

"There are stranger things, Lord Dunk," says I, "in real life than in fiction; but an Englishman won't believe in anythin' that aint backed by a bet. Now I'll tell you a story will astonish your weak nerves, of a much stronger case than the Ambassador's chill, and I'll stake a hundred dollars on its truth with you. You've heard of General Montgomery," says I, "haven't you, and his attack on Quebec?"

"I cannot say I have," he said. "I think there was a Frenchman of the name of Montcalm, who distinguished himself at Quebec; but Montgomery—Montgomery, no, I never heard of him."

"The fact is, the English got such a tarnal liekin' in the revolutionary war, they try to get rid of the subject by sayin' it was a little provincial affair, and pretend to know nothin' about it. Well, Montgomery attacked it in winter, and pretty nearly carried it under cover of a snow-storm; but the garrison was prepared for him, and though it was awful cold weather, gave him such a warm reception, that he was about to retire, when he and his two aidecamps were killed at one shot. He left a good many poor fellows behind him killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among them that was nearly froze to death, in fact he never was the same man afterwards, was General Peep—he was then Colonel Peep, and served as a volunteer. He was nearly stiff when they hauled him in, and then they thrust him into a cold stone-room, without a fire, and arterwards sent him to England, where he remained till the peace. That winter campaign nearly fixed his flint for him. Talk of Ambassador's chill, bad as it is, it is nothin' to his. One of his legs never had any more feelin' in it arterwards. He used to keep a tavern down to Slickville."

"What! a General keep a tavern," said he, and he opened his eyes wide, and wrinkled the hair of his head with astonishment.

"To be sure," said I, "why not as well as any other citizen? That's the reason our taverns are so good, because they are kept by men of honour. You can't say as much as that of every tavern in London, I know. Well, I've often seen the old General sittin' out on his stoop smokin', but the cigars and liquor of his house never cost him anything; he made them all out of his leg that had no feelin' in it. He used to bet folks he could run a pin further into his leg than they could into theirs, and in course he always won the day—and didn't they jump, and screech, and scream with the pain, when they tried to outdo him! Once I saw him win a hog'shead of brandy from the Captain of a Cape Codder that had just arrived from France, by bettin' him he would run a pin clear in up to the head, and walk across the room with it; and he did it, although I must say he made a plaguey wry face too, as if he had a little overdone it."

"Well, that beats all natur'," said the Captin; "but Ginerall, that ere calamity fell on you in your country's cause; take the