

sufficient force of armed men to capture the arsenal. Col. Puffpouch was one of the Governor's staff, and of course there were good reasons for such preference being given. In the first place, he was a personal friend of the Governor, and he was a resident of the town, particularly interested in wiping away this indignity. He was a lawyer and a politician. He had been a member of the Federal Congress up to the time of President Lincoln's accession, when, it was said, he withdrew from that body with an impress of air and mien that made, so some thought at the time, the Northern members feel decidedly humble and exceedingly "cheap." He had obtained his title of Colonel by certain little jobs, not executed by the sword, and consequently he knew as much and as little as the majority of such militia, paper officers; in fact he was an illustration of the singular rule which seemed to obtain, that fitness for position was in an inverse ratio to rank; in other words the higher the title the less was known.

As to courage, that was unquestioned by any one who believed his personal record; in fact he claimed that he feared neither man nor "devil." The secret of his appointment was a personal claim for services rendered, and a consequent right to the honor of leading his brave constituency to battle.

The appointment to this special work inflated him to an alarming degree. Everyone who had the privilege, or could safely venture to look at him, might see that he was laden with great events. He so far unbent from his self-contained secrecy, as to inform the civic authorities of the important work intrusted to him, and some little respecting the manner in which he intended to carry it into execution.

The news flew like fire in flax, the whole town appeared simultaneously to possess the intelligence, and strange was the excitement. Our hero, cool and calculating, looked down upon the storm he had raised with much complacency, proud as a wizard magician, confident in the potency of his spells. In the common order of things, men become heroes through the force of events in which they have led. In this case, however, he was a hero in anticipation of events.

He stalked among the vulgar populace as a man by himself: and among his fellow citizens with a mind so apparently pre-occupied that few cared to disturb such cogitations by a salute. While travelling in the States, we were told that the Colonel's aspect and deportment actually surprised, and for a time deceived, his own wife, who was a remarkably shrewd, matter of fact kind of woman. She weighed appearances very carefully, collected antecedents, and came to the strange conclusion, that the whole affair was a "humbug," and a proof of the saying that 'one fool often makes many,' but that she was not going to be imposed on by such assumption. He could not make a fool of her. "Look here, Mr. Puff," said the irreverent spouse, "no Coloneling me, if you please, you see I am wide awake, and it wont answer 'no how' Mr. Puff." So the Colonel had to collapse. In the meantime, the flag continued to wave over the arsenal in utter and proud defiance of braggardism, bluster and fustian. The Colonel was trying negotiation, but with