

Boulevards, they stopped at a splendid hotel in the Place du Trone, celebrated in history as the site of the Bastille. 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.

Upon entering the room, an elegant *chambre carrée*, 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 honour of this visit?"

"I believe I am addressing the Comte de L.—?" said the doctor.

"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 shrank 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 comitalis*.

"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—forgot his nearest friends and relations. I suppose, then, M. le Comte, you do not remember the jewels you ordered for the comtesse, for the approaching *fête*, of M. M.—? nor your repeated solicitations against her will? nor—"

"*Que deviendrais-je?*" almost yelled the comte, leaping up and throwing down his chair in his fury, as the jeweller advanced obsequiously, with his bill, a foot long, 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 rang it furiously, "no use—servants know your situation—won't come."

And the comte, fairly exhausted by passion, sank 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 periwig, 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 santé*.

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 compote, 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 fair way to occupy a cell of any *maison de santé* with due lunatic propriety, when the neighbours 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 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! Ecoutez moi!*" was all the terrified man of physic could utter.

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

About two years afterwards, I made an official visit to the *conciergerie*, 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 lividness 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 Elaine, otherwise Jeanne Patignon, otherwise the Comtesse de L.—!"

JACQUES MINARD, Notaire.

WHALES AND WHALING.

I HAVE been in the business a long time. I first went to sea when I was twelve years old, and had command of a ship at twenty. I have been round the world three times, and killed three hundred whales. By that I don't mean that I first struck them all; by no means. That is done with the iron, as we call it—what you call the harpoon. I mean I have lanced so many. We proceed in this manner:

When I used to go in a whale-boat I took five men with me. I steered, and they all pulled the oars, till we came near the whale. Then the man next the bow peaks his oar, that is, pulls it in, and lays it sticking up at the head of the boat, at an angle of about fifty degrees, to keep it from getting into the water in case we have a swift run. He then takes his iron, and throws it into the whale, and runs to the stern. The whale may sometimes be lying asleep on the water, but he is almost always awake, at least by the time we come up with him. He starts off as soon as he feels the iron, and sometimes sounds, or dives and swims under water; but not very often, especially the sperm whale. And after he has run awhile, he stops and has "a flurry," as we call it—he shakes all over, and struggles violently. Then is the time to spear him. If you don't kill him then, you probably never will. But you must look out for him, for he may strike your boat with his tail, or "ride it"—that is, throw himself right across it.

The killing is done with a lance, about fifteen feet long, with a sharp point, sometimes made rounding at the end, but by some thought better when square. It should, however, be held with the flat laid sideways, and not up and down, because then, if it hits a rib, it is more sure to glance and go in right.

The best man I ever had with me was a Shinnecook Indian, from the east end of Long Island. He was with me seven years, and rendered me important services in some cases in which I thought any other man I ever knew would have been unable to act quite in time, or with sufficient strength, coolness, and dexterity.

One day I was out with him, and a whale rode my boat; that is, he came up and threw himself right across the middle of it, and of course broke it in two, and instantly threw us all into the sea. I believe he did it by accident, coming upon us in that manner merely because we happened to lie in his way. I recovered myself, and got into the mate's boat, and helped to get in my boat's crew. The whale, in a few minutes, made his appearance again ahead of us; but I did not observe him. The boat was crowded, having two crews in; and I was sitting, with a lance in my hand, and the line which belonged to it about my feet. Suddenly my Indian called to me: "Look! he's coming!" and I saw the whale swimming down right towards us, just ready, I thought, to strike our bows with his head. I had heard it said that if you prick a whale in the nose, it will stop him immediately, as it seems to take him right aback, and he will suddenly stop and turn away. I determined to try it,

and struck him with my iron and wounded him deeply; but he did not mind it in the least. On he came, and the next thing I knew I was deep in the water, and going deeper; and, what troubled me more than that, I felt the rope around my ankles, and knew that when it tightened I should be tied tight; for one end was fastened to the boat and the other to the lance. I strove to clear away the rope, and got it off from one leg; but it took me some time to get the other free. However, I succeeded, and then began to try to find out my position. This, as I have remarked, I always had presence of mind enough to do; and I can tell you it is highly important. Other men generally do not stop to look, but do what they first think of, and so are as likely to jump into danger as out of it. I never took much time, commonly a single instant, a single turn of my eyes was sufficient; and so it was in that case. I looked above me, and saw it was dark, and therefore presumed I was under the whale. I then attempted to swim a little on one side, but that brought me against his fin; and then I "dove," knowing that the fins of that kind of whale were very broad, and extend down much lower than the belly, so as to shut a man completely in who once gets between them. When I had swum under the fin I looked up again, and then I perceived that half-a-dozen other whales were in company, and very near each other, side by side, on the surface of the sea above me.

I thought it might be hazardous to rise among them, as I should have no way of avoiding them, and therefore waited a moment for them to pass by. This they soon did; and I was glad to be once more on the top of the water, where I could breathe; for, although I had been under it much less time than it has taken me to write about it, I felt the want of air, and found my strength somewhat reduced. I got into the boat, and began to order the men to their places, intending to get all ready and pursue the whales, and get one of them, at least.

Seeing one of the crew in the stern-sheets, bending over the water, I ordered him to the bows, and was surprised and a little vexed that he did not obey me. I did not at first see that it was my Indian; but I saw at the next glance that he had a man by the hair, who was sunk in the water. Going to help him pull him out, I discovered that he was a young man who had shipped for the voyage for the benefit of his health, and had a large circle of highly respectable relatives in England, to whom his death would be a sad calamity. He was a man of uncommon stature and frame, and had gained so much flesh at sea that he was almost unmanageable, even in the water. I attempted to assist my faithful Indian, but found my grasp so much weakened by exhaustion that I despaired of getting him into the boat, when I reflected that my crew had been struggling with the waves as well as myself. I then resolved to save the young man if possible, and gave orders to row for the ship, which we reached, dragging the young man after us, managing after awhile to get his head and shoulders clear of the water, and afterwards to pull him into the boat.

When we came alongside, they lowered a tackle-fall, and we hoisted him on board, where many hours were spent in endeavours to restore him. These were at last successful; and the boat which I had sent after the whales on reaching the vessel, returned with one of the best of them, which they had taken.

It is thought by many persons that the most dangerous thing that can happen to a man is to be thrown into the air by the blow of a whale. I have not found it so, although I have had frequent experience in that way. It is certain that the strength of the animal is so great that nothing can withstand its direct force; but a man may be thrown up with a boat without being struck himself, and without having his bones broken, or his skin torn by the timbers; and then he has nothing to fall into but the sea. Now, it always happened to me to be unhurt, and I got only a ducking, and was usually soon picked up by another boat. I have been thrown a distance of several rods through the air; and, put it all together, I suppose the entire distance that I have been thrown by whales must be about a mile!

PERVERTED SCIENCE.—The nephew of a distinguished French professor accidentally discovered in his uncle's laboratory a compound resembling silver so well in weight, bulk, and colour—formed of regulus of antimony, pewter, and lead—that he succeeded in pledging several ingots as silver, whereto he had imparted the semblance of the legal stamp, to the Mont de Piété of Paris. The extent of his operations awoke a vague distrust, and the ingots were sent for examination to the Mint, where it was discovered that the ingots valued at 1,000 were not worth 2½ francs each. Much alarm prevailed among the jewellers and silversmiths of the city in consequence.