

prematuro. It puts me in mind of a young lady who purchased a brass door plate at an auction...

Ann Cunningham, who is known as the Golbourn-street divinity, appeared to show cause to the following charge. On Sunday last Mr. Inspector Jackson found her in the midst of a mob delivering the following oration...

To the Editor of the Commercial Journal. Sir, Having perceived in your paper of today, a paragraph containing a very erroneous statement, tending in some way to cast a slur upon the person who had the contract for lighting the lamps in Sydney last year...

I remain, Sir, yours &c. A LAMP INSPECTOR. Jan. 10, 1838.

ENGLISH EXTRACTS.

A PROSPEROUS VOYAGE.—The ship Aliquis Captain McFee, set her topsails at the Brunswick dock-gate on the 15th September, 1836, and sailed 16,000 miles in 117 days...

SUSPENSION OF DUTIES AT GIBRALTAR.—A despatch, dated July 15, 1837, has been received by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, from G. Villiers, Esq., Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid...

EXCISE DECISIONS.—The Commissioners of Excise have decided that all theatres, the patent houses included, and every place of public amusement, must be licensed to sell wine, spirits, and cigars...

The celebrated Joseph Parkins, ex-sheriff of London, who was famous in the Howland Stephenson affair, and who has for the last four years been confined in the City Prison, New York, in consequence of his irascible temperment...

Discovery in Surgery.—An article has appeared in the New York Express, by which it seems there is some hope that the consumption may be cured by surgical means.

Mortality in Sierra Leone.—Distressing accounts have been received from Sierra Leone. The yellow fever was raging in the colony to an almost unprecedented extent.

Notice, or Alarm Gong.—A very ingenious instrument has been invented by Captain George Smith, R. N., intended to give warning of the approach, and to announce the course a steamer is sailing on in a fog.

British Legion.—Colonel Wetherall, who went to Portsmouth lately for the purpose of paying off the men returned from Spain, paid off about 500 of them, when some disturbance having taken place among the men, the agent of the Spanish Embassy who was there with the money, declined advancing any more, and returned to town.

POSTAGE OF BRITISH NEWSPAPERS.—By an act of the 1st Victoria, cap. 31, we find those anomalies respecting the conveyance of newspapers, of which our readers had so great cause of complaint, only partly removed.

By the general post, from one post town to another within the United Kingdom—Free. By the general post, and delivered by any penny or twopenny post—Free.

By the general post of a post town, addressed to a person within the limits of that place or its suburbs—1d. each. Between places in the United Kingdom; by private ships—1d. each.

COMICAL SIGN-BOARD.—Upon the door of a house in Old-street, occupied by father and son, the former a blacksmith and publican, the latter a barber, appears a board with the following inscription:—'J. Barnett and Son; blacksmith's and barber's work done here, horse shoeing and shaving; locks mended and hair curled; bleeding, tooth drawing, and all other farriery work. All sorts of spiritous and malt liquors according to the late chemical act, and increased to be drunk in the premises. N. B. Tak notice my wife keeps school and takes in needlework and the polite arts, also washing; teaches reading and riting and other languishes and has assistants if required to learn horriory, sowin, the Mathewmatics, and all other fashionable diversions.'

Intrepid conduct of one of the Fire Brigade.—On Tuesday, considerable excitement was created by a sudden and alarming fire breaking out on the premises of Mr. Mansell, tinman and brazier, No. 5, Bermondsey-street, Southwark, near the London and Greenwich Railway.

COPENHAGEN, THE CHARGER THAT CARRIED WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.—'He died last year,' says Miss Milford, in her 'Country Stories' just published, 'at the age of twenty-seven. He was therefore in his prime on the day of Waterloo, when the duke (then and still a man of iron) rode him for seventeen hours and a half, without dismounting.'

The late Duchess of St. Alban's—Miss Mellon was the daughter of a gentleman who was in the East India service, and died some months previous to her birth, which took place in London about the year 1770. In the course of two years afterwards her mother married Mr. Entwistle, the leader of a band in a provincial theatre.

A SMALL OFFENDER.—The Spanish Dwarf, called Don Santiago de Los Santos, 25 inches high, and 40 years old, was found guilty on Monday, at the Central Criminal Court, London, of an assault of a peculiar nature upon his own servant, a girl of seventeen. The prisoner was carried into the dock enveloped in a large cloak.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY, who now have the management of the packet department of the Post-office, have given notice to the Liverpool and Dublin Steam Packet Company of their intention no longer to abide by the arrangement entered in about ten years back between the Post-office and that company.

THE KING OF HANOVER.—Among the deputations from cities and corporations which daily arrive at Hanover to present their homage to the King, the Catholic Bishop of Hildersheim has been more particularly noticed. He was invited to the royal table, an honour which had not been conferred on any before him.

THE LONDON GAZETTE contains an Order in Council approving the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that the sum of £850 per annum be paid to the Bishop of Lichfield from the funds in their possession, in order to raise the annual income of the Bishop to the sum of £4,500 per annum, subject to the postponement of payment of the said £850 from deficiency of funds; also an Order in Council approving the recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners with respect to the appropriation of the Castle of Durham, and certain precincts thereof, to the University of Durham, saving certain rights and privileges now appertaining to the Bishop of Durham, and to the officers of the sec.

N. B.—S. A. Wood has constantly by him the very best Champagne, Claret, Port, Sherry, Madeira and other choice Wines, Spirits of all descriptions.—Dunbar, Taylor, and Elliot's Draught and Bottled Ale and Porter for Sale, wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms.

Three Excellent Houses, and a most valuable Allotment of Land situated in Castlereagh-street, south, near the corner of Liverpool-street.

BY MR. BLACKMAN, Upon the ground, on MONDAY the 22nd day of January, at 12 o'clock precisely, WITHOUT RESERVE.

Substantial Brick Cottage .. 8s per week One Weather-boarded ditto .. 12 do do Ditto ditto .. 6 do

Brick built Cottage .. 12s per week Weather-boarded do .. 14 ditto Ditto ditto .. 8 ditto

HYDE PARK, The Domain, New Corn & Cattle Markets, &c., and at once offers to the small capitalist an excellent opportunity of purchase, especially as it is positively an unreserved Sale.

TERMS—10 per cent deposit on the fall of the hammer. £100 may remain upon mortgage for a short time, and the residue by approved bills at 3, 6, & 9 months, bearing 10 per cent interest, with security upon the property if required.

A very valuable Allotment, being part of the Burwood Estate, nearly adjoining the property of Mr. Coomer, described in the Title Deeds as follows:—'An allotment of land situate at Burwood, in the county of Cumberland, bounded on the north by land of Frederick Patterson, 106 feet; on the east by a reserved road running into the Parramatta Road, from which the allotment is situate about 60 feet, 740 feet, on the south by James Edrop, 106 feet, and on the west by land of Thomas Rowley, 740 feet.'

We do not hear that any progress is yet made in liquidating the account of the American houses, notwithstanding all that has been said of the arrival of large remittances for that purpose. The fact is, we believe, either that the funds realised bear a very small proportion indeed to the bulk of the debt, or that the whole goes by preference to the Bank as the principal creditor.

SALES BY AUCTION, THIS DAY—Smart, at Rooms, Flour (seconds) Smart, at Rooms, Dutch Cheese. Smart, at Rooms, Port Wine. Smart, at Rooms, Hats, &c. Smart, at Rooms, Fruits, &c. Smart, at Rooms, Wool.

THIS INSTITUTION WILL BE OPENED 'pro forma' on the 26th of this Month. Studies will commence on the 1st of February. It will be conducted under the direction of THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP.

PRESENTS TO SEND HOME. ON SALE VIEWS OF SYDNEY, and its Environs Series of Aborigines, New South Wales, Maps of Sydney, Port Phillip, Adelaide, &c. &c. PROFILE LIKENESSES TAKEN, E. D. BARLOW, Bridge-street.

CURRENCY LAD INN, (Opposite the Hay Market), BRICKFIELD HILL.

S. A. WOOD (late Agent for Messrs. Newnham and Tooth), begs most respectfully to notify to his Friends and the Public in general, that he has taken the above extensive Premises, where he trusts, by an unremitting attention to those who may honor him with their support, and by constantly having the best Wines, Spirits, &c. on hand, to merit that share of patronage which it will be his utmost study to maintain.

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SALES BY AUCTION

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, By T. W. Smart, At his Rooms, George-street, THIS DAY, the 13th January, THIRTY SIX BAGS SECONDS FLOUR

TO CONFECTIONERS, Private Families, &c. &c. TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, By T. W. Smart, At his Rooms, George-street, THIS DAY, the 13th instant, at noon precisely TWELVE CASES ASSORTED FRUITS and JAMS newly imported and in fine condition.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, By T. W. Smart, At his Rooms, George-street, THIS DAY, the 13th instant, at 12 o'clock FIFTY CASES OLD PORT WINE, each containing 3 dozen.

Dutch Cheese. TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, By T. W. Smart, At his Rooms, George-street, THIS DAY, the 13th instant, immediately after the Sale of Fruits, TWENTY CASES PRIME DUTCH CHEESE recently imported and in good condition.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, By T. W. Smart, At his Rooms, George-street, THIS DAY, the 13th instant, at 11 o'clock, TWO CASES SUPERIOR BLACK HATS

WOOL. TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, By T. W. Smart, At his Rooms, George-street, THIS DAY, the 13th instant, at 11 o'clock, SEVEN BALES FLEECE WOOL FROM S. BATHURST.

The Farmer's Arms Inn, Brickfield Hill, near the Corn and New Castle Markets. BY MR. BLACKMAN, On TUESDAY, the 16th day of January, 1838, upon the Premises at Twelve o'clock precisely.

THE FARMER'S ARMS INN, is a substantial Stone and Brick Building, is a well accustomed House; the connection being principally Settlers by whom it is crowded on Market Days. The whole of these extensive and well-arranged Premises, are now let to a respectable Tenant for the term of three years, at the low rent of £104 per annum; and the expiration of the Lease there is no doubt but that this Property will be worth £150 per annum.

Horned Cattle, Thorough-bred Mares, Rams and Ewes, Durham and Devon-bred Bulls, Dairy Cows, Horses, Mares, Colts and Fillies, Wethers, &c. &c.

A. POLACK Begs leave to inform the Public, that he has been honored with instructions from the Proprietor, to submit for public competition, on MONDAY, the 15th day of January next, at his Bazaar, positively without any reserve, and on such liberal terms as must prove highly satisfactory to intending Purchasers.

2,000 HEAD HORNED CATTLE, selected from the finest Herds in the Colony

A Flock of 400 Two-year old Ewes. A. POLACK, in publicly notifying the above, begs to state that it will be an unreserved Sale; and to assure wealthy Graziers and others desirous of obtaining a lot of superior bred Cattle, that the 2,000 within-mentioned are deserving particular attention, they having been selected from the argest and most valuable Herds in the Colony.

TERMS—10 per cent deposit on the fall of the hammer, and the residue by approved bills at 3, 6, & 9 months, bearing 10 per cent interest.

WHOLESALE PRICES OF GOODS.

Table with multiple columns listing various goods and their prices, including spirits, wine, cheese, and other commodities.

Flour at the Mills.

Table listing flour prices at different mills, including Barker and Hallen, Dotts and Davies, Albion Mills, etc.

Commercial Remarks.

Business is still languid, and will doubtless remain so until the present crisis is past, and the heaviness which hangs upon our mercantile transactions is passed. GRAIN.—No changes have taken place since our last, nor are any anticipated, at least at the present. Some rather heavy sales of Colonial Wheat have taken place during the past week, but no Foreign has been brought into the market.

EXTRACTS.

Vauxhall Gardens.—On Wednesday the proprietors of Vauxhall-gardens gave the use of the grounds and of the great ball-room to the widow of the late Mr. Cocking. The receipts at the doors were devoted to the liberality of the proprietors, to the benefit of his widow. The gardens were well attended; a vast number of persons seemed anxious to testify their respect to the unfortunate gentleman, and their willingness to contribute to any fund which could be collected to alleviate in some degree the disconsolate situation of his family. It was about 20 minutes to 7 when the balloon rose majestically from the earth, and soared into the boundless expanse of atmosphere. They took their departure amidst the cheers of the spectators and the sounds of martial music. The wind was blowing almost due south at the time of the ascent, the balloon consequently took a northerly direction, apparently about to pass over the Edgeware-road and the county of Hertford. After pursuing a prosperous voyage, which occupied 50 minutes, during which time they crossed and re-crossed the Thames several times, the party effected a safe landing in a meadow at Loyalton, in Surrey, 29 miles from London. Mr. Green, having packed the balloon, returned to town immediately with his party by post, and arrived at the Royal gardens about 12 o'clock.

Paganini.—The following anecdote of this great artist has appeared in several of the continental journals:—During Paganini's late residence at Marseilles he had been much surprised and disturbed when he retired to his chamber of an evening, for the purpose of study, by a rustling in the chimney, produced as he supposed by a bird or cat who had taken possession of it. By way of dislodging the intruder, he caused a fire to be lighted; and great was his astonishment when he saw something approaching the human form divine emerge from the chimney, and, with many apologies, explain that he was a poor musician of the name of Albari, whose reverence for Paganini, and anxiety to learn all that he could from him, had led him to climb down the chimney. The maestro was so touched with this neck-breaking enthusiasm, that he not only offered to give him instructions, but has actually taken him with him to America.—Musical World.

Cards.—"Can you leave me your card?" asked one of me the other day. "I really can't, for I have not got one." "Not got one," said he in astonishment. "No, I have not; I never had an engraved card, and I don't think I ever shall. Every body has his card. My boot black has his engraved card, and it is a very neat one too. I carry my card in my face. If you cannot read J. Bennett there, there's a fault in your eye, that's all. My exquisite squint is as good as a card. God Almighty engraved it."

Absent-ism.—Miss Edgeworth was one evening busy writing beside her father, when the servant brought in the tea equipage. The authoress measured the due spoonful into a china-cup, then "turned on" the boiling water into the teapot, let it stand the time proper for infusion; put into other cups their cream and sugar pouring thereon—what? In her literary abstraction she had omitted to put in the lye, so that the draft she now offered to her parent was very milky and waterish indeed. "Were you writing on Irish bulls that you made such a blunder, Maria?" asked the sire. "No, papa," returned his witty girl, "twas Irish Absent-ism."

A Touch of Egotism.—Mr. Bennett, editor of the New York Herald, says, "I mean to make the daily newspaper the great moral and intellectual engine of modern days. Its capabilities—its powers—its influence—never have been fully tested. Founded on the cash, and specie system, and conducted on the principle of a division of labour, I shall be enabled, by its increasing profit and great revenue, already large, to concentrate upon my establishment all the available and original talent of the country. Beyond the reach of broken banks—of rascally politicians—of ignorant booksellers—of bigoted clergy—of each class of society alike—my great purpose is to raise the daily newspaper press to the highest rank in literature, taste, morals, and independence. In two short years, out of a beggarly 500 dollars and a vigorous constitution, both mental and physically, I have attained a position from which I can control and manage my future advances in civilization just as I please. The miserable newspaper editors around me I despise as I do the dirt under my feet. They are ignorant, silly, vain, empty whippersnappers, licentious, wicked. I am only in the beginning of my career, and they know it. With the great and independent public on my side, what care I for all the opposition that the O'Haggetts, the Webbs, the Hamblins, the Westons, or the Hoyts, or any other 'lofers' may raise to my progress? This do I move in the face of immortality, with all the pretty women, cash dealers, and philosophers cheering me onward."

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE AGE.—We have been shown a sheet of paper about a hundred feet in length and two feet wide, printed on both sides by a machine at one operation. The extraordinary invention enables a person to print off any length of paper required for any number of copies of a work or a public journal, without a single stoppage and without the assistance of any person except one to put in the rags at the extremity of the machine. The work comes out entire and complete. This wonderful operation is effected by the placing of the types on stereotype plates on the surface of two cylinders, which are connected with the paper-making machinery. The paper, as it issues from the mill, enters in a properly inclined tube between the rollers, which are evenly linked by an ingenious apparatus, and emerges in a printed form. The number of copies can be measured off by the yard or fathom, according to the demand, or according to the supply of the raw material. The

work which we have seen from this press is "Robinson Crusoe," and consists of one hundred and sixty duodecimo pages. All that is necessary for a man to do going into a paper mill is to take off his shirt, hand it to the devil who officiates at one extremity, and have it come out Robinson Crusoe at the other. Mr. Thomas French of Utica, is the inventor.—American Sub.

A RARE OCCURRENCE IN THE SPORTING CIRCLES.—A stock-broker, who died about two months ago, had laid a wager on parole with a rich capitalist at Paris. The latter made his appearance a few days since at the residence of the widow, informed her that her husband had lost a bet of 16,000 francs, and asked if she could rely solely on her informant's assurance that the transaction had taken place, and fulfil the engagements contracted by the deceased? The widow, without hesitation, produced a pocket-book from her secretary, and proceeded to count bank notes to the amount of 16,000 francs, when she was immediately interrupted by the capitalist: "Madame," said he, "as you gave such convincing proof that you consider the wager binding, I have to pay you 16,000 francs. Here is the sum, for I am the loser and not your late husband."

ACCOMMODATION.—A curious instance of the difference between what was once held to be a capital offence, but is now held to be a debt, is reported in the True Sun of the 6th August. William Jordan, a journeyman tailor, had been in the habit of accepting bills drawn upon him by Messrs. Shepherd, the cloth manufacturers of Scotland Yard, who lately failed for a large sum. They drew upon him as an esquire, and discounted his bills with the Gloucester bank. He had been found out, and as a punishment for being accessory in such a fraud, he was arrested. He sought his discharge before the Insolvent Court, stating that he received half a crown a bill for accepting. What difference would there have been in the value of these bills, had no such person as this journeyman tailor existed? Yet in the latter case, until recently, it would have been a capital offence, while the former would have been only a debt.

A melancholy accident occurred a few weeks ago in the neighbourhood of Swenich, a small Russian town in the neighbourhood of Wilna. A Catholic church, situated near the town, appears to have been a favourite resort for the pious pilgrims of the neighbourhood. On the day dedicated to the patron saint an immense concourse had assembled, and most of the peasants had brought their votive offerings, chiefly consisting of the produce of their farms. One poor woman laid a few bundles of flax before the altar, where it unfortunately came in contact with one of the tapers, and caught fire. In a few moments the flames were communicated to the building itself, which, like most of the churches in that country, was built entirely of wood. The assembled crowd rushed to the only door, but were for some time unable to escape, as the multitudes outside, on the first alarm being given, attempted to rush into the building, to afford assistance. Upwards of 100 persons were burnt, or trampled to death, and a much larger number seriously injured.—Prussian State Gazette.

THE GREAT WINGLEBURY DUEL.

The little town of Great Winglebury is exactly forty miles and three quarters from Hyde Park corner. It has a long, straggling, quiet, high-street with a great black and white clock at a small red town hall, half way up—a market-place—a cage—an assembly-room—a church—a bridge—a chapel—a theatre—a library—an inn—a pump—and a Post-office. Tradition tells of a "Little Winglebury" down some cross-road about two miles off; and as a square mass of dirty paper supposed to have been originally intended for a letter, with certain tremulous characters inscribed thereon, in which a lively imagination might trace a remote resemblance to the word "Little" was once stuck up to be owned in the sunny window of the Great Winglebury Post-office, from which it disappeared when it fell to pieces with dust and extreme old age, there would appear to be some foundation for the legend. Common belief is inclined to bestow the name upon a little hole at the end of a muddy lane about a couple miles long, colonized by one wheelwright, four papers, and a beer-shop; but even this authority, slight as it is, must be regarded with extreme suspicion inasmuch as the inhabitants of the hole aforesaid, concur in opinion that it never had any name at all, from the earliest ages, down to the present day.

The Winglebury arms in the centre of the High-street, opposite the small building with the big clock, is the principal inn of Great Winglebury—the commercial inn, posting-house, and excise-office; the "Blue" house at every election, and the Judges' house at every assizes. It is the head quarters of the Gentlemen's Whist Club, of Winglebury Blues (so called in opposition to the Gentlemen's Whist Club of Winglebury Blues, held at the other house, a little further down); and whenever a juggler, or wax-work man, or concert-giver, takes Great Winglebury in his circuit, it is immediately placarded all over the town that Mr. So-and-so "trusting to that liberal support which the inhabitants of Great Winglebury have been long so liberal in bestowing, has at great expense engaged the elegant and commodious assembly-rooms, attached to the Winglebury Arms." The house is a large one with a red brick and stone front; a pretty spacious hall, ornamented with ever-green plants, terminates in a perspective view of the bar, and a glass case, in which are displayed a choice variety of delicacies ready for dressing, to catch the eye of a new-comer, the moment he enters, and ex-

dite his appetite to the highest possible pitch. Opposite doors lead to the "coffee" and "commercial" rooms; and a great, wide, rambling staircase—three stairs and a landing—four stairs and another landing—half a dozen stairs and another landing—and so on—conducts to galleries of bedrooms, and labyrinths of sitting-rooms, denominated "private," where you may enjoy yourself as privately as you can in any place where some bewildered being or other walks into your room every five minutes by mistake, and then walks out again, to open all the doors along the gallery till he finds his own.

Such is the Winglebury Arms at this day, and such was the Winglebury Arms some time since—no matter when—two or three minutes before the arrival of the London stage. Four horses with cloths on—change for a coach—were standing quietly at the corner of the yard surrounded by a listless group of post-boys in shiny hats smock-frocks, engaged in discussing the merits of the cattle; half a dozen ragged boys were standing a little apart, listening with evident interest to the conversation of these worthies; and a few loungers were collected round the horse-trough, awaiting the arrival of the coach.

The day was hot and sunny, the town in the zenith of its dullness, and with the exception of these few idlers not a living creature was to be seen. Suddenly the loud notes of a key-bugle broke the monotonous stillness of the street; in came the coach, rattling over the uneven paving with a noise startling enough to stop even the large-faced clock itself. Down got the outsiders, up went the windows in all directions; out came the waiters, up started the ostlers, and the loungers, and the post-boys, and the ragged boys, as if they were electrified—unstrapping, and unclipping, and unbuckling, and dragging willing horses out, and forcing reluctant horses in, and making a most exhilarating bustle. "Lady inside, here," said the guard. "Please to alight, ma'am" said the waiter. "Private sitting-room," interrogated the lady. "Certainly, ma'am" responded the chambermaid. "Nothing but these 'ere trunks, ma'am?" inquired the guard, and the coachman. Off came the cloths with a jerk—"All right" was the cry; and away they went. The loungers lingered a minute or two in the road, watching the coach till it turned the corner, and then loitered away one by one. The street was clear again, and the town, by contrast, quieter than ever.

"Lady in number twenty-five," screamed the landlady. "Thomas." "Yes, ma'am." "Letter just been left for the gentleman in No. 19—Boots at the Lion left it.—No answer."

"Letter for you, sir," said Thomas, depositing the letter on number nineteen's table. "For me," said number nineteen, turning from the window, out of which he had been surveying the scene we have just described. "Yes, sir,"—(waiters always speak in hints, and never utter complete sentences.) "Yes, sir.—Boots at the Lion, sir.—Bar, sir.—Missis said number nineteen, sir.—Alexander Trott, Esq., sir.—Your card at the bar, sir. I think sir?"

"My name is Trott," replied number nineteen, breaking the seal. "You may go, waiter." The waiter pulled down the window-blind, and then pulled it up again—for a regular waiter must do something before he leaves the room—adjusted the glasses on the sideboard, brushed a place which was not dusty, rubbed his hands very hard, walked stealthily to the door, and evaporated.

There was evidently something in the contents of the letter, of a nature, if not wholly unexpected, certainly extremely disagreeable. Mr. Alexander Trott laid it down and took it up again, and walked about the room on particular squares of the carpet, and even attempted, though very unsuccessfully, to whistle an air. It wouldn't do. He threw himself into a chair and read the following listless aloud:

"Blue Lion and Stomach-warmer, Great Winglebury.

"Wednesday Morning.

"Sir, Immediately on discovering your intentions, I left our counting-house, and followed you. I know the purport of your journey;—that journey shall never be completed.

"I have no friend here just now, on whose secrecy I can rely. This shall be no obstacle to my revenge. Neither shall Emily Brown be exposed to the mercenary solicitations of a scoundrel, odious in her eyes, and contemptible in every body else; nor will I tamely submit to the clandestine attacks of a base umbrella-maker.

"Sir,—from Great Winglebury Church, a footpath leads through four meadows, to a retired spot, known to the townspeople as Stiffun's Acre (Mr. Trott shuddered). I shall be waiting there alone, at twenty minutes before six o'clock to-morrow morning. Should I be disappointed of seeing you there, I will do myself the pleasure of calling with a horsewhip.

"Hornes Hunter, High-street; and they won't sell gunpowder after dark—you understand me.

"P.S. You had better not order your breakfast in the morning 'till after you have seen me. It may be an unnecessary expense."

"Desperate-minded villain! I knew how it would be!" ejaculated the terrified Trott. "I always told father, that once start me on this expedition, and Hunter would pursue me like the wandering Jew. It's bad enough as it is, to marry with the old people's command, and without the girl's consent; but what will Emily think of me, if I go down there, breathless with running away from this infernal salamander? What shall I do? What can I do? If I go back

to the city I'm disgraced for ever.—lose the girl, and what's more, lose the money too. Even if I did go on to the Brown's by the coach, Hunter would be after me in a post-chaise; and if I go to this place, the Stiffun's Acre (another shudder), I'm as good as dead. I've seen him hit the man at the Pall-mall shooting-gallery, in the second button hole of the waistcoat five time out of every six, and when he didn't hit him there, he hit him in the head." And with this consolatory reminiscence, Mr. Alexander Trott again ejaculated, "What shall I do?"

Long and weary were his reflections as burying his face in his hands, he sat ruminating on the best course to be pursued. His mental direction-post pointed to London. He thought of "the governor's anger, and the loss of the fortune which the paternal Brown had promised the paternal Trott his daughter should contribute to the coffers of his son. Then the words "To Brown's were legibly inscribed on the said direction-post, but Horace Hunter's denunciation rung in his ears;—last of all it bore in red letters, the words, "To Stiffun's Acre;" and then Mr. Alexander Trott decided on adopting a plan which he presently matured.

First and foremost he despatched the under-boots to the Blue Lion and Stomach-warmer, with a gentlemanly note to Mr. Horace Hunter, intimating that he thirsted for his destruction, and would do himself the pleasure of slaughtering him next morning without fail. He then wrote another letter, and requested the attendance of the other boots—for they kept a pair. A modest knock at the room-door was heard—"Come in," said Mr. Trott. A man thrust in a red-head, with one eye in it, and being again desired to "come in," brought in the body and legs to which the head belonged.

"You are the upper boots, I think?" inquired Mr. Trott.

"Yes, I am the upper boots," replied a voice from inside a velvet case with mother-of-pearl buttons—"that is I'm the boots as b'long to the house; the other man's my man, as goes errands and does odd jobs—top-boots, and half-boots, I call us."

"You're from London?" inquired Mr. Trott.

"Driv a cab once," was the laconic reply.

"Why don't you drive it now?" asked Mr. Trott.

"Cos I over-driv the cab, and driv over the 'ooman," replied the top-boots, with brevity.

"Do you know the mayor's house?" inquired Trott.

"Rather," replied the boots, significantly, as if he had some good reason to remember it.

"Do you think you could manage to leave a letter there?" interrogated Trott.

"Shouldn't wonder," responded boots.

"But this letter," said Trott, holding a deformed note with a paralytic direction in one hand, and five shillings in the other—"This letter is anonymous."

"A—what?" interrupted the boots.

"Oh! I see," responded the regular, with a knowing wink, but without evincing the slightest disinclination to undertake the charge—"I see—bit o' saving, eh?" and his one eye wandered round the room as if in quest of a dark lantern and phosphorus-box. "But, I say," he continued, recalling the eye from its search, and bringing it to bear on Mr. Trott,—"I say, he's a lawyer, our mayor, and insured in the Country. If you've a spite again him, you'd better not burn his house down—blessed if I don't think it would be the greatest favour you could do him." And he chuckled inwardly.

If Mr. Alexander Trott had been in any other situation, his first act would have been to kick the man down stairs by deputy; or in other words, to ring the bell and, desire the landlord to take his boots off. He contented himself, however, with doubling the fee, and explaining that the letter merely related to a breach of the peace. The top-boots retired, solemnly pledged to secrecy; and Mr. Alexander Trott sat down to a fried sole, Maitouon cutlet, Madeira, and sundries, with much greater composure than he had experienced since the receipt of Horace Hunter's letter of defiance.

The lady who alighted from the London coach had no sooner been installed in number twenty-five, and made some slight alteration in her travelling-dress, than she solicited a note to Joseph Overton, esquire, solicitor, and mayor of Great Winglebury, requesting his immediate attendance on private business of paramount importance—a summons which that worthy functionary lost no time in obeying; for after sundry extensions of his eyes, divers ejaculations of "God bless me!" and other manifestations of surprise, he took his broad-brimmed hat from its accustomed peg in his little front office, and walked briskly down the High-street to the Winglebury Arms; through the hall, and up the staircase of which establishment, he was ushered by the landlady, and a crowd of officious waiters, to the door of number twenty-five.

"Show the gentleman in," said the stranger lady, in reply to the foremost waiter's announcement; and the gentleman was shown in accordingly.

The lady rose from the sofa; the mayor advanced a step from the door, and there they both paused for a minute or two, looking at one another as if by mutual consent. The mayor saw before him a buxom richly dressed female of about forty; and the lady looked upon a sleek man about ten years older, in dark shorts and continuations; black coat, neckcloth, and gloves.

"Miss Julia Manners!" exclaimed the mayor at length, "you astonish me." "That's very unfair of you, Overton," replied Miss Julia, "for I have known you long enough not to be surprised at anything you do; and you might extend equal courtesy to me."

"But to run away—actually run away with a young man!" remonstrated the mayor.

"You would not have me actually run away with an old one I presume," was the cool rejoinder.

"And then to ask me—me—me of all people in the world—to promote such a scheme!" pettishly ejaculated Joseph Overton, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and producing Miss Julia's letter from his pocket, as if to corroborate the assertion that he had been asked.

"Now Overton," replied the lady impatiently, "I want your assistance in this matter, and I must have it. In the lifetime of that poor old dear, Mr. Cornleary, who—"

"Who was to have married you, and didn't because he died first; and who left his property unincumbered with the addition of himself," suggested the mayor in a sarcastic tone.

"Well," replied Miss Julia, reddening slightly, "in the lifetime of the poor old dear, the property had the incumbrance of your management; and all I will say of that is, that I only wonder it didn't die of consumption instead of its master. You helped yourself then—help me now."

Mr. Joseph Overton was a man of the world, and an attorney; and as certain indistinct recollections of an odd thousand pounds or two appropriated by mistake passed across his mind, he hemmed deprecatingly, smiled blandly, remained silent for a few seconds; and finally enquired, "What do you wish to do?"

"I'll tell you," replied Miss Julia—"I'll tell you in these words. Dear Lord Peter—"

"That's the young man, I suppose"—interrupted the mayor.

"That's the nobleman," replied the lady, with a great stress on the last word. "Dear Lord Peter is considerably afraid of the resentment of his family; and we have therefore thought it better to make the match a stolen one. He left town to avoid suspicion on a visit to his friend, the Honourable Augustus Flair, whose seat, as you know, is about thirty miles from this, accompanied only by his favorite tiger. We arranged that I should come here alone in the London coach; and that he leaving his tiger and cab behind him, should come on, and arrive here as soon as possible this afternoon."

"Very well," observed Joseph Overton, "and then he can order the chaise, and you can go on to Grefna Green together, without requiring the presence of a third party, can't you?"

"No," replied Miss Julia, "We have every reason to believe—Dear Lord Peter not being considered very prudent or sagacious by his friends, and they having discovered his attachment to me—that immediately on his absence being observed pursuit will be made in this direction; to elude which, and to prevent our being traced I wish to be understood in this house, that dear Lord Peter is slightly deranged, though perfectly harmless; and that I am, unknown to him, waiting his arrival to convey him in a post-chaise to a private asylum—at Berwick, say. If I don't show myself much, I dare say I can manage to pass for his mother."

The thought occurred to the mayor's mind the lady might show herself a good deal without fear of detection; seeing that she was about double the age of her intended husband. He said nothing, however, and the lady proceeded—

"With the whole of this arrangement, dear Lord Peter is acquainted; and all I want you to do is to make the delusion more complete by giving it the sanction of your influence in this place, and assigning this as a reason to the people of the house, for my taking the young gentleman away. As it would not be consistent with the story that I should see him, until after he has entered the chaise; I also wish you to communicate with him, and inform him that it is all going on well."

"Has he arrived?" inquired Overton.

"I don't know," replied the lady.

"Then how am I to know?" inquired the mayor. "Of course he will not give his own name at the bar."

"I begged him, immediately on his arrival, to write you a note," replied Miss Manners; and to prevent the possibility of our project being discovered through its means, I desired him to write anonymously and in mysterious terms to acquaint you with the number of his room."

"God bless me!" exclaimed the mayor, rising from his seat, and searching his pockets—"most extraordinary circumstances—he has arrived—mysterious note left at my house in a most mysterious manner just before yours—didn't know what to make of it before, and certainly shouldn't have attended to it.—Oh! here it is." And Joseph Overton pulled out of an inner coat-pocket, the identical letter penned by Alexander Trott.

"Is this his lordship's hand?"

"Oh yes," replied Julia; "good punctual creature. I have not seen it more than once or twice, but I know he writes very badly, and very large. These dear, wild young noblemen, you know, Overton."

"Ay, ay, I see," replied the mayor—"Horses and dogs, play and wine; grooms, actresses, and cigars. The stable, the green-room, the brothel, and the tavern; and the legislative assembly at last."

"Here's what he says: 'Sir,—A young gentleman in number nineteen at the Winglebury Arms, is bent on committing a rash act to-morrow morning at an early hour.' (That's good, he means marrying.) 'If you have any regard for the peace of this Town, or the preservation of one—it may be two—human lives.—What the deuce does he mean by that?' 'That he's so anxious for the ceremony, he'll expire if it's put off; and that I may possibly do the same'—replied the lady, with great complacency.

"Oh! I see—not much fear of that;—well—two human lives, you will cause him to be removed to-night!—(he wants to start at once). 'Fear not to do this on your responsibility: for to-morrow, the absolute necessity of the preceding will be too ap-

parent. Remember: number nineteen. The name is Trott. No delay; for life and death depend upon your promptitude."

"Passionate language, certainly.—Shall I see him?"

"Do," replied Miss Julia; "and entreat him to act his part well: I am half afraid of him. Tell him to be cautious."

"I will," said the mayor.

"Settle all the arrangements."

"I will," said the mayor again.

"And say I think the chaise had better be ordered for one o'clock."

"Very well," cried the mayor once more ruminating on the absurdity of the situation in which fate and old acquaintance had placed him, he desired a waiter to herald his approach to the Temporary representative of number nineteen.

The announcement—"Gentlemen to speak with you, sir," induced Mr. Trott to pause half-way in the glass of port, the contents of which, he was in the act of imbibing at the moment, to rise from his chair, and to retreat a few paces, towards the window, as if to secure a retreat in the event of the visitor assuming the form and appearance of the Horace Hunter. A glance at Joseph Overton, however, quieted his apprehensions: he courteously motioned the stranger to a seat. The waiter after a little jingling with the decanter and glasses, consented to leave the room; and Joseph Overton placing the broad brimmed hat on the chair next him, and bending his body gently forward, opened the business by saying in a very low and cautious tone,

"My Lord—"

"Eh?" said Mr. Alexander Trott in a very loud key with the vacant and mystified stare of a chilly somnambulist.

"Hush—hush!—said the cautious attorney—"to be sure—quite right—no titles here—my name is Overton, sir."

"Overton!"

"Yes; the mayor of this place—you sent me a letter with anonymous information, this afternoon."

"I, sir?" exclaimed Trott, with ill-dissembled surprise? for, coward as he was, he would willingly have repudiated the authorship of the letter in question. "I, sir?"

"Yes, you, sir; did you not?" responded Overton, annoyed with what he supposed to be an extreme degree of unnecessary suspicion. "Either this letter is yours, or it is not. If it be, we can converse securely upon the subject at once. If it be not, of course I have no more to say."

"Stay, stay," said Trott, "it is mine; I did write it. What could I do, sir? I had no friend here."

"To be sure—to be sure," said the mayor encouragingly, "you could not have managed it better. Well, sir; it will be necessary for you to leave here to-night in a postchaise and four; and the harder the boys drive the better. You are not safe from pursuit here."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Trott, in an agony of apprehension, can such things happen in a country like this! Such unrelenting and cold-blooded hostility! and he wiped off the concentrated essence of cowardice that was oozing fast down his forehead, and looked aguish at Joseph Overton.

"It certainly is a very hard case," replied the mayor with a smile, "that in a free country, people can't marry whom they like, without being hunted down as if they were criminals. However in the present instance the lady is willing, you know, and that's the main point, after all."

"Lady willing!" repeated Trott, mechanically—"How do you know the lady's willing?"

"Come, that's a good one," said the mayor benevolently tapping Mr. Trott on the arm with the broad brimmed hat, "I have known her well for a long time; and if any body could entertain the remotest doubt on the subject, I assure you I have none, nor need you."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Trott, ruminating—"Dear me!—most extraordinary thing!"

"Well, Lord Peter," said the mayor, rising.

"Lord Peter!" reiterated Mr. Trott.

"Oh—ha, I forgot; well, Mr. Trott, then—Trott—very good, ha! ha!—Well, sir, the chaise shall be ready at half-past twelve."

"And what is to become of me till then?" inquired Mr. Trott anxiously. "Wouldn't it save appearances if I were placed under some restraint?"

"Ah!" replied Overton, "very good thought—capital idea indeed: I'll send somebody up directly; and if you make a little resistance when we put you in the chaise it wouldn't be amiss—look as if you didn't want to be taken away you know."

"To be sure," said Trott—"to be sure."

"Well, my lord," said Overton, in a low tone, "till then, I wish your lordship good evening."

"Lord—lordship!" ejaculated Trott again falling back a step or two, and gazing unutterable wonder on the countenance of the mayor.

"Ha—ha! I see, my lord—practising the madman, eh?—very good, indeed—very vacant look—capital, my lord, capital, my lord, capital—good evening, Mr. Trott—ha! ha! ha!"

"The mayor's decidedly drunk," soliloquized Mr. Trott, throwing himself back in his chair, in an attitude of reflection.

"Cleverer fellow than I thought him, that young nobleman—carries it off devilish well," thought Overton, as he wended his way to the bar, there to complete his arrangements. This was soon done; every word of the story was implicitly believed, and the one-eyed boots was immediately instructed to repair to number nineteen, to act as custodian of the person of the supposed lunatic until half-past twelve o'clock.

To be concluded in our next.