

most doubted his own infirmity, and never would admit that he was above one point beyond 'a little hard of hearing.'

On the first of June, in the year — about 9 o'clock in the morning, a chaise and four was perceived approaching towards the inn kept by Joey's master, at a first-rate Gretna Green gallop. As it dashed up to the door, the post-boys vociferated the usual call for two pair of horses in a hurry; but unfortunately, the innkeeper had only Joey and his tits at home; and as the four horses which brought the chaise from the last posting-house had already done a double job that day, the lads would not ride them on through so heavy a stage as the 'long down.'

'How excessively provoking!' exclaimed one of the passengers; 'I am certain that our pursuers are not far behind us. The idea of having the cup of bliss dashed from my very lips,—of such beauty and affluence being snatched from me for want of a second pair of paltry posterns,—drives me frantic!'

'A Gretna Green affair, I presume, sir?' observed the inquisitive landlord.

The gentleman made no scruple of admitting that he had run away with the fair young creature who accompanied him, and that she was entitled to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds: 'one-half of which,' continued the gentleman, 'I would freely give, if I had it, to be at this instant behind four horses, scampering away, due north, at full speed.'

'I can assure you sir,' said the landlord, 'that a fresh pair of such animals as I offer you, will carry you over the ground as quick as if you had ten dozen of the regular road-hacks. No man keeps better cattle than I do, and this pair beats all the others in my stables by two miles an hour. But in ten minutes, perhaps, and certainly within half an hour—'

'Half an hour! half a minute's delay might ruin me,' replied the gentleman; 'I hope I shall find the character you have given your cattle a correct one:—dash on, postilion!'

Before this short conversation between the innkeeper was concluded, Joey Duddle had put to his horses,—which were, of course, kept harnessed,—and taken his seat, prepared to start at a moment's notice. He kept his eye upon the innkeeper, who gave the usual signal of a rapid wave of the hand, as soon as the gentleman ceased speaking; and Joey's cattle, in obedience to the whip and spur, hobbled off at that awkward and evidently painful pace, which is, perforce, adopted by the most praise worthy post-horses for the first ten minutes or so of their journey. But the pair over which Joey presided were, as the innkeeper had asserted, very speedy; and the gentleman soon felt satisfied, that it would take an extraordinary quadruple team to overtake them. His hopes rose at the sight of each succeeding milestone; he ceased to put his

head out of the window every five minutes, and gazed anxiously up the road; he already anticipated a triumph—when a crack, a crush, a shriek from the lady, a jolt, an instant change of position, and a positive pause occurred, in the order in which they are stated, with such suddenness and relative rapidity, that the gentleman was, for a moment or two, utterly deprived of his presence of mind by alarm and astonishment. The bolt which connects the fore wheels, splinter-bar, springs, fore-bed, axle-tree, &c. &c. &c. with the perch that passes under the body of the chaise to the hind-wheel-springs and carriage, had snapped assunder; the whole of the fore parts, were instantly dragged onwards by the horses; the traces by which the body was attached to the fore springs gave way; the chaise fell forward, and, of course, remained stationary, with its contents, in the middle of the road; while the deaf postilion rode on, with his eyes intently fixed on vacancy before him, as though nothing whatever had happened.

Alarmed and indignant in the highest degree, at the postilion's conduct, the gentleman shouted with all his might such exclamations as any man would naturally use on such an occasion; but Joey, although still but a little distance, took no notice of what had occurred behind his back, and very complacently trotted his horses on at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour. He thought the cattle went better than ever; his mind was occupied with the prospect of a speedy termination to his journey; he felt elated at the idea of outstripping the pursuers,—for Joey had discrimination enough to perceive, at a glance, that his passengers were runaway lovers,—and he went on very much to his own satisfaction. As he approached the inn which terminated the 'long down,' Joey, as usual, put his horses upon their mettle, and they, having nothing but a fore carriage and a young lady's trunk behind them, rattled up to the door at a rate unexampled in the annals of posting, with all the little boys and girls in the neighbourhood hallooing in their rear.

It was not until he drew up to the inn door and alighted from his saddle, that Joey discovered his disaster; and nothing could equal the astonishment which his features then displayed. He gazed at the place where the body of his chaise, his passengers, and hind wheels ought to have been, for about a minute, and then suddenly started down the road on foot under an idea that he must very recently have dropped them. On nearing a little elevation, commanding above two miles of the ground over which he had come, he found, to his utter dismay, that no traces of the main body of his chaise were perceptible; nor could he discover his passengers, who had, as it appeared in the sequel, been overtaken by the young lady's friends. Poor Joey immediately ran into the neighbouring hay-loft, where he hid himself; in

despair, for three days; and when discovered, he was with great difficulty persuaded by his master, who highly esteemed him, to resume his whip, and return to his saddle.

Religion and Morality.—Morality is usually said to depend upon religion; but this is said to be in that low sense in which outward conduct is considered as morality. In that higher sense in which morality denotes sentiment, it is more exactly true to say, that religion depends on morality, and springs from it. Virtue is not the conformity of outward actions to a rule; nor is religion the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. Virtue is the state of a just, prudent, benevolent, firm, and temperate mind. Religion is the whole of these sentiments which such a mind feels towards an infinitely perfect being.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

THE MONTHS.—No. 11.

NOVEMBER.—The preceding Month was marked by the *change*, and this is distinguished by the *fall* of the leaf. The whole declining season of the year is often, in common language, named the fall.—In this month Dr. Aikin says "The melancholy sensations which attend the gradual death of vegetable nature, by which the trees are stripped of all their beauty, and left so many monuments of decay and desolation, forcibly suggest to the reflecting mind an apt comparison for the fugitive generations of man. The quick succession of springing and falling leaves has been thus beautifully applied by Homer:

"Like leaves on the trees the race of man is found;
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are passed away."

The loss of verdure, together with the shortened days, the diminishing warmth, and frequent rains, justify the title of *gloomy* to November. In fair weather the mornings are sharp; but the hoar frost, or thin ice soon vanishes before the rising sun.

Caution is now necessary for the preservation of health—the alternations from heat to cold, together with the prevalence of heavy mists, require attention from all who are anxious for their comfort and safety.

The Mail for England, by His Majesty's Packet Seagull, will be closed on Monday evening next, at 5 o'clock.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Crawley, Mr. Edward Shields, to Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Wills, of this town.

Bills of Lading and Seaman's Articles for sale at this Office.