

creases, so will it be found necessary to have likewise, an increase of travellers. Besides, the Canadian Cockneys have too much enterprise amongst them not to make a fresh business if the old one diminishes, and we have very little doubt but that, so far from injuring the town, a railroad will only add fresh energy to the already wide-awake Lunnuners.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

NO. IX.

WHEREIN IS COMMENCED THE UNSURPASSED HISTORY OF JEREMIAH DIP, ALDERMAN AND TALLOW-CHANDLER, OF T. READNEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

FROM the earliest epoch of my conscious existence, I have had an insatiable yearning to read of the exploits of murderers, robbers, foot pads, pirates and such like adventurous imitators, on a small scale, of Alexander the Great, and Napoleon Bonaparte, (so called, as Mr. Paumie tells me, because he conquered a *good part* of the world). Next to the life of Sir William Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, the books which I most delighted to study were the Newgate Calendar, and Hugo Arnot's Criminal Trials; and I often thought that if some warlock offered to bring before me the apparition of some illustrious notoriety of history, I should fix upon Robin Hood, or Sixteen-String-Jack in preference to any one else.

As I was mentioning this weakness of mine one day to Quinten Quill, that obliging personage, who never was so happy as when ministering to our amusement, inquired at Mr. Paumie and myself whether we would like to witness the manner in which the thief-catchers of London perform their operations. "My reason for asking the question," quoth Quinten, "is that Mr. Noscannabem, a Bow-street detective is, this very afternoon, to be occupied in an attempt to discover the perpetrators of an extensive theft of sugar from a West Indian ship lying in one of the docks."

The Dominic, who had but slender love for this department of the fine arts, declined the offer with befitting thanks, but I, as you may swear jumped at the same, like a lawyer at a fee, or a cock at a grosset. Accordingly having discussed a bit snack o'lunch, and may be a toothful of something stronger than water, in order, to steady our nerves, we set out for the Police office, where we found the man-hunter just preparing to start upon his expedition.

Mr. Noscannabem was a perfect model at once of strength and activity, conveying the impression, as Mr. Quill remarked, that his father might have been Hercules, and his mother the queen of all the rope-dancers. Rather slender, than otherwise, so far as bulk was concerned, his muscles were as hard as cast

metal, and he had an eye which seemed to pierce the person he looked upon like the sharpest gimlet. This said eye was never at rest for the minutest fraction of a second; nothing could escape its inquisition and feverish scrutiny. It was impossible for a wind-propelled straw to cross his path without its course being traced to the nook where it found refuge, and I firmly believe that before I had been two minutes in his company he could have sworn correctly to the number of buttons on my coat and vest, and the sum total of darns which my every day breeches exhibited!

Quinten having explained to this functionary, who was one of his intimate cronies, the errand upon which he had come, he, in the frankest manner agreed to gratify our wishes. The only stipulation which he made was that we should witness his proceedings from a distance, as if we had no cognizance of, or connexion with him, and on no account to volunteer either advice or assistance unless specially requested so to do. These terms, of course, were willingly acceded to, especially by your humble servant, more by token that, though by no means a coward, I am a prudent man, and have ever had a decided aversion to scald my fingers with the broth appertaining to other people!

Having placed sundry pairs of hand-cuffs in his coat pocket, and seen that the flints of two pistols which he carried in his breast, were in business order, our friend invited us to accompany him in his campaign. Having reached the wharf where the plundered vessel lay, Mr. Noscannabem put a number of interrogatories to the skipper and his hands, but without being able to elicit anything like a clew to the depredators. In fact the sugar had been ravished at mid-night which was two hours before the moon turned out of her hammock, and during the prevalence moreover, of one of those *dour* London fogs capable of being cut with a knife, like a kebboch of Dunlop. cheese?

Leaving the ship, about as wise as when he entered the same, the inquisitor began to look narrowly upon the contiguous stones of the street, as if in quest of some fine eyed needle. After a season he made signs to us to approach, and quietly directed our attention to a small train of sugar running from the river to the buildings fronting the same. This track he pursued for at least a couple of hours, frequently losing trace of it altogether in mud, and rubbish. In process of time his researches led him to the houses, and directing us to take up our station in a tap-room where we could observe without observation his cautious movements, he made a thorough survey of the various dwellings which surrounded the locality.

Of a verity, some of these structures would not, from their appearance and general air, have been pronounced to be the chosen dwell-