

# The Maryland Gazette.

Annapolis, Thursday, May 3, 1828.

No. 19

State of Maryland, &c.

Anne Arundel county, Orphans' Court,  
April 1st, 1828.  
On application, by petition, of John R. Thomas, administrator of the estate of John Thomas, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law, for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in Annapolis.  
Thos. H. Hall, Reg. of Will, A. A. county.

Notice is hereby given,

That the subscriber, of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the orphans' court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of John Thomas, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, at or before the 5th day of October next, they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from the benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of April, 1828.  
John R. Thomas, admr.

PROPOSAL

FOR PRINTING  
The Journals of the Conventions of the Province of Maryland,

Held in the City of Annapolis, in the years 1774, 1775 and 1776.

If sufficient encouragement be offered, the subscriber proposes to publish, in one volume octavo, the Journals of the Conventions of the Province of Maryland, in the years 1774, 75 and '76. It is believed that there are not more than two copies of these Journals now extant; and from the circumstance that they were printed in pamphlet form, and unbound, it may be fairly concluded that they, too, must in a few years be destroyed by the mere decay of time. These Journals are the only authentic evidence of the Political History of Maryland, during that interesting and unequalled period. Although we have, in abundance, histories of Maryland, as connected with the organization of Provinces and Colonies, yet that time formed, for mutual protection against the improper assumption of power on the part of the Mother Country, yet none of these works contain what may be termed its Domestic and Internal Political History.

This part of the history of Maryland it should be her pride to bid down to posterity, not only on account of its deep interest, but as a public State Record of the voluntary sacrifices, daring spirit, and determined resolution, of her citizens, during the period of doubt and dismay.

In the confident expectation that the citizens of Maryland will consider the proposed publication of sufficient importance to entitle it to their patronage, the Subscriber is induced to issue these proposals.  
The Price per Copy, not in excess of \$2.00.  
J. GREEN.

DECISIONS

OF THE  
Court of Appeals of Maryland.  
PUBLISHED  
By Subscription.

THE DECISIONS  
OF THE  
COURT OF APPEALS OF  
MARYLAND.

To be Reported by Thomas Harris Esquire, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and Reverdy Johnson Esquire, Attorney at Law.

These Decisions will form a continuation of the first volume of Reports already published by Messrs Harris and Johnson, which closes with the year 1805. It is proposed to publish the Decisions in a Series of Numbers, each to contain not less than one hundred and twenty five pages, and the numbers to constitute a volume. The last number of each volume will contain a full and complete Index. This mode of publication, it is conceived, possesses advantages which give it a decided preference to that of publishing the Reports in bulky volumes. It ensures the earlier publication of the Reports, and as not more than a year, the expense will not be so sensibly felt.

TERMS  
The price of each number of the Reports will be \$1 25, payable on delivery.

\* Subscriptions to the above work are received at GEO SHAW'S Store, the Maryland Gazette Office, and the respective Offices of the County Clerks of this State.

PRINTING  
Neatly executed at this Office.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
BY  
Jonas Green,  
NICHOLAS STREET, ANNAPOLIS.  
—  
Three Dollars per annum.

WISCONSANT

(N. Y. Annual) Talkman for 18-8,  
MAJOR EGERTON.

He was a young British officer of high consequence. Not one of your Lord Moustiers or Marquises de Crillon, who have so often taken in our title loving republicans of fashion; but a real officer of the — regiment, a major at the age of twenty six, and the nephew of a distinguished English general; in proof of which he had brought the best letters of the best good men in our chief cities. He was quite the fashion, and he deserved to be so. Most people thought him handsome; tall and well made; and young and accomplished, he certainly was; of easy & graceful manners, ready and bold address, and fluent rattling conversation. He danced to the admiration of the ladies; and that at a time when our belles were accustomed to the incredible performances of so many Parisian partners, was no mean feat for an Englishman. He was overflouring with anecdotes of the great and gay of London; and listening dinner tables and drawing rooms hung upon his lips; he discoursed about the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Dudley and Ward, the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Louisa Miltmay, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Nelson, Kemble, and the Countess of Derby.

Still, I know not why, I liked not the man. There was something singularly disagreeable in the tone, or rather the croak, of his voice. His ready and polite laugh never came from the heart; and his smile, when by a sudden draw of the lip he showed his white teeth, contrasting with his black brow and shallow cheek, had a covert ferocity in it which almost made me shudder.

One evening, at the theatre, it was when Fennel and Cooper were contending for the palm in Othello and Iago; we were crowded together in a corner of the stage box.

"Mr. Herbert," said he suddenly to me, "you do not seem to know that you and I are quite old acquaintances."  
"I don't understand you Major."  
"Some six or seven years ago, you, then a lad, accompanied your father to the west on his mission as a commissioner to make an Indian treaty."

"Do you remember, among the Tuscaroras the Black Wild Cat, a youth of white blood, the adopted son of Good Peter, the great Indian orator? I mean the one who after giving a lesson on the bow and arrow, surprised a reverend divine of your party by reading in his Greek testament, and then terrified him by correcting his pronunciation of Latin, which, like other American scholars, he pronounced in a way intolerable to the ears of one who has had long and short flogged into him at an English school."

"Certainly, I remember him; and it is a mystery which has often puzzled me ever since."  
"Then you have now the solution of it, I am the Black Wild Cat."  
"You—how?"

"After leaving Harrow I accompanied my uncle to Canada. There a boyish frolic induced me to join an Indian party, who were returning home from Montreal. Good Peter, (a great man by the way, very like our Erskine,) took a fancy to me, and I spent my time pleasantly in that of savages, as we call them. But my uncle chafed me so, I am not sure that I was not a fool for accepting his offer, but I could not resist the temptation of the red coat and an epaulettes. The old man has pushed me on as fast as money and interest could promote me. The rest I can do for myself; and if Pitt will leave off his little expeditions to pick up up colonies, and give us a fair chance on the continent, the major at six and twenty, will be a general and a peer at thirty."

Here the rising of the curtain interrupted us. Business called me to Albany the next day, & before my return Major Egerton had sailed for England. I did not, however, forget him; and I often related, as one of the odd vicissitudes of life, the contrast between the young Black Wild Cat, as I first saw him in a Tuscarora wigwam, and the elegant major, glittering in scarlet and gold, when I met him again in the British consular ball-room.

A year or two after this, I went to England; and not long after my arrival spent a week at Bath. All who are at all acquainted in English dramatic history, know that the Bath company is commonly good, the Bath audience fashionable and critical, and that there many of the stars of the theatrical firmament have first risen. Whilst I was there, a first appearance was announced. Mr. Montfort, of whom report spoke favourably, was to make his debut in Romeo. I went with the crowd to see it. Romeo entered, and thunder of applause welcomed the handsome and graceful lover.

"Could I believe my eyes? Can this be Major Egerton? Yes—he smiles—that wicked and heartless smile cannot be mistaken; and his voice—that tongue

less grating voice—it is he. What can it mean? Is it a joke, or a frolic, or some strange caprice of fortune?  
That grating voice which betrayed him to me, raised him with the house. It had a high & most ludicrous break from a high hoarse croak, down at once in a shrill squeak; so that, in spite of grace and figure, and a tolerable conception of his author, he was fairly laughed down. I did my best to sustain him, but I was almost alone in the good natured attempt.

Two days after, turning short round the transept of the Abbey-church, I came full upon Major Egerton, who was standing alone, with a listless and melancholy air.

"Major," said I—then correcting myself—"Mr. Montfort," with an offer of my hand. He met me boldly—"Herbert," said he, "I see you know my misfortunes." "Not at all—I saw you in Rome, but wherefore you were Rome I could not guess."

"Sheer necessity—a run of ill luck and other misfortunes to which young soldiers are exposed, threw me out of favour with my uncle and the old general, and into the King's Bench. At last I sold my commission, and resolved on a new profession. I had trusted to succeed on the stage; I knew that this husky throat of mine made the attempt hazardous, yet Gifford and his brother wags had laughed at the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat, and if art and taste had overcome his defects, why might they not mine also? But it is all over now."

"Then you do not mean to pursue the profession?" "No—the manager talks of twelve and six pence a week, and ordered me to study Bardolph for Cooke's Falstaff on Monday. I must seek my fortune elsewhere. If nothing better offers, I'll to my old trade, and enlist as a soldier. In the mean while let me give you a guinea for old acquaintance sake."

I did so, and saw no more of him at Bath. I soon after left England for the continent. At Dover, before the quarters of some general officers, I saw the ci-devant Major Egerton on duty as a sentinel—a private soldier. I did not speak to him, nor did he seem to observe me; but I was sure of my man.

The studies and the amusements of Paris, during the winter, and the excitement of travel for the rest of the year, soon put my unlucky major out of my head; except that now and then when I fell into a narrative mood, I would tell his story to some of my young countrymen, generally ending it with a Johnsonian morality;—that nothing could supply the want of prudence, and that continued irregularity will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and talent contemptible.

In those days it was not easy to get a comfortable passage from France to the United States, so that I was obliged to return home by the way of England. I therefore crossed from Holland to Harwich. Not far from the road up to London was the country seat of a wealthy gentleman, who had married a pretty American cousin of mine. I gladly seized the opportunity of paying Sophia a visit, and as willingly accepted her husband's invitation to spend a day or two with them. The next day was Sunday.

"You will go with us to church," said Sophia; "your passion for gothic churches and old monuments will be gratified there. We have an old carved pulpit, said to be without match in England."  
"Yes, cousin, but what shall we find in the pulpit to-day?"  
"Oh, our rector, I suppose. He is not quite such a preacher as your Dr. Mason, yet they say he is very agreeable in society; though I know little about him, for my husband holds him in perfect detestation."

So we went to the village church. As I followed Sophia up the aisle, the "dear-beloved brethren," grated on my ear in that voice which I can never forget. I looked up in amazement. In the reading-desk, duly attired in surplice and band, stood Major Egerton.

I could not allow my cousin to enter the pew without asking her, in a hurried whisper, "who is the clergyman?" "Mr. Egerton, the rector," she replied as coldly as if there was nothing strange in the matter. I was lost in wonder, and stood during the whole service leaning over the high oak pew, gazing at the rector with all the filigree impatience of curiosity. He rattled through the service prelude, lesson—lyrics and all, in little more than half an hour; and then preached a sermon of twelve minutes, which I believe was a paper of the Rambler, with a scriptural text substituted for the classical motto. To do Egerton justice, there was nothing of levity or affectation in his manner; but it was as rapid, cold and mechanical as possible.

As soon as it was over, without thinking of my friends, or any one else, I busied through the retiring congregation, and met the rector alone at the

foot of the pulpit stairs. He had observed me before, and now greeted me with a laugh. "So," said he, "Herbert, you see, circumstances have altered with me since you saw me at Dover, a poor private in the 49th."

"They have indeed, but what does it mean?" "Nothing more than that a rich and noble cousin was ashamed of having a relation and a god-son who bore his name, and had borne a commission in his majesty's service, now known to be a private of foot. He paid my debts, took me out of the ranks, and was about to ship me off for Sierra Leone, clerk of the courts there when this living, which is his gift, became vacant. I had Latin and Greek enough left out of my old Harrow stock for any ordinary parson; and the living is not bad. So having no particular fancy to spend my days 'all among the Hottentots a capering on shore,' I begged the living, and got myself jappanned."

"Jappanned!" said I.  
"Yes, got my red coat dyed black, you know. The Bishop of London was squeamish about me, though I don't see why; but his Lordship of — had no such silly scruples, and I have been these two months rector of Buffington cum Norton."

My fair cousin and her worthy husband were waiting for me at the church door, and our conversation ended abruptly with some common place offers of civility. When I rejoined my friends, the suspicious looks which my host cast at me, showed that my apparent intimacy with his new rector was not at all calculated to raise me in his estimation. I had to explain, by relating my former New York acquaintance with the ex-major; and then by way of repelling all suspicions of too close intimacy, on our way home took occasion to vent my indignation at the system of church and state, which could tolerate such abuses of the ecclesiastical establishment.

On Monday I went up to London, and soon after returned home. On my second visit to Europe some years after, I became very intimate with a party of young Cantabs, some of them rich, and all of them well educated, who were suffering under that unwholesome disease, called the locomotion abroad, which infects idle Englishmen of all ages; a malady of which, by the way, we have inherited a full share with our English blood.—Shut out from the common tour of Europe by the domination of Napoleon, my Cambridge friends had planned a grand tour of Russia, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and thence perhaps to Persia and India. I was easily persuaded to be of the party.

This, of course, is not the place to relate my travels, nor indeed is it necessary that I should ever do it. My companions have long ago anticipated me in sundry well printed London quartos, with splendid engravings, wherein I have the honour to be perpetuated by the burlesque of Heath & other great artists, now perched half way up a pyramid, then jolting on the bare back of a hard trotting camel, and sometimes sitting cross legged on the floor between two well bearded Turks, at a Pacha's dinner table, eating roast lamb and rice with my fingers. Meanwhile, in the letter press I go down to posterity as the author's "intelligent friend," his "amusing friend," and even his "enterprising friend." Thus, upon the whole, without the risk or trouble of authorship I have gained a very cheap and agreeable literary immortality; except, however, that when any disaster occurs in the tour, I am somewhat made to bear a much larger portion of it than I can recollect to have ever actually fallen in my share. On all such occasions I am made to figure as "our unfortunate friend."

It was not till we had again turned our faces towards civilized Europe, after having traversed in all directions the frozen North and the gorgeous East, and gazed on many a "forest and field and band, temple and tower," renovated in song or in story, that we reached the land of Egypt.

We had consumed a full year in our tour more than we had calculated on, and were all of us in a feverish anxiety to return home. We therefore una vice gave up the thoughts of penetrating to the sources of the Nile, and of eating live beefsteaks with Bruce's Abyssinian friends.

It was after having seen all the sights and explored the great Pyramid in the usual way within, and clambered to its top without, whilst my fatigued companions were resting in the shade with our guard, that I, who am proof against any fatigue of this sort, and a little vain of being so, strolled forward towards the Sphinx, which, as every body knows, rears its ugly colossal head out of the sand at some distance in front of what is called the second Pyramid. I was standing near it, making a sketch, after my fashion, of the relative positions of the great Pyramids,

when I was startled by the sudden appearance of a gay troop of Hamelke horses, whose approach had been hidden from my sight by the ruins of the small pyramid on my left, and who now suddenly darted by me in gallant style.— To my surprise, the leader of the troop, who, from the dazzling splendor of his equipments, seemed to be a chief of rank, in passing looked me full in the face, and then wheeling rapidly twice round me, sprang from his horse. In the meanwhile his party, to whom he gave some brief command, went on at a slow walk, and halted in the shade of a neighboring ruin.

The stranger stood silently before me, tall and stately, in that gorgeous amplitude and splendour of dress which Eastern warriors love. His wide scarlet trowsers marked him as a Mameluke. A rich Cashmere shawl, such as an English Duchess might have envied, was fancifully wreathed, turban like, round his head, and fell over his shoulders. This, as well as his clasped and silver mounted pistols and jewel-hilted dagger in his belt, and his crooked cyometer in its crimson velvet sheath, with gold bosses and hilt, marked the rank and wealth of the wearer. So too did his slender limbed, small headed, bright eyed iron grey Arabian, with black legs, mane and tail, and sprinkled all over with little stars of white, who had a moment before passed me with the swiftness of an arrow's flight, and who now stood behind his master, with the reins loose on his neck, gentle and docile as a spaniel.

Supposing that this might be some Turk whom I had known at Alexandria or Cairo, I looked him full in the face, but could not recollect having seen him before. He appeared young, except that his coal-black whiskers and beard were here and there grizzled by a greyish hair. The scar of a deep scab cut across the forehead and left cheek, showed him no holiday soldier. There was nothing in his manner to excite a alarm, and besides, my friends with a very strong guard of horse, were within hearing.

After mutually gazing on each other for some moments, the customary salutation of oriental salutation was on my lips, when I was startled by his grasping my hand with a genuine English shake, and calling me by name, in a well known voice. Then, too, the thickly mustached upper lip drew back and showed me the well remembered tiger-like smile.

"Egerton—can it be? Major—said I. "No—Husseini—Husseini Al Rus."

"Then this is not the Reverend Rector of —?" I proceeded, perplexed and confused, though certain as to my man.

"Yes—but that was six long years ago. An awkward circumstance occurred which made it expedient for me to leave England; as I had no fancy to gain posthumous renown, like Dr. Dodd by preaching my own funeral sermon, and being hung in my canonicals."

"But how is it that you are in Egypt, and that, it seems, in honour and affluence?"  
"Yes, it goes well enough with me here. Accident brought me to Egypt. The Pacha wanted men who knew European tactics, and I found a place in his service. Another accident, of which I bear the mark, (passing his hand across his forehead,) placed me about his person. An rest, I made my own way, and have a very pretty command, which I would not care to exchange for any regiment in his majesty's service."

"But the language?"  
"Oh—I have a great facility in catching languages by the ear. I believe I owe it to my Tuscarora education. A prop—How is good Peter? Is the old man alive? I was about to tell him what I knew of good Peter, when he again interrupted me. "But for yourself—what are you doing here?—Have you money making Yankees caught the English fully of digging up mummies, measuring pyramids, and burying stone coffins? sarchophagi of Alexander and Ptolemy, as the fools call them."

"As respects myself," I answered, "it seems so."  
"Then I may serve you. You once did me a favour, perhaps I can repay it now."  
"I have no favour to ask but that of your company and the information you can give me. I am with an English project consulats at Cairo, and have no projects independent of my friends."

"Ah! is it so—then you need nothing from me. John Bull is in power here just now, and that the company you are in may prevent my seeing much of you. But we'll meet somewhere again. Good bye," said he, leaping on his Arabian. In a few minutes he was at the head of his troop, and in a few more out of sight.

"Fare the well," muttered I to myself, following him with my eyes till

he was out of their reach, better thus than as I saw thee last—better a Mahometan renegade than a profligate priest."

I rejoined my friends; satisfied them with some general account of meeting a Turk whom I had seen before in England.

We returned to Cairo, and soon left Egypt—Six months after I landed once more in New York. Years rolled on, all pregnant with great events to the world, and with smaller ones of equal interest to myself. I did not talk any more about Egerton; for his transformations had now become so multiplied, that they began to sound to me like a traveller's story to be told by no modest man as I am. Besides, there was then no need of telling any old stories; for those were the glorious and stirring days of Napoleon, when

Events of wonder swelled each tale, And each day brought a varying tale. Meantime my natural instinct for travel—for it is certainly an instinct—Dr. Gall himself, once pointed me out in his own lecture room as wholly deficient in the organ of inhabitativeness, and equally conspicuous for my capacity for localities. This instinct, though long retrained, was as ardent as ever, and when my old friend Commodore — invited me to accompany him in his Mediterranean cruise, to try a new seventy-four, and parade our naval force before Turkey and Christians, I could not refuse him.

Once more then I gazed on the towers and minarets of Constantinople. Once more that fair scene—but all that is in Dr. Clarke and other travellers' and I hate telling thrice-told tales.

Whilst at Constantinople, or rather in its suburbs, with a party of American officers, after having satisfied our curiosity, as far as we could, on the shore of European Turkey, my friends were anxious to take a look at the Asiatic coast, where the true Turk was to be seen in more unadulterated purity. So, among other excursions we went to Scutari. It is an old Turkish town, full of mosques, and monasteries of Derwishes; and the great lion of the exhibition of the Mehveleli, or dancing Derwishes, of the very hometans which an infidel is allowed to witness.

It is a strange thing that there is so little variety among men in this large world. Nature is inexhaustible in her changes but man is always alike. Here are all, east, west, north, and south, as we have been, these two thousand years, telling and hearing the same stories, laughing at the same jokes, and playing the fool all over in the same dull way. That the business of life, and its science and its passions should be the uniform, is a matter of course. People must of necessity, till their fields and learn their mathematics, must make money, make war, make shoes, and make love pretty much as the rest of the world do. But their fancies and their follies, one would think, might be dissimilar, irregular, wild, capricious, and original. Nevertheless the nonsense of the world smacks every where of wearisome sameness; and wherever the traveller roams, the only real variety he finds in man is that of coat, gown, cloak, or pelisse; hat, cap, helm, or turban—the sitting cross-legged or on a chair—the eating dinner with a fork or the fingers.

This nonsense of the dancing and howling Derwishes at Scutari is very much the same nonsense that many of my readers must have seen at Lebanon and Niskayuna among our shakers. It is a kind of dancing by way of religious exercises, at first heavy, and then becoming more and more violent. The chief difference is, that the Turks, when once excited, have more violence in whirling round and round on their tip-toes, with shouting and bowing, than I have ever seen in our placid and well fed Shaker Monks. The Turks have, besides, the music of flutes and tambour, and the palter of patriarchal dlays, which they accompany with a maniac guttural howling of Ulla-hoo, Ulla-hoo. Those who pretend to special sanctity, add some slight of hand tricks, such as seeming to drive daggers into their flesh, and taking hot irons into their mouths.

Altogether it is a very tedious and very disgusting spectacle. The emir or abbot of the Mahometan monastery was old and feeble, and the chief duty of leading the dance and setting the howl devolved upon a kind of aid-de-camp, to whom great respect was evidently paid. He had the ordering of the whole ceremony, and the arranging of spectators, and was in fact, as one of my naval companions called him the Beau Nash of the Derwishes' Ball-room.

He was a stout sickly Turk, with bushy grey locks and a beard, dressed in the old costume which shakers his brow overclouded by the pop which

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Once more then I gazed on the towers and minarets of Constantinople. Once more that fair scene—but all that is in Dr. Clarke and other travellers' and I hate telling thrice-told tales.

Whilst at Constantinople, or rather in its suburbs, with a party of American officers, after having satisfied our curiosity, as far as we could, on the shore of European Turkey, my friends were anxious to take a look at the Asiatic coast, where the true Turk was to be seen in more unadulterated purity. So, among other excursions we went to Scutari. It is an old Turkish town, full of mosques, and monasteries of Derwishes; and the great lion of the exhibition of the Mehveleli, or dancing Derwishes, of the very hometans which an infidel is allowed to witness.

It is a strange thing that there is so little variety among men in this large world. Nature is inexhaustible in her changes but man is always alike. Here are all, east, west, north, and south, as we have been, these two thousand years, telling and hearing the same stories, laughing at the same jokes, and playing the fool all over in the same dull way. That the business of life, and its science and its passions should be the uniform, is a matter of course. People must of necessity, till their fields and learn their mathematics, must make money, make war, make shoes, and make love pretty much as the rest of the world do. But their fancies and their follies, one would think, might be dissimilar, irregular, wild, capricious, and original. Nevertheless the nonsense of the world smacks every where of wearisome sameness; and wherever the traveller roams, the only real variety he finds in man is that of coat, gown, cloak, or pelisse; hat, cap, helm, or turban—the sitting cross-legged or on a chair—the eating dinner with a fork or the fingers.

This nonsense of the dancing and howling Derwishes at Scutari is very much the same nonsense that many of my readers must have seen at Lebanon and Niskayuna among our shakers. It is a kind of dancing by way of religious exercises, at first heavy, and then becoming more and more violent. The chief difference is, that the Turks, when once excited, have more violence in whirling round and round on their tip-toes, with shouting and bowing, than I have ever seen in our placid and well fed Shaker Monks. The Turks have, besides, the music of flutes and tambour, and the palter of patriarchal dlays, which they accompany with a maniac guttural howling of Ulla-hoo, Ulla-hoo. Those who pretend to special sanctity, add some slight of hand tricks, such as seeming to drive daggers into their flesh, and taking hot irons into their mouths.

Altogether it is a very tedious and very disgusting spectacle. The emir or abbot of the Mahometan monastery was old and feeble, and the chief duty of leading the dance and setting the howl devolved upon a kind of aid-de-camp, to whom great respect was evidently paid. He had the ordering of the whole ceremony, and the arranging of spectators, and was in fact, as one of my naval companions called him the Beau Nash of the Derwishes' Ball-room.

He was a stout sickly Turk, with bushy grey locks and a beard, dressed in the old costume which shakers his brow overclouded by the pop which