

town drummer was served with a similar reverence; till the remonstrances of the magistrates prevailing, our friend of the gig race was taken under their protection, and escorted to the Tollbooth: the mob followed to the door, and the moment it closed, swore and stamped like madmen, and vowed they would drag him out, in spite of nail and plank. The provost addressed them from the steps, and induced the more peaceable to go home; the more riotous waiting and uttering threats, and keeping the Tollbooth in a state of siege till supper-time, when they dropt off one by one.

"By this time the magistrates had begun to feel some alarm of the probable consequences of the riot, damages, &c. Some wiseacre among them having urged the necessity of getting quit of W—, and in all likelihood nothing more would be heard of the matter; it was thought the best course to pursue. Another incentive to this course lay in the fact, that a number of the townpeople had bound themselves together to force the Tollbooth door during the night, and have their will of him.

"With this view, then, did the magistrates visit the prison in a body; and for the better security of W— from the fangs of the mob, he was transferred by a back way through the churchyard, to a cellar belonging to the provost, that he might be conveyed away the succeeding evening by the mail, which, being Sunday, the magistrates rightly judged could be effected with more secrecy and silence, as the streets would then be empty. In the cellar, then, did W— lie all that day, and the evening again brought the worthy council, each with a greatcoat, or some other article of clothing, as a donation or peace offering, and by six o'clock the mail had received its destined passenger."

To attempt an analysis of my feelings during this narration, would be useless. If I had ever entertained a hatred of any class of men, it was of those grave robbers, and my silence and satisfaction during the stranger's tale proceeded entirely from the conviction which had taken hold of my mind, that the stranger would end his story by assuring me that the mob had torn the fellow in pieces. No such fate had awaited him, however, notwithstanding my good wishes; and I was just about to vent an execration at my disappointment, when he said,—"Lucky escape, wasn't it, and not so great a loss, after all; I have made half-a-dozen greatcoats by the job, although little of the needful."

"You! you!" I gasped, or rather shrieked, while my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. "I shall drag you before the nearest magistrate to answer this. I—"

In rising to lay hold on him, however, either the six tumblers I had swallowed, or the hearth-rug was the cause, I slipped a foot, and fell heavily on the fender.

When I awoke next morning I was in my bed, my tongue dry and parched, and an insufferable nausea pervading my whole frame. I managed to rise, and staggered rather than walked to the ewer to get a draught of water, when passing the dressing glass a stained bandage on my head caught my eye, and, although but half awake, the events of the previous evening rushed like a flood across my memory. It is not too late yet, thought I; he can't be gone, I'll secure him; and, bawling loudly for Martha, I found the door had been locked on the outside.

"Is he gone?" I continued to shout, "is he away?"

"What is't ye mean?" cried Martha, through the key-hole.

"The man who came by the mail last night," I cried. "Open the door, why am I locked in? who dared to lock me up in this manner?"

"It was the man, and my mistress has the key," shouted Martha.

In due time the landlady joined Martha, making our duet a trio, and telling me "tae gang awa back to my bed; that I wasna weel able to rise yet; just tae tak another bit sleep, and I would be a' right."

"Is the man away?" shouted I, scorning all advice. "Detain him, he's a resurrectionist: detain him till I get out," and I vainly attempted to force the door.

"Awa! Lork bless ye, sir, he's awa by the sax o'clock mail, and left you his best respects and kind wishes, and said he forgied you for a' the ill names ye ca'ad him last night when he was putting ye till yer bed."

"The villain," muttered I.

"And better nor that," chimed in Martha, "he gied me half-a-crown tae mysel', and said ye would pay a' the toddy that was drunk last night."

"Doubly sold," groaned I, and, assenting to the entreaties which the landlady and Martha forwarded through the key-hole, I crawled back to bed.

A COMICAL WEDDING.

The rector of a certain church, though a man of profound learning and a great theologian, was of such eccentric habits, as often to create a doubt whether he was at times *compos mentis*. Having remarked for several successive Sundays, a gentleman, who was no parishoner, invariably using a seat in a pew next to that in which a young widow lady sat, he constantly eyed them, and at one time detected the young gentleman slyly drawing the lady's glove from off the back of the pew where she was accustomed to place it, (her hand and arm being delicately fair) and putting in it a small, neatly folded note. By and by the lady's prayer book fell—of course accidentally—from the ledge of her pew into the gentleman's. He picked it up, found

a leaf turned down, and he hastily scanned a passage, which evidently caused a smile of complacency.

Our minister continued to watch them for two successive Sundays. On the third, as soon as the collection was made, our eccentric pastor in a strong, distinct voice, said, 'I publish the banns of marriage between M. and N., (deliberately pronouncing the names of the parties,) if any of you know just cause, &c.' The eyes of the congregation were set on them, the lady suffused with blushes, and the gentleman crimsoned with anger, she fanning herself with vehemence, and he opening and shutting the pew door with rage and violence, the minister mean while proceeded through his duties with the same decorum as if innocent of the agitation he had excited. The services ended, away to the vestry rushed the parties at the heels of the pastor. 'Who authorized you, sir, to make such a publication of the banns?' demanded they both in one breath.

'Authorized me?' said he with a stare, which heightened the confusion; 'Yes, sir, authorized you?' 'Oh!' said the minister, with a sly glance alternately at each 'if you don't approve of it, I'll forbid the banns next Sunday.' 'Sir,' said the lady, 'you have been too officious already; nobody requested you to do anything; you had better mind your own business!' 'Why, my pretty dear,' said he, patting her on the cheek, 'what I have done has been all in the way of business, and if you do not like to wait for three publications, I advise you, sir—turning to the gentleman—to procure the license, the ring and the fee, and then the whole matter may be settled to-morrow.' 'Well,' replied the gentleman, addressing the widow, 'with your permission, I will get them, and we may be married in a day or two.' 'Oh, you may both do as you please,' pettishly, yet nothing loth, replied the lady. It was but a day or two after, the license was procured, and the parson received his fee, the bridegroom his bride, and the widow, for the last time, threw her gloves over the back of the pew, and it was afterwards said that the parties were satisfied with their gains.

SEPTEMBER.

She hath gone, the gorgeous summer,—
Yet on path, and wood, and hill
The traces of her rosy feet
Are lingering brightly still;
And, as the sunlight paling
On evening leaves its flush,
In the shadowy arms of Autumn
Still we revel in her blush.

Art thou gone, oh! lovely summer?
I am wandering where the trees,
The grand high priests of nature,
Swing their censers to the breeze;
Swing perfumes on the hazy air,
While through the arches dim
Comes far, and sweet, and solemnly
Their murmured, mystic hymn.

I am wandering through the forests,
Through the summer woods—but lo!
There droops and sways a yellow flag,
Amid the green beech bough;
And from the tufts of waving fern
Spring shafts of paly gold,
And the long grass plaineth whisperingly
When rising winds are bold.

And the balm flower by the streamlet,
The thistle-down that sails,
A fairy craft o'er mount and mead
Urged on by mimic gales,
The golden rod bright glancing
Where the calm and sunny light
Falls trickling through the woven leaves,—
These whisper of thy flight.

Alas! alas! for summer gone,
Alas! when death his snow
Shall heap upon her rosy lips
And on her radiant brow!
Alas! alas! for darker days
When Nature, pale and dread,
Shall stand, a stricken Niobe,
Alone amid her dead.

Gleanings from English Papers.

DISCONTENT OF MONARCHS.

Throughout the history of Europe there never existed similar examples of so many sovereigns threatening to resign their thrones as at the present moment. No fewer than three or four potentates are declared to entertain serious intentions of abdicating their power and authority. The autocrat of Russia stands highest in political importance. He is said to be suffering great mental anxiety from some unexplained cause; and, having provided the means of supporting himself liberally during life, by considerable investments in the English and French funds, under colour of a great financial operation, he intends, it is said, to retire to Italy, and there pass the remainder of his days. The King of Wurtemberg, the father-in-law of the Prince of Orange, has repaired to the Hague, solely for the purpose of dissuading the Prince of Orange from the decided resolu-

tion which he is said to have taken to renounce the crown of Holland. The King of the Belgians seems to be equally afflicted. He has returned to the Palace Laecken at Brussels, from Paris, in such a mentally debilitated state, that he is unequal to the cares of government, and all parties seem at a loss to conceive what will be the upshot. Turning to Spain, the last accounts from Madrid state, that the Queen has expressed to her Ministers her resolute intention to abdicate the throne, and it was reported that a special council was summoned to deliberate upon the subject. With regard to this latter case, there is no doubt less apprehension need be entertained of the Queen of Spain taking so rash a step, as it would be in her case, as of the other royal personages acting upon their declared intentions. The unhappy marriage of the Queen of Spain, brought about by French intrigue, is doubtless the cause of her Majesty's disgust of her present position; but her youth, and still more her political importance in the preservation of the balance of European politics, preclude the thought of any such serious change of dynasty in Spain. With these singular and unprecedented events hanging over the fate of Europe, it is a great happiness for mankind, that the general tendency of political opinions is to maintain peace, and to enlarge the sphere of human industry by the general adoption of free trade principles.

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

Before the close of the French Chambers, M. Guizot took the opportunity of alluding to the struggles now going on in Switzerland and Italy. The Viscount de Flavigny having interrogated the French Foreign Minister upon these points, M. Guizot disclaimed, as heretofore, any intention on the part of France to interfere in the affairs of Switzerland, no intervention, he declared, being intended. At the same time, M. Guizot did not attempt to conceal that the proceedings of the Radical party, 'whose ideas,' he said, 'where they prevailed, brought about the shame and ruin of the country where they were in force,' would be put down if they persevered in attempting to break up the federal compact by violence. With regard to Italy, M. Guizot threw doubts upon the reported occupation of Ferrara by the Austrian troops. Now, as we have the most authentic intelligence of the fact, of the truth of which M. Guizot must have been well aware when he spoke, it augurs but indifferently of his sincerity. The friends of liberty throughout Europe have viewed with feelings of too much delight the reforms made by the Pope since his accession, to permit the Austrians to counteract, by the unauthorised presence of their troops, the wise and liberal measures now in progress throughout the Papal states. The occupation of Ferrara is a scandalous violation of the Roman territory, only second in enormity to the vile conspiracy which has recently been defeated by the patriotism of the people. Non-intervention has become lately a fashionable cry; but we very much mistake the character of our countrymen, and, indeed, those of France, if they do not resist this aggression of the Austrians, and demand serious satisfaction. With England and France firmly united in the cause of Italian liberty, little fear need be entertained of the efforts of Prince Metternich, and of the elder monarchies of Europe. The Pope must receive every support from our own Government, and we hope it will be afforded equally by France in the spirit which her Foreign Minister professes. She may be assured that it will be responded to by England with anxious and zealous sincerity.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

The most recent intelligence from Portugal is by no means satisfactory to the popular party. The representatives of the Cabal faction still remained in power, and no disposition was evinced by the Queen to yield that deference to the authority of the Allied Powers, and the wishes of her subjects, which can alone lead to the permanent tranquillisation of Portugal. The defences of Oporto were being dismantled, and General Concha was withdrawing the Spanish forces, by way of Vigo, from the Portuguese territory. The Duke of Saldanha had dispersed his army of operations, and had proceeded to the northern provinces with a view to conciliate confidence and restore the Queen's authority. But we have but little reliance upon his exertions, unless the terms dictated by the Allied Powers are religiously conformed to. Why does not the Queen proceed to the assembling of the Cortes? Why not dismiss the present unpopular Ministry, and upon the basis of a new representative assembly endeavour to govern Portugal upon constitutional principles? Any evasion of the compact entered into with England, France, and Spain must imperil her throne, and we do trust, considering the gallant conduct of the people of Portugal, that their glorious efforts will not be in the end circumvented, nor their hopes destroyed by court intrigue.

With regard to Spanish affairs, the same deplorable court intrigue seems to poison the happiness and impair the prosperity of the country. The distressing and now disgraceful conduct of the Queen and her consort to each other, gives rise to a thousand rumours, and whilst Madrid is occupied with these cabals, the extremities of the kingdom are again threatened with insurrection. A scheme has been formed to connect the movements in Catalonia by a chain of guerilla parties, with the bands of Carlists now appearing in Arragon, Navarre,