13:4 1814

BOOK OF WONDERS!

OR

MARVELLOUS CHRONICLE:

CONTAINING AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS OF

EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS AND OCCURRENCES

IN NATURE AND ART.

CONSISTING ENTIRELY OF CURIOUS MATTERS, UNDER THE DENOMINATION OF

MIRACULOUS!
QUEER!
MONSTROUS!
STRANGE!
SUPERNATURAL!

WHIMSICAL!
ABSURD!
AMUSING!
AND
UNACCOUNTABLE!

COLLECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF

HISTORIANS, TRAVELERS, ASTROLOGERS, MAGICIANS, PHILOSOPHERS, &c. &c.

OF ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.
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PREFACE.

"Oh for some Old Mystery!
Something we could not know!
Something we could not fathom!
As it was, long time ago!"

MARY HOWITT.

Curiosity is a principle implanted in the human heart, for wise purposes. It is a source of great pleasure and great advantage to the human race; and the indulgence of it is both innocent and useful.

To gratify the propensity of the human heart—curiosity—is the design of this BOOK OF WONDERS. To interest the reader, and make him forget his cares—to make him laugh and grow fat—and to sweep the dull cob-web out of his brain, is its first, its prime object. This is good philosopy, and good medicine. In old times in England, there was a Magazine published, called a "Cure for the Blue devils," the whole design of which was to supply the people with food for mirth and curiosity. The success which attended this experiment is celebrated in the following good but homely lines, printed in 1531.

"And such success his plan has found,
That now, for many miles around,
No soul is troubled with the *Hip*,
The *Gripes*, the *Vapours*; or—the *Pip*.
Diseases every day decrease,
And Joy abounds, and Mirth and Peace;
The 'Pothecaries all are starving,
And cooks work *double tide* in carving,
While Wits and Butchers bless the man,
Who first invented such a plan:
A plan designed to banish care,
And make folks *eat*, and *laugh*, and *stare*.
Amazing are it's Tricks and Fancies,
And true—tho' seeming like Romances;
Each tale so decently is told,
So circumstantial and so bold;
With *time* and *place*,' and all about it,
'Twill be a wonder if ye doubt it.
Good folks, 'tis fit that you should hear,
On any day throughout the year,
Sixpence will buy a better treat,
Than all the *pudding* you can eat;
For *pudding* only fills the belly;
But the *Fine Dainties* that we sell ye,
Will gratify the *nobler part*,
And *cheer* the *Head*, and *warm* the *Heart*!"

Such is the design, and such will be the effect of the Book of Wonders. It will be like medicine to the soul—a perfect "Balm of Gilead" to the afflicted—and a "sparmaceti" for all inward wounds. Read it, and you will receive a heap of satisfaction from its perusal. Old wine, old friends, old books, and old cheese, have been highly and justly eulogised, in all ages—but *Old Mysteries*, are sweeter far than all these luxuries combined. "There's nothing half so sweet in life."

"To make ye *merry*, and to make ye *wise*,
Turn to our WONDERS—do not think them LIES;
For be it known, nay do not all things show it,
'Tis a STRANGE WORLD, my masters, and you know it!"

BOOK OF WONDERS.

PETER RUGG,

THE MISSING MAN.

From Jonathan Dunwell, of New York, to Mr. Herman Krauff.

SIR,—Agreeable to my promise, I now relate to you all the particulars of the lost man and child, which I have been able to collect. It is entirely owing to the humane interest you seemed to take in the report, that I have pursued the inquiry to the following result.

You may remember that business called me to Boston in the summer of 1830. I sailed in the packet to Providence, and when I arrived there, I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours, or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative.—When we had travelled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Do you have a surtout with you?" "No," said I, "why do you ask?" "You will want one soon," said he. "Do you observe the ears of all the horses?" "Yes," and was just about to ask the reason. "They see the storm breeder, and we shall see him soon" At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after a small speck appeared in the road. "There," said my companion, "comes the storm breeder; he always leaves a Scotch mist behind him. By many a wet jacket I do remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself, much more than is known to the world." Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horses' ears were up and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met. "Who is that man," said I, "he seems in great trouble." "Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met him more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was travelling directly from that town, that of late I have refused any communication with him; and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look." "But does he never stop any where?" "I have never known him to stop any where, longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole; and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surtout, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned. "Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence the man came, that is the place to look; the storm never meets him, it follows him.' We presently approached another hill' and when at the height, the driver point,

ed out in an eastern direction a little black speck about as big as a hat.

"There," said he, "is the seed storm; we may possibly reach Polley's before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder, and lightning." And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed. The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers; for after it had spread itself to a great bulk, it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark, and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular net work, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud: he said every flash of lightning near its centre discovered to him distinctly the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse. But in truth, I saw no such thing. The man's fancy was doubtless at fault. It is a very common thing for the imagination to paint for the senses, both in the visible and invisible world.

In the mean time the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand; and just as we reached Polley's tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike towards Providence. In a few moments after a respectable looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them, that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston; that he was driving at a great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest; that the moment he had passed him, a thunder clap broke distinctly over the man's head, and seemed to envelope both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loam up and increase his speed, and as well as I could judge he travelled just as fast as the thunder cloud." While this man was speaking, a pedlar, with a cart of tin merchandize came up, all dripping; and, on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different states; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston, and that a thunder shower, like the present had each time deluged his wagon and his wares, setting his tin pots, &c., afloat, so that he had determined to get marine insurance done for the future. But that which excited his surprise most was the strange conduct of his horse, for that long before he could distinguish the man in the chair, his own horse stood still in the road, and flung back his ears. "In short," said the pedlar, "I wish never to see that man and horse again; they do not look to me as though they belonged to this world."

This was all I could learn at that time; and the occurrence soon after, would have become with me, "like one of those things which had never happened," had I not, as I stood recently on the door-step of Bennett's hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "there goes Peter Rugg and his child! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man I had seen more than three years before; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg can never after be deceived as to his identity. "Peter Rugg!" said I, "and who is Peter Rugg?" "That," said the stranger, "is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveller, held in light esteem by all innholders, for he never stops to eat, drink, or sleep. I wonder why the government do not imploy him to carry the mail." "Aye," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side; how long would it take in that case to se[illegible], a letter to Boston, for Peter has alr[illegible]ven- to my knowledge, been more than [illegible]But," ty years travelling to that place." [illegible]p any said I, "does the man never [illegible]with any where, does he never conver[illegible]re than one? I saw the same man [illegible]idence, and three years since, near Pro[illegible]about him. I heard a strange story [illegible]count of this Pray sir, give me some a[illegible]ranger, "those man." "Sir," said the [illegible]especting that who know the most [illegible]ave heard it as- man say the least. I [illegible]metimes sets a serted [illegible]at heaven [illegible]er for judgment or mark on a man, [illegible]h Peter Rugg now a trial. Under whi[illegible]ay; therefore I am labor[illegible] I cannot [illegible]pity than to judge." rather inclined t[illegible] a humane man," said "You speak lik[illegible]ave known him so long, I; "and if you [illegible]l give me some account I pray yo[illegible] his appearance much al- of him. H[illegible] time?" "Why, yes. He tered in th[illegible]ough he never ate, drank, or looks as t[illegible]

slept; and his child looks older than himself, and he looks like time broke off from eternity, and anxious to gain a resting place." "And how does his horse look?" said I. "As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage, than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles." "Why," said he, "how can you deceive me so? it is cruel to mislead a traveller. I have lost my way; pray direct me the nearest way to Boston." I repeated it was one hundred miles. "How can you say so?" said he, "I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have travelled all night." "But," said I, "you are now travelling from Boston. You must turn back." "Alas," said he, "it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the East, another to the West; and the guide posts too, they all point the wrong way." "But will you not stop and rest," said I. "You seem wet and weary." "Yes," said he, "it has been foul weather since I left home.' "Stop then and refresh yourself." "I must not stop, I must reach home to-night if possible: though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston." He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment. A few days afterwards I met the man a little this side of Claremont, winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate, I believe, of twelve miles an hour."

"Is Peter Rugg his real name, or has he accidentally gained that name?" "I know not, but presume he will not deny his name; you can ask him, for see he has turned his horse, and is passing this way." In a moment, a dark colored, high spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man might be. Accordingly I stepped into the street, and as the horse approached, I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg? for I think I have seen you before." "My name is Peter Rugg," said he, "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary, and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston." "You live in Boston, do you, and in what street?" "In Middle street." "When did you leave Boston?" "I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time." "But how did you and your child become so wet? It has not rained here to-day." "It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road, or the turnpike?" "Why, the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven." "How can you say so? you impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveller; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston." "But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford." "Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following, the Merrimac?" "No, sir, this is Hartford, and the river, the Connecticut." He wrung his hands and looked incredulous. "Have the rivers, too, changed their courses, as the cities have changed places? But see, the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah, that fatal oath!" He would tarry no longer, his impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings, he seemed to devour all before him, and to scorn all behind.

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clue to the history of Peter Rugg, and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after, I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle street, who had resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this:—"The last summer a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft, on coming to the door, perceived a stranger, with a child by his side, in an old weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died in a good old age, more than twenty years before that time. The stranger replied, 'How can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door.' 'Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years: no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft.' The stranger paused, and looked up and down the street, and said, 'though the painting is rather faded, this looks like my house.' 'Yes,' said the child, 'that is the stone before the door, that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk.' 'But,' said the stranger, 'it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, every thin

here seems to be misplaced.———The streets are all changed, the people are all changed, the town seems changed, and what is strangest of all, Catharine Rugg has deserted her husband and child. Pray,' continued the stranger, 'has John Foy come home from sea? he went a long voyage, ne is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg.' 'Sir,' said Mrs. Croft, 'I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?' 'Just above here, in Orange Tree Lane.' 'There is no such place in this neighborhood.' 'What do you tell me! Are the streets gone? Orange Tree Lane is at the head of Hanover street, near Pemberton's hill.' 'There is no such Lane now,' 'Madam! you cannot be serious. But you doubtless know my brother William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange Lane, near King street.' 'I know of no such Lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King street in this town.' 'No such street as King street? Why, woman! you mock me. You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary, I must find a resting place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market.' 'Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets.' 'You know there is but one market near the town dock.' 'O, the old market, but no such person has kept there these twenty years.' Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and uttered to himself quite audibly, 'Strange mistake, how much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle street.' Then said he, 'madam, can you direct me to Boston?' 'Why this is Boston, the city of Boston, I know of no other Boston.' 'City of Boston it may be, but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. Pray what bridge is that, I just came over?' 'It is Charles River Bridge.' 'I perceive my mistake, there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown, there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake, if I was in Boston my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows, by his impatience that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston! it is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy it must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it.' At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his fore feet; the stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said, 'no home to-night,' and giving the reins to his horse, passed up the street, and I saw no more of him.'

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged had passed away.

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request, she sent for him; and, after I had related to him the object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth; that his disappearance had caused some surprise; but as it sometimes happens that men run away, sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves; and Rugg took his child with him, and his chair; and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the occurrence soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion; and Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotton. 'It is true,' said Mr. Felt, 'sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice.' 'Sir,' said I, 'Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse and chair; therefore, I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him.' 'Why, my friend,' said James Felt, 'that Peter Rugg is now a living man I will not deny; but that you have seen Peter Rugg and his child, is impossible, if you mean a small child, for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least —let me see—Boston massacre, 1770—Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg, if living, must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg is living is highly possible, as he was only ten years older than myself; and I was only eighty last March; and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man.' Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him, on which I could depend.

I took my leave of Mrs. Croft, and proceeded to my lodgings at the Marlborough Hotel.

If Peter Rugg, thought I, has been travelling since the Boston massacre,

there is no reason why he should not travel to the end of time. If the present generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold on this world.

In the course of the evening, I related my adventure in Middle street. 'Ha!' said one of the company, smiling, 'do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him, as though he seriously believed his own story.' 'Sir,' said I, 'pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg, with my own.' 'Peter Rugg, sir, if my grandfather was worthy of credit, once lived in Middle street, in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhappily his temper, at times was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way, he would never do less than kick a pannel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle; and thus in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once, Rugg was seen to bite a tenpenny nail in halves. In those days, every body, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language. Others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp; as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to commend a placid temper as Peter.

'It was late in autumn, one morning, that Rugg in his own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return, a violent storm overtook him. At dark, he stopped in Menotomy, (now West Cambridge,) at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry the night. On Rugg's declining to stop Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. 'Why, Mr. Rugg,' said Cutter, 'the storm is overwhelming you; the night is exceeding dark; your little daughter will perish; you are in an open chair and the tempest is increasing.' '*Let the tempest increase,*' said Rugg, with a fearful oath, '*I will see home to-night, in spite of the last tempest! or may I never see home.*' At these words, he gave his whip to his high spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter's in Menotomy. For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage, passing her door. The neighbors too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly, that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, and child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turned to his house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain. The next day, the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the streets. And this is credible, if indeed Rugg's horse and carriage did pass on that night. For at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team in passing will shake the houses like an earthquake. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterwards watched; some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others, of a different opinion, shook their heads and said nothing. Thus Rugg, and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten; and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject.

'There was indeed a rumor, that Rugg afterwards was seen in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country like a streak of chalk. This gave occasion to Rugg's friends to make further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut,—the next, the

heard of him winding round the hills in New Hampshire; and soon after, a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston.

"But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg, was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest, and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently, that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As they passed he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing, except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge! The toll-gatherer, on the next day, asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse; and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell —and when questioned seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus, Peter Rugg and his child, horse and carriage, remain a mystery to this day."

This, sir, is all that I could learn of Peter Rugg in Boston.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF PETER RUGG.

BY JONATHAN DUNWELL.

In the autumn of 1825, I attended the races at Richmond, in Virginia; as two new horses of great promise were run, the race ground was never better attended, nor was expectation ever more deeply excited. The partisans of Dart and Lightning, the two race horses, were equally anxious, and equally dubious of the result. To an indifferent spectator it was impossible to perceive any difference. They were equally beautiful to behold, alike in color and height, and as they stood side by side, they measured from heel to fore feet within half a inch of each other. The eyes of each were full, prominent and resolute, and when at times they regarded each other, they assumed a lofty demeanour, seemed to shorten their necks, project their eyes, and rest their bodies equally on their four hoofs. They certainly discovered signs of intelligence, and displayed a courtesy to each other, unusual even with statesmen. It was now nearly twelve o'clock, the hour of expectation, doubt and anxiety. The riders mounted their horses; and so trim, light, and airy, they sat on the animals, they seemed a part of them. The spectators, many deep, in a solid column, had taken their places; and as many thousand breathing statues were there as spectators. All eyes were turned to Dart and Lightning, and their two fairy riders. There was nothing to disturb this calm, except a busy woodpecker on a neighboring tree. The signal was given, and Dart and Lightning answered the signal with ready intelligence. At first they proceed on a slow trot, then they quicken to a canter, and then a gallop. Presently they sweep the plain; both horses lay themselves flat on the ground, their riders bending forward, and resting their chins between their horses' ears. Had not the ground been perfectly level, had there been any undulation, the least rise and fall, the spectator, every moment, for a moment, would have lost sight of both horses and riders. While these horses, side by side, thus appeared, flying without wings, flat as a hare, and neither gained on the other, all eyes were diverted to a new spectacle. Directly in the rear of Dart and Lightning, a majestic black horse, of unusual size, drawing an old weather beaten chair, strode over the plain; and, although he appeared to make no effort, for he maintained a steady trot, before Dart and Lightning approached the goal, the black horse and chair had overtaken the racers, who, on perceiving this new competitor pass them, threw back their ears and suddenly stopped in their course. Thus neither Dart nor Lightning carried away the purse. The spectators, now, were exceedingly curious to learn whence came the black horse and chair. With many it was the opinion that nobody was in the vehicle. Indeed this began to be the prevalent opinion, for those at a short distance, so fleet was the black horse, could not easily discern who, if any body was in the carriage. But both the riders, whom the black horse passed very nearly, a-

greed in this particular, that a sad looking man, with a little girl, was in the chair. When they stated this, I was satisfied it was Peter Rugg. But what caused no little surprise, John Spring, one of the riders, he who rode Lightning, asserted that no earthly horse, without breaking his trot, could in a carriage outstrip his race horse: and he persisted with some passion, that it was not a horse, he was sure it was not a horse, but a large black ox. 'What a great black ox can do,' said John, 'I cannot pretend to say; but no race horse, not even Flying Childers, could out-trot Lightning in a fair race.' This opinion of John Spring excited no little merriment, for it was clearly obvious to every one, that it was a powerful black that interrupted the race; but John Spring, jealous of Lightning's reputation as a horse, would rather have it thought that any other beast, even an ox, had been the victor. However, the horse laugh at John Spring's expense was soon suppressed; for as soon as Dart and Lightning began to breath more freely, it was observed that both of them walked deliberately to the track of the race ground, and putting their heads to the earth, they suddenly raised them again and began to snort. They repeated this, till John Spring said, 'these horses have discovered something strange; they suspect foul play; let me go and talk with Lightning.' And he went up to Lightning and took hold of his mane; and Lightning put his nose toward the ground, and smelt of the earth without touching it, and then reared his head very high, and snorted so loudly, that the sound echoed from the next hill. Dart did the same. John Spring stooped down to examine the spot where Lightning smelt. In a moment he raised himself up, and the countenance of the man was changed; his strength failed him, and he sidled against Lightning. At length John Spring recovered from his stupor, and exclaimed, 'it was an ox! I told you it was an ox, no real horse ever yet beat Lightning.' And now, on a close inspection of the black horse's tracks in the path, it was evident to every one, that the fore feet of the black horse were cloven. Notwithstanding these appearances, to me it was evident that the strange horse, was in reality a horse. Yet when the people left the race ground, I presume one half of all those present, would have testified that a large black ox had distanced two of the fleetest coursers that ever trod the Virginia turf. So uncertain are all things called historical facts.

While I was proceeding to my lodgings, pondering on the events of the day a stranger rode up to me, and accosted me thus, 'I think your name is Dunwell, sir?' 'Yes sir,' I replied. 'Did I not see you a year or two since, in Boston, at the Marlborough Hotel?' 'Very likely, sir, for I was there.' 'And you heard a story about one Peter Rugg? 'I recollect it all,' said I. 'The account you heard in Boston must be true, for here he was to-day. The man has found his was to Virginia, and for aught that appears, has been to Cape Horn. I have seen him before to-day, but never saw him travel with such fearful velocity. Pray, sir, where does Peter Rugg spend his winters? for I have seen him only in summer, and always in foul weather, except at this time.' I replied, 'No one knows where Peter Rugg spends his winters; where or when he eats, drinks, sleeps, or lodges. He seems to have an indistinct idea of day and night, time and space, storm and sunshine. His only object is Boston. It appears to me that Rugg's horse has some control of the chair: and that Rugg himself is, in some sort, under the control of his horse.' I then inquired of the stranger, where he first saw the man and horse. 'Why, sir," said he, 'in the summer of 1824, I travelled to the North for my health, and soon after I saw you at the Marlborough Hotel, I returned homeward to Virginia, and if my memory is correct, I saw this man and horse in every State between here and Massachusetts. Sometimes he would meet me, but oftener overtake me. He never spoke but once, and that once was in Delaware. On his approach he checked his horse with some difficulty. A more beautiful horse I never saw; his hide was as fair, and rotund, and glossy as the skin of a Congo beauty. When Rugg's horse approached mine, he reined in his neck, bent his ears forward until they met, and looked my horse full in the face. My horse immediately withered into half a horse; his hide curled up like a piece of burnt leather, spell bound, he was fixed to the earth as though a nail had been drove through each hoof. 'Sir,' said Rugg, 'perhaps you are travelling to Boston, and if so, I should be happy to accompany you, for I have lost my way, and I must reach home to-night. See how sleepy this little girl looks; poor thing, she is a

picture of patience.' 'Sir,' said I, 'it is impossible for you to reach home to-night, for you are in Concord in the County of Sussex, in the State of Delaware.' 'What do you mean,' said he 'by State of Delaware? If I was in Concord, that is only twenty miles from *Boston*, and my horse Lightfoot could carry me to Charlestown bridge in less than two hours. You mistake, sir; you are a stranger here; this town is nothing like Concord. I am well acquainted with Concord. I went to Concord when I left *Boston*.' '*But*,' said I, 'you are in Concord, in the State of Delaware.' 'What do you mean by State?' said Rugg. 'Why one of the United States.' 'States,' said he, in a low voice, 'the man is a wag, and would persuade me I am in Holland.' Then raising his voice, he said, 'you seem, sir, to be a gentleman, and I entreat you to mislead me not; tell me quickly, for pity's sake, the right road to *Boston*, for you see my horse will swallow his bits; for he has eaten nothing since I left Concord.' 'Sir,' said I, 'this town is Concord, Concord in Delaware, not Concord in Massachusetts; and you see you are now five hundred miles from *Boston*.' Rugg looked at me for a moment, more in sorrow than resentment, and then repeated, 'five hundred miles! unhappy man, who would have thought he had been deranged; but nothing is so deceitful as appearances, in this world. Five hundred miles! this beats Connecticut river.' What he meant by Connecticut River, I know not; his horse broke away, and Rugg disappeared in a moment.'

I explained to the stranger the meaning of Rugg's expression, 'Connecticut River,' and the incident respecting him, that occurred at Hartford, as I stood on the door stone of Mr. *Bennett's* excellent hotel. We both agreed that the man we had seen that day was the true Peter Rugg.

Soon after, I saw Rugg again, at the toll gate on the Turnpike, between Alexandria and Middleburgh. While I was paying the toll, I observed to the toll gatherer, that the drought was more severe in his vicinity than farther south. "Yes," said he, "the drought is excessive; but if I had not heard yesterday, by a traveller, that the man with the black horse was seen in Kentucky a day or two since, I should be sure of a shower in a few minutes." I looked all around the horizon, and could not discern a cloud that could hold a pint of water. "Look, sir," said the toll gatherer, "you perceive to the Eastward, just rising that hill a small black cloud not bigger than a blackberry, and while I am speaking it is doubling and trebling itself, and rolling up the turnpike steadily, as if its sole design was to deluge some object."—"True," said I, "I do perceive it; but what connexion is there between a thunder cloud and a man and horse?" "More than you imagine, or I can tell you; but stop a moment, sir, I may need your assistance. I know that cloud, I have seen it several times before; and can testify to its identity. You will soon see a man and black horse under it." While he was yet speaking, true enough, we began to hear the distant thunder, and soon the chain lightning performed all the figures of a country dance. About a mile distant, we saw the man and black horse under the cloud; but before he arrived at the toll gate, the thunder cloud had spent itself, and not even a sprinkle fell near us. As the man, whom I instantly knew to be Rugg, attempted to pass, the toll gatherer swung the gate across the road, seized Rugg's horse by the reins, and demanded two dollars.—Feeling some little regard for Rugg, I interfered, and began to question the toll gatherer, and requested him not to be wroth with the man. The toll gatherer replied he had just cause, for the man had run his toll ten times, and moreover that the horse had discharged a cannon ball at him, to the great danger of his life; that the man had always before approached so rapidly that he was too quick for the rusty hinges of the toll gate; but that now he would have full satisfaction. Rugg looked wistfully at me, and said, "I entreat you, sir, to delay me not, I have found at length the direct road to Boston, and shall not reach home before night if you detain me; you see I am dripping wet, and ought to change my clothes." The toll gatherer then demanded why he had run his toll so many times? "Toll! why," said Rugg, "do you demand toll? there is no toll to pay on the king's highway."—"King's highway! do you not perceive this is a turnpike?" "Turnpike! there are no turnpikes in Massachusetts."—"That may be, but we have several in Virginia." "Virginia! do you pretend I am in Virginia?" Rugg then appealing to me, asked how far it was to Boston? Said I, "Mr. Rugg, I perceive you are bewildered, and am sorry to see you so far from home; you are, indeed, in Virginia." "You know me then, sir, it

seems; and you say I am in Virginia. Give me leave to tell you, sir, you are the most impudent man alive; for I was never forty miles from Boston, and I never saw a Virginian in my life. This beats Delaware!" "Your toll, sir, your toll!" "I will not pay you a penny," said Rugg, "you are both of you highway robbers; there are no turnpikes in this country. Take toll on the king's highway! Robbers take toll on the king's highway." Then in a low tone he said, "here is evidently a conspiracy against me; alas, I shall never see Boston! The highways refuse me a passage, the rivers change their courses, and there is no faith in the compass." But Rugg's horse had no idea of stopping more than one minute, for in the midst of this altercation, the horse, whose nose was resting on the upper bar of the turnpike gate, seized it between his teeth, lifted it gently on its staples, and trotted off with it. The toll gatherer confounded, strained his eyes after his gate. Let him go, said I, the horse will soon drop your gate, and you will get it again.

I then questioned the toll gatherer respecting his knowledge of this man; and he related the following particulars.— "The first time," said he, "that man ever passed this toll gate was in the year 1806, at the moment of the great eclipse. I thought the horse was frightened at the sudden darkness, and concluded he had run away with the man. But within a few days after, the same man and horse repassed with equal speed, without the least respect to the toll gate, or to me, except by a vacant stare. Some few years afterward, during the late war, I saw the same man approaching again, and I resolved to check his career. Accordingly I stepped into the middle of the road, and stretched wide both my arms, and cried, stop sir, on your peril! At this, the man said, "now Lightfoot, confound the robber!" at the same time, he gave the whip liberally to the flank of his horse, who bounded off with such force, that it appeared to me, two such horses, give them a place to stand, would check the diurnal motion of the earth. An ammunition wagon which had just passed on to Baltimore, had dropped an eighteen pounder in the road; this unlucky ball lay in the way of the horse's heels, and the beast, with the sagacity of a demon, clinched it with one of his heels and hurled it behind him. I feel dizzy in relating the fact, but so nearly did the ball pass my head that the wind thereof blew off my hat, and the ball bedded itself in that gate post, as you may see, if you will cast your eye to the post. I have permitted it to remain there in memory of the occurrence, as the people of Boston, I am told, preserve the eighteen pounder, which is now to be seen half bedded in *Brattle*-street church."

I then took leave of the toll gatherer, and promised him, if I saw or heard of his gate, I would send him notice.

A strong inclination had possessed me to arrest Rugg, and search his pockets, thinking great discoveries might be made in the examination; but what I saw and heard that day convinced me that no human force could detain Peter Rugg against his consent. I therefore determined if I ever saw Rugg again to treat him in the gentlest manner.

In pursuing my way to New York, I entered on the turnpike in Trenton; and when I arrived at New *Brunswick*, I perceived the road was newly McAdamised. The small stones had just been laid thereon. As I passed this piece of road, I observed at regular distances of about eight feet, the stones entirely displaced from spots as large as the circumference of a half bushel measure. This singular appearance induced me to inquire the cause of it at the turnpike gate. "Sir," said the toll gatherer, "I wonder not at the question, but I am unable to give you a satisfactory answer. Indeed, sir, I believe I am bewitched, and that the turnpike is under a spell of enchantment; for what appeared to me last night cannot be a real transaction; otherwise a turnpike gate is a useless thing." "I do not believe in witchcraft or enchantment," said I, "and if you will relate circumstantially what happened last night, I will endeavor to account for it by natural means." "You may recollect, the night was uncommonly dark. Well, sir, just after I had closed the gate for the night, down the turnpike, as far as my eye could reach, I beheld, what at first appeared to me, two armies engaged. The report of the musketry, and the flashes of their firelocks were incessant and continuous. As this strange spectacle approached me with the fury of a tornado, the noise increased, and the appearance rolled on in one compact body over the surface of the ground.— The most splendid fireworks rose out of the earth, and encircled this moving spectacle. The divers tints of the rainbow, the most brilliant dies that the sun lays on the lap of spring, added to the whole family of gems, could not display

a more beautiful, radiant and dazzling spectacle than accompanied the black horse. You would have thought all the stars of heaven had met in merriment on the turnpike. In the midst of this luminous configuration sat a man, distinctly to be seen, in a miserable looking chair drawn by a black horse. The turnpike gate, ought, by the laws of nature, and the laws of the state, to have made a wreck of the whole, and have dissolved the enchantment; but no, the horse without an effort passed over the gate, and drew the man and chair horizontally after him without touching the bar. This was what I call enchantment—what think you, sir?" "My friend," said I, "you have grossly magnified a natural occurrence. The man was Peter Rugg, on his way to *B*oston. It is true, his horse travelled with unequalled speed, but as he reared high his fore feet, he could not help displacing the thousand small stones on which he trod, which flying in all directions struck each other, and resounded and scintillated. The top bar of your gate is not more than two feet from the ground, and Rugg's horse at every vault could easily lift the carriage over that gate." This satisfied Mr. McDoubt; and I was pleased at that occurrence, for otherwise Mr. McDoubt who is a worthy man, late from the Highlands, might have added to his calender of superstitions. Having thus disenchanted the McAdamised road, and the turnpike gate, and also Mr. McDoubt, I pursued my journey homeward to New York.

Little did I expect to see or hear any thing further of Mr. Rugg, for he was now more than twelve hours in advance of me. I could hear nothing of him on my way to Elizabethtown. I therefore concluded that during the past night he had turned off from the turnpike, and pursued a westerly direction. But just before I arrived at Powles' Hook, I observed a considerable collection of passengers in the ferry boat, all standing motionless, and steadily looking at the same object. One of the ferrymen, Mr. Hardy, who well knew me, observing my approach, delayed a minute, in order to afford me a passage, and coming up, said, "Mr. Dunwell, we have got a curiosity on board that would puzzle Dr. Mitchell." "Some strange fish, I suppose, has found its way into the Hudson." "No," said he, "it is a man, who looks as if he had lain in the ark, and had just now ventured out. He has a little girl with him, the counterpart of himself; and the finest horse you ever saw, harnessed to the queerest looking carriage that ever was made." "Ah, Mr Hardy," said I, "you have indeed, hooked a prize; no one before you could ever detain Peter Rugg long enough to examine him." "Do you know the man?" said Mr Hardy. "No, nobody knows him, but every body has seen him. Detain him as long as possible, delay the boat under any pretence; cut the gear of the horse; do anything to detain him." As I entered the ferryboat, I was struck at the spectacle before me; there indeed, sat Peter and Jenny Rugg in the chair, and there stood the black horse, all as quiet as lambs, surrounded by more than fifty men and women, who seemed to have lost all their senses but one. Not a motion, not a breath, not a nestle. They were all eye. Rugg appeared to them to be a man not of this world; and they appeared to Rugg a strange generation of men. Rugg spoke not, and they spoke not; nor was I disposed to disturb the calm; satisfied, to reconnoitre him in a state of rest. Presently Rugg observed in a low voice, addressed to nobody, "A new contrivance, horses instead of oars, Boston folks are full of notions." It was plain that Rugg was of Dutch extract—he had on three pair of small clothes, called in former days of simplicity, breeches not much the worse for wear; but time had proved the fabric, and shrunk each of them more than the other, so that they discovered at the knees, their different qualities and colors. His several waistcoats, the flaps of all which rested on his knees, gave him an appearance rather corpulent. His capacious drab coat would supply the stuff for half a dozen modern ones. The sleeves were like meal-bags—in the cuffs of which you might nurse a child to sleep. His hat, probably once black, now of a tan color, was neither round nor crooked, but much in shape like the one President Monroe wore on his late tour. This dress gave the rotund face of Rugg an antiquated dignity. The man, though deeply sun-burnt, did not appear to be more than thirty years of age. He had lost his sad and anxious look, was quite composed, and seemed happy. The chair in which Rugg sat, was very capacious, evidently made for service, and calculated to last for ages. The timber would supply material for three modern carriages. This chair, like a Nantucket coach, would answer for every thing that ever went on wheels. The horse too, was an object of curiosity—his majestic

height, his natural main and tail gave him a commanding appearance—and his large open nostrils indicated inexhaustible wind. It was apparent that the hoofs of his fore feet had been split, probably on some newly McAdamised road, and were now growing together again; so that John Spring was not altogether in the wrong.

How long this dumb scene would otherwise have continued, I cannot tell. Rugg discovered no sign of impatience. But Rugg's horse having been quiet more than five minutes, had no idea of standing idle; he began to whine, and in a moment after, with his right fore foot, he started a plank. Said Rugg, "my horse is impatient, he sees the North end. You must be quick, or he will be ungovernable." At these words, the horse raised his left fore foot; and when he laid it down, every inch of the ferryboat trembled. Two men immediately seized Rugg's horse by the nostrils. The horse nodded, and both of them were in the Hudson. While we were fishing up the men, the horse was perfectly quiet. "Fret not the horse," said Rugg, "and he will do no harm. He is only anxious like myself, to arrive at yonder beautiful shore. He sees the North Church, and smells his own stable." "Sir," said I to Rugg, practising a little deception, "pray tell me, for I am a stranger here, what river is this, and what city is that opposite? for you seem to be an inhabitant of it." "This river, sir, is called Mystic River, and this is Winnisimet ferry, we have retained the Indian names, and this town is Boston. You must, indeed, be a stranger in these parts, not to know that yonder is Boston, the capital of the New England provinces." "Pray sir, how long have you been absent from Boston?" "Why that I cannot exactly tell. I lately went with this little girl of mine to Concord to see my friends; and I am ashamed to tell you in returning lost the way, and have been travelling ever since. No one would direct me right. It is cruel to mislead a traveller. My horse, Lightfoot, has boxed the compass, and it seems to me he has boxed it back again. But sir, you perceive my horse is uneasy; Lightfoot, as yet, has given only a hint and a nod. I cannot be answerable for his heels." At these words Lightfoot reared his long tail, and snapped it as you would a whip lash. The Hudson reverberated with the sound. Instantly the six horses began to move the boat. The Hudson was a sea of glass, smooth as oil, not a ripple. The horses, from a smart trot, soon pressed into a gallop; water now run over the gunnel; the ferryboat was soon buried in an ocean of foam, and the noise of the spray was like the roaring of many waters. When we arrived at New York, you might see the beautiful white wake of the ferryboat across the Hudson.

Though Rugg refused to pay toll at turnpikes, when Mr. Hardy reached his hand for the ferriage, Rugg readily put his hand into one of his many pockets, and took out a piece of silver and handed it to Hardy. "What is this?" said Mr. Hardy. "It is thirty shillings," said Rugg. "It might have once been thirty shillings, old tenor," said Mr. Hardy, "but it is not at present." "The money is good English coin," said Rugg, "my grandfather brought a bag of them from England, and he had them hot from the mint." Hearing this, I approached near to Rugg, and asked permission to see the coin. It was a half crown, coined by the English Parliament, dated in the year 1649. On one side the "*Commonwealth of England*," and St. George's cross encircled with a wreath of laurel. On the other, "*God with us*," and a harp and St. George's cross united. I winked to Mr. Hardy, and pronounced it good current money; and said loudly I would not permit the gentleman to be imposed upon, for I would exchange the money myself. On this, Rugg spoke, "please to give me your name, sir." "My name is Dunwell, sir," I replied. "Mr. Dunwell," said Rugg, "you are the only honest man I have seen since I left Boston. As you are a stranger here, my house is your home; dame Rugg will be happy to see her husband's friend. Step into my chair, sir, there is room enough; move a little, Jenny, for the gentleman, and we will be in Middle street in a minute." Accordingly I took a seat by Peter Rugg. "Were you never in Boston before?" said Rugg." "No," said I. "Well, you will now see the Queen of New England, a town second only to Philadelphia, in all North America." "You forget New York," said I. "Poh, New York is nothing; though I never was there, I am told you might put all New York in our Mill Pond. No, sir, New York I assure you is but a sorry affair, no more to be compared to Boston than a wigwam to a palace."

As Rugg's horse turned into Pearl street, I looked Rugg as fully in the face as good manners would allow, and said, "sir, if this is Boston, I acknowledge New York is not worthy to be one of its su-

burbs." Before we had proceeded far in Pearl street, Rugg's countenance changed, he began to twitter under his ears, his eyes trembled in their sockets; he was evidently bewildered. "What is the matter, Mr. Rugg, you seem disturbed." "This surpasses all human comprehension; if you know, sir, where we are, I beseech you to tell me." "If this place," I replied, "is not Boston, it must be New York." No, sir, it is not Boston; nor can it be New York. How could I be in New York which is nearly two hundred miles from Boston!" By this time we had passed into Broadway, and then Rugg, in truth, discovered a chaotic mind. There is no such place as this in North America, this is all the effect of enchantment; this is a grand delusion, nothing real; here is seemingly a great city, magnificent houses, shops and goods, men and women innumerable, and as busy as in real life, all sprung up in one night from the wilderness. Or what is more probable, some tremendous convulsions of nature has thrown London or Amsterdam on the shore of New-England. Or, possibly I may be dreaming, though the night seems rather long, but before now I have sailed in one night to Amsterdam on the shores of New England, bought goods of Vandogger, and returned to Boston before morning." At this moment a hue and cry was heard, "stop the madmen, they will endanger the lives of thousands!" In vain hundreds attempted to stop Rugg's horse; Lightfoot interfered with nothing, his course was straight as a shooting star. But on my part fearful that before night I should find myself behind the Alleghanies, I addressed Mr. Rugg in a tone of entreaty, and requested him to restrain the horse and permit me to alight. "My friend," said he, "we shall be in Boston before dark, and dame Rugg will be most exceedingly glad to see us." "Mr. Rugg," "you must excuse me, pray look to the west, see that thunder cloud swelling with rage, as if in pursuit of us." "Ah," said Rugg," it is in vain to escape, I know that cloud, it is collecting new wrath to spend on my head. Then checking his horse he permitted me to descend, saying, "farewell, Mr. Dunwell, I shall be happy to see you in Boston, I live in Middle street."

It is uncertain in what direction Mr. Rugg pursued his course, after he disappeared in Broadway; but one thing is sufficiently known to every body that in course of two months, after he was seen in New York he found his way most opportunely in Boston.

It seems the estate of Peter Rugg had recently escheated to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for want of heirs; and the legislature had ordered the Solicitor General to advertise, and sell it at public auction. Happening to be in Boston at the time, and observing his advertisement, which described a considerable extent of land, I felt a kindly curiosity to see the spot where Rugg once lived. Taking the advertisement in my hand, I wandered a little way down Middle street, and without asking a question of any one, when I came to a certain spot, I said to myself, "This is Rugg's estate, I will proceed no further, this must be the spot; it is a counterpart of Peter Rugg." The premises, indeed, looked as if they had accomplished a sad prophesy. Fronting on Middle street, they extended in the rear to Ann street, and embraced about half an acre of land, which in many parts of Boston, was not more valuable than a foot in some places at present. The old mansion house had become powder post, and had been blown away. One other building, uninhabited, stood ominous, courting dilapidation.—The street had been so much raised, that the bed chamber had descended to the kitchen, and was level with the street. The house seemed conscious of its fate, and as though tired of standing there, the front was fast retreating from the rear, and waiting the next south wind to project itself into the street. If the most wary animals had sought a place of refuge, here they would have rendezvoused. Here under the ridge pole, the crow would have perched with security, and in the recesses below, you might have caught the fox and the weasel asleep. The hand of destiny, said I, has pressed heavy on this spot; still heavier on the former owners. Strange that so large a lot of land as this should want an heir. Yet Peter Rugg, at this day, might pass by his own door stone, and ask "who once lived there?"

The auctioneer, appointed by the Solicitor, to sell this estate, was a man of eloquence, as many of the auctioneers of Boston are. The occasion seemed to warrant, and his duty urged him to make a display. He addressed his audience as follows: "The estate, gentlemen, which we offer you this day, was once the property of a family now extinct. It has escheated to the Commonwealth. for want of heirs. Lest any one of you

should be deterred from bidding on so large an estate as this, for fear of a disputed title, I am authorized, by the Solicitor General, to proclaim that the purchaser shall have the best of all titles, a warranty deed from the Commonwealth. I state this, gentlemen, because I know there is an idle rumor in this vicinity, that one Peter Rugg, the original owner of this estate, is still living. This rumor, gentlemen, has no foundation, and can haveno foundation in the nature ofthings. It originated, about two years since, from the incredible story of one Jonathan Dunwell of New York. Mrs. Croft, indeed, whose husband I see present, and whose mouth waters for this estate, has countenanced this fiction; but, gentlemen, was it ever known that any estate, especially an estate of this value lay unclaimed for nearly half a century, if any heir, ever so remote, was existing? For, gentlemen, all agree, that old Peter Rugg, if living, would be at least, one hundred years of age. It is said that he and his daughter with a horse and chaise were missed more than half a century ago—and because they never returned home, forsooth, they must be now living, and will, some day, come and claim this great estate. Such logic, gentlemen, never led to a good investment. Let not this idle story cross the noble purpose of consigning these ruins to the genius of architecture. If such a contingency could check the spirit of enterprise, farewell to all mercantile excitement. Your surplus money, instead of refreshing your sleep with the golden dreams of new sources of speculation, would turn to the nightmare. A man's money, if not employed, serves only to disturb his rest. Look, then, to the prospect before you. Here is half an acre of land, more than twenty thousand square feet, a corner lot, with wonderful capabilities; none of your contracted lots of forty feet by fifty, where, in dog days, you can breathe only through your scuttles. On the contrary, an architect cannot contemplate this extensive lot without rapture, for here is room enough for his genius to shame the temple of Solomon. Then, the prospect—how commanding. To the east, so near to the Atlantic, that Neptune freighted with the select treasures of the whole earth can knock at your door with his trident. From the West, all the produce of the river of paradise, the Connecticut, will soon, by the blessing of steam, railways, and canals, pass under your windows; and thus, on this spot, Neptune shall marry Ceres, and Pomona from Roxbury, and Flora from Cambridge, shall dance at the wedding.

"Gentlemen of science, men of taste, ye of the Literary Emporium; for I perceive many of you present; to you, this is holy ground. If the spot over which, in times past, a hero left only the print of a footstep is now sacred, of what price is the birthplace of one, who, all the world knows was born in Middle street, directly opposite to this lot; and who, if his birthplace was not well known, would now be claimed by more than seven cities. To you, then, the value of these premises must be inestimable. For, ere long there will arise, in front view of the edifice to be erected here, a monument, the wonder and veneration of the world. A column shall spring to the clouds;—and on that column will be engraven one word, that will convey all that is wise in intellect, useful in science, good in morals, prudent in counsel, and benevolent in principle; a name, when living, the patron of the poor, the delight of the cottage, and the admiration of kings; now dead, worth the whole seven wise men of Greece. Need I tell you his name? He fixed the thunder and guided the lightning.

"Men of the North End! Need I appeal to your patriotism, in order to enhance the value of this lot? The earth affords no such scenery as this; there, around that corner, lived James Otis;—here Samuel Adams—-there, Joseph Warren—and around that other corner, Josiah Quincy. Here was the birthplace of Freedom—here Liberty was born and nursed, and grew to manhood. Here, man was new created. Here is the nursery of American Independence—I am too modest—here commenced the emancipation of the world; a thousand generations hence, millions of men will cross the Atlantic, just to look at the North End of Boston. Your fathers—What do I say? Yourselves, yes, this moment, I behold several attending this auction who lent a hand to rock the cradle of Independence.

"Men of speculation! Ye who are deaf to everything except the sound of money, you I know, will lend me both your ears, when I tell you the city of Boston must have a piece of this estate in order to widen Ann street. Do you hear me? Do you all hear me? I say the city must have a large piece of this land in order to widen Ann street. What a chance! The city scorns to take a man's land for nothing. If they seize your property, they are generous beyond the

means of avarice. The only oppression is, you are in danger of being smothered under a load of wealth. Witness the old lady who lately died of a broken heart, when the Mayor paid her for a piece of her kitchen garden. All the faculty agreed that the sight of the treasnre, which the Mayor incautiously paid her in dazzling dollars, warm from the mint, sped joyfully all the blood of her body into her heart, and rent it in raptures. Therefore, let him who purchases this estate, fear his good fortune, and not Peter Rugg. Then bid liberally, and do not let the name of Rugg damp your ardor. How much will you give per foot for this estate?" Thus spoke the auctioneer, and gracefully waved his ivory hammer. From fifty to seventy five cents per foot, were offered in a few moments. It labored from seventy five to ninety. At length one dollar was offered. The auctioneer seemed satisfied; and looking at his watch, said he would knock off the estate in five minutes, if no one offered more. There was a deep silence, during this short period. While the hammer was suspended, a strange rumbling noise was heard which arrested the attention of every one. Presently, it was like the sound of many shipwrights driving home the bolts of a seventy four. As the sound approached nearer, some exclaimed, "the buildings in the new market are falling in promiscuous ruins." Others said "no; it is an earthquake, we perceive the earth joggle." Others said "not so; the sound proceeds from Hanover street, and approaches nearer;" and this proved true, for presently Peter Rugg was in the midst of us.

"Alas! Jenny," said Peter, "I am ruined; our house has been burnt, and here are all our neighbors around the ruins. Heaven grant your mother Dame Rugg is safe." "They don't look like our neighbors," said Jenny, "but sure enough our house is burnt, and nothing left but the door stone, and an old cedar post—do ask where mother is?"

In the mean time more than a thousand men had surrounded Rugg, and his horse and chair: yet neither Rugg, personally, nor his horse and carriage attracted more attention than the auctioneer. The confident look and searching eyes of Rugg, to every one present, carried more conviction, that the estate was his, than could any parchment or paper with signature or seal. The impression which the auctioneer had just made on the company was effaced in a moment: and although the latter words of the auctioneer were, "fear not Peter Rugg," the moment the auctioneer met the eye of Rugg, his occupation was gone, his arm fell down to his hips, his late lively hammer hung heavily in his hand, and the auction was forgotton. The black horse, too, gave his evidence. He knew his journey was ended, for he stretched himself into a horse and a half, rested his cheek bone over the cedar post, and whinneyed thrice, causing his harness to tremble from headstall to crupper. Rugg then stood upright in his chair, and asked with some authority, "Who has demolished my house, in my absence, for I see no signs of a conflagration? I demand, by what accident this has happened; and wherefore this collection of strange people has assembled before my doorstep? I thought I knew every man in *B*oston, but you appear to me a new generation of men. Yet I am familiar with many of the countenances here present, and I can call some of you by name; but in truth I do not recollect that before this moment I ever saw any one of you. There, I am certain, is a Winslow, and here a Sargent; there stands a Sewall, and next to him a Dudley. Will none of you speak to me? Or is this all a delusion? I see, indeed, many forms of men, and no want of eyes, but of motion, speech, and hearing you seem to be destitute. Strange! will no one inform me who has demolished my house?" Then spake a voice from the crowd, but whence it came I could not discern. "There is nothing strange here, but yourself, Mr. Rugg. Time, which destroys and renews all things, has dilapidated your house, and placed us here. You have suffered many years under an illusion. The tempest which you profanely defied at Menotomy has at length subsided; but you will never see home; for your home and wife and neighbors have all disappeared. Your estate, indeed, remains, but no home. You were cut off from the last age, and you can never be fitted to the present. Your home is gone, and you can never have another home in this world."

THE GOLDEN TOOTH.

A NORTH END LEGEND.

The dust has fallen three inches deep in the garret of the Green Dragon, since a stout, bull-necked fellow with a hooked nose, knocked at the door of the widow Queasy in Fish Lane, and demanded admittance. It was a stormy night, and the monotonous pattering of the rain against the windows had lulled the good woman into a doze. Perhaps she was predisposed to such a state by her constant labor during the day in knitting stockings, which employment together with taking snuff, monopolized her faculties. Be this as it may, the noise at the door soon scattered her "thick coming fancies," and with some trepidation she hobbled to learn its cause. Scarcely had she uplifted the latch when a sudden gust of wind beat open the door and extinguished her candle. "Are you the wife of Jonathan Queasy who is now absent at sea?" asked a rough voice. "I am that disconsolate woman." "Then with your permission, I will step in. It is an ugly night and I am wet and cold." After a moment's silence he added, "I can give you some information respecting your husband." With that he pushed back the door, and groped after the widow into the recesses of her habitation.

A dim fire stewed moodily on the hearth. Its look was forbidding; and an inherent fear of scandal imparts that expression to everything connected with a widow, especially one whose husband is off at sea; besides, the elements without, were yet more shrewishly inclined. Doubtless this reflection was decisive.

With all possible expedition, Dame Queasy seized the tongs and exerted her strength in puffing a sullen coal; but the wick had become wet, and seemed unwilling to burn. Her features, as they occasionally flashed on the view of the stranger, betraying the inroads of time and snuff. She had certainly passed her meridian; and the cap which reposed so demurely on her venerable crown, bespoke the respectability of her character. Age, whether in widows or spinsters, is extremely imposing; and her guest, though none of the most refined of God's creatures, felt its influence. He hastened to offer his services, which were accepted, and the candle once more emitted a cheerful flame.

As the light shone over the countenance of the stranger, the widow anxiously perused its lineaments; but she gave no sign of beholding aught she had seen before. A pair of red, frizzled whiskers which extended into the mouth of their owner; an enormous queue reaching nearly to his heels, and a giant frame, presented no familiar object. In a tone of disappointment, she beseeched the "gemman" to take a seat by the fire, and communicate the intelligence he promised.

"With all my heart," said the stranger, taking a fresh quid of tobacco, and pulling up in rather an awkward manner, his canvass trowsers. "You must know marm, that about seven years ago I fell in with your husband, old Jot Queasy, at St Jago, one of the Cape de Verds, where we put in to get provisions. Queasy had been taken sick shortly after his arrival there, and his vessel left without him."

"Bless me! how you talk! I declare you have set me all of a flutter. Now we heard as how that vessel was taken by that horrid Captain Kidd, and all hands barbarously murdered and sunk in the salt sea; I'm sure I have almost cried my eyes out for him. Poor Queasy! I shall never forget how I felt when I heard the shocking news. 'Deacon Timmins,' said I, wiping my eyes with my apron: (I'm sure I'd never cry so much for another husband)—'if he had been regularly lost at sea, it would have been a comfort.' But bless me, you say he didn't sail."

"Exactly so—(if, marm, you may happen to have a drop of gin, or any sich sort o' thing in the house, I would get on better with my story; my memory is kind o' froze up like.")

Mrs. Queasey, went to the cupboard, and produced a pot-bellied bottle of Hollands. The stranger did not withdraw it from his lips until he had nearly emptied its contents. Then taking a short stubby pipe from his pocket, he deliberately filled it with tobacco, heaped on some burning cinders, and began to puff in silence. Some agitating recollection had taken possession of his mind, to judge from the huge volumes of smoke he incessantly belched from the recesses of his whiskers. Mrs. Queasey had to address him frequently before he could be called to a continuation of his narrative. "Eh!—(*puff*)—aha! Jot Queasey. Very true. Where did I leave off? Well, (*puff*)—finding the vessel gone on his recovery from the fever, he lingered about the shore awhile to get a voyage home; and one day fell in with some of my—with some of Kidd's crew, who per-

suaded him to join them and become a gallant rover."

Never was a widow-woman whose husband was off at sea, more shocked than poor Mrs. Queasey, at this information. She wept; wrung her hands; took snuff, and wept again, while the stranger continued muttering and smoking to himself. "Jot Queasey—as hearty a cock as ever sailed—no whiner—nor sniveller—wide awake as a black fish—poor fellow—hard time at last." The unfortunate widow Queasey now blubbered a request to know the particulars of the catastrophe; at the same time gracefully covering her features with a snuffy handkerchief.

The stranger took a fresh tug at the gin bottle, filled up his pipe anew, and giving his chair a hitch nearer the fire, proceeded in something like the following.

"We had been cruizing off Newfoundland a considerable time without falling in with any vessels; but at last luck seemed to have changed. It was on a cold winter's morning before the break of day, that we espied through the dim atmosphere, a tall vessel sleeping, as it were, on the heaving breast of the ocean. Queasy was on the watch. He hurried below to communicate the pleasing intelligence. I was on deck in a moment Everything promised an easy and valuable prize. Soon all hands were roused and it was determined a select party should man the boats and attempt to take her by surprise. Poor Jot was one. The boats stole silently on with muffled oars, while we loaded our guns. Before they reached the vessel, they were seen, and an alarm was given. We heard them clamber up her sides; a terrible conflict followed; when it ceased, no signal of victory was given. We discharged our guns. Our broadside was feebly returned; and we continued to pour shot into her for more than an hour. The rising sun discovered her in a sinking condition. We would fain have approached, to learn the fate of our comrades; but a brisk gale sprung up, we were obliged to separate, and that was the last I ever saw of Queasy. I never felt worse since my name was Robert Kidd."

It is impossible to conjecture what exhibitions of grief and despair Dame Queasey might have thought it proper to make, had this woful intelligence been imparted by Deacon Timmins. As it was, her horror at being in the presence of Kidd, mastered every other feeling. She essayed to scream, but her powers of speech were paralysed; she strove to rush from the room, but her limbs refused their office. The bloody Kidd had long been the bugbear of New England; and to be alone with him at that dismal hour was enough to appal a stouter heart than Dame Queasy's; or indeed of any other woman whose husband was off at sea.

It was long before the widow regained the use of her faculties, and when that time arrived, her fears were insensibly allayed by the apparent pacific disposition of her guest. Resting his feet upon the fire-dogs, he steadily puffed his tobacco as if lost in thought. Besides, thought she, if folks should come in and find company in the house, how they would talk! Thus with snuff and reflection she was enabled to make a virtue of necessity, and by resuming her stocking, soon knit her apprehension to repose.

It is said that during this memorable evening, Kidd recounted the events of his life. How by scouring the seas for many years he had acquired an enormous quantity of treasure; how he had buried it in the night on Deer Island, where the place is called Money Hill to this day; how he transferred his right over it to the old Scratch, for his left eye tooth, which is well known to have the power of turning all metals by its touch into gold; how he proceeded up to Boston, where his vessel was immediately seized, and he had a narrow escape;—how in lurking about the town, it occurred to him to have heard Queasey mention his wife's living in Fish Lane; how he had great difficulty in finding the house, and finally that he would give her untold gold if she would secrete him in her garret, until he could make his escape.

How disconcerted was Mrs. Queasey at such a proposal! How embarrassing to a widow woman, whose husband was off at sea! For five minutes she could do nothing but take enormous pinches of snuff. True she was nearly old enough to be Kidd's mother; but then folks would talk. How distressing! She had a spare bed up in the attic—and then if he should be hung through her cruelty, she might be teazed with his ghost—and then too the gold—and then the protection of having a man in the house—but her compliance cost her a world of maccoboy.

There was one thing Mrs. Queasey particularly wished to know. Capt.

Kidd had bargained with the old Scratch. What sort of looking creature was he?

"Why he appeared a thin elderly man, in a bob wig, velvet breeches and glasses. His sallow skin was drawn as tight over his jaws as the parchment of a drum. He had a keen look—appeared remarkably sanctified, and moreover, had a trick of continually turning on his heel, and blowing his nose."

"Did he have a long tail and a cloven foot?"

"Why, as to the tail, I can't tell—for the cunning knave wouldn't let me get round him; and his cloven feet, if he had any, were hid in a pair of shoes with silver buckles. Egad, much as I could do to look after the bargain, without minding such kind of nonsense!" Here Kidd began to puff inveterately, and the widow was silent.

But the old Scratch in parting with his golden tooth, had no idea of bidding it a permanent adieu. His malignant soul could not bear the idea of a mortal's enjoying so much wealth; and being sanguine of speedily taking possession of the pirate, he had reluctantly acceded to his terms and given up the tooth.—Kidd was shortly after taken in Boston streets in the disguise of a gentleman and executed. But what was the rage and mortification of the old Scratch, in hunting for the tooth to find it missing. He departed in a huff, leaving the carcase to the medical vultures who were already on the approach, having snuffed the prey from afar.

Now it happened that Kidd, in smoking at the widow Queasey's, was exceedingly annoyed by the sensibility of the Golden Tooth. Three puffs heated it beyond endurance; and knowing the art he took it from the socket, lest it should roast all the marrow in his jaw. In the hurry of his departure, it was left behind and on returning to recover it he met his doom.

Long after Kidd's execution, Dame Queasy in examining some old garments found the tooth, but did not recognise it. On looking in the glass the next morning, she was greatly bewildered at perceiving a large tooth in her upper jaw. She could not tell for her life how it came there. All day long she toiled and tugged to get it out. She was exceedingly distressed. How would folks talk.

And her female friends did talk of this most wonderful occurrence. Nothing was mentioned throughout the town but the new tooth cut by the widow Queasey. Some, mysteriously shook their heads; others pronounced her a witch, and said she ought to be hung; others gnawed the head of their cane, and stroked their venerable whiskers, but said nothing. In the heat of dispute the poor woman died, having been fairly worried to death, and was secretly buried with a horse-shoe nailed to her coffin.

The story came to light many years after, and the tooth was sought for in vain. A pair of gold andirons was found about the same time in a garret, at the North End, which I believe are still extant, having been quite lately in the possession of a Madam S—n. But alas, where is the Tooth!

THE GOLDEN TOOTH.—PART II.

One mild, sunny afternoon in the beginning of autumn, Tobias Grubb, the famous self taught grave-digger, threw off his jerkin, and began to turn up the sods in the western corner of Copps Hill burrying place. There was nothing in the outward appearance of this man that betokened extraordinary genius; he was a squat, dumpling headed creature with a pair of legs much too short for his profession, so that to see him scratching away in the grave, one might mistake him for an overgrown toad in his hole. Nevertheless, among all the grave diggers that have flourished at the North End, there never was such an operator with the spade. He would burrow into the ground like a rabbit; skulls, stones and stumps flew about him incessantly; and then his ease in shovelling himself out of a hole of thrice his depth was marvellous. The annals of grave digging furnish no achievements that will vie with those of Tobias.

At the period we resume our tale, the history of the Golden Tooth was apparently buried in oblivion. Its wonderful virtue of transmuting metals into gold was no longer admired, and its possession had ceased to gild the visions of the miser. Time had crept on. The generation that witnessed its powers had passed away, and there descendants regarded the whole as an idle dream, and dismissed it from their recollection.

Such was the state of affairs, when Grubb, after moistening his hands and throat, began to drive his mattock into the sconce of mother earth. Slowly and with the air of one who delighted in his employment, did he toss out the fragrant

mould and watch the progress of his labor. As he approached the usual depth, his mattock struck heavily on a solid substance which jarred his arms to the shoulder, and electrified his whole frame. He had dislodged a heavy skull; it seemed to grin a ghastly smile at his discomfiture. Clutching it rudely, he was about to hurl it at a neighboring tombstone, when his eye was attracted by a yellow tooth in the upper jaw. It pleased his fancy. "I will fasten it to my bunch of tomb keys," thought he; but the act was never performed. Infatuated Tobias —didst thou but guess its value!

For several weeks the Golden Tooth remained in the grave-digger's pocket with a bit of greasy chalk. No bachelor's linen should go unwashed more than a quarter, and Tobias Grubb was above doing such things for himself. It so happened his time for visiting the washerwoman arrived. I say "it so happened," for with some bachelors that period never happens at all. One night in the midst of the Equinoctial storm, he started with his bundle for the house of Mrs. Scrubbs. Inauspicious moment! Mrs. Scrubbs was vexed, and Tobias' nose was hardly over the threshold before he made the discovery. His pumpkin head was not without the seeds of discretion, and it turned to a more sallow hue at the spectacle.

Never, I venture me to say, did female softness have so ill a representative.—Never before was Mrs. Scrubbs in such a passion. And she had reason. For six mortal days the rain had continued to pour down upon the North End, until her tubs run over and over, and the garret and cellar were all of a flow. During the whole of this miserable time, her dwelling was beset with bachelors in quest of their linen, and it now approached the end of the week, and not the least sign of a fair day was visible. Mrs. Scrubbs placed her arms akimbo, and scolded from sunrise till the hour of rest. Unhappy washerwoman! mine eyes drip like an unwrung stocking at the very thought of thy suffering.

A rainy week is a sore trial of female gentleness. Many have been frightened from matrimony by the ferocity of damsels on wet washing-days. But if a high bred lady with a few unwashed ruffs and ruffles be allowed to fret at the weather, what fearful explosions of passion, what terrific exhibitions of impatience are to be expected from a poor washerwoman, who is teased with the soiled frippery of all the old bachelors of the town!

It is unpleasant to enlarge upon the foibles of the sex. I shall not shock my unmarried readers with a particular description of this interview. Bachelors and washerwomen seldom agree. Suffice it then, to say, that Tobias did not stand listening to Mrs. Scrubbs' eloquence a moment longer than propriety demanded. I will not positively aver the Golden Tooth was in the waistcoat he left with this accomplished laundress; I simply assert he never beheld it more. But it is certain, a remarkable yellow grinder was soon after discovered in the mouth of Mrs. Scrubbs, which had thus far escaped the scrutiny of her admirers. Such things are, now-a-days, extremely common. Teeth are more apt to multiply in, than abscond from, the mouths of modern belles!

Close by the side of Mrs. Scrubbs' back window, was a small tenement, occupied by one Nebo Vamp, a snaggle-toothed cobbler. It was a low, beetle-browed building, with a great chimney upon one end that arose so high into the air as to threaten the whole neighborhood with destruction. In this shop, Master Vamp kept up an eternal hammering of sole leather. Not an hour of the day and night, but what he was employed in beating out the brains of old shoes.—Kipper-clapper, kipper-clapper, was the everlasting song—so that poor Mrs. Scrubbs was frequently puzzled to hear herself scold. I doubt whether there is any thing more provoking to a querulous matron, than being unable to hear her own complaints.

One night, Master Vamp lay snoring upon his bench with his lapstone for a pillow, and a parcel of old shoes for a cover-lit. Something after midnight, his slumbers were disturbed by a rustling noise in the farther corner of the shop. He raised himself upon one elbow, and bent his little rat eyes in the direction of the noise. A flood of moonlight beat through a large bull's eye in the roof, and fell on the form of an overgrown chimney sweeper, with one hand pressed against his wapper-jaw, as if expiring with the toothache, while he crouched down and appeared to rummage after something in a pile of rubbish.

"What o' the devil are you after?" bawled Nebo.

"A tooth," mumbled the stranger, without raising his head. "I have lost a tooth."

"Tooth! you scoundrel—I'll make you lose a pair of them, if you don't sweep yourself out of my shop."

"Pardon me," rejoined the other, raising and displaying a cheek swollen out like a bladder, "I must find the tooth I have lost;" and he began to hoan and moan most piteously.

"I suppose" growled Nebo, "you are afraid to leave it, lest some dog should eat it up, and then you would have a dog's tooth?"

"Not so," said the stranger. "A villain plundered my jaws of their dearest treasure."——

"Egad," grinned Nebo, "if you suffer yourself to be cheated out of your eye teeth, you ar'nt a wise one, I guess."

"Alas! I was beguiled. The wealth of the Indies is in this tooth. O that I had it once more!" and he began to search again about the floor.

The long forgotten legend of the Golden Tooth now shot through the recollection of Nebo. "Aha, I have heard something of this. Pray did'nt you trade with Kidd, the bloody pirate?"

The stranger answered only by a groan.

"Ho, ho, ho," cried Nebo, bursting into a horse laugh. "That was a cunning knave to cheat the devil."

His auditor coughed peevishly, and turned away.

"Sir," said Nebo, sharply, "if you want any thing in my way, say it at once:—if you are after teeth—be off! I've none to spare."

The stranger continued his search, notwithstanding the injunction of the shoe mender. At length, as if weary of the pursuit, he arose.

"I have lost a tooth I value above the whole world; I must regain it. The creeping of my marrow assures me it cannot be far off; yet I have crept about the neighborhood until I can hardly straighten my back. I must instantly depart to a distant clime, to attend the roasting of a score of inconsolable widows. To thee I commit the farther prosecution of the search. Restore me the tooth, and all Kidd's treasure is thine."

Nebo's avarice was strongly excited. "Where," cried he, eagerly, "may I hope to find it?"

"Most likely among dust and rubbish; but now I bethink me, perhaps it may have strayed into the mouth of some unconscious individual: for, being placed within the sphere of attraction, it glides softly into the jaw, like a needle to the magnet. But yet I can hardly believe ——"

"Can it be easily extracted?"

"My fingers alone, have power to draw it forcibly; yet, being turned in the socket nine times against the course of the sun, it will drop into the hand. But I must be hence, and years will elapse before I can return. When thou hast the tooth, cast it into the fire; I shall instantly receive it; and the glowing coals will change immediately to lumps of gold. 'Tis thy reward—Farewell." So saying, he crawled to the ruinous hearth, and gradually insinuated his person up the chimney, like a lizzard.

Nebo Vamp continued to stare at the place for at least ten minutes; then slowly sinking on his bench, he bethought him of the past adventure.—"Throw it into the fire! If I had the tooth, you would'nt catch me so, old fellow." A sudden recollection made him spring to the floor, and dance in ecstacy. "I have it! 'Tis mine! I'll marry her to-morrow! Let her scold till her tongue wears out, if she will. O for the light of morning!"

How he sped in his wooing, I forbear to relate. I might give a pleasing description of the washerwoman's courtship; but let it pass. Mrs. Vamp soon scolded herself to death; but as her husband retained the tooth, he was not inconsolable. Vamp's first step was to build a subterraneous vault for the reception of his treasure. He engaged in navigation, lightly at first; gradually extended his business, and prospered amazingly. Years rolled on, like waves chasing each other on the surface of the ocean, and wealth continued to flow into his coffers. He covered the land at the North End so thickly with buildings, that space was hardly left for the cows to move through the streets; he pushed wharves so far into the sea that the harbor was rapidly disappearing before him; the canvass of his shipping whitened every ocean, and his warehouses thronged with the productions of every clime. But his mean and grasping disposition changed not with his fortunes. Riches could not refine his nature, nor prosperity soften his heart; and though his wealth and enterprise raised the North End to the dignity of a metropolis, he never was respected by the people, who looked mysteriously at his possessions and predicted him an unhappy end.

THE GOLDEN TOOTH.—PART III.

Up Fish street—down St. Magnus' corner—
Kill and knock down. HENRY VI.

There appeared at the North End of Boston, in the year 1754, a most singular object, who was looked upon by the inhabitants with perplexity and amazement. His countenance was thin, sallow, and shrunken, and fasting or disease had wasted his form to an almost spectral gauntness. His stature, but for a remarkable curve in his back-bone, would have towered beyond the common height, for his legs and neck were drawn out to the length of a crane's; and he stooped so much in his gait, that his long bony fingers, resembling the flippers of a skeleton, nearly dangled on the ground, so as to make him appear at a distance to travel on all fours. But although exposure to the sun had withered his face into the expression of a dried peach, there was a piercing keenness in the glance of his beady eye and an alacrity in his movements altogether unexpected from the structure of his frame.

This strange being seemed possessed with an eternal hankering after the teeth of the inhabitants. As he glided through the streets with his head nearly three feet in advance of his body, his eyes were always fixed on the masticators of passing travellers. The young and the thoughtless, who tripped smilingly along he would only notice by a hasty examination; it was the aged and the shy—the demure spinster and the cautious old man, to whom his especial attention was devoted. Whenever he met with persons of this description, he never left them without obtaining an inspection of their jaws; and if he discovered a yellow tooth, or one of a bilious complexion, his hand was most unceremoniously raised to pluck it. No matter to what head it belonged,—a dignified matron's or a "venerated aunt's," a solemn deacon's, or a superannuated mariner's; no matter with what intense affection it was cherished by its doating proprietor; no matter for the agony with which it was yielded up, or how desperately it was defended; he seemed to consider every yellow tooth indisputably his own. Resistance or expostulation only excited his eagerness; the angry astonishment with which his demand was universally heard did not affect him in the least; he was invincible to every consideration of safety or compassion. If he could but fasten his strong fingers on the tooth, he needed no other instrument; it was instantly in his possession. All attempts to elude his vigilance, or combat his resolution, were in vain. He clung to an isolated yellow tooth like a sailor to a wreck; the whole world could not make him relax his grasp; he insisted, he begged, he implored, until exhausted with importunity the owner bid it a reluctant farewell, or it was at last wrenched forcibly from his jaws.

The first time this heartless miscreant was seen, happened to be on a Friday afternoon, just at dusk. Tobias Grubb, an ancient grave digger, had knocked the clay from his spade, and was leaving Copps' Hill, when a man crept up from behind, and without word or warning, made a snap at one of his teeth. Tobias was highly incensed, and with a desperate effort threw the ruffian from him, whose stooping position accelerated his pace down to the bottom of the hill, whither he went like a quail running away from its shell. That very night, as Tobias was returning from the Green Dragon, he felt a smart twitch at the same tooth. He gazed sharply around, but it was very dark, and he could discover nothing. A few moments afterwards, there was another sensible nibble; again he stopped and listened, but all was still. Somewhat alarmed, he closed his lips firmly together, and quickened his pace; but ere he had proceeded far, another sudden wrench almost dislocated his jaw. He quickly raised his hand to the place, even as an angler lifteth his line after a sharp bite; but the bait was gone—the tooth had vanished forever!

Not many days after this shameful outrage, the mysterious stranger was established in a little dark shop in Frizzel square, as an operator on teeth. His windows were filled with placards, setting forth his skill, and advising the public to call and have all their teeth extracted before they grew painful, alleging that "an ounce of prevention was better than a pound of cure." He particularly exhorted the aged, and those in possession of sallow or defective teeth, to beware of the evils of procrastination, &c. Thus in this dim retreat did he lie crouched, wistfully scanning the mouths of passers by, even as a black spider watches from his lurking place the gambols of idle flies. But want of business soon drove him to desperation, and he sallied into the streets to commit his lawless depredations.

He would generally be seen about ten o'clock in the morning, toiling down Moon street on his way from Frizzle square to the fashionable promenade in Ann street. His progress was slow, for he often paused and looked about him with a kind of nervous agitation, and there was a wild and anxious roll of his eye that was painfully expressive. Still he gradually edged along, peeping under the bonnet of every lady, and thrusting his eyes into the mouth of every gentleman. The inhabitants were astonished, and gathered around to marvel and admire; but while they stood gaping with wonder, the stranger took advantage of their open mouths and devoted their teeth to his own use with amazing dexterity. The crowd vanished in an instant—but flight afforded only a temporary refuge; the stranger was continually on the watch, and a grinder that escaped one day was sure to be eradicated the next. The cormorant eagerness with which he pursued his purpose was indescribable. It seemed as if his appetite grew by what it fed on. Day after day, and week after week, beheld him unsatisfied. He haunted the streets like a spectre, attacking the boldest inhabitants at noon day, and robbing the watchmen's jaws at night. The havoc he made among the teeth of the sea-faring men was terrible; for the habit of chewing tobacco imparted a yellow tinge to their grinders, and the stranger intruded into their boarding houses, dogged them around dram shops, and worried them so much, that at last no mariners would venture into the port. Terror and consternation prevailed. All business was at an end; and the people strove, by fasting and humiliation, to obtain relief from this direful visitation. But the business of destruction still raged on, and the teeth of the inhabitants dropped away like leaves before the autumnal blast. At length the work seemed finished—every mouth in the place had been ransacked and pillaged—and the tooth fiend, after searching many days in vain for another victim, suddenly disappeared.

It is impossible to describe the state of the citizens after his departure. Fathers mourning for their own teeth and those of their children; and spinsters sorrowing that would not be comforted. Mouths, which had erst abounded in teeth like a shark's, were now tenantless; heads, that had once opened and shut like a steel trap, now toothless and forlorn—"quite chap-fallen!" But time heals every wound, and habit tolerates every privation. Gradually the people became reconciled to their condition, and forgot their loss, save when the pearls of a rising generation recalled it to their memories.

Yet there was one man in the town, who escaped the general calamity; one, too, whose upper jaw overreached its mate, like the bill of a parrot—one, who sported a set of grinders that would have shamed an hippopotamus. At the first alarm, he had flown to his subterranean retreat, and kept concealed until the tempest was hushed. It was Vamp, the mean, the stony-hearted miser. His prodigious eye teeth, of which he had always been so proud, and which from his cold and and grasping disposition were the abomination of the people, still retained their situation. He had early recognised in the tooth drawing spectre the identical chimney sweep who visited his cobbler's shop, and his conscience whispered that himself and the Golden Tooth were the cause of his present visitation. Although greatly terrified, he determined if possible to elude his seach, and he succeeded. The unfortunate devil, though boiling with rage and disappointment, was compelled by other engagements to depart unsatisfied.

But the shock his presence had occasioned was not easily forgotten, and old Vamp trembled at the thought of his narrow escape. The constant apprehension that the devil would pounce on him unawares, made him miserable. His enormous wealth was no longer enjoyed, although he still continued to grind the faces of the poor from the mere force of habit. Yet cunning as a serpent, he ceased to exhibit his teeth openly, when their rarity would attract attention; on the contrary he drew his shirt collar up to the top of his ears, and buried his mouth, nose and chin behind an enormous pudding. He purchased a new wig and cocked hat, changed the color of his clothes, and made a radical alteration in his personal appearance. But his heart remained the same—and those who exulted in the fancied loss of his teeth, found to their sorrow that his miserly propensities still remained, and that he nipped as close as ever.

It was three years after the occurrence of the events above narrated, and on a bright winter evening about nine o'clock; the inhabitants were crowded close into their chimnies, parching corn and warming themselves before they retired. So universal was this custom, that a stranger, passing through the streets about

that hour, could distinguish the snapping of the corn from house to house throughout all the North End. Just as the bell of the Old North Church had ceased to strike, there was heard a shrill and fearful outcry in a distant street. Every tongue stopped and every pulse fluttered. The sound was heard again and nearer. It seemed like the agonized shriek of some one in mortal peril. They flew to the windows in breathless alarm; bolts and shutters were withdrawn in an instant. The cold moon glared upon the crusted snow, and disclosed the hateful form of the tooth fiend, driving past with the speed of a whirlwind. His cheek was flushed with rage, and his eye flashed fire as he drew after him, by the bare tooth, the reluctant, shrieking Vamp.—The countenance of the miser was frightfully distorted. Terror and despair were in his glance, and the blood streamed from his jaw, which resistance and struggling had drawn out like the snout of a pig. His piercing cries for succor thrilled every bosom; but it was for a moment; the next he was gone; they pushed after him through the streets, but in vain—he was never beheld more.

Soon after Vamp's disappearance, his property went to wreck and ruin. His ships were cast away at sea, or never returned; his wharves and buildings rotted down untenanted; his land became covered over with squatters; and every vestige of his enormous wealth gradually disappeared. About this time, the North End began to sink into decay. Its business had received a fatal shock by the removal of Vamp; and the alleged appearance of his ghost regularly at midnight, contributed to render its character unpopular. Meanwhile commerce edged up further and further towards the South. Wealth, fashion and population soon followed, and the oldest part of the town sank by degrees into comparative obscurity; but even to this day, the native inhabitants cling to their patrimonial estates with enthusiastic fondness, and continue to predict a speedy return of its original preeminence. In confirmation of their opinion, they proudly refer to its former greatness,—to its superior accommodations of harbor; and most confidently aver, that nothing is wanting but the recovery of the GOLDEN TOOTH to restore the North End to its ancient splendor and renown.

Extraordinary Instances of the FORCE *of* IMAGINATION.

A person fell into an imagination that he was perpetually frozen; and therefore in the very dog-days continually sat near the fire, crying out "that he should never be warm, unless his whole body should be set on fire;" and whereas, if not watched, he would cast himself into the fire, he was bound in chains in a seat near the fire, where he sat night and day, not being able to sleep by reason of this foolish fancy. When all the counsels of his friends were in vain, I took this course for his cure. I wrapped him in sheepskins from head to foot: the wool was upon them, which I had well wetted with aqua vitæ; and thus dressed, I set him at once on fire: he burnt thus for half an hour, when dancing and leaping, he cried out "he was now well, and rather too hot." By this means his former fancy vanished, and he in a few days was perfectly well.

2. A noble person in Portugal fell into a melancholy imagination, that God would never pardon his sins. In this agony he continued pensive, and wasted away: various prescriptions in physic were used to no purpose; as also all kinds of diversions and other means. At last we made use of this artifice: his chamber door being locked, about midnight, at the roof of his chamber (we had stripped of the tiling for that purpose,) there appeared an artificial angel, having a drawn sword in his right, and a lighted torch in his left hand, who called him by his name: he straight rose from his bed, and adored the angel which he saw clothed in white, and of a beautiful aspect: he listened attentively to the angel, who told him "all his sins were forgiven," and so extingushed his torch and said no more. The poor man overjoyed, knocks with great violence at the door, raises the house, tells them all that has passed; and as soon as it was day, sends for his physicians, and relates all to them; who congratulated his felicity. He soon after fell to his meat, slept quietly, performed the offices of a sound man, and from thenceforth never felt any thing of his former indisposition.

3. Gulielmus Fabricius relates, that in the year 1600, an honest matron in Rol, near the Lemane Lake, at the beginning of the second month from her conception, chanced to pass by the image of a crucifix; and looking over curi-

ously and inattentively upon the broken and distorted legs of the thief that hung on the left side, she was wherewith so moved and affected, that at the end of her time she was delivered of a girl who was deformed in her right leg, after the same manner as she had beheld the thief.

4. There was an excellent painter who verily believed that all the bones of his body were become so flexible and soft, that they might as easily be crushed together, and folded one within another, as a piece of wax : his mind having received this impression, he kept himself in his bed a whole winter together, fearing, if he should rise, that the misfortune would certainly befal him. He was afterwards cured of his conceit by the artifice of his physician.

5. Rodericus Fonseca tells of one who being sick of a burning fever, pointing from his bed with his finger to the floor of the chamber ; he desired them that stood near him, that they would suffer him to swim awhile in that lake ; the physician agreed to it, and walking carefully about, said, "that now the water was as high as his knees, straight it was come to his loins, and soon after it reached as high as his throat ;" this done, (behold the force and strength of imagination) he said he was very well : and so indeed it fell out.

6. A certain woman being very big, did reckon with her neighbors that she should come about the feast of the Epiphany, or of the three Kings. Some therefore told her, by the way of illusion, that she should be delivered of three kings : "Pray God grant it," said she. At her time therefore she was delivered of three male children, one of which was of the color of an Æthiopian, as one of those three kings are commonly painted. "This story," saith Gemma, "I thought meet to set down because it was seen at Louvain, and is confirmed by sufficient testimony."

7. Another woman was delivered of a child all hairy and rough, having too attentively looked upon the picture of John the Baptist, as he is ordinarily painted in his garment of camel's hair.

8. In the year 1638, at Leyden, a woman of the meaner sort, who lived near the church of St. Peter, was delivered of a child well shaped in every respect, but had the head of a cat. Imagination was that which had given occasion for this monster ; for while she was big, she was frightened exceedingly with a cat which had got into her bed.

9. A very ingenious physician has divers times related to me, that being called to a young lady, he found that though she much complained of health, yet there appeared so little cause either in her body, or her condition, to guess that she did any more than fancy herself sick, that scrupling to give her physic, he persuaded her friends rather to divert her mind by little journeys of pleasure ; in one of which, going to St. Winifred's Well, this lady who was a Catholic, and devout in her religion, remained a pretty while in the water to perform some devotions, and fixed her eyes very attentively upon the red pebble stones, which, in a scattered order, made up a good part of those that appeared through the water ; and a while after growing big, she was delivered of a child, whose white skin was copiously specked with spots of the color and bigness of those stones ; and though now this child hath lived already several years, yet she still retains them.

10. One was persuaded that his nose was grown to that prodigious length and greatness, that he thought he carried along with him, as it were, the trunk of an elephant, which was always a great hindrance to him ; so that sometimes he thought it swam in his dish. A physician was sent for who understanding his disease, dexterously and without discovery, holds a long stuffed thing to his nostrils, and snatching up a razor, and taking up some part of the flesh, he whipt off this counterfeit nose ; and then with a soporiferous potion and wholesome diet, he completed his cure.

11. There was one who thought his posteriors were made of glass ; so that all he did he performed standing ; fearing, that if he should sit down, he should break his bottom.

12. Montanus tells of one who thought all the superfices of the world was made of thin and transparent glass, and that underneath there lay a multitude of serpents ; that he lay in his bed as an island, whence if he should presume to venture, that then he should break the glass, and so falling amongst the serpents, he should speedily be devoured ; and therefore, to prevent that misfortune he was resolved never to stir from his bed.

13. Thrasilaus, the son of Pythodorus, was possessed with that madness, that he verily thought that all the ships which put to shore upon the Pyræum were his own ; he would therefore number them, dismiss them ; and when they

returned, received them with that joy, as if he was the master of all their cargo. Of such as were wrecked he inquired not at all; but such as came safe he wonderfully rejoiced at, and in this pleasure did he pass his life. But when his brother returned from Sicily, he committed this pleasant person to the care of physicians, by whom he was cured: yet he affirmed that he never lived so happily as whilst he was mad.

14. A young man troubled with melancholy, had a strong imagination that he was dead, and did not only abstain from meat and drink, but importuned his parents that he might be carried unto his grave, and buried before his flesh was quite putrefied. By the counsel of physicians he was wrapped in a winding sheet, laid upon a bier, and so carried upon men's shoulders towards the church. But upon the way, two or three pleasant fellows (appointed for that purpose) meeting the hearse, demanded aloud of them that followed it, whose body it was that was there coffined, and carried to burial. They said "it was a young man's, and told them his name." "Surely," replied one of them, "the world is rid of him; for he was a man of a very bad and vicious life, and his friends have cause to rejoice that he hath rather ended his days thus, than at the gallows." The young man hearing this, and vexed to be thus injured, roused himself upon the bier, and told them that "they were wicked men to do him that wrong which he had never deserved; that if he was alive, he would teach them to speak better of the dead." But they proceeding to depreciate him, and to give him much more disgraceful and reproachful language; he, not being able to endure it, leaped from the hearse, and fell about their ears with such rage and fury, that he ceased not buffeting with them till he was quite wearied; and by this violent agitation the humors of his body altered; he awakened as out of a sleep or trance; and being brought home, and comforted with wholesome diet, he within a few days recovered his former health, strength, and understanding.

15. "In our memory," saith Lemnius, "a noble person fell into this fancy, that he verily believed he was dead, and departed out of this life; insomuch, that when his friends besought him to eat, or urged him with threats, he still refused all, saying, "It was in vain to the dead." They fearing that his obstinacy would prove his death, and it being the seventh day from whence he had continued it, they thought of this device: they brought into his room, which on purpose was made dark, some fellows wrapped in their sheets, and such grave clothes as the dead have; these bringing in meat and drink, began liberally to treat themselves. The sick man seeing this, asked them, "Who they are, and what about?" They told him they were dead persons. "What then," said he, "do the dead eat?" "Yes, yes," say they, "and if you will sit down with us you shall find it so." Straight he springs from out of his bed, and falls to with the rest. Supper ended, by virtue of a liquor given him for that purpose, he was cured.

16. A noble woman, although both her husband and herself were white, yet delivered of a child of the color of an Æthiopian; whom, when she was like to suffer as an adultress, Hippocrates is said to have delivered, by explaining the causes of such things, and by shewing the picture of an Æthiop in the chamber where she and her husband lay, and with which, it seemed, the fancy of the woman had been strongly affected.

17. There was a lady, a kinswoman of mine, (says Sir Kenelm Digby) who used much to wear black patches upon her face, as was the fashion amongst young women, which I, to put her from, used to tell her in jest, that her next child should come into the world with a black spot in the midst of its forehead: and this apprehension was so lively in her imagination at the time she proved with child, that her daughter was marked just as the mother had fancied, which there are at hand witnesses enough to confirm, but none more positve than the young lady herself, upon whom the mark is yet remaining.

18. Pisander, a Rhodian historian, labored under such a melancholy fancy, that he was in continual fears lest he should meet his own ghost; for he verily believed, even while he was alive, that his soul had deserted his body.—"Such another person as this was in Ferrara," saith Giraldus, "who could by no means be persuaded by Nicholaus Leonicenus his physician, that it was impossible for bodies to walk up and down without their souls; he approved of such reasons as were propounded, granting all the premises; but whenever they went about to infer the conclusion, he would then cry out, he "denied the whole of it."

19. Menedemus, a Cynic philosopher, fell into that degree of melancholy, that he went up and down in the dress of a fury, saying, "He was sent as a messenger from hell, to bring the devils an account of the sins of all mortals."

20. The following remarkable account was sent from Dublin, and inserted in the public newspapers, August 16, 1740. On Sunday morning died at his house in Meath street, of the hyp, vapours, or the strength of the imagination, Peter Marsh, Esq., who some months ago was riding out, and a horse in the staggers came behind, and took hold of him by the buckle of his breeches, lifted him out of the saddle, gave him a shake, and laid him down upon the ground safe, without any bite, bruise, scratch, or any sort of harm: he continued well for the space of three weeks, and never once talked of the affair after the first or second day. Three weeks after, the gentleman who owned the horse came to see Mr. Marsh, and told him, that the horse which dismounted him was dead of the staggers. He being then at dinner, laid down his knife and fork, and said, "He then died mad, and I shall die mad too." And from that time he fancied himself mad, although he had not any one symptom of it. If he gave a yawn or the like, he would immediately cry out, "that is the way the horse died, and I am mad too, and my friend will not believe it." He would not take any prescriptions that were ordered him; but said they were to no purpose, for nothing would do him good. Thus he continued for the space of four months and then died. He was opened the next day, but had no token or mark inwardly, which all people have who are bitten by any mad animal, and die of the bite. Neither was he, when living, ever troubled with the hydrophobia, or dread of water, or any other liquid, but swallowed and saw them without any concern; so that the judicious are agreed that it was pure conceit and fancy, and not madness, that killed him.

21. Dr. Boerhaave gives the following influences of the force of imagination in woman, in his academical lectures:

"I have seen myself," says he, "an instance of an healthy woman suckling a very healthy child, who was so disturbed by another woman scolding at her, that she was all in a tremor; and by suckling her child in this condition, it was immediately convulsed, and remained epileptic.

"A princess was delivered of a black daughter, by only seeing, for the first time, a blackmoor while she was pregnant.

"In Leyden, the mother of several well formed children, being pregnant, was accosted by a begger who had two thumbs on one hand; and on her delivery, the child had two thumbs on one hand; which I examined, and found the bones entirely perfect.

"I was acquainted with a lady who had many beautiful children. Being eight months gone with child, she was accosted by a beggar with a red hair-lip; she trembled all over, struck her mouth, and not long after was delivered of a child well formed, except in the lips and the palate, which were perfectly slit within the nostrils as in the beggar.

"A lady in her pregnancy wanted a fine mulberry she saw on a tree. One chanced to fall on the tip of her nose, which she rubbed, and afterwards she was delivered of a handsome girl; but who had on the tip of her nose as fine a mulberry as any painter could draw.

"A woman with child saw, at Mechlin, two soldiers fighting, one of which cut off the other's hand. She, in a fright, drew back her hand, and was delivered of a child which seemed as if one hand had been newly cut off; and the stump bled so much, that the child died; yet the hand was not found in the after-birth.

"When the Dutch defended Ostend against the Spaniards, a Spanish soldier lost his arm, and afterwards went about shewing the stump and begging; the wife of Mark de Vogelar seeing him, afterwards brought forth a daughter without the right arm; and the shoulder run so with blood, that a surgeon was obliged to stop and consolidate it, to prevent the child's dying; yet the arm was not found in the after-birth. The infant was healed, and lived to be seventy-six years old.

"The Duke of Alva, having ordered three hundred citizens to be put to death together at Antwerp; a lady who saw the fight was presently after delivered of a child without a head."

22. Father Malebranche relates, that there was a young man, an idiot from his birth, in the hospital of incurables at Paris, whose limbs were broke in all places, where it is customary to break those of malefactors who suffer on the wheel; his misfortune was caused by his mother's seeing an execution; every stroke the criminal received, vehement-

ly struck the mother's imagination: and the infant's bones were broken at its birth exactly in the corresponding parts; it lived twenty years, and was continually visited by the curious, and, among others, by the queen.

Father Malebranche also tells of a pregnant woman who happened to be at the solemnizing the canonization of St. Pius at Paris; and having attentively considered the image of the saint, was afterwards delivered of a child perfectly resembling it. It had the face of an old man: its eyes were raised to heaven, and its arm ran across its breast. This author adds, "Every one could see it at Paris as well as myself, the infant being kept for a considerable time in spirits of wine."

A miraculous Apple Tree.

A gentleman of undoubted veracity asserts, that in an orchard in New England, there was an apple tree which annually bore a very considerable quantity of fruit, though it never bore a single blossom, or any thing like a blossom upon it.

He declares, that for three years successively he went into the orchard frequently, and examined it strictly, both at the proper time of its flowering, and at other times: and assures us, that in the course of these observations, he daily examined the tree, till he annually saw the young plants begin to appear on it, which he did, he says, in plenty, at the time that the other trees, which had borne flowers, produced theirs; and that the apples ripened upon it like those upon the other trees.

He further observes, that though he had examined this apple tree only for three years, there were several people in that neighborhood, who assured him, that it had gone on in the same way for forty years, bearing fruit regularly every year, but never producing any flower.

Milky Fountain.

Near the mountain Ulimento in Tuscany, there is a fountain, the waters of which restore the milk lost by women who give suck.

Memoirs and Anecdotes of the extraordinary THOMAS BRITTON, the MUSICAL SMALL COAL-MAN.

This extraordinary person bound himself, and served seven years, to a small coal man in St. John's street. After which his master gave him a sum of money, and Tom went back to his native place, Higham-Ferrers, in Northamptonshire. When he had spent his money he returned to London, and set up the small-coal trade, notwithstanding his master was still living, and took a stable, which he turned into a house; of which more hereafter. Some time after he became an excellent Chemist, and, perhaps, performed such things in that profession, as had never been done before, by the help of a moving elaboratory, that was contrived and built by himself, and much admired by the faculty. He was also famous for his skill in the theory and practice of music; and kept up forty odd years in his own little cell, a musical club, which was nothing less than a concert, and merits our attention the more, as it was the first meeting of the kind, and the undoubted parent of some of the most celebrated concerts in London. It's origin was from Sir Roger L'Estrange; and this attachment of Sir Roger, and other ingenious gentlemen, arose from the profound regard that Britton had, in general, to all literature. The humility of his deportment procured him great respect; he was called, though so low in station, Mr. Britton: and men of the best wit, as well as some of the best quality, honored his musical society with their company. When passing the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small-coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with, "There goes the small-coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer of music, and a companion for gentlemen."

Britton's house was next to the old Jerusalem tavern, under the gateway (lately pulled down and rebuilt.) On the ground floor was a repository for small-coal; over that was the concert room, which was very long and narrow, and had a ceiling so low, that tall men could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could scarce be ascended without crawling. The house itself was vesy old, low built, and in every respect so mean, as to be a fit habitation for only a very poor man. Notwithstanding all, this mansion, despicable as

it may seem, attracted to it as polite an audience as ever the opera did. And a lady of the first rank in this kingdom, one of the first beauties of her time, used to say, that in the pleasure which she manifested at hearing Mr. Britton's concert, she seemed to have forgot the difficulty with which she ascended the steps that led to it.

At these concerts, Dr. Pepusch. and frequently Mr. Handel, played the harpsichord; Mr. Bannister the first violin. Dubourg, then a child, played his first solo at Britton's concert, standing upon a joint stool, but so terribly awed at the sight of so splendid an assembly, that he was near falling to the ground.

It has been said, that Britton found instruments, and that the subscription to his concert was ten shillings a year, and that they had coffee at a penny a dish. If so, Britton hsd departed from his original institution; for, at first, no coffee was drank there, nor would he receive any gratuity from any of his guests; on the contrary, he was offended whenever it was offered to him; which was asserted by one of the performers at his concert.

The following stanzes of a song, written by Ward, in praise of Britton, seems to confirm it:

Upon Thursday repair
To my palace, and there
Hobble up stair by stair:
But I pray ye take care
That you break not your shins by a stumble,
And without e'er a souse,
Paid to me or my spouse,
Sit as still as a mouse,
At the top of the house,
And there you shall hear how we fumble.

As to his own real skill in music, it is not to be doubted; it is certain he could tune a harpsichord; and he frequently played the viol da gamba in his own concert.

Britton was in his person a short thick set man, with a very honest ingenous countenance. There are two pictures of him extant, both painted by his friend Mr. Wollaston. It happened thus: Britton had been out one morning, and having nearly emptied his sack in a shorter time than he expected, had a mind to see his friend Mr. Wollaston, but having always considered himself in two capacities, viz: as one who subsisted by a very mean occupation, and as a companion for persons in a station of life above him, he could not, consistent with this distinction, drest as he then was, make a visit: he therefore in his way home, varied his usual round, and passing through Warwick lane, determined to cry small-coal so near Mr. Wollaston's door, as to stand a chance to be invited in. Accordingly he had no sooner turned into Warwick court, and cried small-coal in his usual tone, than Mr. Wollaston, who had never heard him there before, flung up the sash and beckoned him in. Mr. Wollaston intimated a desire to draw his picture, which he consented to; and he was painted in his blue frock, and with his small-coal measure in his hand.

This extraordinary man was also well skilled in ancient books and manuscripts, and much esteemed by the then collectors. While the earls of Oxford, Sunderland, Winchelsea, Pembroke, duke of Devonshire, &c., who had the passion for collecting old books and manuscripts, were assembled at Bateman's shop, in Paternoster row, on Saturdays about twelve o'clock, Britton would arrive in his blue frock, and pitching his sack on Bateman's bulk, would go in and join them in conversation, which generally lasted an hour.

The singularity of his character induced various suspicions. Some thought his musical assembly a cover for seditious meetings; others for magical purposes. Britton himself was taken for an Atheist, Presbyterian, and a Jesuit; but he was perfectly inoffensive, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

The circumstances of his death are not less remarkable than those of his life. One Honeyman, a blacksmith, had become famous for the faculty of speaking without opening his lips; by which art the voice seemed to proceed from some distant part of the house. The pranks played by this man were infinite. Mr. Robe, a Justice of the Peace in Clerkenwell, who played frequently at Britton's concert, was wicked enough to introduce Honeyman, unknown to Britton, for the sole purpose of terrifying him; and he succeeded in it. Honeyman, without moving his lips, or seeming to speak, announced, as from afar off, the death of poor Britton within a few hours; with an intimation that the only way to avert his doom was, for him to fall on his knees and say the Lord's prayer. Britton did as he was bid, went home, took to his bed, and in a few days died; leaving his friend, Mr. Robe, to enjoy the fruits of his mirth. He died in September, 1714: by the parish books he was buried the 1st of October.

Britton's wife survived her husband.

He left behind him little besides a considerable library of books, and a large collection of manuscripts and printed music, and musical instruments, which were sold by auction after his death.

The following verses by Mr. Hughes, were put under one of his prints :

> Tho' doom'd to sma'l coal, yet to arts allied ;
> Rich without wealth, and famous without pride :
> Music's best patron, judge of books and men ;
> Belov'd and honor'd by Apollo's train.
> In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
> So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere !
> More of the man had probably been sav'd,
> Had Kneller painted, and had Virtue grav'd.

An Authentic, Candid, and Circumstantial NARRATIVE, of the astonishing WITCHCRAFT, at STOCKWELL, in the County of Surry, containing a series of the most surprising and unaccountable EVENTS that ever happened, which continued from first to last, upwards of twenty hours, and at different places.

Published with the Consent and Approbation of the Family and other Parties concerned, to authenticate which, the original Copy is signed by them.

Before we enter upon a description of the most extraordinary transactions that perhaps ever happened, we shall begin with an account of the parties who were principally concerned, and in justice to them, give their characters; by which means the impartial world may see what credit is due to the following narrative.

The events indeed are of so strange and singular a nature, that we cannot be at all surprised the public should be doubtful of the truth of them, more especially as there have been too many impositions of this sort; but let us consider, here are no sinister ends to be answered, no contributions to be wished for, nor would be accepted as the parties are in reputable situations and good circumstances, particularly Mrs. Golding, who is a lady of an independent fortune : Richard Fowler and his wife might be looked upon as an exception to this assertion; but as their loss was trivial, they must be left out of the question, except so far as they appear corroborating evidence.

How or by what means these transactions were brought about has never transpired : we have only to rest our confidence on the veracity of the parties, whose descriptions have been most strictly attended to, without the least deviation ; nothing here offered is either exaggerated or diminished, the whole stated in the clearest manner, just as they occurred ; as such only we lay them before the candid and impartial public.

Mrs. Golding, an elderly lady, at Stockwell, in Surry, at whose house the transactions began, was born in the same parish (of Lambeth) has lived in it ever since, and has always been well known, and respected as a gentlewoman of unblemished honor and character. Mrs. Pain, a niece of Mrs. Golding, has been married several years to Mr. Pain, a farmer, at Brixton-Causeway, a little above Mr. Angel's, has several children, and is well known and respected in the parish. Mary Martin, Mr. Pain's servant, an elderly woman, has lived two years with them, and four years with Mrs. Golding, where she came from. Richard Fowler lives almost opposite to Mr. Pain, at the Brick-Pound, an honest, industrious and sober man. And Sarah Fowler, wife to the above, is an industrious and sober woman.

These are the subscribing evidences that we must rest the truth of the facts upon ; yet there are numbers of other persons who were eye-witnesses of many of the transactions, during the time they happened, all of whom must acknowledge the truth of them.

Another person who bore a principal part in these scenes was, Ann Robinson, Mrs. Golding's maid, a young woman, about twenty years old, who had lived with her but one week and three days. So much for the *Historiæ Personæ*, and now for the narrative.

On Monday, January the 6th, 1772, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, as Mrs. Golding was in her parlor, she heard the china and glasses in the back kitchen tumble down and break ; her maid came to her and told her that the stone plates were fallen from the shelf; Mrs. Golding went into the kitchen and saw them broke. Presently after, a row of plates from the next shelf fell down likewise, while she was there, and no body near them ; this astonished her much, and while she was thinking about it, other things in different places began to tumble about, some of them breaking, attended with violent noises all over the house ; a clock tumbled down and the case broke ; a lanthorn that hung on the stair-case was thrown down and the glass broke to pieces ; an earthen pan of salted beef broke to pieces, and the beef fell about ; all this increased her surprise, and brought several persons about her, among whom was

Mr. Rowlidge, a carpenter, who gave it as his opinion, that the foundation was giving away and that the house was tumbling down, occasioned by the too great weight of an additional room erected above; so ready are we to discover natural causes for every thing! But no such thing happened as the reader will find, for whatever was the cause, that cause ceased almost as soon as Mrs. Golding and her maid left any place, and followed them wherever they went. Mrs. Golding ran into Mr. Gersham's house, a gentleman living next door to her, where she fainted.

In the interim, Mr. Rowlidge and other persons were removing Mrs. Golding's effects from her house, for fear of the consequences he had prognosticated. At this time all was quiet; Mrs. Golding's maid remaining in her house, was gone up stairs, and when called upon several times to come down, for fear of the dangerous situation she was thought to be in, she answered very cooly, and after some time came down as deliberately, without any seeming fearful apprehensions.

Mrs. Pain was sent for from Brixton-causeway, and desired to come directly, as her aunt was supposed to be dead;—this was the message to her. When Mrs. Pain came, Mrs. Golding was come to herself, but very faint.

Among the persons who were present, was Mr. Gardner, a surgeon, of Clapham; whom Mrs. Pain desired to bleed her aunt, which he did; Mrs Pain asked him if the blood should be thrown away; he desired it might not, as he would examine it when cold. These minute particulars would not be taken notice of but as a chain to what follows. For the next circumstance is of a more astonishing nature than any thing that had preceded it; the blood that was just congealed, sprung out of the bason upon the floor, and presently after the bason broke to pieces: a bottle of rum that stood by it broke at the same time.

Amongst the things that were removed to Mr. Gersham's, was a tray full of china, &c., a japan bread-basket, some mahogany waiters, with some bottles of liquors, jars of pickles, &c., and a pier glass, which was taken down by Mr. Saville, (a neighbour of Mrs. Golding's); he gave it to one Robert Hames, who laid it on the grass-plat at Mr. Gresham's; but before he could put it out of his hands, some parts of the frame on each side flew off; it rained at that time, Mrs. Golding desired it might be brought into the parlour, where it was put under a side-board, and a dressing-glass along with it; it had not been there long before the glasses and china which stood on the sideboard, began to tumble about and fall down, and broke both the glasses to pieces. Mr. Saville and others being asked to drink a glass of wine or rum, both the bottles broke in pieces before they were uncorked.

Mrs. Golding's surprise and fear increasing, she did not know what to do, or where to go; wherever she and her maid were, these strange destructive circumstances followed her, and how to help or free herself from them, was not in her power or any other person's present: her mind was one confused chaos, lost to herself and every thing about her, drove from her own home, and afraid there would be none other to receive her; at last she left Mr. Gresham's, and went to Mr. Mayling's, a gentleman at the next door, here she staid about three quarters of a hour, during which time nothing happened. Her maid staid at Mr. Gresham's, to put up what few things remained unbroke of her mistress's, in a back apartment, when a jar of pickles that stood upon a table turned upside down, then a jar of raspberry jam broke to pieces, next two mahogany waiters and a quadrille box likewise broke in pieces.

Mrs. Pain, not choosing her aunt should stay too long at Mr. Mayling's, for fear of being troublesome, persuaded her to go to her house at Rush Common, near Brixton-Causeway, where she would endeavor to make her as happy as she could, hoping by this time all was over, as nothing had happened at that gentleman's house while she was there. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. and Miss Gresham were at Mr. Pain's house, when Mrs. Pain, Mrs. Golding, and her maid went there. It being about dinner time they all dined together; in the interim Mrs. Golding's servant was sent to her house to see how things remained. When she returned, she told them nothing had happened since they left. Sometime after Mr. Gresham and Miss went home, every thing remaining quiet at Mr. Pain's: but about eight o'clock in the evening a fresh scene began; the first thing that happened, was, a whole row of pewter dishes, except one, fell from off a shelf to the middle of the floor, rolling about a little while, then settled, and what is almost beyond belief as soon as they

were quiet, turned upside down; they were then put on the dresser, and went through the same a second time: next fell a whole row of pewter plates from off the second shelf over the dresser to the ground, and being taking up and put on the dresser one in another, they were thrown down again.

The next thing was two eggs that were upon one of the pewter shelves, one of them flew off, crossed the kitchen, struck a cat on the head, and then broke to pieces.

Next, Mary Martin, Mrs. Pain's servant, went to stir the kitchen fire, she got to the right hand side of it, being a large chimney as is usual in farm houses, a pestle and mortar, that stood nearer the left end of the chimney shelf, jumped about six feet on the floor. Then went candlesticks and other brasses; scarce any thing remaining in its place. After this the glasses and china were put down on the floor for fear of undergoing the same fate, they presently began to dance and tumble about, and then broke to pieces. A tea-pot that was among them, flew to Mrs. Golding's maid's foot and struck it.

A glass tumbler that was put on the floor jumped about two feet and then broke. Another that stood by it jumped about at the same time, but did not break till some hours after, when it jumped again and then broke. A china bowl that stood in the parlor jumped from the floor to behind a table that stood there. This was most astonishing, as the distance from where it stood was between seven and eight feet, but was not broke. It was put back by Richard Fowler, to its place, where it remained some time, and then flew to pieces.

The next thing that followed was a mustard-pot, that jumped out of a closet and was broke. A single cup that stood upon the table, (almost the only thing remaining) jumped up, flew across the kitchen, ringing like a bell, and then was dashed to pieces against the dresser. A candlestick that stood on the chimney shelf flew across the kitchen to the parlor door, at about fifteen feet distance. A tea-kettle under the dresser, was thrown out about two feet, another kettle that stood at one end of the range, was thrown against the iron that is fixed to prevent children falling into the fire. A tumbler with rum an water in it, that stood upon a waiter upon a table in the parlor, jumped about ten feet and was broke. The table then fell down, and along with it a silver tankard belonging to Mrs. Golding, the waiter in which had stood the tumbler and candlestick. A case bottle then flew to pieces.

The next circumstance was a ham that hung in one side of the kitchen chimney, it raised itself from the hook and fell down to the ground. Some time after, another ham that hung on the other side of the chimney, likewise underwent the same fate. Then a flitch of bacon which hung up in the same chimney fell down.

All the family were eye-witnesses to these circumstances as well as other persons, some of whom were so alarmed and shocked, that they could not bear to stay, and were happy in getting away, though the unhappy family were left in the midst of their distresses. Most of the genteel families around were continually sending to inquire after them, and whether all was over or not. Is it not surprising that some among them had not the inclination and resolution to try to unravel this most intricate affair, at a time when it would have been in their power to have done so; there certainly was sufficient time for so doing, as the whole from first to last continued upwards of twenty-four hours.

At all the times of action, Mrs. Golding's servant was walking backwards and forwards, either in the kitchen or parlor, or wherever some of the family happened to be. Nor could they get her to sit down five minutes together, except at one time for about half an hour towards the morning, when the family were at prayers in the parlor; then all was quiet; but in the midst of the greatest confusion, she was as much composed as at any other time, and with uncommon coolness of temper advised her mistress not to be alarmed or uneasy, as she said these things could not be helped. Thus she argued as if they were common occurrences which must happen in ever family.

This advice surprised and startled her mistress, almost as much as the circumstances that occasioned it. For how can we suppose that a girl of about twenty years old, (an age when female timidity is too often assisted by superstition) could remain in the midst of such calamitous circumstances (except they proceed from causes best known to herself) and not be struck with the same terror as every other person who was present. These reflections led Mr. Pain, and at the end of the transactions, likewise Mrs. Golding, to think she was not

altogether so unconcerned as she appeared to be. But hitherto, the whole remained mysterious and unravelled.

About ten o'clock at night, they sent over the way to Richard Fowler, to desire he would come and stay with them. He came and continued till one in the morning, and was so terrified that he could remain no longer.

As Mrs. Golding could not be persuaded to go to bed, Mrs. Pain at that time (one o'clock) made an excuse to go up stairs to her youngest child, under pretence of getting it to sleep, but she really acknowledges it was through fear, as she declares she could not sit up to see such strange things going on, as every thing one after another was broke, till there was not above two or three cups and saucers remaining out of a considerable quantity of china, &c., which was destroyed to the amount of some pounds.

About five o'clock on Tuesday morning, Mrs. Golding went up to her neice, and desired her to get up, as the noises and destruction were so great she could continue in the house no longer. At this time all the tables, chairs, drawers, &c., were tumbling about. When Mrs. Pain came down, it was amazing beyond all description! their only security then was to quit the house for fear of the same catastrophe, as had been expected the morning before, at Mrs. Golding's: in consequence of this resolution, Mrs. Golding and her maid went over the way to Richard Fowler's; she came back to Mrs. Pain, to help her to dress the children in the barn, where she had carried them for fear of the house falling. At this time all was quiet; they then went to Fowler's, and then began the same scene as had happened at the other places. It must be remarked, all was quiet here as well as elsewhere, till the maid returned.

When they got to Mr. Fowler's, he began to light a fire in his back room. When done, he put the candle and candlestick upon a table in the fore room. This apartment Mrs. Golding and her maid had passed through. Another candlestick with a tin lamp in it that stood by it, were both dashed together, and fell to the ground. A lanthorn with which Mrs. Golding was lighted with cross the road, sprung from a hook to the ground, and a quantity of oil spilled on the floor. The last thing was the basket of coals tumbled over; the coals rolling about the room; the maid then desired Richard Fowler not to let her mistress remain there, as she said, wherever she was, the same things would follow. In consequence of this advice, and fearing greater losses to himself, he desired she would quit his house; but first begged her to consider within herself, for her own and the public's sake, whether or not she had not been guilty of some atrocious crime, for which providence was determined to pursue on this side of the grave, for he could not help thinking, she was the object that was to be made an example to posterity, by the All-seeing eye of Providence, for crimes which but too often none but that Providence can penetrate, and by such means as these bring to light.

Thus was the poor gentlewoman's measure of affliction complete, not only to have undergone all which has been related, but to have added to it the character of a bad and wicked woman, when till this time, she was esteemed as a most deserving person. In candor to Fowler, he could not be blamed; what could he do? what could any man have done that was so circumstanced? Mrs. Golding soon satisfied him; she told him she would not stay in his house, or any other person's, as her conscience was quite clear, and she could as well wait the will of Providence in her own house as in any other place whatever; upon which she and her maid went home. Mr. Pain went with them. After they had got to Mrs. Golding's the last time, the same transactions once more began upon the remains that were left.

A nine gallon cask of beer, that was in the cellar, the door being open, and no person near it, turned upside down. A pail of water that stood on the floor, boiled like a pot. A box of candles fell from a shelf in the kitchen to the floor; they rolled out, but none were broke: and a round mahogany table overset in the parlor.

Mr. Pain then desired Mrs. Golding to send her maid for his wife to come to them; when she was gone all was quiet; upon her return she was immediately discharged, and no disturbances have happened since; this was between six and seven o'clock on Tuesday morning.

At Mrs. Golding's were broke the quantity of three pails full of glass, china, &c. At Mrs. Pain's they filled two pails.

Thus ends the narrative; a true, circumstantial, and faithful account [of which we have laid before the public; and have endeavored as much as possible, throughout the whole, to state only

facts, without presuming to obtrude any opinion on them. If we have in part hinted any thing that may be unfavorable to the girl, it is not from a determination to charge her with the cause, right or wrong, but only from a strict adherence to truth, most sincerely wishing this extraordinary affair may be unravelled.

The above narrative is absolutely and strictly true, in witness whereof we have set our hands.

MARY GOLDING,
JOHN PAIN,
MARY PAIN,
RICHARD FOWLER,
SARAH FOWLER,
MARY MARTIN.

The original copy of this narrative, signed as above, with the parties own hands, was put into the hands of Mr. Mark's, Bookseller, in St. Martin's lane, to satisfy persons who choose to inspect the same.

Wonderful Anecdotes of Machamut, a Moorish King of a Poisonous nature, and a curious Woman, &c.

Mr Purchas, in his Pilgrimage, has related of one Machamut, a Moorish king, who deserveth mention for one thing, wherein the sun had scarce beheld his like. He so accustomed himself to poisons, that no day passed wherein he took not some, for else he himself died, as it fareth with amfian or opium, the use whereof killeth such as never took it, and the disease such as have; and beyond that which we read of Mithridates, in the like practice. His name was transformed into so venomous an habit, that when he designed to put any of his nobles to death, he would cause them to be set naked before him; and chewing certain fruits in his mouth, which they call chofolos and tombolos, with lime made of shells, by spitting upon him, in one half hour deprived him of life; if a fly sat upon his hand it would presently fall off dead. Neither was his love to be preferred to his hatred, or with women was his dealing less deadly; for he had three or four thousand concubines, of whom none lived to see a second sun, after he had carnally known them. His mustachos (or hair of his upper lip) was so long, that he bound it upon his head, as women do with an hair-lace; and his beard was white, reaching to his waist. Every day when he arose, and when he dined, fifty elephants were brought into the palace to do him reverence on their knees, accompanied with trumpets and other music.

Cælius Rhodiginus mentions the like of a maid thus nourished with poisons; her spittle (and other humors coming from her,) such also as lay with her carnally presently dying. Avieenna hath also a like example of a man, whose nature, infected with a stronger venom, poisoned other venemous creatures, if any did bite him. And when a great serpent was brought for trial, he had, by the biting thereof a two days fever, but the serpent died; the other did not harm him.

A notable Imposture of the famous, never to be forgotten Margaret Ulmer, at Elsing in Germany.

Margaret Ulmer, the daughter of John Ulmer, who lived in the year 1545, a single woman, through grievous sickness, and extremity of pain, had her belly so exceedingly swelled, that it overshadowed her face, and in compass was more than ten hands breadth; she said that she fed divers living creatures in her belly, yet neither did she eat or drink, but took only some apothecary confections, and used the smell of herbs and flowers. There were heard by those who stood by the bed where she lay, the voices of divers living creatures; as the crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the gagling of geese, the barking of dogs, the bleating of sheep, the braying of asses, the grunting of swine, the bellowing of cattle and the neighing of horses. She vomited serpents and worms of a marvellous greatness, sometimes a hundred. When the report hereof was spread abroad, not only in the towns and villages adjoining, but almost through all Germany, multitudes resorted to the place to see the miracle, and beheld the maid with no less wonder than compassion, who also gave her much money. The advice of divers physicians and surgeons was asked; and at last the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, and of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, and of Hungary, came thither, accompanied with divers noblemen and gentlemen, who, notwithstanding, found no deceit therein. Thus he continued for the space of almost four years. Her torments seemed to increase more and more upon her. At last the chief magistrate of the city

sent for her parents, and asked them whether they desired to have their daughter delivered from so great torments by the physicians making incision into her belly? Her father being a plain man answered that he was willing to leave his daughter to God's providence, and to lawful remedies of physicians. But the mother (being her accomplice) said, that she would not have them to attempt any thing to the endangering of her daughter's life; adding, moreover, that she would pray that God's vengeance might light upon them, if her daughter miscarried under their hands.

Yet some were sent to the maid, to mind her, that they had many times craved help of the physicians, that now there was a proffer made of their help, who, by God's assistance, might either wholly free her from her distemper, or, at least, to assuage the violence of it; but she (being instructed of her mother) answered, That she, with a willing mind, would patiently suffer what it should please God to inflict upon her; that she desired not any physic; but that as for the space of four years she had undergone the extremity of her pains, so she was still willing to bear the cross which God had laid upon her, till it pleased him to remove it; hoping that she should still be as able to bear the violence of her disease as hitherto she had been. But the magistrate of Elsing, being better pleas-with her father's answer, sent a doctor of physic, with two surgeons and a midwife, to search the maiden by incision. These came to her, and searching her belly, found it stuffed with clouts very cunningly, and with pillars and such like materials, with divers hoods, wherewith her belly was made round, the crying out all the while; and when all these were removed, they saw the maiden stark naked, with as well a compact, and as fair a body as might be. When now the deceit was discovered, the parents, with the daughter, and all they which were accessary (with whom in the night, whilst others slept, she made good cheer) were carried to prison, and afterwards put to the rack. The counterfeit belly was brought to the town house, and there showed to the burgomasters; and the maid's mother was found to be a witch, who by the devil's help, had caused those strange noises, which seemed proceed out of the maid's body; upon strict examination, she confessed that she had done all these things by the devil's persuasion and help, for gain sake, these four years; for which she was condemned by the judge: she had first broke her neck, and afterwards was burned; the daughter had her cheek burned through with an hot iron, and was doomed to perpetual imprisonment. The father, who took his oath that he was deceived by his wife and daughter, even till that day wherein this wicked fact was discovered, was acquitted, and freely dismissed; the other accessories were banished, and some of them that were most guilty, were otherwise punished.

An Extraordinary Circumstance.

A midwife, some time ago was summond to attend, with all possible expedition, on a gentlewoman in the province of Normandy, who had unexpectedly been seized with the pains of labor.—Hardly had the good woman arrived to discharge the duties of her office, when she was herself violently attacked with the like pains; and the consequence was, that presently both the midwife and her patient were delivered together.

Not a human being was then in the neighborhood, nor even in the house but the old woman, who had acted in the double capacity of midwife and nurse; and who, unfortunately, in her hurry, confusion and distress, was so inadvertent as to place the two infants on one and the same pillow, without distinguishing which of them it was that belonged to her mistress.

They were both males, and one of them lived but a few minutes. Now the grand circumstance which perplexes the case, and gives it an air of ridicule is this—That each mother claims the surviving child as her's, nor will abide by any decision to the contrary short of a judicial one. What step is for that purpose to be taken, is left for another Solomon to advise.

Amusing Anecdotes.

Some time ago, a young woman was tried at the Old Bailey, for stealing in amour with a sailor, seven guineas, his property; the proof not being sufficient, and the evidence of the sailor very favorable she was acquitted. The honest tar immediately caught her in his arms, and kissed her with uncommon rapture, swearing it was damned cruel to keep all, but that she was welcome to half.

The smacks were so hearty and loud, that the court was much surprised, and could not help smiling at the oddity ; and the once more happy couple went away with great joy in their countenances.

Odd Festival at Brussels.

The nineteenth of January, a very Odd festival is celebrated at Brussels. Every wife undresses her husband, and carries him to bed. And the next day the husbands invite their wives relations, and entertain them with the utmost generosity.

It is said this ceremony was instituted in commemoration of a seige at which the women had stipulated at the capitulation, that they should be allowed to carry with them their children, and whatever else they were able to carry. This being granted by the enemy, each wife carried her husband with her.

Account of the Remarkable Bridge and Butcher's Stall, at Prague.

The sumptuous bridge of Muldow, at Prague, was built in 1172, at the expence of queen Judith; it is the broadest of all Germany, four chariots can go abreast upon it. It is built entirely of free stone, and has nineteen arches.

There goes a proverb concerning this bridge, "That at every hour of the day, there is seen upon it a monk, a whore or a white horse."

There is also in this city a butcher's stall, where no flies are ever seen either in winter or summer; it is said to be the work of a magician.

Twelve Sons of the Count of Isebart born at a Birth.

The countess of Isebart obstinately refusing to believe that a poor woman had been brought to bed of three legitimate children at a birth, was afterwards convinced of her mistake, being herself delivered of twelve sons at a time; this she was so much ashamed of, that she kept but one, giving the other eleven to a faithful chamber maid, with orders to drown them directly, and at the same time to tell any one that should ask her what she carried with her, that she carried young puppies.

The count, who had just come from hunting, met the maid and having asked her, what she carried in her apron, she answered according to the countess. But the count not being so easily imposed upon, the maid was obliged to show him the children. He was surprised at the sight, and much more on learning that they were his own children.

He however concealed his just indignation, and took care to say nothing to the countess, ordering the chamber maid to do the like. He then gave these children to nurses, and caused them to be brought up, unknown to the countess.

Six years after he caused a feast to be prepared in his castle at Weigarten, where he caused his twelve sons to make their appearance in presence of his wife, and of all the guests.

She was greatly surprised; and after having humbly asked pardon, both of God, and the world, and after having expiated her crime, by a very serious repentence, she founded the monastry which is visited by all curious travellers; and the tomb of the twelve counts, which are there shown, are standing monuments of the authenticity of this extraordinary narrative.

The Power of Love, Mirth, and Money.

The ingenious Sir Richard Steel repsented the Borough of Stockbridge, in the county of Hants, in parliament; and though he was powerfully opposed in his election, yet he had a great majority of votes, by a stratagem, which made all women of his side.

Having made a great entertainment for the burgesses and their wives, and after having been very free and facetious among them, he took up a large apple, and sticking it full of guineas, declared it should be the prize of that man, whose wife should be first brought to bed, after that day nine months.

This afforded a great deal of mirth; and what with the entertainment, and the hopes of getting the prize, the good women prevailed on their husbands to vote for Sir Richard, whom they to this day commemorate; and, as it is said, once made a strong push to get a standing order of the corporation made, that no man should be accepted as a candidate for that borough, who did not offer himself upon the same terms.

THE BOTTLE IMP.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

It was a lovely Italian evening, when a young German merchant, named Richard, entered Venice, the widely celebrated seat of traffic and commerce. In consequence of its being then the period of the thirteen years war, all Germany was, at that time, a scene of dissention; no wonder, therefore, if the young merchant, who was a gallant, more inclined in banqueting and luxurious indulgence, than feats of chivalry, was not greatly displeased at his affairs calling him for sometime towards Italy, where things wore a less hostile appearance, and where too, he had heard that there was no lack, either of the richest wines, or the most delicious fruits.

In this fascinating city, Richard entered upon a career of dissipation, and continued daily to indulge in revels, and in the society of mirthful faces. In all the company of brave gallants, with whom he constantly associated, there was but one countenance overcast with gloom. It was that of a Spanish captain, who, though he never failed to be present at these scenes of riot, rarely bestowed a word upon the company, while his dark features were rendered still more gloomy, by the visible uneasiness that sat upon them. Still his presence was endured, as he was a man of rank and wealth, and one too, who regarded lightly the expense of treating his friends evening after evening.

Richard, in the meanwhile, found his finances rapidly decreasing: and reflected with no small sorrow, that his gay and joyous kind of life must quickly terminate. His associates were not slow in observing his melancholy, or in divining the cause of it,—this being, by no means, the first instance of the kind, that had occurred within their society, —neither did they spare their taunts upon the occasion, so that our gallant was fain to venture among them, the last precious relics of his purse. At this prosperous period of his history, the Spaniard called him, one evening, aside, and, with unexpected courtesy, requesting that he would accompany him abroad, conducted him to a lone and retired spot. The poor youth, was, at first, rather alarmed; but, at length, somewhat quieted his apprehensions by reflecting, that his companion well knew that he had little about him worth aught, save his skin, and in that he was determined a hole should not be pricked without returning the compliment.

The Spaniard, however, having first seated himself on the ruins of an old building, and compelled his companion to do the same, addressed him as follows:

"I cannot help imagining, my dear young friend, that you stand greatly in need of that which has long become a burden to myself—namely, the power of procuring whatever sum of money you choose, and whenever you please. This power, such as it is, I am willing to dispose of to you for a trifling consideration, besides some other advantages into the bargain."

"What occasion," inquired Richard, "can you possibly have for money, if you wish to part with the power of obtaining it yourself?"

"The case stands thus," returned the captain. "I know not, whether you are acquainted with certain little spirits, that are called *bottle-imps*—they are small black devils, enclosed in a little phial. Whoever possesses one of these, can command from it whatever worldly possession he desires most, especially abundance of gold. In return for these services, the soul of the person who possesses the imp becomes forfeit to Lucifer, in case he die without having previously disposed of him. But this can be done only by receiving a less sum than that which he first paid for the spirit. Mine cost me ten ducats;—for nine it is yours."

While the youth was reflecting on this extraordinary offer, the Spaniard continued, "I could, if I pleased, easily get rid of the thing, by palming it upon some one as a mere curiosity, in which manner a knavish fellow inveigled me to purchase it. But I wish not to have the weight of such an ill-deed upon my conscience, and therefore, very honestly, and fairly, acquaint you with the bargain. You are still young and high-spirited, and will not fail to meet with opportunities enough of disposing of your purchase, whenever you may become as weary of it, as I am even now."

"My noble sir," replied Richard," and you would not take it ill at my hands, so could I inform you, how often I have been imposed upon already, in this good city of Venice."

"Why thou foolish varlet," exclaimed the enraged Spaniard, "thou needest not to call to mind the brave entertainment I gave last evening, to judge whether I

would cheat thee for the sake of a paltry nine ducats."

Who spends much, wants much," gently observed the young merchant, "and the longest purse we know has a bottom, although not a golden one. If, therefore, you yesterday spent your last ducat, to-day you may be hankering after mine."

"Excuse me if I do not chastise thee with a cold steel for this insolence :—that I do not do it, is because I still hope that you will rid me of my bottle-devil; besides, it is my intention to perform penance, which would only be rendered still heavier thereby."

"Might we not, at least, be favored with some specimen of the thing's abilities?" inquired the wary merchant.

"How may that be?" answered the other. "It will neither remain with any one, nor aid any one, save him who has fairly purchased and paid for it."

The youth could not help feeling some alarm, for the place where they were sitting, seemed a particularly lone and gloomy spot,—although the Spaniard assurred him, that he would not employ compulsive means. Yet, in spite of his fears, his imagination dwelt upon the enjoyments that would be in his power, should he become possessor of the little spirit; he determined, therefore, to try whether he could obtain the bargain at a cheaper rate.

"Witless fellow that thou art," exclaimed the Spaniard with a laugh, "It is for thy sake, and for the sake of those who shall come after thee, that I demand the highest sum I can, that I may delay, as long as possible, the time when it shall be purchased for the smallest coin possible, and the purchaser thereby become inevitably forfeit to the devil, even because he cannot sell it again at a lower price."

"Well," said Richard, with a tone of delight, "let me but have it. I warrant me I shall not be very eager to get quit of my purchase in a hurry. If, therefore, I could have it for five ducats——"

"It is all one to me," returned the Spaniard, "but remember you are hastening on the minute when the evil spirit shall claim the last unhappy possessor as his own."

With these words he delivered up to his companion, in return for his gold, a small glass phial, wherein Richard could just discern, by the light of the stars, something dark that kept leaping up and down.

By way of making an experiment he demanded, although but mentally, to have double the amount of the sum he had just expended, in his right hand, when he instantly felt ten ducats there He now returned in glee to the tavern, and the rest of the company, who were still carousing there, were not a little astonished at perceiving what cheerful countenances were now worn by those, who were lately in so melancholy a mood. But the Spaniard quickly retired without awaiting the costly banquet which, late as it was, Richard had ordered to be prepared, having first satisfied the demands of the wary host beforehand, for his pockets were now well lined with brave new ducats, which flocked thither merely at his wishing.

Those who are most anxious for a similar bargain, will best imagine what kind of a life our wild gallant now led:—unless, indeed, they should be devoted to mere sordid avarice. Even the most charitable, may well suppose that he spent not his days or nights in abstinence and fasting,

The infatuated youth regarded even the potentates and princes of the world with a disdainful compassion; convinced that not one of them was able to indulge in such a luxurious life as himself. Even Venice, the most opulent mart in the world, could hardly find dainties enough for his extravagant banquets. Did a well meaning friend hint at the imprudence of this continual rioting, he would indignantly reply: "Richard is my name, and my riches are boundless." Often would he, in a fit of intemperate mirth, rudely jest at the folly of the Spaniard, who had cast such a prize from him, and, as he had heard it reported, had retired into a convent.

On this earth, however, there is nothing that lasts for ever. This too our gallant soon experienced to be truth, much sooner, indeed, than he would otherwise have done, in consequence of the intemperance with which he plunged into all pleasures. A langour like that of death seized his exhausted frame, in spite of all the virtue of the phial, which he vainly kept invoking for health, at the first attack of his disease. Recovery visited him not, but on the contrary frightful dreams.

It seemed to him that one of the phials which were standing by his bedside, began to set up a wild dance, jostling against the rest in a furious manner. After gazing at it for some minutes, Richard recognized it to be that in which the little spirit was enclosed, and

exclaimed: "Bottle-devil, bottle-devil, thou assistest me no more, but rather destroyest that which should work my cure." Whereupon the little black thing sang in a hoarse voice:

"Richard! Richard! prayest in vain:
Prepare thee now for eternal pain;
Therein must thou abide and endure,
Since spirit's power can work no cure.
No herb that groweth, death can heal:—
I joy, for that thou'rt mine I feel."

After which it immediately stretched itself out, quite long and thin, and notwithstanding that Richard held the phial stopped as closely as possible, it crept out between his thumb and the cork: it then suddenly became a large black man who began to dance in a most hideous manner, clapping to and fro, at the same time, his huge dusky wings; and at length placed his hairy, leathern breast, upon Richard's bosom, and his grinning face upon Richard's face, so that the latter felt as if he were himself assuming the hideous figure, and in a tone of wild agony, screamed out for a mirror.

A cold sweat stood upon his brow, as he awoke out of the ghastly dream, and he thought that he perceived a monstrous black toad creep down beside him into his bed; but, upon putting down his hand, he felt only the phial, in which the little black figure lay panting and apparently exhausted.

How awfully long did the remainder of this horrible night seem to the sick and phrenzied wretch. He dared not again to resign himself to sleep, lest the terrific vision should re-appear; hardly too, did he venture to open his wearied eyes, even in the dark, lest he should perceive the monstrous fiend squatted in some corner of the apartment. Yet did he shut his eyes but for a moment, he thought that it was again upon him, and started up with horror. He rang aloud for his attendants, but no one came, all was still as the grave. Thus did he lie, in a state of torturing horror, throughout the whole of that long, dreary night, the terror of which was increased, when he reflected that, if this single night appeared almost an eternity of terrors, what must seem the eternal night of hell, on which no day would ever dawn—that night to whose dreadful visions there would be no end?—He determined, at all events, upon getting rid of the fatal phial the very next morning.

When, however, the morning came, he felt his spirits so much revived, that he began to ask himself whether he had yet turned the bottle-imp sufficiently to account. Palaces and villas, and all the luxuries wherewith they were furnished, seemed hardly enough; he, therefore, instantly demanded a great heap of ducats to be placed beneath his pillow, and on finding them there instantaneously, he then began to reflect how best to dispose of the talisman. He knew that his physician was a great naturalist, and one who sought much after all monsters, and all such wonderful productions as are generally kept in spirits; he hoped, therefore, that he should be able to pass off the bottle-imp to the learned man as a curiosity of this description; for else the doctor was too good a Christian to have any thing to do with the evil creature. The deceit, indeed could hardly be termed an innocent one, but need knows no niceties.

Accordingly, he offered the doctor the little spirit, which was now become again exceedingly lively, jumping to and fro, in the bottle, with great vivacity; insomuch that, anxious to examine what he considered a wonderful lusus naturæ, the learned man agreed to purchase it, if the price demanded for it were not too high. In order to satisfy his conscience as well as he could, Richard asked a sum as nearly approaching to five ducats as was possible: the doctor, however, would give no more than three, which, fearing to lose his customer altogether, the other at last accepted, taking care however, to bestow it all in alms upon the poor. But the money which he had found under his pillow, he carefully laid by, as the only fund upon which his future wealth and prosperity depended.

In the mean while, his disorder continued to increase; he lay in a constant delirium, and had he still been tormented by the possession of the bottle-devil, there is no doubt but that he would actually have died of terror and anxiety. At length, however, he gradually grew better; and now the only thing that seemed to retard his recovery, was his solicitude about the ducats, which he could no longer find beneath his pillow. At first he was very loth to make any inquiry after them; when, however, he did so, no one could give any account of them. Being able to obtain no information respecting the gold, it now remained for him to consider how he might best convert his mansion and villas into money. But here too, he was reckoning without his host, for a throng of creditors appeared with various claims

upon his estates, all duly signed by himself, and sealed with his own signet: all that he could do, therefore, was to depart as quickly as possible, with the little he could save from the fangs of these harpies; so that he quitted all his splendor very nearly a beggar.

At this juncture, his physican made his appearance, with a countenance betokening serious displeasure. "Doctor," exclaimed the unfortunate young merchant, "if it be, that you are come hither, like the rest of your fraternity, with a large bill, I prithee add another item to the account, and see, good doctor, that it be for opium, or some equally potent drug: for my last bread is now baked, as I know but too well, I having no money to buy more."

"Nay, nay," replied the physician, "things are not yet so bad as that. I am not only ready to renounce every demand upon you, but have also prepared a certain, most efficacious medicine, that will quickly revive you from this despondency; all that I ask for it is two ducats."

"And most readily will I pay them," replied the youth, which, having done, the doctor forthwith departed. On openening the box, wherein he expected to find his cordial restorative, he discovered a phial; but how great was his dismay on perceiving that it was that which contained the little bottle-devil; and that, affixed to it, it had a label containing the following lines:

Thy body I strove to cure from ill,
But thou my soul hast sought to kill:
Yet, ha! my art, 'bove craft of thine,
Perceiv'd full soon thy base design.
Let me now retaliate,
To thee again revert thy fate:
Be thine once more the dreadful sprite,
And mayst thou feel his fellest might.

Great, indeed, was Richard's alarm, at finding that he had re-purchased his phial, at so much lower a price.

Having, first of all, summoned by a wish, a sum of money double to that which he had lost, he carried and deposited it all with the nearest scrivener, excepting one hundred and twenty pieces. He then paid a visit to an antiquated lady, and, after some time, displayed the curious toy he had bought, making the little black puppet, enclosed in the phial, perform abundant antics and tricks. She, like the rest of her sex, was desirous of obtaining such a droll plaything; and, on the youth's demanding a ducat for it, she paid it without hesitation. This bargain being completed, Richard hastened away as quickly as he could. and repaired to the scrivener, with whom he had deposited his money. He now found, however, that gold sticks so fast to certain people's fingers, that they cannot shake it off. The honest man stared with the utmost astonishment, protesting most vehemently, that he had never clapped his eyes on the young fellow before. This worthy specimen of probity, had writ his receipt for the sum deposited, with a kind of ink that totally disappeared in the space of a few hours; therefore, when Richard produced his voucher, he found that he had merely a piece of plain paper. He thus found himself suddenly reduced to poverty, and would, indeed, have been completely a beggar, had he not still thirteen ducats remaining.

He who lies in too short a bed, must even pull up his legs; he who has no bed, must couch on the bare floor; who cannot afford to ride, must walk:—so was it with our merchant, who was now fain to become a pedler.

For this purpose he provided himself with a suitable box: but with what a heavy heart did he first buckle it on, to take his stand, with some small ware in those very streets where, but a few weeks before, he used to pass with a splendid retinue. In a little while, however, he became somewhat reconciled to his new occupation, having no lack of customers. "If I proceed at this rate," thought he, "I may yet again become a prosperous man, and that too, at no very distant time. I will then return to my native Germany, where I shall find myself more comfortable than ever, after being in the power of the accursed bottle-devil, and having got out of his clutches by my own skill and dexterity.

With such thoughts did our newly made pedler cheer and console himself, on retiring for the night to an obscure inn. On taking off his box, several of the guests, attracted by curiosity, began to examine the various wares it contained.

"My good friend," exclaimed one of these inquisitive gentry, "prythee, what queer kind of animal is this which you have got here in this phial, and which keeps jumping about at so strange a rate?"

To his great terror, Richard now, for the first time perceived that, along with the other articles in his box, he had purchased the fatal bottle-devil. Instantly did he offer it to the bystanders for a

mere trifling sum, but not one of them could endure the hideous creature, neither could Richard inform them of any particular use it was of, he, nevertheless, continued to harrass them at such a rate, with his entreaties to purchase it, that, at length, they thrust the impertinent chapman and his wares into the street.

In the anguish of his distress he now returned to the person who had sold him the box, and pressed him to take back the little imp at a lower price. The fellow, however, quite out of temper, at being disturbed at such an unreasonable hour, and little disposed to become a dealer in such strange commodities, bade him begone.

Thus repulsed, he retired, and drawing the little dusky imp from his pocket, he cried; "Thou miscreant devil! if I again call on thee for thy services, it is, that I may rid myself of thee for ever."

Having thus vented the bitterness of his feelings, he forthwith desired to have a sum much more considerable than the last, and then almost sinking under its weight, he proceeded to the next town. Here he purchased a splendid equipage, hired a numerous retinue, and set out for Rome, convinced that there he should soon be able to find some one, who would not scruple to take his unwelcome companion off his hands. As often as he expended a ducat, did he require the imp to replace it by another, in order that, after selling his phial, he might still have the entire sum. This seemed to him no more than a fair compensation for the horrors he constantly endured; for, in addition to the nightly visits of the black apparition, that he never failed to come, and lie upon his breast, he saw also, the bottle-devil constantly frisking about the phial, with the most horrible glee, as if now quite certain of his prey, at the expiration of the due term of his service.

Hardly had his wealth and the figure which he made, procured him admission into the first circles of Roman society, than his constant dread would not allow him to wait until a proper opportunity should offer, of freeing himself from his tormentor. He was continually offering his phial to every person, demanding for it three groschen in German money; insomuch that he, in a short time, became to be considered as a lunatic, and was a subject of ridicule to every one. Money makes a good mood, and many a fair friend withal: so was it with our Richard; yet no sooner did he produce his phial, and begin to talk of three groschens, than all present were glad to escape his importunity.

So great at length was his despair, that he could no longer endure to remain in Rome, but determined to try his fate in war, hoping that, by some chance, he might there, at least, get rid of the cause of his misery. He had heard that two small Italian states were engaged in hostilities towards each other. Adorned with a rich golden cuirass and a superb crest of plumes, and armed with two light hunting pieces, an admirably tempered sword, and two beautiful daggers, did he set out, mounted on a noble Spanish steed, and attended by three followers, all of whom were bravely equipped.

A volunteer of so noble a bearing, needed not to offer his services in vain. Richard soon saw himself, therefore attached to a troop of brave comrades, and led such a jovial life in camp, with drinking and singing, that his mortal apprehensions, and nocturnal visions, gradually left him. Having received a good lesson from what he experienced at Rome, he was now cautious in offering his strange ware for sale, observing not to urge it with such suspicious earnestness. Indeed, he had hardly spoken of it to any one; hoping thereby to have an opportunity of meeting with some one who would not refuse it, if offered, quite unawares, and with seeming indifference.

One morning, as Richard was playing at dice, with some companions, they were suddenly summoned up to battle, by an alarm sounded on the trumpet.—The cry was instantly "to horse!" With joyous spirits did our warrior leap upon his steed, as it neighed and pawed the ground; the leaders encouraged on their troops, the signal sounded for the combat. A troop of the enemy's cavalry advanced, apparently for the purpose of hindering their attack; yet they soon retired before the powerful charge of their adversaries, nor were Richard and his followers the last among the pursuers. The balls now began to whiz in the air, and many a rider fell from his horse, rolling to the earth in his blood. Spite of his personal courage, Richard could not think without shuddering, of the immediate peril in which he was placed, fearing that some fatal ball might, in a single moment, deliver him into the pow-

er, not only of the bottle-devil, but of the great Satan himself. Scarcely, however, had he expressed a wish to escape from the scene of danger, ere his steed bore him away to a wood, which was situated at no great distance.

So hard did he spur the animal, and urge him to flight, that it at length stopped quite exhausted. He then alighted, being himself greatly fatigued; unbuckled his own cuirass, and sword, and the trappings of his horse, and laying himself down on the grass, said: "This fighting is dangerous work at the best, but much more so with a devil in one's pocket." He now wished to devise what course it would behove him next to pursue, but fell into a profound sleep."

After he had indulged in a repose of several hours, he was awakened by the sound of voices and approaching footsteps. He stirred not in hope that he might be passed by unnoticed, but soon found that the attempt would not succeed, for a voice, of no very friendly or musical tone, thundered out; "Ho! fellow, art thou already dead, or are we to have the honor of killing you?" Looking up perforce at this uncourteous address, the unfortunate Richard perceived a musket levelled at his breast. The fellow who held it, was a ruffianly looking foot soldier, and the others had already seized upon his steed and equipments as their booty. Struck with terror, he supplicated most earnestly for mercy, but if they were determined upon shooting him, requested that one of them would first purchase a little phial, which he had in his pocket.

"Senseless poltroon that thou art!" cried one of the fellows with a grin, "to suppose that we here barter for any thing; although that we will take the bargain off thy hands, thou needest not fear;" and so saying, he seized hold of the phial, and thrust it into his bosom.

"In God's name thou art welcome to it," cried Richard, "if thou canst keep it. Yet that thou canst not do, unless thou first purchase it."

The soldier laughed at hearing him speak thus, and, thinking him somewhat crack brained, rode off without paying farther attention to him. On feeling in his pocket, however, Richard found that the phial was there again, whereupon, holding it up that they might see it, he called after them. The fellow who had taken it was struck with amazement; and as, on thrusting his hand into his bosom, he did not feel it, he ran back in order to recover his booty.

"Did I not tell thee," said Richard mournfully, "that it would not continue with thee. Pay me the trifle I demand and it is thy own."

"Juggler!" returned the soldier, "dost thou think to defraud me of my well-earned spoils, by these conjuring tricks of thine?"

And holding the phial carefully in his hand, away he ran to overtake his companions; suddenly, however, he stopped short, exclaiming, with an oath, that it was gone again. Whilst he was searching for it on the ground, Richard called out to him once more; "Return hither, my good friend, for it is again in my pocket."

On finding this really to be the case, the soldier became more desirous of possessing so curious and wonderful a thing. On these occasions, indeed, it always manifested more than usual liveliness and agility, knowing that such bargains accelerated the final term of its servitude. Three groschen, however, still seemed too much to the soldier. "Well then, since thou art so unwilling to part with thy coin, let it be a single groschen, and take away the purchase in good hour." Thereupon was the bargain concluded, the money paid, and the little bottle devil delivered up to his new master. While the soldier and his companions were examining the singular creature, and amusing themselves with its grim antics, Richard was reflecting upon his future destiny. His heart now felt quite light; but unfortunately, his purse was quite as light as his heart; nor did he know to what to betake himself, since he would not venture to return to his troop, although he left there, not only his followers and his equipments, but all his money. He was partly ashamed of his disgraceful flight, and partly afraid lest if he returned, he should be put to death as a deserter. It then occurred to him, that it would not be amiss were he to offer to accompany these troopers, having gathered from their discourse that they belonged to the other party, among whom he was certain of remaining unknown; and now that he had lost all his cash, and gotten rid of his little devil to boot, he had gotten back some of his courage in exchange, and was, by no means, disinclined to venture his life once again, in the hope of obtaining some valuable spoil. He accordingly gave utterance to his wishes; and his

proposal being accepted, he forthwith set off with his new comrades.

The captain was not very scrupulous in taking into his service such a tall and well built young fellow as Richard, who was therefore considered as fairly enlisted among them. He was still, however, displeased with his lot; for, since the last battle, the two armies remained quite inactive, without attacking the other, a treaty of peace being in agitation. Under these circumstances, there was little danger of wounds, but, at the same time very little opportunity of fattening on booty and plunder. Instead of the latter, the troops must perforce, content themselves with their camp fare, and their scanty pay. In addition to this, while most of his comrades had already enriched themselves in the preceding engagements, Richard, the once wealthy merchant, was almost the only one who was a beggar among opulent neighbors. Very naturally, therefore, he grew weary of such a life, so that once having received his monthly pay—too inconsiderable for his wants, and yet too much for him not to attempt something with it—he determined to go to a suttling booth, and see whether the dice would not befriend him more than either traffic or war had hitherto done.

His success at play was checkered as usual, now winning, now losing; and so did it continue, until late at night, when all the dice turned up against Richard, whose cash was now quite gone, nor would any one give him credit for a doit. He now offered to stake his cartridges, having nothing else to offer, the proposal was accepted; and, as the throw was about to be made, Richard perceived that the soldier who had accepted the stake, was the very same who had purchased the bottle-devil, by the assistance of which he would, doubtless, be certain of winning. He would fain have cried, "hold!" but the dice had already decided in favor of his opponent. Uttering curses at his ill fate, he quitted the company, and retired in the dark to his own tent. A comrade who had been equally unfortunate at play, but whose brain was less heated by wine, now took him by the arm, and, as they were proceeding together, inquired whether he had any more cartridges in his tent.

"No," returned Richard, furiously; "did I possess any, they too should serve me for the same purpose."

"Then," said his companion, "you would do well to provide yourself with fresh ones, for should the commissary come to examine you, and find you without them, he will order you to be shot."

"Zounds! that were plaguy work indeed!—but I have neither cartridges, nor wherewithal to procure them."

"Thine is a sorry case indeed, then," replied the other, "for the commissary comes hither on the morrow."

This intelligence, though it did not tend greatly to tranquilize Richard, served in some degree to sober him; he went therefore, to inquire of his comrades, if any one would lend him some cartridges. All, however, flouted him as as a wild, idle fellow, and bade him not interrupt them with unseasonable stuff. In the utmost apprehension, lest he should be ordered to be shot the very next day, he rummaged every where, in the hope of finding some loose coin, but could meet with no more than five *hellers*. Late as it now was, he hurried from tent to tent, in order to find some one who would supply him with the cartridges. Some laughed at, others abused him, but not one made any reply to his demand. At length, he came to a tent, the occupant of which he discovered to be the very soldier who had so lately stripped him of his cartridges at play.

"Comrade," cried Richard, with great agitation, "if any one, it is yourself who must assist me in this extremity. But just now you plundered me of all my cartridges, nor is it the first time in my life, that you have proved the cause of my misfortunes. On the morrow the commissary comes, and he, unless I can produce my cartridges, will certainly give orders for me to be shot; you must therefore either give or lend,—at least sell me some."

"As to either giving or lending, that I have long ago forsworn; yet, to ease your distress, I will agree to sell you some. What money therefore have you?"

"But five *hellers*," replied Richard, in a melancholy tone.

"Well," said the soldier, "to show thee that I am willing to do thee a comrade's turn, there are five cartridges for thy five *hellers*. Now then, betake thyself to thy rest, and disturb neither me nor my neighbors any longer; which request, as soon as he had received what he sought, Richard instantly hastened to comply with.

On the following day, the troops were examined, and Richard passed muster with his five cartridges, at which he, for a while, considered himself supremely happy, in spite of all the misfortunes he had undergone. His felicity was, how-

ever, but of very short duration; the joy he at first felt, at finding himself out of actual danger, soon subsided, when, on retiring to his tent, he found himself obliged to dine on coarse bread, without any better sauce to it than his own reflections. "What would I not now give," sighed he, "had I but one of all the ducats which, in the days of my folly, I so wantonly squandered away."—Hardly had he formed the wish, when, lo! a beautiful bright golden ducat was in his hand. But, alas! the thought of the bottle devil, which instantly flashed across his mind, damped all the satisfaction he had otherwise felt, at finding himself possessor of so acceptable a piece of gold.

At this instant, the comrade of whom he had purchased the cartridges entered his tent, with a look of anxiety, and said, "Friend, I have missed the phial with the little black creature, you must remember it well; it is the same that I formerly purchased of yourself. Has it happened that I sold it to you by mistake for a cartridge, for I wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and it was lying close beside them?" With a trembling hand did Richard now search in his cartridge box, and found, the first thing he took hold of, to be the fatal phial, wrapped up in the form of a cartridge.

"Ha!" cried the soldier, "this is all right. To say the truth, ugly as the creature is, I should be exceedingly loth to lose it, since I somehow cannot help fancying that it helps me to good luck. So, comrade, take one of the *hellers* back again, and return to me my bottle."

Most readily did Richard accede to this demand, and the soldier departed equally pleased.

Yet was poor Richard ill at ease, after having met with his bottle-devil once more, and having had it again in his own possession, he could not help imagining that he saw it grinning at him, between the folds of his tent, and that it would strangle him in his sleep. Much as he stood in need of refreshment, he flung the piece of money from him; and at length his terror lest the accursed being should once more return while he continued there, arose to such a pitch, that he fled from the camp, and entered a thick wood, where, exhausted by alarm and fatigue, he sunk down in a wild lonesome spot.

"Ah me!" he exclaimed, as he lay there panting, "that I had but a camp bottle, with water, to keep me from dying with faintness!" And the bottle of water stood beside him. It was not till after he had drank a hearty draught of it, that he thought of asking himself by what means it came there. The bottle-devil now occurred to him; when, putting his hands into his pockets, and finding the phial there, overcome with sudden horror, he fell down in a deep swoon.

While he continued in this state, his former horrible dream returned, wherein he beheld the little bottle-imp stretch himself out longer and longer, and at last fix himself, grinning most hideously, upon his breast; he expostulated with the monster, asserting that it no longer belonged to him, but the creature replied, with a hollow satanic laugh: "Thou bought me a heller—must, therefore, either sell me for less, or the bargain will not hold good."

Richard leaped up in horror, and thought he still beheld the terrific figure, as it re-entered the phial, in his pocket. In a state of agonized phrenzy, he dashed the phial from him, down a steep hollow, but instantly afterwards, felt it again in his pocket. "Alas! alas!" screamed the unhappy wretch, "how fortunate did I at one time consider myself, at finding that, let me cast away the bottle ever so far, it always returned to me—but that it does so, is now my misery—yes, my everlasting misery." And he, thereupon, began to run furiously among the wild bushwood, dashing in the dark against trunks of trees, and pieces of rock, and hearing, at every step he took, the phial clinking in his pocket.

At day break, he arrived at open plain, which had the appearance of being well cultivated, and had a cheerful aspect; somewhat revived by this prospect, he began to hope that what he had experienced was merely a wild dream, and that the phial would prove to be no more than a common bottle. He took it out, therefore, and held it up against the sun; but, alas! he still perceived the little black monster, dancing up and down, and stretching out towards him as usual, its little, ugly, misshapen arms, as if it would seize hold of him. Uttering a loud cry of agony, he let the phial fall on the ground, but only to feel it in his pocket immediately afterwards. The thing of the utmost consequence for him now to do, was to inquire every where for some coin of less value than a heller. No where, however, could he meet with any such piece of money; so that, at length, despairing of being ever able to get rid of the monster that now threatened, inevitably, to become his master

he no longer thought of calling upon it for its services; his increasing horror, on the contrary, would permit him to think of nothing but his miserable situation. Thus did he wander up and down, subsisting upon charity; and as he had a wild, crazed appearance, and was continually beseeching every one for some piece of money less than a heller, he was considered as a mad-man, and called, "Crazy half-heller," by which appellation he was soon known far and wide.

It is said that the vulture sometimes fixes itself with its talons into the back of a young deer, and thus hunts to death the poor animal, which as it flees, in agony, still carries along with it, its savage relentless enemy. Thus was it with poor Richard, and the satanic imp in his phial. But, instead of accompanying him through his continual and unvaried misery, let us pass over a considerable interval, and arrive at an important event.

He had one day lost himself in a wild rocky mountain, and had set down to rest beside a little stream, whose murmuring seemed to sympathize with his affliction. A loud sound of horse's feet rung on the rocky surface of the ground, when there came riding upon a large, black, wild looking steed, a man of gigantic figure, and exceedingly terrific countenance; he was attired in a deep blood red garment, and approached the spot where Richard was sitting.

"Wherefore so melancholy, young stranger?" said he, addressing himself to the youth, who involuntarily shuddered at his voice, as if with a vague presentment of something evil;—"I should take thee to be a merchant; hast thou been making a bad bargain? hast purchased anything at too high a price?"

"Alas, no! rather at too low a one," returned Richard in a tremulous tone.

"Aye, so I should think, indeed," rejoined the grim horseman, with a horrible laugh. "And hast thou then got for sale a thing that they call bottle-imp? Or am I mistaken in conjecturing you to be a crazy Half-heller?"

The poor youth was hardly able to reply, "yes," so great was his horror, expecting every instant, to behold the apparition's mantle expand itself into a pair of bloody wings, and his steed to assume a more terrific spectral appearance, breathing forth infernal flames from his nostrils; and lastly that the monster would carry off his wretched soul to the regions of eternal misery.

But the ghastly horseman said in somewhat milder voice, and with less appalling mien: "I perceive for whom you take me; yet be comforted, for I am not he, I rather present myself to rescue you, if so may be from his power; having for some days past been searching for you, in order to become the purchaser of your phial. To confess the truth, my friend, thou hast paid indeed a most damnable small sum for it, nor can even I myself inform you where it is possible to meet a coin of less value. But listen and obey me.

On the other side of this mountain there resides a prince, who is a sad dissolute young fellow. When he comes to the chase on the morrow, I will first withdraw him from his attendants, and then cause a frightful monster to fall upon him. Wait thou here till midnight, and then proceed, just as the moon rises above that jagged rock, towards that gloomy defile to the left, but neither hurry nor loiter in thy pace, so wilt thou arrive at the spot precisely as the monster has seized the prince in his frightful paws. Attack it, but courageously; it must yield to thee: and drive it down the steep cliff into the sea. Then for a recompense for having delivered him, demand of the prince, that he cause two *half hellers* to be coined for thee; let me have them, in order that, with one, I may become the purchaser of thy bottle-devil."

So spoke the grisly horseman, and then, without waiting for any reply, rode off slowly into the woods.

"But where am I to find thee when I have obtained the half-hellers?" cried out Richard.

"At the black fountain; of which each old crone here abouts will be able to inform thee." And then with solemn, but wide outstretching pace, did the horrible steed bear away its no less terrific rider.

He who has already lost nearly everything ventures not much by any further risk; Richard, therefore, determined, as his situation was so desperate, to follow the counsels of the grisly spectre.

Night closed in, and the rising moon shortly after appeared above the craggy tops of the rocks which had been marked out to him. The pale wanderer then raised himself tremblingly, and entered the dark defile. All seemed there cheerless and gloomy, seldom was a pale moonbeam able to penetrate above the lofty precipices; a dark oppressive vapor too, as if exhaled from graves, seemed to fill the narrow pass; in other respects

there was nothing particularly terrible in its appearance. Richard felt himself by no means disposed to linger in the gloomy valley, yet adhering to the strict injunction laid upon him by the mysterious horsemen, he did not venture to quicken his pace, resolutely determined not to snap short at once the only slender thread that still attached him to light and hope.

After the lapse of several hours, some red streaks of dawn cast a glimmering light across his path; a reviving breeze played upon his forehead. But, just as he was about to emerge from the deep valley, and to enjoy the forest scenery, and the azure waters of the sea, that lay expanded at no great distance before him he was disturbed by a piercing cry of distress. On looking around, he perceived a horrible animal attacking a youth in a magnificent hunting dress, who had fallen on the ground. Richard's first impulse was to rush instantly to the stranger's rescue; yet his courage failed him as soon as he clearly discerned the monster, and saw that it resembled a huge grisly baboon, with a stag's antlers on its forehead; and, notwithstanding the cries of the wretched man for succor, he was about to turn back. But suddenly calling to mind all that the horseman had said, and inspired by the dread of his eternal doom, he ran and attacked the monster of an ape with a knotty club, just as it had seized the unfortunate hunter in its paws to fling him up into the air, and then catch him upon his branching horns as he descended to the ground. At the approach of Richard, however, it let fall its prey, and began to flee with a hideous, terrifyng cry; he pursuing it all the while, till, leaping from a precipice into the tea, it turned its frightful vision upon him, and then disappeared beneath the waves.

Flushed with success, Richard now returned triumphantly to the hunter whom he had just rescued, and who as he expected it would be, announced himself as the prince of that territory. After extolling the bravery of his deliverer, he requested that he would boldly demand whatever boon he should think fit.

"What!" exclaimed Richard in a transport of joyous hope, "and are you serious? and will you pledge me your princely word, that you will grant what I shall demand of you?"

Again the prince confirmed his promise, assuring him, in the most solemn manner, that he would gladly comply with whatever he should request.

"Then, I supplicate you, for the love of God, to order that some half hellers be immediately struck for me, even though it be only two." Whilst the prince was regarding his strange petitioner with fixed astonishment, some of his train came up, and, on hearing the adventure and the singular boon that had been craved, one of them recognized, in the person of the suitor, the poor crazed *Half-heller*.

The prince began, thereupon, to laugh, whilst Richard, clasping his knees, conjured him, in the most moving manner protesting that, unless he obtained the half hellers his soul was doomed to everlasting perdition.

To this the prince replied, while he still continued to laugh, "Rise up, my friend, I have pledged my princely word, and if you persist in demanding them, I will engage to supply thee with half hellers to thy very heart's content. But if a still lesser coin will suit your purpose, I can accommodate thee without the aid of my mint master, for the neighboring provinces all maintain that my hellers are so light that three of them are requisite to pass for a single ordinary one."

"Were that indeed the case—" said Richard. "Thou art indeed the first," returned the prince, "that has ever doubted it. Should they, however, upon trial prove not suitable for your purpose, I here promise to order some less valuable to be coined for your especial use—provided, however, that it be possible so to do."

Having said this, he gave orders that Richard should forthwith receive a whole bag full of hellers. The latter instantly set off at a furious rate towards the adjoining province, where he became more delighted than he had been with any occurrence for a long time past, at finding at the very first inn, that the people were exceedingly unwilling to exchange one heller in return for three which he offered them, by way of experiment.

He now enquired his way towards the Black Fountain, when some children who were present, ran away, shrieking with affright; and the host informed him, not without shuddering himself, that it was a place frequented by demons and evil spirits, but hardly ever visited by mortal being. He knew perfectly well, however, that the entrance to it was at no great distance, through a cavern, at the mouth of which stood two decayed cypress trees, so that Richard could not mistake finding it; "yet God

forbid that he or any other Christian person should ever seek it."

At hearing this account, Richard was again greatly disturbed, but let the event be what it would, he must make the attempt, and therefore set out to discover it. Even at a distance, the cavern had a most dismal and terrifying appearance —it seemed as if the two cypresses had died with horror, at the ghastly hollow which as he approached it, displayed, just above its mouth a singular stone. It seemed to be entirely covered with grim countenances, some of which bore a resemblance to the hideous babboon monster, on the sea shore. Yet on looking fearlessly and attentively, one might perseive that it was merely the rugged stone. Not without trembling did Richard pass beneath these horrible visages. The bottle-imp now became so heavy in his pocket that it seemed as if it wished to prevent his advancing further. This circumstance inspired him with courage to proceed: "for," thought he, it behooves me to do that which this creature wishes I should not do." On penetrating farther into the cavern, the darkness became so great, that he could no longer discern any terrifying shapes. He now proceeded with the utmost caution, groping his way with a stick, lest he should fall into some abyss, yet, found nothing but a soft mossy turf; and had he not heard at times a strange groaning noise, his fears would have ceased altogether. At length he reached the outlet of a cavern. He now found himself in a dreary hollow, quite enclosed by steep hills. On one side, he perceived the large sable steed of the mysterious customer for his phial, which was standing motionless as a brazen statue. Opposite to him was a spring, gushing from the rock, and in this, the grim horseman was washing both his face and his hands. But the horrid stream was of an inky hue, with which it stained whatever it touched; for, when the gigantic figure turned round towards Richard, the latter perceived that his visage was become like that of a Moor, and thereby formed a terrific contrast against his blood red garments.

"Shudder not," cried the hideous being, "this is only one of the ceremonies which I am obliged to perform in honor of the devil. I am also, compelled to stain my garments afresh with my own blood—it is this which gives it a hue of such deadly lustre:—besides a number of still more horrible ceremonies which I am obliged to undergo. I have, moreover, formed so strong a compact with the powers of darkness, both of body and soul, that it is now utterly impossible for me to obtain redemption on any terms. And what do you imagine are the terms on which I have sold my soul? for a hundred thousand pieces yearly. Thus seeing how desperate is my own condition, still I am willing to serve thee, by purchasing the imp thou carriest in thy phial, and thus to frustrate the end of all his long servitude; besides, the rescuing thee from the powers of hell, will so enrage them, that reckless of aught else, I'll do it. Then how will their impotent curses peal through the vaults of deepest hell; ha! ha! ha!" So saying he began to laugh in the most frightful manner, that the very rocks reechoed, and the sable steed, which had hitherto stood motionless, seemed to shrink with terror at the awful sound.

"Now then, friend," added he, after a while, "hast thou brought me any half-hellers."

Upon Richard's showing him his purse, he took three of the pieces and gave him a heller in exchange; one of which he directly paid back again, as the purchase money for the bottle-devil, that now lay crouched up melancholy at the bottom of the phial, so that he felt quite heavy. At perceiving this the unknown purchaser laughed again most violently, and exclaimed, "Nothing can avail thee, fiend; all resistance is in vain. In token, therefore, of thy obedience, let me have instantly as much gold as my strong steed can bear." And no sooner had he uttered the command, than the enormous beast stood panting beneath the golden load. Then the blood-red horseman, having mounted on his back, it began to crawl up the perpendicular side of the rock, just as a fly does up a wall—and disappeared forever.

Richard stood for some minutes fixed to the spot in a stupor of astonishment and joy; but the air of that Stygian recess seemed troublous and heavy, while a hollow voice, issuing from the dusky waves of the Black Fountain, exclaimed: "Now then are all our labors frustrated, for he who, while doomed to destruction, could attempt the rescue of another, may even yet be saved himself." Struck with horror at the sounds, although exulting at their import, Richard rushed through the cavern, to feel again the atmosphere of heaven.

He now felt assured that he was delivered of his evil fiend forever, and looked once more on the face of nature with

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feelings that had long been strangers to his bosom. Throwing himself upon the grass, he gazed in an ecstacy of delight on the pure, tranquil, sunny sky, while a warm gush of tears expressed that rapture and that gratitude, for which he could find no words. The young merchant now became light and gay as an innocent boy, yet without any thing resembling his former levity. Without boasting, as he might well have done, how he had contrived to outwit the powers of hell, he devoted himself henceforth, to the service of heaven, and soon found himself thriving in far greater prosperity, from the efforts of honest industry, than he had ever enjoyed by means of the fatal talisman. And, whenever he used afterwards to relate to his awe-struck grandchildren, the adventures of his early days, after uttering a pious orison for the soul of his deliverer, he would add, by way of moral to his tale, "Lust not, my dear children, after ill-gotten and ill-to-be-used mammon, for it is the Bottle-Imp, that serves us to our own destruction."

Singular Recovery of a woman hanged for Murder.

In 1727, one Margaret Dickson, the wife of a sailor, who had been above two or three years at sea, was delivered of a bastard child, which she murdered, and was condemned to suffer death in the Grass-Market, at Edinburgh. Accordingly she wast turned off, hung the usual time, and was then delivered to some countrymen employed by the relations, who put her into a coffin, nailed the lid, and carried it out of town for interment. When they had travelled about two miles, they stopped at the door of an alehouse to refresh themselves, when one of them heard a noise like something scratching on the inside of the lid. They immediately broke it open, when to their surprize they found the body moving, and a gardner being present, opened a vein, and in a few hours she recovered so as to be able to speak, and next day walked home to Musselburgh. As she was dead in law, the sentence of the court having been executed according to the direction of the magistrate, who attended, so her marriage with her husband was dissolved; but he, like a good-natured man, being willing to take her again to his arms, they were married in the church of Inveresk, by the Rev. Mr. John Williamson.

Account of a Man who never pulled off his Clothes for the space of forty years.

John Barker of Channing in the county of Kent, laborer, was born in the year 1700, and died in the year 1756. At the age of sixteen, he was disappointed in a love affair, on which he vowed never to pull off his clothes, or to go to bed, till he should regain the affections of his mistress—which vow he religiously kept, and continued to sleep on the ground, or in a chair (without pulling off his clothes) the remaining forty years of his life.

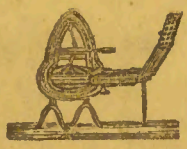
When his clothes were much worn, he used to have them sewed or patched by any good-natured neighbor, who would take the trouble to do it; and at the time of his decease, his coat was at least twenty-seven different colors, from the patches, which from time to time had been sewed on it.

This story the inhabitants of Channing well know to be true.

Curious Advertisement for a Husband, by a Lady of considerable fortune.

He must be young, as amorous as Jove, as brave as Julius Cæsar, or Alexander; as just as Aristides, as handsome as Adonis, as musical as Orpheus or Apollo, as wise as Ulysses, as eloquent as Cicero or Demosthenes; as great a philosopher as Socrates, as subtle a logician as Aristotle or Zeno, as rigid as a Stoic, yet occasionally as much addicted to pleasure as Epicurius; he must possess the learning of Homer, with the sweetness of Virgil, and the wit and pleasantry of Horace; he must be as great a natural philosopher as Bacon or Newton. He must indulge all the lady's caprices, understand all the following languages, the dead as well as the living: Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Irish, High Dutch, German, Russian, Prussian, Danish, Swedish, Turkish, Gentoo, Hindoo, Chinese, &c. Whoever thinks he is possessed of the above requisites, may apply to the printer of the M—— P——, where he will be informed of further particulars respecting this lady and her fortune.

P. S. The preference will be given to an Irishman.



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