whisper of an evening when we sat, lovingly, on our little locker side by side, "Lor! wasn't it beautiful!" Mr. Peggotty smiled at us from behind his pipe, and Ham grinned all the evening and did nothing else. They had something of the sort of pleasure in us, I suppose, that they might have had in a toy, or a pocket model of the Colosseum.

I soon found out that Mrs. Gummidge did not always make herself so agreeable as she might have been expected to do, under the circumstances of her residence with Mr. Peggotty. Mrs. Gummidge's was rather a fretful disposition, and she whimpered more sometimes than was comfortable for other parties in so small an establishment. I was very sorry for her, but there were moments when it would have been more agreeable, I thought, if Mrs. Gummidge had had a convenient appartment of her own to retire to, and had stopped there until her spirits revived.

Mr. Peggotty went occasionally to a public house called The Willing Mind. I discovered this, by his being out on the second or third evening of our visit, and by Mrs. Gummidge's looking up at the Dutch clock, between eight and nine, and saying he was there, and that, what was more, she had known in the morning he would go there.

Mrs. Gummidge had been in a low state all day, and had burst into tears in the forenoon, when the fire smoked. "I am a lone lorn creetur'," were Mrs. Gummidge's words, when that unpleasant occurrence took place, "and every think goes contrairy with me."

"Oh, it'll soon leave off," said Peggotty—I again mean our Peggotty—"and besides, you know, it's not more disagreeable to you than to us."

"I feel it more," said Mrs. Gummidge.

It was a very cold day, with cutting blasts of wind. Mrs. Gummidge's peculiar corner of the fireside seemed to me to be the warmest and snuggest in the place, as her chair was certainly the easiest, but it didn't suit her that day at all. She was constantly complaining of the cold, and of its occasioning a visitation in her back which she called "the creeps." At last she shed tears on that subject, and said again that she was "a lorn creetur' and every think went contrairy with her."

"It is certainly very cold," said Peggotty. "Every body must feel it."

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. Gummidge.

So at dinner, when Mrs. Gummidge was always helped immediately after me, to whom the preference was given as a visitor of distinction. The fish were small and bony, and the potatoes were a little burnt. We all acknowledged that we felt this something of a disappointment; but Mrs. Gummidge said she felt it more than we did, and shed tears again, and made that former declaration with great bitterness.

Accordingly, when Mr. Peggotty came home about nine o'clock, this unfortunate Mrs. Gummidge was knitting in her corner in a very wretched and miserable condition. Peggotty had been working cheerfully. Ham had been patching up a great pair of water-boots, and I, with little Em'ly by my side had been reading to them. Mrs. Gummidge had never made any other remark than forlorn a sigh, and had never raised her eyes since tea.

"Well, Mates," said Mr. Peggotty, taking his seat, "and how are you?"

We all said something, to welcome him, except Mrs. Gummidge, who shook her head over her knitting.

"What's amiss?" said Mr. Peggotty, with a clap of his hands. "Cheer up, old Mawther!" (Mr. Peggotty meant old girl.)

Mrs. Gummidge did not appear to be able to cheer up. She took out an old black silk handkerchief and wiped her eyes, but instead of putting it in her pocket, kept it out, and wiped them again, and still kept it out ready for use.

"What's amiss, dame?" said Mr. Peggotty.

"Nothing," returned Mrs. Gummidge. "You've come from The Willing Mind, Dan'l?"

"Why yes, I've took a short spell at The Willing Mind to-night," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I'm sorry I should drive you there," said Mrs. Gummidge.

"Drive! I don't want no driving," returned Mr. Peggotty, with an honest laugh. "I only go too ready."

"Very ready," said Mrs. Gummidge, shaking her head, and wiping her eyes. "Yes, yes, very ready. I am sorry it should be along of me that you're so ready."

"Along o' you? It ain't along o' you!" said Mr. Peggotty. "Don't ye believe a bit on it."

"Yes, yes, it is," cried Mrs. Gummidge. "I know what I am. I know that I'm a lone lorn creetur', and not only that every think goes contrairy with me, but that I go contrairy with every body. Yes, yes. I feel more than other people do, and I shew it more. It's my misfortun'."

I really couldn't help thinking as I sat taking in all this, that the misfortunes extended to some other members of that family besides Mrs. Gummidge. But Mr. Peggotty made no such retort, only answering with another entreaty to Mrs. Gummidge to cheer up.

"I an't what I could wish myself to be," said Mrs. Gummidge. "I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrairy. I wish I didn't feel 'em, but I do. I wish I could be hardened to 'em, but I an't. I make the house uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it. I've made your sister so all day, and Master Davy.

Here I was suddenly melted, and roared out, "No, you haven't, Mrs. Gummidge;" in great mental distress.

"It's far from right that I should do it," said Mrs. Gummidge. "It an't a fit return. I had better go into the House and die. I am a lone lorne creetur, and had much better not

make myself contrairy here. If things must go contrairy with me, and I must go contrairy myself, let me go contrairy in my Parish. Dan'l, I'd better go into the house, and die and be a riddance!"

Mrs. Gummidge retired with these words, and betook herself to bed. When she was gone, Mr. Peggotty, who had not exhibited a trace of any feeling but the profoundest sympathy, looked round upon us, and nodding his head with a lively expression of that sentiment still animating his, said in a whisper:

She's been thinking of the old 'un."

I did not quite understand what Old One Mrs. Gummidge was supposed to have fixed her mind upon; until Peggotty, on seeing me to bed, explained that it was the late Mr. Gummidge, and that her brother always took that for a received truth on such occasions, and that it always had a moving effect upon him. Some time after he was in his hammock that night, I heard him myself repeat to Ham "Poor thing! She's been thinking of the old 'un!" And whenever Mrs. Gummidge was overcome in a similar manner during the remainder of our stay (which happened some few times) he always said the same thing in extenuation of the circumstance, and always with the tenderest commiseration.

So the fortnight slipped away, varied by nothing but the variation of the tide, which altered Mr. Peggotty's times of going out and coming in, and altered Ham's engagements also. When the latter was unemployed, he sometimes walked with us to show us the boats and ships, and once or twice he took us for a row. I don't know why one slight set of impressions should be more particularly associated with a place than another, though I believe this obtains with most people, in reference especially, to the associations of their childhood. I never hear the name, or read the name of Yarmouth, but I am reminded of a certain Sunday morning on the beach, the bells ringing for church, little Em'ly leaning on my shoulder, Ham lazily dropping stones into the water, and the sun, away at sea, just breaking through the heavy mist, and showing us the ships, like their own shadows.

At last the day came for going home. I bore up against separation from Mr. Peggotty and Mrs. Gummidge, but my agony of mind at leaving little Em'ly was piercing. We went arm in arm to the public house where the carrier put up, and I promised, on the road, to write to her. (I redeemed that promise afterwards in characters larger than those in which apartments are usually announced in manuscript, as being to let.) We were greatly overcome at parting, and if ever, in my life, I have had a void made in my heart, I had one made that day.

Now, all the time I had been on my visit, I had been ungrateful to my home again, and had thought little or nothing about it. But I was no sooner turned towards it, than my reproachful young conscience seemed to point that way with a steady finger, and I felt, all the more for the sinking of my spirits, that it was my nest, and that my mother was my comforter and friend.

This gained upon me as I went along; so that the nearer we drew, and the more familiar the objects became that we passed, the more excited I was to get there, and to run into her arms. But Peggotty instead of sharing in these transports, tried to check them (though very kindly) and looked confused and out of sorts.

Blunderstone Rookery would come, however, in spite of her when the carrier's horse pleased—and did. How well I recollect it, on a cold grey afternoon, with a dull sky, threatening rain!

The door opened, and I looked, half laughing and half crying in my pleasant agitation, for my mother. It was not she but a strange servant.

"Why, Peggotty!" I said ruefully. "Isn't she come home?"

"Yes, Master Davy," said Peggotty. "She's come ho. . Wait a bit, Master Davy, and I'll—I'll tell you something."

Between her agitation and her natural awkwardness in getting out of the cart, Peggotty was making a most extraordinary festoon of herself, but I felt too blank and strange to tell her so. When she had got down, she took me by the hand; led me, wondering, into the kitchen; and shut the door.

"Peggotty!" said I, quite frightened. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter, bless you, Master Davy, dear!" she answered, assuming an air of sprightliness.

"Something's the matter, I am sure. Where's mamma?"

"Where's mamma, Master Davy?" repeated Peggotty.

"Yes. Why hasn't she come out of the gate, and what have we come in here for? Oh, Peggotty!" My eyes were full and I felt as if I were going to tumble down.

"Bless the precious boy!" cried Peggotty, taking hold of me. "What is it! Speak, my pet!"

"Not dead too! Oh, she's not dead, Peggotty?"

Peggotty cried out with an astonishing volume of voice, and then sat down, and began to pant, and said I had given her a turn.

I gave her a hug to take away the turn, or to give her another turn in the right direction, and then stood before her, looking at her in dumb inquiry.

"You see, dear, I should have told you before now," said Peggotty, "but I hadn't an opportunity. I ought to have made it, perhaps, but I couldn't exactly"—that was always the substitute for exactly, in Peggotty's militia of words—"bring my mind to it."

"Go on, Peggotty," Says I, more frightened than ever.

"Master Davy," said Peggotty, untying her bonnet with a shaking hand, and speaking in a breathless sort of way, what do you think? You have got a Pa!"

I trembled and turned white. Something—I don't know what, or how—connected with the grave in the churchyard, and the raising of the Dead, seemed to strike me like an unwholesome wind.

"A new one," said Peggotty.

"A new one?" I repeated.

"Peggotty gave a gasp, as if she were swallowing something that was very hard, and, putting out her hand, said:

"Come and see him."

"I don't want to see him."

—"And your mamma," said Peggotty.

I ceased to draw back, and we went straight to the best parlor, where she left me. On one side of the fire sat my mother; on the other, Mr. Murdstone. My mother dropped her work, and arose hurriedly, but timidly I thought.

"Now, Clara, my dear," said Mr. Murdstone. Recollect! control yourself, always control yourself! Davy boy, how do you do?"

I gave him my hand. After a moment of suspense, I went and kissed my mother; she kissed me, patted me gently on the shoulder, and sat down again to her work. I could not look at her. I could not look at him, I knew quite well that he was looking at us both—and I turned the window and looked out there, at some shrubs that were drooping their heads in cold.

As soon as I could creep away, I crept up stairs. My old dear bedroom was changed, and I was to lie a long way off. I rambled down stairs to find anything that was like itself; so altered it all seemed; and roamed into the yard. I very soon returned back from there, for the empty dog-kennel was filled up with a great dog—deep-mouthed and black-haired like Him—and he was very angry at the sight of me, and sprung out to get at me.

CHAPTER IV.

I FALL INTO DISGRACE.

If the room to which my bed was removed, were a sentient thing that could give evidence, I might appeal to it at this day—who sleeps there now I wonder!—to bear witness for me what a heavy heart I carried to it. I went up there, hearing the dog in the yard bark after me all the way while I climbed the stairs; and, looking as blank and strange upon the room as the room looked upon me, sat down with my small hands crossed, and bought.

I thought of the oddest things. Of the shape of the room, of the cracks in the ceiling, of the paper on the wall, of the flaws in the window-glass making ripples and dimples on the prospect, of the washing-stand being ricketty on its three legs, and having a discontented something about it, which reminded me of Mrs. Gummidge under the influence of the old one. I was crying all the time, but, except that I was conscious of being cold and dejected, I am sure I never thought why I cried. At last in my desolation I began to consider that I was dreadfully in love with little Em'ly, and had been torn away from her to come here where no one seemed to want me, or to care about me, half as much as she did. This made such very a miserable piece of busines it, of that I rolled myself up in a corner of the counterpane, and cried myself to sleep.

I was awoke by somebody saying "Here he is!" and uncovering my hot head. My mother and Peggotty had come to look at me, and it was one of them who had done it.

"Davy," said my mother. "What's the matter?"

I thought it very strange that she should ask me, and answered "Nothing." I turned over on my face, I recollect, to hide my trembling lips which answered her with greater truth.

"Davy," said my mother. "Davy, my child!"

I dare say no words she could have uttered, would have affected me so much, then, as her calling me her child. I hid my tears in the bedclothes, and pressed her from me with my hand, when she would have raised me up.

"This is your doing, Peggotty, you cruel thing!" said my mother. "I have no doubt at all about it. How can you reconcile it to your conscience, I wonder, to prejudice my own boy against me, or against anybody who is dear to me? What do you mean by it, Peggotty?"

Poor Peggotty lifted up her hands and eyes, and only answered, in a sort of paraphrase of the grace I usually repeated after dinner, "Lord forgive you, Mrs. Copperfield, and for what you have said this minute, may you never be truly sorry!"

"It's enough to distract me," cried my mother. "In my honey-moon, too, when my most inveterate enemy might relent, one would think,, and not envy me a little peace of mind and happiness. Davy, you naughty boy! Peggotty, you savage creature! Oh, dear me!" cried my mother, turning from one of us to the other, in her pettish wilful manner, "what a troublesome world this is, when one has the most right to expect it to be as agreeable as possible!"

I felt the touch of a hand that I knew was neither her's nor Peggotty's, and slipped to my feet at the bedside. It was Mr. Murdstone's hand, and he kept it on my arm as he said:

"What's this! Clara, my love, have you forgotten?—Firmness, my dear?"

"I am very sorry, Edward," said my mother. "I meant to be very good, but I am so uncomfortable."

"Indeed!" he answered. "That's a bad hearing, so soon, Clara."

"I say it's very hard I should be made so now," returned my mother, pouting; "and it is—very hard—isn't it?"

He drew her to him, whispered in her ear, and kissed her. I knew as well, when I saw my mother's head lean down upon his shoulder, and her arm touch his neck—I know as well that he could mould her pliant nature into any form he choose, as I know, now, that he did it.

"Go you below, my love," said Mr. Murdstone, "David and I will come down, together. My friend," turning a darkening face on Peggotty, when he had watched my mother out and dismissed her with a nod and a smile: "do you know your mistress's name?"

"She has been my mistress a long time, sir," answered Peggotty. "I ought to it."

"That's true," he answered. "But I thought I heard you, as I came up stairs, address her by a name that is not hers. She has taken mine, you know. Will you remember that?"

Peggotty, with some uneasy glances at me, curtseyed herself out of the room without replying; seeing, I suppose, that she was expected to go, and had no excuse for remaining. When we two were alone, he shut the door, and sitting on a chair, and holding me standing before him, looked steadily into my eyes. I felt my own attracted, no less steadily, to his. As I recall our being opposed thus, face to face, I seem again to hear my heart beat fast and high.

"David," he said, making his lips thin, by pressing them together, "if I have an obstinate horse or dog to deal with, what do you think I do?"

"I don't know."

"I beat him."

I had answered in a kind of breathless whisper, but I felt, in my silence, that my breath was shorter now.

"I make him wince, and smart. I say to myself, 'I'll conquer that fellow;' and if it were to cost him all the blood he had, I should do it. What is that upon your face?"

"Dirt," I said.

He knew it was the mark of tears as well as I. But if he had asked the question twenty times, each time with twenty blows, I believe my baby heart would have burst before I would have told him so.

"You have a good deal of intelligence for a little fellow," he said, with a grave smile that belonged to him, "and you understood me very well, I see. Wash that face, and come down with me."

He pointed to the washing-stand, which I had made out to be like Mrs. Gummidge, and motioned me with his head to obey him directly. I had little doubt then, and I have less doubt now, that he would have knocked me down without the least compunction, if I had hesitated.

"Clara, my dear," he said, when I had done his bidding, and he walked me into the parlor, with his hand still on my arm, "you will not be made uncomfortable any more, I hope. We shall soon improve our youthful humours."

God help me, I might have been improved for my whole life, I might have been made another creature, perhaps, for life, by a kind word at that season. A word of encouragement and explanation, of pity for my childish ignorance, of welcome home, of reassurance to me that it *was* home, might have made me dutiful to him in my heart henceforth, instead of in my hypocritical outside, and might have made me respect instead of hate him. I thought my mother was sorry to see me standing in the room so scared and strange, and that, presently, when I stole to a chair, she followed me with her eyes more sorrowfully stil—missing, perhaps, some freedom in my childish tread—but the word was not spoken, and the time for it was gone.

We dined alone, we three together. He seemed to

be very fond of my mother—I am afraid I liked him none the better for that—and she was very fond of him. I gathered from what they said, that an elder sister of his was coming to stay with them, and that she was expected that evening. I am not certain whether I found out then, or afterwards, that, without being actively concerned in any business, he had some share in, or some annual charge upon the profits of, a wine-merchant's house in London, with which his family had been connected from his great-grandfather's time, and in which his sister had a similar interest; But I may mention it in this place, whether or no.

After dinner, when we were sitting by the fire, and I was meditating an escape to Peggotty without having the hardihood to slip away, lest it should offend the master of the house, a coach drove up to the garden gate, and he went out to receive the visitor. My mother followed him. I was timidly following her, when she turned round at the parlor door, in the dusk, and taking me in her embrace as she used to do, whispered me to love my new father and be obedient to him. She did this hurriedly and secretly, as if it were wrong, but tenderly, and, putting out her hand behind her, held mine in it until we came near to where he was standing in the garden, where she let mine go, and drew her's through his arm.

It was Miss Murdstone who was arrived, and a gloomy-looking lady she was; dark, like her brother, whom she greatly resembled in face and voice, and with very heavy eyebrows, nearly meeting over her large nose, as if, being disabled by the wrongs of her sex from wearing whiskers, she had carried them to that account. She brought with her two uncompromising hard black boxes, with her initials on the lids in hard brass nails. When she paid the coachman she took her money out of a hard steel purse and she kept the purse in a very jail of a bag which hung upon her arm by a heavy chain, and shut up like a bite. I had never, at that time, seen such a matallic lady altogether as Miss Murdstone was.

She was brought into the parlor with many tokens of welcome, and there formally recognised my mother as a new and near relation. Then she looked at me, and said:

"Is that your boy, sister-in-law?"

My mother acknowledged me.

"Generally speaking," said Miss Murdstone, "I don't like boys. How d'ye do, boy?"

Under these uncouraging circumstances, I replied that I was very well, and that I hoped she was the same; with such an indifferent grace, that Miss Murdstone disposed of me in two words:

"Wants manner."

Having uttered which, with great distinctness, she begged the favor of being shown to her room, which became to me from that time forth a place of both awe and dread, wherein the two black boxes were never seen open or known to be left unlocked, and where (for I peeded in once or twice when she was out) numerous little steel fetters and rivets, with which Miss Murdstone established herself when she was dressed, generally hung upon the looking-glass in formidable array.

As well as I could make out, she had come for good, and had no intention of ever going again. She began to "help" my mother next morning, and was in and out of the store-closet all day, putting thing to rights, and making havoc in the old arrangements. Almost the first remarkable thing I observed in Miss Murdstone was, her being constantly haunted by a suspicion that the servants had a man secreted somewhere on the premises. Uunder the influence of this delusion she dived into the coal-celler at the most untimely hours, and scarcely ever opened the door of a dark cupboard without clapping it to again, in the belief that she had got him.

Though there was nothing very airy about Miss Murdstone, she was a perfect Lark in point of getting up. She was up (and, as I believe to this hour, looking for that man) before any body in the house was stirring. Peggotty gave it as her opinion that she even slept with one eye open; but I could not concur in this idea: for I tried it myself after hearing the suggestion thrown out, and found it couldn't be done.

On the very first morning after her arrival she was up and ringing her bell at cock-crow. When my mother came down to breakfast and was going to make the tea, Miss Murdstone gave her a kind of peck on the cheek, which was her nearest approach to a kiss, and said;

"Now, Clara, my dear, I am come here, you know, to relieve you of all the trouble I can. You're much too pretty and thoughtless"—my mother blushed but laughed, and seemed not to dislike this character—"to have any duties imposed upon you that can be undertaken by me. If you'll be so good as to give me your keys, my dear, I'll attend to all this sort of thing in future."

From that time, Miss Murdstone kept the keys in her own little jail all day, and under her pillow at night, and my mother had no more to do with them than I had.

My mother did not suffer her authority to pass from her without a shadow of protest. One night when Miss Murdstone had been developing certain household plans to her brother, of which he signified his approbation, my mother suddenly began to cry, and said she thought she might have been consulted.

"Clara!" said Mr. Murdstone sternly. "Clara! I wonder at you."

"Oh, it's very well you say you wonder, Edward!" cried my mother, "and it's very well to talk about firmness, but you wouldn't like it yourself."

Firmness, I may observe, was the grand quality on whihh both Mr. and Miss Murdstone took their stand. However I might have expressed my comprehension of it at that time, if I had been called upon, I nevertheless did clearly comprehend in my own way, that it was another name for tyranny, and for a certain gloomy, arrogant, devil's humour, that was in them both. The creed, as I should state it now, was this. Mr. Murdstone was firm; nobody else in his world was to be firm at all, everybody was to be bent to his firmness. Miss Murdstone was an exception. She might be firm, but only by relationship, and in an inferior and tributary degree. My mother was another exception. She might be firm, and must be; but only in bearing their firmness, and firmly believing there was no other firmness upon earth.

"It's very hard," said my mother' "that in my own house—"

"*My* own house!" repeated Mr. Murdstone. "Clara!"

(*To be continued.*)

QUEBEC.—PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
BY W. COWAN, No. 22, MOUNTAIN STREET.