

seemed as though I shouldn't be able to breathe much longer, and then I must be stifled. It was awful, the thoughts of all that; and had such an effect on me, that I dashed about like a bird in a cage—now here, now there—in mad efforts and struggles to get out. I cried, "Help, help!" and swore and tore about, jumping up and plunging my hands into the earth; till at last, panting, and bleeding, and helpless, I lay upon the gravel crying like a child.

Ah! That did me good, and seemed to clear my thoughts and make me mad with myself to think I had been wasting my strength so for nothing, when perhaps I might have been doing something towards making my escape; and while I was thinking like this, all at once I started, for there was a groan again close to my head; then, after feeling about a bit, I got my hand upon a bit of broken board, when I felt a groan again, and then, after searching about, found that underneath the board was a face which, by scratching away the earth, I could touch, and feel to be warm.

The first thing I did was to start up and strike my head violently against a cross-piece so that I was halfstunned; and then I began to feel about for a shovel till I got hold of a handle, and found that the rest was so tightly bedded in the soil, that I must have been a good hour grubbing it out with my fingers. But I kept leaving off to go and speak to the face, which I knew must be that of Sam Carberry; and though, poor fellow, it did him no good, he being quite insensible, yet it did me good, for there was company—I was not alone—and after leaving off that way now and then, I worked again like a good 'un till the shovel was at liberty; for while I was hard at work, I had no time to think about anything else.

And now, though I could feel that poor Sam was breathing, he didn't groan; and I began with the shovel to try and set his face more at liberty, but at the first trial I threw down the tool with a horrible cry, as the loose gravel came rattling down, and in another minute the poor fellow's face would have been completely covered, if I had not thrust myself against the earth and it back.

If I could only have kept from thinking, I would not have cared; but now that I was forced to keep still and hold up the earth, the thoughts would keep coming thick and fast, and mixed up with them all were coffins—black cloth coffins with white nails; black coffins with black nails; elm coffins; workhouse shells; and inside every one of 'em, I could see myself lying stiff and cold. There was one light-grained elm, which looked sometimes quite like a little speck right off in the distance, and then came gradually closer, and closer, and closer, till it seemed as though the next moment it would crush me, or drive me into the earth where I was crouching; then it would gradually go back further and further, till it was quite a speck again. Then there were processions of the people in black, constantly crowding by.

Now and then there was a noise of a stone falling or a little bit of rolling earth, else all was as still and silent as if there wasn't such a thing as hearing. It was so still that the quietness was horrible, and I began to talk out loud for the sake of having something to hear; and then I listened again, hoping to hear the sounds of pick and spade, for I knew they would be trying to dig us out, alive or dead.

"That'll be it," I says out aloud; "they'll dig, and dig, and dig, till they gets to us; but then they've got all the stuff to get up the shaft, and shore up again as they goes, and I shall be gone long before they gets to me!"

Then the horror of death came again, and I leaped up and beat myself about till I was drenched with blood and sweat, and then I lay still again, with my heart throbbing and beating, and, try what I would, I couldn't get enough breath. I tried to reach the face of my poor mate, and I found it still warm, and that the earth had not settled over it. It was company to be able to touch it so long as he was alive; but I thought about what must come, and then shivered as I felt that I should scrape the loose gravel over it, and creep to the far end of the narrow hole. And now I began, for the first time,

to think about home, and my two girls, and their mother; and there was no comfort there, for I began to wonder what was to become of them when I was gone. Quietly as could be, I calculated what my funeral would cost the Odd Fellows, and then about the allowance there'd be for my people out of the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and then I thought how things might have been worse than they was. At last of all, I feels quiet and patient like, and, for the first time since I'd been buried, I was down on my knees with my face in my hands.

I don't know how long I stopped like that, when all at once I fancied I heard a voice speaking, and I started up; but it sounded no more, and as I sat listening I could see again all sorts of things coming and going. Now it was coffins; now strange-looking beasts and things without any particular shape; and as they moved, and coiled, and rolled forward, I kept feeling as though they must touch me; but no, they glided off again, and at last, to keep from thinking, I stripped off coat and waistcoat, and, groping about till I got hold of the shovel, I cried out, "God help me!" and began to try and dig a way out.

"Every man for himself," I half roared, and the curious, stifled sound of my voice frightened me; but I worked on till I had thrown back a few spadefuls, when I found that I had put it off too long, and that I could do nothing but sink down, panting for air. I couldn't keep off the idea that something was pressing down upon me and trying to force out my breath; at last this idea got to be so strong that I kept thrusting out my hands and trying to push the something away. I don't know how time went, but at last I was lying, worn out and helpless, upon the ground, feebly trying to grub or burrow a way out with my fingers.

All at once I remembered poor Sam, and, after a good deal of groping about, I found the board again, and laid my hand upon his face, but only to snatch it away with a chill running through me, for it was as cold as ice. Then I tried to touch his breast, but soon gave up; for, with the exception of his face, he was completely bedded in the earth, while the board had only saved him at the first moment from instantaneous death.

I crept as far off as I could; for now it seemed that death was very very near me, and that my own time must be pretty well run out.

I won't tell you how weak I was again, and how all my past actions came trooping past me. There they all were, from boyhood till the present; and I couldn't help groaning as I saw how precious little good there was in them—just here and there a bright spark amongst all the blackness. At last, I began to think it was all over, for a heavy, stupid faintness came over me, and I battled against it with all my might; but it was like—to me, there, in that darkness—like a great bird coming nearer and nearer with heavy shadowy wings; and, as I tried to drive it off, it went back, but only to come again, till at last the place seemed to fade away; for after groping round and round the place such a many times, I seemed to see and know every bit of it as well as if I saw it with my eyes, till it faded away, and all seemed to be gone.

Nex' thing as I remembers is a dull "thud-thud-thud" noise, and it woke me up so that I sat holding my head, which ached as though it would split, and trying to recollect once more where I was; and I s'pose my poor mind must have been a bit touched, for I could make nothing out until I had crawled and felt about a few times over, when once more it all come back with a flash, and I remember thinking how much better it would have been if I had kept half stunned, for now I knew what the noise was, and I could hardly contain the hope, which seemed to drive me almost mad. Would they get to me before I was dead? could I help them? Would they give up in despair, and leave me?

I lay listening to the "thud-thud-thud," till all at once it stopped, and the stillness that succeeded was so awful that I shrieked out, for I thought they had given up digging. But the dull distant sound roused me again, and once more I lay listening and counting the spadefuls that I knew were being laboriously and slowly

thrown out. Now I was crying weakly, now foaming at the mouth, every now and then the noise could not be heard; at last, when I could just faintly hear the sound of voices and tried to shout in reply, I found I couldn't do more than whisper.

All at once the earth came caving in again, and I was half buried. Weak as I was, it took me long enough to get free, and to crawl up and sit behind an upright post or two, and it was well I did, for no sooner was I there than the gravel caved in again, and I heard a shout; saw a flash of light; and then was jammed close into the corner, and must have been suffocated but for the wood framing about me, which kept the earth off. But as I set wedged in, I could hear the sound of the shovels and picks, and I knew how men would toil to get out a brother-workman. And now, feeling quite helpless and resigned, I tried my best to pray for my life, or, if not, for mercy for what I had done wrong.

"Ain't nobody here?" said a voice, as it seemed to me in the dark, and I could not speak to cry for help.

"Must be," said another voice. "Poor chap's under them planks!" And then come that sound of shovels again, and then a loud hurrying, and I felt hands about me, and that I was being carried, and something trickled into my mouth. Then voices were buzzing about me more and more, and I began to feel able to breathe, and I heard some one say: "He's coming to;" and then one spoke, and then another spoke, and I knew I was being taken up the shaft; but all was as it were in a dream, till I heard a loud scream and felt two arms round me, and knowing that now I was saved indeed, I tried to say—"Thank God!" but could only think it.

After a bit I managed to speak, but I suppose I said all sorts of foolish unconnected things, till I asked the time, when the voice that revived me so, whispered in my ear that it was nearly three.

"And how long was I there?" I got out at last. "Twenty-five hours!"

The first school avowedly established in Great Britain, for the purpose of instructing adults, was formed in 1811, through the exertions of the Rev. T. Charles, in Merionethshire. About the same time, and without any concert or connection with the schools in Wales, an adult school was established at Bristol, through the instrumentality of Mr. William Smith.

The National Anthem of "God save the King" was first performed on July 16th, 1607, by the composer, Dr. John Ball, chamber musician to King James.

The first attempt at printing by a machine was in England, April, 1811. After many obstructions and delay, the sheet H of the *New Annual Register* for 1810, "Principal Occurrences," 3000 copies were printed by this machine; and was the first part of a book so printed.

Charles Berger and Fleury Mesplet established the first press at Montreal, in 1775; and in the same year the first attempt at stereotype printing, in North America, was made by Benjamin Mecom (nephew to Dr. Franklin) a printer at Philadelphia. He cast plates for a number of pages of the New Testament, but never completed them.

BLANK VERSE is verse without rhyme, or the consonance of final syllables. Of this species is all the verse of the ancient Greeks and Romans that has come down to us. But during the middle ages, rhyme, however it originated, came to be employed as a common ornament of poetical composition, both in Latin and in the vernacular tongues of most of the modern nations of Europe. In the fifteenth century, when a recurrence to classical models became the fashion, attempts were made in various languages to reject rhyme. Thus Homer's *Odyssey* was translated into Spanish blank verse by Gonsalvo Perez, the secretary of state to the Emperor Charles V, and afterwards to Philip II. The first English blank verse ever written appears to have been the translation of the first and fourth books of the *Æneid* by lord Surrey.