

to shore. They were arrested and conducted before the *cadi*. "Were you," said that officer, "passengers on board the *Metternich* steamer?" "Yes." "Did you break the quarantine?" "Yes." The *cadi* made a sign, and the two heads were rolling at his feet.

(ORIGINAL.)

DICK SPOT, OR SIX AND FOUR ARE TEN.

BY E. L.

IF you have ever been to Oswestry, you must well remember, on entering the town from the London high road, a small old fashioned building, which, though now fast falling to decay, still retains enough of its former appearance to denote that it was not always, as at present, the habitation of squalid poverty; and should your memory carry you as far back as the latter end of the past century, when you were a laughing sportive youngster, you cannot fail to remember the strange and somewhat peculiar air of desertion, which, even at that period, appeared part and parcel of the cottage; nor will you have forgotten the mixture of admiration and awe with which you have listened to the many wonderful tales related of its former mysterious occupant, the humorous Dr. Langstaff, or in more familiar parlance, Dick Spot, a soubriquet obtained from the appearance of a dark red spot on the middle of his brow, and which you were very sagely informed, was the point of the little-gentleman-in-black's finger, when that worthy sealed the compact that was ever after to entitle Dick to the appellation of "The Devil's Own."

Dick Spot, thou mighty *settler* of goblins—thou renowned dealer in physic and brimstone; and, far above these, thou facetious man of Dunse, fain would I dwell upon thy wondrous feats—thy eccentric deeds, replete with mischief and with fun. Had I not one definite subject to follow out, how many a humorous trick could I not relate of thee. How, when the good old wife had placed before the liquorish chops of her hungry mate and squalling progeny, a delicious smoking dish of black puddings, and was about to put one into the fists of each of the famished urchins, who watched the movement with painful eagerness, lest a larger one might fall to the portion of their brothers—the black puddings would suddenly vanish, and a little black figure irreverently said to bear a very strong resemblance to thyself, would stand in their place, and popping its thumb to its little cock nose, at the same time extending the fingers, exclaim, in good vernacular Welsh: "don't you wish you may get it," then disappear in a crack, leaving the affrighted wretches to enjoy their disappointment. How—but 't were vain to attempt it—for what pen could ever do justice to, or recount the hundredth part of thy marvellous pranks;—would that thou wert alive now, to divert the good

city of Montreal; but Cæsar died, and so did Dick Spot."

In the immediate neighbourhood, about two stones throw from the learned Doctor's, was a rambling dirty looking dwelling, of about the same date as Dick's, intended for an inn, for so a sign swinging in front meant to inform you, and which, on nearer inspection, you were enabled to decipher, as representing a tub filled with suds, into which a poor negro was immersed up to his waist, while three strapping wenches, who, never having seen a black before, naturally concluded his colour arose from dirt, were most unmercifully scrubbing away at his dark hide, one of whom was exclaiming, "scrub away Moll, I'll warrant we'll scrub the black devil white;" and underneath this rude scene, were the words "Labor in Vain," the name by which the tavern was designated. On entering, you were not long in discovering, that, like most country inns in those days, it could boast of little in the shape of comfort, and that despite the notice in the window, of "good accommodation for man and beast," besides the tap-room, from which you naturally turned away, there remained for you but one decent—(so the worthy hostess termed it) parlour; a cold, damp room up stairs, occasionally aired by a half starved fire-light on special occasions, such as your arrival, when all would be life and bustle at the "Labor in Vain." Bob, the ubiquitous pluralist Bob! for he comprised in his single character, butler, stable boy, waiter, boots, errand boy, &c. and besides made himself generally useful, was all life and bustle. You would have imagined he had all the business of the Chief Secretary of State on his hands. "Bob!"—"coming, sir." In an instant, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, he glided before you.—"Did you call, sir?"—"I wish to dine!—what have you in the house?" Then to have heard him run through some two or three dozen of articles that he had NOT got, until he so bewildered you that you were glad to leave it to his own choice, and he brought you what he *had* got—an elderly male fowl, which upon your first appearance had been killed and spitted, having made up his mind that that was to be your dish, thereby proving himself somewhat of a diplomatist; and afterward, to have heard the admonitory hint from Mrs. Wiggins, mine hostess, of the "Labor in Vain" "to stick it into him, Bob," and to which that gentleman invariably replied with a knowing wink of the left eye, by which he meant to imply, that he was perfectly "up to his business," and intended to stick it into him. I say, to have heard all this, must have warmed your heart to the simplicity of these good old times.

Late one evening, as Dr. Spot was in the very act of terminating a new species of devilry, with which he intended the following night to terrify his already panic-stricken townsmen, and was pacing to and fro his chamber, with the hurried step of a