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NEC REGE, NEC POPULO, SED UTROQUE.

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*For the Kingston Chronicle.*  
**DEFENCE OF THE TYROL.\***  
When Austria bow'd to Gallia's yoke,  
And could no more defend her right,  
Her spirit, by Napoleon broke  
Succumb'd beneath his thundering might.  
Yet there were some who did uphold  
Her sinking fame, her tottering pow'r,  
Who dared the Patriot flag unfold,  
And wave it in her dying hour.  
Great Brunswick, with his gallant band  
Urg'd by a father's cruel death,  
Rush'd on the foe with flashing brand,  
And spoke revenge in ev'ry breath.  
Yet they were few, too few, alas!  
Tho' glory smil'd upon their cause,  
To check a tyrant's vetran mass,  
Who tramp'd on their rights and laws.  
To happy England's friendly shore  
The sable Yagers sped their way,  
Far from the battle's deafening roar  
Freed from the despot's barb'rous sway.  
Ten thousand heroes such as these,  
With Brunswick's Prince to lead them on;  
United with the Tyrolese,  
Might still have sav'd their country's throne.  
Hail Hofer! everlasting fame  
Has in thy patriot forehead with her wreath,  
Thy glorious patriotic name  
Slow time itself shall bow beneath.  
Midst Tyrol's rugged hills and heath  
Where foaming streams in torrents flow,  
There first you drew your infant breath,  
And there o'erwhelm'd thy doadliest foe.  
The Gallic troops in firm array,  
Their standards rear'd before thy walls;  
Their leaders pointed out the way  
Where glory stood, where vict'ry calls.  
Fresh ardour beam'd in ev'ry eye,  
Each burning breast new conquest sees;  
The war-worn colours loosen'd fly,  
And proudly flutter in the breeze.  
Thro' Inuthal's ravines, dark and deep,  
Admitting scarce the light of day,  
O'er craggy cliff and tott'ring steep  
They firmly press'd upon their way.  
All sound was hush'd, all seem'd at rest  
Saving the columns' measur'd tread,  
Or eagles darting from their nest  
Soaring and screaming over head.  
A dang'rous pass they holdy dare,  
Which as they march'd still narrower grew;  
The soldiers start, as high in air  
The shrieking birds around them flew.  
The Rocks seem'd closing from above,  
A mist obscur'd the partial light;  
Foreboding terrors came to prove  
The awful truth "all was not right."  
A form stoop'd o'er the threat'ning rock  
Just seen amidst the hazy gloom,  
And with a voice of thunder spoke—  
"The hour is come, behold your tomb."  
It disappear'd, a passing breeze  
Dispers'd the fog which floated there;  
The war cry of the Tyrolese  
Next peal'd like thunder in the air.  
Triumphantly the shouts arose,  
Le fœux started at the sound;  
Proclaiming death to freemen's foes,  
For Inspanck's valves are holy ground.  
Huge stones which had for ages stood  
Along the mountains' craggy brow,  
Now crashing as it were for blood,  
Roll'd dashing on the ranks below.  
From every tree and nook and cove,  
The Tyrol shots unerring flew;  
Their trumpets sounding from above  
Increasing strains still louder blew.  
Then rushing forth in stern array  
With faulchions gleaming in their hands;  
Like hungry lions on their prey  
Completely fell'd the shatter'd bands.  
But few escap'd to tell the tale,  
Tho' many from the valley fled;  
And every pass thro' hill and dale  
Was strew'd with bodies of the dead.  
In vain their daring, Austria fails,  
She yields them to her conqueror's sway;  
The boon the savage tyrant hails,  
And fills Tyrol with deep dismay.  
Hofer, with thirty of his chiefs,  
A despot's will ordain'd to die;  
No tongue could tell their country's griefs,  
At this fell stroke of tyranny.  
They died as they had lived, like men  
Preferring death to slavery;  
And then it was, and not till then  
That Austria priz'd their bravery.  
PIX.

seizing his hat and throwing it over a hedge, and suddenly astonished by a whack in the spine, from a two-year-old stone, which the said youngster had thrown with almost killing precision.  
Being an outside passenger on a cold frosty night, and there being an inside place vacant, invited by the guard to get in—strip off your outside garments and get in accordingly. Just got comfortable, and preparing for a nap, when you are ordered out again to make room for a new passenger, who books himself for the remainder of the journey. Alighting on a wet and dreary night, and ordering a glass of brandy and water while the horses are changing—the landlord vexatiously slow—at last you get your beverage, and have paid for it, when the guard reiterates his cry for expedition, and approaches to quicken his passengers—before you touch the tempting liquid you hand it to the guard to take a sup, which he does with a vengeance, by swallowing the whole.—N.B. No time for another glass.  
Arriving by the mail at the breakfast house, and more anxious about your personal appearance than your stomach, you rush to a barber's shop close at hand to get shaved. The barber old and slow—the water cold, and the razor blunt as a reaping hook—not half shaved when the horn sounds—urge old "Lather'em" to expedition, and he cuts a square inch of your chin. The horn sounds a second time, and in despair you bolt out—your face covered with soap suds, and your chin bleeding copiously. The barber has no change, and obliged to leave a shilling for the happiness you have enjoyed. N.B.—On getting a mile on the road, you find you have left your gloves behind.  
In a sound sleep in the middle of a snowy night when the door opens with the customary salutation of the coachman, "Gentlemen, I leave you here,"—get at your purse with difficulty, pay the fee, and try to compose yourself again. In the morning find you have dropped your purse, which has by some means been kicked out of the coach.  
Being an outside passenger, you fall asleep, and have the misfortune to be jerked off the coach. Luckily your heel catches in the iron work, and you are thus suspended like Achilles by his mamma in the river Styx; your nose being nearly ground off by the rotary evolution of the wheel, the coach at length stops, and you are reinstated in your place, when the guard kindly consoles you by saying, "if you had told me you were asleep, I'd have taken care of you."

**EXTRAORDINARY MARCH.**—Among the innumerable instances of skill, courage, and celerity of movement displayed during the Peninsular war, by our brave troops and their gallant leaders, no circumstance is more striking, and none more worthy of being recorded, than the following description, by Col. Napier, in the second volume of his work, of the forced march of the light division, under that chivalrous and lamented commander Gen. Robert Craik Crawford, (who fell at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo,) in his attempt to join Sir A. Wellesley, at Talavera. On the 20th, at day-break, the French army quitted its position, and before six o'clock was in order of battle on the heights of Saletas, behind the Alberche. That day also, General Robert Crawford reached the English camp, with the 43d, 52d, and 95th, or nine regiment and immediately took charge of the outposts. These troops, after a march of 20 miles, were in bivouac near Malpartida de Rocas, when the alarm caused by the Spanish spread to that part. Crawford allowed the men to rest a few hours, and then withdrawing about fifty of the weakest from the ranks, commenced his march, with the resolution not to halt until he reached the field of battle. As the brigade advanced, crowds of the runaways were met with, and those not all Spaniards, propagating the vilest falsehoods, "the army was defeated."—Sir Arthur Wellesley was told—"The French were only a few miles distant"—and some, blinded by their fears, affected even to point out the enemy's advanced posts on the nearest hills. Indignant at this shameful scene, the troops hastened rather than slackened the impetuosity of their pace; and leaving only 17 stragglers behind, in 26 hours they had crossed the field of battle in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from 50 to 60 pounds weight upon his shoulders. Had the historian Gibbon known of such a march he would have spared his sneer about the "delicacy of modern soldiers."

**A SAILOR'S GRATITUDE.**—About three years ago a poor lad was brought before Mr. Twyford, charged with wandering abroad in the open air at night, with no visible means of subsistence. Mr. Twyford very humanely got him into the Marine Society. About twelve months afterwards the lad called at the office and thanked Mr. Twyford for his kindness, promising to return again as soon as possible and pay him five shillings, which the worthy magistrate had given him to buy a pair of shoes. About six months ago Jack kept his word, and called with five shillings, which Mr. Twyford refusing to accept, Jack was determined to pay him in some shape or other and would call again. On Wednesday, true to his promise he came bustling in, and walked up to the bench, and addressing Mr. Twyford with all the rough phrase-

ology of an English seaman, said—How are you, your honor? I told you I would come and see you again, I've brought you a monkey. (A shout of laughter.) Mr. Twyford.—A monkey! Bless my soul how odd—what do you think I am to do with a monkey? Sailor.—Why I thought your honour would like to accept it as a present. (Much laughter.) Mr. Twyford.—Upon my word I ought to be very much obliged to you; you seem determined to be grateful for what has been done for you, and it shows an excellent disposition. But I must decline your present, for I cannot bear monkeys. Sailor.—Well, your honor, if you won't accept the monkey, I'll bring you a parrot the next time I come. Mr. Twyford.—Aye, I'll accept of a parrot or any kind of bird, but I don't like monkeys. Sailor.—Well, good bye, your honor, I shan't forget the parrot. Jack then left the office amidst great laughter.

**ORIGIN OF THE MICHAELMAS GOOSE.**—As the custom of eating a goose on Michaelmas-day is still preserved in many families, it may not be amiss to insert the origin of such custom.—Queen Bess, on her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th of September, 1519, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Unfreville, near that place, and as her Majesty was more particular to a high seasoned dish than a simple ragout of fricasse, the Knight thought proper to provide a couple of geese for his royal guest. After the Queen had dined very heartily, she requested a half-pint tumbler of Burgundy, and drank "Destruction to the Spanish Armada." She had but that moment returned the glass to the Knight, when the news came that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. Her Majesty then took another bumper, in order to digest the goose and good news, and was so delighted with the event, that she ordered the above dish to be served on that day in every year. The court established it a custom, and the people a festival ever since.

**ANECDOTE OF LORD COLLINGWOOD.**—A *Journal* of a midshipman waited on his lordship to solicit a lieutenancy. The admiral, fixing his penetrating eye on him, surveyed him in silence for a minute, and then observed, "That would be sporting with men's lives indeed! Sir, I would not trust you with a boat in a trout stream."

**From the John Bull.**  
**TO JOHN BULL.**  
Warren near Deal, Oct. 13, 1829.  
MY DEAR B.—I only right you a short Billy do, to tell you we were all coming to the Mephistophiles on Tuesday. Some of us travels by the Dover union, an uncommon good stag, and Lavy and her spouse in their breach.  
What I have chiefly to say is, that I have been purveyed upon to publish my Original Letters to you in a serious—FURNER is kind enough to say he will do notes to them, and write a biographical sketch of my life, and have my head in a plate for a frontispiece—I believe I am to be lithomized, which is cheaper than copper.  
You have my permission to hallow my work, which I should like to call the Book of the Breakfast Parlor, but FULMER thinks the "Ramsbottom Papers" better.  
Yours ever,  
D. L. RAMSBOTTOM.

**L. S.**—What do you think of poor Man Hoob, the Great Signior of the Turkey—he is humbled—and to an Irish usurper; for so I conclude Nicholas the Autograph of the Russhes to be, seeing that his name of NICK is only a nick name, and that he calls himself Paddy Shaw—surely he ought to know best.  
L. S. (2)—I comb to town with an African art; the watchmen are beat off their beats, and we shall never see their lanterns nor hear their "agreeable rattles," as the play-book says, henny more. I wish Master Peel had not ordered his new blue pelisse till the Spring, for in the dark nights, when the Fox of Lunnon is in the streets I do love to listen to the oar a bean cried, while we are all couching in our loes.  
Adoo, wussmore.  
We submit this letter as we have received it; and our readers will, like ourselves, gather from it, that our esteemed correspondent, like other great ladies, has resolved to appear in print. We have since ascertained that the work will appear shortly, in one volume, with the promised notes and illustrations.  
*From the London Morning Journal.*  
**GOSSIP OF THE DAY.**  
**Freemasonry.**—At the battle of Waterloo a young officer of, we think, the 35th, named Le Roy, saved his life in a very extraordinary manner. The Prince of Orange was in command of some regiments which had been formed into squares, when his royal highness, no longer fearful of a charge with which they had been threatened by some French cuirassiers, gave orders for them to deploy into lines. This being observed by the French commander he suddenly brought his men to the charge, and ere the 35th could again form the solid square they were broke in upon and dispersed. Some of them took shelter in a field of standing corn, and amongst them young Le Roy, who, however, was ultimately overtaken by a French cuirassier, who was in the very act of cutting him down when Le Roy threw out, by accident, the freemason's sign of distress. The French-

man being a brother of the order of "free and accepted masons" immediately dropped his sword, made a sign of recognition, and rode off. The poor fellow was, however, shot dead a few moments after by one of the same regiment. This being told at a meeting of a lodge in Paris the grand master inquired if any one present could vouch for the fact. It so happened that Captain —, of the 35th, was there, who was an eye-witness of the scene at Waterloo; and, strange to say, at a meeting held at the Freemasons' tavern, at which the Duke of Sussex presided, on his royal highness making a similar inquiry, the same Captain — chanced again to be present, and on both occasions vouched for the truth of the fact.  
**A Simple Fact.**—The country-house of a certain prelate was last week honoured by the arrival of a nobleman and his gentleman. The establishment of the bishop was respectable, but yet simple and consistent with his character. The nobleman was ushered into the drawing-room, and every thing had gone on as usual, until, just before the dinner hour, the worthy prelate was called out by a domestic, who informed him that the whole family was in confusion, for the lord's gentleman had declared with repeated oaths he could not dine with servants in livery! The bishop requested to see him; and he accordingly descended from the garret, where he had taken shelter, to the hall. "I am very sorry, sir," said the bishop, "that my household is arranged in such a manner as to make it impossible for you to take your tea refreshment; you have come a considerable distance to-day, and must be fatigued. I really, sir, hardly know how to act in this difficulty; but this I can do. My wife, I am certain, has no objection to your dining with us if your master has not. I will, therefore, go and consult him first, and inform you of the result." The poor gentleman was in a tremor; his conceits instantly disappeared; he humbly requested the bishop not to speak to his master; and at length, though with rather a wry face, he descended to sit down with the other domestics. What the consequences were to his character we have not heard; but we can only guess his name least it should reach his master's ears and occasion his discharge.

**LIST OF WANTS.**  
The Duke of Wellington wants—all the requisites to make even a moderate statesman.  
Sir Thomas Lethbridge—a peerage.  
Mr. Peel—ditto.  
Mr. Brougham—the Rolls.  
Mr. Rymer—a few lessons in Cocker's arithmetic.  
Sir J. Scarlett—a seat on the wool-stock.  
Mr. Otway Cave—to appear a philanthropist.  
The Manufacturers—a repeal of the free trade acts.  
Alderman Wood—wisdom.  
The Emperor Nicholas—Constantinople.  
Dean Phillipps—a bishopric.  
Lord Ellenborough—common sense.  
Earl Grosvenor—a marquisate.  
Sir E. B. Sugden—to act the great man.  
Sergeant Wilde—to represent Newark.  
The Whigs—power at any sacrifice of principle.  
The Courier—an editor who understands English.  
The Post—the ghost of Zeta to be laid in the Red Sea, for which purpose *Callimachus Caris* has been retained.  
John Bull—a dissolution of parliament preparatory to a rat hunt.  
The Apostates—an hour's diversion on Cobett's gridiron.  
The Protestants—fair play.  
The Papists—a second edition of Smithfield.  
The present Cabinet—the confidence of the nation.  
Don Miguel—to be recognized, which ought long since to have been done.  
The Bishops who betrayed their sacred trust—cardinals' hats.  
Great Britain—to be relieved from the most imbecile and unpatriotic coalition that ever brought ruin and despair upon a nation!!!  
**POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.**  
**Bow-STREET.**—The conscientious collector.—On Friday, a youth, named George Hill, was charged with stealing a pair of boots from the shop of Mr. Pitt, shoemaker, in Seymour place, Camden Town.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Pitt stated that she was sitting in an apartment at the back of the shop, and she saw the prisoner enter and take a pair of boots that were suspended from a nail within the jamb of the door. While he held the boots in his hand, he looked round the shop, and seeing no one, he placed the boots under his coat, and ran off as fast as he could. She raised an alarm and called "Stop thief," and the prisoner was pursued and taken.  
Daykin, the High Constable of Camden Town, said that he heard a hue and cry, and saw the prisoner running; his feet slipped, and he fell on the ground and was taken. He had thrown the boots away during the pursuit, and a witness was present who saw it, and picked up the property.  
Joseph Batsby, a man about 40 years of age, presented himself, and the New Testament, was tendered to him that he might

be sworn. He drew back his hand, and observed to Sir R. Birnie that he must decline taking an oath.  
Sir R. Birnie: Why do you refuse to be sworn?  
Batsby: Because I do not believe it to be proper that I should swear at all.  
Sir R. Birnie: You object from religious motives, I suppose?  
Batsby: Yes, I do.  
Sir R. Birnie: Pray, of what religion are you?  
Batsby: I am a Christian.  
Sir R. Birnie: A Christian! As you assert that you are a Christian, perhaps you will tell me to what class of Christians you belong?  
Batsby: I belong to no class whatever: I am no sectarian; I despise sectarianism; the whole is a filth, and a stink, and an abomination—all mere empty profession, without works or charity.  
Sir R. Birnie: Are you a Quaker?  
Batsby: No, I am not.  
Sir R. Birnie: Then you are bound by the law of the land to take an oath when it is administered to you having been a witness of the commission of a felony.  
Batsby: The law of God is above the law of the land, and I find in the written Word of God, "Thou shalt not swear at all."  
Sir R. Birnie: How can we administer justice, unless upon the oath of witnesses?  
Batsby: If all men would speak truth—and I would sooner suffer death than tell a lie—there would be no difficulty in the administration of justice. I shall not swear, let the consequences be what they may, even if I should be taken into instant execution; and I beg to say, that I refuse to take an oath, entirely from a conscientious belief, that I should be doing an act contrary to the commandment of God.  
Sir R. Birnie: I am satisfied that it would be quite useless for me to argue with you upon the subject, for we should never be of the same opinion. If you had avowed yourself to have been a Quaker, I could have received your affirmation; but in the present dilemma, we can only look out for another witness.  
The prisoner was remanded till Monday next; but Mr. Batsby was ordered to attend.

**AFFECTING CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.**  
[Abridged from the Northern Whig.]  
On Tuesday, the 9th of June last, Mr. Hervey received a slight wound in the cheek by a house dog, which he kept chained in the yard; but the hurt was so trifling that no notice was taken of it at the time. The following morning, Mr. Hervey went forward to the dog to caress and fondle him, as frequently was his custom to do, when the animal immediately seized him by the fleshy part of his arm, inflicted a large and painful wound, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion that Mr. Hervey could extricate himself from the dog, as the animal continued to hold fast by the first grip he had taken. Being now apprehensive that all was not right, Mr. Hervey lost no time in repairing to Belfast, and waiting on Dr. Purdon, who cut the wounded part out of the arm; but nothing was done with the cheek until the next day, when it was cauterized. For some time he followed the advice and prescription of Dr. Pudoa, until his arm healed up, and he apparently began to think that the danger was not so great as he at first apprehended. As he had been killed immediately after biting him, so that it was not actually ascertained whether the animal was in a rabid state or not, Mr. Hervey at length began to relax in the regularity with which he had been wont to take the medicine prescribed.  
Nothing particular occurred till Tuesday, the 1st September, twelve weeks from the day he received the first wound. On Monday, he had called with his friend Mr. Miller, of Comber, and seemed to be in his ordinary state of health. He arranged with that gentleman that the latter should call upon him the next morning for breakfast at eight o'clock, and take a seat in his gig to Belfast. Mr. Miller accordingly came at the appointed time, and found Mr. Hervey poorly, and his face seemed redder than ordinary. On the way, Mr. Hervey complained of being very ill, and was seized with a violent hiccuping. He at length became so ill, that he requested his friend to drive him, telling him that for more than three weeks past he had slept very badly, and that his rest was broke by the most frightful dreams. Shortly after his arrival at home Mr. Hervey went to bed. In the course of the night he became extremely ill; he got out of bed, and went towards the water-jug, for the purpose of cleansing his mouth, when, to use his own words, to his utter astonishment, he could not look at the water, nor approach it, though he made several efforts to do so. He now became quite sensible of his situation, and retired to bed again. To an ordinary mind it is hard to say what might have been the effects of such an appalling discovery; but the horrid consciousness of being seized with the fearful malady, merely determined him to meet, like a man and a Christian, the fate which he knew to be inevitable. At eight o'clock the breakfast was brought to him by his aunt but this he returned un tasted. The lady, about an hour afterwards, offered him some whey, which he had required her to prepare; but he shuddered and appeared frightened at the sight of it, and desired it to be removed, as he could not bear its appearance. He then desired Mr. Miller to besent for, who repaired to him immediately. He had formed a resolution, which he kept to

the last moment, to save his friends from every pain and uneasiness on his account that he could prevent them from enduring. Dr. O'Neill, of Comber, came to visit him, and communicated to Mr. Miller his decided opinion that Mr. Hervey had all the symptoms of confirmed hydrophobia, Mr. Miller then sat down by his bed side. He did, however, remain quiet for about fifteen minutes, but then, turning suddenly round, he fixed his eye steadfastly on his friend, and said mournfully but calmly, "Miller, I am a gone man—I find all the symptoms of that dreadful disease confirmed on me." Mr. Miller tried to soothe him as well as he possibly could, but he shook his head and replied, "No Miller—I am no child—I know my fate is sealed—but the will of God be done!" Mr. Miller then suggested to him that it would render his mind more easy, and afford him satisfaction, if he knew that his affairs were settled. He acquiesced in this advice; and he dictated his will with as much composure as if death were only to come in the ordinary course of nature. He could talk of water without the smallest concern; but he seemed totally at a loss to account for the appearance of it giving him so much uneasiness and horror.  
Having put his hand to his chin, and found his beard long, he asked Mr. Miller if he thought he could shave himself; Mr. Miller, fearing that his hand would not be steady enough, proposed that the operation should be done by another person. The application of the soap to the face of the patient made him shudder with involuntary dread; but after preparing himself, and shutting his eyes, he was at last able to allow the operation to proceed. Whenever the razor touched his face, a slight shudder succeeded. He sent for his principal gardener; he told him that a few hours would probably terminate the existence of his employer; but that he wished him to remain in his situation, on an increased salary, till the place was disposed of; he begged him to be attentive; spoke to him with the kindest familiarity, and talked of the proper mode of managing the place when he was gone, in a tone and manner which gave no indication either of sorrow or dread. He then sent for his chief labourer, to whom he talked in the same kind and affectionate manner. Mr. McCullough and Mr. Miller remained with him during the night. He tried to take some milk, but when it was placed before him, he felt a slight shock on touching it. He was at length able to take two or three sips; when suddenly raising himself up in bed, and speaking very rapidly, he said he was choking, cried out for the door to be opened; but no sooner was this done, than he exclaimed, "Oh! shut—shut—shut—the air, the cold air—I cannot bear it!" He shortly afterwards took the morphia dropped on a piece of sugar. In a few minutes more, he called for one of his friends and requested him to hold his head that he might try to sleep. Mr. Miller complied; but in about three minutes afterwards he was seized with spasms, accompanied by such a horrid and terrific distortion of countenance, that those who witnessed it declare that the bare recollection of it still makes them shudder. Mr. Miller rushed from the bed in an agony of horror; and had only strength sufficient to tell Mr. McCullough to take his place. Instantly Mr. Hervey jumped up in the bed, crying in his horror-struck and almost paralytic state, "I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it!" and then, as it were mastering his excruciating agony by a powerful effort he continued in a calm but scarcely less terrified tone: "it is all over—call the house—send for the doctor." His friends gazed in speechless horror for a few seconds; and the silence was at last broke by the unfortunate sufferer, who, observing that they were making a movement as if to leave the room, cried out, "Miller, Miller, do not leave me—be a man—'tis over, and I am again quite collected; do not be frightened; depend on it I will not harm you." "No my dear Hervey," replied the other, "I will not leave you. I had promised to stay with you to the last; and cost what it may I will keep my word." The fits now became more frequent, he requested Mr. McCullough and Mr. Miller to hold his hand. Every attack now continued longer, and appeared more severe. At about half past one o'clock, he said he felt a curious sensation—it was in his limbs, as if he were picked with the finest needles—a picking, as if the finest silver barbed arrow were darting through every portion of his body; he said it was altogether a delightful sensation. His nerves become most sensitive. The least noise in the room—a change in the light of the candle—the moving of a shadow on the water—a relaxation or compression of the hands of those that held him, gave him the most excruciating pain, and he would exclaim, with heart-rending voice, that it was cruel so to use him. Shortly after this, the saliva began to make a noise in his throat; he lost his voice, but he showed, by significant gestures, that he was sensible of all that was passing around him. As the fits came on, he appeared to place himself in that position as if he wished to rest on his head and heels, while his body moved quickly up and down, accompanying each motion with an agonizing groan. These fits at length ceased, and he lay from ten to fifteen minutes so still that all except those in the bed-room with him supposed he was either dead or dying. Suddenly, with a voice loud and strong, as if in perfect health, he exclaimed, "Here, boys, do your duty." The awful moment which he had dreaded, and vainly hoped to escape,