

cannot be conceived. Interrogatories of the most subtle and ensnaring tendency—observations ingeniously calculated to throw me off my guard—insidious leading questions (which I had no learned counsel to object to)—cunning tricks of speech, intended to surprise me into a confession or admission, direct or indirect, of my presumed guilt, followed each other until my head was well nigh dizzy. If there had been a weak point in my defence, it must infallibly have been found out—had the hollow ground of guilt been under my feet, I had been engulfed without redemption.

But as all this ingenuity was, upon an innocent man, necessarily thrown away, the officers at last desisted from questioning me, and looked dubiously in each other's faces. Now the very strong presumption of my being a spy rested chiefly on this ground—that the Prussians, from the time they had took up their position, had suffered no one, traveller or other, any more to pass on from their side in the direction of the French; and they naturally concluded that, as was customary in such circumstances, the French would have acted on the same rule. When they saw me, therefore, come over from the French side, the conclusion was almost inevitable that I was a spy; and the evidence of my innocence must have been very strong, indeed, to have counteracted this potent presumption against it. My judges, as I have said, looked dubiously into each other's faces: "After all," at length began one—for thy sake openly before me—"it is possible that at the time the young man passed, the enemy had really not taken up their position, in which case you know there would have been no hindrance offered to his passing, so that you see there is a possibility—mind, I say merely a possibility for I don't build much on it—but there is a possibility of his having come over innocently and without being aware of the danger."

"I think you do well," said another, "not to make too much of your possibility; yet I confess myself perplexed. Appearances are desperately against the prisoner; yet his own appearance and manner are as much in his favor as those of any man I ever saw.—This I will say—either he is innocent, or a most accomplished knave, and an infinitely more dangerous villain than a hundred such poor catiffs as we took yesterday. If he is a spy, he is a perfect one."

"I think," remarked the former speaker, "such a mere youth could hardly be such an adept in dissimulation; moreover, he is Saxon by his tongue; and that is a people that have more of the ox than of the fox in them."

"I see no great difficulty," observed a third, "in dealing with this matter: try five and twenty lashes for a beginning. My life on it the provost marshal will bring more truth out of the *herl* in five minutes than all our *cross* examining will do in as many months."

I was now led back to my prison, and occupied myself with thinking over the necessary proofs of my innocence. At this time came to my recollection a story which had been told me in Switzerland by one Boschet, of Pirmas, it was to this effect. During the siege of Dresden, which took place in the seven years' war, communications were secretly carried on between that town and Pirmas; and the Pirmas people having on one occasion hired a young girl of fifteen years of age, for a few *groschen*, to carry to Dresden one of their despatches, of the contents or nature of which she had not an idea: both the mission and its innocent bearer fell into the hands of the besiegers, who forthwith hung the poor child.

The recollection of this story now depressed me; and when I reflected on the so-called "hussar justice" known to be acted upon particularly in spy trials, on the absence of any sufficient proofs of my innocence, and on the speedy effect which the torture of the lash would have to bring from me a false confession of guilt, I saw as I thought, that my hours were numbered, and the only consolation I had was in calling to mind that shooting, as I had heard, was a speedy and not painful mode of execution, and that to suffer unjustly was after all, no such unheard of or unexampled fate.

The prison, as I have said before, was situated within the precincts of the main guard, it had on the outer sides three strong walls, and on the inner an iron grating, before which the sentries on guard paced to and fro. I had not been long led back from my examination, when a number of soldiers crowded to this grating, pushing and shouldering their way to gaze on us as if we had been wild beasts.

One of these unlucky devils is to be shot this evening, or at day break to-morrow," said one of our spectators.

"Serve 'em right," growled another, with many other the like sympathizing speeches. However, they were presently turned away, and no further molestation of the kind was permitted to be offered us. As for me I know that as I had not yet been pronounced guilty, mine could not be the execution thus spoken of as so near—nevertheless the im-

pression the scene had made on me was far from agreeable.

A short time elapsed, and I was called to a further examination. On entering the guard room I noticed a certain grating which had not appeared there on the former occasion. What this boded I could not too well divine: nevertheless I felt no violent discomposure, only I was sensible all at once of a peculiar burning heat under the tongue, no-wise painful, but which has so branded itself on me that I retain to this day a distinct and lively impression of it.

Once more I was questioned on the subjects relating to my position, but naturally with a result as little satisfactory to the court as before; it was resolved, therefore, to proceed without further delay to the experiment of the lash, and orders were given that I should forthwith be seized up to the grating aforementioned. That moment I felt a new spirit possess me, I was another man. Every trace of fear, all trepidation, all inquietude was gone. With an undaunted mind, I looked my judges in the face, and asked for one moment's speech before the putting of their purpose into execution. With some roughness (for they were impatient) they asked me what I had to say, and I spoke with emphasis as follows:—

"Sirs! I am a travelling handicraftsman, not accustomed to being flogged, and therefore my determination is, at the very first stripe I receive to cry guilty; false as the word will be—for I can foresee plainly enough that once tied to that grating I shall find no compassion, and have no other prospect but to perish in the painfulest way. If, sirs, you have found up to this moment, either in my papers or in my words, the faintest trace of a justification of your suspicions, I only pray you to have me shot at once. If you have found nothing of the kind, and want only to force me by torture to confess myself what you choose to consider me, you will attain your aim it is true, but you will have blackened an honest man's name, and you will go to battle to-morrow or the day after with innocent blood on your hands."

There was a pause, and the officer looked upon me with a grave and sad expression, for that time I was led back to my prison unscourged. About an hour and a half had elapsed, when the provost marshal came to usher me once more into the presence of my judges, and on this occasion I was no more flanked as before by the dragoons with their drawn sabres. For the last time was the interrogatory addressed to me whether I was on my way, and I answered as before, to Dresden by the nearest route, namely to Chomnitz and Friedberg. My passport was handed me, the route duly marked upon it, every thing that had been taken from me was returned, and I was dismissed with the advice not to be too ready another time to thrust myself in between two armies on the point of engagement. A soldier was given me for escort, with orders to conduct me to the distance of a league behind the Prussian lines.

It was but a few days after my liberation—the 14th October, 1806—that the battle of Jena, so disastrous to the Prussian arms, was fought.

And now, sirs, I ask you, are the concerns of men indeed abandoned to the sport of a blind hazard? Consider it—to my very great annoyance, I had forgot to repossess myself of my second passport, which had been taken from me by my host at Neustadt on the Aisch. But had not this taken place—had I been apprehended by the Prussians with two passports, varying in their accounts of me or my person—that power is not on earth that could have saved me from the ignominious fate of the vilest of traitors.

I can only pity the sceptic, who will no doubt say, it was a mere chance that my passport was kept back from me. Never in my life besides was my passport taken from me by an innkeeper—how little likely such a thing is to happen, they who have travelled most will be best able to judge. And supposing your passport were thus taken away, how much more unlikely still were it that you should forget at parting to ask for it, or your host forget to return it!

Not I say again, with the proofs I have of a good Providence ordering the affairs of man, I should merit to be reproached, by infidels themselves, as a soul incapable of gratitude, could I believe my steps to be directed by no higher, no holier power than my own poor prudence, or then blind chance. And so, gentlemen, that is my story, and crave your pardon for troubling you with it; but it has turned out longer than I counted on."

INGENUOUS DEVICE.

There is a curiosity subject to the inspection of the visitors at the house of correction, which is well worthy the attention of the curious. It is a piece of silk curiously woven by Henry Hardy, a man of 80 years, and who at present is not a prisoner in the institution. The cloth is of fine fabric, with satin surface about the thickness of a pounce. The ground color is crimson—and the declaration of independence in full—together with fac similes of all the signatures appended to that instrument—beautifully woven in black letters, are so raised that they may be read as plain as print. It

will contain—when finished—a likeness of General Washington, which is now half formed and already bears a strong resemblance to the paints of that great man—the sketch of which was taken from the picture in Faneuil hall. What is remarkable, the weaver is the sole inventor and manufacturer of this machine. A greater specimen of ingenuity we have never seen in any individual.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

From "Percival Keene," a New Novel, by Captain Merritt.

SEA-FIGHT AND EXPLOSION OF A PIRATE. The negroes now came into the cabin, for the after Magazine was under the fore part of it. The hatch was taken up, the screens let down, and all was dark. I had nothing to do but to catch now and then the commands of the negro captain, and draw my inference as to what was taking place.

Although for the first half hour I gained little information, after that time had elapsed I knew what was going on. I heard a voice hailing us from another vessel, and the reply of the Stella was a broad-side. There could be no mistake in that. The Stella was then put about, and the other broadside given without a return from her opponent. At last it came, and as the shot whizzed over or tore up the planking of the gunwales, I certainly did feel very strangely. I had never been in action before, and the sensation was, I confess, that of alarm; but it was so mingled with curiosity as to what was going on that it was impossible to say what my feelings were. I longed to be on deck, and certainly would have been, if I had thought that I was safe with the pirate crew, that alone prevented me: I remained, therefore, in a most unpleasant state of ignorance and suspense.

The broadsides were now exchanged rapidly, and the wounded, brought down between decks every minute, told that the action was severe. The orders of the negro captain were occasionally heard; they were cool and determined. Every minute some fresh manœuvre was executed, and the guns still worked as if there was nothing else to attend to. At last the daylight came down the hatchway, and I left the cabin and walked forward between decks: I found the deck strewn with wounded and dying men, calling for water. I was glad to be able to do something which I could consistently do, and I brought water from the cask and gave it to them, one after another, as fast I could: I think there were at least thirty men lying about the lower deck, some in pools of their own blood, and sinking fast, for there was no surgeon on board of the Stella.

Some more wounded men were brought down; and a conversation took place between one of the mates of the schooner, who was hurt, and the men who brought down the wounded; and on listening to them, I found that at daylight they had discovered that an English frigate was under all sail beating up to them, and about five miles to leeward,—that in consequence, the Stella was now carrying on a running fight with the schooner, (who was to windward of her) and trying to escape. This accounted for the signals which I perceived that the English schooner was making the evening before. My anxiety at this intelligence was naturally much increased. The Stella was trying to escape, and her sailing powers were so remarkable that I was afraid she would succeed.

The action between the two schooners was still continued,—but now the shot no longer hit the Stella, nor were there any more wounded men brought down: it was evident that the two vessels were now firing at each other's masts and rigging, the one to prevent and the other to effect her escape, by dismantling her antagonist. I felt as if I could have given my left hand to have gone on deck. I waited half an hour more, and then, curiosity conquering my fear, I crept gradually up the fore ladder. The men were working the guns to windward, the lee side of the deck was clear, and I stepped forward and got into the head, where I could see both to windward and leeward. To leeward I perceived the frigate about four miles distant, with every stretch of canvass that she could set on a wind: I knew her directly to be the Calliope, my own ship, and my heart beat quick at the chance of being once more on board of her.

To windward, as the smoke occasionally cleared away; I saw the Arrow schooner close hauled on the same tack as the Stella, and distant about a mile, every ten seconds the smoke from her guns booming along the water's surface, and the shot whizzing through our rigging: she had not suffered much from our fire,—her sails were full of shot holes, it is true, but her spars were not injured. I then turned my eyes upon the masts and rigging of the Stella,—apparently, the damage done was about equal to that received by the Arrow, our sails were torn, but our spars were unscathed.

The water was smooth although the breeze was fresh, and both schooners were running at the rate of six or seven miles an hour,—but the Stella had evidently the advantage of sailing, and fore-reached upon her opponent. I perceived that every thing depended upon a lucky hit; and having satisfied myself with what I had seen, I hastened down below.

For more than half an hour the firing continued, without advantage on either side,—when a yell was given by the negro crew, and I heard them cry on deck that the Arrow's

fore topmast was gone. I heard the voice of Vincent cheering his men, and telling them to be steady in their aim. My heart sunk at the intelligence, and I sat down on a chest.

The firing now slackened, for the Stella had shot ahead of the English schooner, and the negroes on deck were laughing and in high good humour. For a few minutes the firing ceased altogether, and I took it for granted that the Stella had left her pursuers behind, when of a sudden a whole broadside of guns were poured into us, and there was terrible crashing and confusion upon the deck.

I ran up the ladder to see what had happened. It appeared that as the Stella was crossing the bows of the Arrow, the latter had, as a last chance, thrown up in the wind, and discharged her whole broadside into us; two shots had struck our mainmast, which had fallen by the board. I perceived at once that the Stella's chance was over—nothing could save her,—she might resist the schooner, but could not escape the frigate.

I ran down below, and went into the cabin,—I was afraid that the Negroes might perceive the joys in my countenance. I heard the angry voice of the negro captain, I heard him stamping with rage, and thanked God that I was not by him. The wreck of the mast was soon cleared away; I heard him address his negroes, pointing out to them that it was better to die like men at the guns than swing at the yard arm like dogs. Some of them came down, and took a quarter cask of spirits, which was plentifully supplied to all.

The English schooner had borne down upon us, and the action now commenced at pistol shot. Never shall I forget what took place for nearly three quarters of an hour; the Negroes, most of them intoxicated, fought with rage and fury indescribable, their shouts, their screams, their cursing and blasphemy, mingled with the loud report of the guns, the crushing of the spars and bulwarks, the occasional cry of the wounded, and the powerful voice of Vincent. It was terrible between decks: the smoke was so thick that those who came down for the powder could not see, but felt their way to the screen. Every two seconds I heard the men come aft, toss off the can of liquor, and throw it on the deck, when they went to resume their labor at their guns.

At the end of the time I have mentioned, the shot flew from to leeward as well as from windward. The frigate had got within range, and was pouring in her broadside. Still the firing and the shouting on the deck of the Stella continued,—but the voices were fewer, and as the firing of the frigate became more severe they became fainter and fainter; and at last but an occasional gun was fired from the decks.

I became so uneasy that I could remain where I was no longer. I went forward on the lower deck again, and tumbling over the wounded and the dead, I crept up the fore ladder. I looked over the combings of the hatchway: the decks were clear of smoke, for not a gun was being fired. Merciful heaven what a scene of slaughter! Many of the guns were dismantled, and the decks were strewn with the splinters and plankings of the gunwale, broken spars or Negroes lying dead or drunk in all directions, some cut and torn to pieces, others whole but mixed up with the fragments of other bodies,—such a scene of blood I have never since witnessed. Out of the whole crew, I do not think there were twenty men left unhurt; and these were leaning or lying down, exhausted with fatigue or overcome with liquor on various parts of the deck.

The fighting was over,—there was not one man at his gun, and of those who remained still alive, one or two fell while I was looking up, from the shot which continued every moment to pierce her bulwarks. Where was Vincent? I dare not venture to meet his eye. I dived down below again, and returned aft to the cabin. There was no more demand for powder; not a soul was to be seen aloft. Suddenly the after hatchway grating was thrown off; I heard some one descend,—I knew it was the horrid tread of the negro captain. It was so dark, and the cabin so full of smoke, that coming from the light he did not perceive me, although I could distinguish him. He was evidently badly wounded, and tottered in his walk,—he came into the cabin, put his hand to his girdle, and felt for his pistol,—and then he commenced pulling down the screen which was between him and the magazine. His intentions were evident—which were to blow up the vessel.

I felt that I had not a moment to lose. I dashed past him, ran up the ladder, sprang aft to the taffrail, and dashed over the stern into the sea. I was still beneath the surface, having not yet risen from my plunge, when I heard and felt the explosion,—felt indeed so powerfully, that it almost took away my senses,—so great was the shock, even when I was under the water, that I was almost insensible. I have a faint recollection of being drawn down by the vortex of the sinking vessel, and scrambling my way to the surface of the water amidst fragments of timbers and whirling bodies. When I recovered myself, I found that I was clinging to a portion of the wreck, in a sort of patch, as it were, upon the blue water, dark as ink and strewn with splintered fragments.

PROPERTIES OF IVY.

Cato and Pliny attribute singular property to the wood of the ivy, and say that, by its