

attention. The tall gentleman was to go on to Aberdeen by a coach then just about to start from the Royal Hotel; while I, for my part, was to proceed by another coach which was about to proceed from the same place to Perth. A great bustle took place in the narrow street at the inn door, and some of my late fellow-travellers were getting into the one coach and some into the other. The Aberdeen coach was soonest prepared to start, and just as the guard cried 'All's right,' the long figure devolved from the window, and said, in an anxious tone of voice, 'Guard, have you got my trunk?' 'Your trunk, sir?' cried the man; 'what like is your trunk?—we have nothing here but bags and baskets.'

'Heaven preserve me!' exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, and burst out of the coach.

It immediately appeared that the trunk had been deposited by mistake in the Perth instead of the Aberdeen coach; and unless the owner had spoken, it would have been, in less than an hour, half way up the Carse of Govrie. A transfer was immediately made, to the no small amusement of myself and one or two other persons in both coaches who had witnessed its previous misadventures on the road through Fife. Seeing a friend on the Aberdeen vehicle, I took an opportunity of privately requesting that he would, on arriving at his destination, send me an account by post of all the further mistakes and dangers which were sure to befall the trunk in the course of the journey. To this he agreed, and about a week after I received the following letter:—

'Dear—, All went well with myself, my fellow-travellers, and THE TRUNK, till we had got a few miles on this side Stonehaven, when, just as we were passing one of the boggiest parts of the whole of that boggy road, an unfortunate lurch threw us over upon one side, and the exterior passengers, along with several heavy articles of luggage, were all projected several yards off into the morass. As the place was rather soft, nobody was much hurt; but after everything had again been put to rights, the tall man put some two-thirds of himself through the coach window, in his usual manner, and asked the guard if he was sure the trunk was safe in the boot.'

'Oh Lord, sir!' cried the guard, as if a desperate idea had at that moment rushed into his mind: 'the trunk was on the top. Has nobody seen it lying about anywhere?'

'If it be a trunk ye're looking after,' cried a rustic very coolly, 'I saw it sink into that well-ee* a quarter of an hour syne.'

'Good God!' exclaimed the distracted owner, 'my trunk is gone for ever. Oh, my poor dear trunk!—where is the place?—show me where it disappeared.'

'The place being pointed out, he rushed madly up to it, and seemed as if he would have plunged into the watery profound to search for his lost property, or die in the attempt. Being informed that the bogs in this part of the country were understood to be bottomless, he soon saw how vain every endeavour of that kind would be; and so he was with difficulty induced to resume his

place in the coach, loudly threatening, however, to make the proprietors of the vehicle pay sweetly for his loss.

'What was in the trunk I have not been able to learn. Perhaps the title-deeds of an estate were among the contents—perhaps it was only filled with bricks and rags, in order to impose upon the innkeepers. In all likelihood the mysterious object is still descending and descending, like the angel's hatchet in Rabbinical story, down the groundless abyss; in which case its contents will not probably be revealed till a great many things of more importance and equal mystery are made plain.'

A GREAT PRINTING-OFFICE.

We copy from 'Dickson's Almanack for 1846' an account of his immense printing-office, in Boston:—The office covers an area of 14,283 square feet, embracing fifteen rooms. It is lighted by day by 1664 squares of glass set in 100 different windows; and by night by gas shooting up from 100 different burners. In those premises we have one steam-engine of ten-horse power, three Adam's power presses, two Napier presses, three rotary presses, two Ruggle's job presses, eleven hand presses, two copper-plate presses, two embossing presses, one hydraulic press, four standing presses, one small power press, two paper cutters, three card cutters, one ink-mill, and four machines for shaving stereotype plates, two of which are moved by steam-power. We have more than 400 different styles of types—borders, flowers, and cuts of various sorts; in weight, 30,000 pounds. These are all held in their places by means of 866 type cases, or brass galleys, 200 feet standing galleys, 330 chases, and three bushels of quoins. We have two large cisterns, which contain about 1000 gallons, or up-wards of eighteen hogsheads of water. This is distributed through every part of the office by means of 500 feet of lead pipe. We use six hogsheads of water per day, which, supposing it was brought in buckets, would take one man thirteen and a-half hours each day to furnish, allowing him to bring four gallons every ten minutes. Our various presses throw off in the course of the year, 6,069,480 sheets of paper, or 12,645 reams. Supposing each sheet to be about two and a-half feet long, and that they were placed in one continuous line, they would stretch out to 15,173,700 feet, or nearly 2875 miles, about the distance from here to Europe. It is computed that we have printed the past year 130,240,000 pages of books, 64,000 circulars, 25,000 commercial and lawyers' blanks, 20,000 cheques, 25,000 billets, 500,000 bill-heads, 300,000 shop bills and hand bills, and 2,900,000 of labels. We have cut up, printed, embossed, and sold 1,201,520 cards or 24,030 packs. Our average consumption of coal is over two tons a week, or more than 100 tons a year. Besides our 100 gas burners, we use about 150 gallons of oil for extra lights and machinery. For our various printing it takes 1200 pounds of ink per annum, besides gold leaf, bronze, and size. In our type and stereotype foundry we have used the past year 50,000 pounds metal, and turned out 7000 stereotype plates of various sizes and shapes. In our whole establishment we employ usually about 100 hands, and it is safe to conclude that our office affords direct sustenance to at least 500 persons.

* The orifice of a deep pool in a morass is so called in Scotland.