

the Bis'c. The jeweller, with his packet, alighted first, then the doctor, and lastly the comtesse. The doctor, making a sign to his myrmidons, they remained in the hall, while the lady ushered the jeweller and doctor into an ante-room until the comte should be apprised of the arrival of his visitors. After a short interval, she returned, and directed them to follow her. Ascending a splendid flight of stairs, she pointed them to the apartment of the comte, at the same time receiving from the jeweller the package of diamonds, hinting to him to present his bill to the comte, who was ready to satisfy him.

On entering the room, an elegant *chambre carree*, they found a fashionably dressed gentleman, engaged in writing at an *escritoir*. He arose at their approach, and seemed to regard them with a look of astonishment.

"Symptoms to a hair," ejaculated the doctor, in an under tone.

"To what am I indebted," said the comte, "for the honor of this visit?"

"I believe I am addressing the Comte, de I—"

"The same," replied he, with a slight bow.

"My name is N—," rejoined the doctor, after a pause.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you," said the comte.

To be so coolly and sensibly received by a madman, was a circumstance beyond the doctor's comprehension; the comte shrunk not from his fixed gaze, which, from custom immemorial has been known to enthral the insane, nor did any "gaucheries" betray the "compression of his cerebellum." However, the doctor determined to persevere until some symptom should manifest itself, to justify calling in his *posse comitatus*.

"Were you never—that is to say—have you never been—hem—Monsieur le Comte—afflicted with a violent vertigo, or headache, proceeding from a—hem—pressure of the cerebral particles—indeed, sir, you look pale—let me feel your pulse—there it is—unsteady—tremendous acceleration! ah!"

"Sir," replied the comte, who had yielded his hand in passive astonishment, "your language is entirely incomprehensible—explain yourself, sir, or I shall order my servants to show you the door."

"Now don't be getting warm," replied the doctor, coolly, delighted at what he thought unequivocal symptoms; don't fly into a passion; we all know your situation; a little touched," (pointing to his head,) "just as your wife the comtesse, said—very sensible at times," (aside to the jeweller.)

"My wife?" almost gasped the comte, "this is beyond all endurance! I have no wife—and, sir, let me tell you—"

"Poor man—poor man—just as she said—forgets his nearest friends and relations. I suppose, then, M. le Comte, you do not remember the jewels you ordered for the comtesse against the coming fetes, of M. M—? nor your repeated solicitations against her will? nor—"

"*Mon Dieu, que devien'rais-je?*" almost yelled the comte, leaping up and throwing down his chair in his fury, as the jeweller advanced obsequiously, with his bill, in his left hand, making a sweeping courtesy with his right.

"Now, now," said the doctor, first in a deprecating, then in a violent tone, as the incensed comte approached him, "you had better be quiet—all ready to seize you in the ante-chamber," then as he rushed to the bell and rung it furiously—"no use—servants know your situation—vout comte."

And the comte, fairly exhausted by passion, sunk into a chair.

"By what authority do you invade my house? and who are you?" he exclaimed.

"You'll know soon enough—got 'em outside—strait jacket and all—here!" cried the doctor, stamping his foot.

The men stationed without, burst in with cords, canvas, and all the apparatus for confining lunatics, and made a rush upon the astonished comte, who at the moment of their entrance, drew a concealed pistol, and fired it at the doctor. The ball grazed the left side of his head, carried off a curl of his perwig, and so jarred his "cerebral developments," that he fell, completely stunned.

The rest rushed upon the defenceless comte, and overpowered him. They then slipped a strait jacket upon him, and bound his legs with ropes, preparatory to carrying him to the doctor's *maison de sante*.

The doctor himself recovered immediately from the stunning effects of the shot, and superintended the operations with all professional precision, "bearing," he said, "no ill to the pauvre comte for what he did, *mente non compute*, and labouring under a mental plethora of sensibility."

But the cries of the comte were long and loud; he roared, foamed and grinned at the benevolent doctor, and was in a fit way to occupy a cell in any *maison de sante* with due lunatic propriety, when the neigh-

bours and passers by, alarmed at his outrageous cries, poured into the chamber from all quarters, and among them his intimate friends, the Duc de C— and the Vicomte de S—.

On seeing them, the comte suddenly burst into tears, and entreated them to free him from his confinement, assuring them of his sanity of mind in such convincing terms, that the vicomte could hardly be restrained from drawing his sword, and making an example of the doctor on the spot.

"*Ecoutez! moi, donc! écoutez moi!*" was all the terrified man of physic could utter.

His story was told—the jeweller's combed—but where was the lady?—and the casket?

About two years afterwards, I made an official visit to the *concergerie*, to attest the dying confession of a female who had been arrested by the police as an agent of the Carlists, and had taken poison at the moment of apprehension. She was evidently sinking fast, and yet her eyes seemed to grow more lustrous, and her speech more articulate and pathetic, as the prospect of death overspread her beautiful countenance. There was a wild and fearful energy in her manner, as if she dreaded that life would fail ere she could unburden her conscience of its secret load.

She began—"My name is Madeline Alamo, otherwise Jeanne Patignon, otherwise the *Comtesse de L—*."

YOUNG ROBINSON, who was lately tried for the murder of Ellen Jewett, in New York, is now, according to some of the American papers, fighting the Mexicans in Texas. The following is a sketch of one of his associates, which we copy from the Portland Daily Advertiser.—B.L.E.

WILLIAM D. GREY.—This young man, whom our readers may perhaps recollect as the one from whom it was said Robinson borrowed the cloak which he wore on the night of Ellen Jewett's murder, has been lately brought before the Court of Sessions, on a charge of grand larceny, and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the State Prison, at any labor the Superintendent may appoint. The brief history of Grey is full of deep and solemn interest both to young men and those parents and guardians under whose care they are placed. He came from Ohio to this city only two years since. At that time he was a member in regular standing of the orthodox church in Zanesville, and united with the church in Gold Street in this city, where he was a teacher in the Sabbath School. He brought letters of recommendation to some of the most respectable merchants, and was in the stores of Wright & Winstan, Wilbur & Buckley, and Doremus, Snyder & Nixon. Evil associates first led him astray, and he was soon so lost to virtue and self respect as to marry a woman of abandoned character, with whom as might be expected he lived very unhappy. The expenses of his life of profligacy were so great that he was obliged, like others of the same stamp, to have recourse to theft and robbery in order to meet them, and he has been stopped short in his career by the detection of his aggravated guilt. In two short years how changed are all his prospects! Then he was respectable and happy, and bid fair to become a useful member of society. Now he is branded with the stamp of indelible disgrace, and associated in crime and punishment with the vilest felons, "and none so low to do him reverence." Truly it is an evil thing and a bitter to break one of the commands of that holy God who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and will cause the transgressor to "eat of the fruit of his own ways, and be filled with his own devices."—*Advocate of Moral Reform.*

There are fresh rumors from St. Louis, of the embodying of 6,000 Indians of the Northwest, under Black Hawk, in the Wisconsin territory. Colonel Dodge, governor of that territory, will be ready, if this prove true, by the aid of the militia of the nearest States to meet them.—*Louis. Adv.*

## FOREIGN.

## LATE NEWS.

LONDON, June 21.

According to the *Toulonnais*, the American squadron which lately visited Toulon has gone over to the coast of Morocco, where that paper supposes that it was to execute some projects long contemplated by the foreign policy of the United States. Nothing can be more foreign to American policy than the very absurd projects said by that paper to be about to be executed by the American squadron in the Mediterranean.

The *Courier Francais* states that intelligence has been received from Morocco of the Emperor's readiness to make any atonement desired by the French Government for the indirect aid afforded to Abd-el-Kader.

By accounts from the African coast, it appears that General Bugeaud had reached the camp at Tafna with all his troops. He had beaten the enemy whenever the latter came in his way, and intended to proceed to Tlemesen for the purpose of reinforcing the garrison of that place.

SPAIN.—There are advices of June 17th from Bayonne, and of the 15th from Madrid. The former state that things terminated as before in Navarre. The latter say that no day had been fixed for Cordova's return to the army. The General had too many important occupations in Madrid to think of such minor matters as the war in Navarre. Whatever may be said to the contrary by the friends of the present ministers, it appears that the general expectation in Madrid was, that the new elections will prove decidedly hostile to the Isturiz Administration.

There seems to be no truth whatever in the rumour current some days ago that Mina was raising the standard of revolt in Catalonia.—When last heard of, he was confined by illness in Barcelona. The rumour was evidently of Carlist origin.

LONDON, June 21.—The *Moniteur* of Wednesday states, on the authority of a telegraphic despatch, from Bayonne, that on the 16th the Carlist Chiefs declared to Don Carlos, that as they could no longer find means of subsistence in the Mountains of Navarre, they were determined to proceed to Arragon and carry on the war in that province. In the hope of appeasing the chiefs, a distribution of the reserved corn of Amescos was immediately ordered—but a new council of war was to be called on the 19th.

Eguia had given up the command, but evidently on account of his health. Villareal was his successor. This chief's name appears for the first time in the list of the adherents to the cause of the Pretender.

The Carlist forces, opposed to those under General Evans still occupied their positions on the 17th. They consisted of 13 battalions, or about 7000 men; so say the letters from Bayonne of the 18th, and they add that the most perfect inactivity continues in the camp of the British auxiliary forces. This, as we have already said on more occasions than one, is attributable to the absence of Cordova from the army, and the subsequent inactivity of his own troops.

Paris, June 22.—The first series of the bills drawn some time ago by M. Mendizabal, on the intendant of the Island of Cuba, to the order of Messrs. Rothschild & Co., have come back protested for non acceptance. On the arrival of the protests Messrs Rothschild of this place despatched a courier to Madrid, with instructions to their agents there to require a deposit or security which is usually given under similar circumstances. This will be a new source of embarrassment to the Spanish Government, whose finances have never been in so bad a condition as they are at present.