

that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal! Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A suffocating odor prevailed the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath!—There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors—oh! most unrelenting! oh! most demonic of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh! for a voice to speak! oh! horror!—oh! any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of ague.—There had been a second change in the cell—and now that change was obviously in the form. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavored to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said, "any death but that of the pit!" Fool! might I not have known that into the pit it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and, of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! there was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.—*Tales and Sketches by Poe.*

Recollections of the Late Sir Charles Napier.

Sir Charles was married to a lady of strong though gentle character, and he delighted in relating an adventure which once befell the pair, very characteristic of both. He and lady Napier were riding one evening, unattended, on the summit of the Mahabeshwur Hills. The sun had just set, the pathway was narrow, bordered on the side by jungle, and on the other by a deep precipice. Turning suddenly to his wife, he desired her to ride on at full speed immediately to the nearest village, and send some people back to the spot where she left him, and not ask him the reason why he sent her. She obeyed—hear it, ye inquisitive and disputatious wives!—in silence. It was no slight trial of her courage as well as her obedience, for the way was lonely, and beset with many possible perils, but she rode rapidly and boldly forward, and gained a village at some distance in safety. The party whom she then dispatched and accompanied met Sir Charles, however, about a

mile from the place, following in his lady's track; and he then explained the reason of his strange and unquestioned command. He had seen, as they slowly walked their horses, four savage eyes gleam at him from the jungle, and believed that they belonged either to tigers or cheetahs—the hunting-leopard. He was aware that if they both rode off, the creatures, following the instinct of their nature, would be sure to chase them. He feared lest, if lady Napier knew the fearful kind of peril they were in, she would be startled and unfit to make any attempt at escape, or at least that she would not consent to his own judicious Plan; so he tested her obedience—as we have seen, successfully. He remained himself, confronting, and probably controlling the wild beasts with his eagle eye; for after a short gaze and a muttered growl, they retreated into the jungle, and he was free to follow his wife.

Lady Napier herself related to me another rather amusing incident in connection with animals. As she and Sir Charles were coming down the Mahabeshwur Hills, they chose to pitch their tent and remain for the night on a spot which was inhabited by a tribe of monkeys. These beasts were drawn by their intense curiosity close to the travellers and Lady Napier sent for some nuts, put them into the pocket of her apron, and fed one, which was bolder and tamer than the rest, with them. When they withdrew into the tent, their apish guests likewise retreated.

On awaking next morning, Lady Napier was startled at finding that her purse had been stolen in the night. An inquiry was instantly made, and a close search instituted in her room for it, but in vain; and she had come to the conclusion, that some of those skillful Indian robbers who can steal the sheets from under one, unfelt and unseen, had carried off her property, for the loss was considerable. When walking by chance into the back enclosure of the tent, she found her friend the monkey seated in grave dignity with her apron on, imitating her yesterday-evening's action, and supplying the want of nuts with her gold and silver coins, which he scattered liberally around him. He was suffered to empty the purse, and then they tried to catch him, but so far as we remember, did not succeed; he returned to the woods clad in a black satin apron! and doubtless played for the future the part of the monkey who has seen the world.

The Profit and Loss of Newspaper Enterprise.

Our contemporary of the *Transcript*, after referring yesterday to the demand for an increase of clerks' salaries, makes the following remarks in which we cordially concur. The price of newspapers, and the rates of advertising must be increased, if the present cost of living and rates of wages continue, or newspapers must become of no value. Yet there is a class of people who seem to think that newspaper people should work for nothing, advertise at less than the cost of setting up, and think themselves honored by their distinguished patronage. If newspaper proprietors were but true to themselves and each other, however, this state of things would not last. Ere long they will be compelled like the other workers for their bread to strick for better pay:

"We can fully sympathise with clerks and others engaged upon a stipulated salary, for no class can participate more feelingly, and understand more accurately, this hardship than the proprietor of a newspaper. Our tariff for advertising is, unfortunately, not graduated by the brokers' circular, nor are our terms of subscription increased with the rise in breadstuffs. Indeed, to receive what is hard worked for, and what is really due, requires an incessant application, sometimes of several years, combined with a constant politeness, and the most unflinching industry in the dunning occupation, which like Othello's, is never done with us. We have, however, reason to thank many of our subscribers for recent remittances, and it is only fair to mention, in justice to others, that the neglect we complain of is mainly attributable to the popular error that the industrious class to which we belong exist on one meal a day, are invulnerable to the effects of a Canadian temperature, and are supplied with compli-

mentary tickets, for paper, ink, and printing materials, &c. The sooner this sad error is discovered the better will be our condition."

We observe that our American contemporaries are feeling the pressure and complaining also. One of them noticing the discontinuing of the publication of a paper in the same city, says:

"There ought to be one moral here impressed. It is not an every day matter that the publication of a paper that has been thirteen years in existence is so summarily extinguished, though if publishers consulted their own interests, it would be oftener. The truth is, that with skill and business capacity brought to it, the *Signal* could not have returned any remuneration for the labour of issuing it. Within the last two years, the cost of publishing a paper has been enormously enhanced. Paper has risen some two and half cents a pound. We use six reams of forty pounds each per week. This increases our cost in paper six dollars a week, or \$312 a year. Everything else has risen in proportion. Our labour costs double what it did in 1846. Everything costs to correspond; yet advertisers will pay no more, nor can the price of the paper be increased. Thus it is that papers, which were good property some two to five or ten years ago, pay nothing now. The demise of the *Signal* endorses what we say. We can see no remedy but in some action on the part of the publishers, to get readier pay for their labors, and at prices for it proportionate to the general enhanced prices of everything else."

The Corporal.

During the American revolution, an officer, not habited in the military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small redoubt. The commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavoring to rise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular voicifications of "Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!" &c., &c.

The officer before spoken of stopped his horse when he arrived at the place, and seeing the timber sometimes scarcely moved, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the pomp of an emperor, said:

"Sir I am a corporal!"
"You are not though are you?" said the officer. "I was not aware of it." And taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Upon this he dismounted his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority:

"Mr. Corporal Commander," said he, "when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington.

A QUIZZICAL SPIRIT.—The Hon. J. W. Edmonds, in order to illustrate the fact that all sorts of spirits hold communication with men, tells a very good story of a lazy fellow who was advised by a spirit whom he consulted, to dig in a certain place ten feet deep for a box full of money supposed to be hidden there.—The man digged as directed and having sunk the pit ten feet deep without finding the money he reported the fact to the spirit, who ordered him to dig two feet deeper. This was done and with the same ill success, and then the spirit directed him to dig down one foot more. Still no money was found and the man observed to the spirit "I believe you are humbugging me." "To be sure I am," answered the invisible, "and you deserve to be humbugged. Go home you fool, and attend to your business!"

A distinguished divine was walking with a friend past a new church in which another distinguished divine is the shepherd. Said the friend to D. D., looking up at the spire, which was very tall and not yet completed, "How much higher is that going to be?" "Not much," said the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they don't own very far in that direction!"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The chap who "started his boots" when the constable was after him, has had them repaired.

Can any civil engineer inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?

Some ladies appear to regard themselves as a sort of houses, and to think that the more they are painted the better they look.

A poor benedict remarked the other day that on his wedding-day he thought that life would be all sunshine, but it proved all moonshine.

An old lady in Iowa, while in the woods, was bitten on the end of the nose by a rattlesnake. The old lady recovered, but the snake died. Coroner's verdict—"Poisoned by snuff."

There is a young lady in the upper part of New York so modest that she will not undress until a newspaper her mother subscribes to, is removed from the room. The name of the paper is the—*Observer*.

A lady being asked what business her husband followed, said he was engaged in "finishing." Further explanation was necessary, and after a brief hesitation, she continued, "finishing his time in the State's prison."

Good.—"Father what does a printer live on?"

"Why, child?"

"Because you said you hadn't paid him for three years, and still take the paper."

"Wife, spank that child."

Don't always look for mere beauty in a woman. Those who think a girl is perfection, just because she has cherry lips, hazel eyes, and a shower of curls, known no more about female calico than a boiled lobster does of moral philosophy and the ten commandments.

I thought her mine; I thought the world
Shone forth with joy for me,
I did not dream in after years,
'Twas folly I should see;
But so it proved. I sought her hand,
I really thought I'd get her,
But oh! alas! her answer came—
"Her Mother wouldn't let her!"

A stripling, some eight years of age, was engaged in the manufacture of a stool, which on account of a disparity in the length of the legs refused to stand up. After fruitless efforts to do so, "Mother," inquired he, "does the Lord see everything?" "Yes, my son." "Well," replied the young hopeful, "then I guess he'll laugh when he sees this stool!"

PREACHING BY EXAMPLE.—A miserable fellow in Maine was once found in the gutter who replied to an inquiry as to what business he followed, that he was preaching temperance.

"Why," said the inquirer, "how do you make that out?"

"Brother John preaches," was the ready answer, "and I *illustrate*."

It is to be regretted that we have more to illustrate than to earnestly preach.

CURE FOR VANITY.—BY PIERRE PATRICE, 1583.

"I dreamt, that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And as so mean an object shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cried,
Scoundrel, begone! and henceforth touch me not;

More manners learn, and at a distance rot.
How, scoundrel! with an haughtier tone cried
he,

Proud lump of earth—I scorn thy threats and thee;

Here all are equal, now thy case is mine,
This is my rotting place, and that is thine."

One of the provincial mayors appointed by Louis Napoleon, recently made the following registry on his books for the benefit of government:—

"I, Mayor of —, found yesterday, in the forest of —, a man by the name of Rolling committing an act against the laws. I commanded him to surrender, whereupon he set upon me heaped me with insult and contumely, called me a ragamuffin, an ass, a precious dolt, and a scate crow—all of which I certify to be true."

EXPOSING THE PARSON.—A minister was one Sabbath day examining the Sunday school in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, about thirteen years of age, who occasionally assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting on customers. "What is your name?" said the parson. No reply.

"What is your name?" he repeated, in a more peremptory manner. "None of your fun Mr. Minister," said the girl. "You know my name well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a night:

"Eat, bring me some more ale!" The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.