

little pug-nosed, dirty faced fellow, dressed (or rather undressed) in a tattered pair of trousers, and a shirt that looked as if it hadn't been washed for a month—stuck his arms akimbo, and crew like a cock. I took him for a drunken camp-follower, and was rather astonished to see all the Russian Officers stand up and salute him, as if he had been the empress in person; but my old Bavarian, remarking my bewilderment, whispered to me that this was Suvarov himself. He chatted a minute or two with his officers, and then looking hard at me, (I suppose he thought I looked rather greener than the rest, and wanted to give me a start,) asked in Russ, which one of the others interpreted for me, "How many stars are there in the sky?" "None at present," answered I in French: "they only come out at night." The old fellow laughed when they repeated what I had said, and told me I ought to have been a Russian; and with that he bolted out as suddenly as he came in, and I never saw him again.

It was a few days after our glimpse of the enemy's *menage*, that the first taste of retribution overtook my friend the Englishman. We were strolling through the camp with a Turkish officer, whose acquaintance we had made the day before, and the interpreter was abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, as usual, when, to his utter astonishment (and to mine, too for that matter,) Hassan Bey turned upon him and broke out fiercely, "I'll tell you whaat, ma mon, gin ye daur lowse your tongue upon ma country like thaat, I'll gie ye a cloot on the lug that'll mak' it tingle from now till hallowe'en!"

You should have seen the Englishman's face; I think I never saw a man really thunderstruck before. "Why good gracious!" stammered he at length, "I thought you were a Turk!"

"And sae I *am* a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel," retorted the irate Glasgow Mussulman; "and a better aye than ye'll ever mak', forbye for ye ken no more of their ways than my father's old leather breeks, that ne'er trawvelled further than jist fra Glasgae to Greenock, and back again; but when I gang hame (as I'll do or it's lang, if it be God'wull) I'll jist be Wully Forbes, son o' auld Daddie Forbes o' the Gorbals, for a' that's come and gane!"

At that moment, as if to add to the effect of this wonderful metamorphosis, a splendidly dressed Hungarian, whom I remembered to have seen among the Russian officers, with whom we had dined, called out from the other bank of the stream that separated our outposts from the enemy's, "Wully, mon, there's truce the noo for twa hours; jist come wi me, and we'll hae a glass o' whu-ky thegither!"

At this second miracle, the interpreter's face assumed a look of undefined apprehension, wonderful and edifying to behold—exactly the look of Moliere's "Malade Imaginaire," when we began to wonder whether there was really anything serious the matter with him.

"Perhaps he's got a cold," suggested I: "but I must tell you that some of our savans hold the theory that Scotch was the original language, to which all nations will one day return; and this looks rather like it doesn't it?"

"Scotch the original language!" shrieked my companion; and breaking off in the middle of a sentence, he subsided into a silence more expressive than words."

A few days after this, a scouting party of which I had the command, took a Russian officer; add in order to cheer him up a bit under this misfortune, I asked him to dine with me, the party being completed by