DUBOIS'S
LUCKY LOTTERY OFFICE,
WHERE WAS SOLD THE THIRD CAPITAL PRIZE in the Maryland State Lottery, No. 4.

No. 6, for 1831,
MARYLAND STATE LOTTERY,
ODD AND EVEN.
To be drawn in Baltimore on WEDNESDAY, the 31st of AUGUST.

HIGHEST PRIZE
10,000 DOLLARS.

HALF TICKETS $1 QUARTER 50 CENTS.

SCHEME:

1	prize of	10,000	is	10,000
1	of	2,000	is	2,000
1	of	1,000	is	1,000
1	of	600	is	600
1	of	400	is	400
1	of	500	is	500
1	of	200	is	200
5	of	100	is	500
10	of	50	is	500
20	of	20	is	400
50	of	10	is	500
200	of	5	is	600
10,000	of	$1,50	is	15,000
10,292 Prizes				$32,100

August 4. 1d

CLARK'S OFFICE,
BALTIMORE, July 29, 1831.

ON WEDNESDAY, August 31, will be drawn in Baltimore, MARYLAND STATE LOTTERY—No. 6, for 1831.

ODD AND EVEN.
HIGHEST PRIZE,
10,000 DOLLARS.

SCHEME:

1 prize of $10,000		5 prizes	$100
1	2000	10	50
1	1000	20	50
1	600	50	10
1	400	200	5
1	300	10,000	1.50
1	200		

Half Tickets only one dollar—Quarters 50 cts
To be had at
CLARK'S
Offices, N. W. corner of Baltimore and Calvert, N. W. corner of Baltimore and Gay, N. E. corner of Baltimore and Charles Streets.

*** Orders either by mail (post paid) or private conveyance, enclosing the cash or prizes, will meet the same prompt and punctual attention as if on personal application. Address to JOHN CLARK, Lottery Vender, Balt.
August. 11.

NOTICE.

THE Commissioners of Anne Arundel County will meet at the Court House, in the City of Annapolis, on Tuesday the 20th day of October next, for the purpose of hearing appeals, and making transfers, and transacting the ordinary business of the Levy Court.
By order,
CASHROD W. MARRIOTT, Clk.
Aug. 18. 1m.

WANTED.

A SITUATION as a Teacher, by one who can give satisfactory references regarding character and qualifications, to act either as an English or Classical Instructor.
A line addressed to the P. M. West River will receive prompt attention.
July 28.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

WILL be sold at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, on the Farm belonging to the heirs of Henders in Magruder, on Saturday the 10th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M. a sufficient quantity of Rail Timber or Cord Wood standing, as the case may require, to satisfy County Charges due for the year 1829. Attendance by
ABNER LINTHICUM, Jun.
Late Collector A. A. County.
August 11.

STATE OF MARYLAND, SS.
Anne-Arundel County, Orphans Court, Aug. 10th, 1831.

ON application by petition of Abner Linthicum, Sen. Adm'r of Elijah Yealdhall late of Anne-Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against 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 the city of Annapolis.
THOMAS T. SIMMONS,
Reg. Wills 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 Elijah Yealdhall late of Anne-Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 10th day of February next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of August 1831.
ABNER LINTHICUM Sen. Adm'r.
Aug. 18 6w

RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!

CASH will be given for clean Linen and Cotton Rags, at this Office.
Jan. 6, 1831.

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVI. ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1831. NO. 35

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
Church-Street, Annapolis.
PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONCEAL THOU NOT MY FAITH AWAY.

By Charles Gilborne Lyons.

Conceal not thou my faith away,
Nor temt to doubt the trusting mind,—
Tell that earth can yield decay,
Yet leave this heavenly gift behind,—
Life is but a meteor gleam,
Darkness and surrounding gloom,—
A dying lamp, a fitful beam,
Quenched in the cold and silent tomb.

Yet if, as holy men have said,
There lie beyond that dreary bourne
Some region where the faithful dead
Eternally forget to mourn,
Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,
The burning wild, the black abyss,—
Shrink not from the path of pain,
Which endeth in a world like this.

Mortal! I tell that nerves us here,
Weak grief assails and sorrow stings,
Evil out in the shadows sphere
Of nature's weak imaginings;
Hope, though cherished long and deep,
Be cold and hopeless mockeries;
Then welcome that eternal sleep,
Which knoweth not of dreams like these.

Cease! hush! thou troubled heart! be still;
Resignate thy vain philosophy;—
Like morning on the misty hill,
The light of truth will break on thee,
Go—search the prophet's deathless page—
Go—question thou the radiant sky,
And learn from them, mistaken sage!
The glorious words—"*Thou shalt not die!*"

From the New York Mirror.

THE GREAT MEDICINE: OR THE MAGIC WHISKERS.

IN THE STYLE OF MODERN BOOKS OR TRAVELS.

Being an abridgment of eight octavo manuscript volumes.

Young Hyacinth Primrose was early in life smitten with the mania for locomotion. As soon as he was his own master he commenced his travels, and in the course of seven years poked his nose into divers unknown countries with hard names, and inhabited by people of hard characters. He visited the Black sea, the White sea, and the Red sea; he visited the cataracts of the Nile, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and the Catacombs. From thence he took an excursion to Palestine, where he saw Mount Tabor, the lake Tiberias, the ruins of Tyre; had a long talk with Lady Hester Stanhope, and was not half so surprised at any thing, in the whole course of his travels, as at not finding a single Jew in Jerusalem.

After this he perambulated almost all Europe, saw every thing that every traveller had seen for a thousand years past, and was just on the point of invading old Africa, for the purpose of visiting the famous city of Timbuctoo, and ascertaining the course of the Niger, when it occurred to him he might die before he got there; whereupon, considering that there were a more old worlds to conquer, he stopped short in his career, and sojourned awhile at the city of the *restaurateurs*.

While there, the Savans bored him about his own country, and especially about the Aborigines, concerning whom, the learned of Europe are exceedingly curious. Hyacinth had passed so much of his time in acquiring a knowledge of other countries, that he knew little or nothing of his own. Having displayed his ignorance one evening, in a very decisive manner, a learned and distinguished old philosopher was overheard to say, "Monsieur, if you wish to acquire information of other people, you should bring a little with you by way of exchange;" whereupon friend Hyacinth beat a retreat, and returned to the new world, with a prodigious outfit of whiskers.

He determined to qualify himself for the learned of Europe, by acquiring a competent knowledge of matters of which they were ignorant. But how to do this was the question. "Books can teach me nothing but what these fellows know, for they read every thing; and as to travelling, every part of this Continent has been explored. There is no *terra incognita* here."

He thought of the sources of the Mississippi; but, as ill luck will have it, Mr. Schoolcraft had just been there, and published a book. Next he proposed to explore the country beyond Lake Superior, but Captain Franklin had been beforehand with him. Then he thought of the vast regions about the Missouri, the Yellow Stone, the Platte, and the Arkansaw; but, alas! here too Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, and Major Long had anticipated him. He was almost ready to weep, like another Alexander, when the thought struck him that no one had ever yet explored the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, and he determined to set about it immediately.

"It must be a glorious place for wonders," quoth he; "and if not so, I can make as many wonders as I please, for there will be nobody to contradict me."

Accordingly he hastened his preparations, consisting of some trinkets to conciliate the Indians, some coffee to refresh himself, and divers other little affairs too tedious to mention. At St. Louis he met a party of traders, going up the Missouri, as far as Council Bluffs, who agreed to take him with them.—From Council Bluffs they proceeded up the Platte river, till they came to the Loup Fork, where the party separated: the traders going to the Pawnee villages on that stream to barter for furs; and Hyacinth with his companion, interpreter, and guide, all in one person, proceeding up the main stream towards the Rocky mountains. The guide was half Frenchman, half Indian, or, to say truth, rather more of an Indian than a Frenchman, or indeed any thing else. He professed to speak French, but our hero perceived it was not exactly with the Parisian accent; and as to his English, it was mixed with a strange variety of classical Indianisms. He was as thin as a reed, of a dark, weather-beaten complexion, long, lank, raven hair, and a face as smooth as the palm of my hand. He had extermin[illegible] his beard by the roots, in compliance to the Indian ladies, who abhor such an appendage to a fine gentleman. There could not have been found in all the world a greater contrast than the faces of Hyacinth Primrose and his travelling Mentor, Pierre Fuzee, as he was called, presented. Pierre remonstrated seriously against the appearance of our hero, and wanted very much to shave him outright, but he swore he would rather [illegible] for a buffalo than part with a single hair. Pierre Fuzee shook his head, and instead of heaving a sigh, as some men would, or getting angry, as others might have done, cut a caper, and began a song in all languages, about hunting grizzly bears, and such other rural recreations. He was indeed the merriest, best natured, bravest rogue that ever danced a jig on the banks of the Platte.

The third day of their Pilgrimage they saw an immense drove of wild horses, which came galloping towards them, like a troop of Arabs of the desert. Our hero, indeed, mistook them for such, until they came near enough for him to see they were without riders. They curvetted round and round in a circle, gradually contracting at each circuit till they came nigh enough to have kicked our travellers into mammies, if they had not so minded. Without paying any attention to Pierre they all rallied round Hyacinth, with whom they seemed to acknowledge a close affinity. They rubbed their noses against his whiskers with infinite satisfaction, and appeared so desirous of his accompanying them, that Pierre Fuzee was afraid they would seize on his master, and run off with him. He therefore fired his gun over their heads, upon which they all scampered away like the wind; not, however, without now and then turning round to look at his whiskers!

"Diable!" said Pierre, laughing, "I believe Monsieur Hyacinta carries some great charm about him."

A few days more brought our travellers to a part of the river which was quite dry, as it is in many places, where, like some of the streams of Africa, it is absorbed by the quicksands and disappears. Pierre was running about among the stunted cotton trees, in search of game, and Hyacinth took into his head to cross over on the other side of the dry bed of the river. Before he had gone ten steps he sunk up to his shoulder in the quicksands, through which the river found its silent unseen way. He called for help—it was high time to call, for in addition to the quicksands, there was a great brown bear approaching from the opposite shore towards him, and he in the struggle had lost his rifle, which immediately disappeared in the sands.

Pierre fired at the animal without effect.—He either missed him entirely, or the creature did not feel the ball, for they don't mind a few shots through the liver and lungs. Before Pierre could load again the bear had come up with our unfortunate hero, and was reconnoitring his whiskers.

"My master is a gone man!" sighed Pierre—but for once he was mistaken. Sir Bruin discovered a marvellous sympathy with the unfortunate gentleman, whom he mistook, probably, for one of his fellow creatures; and after kissing and hugging all he could see of him, which indeed was nothing but his head and face, shook his wise noddle, as much as to say, it is all over with my brother, and scrambled away out of the quicksands as fast as he was able, I suppose to call his friends to the assistance of Mr. Hyacinth Primrose.—

"By St. Gallinipper," quoth Pierre, "but my master has certainly got something about him, to keep off all the wild beasts. I must find out what it is."

But first he thought of getting the poor gentleman out of the quicksand. After a moment's reflection, he bethought himself of one of those slipping nooses used by the Indians to catch the wild horses of the prairies; and getting as near as he could, without sinking into the sands himself, he threw it with such dexterity that the noose went right over his head. He then pulled him out of the sand as softly as possible, for fear of choking him, which he certainly would have done had it not been for the vast tuft of hair he carried about his muzzle and under his chin, which prevented the rope from even chafing his skin.

"What a fool I was," quoth Pierre Fuzee, "to pull out my beard by the roots. There is no medicine, not even a rifle that never misses, equal to such a suit of whiskers."

Soon after they came to a prairie dog village, and being very hungry, having met with no game for the last three days, they were in hopes to be able to procure one of these little animals for supper; but they were so wild, that it was impossible to come within gun-shot of them. Accordingly, they laid themselves down at the root of a cotton tree, and instead of taking supper, took a nap. Presently a troop of prairie dogs crept close to our hero, and seemed to be very curious about his whiskers. They conversed together in low under tones, looked first at his whiskers, then at each other, pricked up their ears, cocked their tails, and seemed eager to make acquaintance with this new species of puppy, that Pierre, who could not sleep sound for hunger, took the opportunity of seizing a couple of them by the legs, and converting them to his own use and behoof; in other words, cooking one for supper, the other for breakfast.

"Hurrah!" cried Pierre Fuzee, "whiskers forever! It don't signify, but I must have a pair, by hook or by crook."

He took a piece of dry cotton-wood, and having burnt it to a coal, applied it to his muzzle with such surprising effect, that in a little distance his whole face looked as if it were bewhiskered in the very first style. He then laid himself down, and pretended to be asleep. But the prairie dogs were not to be taken in by such a counterfeit. They did not discover the same disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, as they did that of our hero, nor acknowledge the same affinity with his whiskers.

As they approached the head waters of the Platte river they encountered a herd of buffaloes, which stood stock still, and suffered our hero to come close up to them without appearing to take any notice of his approach.

"He certainly is in possession of some uncommon charm," quoth Pierre, as he fired at a fat bull, whose rump had caught his fancy. The herd fled at the report of the rifle, but looked back several times, apparently wondering Hyacinth did not follow them. There could be little doubt but they mistook him for one of their company. In the night and as soon as his wound the great bull died for our hero, roaring like the sounds of [illegible] Pierre smoked with his master, who was standing with his back towards the camp fire, and his guard, some he again loaded his rifle, and the young man turned round just as the bull was within a single jump of him.

"It is all over with my master," quoth Pierre, "unless the whiskers do their duty now."

But what was his surprise at seeing the fiery animal stop short the moment Hyacinth turned towards him, shake his head, as if he had made a mistake, then advance up to him, and rub against his side, as if he had been for all the world just like a fellow creature.

Being now at the entrance into the Rocky Mountains, our hero, as was his custom, took out his book, and was busy making some notes for the benefit of the savans at [illegible] when he was startled by a whizzing [illegible] passing close to his ear, followed by [illegible] rapidly. Before [illegible] himself together, a band of [illegible] rushed upon, and [illegible] him, had not Pierre Fuzee [illegible] in their own language, and [illegible] were friends. The party was headed by a great chief, called Mi[illegible] or the Tobacco-bag, and belonged to a tribe which inhabited a valley far in the bosom of the mountains, to which they conducted Hyacinth and his attendant. When they came in sight of the village, which consisted of about forty or fifty lodges or tents, made of buffaloe skins, they raised a loud shout, and the women and children came out to meet them; but, as soon as they saw our hero's tremendous whiskers, they ran away, and hid themselves in the woods. It was sometime before they could be prevailed on to return, which they did at last, on the assurances of Pierre that his master would not hurt them. After admiring and wondering a good deal, one of the women, a daughter of Mitamma bao, ventured to come and smooth his whiskers, laughing at the same time, and crying out "Ouskinckissi Manichick," which Pierre translated "The Great Medicine." The name of this princess was Nikik, or the Little Otter, and her mother, now dead, was a Spanish woman of Santa Fe.

The great Tobacco bag took Hyacinth to his lodge and gave him a little short pipe to smoke. He was one of the gravest Indians in all the Rocky Mountains, but he could not help laughing to see the smoke coming out of his whiskers, like a little prairie just getting on fire. This band was at war with its neighbours, as is customary with this amiable, interesting race, and soon after set out on an expedition against a tribe, the chief of which had pronounced the Tobacco-bag to be an old woman.

Hyacinth was complimented with the privilege of going along with them, accompanied by Pierre, and the Little Otter begged him very tenderly to take care of his whiskers. In two days the Tobacco-bag came up with the enemy, who made a stout resistance, until our hero advanced, whereupon they all ran away as fast as their legs would carry them!

Hyacinth was considered the hero of the day, and his whiskers from that moment held in profound veneration, as the greatest medicine ever known in the Rocky Mountains. They had gained a victory over one of the most powerful nations in the world, commanded by Kallitate or the Lame Duck, a mighty warrior, who wore a necklace of scalps a yard long.

From this time the renowned Tobacco-bag meditated a plan for securing the great Medicine, by marrying his only daughter, the Little Otter, to our hero, and adopting him into the tribe. While he was wavering on this point, and summing up the *pros* and *cons*, the Little Otter, and indeed all the women of the tribe, did nothing but admire the great medicine. Pierre Fuzee, by putting odds and ends together, and recollecting the incidents of the Bear, the Prairie-dog, the buffalo, &c. had made it out entirely to his satisfaction, that all the virtue of the great medicine his master carried about him was in his whiskers. This idea he communicated to the ladies, and great therefore was [illegible] to get possession of the least curl of this wonderful talisman.

They begged and entreated him, if it was only a single hair, but our hero was inexorable; he would rather have sacrificed his ears than his whiskers. Every night, while he was asleep, they came in and watched his motions, but he had no peace of his life; even if he took one of the little parties on his side, it was sure to lay hold of them with all its might, long before they could be invited to the [illegible] of the mother. In this way they with lost some of his most precious curls, and became quite inconsolable when he contemplated his visage in a pocket-glass, which he had carefully preserved.

The Little Otter, who had become very fond of him, and could hardly bear to be out of his sight, one day looked over his shoulder, and saw the reflections of the whiskers in the glass, upon which she ran away to the rest of the women, and reported that there was another "Ouskinckissi Manichick" come among them. On explaining the affair, they determined to get possession of the second great medicine, and that night purloined his whiskers. But great was their astonishment and vexation at finding no Ouskinckissi within it. They were, however, consoled for their disappointment by [illegible] If there, instead of the great medicine. For a long time they did nothing but [illegible] times to admire themselves, and pass all their time looking in the glass, instead of cultivating corn, carrying wood, cooking [illegible] and mending moccassins, as in duty bound.

The [illegible] of this wonderful little thing [illegible] so many faces, added to the [illegible] of those simple people for our [illegible] Tobacco-bag hesitated no [illegible] giving him his daughter, and a [illegible] son and successor. But [illegible] it became [illegible] all the old women, who a[illegible] the chiefs of the Rocky Mountains [illegible] dreams, and decide on all [illegible] of public interest. They are the [illegible] old ladies in the world, for [illegible] perfectly silly [illegible] opinions.

After [illegible] the old ladies decided, according to immemorial custom, [illegible] with a great beard [illegible] dragging their great [illegible] field-mouse, by his tail, [illegible] could be adopted into the tribe without first having his beard pulled out by the roots, so that it should never grow again, to give offence to the great comet which was [illegible] to a monopoly of all the beards in the universe. These cunning old baggages thought that by this decision they would each have a chance of getting a few hairs of the great medicine, to wit, the whiskers of the renowned traveller, Hyacinth Primrose. The old men were also, no doubt, influenced by a secret wish of this kind, and the decision was unanimous against the whiskers.

It is impossible to describe the indignation of our hero, when he heard of this confiscation of the honours of his muzzle. He swore that he would see the Tobacco-bag, the Little Otter, and the great comet with a grey beard, and the great field-mouse hanging by his tail, at the d—l, before they should touch a hair of his beard. Nor was the horror of Pierre Fuzee a whit inferior to the rage of his master. He muttered an *olla podrida* of imprecations, half French, half Spanish, half English, and half Indian—for it took four halves to make up such a diabolical whole—that would have made the very beards of a forest of live oak stand on end, had they, peradventure, heard him. He held the whiskers of our hero to be the greatest medicine in the world, and like a faithful retainer, took no little share of their honours and dignity to himself. He did not fail to blacken his muzzle every morning with burnt wood; but the Indians easily distinguished between this paltry imitation and the original whiskers of his illustrious master.

The expostulations of Hyacinth and his faithful squire were vain. They might have swore till the Rocky Mountains echoed with their swearing—the old women were determined to get possession of a few hairs of the great medicine, but how to disforest the phiz of our hero was the question. Such was the awe of the possessor of the mighty whiskers that the stoutest warriors shrunk from committing the sacrilege of even touching them without his consent.—They sent the Little Otter, like another Delilah, to cheat our hero out of his beard and his supernatural powers; but that little traitoress did nothing but tickle her nose with his whiskers, and laugh like an innocent child to see how it made her sneeze. She then, after amusing herself sometime in this way till she was tired, told him what she came for: and instead of trying to induce him quietly to resign his honours, insinuated to him to run away with her to the white people, and make her his wife. Pierre Fuzee joined his entreaties, and our hero consented, if they could find an opportunity, for he swore they should have his life sooner than his whiskers.

The Little Otter was accordingly instructed to tell the old women that the great Ouskinckissi Minichick had promised to submit to the disfreshing, (that was the phrase of these simple people,) provided they would permit him to do it in his own way. In the first place they must pitch him a tent by itself, at somed istance towards the sources of the river Platte, and leave him alone with his servant, Pierre Fuzee, with a supply of provisions for seven days; that they must neither come that way or look that way, if they wished to raise any pumpkins or kill any buffaloes all the rest of their lives. They might come on the eighth night, and by that time the Ouskinckissi Minichick's face would be as bare of whiskers as the great snowy summit of the mountain was of trees.

The old women unanimously assented to this arrangement: the lodge was erected, the provisions deposited, and the Ouskinckissi Manichick shut up with his faithful squire, Pierre Fuzee. That very night, as soon as it was dark, the Little Otter stole from her lair, and joined them. They lost not a moment, all things being previously prepared, in departing with all speed towards the sources of the Platte, which they reached on the second day; and proceeded along the banks of that stream were at length fortunate enough to meet the very party of traders which had accompained our hero as far as the Loup fork.

In the meantime the seven days had expired, and every soul of the tribe was so completely absorbed in the subject of the great medicine, that nobody missed the Little Otter; or if they did, nobody thought of inquiring after her. At length the eighth day arrived, and it was midnight. The whole tribe, with the old women at their head, proceeded to the solitary lodge, and knocked at the door, with fear and trembling. No one answered. They knocked again and still no answer. At length the Tobacco-bag began to be somewhat impatient, and the old ladies mighty curious. After trying a third knock in vain, they proceeded, in fear and silence, to remove the simple fastenings. All within was dark as pitch, and silent as the grave. After some little hesitation, the Tobacco-bag, accompanied by the oldest of the old women, entered, and groping about came in contact with the skin of a buffalo's head, which had been left there in lieu of the valuable whiskers of our hero. "The great medicine!" exclaimed the great Tobacco-bag, in triumph; and "the great medicine!" shouted they all together.

Anxious to divide the treasure, and to thank the illustrious giver, they lighted a pine knot and proceeded to examine the prize. It was some time before they could distinguish the Buffalo's head from the muzzle of our hero, and had it not been for the horns, the thing would have been almost impossible. When, however, they at last discovered the cheat, and that both Hyacinth and his squire were gone off, their rage and mortification were terrible. Instead of being silent three days, the old women talked three days without stopping, and all together; and the Tobacco-bag, with his warriors, on missing the Little Otter, which they did the next morning, concluded they had all three gone off together, determined on a vigorous pursuit.

The Indians of this part of the continent all ride on horses, the breed of which was originally derived from Mexico. They travel like the wind, and unfortunately the party which our hero had joined had but a few horses and those jaded by a long journey. While sitting at supper one evening around a fire, they were roused by a terrible yell. It was the party of the Tobacco-bag, and so much more numerous than that of the traders, that it was in vain to think of resistance in case of an attack. The Tobacco-bag, however, being still in awe of the whiskers, contented himself with demanding the three fugitives, relating, at the same time, the history of our hero and the great medicine. A thought struck the captain of the trading party, a shrewd old backwoodsman who knew the Indian character perfectly. He entered forthwith into a negotiation with the Tobacco-bag, who agreed, after consulting with his warriors, that if the Ouskinckissi Minichick would comply with his agreement, and bestow upon them the great medicine, he might go where he pleased, and marry his daughter the Little Otter.

Sore was the dilemma, and terrible the conflict of doubts in the bosom of Hyacinth Primrose. To lose his whiskers which he had been cultivating with such parental care, whose young ideas he had taught to shoot—the delight of his soul and the ornament of his existence! It was too bad—it was impossible—better lose his life—better lose his wife—better be nothing than an unwhiskered man. But when he turned to the Little Otter, and saw her dear eyes swimming in tears, and thought what a kind friend and mistress she had been, what a pretty wife she would be, and what a figure he should cut in Paris with a princess for a bride, his stubborn resolve gave way, and with a mighty effort he consented to be shaven. The feat was performed by Pierre Fuzee, who managed to pocket some scores of the sacred hairs, un-