

THE MAN WITH THE CARPET-BAG.

It was only a mistake, an awkward mistake, too, for a bachelorette, to get hold of the wrong carpet-bag on a steambot just at bedtime. And just fancy how you would have felt if it had been you, and if you had gone ready for your engagement and *rele de nuit*, and then found that instead of your own carpet-bag you had laid violent hands upon one full of—full of baby-clothes. That would be bad. Changing baggage with a man going south, while your route lay in any other direction, would be nothing compared to such a change as we have hinted at, when the poor fellow was left without a change unless he went back to first principles.

We were travelling lately with a crowd on a steambot, and had a room in partnership with a publisher of a Magazine that is printed not a thousand miles from *The Knickerbocker* office, and a very good fellow he is too, and very fond of printing jokes—upon other folks.

It was, as usual when there is a crowd of folks, a "right smart change of baggage," in the care of which it was every one for himself, and some other power for the rest of them.

"I've taken care," said our friend, "to secure my carpet-bag as he deposited one of those smooth black leather satchels that by some misnomer are called *carpet-bags*, in our stateroom, before any general scramble took place among the baggage." "I'm all right now for sleeping."

"I'll be time to rest," said our friend, "and then—being a modest man he put out the light before he made the last change, and took up his carpet-bag to get his night clothes. For a long time we could see by dim light from the cabin that he was trying to penetrate the infernal lock. He resisted his efforts more than all the safes in the Crystal Palace did the great lock-picking Hobbs." He held up the bag and looked at it all over, and sized it. "It looks like a bit of it in the shape and shape and color, and I took it for it, but when I opened it I put mine, but it ain't mine, that's certain. What a wretched mistake. What shall I do?"

"Call the waiter," we suggested. "I'll address him as 'I understand it.'" "It seems already confounded. You can sleep in your shirt and perhaps you'll be all right in the morning."

"No I shan't—I haven't a clean shirt in the world and no possible chance to get one no razor—"

"Glad of it; wish every man was just so—you lend you a shirt if you don't find yours—and?"

"Yes, yes, but I believe this bag belongs to some woman, and there'll be the deuce to pay."

"Then you must keep dark."

"So will. Good idea that." To carry out that good idea he dressed himself and went down, looking for what he could find in the other carpet-bags. He had got somebody's carpet-bag that looked exactly like somebody else's, of course somebody else had got his. And then, what if somebody else's key fitted his lock: there would be an exposition of masculine traps, and a lady's hair, and he would know who owned them. Painful predicament. No help for it though, the deed was done.

So he called the steward; the steward called the head waiter; the head waiter called the waiter; the waiter opened the body corporate of cabin attendants; but the only information obtained was that he had heard some woman in one of the state-rooms—couldn't tell which—"going on like fun about her carpet-bag."

It was a dreary night, that night upon

the sea; and morning brought no hope. What could the dreamer do? Why he could get up early, and dress as he was dressed before—why should he change? And what work changes, why should we?—and get the stray carpet-bag back to the baggage-room, and wait some events. All day he waited, but none came. There stood the carpet-bag without an owner. Finally every room was looked into by the chambermaid, and nowhere was the counterpart of the key found. He looked out of the port. Terrible idea, that it had gone ashore; and here was our bachelorette friend on a three day's trip without a change of a clean shirt, unless such a one as he had seen in his vision of a dream.

To be in that matter he had a second day's detour. But our friend's case was darker; it was a black case—a case of black leather; but it contained a white shirt. But where was it? that was the question, not what was it.

Finally the baggage-man was called to see if he could tell where the lost carpet-bag had gone ashore.

"What sort of one?" "Just that sort of one." "Exactly?" "Yes, precisely." "Precisely?" Then that is precisely it; for there has not been another like it on the boat since we left Quebec.

"Impossible." I have tried and tried to find it. My key don't fit the lock at all. "Let me see. Same size—same shape—little more in key hole, and here a crook of it."

"Yes, but it won't go in; it is no use to it."

"It is no use ever to say 'it is no use to try.'" Keep trying. Never give up. The man took a little nail out of his pocket—screwed it into the hole in the key and wound out a wad of lint and dust—clipped the key to the lock, and presto—the lost carpet-bag was found, and the owner was confounded. He was the man with the carpet-bag—his own carpet-bag, that he had discovered. His night of dreams had vanished to the spirit land. His trouble was over, and he had a clean shirt for tomorrow. He had, what he always had, a carpet-bag, his own, and he was decidedly the man the world has been looking for, "the man with the carpet-bag." Long may it wave!

AN INGENIOUS SEAMAN.—There is a story that a sailor volunteered to start from Carreening Bay on the first favourable opportunity, and to destroy each ship successively.

He asserts that he is in possession of a secret, and that he can move along beneath the surface of the water and breathe as easily as if he were in a diving apparatus supplied with air by a pump, and can carry with him an explosive machine of sufficient power to drive a hole through the bottom of any vessel. He has given a proof of this on the night of the 19th ult., and he says he was clever enough to approach a ship undetected, notwithstanding a very careful guard being established to mark his coming. As a proof of still further ability he announced that he would work a ship to destruction that he would course in the cove of that night and chalk up the name of the ship on her side just above the water-mark, do what they might to prevent him. The challenge was accepted, double sentries were posted and some volunteers among the officers kept a look out, but no one was observed to come near, and all on board were convinced that no one had come near the vessel. Daylight however showed the letters conspicuously chalked on the ship's side, as the sailors were among the officers' quarters suggested that the means by which his feat was accomplished was an atmospheric boat, capable of being guided when sunk, beneath the surface of the water, and supplied with a reserve of air enough to last a given time under the water's surface. It is stated that he could not have swam along side without being observed.

CONSTRING GENTLELY.—A lady recently, in speaking of her husband, who had fallen into the hands of the Turks, has been heard to say "he had been heavily engaged in mercantile speculations in Turkey, and had been unfortunate."

Some Yankee, writing in the *New York Courier & Enquirer*, points out the great importance of Newfoundland to the power possessing it. The writer says, it is the greatest nursery for seamen in the world, and that, moreover, American ships in the North Atlantic are the gauntlet of Newfoundland, and in case of a war with England, are therefore exposed to capture, as was the case in 1812, when over 100 United States' vessels were made prizes of the enemy's navy. This wiseacre concludes by urging the United States' Government "to strike for the prize" while Great Britain is now employed in other quarters. But it will be wise of them to bear in mind, that although she is at present engaged in a great military, nevertheless, find not the slightest difficulty in protecting her possessions all over the world, from the cowardly attacks of buccanniers.

MORE FOOTPRINTS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.—The Lock-up delivery, on many mornings, presents very melancholy features, which the public ought to take much more into consideration than it does. A few of the wretched drunken stragglers of the streets, who may happen to come under the cognizance of the Watchmen and other officers of Police, who are thrust into the lock-up during the night, are brought up at eleven o'clock in the morning, and confronted by the authorities. A wretched spectacle they sometimes make; some of them, the poor wrecks of society, the lowest links in the chain of a most sad series.

They suggest many painful thoughts;—and among the rest, they remind of the other end of the chain. What a curious exhibition would be in his Worship's Court, if those, who had grown rich and sleek on the folly and miscegenation of the law before the bench of justice; the law of the land might not hold them accountable for the wretched results,—but the law of Conscience and of the Gospel, would not silent; and if ever traders were ashamed of their unchristianlike conduct, they would, Mr. So-and-so,—and Squire So-and-so,—responsible and comfortable citizens, steady and church-going men; importers, distillers and retailers,—how would these look standing in proximity with those reduced to the level of the lowest of the dungeon? This question is becoming of force, and will more and more urge itself on public consideration, with strange associations of ideas, until the hideous anomaly that is now the case, shall be abandoned out of vogue, and into the list of other obsolete evils.—*Halfpay Alumnus.*

LIEUT. MAURY AND THE FARMERS.—We see by the *Chicago Democrat*, that Lieut. Maury has issued through the *American Farmer* a circular, suggesting to farmers a plan, whereby they may become more familiar with the influences that bear upon the atmosphere of the soil from which they may derive benefits to their profession, "equally important as those which have been secured to the mariner by the system of observations so extensively carried out by his auspices." Lieut. Maury asks merely, "what contribution in his plan on the land, as he has received on the sea. As an exemplification of some of the first fruits of the system of meteorological observations which he proposes for development, the country farmers, and predicting when they will be in certain locations, he says that "certain of the observers scattered over all parts of the country would be required to make daily reports to the central office in Washington, as to the wind, the clouds, the atmosphere, and the temperature at 9 A. M. This would soon enable us to determine the laws of progress as well as the march of the various states of weather, such as gales, rains, snow storms and the like; so that by knowing in what part of the country the clouds are to be seen, the amount of learning through the telegraph the direction it might take—be enabled to calculate its rate of travel, and to predict within a few hours the time it would arrive at different places in its line of march; and knowing the direction of the wind, these, through the newspaper press of the country has established here, would, without more ado or further cost, make the announcement the

next morning in all the papers of the land." He proposes that there shall be one formed in each county, and that the observations daily, and that these shall be transmitted to a central office in Washington, which has charge of the meteorological observations may not strike every one, for they belong to the class of scientific researches, which to most countries, with the subjects of the put down as the speculative. But that they are useful, in an important degree, there can be no doubt.

ACADIAN GEOLOGY AND ITS AUTHOR.

The following notice of the author of *Acadian Geology* we clip from the *Pictou Eastern Chronicle*:

J. W. Dawson, Esq., of this place, has accepted the situation of Principal of McGill College, Montreal. This is the most extensive and best endowed institution of learning in British America, and it is a pleasing evidence of the estimation in which Mr. Dawson is held by the Government, that he has, without his own seeking, been chosen to fill this high and honorable trust. While the citizens of Pictou all rejoice at his preference to a position where he will have enlarged opportunities of usefulness, they do not regret the removal from Pictou of an individual endeared to them by virtues, and still more, that his native Province could offer him no situation suited to his abilities and worthy of his acceptance. Mr. Dawson is at present in Scotland, where he will attend the meeting of the British Association, which meets this year in Glasgow, but expects to come out to Halifax by the steamer of the first November, when he will immediately proceed to Montreal to attend the duties of his office. The following notice of his appointment is from the *Montreal Transcript*:

"THE NEW PRINCIPAL OF M'GILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.—We understand that John William Dawson, Esq., of Pictou, Nova Scotia, has been elected by the Governors, Principal of this Institution. In the world of science, this gentleman is well known. He is a F. G. S.; a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; author of a handsome work on the geological history of Nova Scotia; and of various scientific contributions towards the improvement of Literature. His latest work is one upon *Acadian Geology*; giving an account of the Geological structure and Mineral resources of Nova Scotia, and portions of the neighbouring Provinces of British America. These honors, high in themselves, are accompanied with testimonials just as distinguished. He is warmly recommended by Sir J. W. Dawson, one of the most distinguished geologists who ever visited this continent. His chief forte is Natural History, and Agricultural Chemistry—branches of natural science, both of them highly necessary in a new country, and probably more likely to be productive of benefit than over-doses of Latin and Greek."

GOING A FISHING.—A clergyman of a country village fired his clerk to give notice "that there would be no services in the afternoon, as he was going to attend for another clergyman." The clerk, as soon as the sermon was read, rose up with all due solemnity, and called out—"I am desired to give notice, that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L. is going a fishing with another clergyman."

"Thomas, there is too much bustle here."

"Yes, I mean there is too much noise.—You must stop it."

"Is a noise, a bustle, Pa?"

"Yes, child, it is the most disagreeable noise."

"Golly gracious!—then sister Sally does wear the biggest noise you ever saw, Pa."

A cross-grained, antiquated maiden vixen went to a Physician for advice.

"Madam," said the doctor, "seems to me; it would do you good, to have a little sun and air."

"Oh!—you amiable, nasty critter!—I'm used to it."

"—I'm used to it—somebody has told me—"

"—I shall go out-hand!—the outrageous brute!—a son and heir!"

The old maid ransomed, and has not been seen since.