

Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,

VOL. I.—NO. 41.

CLARKSBURG, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18th, 1859.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NO. 11.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg, Va., every Wednesday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after the expiration of six months \$3.00 will invariably be charged. No subscription received for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid; and those who do not send their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

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All communications, to insure attention, must be accompanied by the author's name and post-address.

AN AMERICAN PRIVATEER.

During the last war with England, and while stationed on the Barbary coast, we were surprised one day, while exploring the ruins of Carthage, to see a sharp clipper built schooner under full sail, with an American flag floating to a brisk breeze, doubling Cape Bon and making direct for the bay. We rode down to the fortress of Goleta, ordered a launch to be made ready, and found ourselves alongside the schooner, just as she had cast anchor.

Where are you from?
From Boston, replied the captain, a smart dashing looking young fellow.

Twenty-three days, sir.
We began to have our misgivings—Twenty-three days had been fitted out at Marsailles to cruise in the Mediterranean. It was the Abeleno, Captain Wyer, of six guns and seventy-five men—a magnificent little craft. We went down in the trunk cabin.

Now sir, said the captain, I'll convince you that we are from Boston and will show you Boston notions of all kinds, from pumpkins and smoked herrings down to wooden attires.

He soon filled the table with all sorts of good cheer and sound comforts, with which the Bostonians know so well how to furnish a ship. And here, said he is the Boston Sentinel, Major Russell's paper.

All doubts were now at an end; and while we had been partaking of fare to which we had been accustomed—homely fare, but more welcome on that account—the captain said:

If you are surprised at our short passage so far up the Mediterranean, what will you say when I tell you that it is just sixty days since the keel of this vessel was laid in Boston—but here we are.

We could scarcely credit it.
Nay, that's not all, sir, continued Captain Wyer. On my way here, on Cagliari, I captured two large British ships filled with valuable cargoes and ordered them for this port. They will be here tomorrow.

What, in a neutral port, in which the British exercise unlimited influence? They will never permit you to sell the cargoes.

Well, sir, we can only try.
Sure enough, next morning early, the ancient city of Tunis, honored once by the presence of Scipio, Africanus, Hannibal and other distinguished personages known to history, was thrown into the greatest commotion on seeing two large and deeply laden ships entering the port, the stars and stripes floating over the union jack. It started the British consul and the corps diplomatique, and we soon saw the whole busy on horseback making for the palace.

I smell sulphur, said the captain—There's a storm brewing, and we shall have it soon.

In an hour a message arrived by a Malouke that we were wanted at the palace. After making our toilet, Sidi Ambrosio, our chancellor and Metastasia, the dragoman were soon mounted, and off we paced at a moderate gait to Bardo.

The consul came all present when we entered the *sulla*. The Bey, was reclining, as usual on his large crimson cushions, easily engaged combing his long beard, with a tortoise shell comb, studded with brilliants, and looking unusually grave.

What does all this mean, consul—two British prizes entering our port, and for what purpose?

To sell them, your highness!
What! against our treaty with England?

Certainly not, if there is such a prohibition in the treaty.
The British consul a most excellent man, unrolled the parchment, to which a seal of wax was appended, nearly as large as one of our western checks and commenced reading as follows:

"It is further stipulated and agreed upon that no European power at war with England shall be permitted to fit out privateers or other armed vessels to cruise against the commerce of Great Britain from, or bring prizes into the Tunisian ports."

Well, sir, said the Bey, what have you to say to this? Is it not full and conclusive?

Entirely so, but it does not apply to us. We are not an European power.

That, sir, said the British, consul, is a mere evasion of this section of our treaty. It was intended to apply, and does apply to all Christian powers.

Very probably, sir, but we are not a Christian power.

The whole court looked amazed. The Bey raised himself up from his cushions, took a hearty pinch of snuff from a fine diamond box, and gave us an anxious and enquiring look.

How will you make that appear, sir?
Very easily sir. We then read the following section of our treaty with Tripoli:

"As the United States is in no manner a Christian Government, and entertains no hostility toward any denomination, it is hereby understood that no disturbance shall arise between the two powers on any religious question."

It was useless to argue the point any further. We did not in any shape come within the purview of that treaty, so permission was given to land the goods; and the ships and cargoes, consisting of every variety of merchandise, were sold in a single day. The consul sent for a British blockading squadron from Malta; but the privateer slipped out of the bay, run up the Archipelago, destroyed nearly two millions of British property, was chased round the Mediterranean by two ships of the line and two frigates, escaped through the Gulf of Gibraltar, and arrived home safely.

THE INEBRIATE.

He stood leaning upon a broken gate in front of his miserable dwelling. His tattered hat was in his hand, and the cool breeze lifted his matted locks which covered his once noble brow. His countenance was bloated and disfigured, but in his eye there was an unwonted look—a mingled expression of sorrow and regret. Perhaps he was listening to the low melancholy voice of his patient wife, as she soothed the sick babe on her bosom; or, perhaps he was gazing upon the sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at the open window she plied her needle to obtain for her mother and poor children a scanty sustenance. Poor Mary! for herself she cared not; young as she was, her spirit was already crushed by poverty, unkindness and neglect. As the inebriate thus stood, his eyes wandered over the miserable habitation before him. The windows were broken and the doors hingeless; scarce a vestige of comfort remained; yet memory bore him back to the days of his youth, when it was the abode of peace and happiness. In fancy he saw the old arm chair where sat his father, with the bible upon his knee; and he seemed to hear again the sweet notes of his mother as she laid her hand upon the head of her darling boy, and prayed that God would bless him and preserve him from evil. Long years had passed away, yet tears came into the eyes of the drunkard at the recollection of his mother's love.

"Poor mother," he murmured, "it is well that thou art sleeping in the grave, it would break thy heart to know that thy son is a wretched and degraded being—a miserable outcast from society."

He turned slowly away. Deep within an adjoining forest was a dell where the tree beams scarcely ever penetrated. Tall trees grew on either side, whose branches grew above, formed a canopy of leaves, where the birds built their nests, and poured forth happy songs. "Till her the drunkard bent his step," it had been his favorite haunt in the days of his childhood, and as he threw himself upon the soft green sward, the recollections of past scenes, came crowding over his mind.

He covered his face with his hand and the prayer of the prodigal burst from his lips—"O God, receive a returning wanderer!" Suddenly a soft arm was thrown around his neck, and sweet voice murmured—He will forgive you father." Starting to his feet, the inebriate saw standing before him his youngest daughter. A child of six years.

"Why are you here, Anne?" he said, ashamed that the innocent child should have witnessed his grief.

"I came to gather the lilies that grew upon the bank and I now am going to sell them."

And what do you do with the money? asked the father, as he turned his eye to the basket, where among the broad green leaves the sweet lilies of the valley were peeping forth.

The child hesitated; she thought she had said too much; perhaps her father would demand the money and spend it in the way in which all his earnings went.

"You are afraid to tell me Anna," said her father kindly. "Well, I do not blame you; I have no right to my children's confidence."

The gentleness of his tone touched the heart of the affectionate child. She threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming—"Yes father I will tell you. Mother buys medicine for poor little Willie. We have no other way to get it. Mother and Mary work all the time they can to get bread."

A pang shot through the inebriate's heart; "I have robbed them of the comforts of life," he exclaimed; "from this moment the liquid fire passes my lips no more."

Anna stood gazing at him in astonishment. She could scarcely comprehend her father's words; but she saw that some change had taken place; and she threw back her golden ringlets, and raised her large blue eyes, with an earnest look to his face.

"Will you never drink any more rum?" she whispered timidly.

"Never! Ann," said her father solemnly.

Then, we will all be so happy," she cried; "and mother won't weep any more. Oh, father, what a happy home ours will be!" Years passed away. The words of little Anna, the drunkard's daughter, proved true.

The home of the reformed man, here father was indeed a happy one. Plenty crowned his board; and health and joy beamed from the face of his wife and children, where once squalid misery alone could be traced. The pledge had restored him once more to peace and happiness.

"If you wish to re-fasten the loose handles of knives and forks make your cement of common brick-dust and rosin, melted together. Seal engravers understand this recipe."

OUR NOMINEE.

Our banner now is streaming,
And on its folds are gleaming,
A name with honor blinding,
From the old Granite State;
That name shall be our rally,
The fort from which we rally,
And we'll not forget to rally,
When November comes round.

He has come from the mountains,
He has come from the mountains,
From the Democratic mountains,
Of the old Granite State.
He's of true Yankee mottle,
He has fought his country's battle
Midst the thundering cannon's rattle,
A Hero good and great.

Come, round our standard gather,
It shall float in every weather,
And we'll about about together,
For the old Granite State.
Her son shall be the story,
And we'll all protect her glory,
As we join the peaceful foray,
With our leader in the van.

We have set the ball in motion,
And we'll make a great commotion,
With this latest "Yankee noisom,"
From the old Granite State;
We're of the Democratic party,
Is very hale and hearty,
Is very hale and hearty,
In every sister State.

We are ready for the battle,
And will go 'till a rattle,
For we've got the purest metal,
From the old Granite State;
You may see the fire already,
Is burning bright and steady,
And the boys are getting ready
To wheel into the ranks.

The Baltimore Convention,
Just stopped and said "attention,"
While it made a modest mention
Of the old Granite State;
In a moment there was roaring,
The name of PIERCE was roaring,
And a peal of joy was pouring,
Like a wave around the Hall.

We are all for the Union,
For the old happy Union,
That has long in blast communion,
Held the noble bands of States;
And we'll hold together ever,
And not a link shall sever,
But we'll stronger make the tether,
That binds us all in one.

We must not forget another,
A true and faithful brother,
And he claims as his mother,
The Alabama State;
He has stood upon the tower,
A sentinel of power,
Through many a trying hour,
In the Democratic ranks.

So we'll put them both together,
And we'll skim the hill and dither,
Like a bird upon the feather,
Through the whole United States;
Our watchword now is ringing,
For PIERCE and KING were singing,
And around them we are flinging
The mantle of the strong.

Then peal aloud the cheering,
There is victory appearing,
In him who had his roaring,
In the old Granite State;
We'll shout like all creation,
When we put him in his station,
The ruler of the nation,
From a Yankee Doodle State!

AN ADVENTURE IN THE WRONG
HOMERY.

BY DR. D. MONTGOMERY BIRD.

The following is, we believe, a somewhat old story, but as it is a capital one of its kind, we take the liberty of laying it before our readers—knowing that those who have not read it before will have some hearty laughs, and those who have, at least a succession of smiles:

I know not what extraordinary conjunction of the stars took place on the first Friday of June, 183—, nor how my planet in particular, came to perform so many antics, in or out of its proper sphere. Before that day, I had never had an adventure in my life; and the current of my existence had flowed on as evenly and quietly as the stream of a mill-pond; and no word or skill of author-craft could have spun out my biography beyond the compass of a single paragraph. I was born, and I lived for twenty-five years—that is all: I lived in a village, too, and my name was (as it now is), James J. Smith. There was nothing further in my history worthy of being mentioned; except that, at twenty-five years old, finding myself unencumbered by any near relatives, and possessed of a moderate estate, sufficient for all my reasonable wants, (and I had no unreasonable ones) I began to be weary of my rather dull and lonely existence, and cast about for some means of relief.

I was balancing between two great projects, one of travel, the other of matrimony; both, indeed, in a very general way, for I was not in love with anybody, or any particular place; when a letter from my old college-mate and correspondent, Harry Brown, of Virginia, determined me in favor of the former. He was just forming a family party for a trip to Niagara, which party he invited me to join in Philadelphia, where he expected to arrive at an early day; and he promised to bring along with him a very charming unmarried cousin of his, who might, perhaps, he said, assist me in trying the other project as soon as I got tired of travelling, provided only that I had the spirit (and it required great spirit) to woo and win her; all of which I regarded as a friendly pleasantry on the part of my old chum.

I went accordingly to Philadelphia, and at Harry's suggestion, took lodgings at a fashionable boarding-house, at which he intended stopping, and where I designed to await him.

It was on Friday, in the afternoon, that I arrived; and having established myself in a comfortable chamber, I called out to see somewhat of the city, and inquire at the post-office for letters from my friends.

I received two letters, one from Harry of a somewhat mysterious quality; the other from a stranger, and of a character still more inexplicable; both of them written from Baltimore. Harry informed me that he was on the way with his party, and hoped to be in Philadelphia the following day; and he added (and this was the mysterious part of his letter,) that his aforesaid handsome cousin was about to be snatched away from me by a particular fatality; yet he did not despair, he said, of my yet winning her, provided he should immediately find me upon reaching Philadelphia, and find me with meagre sufficient to undertake a most formidable, but splendid adventure. "Confound his handsome cousin!" said I, "whom I never heard of before, except in his last letter; and confound his splendid adventures!" And with that, with the greatest equanimity, I banished the presence of both, to examine and wonder over the second letter from my unknown correspondent. It was as follows:—

MY DEAR BOY:—I shall be in Philadelphia Friday evening, with E—, to sign, seal, kiss and squabble, according to compact; place aforementioned. Shall expect you—rings, posies, blushes, and hysterics. Always promised your dad I would, and I will.

Yours resolutely, T. B.

This letter was formally directed to James J. Smith, Esq., *poete restante*, Philadelphia, was manifestly written in an old man's hand; and as far as I could gather any sense from its odd and broken expressions, alluded to a marriage which was in progress doubtless between E— (who was she?) on the one part, and Mr. James J. Smith on the other. But who was Mr. James J. Smith? Not myself, certainly; who had never dreamed of marriage, except as a contingency, and had never made serious love or proposals to any human being. No, it was apparent—and this was confirmed by the allusion to the "aforementioned place," well known of course to the person written to but not me—there was some other James J. Smith, besides myself, in the world, and in Philadelphia, for whom this letter was designed, and to whom it was manifest from the terms of it, the loss might prove extremely inconvenient.

Under these circumstances, I perceived that I had nothing to do but return it to the post-office, that it might reach my namesake, and I was retracing my steps for that purpose, when I was interrupted by a gentleman, or a person dressed like a gentleman, but I thought there was something unpleasant and sinister in his looks, who stepped up to me, and with a low bow and grinning smile, told me, "he believed he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. James J. Smith?"

"That is certainly my name," said I "but—"

"You haven't the honor of my acquaintance!" interrupted the gentleman. "Exactly so, but I have the pleasure of producing my note of introduction."

And with that, the fellow clapping one hand on my shoulder in a very impudent, familiar way, displayed under my nose, not a note of introduction, but a note of hand for seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars, drawn in favor of Simon somebody, I forgot who, and signed plainly and strongly enough James J. Smith!

"All this, my friend," said I, removing his hand from my shoulder, "is, doubtless, good and fair enough. The difficulty is, that it concerns some other James J. Smith, and not me; for I never wrote that note; nor indeed, any other. You have made a mistake."

"Very facetious, sir," said the person. "I should inform you, sir, that poor Simon being in difficulty, was under the necessity of parting with that little note to me, sir; and I paid him a fair price for it, sir, because it was a debt of honor, sir; here the rascal looked as if he meant to impress me with an awful sense of his courage and determination; 'a debt of honor, sir, I never find any difficulty in collecting.'"

"The deuce take you and your debt of honor," said I, waxing impatient. "I tell you, sir—" but my gentleman interrupted me again.

"No occasion to swear, my dear fellow. I don't intend to trouble you just now. I know what brings you to town here; I know old Rusty is coming if he has not come already, and the rich young lady with him. The letter, sir, that you just received, sir." Here the fellow burst into a laugh at the look of amazement I put on, at finding him so familiar with the mysterious epistle; and added somewhat contemptuously, "I did not think Mr. James J. Smith such a spooney, as to give the public the benefit of reading his letters over his shoulders in the street! In short, sir, as I said, I don't intend to trouble you just now, nor to be galled hereafter. I shall wait, sir, till the happy hour is over, and then, sir, humbly claim to renew the note, sir; your obedient servant to command, sir!"

With that, my gentleman bowed and stalked off, stroking his whiskers with an air of unutterable magnificence which I have not seen equalled by any blackier.

This little incident, beside moving somewhat of my choler, changed my resolution of restoring the letter to the post-office and thereby to my namesake. It seemed upon apparent that my *alter ego* was some rascally adventurer, the fellow, as well as prey, of him who bore his note of hand; and it appeared, therefore, impossible that such a fellow could pretend, in any honest way, to the hand of the rich young lady, referred to by the note-holder, and doubtless the fair E— of the letter. I felt that I should punish if not defeat the schemes of a rogue, and perhaps protect a deserving girl, and a deceived parent by keeping Mr. T. B.'s letter into my pocket, and into my pocket accordingly I thrust it. At all events, the interception of the letter, would pro-

duce a delay; and delay might affect the desired purpose.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon rambling about the city, viewing it, and as I thought, till the last moment without further adventure. But just as I was hunting my way back to my boarding-house to tea, I was stopped by a sharp, but rather timid-looking young fellow, a tailor's clerk, who begged my pardon, believed I was Mr. James J. Smith, reminded me that I owed a very long bill to his employers, Messrs. Snip & Shears, hinted that they had written to me two or three times on the subject, observed that times were hard, and concluded by insinuating the pleasure I would confer upon those gentlemen, if I would be so good as to walk with him, forthwith, down to their shop—which was only seven or eight squares off.

I replied to all this, that he had mistaken his man; that I owed Messrs. Snip & Shears nothing; and upon his presuming to express some incredulity at the denial, I threatened to break his bones; upon which he became alarmed and retreated. But I observed him following me at a distance, and dogging me all the way to my boarding-house.

After tea, having no acquaintances in the city, I went to one of the theatres to pass the evening, and passed it in the main, very pleasantly. I was, indeed, at one time annoyed by the conduct of two or three well dressed, but noisy young fellows in the next box, who from their discourse, I soon set down as gamblers and determined rogues. One of them, who had red hair, I observed, was very genteel in his appearance, but he was an abandoned desperado in his conversation; and from some remarks which he and his companions let fall; I was struck with a sudden suspicion that he was no less a personage than my worthy namesake, Mr. James J. Smith himself. Thus, in the midst of their laughing and whispering, I overheard the expressions, "Old Rusty," "the girl," "rich and confoundedly handsome," "hard headed old bunks," &c., and Mr. Red-head himself, swore with an oath, "If the blood-suckers would give him but two days, he would hold up his head again with the best of them."

I tried in vain to catch the fellow's name; and soon after he had uttered the words related, another young man came into the box and told him "there were hawks on the wing," upon which he looked alarmed, and his companions laughed, and they all immediately left the theatre.

I could then attend to the performance without interruption; and I had been for some time absorbed in the interest of the scene, when I was suddenly aroused by a voice whispering in my ear—"I say, Mr. James J. Smith, this is no place for a gentleman of your inches. There are buzzards abroad, who'll stop all marrying and giving in marriage. And if you mean to give up that chance, hang me, my fine fellow, if I shan't be the first to arrest you!"

I looked around, and was enraged to perceive the note-holder, who gave me a significant nod, and immediately walked away. "How provoking!" thought I, "to have all these vagabonds take me for that rascal, my namesake. Yet there is something, after all in his counsel. It would not be agreeable to be arrested, even by mistake; since there is no one in the city to whom I can appeal for character and identity. To-morrow Brown will be here, and then I shall be safe enough."

These thoughts determined me to leave the theatre and go home. But I had scarcely got the distance of a square before I had the misfortune to be tapped on the shoulder by an officer, who told me he had a writ for me on the suit of Messrs. Snip & Shears; and requested me to favor him with my company to the magistrate's.

At the same time I perceived the tailor's clerk, who had evidently kept me in view, and pointed me out to the officer. It was in vain for me to protest that I was not the man intended; Mr. Clerk said "The gentleman was very good at that story." What, I asked myself, if it should not happen to suit the convenience of Messrs. Snip & Shears, to attend the magistrates? I felt very well assured that I should be liberated as soon as they saw me; but they might have delegated the whole business to the clerk who would not hesitate to swear, I was James J. Smith, because I had admitted I was; and then bail would be demanded, and for want of it, I must immediately be packed off to prison.

The thought of this degradation filled me with sudden fury, and without taking time to reflect upon the consequences, I knocked the officer down, though he was a burly fellow twice as big as myself, and kicked the little clerk into the gutter, and immediately ran off, hoping to make my way to the boarding-house, there to lie concealed until Brown should arrive in the city.

This proved a most difficult undertaking than I expected; and the streets being pretty full of people, (for it was not eleven o'clock,) I was followed and headed, and assailed on both sides; so that it was only by taking every alley and by-way that offered, that I managed to avoid my pursuers.

My greatest fear was of losing my way; for I knew but little of the city, and the uniformity of the streets, and the great family resemblance between all its houses, were very perplexing to a stranger. Yet I thought I was keeping the run of the streets, notwithstanding my various doublings; and by-and-bye I was sure that a large house now in sight was my boarding-house, because it looked exactly like it, and was similarly situated near an alley, which—or one of the perfect *fac simile* of it—I had taken notice of during the day.

As I came near the house, I found myself cut off from the door by some persons, who were running from the opposite

direction to intercept me. I therefore plunged down the alley, which was badly lighted, and soon conducted me to a still darker one, which I perceived, ran to a back of the houses, bounding the yards or gardens, which were merely enclosed with walls or fences; with a garden gate to each house. The idea struck me that I might perhaps enter the boarding-house through the garden gate, which I knew must be the second one, for the house itself was the second beyond the alley. I tried the latch; it did not yield; but I had not withdrawn my hand, when the gate itself was thrown open, and, upon my rushing in, it was immediately closed again, and bolted behind me; and this, I was certain, without my having been seen from without; for none of my pursuers had got into the alley. Besides, the gate was overhung by a great tree, which darkened the alley and the whole yard; so that I could see nothing of the person who had let me in, except that it was a woman. And this she made still more manifest by taking me round the neck and giving me a hearty buss, exclaiming—

"Is it you, Jimmy, my dear? And how come you so late! and what is it makes all this racket and running?"

"Oh! whispered I, in some confusion, "there has been a fight, and the police are taking up everybody."

"That's like you, Jimmy, my goose!" said my unknown darling, giving me another buss; "stopping to see every fight, though you might lose a fortune by it. I'll take you up stairs. I'll put out the lights. Have you got your Sunday's best on? Yes, I feel that you have. Don't say one word, or somebody will discover us."

Who was my innamorato? That was more than I could tell. But it was evident she took me for some one else; her sweetheart; and that was a character which, to avoid discovery, I felt compelled to keep up, until I had got into the house, when I designed giving her the slip, and retreating to my own chamber.

But this, I found, was an achievement not to be easily effected; for, first she held me very lovingly round the neck in bonds; and next, when we got into the house through the back door, it was so dark that I could recognize nothing I knew—everything was novel and mysterious. But I could hear various sounds of mirth and chatter, and especially two or three pianos and other musical instruments, echoing in different parts of the house.

In this confused state, the damsel led me up to a little room at the head of the stair on the second story, where being, if possible, still darker than ever, she gave me a new hug and said—

"Now, Jim, my lad, I'll tell you all about it, and what you are to do, exactly. You see, she is to run away (*she*, thought I, what she?) and I with her—at least she thinks so. We are to go off in the cars to Baltimore; they go in half-an-hour; and she is in a great hurry. I suppose she has a lover down there; but he can't be worth having, if he won't come after her. We are to go off in men's clothes; because we shall travel by night, and nobody will know us, or follow us. I am to wear whiskers—just such nice big whiskers as you have got, Jimmy—so as to look old and fierce, and keep the people off; and she's to be my little brother, a school-boy. Ain't it fine, Jim?"

"Oh, yes," said I, beginning to wonder and be interested at this opening of plot and conspiracy among people I did not know, and marvelling what share I was to play in the drama.

"I have no doubt," quoth my new acquaintance, "she would give me a heap of money, for she's rich, and loves me; and I told her I was once rich, too—or my father was before me—which was no more than the truth for all I'm no more than a chambermaid."

"Oh!" thought I, "are you there, Abigail?"

"But here's my idea, Jim," she continued, with vivacity, "and it's a good one. If the young lady might give me much, how much more might the old gentleman give me—he who has got all the chink in his own hands—when he finds the young lady is gone, lost away, as it might be, forever—how much would he give me to restore her? Why, I reckon a whole fortune; so I am resolved upon it. And here's the way we are to manage it; I'll lead off my running off with her, you are to do it, pretending to be her, and she won't know the difference, because of the darkness, (you are to talk only in whispers,) and she will think the disguise makes the alteration! Then, instead of taking her to the cars, you take her right home to our house; she knows no more of the town than she does of the moon; then you can pretend to be frightened, and run into the house for shelter, and then it is too late for the cars, and she must wait till the next night, you know; and she can sleep in my room, and there you lock her up safe till morning. Then I come and finish the business and get the fortune; and then, Jim, we'll get married, and set up for ourselves!"

Here the faithless Abigail gave me another embrace, expressive of delight and triumph, and then, charging me to remain quiet until she returned, slipped from the room, and left me shut up in darkness. I hesitated whether or not to obey her. My first inclination was, certainly, to creep out now that the coast was clear, and find my way to my own apartment, and yet I had a fancy to follow the adventure to its end, so far, at least, as to see that the clopping lady came to no mischief. But when I began to question who this adventuress could be, and to remember that, although I had seen a good many young ladies at the tea-table in the evening, none of them were particularly handsome, I confess I lost so much of my interest in the matter as to resolve to finish my share

of it instanter, retire to bed, and leave the incognita to her destinies. I began to grope for the door, not without making some noise against opposing chairs, and tables, when the door was suddenly opened, and I was horrified by a man's voice, murmuring in an eager whisper—

"I say, Sukey, confound it, where are you? and why don't you speak to me?"

"My fears had told me that the new comer could be no other than Jimmy, the loitering sweetheart and confederate of Abigail, or Susan, as her name appeared to be. I kept as still as a mouse, intending, as soon as he crept by me, to slip out of the room. But fate, or Jimmy, had determined it otherwise.

"I say, Sukey," he murmured, "why did you bolt the gate? Why did you let me in? Why don't you speak? I know you are here, for I heard you. And now, you jade, I've caught you." In fact, he had. But no sooner did his fingers come in contact with a whiskered cheek and velvet coat-collar, than he uttered a dismal cry. "Oh, Lord! it's a man!" and turned to retreat.

But I had the advantage of him, and was nearest the door, just as the scheming Susan, perhaps alarmed at the bustle, came running into the room with a light, but at the sight of me she was so terrified that both she and her light dropped on the floor together, the latter going out in the fall; so that I had just time to notice that she was a buxom wench of eighteen or twenty; that the door was left wide open, and that the passage to which it led was an exact counterpart of that in the boarding-house on which my chamber lay; to which, therefore, I felt I could now make my way without further trouble. It was under a sudden impulse, and with the idea of punishing the treacherous chambermaid, that as I stepped out, I closed and locked the door; for I felt the key was on the outside, and so left her and Jimmy to settle their difficulties as best they might.

I felt along the passage for the third door, which I had no doubt led into my chamber. I reached it, and was in the act of scratching about with my fingers for the knob, when the door was opened, and, to my unutterable confusion, I was seized upon by a young female, who, drawing me immediately in, and closing the door, said, with a voice broken by merriment—

"How quick you are! All dressed already! What an immense big boy you make! Where did you get such magnificent whiskers?"

It was now that the idea first burst upon me, that I had got into the wrong house, for I saw at a glance this was none of my chamber. It was a lady's boudoir, or ante room to a sleeping apartment, from the open door of which latter apartment came a dim ray of light by which it was obscurely illuminated. There was just light enough for me to make out objects, to discover my extraordinary blunder, to see (or part of this perhaps was fancied,) that my new friend who received me so warmly and familiarly, was a young lady, irresistibly charming and beautiful, (oh! what a voice she had, and the touch of her hand set me beside myself,) while her expressions made it apparent that she was no less a person than the fair incognita, Susan's employer, and that she had mistaken me for Susan, dressed in man's apparel.

"Where did you get such magnificent whiskers?" she cried, and she actually pulled them with her fingers in pure admiration. "I never could have believed," she continued, laughing, "you could be so changed by clothes; that you would make such a beautiful young man. I declare, I feel as if I wanted you to make love to me!"

"There was no resisting such an appeal as that. I immediately clasped her in my arms, and ravished a kiss from her lips, by which she was thrown almost into convulsions of laughter.

"Out, you busy!" she cried