

were tough and green, and did not burn readily, also an entrance would have been gained sooner. The lynchers stood like so many statues, with their arms ready for use, watching every conceivable outlet, as a cat over a mousetrap. Not a muscle moved in that stern assemblage. At length the door gave way, and a general cheer was the consequence.

'Let it burn on said the little man, if he can't come out now he may perish.'

He had scarcely uttered these words when a human form bounded over the smoking embers and sprang into our midst. Almost simultaneously several of the lynchers set about extinguishing the flames. A ring was formed of the lynchers, Jim and myself included, about the man in the toils. He was an athletic in appearance—beautifully made, with a skin as smooth and white as a girl's, and an eye whose fire shone like the sun's.

'At last we've got you,' said Cadaverous with a sickly smile.

'Yes, by besieging my property and burning it,' was the reply.

'What's your name?' asked Cadaverous while the secretary noted down the proceedings.

'James Thompson.'

'Your age?'

'Twenty-seven.'

'You are a stranger here?'

'I have lived here one year and four months.'

'Where are you from?'

'Louisiana.'

'You are charged with horse stealing and assassination,' said Cadaverous.

'Both charges are false.'

'Did you not kill Thomas Schooley?'

'Yes, in a fair and honorable duel.'

'You lie—you murdered him.'

'You are supported by your friends, or you would not speak as you do, nor any one of your company.'

'Hum!' exclaimed Cadaverous and continued.

'Do you know that we are the lynch-

'Yes.'

'Why did you not face us before?'

'Because it did not please me.'

'You have confessed that you killed Tom Schooley, have you not?'

The young man refused to answer any more questions until he stood within his own dwelling, and some of their party the lynchers, agreed to follow him inside. There they hemmed him in as before. The apartment was very roomy and scrupulously clean, but it was scantily furnished.

The rite of interrogation was resumed and finished. A couple of witnesses were called and examined. It was too apparent that the young man was a horse-thief and an assassin. Cadaverous, after consulting with his partners, said in a voice whose tones were solemn and suggestive of dignity—

'James Thompson, we have found you guilty of theft and murder. Hear the sentence of this court. Five minutes will be allowed you for preparation, at the end of which time you will be hanged, and may God have mercy on your soul.'

The young man burst forth into a complete torrent of invective. He called them butchers, robbers, and everything else that was opprobrious. He denied their right to punish him, and taunted them with being cowardly, and relying for conquest upon their superior superior numbers. The lynchers heard him calmly until the five minutes were expired, when the little man merely said, 'Time's up!' and then every rifle was cocked.

'Do you think I'll be hanged quietly and submissively like a dog,' yelled Thompson, drawing his knife, 'no—if you will have my life you shall pay for it.'

In an instant he was cutting savagely among his enemies. Half a dozen rifles were discharged, and the place was filled with smoke which precluded the possibility of seeing what was going on; but I could hear the panting, and struggles of combatants. As for Jim and I, we remembered our oath, and did nothing save escape into the open air. We had hardly breathed the pure atmosphere for the space of a second, ere Thompson rushed forth, covered with blood, followed by the lynchers. He ran about one hundred yards and then fell dead, first burying his knife, with a savage blow, three inches in trunk of a young tree.

He had slain four of his assailants, and wounded two, one of whom was our shrivelled little friend. Jim found a rifle ball in the fleshy part of his arm. I discovered the perforations of the ball in my hat. We had had enough of trading expeditions, and the next day we were at Council Bluffs on our way home.

I have never forgotten my night and day

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

EVERYTHING IS CONVERTIBLE

TO SOME USE.

At the time of the opening of the trade with China, we happened accidentally to get into conversation with a most respectable shipowner and captain, who is still alive in one of the towers on the bank of the Forth, and who, though considerably above eighty years of age, enjoys excellent health and the most cheerful spirits. And among other topics, the prospects of the Chinese trade came to be talked of.

'Oh yes,' said the captain, 'when we get into the interior of that vast country, we shall find a multitude of articles, both of natural and artificial production, that have hitherto been

unknown to us, which British ingenuity, enterprise and skill, will convert to many important uses, and employ for the most beneficial ends.'

'Dear sir,' continued the Captain, 'there is nothing, absolutely nothing, which an Englishman will not turn to some account, and get a living by. I recollect when in my young days I first went to London, I lodged in a dark and narrow court in the city, where, twice in the week or so, there came a little dirty man with a bucket and a broom, who swept away all the refuse that had accumulated in the corners, or had been thrown out from the houses of the court. This he did entirely on his own account, and without any remuneration from the inhabitants, who always looked with some little suspicion upon him, as if he was a person that might pick up or pilfer something more valuable than the cabbage stalks or potato paring that usually encountered the sweep of his broom. The next time that I went to London I found this cleaner of the little court still at his occupation; but by this time he was in possession of a small cart, drawn by a miserable donkey, had somewhat enlarged the field of his occupation, and was, in fact, the scavenger of the neighborhood; for there was no regular system of police or of street cleaning in London at the time I speak of.

In a few years, and on the occasion of another visit to my former lodgings, I found James Burton (for that, I think was the man's name) carrying on his trade in a more elevated and enlarged scale; for he was going about with a large van or wagon, drawn by two strong horses, and collecting all the mud and filth and off-courings, of a considerable district in the city. In the course of farther time he had added to this a great many more waggons of the same description, under subordinate laborers, who were plying the same disagreeable vocation in various parts of London, to the number, it might be, of forty or fifty. The progress of this man, and the advancement he had made since the first time I saw or knew anything of him, arrested my attention. Here—said I to myself—is an example of diligence and industry in the very humblest walk of life; and here the very same process is going on in the way of the accumulation of capital, and the extension of trade, which in a higher and nobler department is developing itself among the rich merchants of old Broad Street and St. Mary Axe. But what can Jim do with all the stuff he collects in these huge caravans, or what profits can he make of it? In answer to these inquiries, I discovered that in process of time he hired on lease a large piece of ground in the outskirts of London, comprising perhaps twenty or thirty acres; this he had enclosed with a high wall, in which there were about a dozen gates, into each of which, all day long, were entering the ponderous waggons with their loads of every sort of refuse, which were deposited in heaps in various parts of the surface of the enclosure. On each of these heaps were congregated a group of dirty women and children (how could they be otherwise than dirty?), hired and engaged for the purpose all busy from morning till night grubbing amongst the filth, and with the greatest nicety and care separating the various articles of which it was composed, and which could by any possibility be converted into a useful purpose. Here is a bit of rusty old black iron—that goes to a place by itself; here is another of white iron or tin—that also is set by itself; here is a piece of bone—there the rim of an old hat; here a piece of linen—there a decayed cowhorn, and so on. Each article was deposited on its appropriate heap, until the heap had grown to a large size, and then carts came and took each of them away. And whether they did they go? Nobody can well say. And yet this clever and industrious man, by various connexions which he formed throughout the whole of England, not only found an outlet for each of the articles which he thus separated from his manifold dung-heaps, but established a regular market for them. We all know that the collecting of old iron and rags is not an unprofitable occupation; in some parts too, it is a good plan to plant potatoes on a bit of woollen cloth; from cow horns, if I am not mistaken they can extract glue; and we also know to what useful purposes as manure the bones of animals can be made subservient, and what an important article of importation these have now become. In this way did Burton form and carry on a large and lucrative trade; until he made a fortune; so that on one occasion afterwards, when returning to London from a voyage, and inquiring for him, I found that he was riding in his carriage a wealthy and respected man.

Thus did the captain end his story, and then added a shorter one saying, 'I remember seeing an old man once in Cheapside poking among the stores of the causeway with a large stick, having a hook at the end of it, and upon going up and inquiring what he was doing, I was told that he was searching for the bits of the horse shoes that might have been broken off, and become fixed among the stones.'

'These,' he said, 'are of some value. Somehow, by their position on the hoof of the animal, they acquire a peculiar quality—the iron becomes closely knit and welded together, so that for certain purposes, such as the forming of harpoons and gunlocks, they make better iron than can otherwise be had. And so you see what I said is true—there is nothing which an Englishman cannot turn to some use or other.'

We lately made some observations on the 'Struggles for life in the metropolis,' and gave some illustrations of them; this is a sort of sequel to them, and exhibits, besides, one remarkable example of the success with which diligence, assiduity, and perseverance, even the meanest occupation, are almost always ure of being attended in the end.

From the London People's Journal.

THE HOLIDAY.

'Whither away, young rosy-face—

Whither away so early?'

'I go the butterflies to chase,

To call sweet flowers for garlands gay,

To make a gallant holiday:

That's where I go so early!'

'I wish thee joy,' said I, and smiled;

Whilst he, the laughing, dimpled child,

So archly kissed his chubby hand,

Then joined the jocund village band

Amongst the meadows sporting.

'Whither away, young hopeful-breast—

Whither away so early?'

'Why faith! I seek my sweet bird's nest:

I'd have a partner forth to play

Upon this gallant holiday:

That's where I go so early!'

'Oh, speed thee well, my gallant youth—

May she be kind—your heart of truth!'

'Thanks for thy wish, old bard,' he cried,

As with elastic step he hied

Adown the field-path turning.

'Whither away, my soldier brave—

Whither away so early?'

'I go for glory, o'er the wave—

To seek her in the deadly fray—

To wear her wreath when won the day:

That's where I go so early!'

'Thou'ldst find a grave at home, brave boy,

And wreaths as gay—then sure the joy

Of love and friendship's sweeter far,

Than blood-stained deeds of foreign war!'

Yet off he rode unheeding.

'Whither away, oh, Goodman Hard—

Whither away so early?'

'I go to win me gold, old Bard:

No thought have I for holiday;

I win the gold, whilst young fools play:

That's where I go so early!'

Then spread o'er face, and bended brow,

Such seems as thrift can only plough,

'And a cold bed of earth at last,

These sunny days in striving past!'

Said I, as he departed.

'Whither away old grey-beard, thou?

Whither away so early?'

'Why, neighbour, of the open brow,

I go,' said I, 'to see them play,

And make their gallant holiday:

That's where I go so early!'

To watch the children 'mongst the flowers,

All laughing through the sunny hours:

The lovers, arm round waist entwined,

Or on the fragrant bank reclined

So innocent and smiling!'

'Let's join the youngsters, neighbour, we,

Upon this morning early!

Or, resting us beneath the tree,

We'll think of times when we were gay,

And made our gallant holiday,

As they now make so early.

Mayhap some half-forgotten lay

May visit me this holiday,

Though old my harp, and harshly strung,

Some ancient song may yet be sung;

Will reach their hearts this morning.

EDMUND TEESEDALE.

From the Westminster Review.

WHO ARE THE TRULY VALUABLE IN SOCIETY.

The value set upon a member of society should be, not according to the fineness or intensity of his feelings, to the acuteness of his sensibility, or to his readiness to weep for, or deplore the misery he may meet with in the world; but in proportion to the sacrifices he is ready to make, and to the knowledge and talents which he is able and willing to contribute towards removing this misery. To benefit mankind is a much more difficult task than some persons seem to imagine; it is not quite so easy as to make a display of amiable sensibility; the first requires long study and painful abstinence from the various alluring pleasures by which we are surrounded; the second in most cases demands only a little acting, and even when sincere, is utterly useless to the public.

SAGACITY OF A PYRENEAN DOG.

Opposite to our hotel was a dog of singular appearance, and a great favourite with the neighborhood, and I might add, with my son, who took pains to ascertain all that could be learned of his race and breeding. It was a white wolf-dog of the Pyrenees, soft, silken haired, scentless, spotless, invaluable as a guard, and evincing, not only the utmost powers of instinct, but as the owners affirmed, of judgment and reason. This clever animal, named by the familiar English abbreviation 'Miss,' used to lie at the booking office door of the Messageries Royales, Rue de Bré; noticing, with one eye open, everybody and all things. She knew why things were placed here and there, and whether certain descriptions of goods were intended for this or that conveyance. She would not permit crowding at the counter; she could discern whether the book-keeper was being annoyed by too many applicants for places at once; she barked off all of those who seemed to be de trop; and when special care was manifested by any of the porters, in arranging a party's personal effects at the moment of departure. She would sit on the property till the owner began to ask for it. She was almost two sizes smaller than our common Newfoundland dog, and would have realised a high price in England.—*The Parson, Pen and Pencil.*

REPORT

ON THE PROPOSED

TRUNK LINE OF RAILWAY, FROM AN EASTERN PORT IN NOVA SCOTIA, THROUGH NEW-BRUNSWICK TO QUEBEC.

[Continued.]

For the first 100 miles out of Quebec, as far nearly as the Riviere du Loup, the proposed line of Railway will run through the centre of this extended village, and with a train of moderate length, the last carriage will scarcely have cleared the door of one house before the engine will be opposite another. For the second 100 miles it will leave these concessions and farms a little on one side, but still within reach. A more favorable disposition of a population (comprised of small farmers) for contributing to the way traffic of a railroad, could scarcely have been devised.

In the country lying between the Restigouche river and Halifax, the inhabitants, who will be near to the railroad will amount to about one hundred thousand; making the population either upon or near to the line, including the two termini, two hundred and fifty thousand persons. But if the total population be taken within the area, which will be benefited by, and become contributors to the line, then it may be estimated at not less than four hundred thousand souls.

In a report of the directors, made upon the New York and Erie Railroad in 1843, when the question of proceeding with that line was under consideration, one of the data upon which its future receipts were calculated was derived from population and relative distance, and using the data obtained from the working of one portion which had been completed and was in operation, it was calculated that 531,000 persons on a line of 426 miles in length, would return in net earnings to the railway 1,343,500 dollars, or 24 dollars per head, equivalent to ten shillings sterling. As the railroad is not yet completed, the true result cannot yet be seen.

The net earnings of the railroad in Massachusetts, for the year 1847 were 2,290,000 dollars. The population of that state, over whose area railways are everywhere extended, and the whole of which may therefore be considered as tributary to them, being at the same time about 500,000. This gives two and three quarters dollars per head, equivalent to eleven shillings or the same result nearly.

Applying the same ratio (of ten shillings per head) to the four hundred thousand inhabitants who are within the area, and likely to become tributaries to the Quebec and Halifax Railway, it would give £200,000 as its probable revenue.

The great staple of New Brunswick is its timber. For this all-absorbing pursuit the inhabitants neglect agriculture, and instead of raising their own supplies they import provisions in large quantities from Canada and the United States. In the year 1846 New Brunswick paid to the latter for provisions alone £216,000 sterling, whilst, in return, the United States only took from them £11,000 in coal and fish.

Of Nova Scotia the great staples are timber and the products of the fisheries. The inhabitants import provisions also largely.

Canada is an exporting country, and capable of supplying the demands of both. In the winter of 1847-8 the price of flour at Halifax and Saint John was at forty shillings per barrel, and it was being imported from the chief ports in the United States, even from as far as New Orleans in the Gulf of Mexico. At the same time at Quebec the price of flour was only twenty five shillings per barrel. A very great difference, which had the railroad been in existence, would not have occurred.

Another great source of revenue likely to be developed by the railway, is that of coals, to be derived from the great Cumberland Field.

Quebec and the upper country would no doubt take large quantities for their own consumption. Halifax the same for itself, and also for exportation to the United States.

Considerable returns would arise from the Fisheries and from the products of the forest lying contiguous to the line, which would find their way by it to the shipping ports.

The country through which the road will pass, possesses, therefore, in itself, elements which, when fully developed, cannot fail to realise large receipts.

But there are, exclusive of these, other and highly important sources for productive revenue.

Halifax may be considered to be the nearest great sea port to Europe.

Passengers travelling between England and the Canadas would adopt this railway, as the shortest and best line which they could take. Emigrants would do the same.

The mail, troops, munitions of war, commercial supplies, and all public stores, would naturally pass by it, as the speediest, and cheapest means of conveyance.

If a straight line be drawn from Cape Clear in Ireland, to New York; it will cut through or pass close to Halifax.

The latter is therefore, on the direct route; and as the sea voyage across the Atlantic to New York may be shortened by three days nearly, in steamers, it is not improbable that on that account, when the branch railroad to Saint John is completed, and other lines to connect on with those in the United States, the whole or the greatest portion of the passenger traffic between the Old and the New