

boiler glowing round him, while the firemen continued to 'wood up.'"

"A good idea; but it resembles 'The Involuntary Experimentalist' in Blackwood.—We were speaking of facts, not fiction. I have heard a veteran officer, in the service of England, declare that he has stood the brunt of the peninsular campaign, besides a tolerable seasoning in India, where fearful sights were every day matters—and that he never actually suffered under the influence of fear, even when death slew down his thousands, except once, and that, strange to say, occurred in the heart of the city of London.

"A ghost story?"

"No, indeed—a street affair, in open daylight. A couple of notorious murderers, Haggerty and Hollaway, were to be executed in front of the Newgate jail. It is said that upwards of forty thousand spectators were collected in the neighbourhood of the place of execution, crowding from every point to a common centre. Just as the criminals were placed upon the gallows, a cart full of women broke down; this accident alarmed the by-standers, and gave an impetus to the whole body of that immense assemblage, which swayed to and fro like the waves of the sea. Persons of short stature and weak frame, unable to compete with their more burly neighbours, sunk down, and rose no more. Shrieks of 'murder' sounded on every side—the crowd was forced over the writhing bodies of several females and boys, without the power of rendering the slightest aid. The mob were absolutely struggling with each other for their lives. In the midst of the alarm, the criminals were swung from the gallows' beam, an incident, which, although expected, materially increased the confusion.—The outer portions of the mob pressed furiously to get near the disgusting sight—several persons were squeezed to death as they stood in the crowd, and their bodies remained wedged in the living mass for a full hour. The major often spoke of the scene as one of peculiar horror. A short and stout person of considerable respectability, with whom the major had been conversing for some time, previous to the panic, had one of his shoes forced down at the heel; he stooped to put it in its place, when a sway, or rolling of the crowd occurred, pushing him from his balance, and overwhelmed the unhappy man. In one minute, above a hundred persons had been forced over his body, pounding it into a mass of blood and dirt. A woman, with an infant at her breast, sunk under the feet of the mob from sheer exhaustion,

as she fell, she put her babe into the arms of a man who stood beside her. He threw it over the heads of the crowd, aware that he was unable to save it where he stood. The infant was again tossed forward—and again—until a person received it near the edge of the crowd, and he placed it under a cart 'till the mob dispersed. 'The child was taken away alive.

"How many persons lost their lives on this occasion?"

"I do not know. The major declared that when the crowd separated, which was not until the bodies of the criminals were removed from the platform, that upwards of one hundred were found senseless in the street—but many were doubtless restored to life.

"I am not superstitious, gentlemen, said the captain—

"Not more so than captains in general, I suppose."

"But I do believe that that fearful panic was infused into the minds of the mob, as a punishment for making holiday in the death hour of their fellow creatures."

"I have heard a story somewhere of a merchant, who collected a party together to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark track of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding day; crowds of her young acquaintance circled round her, and as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children, who were gambolling merrily among the crowd. Passing along the passage connecting the lower rooms, he met the servant-maid, an ignorant country wench, who was carrying a lighted tallow candle in her hand, without a candle-stick.—He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangements with his wife about the supper-table. The girl shortly returned from the cellar, with her arms full of ale bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gun-powder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. 'Where is your candle,' he inquired, in excessive agitation. 'I could not bring it up with me, for my hands were full,' said the girl. 'Where did you leave it?' 'Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it into some black sand that's there in one of the tubs.' The merchant dashed down the cellar steps; the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way, his knees threatened to give