

exclamations of those around him gradually attracted others from the gloomy contemplation of their native shores, and soon the audience comprised all within hearing, except a few whose load of sorrow was too heavy and painful to permit of any diversion. Peery Murphy and his wife were amongst the hunchback's first auditors, and Ned Finigan sat with his long legs dangling from the top of a pile of boxes in the immediate vicinity, listening intently, yet half doubtingly, to the veracious evidence of the little man.

"And you say they don't have to walk much in America?" said an old man who stood by leaning on his staff.

"I tell you they hardly walk at all," replied the travelled hunchback, whose name was Paul. "They ride about hither and thither in fine coaches with velvet cushions, as complete as you please. They go everywhere in a coach—bedad they do, even to their work and from it. If a man wants to see another five or six miles away on business, or ask him a question, he has nothing to do but step in and ride to the very door, and when he wants to get out he has only to pull a leather strap that runs through the coach from the driver's seat, and, my dear, it's stopped immediately, as if he was the lord of the land. If a boy's goin' home with a new coat, or a pair of breeches, or anything that way, or a woman with a basket of fish, why, they just step into the coach, and they're taken to the place in no time."

"Well, now! isn't it great respect they show the people!" ejaculated one. "The Lord be praised! isn't it the fine country all out!" cried another. "And the gover'ment has them elegant coaches just to save the people from walkin'?" This last speaker was Ned Finigan, from his elevated perch.

"Well, no; not the gover'ment, but the President—it's the President does it." And Paul fixed his eyes on his audience with a peculiarly knowing look.

"The President, who is he?"