

ingly he stopped while the painter left the room for it calling as he did so, 'Mr Wallis—landlord—gentlemen,—I wish to have your opinion of Mr Sutton's portrait; oblige me by coming into the parlor.'

They complied and the picture, which was of a miniature size, was placed in the proper light. Miss Thompson gave it a single glance, and burst into an apparently irrepressible laugh. Mrs. Thompson, regarding her with much surprise, drew up her eyes, and stooping forward to examine it, and then, though she gave her daughter and the artist a deprecating look, she also turned away to conceal a smile. Wallis turned first to the picture, then to Sutton, and then to Cupidon, and made no effort to restrain his mirth, in which he was joined by the party of spectators who had accompanied him. Every one perceived that it was a correct likeness of Sutton in features, while the expression was strikingly that of the little poodle. The dandy himself could not fail to recognize it, and looked around him, pale with wrath and mortification bestowing the fiercest of his looks on Miss Thompson.

'You don't tell me what you think of my performance, Mr Sutton,' said Oakley with much gravity.

'I'll not bear your insults, sir,' exclaimed Sutton at length; 'I'll not tolerate your libellous insolence!—what do you mean, sir?—what do you mean?'

'Insults! I'll leave it to this company if I have not succeeded admirably! it reflects on you as a mirror!'

'I'll not put up with it! I'll not pay you a cent; I'll leave it on your hands, and we'll see who'll have the best of the joke!'

'Do sir!' said the artist: 'it will be then my property, and I can do what I please with it! I'll put it up in some exhibition labelled with your name.'

'Your station protects you sir,' he resumed; 'if you were not beneath my vengeance, you should answer for this, but a gentleman can, with honor, only demand satisfaction of his equals,—therefore you are safe! Landlord,' he added with an assumption of dignified composure; 'make out my bill,—I'll go instantly to the other house,—you must be taught that a gentleman cannot patronize an establishment where he is liable to be insulted by any scrub that frequents it,' and again looking daggers at Miss Thompson, who had not ceased laughing, he left the room.

In truth, had it not been for the almost insupportable ridicule that accompanied it, Mr Sutton would have rejoiced in the excuse to leave the house, from a discovery that he had just made. After dinner, while in quest of Miss Thompson who was at that time in conversation with Oakley, he had strolled into the summer house, and found a letter on the floor. It was without direction, and though closed, not sealed, and more through blindness than curiosity he opened it. To his dismay it commenced thus—

'My dear, dear Miss North—How can I give you any idea of the gratitude I feel for the last and greatest of your many kindnesses; you made me so happy that I have not words to express myself, and not only me, but my dear mother, who says that you have done her more good than could have been effected by a whole college of physicians, for her health, at the prospect of a pleasant home, and freedom from incessant mental labour, begins already to come back again. We have given up our school, and are preparing to act upon the arrangements you have made for us. I have received a delightfully kind letter from your uncle,—he begs me to consider him as mine; in which he says he will come for us very soon, and requests me to enclose any communication for you to him. He speaks flatteringly of the satisfaction our company will give him while you are on your travels beyond the Atlantic. He little knows how impossible it will be to supply your place!' etc. etc.

Sutton read no more. It was signed L. Thompson, and that was sufficient. He unconsciously thrust the letter into his pocket and hurried to the house. How was he to back out?—it now struck him that less importance could be attached to his actions by others than himself, and he grew nervous at the thought of how he had committed himself,—that he had paid the most unequivocal attentions to—a schoolmistress! The artist's triumph indeed relieved him on that score, but a new sting was planted, and a more miserable dandy was perhaps not that day in existence than Bromwell Sutton when he applied for lodgings at the G— Hotel.

'Our work is finished at last!' said the painter a few days after this happy riddance, bringing down the piece which had afforded them so much enjoyment, for the inspection of Miss Thompson. She was gathering up some books from

the parlor tables with a thoughtful and pensive countenance.

'Then I must take a last lingering look at it,' returned she; 'I may never see it nor its original again.'

Oakley looked at her anxiously and inquiringly, and she continued 'We leave here to-day—an unexpected letter arrived this morning, urging us to be ready at any hour.'

'And what am I to do without you?' asked the artist in a very natural and love like way, and he followed the question with a short oration, unnecessary to repeat. But before he had finished it, a carriage stopped at the door, and in half a minute an elderly gentleman presented himself in the entry.

'My uncle,' exclaimed Miss Thompson, running forward to conceal her confusion, and the old gentleman after kissing her heartily, said quickly, 'Are you ready my dear? Where's your mamma? I hope you have your trunks packed, as I have hardly a minute to allow you. I have urgent business awaiting me at home, and have only been able to fulfil my engagement to come for you, by travelling with all the speed possible. Quick—tell your mother, and put on your things.'

To the disappointment of her suitor, she ran up stairs, while the old gentleman busied himself in seeing the trunks secured behind the carriage. But immediately with her mother, she came down fully equipped, and while the old lady was shaking hands with the uncle, she had an opportunity to give him a single look, which one was sufficient. 'Good bye, Mr Wallis,' said she holding out her hand in passing him. 'We have been such good friends, that I feel very sorry to part with you.'

'Where shall I find you?' asked Oakley, in a low voice. She slipped a card into his hand as he assisted her into the carriage, and was driven away. He looked at the card. 'VALERIA NORTH, B—,' he exclaimed; 'is it possible?'

'Yes—didn't you know that before?' said Wallis 'and that old gentleman is the celebrated jurist Judge North. When Sutton finds it out, he'll be more fretted than he was at the portrait. She is a charming girl, isn't she? I recognized her the minute she arrived, having had a glimpse of her before she left the Springs last summer, but as she seemed to wish to be quiet, and to escape attention, it was not my business to blab. I'll go up to Smith's and have some fun with Sutton.' He walked up street, and the artist commenced preparations for an immediate departure.

'Why Sutton,' said Wallis, when he reached the room of that personage; 'what possessed you to fly off, the other day, with such terrible frowns at the pretty girl you had been courting so long? It was outrageous, and what is the worst, you can't have a chance to make it up,—she left town to day, for good.'

'Did she?—a pleasant journey to her?' said Sutton, brightening up astonishingly.

'What!—she jilted you, did she?'

'She! I found her out in good time for that!—though it had not been for a lucky accident, I might have got myself into a confounded scrape; it would have been a fine mess, if I had been deceived into proposing to a schoolmistress!'

'Schoolmistress!—what do you mean?'

'Why, look here,—you were a pretty sap to suppose her an heiress, and to make me believe it!—read this—I found it by chance, and somehow, it got into my pocket.'

He handed the letter to Wallis, who after looking over it, remarked, 'I see nothing to the contrary in that. I suppose it came enclosed in an envelope from her uncle. Can it be possible that you presumed she had written instead of received it! hal ha!'

The mystified dandy gave him a stare.

'And you never suspected that it was Miss North whose acquaintance you cut so cavalierly! It was, positively,—she gave her card to Mr. Oakley before she went away.'

'I don't believe it!—why would she call herself Thompson?'

'She didn't call herself Thompson—that was inferred to be her name, as it was her mother's. I recollect very well of hearing at Soratoga that the old lady had had two husbands. The last was a Mr. Thompson. What an opportunity you have lost of making one of the greatest matches in the country!'

'It was all the fault of that rascally painter,' said Sutton, in much vexation; 'I had commenced declaring myself the very day he excited me by his abominable caricature, and if it had not been for that I would have an explanation.'

'I would make him repent it, if I were you—I'd challenge him.'

'But, you know that's out of the question—a gentleman degrades himself by challenging an inferior,' and he walked up and down the room in great agitation.

'And then about that letter—does she know you found it?'

'No, no—I'm perfectly safe there,—you won't tell, will you? After all, it is not yet too late to make it up. I can go after her to B—; she will, no doubt, take it as a compliment to be followed, and you know it will be in my favor that I was so devoted before I knew who she was, won't it? You might be of great service to me, my dear fellow,' he added, thinking to prevent Wallis from informing on him by making him his ally; 'you have been in my confidence and know how much I was smitten with her. She is, perhaps, offended by my desertion, and if you would go along, as she has a particular regard for you, you might help to effect a reconciliation. If you'll go, I'll pay your expenses.'

Wallis, who had no objection to take a trip and see the end of the comedy on such easy terms, replied 'Anything to oblige you, if you can wait two or three weeks. I have particular business on hands now, but when I am through with it, I'll go with pleasure.'

Sutton was obliged to submit to the delay, and in due time they arrived at B—. After arranging their dress, they sallied out to make inquiry about Miss North, when an acquaintance of Sutton's encountered them, and stopped them for a talk. While they stood in the street, an elegantly dressed young man passed them, and looking back, in a familiar voice saluted Wallis. It was Oakley. 'How do you do, Mr Sutton—happy to see you,' said he, turning towards them, and saluting Sutton with a very low bow. The dandy returned a nod, and the painter having ascertained their lodgings, proceeded on his way.

'What a remarkably fine looking fellow that is,' said Sutton's acquaintance; 'I should have been pleased if you had introduced me.'

'Oh he is not such an acquaintance as one introduces—I have merely patronized him a little as a strolling painter.'

'Norman Oakley!—are you not under a mistake? He is the son of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in New England—a very highly-gifted young man—a finished orator—a fine amateur painter—in every respect an admirable and enviable fellow. By the by, it is said there is a recent engagement between him and our belle par excellence, Miss North. She has been travelling through different parts of the country, preparatory to making a tour in Europe, and this summer, they met accidentally somewhere and fell in love, quite ignorant of anything relating to each other but mutual personal attractions—so the story goes. They are to be married shortly, so that she may have the pleasure of a legal protector for her Atlantic trip.'

Sutton could bear no more, and, excusing himself, he hurried back to the hotel at such a rate that Wallis, finding it difficult to keep up with him, strolled off in another direction. When they met again the disappointed lover was prepared for a retreat homeward.

'Come, Sutton, that would be outrageous!' said Wallis; 'you ought to have a settlement with Oakley, now that you find he is fully on a level with yourself.'

'I wouldn't dirty my fingers with him—I wouldn't let the mynx know that I thought her worth fighting about; for they would be sure to attribute it to that, instead of to the picture. I am off, forthwith. Do you go back to G—?'

'Yes, in a few days—but the fact is, I met Oakley again, after you had left me, and got an invitation to the wedding. He said he would take me to see Miss North this evening if I wished it, but I declined, on the plea that I would be only in the way. But he said there was a charming little girl there, Miss Thompson—a relative of Valeria's stepfather, who would appropriate my company, if I pleased. From his remarking that she is to remain with the judge after the departure of his niece, I presumed her to be the writer of the letter in your possession. Apropos of that letter—he questioned me as to whether you had found it, and hinted that Miss North intended it for your hands, knowing the effect it would have on you, from your aversion to poverty, low caste, &c., that she even tore off the date to mislead you the more easily—hand it here till we see if that is true.'

Sutton deigned no reply, and before Wallis was ready for his evening visit, he had travelled the first fifty miles of his journey homeward.

From Mare's Tour in Greece. GREEK THIEVES.

Several curious details respecting the habits of the Greek brigands in their more organized state were supplied me by some veteran Philhellenes at Argos, from experience furnished in the course of their own military career. Their system of organization is very complete.—Each band is distributed into three, or at the most four classes. The first comprehends the chief alone, the second his officers or more accomplished marauders, the third the remainder of the gang. The booty is distributed into a corresponding number of shares. The chief is entitled to one for

himself, and each subdivision of his force to another respectively. As the number of each rank is in the inverse ratio of their merit, the emoluments of the various members are thus in the proportion of their services. When acting in detached parties for the more ready communication with each other, or with head quarters, they have a system of signals, which consists in piling stones in small cairns or pillars, conveying, according to the variety of form and arrangement or the number of the stones employed, like the ciphers of our telegraphs, each a different signification to the initiated. When on the march, and anxious to observe secrecy in their movements, they are careful never to follow the beaten track for more than a certain distance at a time; but every two or three miles the whole party strike off at separate tangents into the mountains, and re-muster at a preconcerted point on a more advanced stage of their journey. While on the road, they travel in single file, one in front of the other; and the last two or three of each party drag a bush behind them to efface the mark of their footsteps in the dust, similar precautions are taken in their bivouacs to destroy all trace of their movements. Their fires they manage in such a manner as to leave no black spot on the ground, by placing a thick layer of green wood below, on which the dry is piled and lighted, as upon a hearth; and before leaving the place, they lift the lower stratum in one mass, with the ashes on the top of it, carry it to some distance, and strew it in the recesses of the forest. In laying their ambush, their tactic is to encamp their victims into the very centre of their body, and then, starting suddenly out upon them from their lurking places, to hem them in on every side with a *chevaux de frise* of muskets pointed at their breasts, so as to prevent the possibility of either resistance or escape.—The travellers receive at the same moment (unless the object is to kill or make prisoners, rather than mere plunder,) the order to lie on their faces; when a portion of the gang stands guard over them while the remainder dispose of their baggage. The art they possess of concealing their persons on such occasions, is said to be most extraordinary: doubling themselves in behind stones or bushes, often to all appearance scarcely large enough to cover their bodies, studying the form and colour of the surface of the ground, and adapting it to that of their own clothes, so that on looking around afterwards, it appeared almost as if his enemies had sprung up like the Cadmean heroes of old, from the bowels of the earth. Skill and boldness in the conduct of an ambush were essential to the tactics of the ancient heroes as of the modern Kelpies; and there can be little doubt that these very acts were as carefully studied and as successfully practised by a Diomedes as a Kolokotroni. The best precaution against this danger is a little dog trained to range the ground in front of his master, and whose instinct will effectually baffle the utmost perfection of Kelpitic wisdom or ingenuity.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SCENES IN HINDOSTAN.

It is all very well to talk of native princes, and paint them (when speaking to those who know nothing about them,) as great monarchs, armed with uncontrolled powers of life and death, possessed of revenues and jewels far beyond the most glittering hopes of Christian kings, surrounded by lovely nymphs, gorgeously attired ministers, and every luxury which can inflame the imagination. But their true position is little known, little cared for by a majority of our countrymen, or they would cease to envy the borrowed splendours of those potentates, who are in real truth nothing more nor less than state prisoners, forbidden to issue a single edict, unable to stir from their palaces without permission from the British resident—a name meant to be synonymous with ambassador—who is placed by government at the court of each of these petty princes for the purpose of watching them, and keeping them in good order.

This officer is bound to see that the monarch's salary (for the nawab only receives a certain sum from the East India Company in lieu of his extensive revenues) is properly expended; that he meddles with no political affairs; that he confers no honors, receives no guests, without the authority of the British rulers. In order to withdraw his mind from dwelling on what he is, and what he might be, the resident encourages the prince in giving fetes, flying kites, forming hunting parties, and making a great fuss about little matters. To prevent his highness from bribing any one, the said officer has the charge of the royal jewels, which he only gives out on state occasions. He manages to employ one third of the nawab's servants, and keeps the *swaree* (or train) of elephants in his own grounds. In a word, a sovereign prince, reigning over a territory in British India, has about as much power as a state prisoner in the Tower, who, though flattered by an outward and apparent respect, cannot command a single moment of real liberty.

The greatest difference, however, exists between these potentates and those who have refused to submit to our rule. I remember