MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

BY "BOZ."

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1840.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

G. CATTERMOLE AND H. K. BOWNE

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MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

MR. WELLER'S WATCH.

It seems that the housekeeper and the two Mr. Wellers were no sooner left together on the occasion of their first becoming acquainted, than the housekeeper called to her assistance Mr. Slithers the barber, who had been lurking in the kitchen in expectation of her summons; and with many smiles and much sweetness introduced him as one who would assist her in the responsible office of entertaining her distinguished visitors.

"Indeed" said she, "without Mr. Slithers, I should have been placed in quite an awkward situation."

"There is no call for any hock'erdness, mum" said Mr. Weller with the utmost politeness; "no call wotsumever. A lady" added the old gentleman, looking about him with the air of one who establishes an incontrovertible position, "a lady can't be hock'erd. Natur has otherwise purwided."

The housekeeper inclined her head and smiled yet more sweetly. The barber, who had been fluttering about Mr. Weller and Sam in a state of great anxiety to improve their acquaintance, rubbed his hands and cried "Hear! hear! Very true sir;" whereupon Sam turned about and steadily regarded him for some seconds in silence.

"I never knew" said Sam, fixing his eyes in a ruminative manner upon the
blushing barber, "I never knew but un o' your trade, but he was worth a dozen and was indeed devoted to his callin'!"

"Was he in the easy shaving way sir," inquired Mr. Slithers; "or in the cutting and curling line?"

"Both" replied Sam; "easy shavin' was his natur, and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. His whole delight was in his trade. He spent all his money in bears and ran in debt for 'em besides, and there they was a growling away down in the front cellar all day long, and incessently gnashing their teeth, vise the grease of their relations and friends being re-tailed in gallipots in the shop above, and the first-floor winder was ornamented with their heads; not to speak of the dreadful aggravation it must have been to 'em to see a man always a walkin' up and down the pavement outside, with the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters 'Another fine animal was slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's!' However, there they was, and there Jinkinson was, till he was took very ill with some inward disorder, lost the use of his legs, and was confined to his bed a very long time, but sich was his pride in his profession even then, that venever he was worse than usual the doctor used to go down stairs and say 'Jinkinson's very low this mornin'; we must give 'em a stir;' and as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes if he was ever so bad, calls out 'There's the bears!' and revives agin."

"Astonishing!" cried the barber.

"Not a bit," said Sam, "human natur' n eat as import'ed. Vun day the doctor happenin' to say 'I shall look in as usual tomorrow mornin', Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says 'Doctor' he says, 'will you grant me one favor?' 'I will' Jinkinson says the doctor; 'then doctor' says Jinkinson, 'will you come unshaved, and let me shave you?' 'I will' says the doctor. 'God bless you!' says Jinkinson. Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skilful and reg'lar, he says 'Jinkinson' he says, 'it's very plain this does you good. Now' he says 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it'd warm your heart to work on, and though the footman' he says 'hasn't got much of a beard, still he's a trying it on with a pair o' viskers to that extent that razors is christian charity. If they take it in turns to mind the carriage wen it's a waitin' below' he says 'what's to hinder you from operatin' on both of 'em every day as well as upon me? you've got six children' he says, 'what's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? you've got two assistants in the shop down stairs, what's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' them as often as you like? Do this' he says 'and you're a man agin.' Jinkinson squeezed the doctor's hand and begun that very day; he kept his tools upon the bed, and venever he felt his self gettin' worse, he turned to at vun o' the children who was a runnin' about the house with heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him agin. Vun day the lawyer come to make his vill; all the time he was a takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly a clippin' away at his hair with a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that 'ere snippin' noise?' says the lawyer every now and then, 'it's like a man havin' his hair cut.' "It is very like a man havin' his hair cut" says poor Jinkinson.
hidin' the scissors and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out, he was very nearly bald. Jinkinson was kept alive in this way for a long time, but at last one day he has in all the children van after another, shaves each on 'em very clean, and gives him van kiss on the crown of his head; then he has in the two assistant and art cuttin' and 'curin' of 'em in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the voice o' the greasiest bear, vich reckest is immediately complied with; then he says that he feels very happy in his mind and wishes to be left alone; and then he dies, prevously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the very middle of his forehead.

This anecdote produced an extraordinary effect, not only upon Mr. Slithers but upon the housekeeper also, who evinced so much anxiety to please and to be pleased, that Mr. Weller, with a manner betokening some alarm, conveyed a whispered inquiry to his son whether he had gone "too fur."

"Wot do you mean by too fur?" demanded Sam.

"In that 'ere little compliment respectin' the want of hock'erdness in ladies Sammy" replied his father.

"You don't think she's fallen in love with you in consequence o' that, do you?" said Sam.

"More unliker things have come to pass my boy," replied Mr. Weller in a hoarse whisper; "I'm always afraid of inadvertent captivation Sammy. If I know'd how to make myself ugly or unpleasant I'd do it Samivel, rayther than live in this here state of perpetual terror!"

Mr. Weller had, at that time, no further opportunity of dwelling upon the apprehensions which beset his mind, for the immediate occasion of his fears proceeded to lead the way down stairs, apologising as they went for conducting him into the kitchen, which apartment, however, she was induced to proffer for his accommodation in preference to her own little room, the rather as it afforded greater facilities for smoking, and was immediately adjoining the alecellar. The preparations which were already made sufficiently proved that these were not mere words of course, for on the deal table were a sturdy ale jug and glasses, flanked with clean pipes and a plentiful supply of tobacco for the old gentleman and his son, while on a dresser hard by was goodly store of cold meat and other eatables. At sight of these arrangements Mr. Weller was at first distracted between his love of joviality and his doubts whether they were not to be considered as many evidences of captivation having already taken place; but he soon yielded to his natural impulse, and took his seat at the table with a very jolly countenance.

"As to imbibin' any o' this here flagrant veed, mum, in the presence of a lady," said Mr. Weller, taking up a pipe and laying it down again, "it couldn't be. Samivel, total abstinence, if you please."

"But I like it of all things," said the housekeeper.

"No," rejoined Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "No."

"Upon my word I do," said the housekeeper. "Mr. Slithers knows I do."

Mr. Weller coughed, and notwithstanding the barber's confirmation of the statement, said No again, but more feebly than before. The housekeeper lighted a piece of paper and insisted on applying it to the bowl of the pipe.
with her own fair hands; Mr. Weller resisted; the housekeeper cried that her fingers would be burnt: Mr. Weller gave way. The pipe was ignited, Mr. Weller drew a long puff of smoke, and detecting himself in the very act of smiling on the housekeeper, put a sudden constraint upon his countenance and looked sternly at the candle, with a determination not to captivate, himself, or encourage thoughts of captivation in others. From this iron frame of mind he was roused by the voice of his son.

“I don’t think,” said Sam who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, “that if the lady was agreeable, it ’ud be very far out o’ the way for us four to make up a club of our own like the governors does up stairs, and let him,” Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe towards his parent, “be the president.”

The housekeeper affably declared that it was the very thing she had been thinking of. The barber said the same. Mr. Weller said nothing, but he laid down his pipe as if in a fit of inspiration, and performed the following manoeuvres.

Unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and pausing for a moment to enjoy the easy flow of breath consequent upon this process, he laid violent hands upon his watch-chain and slowly and with extreme difficulty drew from his fob an immense double-cased silver watch, which brought the lining of the pocket with it and was not to be disentangled but by great exertions and an amazing redness of face. Having fairly got it out at last, he detached the outer case, and wound it up with a key of corresponding magnitude, then put the case on again, and having applied the watch to his ear to ascertain that it was still going, gave it some half-dozen hard knocks on the table to improve its performance.

“That,” said Mr. Weller, laying it on the table with its face upwards, “is the title and emblem o’ this here society. Sammy, reach them two stools this way for the vacant cheers. Ladies and gen’lmen, Mr. Weller’s watch is wound up and now a goin’. Order!”

By way of enforcing this proclamation, Mr. Weller, using the watch after the manner of a president’s hammer, and remarking with great pride that nothing hurt it and that falls and concessions of all kinds materially enhanced the excellence of the works and assisted the regulator, knocked the table a great many times and declared the association formally constituted.

“And don’t let’s have no grimin’ at the cheer Samivel,” said Mr. Weller to his son, “or I shall be committin’ you to the cellar, and then pr’aps we may get into wot the ’Merrikins call a fix, and the English a question o’ privileges.”

Having uttered this friendly caution, the president settled himself in his chair with great dignity, and requested that Mr. Samuel would relate an anecdote.

“I’ve told one,” said Sam.

“Wery good sir; tell another,” returned the chair.

“We was a talking just now sir,” said Sam turning to Silters, “about barbers. Pursuing that ’ere fruitful theme sir, I’ll tell you in a very few words a romantic little story about another barber, as pr’aps you may never have heard.”
"Samivel!" said Mr. Weller, again bringing his watch and the table into smart collision, "address your observations to the cheer, sir, and not to private individuals!"

"And if I might rise to order," said the barber in a soft voice, and looking round him with a conciliatory smile as he leant over the table with the knuckles of his left hand resting upon it, "if I might rise to order, I would suggest that 'barbers' is not exactly the kind of language which is agreeable and soothing to our feelings. You, sir, will correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe there is such a word in the dictionary as hair-dressers."

"Well, but suppose he wasn't a hair-dresser," suggested Sam.

"Why then sir, be parliamentary, and call him 'un all the more,' returned his father. "In the same way as 'every gentleman in another place is a honorable, ev'ry barber in this place is a hair-dresser. Ven you read the speeches in the papers, and see as 'un gentleman says of another, 'the honorable member if he will allow me to call him so,' you will understand sir that that means, 'if he will allow me to keep up that 'ere pleasant and universal fiction?'"

It is a common remark, confirmed by history and experience, that great men rise with the circumstances in which they are placed. Mr. Weller came out so strong in his capacity of chairman, that Sam was for some time prevented from speaking by a grin of surprise, which held his faculties enchained and at last subsided in a long whistle of a single note. Nay, the old gentleman appeared down to his astonishment, and that to no small extent, as was demonstrated by the vast amount of chuckling in which he indulged after the utterance of these heed remarks.

"Here's the story," said Sam. "Vunce upon a time there wos a young hair-dresser as opened a very smart little shop with four wax dummies in the winder, two gen'lmen and two ladies—the gen'lmen with blue dots for their beards, very large whiskers, oudacious heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazin' pinkness—the ladies with their heads o' one side, their right forefingers on their lips, and their forms dewcloped beautiful, in which last respect they had the advantage over the gen'lmen, as wasn't allowed but very little shoulder and terminated rather abrupt, in fancy drapery. He had also a many hair-brushes and tooth-brushes bottled up in the winder, neat glass-cases on the counter, a floor-clothed cuttin' room up-stairs, and a weighin' machine in the shop, right opposite the door; but the great attraction and ornament wos the dummies, which this here young hair-dresser wos constantly a runnin' out in the road to look at, and constantly a runnin' in again to touch up and polish; in short he was so proud on 'em that ven Sunday come, he wos always wretched and miserable to think they wos behind the shutters, and looked anxiously for Monday on that account. Vun o' these dummies wos a fav'rite with him beyond the others, and ven any of his acquaintance asked him wy he didn't get married—as the young ladies he know'd, in particular, often did—he used to say, 'Never! I never vill enter into the bonds of wedlock,' he says, 'until I meet with a young 'oman as realizes my idea o' that ere finest dummy with the light hair. Then and not till then,'
he says, 'I vill approach the altar!' All the young ladies he know'd as had got
dark hair told him this was very sinful and that he was wurshippin' a idle,
but them as was at all near the same shade as the dummy coloured up very
much, and was observed to think him a very nice young man.

"Samivel," said Mr. Weller gravely; "a member o' this association bein' one
o' that 'ere tender sex which is now immediatly referred to, I have to
reklvest that you will make no reflexions."

"I ain't a makin' any, am I?" inquired Sam.

"Order sir!" rejoined Mr. Weller with severe dignity; then sinking the
chairman in the father, he added in his usual tone of voice, "Samivel,
drive on!"

Sam interchanged a smile with the housekeeper, and proceeded:

"The young hair-dresser hadn't been in the habit o' makin' this awowal above
six months, ven he en-countered a young lady as was the very pieter o' the
fairest dummy. 'Now' he says 'it's all up. I am a slave!' The young lady
was not only the pieter o' the fairest dummy, but she was very romantic as the
young hair-dresser was too, and he says 'Oh!' he says 'here's a com­
munity o' feelin', here's a flow o' soul!' he says, 'here's a interchange o' senti­
ment!' The young lady didn't say much o' course, but she expressed herself
agreeable, and shortly after wards vent to see him vith a mutual friend. The
hair-dresser rushes out to meet her, but d'rectly she sees the dummies she
changes colour and falls a tremblin' violently. 'Look up my love' says the
hair-dresser, 'behold your image in my winder, but not correcter than in my
art!' 'My image!' she says. 'Your'n!' replies the hair-dresser. 'But
whose image is that!' she says, a pinting at vun o' tho gen'lmen. 'No vun's my
love' he says 'it is but a idea.' 'A idea!' she cries, 'it is a portrait, I feel it
is a portrait, and that 'ere noble face must be in the military!' 'Wot do
I hear!' says he a crumplin' his curls. 'William Gibbs' she says quite firm,
'never renoo the subject. I respect you as a friend' she says, 'but my affecti­
tions is set upon that manly brow.' 'This' says the hair-dresser 'is a reg'lar
blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate. Farewell!' With these vords he
rushes into the shop, breaks the dummy's nose vith a blow of his curlin' irons,
melts him down at the parlour fire, and never smiles after wards."

"The young lady, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"Why ma'am?" said Sam, "finding that Fate had a spite agin her and
everybody she come into contact vith, she never smiled neither, but read a
deal o' poetry and pined away—by rayther slow degrees, for she ain't dead yet.
It took a deal o' poetry to kill the hair-dresser, and some people say arter all
that it was more the gin and water as caused him to be run over; p'raps it
was a little o' both, and came o' mixing the two."

The barber declared that Mr. Weller had related one of the most interest­
ing stories that had ever come within his knowledge, in which opinion the
housekeeper entirely concurred.

"Are you a married man sir?" inquired Sam.
The barber replied that he had not that honour.

"I s'pose you mean to be?" said Sam.
“Well,” replied the barber rubbing his hands smirkingly, “I don’t know, I don’t think it’s very likely.”

“That’s a bad sign” said Sam, “if you’d said you meant to be vun o’ these days, I should ha’ looked upon you as bein’ safe. You’re in a very precarious state.”

“I am not conscious of any danger, at all events,” returned the barber.

“No more was I sir,” said the elder Mr. Weller, interposing, “those were my symptoms exactly. I’ve been took that way twice. Keep your vether eye open my friend, or you’re gone.”

There was something so very solemn about this admonition, both in its matter and manner, and also in the way in which Mr. Weller still kept his eye fixed upon the unsuspecting victim, that nobody cared to speak for some little time, and might not have cared to do so for some time longer, if the housekeeper had not happened to sigh, which called off the old gentleman’s attention and gave rise to a gallant inquiry whether, “there wos anythin’ very piercin’ in that ‘ere little heart.”

“Dear me, Mr. Weller!” said the housekeeper, laughing. “No, but is there anythin’ as agitates it?” pursued the old gentleman. “Has it always been obdurate, always opposed to the happiness o’ human creature? Eh? Has it?”

At this critical juncture for her blushes and confusion, tho housekeeper discovered that more ale was wanted, and hastily withdrew into the cellar to draw the same, followed by the barber who insisted on carrying the candle. Having looked after her with a very complacent expression of face, and after him with some disdain, Mr. Weller caused his glance to travel slowly round the kitchen until at length it rested on his son.

“Sammy” said Mr. Weller, “I mistrust that barber.”

“What for?” returned Sam “wot’s he got to do with you? You’re a nice man, you are, arter pretendin’ all kinds o’ terror, to go a payin’ compliments and talkin’ about hearts and piercers.”

The impuation of gallantry appeared to afford Mr. Weller the utmost delight, for he replied in a voice choked by suppressed laughter and with the tears in his eyes,

“Wos I a talkin’ about hearts and piercers—was I though, Sammy, ch?”

“Wos you; of course you wos.”

“She don’t know no better Sammy, there an’t no harm in it—no danger Sammy; she’s only a punster. She seemed pleased though, didn’t she? O’ course she was pleased, it’s nat’ral she should be, very nat’ral.”

“He’s wain of it!” exclaimed Sam, joining in his father’s mirth. “He’s actually wain!”

“Hush!” replied Mr. Weller, composing his features, “they’re a comin’ back, the little heart’s a comin’ back. But mark these wurd’s o’ mine once more, and remember ‘em von your father says he said ‘em. Samivel, I mistrust that ‘ere deceitful barber.”
CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Whether Mr. Quilp took any sleep by snatches of a few winks at a time, or whether he sat with his eyes wide open all night long, certain it is that he kept his cigar alight, and kindled every fresh one from the ashes of that which was nearly consumed, without requiring the assistance of a candle. Nor did the striking of the clocks, hour after hour, appear to inspire him with any sense of drowsiness or any natural desire to go to rest, but rather to increase his wakefulness, which he showed, at every such indication of the progress of the night, by a suppressed cackling in his throat, and a motion of his shoulders, like one who laughs heartily but at the same time slyly and by stealth.

At length the day broke, and poor Mrs. Quilp, shivering with the cold of early morning and harassed by fatigue and want of sleep, was discovered sitting patiently on her chair, raising her eyes at intervals in mute appeal to the compassion and clemency of her lord, and gently reminding him by an occasional cough that she was still unpardoned and that her penance had been of long duration. But her dwarfish spouse still smoked his cigar and drank his rum without heeding her; and it was not until the sun had some time risen, and the activity and noise of city day were rife in the street, that he designed to recognise her presence by any word or sign. He might not have done so even then, but for certain impatient tapings at the door which seemed to denote that some pretty hard knuckles were actively engaged upon the other side.

"Why dear me!" he said looking round with a malicious grin, "it's clay! open the door, sweet Mrs. Quilp!"

His obedient wife withdrew the bolt, and her lady mother entered.

Now Mrs. Jiniwin bounced into the room with great impetuosity, for supposing her son-in-law to be still a-bed, she had come to relieve her feelings by pronouncing a strong opinion upon his general conduct and character. Seeing that he was up and dressed, and that the room appeared to have been occupied ever since she quitted it on the previous evening, she stopped short, in some embarrassment.

Nothing escaped the hawk's eye of the ugly little man, who perfectly understanding what passed in the old lady's mind, turned uglier still in the fullness of his satisfaction, and bade her good morning with a leer of triumph.

"Why Betsy," said the old woman, "you haven't been a— you don't mean to say you've been a—"

"Sitting up all night!" said Quilp supplying the conclusion of the sentence.

"Yes she has!"

"All night!" cried Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Aye, all night. Is the dear old lady deaf?" said Quilp, with a smile of which a frown was part. "Who says man and wife are bad company? Ha ha! The time has flown."

"You're a brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Come come," said Quilp, wilfully misunderstanding her, of course, "you mustn't call her names. She's married now, you know. And though she did
beguile the time and keep me from my bed, you must not be so tenderly
careful of me as to be out of humour with her. Bless you for a dear old lady.
Here's your health!"

"I am much obliged to you," returned the old woman, testifying by a certain
restlessness in her hands a vehement desire to shake her matronly fist at her
son-in-law. "Oh! I'm very much obliged to you!"

"Grateful soul!" cried the dwarf. "Mrs. Quilp."

"Yes Quilp," said the timid sufferer.

"Help your mother to get breakfast, Mrs. Quilp. I am going to the wharf
this morning—the earlier, the better, so be quick."

Mrs. Jinwin made a faint demonstration of rebellion by sitting down in a
chair near the door and folding her arms as if in a resolute determination
to do nothing. But a few whispered words from her daughter, and a kind inquiry
from her son-in-law whether she felt faint, with a hint that there was abundance
of cold water in the next apartment, routed these symptoms effectually, and
she applied herself to the prescribed preparations with sullen diligence.

While they were in progress, Mr. Quilp withdrew to the adjoining room and
turning back his coat-collar, proceeded to smear his countenance with a damp
towel of very unwholesome appearance, which made his complexion rather
more cloudy than it was before. But while he was thus engaged, his caution
and inquisitiveness did not forsake him, for with a face as sharp and cunning
as ever he often stopped, even in this short process, and stood listening for
any conversation in the next room, of which he might be the theme.

"Ah!" he said after a short effort of attention, "it was not the towel over
my ears, I thought it wasn't. I'm a little hunchy
villain and a monster, am I,
Mrs. Jinwin? Oh!"

The pleasure of this discovery called up the old doglike smile in full force.
When he had quite done with it, he shook himself in a very doglike manner,
and rejoined the ladies.

Mr. Quilp now walked up to the front of a looking-glass, and was standing
there putting on his neckerchief when Mrs. Jinwin, happening to be behind him,
could not resist the inclination she felt to shake her fist at her tyrant son-in-
law. It was the gesture of an instant, but as she did so and accompanied the
action with a menacing look, she met his eye in the glass, catching her in the
very act. The same glance at the mirror conveyed to her the reflection of
a horribly grotesque and distorted face with the tongue lolling out; and the next
instant the dwarf, turning about with a perfectly bland and placid look, inquired
in a tone of great affection,

"How are you now, my dear old darling?"

Slight and ridiculous as the incident was, it made him appear such a little
fiend, and withal such a keen and knowing one, that the old woman felt too
much afraid of him to utter a single word, and suffered herself to be led with
extraordinary politeness to the breakfast-table. Here he by no means
diminished the impression he had just produced, for he ate hard eggs, shell and
all, devoured gigantic prawns with the heads and tails on, chewed tobacco and
water-cresses at the same time and with extraordinary greediness, drank
boiling tea without winking, bit his fork and spoon till they bent again, and in short performed so many horrifying and uncommon acts that the women were nearly frightened out of their wits, and began to doubt if he were really a human creature. At last, having gone through these proceedings and many others which were equally a part of his system, Mr. Quilp left them, reduced to a very obedient and humble state, and betook himself to the river-side, where he took boat for the wharf on which he had bestowed his name.

It was flood tide when Daniel Quilp sat himself down in the wherry to cross to the opposite shore. A fleet of barges were coming lazily on, some sideways, some head first, some stern first; all in a wrong-headed, dogged, obstinate way, bumping up against the larger craft, running under the bows of steam-boats, getting into every kind of nook and corner where they had no business, and being crunched on all sides like so many walnut-shells; while each with its pair of long sweeps struggling and splashing in the water looked like some lumbering fish in pain. In some of the vessels at anchor all hands were busily engaged in coiling ropes, spreading out sails to dry, taking in or discharging their cargoes; in others no life was visible but two or three tarry boys, and perhaps a barking dog running to and fro upon the deck or scrambling up to look over the side and bark the louder for the view. Coming slowly on through the forest of masts was a great steam ship, beating the water in short impatient strokes with her heavy paddles as though she wanted room to breathe, and advancing in her huge bulk like a sea monster among the minnows of the Thames. On either hand were long black tiers of colliers; between them vessels slowly working out of harbour with sails glistening in the sun, and creaking noise on board, re-echoed from a hundred quarters. The water and all upon it was in active motion, dancing and buoyant and bubbling up; while the old grey Tower and piles of building on the shore, with many a church-spired shooting up between, looked coldly on, and seemed to disdain their chafing, restless neighbour.

Daniel Quilp, who was not much affected by a bright morning save in so far as it spared him the trouble of carrying an umbrella, caused himself to be put ashore hard by the wharf, and proceeded thither through a narrow lane which, partaking of the amphibious character of its frequenters, had as much water as mud in its composition, and a very liberal supply of both. Arrived at his destination, the first object that presented itself to his view was a pair of very imperfectly shod feet elevated in the air with the soles upwards, which remarkable appearance was referable to the boy, who being of an eccentric spirit and having a natural taste for tumbling was now standing on his head and contemplating the aspect of the river under these uncommon circumstances. He was speedily brought on his heels by the sound of his master's voice, and as soon as his head was in its right position, Mr. Quilp, to speak expressively in the absence of a better verb, "punched it" for him.

"Come, you let me alone," said the boy, parrying Quilp's hand with both his elbows alternately. "You'll get something you won't like if you don't, and so I tell you."

"You dog," snarled Quilp, "I'll beat you with an iron rod, I'll scratch you with a rusty nail, I'll pinch your eyes, if you talk to me—I will."
With these threats he clenched his hand again, and dexterously diving in between the elbows and catching the boy’s head as it dodged from side to side, gave it three or four good hard knocks. Having now carried his point and insisted on it, he left off.

“You won’t do it again” said the boy, nodding his head and drawing back, with the elbows ready in case of the worst; “now—”

“Stand still, you dog,” said Quilp. “I won’t do it again, because I’ve done it as often as I want. Here. Take the key.”

“Why don’t you hit one of your size?” said the boy approaching very slowly.

“Where is there one of my size, you dog?” returned Quilp. “Take the key, or I’ll brain you with it”—indeed he gave him a smart tap with the handle as he spoke. “Now, open the counting-house.”

The boy sulkily complied, muttering at first, but desisting when he looked round and saw that Quilp was following him with a steady look. And here it may be remarked, that between this boy and the dwarf there existed a strange kind of mutual liking. How born or bred, or how nourished upon blows and threats on one side, and retorts and defiances on the other, is not to the purpose. Quilp would certainly suffer nobody to contradict him but the boy, and the boy would assuredly not have submitted to be so knocked about by anybody but Quilp, when he had the power to run away at any time he chose.

“Now,” said Quilp, passing into the wooden counting-house, “you mind the wharf. Stand upon your head again, and I’ll cut one of your feet off.”
The boy made no answer, but directly Quilp had shut himself in, stood on his head before the door, then walked on his hands to the back and stood on his head there, and then to the opposite side and repeated the performance. There were indeed four sides to the counting-house, but he avoided that one where the window was, deeming it probable that Quilp would be looking out of it. This was prudent, for in point of fact the dwarf, knowing his disposition, was lying in wait at a little distance from the sash armed with a large piece of wood, which, being rough and jagged and studded in many parts with broken nails, might possibly have hurt him.

It was a dirty little box, this counting-house, with nothing in it but an old rickety desk and two stools, a hat-peg, an ancient almanack, an inkstand with no ink and the stump of one pen, and an eight-day clock which hadn’t gone for eighteen years at least and of which the minute-hand had been twisted off for a tooth-pick. Daniel Quilp pulled his hat over his brows, climbed on to the desk (which had a flat top), and stretching his short length upon it went to sleep with the ease of an old practitioner; intending, no doubt, to compensate himself for the deprivation of last night’s rest, by a long and sound nap.

Sound it might have been, but long it was not, for he had not been asleep a quarter of an hour when the boy opened the door and thrust in his head, which was like a bundle of badly-picked oakum. Quilp was a light sleeper and started up directly.

"Here’s somebody for you," said the boy.

"Who?"

"I don’t know"

"Ask!" said Quilp, seizing the trifle of wood before mentioned and throwing it at him with such dexterity that it was well the boy disappeared before it reached the spot on which he had stood. "Ask, you dog."

Not caring to venture within range of such missiles again, the boy discreetly sent in his stead the first cause of the interruption, who now presented herself at the door.

"What, Nelly!" cried Quilp.

"Yes,"—said the child, hesitating whether to enter or retreat, for the dwarf just roused, with his dishevelled hair hanging all about him and a yellow handkerchief over his head, was something fearful to behold; "it’s only me sir."

"Come in," said Quilp, without getting off the desk. "Come in. Stay. Just look out into the yard, and see whether there’s a boy standing on his head."

"No sir," replied Nell. "He’s on his feet."

"You’re sure he is?" said Quilp. "Well. Now, come in and shut the door. What’s your message Nelly?"

The child handed him a letter; Mr. Quilp, without changing his position further than to turn over a little more on his side and rest his chin on his hand, proceeded to make himself acquainted with its contents.
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