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TURKISH POLICE.

For some three or four years of his life, the writer served the Sultan as a Superintendent of Police. The duties and appointment of the office were a long way from the capital of the Ottoman Empire, being in Mount Lebanon and the districts immediately adjacent thereto. The chief served under was Daoud Pasha, who was the first Christian ever named by the Porte to the governship of a province; and the period when his excellency took office being immediately after the terrible civil war, commonly known as the Syrian Massacres, was a very difficult time in which to administer justice. The great object the Pasha had in view was to make Christians and Druses live together in harmony; but this seemed to be simply impossible. The former had still such a dread of the latter, and there were still so many of the latter who had taken an active part in the massacres at large, that the villagers in the mixed districts of Lebanon were completely abandoned by their Christian population. And to other embarrassments there was added that which has already been a source of trouble in the East, namely, the interference of the Christian powers. The Druses of Lebanon were under the protection of England, the Maronites under that of France, the members of the Greek Church under that of Russia.—Whenever a Druse believed that the Turkish authorities had been unjust towards him (and in the East justice means simply having your own way), he went to the English consul-general at Beyrout with a complaint, and from that cause was pretty sure to arise an official correspondence which had often to be referred to the English embassy at Constantinople. This state of things, which had continued from 1840 (when we helped Turkey to drive the Egyptians out of Syria) until 1860, when the civil war broke out, Daoud Pasha was determined to put an end to. He declared that he would rule Lebanon to the best of his abilities, and would be just to all parties and all sects, but would be responsible to one authority, and to one only,—that of his master, the Sultan. But the people of Lebanon had been so long accustomed to European interference in their affairs, that the Pasha thought it wise to have under him a couple of European officers, who would act as his executives in the police, and see that justice was done without partiality, favor, or affection. It was with this view that a French officer and the writer were selected.

One of the first duties ever imposed upon the English Superintendent by the Pasha, was to track out, and if possible, capture a certain Druse sheik, who had been connected with the massacres, and who was still hiding somewhere in the mountain. The Superintendent's orders were on no account to shed blood, or even to allow a shot to be fired. If the sheik could be taken by a *coup de main*, and conveyed to head-quarters, so much the better. But the Pasha intimated that he would be all the more pleased if the sheik could be induced to come in voluntarily and sue for pardon, which, although the Superintendent was not at liberty to tell the delinquent so, would be granted after a time.

Sheik Hassein was by no means a pleasant man to visit. He lived, as he knew very well, with a halter around his neck; and though, in seeking him out in his capacity as a Turkish official, the Superintendent was forbidden to use arms except in self-defence, the Sheik's actions were by no means under the same restrictions.—There was one thing in the Superintendent's favor,—he had known the sheik before the civil war broke out. Moreover—also before the war broke out—he had helped the sheik to recover from a Greek shopkeeper in Beyrout, a pair of very valuable bracelets belonging to his wife, which he pledged for a small sum, and which the Greek refused to restore. So far then, matters were favorable. Still, the sheik had shed so much blood during the massacres, that life was no object to him; and that he was of a hasty temper, and quick with his pistols, was well known all over the mountain. On the whole, therefore, the expedition visit was not so agreeable in prospect as a visit to an English country-house might have been.

Of course the object of the mission was to be a profound secret, but in the East the very walls have ears. The village near which the sheik would probably be found was about two easy marches from the castle of Bteden, where the Pasha's head-quarters were; but the police diverged greatly, in order not to appear to be in search of Sheik Hassein. By private information, they knew that the sheik came to his own house every night, that he supped and stayed until daybreak with his family, and that before sunrise he departed again for his hiding place, the exact whereabouts of which nobody, save those in his confidence, knew.

The first night after leaving Bteden, the Superintendent slept at the silk factory of a gentleman who was always glad to see visitors. His followers, ten horsemen, were picketed in the village, and he gave orders that they were to be ready next morning about three a. m., as he intended to start for Beyrout at that hour.

At three o'clock the party were in the saddle, and for a couple of hours pushed on at as brisk a pace as was possible over the dreadful roads of Lebanon. When within a mile of the sheik's village the superintendent made the men dismount, and muffle the feet of their horses to prevent noise. A little time was lost, but when the men were told that they were going "to ask Sheik Hassein for hospitality," they sprang in their saddles, and would have galloped forward. This, however, the Superintendent prevented, telling them that all he wanted them to do was to surround the sheik's house in silence, and to allow no one to escape, whilst he himself went in and made him prisoner. "Above all things, you are not to fire a shot, or use a sword; there must be no bloodshed; such are his excellency's orders." Of course, the men made the usual answer: "Your lordship shall be obeyed." "Your highness' wishes are our orders," and so forth. But, all the time, there was not one of them who would not, if he had a chance, have murdered the sheik in cold blood, so intense was the hatred they all bore him.

By the time the house was surrounded it was almost daylight. Superintendent dismounted, knocked at the door, and presently here and there a woman's head was put forth, to see who was there at that untimely hour. Superintendent called out that it was the English bey (or colonel, which was the relative rank he bore in the Turkish service), who had come to see his friend Sheik Hassein, and was the bearer of a message from his excellency Pasha; also that the sheik ought rather to take care to spare the feelings of the women as much as possible. However, he very soon saw that it was of no use, and that the bird had flown.

In the East, when force is insufficient, diplomacy and management are the only resources by which an end can be worked out. Superintendent, therefore, mounted again, and with his followers proceeded to the Greek-Catholic Monastery of Mar Gerius, which was about a couple of miles off, and asked the Reice, or superior, for hospitality for self and followers, a request most readily granted. Superintendent had often been before at the Monastery of Mar Gerius, and knew the superior well. He was received with great cordiality, coffee and pipes were ordered, and after about an hour of talk, chiefly complimentary, Superintendent was left to take a sleep before a mid-day meal.

After the evening meal—if you want to succeed among the Orientals, you must never show yourself to be in a hurry—Superintendent asked the superior to speak with him in private, and told him in confidence the object he had in view. The monks of Mar Gerius are extensive landowners, and as they had always lived on good terms with their Druse neighbors, Superintendent felt sure that through the chief of the community a message might be made to reach Sheik Hassein, whose hiding place must be known to some of his relatives and friends. What he asked the superior to cause to be conveyed to the sheik was a verbal message, asking him for a meeting next day, when and where he liked, proposing that both come unarmed, and each with one unarmed follower, and pledging the word of an Englishman not to use any deceit, nor to seize the sheik, who, after needful conversation, would be free to go where he liked.

At daybreak the next morning came a return message from the sheik, saying that if Superintendent only gave his word to the bearer that he, the sheik, should not be molested for twenty-four hours, he would meet Superintendent in his own house, at any hour he named; that he was sure the old friendship between them had not diminished, and that he begged Superintendent would come armed, and with his usual number of followers.

The meeting came off at noon. The sheik came outside his house, and Superintendent was sorry to see how much anxiety and exposure seemed to have affected his health. He seemed to be prematurely old. At this time he had been hunted all over the mountain for nearly a twelve-month, and it was owing to the great fidelity of his people that he had not been caught. But the politeness and courtesy which seem born with Syrians of all classes had not abandoned him, and he bade Superintendent welcome, and ushered him to the divan with manners that many a European gentleman might envy.

Lemonade, sweetmeats, coffee, water and pipes were served with the usual formalities; after nearly an hour's conversation respecting the crops, the weather, and the last news from Constantinople, Superintendent opened what he had to say to the sheik. He told the sheik that Lebanon was now at peace; that the pasha would not allow the Druses to make war on the Christians, nor the Christians upon the Druses; that he was the only Druse sheik that had taken part in the late civil war, and was yet at large; and that if he would but trust in the pasha, and come to surrender himself, Superintendent was quite sure the utmost he would have to endure would be a few weeks' nominal detention at Bteden, and would then return to his own village with honor.

Eastern-like, the sheik tried hard to strike what might be called a one-sided bargain.

"Would Superintendent guaranty and and give his word of honor that he would be at liberty in a few weeks to return to his village?"

"No; for that would be usurping the power of his excellency the pasha. Superintendent would guaranty that he should not be deprived of his arms, and that when at Bteden he should not be cast into prison, but should be Superintendent's guest. At the same time Superintendent could tell him privately that the pasha was well disposed towards him, and that punishment would be merely nominal."

The matter was discussed for upwards of two hours. Sometimes the sheik seemed disposed to go with Superintendent; then again he would change his mind and say he would not go on any account. After the fashion of the country, two or three of his more intimate followers took part in the discussion; and particularly there was one of them—an old man—who always tried to dissuade him from going. "Once he pasha has you in his clutches," the old fellow would say over and over again, "you will be banished to Galetz, as the other Druse sheiks have been, and you will remain a prisoner there for years."

After a long and weary talk of more than two hours, the sheik averred that he would ride into Bteden, and throw himself at the feet of the pasha. To give him time to do this, he asked for an extra four-and-twenty hours' free pass, and this he received in writing; and then after many of the usual Arab compliments on either side, Superintendent took his departure, sleeping that night at the monastery, and returning next day to head-quarters.

But the sheik never came in. He profited by his free pass to start for the Houran, where he joined the other outlawed chiefs who infested that country. He sent a letter, saying that he did not doubt Superintendent's word, nor did he fear that Daoud Pasha would betray him; but he could put no faith in the authorities at Constantinople, and he feared that, if he fell into their power, they would imprison him for life. It is believed that the sheik is still a wanderer in the Houran, subsisting upon what aid his relatives and friends send him from Lebanon, whenever they have an opportunity of sending him any.

THE ORIGIN OF MOSQUITOES.—The Red River Indians have a curious legend respecting the origin of the mosquitoes.—They say that once upon a time there was a famine, and the Indians could get no game. Hundreds had died from hunger, and desolation filled their country. All kinds of offerings were made to the Great Spirit without avail, until one day two hunters came upon a white wolverine a very rare animal. Upon shooting the white wolverine an old woman sprang up out of the skin, and saying that she was a "Manito," promised to go and live with the Indians, promising them plenty of game as long as they treated her well and gave her the first choice of all the game that should be brought in. The two Indians assented to this, and took the old woman home with them, which event was immediately succeeded by an abundance of game. When the sharpness of the famine had passed in the prosperity which the old woman had brought to the tribes, the Indians became dainty in their appetites, and this feeling became so intense that, notwithstanding her warning that if they violated their promise a terrible calamity would come upon the Indians, they one day killed her as she was seizing her share of a fat reindeer which the hunters had brought in.

Great consternation immediately struck the witnesses of the deed, and the Indians, to escape the predicted calamity, bodily struck their tents and moved away to a great distance. Time passed on without any catastrophe occurring, and, game becoming even more plentiful, the Indians again began to laugh at their being deceived by the old woman. Finally a hunting party on a long chase of a reindeer, which had led them back to the spot where the old woman was killed, came upon her skeleton, and one of them in derision kicked the skull with his foot. In an instant a small, spiral, vapor-like body, arose from the eyes and ears of the skull, which proved to be insects, that attacked the hunters with great fury, and drove them to the river for protection. The skull continued to pour out its little stream and the air became full of avengers of the old woman's death. The hunters, upon returning to camp found all the Indians suffering terribly from the plague, and ever since that time the Indians have been punished by the mosquitoes for their wickedness to their preserver, the Manito.

What is that which we often return yet never borrow? Thanks.

Aug. 4, 1870—3m.

CONFIRMATION NOTICE

Johns Hopkins & others vs. Thomas W. Gough & others.

In the Circuit Court for St Mary's c sitting as a Court of Equity. No 237 N. E.

ORDERED, this 12th day of Aug. that the Auditor's Report marked in this cause, be ratified and confirmed, cause to the contrary be shown on or the 2nd Monday of Sept., next; provi copy of this order be published in Mary's *Beacon*, once a week for three sive weeks prior to the said 2nd Mo September.

JNO A CAMALIER, C True copy—Test: JNO A CAMALIER, C

Aug 18, 1870—3w.

HORNE & GREENW

Builders and Contracto

LEAH.

One star drops, glittering, where
He—
A jewel on the twilight's way.
Great peace over all the dreamy
Clear loom the palms against the

Faint gleam the mellow lamp
Through yonder tent's dim
What mingled voices murmur
Hither across the quiet, dusky

For now no more the garments of his
Array him, but soft linens cool and white;
On cushioned purple doth he rest, in light
Of costly cressets fed with fragrant oil.

His regal, massive-bearded face that shows
Anger so sternly well, is weary now
Love's tenderest smile; beneath his high, firm brow—
Love's tenderest look, deep, dark, and lustrous, glows.

And all the grand-limbed majesty and power
Of his heroic stature fallen supine,
Even as the day's full gloriousness doth shine.
Beam-lavishing, upon some frail-stemmed flower.

So shines his peerless manhood upon her,
The woman whose dear, daily joy it is
To gird him with her beauteous arms, and kiss
The willing lips of her strong worshipper.

And I that hunger for his love with hot,
Unrestful soul, aloof, alone must dwell.
Oh, Laban! Oh, my father! was it well
To bind thy bondsman where his heart went not?

Better we were not wed! than sharpest scorn
Sharper his dull, cold courtesy doth sting,
Holding my wifehood as a worthless thing,
Forgetful of the children I have borne!

His children—his and mine! She, barren, still.
That shapelier Rachel, winsome, golden tressed,
Not having clasped his babe upon her breast,
Has never thrilled with love's divinest thrill!

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

Ali Hassan was a gay young Persian of twenty-one. Life was all before him except the twenty-one years he had skipped light-footed over (which were necessarily behind him), and matters and things had, in his eyes, a roseate hue. Just of age, he had cast his first vote for President, and had consequently had an idea that the fate of the Republic rested on his shoulders; handsome, he fancied that all the blooming maidens of the town in which he lived, and the country adjacent were in love with him. He was in the hair oil period of existence; at that precise age when young men pay particular attention to tooth brushes, not on account of cleanliness (which is truly next door neighbor to godliness and on the same side of the street) but for the looks of the thing; at the precise age when they part their hair behind and wear number seven boots, when number ten would be more comfortable.

Ali Hassan was of course in love—who ever saw a young man of twenty-one who wasn't? No one, the author hereof ventures to assert. He loved wildly and incomprehensibly—with a love that passed all understanding—particularly of her father, who opposed the match.

Zobeide, the young damsel of whom Ali Hassan was enamored, was generally believed to be the most beautiful female in Persia, which was saying a great deal for her. Her eyes were like a stag's, her hair was masses of wavy curls, which, had she lived in this day of false hair, would have brought a handsome price in any market, and—but why go into particulars? Suffice it to say she was a well proportioned girl, and her father had a farm of 160 acres, half under improvement and other half well timbered.

Ali and Zobeide were engaged. He had beaued her to evening meetings and lectures, he had taken her sleigh riding two winters, and, finally, after a vigorous siege, she had capitulated. The old man's consent was reluctantly gained, and the happy day which was to unite them into one twain, was fixed.

Ali Hassan was a happy youth. He reveled in dreams of bliss continually.—When he retired at night his last thought was of Zobeide—in still watches of the night his younger brother, Eben Hassan, who shared his couch, was frequently obliged to "hist him out," as he expressed it, because he broke him of his slumbers by calling out in his sleep the name of 'Zobeide!' (Eben offering in justification, that because he was shortly to be married he had no call to make a cussed fool of himself); and his first thought as he pulled on his pants in the morning was of Zobeide.

While reveling in this dream of bliss, he was somewhat astonished, being but twenty-one, and not knowing much about female human nature, at receiving a note through the post office from her. He looked upon the missive with strange foreboding. Why should she use up paper and envelopes and squander postage stamps, when she could see him personally at any time! His worst anticipations were realized! He read it, and with a heart-rending shriek he fell fainting on the floor.—The perfidious woman stated therein that her feelings had undergone a change—that while she should always respect him as a friend and brother (two characters young men of twenty-one are never partial to filling) he could never be nothing else or more to her no how, all of which was signed "Zobeide." And as to finish him, that afternoon he received an invitation to her wedding, which was to take place the next night, the happy man being a new storekeeper who had just commenced business in the next village.

Of course life seemed to Ali Hassan a hollow mockery. The sun was obscured to him with a sort of haze, and for the first time in his life he neglected his back hair and teeth. After passing a sleepless night he hied himself to the mountains, debating, on his way, which was the most pleasant method of terminating an existence which was hateful to him, and at the same time cover the faithless fair one with opprobrium of the most terrible character.—Various methods suggested themselves, to wit: jumping off a precipice, lying down on a railroad track, or drinking a pint of Monongahela whiskey. Rejecting the latter as being too lingering and horrible, the second as one which would not effect his purpose, as the papers would, ten to one, call it an accident, and as such it wouldn't wring Zobeide's bosom very much (that being what he was determined to do in one way or another), he decided on the former.

According he sought a precipice, and getting upon the brink thereof, he set himself down, composing a soul-harrowing note to her, which he proposed to put in his breeches pocket, where it would be found, it being the custom of people finding dead bodies to always examine the pockets, and the letters which are found always made public. While composing this note, and debating in his mind whether "cruel" should be spelled with one or two l's, a venerable old man with a white beard, such as are seen in family Bibles which are sold only by subscription, stood before him. Starting up, Ali Hassan exclaimed:

'Who art thou?'

'Thy good genius,' said the presence.

'My genius. Ha! ha! Lend me half a dollar,' said Ali, becoming normal in an instant.

'My son, good geniuses never lend half dollars. That isn't their mission—it isn't, if I may use the expression, their best hole. They give freely, however, what is more plenty than half dollars—advice.'

'What wantest thou?' said Ali.

'To save you from making an ass of yourself,' said the presence.

'Are you in that business extensively?' said Ali bitterly. 'O, venerable man, if the profession pays take me in partnership. You'll never run out of opportunities to show your skill. But proceed. Go on with your show.'

'I see a mist,' said Ali.

'Look again,' said the genius.

'The mist clears away. I see a gay and festive scene. There is light and music, and fair women and brave men, and all goes merry as a marriage bell. There is a preacher—I know him by his black clothes and white neckerchief and the hangry look he ever and anon slings through the door which opens in the dining-room where the refreshments are.

'A pair enter—it is—it is—take it away. It sears my eye balls and freezes my young blood,' and uttering a Fenian war cry the unfortunate youth sank to the earth in spasms.

'It's terrible medicine,' muttered the good genius to himself, 'but he must take it. Quinine is bitter—calomel isn't as pleasant to the taste as the peaches of Jersey, but when a child in Indiana has the ague they force it down him or her as the case may be. Arise, Ali Hassan,' said he, raising him up tenderly by the hair, 'and continue your investigations.'

With a shudder Ali opens his optics.

'A pair enter. Zobeide and—the storekeeper. The preacher steps up—he repeats the ceremony—it's over,' and the young man, overcome with emotion, swooned again.

The venerable genius applied a pint bottle to his lips at which the youth revived. Turning over upon his back and pointing wistfully at the bottle he gasped 'One more draught—only one.'

'Nary,' said the good genius holding it up to the light. 'There's but little left, and its four miles to the nearest grocery. But look some more.'

'I see a house in town. It's furnished gorgeous and regardless of expense. The carpet is tapestry, the sofa cost no less than $100, and there is a Chickering piano. Around it is a garden in which the orange tree and the pine mingle their aromatic boughs and the bulbul answers the nightingale's song of love. An antique fountain squirts cologne continually, diffusing a delicious fragrance through the atmosphere. It's gorgeous. I see into the bay window. Zobeide is sitting at the piano, shouting the 'Battle Cry of Freedom,' accompanying herself on the instrument; a deformed dwarf of great price is hovering around her, fanning her with one hand and turning over the leaves of the music with the other, and it keeps him mighty busy. Her husband enters, but heavens, what a change. He don't hold his head up. Company enters—she smiles on him. They depart—she frowns. They interchange a few unpleasant paragraphs—she flies at him—she seizes him by the nap of the neck and the slack of the breeches and pitches him down stairs. Allah il Allah, what a muscular female.'

'Look again.'

'I see a picture. A man is endeavoring to fill a barrel with a teaspoon which a woman is emptying with a bucket. What does it signify?'

'It's an allegory, my son. Look again and see the solution.'

'I see and comprehend. The storekeeper's trade is light and his profits small, he is working hard in his store, while Zobeide is leaving the house, clad in purple and fine linen. I see the point of the allegory.'

'Look again.'

'I see a cabin in the suburbs, with a slatternly woman banging her children about like old boots. Outside, lying in the sun, and overcome with the strong waters of the Gisour, I see a man, and—'

'Enough,' said the good genius. 'I have shown you a yard or two of the futurity. Wilt thou cast thyself from the precipice for Zobeide now?'

'Respected sir,' said Ali Hassan, 'whoever you are, tell me, oh, tell me, is this which I have gazed on chapters in the biography of Zobeide?'

'My son it is. She whom you call Zobeide has a head on her shoulders, and a will of her own and money. He who can manage her can take a city or rule an empire. She was earnest in her intention to marry you because (pardon me if I flatter you) you are a fool. She knew she would be able to boss you with less wear and tear of temper than a man less a fool. Following that strategy, she determined, to use the words of another, to fight it out on that line; she discarded you and took up with a new storekeeper, because she deemed him more of a fool than you. I think she was mistaken, but let that pass. We will not here argue that point—either would have done. She furnishes the capital and she will control it, and whenever such a woman undertakes to manage the money which she brings into a firm, she is, my son, very apt to go on reducing it to the very end of the chapter. This will happen with the storekeeper—had you married her, it would have happened with you.

'There must be, my son, in all matters matrimonial, something like equality—if there is any difference between the parties it should be in favor of the male, for the reason that having the credit of being the stronger vessel, it hurts his feelings more to go to the wall. Had you married this high-tempered female, possessed of money, the advantages would have been hers.—She has intellect, which you have not—she has money, which you lack. You both have beauty that is only valuable to her. The men run after a handsome woman, but woman despise a pretty man, because he is apt to be near like themselves as it is possible for two beings gotten up on different models to be; and every well regulated female desires an opposite. I do not disapprove of your marrying for money—the good of the tax-payers of your town-ship demands it; but see to it that she has no intellect, that in that particular at least you may be on an equality with her; and also to the end of her not having force enough to make a rupture on account of her money. Such marriages are proper. It is bad for the next generation, but it is good for this, and this is the generation for which we are more immediately concerned. It's fair to presume that the next will take care of itself without any of our interference. The young man who marries for money must necessarily be an idiot or could make his pile easier—let the woman he marries be likewise, that too many families may not be spoiled. She should also be homely and old, as well as stupid, that while she makes a sacrifice in marrying a penniless man, the penniless man also makes a sacrifice in marrying such a bundle of hideousness. Then you have a hook in the jaws of the leviathan. If she throws her money in your face, you retort with her appearance, and that evens it up

'Therefore, my son, go to her wedding to-morrow. Hide your disappointment, be the gayest of the gay, and the liveliest of the lively. Farewell. May the Allah of imbeciles protect you.'

And enveloping himself in a mist he disappeared as quickly as he came.

Ali Hassan pondered. He changed his mind. He neglected to suicide. He went home, he parted his hair behind, he brushed his teeth, blacked his boots and arrayed himself in the most stunning pair of pants, his most gorgeous vest, and the most crushing necktie, he went to the wedding and danced an Irish jig with the bride. He was so gay, so jolly and wasn't pale and wan, that the bride nearly choked with vexation. His manliness was rewarded. That night he was introduced to a widow with no children, only fourteen years his senior, she hadn't any will at all, but whose husband had been kind enough to accumulate a pile of spelter before departing this life. Her he married, and for many years lived in the full enjoyment of everything he was capable of enjoying.

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1. He who marries in haste repents at leisure, so sometimes does he who isn't in so much of a hurry.

2. There's as good fish in any river you mention, as was ever pulled out, and better too.

3. He who misses a hawk may esteem himself lucky if he knocks over a partridge.

These maxims are Persian, as any one can see by the oriental cut of their respective jibs. The author don't assert that they have anything to do with the tale, but as maxims standing on their respective merits, as such he submits them to a discriminating public.

☞ Gracious hearts reflect most upon themselves: they do not seek so much what to reprove in others, as what to amend in themselves; they love to look inward, and being sensible of their own failings, are tender in reflecting on the weaknesses of others; whereas those that are most inquisitive into the lives of others, are usually most careless in reforming their own.

☞ An old hotel-keeper, in Washington, posts on his dining-room door the following notice: "Members of Congress will go to the table first, and then the gentlemen. Rowdies and blackguards must not mix with the Congressmen, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

Whatever the wind may do in winter, it can not be denied that in spring it "turns over a new leaf."

A pillow case is said to be a nap-sack.

FRANK HOWARD.—The following poem from the San Francisco *Golden Era*, is not only Homeric in style, but complete in itself, for it ends with a total annihilation of the combatants.

On a pine wood shed, in grey dawn, where scattered [illegible] lightning through a row of tottering chimneys and awning torn and drooping, fell, strode back and forth with stiff and tense drawn muscles and peculiar tread, a cat.

His name was Norval; on some prodigious loiring shed his father caught the rats that came in squads, from Grant, beyond Dupont, in search of foul and strange adventure.

Grim war he courted, and his twisted tail, and spine upheaving in fantastic curve and claws distended, and defiantly pressed against a head thrown back, defiantly told of impending strife.

With eyes agleam, and screeching blasts of war, and steps as silent as the falling dew, young Norval crept along the spattered edge, and gazed a moment through the darkness down, with a tail swag lies majestically.

Then, with an imprecation and a growl—perhaps an oath in direct vengeance hissed—he started back, and crooked in body like a letter S, or rather like a U inverted, stood in fierce expectancy.

'Twas well. With eye half glaring and ears aslant, and open mouth in which two rows of fangs stood forth in sharp and dread conformity, slap up a post from out the dark below a head appeared.

A dreadful tocsin of infernal strife, young Norval uttered, then with a face unblanched, and moustache standing straight before his nose, and tail flung wildly to the passing breeze, stepped back in cautious invitation to the foe.

Approaching each other, and with preparations dire, each cat surveyed the vantage of the field. Around they walked, with tails uplifted and backs high in the air, while from their mouths in accents hissing with consuming rage, dropped brief but awful sentences of hate.

Twice around the roof they went in circle, each eye upon the foe intently bent; then sideways moving as is wont with cats, gave one long-drawn, terrific, savage yeow, and buckled in.

The fur flew. A mist of hair hung o'er the battle field. High above the din of passing wagons rose the dreadful tumult of the struggling cats. So gleamed their eyes in frenzy, that to me, who saw the conflict from the window near, naught else was plain but gory stars, that moved in orbits most eccentric.

An hour they struggled in tempestuous night, when faint and fainter grew the squall of war, until all sound was hushed. Then went I forth with lantern, and the field surveyed—what saw I?

Six claws, one ear—of teeth, perhaps a handful; naught else except a solitary tail. That tail was Norval's; by a ring I knew it. The ear was—but we'll let the matter pass. The tail will do without the ear.

SINGULAR ORNAMENT.—A brooch worn by the Countess of K——has recently been the subject of conversation in an eminent company of polished nobility who are now exiles in Paris. Encircled by twenty brilliants upon a dark blue ground of lapis lazuli; and protected by a glass in front, may be seen—what? A portrait? A lock of hair? No, neither the one nor the other; but only fourbent pins wrought together in form of a star. The history of this singular ornament is contained in the following communication:

The Count K——was, some years ago, in his own country, suspected of being too much inclined to politics, was consequently one night, without examination or further inquiry, torn from the bosom of his family by police officers, conveyed to a fortress in a distant part of the country, and thrown into a damp dark dungeon.—Days, weeks, months passed away without his being brought to trial. The unhappy man saw himself robbed of every succor. In the stillness of death and the darkness of the grave he felt not only his strength failing him, but also his mind wandering. An unspeakable anguish took hold upon him. He, who feared not to appear before his judges, now trembled before himself. Conscious of his danger, he endeavored to find something to relieve himself from the double misery of idleness and loneliness, and thus preserve him from a terrible insanity.

Four pins which accidently happened to be in his coat, had fortunately escaped the notice of his jailer. These were to be the means of deliverance to his spirit.—He threw the pins upon the earth, which alone was the floor of his gloomy dungeon, and then employed himself in seeking for them in the darkness. When, after a tiresome search, he succeeded in finding them, he threw them down anew; and so, again and again, did he renew his voluntary task. All the day long, sitting, lying or kneeling, he groped about with his hand until he had found the pins which he had intentionally scattered. This fearful, yet beneficial recreation continued for six years. Then, at last, a great political event opened suddenly the doors of his prison. The Count had just scattered his pins, but he would not leave his cell without taking with him his little instruments of his own preservation from despair and madness. He soon found them, for now the clear bright light of day beamed in through the doorway of his dungeon. As the Count related this sad story to the Countess, she seized the pins with holy eagerness. Those crooked yellow brass pins, which, during six fearful years, had been scattered and gathered alternately, were become to her as precious relics; and now set in a frame of brilliants, worth £4000, as a treasure of much greater value, she wears them on her bosom.