

your life till I come,' she added, pushing him into a dark room.

'Are you going away?' demanded the Major.

'For a minute.'

'For heaven's sake, be quick!' returned the Major, 'or I'll die of love before you return.'

'Hush—hush! for mercy's sake or some one will hear you,' replied Ellen, as she shut the door and fastened it outside, while she went to consult with George as to the next step they were to take.

'What shall we do with him now?' asked she.

'Call the shaver, to be sure,' said George.

'He has a fine head of hair—it will be a pity to cut it off,' replied Ellen.

'Oh, never mind that. There's many a fine head of hair been cut off here,' replied her lover; 'it will soon grow again.'

'Very well,' said Ellen; and she immediately went to inform the shaver of the establishment that there was a patient just come, who imagined himself Nebuchadnezzar, and who was to have his head shaved.

'Very well,' replied the person addressed; and calling one of the keepers, they went with Ellen, who carried a light to the room where the Major was sitting in the dark.

'Good evening, Nebuchadnezzar,' said the shaver as he entered.

'Good evening,' said the Major willing to keep the character he had assumed, 'I am always glad to see my subjects in good health.'

'I've come to shave your Majesty's head,' returned the shaver, as pleasantly as he could.

'Eh!—what?' demanded the Major, stretching his eyes to their utmost limit, and at the same time forgetting his assumed character.

'Shave your Majesty's head,' said the man.

'I'll be d—d if you do!' responded the Major, making for the door, and looking rather alarmed.

'It will be a practical lesson in humility for your subjects,' said the keeper, who was standing by.

'A practical lesson be d—d!' roared the Major;—and I'll knock the first down that lays a finger on me.'

'Oh, very well, your Majesty,' replied the keeper. 'If you will not take the lesson quietly, we must adopt our usual plan, and make you.'

'Let me out!' roared the Major.

'You were not brought here for that.'

'Let me out, I say, or I will call for assistance,' said the Major.

'It's no use calling here—no one will listen to a madman's voice.'

'But I tell you I am not mad.'

'Ha! ha!' replied the keeper. 'They all say so that come here, and believe themselves the most sensible people on earth.'

'But I tell you I am in my sound senses.'

'What were you brought here for?'

As the Major could not well answer this question, he looked rather stupid.

'It is no use standing talking to him,' said George, who now entered. 'Why don't you shave him at once, according to orders? He's as mad as a March hare, and wanted to fight me at the gate just now for a hap'orth of marbles.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed all, Geo. and the keeper at the same time approaching the Major, who, being desperate, and seeing himself in a predicament he could scarcely account for, began to show fight in real earnest, as he was attempted to be seized by three powerful men.

'Hold him by the legs,' said the keeper.

'That's it,' replied the shaver.

'Get the waistcoat,' called George, 'while I hold his arms.'

'Cursed villains,' roared the Major, with a tremendous oath, while he plunged and kicked violently, 'do you want to murder me? I'll make you pay for it.'

'Hold him tight,' said the keeper.

'Get him into the chair and strap him down,' said George.

'Put that arm into the waistcoat,' cried the keeper.

'That's it,' said one.

'All right,' said a second.

'And now you may kick as long as you like,' remarked the third, as they got the Major on the floor, his legs strapped together, and his arms made fast and confined behind him by the strap-waistcoat.

'Now let's have him in the chair,' said the shaver, and immediately the unfortunate Major was placed in the chair, and strapped down, while the shaver prepared to clip his luxuriant curls.

After two or three attempts, he found it was impossible, for the Major kept swearing and rolling about his head, as if he would shake it off his shoulders.

'Here, just hold his head,' said the shaver to his companions, and immediately they laid hold of their victim's ears, one on each side, while the shaver clipped off his glossy curls in a twinkling.

'I'll bring an action against you all,' groaned the Major, in the anguish of his spirit.

'Oh, don't bother,' answered the shaver, as he lathered his head, and passing his razor over it, the noble Major became as bald as a barber's block, grinning most horribly during the interesting process.

'He won't want these mustachios here,' continued the shaver, 'they had better come off; it will make him look three times more respectable. There,' he said, as he cut off his whiskers and shaved his upper lip—'Ne-

buchadnezzar was not half so respectable a looking chap as you.'

'Oh! oh!' groaned the Major, in the deep agony of his spirit, while his head hung upon his breast in the most abject despondency.

When the operation was finished, he was carried to a ward in another part of the building, and as he showed some resistance, was strapped down to an iron bedstead, where, after many fruitless endeavours to release himself from his unpleasant situation, and wearied out with exertion and mortification, he fell asleep. On the following morning the principal of the establishment walked into the ward where the Major lay with his head close shaven, and to whom the latter bitterly complained of the treatment he had received.

'Hush, hush,' replied the Doctor; 'don't distress yourself—you will be better by and by.'

'But I tell you, Sir, there is some mistake. I am not the individual you take me to be.'

'I know it, my good man,' replied the Doctor, soothingly, willing to humour what he considered some particular whim of the maniac's.

'I tell you, Sir, that I am Major ——— of her Majesty's service.'

'Nothing more likely,' replied the Doctor, 'than for gentlemen in your unhappy condition to fancy themselves somebody else.'

'He said he was Nebuchadnezzar last night, Sir,' said the keeper, who was standing by.

'Poor fellow,' returned the Dr.; 'see that he is kept very low after I have bled him.'

'Merciful God,' exclaimed the Major; 'you surely do not intend what you say!'

'Hush! hush! be tranquil. You are now in a high fever. I will visit you in half an hour,' replied the Dr., as he deliberately left the room, leaving the Major to speculate on the benefit he might derive from his next visit.

The doctor had scarcely left the ward when the real maniac appeared, led in by Mr. Lucas himself, who had brought him in a coach.

'Here is surely some mistake,' said Dr. Milman, 'for I conjectured the patient you were to introduce to me was brought here last evening, and is now lying up stairs, where he has commenced his course of treatment.'

'This is the individual I alluded to,' said Mr. Lucas. 'There is something that requires some explanation.'

'Come up stairs into the ward, and perhaps you may know the gentleman when you have seen him; it may unravel this seeming mystery,' said the Doctor.

Having secured the right maniac, they both went to the place where the Major lay.

'This is the gentleman,' said Dr. Milman, pointing to the bed. 'Do you know him?'

'I have not the most distant knowledge of him,' replied the other.

'Have you any friends,' asked the Doctor of the Major. 'Plenty,' replied the other.

'How come you here—who brought you?'

'No one.'

'You come alone?'

'Yes.'

'How did you gain admittance?'

'I came with—that is I—came by mistake,' at length stammered the Major, ashamed, and unwilling to publish his own folly.

'Here is something,' said the Doctor, 'and before I part with you I must make inquiries.'

'For God's sake, release me,' piteously ejaculated the Major.

'When I have sufficient proof of your sanity, I will,' replied the Dr.; 'and am convinced you have not escaped from some other asylum. Where do your friends reside?'

'I live with my wife and family at 17, ———,' returned the Major, with a sigh.

As this did not unravel the plot, the Dr. sent George to 17, ———, where he found the Major's wife in the greatest alarm at her husband's absence; and upon his informing her where he was, she immediately set out in search of him. Upon arriving at the asylum, she found her husband in the state described, and was equally at a loss to discover by what means he contrived to get into such a scrape.

'Are you quite sure, my dear Madam,' asked the Dr. 'that this is your husband?'

'Quite.'

'And are you convinced that he is of sound mind?'

'He was so yesterday,' said the lady, 'though I have some doubts of him now?'

'What could induce him to come here?'

'I really cannot say, unless some mad freak has taken possession of his brain.'

'My dear wife,' exclaimed the Major, 'I am in my perfect senses, and will tell you all.'

'Then let's hear this strange affair,' said the Doctor.

'Not now,' replied the Major; 'for God's sake release me.'

Upon the testimony of your wife that you are of sound mind, I will release you,' returned the Doctor; 'but I will not be answerable for the treatment you have met with at my servants' hands, unless you state frankly what brought you here, as it remains with you to explain it. Release the gentleman,' he continued, to an attendant.

The Major was then released, and upon rising from the bed shook himself like a large Newfoundland dog, to ascertain if he still had the use of his limbs. Upon

dressing himself, he placed his hat upon his bald pate, and offering his arm to his wife, departed from the asylum, breathing a volume of anathemas against the treachery of woman. Among his acquaintances the Major trumped up some story to account for the loss of his hair; but Ellen never saw him in the vicinity of the asylum again.

MISCELLANY.

SELF-MADE MEN.—The poor man of the western forest—he who has encountered the troubles and toils of an early settlement, and struggled for an humble home—who has trained his children to learning, and inspiring them with reflection, may yet behold the blooming son that follows him to the plough field, shining in the temples of learning, or adorning the halls of Legislation.

The world is filled with bright examples of unaided genius, who have arisen from the dust of indigence, and, in the vigour of their native strength, unbound the shackles that environed them, and burst the bands that fettered them. What else took the daring Columbus from his loom, and made him the navigator of seas and the discoverer of Continents? What else raised Sir Cloudsley Shovel from the tattered bench of a village shoemaker, and made him Rear Admiral of England? What else unlocked the chains of bondage and slavery from a Terence, and distinguished him as a scholar and poet? What else elevated Prideaux from the humble condition of a college cook, to the high honours of a religious prelate and teacher? What else called forth the powers of a Hogarth, the most scientific artist of his time, and made him exchange the work-shop of the mechanic for the cloister of the author? What gave the celebrated Dr. Mountain, the son of a beggar, ecclesiastical honours?—what diverted the inquiring mind of the illustrious astronomer, Ferguson, to a contemplation of the mighty heavens—to gaze upon the stars, and to allot them their stations?—what made an unrivalled philosopher and statesman of Benjamin Franklin, the roving Boston printer,—and converted the inimitable Burns, the poor ploughboy of Ayrshire, into the sweetest Bard that ever played or sung?

ANCIENT POULTRY.—"Speaking of goose," said a wag to his companion, last Thursday, "I remember my mother roasted one of them birds once; 'twas so tarnation tough that we could not carve it, but had to chop up the creature with a broad axe, then boiled, broiled, and fricasseed it; but 'twas no go,—we couldn't eat it any how; I reckoned it might have been the same one whose cackle saved Rome." "Very like," replied the other, "our folks undertook to cook a rooster—we hadn't the true record of his age, but I verily believe he was the same old cock which crowed to Peter; he was a devil of a fellow for crowing any how—for after boiling him a whole day, when the lid was taken off at night, blow me if the varmint didn't fly out of the pot, light on the crane, flap his wings, and scream—cock-a-doodle-doo!"—*American Paper.*

IRON FOR BUILDING.—The introduction of iron for the first story of stores, is becoming very common. At the corner of Centre and Dunane streets, New York, a large edifice is going up with a front on each street, entirely of cast iron.

NAPOLEON.—Mr. Walsh, the intelligent Paris correspondent of the *Living Age*, gives the following interesting account of of the late Presidential election:

The peasantry of the interior marched to the polls with their Napoleon ticket at the end of cleft sticks, and drums beating; in many districts, when asked about their choice, they answered, "We do not mean to vote for a republican; we had enough of the republic." "Well, then," they were told, "if you do not want the republic, vote for Bonaparte." Yesterday, I asked the worthy tailor whom I had employed for many years, and who is an officer in the National Guards, how he had voted. "For Napoleon, to be sure." When he perceived that I was not edified, he added,—"Possibly it was stupid on my part; but, in truth I could no longer bear with this cursed republic." Such was the feeling of the *bourgeois* in general!

Of the memory of the Emperor Napoleon, among the French, Mr. Walsh writes:

You must have travelled over France as I have done, in every direction, to comprehend how mementos, in the forms of pictures, busts, inscriptions, almanacs, narratives, songs, local honours, are multiplied and diffused; not a private or public edifice in which his name and image do not predominate. Thirty-three years have elapsed since his reign; his omnivorous and iron despotism is forgotten; his veterans and all the retired soldiery spread in the rural districts have constantly turned the national spirit, enamoured of war and glory, to the homage which makes nearly the business of their lives.

A COINCIDENCE.—Since 1789 all the revolutions in France have taken place under Popes of the name of Pius. Louis XVI. was dethroned under Pius VI.; the directory was overturned under Pius VI.; Napoleon fell under Pius VII.; Charles X. under Pius VIII., and Louis Philippe under Pius IX.