

became a dreadful plague. He had been for some time getting unquiet, and with the continual firing, he grew worse and worse. I believe this was his first battle, as it was mine. Not content with a little extra resistiveness at every discharge of artillery, he had worked himself into a state of chronic excitement, and at intervals attempted to bolt. It was clear I must get rid of Sancho or see no more of the fight; so I deposited him in a stable, under care of a cottager, in the adjoining village.

Still moving towards the left, along the base of the hill, I reached a part of the British position, where a number of our troops were waiting to storm the heights when the flank movement against the enemy's right, which was his weakest point, should be sufficiently advanced. All at once I plumped upon "Cousin Tom," whom I had not met since he embarked, three years before, a raw subaltern at Portsmouth. There he now stood, as large as life, rough and ugly, at the head of his regiment, a regular "Old Peninsular," and on him had devolved the duty, as he gave me to understand, of "taking these fellows up the hill." This service, I thought, would have fallen to some officer of higher rank; but Tom explained. The regiment having been reduced, either by losses or detachment, its numbers in the field were small, and he being the senior officer present, of course had to "carry them up."

"Come," said he "we are going to take a look at those monsieurs above there: you may as well go with us."

The proposal was coolly made, so I took it coolly. "With all my heart," said I. "You know what is the feeling towards an amateur. If he makes an ass of himself he's laughed at; and if he gets hit, they only say it serves him right. If it's of any use I'd go with pleasure."

"Use?" said Tom. "The greatest use.—Why, I want to ask you twenty questions about friends in England. Besides, you know, if I am knocked over, you can pick me up."

"Very well, then, and you can do the same for me."

"No, no," said Cousin Tom, "I don't promise that; got my men to attend to. If I am hit, you must take care of me. If you are hit, you must take care of yourself. Oh, that's the signal: come along." Away we went up the hill.

Rank and file—double quick time—a capital pace for opening the chest. Tom took it easy, trotting on at a steady pace, and assailing me with a running fire of questions; while the row that had already commenced above, prevented my returning categorical replies. "Is your father at sea now?" Bang! from one of the big guns in the French batteries right over our heads. "Got any brandy?" A shout from a thousand throats in the rush and shock of a charge with bayonets. "Had breakfast this morning?" Pop! pop! pop! "Got any cigars?" Bang! bang! the big guns at it again. "When did you last hear from your mother?" A new sound less loud and sudden, but from its peculiarity, distinct amidst the din, a spiteful whirring, whizzing noise, ten thousand sky-rockets combined in one; not, though, like the sky-rocket, first loud, then less audible; quite the contrary. Commencing with a faint and distant hiss, it grew louder and louder, came singing on nearer and nearer, till a shell dropped a few feet in front of our columns! The hiss was now a roar like the blowing off of steam. There lay the bottled demon full in our path, threatening instant destruction, and daring us to advance. Our column halted. "Hurrah, my lads," cried Cousin Tom, waving his sword, "come along old Five-and-three-pennies—push by it at once before it spreads." The game old five-and-three-pennies gave a shout—rushed forward—got by in time, each yelping and capering as he passed the fizzing foe. Bang! went the shell. For a few seconds I was stone deaf. Never felt such an odd sensation. Not the deafness, but the return of hearing. First, perfect silence in the midst of the turmoil—then the crack! crack! bang! bang! as if you had suddenly flung open a door. Not a man of us was hurt.

"Got an English paper?" said Tom. "I've intelligence for you, old chap, not in this morning's Times. Just look there in front." The view in front was striking and picturesque. Right above us, dimly visible through

the smoke, on the verge of the platform or table-land, which we were mounting to assault, appeared a regiment of French infantry, enough of them to eat us up, advancing upon us with an irregular fire, and led on by their Colonel. He rode a showy horse, and hat in hand, waved them on, while his white hairs streamed in the wind, and his whole bearing announced the brave old soldier. "We must form a line," said Tom. It was done forthwith, with steadiness, order and rapidity. "Make ready, present, fire." Crack! went all the muskets together. I saw the gallant old Colonel, with outspread arms, tumbling from his horse. "Charge!" We rushed upon the foe; but when the smoke had cleared away, found no foe to contend with. Nothing was visible save their knapsacks in the distance, popping up and down in the smoke as they scampered off. We still continued advancing in pursuit, and now were fairly in for it, half choked with dust and sulphur. Suffice it to say we made good our footing on the platform, drove the enemy from their position, occupied it ourselves, took possession of their redoubts, and formed, with the rest of the British forces, on the heights. The day was our own. But there was one unfortunate circumstance to damp our exultation; Cousin Tom was missing. A sergeant now informed me he was wounded and had gone to the rear.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A LIFE PASSED IN PRISON.—The Baltimore Sun has the following:

"On yesterday morning, a prisoner, named William Downs, was released from the Penitentiary for the seventh time. It appears that he was first convicted of stealing, on the 16th of December, 1823, when but 13 years old, and sent to prison for one year. At the age of 16, (Nov. 22, 1826,) he was again convicted of stealing, under three indictments, for which he was imprisoned 6 years. At the age of 23, (Feb. 15, 1833,) he was convicted of stealing once more, and sent to the Penitentiary for 4 years. On the 6th of June, 1837—a few months after his release—he was convicted of stealing for the fourth time, and locked up for 2 years. On the 18th of February, 1842, (after having aired himself three years this time,) he was convicted of stealing for the fifth time, and ordered to be locked up until the 5th of April, 1847. On the 15th of October, 1847, (six months after his release,) he was convicted of stealing for the sixth time, and sentenced to be cooped and caged till the 2nd of April, 1850; and on the 18th June, 1850, he was found guilty of being 'a common rogue and vagabond,' and ordered back to his old quarters for two years more, from which he was turned out for another airing on the 18th inst. Now, whether Billy will keep himself uncaged this time till the dog days, is a matter of exceeding doubt, judging from his former propensities. It has been near twenty nine years since he first entered the penitentiary, and fully twenty-five of the twenty-nine years have been spent by him in the jail and the penitentiary together, and it may, therefore, be very properly said, that from the age of 13, Billy's home has been almost entirely in prison. A question to be determined is, whether this man is constitutionally a thief, or whether, from his fondness for his prison home, he only commits small thefts in order to get back again. For the information of the curious, we will state that Billy is a native of Baltimore city, is now 44 years old, and represented himself as being addicted to intemperate habits. He is well behaved as a prisoner, and is an excellent weaver, and there is no doubt if he had had a House of Refuge for his reception when he committed his first offence, at the age of 13, he would have grown up an honest and industrious man."

An Indian chief once went to the office of the American Commissioner, at Chicago, to whom he introduced himself as a very good Indian, a great friend to the Americans, and concluded by asking for a glass of whiskey. The Commissioner gravely told him that they never gave whiskey to good Indians, who never wished for any such thing—that it was only used by bad Indians.—"Then," replied the Indian, quickly, "me one d—d rascal!"

Down East, they put a fellow in jail for swindling. The audacious fellow had dried snow and sold it for salt.

ANECDOTE OF A GAME COCK.—On the memorable 1st of June, (Lord Howe's victory,) Captain Berkeley commanded Marlborough, and broke through the French line, between L'Impetuous and L'Mucius, each of superior force, and engaged them both. On going into action, the Captain ordered all the live stock to be thrown overboard, but at the humble request of his crew permitted them to retain an old game cock, which they (the crew) had fought several times, and always with success. Though the coop was thrown into the sea, the cock was allowed to range the deck at liberty. In the action, Marlborough was so severely handled by the opponents, that half the crew were disabled, her Captain carried wounded below, her mainmast shot away, and the remainder of the men driven from their quarters. At the very juncture, when the Marlborough was on the point of striking, there chanced one of those awful lulls in the roar of the thundering cannon, often experienced in general action; in that momentary silence when the falling of a rope might be heard, the old cock, who had escaped the human carnage, hopped up upon the shattered stump of the mainmast, and with a loud and triumphant flapping of wings, sent forth such a long lusty challenge as to be heard in every part of the disabled ship. No individual spoke in reply to the homely but touching alarm; one universal and gallant cheer from the broken crew arose—they remembered the indomitable courage of the bird that sat undismayed above the bleeding horrors of the deck, and every soul on board who could drag their limbs to quarters, remanned the guns; resumed the action, and forced each of their opponents to surrender. A silver medal was struck by order of Admiral Berkeley; it was hung upon the neck of the old game cock, who, in the parks and around the princely halls of Goodwood, passed the remainder of his downy days in honored safety.—*British Natural History.*

THE CALF'S TAIL AND THE AUGUR HOLE.—The North Carolina Argus tells the following capital story, for which it is indebted to the stump speech of a Virginia member of Congress. We have read nothing that has called our cachinatory muscles more violently into play for a long while:

The proprietor of a tan-yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand, or a sort of a store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw-hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration were rejected. At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an augur-hole through the door-post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign.—And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual:

"Good morning," said he.  
"Morning!" said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.  
"You want to buy leather?" said the store-keeper.  
"No."  
"Do you wish to sell hides?"  
"No."  
"Are you a farmer?"  
"No."  
"Are you a lawyer?"  
"No."  
"Are you a doctor?"  
"No."  
"What are you, then?"  
"I am a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through the augur-hole, and I can't make out, to save my life."

A German writer observes, in a late volume on the social condition of Great Britain, that there is such a scarcity of thieves in England that they are obliged to offer a reward for their recovery.

HOW A COAT WAS IDENTIFIED.—In the Justice's Court in this city, a case was recently decided in the most novel way. A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants; the parties were Irish, and "full of gift," ready to spend all they had rather than "give up beat." The affair had been examined and the court was in a "quandary," not knowing who had the best claim on the garment. However, a moment before his Honor was to sum up the evidence, Patrick Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition for settling the affair. Said Patrick:—

"Timothy Maguire, now ye say that coat belongs to yerself intirely; I say it is me own.—Now mind ye, Timothy, the both iv us will take the coat an' look it all over; the man that finds his name on it shall be the owner."

"Done," said Timothy.  
"An' ye'll stick to the bargain?" asked Patrick.

"To be sure," said Patrick, as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and passed it back to Patrick, boastingly saying, "An' now lit us see if ye can be findin' the likes iv yer own name upon the garment."

"Ye'll stick to the 'grament," said Patrick, eagerly grasping the coat.

"Upon the honor iv a man," was Timothy's reply.

"Then howld on a bit," said Patrick, as he drew his knife and opened a corner in the collar of the coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming, as he held them out in his hand—

"There, d'ye see that?"

"Yes; but what iv that?" said Timothy.

"A divel a dal it has to do wid it; it's me name to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Power, be jabers!"

He got the coat—he did.—*New Orleans Delta.*

MRS. MULLOWNY'S TAI.—Phil McDivit loved his tai (tea). In fact it was a weakness with him; and although he was sometimes sharp, as Mrs. Mullowny said, she was still proud of her lordher.

"That's very fine tai, the night, Mistress Mullowny. Is it Shoolong, or Yolong, or Black Tai, Mrs. Mullowny, or all one; it makes no differ, it's the best tai I've had for this many a day. Arrah! where now did you get that tai, Mrs. Mullowny?"

"At the Canton Tai Company, ov coorse—where else?"

"De ye tell me so, Mrs. Mullowny? Did ye pay tin dollars the pound Mrs. Mullowny?"

"Bad cess to ye, no—only one."

"Only one! Be the big boots, it's intirely chaip, Mrs. Mullowny. Only one dollar a pound Mrs. Mullowny, for such as that! Shure, tin dollars a pound wouldn't be too much, for it takes such illegant hold of the second wather!"

An Irishman who was committed to the tread-wheel for the space of a month, observed at the expiration of the task—"What a great deal of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor creatures if they had invented it to go by steam like all other mills; for burn me if I have not been going up stairs for this four weeks, but never could reach the chamber door at all."

A Frenchman, stopping at a tavern, asked for Jacob. "There is no such person here," said the landlord. "Tis not a person I want, sare, but de beer warmed with de poker." "Well," answered mine host, "that is flip." "Ah! yes sare, you are in de right; I mean Philip."

A poem in a Southern paper begins—"I've lived upon thy memory." That is about as bad as Jerry Bryant's boarding-house feed, where they had nothing for dinner, and had it warmed over for supper, and what was left served up next morning for breakfast.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of friend; a breach of kindness on one side, will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

"I shall soon die, Cuffy; I must set out on a long journey." "Berry well," replied Cuffy; "I guess you hab good going, because it's all the way down hill."