myself, so, stepping over to Turner, I professed my inability to oblige, and meekly inquired what penalty a recalcitrant must needs submit to.

"Gallon o' beer," laconically and somewhat sulkily responded that gentleman. He seemed to have grave doubts as to whether that amount of liquor would be forthcoming.

"Call for three gallons, then, Mr. Chair—that'll make a level three bob of it," I said; and thereupon a general buzz of satisfactory remarks pervaded the room, and a stalwart coster behind me observed:

"That's you! Nothin' like doing' it proper, if yer 'as ter spout yer bloomin' shirt arterwards!" And he accompanied his remark with a slap on my back that fairly fetched the breath out of me.

Popularity is cheap at three gallons of malt.

Paddy then called our attention to the fact that it wanted but five-and-twenty minutes to twelve; that there was but time for about two more songs, and we "might as well 'ave a good 'un to wind up with." He begged to call upon—Paddy paused and looked angrily towards the middle of the room, where two ladies, pretty well gone in liquor, had commenced what gave signs of being a violent altercation. There was every prospect of a general row if this wasn't nipped in the bud; so Turner quitted his chair, and plunged into the knot of disputants, where having taken one of the fair brawlers by the shoulders, a peaceably-disposed friend took the same freedom with the other, and the result of this friendly interposition was a scene that fairly baffled description; for in a moment a sudden hustling, scuffling sound was heard, mingled with oaths and screams, as men and women rolled over each other, and clawed and scratched at friend or foe indiscriminately. This was varied by the loudly-expressed asseverations of a sturdy coster, far advanced in beer, and eager to establish a private little fight on his own account. I had heard him addressed, as "Darkie" during the course of the evening.

"I'm good enough for any——cove here," remarked Darkie. "Will any——man put 'is sanguinary dooks up an' try! 'Ere!—look 'ere! —'ere's 'arf a dollar to any man as'll knock my ——'at orf!"

At this juncture Mr. Darkie was seized by two friends soberer than himself, and was hurried from the room, indulging himself in a torrent of blasphemy at each step.

I stepped over to Stocks, who remarked:

"Looks good enough to travel, don't it, Tony?"

I said I thought it was.

"Now, gentlemen, please!" said, or rather yelled, the landlord, exhibiting his head through the half-open door. Seeing the state of things he withdrew that portion of him, and sang out down-stairs, "Turn out, Phil—sharp!"

In two seconds the gas was turned off, and Stocks and I shot through the open door into the darkness, groping our way downstairs with what speed we might. Passing into the street we found a batch of ill-conditioned hobbledehoys, who had been attracted by the commotion upstairs, and were thirsting for the spectacle of a street fight—no rarity in that neighbourhood. Reaching White-chapel-road, we stopped to light our pipes, and started at a sharpish pace for home. Beaumont-square was passed, then the Globe-bridge, and as we halted at the corner of Grove-road (where we had to separate) Stocks asked:

"Going there again, old man?"

"Not if I know myself."

And we shook hands for the night.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"Every one has a lucky number," said the old gentleman. "Mine is twenty-one. Twenty-nine might have been, would have been, an unlucky number for me. Yet I didn't know it; both were painted in black letters on a white oval. Twenty-one—twenty-nine. Not much difference, you see—21, 29; very like indeed: and yet because I chose the number without a flourish and a long leg, I am here to-day and have had a long and happy life. I should have been the occupant of a suicide's grave ever so many years ago had I chosen twenty-nine."

"I really can't understand," said I. "Was it a lottery or a draft, a conscription, or what? Was it a game—was it?"

"It was the number on a door," said the old gentleman. "Wait a minute; I'll tell you all about it.

"I was very much in love; everybody is at some time in his life.

"At twenty-five I was desperate.

"Talk about Romeo! he was nothing compared with me.

"I'm not ashamed of it.

"She was a worthy object.

"Not only because she was beautiful, but she was good and amiable, and such a singer.

"She sang soprano in the church choir. And I've heard strangers whisper to each other—'Is there really an angel up there?'

"When she sang her part alone, clear and sweet and flute-like her voice was. I've never heard its equal.

"Well, I loved her, and I thought she liked me; but I wasn't sure.

"I courted her a good while, but she was as shy as any bird, and I couldn't satisfy myself as to her feelings.

"So I made up my mind to ask and know for certain.

"Some old poet says—

"'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.'

"I agreed with him; and, one evening as I walked home from a little party where we had met, with her on my arm, I stopped under a great willow tree, and took her hand in mine, and said—

"'Jessie, I love you better than my life. Will you marry me?'

"I waited for an answer.

"She gave none.

"'Jessie,' I said, 'won't you speak to me?'

"Then she did speak.

"'No—oh, dear, no!'

"I offered her my arm again, and took her home without a word.

"She did not speak either.

"She had told me before that she should start with the dawn to visit an aunt in Bristol, but I did not even say good-bye at the door.

"I bowed; that was all.

"Then when she was out of sight, and I stood alone in the street, I felt desperate enough to kill myself.

"What had I done to have so cold a refusal?

"Why should she scorn me so?

"'Oh, dear, no!' I grew furious as I repeated the words.

"Yet they stung me all the same.

"I tossed from side to side of my bed all night, and arose from a sleepless pillow at dawn.

"Life was worthless to me, and I would have it no longer.

"But I would not pain and disgrace my respectable relatives by committing suicide in the place wherein they dwelt and were well known and thought of.

"I would go to Bristol, and seeking some hotel, register an assumed name, and retiring at night with a bottle of laudanum and a brace of pistols, awake no more, and so be rid of my misery.

"I arranged my affairs to the best of my ability, and received an imaginary letter from a friend in Bristol, requesting my presence on a matter of business.

"I burthened myself with no unnecessary luggage.

"What did 'an unknown suicide' want with another coat and a change of linen?

"I kissed my mother and sisters and startled my grandfather by an embrace, and started upon what I mentally called my last journey, with a determined spirit.

"There was a certain hotel to which many of the people from our place were in the habit of going.

"This I avoided.

"Another, chosen at hazard, seemed to be better.

"Thither I walked determined to leave no trace of my destination to those who knew me — no clue to my identity to those who should find me dead.

"I had no mark upon my clothing, no card, paper, or letter with me.

"I had torn the hatter's mark from my beaver.

"As I ascended the hotel steps, I felt, so to speak, like one going to his own funeral.

"A grinning waiter bowed before me.

"A pert youth lifted up his head and stared, I was an ordinary traveller to them, that was evident.

"It was late in the evening; the place wore an air of repose.

"Laughter and a faint chink of glasses in an inner apartment told of some conviviality.

"One old man read his newspaper before the fire.

"Nothing else was astir.

"I asked for a room.

"The youth nodded.

"'Do you care what floor?' he asked.

"I shook my head.

"'Number twenty-nine is empty,' he said, and tossed a key to the waiter, whom I followed at once.

"We reached the room by two flights of stairs.

"At its door the waiter paused.

"'Thought he said twenty-nine,' he muttered. 'The key is twenty-one.'

"'Then open twenty-one with it,' I said. I don't care for the number of the room.'

"'No, sir—to be sure, sir,' said the waiter, and passed along a few steps farther.

"'Twenty-one,' he said, and unlocking a door, pushed it open.

"'Shall I bring you anything, sir?' he said.

"I answered 'No,' and he left me, having put a candle on the bureau.

"The hour had come.

"As I shut the door a heavy sigh escaped me.

"Alas! that life had become so woeful a thing to me that I should desire to be rid of it.

"In the dim light of my one candle I paced the floor, and thought bitterly of the girl I had loved so dearly.

"It was in the days of curtained beds.

"The bed in this room was hung with dark chintz; so were the windows.

"Over the bureau was a looking-glass, with a portrait of a lady in puffed sleeves and a high comb at the top by way of ornament.

"There were four stiff chairs and a brass shovel and tongs stood guard beside the grate.

"I fancied myself lying dead on that bed amidst all these belongings, and felt sorry for myself.

"Then I took my pistols from my portmanteau, and leaving the door unlocked — for why should I put the landlord to the trouble of breaking it open?—I lay down upon the bed, drew the curtains, took a pistol in each hand, and as true as I now speak to you, had the muzzle of each to a temple, when someone opened the door, and — There, now, Jessie,' said a voice: 'I told you you didn't lock it.'

"'I did,' said another voice; 'and sent the key to the bar by the chambermaid.'

"I laid the pistols down and peeped through the curtains.

"There were two ladies in the room.

"One an old lady, in a brown front of false curls: the other my cruel lady love Jessie Grey.

"For a moment I fancied I must be dreaming.

"'Sure it's the right number?' asked Jessie.

"'Twenty-one—yes,' said the other. 'And there's my bandbox. Oh, dear! I'm sleepy.'

"'I'm not,' said Jessie. 'I wish I was, aunt.'

"'You didn't sleep a wink last night,' said the aunt. 'Nor you haven't eaten your meals today. You'll go into a decline if you go on that way. I'll see Doctor Black about you to-morrow.'

"'I don't want Doctor Black to be called,' sighed Jessie. 'I'd rather die first.'

"'What's the matter?' cried the old lady. 'You are not yourself, You don't eat or sleep, and you cry perpetually. What ails you?'

"'I'm miserable,' said Jessie.

"'Why?' cried her aunt.

"'Oh, aunt," said Jessie, 'it's all your fault. You told me over and over again that a girl must never jump at an offer; that a man must be refused at least once, or he'd not value a girl. And I liked him so! And, oh, he liked me! And when he asked me, I felt so glad! but I remembered what you said, and I—oh, how could I do it?' I said, 'Oh, dear, no!'

"'And he left me without a word.

"'And I'm so sorry!—oh, so sorry, because I love him aunt!'

"'You little goose!' cried the old lady.

"As for me, you can fancy how I felt. I had no thought of suicide now.

"My desire was to live and ask that question of mine over again.

"I pocketed my pistols, and crept down on the other side of the bed.

"I stepped towards the bureau and blew out the candle.

"The faint red light of the fire was still in the room.

"As I dashed out at the door, I heard two female screams, but I escaped in safety.

"I met the waiter on the stairs.

"'Found out the mistake, sir?' he said. 'Just coming to rectify it.'

"'Don't mention it,' I said. 'I'm very glad—that is, it don't matter. Here is something for your trouble,' and I gave him a five-shilling piece.

"He said—'Thank you, sir;' but I saw that he thought me crazy.

"He was confirmed in his opinion when, as I passed to the door of my own room, I cried—

"'Heaven bless twenty-one! It's a lucky number!'

"But I never was saner than I was then, and never half so happy.

"Of course I proposed to Jessie the very next day, and I need not tell you that her answer was not—'Oh, dear, no;' and that's why I call twento-one my lucky number."

MIGRATORY BOGS.

There are said to be some six million acres of bog in the United Kingdom, Ireland boasting or bewailing the possession of at least a moiety of the ill-conditioned mixture, Scotland coming in for a third, and England owning the remaining million of moist acres, which no one has yet managed to put to very profitable use. Fortunately for those whose lines are cast in their undesirable neighborhood, British bogs very rarely become so impatient of quiescence as to convert themselves into moveable property, and set out on their travels, as Chat Moss did in the far-away days of many-wived King Hal. Leland tells how, "bursting up within a mile of Mosley Haul, it destroyed much ground with moss thereabout, and destroyed much fresh-water fish thereabout, first corrupting with stinking water Glasbrook, and so Glassbrook carried stinking water and moss into Mersey water, and Mersey corrupted, carried the rolling moss, part to the shores of Wales, part to the Isle of Man, and some unto Ireland. And in the very top of Chateley Moor, where the moss was highest and broke, is now a plain, fair valley as ever in times past, and a rill runneth in it, and pieces of small trees be found in the bottom." Thanks to Stephenson's genius and perseverance, Chat Moss is not likely to be guilty of another freak of the kind. We can find but one other instance recorded of bog-moving in England, and that happened in the "Debatable Land" of olden time, near the Netherby whose Græmes, Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves went racing and chasing o'er Cannobie Lea, in the vain hope of catching young Lochinvar and his fair Ellen. When Pennant visited the place in 1768, he saw a beautiful tract of cultivated land: four years afterwards, he beheld nothing but a dismal swamp. The fertile vale had succumbed to Solway Moss, the sixteen hundred acres of peat-mud of which had only been kept within bounds by the hard outer crust. Ignorant, or careless of the consequences, some peat-diggers cut away part of the protecting edge of the bog; a three days downpour came and, unable to withstand the extra pressure, the hitherto effectual barrier yielded, and let out a river of thick black slush, carrying everything before it. It was on the night of the 17th of November 1771, that a farmer living close by the Moss, hearing an unusual noise, went out of doors, lantern in hand, to discover the meaning of it. He saw a small dark-colored stream flowing towards him, and for the moment fancied it came from his own dunghill; but the stream growing to a deluge, he ran as he never ran before, to rouse up all within hail, with the news that the Moss was out. Some received their first intimation of the disaster from the entrance of the "Stygian tide" into their houses; these sound sleepers had to wait for the daylight ere they escaped through the roof, with the aid of outside friends. Still there was cause for congratulation: although buildings had been swept down, cottages filled from floor to rooftree, and four hundred acres of good land overwhelmed beyond redemption, no man, woman or child had been done to death by the unlooked-for irruption. The cattle had not escaped so well, many beasts being suffocated in their sheds. One cow, the solitary survivor of eight, after standing up to its neck in mud and water for sixty hours, had appetite enough to eat heartily when delivered from durance, but refused to touch any water nor would she "even look at it without manifest signs of horror."

In 1629, says Dr. Robert Chambers, in his "Domestic Annals of Scotland," a large moss with a little lake in the middle of it occupied a piece of gradually rising ground in the fertile district between Falkirk and Sterling. A highly cultivated tract of wheat-land lay below. There had been a series of heavy rains, and the moss became overcharged with moisture. After some days, during which slight movements were visible on this quagmire, the whole moss began one night to leave its native situation, and slide gently down to the low grounds. The people who lived on these lands, receiving sufficient warning, fled, and saved their lives; but in the morning light they beheld their little farms, sixteen in number, covered six feet deep with liquid moss, and hopelessly lost. In the wet August of 1861, a farmer dwelling near the town of Slamannan, looking out from his door early one morning, beheld some twenty acres of Auchingray Moss part company with its clay bottom, and float away for three-quarters of a mile, to the utter ruin of a large quantity of arable land and potato-ground over which it spread.

Yet more extraordinary was the sight seen in the county of Limerick in 1697. The continuous rains of a very unfavorable spring getting under a large bog at Charleville, forced up its centre to a great height. Soon afterwards, sounds resembling distant thunder betokened mischief was brewing underground, the boghill sank as rapidly as it had risen, and then the entire mass was set in motion. A wide deep ditch separated it from some pasture-land, but did not prevent the bog sweeping onward with wave-like undulations, but unbroken surface, and carrying the pasture-land with it, to deposit it upon an adjoining meadow, covering it wholly with sixteen feet of soil—after which, it would be difficult, we should fancy, to decide as to ownership. The pasture became bog, and the old site of the bog was left bare, marked by an unsightly hole, throwing up "foul water and very stinking vapors." After a violent storm in March 1745, a turbary at Addergoole, near Dunmore in Galway, which the turf-cutters had only just left, began to move, and floating to a piece of low-lying pasture near the river-side, spread over a space of thirty acres. The choked river over-flowed its banks and in a very short time the fields near were hidden by a lake covering fifty acres. Before a passage could be cut for the river, the lake had extended over three hundred acres, and a week after that operation had been effected, a fifth part of the deluged land still remained under water.

This notable event in the simple annals of Dunmore will no longer stand unparalleled in the records of the little Irish town. On the 1st of October 1873, a farmer diligently laboring in his potato-field caught sight of a brown mass making his way towards him. Leaving his spade in the ground, he ran off to fetch some neighbors. An elevated bog about three miles distant from the town had burst through its banks, descending so swiftly that by the time the frightened man got back to his potato-field, half of it was buried, and a few stooks on a high knoll were all that remained to tell where his corn-field had been. In a very short space of time, the cruel torrent had buried three farm-houses, and covered two hundred acres of valuable land with "half-concrete, half-fluid" deposit, to a depth, in some places, of ten feet, leaving a great basin of a mile and a half in circumference, from which steadily flowed a stream of very watery brown bog-stuff. At the time we write—three weeks after the outburst—this stream had attained a length of two miles, with a breadth of about a quarter of a mile, and two millions cubic feet of bog-stuff had been sent down the valley. A letter from Dunmore says: "The worst of the damage already done is that it is likely to be permanent in its effects, unless, indeed, the foreign matter continues its locomotion, and branches off to some locality where it will affect no industrial interest. As it is, a wide extent of capital land has been converted into a black swamp; several families have been ruined, not only by the loss of their holdings and homes, but by the destruction of their crops, their firing, and other property which there was not time to save. It is pitiable to see one of these ill-fated tenements surrounded by the filthy ooze of the bog, with no tra[illegible]