

the trap-door. Of that tavern party I am not aware that a single individual save the writer is now living: its very dog did not live out half his days. His owner was alarmed one morning, shortly after this time, by the intelligence that a dozen of sheep had been worried during the night on a neighboring farm, and that a dog very like his had been seen prowling about the fold; but in order to determine the point, he would be visited, it was added, in the course of the day, by the shepherd and a law-officer. The dog meanwhile, however, conscious of guilt,—for dogs do seem to have consciences in such matters,—was nowhere to be found, though, after the lapse of nearly a week, he again appeared at the work; and his master, slipping a rope round his neck, brought him to a deserted coal-pit half filled with water, that opened in an adjacent field, and, flinging him in, left the authorities no clue by which to establish his identity with the robber and assassin of the fold.

I had now quite enough of the strike; and, instead of attending the evening meeting, passed the night with my friend William Ross. Curious to know, however, whether my absence had been observed by my brother workmen, I asked Cha, when we next met, “what he thought of *our* meeting?” “Gudesake!” he replied, “let that flee stick to the wa’! We got upon the *skuff* after you left us, and grew deaf to time, and so not one of us has seen the meeting yet.” I learned, however, that though somewhat reduced in numbers, it had been very spirited and energetic, and had resolved on nailing the colors to the mast; but in a few mornings subsequent, several of the squads returned to work on their master’s terms, and all broke down in about a week after. Contrary to what I would have expected from my previous knowledge of him, I found that my friend William Ross took a warm interest in strikes and combinations, and was much surprised at the apathy which I manifested on this occasion; nay, that he himself, as he told me, actually officiated as clerk for a combined society of house-painters, and entertained sanguine hopes regarding the happy influence which the principle of union was yet to