

The People's Press.

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

NO. 27.

WILMINGTON, N. C. WEDNESDAY JULY 10, 1833.

VOL. 1.

Published every Wednesday Morning, by
THOMAS LORING.

TERMS.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISEMENTS.
Not exceeding a Square inserted at ONE DOLLAR
the first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subse-
quent insertion. A liberal discount to Yearly Advertis-
ers.
—OFFICE on the South side of Market Street, be-
low the Court House.

LIST OF LETTERS.

Remaining in the Post Office at Wil-
mington, N. C. on the 1st day of July
1833 which if not taken out before the
1st day of October next will be sent on as
dead letters to the General Post Office.—
Those whose names appear on this list
are requested, when they call, to enquire
for advertised letters.

- B.**
Louis Baya,
Hilary Bryant,
Mrs. Elizabeth Bishop,
Jefferson Bond,
Abram Burnett,
Capt. Wm. Brown, 3.
Silvian Bryant,
Messrs. David Bush &
Son,
James Burris,
John Blaw,
John Becker,
Mrs. Rhodys Bealey,
Joseph J. Bryan,
Mrs. Burnett.
- C.**
Joshua C. C. (Mer-
chant),
Doct. Wm. C. Cuckow,
James Cameron,
William Cameron,
Wm. R. Croom (Long
Creek),
Miss Sarah Converse,
Daniel Carroll,
Miss Anna Jane Colvin,
Capt. T. C. Cusick,
Giles Chadwick.
- D.**
Miss Nancy Dudley (ser-
vant of Gen. E. B. Du-
dley),
Miss Maria Dudley, do.
Miss Elizabeth Durant,
Sgt. Amariah Coy,
Henry L. Douglass, 2.
Samuel D. D.
- E.**
Nathan Eaton,
Mr. Ephraim,
The Executors of Ad-
ministrators of the late
(Henry S. Ellenwood,
Editor of the Wilming-
ton Advertiser,
Mr. Anne Jane Eckley,
Arthur A. Evans.
- F.**
Capt. John Fisher,
Capt. John W. Fisher,
Capt. Peter Fisher,
Laurence Fields,
Michael Fuller, 2.
Thomas Fountain.
- G.**
Nathan Green, 2.
Joseph Graves,
Miss Sarah A. Green, 3.
Elder Jacob Grigg, 3.
Cornelius Galloway,
Messrs. B. Granness &
Son,
Miss Mary Jane Gurry,
Thomas Green,
Alex. W. Gaston, 2.
Y. M. Garacha, 2.
Timothy Guess,
Reuben G. W. Gryse.
- H.**
Wm. L. Hall,
John Howard Senr. 3.
A. J. Hill,
Zachariah Hunt,
Thomas Hill, 2.
John Hulet,
Colvin Howard,
Ned Hill,
Eliza Harley,
Mrs. C. B. Hood,
Rev. Boyan, Holt,
William Hall,
Samuel W. Hankins,
P. A. Heier,
Capt. George Henchman,
Elias Hancock,
Capt. Robt. M. Howson.
- I.**
David Jones, 2.
William Jones, (mate of
brig Ellen),
Mrs. Mary Johnson,
(Rocky Point).
- J.**
Those who owe for postage for the quarter
ending yesterday, are requested to call at the Post
Office and pay without further delay or notice.
- G. DUDLEY, Post Master.**
July 1st, 1833. 3 times—\$3 24—26

Wants a Situation,

A store as Clerk or Salesman, a young
man who can come well recommended for
society and industry. Apply at this office.
July 3, 1833. 26. 31.

For Sale or Rent.

THAT pleasant summer resi-
dence at Wrightsville Sound, the
property of the subscriber—Apply to
E. H. WINGATE.
March 6th, 1833. 20. 16. Ad.

Notice.

APPLICATION will be made to the Presi-
dent, Directors and Company of the Bank
of Cape Fear, at the expiration of three months
from this date, for the renewal of a certificate of
one share of Stock in said Bank, standing in
the name of Thomas Wright. The original certi-
cate for which has been lost.

THOMAS WRIGHT.
March 13, 1833. 20. 3m. Ad.

For Sale,

THE HOUSE and LOT, I now occu-
py. Terms accommodating, and possession
given immediately. Apply to T. F. Davis, Esq.
or to
JOHN M. WINDER.
March 6. 20. 2p. Ad.

PROSPECTUS

OF
**A Novel and Interesting
Weekly Publication.**

To be commenced in this city, on Sa-
turday, the 6th of July, ensuing to be
entitled

THE SPY

IN PHILADELPHIA.

AND SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

It is very philosophically observed by
Addison, that our greatest pride arises
from doing good to each other, or, in other
words, from being individually service-
able to society. This can be best effected
by a proper application of our intelligen-
ces, meeting them out according to the
necessities of the community, and less
lamenting the decline of public virtue
than checking the progress of public vice;
for vice retarded is virtue advanced. As
the direction and discussion of measures
of national and state policy are the busi-
ness of the daily press, the full application
of Addison's remark is necessarily neg-
lected, and the consequence is, that vice,
shielded by wealth and worldly influence,
are abroad among the people, not only
unsuspected, but courted and required;
and that a publication is necessary which
will not only detect, but exhibit these
wolves in sheep's clothing to public scorn
—a mark by which others will be warn-
ed from their intent and a service be
rendered to society. In effecting this object
we shall pursue a yet untrodden path; one
where the necessary thorn shall be ming-
led (not concealed) with contrasting
flowers. The manner of the "Spy in Phila-
delphia" shall be perfectly delicate, and
uncontaminated by cant or vulgarity; its
censure shall be judicious, its satire chaste.
Literature, and the arts shall find in it
an untiring and zealous friend; Dramatic
and Literary criticisms shall meet with most
attentive and impartial study, and sketches
of the Bar and Pulpit of Philadelphia
shall occasionally appear from the pen of
competent judges, uninfluenced by perso-
nal acquaintance or professional attach-
ment. To these recommendations our
Poetical column will add another, which,
coming from an already popular source,
will, we trust, be equal to that of more
pretending publications. It is unnecessary
to be more explicit, as we presume the
want of the proposed journal is not there-
fore place ourselves before the PEOPLE,
and relying upon their love of justice and
of public virtue, await their decision res-
pectfully but confidently.

CONDITIONS.

The first number of "THE SPY IN PHILA-
DELPHIA" will be issued on the 1st Saturday in July.
It will be printed on fine white paper, in eight
large quarto pages, and with good type. As it is
intended to render the contents worthy of preser-
vation, for amusing or instructive reference, the
advantage of the proposed and more portable size
will be evident. The terms are \$2 per annum,
payable in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid before the
expiration of six months. Agents will be allow-
ed a discount of 10 per cent, and on all subscri-
bers they shall obtain, on remitting one year's pay-
ment in advance, or becoming responsible for the
same, and a gratuitous copy of the paper.

"THE SPY IN PHILADELPHIA" will contain
humorous engravings after the manner of the cele-
brated Cruikshank. They will be executed by
skilful artists and be accompanied with comic il-
lustrations in prose or verse from the pens of origi-
nal and competent writers.

All orders must be addressed, post paid, to
WILLIAM HILL & Co.
No. 1 ATHLETIC BUILDINGS, PHILADELPHIA.
Care will be taken to have the work carefully
packed when sent out of the city.

To the Public.

I STILL continue to keep a house of entertain-
ment at the North East corner of the Town
Hall, I will at all times have my table as well
supplied as the market will afford, and my STA-
BLES well furnished, and well attended to.
I have large stables, with a yard sufficient to take
75 or 80 HORSES, and a well of water in the
yard, and well calculated to take droves of HOR-
SES. I also continue to buy and sell NEGROES
of any age. I will buy either old or young at a
fair price and have at all times more or less for
sale.

CARRIAGES & HORSES, to let.
H. BROCKETT.
July 3, 1833. 26. 12m.

For Sale.

Bushels CORN
10 Hds. N. E. RUM,
25 Bbls. APPLE BRANDY,
2000 lbs. BACON HAMS,
200 Bbls. PENNSYLVANIA LIME,
FLOUR, TOBACCO, &c. &c. at
A. & J. MACRAE & Co.
July 3, 1833. 26. 1f.

Notice.

THE Copartnership of COOPER & HAN-
FORD, is this day dissolved by mutual consent,
the Business will hereafter be conducted by
GEORGE COOPER.

at the Old Stand, on Dudley's Wharf as usual.
GEO. COOPER.
GEO. O. HANFORD.
May 15, 1833. 19. 1f.

For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale,
his House and lot at Smith-
ville. The House is large, in tolerable
repair and eligibly situated for a Hotel.

—ALSO—
The dwelling in town, occupied by Mrs. Lang-
don.—The store house occupied by Mr. J. Chris-
tian, and a vacant lot near Doct. Harris' shop.—
Terms will be liberal.

EDWARD B. DUDLEY.
March 27, 1833. 20. 2p. Ad.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

County of Brunswick.

Superior Court—Spring Term.

Susan Andrews } Petition
vs. } for
James Andrews } Divorce.

Ordered, That publication be made for six
weeks in the Wilmington Advertiser &c. that un-
less the said James Andrews come forward, at
or before the next term of this Court, and answer,
plead or demur, the Petition will be taken pro con-
fesso, &c.

JOHN BROWN Junr, Clk.
June 5, 1833. 22. 2w.

A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS

A Ghost Story.

It was shortly after the capture of the
Island of Guadalupe from the French,
in the year 180—, that my tour of duty
placed me in command of a subaltern's
guard of Fort Matilda, where a division
of prisoners of war was then confined.
I remember the guard mounting of that
morning. Never was there recollected a
more motley group than that which, un-
der my command, marched on the parade
ground. The officer, an Irishman, the
sergeant, from the York Rangers, of the
same nation; half-a-dozen borderers from
the 25th; as many Germans from the 5th
battalion of the 6th, and several Africa-
nians from my own corps, the—West
India regiment figured in the "Guard
Report."

The day passed over in the intellectual
manner usual with Subs on duty, namely,
in writing out, and tearing to pieces the
guard report—leaning over the parapet
of the draw bridge—yawning over Dun-
das—and arranging and re-arranging the
papers in my writing desk. Evening
came. The guard turned out at "gun
fire." I heard the drums of the different
regiments, encamped or posted at small
distances round the town, beat the tattoo.
My regimental coat and wings (for I was
a Light Bob) were exchanged for the
more comfortable blue surtout. The
white beaver, the heavy costume of the
day, gave place to a light and easy forag-
ing cap; and my net hammock, from the
Spanish Main, was slung sufficiently low
to allow my toe to reach the ground, that
I might give it the sea-saw motion so a-
greeable to a West Indian.—"Who goes
here?" shouts the sentinel at the gate.—
"Rounds."—"What rounds?"—"Grand
rounds."—"Grand turn out."—"Clash
sound the horse's hoofs of the field officer
on duty, as he retires from his examina-
tion of my post, and all is still again.

At eleven o'clock I rouse myself, tie
my bandana tight round my throat, and
visit the sentinels; nothing more to do till
morning. I light my cigar, take a fare-
well glass of my swizzel, cold rum and
water, very weak, and which a West In-
dian only can mix) and reclining in my
hammock compose myself for a nap. In
vain; the annoying buzz of the musqui-
toes, and the close atmosphere of the
guard room, precluded the possibility of
sleep. I arose and opened the *jalousie*
to admit the sea-breeze, whose sudden and
low moaning was just beginning to be
heard. How lovely was the scene that
met my view! The moon had only just
risen over the smoke cloud that constantly
hangs on the summit of Mount Soufriere;
which, lighted by her radiance, seemed
like a palm tree of the brightest amber,
gradually reddening to a flame colour, at
the point where it emerged from the cra-
ter of that ever-smoking furnace. The
mountain itself rose dark, and giant-like
in deep shade; its outline clearly defined
against the boundless transparent brillian-
cy of a tropical sky. Here and there a
straggling moonbeam found its way to
the bottom of some of the numerous ra-
vines on the mountain's side, and sparkled
with brilliant light reflected in the streams
below. In the plain at the foot of the
hill, stood the town of Basseterre; the low
flat roofs of its houses, covered with the
dew, glittered bright in the moon-light,
which, as usual in that climate, was so
clear as to render even the gay coloring
of the verandahs and galleries plainly
distinguishable; while in the foreground,
the ramparts and glacis of Fort Matilda
frowned in black and solemn grandeur.

The night breeze blew cool and sweet;
a thousand lizards chirped beneath the win-
dow; while the melancholy tones of the
sentinels, as they sung forth with pro-
longed and varying cadence, the custom-
ary warning of "All's Well," harmoniz-
ed sweetly with the monotonous booming
of the sea, that broke upon the shore be-
low the fortress.

Leaving the window open, I resumed
my place in the hammock; and, while
viewing the prospect before me, and in-
haling the fragrance of my cigar, sweet
and pleasing ideas of country and of home
rose gradually within my mind. The
landscape slowly faded from my view;
the thoughts of kindred, of friends, and
of the green banks of the Shannon, con-
tinued to mingle indefinitely with the
lofty palm trees, smoking mountains, ci-
gara, swizzels, sentries, grand rounds, rum,
and prisoners of war;—in a word, I was
fast asleep; and so might have continued
until morning, had I not been awakened
by an unusual commotion in the men's
guard-room, separated from mine by a
thin wooden partition only. The confu-
sion of tongues at Babel was order and
regularity compared with the uproar I
now heard. The Irish sergeant's brogue,

as he alternately swore and blarneyed, rose
clear and sonorous over the guttural grum-
bling of the Germans, the rumbling of
the Northumbrians, and the jabbering,
monkey-like squeak of my own negroes;
while at intervals I thought I could dis-
tinguish the low moanings of one in pain.
To snatch my sabre from the table, and
run into the adjoining room, was the
thought and work but of a minute; and
if the confusing of noises only was as-
tounding, the scene that met my eyes, on
crossing the threshold, was perfectly a-
larming. A huge wood fire; that incon-
gruous but inevitable appurtenance of a
West Indian guard-room, threw its fitful
beams on the rough and marked features
of the whole assembled guard, who were
congregated round a black soldier of my
own regiment, nay of my own company,
who lay on the hearth, agitated almost
convulsively. His face as the fire-light
gleamed on it was deadly pale. Yes,
my friend, a black man can look pale;
and nothing can be more horrible than
the color which at such a time the negro
assumes. The blood forsakes the coun-
tenance; the lips become of a dull, yellow
white; a circle of bluish tinge surrounds
the eyes; the red veins in which, being
swollen and filled with blood, stem of the
hue of fire; while the ivory whiteness of
the teeth imparts to the whole face a cha-
racter almost demoniacal.

I elbowed my way with difficulty thro'
the circle, for authority seemed lost; I
shouted, stamped, swore, and at last was
heard. "What is the meaning of all this
confusion?"

"The black spalpeen has run away
from his post, and never stopped to look
behind him," says the sergeant.—"Where
was he stationed?" "In the archway by
the prisoners' quarters." "Turn out the
relief then, and post another sentinel."—
Grumble went the Germans; the North-
umbrians rumbled out their dissatisfaction;
the negroes squeaked, but no one moved.
All the Irish blood in my veins rushed
to my head, and I was in "a thundering
big passion," as the sergeant afterwards
defined it. I again and again demanded
the cause of all this uproar. No answer.
I at length by dint of shaking, kicking,
roaring, and thumping, drew an answer
from blackie himself; who gaped out,
while his mouth opened and shut like a
dying dog-fish. "Oh massa Captn!—(all
the officers are captains with the West
India soldiers) oh, Massa Captn, me
saved—sartin me safe—sure me go da
kicke raboo—me die—me go da Guinea
—me see da Jumbie!" I was but a new-
comer in the colonies and did not under-
stand him. I demanded an explanation
from the sergeant, "Sure, and please yer
honour, he says he sees the 'White Gen-
tle-man,' that is the devil, your honor."

"The superstitious scoundrell the pris-
oners have been endeavoring to terrify him,"
exclaimed I; "turn out the relief this in-
stant; take off his accoutrements; make a
prisoner of him, and follow me to his
post."

This was soon arranged; the sergeant
and three men were selected; the word
was given—"with ball cartridge, prime
and load;" and off we marched towards
the massy archway, dividing the lower
from the upper compartment of the fortress,
where the sentry had been posted, and
where the French prisoners were locked
up during the night time. We reached
the spot. It was at the entrance of a long
covered way, or bomb-proof casement;
arched overhead, that we halted; on each
side of which were the doors leading to
the prisoners' quarters, and over each
door, just at the spring of the arch, was a
corresponding row of windows. The
wind blew fresh and cool in our faces as
we looked by the passage, whose extren-
ity was lost in darkness; but the moon
threw her beams from behind us as we
stood, enlightening a few paces within
the avenue, and making on the walls and
ground a distinct "cut shadow," forming
a perceptible division between the clear,
bright moonlight without, and the thick,
gloomy darkness within the archway. I
tried every door—all was fast; the sound
of heavy sleepers from within, showed
that whatever had disturbed blackie had
not alarmed the prisoners.

I passed through the archway. A lofty
traverse, and its accompanying shallow
ditch, divided it from, but did not prevent
access to a battery beyond. I passed round
its end, and stood in the open spaces.—
Why was I alarmed, I know not, for I
had often been there before; but true it is,
a feeling of solemn awe crept over me on
finding myself within the precincts of a
bastion, in whose ramparts were deposited
the remains of such officers, whether En-
glish or French, as in former times had
died within the fort. The low ridges of
earth covering the British dead, were in-
visible among the rank and luxuriant
growth of tropical vegetation; but the
wooden crosses at the head of the resting
places of the Frenchmen were clearly
distinguishable; although the huge build-
ing from which I had just emerged, threw
its gloomy shadow over the limited space;
solemnizing, but not darkening the spot
where those who had once fought fiercely
in the battle plain, now slept side by side
the calm long sleep of death. I threw a
hurried and inquiring glance around its
boundary. No living object met my view.
Slowly and pensively I returned to the

soldiers I had left beyond the arch; all
there continued still, and remained so for
upwards of half an hour; at the end of
which time, weary of inactivity, I placed
one of the men on the duty which this
fellow had abandoned, and proposed re-
turning to the guard house with the oth-
ers.

Scarcely had I turned my back for this
purpose, when a shriek of terror burst
from the newly placed sentinel; who after
for about a second presenting his musket
down the archway, flung it violently from
him and fled precipitately, as also did the
sergeant and his comrades. My eyes fol-
lowed the direction of the level musket,
and I do not fear being accused of cow-
ardice when I say, I followed the exam-
ple set me, and ran away; for never did
a more fear-inspiring object meet the hu-
man vision, than that on which my ter-
ror-stricken gaze was now riveted. The
moon, as it shone brightly into the ave-
nue, showed me, near the summit of the
arch, almost on a level with my head,
floating towards me, a human form, self
sustained in the air, the arms of which
were stretched out, as if to enfold me
within their grasp. It was clad in a short
tunic of transparent white, which showed
more pure in contrast with the pitchy
darkness behind it; the head was not quite
severed from the body, but hung upon the
breast, attached to the neck by a slight
portion of the skin on one side. The legs
were tossed to and fro in such a manner
as clearly showed that the bones had
been broken in many places; and from the
severed neck a stream of crimson blood
gushed over the white raiment even to its
feet. Covering my eyes with my hand,
I fled towards the guard room, and had
nearly reached it, when the sound of dis-
tant laughter from the vessels moored
below the fort struck on my ear, as if a
ray of sunlight had pierced through the
thickest darkness. The consequence of
my conduct flashed at once upon my
mind. I halted—my breast heaved—my
knees trembled—and a profuse perspira-
tion rushed from every pore.

Mustering every energy, that fear had
left me, I slowly retraced my steps. The
feelings of the condemned criminal, as he
paces between his cell and the fatal gibet
would be in a state of bliss compared
with what I suffered, and I endeavored
to muster in my mind every motive that
could stimulate me to exertion.

At length I stood trembling and breath-
less on the spot I had quitted. Slowly I
raised my eyes, and shuddering, closed
them in terror, though nothing met my
view within the dreary void before me.
The heavy-toned bell of the fort tolled
the hour of one. Reassured, I gazed
more earnestly towards the summit of the
arch, and beheld, while the deep note of
the bell yet sounded in my ear, the same
frightful object emerging, as it were, from
the solid masonry of the roof. It now
hovered over my head in a horizontal
position, which, as it floated nearer and
lower, was changed for an upright one;
the breast dilated and swelled, as when
one draws a heavy suspiration; no sound
accompanied the motion. Despair gave
me courage. At my feet lay the loaded
musket of the sentinel. I seized, and
cocking it, viewed the object of my dread
more earnestly. The suspirations were
continued, and I now saw that the head
was but one unshapen battered mass of
red raw flesh.

Assuming as military a tone as terror
would permit I shouted, "Who goes there?"
No answer.

Again and again I shouted the soldiers
challenge, though each time fainter and
fainter. "I now fancied I could almost
touch it. Bringing the gun to my shoul-
der, I took aim,—twas within a foot of
the musket muzzle—I fired. The loud
echo was repeated a hundred fold, rever-
berating hollowly from the arch before
me, and more sharply from the grave-
yard beyond. Thick smoke filled and
obscured the passage. I could not have
missed—my courage was as the nerve of
despair. Slowly the breeze dissipated
the dense smoke; and there, fluttering
wildly, like an eagle over its prey, and
certainly not more than two feet from my
head, was this "thing of fear and dread."
I sprang upwards, and clasped it in my
arms. I felt a slight resistance. Some-
thing snapped loudly, and a cloth, cold,
dank, and damp, as the covering of the
dead enveloped, my head and shoulders!
'Twas no "unreal shade"—I felt 'twas
substance. Terror vanished, and I be-
came on the sudden strangely valiant.—
Sounds of human life were around and
about me; the prisoners were alarmed
and talked loudly in their quarters.—
Lights moved towards me from the
guard-house, with the sounds of measur-
ed footsteps. It was the sergeant and the
entire guard. They moved in time, steady-
ly and with ported arms, ready for the
charge; and low at my feet lay the object
of this warlike preparation. And what
was it? A shirt of white linen! which
had been pinned by the sleeves to a dry-
ing line, reaching from a window of the
casement to the opposite one; to the collar
was pinned a red night cap and a pair of
red garters (the seeming stream of blood);
and to the bottom was attached a pair of
stockings, the jointless legs of the Ghost.
The line being rather slack, it had been
wafted backwards and forwards in the

breeze that blew down the passage, caus-
ing it to advance and recede; and as it
bellied with the wind, it seemed to dilate
and diminish in form, causing the before
so evident suspiration, and giving it the
appearance of supernatural animation.

Need I say that the court martial pass-
ed a lenient sentence on the poor black
delinquent who had quitted his post?—
Need I enumerate the jests and gibes that
poured I endured from my brother officers?
And need I describe how sheepish I look-
ed when I was beating two *belle* Gauda-
loupeans round the Place de Mars, one
Sunday evening after garrison parade. I
heard my sergeant say, in no dulcet strains,
to a comrade as he touched his captain
passing: "There, that's the Irish officer
who caught the Ghost!"

THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE.

By the Avocat HENNEQUIN.

To give a correct notion of contempo-
rary manners, we must not merely visit
the drawing room, or read fire-side me-
moirs written under the inspiration of an
atmosphere impregnated with Sabean o-
dours; we must examine society in its na-
kedness and desolation. For him who
is called upon to make such enquiry,
there is no better practical school, pro-
vided his zeal and courage can bear it,
than to spend a year, or even a month,
with a commissary of police. He might
then, indeed, publish a table of the moral
condition of society; and I can answer for
it, that he would be ashamed of more than
one avowal he would be forced to make,
of our barbarism and our ignorance.

Do not imagine, however, that virtue
never enters the office of a commissary of
police, or that a noble, pure, and generous
heart is never covered with the rags of po-
verty. But our subject treats not of these
classes. We have nothing now to do
with those virtuous people who vegetate
under the house-tops, and pass a life of
fearful privation in toilsome labour, which
secures them an existence removed only
one degree above starvation. These esti-
mable people must not be confounded with
the *profligatus vulgus*. It is not for them
that police functionaries are invested with
authority and power, for what can such
functionaries have to do with them? They
work and steal not; whilst on the other
hand, they possess a cunning, a craft, a
cupidity of others. The class to which
this paper refers is the *incorrigible*. It
is these the commissary of police governs,
and his government is positive and practi-
cal. In his presence no arguments, theo-
ries or systems avail. You are seized
and locked up. Are you in the wrong?
—away to prison; are you innocent?—to
prison with you; is it a wrangle with a
neighbor?—to prison you must go; is there
a warrant against you for some political
offence, granted by a courtier magistrate?
—to prison!—to prison! Prison always
winds up the commissary's proceedings.

Seduced by the annual salary of five
thousand francs, and persuaded that the
office of police commissary might, like
many other offices, be converted into a
sinecure, I made application for the situ-
ation, and—which is not very surprising,
considering that I had no claim,—my ap-
plication was successful.

The arrival of my appointment made
me nearly wild with joy, and I rushed
out, replying only to officious questioners
—"I am a commissary of police!"

Having in a few seconds reached the
corner of the street, a dense multitude ob-
structed the way. The confusion increas-
ed every instant, and I began to doubt the
possibility of ever freeing myself from this
moving labyrinth. In the middle of the
crowd were two men fighting. "Take
them before the commissary," was ex-
claimed on all sides; and in a moment the
spectators had overpowered and seized the
two champions.

I turned back and threaded another
street—for I hate a mob. But scarcely
had I proceeded twenty yards, ere I was
impeded by another quarrel. A wagoner
had broken a pane of glass, and the com-
plainant urged the application of the a-
dage, "Whoever breaks must pay." But
the wagoner was not convinced. After
this, agree on political theories if you can!
A voice at length uttered the magic
words—"Take him before the commissary!"
and the man immediately pulled out a
black leather purse from under a triple
rampart of clothing, and paid the money
without another word.

A few doors further on there was a new
scene; but it could be enjoyed only by the
lucky few whom good fortune had first
led to the spot. The crowd collected
round the door formed a half circle, reach-
ing as far as the kennel; and as the oth-
er half of the street was occupied by
omnibuses, citadines, trieycles, berna-
rets, hackney coaches, and other vehicles,
each passenger who arrived was forced
to increase the number of spectators. I
could only see caps flying about, and
catch the words trollop, hussey, and others
of similar import. On a sudden, in a
voice like thunder, the following words re-
sounded from under the archway. "The
commissary! the commissary! to the com-
missary!" The dread sounds re-echoed

At Paris, the kennel is the middle of the street.
The citadines and berna-rets belong to the
family of the omnibuses; the trieycles are like
wise public conveyances, but with only three
wheels.