

## Select Tale.

## JEALOUSY AND PISTOLS.

Mr. Gerald Impulse had been married about six months. Mrs. Impulse was young, lovely and intelligent, consequently Mr. Impulse was excessively jealous.

One day, as Mr. Impulse entered his dwelling-house, he encountered a well dressed young man coming out. He eyed the stranger suspiciously, who unconscious of the strict scrutiny he was undergoing, nodded carelessly and passed on.

Mr. Impulse entered his wife's chamber in a high fever.

"Who was that young man who just left my house?" he asked in a thundering tone, of his astonished wife.

"What young man?" said the lady, quietly.

"What young man! Why, that pasteboard fellow, with the sickly moustache and fashionable talma?"

"I have seen no such person."

Mr. Impulse viewed his wife with distended eye and mouth.

"Do you mean to assert to my face, madam—I repeat it, to my face—that there has been no such person here?"

"Certainly not."

"Oh—h! I thought you would not go to that length. Now will you be so good as to inform me what the aforesaid individual was doing here!"

Mr. Impulse asked this last question with ironical politeness, and looked a perfect picture of injured innocence.

"Not having seen the person you allude to, it would be impossible for me to inform you," was the calm reply.

"Madam! I am astonished at your effrontery."

"Mr. Impulse, what do you mean by all this nonsense?" asked his wife, with spirit.

"False, deceitful Caroline! you have a lover.—You do not think I will submit to such treatment tamely. No! I will—"

His eyes fell upon a pair of pistols that lay upon the mantle piece. He kept them to shoot rats with in the back-yard—an amusement of which he was very fond. He seized one, and placed the muzzle against his forehead.

"Heavens! what are you about to do?" screamed Caroline, as she sprang forward and caught his arm.

"Tell me the truth about that young man, or you shall see me a mangled corpse in the short space of five seconds!"

It was with great difficulty that Caroline succeeded, at last, in pacifying her husband, and persuading him to relinquish his suicidal intentions. But the young man was a mystery beyond her power to explain.

Impulse pretended to be satisfied, eat his dinner and departed.

"What is the matter with Gerald, to day?" asked Emma Impulse of her sister-in-law, after the gentleman had retired. "He seemed as grum as a caged bear."

"Oh! he is jealous."

"Jealous! about what?"

"It seems that he met some person leaving the house and supposed he was a visiter of mine."

"How stupid! Why, it must have been Frank. He escorted me home just before the time that Gerald generally arrives. I presume they met. He is a stranger to Gerald, I know, for he has told me so. Poor Gerald! Was he very jealous?"

"So much so, that he seized upon one of these pistols and would have put an end to himself, if I had not held his arm. I was terribly frightened."

"Put an end to himself, indeed!" exclaimed Emma, incredulously. "The men are always talking of dying, to scare us poor women into marrying them, for humoring them is some of their whims."

Emma took the pistols from the mantle-piece and examined them. Suddenly she burst into a fit of laughter.

"What ails you?" said Caroline.

"The pistols are not loaded!" said Emma.—"See!" she continued, snapping them, and laughing louder than before.

"Gerald was trying to frighten me," said Caroline. "It was a cruel jest. Who would be married to a jealous husband?"

After some further conversation, not at all flattering to Mr. Impulse, the ladies donned their bonnets and cloaks, and went out to indulge in the womanly recreation of shopping. During their walk they encountered Frank Moore, the swain of the pretty Emma. She introduced him to Caroline and like a devoted cavalier, he accompanied them home. Like most young lovers, Emma and Frank were anxious to have the nuptial knot tied. But

in order to accomplish this important desideratum it was necessary, in the first place, to obtain the consent of Gerald Impulse, who was Emma's sole guardian.

Now as Emma was entitled, by her father's will, to a snug little fortune on her eighteenth birthday, and Frank had comparatively speaking, nothing but youth and beauty, Emma had some doubt of obtaining her brother's consent. They therefore begged Caroline to intercede for them, and she, good soul! promised to act as mediator.

Happy in this assurance, Frank Moore took his leave, again meeting Impulse coming in as he was going out. The unhappy Gerald staggered back, and Frank, lifting his hat politely, passed on. Impulse rushed into the house.

"Death and furies!" he exclaimed, as he burst into the room where his wife was sitting, "he's been here again!"

"For shame, Mr. Impulse! Have done with this nonsensical jealousy," said Caroline. "I know now that gentleman to whom you allude.—His name is Frank Moore, and he is a suitor for your sister Emma's hand."

"It won't do, Mrs. Impulse. I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff! Come after Emma, indeed! Just as if any one would look at Emma, when you were in the house! I repeat it, madam, it won't do!"

"Believe it or not, just as you please, sir," replied Caroline, with indifference.

Impulse foamed with rage, and not knowing what to say, he cast his eyes around the apartment. He beheld the pistols on the mantle-piece just where he had left them. He remembered the effect he had caused by their use in the morning and he resolved to repeat it.

"Unfeeling woman!" he exclaimed, as he grasped one of the pistols, "my death will lie at your door?"

Caroline laughed.

"Do you mock me?" continued the exasperated Impulse. "Unnatural female, do not provoke me, or I will shoot you on the spot, and then blow my own brains out! Stop laughing or I shall be the author of a domestic tragedy!"

"Say rather a farce," said Caroline still laughing. "The pistols are not loaded!"

"Not loaded?" repeated Impulse, cocking the pistol and looking at it. He saw that there was a percussion cap on the nipple, and he determined to give his wife a good fright. Without another thought he presented the pistol at Caroline and pulled the trigger. A loud explosion took place and with a shrill scream Caroline fell prostrate to the floor. The pistol was loaded. Impulse cast one look of horror and amazement upon the prostrate form of his wife, and then rushed frantically from the room.

"I have killed her! I have killed her!" he muttered repeatedly, as he hurried along; "I must escape or I shall be hung."

He went into a tailor's store on Chatham street and purchased a suit of rough clothing, which he donned in the place of his fashionable attire.—Then hastening to a hair dresser's he procured an enormous pair of whiskers, which concealed the greater portion of his face.

Thus disguised he thought he could venture forth in safety, though he done so with fear and trembling. He cautiously proceeded towards the Five Points and there took lodgings for the night. It was his intention, early in the morning, to secure a passage to California in the next steamship.

When he went to sleep that night, exhausted by a well contested but unsuccessful battle with the numerous vermin which infested his miserable couch, he possessed a splendid gold watch and some six hundred dollars in money. When he woke up in the morning, he discovered that he had been plundered of everything. Even the clothes that he had purchased at the Jew's shop were gone, but in their place the thieves had generously left a lot of rags, the wearing of which would have disgraced a professional beggar.

Gerald Impulse was in despair. Without a cent how was he to make his escape? He silently cursed the unlucky fate which had dragged him into such a deplorable situation, as he arrayed himself in the filthy rags which now composed his entire wardrobe.

When completely arrayed in the rags which the liberal thieves had left him, he surveyed himself and felt convinced that he was so thoroughly disguised, that his own mother would not know him.

He sought the presence of the landlord of this wretched abode, and made known his loss.—That individual was a perfect "know-nothing" on the subject.

It was with strange misgivings that Impulse remembered that when he paid for his lodgings the night before, in advance, he had made an imprudent display of his money. He became satisfied

that his landlord was one of the thieves. But to make him refund any of the plunder, was of course out of the question.

Impulse sallied forth into the street, feeling himself as miserable as he looked. He gazed upon every dead wall which he passed, with the expectation of seeing a full description of his person, and a large reward offered for his apprehension.

No such paper met his eyes, and he felt disappointed. It was mortifying to his feelings to think he was not worth offering a reward for.

He passed the day in walking about the low streets and vainly endeavoring to form some plan of action. The shades of night found him tired and hungry. His situation was desperate. With no money to procure a lodging, where was he to pass the night.

Necessity has been called the mother of invention and in this instance Impulse's desperate situation suggested a desperate remedy.

He had in his sleeping apartment at home, a considerable sum of money. He was well acquainted with the locality of the house. Could he but gain admission, he might possess himself of this money by means of which he could make his escape into another land. Should he be detected, it would be no worse than to die of hunger in the street. He resolved to make the attempt.

He waited until the church bells pealed the solemn hour of twelve, and then hastened to his former home.

The moon cast a dim, faint light over the dwelling. Not a lamp was visible, all was still. He scaled the low fence in the rear of the building, and gained the yard. The roof of one of the out-houses was on a level with the window of his chamber; could he but gain it he might effect an entrance.

After considerable exertion, and not a little noise, he clambered up to the roof of the shed and stood before the window. Luckily it was unfastened, for a dog had commenced barking furiously in the next room.

Impulse raised the window hastily and stepped into the room. The pale light of the moon disclosed a figure robed in white, standing in the centre of the apartment, with its arm raised in a threatening manner. He beheld the pale face of the murdered Caroline—an unearthly scream broke upon his ear. This was too much for the weak brain of poor Impulse, and he fell to the floor in a swoon of terror.

Thus far we have made out a bona fide ghost story. We might close here, and leave the reader in doubt, besides adding an unimpeachable evidence in support of ghostology; but our veracity as a historian obliges us to explain.

When Impulse recovered his senses sufficiently to look about him and recognise objects, he found himself lying in a nice bed, and two female forms bending anxiously over him. One was his wife Caroline, and the other, his sister Emma.

He grasped his wife's hand, it was substantial though very soft—flesh. He gazed earnestly in her face.

"Are you not dead? Did I not kill you?" he faltered.

"No, dear Gerald!" was the consoling reply.

She then told him how the pistol, which they both thought to be unloaded, came to be loaded.—It seems that while the ladies were out shopping, Biddy, the maid servant, was seized with a strange desire to shoot rats. So she proceeded to her master's chamber and indulged herself for half an hour in that sport.

A ring at the door bell had disturbed her in her amusement, and she had retired, leaving the pistol half loaded, that is, with plenty of powder, but no shot.

The flashing of the powder in Caroline's face frightened her into a faint. When she recovered, by the assistance of Emma, who had been summoned to the spot by the report of the pistol, she found her husband had disappeared. The terrified Biddy had disclosed her share in the transaction, and Caroline felt assured that her husband believed himself a murderer, and she should never see him more.

The second night of his absence she was aroused by the loud barking of their neighbor's dog; she sprang out of bed in her night clothes as Impulse entered through the window. Her screams alarmed the household—they hastened to her assistance and she found her husband.

Impulse soon recovered his health and strength again. He gave his consent to the union of Emma and Frank, and they were married.

Caroline never reproached her husband for the rash act which might have cost her her life, but let the past rest in oblivion.

P. S.—Mr. Gerald Impulse has never been jealous since.

## Miscellaneous.

THE TWO BOLGRADS.—Great Britain has spent nearly one hundred millions of pounds sterling, and has been deprived, by the chances, the fatalities, and the mismanagement of the war, of one of the finest armies that ever trod or fought; and her industrious people are at this moment paying a double Income and Property Tax, which severely presses upon their energies;—and all for what?—That the innocent and the weak might be rescued from the rapacious grasp of the wicked and the strong; and that Russia, in the interest of every State in the European commonwealth, might be deprived of all control over the banks and the mouth of the Danube.

At the breaking up of the Conference of Paris, in March last, there existed a very general dissatisfaction with the peace which was the result of its deliberations. The mountain which had been in labor was more than usually large; the mouse which had been born was more than usually small and ridiculous. It was felt that Russia had been too tenderly and too leniently dealt with; and that in a few years, at the farthest, she would be as strong and as rampant as ever, and ready to brave all coalitions and alliances that might impede the realization of her ambition to possess Turkey and to dominate Europe. But the Governments and people of Great Britain, France, Sardinia, Austria, and Turkey, resolved nevertheless, to insist upon the fulfillment of the treaty, and to take it as far as it went, as a guarantee for present peace. Not so the Government of Russia. Before the treaty was signed, while the Plenipotentiaries were affixing their *paraphes* to it, and after the document had by their signature acquired the force and the solemnity of a legal and a binding document, Russia meditated, planned, and determined upon falsehood and treachery. The Russians knew—what the representatives of England, France, Turkey, Sardinia, and Austria did not know—that there were two Bolgrads within the slip of territory proposed to be ceded to Moldavia; that one was at some distance from the banks of the Danube, and from all water communication with it; and that the other commanded that river, and might, with a little fostering care, be transformed into a flourishing port, and be largely serviceable either for commerce or for war. The Allies and Austria determined, on the 30th of March, that Russia should cede Bolgrad—meaning Bolgrad on the Lake Chotim—having water communication with the Danube. Russia, on the same day—though her Plenipotentiaries said nothing about it—determined that she would not cede Bolgrad on Lake Chotim; but another, inferior, unknown, and paltry little Bolgrad: called Bolgrad-Tabak, having no communication with the Danube. She also determined, at a subsequent period, to seize or retain a barren rock at the mouth of the Danube, known by the name of the Isle of Serpents; a rock that as fairly belonged to Turkey as the Skerrievore or the rock of the Eddystone Lighthouse does to Great Britain. If not true to honor, Russia was true to her ancient policy; which is to carry out her preconceived objects by force, if force will serve the purpose, and by trickery, if force shall prove to be inexpedient or unavailing. The mere attempt to set aside the obvious spirit and meaning of the treaty afforded her a chance of gaining an advantage over her rivals. If foiled by their energy and honesty she might at the worst plead a misinterpretation, and yield to necessity; while to argue the point for a few weeks might lead to a difference of opinion among her opponents, and weaken, if it did not imperil, their alliance.

Russia judged acutely. Her nefarious and preposterous claim, though indignantly scouted by the British people, and firmly opposed by the Government of Lord Palmerston, in conjunction with the Governments of Austria, Turkey, and Sardinia, was not firmly opposed by the Government of France. Either the French Emperor individually—or the Foreign Minister to whom he chose to delegate the management of the business—affected to consider the question of Bolgrad and the Isle of Serpents as one of little importance. France, through the Emperor, or M. de Walewski, held that the Allies might be generous to Russia, even at the cost of being unjust to Turkey. Thus one of the objects of Russia was accomplished. There was no longer identity of council or opinion between the two great nations who had opposed her ambition, foiled her purpose, vanquished her armies, and captured her stronghold. The greatest and most glorious alliance of modern times was shaken if not ruptured; distrust was sown between the two Governments; and the unextinguished national jealousies and rivalries of eight hundred years were revived by Russian cunning.

To Lord Palmerston belongs the merit of having