Daily Patriot & Union.

VOL. 3. HARRISBURG, PA., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1860. NO 68.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING,
SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
BY O. BARRETT & CO.

THE DAILY PATRIOT AND UNION will be served to subscribers residing in the Borough for SIX CENTS PER WEEK payable to the Carrier. Mail subscribers, FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE WEEKLY will be published as heretofore, semi-weekly during the session of the Legislature, and once a week the remainder of the year, for *two dollars* in advance, or *three dollars* at the expiration of the year.

Connected with this establishment is an extensive JOB OFFICE, containing a variety of plain and fancy type, unequalled by any establishment in the interior of the State, for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less constitute half a square. Ten lines or more than four, constitute a square.

Half sq., one day	$0.25	One sq., one day	$0.50
" one week	1.00	" one week	1.25
" one month	2.00	" one month	3.00
" three months	3.00	" three months	5.00
" six months	4.00	" six months	8.00
" one year	5.00	" one year	10.00

☞ Business notices inserted in the LOCAL COLUMN, or before marriages and deaths, FIVE CENTS PER LINE for each insertion. To merchants and others advertising by the year liberal terms will be offered.

☞ The number of insertions must be designated on the advertisement.

☞ Marriages and Deaths will be inserted at the same rates as regular advertisements.

Books, Stationery, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—School Directors, Teachers, Parents, Scholars, and others, in want of School Books, School Stationery, &c., will find a complete assortment at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Market Square, Harrisburg, comprising in part the following—

READERS.—McGuffey's, Parker's, Cobb's, Angell's
SPELLING BOOKS.—McGuffey's, Cobb's, Webster's, Town's, Byerly's, Comby's.
ENGLISH GRAMMARS.—Bullion's, Smith's, Wood bridge's, Monteith's, Tuthill's, Hart's, Wells'.
HISTORIES.—Grimshaw's, Davenport's, Frost's, Wilson's, Willard's, Goodrich's, Pinnock's, Goldsmith's and Clark's.
ARITHMETIC'S.—Greenleaf's, Stoddard's, Emerson's, Pike's, Rose's, Colburn's, Smith and Duke's, Davie's.
ALGEBRAS.—Greenleaf's, Davie's, Day's, Ray's, Bridge's.
DICTIONARYS.—Walker's School, Cobb's, Walker, Worcester's Comprehensive, Worcester's Primary, Webster's Primary, Webster's High School, Webster's Quarto, Academic.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHIES.—Comstock's, Parker's, Swift's. The above with a great variety of others can at any time be found at my store. Also, a complete assortment of School Stationery, embracing in the whole a complete outfit for school purposes. Any book not in the store procured at one days notice.

☞ Country Merchants supplied at wholesale rates.

ALMANACS—John Baer and Son's Almanac for sale at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Harrisburg.

☞ Wholesale and Retail. my1

JUST RECEIVED
AT
SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
ADAMANTINE SLATES
OF VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES,
Which, for beauty and use, cannot be excelled.
REMEMBER THE PLACE,
SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
NO. 18 MARKET STREET. mar2

BOOK AUCTION.
BEN F. FRENCH
Will supply his old friends and customers with the following Books at Auction prices:
Pacific Railroad, 10 vols., complete, 4 illustrations $24.
Japan Expedition, 3 vols., complete, illustrated and illuminated, $12.
Emery's Expedition, 2 vols., complete, illustrated illuminated, $10.
Congressional Globe, $1 50 per volume.
Waverly Novels, complete, 12 vols., cloth, $10.
" " " 27 vols., half calf, $34; &c., &c., &c.
All of the above Books I will deliver in Harrisburg free of charge. BEN F. FRENCH,
278 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.
feb6-dtf

NEW BOOKS!
JUST RECEIVED
"SEAL AND SAY," by the author of "Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," &c.
"HISTORY OF METHODISM," by A. Stevens, LL.D.
For sale at SCHEFFERS' BOOKSTORE,
ap9 No. 18 Marke st.

JUST RECEIVED,
A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
RICHLY GILT AND ORNAMENTAL
WINDOW CURTAINS,
PAPER BLINDS,
Of various Designs and Colors, for 8 cents,
TISSUE PAPER AND CUT FLY PAPER,
At [my24] SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!!
Just received, our Spring Stock of WALL PAPER, BORDERS, FIRE SCREENS, &c., &c. It is the largest and best selected assortment in the city, ranging in price from six (6) cents up to one dollar and a quarter ($1.25.)
As we purchase very low for cash, we are prepared to sell at as low rates, if not lower, than can be had elsewhere. If purchasers will call and examine, we feel confident that we can please them in respect to price and quality. E. M POLLOCK & SON,
ap5 Below Jones' House, Market Square.

LETTER, CAP, NOTE PAPERS, Pens, Holders, Pencils, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, of the best quality, at low prices, direct from the manufactories, at
mar30 SCHEFFER'S CHEAP BOOKSTORE

LAW BOOKS! LAW BOOKS!!—A general assortment of LAW BOOKS, all the State Reports and Standard Elementary Works, with many of the old English Reports, *scarce and rare*, together with a large assortment of second-hand Law Books, at very low prices, *at the one price Bookstore of*
E. M. POLLOCK & SON,
my8 Market Square, Harrisburg.

Miscellaneous.

AN ARRIVAL OF
NEW GOODS
APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON!
SILK FANS! LINEN FANS!! PAPER FANS!!!
ANOTHER AND SPLENDID LOT OF
SPLICED FISHING RODS!
Trout Flies, Gut and Hair Snoods, Grass Lines, Silk and Hair Plaited Lines, and a general assortment of
FISHING TACKLE!
A GREAT VARIETY OF
WALKING CANES!
Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest!
Silver Head Canes! Loaded Canes! Sword Canes! Hickory Canes! Fancy Canes!
KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,
NO. 91 MARKET STREET,
South side, one door east of Fourth street je9.

B. J. HARRIS,
WORKER IN TIN,
SHEET IRON, AND
METALLIC ROOFING,
Second Street, below Chestnut,
HARRISBURG, PA.
is prepared to fill orders for any article in his branch of business; and if not on hand, he will make to order on short notice.
METALLIC ROOFING, of Tin or Galvanized Iron, constantly on hand.
Also, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Spouting, &c.
He hopes, by strict attention to the wants of his customers, to merit and receive a generous share of public patronage.
☞ Every promise strictly fulfilled.
B. J. HARRIS,
jan7-dly] Second Street, below Chestnut.

FISH!! FISH!!!
MACKEREL, (Nos. 1, 2 and 3.)
SALMON, (very superior.)
SHAD, (Mess and very fine.)
HERRING, (extra large.)
COD FISH.
SMOKED HERRING, (extra Digby.)
SCOTCH HERRING.
SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES.
Of the above we have Mackerel in whole, half, quarter and eighth bbls. Herring in whole and half bbls.
The entire lot new—DIRECT FROM THE FISHERIES, and will sell them at the lowest market rates.
sep14 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

FAMILY BIBLES, from 1ϕ to $10, strong and handsomely bound, printed on good paper, with elegant clear new type, sold at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Cheap Bookstore.

CRANBERRIES!!!—A SPLENDID LOT just received by
oct10 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

FOR a superior and cheap TABLE or SALAD OIL go to
KELLER'S DRUG STORE.

THE Fruit Growers' Handbook—by WARING—wholesale and retail at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Bookstore.

SPERM CANDLES.—A large supply just received by
sep18 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

IF you are in want of a Dentifrice go to KELLER'S, 91, Market st.

Livery Stables.

CITY LIVERY STABLES,
BLACKBERRY ALLEY,
IN THE REAR OF HERR'S HOTEL.
The undersigned has re-commenced the *LIVERY BUSINESS* in his NEW AND SPACIOUS STABLES, located as above, with a large and varied stock of
HORSES, CARRIAGES AND OMNIBUSES,
Which he will hire at moderate rates.
oct13-dly F. K. SWARTZ.

FRANK A. MURRAY
Successor to Wm. Parkhill,
LIVERY & EXCHANGE STABLE
THIRD STREET BELOW MARKET.

HAVING purchased the interest of J. Q. Adams in the establishment, and made large additions to the stock, the undersigned is prepared to accommodate the public with SUPERIOR HORSES for Saddle or Carriage purposes, and with every variety of VEHICLES of the latest and most approved styles, on reasonable terms.
PLEASURE PARTIES will be accommodated with Omnibusses at short notice.
Carriages and Omnibusses, for funeral occasions, will be furnished, accompanied by careful and obliging drivers.
He invites an inspection of his stock, satisfied that it is fully equal to that of any other establishment of the kind in town. FRANK A. MURRAY

BRANCH STABLE
The undersigned has opened a branch of his "Livery and Exchange Stable" in the buildings lately occupied by A. W. Barr, in Fourth street, opposite the Bethel, where he is prepared to accommodate the public with Horses and Vehicles, at all times, on reasonable terms. His stock is large and varied, and will recommend itself.
au16-dtf FRANK A MURRAY.

Miscellaneous.

TAKE NOTICE!
That we have recently added to our already full stock
OF SEGARS
LA NORMATIS,
HARI KARI,
EL MONO,
LA BANANA.
OF PERFUMERY
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF:
TURKISH ESSENCE,
ODOR OF MUSK,
LUBIN'S ESSENCE BOUQUET.
FOR THE HAIR:
EAU LUSTRALE,
CRYSTALIZED POMATUM,
MYRTLE AND VIOLET POMATUM.
FOR THE COMPLEXION:
TALC OF VENICE,
ROSE LEAF POWDER,
NEW MOWN HAY POWDER,
BLANC DE PERLES.
OF SOAPS
BAZIN'S FINEST
MOSS ROSE,
BENZOIN,
UPPER TEN,
VIOLET,
NEW MOWN HAY,
JOCKEY CLUB,
Having the largest stock and best assortment of Toilet Articles, we fancy that we are better able than our competitors to get up a complete Toilet Set at any price desired. Call and see.
Always on hand, a FRESH Stock of *DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS*, &c, consequent of our receiving almost daily additions thereto.
KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,
91 Market Street, two doors East of Fourth Street,
sep6 South side.

PHOENIX FOUNDRY.
J. J. OSLER. W. P. OSLER.
JOHN J. OSLER & BROTHER,
(SUCCESSORS TO JAMES M. BAY.)
FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS,
Corner Pennsylvania Railroad and State Street,
HARRISBURG, PA.
MILL GEARING, IRON FENCES, RAILROAD AND CANAL WORK,
AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
IRON CASTINGS
ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER.
MACHINE WORK AND REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
PATTERNS MADE TO ORDER.
We have a large and complete assortment of Patterns to select from. au22

JUST RECEIVED!
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
TO WHICH WE INVITE THE
ATTENTION OF THE AFFLICTED!
For sale at SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
ap9 No. 18 Market st

WE OFFER TO
CUSTOMERS
A New Lot of
LADIES' PURSES,
Of Beautiful Styles, substantially made
A Splendid Assortment of
GENTLEMEN'S WALLETS.
A New and Elegant Perfume,
KNIGHTS TEMPLARS' BOQUET,
Put up in Cut Glass Engraved Bottles.
A Complete Assortment of
HANDKERCHIEF PERFUMES,
Of the best Manufacture.
A very Handsome Variety of
POWDER PUFF BOXES.
KELLER'S DRUG STORE,
jy31 91 Market street.

ESTABLISHED IN 1810.
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.
J & W. JONES, No 432 N. Front Street, above Callowhill, Philadelphia, dye *SILKS, WOOLEN AND FANCY GOODS* of every description. Their superior style of Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments is widely known. Crape and Merino Shawls dyed the most brilliant or plain colors. Crape and Merino Shawls cleaned to look like new—also, Gentlemen's apparel. Curtains, &c., cleaned or re-dyed.
☞ Call and look at our work before going elsewhere. sep11-d3m

CHOICE SAUCES!
WORCESTERSHIRE,
LUCKNOW CHUTNY,
CONTINENTAL,
SOYER'S SULTANA,
ATHENÆUM,
LONDON CLUB,
SIR ROBERT PEEL,
INDIA SOY,
READING SAUCE,
ENGLISH PEPPER SAUCE.
For sale by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.
my10

DYOTTVILLE GLASS WORKS,
PHILADELPHIA,
MANUFACTURE
CARBOYS, DEMIJOHNS,
WINE, PORTER, MINERAL WATER, PICKLE AND
PRESERVE BOTTLES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
H. B. & G. W. BENNERS,
oct19-dly 27 South Front steret, Philadelphia.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.
F. W. WEBER, nephew and taught by the well remembered late F. W. Weber, of Harrisburg, is prepared to give lessons in music upon the PIANO, VIOLINCELLO, VIOLIN and FLUTE. He will give lessons at his residence, corner of Locust street and River alley or at the homes of pupils. au25-d6m

SCHEFFER'S Bookstore is the place to buy Gold Pens—warranted

Coal.

TO THE PUBLIC!
JOHN TILL'S
COAL YARD,
SOUTH SECOND STREET,
BELOW PRATT'S ROLLING MILL,
HARRISBURG, PA.,
Where he has constantly on hand
LYKENS VALLEY BROKEN, EGG, STOVE AND NUT COAL.
ALSO,
WILKESBARRE STEAMBOAT, BROKEN, STOVE AND NUT COAL,
ALL OF THE BEST QUALITY.
It will be delivered to consumers clean, and full weight warranted.
☞ CONSUMERS GIVE ME A CALL FOR YOUR WINTER SUPPLY.
☞ Orders left at my house, in Walnut street, near Fifth; or at Brubaker's, North street; J. L. Speel's, Market Square; Wm. Bostick's, corner of Second and South streets, and John Lingle's, Second and Mulberry streets, will receive prompt attention.
jy13-d6m JOHN TILL.

COAL! COAL!!
ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS]
COAL BY THE
PATENT WEIGH CARTS!
NOW IS THE TIME
For every family to get in their supply of Coal for the winter—weighed at their door by the *Patent Weigh Carts. The accuracy of these Carts no one disputes*, and they never get out of order, as is frequently the case of the Platform Scales; besides, the consumer has the satisfaction of proving the weight of his Coal at his own house.
I have a large supply of Coal on hand, consisting of
S. M. CO.'S LYKENS VALLEY COAL all sizes,
LYKENS VALLEY do " "
WILKESBARRE do. " "
BITUMINOUS BROAD TOP do.
All Coal of the best quality mined, and delivered free from all impurities, at the lowest rates, by the boat or car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, September 24, 1860.—sep25

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!
NOW IS YOUR TIME
TO GET CLEAN COAL!
FULL WEIGHT AND NOTHING SHORT OF IT!
Thankful to my friends and customers for their liberal patronage, I would inform them and the public generally, that I am fully prepared, on short notice, to supply them with all kinds of
SUPERIOR COAL OF ALL SIZES.
FREE FROM SLATE, AND CAREFULLY SCREENED,
AT AS LOW A
FIGURE AS FAIR DEALING WILL AFFORD!
Although my Coal is not weighed in SELF-WEIGHING CARTS, BUT IS WEIGHED ON SCALES ACCURATELY TESTED BY THE SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, and consumers may rest assured that they will be fairly and honestly dealt with. I sell nothing but the very best article, and no mixing.
Also, HICKORY, OAK and PINE WOOD always on hand. sep4-d3m GEO. P. WIESTLING.

UP TOWN!
PATENT WEIGH CARTS.
For the convenience of my numerous up town customers, I have established, in connection with my old yard, a Branch Coal Yard opposite North street, in a line with the Pennsylvania canal, having the office formerly occupied by Mr R. Harris, where consumers of Coal in that vicinity and Verbeketown can receive their Coal by the
PATENT WEIGH CARTS,
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE FOR HAULING,
And in any quantity they may desire, as low as can be purchased *anywhere.*
FIVE THOUSAND TONS COAL ON HAND,
OF LYKENS VALLEY and WILKESBARRE, all sizes.
☞ *Willing to maintain fair prices, but unwilling to be undersold by any parties.*
☞ All Coal forked up and delivered clean and free from all impurities, and the *best* article mined.
Orders received at either Yard will be promptly filled, and all Coal delivered by the *Patent Weigh Carts.*
Coal sold by Boat, Car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, October 13, 1860.—oct16

Medical.

HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
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FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS
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FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
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A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
FOR DISEASES OF THE
BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
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BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
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ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
ARISING FROM
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
From whatever cause originating, and whether existing in
MALE OR FEMALE.
Females, take no more Pills! They are of no avail for Complaints incident to the sex. Use
EXTRACT BUCHU.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu is a Medicine which is perfectly pleasant in its
TASTE AND ODOR,
But immediate in its action, giving Health and Vigor to the Frame, Bloom to the Pallid Cheek, and restoring the patient to a perfect state of
HEALTH AND PURITY.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu is prepared according to Pharmacy and Chemistry, and is prescribed and used by
THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS.
Delay no longer. Procure the remedy at once.
Price $1 per bottle, or six for $5.
Depot 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.

BEWARE OF UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS
Trying to palm off their own or other articles of BUCHU on the reputation attained by
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,
The Original and only Genuine.
We desire to run on the
MERIT OF OUR ARTICLE!
Their's is worthless—sold at much lower rates and commissions, consequently having a much better profit.
WE DEFY COMPETITION!
Ask for
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.
Take no other.
Sold by JOHN WYETH, Druggist, corner of Market and Second streets, Harrisburg,
AND ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
no14 d&w3m.

The Patriot & Union.

MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 16, 1860.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE; OR THE PROFESSORS AT THE RACES.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Two College Professors—I won't give their names—
(all one of them *Jacob*, the other one, *James*.)
Two College Professors who ne'er in their lives
Had wandered before from the care of their wives—
One day in vacation, when lectures were through,
And tutors and students had nothing to do,
Took it into their noddles to go to the Races,
To look at the nags, and examine their paces,
And find out the meaning of "betting," and "betting,"
And the (clearly preposterous) practice of "waiting,"
And "laying long odds," and the other queer capers,
Which crem the reports that appear in the papers;
And whether a "stake" is the same as a post?
And how far a "heat" may resemble a roast?
And whether a "hedge," in the language of sport,
Is much like the plain agricultural sort?
And if "making a book" is a thing which requires
A practical printer?—and who are the buyers?—
Such matters as these—very proper to know—
And no thought of betting—induced them to go
To the Annual Races which then were in force,
(Horse-racing, in fact, is a matter of *course*,
Apart from the pun;) in a neighboring town;
And so, as I said, the Professors went down.

The day was the finest that ever was known;
The atmosphere just of that temperate tone
Which pleases the *Spirit of* (man and) *the Times*,
But impossible, quite, to describe in my rhymes.
The track had been put in capital plight
By a smart shower in the previous night,
And all things "went off"—save some of the horses—
As lively as crickets or Kansas divorces!

Arrived at the ground, it is easy to guess
Our worthy Professors' dismay and distress
At all the queer things which expanded their eyes
(Not to mention their ears!) to a wonderful size!
How they stared at the men who were playing at poker,
And scolded the chap with the "sly little joker;"
And the boy who had "something uncommonly nice;"
Which he offered to sell at a very high price—
A volume that didn't seem over-refined,
And a early *was not* of the Sunday-School kind.
All this, and much more—but your patience will fail,
Unless I desist, and go on with my tale.

Our worthy Professors no sooner had found
Their (ten-shilling) seats in the circular ground,
And looked at the horses—when presently came
A wish to know what was the *Favorite's* name;
And how stood the *betting*—quite plainly revealing
The old irresistible horse-racey feeling
Which is born in the bone, and is apt to come out
When thorough-bred coursers are snorting about!
The Professors, in fact—I am grieved to report—
At the very first match entered into the sport,
And bet (with each other) their money away—
Just *Fifty* a-piece—on the *Brown* and the *Bay;*
And shouted as loud as they ever could bellow,
"Hurrah for the filly," and "go it, old fellow!"
And, "Stick to your business!" and "Rattle your pegs!"—
Like a jolly old brace of professional "Legs."

The race being over, quoth *Jacob*, "I see
My wager is forfeit; to *that* I agree.
The *Fifty* is yours, by the technic I rules
Observed, I am told, by these horse-racing fools;
But then, as a *Christian*—I'm sorry to say it—
My conscience, you know, won't allow me to pay it!"

"No matter"—quoth *James*—"I can hardly refuse
To accord with your sound theological views;
A tardy repentance is better than none;
I must tell you, however, 'twas your horse that won!
But, of course, you won't think of demanding the pelf,
For *I* have a conscience, as well as yourself!"

A BAD NAME.

I do not know why—except that I wore a great beard and seldom left my rooms—but when I retired to Stopchester to write a book, people thought I was mad.

Heedless of all around me, I worked on, day after day, week after week, month after month, and on the 31st of April I walked into my little garden, and if I did not feel exactly as proud as did the great historian, Gibbon, when he completed the Rise and Fall, I nevertheless thanked Heaven, from the bottom of my heart, that the business was at an end.

On the following morning I rose in high spirits. It was as beautiful a day as ever was seen. I had now leisure to admire the flowers that were blooming around me and perfuming the air, and to watch the wanton birds on the wing, chasing each other from bough to bough.

I gave orders for the hair-dresser to be summoned; after a brief delay he came. He was a tall, thin man, with a long, red nose, and a very liquorish eye. His manner was so nervous and restless that I was half afraid to trust him to shave me, and I was not a little glad when the operation was over—his hand trembled so violently, and he looked at me in such a strange and terrified fashion. Whilst he was cutting my hair I began to talk to him; but all that I could extract from him was, "Yes sir, O yes, sir; you are quite right, sir." Even when I asked him a question—for instance, "Have you any idea how far it is from this to Hastings by water?" his only response was conveyed in the words above quoted. "Yes, sir; O yes, sir; you are quite right, sir."—When this man left the house, the impression on my mind was that he was insane; and I intimated as much to Robert, my man servant; but he only smiled, and remarked, "He may be, sir, for all I know."

My toilette completed, I sallied forth to mingle with the world. It occurred to me that I would, in the first instance, call at the shops of the tradespeople with whom I had dealt, through the agency of my servants, and express to them some few words of compliment. I, of course, took it for granted that they knew my name, and that I was one of their customers.

The butcher's shop was the first that I was passing, and I looked in. "Good morning, sir," said I, crossing the portal.

The butcher, whose size was about double that of mine, eyed me with some concern; and, before replying to my salutation, removed from the block his cleaver, knife and steel, which he had just been using, and then, in a somewhat confused manner, he made his exit through a back door, leaving me in sole possession of the shop. I waited a reasonable time; but, finding that he did not return, I took my departure, perfectly convinced that the butcher was mad.

My next visit was to the baker's—a very respectable man with a very intelligent countenance. I observed that he, too, was rather uneasy when I spoke to him, and to my astonishment, when I casually took up a half-pound weight which was on the counter, he rushed—literally rushed—into the street, and stood on the opposite side thereof. There was but one conclusion at which I could arrive—namly, that the baker was as mad as the butcher.

The grocer, into whose shop I next went, behaved far better than either the butcher or the baker, for he talked to me for at least five minutes. At the expiration of that time, however he asked me, very politely, if not abjectly, to excuse him for a few minutes; and, putting on his hat, he took a hasty departure into the street, and turned the corner. It is perhaps needless for me to state that I did not see any more of my grocer, of whose sanity I then entertained but a very indifferent opinion.

Opposite to the grocer's shop was that of the bookseller and stationer, who had supplied me with pens and ink, and other little matters. On entering, I found the shop empty; but I saw the bookseller and his wife—partners in alarm—staring at me through a small glass window. I smiled blandly at them, bowed, and evinced by my manner that I wished to be served. But in vain. The more I smiled, the more solemn became the expression of their countenances. Becoming impatient, I scowled, whereupon the bookseller and his wife retired altogether.

Wondering what on earth the people meant, I directed my steps towards the livery stable keeper's, where I intended to hire a horse, for the purpose of taking a canter in some of the quiet lanes in the vicinity. The livery stable keeper, in the politest manner imaginable—but keeping at a considerable distance from me—said he did not think that he had a horse that would suit me; that he would go and see. He *did* go. But he did not come back again. I then went up the yard, and called out "Ostler!" several times at the top of my voice, (rather a loud one,) but as I received no answer, I deemed it useless to remain any longer, and made my way to the hotel opposite, where I asked for a pint of Canterbury ale. I was served by a very pretty and engaging young lady, to whom I desired to pay a modest and dignified compliment. But, alas! no sooner had she placed the ale before me than she rapaidly vanished, and shut the coffee room door after her.

When I had drunk the ale, I rang the bell. It was not answered. I then made a noise on the floor with my heavy walking stick. To no purpose. I opened the door of the coffee room and looked into the passage. There was no one there. I called aloud, Waiter! There was no reply. I could hear no one; not a sound; the house was seemingly empty. I left a sixpence and a piece of honeysuckle near the empty tankard, and walked away in utter disgust.

My watch required regulating; but I could not get into the watchmaker's shop, for he had bolted his door when he saw me approaching. It was the same at the circulating library, to which institution I was anxious to subscribe, for during the winter I had grown to like this little watering place, and resolved on spending the summer there.

What could be the meaning of the tradespeople's conduct was a question I put to myself, over and over again, on my way to the pier, for I now intended hiring a boat for a sail. But the fact, was, I could not get a boat. Every one of the men to whom I spoke made some excuse or other for not taking me on the water. One said that the wind would soon shift, and we should not be able to get back that night; another told me that his mast was sprung; a third, that the paint was not dry inside, and that I would spoil my clothes. And, what was even more provoking still, I found myself surrounded by at least a score of these amphibious animals, who listened to all I said with much eagerness, though upon each face there was a broad grin which struck me as very meaningless.

I retraced my steps to my cottage—men, women and children avoiding me, as I passed through the few streets of the little town—and summoned my man-servant Robert, to whom I mentioned what had taken place, asking him if he could possibly account for such demeanor. Robert smiled, and replied:

"O, yes, sir!"

"Then do so," I said to him.

"The truth is, sir," he went on to say, "that all the people hereabouts think you are a madman, and that I am your keeper."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"It is quite true, sir; and, as neither myself nor my wife could disobey your order, we could not tell the people who you were and what you were, and what you were doing. All they could judge by was what they saw; and sometimes, when you were walking about the garden, and talking loud to yourself, you certainly did look rather queer, sir. By at least forty or fifty people have I been asked if you were harmless.—'Harmless?' 'Yes!' I said; 'and there's nothing the matter with him—he ain't mad.' But they only shook their heads at that. I had, at one time, to go round to the parents of the little boys and girls who ran about the streets, and prevent them allowing their children to shout after you."

"Shout after me!"

"Yes, sir. After you passed them they would follow in a body, shouting out, 'There goes the mad 'un!' You did not notice them, of course?"

"And you mean to tell me," said I "that *all* the people in the place thought me insane and think so still?"

"Yes, sir; all, with only one exception."

"Who may that be?"

"An old man, sir, who is eighty-nine years of age. Passing the cottage one morning, when you were walking about the garden, the old man said, 'Folks think your master mad; but I know better, for I have listened to him more than twice or thrice, and I have come to the conclusion that he is writing a book, or else that he is a lawyer working up some great case that is coming on for trial.' On asking him how he came to think that, sir, he said he remembered Mr. Erskine, afterwards the famous Lord Erskine, who used to come down here often, and stay for a few day in an old house that stood where this cottage now stands."

To have a conversation with an old man who could recollect Erskine, and answer my questions anent that illustrious orator and advocate, would indeed, I thought, be a great treat.

"Who is the old man? What is he?" I asked.

"His name is Carding, sir. He was, in former days, a bold smuggler; but he has now an independence on which he lives."

"Do you think he would come and see me?"

"I am sure he would, sir."

"Then bring him here."

In less than half an hour Robert returned with old Mr. Carding, who was still very erect, and whose faculties were in excellent preservation. His eyesight was good, he was far from deaf, and he spoke with a rapidity and distinctness that astonished me. I asked him to be seated, and after he had drank a glass or two of the sherry which I placed before him, I came to the point by saying:

"I am told you remember the late Lord Erskine?"

"Remember him well, sir," was his reply; "knew him long before he was the great man that he became. He was about nine or ten years my senior. For a long time no one knew who he was, and he used to go by the name of the Rampant Madman. Most people were frightened at him, and the mothers used to make a sort of Bogey of him to frighten their naughty, children. 'I'll send for that mad gentleman,' they used to say. He stayed in in this very place where you now are. He never stayed long at a time, but he paid us a visit pretty often."

"What did he do, that people thought him mad?"

"Do sir? Why, he would stand at the very edge of the cliff where the flagstaff now is, and talk by the hour—sometimes for two hours or three hours together; and so loud would he speak at times that you might hear him a quarter of a mile off, his right arm moving about above his head, and his left hand clenched firmly on his hip." (The old man stood up and imitated the great orator's attitude.) "At low water he would go and stand on those black rocks out yonder and talk seemingly to the waves. When he once began he never stopped till it was all over, and I have seen the perspiration running down his forehead, even in cool weather. He never kept his hat on while he was speaking; but as soon as he was done he would put it on, and sometimes laugh heartily. He used to talk like a man who had something on his mind which he could not divulge to his fellow-creatures; and yet he did not seem to care who heard him speak. I and several other young men have been within six or seven yards of him, and, although he saw us, he took no more notice of us than if we had been a parcel of sticks or stones, and went on talking just the same. He had been down here, off and on, for more than two years before it was known that he was the famous barrister Erskine, and then it was only by accident that we knew he was not mad."

"How?"

"On one Saturday afternoon he brought down with him a young gentleman of about twenty years of age, who walked about the pier while Mr. Erskine was making a speech out upon the rocks. One of the men on the pier remarked to this young gentlemen, 'What a pity that such a fine man, and such a pleasant-spoken man when he is calm, should be so mad!' Whereupon the young gentleman roared with laughter, and then let the cat out of the bag by saying who his friend was. It was afterwards that I and several others then here, but now gone to their account, came to know him so well. And a right merry gentleman he could be, too. Lord bless us, sir! swift as time flies, it seems only as yesterday that he would come down here and say to us, as he made his way to the cliff, with his hands in his breeches pockets, and walking like a sailor (he had been in the navy, you know, sir:) 'Come along, my lads, and be the jury! I am going to make another speech.' And a most beautiful thing it was to listen to him. One minute he would make you laugh heartily, and the next minute he'd bring the water into your eyes, by the tender way in which he'd allude to a fading flower or a sickly child. There was one case in particular, I remember. It was an action brought against a Mr. Somebody or other by a lord's eldest son, for carrying off the wife. It was most beautiful—as we told him when he asked us how we liked it. Blest if he didn't make out as how the defendant was the ill-used party, and not the man as had lost his wife.—Expensive as travelling was in those days, five of us went up to London to hear him speak that speech in court, before the Judges and the regularly sworn jury; and such a crowd as there was of lords and gentlemen, to be sure!"

"And did he speak that same speech?" I asked.

"Yes. In parts it was a little different, and some things were added; but it was, in the main, just what he said standing out on them rocks yonder. There was no silly pride about Mr. Erskine, sir. As soon as the case was over, and he was coming out of court, his quick eye caught sight of us; and up he comes, puts out his hand to each of us, and says, 'What! you here, my lads? Well, follow me.' And he walks off to an old public house near the court, called the Chequers, and orders two bottles of port wine for us; and, while we were drinking it, explained to us as how it were not possible for him to win the day; and that all the effect his speech would have, would be to reduce the damages. He was mighty pleased to hear himself praised, and seemed just as proud of our approval as of anybody's else. I don't think, sir," continued the old man, "that Mr. Erskine felt any of the fine things he said in his speeches. It was all acting with him; and I'll tell you why I think so. One day he was walking along the sands, spouting of poetry out of a book—he was learning of it, for he read it over and over again—and while he was doing so he turned up his eyes, shook his head, and stretched forth his right hand, in such a way that you might have taken him for a street parson. It was a most serious sort of poetry. It was something about 'Farewell the drums and fifes, the banners and the big guns—and the plumes and the feathers, cocked hats and swords, and the virtuous wars and the fair women—honors, decorations, and rewards!' *O farewell everything!* Alas! the poor fellow's occupation's gone!' All of a sudden, sir, he shuts up the book, claps it under his arm, whistles a jig, and dances to it, and remarkably well, too, did he come the double shuffle. Another time, when he was reading out poetry, I saw him work himself up till the tears actually rolled down his cheeks; and not two minutes afterwards he was playing at rounders with all the little boys on the beach."

"And did Mr. Erskine know," I asked the old smuggler, "that at first you all thought that he was mad?"

"Yes; and was very much amused at it. And it is to be hoped that you will not take offence, because the people here had the same opinion of yourself."

"But, my good sir," I remarked, "they are still laboring under the impression."

"Very true," he rejoined; "but it will be all right in a day or so."

On the following morning Robert's wife was taken suddenly ill; and I sent for the doctor, a very able practioner, and a very gentlemanlike man. He came; and, after seeing his patient, and assuring me that the case was not one of a serious nature, we entered into conversation upon general matters, during which I mentioned what had happened on the previous day. The doctor laughed, and said:

"I hope you will not be offended, but do you know that only till the other day, when, by the merest accident, I became acquainted with the nature of your avocation, I too shared the opinion of the inhabitants of the town? Yesterday evening I heard of your peregrinations, and of the groundless alarm that you had created. However, I have taken the liberty of disabusing the minds of the people of their erroneous idea; and you will find that when you next pay them a visit, you will meet with a