

THE MAN WITH THE CARPET-BAG.

It was only a mistake, an awkward mistake, too, for a bachelor, to get hold of the wrong carpet-bag on a steamboat just at bed-time. And just fancy how you would have felt if it had been you, and if you had got all ready for your night-cap and robe de nuit, and then found that instead of your own carpet-bag you had laid violent hands upon one full of—full of baby-clothes. That would be bad. Changing baggage with a man going south, while your route lay exactly north, is bad enough, but nothing compared to such a change as we have hinted at, when the poor fellow was left without a change unless he went back to first principles.

We were travelling lately with a crowd on a steamboat, and had a room in partnership with a publisher of a Magazine that is printed not a thousand miles from *The Knickerbocker* office, and a very good fellow he is too, and very fond of printing jokes—upon other folks.

There was, as usual when there is a crowd of folks, a "right smart chance of baggage," in the care of which it was every one for himself, and some other power for the rest of them.

"I've taken care," said our friend, "to secure my carpet-bag," as he deposited one of those smooth black leather sacks that by some misnomer are called *carpet-bags*, in our stateroom, before any general scramble took place among the baggage. "I'm all right now for sleeping."

"Till bed time he rested easy—and then well, and then—being a modest man he put out the light before he made the last change, and took up his carpet-bag to get his night clothes. For a long time we could see by dim light from the cabin that he was trying to penetrate the interior, but the lock resisted his efforts more than all the safes in the Crystal Palace did the great lock-picking Hobbs. He held up the bag and looked at it all over and soliloquized: "It looks like mine—it is just the size and shape and color, and I took it from the very spot where I put mine, but it ain't mine, that is certain. What a wretched mistake. What shall I do?"

"Call the waiter," we suggested.

"I can't, I'm undressed; confound it."

"It seems already confounded. You can sleep in your shirt and perhaps you'll be all right in the morning."

"No I shan't—I haven't a clean shirt in the world and no possible chance to get one—no razor—"

"Glad of it; wish every man was just so—can lend you a shirt if you don't find yours, and—"

"Yes, yes, but I believe this bag belongs to some woman, and there'll be the deuce to pay."

"Then you must keep dark."

"So I will. Good idea that."

To carry out that good idea he dressed himself and went down, looking for what was not to be found. Of course not. If he had got somebody's carpet-bag that looked exactly like somebody else's, of course somebody else had got his. And then, what if somebody else's key fitted his lock: there would be an exposition of masculine traps in a lady's cabin; and the worst of it was, they would know who owned them. Painful predicament. No help for it though, the deed was done.

So he called the steward; the steward called the head waiter; the head waiter called the waiter at the other end of the body corporate of cabin attendants; but the only information obtained was that he had heard some woman in one of the state-rooms—couldn't tell which—"going on like fun about her carpet-bag."

Ah, that was it—some woman. Our bachelor friend would sooner encounter some bear than that woman—the woman whom he had robbed of her night gown. Without a shirt, was nothing—with a shirt, was something. And then to think that he couldn't go ashore. No, he had got to wait, and face the foe by daylight. Heaven knows if he slept, though he said he did, and dreamed of being locked up in a carpet-bag which contained more linen ready for the wash than poor Falstaff's basket. Then he dreamed that he was trying to dress for breakfast, in a clean shirt without a collar, very long, and wide at the bottom. It was a dreary night, that night upon

the sea; and morning brought no hope. What could the dreamer do? Why he could get up early, and dress as he was dressed before—why should he change? the world changes, why should we?—and get the stray carpet-bag back to the baggage-room, and wait coming events. All day he waited, but none came. There stood the carpet-bag without an owner. Finally every room was looked into by the chambermaid, and nowhere was the counterpart of that bag to be found. Its like was not on the boat. Terrible idea, that it had gone ashore; and here was our bachelor friend on a three day's trip without a chance of a clean shirt, unless such a one as he had seen in his vision of a dream.

To help the matter on, an accident detained the boat another day. It was a very dark day. But our friend's case was darker; it was a black case—a case of black leather; but it contained a white shirt. But where was it? that was the question, not what was in it.

Finally the baggage-man was called to see if he could tell where the lost carpet-bag had gone ashore.

"What sort of one?"

"Just like that—exactly."

"Exactly?" "Yes, precisely."

"Precisely? Then that is precisely it; for there has not been another like it on the boat since we left Quebec."

"Impossible. I have tried and tried to unlock it. My key don't fit the lock at all."

"Let me see. Same size—same shape—that little crook in key hole, and here a crook to fit."

"Yes, but it won't go in; it is no use to try."

It is no use ever to say "it is no use to try." Keep trying. Never give up. The man took a little nail out of his pocket—screwed it into the hole in the key and wad out a wad of lint and dust—clapped the key to the lock, and presto—the lost carpet-bag was found, and the owner was confounded. He was the man with the carpet-bag—his own carpet-bag, that he had disowned. His night of dreams had past.—His visions of shirts without collars had vanished to the spirit land. His trouble was over, and he had a clean shirt for tomorrow. He had, what he always had, a carpet-bag, his own, and he was decidedly the man the world has been looking for, "the man with the carpet-bag." Long may it wave!

AN INGENIOUS SEAMAN.—There is a story that a sailor volunteered to start from Carreening Bay on the first favourable opportunity, and to destroy each ship successively. He asserts that he is in possession of a secret method by which he can move along beneath the surface of the water and breathe as easily as if he were in a diving apparatus supplied with air by a pump, and can carry with him an explosive machine of sufficient power to dirve a hole through the bottom of the largest ship. The sailor gave a proof on the night of the 19th ult. that at any rate he was clever enough to approach a ship undetected, notwithstanding a very careful guard being established to mark his coming. As a proof of still further ability he announced to the officers of her Majesty's ship *London* that he would course in the cove of that night and chalk up the name of the ship on her side just above the water-mark, do what they might to prevent him. The challenge was accepted, double sentries were posted and some volunteers among the officers kept a look out, but no one was observed to come near, and all on board were convinced that no one had come near the vessel. Daylight however showed the letters conspicuously chalked on the ship's side, as the sailor had said they would be. It has been suggested that the means by which his feat was accomplished was an atmospheric boat, capable of being guided when sunk, beneath the surface of the water, and supplied with a reserve of air enough to last a given time for the support of its adventurous owner. It is stated that he could not have swam alongside without being observed.

CONSTRUCTING GENTLELY.—A lady recently, in speaking of her husband, who had failed in the poultry business, said that "he had been heavily engaged in mercantile speculations in Turkey, and had been unfortunate."

Some Yankee, writing in the *New York Courier & Enquirer*, points out the great importance of Newfoundland to the power possessing it. The writer says, it is the greatest nursery for seamen in the world, and that, moreover, American ships in going to Europe must run the gauntlet of Newfoundland, and in case of a war with England, are therefore exposed to capture, as was the case in 1812, when over 100 United States' vessels were made prizes of in that vicinity. This wiseacre concludes by urging the Yankee "Fillibusters" to "strike for the prize" while Great Britain is now employed in other quarters. But it will be wise of them to bear in mind, that although she is at present engaged in a great war, she will, nevertheless, find not the slightest difficulty in protecting her possessions all over the world, from the cowardly attacks of buccanniers.

MORE FOOTPRINTS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.—The Lock-up delivery, on many mornings, presents very melancholy features, which the public ought to take much more into consideration than it does. A few of the wretched drunken stragglers of the streets, those who may happen to come under the cognizance of the Watchmen and other officers of Police, who are thrust into the lock-up during the night, are brought up at eleven o'clock in the light of day, and confronted by the authorities. A wretched spectacle they sometimes make; some of them, the poor wrecks of society, the lowest links in the chain of a most sad series.

They suggest many painful thoughts;—and among the rest, they remind of the other end of the chain. What a curious exhibition would be in his Worship's Court, if those, who had grown rich and sleek on the folly of such miseries, stood also before the bench of justice; the law of the land might not hold them accountable for the wretched results,—but the law of Conscience and of the Gospel, would not be silent; and if ever traders were ashamed of their manufactures, they would be. How would, Mr. So-and-so,—and Squire So-and-so,—responsible and comfortable citizens, steady and church-going men! importers, distillers and retailers,—how would these look standing in proximity with those reduced by their wares to the kennel and the dungeon? This question is becoming of force, and will more and more urge itself on public consideration, with strange association of ideas, until the hideous anomaly (to call it by a mild name) will be shamed out of vogue, and into the list of other obsolete evils.—*Halifax Athenaeum*.

LIEUT. MAURY AND THE FARMERS.—We see by the *Chicago Democrat*, that Lieut. Maury has issued through the *American Farmer* a circular, suggesting to farmers a plan, whereby they may become more familiar with the influences that surround them in the atmosphere, and from which they may derive benefits to their profession, "equally important as are those which have been secured to the mariner by the system of observations so extensively carried out at sea under his auspices." Lieut. M. asks merely such co-operation in his plan on the land, as he has received on the sea. As an exemplification of some of the first fruits of the system of meteorological observations which he proposes for determining the course of storms, and predicting when they will be in certain localities, he says that "certain of the observers scattered over all parts of the country would probably be required to make daily reports to the central office in Washington, as to the weather, each for his own station—say at 9 A. M. This would soon enable us to determine the laws of progress as well as the march of the various states of weather, such as gales, rains, snow storms and the like; so that by knowing in what part of the country a storm had arisen, we should—learning through the telegraph the direction it might take—be enabled to calculate its rate of travel, and to predict within a few hours the time it would arrive at different places on its line of march; and knowing these, the telegraphic agency which the newspaper press of the country has established here, would, without more ado or further cost, make the announcement the

next morning in all the papers of the land." He proposes that there shall be one formed in each county to make observations daily, and that these shall be transmitted to the central office in Washington, which has charge of the meteorological observations may not strike every one, for they belong to that class of scientific researches, which those not conversant with the subject would put down as the speculative. But that they are useful, in an important degree, there can be no doubt.

ACADIAN GEOLOGY AND ITS AUTHOR.

The following notice of the author of *Acadian Geology* we clip from the *Pictou Eastern Chronicle*:

J. W. Dawson, Esq., of this place, has accepted the situation of Principal of Mac-Gill College, Montreal. This is the most extensive and best endowed institution of learning in British America, and it is a pleasing evidence of the estimation in which Mr. Dawson's talents are held abroad, that he has, without his own seeking, been chosen to fill this high and honorable trust. While the citizens of Pictou all rejoice at his preferment to a position where he will have enlarged opportunities of usefulness, they deeply regret the removal, from their midst of an individual endeared to them by virtues, and still more, that his native Province could offer him no situation suited to his abilities and worthy of his acceptance. Mr. Dawson is at present in Scotland, where he will attend the meeting of the British Association, which meets this year in Glasgow, but expects to come out to Halifax by the steamer of the first November, when he will immediately proceed to Montreal, to enter upon the duties of his office. The following notice of his appointment is from the *Montreal Transcript*:

"THE NEW PRINCIPAL OF M'GILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.—We understand that John William Dawson, Esq., of Pictou, Nova Scotia, has been elected by the Governors, Principal of this Institution. In the world of science, this gentleman is well known. He is a F. G. S.; a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; author of a handbook of the Geography and Natural History of Nova Scotia; and of various scientific contributions towards the improvement of Literature. His latest work is one upon *Acadian Geology*; giving an account of the Geological structure and Mineral resources of Nova Scotia, and portions of the neighbouring Provinces of British America. These honors, high in themselves, are accompanied with testimonials just as distinguished. He is warmly recommended by Sir C. Lyell, one of the most distinguished geologists who ever visited this continent. His chief forte is Natural History, and Agricultural Chemistry—branches of natural science, both of them highly necessary in a new country, and probably more likely to be productive of benefit than over-doses of Latin and Greek."

GOING A FISHING.—A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice "that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate for another clergyman." The clerk, as soon as the sermon was ended, rose up with all due solemnity, and called out—"I am desired to give notice, that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L. is going a fishing with another clergyman."

"Thomas, there is too much bustle here."
"Where, Pa?"
"I mean there is too much noise—you must stop it."
"Is a noise, a bustle, Pa?"
"Yes, child."
"Golly gracious!—then sister Sally does wear the biggest noise you ever saw, Pa."

A cross-grained, antiquated maiden vixen went to a Physician for advice.
"Madam" said the doctor, "seems to me; it would do you good, to have a little sun and air."
"Oh!—you abominable, nasty crister!—a son and heir!—Oh, dear!—oh, dear!—somebody fan me!—I shall go-off-handle!—the outrageous bruto!—a son and heir!!"
The old maid vomited, and has not been seen since.