

by this time the General was turning a sharp part of the cliff that looks down upon the bridge, from where you might look five miles round on every side. "He sees me," says my father; "but I'll be just as quick as himself." No sooner said than done; for, coming forward to the parapet of the bridge, he up with his musket to his shoulder, and presented it straight at the General. It wasn't well there, when the officer pulled up his horse quite short, and shouted out, "Sentry—sentry!"

"Anon!" says my father, still covering him.

"Down with your musket, you rascal; don't you see it's the grand round?"

"To be sure I do," says my father, never changing for a minute.

"The ruffian will shoot me," says the General.

"Devil a fear," says my father, as it does'nt go off of itself."

"What do you mean by that, you villain?" says the General, scarce able to speak with fright, for every turn he gave on his horse my father followed him with the gun—"What do you mean?"

"Sure ain't I presenting," says my father, "blood and ages, do you want me to fire next?"

With that the General drew a pistol from his holster, and took deliberate aim at my father; and there they both stood for five minutes, looking at each other, the orderly, all the while, breaking his heart laughing behind a rock; for ye see, the General knew that as he retreated, my father might fire on purpose, and as he came on that he might fire by chance; and sorra bit he knew what was best to be done.

"Are ye going to pass the evening up there, Grand Round?" says my father, "for its tired I'm getting houldin' this so long."

"Port arms," shouted the General, as if on parade.

"Sure I can't till yer passed," says my father, angrily, "an' my hand's trembling already."

"By heavens, I shall be shot,"—says the General.

"Be gorra, it's what I'm afraid off," says my father; and the words wasn't out of his mouth before off went the musket, bang, and down fell the General smack on the ground senseless. Well, the orderly ran out at this, and took him up and examined his wound; but it wasn't a wound at all, only the wadding of the gun, for my father, God be kind to him, ye see—could do nothing right, and so he bit off the wrong end of the cartridge when he put it in the gun, and by reason there was no bullet in it. Well, from that day after they never got sight of him, for the instant that the General dropped, he sprung over the bridge wall and got away; and what between living in a lime kiln for two months, eating nothing but blackberries and sloes, and other disguises, he never returned to the army, but ever after took to a civil situation, and driv a hearse for many years.

THE FRENCH VILLAGE,

AN AMERICAN DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

ON the borders of the Mississippi may be seen the remains of an old French village which once boasted a numerous population of as happy and as thoughtless souls as ever danced to a violin. If content is wealth, as philosophers would fain persuade us, they were opulent; but they would have been reckoned miserably poor by those who estimate worldly riches by the more popular standard. Their houses were scattered in disorder, like the tents of a wandering tribe, along the margin of a deep bayou, and not far from its confluence with the river, between which and the town was a strip of rich alluvion, covered with a gigantic growth of forest trees. Beyond the bayou was a swamp, which during the summer heats, was nearly dry, but in the rainy season presented a vast lake of several miles in extent. The whole of this morass was thickly set with cypresses, whose interwoven branches and close foliage excluded the sun, and rendered this as gloomy a spot as the most melancholy poet ever dreamt of. And yet it was not tenantless—and there were seasons when its dark recesses were enlivened by notes peculiar to itself. Here the young Indian, not yet entrusted to wield the tomahawk, might be seen paddling his light canoe among the tall weeds, darting his arrows at the parroquets, that chattered among the boughs, and screaming and laughing with delight, as he stripped their gaudy plumage. Here myriads of mosquitoes filled the air with an incessant hum; and thousands of frogs attuned their voices in harmonious concert, as if endeavouring to rival the sprightly fiddles of their neighbours; and the owl, peeping out from the hollow of a blasted tree, screeched forth his wailing note, as if moved by the terrific energy of grief. From this gloomy spot, clouds of miasm rolled over the village, spreading volumes of bile and fever abroad upon the land; and sometimes countless multitudes of mosquitoes, issuing from the humid desert, assailed the devoted village with inconceivable fury, threatening to draw from its inhabitants every drop of French blood which yet circulated in their veins. But these evils by no means dismayed, or even interrupted, the gaiety of this happy people. When the mosquitoes came, the monsieurs lighted their pipes, and kept up not only a brisk fire but a dense smoke against the assailants; and when the fever threatened, the priest, who was also the doctor, flourished his lancet—the fiddler flourished his bow—and the happy villagers flourished their heels, and sang, and laughed, fairly cheated death, disease, and the doctor, of patient and prey.

Beyond the town, on the other side, was an extensive prairie—a vast unbroken plain of rich green, embellished with numerous flowers of every tint, and whose beautiful surface presented no other variety