

my friend the interpreter, Luckily our prisoner was a good hand at French, of which we both knew enough to go on with; so the conversation went on smoothly enough, except that my Englishman, who thought no small beer of himself as a philologist, would keep bringing out scraps of what he imagined to be Russ, making the disconsolate captive grin like a fox trap whenever he thought that no one was looking at him. At last, after we had drunk each other's health all round, and finished what little wine we had, the Russian called upon me for a song; and as I did not know any in Russ, I gave him a French one instead which I had picked up on the voyage out. Then our interpreter followed with an old Latin drinking song, (which our new friend seemed perfectly to understand,) and when he had finished, turned to the Russian, and said very politely "Won't you oblige us with a song yourself? it ought to go all around." The Russian bowed, leaned back a little, looked at us both with an indescribable grin, and burst forth in the purest native dialect with "Auld Lang Syne."

"Bless my soul!" cried the agonized Englishman, starting up, "Is everybody on earth a Scotchman? Perhaps I am one myself, without knowing it!" And thereupon, overwhelmed by this appalling idea, he sank away to bed where I heard him groaning dismally as long as I remained awake.

From that day there was a marked change in my rollicking companion. All his former joviality disappeared, and a gloomy depression hung over him, broke by constant fits of nervous restlessness, as if he were in perpetual dread of the appearance of some Turkish, Austrian, Greek, or Tartar Scotchman. Indeed what he had already seen was of itself quite sufficient to unsettle him as you may imagine; but all this was as a trifle to what was coming. For about this time our corps was detached to meet a Russian force under a certain General Tarasoff, (of whom we heard a good deal,) who was threatening to fall upon our flank. We fell in with the enemy sooner than we expected, and had some pretty sharp skirmishing with him for two or three weeks together, after, which (as usually happens in a fight when both sides have had enough of it) an armistice was agreed upon, that the two generals might meet—to arrange if possible, if I recollect for an exchange of prisoners. After all the trouble Tarasoff had given us, and all that we had heard of him before, we were naturally very anxious to see what he was like; so I and three or four more (among whom was his excellency the interpreter) contrived to be present at the place of meeting. We had to wait a good while before the great man made his appearance; but at last Tarasoff rode up as the Pasha came forward to receive him. The Russian was a fine soldier like figure, nearly six feet high, with a heavy cuirassier moustache, and a latent vigor betraying itself (as the "physical force" novelists say) in every line of his long muscular limbs. Our Pasha was a short, thick set man, rather too puffy to be dignified; but the quick restless glance of his keen gray eye showed that he had no want of energy. My friend the interpreter looked admiringly at the pair as they approached each other, and was just exclaiming, "There, thank God, a real Russian and a real Turk, and admirable specimens of their race, too!" when suddenly General Tarasoff and Ibrahim Pasha, after staring at each other for a moment, burst forth simultaneously, "Eh, Donald Cawmell, are ye here?"—"Lord keep us Sandy Robertson, can this be you?"

Involuntarily I glanced at the Englishman.