

acquired, as all boys do who have dealings with and about horses; a remarkable fact in natural history, by the way, which every one must have noticed, but which has never been in print, to my knowledge.

An alliance offensive and defensive was entered into by John and our friend Hamilton, ratified by the transfer of sundry pieces of gold to the former; and a plan for the campaign was quickly agreed upon, the details whereof will appear in the sequel.

Mr. Samuel Dilbury was sitting one morning in his dressing-gown and slippers, leisurely discussing a plate of toast, and some cups of coffee, but dividing his attention between these agreeable companions and a long report of some wonderful experiences in animal magnetism, just achieved in London, by one Monsieur Lafontaine, from Paris. The subjects of Monsieur L. had been tickled with pins, needles, bodkins and lancets, thrust an inch or two into their flesh; they had had bottles of ammonia, concentrated to the highest attainable point of pungency, opened, and rolls of brimstone burned, just under their nostrils; they had undergone powerful shocks from a Voltaic battery; had pistols fired close to their ears, and many other severe trials made of their impassibility, but with no more effect than if they had been made of cast iron; they had been made to see through partition walls; to imagine all sorts of tastes and smells, at the will of the magnetizer; and, in short, there was nothing incredible or impossible, according to the judgement of men in their sober senses, which they had not achieved under the influence of the mysterious agency.

The full details of these wonderful wonders was our credulous senior devouring with infinite relish—flavored now by a savory snap of the toast, and now by a mouthful of Mocha and cream—when Peter, the footman, came in, to announce a message, in great haste, from Watson, of which the respectable tiger, John, was the bearer. He was instantly admitted, of course; and after bobbing his head to “the governor,” proceeded to relate that his master had been in torment all night with a raging toothache, to which he had applied opium, arsenic, brandy, kreosote, and all other known remedies, but to no purpose; that he had resolved on the extirpation of the offending grinder, but, as he dreaded the pain of the operation, he begged the favor of Mr. Dilbury to put him into the magnetic sleep, before it was performed, the fact being unquestionable, that one duly enraptured in the mysterious slumber might

have all his teeth pulled out, or his head pulled off, in utter unconsciousness. If perfectly convenient to Mr. D., the afflicted gentleman would present himself at his house, between twelve and one o’clock, for the purpose;—and he had taken the liberty of directing his servant to call on the apothecary, and tell him to meet Mr. Watson there, at the time appointed.

We need not inform the reader that Mr. Dilbury was hugely delighted at this evidence of respect for his magnetic powers, and at the opportunity it afforded of demonstrating their existence. He sent word to Mr. Watson that all things should be in readiness, and then proceeded to finish his breakfast, in a style bordering on beatitude.

Now it was perfectly true that Watson had sent John with a message to Mr. Dilbury; that the purport of his message was to solicit the elderly gentleman’s curative agency; and that a toothache, real or feigned, was the subject on which that agency was to be exerted. But the tiger, acting under the advisement of Hamilton, had somewhat exceeded his mission; for, as has already been intimated, Watson’s teeth were particularly sound, white, even and beautiful; he prided himself greatly upon them, and he would almost as soon have consented to lose an arm, as submit to the abstraction of one of them.

The appointed hour drew nigh; the apothecary was ready with his lancet, forceps, and key, in another apartment; while Dilbury, Harriet, and Hamilton, were assembled in the old gentleman’s library—or rather the room which he dignified with that name—the latter having been specially invited to be present, in order that he might see with his own eyes, and be convinced. It may as well be remembered, however, that the invitation had been suggested by the young lady; for although the friendly relations before existing between the houses of Dilbury and Hamilton had not been broken off when the suit of the lover was rejected, there had been a considerable diminution of the ostensible intimacy, and the visits of the young man to the old one were neither so frequent nor so unceremonious as they had been. We do not say that his interviews with the young lady were at all reduced either in length or frequency.

But to return. Precisely at ten minutes after twelve, the parties being situated as we have described, to wit, Dilbury, Harriet and Hamilton in the library, the apothecary and his instruments in the room adjoining, the smart