

and a ship on it, and something that looked like snakes—I wish you would give it me ; I knew it was a coming. When reading it he paid no attention to the nature of it, but asked questions as foreign to the subject as possible. I told him as soon as I could get him some clothes, I would give him the paper, in order to take it with him, and that I would help him away with his show, that he might not be driven to the necessity of stealing.

August 16th, at evening, went with a tailor to take measure of him for a coat. When he saw the tailor with his measure, he said, I wish you would give me that ribbon in your hand—It is no ribbon, said the tailor, but a measure to measure you for a coat ; come, stand up—What ! said he, do you think you are tailor enough to make me a coat ?—Yes. But you don't look like it—Let me look at your hands and fingers—which he did—You are no tailor, said he, you look more like a blacksmith—you shall never make a coat for me ; I can make it better myself ; and would not be measured.

August 17th—we found he had improved his Scotch sentry by giving him a carved wooden head, very complete, with the national features of an old Highlander. This was the first of his carved work. At evening he had also much improved his fighters—Bonaparte, by some unlucky stroke, had killed the Irishman, taken off his head, and hung it up at his right hand ; a brawny old Scotchman had taken his place, and gave Bona a hard time, knocking him down as