

patrons, and by his reputation and example induced the fashionable world of those days to patronize Britton's concerts, at which Handel, Phil Hart, Banister, Dubourg the violinist, and others, performed to the genteelst of audiences. The concert-room was literally but one floor over a coal-shed; and the visitors had to climb up to it by a ladder fixed outside of the house, and to sit under a low roof, against which they could not avoid knocking their heads soundly. Britton was no composer, only a musician and book-collector. He collected works on the occult art chiefly, and on music; his library sold for a large sum of money in those times. He was quite a notoriety on account of the humble trade he so openly followed, and the refined tastes he was known to cultivate. One day passing nigh the house of Woollaston the painter, in Warwick-lane, Britton, being in his work-a-day attire, gave out lustily his well-known cry of "Small-coal." Woollaston's attention was attracted, and he recognized in the voice that of his musical acquaintance Britton, whom he had never seen in the pursuit of his ordinary trade. The artist at once beckoned Britton in, and there and then took his portrait as he sat, a veritable itinerant coal-dealer. The portrait is most characteristic, and is now to be seen in the collection of paintings of the British Museum. But we must notice the small-coal man under his bibliopolic phase. A bibliomania raged among Queen Anne's nobility. The Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea, and the Duke of Devonshire, were among the smitten. These personages, on Saturdays, during the winter season, used to resort to the city, and, there separating, take several routes to the booksellers' shops in different parts of the town. to search out old volumes and MSS. Some time before noon, they would assemble at the shop of Christopher Bateman, a bookseller, at the corner of Ave Maria-lane, in Paternoster-row (query, Little Britain?), where they were frequently met by other persons engaged in the same pursuits, and a conversation commenced on the subject of their inquiries. As nearly as possible to the hour of twelve by St. Paul's clock, Britton (uniquely, the "Literary Dustman" of his age), who by that time had finished his round, clad in his blue frock, and pitching his sack of small coal on the bulk of Mr. Bateman's shop window, used to go in and join them. After about an hour's chat, the nobleman adjourned to the Mourning Bush Tavern at Aldersgate (probably the site of the present Albion Tavern), where they dined, and spent the remainder of the day. Poor Britton was indeed a singular character, and died a death as singular as his life. He was, we are told, of an excessively nervous temperament, which rendered him the object occasionally of villainous practical jokes. Unfortunately he incurred the enmity of Honeyman, the ventriloquist. On a certain day, when Britton gave one of his nobility concerts in Aylesbury-street, Honeyman attended. An opportunity occurring, a voice

was heard at a distance, which announced that Thomas Britton's hour was near and that he had but a short time to remain in this world. Poor Britton was not proof against the art of the malicious mimic. He felt the ventriloquist's words as though they were a sacred augur; so deep an impression did the incident make upon him, that he died, almost as predicted, in a brief period, aged fifty-eight, 1714.

Browne Willis was another original of whom we are enabled to furnish a few whimsical anecdotes. But we would reserve this respectful remark, that the doctor was, notwithstanding oddities in externals and manners, nevertheless a learned antiquary, and a good man. So were they all, all learned antiquaries, and excellent men. His tastes led him chiefly to the study of ecclesiastical relics. He visited every cathedral in England and Wales. To these journeys he himself gave the name of pilgrimages. Browne Willis lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He was grandson of Dr. Thomas Willis, a celebrated physician, and the first to reduce the theory of phrenology to order and system. His person and dress are described by one who knew him well; they were "so singular that, though a gentleman of £1000 per annum, he was often taken for a beggar. An old leathern girdle or belt always surrounded the two or three coats he wore, and over them an old blue cloak. He wrote the worst hand of any man in England, such as he could with difficulty read himself. His boots, which he almost always appeared in, were not the least singular part of his dress. I suppose it would not be falsity to say they were forty years old, patched and vamped up at various times. They were all in wrinkles, and did not come up above half-way of his legs. He was often called, in the neighborhood of Buckingham, 'Old Wrinkle Boots.' The chariot of Mr. Willis was so singular, that from it he was called himself, the 'Old Chariot.' It was his wedding chariot, and had his arms on brass plates about it, not unlike a coffin, and painted black." This rare antiquary was satirized by Dr. Darrell, in some humorous and highly descriptive verses, of which the subjoined couplets are a specimen:

"High on a hill his mansion stood
But gloomy dark within.
Here mangled books, as bones and blood,
Lie in a giant's den:
"Crude, undigested, half-devoured,
On groaning shelves they're thrown;
Such manuscripts no eye could read,
Nor hand write, but his own."

His wife having written a serious book, Browne Willis wrote on his own copy of the work, "All the connection in this book is owing to the book-binder." He delighted to joke upon Mrs. Willis's book and her authorship.

INCIDENTS OF DUELING.

DUELING has fallen into desuetude, and very properly. Times have changed marvelously. Fifty years ago, gentlemen by descent, by

property, or by profession, were only *esquived*; now, if you *mistered* an attorney's clerk, the letter would be sent repudiated to the dead office. To him only who was entitled to bear arms, an appeal to arms was allowed; and had a man in trade, though worth a plum, in those days presumed to send a message to a gentleman not in trade, nor worth a penny, the odds would be considerable that the bearer of the cartel would have been horswhipped on the spot. Even liberty to share in certain amusements was considered great condescension on the part of the aristocracy to men who had founded their own fortunes, and accidental meetings at the coverside were never supposed to warrant aught beyond a field acquaintance. A brutal, but striking anecdote which marked this then prevailing feeling of exclusiveness, is told of the too-celebrated George Robert Fitzgerald. One hunting day, when drawing a fox cover, he observed a well-mounted and smartly-dressed young man join the company; and on inquiring his name from the whipper, was informed that the stranger was a neighboring apothecary.

"An apothecary!" exclaimed the master of hounds. "By Heaven! men's impudence every day becomes more audacious! Why, it would not surprise me after this, that an attorney should join our meeting next. Come, it is time that this dealer in drugs should be taught that fox-hunting is a trade practiced only by gentlemen;" and riding up to the unoffending dabbler in Galenicals, he savagely flogged him off the field.

That dueling has been employed too frequently for bad purposes, by brave men—and for bloody ones, by blackguards, has never been denied. The page of history, in the fatal meeting between Buckingham and Shrewsbury, strikingly exemplifies the former assertion. For the seduction of his wife—Buckingham, by the way, had seduced his *own*—the injured earl demanded, and obtained satisfaction. In accordance with the barbarous custom of the times, the seconds—two on either side—engaged; on the duke's side, Jenkins was left dead; on the earl's, Sir John Talbot was severely wounded. Buckingham, however, received no hurt beyond a scratch, and ran his antagonist through the body, thus adding murder to seduction. The fair frail one was worthy of the ducal ruffian she had attached herself to. Disguised as a page, from a neighboring coppice she watched the combat, and slept with the murderer of her husband the same night, although the shirt he wore bore bloody evidence of the foul assassination he had just committed. It is reported that the last hours of the adulteress were miserable, and the felon blow that relieved the world of such an unscrupulous villain as the duke, in our poor thinking, was nothing beyond simple retribution.

Another, and an opposite case, both in its results and causes, occurred many years ago, when the writer of these pages was in Paris. The worst and most dangerous companion upon earth is a gamester. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus;" which, according to Irish translation,

meaneth, that a man must be artfled for five years to an attorney. As regards play, we hold a different opinion, and believe that the course of demoralization may be more rapidly effected by the *alea damnosa* than by law. To the proof:—even at the distance of a quarter of a century, we must hold the name sacred; but there are old guardsmen who will remember "Little Joe." A stouter soldier never headed a company. He was kind, well-tempered, too generous probably, and every body liked him. In money matters he was careless; had an early itch for play, and a sojourn with the Army of Occupation confirmed a disease already rooted. In a word, he abandoned a profession he could no longer continue in, and became a regular gambler.

Joe was a first-rate shot, and also constitutionally pugnacious. He felt his own degradation keenly, when to remedy it was too late; and a temper naturally excitable, had now become most dangerous. Is there one gamester out of twenty who, in a very few years, does not go—circumstances only considered—to ruin? Joe formed no exception. He lost *caste*, and fell, and fell, "deeper and deeper still," until he reached that last degrading *status* in society—a *chevalier d'industrie*.

While engaged in his base vocation, a young citizen fell into the hands of the gang with whom Joe, now a member of the body, regularly confederated. The victim was a Londoner, and one, as it was represented, who would stand plucking; and that very extensively. He had crossed the Channel, like the thousand and one fools who flock annually to the French capital to view Parisian lions, and, as a countryman, Little Joe kindly undertook to play Mentor to this Cockney Telemachus. It was not a difficult task for one who knew the world so well as Captain K—to worm himself into the confidence of a raw youth, and he easily succeeded. In every point but one the intended victim was as pliant as could be wished—but on that one he was most obstinate. He had a horror of play. He would drink, racket about, dissipate, but name a game of chance, and he started like a frightened steed. The period allotted by "the governor at home," as he, in London parlance, termed his father, had almost expired; and as plump a pigeon as ever a gambler dropped upon, was about to return to the country-house he had quitted to see the world, without losing a single feather. To the villainous confederation that thought was maddening; and, as a last resource, a decoy duck was tried—and one of the loveliest and most artful of the class, was accidentally introduced by the gallant captain to Monsieur Callico, as he derisively called the citizen.

To describe the progress of this gambling conspiracy would be a waste of time. It was managed with consummate ability. The devoted youth became desperately enamored of this friend, of the captain; he "told his love," and then came proof positive, that Greek and Roman friendship are not comparable to the tremendous sacrifice of personal feeling, which you may expect from

a *café* acquaintance. Damon returned in time to substitute his own neck, and stay the execution of a gentleman called Pythias, while

"Cato the sententious
Lent his fair lady to his friend Hortensius."

Now Captain K——, on learning the state of the young Londoner's affections, although himself a secret worshiper at the shrine of the same divinity, resigned his own pretensions, and actually undertook to plead with the fair enslaver for his friend. Great was the intimacy, of course, that succeeded; and at the apartments of Madame La C——, morning, noon, and night, the young Englishman might have been found.

Play was cautiously introduced—nothing was staked excepting a mere *bagatelle*—beyond the hazard of a trifle, it was evident that any experiment would be dangerous. The day for the citizen's departure was fixed, and it was pretty certain the bird would escape the net of the fowler. Could he have been but led to play he would have been cheated scientifically. That was not to be done, and nothing could succeed but bold and downright felony.

Madame's birthday returned, as it did some twenty times a year; and she gave a *petit souper*. K—— sent in the wine, and the citizen provided the viands. A merrier evening could not be spent. Two or three ladies, and as many gentlemen of high honor, favored La C—— with their company. There was play, limited to a few francs, and on the Englishman's part to gloves and garters. Supper was served—all was hilarious—the wine circulated freely, and all the Londoner remembered in the morning when he awoke with a burning head was, that he had become unaccountably drunk, and got home he knew not how.

He strove to get up, but his temples throbbed almost to bursting. An excess in wine had never affected him so before: could this arise from simple drunkenness? The sensation was altogether new. The truth was he had not been drunk, but drugged!

While rolling his aching head from side to side upon the pillow his *laquety de place* announced his dear friend, the captain; and next minute "Little Joe" was standing at his bedside.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the citizen; "how awfully drunk I must have been last night! My very brain's on fire."

"Drunk!" returned his companion; "you were not drunk but mad—what devil possessed you to play? D—n it, you always swore you hated it, and every score of *naps* you lost you would, though I warned you, lay it on thicker."

"Naps! play!" exclaimed the sick man with a stare; "why, what do you mean? I am but in sorry mood for jesting. I do remember playing for and losing some gloves and garters to the ladies."

"And let me tell you, I am in still less joking humor than yourself," returned the captain, in high dudgeon; "through your cursed obstinacy, I played against my better judgment—and was cleaned by Count F—— out of eighteen thousand

francs. How shall I come to book? In the devil's name how can I face my creditor this evening at Madame's reunion? The three hundred naps I won from you will go but a short way to meet my losses. I think I shall go mad."

"And I fancy that I am mad already," groaned the sufferer from the bed; "do end this folly, K——."

"Did I not know you, I should fancy you intended me offense," replied the captain, rather angrily; "what, have you such a conveniency of memory as to forget that you lost three hundred naps to me, eight hundred to the count, and five-and-forty to Madame La C——?"

Before the unhappy youth could find words to respond, the valet announced another visitor, and Count F—— was shown in.

"Monsieur le Comte," pursued the gallant captain, "are you, too, in a jesting mood? My young friend here can not be persuaded that we had a little play last night. Excuse me paying but half my loss till evening; and, in the mean time, accept these *billets de banque*," and "Little Joe" handed the chevalier a roll of bank notes; "you will find there ten thousand francs."

"Gentlemen," cried the astonished citizen, "I pray you end this farce. I know I am indebted to madame heavily in gloves and ribbons."

"Why, fiends and furies!" exclaimed the captain, "do you pretend, sir, to assert, that you did not lose three hundred naps to me?"

"Or that this acknowledgment for eight hundred was not given?"

The youth, astounded as he was, took the paper. It purported to be an I.O.U., but the forgery was clumsy.

"That is not my writing—nor do I owe either of you a sou."

The scene that followed may be imagined. Instant payment, or a legal security for the alleged debts was demanded—or the alternative—a meeting in the Bois de Boulogne within two hours. Half bewildered, the young dupe assented to give the latter—and at the time appointed he alighted, without friend or weapon, at the place named for the duel, by these infamous men.

Several other persons were on the ground, all strangers to the unfortunate young man. Another attempt was made to induce him to admit the debt of honor, and it was proposed that a reconciliation should take place between him and his former friend, the captain. To do them justice, the gentlemen unknown were ardent in their endeavors to accommodate the matter, and persuade the citizen to pay the money, and they were perfectly sincere in mediation on the occasion, for they were all members of the same dishonest clique. But nothing could shake the youth's determination to repudiate the infamous demand. Captain K——, irritated to madness at his total failure, demanded that the duel should instantly proceed—and the gang, as furious from the unexpected disappointment, determined to

murder one who could not be persuaded to submit to bare-faced spoilation.

Never were two combatants more unequally opposed, than the young merchant and the desperate gambler—the one, probably, had never discharged a pistol in his life—the other, and within six months, had killed his man on the very spot the doomed youth was standing.

Other and fouler circumstances went to render the result of the impending duel almost a certainty. K—— fought with his own pistols—with the firing signal he was particularly familiar—his back was to the sun, and an open sky behind him. The scoundrel second, who had volunteered his services, placed the young Englishman in a position where the trunk of a large beech formed a leading line of fire, and the stream of sunshine through the vista in the trees, was almost blinding. To the intentional murderer and the intended victim, the loaded weapons were delivered—a preparatory word was spoken, the signal fell. K—— coolly raised his pistol, while, by a snap-shot, the flurried Englishman anticipated his executioner by a second. On that momentary advantage life or death depended. The bully, shot directly through the heart, fell on the sward, a dead man. While the bullet destined for the breast of his antagonist, cut the grass harmlessly at the foot of the fortunate survivor. Never was a thoughtless youth more providentially delivered by accident from certain murder—nor a scoundrel sent to his account so justly and unexpectedly as Captain K——.

In riding an hour after the affair had terminated in the forest, I met the body of the dead gambler on a stretcher, *en route* to the *Morgue*.

The decline of dueling, from the period it was made ancillary to swindling, or to the settlement of disputes between vulgar scoundrels, who could not lay the slightest claims to the title or privileges of gentlemen, has been rapid and progressive, and its gross abuse did more to remedy its own mischief, than moral appeals and legal enactments. What but disgust can be created against a system when prostituted to the purposes of sheer murder? When two drunken blackguards stagger from the billiard-room to the field, and, by the scoundrels who attend them, are permitted to carry a dispute, emanating in a question of scoring or not scoring a point or two, to an extent that the most flagitious injury would not warrant?

A more recent case which occurred in the neighborhood, and must be still fresh in general recollection, may be adduced to prove how sadly the law of honor is brought to the lowliest estimation. I allude to the case of M——, killed by E——. A quarrel takes place in that sink of infamy, a saloon—and the parties adjourn to Wimbledon to commit murder. One fire is not enough, and, though a bullet passes through the hat of M——, the seconds provide them with fresh weapons, and the wretched blackguard is, on the next fire, shot dead. The ruffian who commits the murder, sees the expiring wretch heaving his last sigh—and remarks to a casual

spectator, "I have done for the ——," using an epithet too disgusting to be named. He, and the well-selected seconds, hurry off, without even taking a parting glance at the prostrate victim. The surgeon, with his friends, lugs the dead body into a cab. An inquest is held—"willful murder" is returned, and thus ends, what the papers termed "an affair of honor." And who were the blackguard actors in this cold-blooded tragedy? E—— was son of a Taunton publican, and M—— a broken linen-draper. Their companions were men of similar *caste*—for, unless gentility is attached to brick-making, Y—— had no other claim.

The first duel I ever witnessed was one which, at the expiration of forty years, is too vividly engrafted upon memory to be forgotten. I was then a satcheled schoolboy; and before six o'clock on a beautiful summer morning, was wending my way, slowly, of course, to the abiding place of the country pedagogue at whose feet I was being indoctrinated. A gentleman was sitting on a log of timber, and in him I recognized Lieutenant V—— of the ——th, a frequent visitor and guest at my father's house. He spoke to me, and I sat down upon the beam, and a bullet he had been rolling carelessly on the log of timber, was interchanged between him and me for five minutes. He started suddenly on perceiving three gentlemen advance from an opposite direction, put the ball in his waistcoat pocket, and bade me hastily "good-morning." I watched him—saw him join the strangers, and the whole party turned into a rope-yard. I rose from the beam—shouldered my satchel, and as I passed the place where the gentlemen had disappeared, I looked through the open gate. Although not more than three or four minutes had elapsed, the preliminary preparations for a duel had been completed, and my late companion on the log of timber confronted his antagonist at the customary distance of a dozen paces. At the moment I peeped in, the seconds delivered a pistol to each combatant—stepped two or three yards back—and the words "Ready, fire!" were rapidly pronounced. The reports were so simultaneous that it seemed as if one shot only had been discharged; and as, for a second or two afterward, both gentlemen remained standing, I fancied all was right; but I was fatally mistaken—the discharged weapon dropped from V——'s hand, and he tottered and fell forward. The seconds raised him to a sitting posture, and a little man hitherto concealed behind the hedge, came forward hastily. He laid his finger on V——'s pulse, and then looked at the pupil of the eye, and in a low voice muttered, "All is over!" For many a month afterward that brief sentence sounded in my ear, and the falling man was present in imagination. But before manhood came, an intimacy with some amiable young Galway gentlemen at the Dublin University, and a short probation in a Southern militia regiment wrought a happy change. The organ of hearing, as Byron says, became

"More Irish and less nice."

and a twelvemonth's sojourn in that land of promise, which lieth between the Shannon and Atlantic, completed the cure.

Like many an unnecessary appeal to arms, this fatal affair, in which a young and gallant officer lost his life, originated in a trifling misunderstanding.

In the same barrack, and at a very short time after this fatal meeting (spring of 1807) one of the most lamentable affairs, which in the annals of dueling is recorded, unfortunately took place. I allude to the fatal encounter between Boyd and Campbell. The sad story is simply told.

The 21st were quartered in the town of Newry, and the half-yearly inspection of the regiment had been made by General Kerr—when, as is customary, the general and staff were entertained by the Fusileers. The dinner was soon over—the staff retired—the officers went to the play—and none remained in the mess-room, excepting Major Campbell and Captain Boyd, the assistant-surgeon, and a lieutenant. Campbell, in right of brevet rank, had commanded the regiment in the absence of the colonel—and an argument took place between him and Captain Boyd, whether a word of command that day used was correctly given. The latter was a person of disagreeable manner—the former a man whose temper was highly excitable—and each personally disliked the other, and were tenacious equally of their own opinions. Campbell repudiated the charge of incorrectness and Boyd as warmly maintained it. At last a crisis came, "Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess-room, closed the door, and without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and by the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded."

Thank God! for human nature—Buckingham and T——s are not common. Before five minutes passed the tornado of wild passion was over, and rushing to the room where the dying man was laid, "a sorry sight!" in Macbeth's words, surrounded by his frantic wife and infant family, the homicide knelt at his bed-side, implored forgiveness, and wrung from him a qualified admission that "all was fair." No attempt was made to arrest him, and that night Campbell left the town and remained at Chelsea with his lady and family for several months, under an assumed name. When the summer assizes were approaching, he determined to surrender and stand his trial; and although his legal advisers warned him that the step was most perilous, he would not be dissuaded, and unhappily persevered.

He was, on the 13th of August, 1808, arraigned for "willful murder," pleaded "not guilty" in the usual form—the fact of the homicide was admitted—and a number of officers, high in rank, attended, and gave the prisoner the highest character for humanity. I did not

hear the evidence, and when I came into the court-house the jury for some time had been considering their verdict. The trial had been tedious; twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice, dull at best, was rendered gloomier still from the partial glare of a few candles placed upon the bench, where Judge Fletcher was presiding. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned throughout the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread—a sinking of the heart—a difficulty of respiration, and as I looked round the melancholy crowd, my eye rested on the judge. Fletcher was a thin, bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression from the shading produced by the accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow creature was hanging upon the first words that would issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded and crossed upon his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that should seal his destiny. His noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified; and while on every countenance besides a sickening anxiety was visible, neither the quivering of an eyelash, nor a motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was slowly and softly opened—one by one the jury returned to their box—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown—and—"Guilty" was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy. An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was as silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury, then planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height and calmly listened to his doom. Slowly Judge Fletcher assumed the fatal cap, and all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell listened to, his sentence.

While the short address which sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was only broken by smothered sobs; but when the sounds ceased, and, "Lord have mercy on your soul!" issued from the ashy lips of the stern old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers, who thronged the court, ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them. He was removed from the bar—a doomed man—but no harsh restrictions were imposed upon him, nor was he conducted to the gloomy apartment to which condemned criminals after sentence were then consigned. From the moment the unfortunate duelist had entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanor had won the commis-

eration of all within; and the governor, confident in the honor of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper, went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestricted communication with all that sought him—and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

No man impersonated the grandeur of Byron's beautiful couplet so happily as Campbell: when the hour of trial came,

"He died as sinful man should die
Without parade—without display,"

while, during the painful interval when the seat of mercy was appealed to, and when, as it was generally considered, mercy would have been extended, the most unmoved of all, as post after post brought not the welcome tidings, was Campbell.

One anecdote is too characteristic to be omitted.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison, he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain —, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness, so peculiarly the province of a woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison; but Campbell, when she mentioned it, recoiled from a proposition that must compromise his honor with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break my faith with him who trusted it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never will I deceive the person who confided in my honor."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. — was earnestly urging him to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate; and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip.

"Poor fellow," he said in a whisper, to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" then taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket.

"Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your fate; this is the moment for your deliverance! Horses are in readiness, and—"

The convict put his hand upon her mouth. "Hush," he replied, as he gently forced her out. "Would you have me violate my word of honor?"

Bidding her "good night," he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awakening the sleeping jailer!

His last hour was passed in prayer, and at noon he was summoned to pass the grand ordeal which concludes the history of the hero and the herdsman.

The drop, as it was called, was, in the Irish

jails, attached to the upper story of the building, a large iron-studded door, which hung against the wall, and was only raised to a parallel position with the door from which the criminal made his last exit, when that concluding ceremony of the law was to be performed. Attended by the jail chaplain—one who, in the last bitter trial, clave to the condemned soldier closer than a brother—he steadily mounted the stairs, and entered the execution room. The preliminaries of death were undergone composedly; he bade a long farewell to those around, and stepped firmly on the board. Twenty-thousand lookers-on filled the green in front of the prison; and, strange accident! the Highland regiment with whom, shoulder to shoulder, he had charged "the Invincibles" in Egypt, formed a semicircle round the prison. In the north of Ireland, all is decorously conducted. When he appeared, a deep and solemn silence awed the multitude; and until he addressed the Highlanders in Gaelic, a whisper might have been heard in the crowd. To the simple request of "Pray for me!" a low deep groan responded, and every bonnet was removed. He dropped a cambric handkerchief—down came the iron-bound door—it sounded over the heads of the silent concourse like a thunder-clap; and, in one minute, as brave a heart as ever beat upon a battle-field, had ceased to throb.

Peace to the ashes of the brave! If a soldier's life, a Christian's end, can atone for the sad consequences of unreining an ungovernable temper, both can be honestly pleaded in extenuating poor Campbell's crime.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*

CHAPTER XL.

"THE CHATEAU OF ETTENHEIM."

I NOW come to an incident in my life, of which I however briefly I may speak, has left the deepest impression on my memory. I have told the reader how I left Kuffstein fully satisfied that the Count de Marsanne was Laura's lover, and that in keeping my promise to see and speak with him, I was about to furnish an instance of self-denial and fidelity that nothing in ancient or modern days could compete with.

The letter was addressed, "the Count Louis de Marsanne, Chateau d'Ettenheim, à Bade," and thither I accordingly repaired, traveling over the Arlberg to Bregenz, and across the Lake of Constance to Freyburg. My passport contained a very few words in cipher, which always sufficed to afford me free transit and every attention from the authorities. I had left the southern Tyrol in the outburst of a glorious spring, but as I journeyed northward I found the rivers frozen, the roads encumbered with snow, and the fields untitled and dreary-looking. Like all countries which derive their charms from the elements of rural beauty, foliage, and verdure, Germany offers a sad-colored picture to the traveler in winter or wintry weather.

* Continued from the September Number.