

was it not the case? was not cold the blighter of vegetation, the terror of the animal kingdom, the nipper of noses; and did not all bodies become cold as soon as the life was out of them? But what occasioned him most immediate alarm was this. In the course of his philanthropic investigations he ascertained that there was inherent in the human body a continual tendency to cool, and he strove to overcome this propensity, as the main cause of man's want of longevity, in later ages; for it was clear that when a certain quantity of heat was deficient in the system, the person must die. So that, it might be said, he firmly believed that within the two principles, heat and cold, were "clasped the limits of mortality."

He had another idea, equally original. He thought that the blood of man rose and subsided twice in twenty-four hours, simultaneously with the tides, with a circulation somewhat similar to that of the sap in trees; flowing upward from the feet to the head, and "*vice versa*." Now, to correct the injurious defect in his own constitution, he had early taken to the use of strong drinks, to create an artificial stimulus, and keep up the desirable "*quantum*" of warmth in his inner man. Deriving astonishing comfort thereby, and following up his experiment, he devised a plan to fortify his outer man, during the unavoidable exposure to which he was subject when on a campaign. This was simply a blanket, the two sides of which were sewn together, like a bottomless bag. This gave great relief when lying out at night, as it was slipped over his body, to which it closely fitted, confining the motions of his arms, and rendering its divesture a matter of some difficulty,—closely resembling that peculiar article of attire which is kindly forced upon the acceptance of demented persons by the generosity of their guardians and friends;—and it may be, that many a saner man than Dennis Sherron has slept in a coat of the same pattern.

Now, whether it was the stroke of the moose's hoof, or the noise of Argimou's gun, that awoke him, we cannot say; but the fact is incontrovertible, that Dennis gave a great leap, somewhat in the manner of a fish, immediately after the extraordinary intrusion of the four-footed beast upon his slumbers, as before related. With a celerity which he never afterwards could account for, he wriggled himself upon his legs, and the first things that struck his comprehension, were a strong sulphurous smell, and a thick suffocating smoke that enveloped every thing around. Accordingly, the foremost idea that suggested itself to his con-

fused brain, was a visitation from the lower regions. He thought he saw distinctly, through the stygian cloud, the figure of a native of that blessed country approaching to claim relationship and honor which he was by no means desirous of obtaining—not being an advocate of the "actual cautery," as a promoter of the living principle; he even caught a glimpse of a decided tail, whisking in the smoke, and knowing that to be an unquestionable proof of satanic origin, he hung his brief decision thereon.

What could he do? He was not a coward naturally, but there are modes and circumstances of bravery; there are limitations, beyond which that inestimable quality ceases to obtain any influence over human actions, and here was a case in point. Who could face so unexpectedly, a denizen of the tartarean world? Besides, his arms were firmly pinioned to his side by his straight jacket, rendering him as helpless as an infant; and worse than all, he could not even make the sign of the cross, the only infallible means of protection prescribed in similar emergencies. As for moral courage, he had never heard of such a thing. But the tail—*alias*, Argimou's gun—decided the motions of Dennis. Following the instinctive suggestions of his great primal law—self preservation—he turned his back instantly and fled into the woods, crashing, stumbling and howling, in his precipitate course, for he imagined a troop of the unhallowed brood were rushing after him in full cry. Some time he held on in his mad career, until further flight was stopped by the intervention of a perpendicular rock against which he suddenly dashed. Here he was found by the rest, who had heard his retreat and followed quickly, shouting for him to return. Edward could not avoid laughing at the figure which his servant presented, as he stood revealed by the grey light of morning with his back to the bare rock. His hair was disordered and standing out like diverging rays from fright; his eyes protruded from his head with an insane expression, strictly in keeping with the singular apparel in which his body was encased, giving him the appearance of a madman broke loose from his keepers; while he mumbled a number of inarticulate sounds like one in sleep, indeed the poor fellow's senses were so thoroughly confused, that it was not until his master had spoken several times and endeavoured to conduct him back, that he was undeceived with regard to the diabolical character of those near him. At last he prevailed upon to return to the bivouac, and