where there is some brackish taste to the water, or where the hunter has, months before designedly thrown a little salt, forming what is called a *deer-lick*. Now, as you listen intently to every rising sound, you hear a sudden rustling among the dry branches and leaves on your right, you cautiously turn your head and after some minutes' close watching, you learn it is only a red squirrel. Then a noisy woodpecker makes a great clattering against a hollow tree just before your lodging place, at which out rush whole armies of the pugnacious wood ant, who are rapidly transferred to the maw of the red-headed gourmand.

As the shades of night draw on, in the solemn stillness of the now gloomy forest a sense of your own feebleness is creeping over you, while you remember that many miles of trackless woodland must be passed before you arrive at any inhabited spot. You are hesitating on the question of a retreat when—a loud crash just in your rear brings you to your feet after reconnoitering, you are satisfied it was only the fall of some dry limb, but you are somewhat unmanned and decide to follow the creek down to the settlements. You have advanced not a hundred yards, when, approaching footsteps clattering over the dry bed of the stream attract your attention. You again place yourself in ambuscade, and as this disturber of the stillness of the forest comes nearer, you bring your rifle to bear upon a point round which he must come. With your finger on the trigger and your eye upon the barrel, (for the sights are very indistinctly visible) you, in breathless suspense, wait his appearance. He stalks onward into view, when—you spring to your feet; for although it is indeed a deer, it is dead, and borne on the shoulders of a hunter, who as well as yourself, is not a little startled, and asks if you are lost.

SAMUEL SILVERBEECH.

From the Corsair.

JOTTINGS DOWN,—THE TOURNAMENT.

I was awakened at an early hour the morning after my arrival at Ardrossan, by a band of music in the street. My first feeling was delight at seeing a bit of blue sky of the size of my garret skylight, and a dazzling sunshine on the floor. "Skirling" above all the other instruments of the band, the Hieland bagpipe made the air reel with "A' the blue bonnets are over the border," and hoisting the window above my head, I strained over the house-leads to get a look at the performer. A band of a dozen men in kilt and bonnet were marching up and down, led by a piper something in the face like the heathen representations of Boreas, and on a long time of roughly constructed rail-cars were piled, two or three deep, a crowd resembling at first sight a crushed bed of tulips. Bonnets of every cut and color, from the courtier's green velvet to the [illegible] top, and over the sides hung red legs and and yellow legs, cross barr'd stockings and buff boots, bare feet and pilgrim's sandals. The masqueraders scolded and laughed, the boys hallooed, the quiet people of Ardrossan stared in grave astonishment, and with the assistance of some brawny shoulders applied to the sides of the overladen vehicles, the one unhappy horse got his whimsical load under way for the Tournament.

Train followed train, packed with the same motley array, and at 10 o'clock, after a clean and comfortable Scotch breakfast in our host's little parlour, we sallied forth to try our luck in the scramble for places. After a considerable fight, we were seated, each with a man in his lap, when we were ordered down by the conductor, who informed us that the chief of the Campbells had taken the car for his party, and, with his band in the succeeding one, he was to go in state (upon a rail road!) to Eglinton. Up swore half a dozen Glasgow people, usurpers like ourselves, that they would give way for no Campbell in the world and finding a stout hand laid on my leg, to prevent me yielding to the order to quit, I gave into what might be called as pretty a bit of rebellious republicanism as you would find on the Mississippi.—The conductor stormed, but the Scoth bodies sat firm, and as Scot met Scot in the fight, I was content to sit it out in silence, and take advantage of the victory. I learned afterwards that the Campbell chieftain was a Glasgow manufacturer, and though he undoubtedly had a right to gather his clan and take piper and eagle's plume; there might possibly be some jealous disapprobation at the bottom of his townsmen's rudeness.

Campbell and his party presently appeared, and a dozen or twenty very fine looking people they were. One of the ladies, as well as I could see through the black lace veil thrown over her cap and plumes, was a remarkably handsome woman, and I was very glad when the matter was compromised, and the Campbells were distributed among our company. We jogged on at a slow pace toward the tournament, passing thousands of pedestrians, the men all shod, and the women all barefoot, with their shoes in their hands, and nearly every one, in accordance with Lord Eglinton's printed request, showing some touch of fancy in dress. A plaid over the shoulder, or a Glengarry bonnet, or perhaps a goose-feather stuck jauntily in the cap was enough to show the feeling of the wearer, and quite enough to give the crowd, all in all, a most festal and joyous aspect.

The secluded bit of road between the rail track and the castle lodge, probably never before disturbed by more than two vehicles at a time, was thronged with a press of wheels as closely jammed as Fleet street at noon. Countrymen's carts piled with women and children, like loads of market baskets in Kent; post chaises, with exhausted horses, and occupants straining their eyes forward for a sight of the castle; carriages of the neighboring gentry, with "bodkins" and overpacked dickeys, all in costume; stout farmers on horseback, with plaid and bonnet; gingerbread and ale-carts, pony carts and coal-carts; wheelbarrows with baggage, and porters with carpet bags and hat boxes, were mixed up in merry confusion with the most motley throng of pedestrians it has ever been my fortune to join. The vari-colored tide poured in at the open gate of the castle, and if I had seen no other procession the long extended mass of caps, bonnets and plumes, winding through that shaded and beautiful avenue, would have repaid me for no small proportion of my subsequent discomfort. I remarked, by the way, that I did not see a *hat* in the entire mile between the porter's lodge and the castle.

The stables, which lay on the left of the approach, (a large square structure with turret and clock very like your methodist churches, *dos-a-dos*) presented another busy and picturesque scene—horses half caparisoned, men at arms in buff and steel, and the gay liveries of the nineteenth century paled by the revived glories of the servitude of more knightly times. And this part of the scene too had its crowd of laughing and wondering spectators.

On reaching the Gothic bridge, over the Sugton, we came upon a *cordon* of police, who encircle the castle, turning the crowd off by the bridge, in the direction of the lists. Sorry to leave my merry and motley fellow-pedestrians, I presented my card of invitation, and passed on alone to the castle. The sun was at this time shining with occasional cloudings over, and the sward and road, after the two or three fine days we had had, were in the best condition for every purpose of the tournament. Two or three noble trees, with their foliage nearly to the ground, stood between me and the front of the castle as I ascended the slope above the river; and the lifting of a stage curtain could scarce be more sudden, or the scene of a drama, more effectively composed than the picture disclosed by the last step upon the terrace. Any just description of it, indeed, must read like a paper from the prompter's book." I stood for a moment exactly where you would have placed an audience. On my left rose a noble castle with four round towers, the entrance thronged with men at arms, and busy comers and goers in every variety of costume. On the green sward in front of the castle lounged three or four gentlemen archers in suits of green silk and velvet. A cluster of grooms under an immense tree were fitting two or three superb horses with their armour and caparisons, while one beautiful blood palfrey, whose fine limbs and delicate veined head and neck were alone visible under his embroidered saddle and gorgeous trappings of silk, was held by two "tigers" at a short distance. Still farther on the right, stood a cluster of gaily decorated tents, and in and out of the looped-up curtain of the farthest [illegible] the bright forms of lady archers in caps with snowy plumes, kirtles of green velvet; and petticoats of white satin, quivers at their backs, and bows in their hands—one tall and stately girl (an Ayrshire lady of very uncommon beauty, whose name I took some pains to inquire) conspicuous by her grace and dignity above all.

The back-ground was equally well composed—the farther side of the lawn making a sharp descent to the small river which bends around the castle, the opposite shore thronged with thousands of spectators watching the scene I have described, and in the distance behind them the winding avenue railed in for the procession, hidden and disclosed by turns among the noble trees of the park, and alive throughout its whole extent with the multitudes crowding to the lists. There was a chivalric splendor in the whole scene, which I thought at the time would repay one for a long pilgrimage to see it—even should the clouds, which by this time were coming up very threateningly from the horizon, put a stop to the tournament altogether.

On entering the castle hall, a lofty room hung around with arms trophies of the chase ancient shields, and armour of every description, I found myself in a crowd of a very merry & rather a motley character—knights half armed, esquires in buff, palmers, halberdiers, archers, and servants in modern livery, here & there a lady, and here and there a spectator like myself, and in a corner by one of the Gothic windows—what think you?—a minstrel?—a gray-haired harper?—a jester? Guess again!—a *reporter of the* TIMES!—With a 'walking dictionary' at his elbow, in the person of the fat butler of the castle, he was inquiring out the various characters in the crowd, and the rapidity of his stenographic jottings down, (with their lucid apparition in print two days after in London) would, in the times represented by the costumes about him, have burnt him at the stake for a wizard with the consent of every knight in Christendom.

I was received by the Knight Marshall of the Lists, who did the honors of hospitality for Lord Eglington during his preparation for the 'passage of arms,' and finding an old friend under the grey beard and scallop shell of a venerable palmer whose sandal and bare toes I chanced to stumble over we passed in together to the large dining room of the Castle. 'Lunch' was on the table, and some two hundred of the Earl's outlodging guests were busy at knife and fork, while here and there were visible some of those unconscious anachronisms which, to me, made the zest of the tournament—pilgrims eating *Perigord pies*, Esquires dressed after the manner of the 13th century, diving most scientifically into the richer veins of *pates de foiegras*, dames in ruff and farthingale, discussing *blue* blanc-mange, and a knight with an over-night headache calling out for a cup of tea!

On returning to the Hall of the Castle, which was the principal place of assemblage. I saw with no little regret that ladies were coming from their carriages under umbrellas. The fair archers tripped in doors from their crowded tent, the Knight of the Dragon, who had been out to look after his charge, was being wiped dry by a friendly pocket handkerchief, and all countenances had fallen with the barometer. It was time for the procession to start, however, and the knights appeared, one by one, armed cap-a-pie, all save the helmet, till at last the Hall was crowded with steel-clad and chivalric forms, and they waited only for the advent of the Queen of Beauty. After admiring not a little the manly bearing and powerful thewes and sinews' displayed by the array of modern English nobility, in the trying costumes and harness of olden times, I stepped out upon the lawn with some curiosity to see how so much heavy metal was to be got into a demi-pique saddle. After one or two ineffectual attempts, foiled partly by the restlessness of his horse, the first knight called ingloriously for a chair. Another scrambled over with great difficulty, and I fancy, though Lord Waterford and Lord Eglinton, and one other whom I noticed, mounted very gallantly and gracefully, the getting to saddle was probably the difficult feat of the day. The ancient achievement of leaping on the steed's back from the ground in complete armour, would certainly have broken the spine of any horse present, and was probably never done but in story. Once in the saddle, however, English horsemanship told well, and one of the finest sights of the day, I thought was the breaking away of a powerful horse from the grooms before his rider had gathered up his reins, and a career at furious speed through the open park, during which the steel-encumbered horsemen rode as safely as a fox-hunter, and subdued the affrighted animal and brought him back in a style worthy of a wreath from the Queen of Beauty.

Driven in by the rain, I was standing at the upper side of the Hall, when a movement in the crowd and an unusual 'making way,' announced the coming of the cynosure of all eyes.' She entered from the interior of the castle, with her train held up by two beautiful Pages of ten or twelve years of age, and attended by two fair and very young Maids of Honor. Her jacket of ermine her drapery of violet and blue velvet, the collars of superb jewels which embraced her throat and bosom, and her sparkling crown, were, on her, (what they seldom are, but should be only,) mere accessories to her own predominating & radiant beauty.

Lady Seymour's features are as nearly faultless as is consistent with expression; her figure and face are rounded to the complete fullness of the mould for a Juno; her walk is queenly and peculiarly unstudied and graceful: yet (I could not but think then and since,) she was not well chosen for the Queen of a Tournament. The elements of her beauty, [illegible] common and superb as it is, is that of delicacy and loveliness—the lily, rather than the rose—the modest pearl, not the imperial diamond. The eyes to flash over a crowd at a Tournament, to beam down upon a Knight kneeling for a public award of honor, should be full of command dark, lustrous, and fiery. Hers are of the sweetest and most tranquil blue that ever reflected the serene Heaven of a happy hearth,—eyes to love, not wonder at,—to adore and rely upon, not admire and tremble for. At the distance, at which most of the spectators of the tournament saw Lady Seymour, Fanny Kemble's stormy orbs would have shewn much finer, and the forced and imperative action of a stage-taught head and figure would have been more applauded than the quiet, nameless and indescribable grace, lost to all but those immediately around her. I had seen the Queen of Beauty in a small society, dressed in simple white, without an ornament when she was far more becomingly dressed and more beautiful than here; and I have never seen, since, the engravings and prints of Lady Seymour which fill every window in the London shops, without feeling that it was a profanation of a style of loveliness that should be

"prodigal enough
If it unveil'd its beauty to the moon"

The day wore on, and the Knight Marshal of the Lists (Sir Charles Lamb, the step-father of Lord Eglinton, by far the most knightly looking person at the Tournament,) appeared in his rich surcoat and emblossed armour and with a despairing look at the increasing torrents of rain, gave the order to get to horse. At the first blast of the trumpet, the thick-leaved trees around the castle gave out each a dozen or two of gay-color'd horsemen who had stood almost unseen under the low-hanging branches—mounted musicians in silk and gay trappings, mounted men at arms in demi-suits of armour, deputy marshals, and halberdiers: and around the western tower, where their comparisons had been arranged and their horse armour carefully looked to, rode the glittering and noble company of Knights, Lord Eglinton in his armour of inlaid gold, and Lord Alford with his athletic frame and very handsome features, conspicuous above all. The rain, meantime, spared neither the rich tabard of the Poursuivant, nor the embroidered saddle cloths of the Queen's impatient palfrey, and after a half-dozen of dripping detachments had formed and led on as the head of the procession, the Lady Archers (who were to go on foot,) were called by the Marshal with a smile, and a glance upward, which might have been construed into a tacit advice to stay in doors.

Gracefully and majestically, however, with quiver at her back and bow in hand the tall and fair archer, of whose uncommon beauty I have already spoken stepped from the castle door; and regardless of the rain, which fell in drops as large as pearls on her unprotected forehead and snowy shoulders, she took her place in the procession, with her silken-booted troop picking their way gingerly over the pools, behind her. Slight as the circumstance may seem, there was in the manner of the lady, and her calm disregard of self in the cause she had undertaken, which would leave me in no doubt where to look for a heroine, were the days of Wallace (whose compatriot she is) to come over again. The Knight Marshal put spurs to his horse and reordered the little troop to the castle; and, regretting that I had not the honor of the lady's acquaintance for my authority, I performed my only chivalric achievement for the day, sending a halberdier whom I had chanced to remember as the servant of an old friend, on a crusade into the castle for a lady's maid and a pair of dry stockings. Whether they were found and the fair archer wore them, or whether she and her silk-shod company have the tournament consumption, rheumatism, or cough, at this hour, I am sorry I cannot say.

The "Judge of Peace," Lord Saltoun, with his wand, and retainers on foot bearing heavy battle-axes, was one of the best figures in the procession, though, as he was slightly grey, and his ruby velvet cap & saturated ruff were poor substitutes for a warm cravat and hat brim, I could not but associate his fine horsemanship with a sore throat, and his retainers and their battle-axes with relays of nurses and hot flannels. The flower of the Tournament; in the representing and keeping up of the assumed character, however, was its "King," Lord Londonderry. He too, is a man I should think on the shady side of fifty, but of just the high preservation and embonpoint necessary for a royal presence. His robe of red velvet & ermine swept the ground as he sat in the saddle, and he managed to keep its immense folds free of his horse's legs, and yet to preserve its flow in his prancing motion, with a grace and ease I must say, which seemed truly imperial. His palfrey was like a fiery Arabian; all action, nerve, and fire, and every step was a rearing prance, which, but for the tranquil self-possession and easy control of the "King," would have given the spectator some fears for his royal safety. Lord Londonderry's whole performance of his part was without a fault, and chiefly admirable, I thought, from his sustaining it with that unconsciousness and entire freedom from *mauvaise honte*, which the English seldom can command in new or conspicuous situations.

The Queen of Beauty was called, and her horse lead to the door—but the water ran from the saddle-cloth and housings like rain from a roof, and the storm seemed to have increased with the sound of her name. She came to the door and gave a deprecating look upwards, which would have mollified anything but a Scotch sky, and by the command of the Knight Marshal, retired again to wait for a less chivalric but dryer conveyance. Her example was followed by the other ladies, and [illegible] procession.

N. P. W.

GENERAL JACKSON ABROAD.

On Monday of last week the report of General Jackson's decease reached Montreal, and thereupon the editor of the Courier, a *ci devant militaire*, sat him down and wrote a column of obituary for Tuesday But on Tuesday the paper was filled with foreign news; and so the column lay over until Wednesday, by which time came intelligence that the 'old hero' was not dead. Still the editor did not like to lose his labor—so he published his obituary, with a preface stating the facts and we copy it, as a somewhat curious specimen of the way in which the 'General' is spoken of by 'Britishers.'—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

"We notice by the United States papers that Gen. Jackson has paid the debt of Nature. There cannot be said to be much love for the General in Canada, for mankind do not feel much affection, usually, for those who thrashed them, and General Jackson did, certainly, give the British a sound, or what his countrymen would call "a first-rate" thrashing at New Orleans. Our people talk a great deal about cotton bags, and ditches, and the abominably awkward position of our troops; on the day so memorable among our neighbors; the 8th of January 1815; and it is easily explained why they do so, because we all like to assign *good* reasons when we are thrashed; 'tis a foible of man: but it would be better to come out manfully, and acknowledge the thrashing, without making wry faces about the matter. The Great Being never gave us a patent right to victory, notwithstanding the assertion of 'Sam Slick' that the British licked the whole world. We must expect a "Rowland for our Oliver," now and then as well as others; it is sheer folly and braggadocio to maintain any thing else. If the quiver of Britannia is stuck full of victories, it is as much owing to the great care taken in the equipment of our fighting department as to the excellent material. Some forty years ago, when so much care was not taken, the British arms were tarnished a good deal; for example, in our Dutch campaigns and at the Buenos Ayres scrape. Good soldiers are made by long wars; so Napoleon, that modern Mars, observed, and he is tolerable authority. Accustom a man to the pleasant smell of powder and the musical sounds of passing shot, and he will be indifferent to either of the *agremens;* and when he has become, indifferent to them he will march up, with coolness even to such a sample of hell as the breach of Badajos Quiet pursy, oily citizens know but of little danger, and having a mortal dislike to it, think a soldier is the spawn of Belzebub, because he occasionally makes a table of the bloody carcass of a comrade, off which to eat his grub, not thinking that he himself would do the same had he served the same apprenticeship to the gentlemanly and comfortable calling. He little knows

"Of him who 'sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking,"

& cares about knowing still less the experience of the man of firelock and moustache. Equip a soldier well, pay him well, make him as comfortable as "circumstances will permit," and half the battle is won. Let him have a belly full of danger, and shortly you will see him brow beating, *les pequins*, in the most approved style of Saracen, Saladin; or Crusader. That is our opinion of soldiering. But to return to the New Orleans affair and General Jackson. If he had not been "as brave as his sword," he would not have dreamed of attacking our people on the 23d of December; the force he had was mere militia, and although a militia not unaccustomed to the smell of that delicious compound gunpowder, inasmuch as they had breathed it at such memorable Waterloos as Tippecanoe & the Horse Shoe, when Shawnee and Creek and Cherokee fell before the whiteman, yet still they were militia, and with these he had the *impudent* audacity to attack the advance brigade of our fellows.

"It is true he attacked them at night according to Indian tactics, but it was a brave thing; and, although we gave them their 'walking ticket,' yet we felt there was another sort of man at the head of the foe than the 'militia' captains of Bladensburg and Baltimore. His conduct, from the day he heard of the landing of the British till they re-embarked, showed the highest energy and the greatest skill. It is not every day in the year militia can be got to 'stand and deliver' their fire as the Yankees did that day, and from such another 'delivery' Lord deliver us. If our men could have got over their entrenchments so as to use steel, we have no doubt our neighbors would have 'cleared out,' and this presumption is based on the indisputable superiority of regulars over militia; besides on the opposite side of the river, where the Kentuckians were entrenched, they made no stand against the 85th and the brigade of sailors, because the latter got among them. But they would not let us get round their entrenchments, and we 'caught a tarter' of the largest size. It was a 'caution.'

'Peace be to your ashes, Old General; though we do not love you, yet we respect you for your conduct. From all we can learn of the dead, we believe that seldom has Nature produced so remarkable an example of energy and courage and, as is generally the case with such men, he was clear-headed and skilful. Courage invigorates the other faculties and renders them highly effective. Regarding his Presidential career, we are not so competent to speak: the Whig party call him tyrant, and denounce him as the violator of the Constitution—as the kind of man who would not have hesitated to march into the halls of legislation, and enact Cromwell or Bonaparte. The Locofocos, on the contrary, represent him as the shield and buckler of the democracy, emphatically the People. He certainly did stand in the breach of the Constitution, even if he made it himself, like an indomitable Trojan. He could not be frightened or moved, and finally walked off with some *vetoed* acts in his pockets, snapping his fingers at the Whigs and the bankers in a very uncivil manner. However, he is dead, and we say to his spirit *pax vobis cum*. Sleep in peace' history will give him his due. Mankind are not envious of dead men; calumny defiles not the grave. We are all mighty generous when a candidate for fame has passed into the silent tomb. Man is a noble animal, very.'

Matthew Carey and his wife—It would be well, if young men starting in business, would take heed to the good advice conveyed by the example of Mr. Carey and his wife; as displayed in the biographical notice contained in the last number of the Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review. It appears from this that Mr. Carey married a Miss Flaharan, the daughter of a highly respectable citizen of Philadelphia, who like thousands of others, was ruined by his devotion to the cause of the principles of the Revolution.

She had no dowry but that of prudence, intelligence, and industry, and these are far richer than any other that can be bestowed. She had united herself to a man whose whole fortune consisted of a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture, and some back numbers of his magazine, comparatively valueless as soon as the work was abandoned. But what of that? Both husband and wife had minds filled with good common sense. They had no false pride to retard their efforts. They were persevering and economical, and together they resolved to make their way in the world. "We early," says the husband, "formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense and to mount the ladder so slowly, as to run no risk of having to descend." What a salutary example is here written in one sentence for the young of our day! How altered is the mode of beginning the marriage life now a-days. Large rents, expensive establishments, unlimited debts, "routs and rounds of fashion, are at once launched into and the young couple live on, so long as petty shifts, contrivances and deceptions will sustain them, and then sink into homeless misery, from which perchance, they never recover. "Daughters, tenderly reared, and who have brought handsome fortunes to their husbands, are often obliged to return home to their aged parents, who have to maintain them, their husbands, and their children—a deplorable fate for old age." Fathers have the unspeakable misery of beholding their sons in whom the hopes of after years were centered, broken down, indolent, reckless, dissipated—hanging on society as pests and nuisances, instead of becoming ornaments and examples of it.

From the New Orleans Times.

HIGH HANDED OUTRAGE.

It is our painful duty to present before our readers an account of one of the most insulting and disgraceful occurrences that has ever come to our knowledge.

We are informed by one of the passengers on board the ship Queen Victoria, Capt. Thompson, arrived yesterday from New York, that on the 30th of October, while about 70 miles to the southward and westward of the Balize, and not knowing where they were, they descried a small schooner at a distance. Being under the impression she was a pilot boat, they made signals to 'speak,' which the schooner answered, and bore down upon them for that purpose. Our informant says that when she was near enough to speak, they saw only a few sailors upon her deck, while a handsome and very genteel man was seated aft, smoking carelessly his Havana cigar.—After hailing, the stranger made the usual inquiries of Capt. Thompson, as to whence he came where bound, &c., and among other things, asked him if he knew where he was? Capt. T. told him he did not, and made the same question to the stranger. He said he did not exactly know, and had been beating about in that vicinity for four or five days. The stranger seemed to be an ease-loving, careless man, who was not in a hurry to do any thing or to go to any particular place. Said he to Capt. T., 'I shall try to get in somewhere on this coast: I am not a pilot, but you can follow me if you like—if I get aground, you know, you can stand off.' They sailed in company during the balance of the day, and both anchored at night.

In the morning, the fog lifting a little, they descried the land, and the mate of the Queen Victoria was sent on shore, with six men, to discern the bearings.

The boat was about returning from the shore, when our informant, having been pleased with the originality of the genteel stranger asked Capt. T. to invite him to dinner—which was acceded to. We do not know how the invitation was extended; whether given by the trumpet or a boat sent on board. At any rate, it was accepted politely, and the stranger was heard to order his boat.—By this time the Victoria's boat had arrived. The Captain, from something, we believe, that the mate communicated, conceived the idea that the stranger, was a wrecker, or perhaps a pirate, & signified to the passengers that when he came on board he should detain him. The boat of the schooner was then seen under way, and was presently alongside; the oars were shipped, and the stranger, having mounted the lofty sides of the ship, leaped upon the deck, offering at the same time, his hand to Capt. T., who took it very coldly, and looked at the stranger suspiciously. No one spoke to him, and the silence was oppressive. At last Capt. T., with a face full of anger, said—'Do you know, sir, where you are?'

'On the deck of your vessel,' was the answer.

'Do you know where *we* are?' was asked again.

'I do not, and told you so, yesterday,' was replied.

'You are a d—d liar,' said the Captain—'you are a wrecker, trying to decoy us, or perhaps a pirate.'

'My boat, there below!' said the stranger, hailing his men. 'I stay on board no vessel to be insulted—you ask me to dinner, and then call me a pirate.'

'You don't leave this ship,' said Capt. Thompson; upon which he seized him, when a scuffle ensued; the stranger was thrown down and terribly beaten and otherwise maltreated. A great deal more occurred, which we have not time to state. The grossest insults were put upon him, and it was not until his powerful and biting sarcasms stung the Captain to the core, that in order to rid himself from his reproaches, he was ordered off to his schooner. It was then found that his uncle had been broken in the scuffle, and during all this scene of suffering and contumely not a murmur had escaped the stranger's lips. While they were at dinner he wept freely at the thought of the outrage done him, and his passions became so strong that he fell in a fit, from which they only recovered him by bleeding copiously—he also had a severe bruise over the eye with a handspike. Now would any suppose that the person thus treated on mere suspicion, by a captain who had lost his way, was a *Creole of high family in Louisiana*, and once a midshipman in our navy? No one could suppose it, and yet the handsome, nonchalant, genteel and intellectual stranger, is young Bossier, a nephew to Gen. Bossier near Alexandria—a relative of the Cuculler family as well as of many others of high blood in New Orleans. He had made during the early part of the summer a trip to the Charleston, and Silver Lake, had chartered a little schooner to cruise easily home in. We understand that Bossier followed the Victoria into port, & took the same tow up to this city, determined on vengeance. We hope that the severest justice will be meted out to the man who could so far forget the common promptings of humanity, as thus to treat a gentleman on suspicion. Our informant vouches for all these statements, and has authorized us to give his name.

Irish Economy.—At a late Assize in Ireland, two men were condemned to be hanged. On receiving their sentence, one of them addressed the judge, and said he had two favors to ask of him. 'What are they?' inquired his lordship. 'Please your honor,' said Pat, 'will you let me hang this man before I am hanged myself?' 'What is the other request?' said the Judge. 'Why, plase your honor, will you let my wife hang me for she will do it more tenderly than the hangman—and then what she will receive for the jobs will help the poor crathur to pay her rent."

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