

upon it, it is of a timid and retiring nature, preferring its own quiet haunts on the lonely mountains—in the silent woods, in the gnarled and broken banks of deep flowing rivers, in the shattered foundations of gray ruins, which look out from above its quiet home on the ever restless world around them, or in moist and dank limestone caverns, where the sunbeams play with fitful and transitory splendor over the clammy floor, and the brown bats nestle amid the snowy stalactites on the rocky roof—to the busier haunts trodden by its persecutor, man; for here it can bask undisturbed beside its door when the sun shines warm—can find its needful supply of worms, flies, snails, beetles, and “such small deer,” and can superintend the concerns of its numerous family—for even a salamander, with from forty to fifty young ones at a birth, must find her time pretty much occupied without mingling in the world at large. And more especially so, as the scarcity of food existing in the winter months is compensated to the little creature by the natural constitution which compels it to spend those months in sleep or torpidity.

Hitherto we have spoken more particularly of the land salamander, but with scarce any alteration our remarks will apply to the aquatic members of the tribe. Both are little lizard-like animals, distinguished, however, from the true lizards by the possession of only four toes on each foot, varying from six to eight, or even ten, inches in length, with variously-colored and leather-like skin—with pisciform eyes—with keenly-developed olfactory nerves, which would appear to compensate for the obtuseness of the sense of touch; and, lastly, in that wonderful provision by which the young animal dwelling in the water is furnished, like other young reptiles of similar habits, with a different set of breathing organs from those which it afterward acquires; these organs, in the young salamander, having the form of branchial fins, adapted for breathing aerated water, while in the adult they are metamorphosed into true, air-breathing lungs.

#### COURAGE OF A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

WHEN I reported myself on board the *Curlew*, the sloop was lying at Sierra Leone; and the respective posts of captain and first lieutenant, were filled by two officers, who, for sundry peremptory reasons, I shall rename Horton and King. They were, I soon found, the very antipodes of each other in almost all respects, save that both were excellent sailors, well-intentioned, honorable men, and about the same age—three or four and thirty—Captain Robert Horton a little the oldest, perhaps. It was in their mental and moral build that their lines so entirely diverged. Captain Horton was what—at the period I speak of, and I dare say now—was, and is, a *rara avis* in the royal navy—namely, a “serious” officer. I do not, of course, mean to say that naval officers have not, generally speaking, as deep a sense of the rever-

ential awe with which the Creator of all things should be recognized and worshiped, as the most lackadaisical landsman in existence. It would be strange indeed if they had not, constant witnesses as they are of the wonders of the great deep, and of manifestations of infinite and varied power, splendor, and beneficence, which the contracted horizon of the pent-up dwellers in towns affords comparatively faint examples of; but what I do mean is, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them have an aversion to any other preaching or praying on board ship, than that furnished by the regular chaplain. And in this, as far as I have seen, the prejudice of the fore-castle entirely coincides with that of the quarter-deck; a sea-parson, in vulgar parlance, being quite as much an object of contemptuous dislike among genuine blue jackets as a sea-lawyer. Captain Horton was of a different stamp, and carried, or endeavored to carry, the strong religious feelings—the enthusiastic spiritualism by which his mind was swayed—into the every-day business of sea life. Profane swearing was strictly forbidden, which was well enough if the order could have been enforced; profane singing came within the same category; playing at cards or dominoes, even though the stake were trifling or nominal, was also rigorously interdicted, and scripture reading on the Sabbath strongly inculcated both by precept and example. Other proceedings of the same kind, excellent in themselves, but, in my opinion, quite out of place on board a war-ship, were, as far as might be, enforced; and the natural consequence followed, that a lot of the vilest vagabonds in the ship affected to be religiously impressed in order to curry favor with the captain, and avoid the penalties incurred by their skulking neglect of duty. This state of things was viewed with intense disgust by Lieutenant King, and as far as the discipline of the service permitted, he very freely expressed his opinion thereon. The first luff, in fact, was a rollicking, fun-loving, danger-courting, dashing officer, whom even marriage—he had a wife and family at Dawlish, in Devonshire, of which pleasant village he was, I believe, a native—had failed to, in the slightest degree, tame or subdue. One, too, that could put a bottle of wine comfortably out of sight; two, upon an emergency; and if duty did not stand in the way, liked a game of billiards, and a ball next perhaps to a battle. This gentleman had got it into his head that Captain Horton was better suited to preaching than fighting, and often predicted among his own set, that the first serious brush we happened to be engaged in, would bring out the Captain’s white feather in unmistakable prominence. Nothing can be more absurd, as experience has abundantly shown, than to infer that because a man is pious he is likely to be a poltroon; but such persons as Lieutenant King are not to be reasoned with; and, unfortunately, it was not long before a lamentable occurrence gave a color to the accusation.

There was a French corvette, *Le Renard*, in

the harbor at the same time as ourselves, commanded by Le Capitaine D'Ermonville, a very gentlemanly person, and his officers generally were of the same standard of character and conduct. This was fortunate; several quarrels having taken place between a portion of the crews of the two vessels when ashore on leave, arising I fear, from the inherent contempt with which the true English sea-dog ever regards foreign sailors—the American and Scandinavian races, of course, excepted. This feeling, grounded, in my opinion, upon a real superiority, is very frequently carried to a ridiculous excess, especially when the grog's on board, and the Rule Britannia notion, always floating in Jack's noddle, has been heightened and inflamed by copious libations to the sea-ruling goddess, under whose auspices, as he was at all times ready to sing or swear—even just after receiving a round dozen at the caprice of his commanding officer—that Britains never shall be slaves. It was so in these instances; and but for the good sense of the French officers in overlooking or accepting our apologies for such unruly behavior, the consequences might have been exceedingly unpleasant, particularly as both the *Curlew* and *Le Renard* were undergoing repairs, and could not leave the harbor for some time, however desirous of doing so. Even as it was, a coolness gradually arose between the officers, who could not help feeling in some degree as partisans of their respective crews, although Captain Horton, I must say, did warmly and untiringly admonish the English sailors of the duty of loving all mankind—Frenchmen included; of the sin and folly of drinking to excess, even when on leave; and the wickedness of false pride and vainglory at all times.

At length, however, the repairs of both vessels approached completion, and it was suggested, I believe by Captain Horton, that a farewell dinner, to which the officers of the two nations should be invited, might be the means of dispelling any feeling of acerbity which these affrays apparently excited in the breasts of Captain D'Ermonville and his companions.

The then governor of Sierra Leone, a very warm-hearted gentleman, instantly acceded to the proposition; the invitations were forwarded, courteously accepted, and every body anticipated a convivial and pleasant meeting. And so it proved till about eight o'clock in the evening; after the wine had been a long time on the table, had been very freely discussed—the weather being sultry, the guests hilariously disposed, and the olives excellent. The Lilies of France (this was in the reign of Charles X.), the Rose of England, the Gallic Cock, the British Lion, had all been duly honored and hiccupped till about the hour I have named, when, under the influence of the vinous fumes they had imbibed, the varnish began to peel off the tongues and aspects of the complimenters, and the conversation to take an unpleasant and boisterous turn. Captains Horton and D'Ermonville, who had drank very sparingly, were evidently anxious to break

up the momentarily more and more disorderly party; but their suggestions were of no avail, and the exertion of authority at such a time would, no doubt, they considered, appear harsh and uncourteous. Two of the guests, especially, seemed to be bent upon thwarting their efforts; these were Lieutenant King and Enseigne de Corvette, Le Page. They sat opposite each other, and had got among the breakers of politics, and those, too, of the most dangerous kind—the character of Napoleon, the justice of the war against him waged by England, and so on. Captain D'Ermonville, who faced Captain Horton, watched the pair of disputants very anxiously, and adroitly seized the opportunity of Le Page's leaving the room for a few moments, to leave his own and take his, Le Page's, chair. Le Page, who was absent hardly a minute, finding his seat occupied, took that vacated by D'Ermonville, which was, as I have just stated, opposite to Captain Horton's. Both captains had been, it afterward appeared, conversing on pretty nearly the same topics as King and Le Page, but in quite a different tone and spirit. D'Ermonville was a Bourbon Royalist, *par excellence*, and agreed generally with the English estimate of the French emperor. Captain Horton was, I must also mention, somewhat near-sighted, and the air of the room, moreover, by this time, was thick with cigar-smoke. Captain Horton, who had sunk into a reverie, for a few minutes did not notice, for these various reasons, that D'Ermonville had left his place, much less that it was occupied by another, and, leaning sideways over the table, so as to be heard only by the person addressed, he quietly said—"Yes, yes, Monsieur; as you say, no sensible man can deny that Napoleon was a most unprincipled usurper, an unscr—"

He got no further. Le Page, believing himself to be purposely insulted, sprang up with a fierce oath, and dashed the goblet of *eau sucrée*, which D'Ermonville had been drinking, at the speaker's head, thereby inflicting a severe and stunning blow upon that gentleman's forehead. The terrific uproar that ensued could hardly be described in words: bottles flew across the room and through the windows, swords were drawn, while high above the din thundered the defiant voice of Lieutenant King, as he forced his way through the *mêlée* to the almost insensible captain, seized him in his arms, and bore him from the apartment. This action, the lieutenant afterward admitted, was not purely the result of a generous feeling. The honor of the English name was, he believed, at stake, and it had instantly occurred to him that Captain Horton, if left to himself, would not vindicate that honor in the only way in which he, Lieutenant King, held that it could be vindicated.

The exertions of D'Ermonville, and the governor gradually stilled the tumult; and as soon as calm was comparatively restored, the French officers left the house, with the understanding, as *Le Renard* sailed in the morning, that they should wait at a retired place, agreed upon, for

any communication the English party might have to make. The affair had, in some degree, sobered us all, and it was soon plain that strange misgivings were creeping over the minds of Burbage and others of our set, as the time flew by, and no message came from the captain and lieutenant, nor the governor, who had gone to join them. At last, voices in loud and angry dispute were heard approaching, and presently the door flew open, and in burst Lieutenant King, white with excitement, and closely followed by his now perfectly recovered commanding officer.

"Do you hear, gentlemen?" shouted the lieutenant, who was really frenzied with rage, "this captain of ours refuses to chastise the insolent Frenchman, or permit either of us to do so. He has a *conscientious* objection, forsooth, to dueling! Heavens! to think that the honor of the British name should be in the keeping of a coward!"

"Lieutenant King," replied Captain Horton, in calm and measured tones, "I order you to go on board the *Curlieu* instantly.

"I will *not* return to the ship till this insult, which affects us all, has been avenged," rejoined the lieutenant, with unabated wrath; "no, not if dismissal from the service be the consequence!"

Captain Horton glanced toward us, but finding, probably from our looks, that we, too, in the excitement of the moment, might refuse to obey his commands, and thereby incur—for no one could deny that he was a kind-hearted, considerate man—the ruinous penalties of a court-martial for disobedience of orders, merely said, again addressing Lieutenant King, "If that be your determination, sir, I must have recourse to other measures to enforce obedience, and, fortunately, they are not far from hand." He then left the room, we supposed, to summon a guard of marines.

"Now, gentlemen," exclaimed Lieutenant King, "now to meet these Frenchmen, before this accursed captain of ours can prevent us. Yet, stay," he added, "it would be better, perhaps, that I should go alone." This suggestion was indignantly spurned; in truth, we were all pretty nearly crazed with wine and passion, and off we set to the appointed rendezvous—one only idea whirling in our brains, namely, that if some Frenchman or other was not shot, or otherwise slain, the honor and glory of Old England were gone forever!

King and Burbage were ahead together, walking very fast, and conversing earnestly, no doubt as to the most plausible excuse to be offered for the absence of the captain, and the best mode of insisting that a substitute should be accepted. The moon, a cloudless one, was at the full, and very soon the glitter of the impatient Frenchmen's epaulets and sword-hilts indicated the exact spot appointed for the meeting. We were quickly there, and D'Ermonville, who received us, adroitly availed himself of Captain Horton's absence to bring about a rational and conciliatory settlement.

"Captain Horton is the only person who has a right to demand satisfaction of any one here," he said, in reply to Lieutenant King's menacing *abord*, "and he, very rightly, in my opinion, prefers, I perceive, some better mode of arbitration than the senseless one of dueling."

"I repeat to you," replied Lieutenant King with reckless equivocation, "that Captain Horton is indisposed, and has devolved upon me the duty of chastising the puppy who assaulted him." It is well to state that both gentlemen spoke in their own language, but perfectly comprehended each other.

"And it is, of course, for the reasons you have stated," rejoined M. D'Ermonville, with a slight accent of sarcasm, "that Captain Horton is bringing up yonder bayonets to your assistance!" We glanced round, and, sure enough, there was a *shore* guard advancing in the distance at a run, and led by the Captain of the *Curlieu*. The governor had stood his friend, and not a moment was to be lost. This was also Lieutenant King's impression, and, with the quickness of thought, he exclaimed, "You insinuate that I lie, do you?—then, take that, sir, for the compliment," striking D'Ermonville with his open hand on the face as he spoke. In an instant the swords of both flashed in the brilliant moonlight, and quick and deadly passes were fiercely, yet silently interchanged; the spectators, both English and French, gathering in a circle round the eager combatants, as if for the purpose of hiding the furious struggle from the near and rapidly-approaching soldiers. D'Ermonville was, I fancy, the best swordsman, and, but for the accident of his foot slipping, after a but partially successful lunge, by which a flesh wound only, slightly grazing his opponent's ribs, was inflicted, the issue might have been different. As it was, King's unparried counter-thrust sent his weapon clean through D'Ermonville's shoulder, who fell helplessly to the ground, at the very moment Captain Horton and the guard came up.

The dangerously-wounded gentleman—dangerously in that climate, I mean—was gently raised, and, at his own faintly-spoken request, left to the care of his own people. All of us English were then silently marched off to the harbor, where a boat was waiting to convey us to the *Curlieu*, Captain Horton merely opening his lips, the while, to give such orders as were necessary. Nobody was placed under actual arrest, but it was thoroughly understood, the next day, that Captain Horton would report the whole affair to the admiral, at the first opportunity; and that Lieutenant King, to a certainty—perhaps one or two others—would have to answer before a court-martial for their conduct. Just a week after the duel, Captain D'Ermonville was pronounced, to every body's great joy, out of danger, and the very next day the *Curlieu* sailed from Sierra Leone on a cruise southward.

Not precisely a cruise either, for after touching at Cape Coast Castle, we made a direct stretch, the wind favoring, right across the Gulf

of Guinea, to a part of the coast not very far northward of *Sun Felipe de Benguela*, and at about 11 degrees of south latitude, and the same of east longitude. Thereabout, we lay off and on for more than a fortnight, and like *Sister Ann*, for a time, the more eagerly we looked the less likelihood there seemed of any thing coming—except, indeed, an extra allowance of fever and ophthalmia, from so closely hugging the shore. It was rumored among us, that a great slave hunt had taken place in the vicinity, by one of the chiefs of Negro banditti, who have the ludicrous impudence to parody the style and titles of “kings,” and that a well-known Portuguese trader in black live stock, of the name of José Pasco, had a temporary barracoön somewhere thereabout, crammed with the wretched victims of the said hunt, in readiness for embarkation; and that for the purpose of entrapping some of his ventures, we should have to watch, and back and fill about the mouths of the two rivers, between which we were generally to be found, for an indefinite period. Meanwhile, the kind of moral quarantine that had existed between Captain Horton and his chief officers since the evening of the duel—words only of business and necessity passing between them—continued with unabated passive virulence on the part of the latter, notwithstanding that the commander showed many indications that he would be glad to let bygones be bygones, from no mean or unworthy motives, I was even then of opinion, of purchasing forbearance toward a defect of character, which, in a naval officer, he must have well known, no other virtues under the sun, however numerous or angelic, could excuse or cause for one moment to be tolerated, but simply on the principle of forgiveness of injuries. One chance of avoiding the scandal of an official inquiry still remained. The service we were upon would very probably terminate in a desperate boat affair—victorious, of course, but affording plenty of opportunity for the vindication of Captain Horton's damaged reputation for personal bravery in the eyes of his officers and crew; and very heartily did I hope he might successfully avail himself of it when it came. It was not long before all doubt on the matter was set at rest. A king's troop-ship, bound for the Cape, which had touched for some purpose at Cape Coast Castle, spoke and communicated with us one afternoon, and a packet, “on service,” was delivered to Captain Horton. Orders were immediately afterward issued to sail in the direction of the most southerly of the two rivers, to hug the shore still closer, and that every thing should, in the mean time, be prepared for a boat attack. This was done with a will. Sharp cutlasses were resharpened to a keener edge, clean pistols recleaned, and doubtful flints replaced by more reliable ones, and, finally, Lieutenant King reported that every thing was in readiness. Night was by this time drawing on, and not a very clear one: we had shoaled our water quite as much as prudence permitted, and were close by

the mouth of the most southerly of the rivers. Captain Horton ordered that the sloop should lie to, and that his gig, manned and armed, should be got immediately ready. He had frequently—I have omitted to state—gone on shore at about the same hour to reconnoitre, we supposed—hitherto without success—and we rightly concluded that his present purpose was the same. He came on deck a few minutes after the last order had been given, and addressing the first-lieutenant, said, “I am about to leave you, sir, in command of the sloop. You will keep her as nearly as may be where she is till I return. It will probably be necessary to act with all the boats, and you had better, therefore, get them alongside, ready manned and armed, so that when the decisive moment comes, there may be no delay. He then went over the side, was rowed ashore, and there was light enough to see he proceeded inland, accompanied by his coxswain only, according to his previous custom. I rather fancy that a doubt whether he might not have mistaken his man, had already crossed even Lieutenant King's bitterly-prejudiced mind.

Hour after hour passed; the boats lay heaving upon the water; and impatience was fast changing into anxiety, when the quick, regular, man-of-war's jerk of oars was heard, and, in a few moments, the gig was alongside without the captain and coxswain. “A letter from Captain Horton for the first-lieutenant,” said the stroke oarsman, “brought us by a mulatto chap, with orders to deliver it immediately.” Lieutenant King snatched the letter, tore it open, and stepped to the binnacle-lamp to peruse it. But it is necessary that I should, before giving its contents, relate what had previously occurred to the writer, as it came subsequently to our knowledge:

Captain Horton and his coxswain had proceeded cautiously inland along the margin of the river for about a mile, when they were suddenly pounced upon by a large party—coarsely abused, bound, and hurried away in separate directions. The commander's captors halted with him at last at a kind of hut, in which he found the before-named José Pasco, with a number of other ruffians as desperate and savage as himself, engaged, it seemed, in council. Near the hut—for no concealment was affected—he observed an immense wooden frame covered with tarred canvas—a monster tent, in fact, filled with captured negroes; and in the river, just opposite, was an armed clipper-brig, also full as it could cram of the same living cargo. A shout of ferocious delight greeted the captain's entrance into the hut, and then Pasco commanded that he should be unbound. What next occurred, I abbreviate from the evidence afterward given before the mixed commission by the mulatto who delivered the captain's letter to the men in the gig, and that of Juan Paloz, an admitted witness for the captors:

“It's lucky we've caught you, Captain Horton!” said Pasco, instead of you us. That accursed vessel of yours has been brought, we



find, off the mouth of the river. She must remove further away; for we intend that the brig you have seen shall sail to-night."

Captain Horton, who was very pale, the witnesses deposed, but calm and firm, did not answer, and Pasco continued:

"We intend that you shall immediately write an order to the officer left in command of the *Curlew*, directing him—a plausible reason can be easily given—to instantly weigh, and proceed to a point about a league northward, where you can meet him, you know."

"And what is the penalty, if I refuse?"

"Death!" was the savage response from half-a-dozen voices. "Death!" echoed Pasco, "as certainly as that you are now a living man, and—I was at Sierra Leone a short time since—that you wish to remain one."

Captain Horton was silent for a brief space, and then said: "Give me pen and paper, since it must needs be so." This was done; the captain took the pen in his hand, sat down, made one or two strokes, and said, with an expression of pain: "Your cords have so hurt my wrists and fingers that I can hardly hold the pen; let some one of you write as I shall dictate. My seal will be sufficient authentication; besides, the officer will imagine my coxswain wrote it."

"You must write yourself," said Pasco; "no one here knows English."

"Ha! well, then, I suppose I must try and manage it myself." The letter was written, folded, sealed, and directed.

A muttered conference next took place between the slave-dealing ruffians, at the end of which Pasco said, "Let us well understand each other, Captain Horton. You no doubt have heard that whatever else I may be I always keep my promise, whether for good or evil!"

"That is, I know, your character."

"Then listen to me. Should the *Curlew* not remove northward, in obedience to this letter, you shall be shot, as certainly as that there are niggers worth ten thousand dollars in yonder brig; and should—yet no, you are not a man to play us such a trick as that—still, should we be attacked in consequence of this letter, you shall be lashed to the top of yonder barracoon, and burnt alive in the very presence of your infernal countrymen. This I swear, by all the saints in heaven and devils in hell!"

The mulatto said the English captain looked paler than before, but answered quietly, "I quite understand."

The letter written under the foregoing circumstances, which I left Lieutenant King reading by the binnacle light, ran thus: "Captain Horton directs Lieutenant King to take the command of the *Curlew's* boats immediately on receipt of this note, and ascend the river in his front for, Captain H. calculates, about six miles, where he will find a slave-brig, which he will carry by boarding. There are, also, a large number of negroes in an immense barracoon on the shore, whom Lieutenant King will prevent being driven

away inland. The resistance will be, no doubt, desperate, but Captain H. feels quite satisfied that, under Lieutenant King, the attack will be prompt, daring, and, with the blessing of God, crowned with success." Instantly that he had finished the hasty perusal of this note, Lieutenant King seized and belted his pistols, jumped into the pinnace, and we were off—about a hundred men in all—in a jiffy. The oars were muffled, and the profoundest silence was enforced, in the hope of at least nearing the enemy unobserved. For something more than a league this appeared likely to be the case, but when about that far on our way, a confused tumult of voices began to spring up along the left bank of the river, followed by a dropping fire of musketry, obliging us to keep the centre of the channel, as it would have been folly to have wasted time in returning it. The tumult of discordant noises—shouting, shrieking, musket and pistol firing, roars of brutal merriment and deadly defiance—grew louder and louder as we neared the goal. Presently flame, at first flickering and uncertain, threw a lurid glare over the scene, and as we swept round a bend of the river, burst into a volume of fire, rendering every object within the circuit of a mile, I should say, distinctly visible. But we had no time to note these objects minutely; a well-armed brig, with boarding-nettings triced up, opened fire upon us, though without much effect. She was boarded and carried with one pealing hurrah! and leaving Burbage and a sufficient number of men in charge, Lieutenant King jumped into the boats again with the others and made for the left shore, which was lined with a crowd of variously-accoutred rascals. The flames I have mentioned proceeded from a huge canvas-covered building, which was blazing furiously; and although happening to be in the hindmost boat, I discerned the figure of a man, erect and motionless, upon its summit—how or why there I could not imagine. The next moment the wind-whirled flame and smoke hid him from my view, and I heard Lieutenant King's stentorian voice exclaiming, "Give way, men! give way, for God's sake, the devils have entrapped the captain, and are burning him alive! With a will, now, hurrah!" The boats quickly grounded, and we sprang on shore, headed by the first lieutenant. The resistance, desperate as it was, was broken through and dispersed with a leap and a rush; and then a sight—the sublimest, the most terrible I ever witnessed, clearly presented itself. Captain Horton, pale, ay, and calm as death, was standing bound, erect, and bare-headed, upon the flaming slave-house, with a book in his hand, what one I could easily guess. Frantic were the efforts made to save his life—gratefully acknowledged by repeated wavings of his hand—and vain as frantic; the devouring flames could not be arrested, the building collapsed, fell in, and Captain Robert Horton was buried beneath the fiery ruin!

It is needless to say how amply he was avenged, or dwell further upon the savage and terrific contest—not long a contest, properly so called, al-

though the ringing pistol-shot, the death-shriek, or the wild appeal for mercy undeserved continued far into the night; enough to say, in the words of the official report, "that the attack was entirely successful, the number of negroes released from bondage eight hundred and seventy-six, and the breaking-up of the slave settlement complete." This was quite true, but like another paragraph in the same report, not *all* the truth: "Captain Horton died as a brave man should during the attack upon the armed slaver-gangs on shore." Why the exact cause and manner of his heroic death were not officially set forth I never rightly understood.

He was quite dead when dragged, as speedily as it could be done, from under the burning embers of the monster slave-tent, and much scorched, yet his countenance had a remarkably composed expression. His Bible was also found, not much injured, and is, I believe, now in the possession of the family of Lieutenant King, who with swimming eyes pointed out to us, a few days afterward, in the cabin of the *Curlew*, the following passage, written with a pencil in the inside of one of the leaves: "Tuesday, half-past 1 P.M. The *Curlew's* boats are approaching; thank God I shall die in my duty, and not in vain. Should this ever meet the eye of her officers, they will by that time know, that a man who is afraid of offending God may not fear Death!"

#### A GAMBLER'S END.

THERE is truth in presentiments, though it is not for us mortals to explain their nature, as how can we explain the commonest incidents of our every day life? Yet as there is an unearthly stillness immediately preceding the furious rush of the hurricane, as a momentary palsy, frightful from its indistinctness, appears to pervade nature on the eve of an earthquake, so may the shadow of his uplifted arm be seen athwart the sky ere the Avenger has dealt the blow which is to prostrate us in the dust. An icy chill crept over me, a dull foreboding of evil came upon me, as I walked up the steps of Hillingdon's well-known residence, long before I discovered that the shutters were closed, and that the house bore that solemn mysterious air which, we can not tell why, is inseparable from the abode of death. A glance at the pale face of the servant who answered the door, a hasty inquiry for Captain Hillingdon's own man, and I staggered into a chair in the hall with the whole truth indelibly and unerringly impressed on my brain. It was needless to explain—I required no hesitating sympathizer to break to me, forsooth, the ghastly reality—I knew it before I was told—Hillingdon had shot himself that very morning! Strange as it may appear, it was more difficult to realize the truth of the awful tidings, when the old and faithful servant, himself bowed down and prostrate with horror and consternation, stammered out the particulars into my ear, than in that first moment of consciousness, when without the aid of any outward voice I knew the frightful truth.

There, in his own sitting-room, his hat and gloves on the table, the very cigar-case I had given him, lying ready for use—it seemed impossible—impossible! Every thing betokened life and life's enjoyments; the colors were scarcely dry upon his easel; and those very flowers which he had himself disposed in their vase, with his womanly appreciation of every thing that was lovely, those flowers were blooming fragrant as ever, and could he, the master, be lying up-stairs with a cloth over his head, a mutilated corpse! And such an ending! To die by his own hand. I dared not pursue the train of my thoughts any further, and it was almost a relief to sit and listen to the poor old domestic's broken narrative of the events which had led to the fatal conclusion we could even now scarcely bring ourselves to believe. One thing I remarked, and one thing only, which might lead me to suppose that a change had come over the habits of my friend. Occupying a prominent situation in his sitting-room, a portrait hung which ever since I had known him was carefully veiled by a black curtain. Not one of his friends had ever seen the painting, and the supposition that it was a likeness of the unfortunate Austrian lady to whom in early life he had been attached, was sufficient to check all curious remarks or ill-timed allusions, as regarded a subject on which he himself preserved an unbroken silence. The curtain was now removed, and as I sat opposite the picture, listening to the dreadful details of her lover's death, I could not keep my eyes from dwelling on the gentle features of her who had exercised such a baneful influence on my poor friend. She was portrayed as a fair, high-born looking girl, of some nineteen summers, but what was most striking in the countenance was that eager, high-souled, and yet suffering expression, which gave such interest to poor Hillingdon's own features—that unearthly look which those who are doomed to an early death seem to bear on their foreheads, as the premonitory seal of the destroyer—a spirit-beauty which the spirit claims to wear here in consideration of its premature release, and this was as manifest on the lovely portrait of his youthful bride as I knew it to be on that glorious countenance which was lying up-stairs fixed and cold in death.

Let me draw a veil over the scene that followed, over the servant's lamentations and my own unbearable grief. I saw him—I saw the well-beloved face, the admired form—and I shuddered to think of the state in which I saw them. Days elapsed ere I could bring myself to make the necessary arrangements which, as his intimate friend, devolved upon myself, and into the details of which it was loathsome to see how Mammon crept, even into the chamber of death. It is sufficient to say that from the accounts of his servants, and the examination of his papers, which became necessary, I gathered clearly that my poor friend had been decidedly and undoubtedly insane for some time previous to the fatal act, and this was all the consolation, since consolation unquestionably it was, for the loss of