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Old Times and New.

We copy the following lines, read at the New England Society's Festival at New York, December 22, 1846, by Allen C. Spooner of Boston, from the Courier.

'Twas in my easy chair at home,
About a week ago,
I sat and puffed my light cigar
As usual, you must know.

I mused upon the Pilgrim flock
Whose luck it was to land
Upon almost the only rock
Among the Plymouth sand.

In my mind's eye, I saw them leave
Their weather-beaten bars—
Before them spread the wintry wilds,
Behind, rolled ocean dark.

Alone that little handful stood
While savage foes lurked nigh,
Their creed and watchword, "Trust in God
And keep your powder dry."

Imagination's pencil then
That first stern winter painted,
When more than half their number died
And stoutest spirits fainted.

A tear unbidden filled one eye,
My smoke *had* filled the other;
One sees strange sights at such a time,
Which quite the senses bother.

I know I was alone—but lo!
(Let him who dares, deride me—)
I looked, and, drawing up a chair,
Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air
Was somewhat strange and foreign—
He civily returned my stare,
And said "I'm Richard Warren!"

"You'll find my name among the list
Of hero, sage and martyr,
Who, in the May flower's cabin, signed
The first New England charter.

I *could* some curious facts impart—
Perhaps, some wise suggestions—
But then, I'm bent on seeing sights,
And running o'er with question's."

"Ask on," said I, "I'll do my best
To give you information,
Whether of private men you ask,
Or our renowned nation."

Says he "First tell me what is that
In you compartment narrow,
Which seems to dry my eyeballs up,
And scorch my very marrow."

His finger pointed to the grate—
Said I—"That's Lehigh Coal,
Dug from the earth"—he shook his head—
"It is, upon my soul!"

I then took up a bit of stick,
One end was black as night,
And rubbed it quick across the hearth,
When lo, a sudden light!

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch—
"What necromancy's that," he cried—
Quoth I, "A friction match."

Upon a pipe just overhead,
I turned a little screw,
When forth, with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew.

Uprose my guest: "Now heaven me save,"
Aloud he shouted, then
"Is that hell fire?" "'Tis gas," said I,
"We call it hydrogen."

Then forth into the fields we strolled,
A train came thundering by
Drawn by the snorting iron steed,
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Far streamed the smoky cloud,
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forests bowed.

Down on his knees, with hands upraised
In worship, Warren fell—
"Great is the Lord our God," cried he—
"He doeth all things well.

"I've seen his chariots of fire,
The horsemen, too, thereof;
O, may I ne'er provoke his ire,
Nor at his threatenings scoff."

"Rise up, my friend, rise up," said I,
"Your terrors all are vain—
That was no chariot of the sky,
'Twas the New York mail train."

We stood within a chamber small—
Men came the news to know,
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,
Texas and Mexico.

It came—it went—silent but sure—
He stared, smiled, burst out laughing;
"What witchcraft's that?" "it's what we call
Magnetic telegraphing."

Once more we stepped into the street;
Said Warren, "What is that
"Which moves along across the way
"As softly as a cat?"

"I mean the thing upon two legs,
"With feathers on its head—
"A monstrous hump beloweis waist,
"Large as a feather bed?

"It has the gift of speech, I *hear*;
"But sure it can't be human?"
"My amiable friend," said I,
"That's what we call a woman."

"Eternal powers!" it cannot be,"
Sighed he, with voice that faltered;
"I loved the women in my day,
"But, oh! they're strangely altered."

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens,
A labor saving *heinery*,
That beats the very dickens.

Thereat, he strongly grasped my hand,
And said, "'Tis plain to see
"This world *is so transmogrified*,
"'Twill never do for me."

"Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
"Your gas lights, friction matches,
"Your hump backed women, rocks for coal,
"Your thing which chickens hatches,

"Have turned the earth so upside down,
"No peace is left within it"—
Then, whirling round upon his heel
He vanished, in a minute.

Forthwith, my most veracious pen
Wrote down what I had heard,
And here, dressed up in doggerel rhyme,
You have it, word for word.

The Farm.

From the Cultivator.

Management in Farming.

The present is a very appropriate season for a review of the past operations of the farm, and devising plans for the future. Every one who has not yet reached the highest summit of agricultural skill and perfection, will, doubtless, wish to make continual advances towards that desirable accomplishment, and the direction of the attention of such to some points in practice, may possibly be of value.

The great secret of success in all kinds of business—the reason why one man becomes rich, while another remains poor—is, *management*.—A great deal is said of the importance of *capital* to begin with, and it is indeed a very great convenience. We know many young farmers who utter frequent regrets that they have not as fair a start as some others—they could, as they think, do wonders if they had plenty of means as a beginning. But regrets do not make money. Every one knows, that he who does not reap large profits from a liberal capital furnished him, must be a poor manager indeed. The man who has a hundred acres of land, with one thousand dollars as additional capital, may farm much more satisfactorily than he who has the same amount of land encumbered with a thousand dollars debt. He is two thousand better off, and would be much the worse manager of the two, if his profits from the same land were not decidedly the greatest.—That man shows his skill pre-eminently, who, instead of repining at difficulties, surmounts them; who, by superior management, keeps pace with his *longer-pursued* neighbor.

"But," say some, when they hear of an improved mode of farming, "we know this is the best practice, but the fact is, we cannot pursue it—we have not the means and we cannot get it—we are not rich enough to be thus economical." Now, we hope such persons will permit us to say, that this conclusion proceeds from a want of information. A certain young farmer's expenditures are three hundred dollars yearly; and after the most rigid economy in every particular, so that a single dollar could not be retrenched, he saves nothing. Another young farmer, with the same means precisely, and with equal economy, saves two hundred yearly. What is the reason of this difference? What the secret of the better success of the latter? The answer is—*a better application* of the same means,—or, in other words, better *management*. Hence, the vast importance of understanding the best application of means.

We will venture to suggest a few of the particulars in which we think many of our farmers might make more or less improvement—some of them very decidedly so.

One of the first of these is, a neat and judicious *laying out* of their farms,—for economy in fencing; for convenience of access to all their fields; and in such a manner, that each crop may occupy as nearly as possible its own field, so as to admit of a good system of rotation. Hence, the lane or farm-road should be good, hard, and level, to admit of easy cartage of manure and crops, to and from all the fields. Hence, too, if the land varies in quality, that of similar character must be as nearly as practicable in the same enclosure, so that meadow and pasture may comprise the wet, and arable land the dry, and the most sterile may be brought, separately, into an enriching course. A farm so laid out, that cattle may obtain water of themselves, may save whole weeks of labor in driving them to water, &c., every year. Indeed, the saving of labor by a well laid out farm, can hardly be estimated in the multifarious operations constantly taking place.

A careful saving, manufacture, and good application of *manure*, would promote a great improvement with many. Much of the value of the products of the barnyard are lost from want of a good supply of straw, dried muck or peat, to absorb the liquid portions. Much is lost by its wrong application, and especially by the want of its thorough admixture with the soil by repeated plowings and harrowings. From our own personal observations, we are perfectly satisfied, that the benefits from manure might be very easily tripled on nine-tenths of the farms of the northern states. We do not mean here to include, at all, those who suffer their manure to remain in the yard five years, till nine-tenths is lost by fermentation and vapor; nor those who do not apply it at all; nor the man who built his hog-pen across a stream, that the cleanings might be conveniently shoveled into the water, and washed away. Manure may be even well applied, and well mixed with the soil, and then wasted by an exhausting course.

A careful, constant, and vigorous attention to weeds, would work wonders on some farms.—There are two modes of disposing of these costly intruders; one, is to destroy them thoroughly when only an inch high, when the work may be very easily and effectually done, and before the soil and crop have been injured by their growth; and the other, is to allow them to get a foot high, thus doing great damage, and then to make an assault upon them at an enormous expense. "O, but we did not intend to have suffered the weeds to get so large, but we were backward in our work, and were disappointed in our hired help." But you must remember that good management causes a man to take time by the forelock—or, to speak more strongly and roughly, to take him by the snout; and you must endeavor to secure such help as will not disappoint you. Many farmers err by attempting to do a great deal with a little help; the consequence is, every thing is hurried, and everything behind-hand,—and then, more help must be ultimately hired, or the work neglected at still greater loss. Would it not be cheaper to hoe an acre of carrots with three days' work, while the weeds are as yet no longer than small feathers, than to hoe them with ten days' work, when the weeds have attained a growth of two tons to the acre? It would be cheaper to hire a man in time, at double price, and pay him with borrowed money at eighty per cent interest, than to permit the delay—though neither are necessary.

We need not here go into a minute explanation of all the various items of good and bad management, which have been elsewhere fully treated of; but we may merely recall a few things to remembrance. The loss of hay and other food of sheep and cattle, by their exposure in open fields to cold winds in winter, causing a consumption of nearly double the amount needed for them in warm places, would in a single season, be enough to erect good and cheap shelters, to say nothing of the improved condition of the animals, and security from loss by death. A great saving would often result by taking pains to select fine animals to breed from. A fine and handsome animal is as easily raised as a bad and ugly one, and frequently commands a double price in market. A similar advantage would result from selection of seed. Many days labor may be annually avoided, by procuring the very best tools, where they are such as are much in use. A vast amount of valuable time, and some fretting, may be saved by having a place for everything and everything in its place, and habits of leaving things out of order, which are very hard to conquer, and which, like all kinds of carelessness, are the bane of fine farming, be prevented. And it is of vital consequence, that everything be done at the right season. A few days delay, not unfrequently results in great losses; sometimes the entire *profits* of crops, or their amount over and above their cost of raising, are destroyed by planting out of season. To prevent confusion and embarrassment, everything should be before the eye of the farmer at once, that nothing may be neglected; and those who can think of but one thing at a time should have a memorandum book, constantly in the pocket, for noting down and for reference to at all times, every thing, small and great, important and unimportant.

It is by attention to these things, and many others, that some farmers are enabled to obtain large profits from their farms; while others, on equally good land, as great in extent, and with as much capital as a beginning, make but a scanty living, and obtain no surplus revenues with all their industry and frugality. T.

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evidence was given by the defendants to show encumbrances existing on the land, not by the plaintiff to show them paid off. The jury having returned a verdict for the plaintiff for $235.43 the defendant excepted to the charge of the court.

The case was argued by A. PECK & PHELPS for plaintiff, and KASSON for defendants.

The court, per KELLOGG J., held that the amendment was properly allowed, as it did not change the cause of action the form nor the parties. That the transfer of the note though not negotiable for a valuable consideration constituted a sufficient consideration for the promise of the defendants to pay it to the plaintiff

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DICKENS' NEW WORK.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF

DOMBEY AND SON,

Wholesale, Retail and for Exportation.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Part III.

CHAPTER VIII.

Paul's future Progress, Growth, and Character.

Beneath the watching and attentive eyes of Time—so far another Major—Paul's slumbers gradually changed. More and more light broke in upon them: distinctly and distincter dreams disturbed them; an accumulating crowd of objects and impressions swarmed about his rest; and so he passed from babyhood to childhood, and became a talking, walking, wondering Dombey.

On the downfall and banishment of Richards, the nursery may be said to have been put into commission; as a Public Department is sometimes, when no individual Atlas can be found to support it. The commissioners were, of course Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox; who devoted themselves to their duties with such astonishing ardor that Major Bagstock, had every day some new reminder of his being forsaken, while Mr. Chick, bereft of domestic supervision, cast himself upon the gay world, dined at clubs and coffee-houses, smelt of smoke on three distinct occasions, went to the play by himself, and in short, loosened (as Mrs. Chick once told him) every social bond and moral obligation.

Yet, in spite of his early promise, all this vigilance and care could not make little Paul a thriving boy. Naturally delicate, perhaps, he pined and wasted after the dismissal of his nurse, and for a long time, seemed but to wait his opportunity of gliding through their hands, and seeing his lost mother. This dangerous ground in his steeple-chase toward manhood passed, he still found it very rough riding, and was grievously beset by all the obstacles in hiscourse.—Every tooth was a break-neck fence, and every pimple in the measles a stone wall to him. He was down in every fit of the hooping cough, and reeled upon and crushed by a whole field of small diseases, that came trooping on each other's heels to prevent his getting up again.—Some bird of prey got into his throat instead of the thrush; and the very chickins turning ferocious—if they have anything to do with that infant malady to which they lend their name—worried him like tiger-cats.

The chill of Paul's christening had struck home, perhaps, to some sensitive part of his nature, which could not recoverit so I'in the cold shade of his father; but he was an unfortunate child from that day. Mrs. Wickam often said she never saw a dear so put upon.

Mrs. Wickam was a waiter's wife—which would seem equivalent to being any other man's widow—whose application for an engagement in Mr. Dombeys service had been favorably considered, on account of the apparent impossibility of her having any followers, or any one to follow, and who, from within a day or two of Paul's s sharp weaning, had been engaged as his nurse. Mrs. Wickam was a meek woman, of a fine complexion, with her eyebrows always elevated, and her head always drooping; who was always ready to pity herself, or to be pitied, or to pity anybody else; and who had a surprising natural gift of viewing all subjects in an utterly forlorn and pitiable light, and bringing dreadful precedents to bear upon them, and deriving the greatest consolation from the exercise of that latent faculty.

It is hardly necessary to observe that no touch of this quality ever reached the magnificient knowledge of Mr. Dombey. It would have been remarkable indeed, if any had; when no one in the house—not even Mrs. Chick or Miss Tox—dared ever whisper to him that there had, on any one accasion, been the least reason for uneasiness in reference to little Paul. He had settled within himself, that the child must necessarily pass through certain routine of minor maladies, and that the sooner he did so the better. If he could have bought him off or provided a substitute, as in the case of an unlucky drawing for the militia, he would have been glad to do so, on liberal terms. But as this was not feasible, he merely wondered, in his haughty manner, now and then, what Nature meant by it; and comforted himself with the reflection that there was another milestone passed upon the road, and the great end of the journey lay so much the nearer. For the feeling uppermost in his mind, now and constantly intensifying, and increasing in it as Paul grew older, was impatience. Impatience for the time to come, when his vision of their united consequence and grandeur would be triumphantly realized.

Some philosophers tell us that selfishness is at the root of our best loves and affections. Mr. Dombey's young child was, from the beginning, so distinctly important to him as a part of his own greatness, or (which is the same thing) of the greatness of Dombey and Son, that there is no doubt his parental affections might have been easily traced, like many a goodly superstructure of fair fame, to a very low foundation. But he loved his son with all the love he had.—If there were a warm place in his frosty heart, his son occupied it; if its very hard surface could receive the impression of any image, the image of that son was there: though not so much as an infant, or as a boy, but as a grown man—the 'Son' of the Firm. Therefore he was impatient to advance into the future, and to hurry over the intervening passages of his history. Therefore he had little or no anxiety about them, in spite of his love; feeling as if the boy had a charmed life, and must become the man with whom he held such constant communication in his thoughts, and for whom he planned and projected, as for an existing reality, every day.

Thus Paul grew to be nearly five years old.—He was a pretty little fellow; though there was something wan and wistful in his small face, that gave occasion to many significant shakes of Mrs. Wickam's head, and many long-drawn inspirations of Mrs. Wickam's breath. His temper gave abundant promise of being imperious in after life; and he had as hopeful an apprehension of his own importance, and the rightful subservience of all other things and persons to it, as heart could desire. He was childish and sportive enough at times, and not of a sullen disposition; but he had a strange, old-fashioned, thoughtful way, at other times, of sitting brooding in his miniature arm-chair, when he looked (and talked) like one of those terrible little Beings in the Fairy tales, who, at a hundred and fifty or two hundred years of age, fantastically represent the children for whom they have been substituted. He would frequently be stricken with this precocious mood up-stairs in the nursery; and would sometimes lapse into it suddenly, exclaiming that he was tired: even while playing with Florence, or driving Miss Tox in single harness. But at no time did he fall into it so surely, as when, his little chair being carried down into his father's room, he sat there with him after dinner, by the fire.—They were the strangest pair at such a time that ever light shone upon. Mr. Dombey so erect and solemn, gazing at the blaze; his little image, with an old, old, face, peering into the red perspective with the fixed and rapt attention of a sage. Mr. Dombey entertaining complicated worldly schemes and plans—the little image entertaining, Heaven knows what wild fancies, half-formed thoughts, and wandering speculations. Mr. Dombey stiff with starch and arrogance; the little image by inheritance, and in unconscious imitation. The two so very much like, and yet so monstrously contrasted.

On one of these occasions when they had both been perfectly quiet for a long time, and Mr. Dombey only knew that the child was awake by occasionally glancing at his eyes, where the bright fire was sparkling like a jewel, little Paul broke silence thus:

'Papa! what's money?'

The abrupt question had such immediate reference to the subject of Mr. Dombey's thoughts that Mr. Dombey was quite disconcerted.

'What is money Paul?' he answered.—'Money?'

'Yes' said the child laying his hands upon the elbows of his litte chair, and turning the old face up toward Mr Dombey's; 'what is money?'

Mr Dombey was in difficulty. He would have liked to give him some explination involving the terms circulating-medium, currency, depreciation of currency, paper, bullion, rates of exchange, value of precious metals in the market, and so forth; but looking down at the little chair and seeing what a long way down it was, he answered: 'Gold, and silver, and copper.—Guineas, shillings, half-pence. You know what they are?'

'Oh yes, I know what they are,' said Paul. 'I don't mean that, Papa. I mean, what's money after all.'

Heaven and Earth, how old his face was as he turned it up again towards his father's!

'What is money after all?' said Mr Dombey, backing his chair a little, that he might the better gaze in sheer amazement at the presumptious atom that propounded such an inquiry.

'I mean Papa, what can it do?' returned Paul, folding his arms (they were hardly long enough to fold,) and looking at the fire, and up at him, and at the fire, and up at him again.

Mr. Dombey drew his chair back to its former place, and patted him on the head. 'You'll know better by-and-by, my man;' he said,—'Money Paul, can do anything.' He took hold of the little hand, and beat it softly against one of his own as he said so.

But Paul got his hand free as soon as he could; and rubbing it gently to and fro on the elbow of his chair; as if his wit were in the palm, and he were sharpening it—and looking at the fire again as though the fire had been his adviser and prompter—repeated after a short pause: 'Anything, Papa?'

'Yes. Anything—almost' said Mr Dombey.

'Anything means everything, don't it Papa?' asked his son; not observing, or possibly not understanding, the qualification.

'It includes it: yes, said Mr Dombey.

'Why didn't money save me mama?' returned the child. 'It isn't cruel is it?'

'Cruel?' said Mr Dombey, settling his neck cloth, and seeming to resent the idea. 'No.—A good thing can't be cruel.'

'If it's a good thing, and can do anything,' said the little fellow thoughtfully, as he looked back at the fire, 'I wonder why it didn't save me my mama.'

He din't ask the question of his father this time. Perhaps he had seen with a child's quickness, that he had already made his father uncomfortable. But he repeated the thought aloud, as if it were quite an old one to him, and had troubled him very much; and sat with his chin resting on his hand, still cogitating and looking for an explination in the fire.

Mr. Dombey having recovered from his surprise, not to say alarm (for it was the very first occasion on which the child had ever broached the subject of his mother to him, though he had had him sitting by his side, in this manner, evening after evening,) expounded to him how that money, though a very potent spirit never to be disparaged on any account whatever, could not keep people alive whose time was come to die, and how that we must all die unfortunately even in the city, though we were never so rich. But how that money caused us to be honored, feared, respected, courted, and admired and made as powerful and glorious in the eyes of men; and how that it could, very often, even keep off death, for a long time together. How, for example, it had secured to his mamma the services of Mr. Pilkins, by which he, Paul, had often profited himself; likewise of the great Doctor Parker Peps, whom he had never known. And how it could do all that could be done. This, with more to the same purpose, Mr. Dombey instilled into the mind of his son who listened attentively, and seemed to understand the greater part of what was said to him.

'It can't make me strong and quite well, either, Papa; can it?' asked Paul, after a short silence; rubbing his tiney hands.

'Why, you *are* strong and quite well,' returned Mr. Dombey. 'Are you not?'

Oh! the age of the face that was turned up again, with an expression, half of melancholy, half of slyness, on it!

'You are as strong and well as such little people usually are? Eh?' said Mr. Dombey.

'Florence is older than I am, but I'm not as strong and well as Florence, I know,' returned the child: 'and I believe that when Florence was as little as me, she could play a great deal longer at a time without tiring herself. I am so tired, sometimes,' said little Paul, warming his hands, and looking in between the bars of the grate, as if some ghostly puppet-show were performing there, 'and my bones ache so (Wickam says its my bones) that I don't know what to do.'

'Ay! But that's at night,' said Mr. Dombey, drawing his own chair closer to his son's, and laying his hand gently on his back: 'little people should be tired at night, for then they sleep well.'

'Oh, it's not at night, Papa,' returned the child, 'it's in the day; and I lie down in Florence's lap, and she sings to me. At night I dream about such cu-ri-ous things?'

And he went on, warming his hands again, and thinking about them, like an old man or a young goblin.

Mr. Dombey was so astonished, and so uncomfortable, and so perfectly at a loss how to pursue the conversation, that he could only sit looking at his son by the light of the fire, with his hand resting on his back, as if it were detained there by some magnetic attraction. Once he advanced his other hand, and turned the contemplative face toward his own for a moment. But it sought the fire again as soon as he released it; and remained, addressed toward the flickering blace, until the nurse appeared, to summon him to bed.

'I want Florence to come for me,' said Paul.

'Won't you come with your poor Nurse Wickam, Master Paul?' inquired that attendant with great pathos.

'No, I won't,' replied Paul, composing himself in his arm-chair again, like the master of the house.

Invoking a blessing upon his innocence, Mrs. Wickam withdrew, and presently Florence appeared in her stead. The child immediately started up with sudden readiness and animation, and raised toward his father in bidding him good night a countenance so much brighter, so much younger, and so much more child-like altogether, that Mr. Dombey, while he felt greatly re-assured by the change, was quite amazed at it.

After they had left the room together, he thot' he heard a soft voice singing; and remembering that Paul had said his sister sung to him, he had the curiosity to open the door and listen, and look after them. She was toiling up the great, wide, vacant staircase, with him in her arms; his head was lying on her shoulder, one of his arms thrown negligently round her neck. So they went, toiling up; she singing all the way, and Paul sometimes crooning out a feeble accompaniment.—Mr. Dombey looked after them until they reached the top of the staircase—not without halting to rest by the way—and passed out of his sight; and then he still stood gazing upward, until the dull rays of the moon, glimmering in a melancholy manner through the dim skylight, sent him back to his own room.

Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox were convoked in council at dinner next day; and when the cloth was removed, Mr. Dombey opened the proceedings by inquiring to be informed, without any gloss or reservation, whether there was anything the matter with Paul, and what Mr. Pilkins said about him.

'For the child is hardly,' said Mr. Dombey, 'as stout as I could wish.'

'With your usual happy discrimination, my dear Paul,' returned Mrs. Chick, 'you have hit the point at once. Our darling is *not* altogether as stout as we could wish. The fact is, that his mind is too much for him. His soul is a great deal too large for his frame. I am sure the way in which the dear child talks!' said Mrs. Chick, shaking her head: 'no one would believe. His expressions, Lucretia, only yestesday upon subject of Funerals!—'

'I am afraid,' said Mr. Dombey, interrupting her testily, 'that some of those persons up-stairs suggest improper subjects to the child. He was speaking to me last night about his—about his Bones,' said Mr. Dombey, laying an irritated stress upon the word. 'What on earth has any body to do with the—with the—Bones of my son? He is not a living skeleton, I suppose.'

'Very far from it,' said Mrs. Chick, with unspeakable expression.

'I hope so,' returned her brother. 'Funerals again! who talks to the child of funerals? We are not undertakers, or mutes, or grave-diggers, I believe.'

'Very far from it,' interposed Mrs. Chick, with the same profound expression as before.

'Then who puts such things in his head?' said Mr. Dombey. 'Really I was quite dismayed and shocked last night. Who has put such things into his head, Louisa?'

'My dear Paul,' said Mrs. Chick, after a moment's silence, 'it is no use inquiring. I do not think, I will tell you candidly, that Wickam is a person of very cheerful spirits, or what one would call a—'

'A daughter of Momus,' Miss Tox softly suggested.

'Exactly so,' said Mrs. Chick; 'but she is exceedingly attentive and useful, and not at all presumptuous; indeed I never saw a more biddable woman. It the dear child,' pursued Mrs. Chick, in the tone of one who was summing up what had been previously quite agreed upon, instead of saying in all for the first time, 'is a little weakened by the last attack, and is not in quite such vigorous health as we could wish; and if he was some temporary weakness in his system, and does occasionally seem about to lose for the moment, the use of his—'

Mrs. Chick was afraid to say limbs, after Mr. Dombey's recent objection to bones, and therefore waited a suggested from Miss Tox, who, true to her office, hazarded 'members.'

'Members!' repeated Mr. Dombey.

'I think the medical gentleman mentioned legs this morning, my dear Louisa, did he not,' said Miss Tox.

'Why, of course he did, my love,' retorted Mrs. Chick, mildly reproachful. 'How can you ask me? You heard him. I say, if our dear Paul should lose, for the moment, the use of the legs, these are casualties common to many children at this time of life, and not to be prevented by any care or caution.—The sooner you understand that Paul, and admit that, the better.'

'Surely you must know, Louisa,' observed Mr. Dombey, 'that I do n't question your natural devotion to, and natural regard for, the future head of my house. Mr. Pilkins saw Paul this morning, I believe?' said Mr. Dombey.

'Yes, he did,' returned his sister. Miss Tox and myself were present. Miss Tox and myself are always present. We make a point of it. Mr. Pilkins has seen him for some days past, and a very clever man I believe him to be. He says it is nothing to speak of; which I can confirm, if that is any consolation; but he recommended, to-day, sea air. Very wisely, Paul, I feel convinced.'

'Sea air,' repeated Mr. Dombey, looking at his sister.

'There is nothing to be made uneasy by, in that,' said Mrs. Chick. 'My George and Frederick were both ordered sea-air, when they were about his age; and I have been ordered it myself a great many time. I quite agree with you, Paul, that perhaps topics may be incautiously up-stairs before him, which it would be as well for his little mind not to expatiate upon; but I really don't see how that is to be helped, in the case of a child of his quickness. If he were a common child, there would be nothing in it. I must say I think, with Miss Tox, that a short absence from this house, the air of Brighton, and the bodily and mental training of so judicious person as Mrs. Pipchin, for instance—'

'Who is Mrs. Pipchin, Louisa?' asked Mr. Dombey; aghast at this familiar introduction of a name he had never heard before.

'Mrs. Pipchin, my dear Paul,' returned his sister, 'is an elderly lady—Miss Tox knows her whole history—who has for some time devoted all the energies of her mind, with the greatest success, to the study and treatment of infancy, and who has been extremely well connected. Her husband broke his heart in—how did you say her husband broke his heart, my dear? I forget the precise circumstances.'

'In pumping water out of the Peruvain Mines,' replied Miss Tox.

'Not being a Pumper himself, of course,' said Mrs. Chick, glancing at her brother; and it really did seem necessary to offer the explanation, for Miss Tox had spoken of him as if he had died at the handle; 'but having invested money in the speculation, which failed. I believed that Mrs. Pipchin's management of children is quite astonishing. I have heard it commended in private circles ever since I was—dear me—how high?' Mrs. Chick's eye wandered round the book-case near the bust of Mr. Pitt, which was about ten feet from the ground.

'Perhaps I should say of Mrs. Pipchin my dear Sir,' observed Miss Tox, with an ingenuous blush, 'having been so pointedly referred to, that the encomium which has been passed upon her by your sweet sister, is well merited. Many ladies and gentlemen, now grown up to be interesting members of society, have been indebted to her care. The humble individual who addresses you was once under her charge. I believe juvenile nobility itself is no stranger to her establishment.'

'Do I understand that this respectable matron keeps an establishment, Miss Tox?' inquired Mr. Dombey, condescendingly.

'Why, I really don't know,' rejoined that lady, 'whether I am justified in calling it so. It is not a Preparatory School by any means. Should I express my meaning,' said Miss Tox, with peculiar sweetness, 'if I designated it an infantine Boarding House of a very select description?'

'On an exceedingly limited and particular scale,' suggested Mrs. Chick, with a glance at her brother.

'Oh! Exclusion itself!' said Miss Tox.

There was something in this. Mrs. Pipchin's husband having broken his heart of the Peruvian mines, was good. It had a rich sound. Beside, Mr. Dombey was in a state almost amounting to consternation at the idea of Paul remaining where he was one hour after his removal had been recommended by the medical practitioner. It was a stoppage and delay upon the road the child must traverse, slowly at the best, before the goal was reached. Their recommendation of Mrs. Pipchin had great weight with him; for he knew that they were jealous of any interference with their charge, and he never for a moment took it into account that they might be solicitous to divide a responsibility, of which he had, as shown just now, his own established views. Broke his heart of the Peruvian mines, mused Mr. Dombey. Well! a very respectable way of doing it.

'Supposing we should decide, on to-morrow's inquiries, to send Paul down to Brighton to this lady who would go with him?' inquired Mr. Dombey after some reflection.

'I do n't think you could send the child anywhere at present without Florence my dear Paul,' returned his sister, hesitating. 'It 's quite an infatuation with him. He 's very young, you know, and has his fancies.'

Mr. Dombey turned his head away, and going slowly to the book-case, and unlocking it, brought back a book to read.

'Anybody else, Louisa?' he said, without looking up, and turning over the leaves.

'Wickam, of course. Wickam would be quite sufficient, I should say,' returned his sister. 'Paul being in such hands as Mrs. Pipchin's you could hardly send anybody who would be a farther check upon her. You would go down yourself once a week at least, of course.'

'Of course,' said Mr. Dombey; and sat looking at one page for an hour afterward, without reading one word.

This celebrated Mrs. Pipchin was a mervellous ill-favored, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face, like bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered at on an anvil without sustaining any injury. Forty years at least had elapsed since the Peruvian mines had been the death of Mr. Pipchin; but his relict still wore black bombazine, of such a lustreless, deep, dead, sombre shade, that gas itself could n't light her up after dark, and her presence was a quencher to any number of candles. She was generally spoken of as 'a great manager' of children; and the secret of her management was to give them every thing that they did n't like, and nothing that they did—which was found to sweeten their dispositions very much.—She was such a bitter old lady, that one was tempted to believe there had been some mistake in the application of the Peruvian machinary, and that all her waters of gladness and milk of human kindness had been pumped out dry, instead of the mines.

The Castle of this ogress and child-queller was in a steep bye-street at Brighton; where the soil was more than usually chalky, flinty, and sterile, and the houses were more than usually brittle and thin; where the small front gardens had the unaccountable property of producing nothing but marigolds, whatever were sown in them; and were snails were constantly discovered holding on to the street doors, and other public places they were not expected to ornament, with the tenacity of cupping-glasses. In the winter time the air couldn't be got out of the Castle, and in the summer-time it couldn't be got in. There was such a continual reverberation of wind in it, that it sounded like a great shell, which the inhabitants were obliged to hold to their ears night and day, whether they liked it or no.

It was not, naturally, a fresh-smelling house; and in the window of the front parlor, which was never opened, Mrs. Pipchin kept a collection of plants in pots, which imparted an earthly flavor of their own to the establishment. However, choice examples of their kind, too, these plants were of a kind peculiarly adapted to the embowerment of Mrs. Pipchin. There were half a dozen specimens of the cactus, writhing round bits of lath, like hairy serpents; another specimen shooting out broad claws, like a green lobster; several creeping vegetables, possessed of sticky and adhesive leaves; and one uncomfortable flower-pot hanging to the ceiling, which appeared to have boiled over, and tickling people underneath with its long green ends, reminded them of spiders—in which Mrs. Pipchin's dwelling was uncommonly prolific, though perhaps it challenged competition still more proudly, in the season, in points of earwigs.

Mrs. Pipchin's scale of charges being high however, to all who could afford to pay, and Mrs. Pipchin very seldom sweetening the equable acidity of her nature in favor of anybody, she was held to be a old lady of remarkable firmness, who was quite scientific in her knowledge of the childish character. On this reputation, and on the broken heart of Mr. Pipchin, she had contrived, taking one year with another, to eke out a tolerably sufficient living, since her husband's demise. Within three days after Mrs. Chick's first allusion to her, this excellent old lady had the satisfaction of anticipating a handsome addition to her current receipts, from the pocket of Mr. Dombey; and of receiving Florence and her little brother Paul, as inmates of the Castle.

Mr. Chick and Miss Tox, who had brought them down on the previous night (which they all passed at an hotel,) had just driven away from the door on their journey home again; and Mrs. Pipchin, with her back to the fire, stood reviewing the new comers, like an old soldier. Mrs. Pipchin's middle-aged neice, her good-natured and devoted slave, but possessing a gaunt and iron-bound aspect, and much afflicted with boils on her nose, was divesting Master Bitherstone of the clean collar he had worn on parade. Miss Pankey, the only other little boarder at present, had that moment been walked off to the Castle Dungeon, (an empty apartment at the back, devoted to correctional purposes,) for having sniffed thrice in the presence visitors.

'Well, Sir,' said Mrs. Pipchin to Paul, 'how do you think you shall like me?'

'I don't think I shall like you at all,' replied Paul. 'I want to go away. This isn't my house.'

'No. It's mine,' retorted Mrs. Pipchin.

'It's a very nasty one,' said Paul.

'There's a worse place in it than this though,' said Mrs. Pipchin, 'where we shut up our bad boys.'

'Has *he* ever been in it?' asked Paul: pointing out Master Bitherstone.

Mrs. Pipchin nodded assent; and Paul had enough to do, for the rest of the day, in surveying Master Bitherstone from head to foot, and watching all the workings of his countenance, with the interest attaching to a boy of mysterious and terrible experiences.

At one o'clock there was a dinner, chiefly of the farinaceous and vegetable kind, when Miss Pankey (a mild little blue-eyed morsel of a child, who was shampooed every morning, and seemed in danger of being rubbed away, altogether) was led in from captivity by the ogress herself, and instructed that nobody who sniffed before visitors ever went to Heaven. When this great truth had been thoroughly impressed upon her, she was regaled with rice; and subsequently repeated the form of grace established in the Castle, in which there was a special clause, thanking Mr. Pipchin for a good dinner.—Mrs. Pipchin's niece, Berinthia, took cold pork.—Mrs. Pipchin, whose constitution required warm nourishment, made a special repast of mutton-chops, which were brought in hot and hot, between two plates, and smelt very nice.

As it rained after dinner, and they couldn't go out walking on the beach, and Mrs. Pipchin's constitution required rest after chops, they went away with Berry (otherwise Berinthia) to the Dungeon an empty room looking out upon a chalk wall and a water-butt, and made ghastly by a ragged fire-place without any stove in it. Enlivened by company, however, this was the best place after all; for Berry played with them there, and seemed to enjoy a game at romps as much as they did; until Mrs. Pipchin knocking angrily at the wall, like the Cock Lane Ghost revived, they left off, and Berry told them stories in a whisper till twilight

For tea, there was plenty of milk and water, and bread and butter, with a little black tea-pot for Mrs. Pipchin and Berry, and buttered toast unlimited for Mrs. Pipchin, which was brought in, hot and hot, like the chops. Though Mrs. Pipchin got very greasy, outside, over this dish, it didn't seem to lubricate her, internally, at all; for she was as fierce as ever, and the hard grey eye knew no softening.

After tea, Berry brought out a little work-box, with the Royal Pavillion on the lid, and fell to working busily; while Mrs. Pipchin, having put on her spectacles and opened a great volume bound in green baize, began to read. And whenever Mrs. Pipchin caught herself falling forward into the fire, and woke up, she filliped Master Bitherstone on the nose for nodding too.

At last it was the children's bed time, and after prayers they went to bed. As little Miss Pankey was afraid of sleeping alone in the dark, Mrs. Pipchin always made a point of driving her up stairs herself, like a sheep; and it was cheerful to hear Miss Pankey moaning long afterword, in the least eligible chamber, and Mrs. Pipchin now and then going in to shake her. At about half past nine o'clock the odor of a warm sweet-bread (Mrs. Pipchin's constitution would n't go to sleep without sweet-bread) deversified the prevailing fragrance of the house, Mrs. Wickam said was a 'smell of building;' and slumber fell upon the Castle shortly after.

The breakfast next morning was like the tea over night, except that Mrs. Pipchin took her roll instead of toast, and seemed a little more irate when it was over. Master Bitherstone read aloud to the rest a pedigree from Genesis, (judiciously selected by Mrs. Pipchin,) getting over the names with the ease and clearness of a person tumbling up the tread-mill. That done, Miss Pankey was borne away to be shampooed; and Master Bitherstone to have something else done to him with salt water, from which he always returned very blue and dejected. Paul and Florence went out in the meantime on the beach with Wickam—who was constantly in tears—and at about noon Mrs. Pipchin presided over some early reapings. It being a part of Mrs. Pipchin's system not to encourage a child's mind to develop and expand itself like young flowers, but to open it by force like an oyster, the moral of these lessons was usually of a violent and stunning character: the hero—a naughty boy—seldom, in the mildest catastrophe, being finished off by any thing less than a lion, or a bear.

Such was life at Mrs. Pipchin's. On Saturday, Mr. Dombey came down; and Florence and Paul would go to his hotel, and have tea. They passed the whole of Sunday with him, and generally rode out before dinner; and on these occas