

HANNIBAL JOURNAL.

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HANNIBAL: SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, 1853.

LOCATION OF THE RAILROAD.

The course pursued by the editor of the Bloomington Republican is traceable to one cause alone—the fact that the railroad did not pass through his town, to the perpetual injury of the interests of the road, and at an enormous present addition to the expense of construction.

The counties named by that paper have been virtually released from their subscriptions by the Legislature, and consequently the Company has lost nothing on that score, by the course adopted by the Board of Directors.

The people of Hannibal are universally and entirely satisfied with the course of the Board of Directors. They would not have the route varied an inch from its present location. It was the only route recommended by the Engineers, and consequently the only one that could have been agreed upon at that meeting of the Directors.

This article is written by a gentleman whose sound judgment and practical scientific knowledge entitle his opinions to much weight; in addition to this, he speaks, to some extent, from personal observation, having once made the overland route to California.

Will be commenced at this end about the first of May. Two thousand laborers will be wanted along through the summer—one thousand here, and one thousand at St. Joseph.

White, confined in the jail at New London, for robbing Mr. C. Wellman, of Saverton, escaped last night by getting through the first floor into one of the upper rooms, which was insecure.

A letter came by mail, yesterday, written on a slip of birds-eye maple.

Three rooms over Shot & Davis' Livery stable have been rented temporarily, for offices for the Directors, Engineers and Draftsmen of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

Nearly three weeks rolled away, and Charles began to fear that his labors had been useless. It was just after dinner, Mr. White and his men had commenced work, when four gentlemen entered the shop, whose very appearance at once bespoke them to be men of the highest standing in society.

Is there a Mr. Charles Brackett here? asked one of them. That is the man, sir, returned Mr. White, pointing to where Charles, in his checked apron and paper cap, was at work.

The stranger seemed a little surprised as he turned his eyes upon the youth, and a shade of doubt dwelt upon his features. Is your name Brackett, sir? he asked, as he went up to where the young man stood.

Did you draw this plan? continued the stranger, opening a roll he held in his hand. Indeed, sir, answered Charles, as he at once recognized his work. Did you originate it? Every part of it, sir.

The stranger eyed the young carpenter with a wondering look, and so did the gentlemen who accompanied him. Mr. White and Ludlow Weston wondered what it all meant. Well, sir, at length said he who held the plan, I am not a little surprised that one like you should have designed and drawn this, but nevertheless, you are a lucky man.

The effect of this announcement upon Charles Brackett was like an electric shock. Objects seemed to swim before his eyes, and he grasped the edge of his bench for support. Gentlemen, said Mr. White, I do not understand this. What does it all mean?

It means, sir, that this young man has designed a complete and perfect architectural plan for the new State House, and that it has been unanimously chosen by the committee, from among fifty others which they have received from different parts of the country, preferred and adopted.

Charles, uttered the old carpenter, wiping a price-earn't tear from his cheek as he gazed upon his former apprentice, when did you do this? Three weeks ago, sir. And that's what kept you up so late every night for a whole week.

There's a powerful genius there, sir, said the spokesman of the visitors. Ay, returned Mr. White, and there has been deep and powerful application there, too. Charles Brackett has been with me from a boy, sir, and every moment of his leisure has been devoted to the most intense study.

The gentleman looked kindly, flatteringly upon the young man, and then turning to Mr. White, he said: He has not only given us the design, but, as you can see, he has calculated to a nicety the quantity of lumber, the surface of stone, the quantity of other materials, and the cost of construction. It is a valuable document.

Mr. Brackett, continued the visitor, I am authorized by the State committee to pay you one thousand dollars for this design, and also to offer you ten dollars per day so long as the building is in course of construction, for your services as superintending architect. The first named sum I will pay you now, and before I leave, I would like to have from you an answer to the committee's proposition.

Charles had received his thousand dollars cash, and accepted the offer for superintending the erection of the State House.

Ah, Charles, said Ludlow Weston, after they had finished their supper, you have indeed chosen the wisest part. And you did not think that a carpenter could be such a man?

And why not a carpenter as well as any one? It only requires study and application.

Because all men don't try. Let a man set his eyes upon an honorable point, and then follow it steadily, unwaveringly, and he will be sure to reach it. All men may not occupy the same sphere, and it would not be well if they should; but there are few who may not reach to a degree of eminence in any trade or profession, no matter how humble it may be.

I believe you are right, Charles; but it is too late for me to try now. I shall never be anything but a journeyman.

I will own Ludlow, that you have wasted the best part of your life for study; but there is yet time and opportunity for retirement.

Ludlow did try, and he studied, and improved much, but he was unable to recollect the time he had wasted. He had now a family upon his care, and as he had to depend altogether upon his own hands for support, he could not work much with his mind.

Charles Brackett saw the building he had planned entirely finished, and he received the highest encomiums of praise from the chief officers of the State. Business flowed in upon him, and ere many years, BRACKETT, the architect, was known throughout the Union.

There is a deep moral in the foregoing for our young mechanical readers, and we have no doubt they have, ere this discovered it.

Below we commence the publication of an article from the Bloomington (Macon co.) Republican. The editor says the Road comes within eight miles of running on a direct line from Hannibal to St. Joseph, and suggests that an indignation meeting be held at Bloomington, because, as he thinks, the Board of Directors has acted in bad faith, in not allowing it to diverge sufficiently from a straight line, to run through the county seats of all those counties which subscribed stock.

The location of this Road and the strange and unaccountable proceedings of the secret convulves which claims to have made that location has thrown this community into a perfect ferment.

Two gentlemen from Hannibal, and J. N. Brown, of this place attended at a meeting of the Board of Directors, as had been given out, each recommended by the Stockholders and citizens of this county and Hannibal respectively.

The Directors, from St. Joseph, as well as they are cunning, expressed themselves very glad that these gentlemen had come thus recommended, to fill the places of the three directors who had sent in their resignations, not being able to attend, and that they were very anxious to have a full board to share the responsibility of the location.

After the meeting of the St. Joseph delegation and the member from Palmyra, and one from Hannibal, a vote was taken as to their power to appoint, and decided affirmatively; next, it was moved that they decide whether they should fill those vacancies before or after the location, and decided, two to three, that they fill them after the road was located.

Mr. Brown desired to be permitted, as a Stockholder, to see and hear what they did, but this was denied him! And these pinks of honor and decency condescended to inform the people, about the hotels and grog shops that they had located, or indicated, the extreme Southern line as the route for the road. A line which misses every county seat upon the whole route clear through.

This refusal to permit the representation of the Stock represented by the three absent members of the board; and that, too, after admitting the authority to do it, which was never questioned, and approving the recommendations made by agreeing to appoint after location, is a killing fact; a fact damning in its character, one which should and will, consign the perpetrators to eternal infamy and disgrace. No wonder that this community is in a perfect furor.

We collect the facts of this case from Mr. Brown; who after being thus insulted; and seeing the people of his county likewise insulted, and wilfully and corruptly wronged, refused to have anything to do with this would-be-called Board of Directors.

The people of this State have placed themselves in a condition to be taxed to the amount of one million and a half of dollars for the construction of this road, and which they are sure to have to pay if ever the road is built, and have given to this company all the land granted to the State by Congress, for its construction; given it to them for no other consideration than the beneficial location and construction; and now what do they find? A manifest intention to locate and construct it so as to ruinously depreciate one million of dollars worth of property, belonging to individuals and to the counties, and all this merely to subserve the imaginary ends of the cormorants, vultures, jobbers, speculators, Shylocks of Hannibal and St. Joseph; the one famous for swindling the emigrants, the other for docking the farmer in his pork, beef, hemp and tobacco, and paying for them in rags.

Madam Rumor, (and this is all that the Stockholders and the community have ever been able to obtain, in threats and doings of their agents, these directors,) has it that the report of the Ship Engineer, is in favor of the Southern route by ninety thousand dollars. The Captain, in the forecastle, with his spirit level, is quite competent to decide if his instrument is of fine scientific construction, being composed of a flask of excellent Brandy.

But it is now evident that the Engineers have been under the influence of Hannibal and St. Joseph, and that the main object has been to leave Palmyra out of the line of the survey, and they have done it.

Six weeks were spent on the middle line from Hannibal to Bloomington, while the Southern line was run from Bloomington to the grand curve, near Palmyra in eight days. The grade line has been raised in the scale of the Southern line, above that of the line by Shelbyville and Bloomington; numerous curves were made on this line where there was no necessity for them. Madam Rumor has it that a much better grade was found on the Southern line; this we know is false. The elevation of the country is the same, and this giving out proves the fact that the grade line has been raised in the profile scale. By doing this, and running nearly on a tangent as they have done, hills and hollows to the contrary notwithstanding, will give data from which to show a favorable report, on either route.

We know, that by this kind of management the result can be varied to suit those who control it upon any two lines having the same general elevation.

This has been done before, and has been done here. The Southern line has been run nearly upon a direct line from Hannibal to St. Joseph, and comes within about eight miles of running the whole route.

Opposite to Palmyra, two sudden curves are made forming the counterpart to each other, and running up to Palmyra like the sides of a Church Steeple.

This company has not stock sufficient to build ten miles of this road, which they have subscribed to—one and a half millions are furnished by the State, through the influence of the people on the supposed line; and about one million more given by the people, which, in all probability, could be realized from the grant of land. The means of the people are to be used as engines to shatter, and destroy what property they have left. Two prominent objects are in view, by this board: No 1. To leave out Palmyra, or lay a track across that Church Steeple.

No 2. To run the road so as to ruin the County Seats, that thereby they can speculate in the building up of new towns upon the very land which the people gave them.

The new locations they can control most effectually, by the location of their depots. This also, has been done before, and will be done here. And not only so, but after building up one place so as to sell out all their lots, other companies have removed the Depot to another place, and played the same game over again.

The charter of this road is wretchedly defective, has been made worse, by amendment, and has not organized this company upon a judicious plan.

The road has been made to play a farce in politics, and all sides of a political triangle; has served as a Hob-Horse to ride into office, upon the back of which one certain Bob Stewart has been mounted for the last six years.

The action of the board, so far as the secret convulves can be understood, has betrayed weakness, servility and selfishness at every step, and will ultimately ruin the road, squander the public lands given to it, and plunge the State in debt about half a million, and let the work fall upon the State in the end, not one cent part insured.

They have lost two hundred thousand dollars by this location.

Seventy-five thousand dollars of stock subscribed by the counties of Shelby, Macon and Linn, lost. And the Swamp Lands in these counties which would have been subscribed, worth at least one hundred and twenty-five thousand more;—all lost to the road, by the most unjust, iniquitous conduct which ever a set of men were guilty of.

This board has committed a breach of faith which amounts to little less than downright swindling. These counties subscribed seventy-five thousand dollars upon the condition that the road should not be located prejudicial to their county seats. The company accepted it with the condition annexed, and received two or three thousand dollars of the money.

Hence, good faith requires that they shall comply with the condition. The Pacific Railroad Company, under precisely the same circumstances, decided that good faith required them to fulfill the condition. To act otherwise is a fraud for which an action will lie to recover the money back. Although a Corporation has neither a soul to be damned, nor a body to be burned; yet, if it offers to commit a fraud, and the Corporation receive the benefit of it, it will be held liable.

The Chittico Convention "indicated" the county seats of these counties as being points upon the line; one Bob Stewart made a certain survey which was never reported anywhere; and taxed the people and counties with the expense and they paid it. This self same survey "indicated" these county seats as being upon the line of the road. Every argument, every act and every motion has been to induce every body to believe it would be so, and the impression was sought to be made, and so well did it succeed, that the people seemed spell-bound.

That delusion is about gone;—for ourselves, we have not been deceived in all this, except the mere location; we did not think these sapient directors were as sott as they are.

But what shall be done? Give them what they deserve, flash after dash of your abhorrence of their deception; hold public meetings and resent the insult; withhold from the road all your means and break them down; this do; never compromise with a treacherous foe; no never. They cannot build the road without you. Drive them to the wall; this you can do, and nothing less than this will preserve your self respect. Say we have an indignation meeting at Bloomington, as it is a central point; what say you?

We cannot write any more now; but we intend to knock the scales off of this Black Fort, in the dark folds of which this secret convulves is wont to sit, called the "Board of Directors."

The proprietors of the St. Louis Democrat have bought out the Saint Louis Union, so that the publication of the latter will of course be discontinued. Old Bullion's foes seem to be fast disappearing.

There is a rumor in St. Louis, of a general breakdown among the Connecticut banks. In consequence of advices from New York, the notes of all Eastern banks are reported to have been refused at Cincinnati, excepting those of the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh, and the old banks of Hartford, Conn. The notes of all Virginia banks were refused at par. The notes of the free banks of Indiana, generally, were current at one per cent. discount.

Two, March 16.—The machine shop of N. B. Starbuck, together with the stock, was burned this morning. Loss over \$60,000.

SHELBYVILLE AND THE LOCATION. We understand from a gentleman recently from Shelbyville, where he has been residing some time, that much dissatisfaction exists among a portion of the citizens of that place, in regard to the location of the Railroad. A proposition had been received from Quincy, offering to meet them half way, in constructing a plank road. By some this was viewed favorably, and there was talk of an organization for the purpose. Lagrange would find it to her interest to tap such a road, should it ever be built, and thus materially reduce the advantage Quincy hopes to derive from the project. A plank road to Quincy from Shelbyville would be forty miles long. A plank road eight miles long would connect Shelbyville with the railroad, and at the point of connection, produce would be within two hours of a better market than Quincy. So convenient to this market, the merchants of Shelbyville could afford to pay enough for produce and sell goods cheap enough to prevent farmers from going to Quincy on the plank road; at least to a sufficient extent to make money invested in the road rather poor stock. Some of the citizens of Shelbyville have taken hold of the truth at a glance, that their town will continue to be the point at which the trade of the surrounding country will centre, to be conveyed to other markets, first on the plank road to the railroad, and then on the railroad, the only difference being that the transit will be quicker than on the old dirt roads, thus increasing the amount of trade, by increasing its facilities. This, we presume, is the reasoning adopted by another portion of the citizens of Shelbyville, who are in favor of building a plank road from the town to the railroad.

Some of the people of Shelbyville think, and wisely too, that the present location of the Road is better for them than if it passed through the town. One of her merchants, however, is resolved to ship no more to Hannibal. His shipping and receiving transactions are hereafter to be conducted through Marion City, and he flatters himself that merchants in Macon and other neighboring sections, may be influenced by him to follow in his tracks. He thinks it will be quite as cheap and convenient though how he proposes to make this appear, we are not informed. This is all the result of momentary excitement, and cooler reflection, we doubt not, will suggest the course their true interests require them to pursue. No business man is likely to allow his feelings, for any considerable length of time, to so far control his sound sense and better judgment, as to induce him to invest money in enterprises, or engage in unnecessary and expensive projects, which will only be useful, as serving to prove that, in public matters, as well as private, it is possible to accomplish the feat of "biting one's own nose off to spite his face."

In conclusion, we would remark that it is hardly reasonable in Shelbyville and Bloomington to be angry with the Railroad Company, for not running the road through those towns, on a worse location, and at an extra expense of a million dollars.

A vote will be taken in Saint Louis, on the fourth Monday in April next, on the proposition to subscribe \$300,000 to the North Missouri Railroad, and \$400,000 in the Iron Mountain Railroad.

MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1853.

ST. LOUIS AGENT.—W. S. SWYMER, General Newspaper and Advertising Agent, Corner of Second and Chestnut Streets, (over the Post Office,) St. Louis, Mo.

IF we are authorized to announce WM. O. YOUNG as a candidate for re-election to the office of CLERK OF THE RAILS COUNTY COURT, at the ensuing August session.

IF it will be perceived, by a reference to the proper files in our columns, that William O. Young, Esq., is a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the County Court of Ralls county. We have had a long personal acquaintance with Mr. Young, and know him to be a first rate man and an excellent Clerk. If individual merit, and the requisite qualifications can constitute the proper recommendations for a candida site, then Billy O. Young, "can't be beat."

FRANKFORD PLANK ROAD MEETING. Pursuant to notice, a goodly number of the citizens of the counties of Pike and Ralls met at Frankford, preliminary to the organization of a company, or corporate body to build a plank road from Frankford, in the county of Pike, to New London, in the county of Ralls.

On motion of Doctor Jno. C. Wellborn, seconded by Judge Martin, Samuel C. Allison was called to the chair, and John P. Fisher chosen Secretary. By request of the chair, Doctor J. C. Wellborn explained the object of the meeting, in a neat and appropriate speech of a half-hour's length.

After considerable discussion it was agreed that the chair appoint a committee of twelve to meet the citizens of Ralls and Marion counties, at the court house in the town of New London, on the fourth Monday in March, 1853. The Chair appointed the following gentlemen, viz: Col. A. Mase, James Brown, Wm. Thompson, George Tate, H. Jones, Dr. Jno. C. Wellborn, Wm. Jones, Sr., Samuel Givens, C. Stanland, Wm. Devins, Capt. Jno. Mase, J. Allison.

On motion of A. Briscoe it was ordered that the Hannibal and Louisiana papers be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

There being no other business before the meeting, it adjourned, sine die.

SAMUEL C. ALISON, Ch'n. Jno. P. FISHER, Sec'y. Frankford, March 19, 1853.

Lola Montez has arrived in St. Louis. Mr. Fillmore, during his southern tour, will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden; Mr. Conrad, and Mr. Kennedy.

Col. Benton.—The following is Friday's announcement from Washington: "Old Bullion" will, to-morrow or Monday, publish a pamphlet on the best practicable route for a railroad to the Pacific, and the way of constructing it. He was occupied to-day reading proof-sheets. The pamphlet is looked for with much interest."

LICK CREEK PLANK ROAD—FRANKFORD PLANK ROAD. Plank Roads fall little if any short of Railroads in their tendency to build up the country through which they run, and the towns where they terminate. Hence, the present prevailing disposition to engage in these enterprises is one of the surest harbingers of progress.

The Plank Road from Hannibal to New London will shortly have two important tributaries, terminating at the latter place. One will go to Lick Creek, in Ralls county, twenty miles distant from New London; the other, to Frankford, in Pike county, will be nine miles long.

Next Monday the Circuit and County Courts will be in session at New London, and it has therefore been determined to hold on that day, and at that place, two Plank Road meetings, by the friends of those enterprises.

Articles of agreement have been drawn up and papers circulated for subscription of stock on the Lick Creek Road, and so far, \$2,500 have been subscribed. The County Court proposes to subscribe dollar for dollar with the private subscriptions to the New London and Lick Creek Road.

For the Daily Journal.

Mr. Editor: While returning from the country the other day, I met a poor man, staggering along the road, with a gallon jug filled with whiskey, in his hand. Having promised me, some time before, that he would drink no more, he appeared quite confused and commenced apologizing. "Well," said I, "we intend to break up this business of drinking and getting drunk in Hannibal."

"How?" he asked. Answered, "By procuring the passage of a law which shall prohibit all persons from selling ardent spirits. We'll have no dramshops nor liquor-selling establishments in town, so you can't get drunk when you come to town."

"Can you do it?" he again asked. "Yes we can, and by Gods blessing we will," was my reply.

He immediately replied, "That would be a great thing for the country—a God's blessing to humanity and to the world! Then I could go to town, and not seeing any whiskey, I should not want it—I could not treat nor be treated, and I should go home to my family sober, and be a happy and useful man! I hope you will succeed—I'm in favor of it."

And, Mr. Editor, succeed we must—succeed we will: for we are engaged in a good work—a work of humanity—a work of love—and not one unkind word or feeling against a human being, need imbitter the gushing fountain of pure philanthropy, upon whose sweetening tide we shall be borne aloft to victory.

COURTSHIP EXTRAORDINARY. Two weeks ago Mr. John S., a pilot on the Kate Swinney, one of the Missouri river packets, started to California to bring back a bride whom he won under unusual circumstances.

One day the Captain said to him—"John you will never be married; you are too bashful to ask a lady to have you."

"I will bet you five dollars I ask the first girl I see," responded the pilot. Next day they overtook the Rowena, which was lying by, on account of broken machinery. From her they took a family going to California, and among them were two young girls, who, in the course of the day made their way into the pilot house. The captain happened to be at the wheel, and when the pilot entered, he started out, winking to the young gentleman in a way that was intended to convey information that he should trouble him for the five dollars at the first convenient opportunity. Mr. S, however, had resolved to go ahead—so in the captain's hearing, he immediately turned to the hand-mover of the two young ladies, and said abruptly and desperately, "Miss, will you marry me?"

This startling question from a total stranger and at the first interview, was taken by both ladies as an insult; but apologies and explanations smoothed the matter over, and all parties concluded to laugh at the joke.

Said the pilot, who, by the way, was a fine looking young gentleman, "suppose we make up this match in earnest."

This also was treated at the time as another chapter in the joke, but afterwards the elder sister came up to know what he meant? He said he was in earnest. She remarked that her sister did not wish to go to California, and she thought, would consent to stay. This began to look serious. He requested that the young lady might be sent up, hoping she would reject him. She came up and accepted him. The joke grew more serious than ever. He said as bravely as possible that he was entirely ready, if there was a preacher on board. He looked upon this as his last chance for escape. But it happened there was a preacher on board, and the young lady started to have him brought up. What was to be done? It was a decided phiz!

The young man now saw that the proper course for him to pursue was to inform her that he was only joking. He however stated that he was inclined to be in earnest, but that they had known each other but a short time; that on this account it would be prudent to wait till they knew each other better; that he thought, so far as he knew, she was the very one he would have chosen for a wife; and hoped she would correspond with him.

The young lady assented immediately to the propriety of all this; went on her way to California; they have corresponded regularly during a year past; and now the happy young man is on his way to the "promised land," to obtain, not gold, but a prize better than gold.

The above is all true, precisely as narrated; Our information was obtained from a friend who was well acquainted with the pilot and captain.

MAY ANDERSON'S MARRIAGE. OR, THE LEGEND OF ELMFORD. Previous to the union of Scotland and Ireland into one kingdom, the border inhabitants living on the Scottish side of the Tweed were scarcely better than bands of robbers. Even the lairds proprietors could be looked upon only as jobbers-chiefs. In those days half a dozen stout lads could maintain a lorry establishment by stealing cattle from the English farmers. The union of the two kingdoms put a sudden stop to these robberies, and many were completely ruined, and many of them compelled to leave the country to save their necks from the gallows. Among the latter was William Musgrave, the proprietor of Ashford Manor. Ashford had belonged to the Musgraves for centuries. But riot and dissipation had so thinned them out, that the present laird was the only surviving male of the once illustrious house. To save a criminal prosecution for his cattle-stealing propensities, Musgrave fled to France. His estates were instantly seized by creditors, and Ashford passed into the hands of new proprietors. Years passed away, and a fourth owner of these estates (a rich Scotch weaver named Anderson,) had resolved to retire from business and take up his abode at Ashford.

Meantime William Musgrave had gifted a sort of footing in France, and was even received at Court. He was a remarkably handsome man; and now, after years of exile, he was allowed to return to his native Border—even looser in moral principle, and more dangerous to society from polished manners, and the power of masking a vicious disposition under a most prepossessing appearance and address.

William Musgrave did obtain from the debris of his dismembered estate a small sum of money, just sufficient to enable him to re-appear on the Borders as a gentleman; and one sweet summer evening, while May Anderson was engaged in her flower-garden, and her father was smoking before the hall-door, "his custom" the afternoon, a visitor was announced, and Musgrave was ushered to the presence of the new possessor of Ashford. To both, the unexpected meeting was embarrassing, but both determined to overcome it. Anderson, by kindness, Musgrave, by hauteur.

"You are welcome to this house," said the retired tradesman, courteously. "There was a time I should have been so," was the reply.

"This is my daughter, Sir." Musgrave, with the ease he had acquired at St. Germain, and which the familiarity of the times permitted, advanced and kissed the blushing girl. Poor May! That ceremonious salute proved the opening of a fatal attachment.

Most hospitably, and with every deference to his feelings, Anderson entertained the ruined laird. He was a man of shrewd character and sound understanding, and far too wise to act the parents proprietor at a time when property still lingered with the aristocracy. In point of fact, the most of the Border families were desperately embarrassed, if not altogether ruined; but still they nominally possessed estates from which their creditors, now that the order of things had changed and right no longer was synonymous with might, were enabled to obtain the greater proportion of the income. Still the broken gentlemen looked down upon wealth obtained by honorable industry with contempt; and the least assumption of equality, or an attempt to place riches against red blood as a set-off, would have elicited as strong an outburst from a Borderer, as honest Baile Nicol Jarvie evoked from his kinsman, the Highland cateran, when in return for offering handsomely to take his son apprentice without a fee, Rob Roy consigned the worthy magistrate, with his looms, trellices and all, to a warmer locality even than the West Indies. Mr. Anderson with great tact avoided all appearance of display and pretence—kept on the noiseless tenor of his way—offered no offence to his fiery neighbors—and in return, escaped those slights and insults to which others similarly circumstanced as himself, but without his prudence, were continually exposed.

Musgrave's errand, or pretended errand to Ashford, was to make inquiries after two or three family portraits, which he understood had been accidentally discovered in a garret. Mr. Anderson told him that his information was correct; and leading him to another apartment, he pointed to the portraits, cleaned and framed anew, and assured young Musgrave that he had only taken possession of these family memorials, until he should have an opportunity of restoring them to the lineal descendant, and now they were heartily at his disposal. This delicate mark of respect to the fallen family, was not lost upon the Borderer—and the unpredicable hospitality of the host, and the gentle attention of his daughter, propitiated one who had never heard the name before mentioned with out a burst of anger, and, late in the evening, he rode from the home of his fathers, in a different mood to that which he had approached it in the afternoon.

An hour's ride brought him to a little inn, where a companion was waiting his return over a stop of Bordeaux wine. He was a Highlander, a short, stout, square built man of thirty, with fiery red hair, a slight obliquity of vision, and a face whose ensemble was decidedly repulsive. MacDougal, like his friend Musgrave, had followed the fortunes of the exiled family—had starved at St. Germain's—obtained permission to return to Scotland—and visited the "land of brown heath," with as little hope, and much less good luck than his friend, the Borderer. Small as the harvest reaped on the Borders was by Musgrave, that gleaned in the Highlands by MacDougal was much less. The family property had been demolished, root and branch, and not a wreck remained. In a word, the fortune and influence of his name had been annihilated. Muttering a Celtic curse, he finished the stop before him, called loudly for another, and then demanded what had detained his companion so long.

"Long!" returned the Borderer; "I should have accepted of my host's invitation, and remained there for the night, only I knew that thou wouldst be growing like a maimed bear."

"And did the chieftain do that?" "Ay that he did; and entertained me right hospitably. I rode to my father's door with every feeling of hatred for his possessor. I left it, half-reconciled to him, and half-inclined to make love to his daughter."

"And what may she be like?" "A woman without a single pretension to beauty—and yet one that a man might love."

"How looked the auld place? Not like my ancient home—a place without a roof—a hearth without a fire." And springing from his chair the red MacDougal strode through the chamber, uttering Gaelic imprecations.

"I should have scarcely known it, Angus; house, garden, grounds, all renovated—all cultured well. Every room bears the mark of opulence—the sideboard is loaded with silver;