tors all screamed; but the pummel of the saddle alone had knocked against the earth with a lugubrious sound. Benito, foreseeing the shock, had sprung rapidly to the ground. In the midst of a cloud of dust, the astonished spectators soon beheld the horse tamer leap into the saddle by the off side, against all equestrian rules, at the moment when the bewildered horse got up neighing.

The vaquero, in his turn, appeared mad with fury. For the first time in his life he had been unhorsed. Impatient to revenge the insult, his legs never ceased pressing the horse's sides but to trace bloody furrows with the spurs under his belly; his hands only left hold of the horse hair snaffle to shower down blows with a loaded whip on the Endemoniado's bruised skin. But, as yet, neither had the advantage; and after a few minutes of furious struggle, the two antagonists stood still for a moment.

Applause resounded on all sides; and certainly, to merit the admiration of those centaurs, it was necessary to have accomplished more than it is usually given man to accomplish. Either the vaquero was one of those whom danger or applause intoxicate, or, he thought himself able to do still more, for he profited by this truce, to draw a sharp knife out of the garter of his boot.

'Halloo!' exclaimed Don Ramon, less impassive spectator of a struggle in which apparently the life of a horse was in question, 'is the rascal going to cut the Endemoniado's throat?"

Indignation flashed from Maria Antonia's black eyes, at the supposition, that the man whom she had distinguished could be a coward, and a superb smile of pride lighted up her features at the sight of Benito, who in a fit of wild temerity, intoxicated, no doubt by the presence of his beloved had cut the horse's snaffle, and thus placed himself without bridle at the mercy of an untameable animal.

Freed from the bozal which compressed his nostrils, Endemoniado noisily breathed the air of the forests, shook the waves of his golden mane, and set off in the direction of the lopped tree. Such was the impetuosity of his career, that it seemed impossible to prevent his dashing against the obstacle in his way. Nothing, therefore, could preserve the rider from the fate awaiting him. The Endemoniado was only a few yards off the fatal trunk, when by a sudden and unexpected movement, Benito pulled off his broad brimmed hat, and at the moment when a final bound was about to end the struggle, the hat interposed between the horse and the tree, made the latter spring, with terror, in another direction.

We then witnessed the singular spectacle of a rider, without a bridle, guiding his unmanageable horse, which sprang from side to side as the bugbear passed from one eye to another. The Endemoniado, shuddering with rage, passed thus beneath the stand, where Maria Antonia rewarded Benito's fortunate temerity with a glance. The pride of triumph which brought out the energetic and masculine beauty of the horseman, and lighted up his brow, over which the wind waved his floating hair, wonderfully justified the young girl's choice. Giving a fresh impulse to the horse, which was panting and disconcerted by this unexpected resistance, Benito allowed him to take the direction of the forest. We beheld him for a few seconds, shaken like a reed by the prodigious bounces of the animal, but we soon lost sight of him. A few horsemen followed him; but his course was so rapid that they soon returned, giving up the pursuit as useless.

I shall not mention all the commentaries which accompanied Benito's disappearance. Some regarded him as lost notwithstanding his first triumph, for one of the Endemoniado's victims had likewise escaped the fatal tree; and his body had been found a great way from the hacienda, covered with wounds, and trodden under foot. Others hoped more from the young vaquero's dexterity. The arrival of Martingale holding a bundle of spears in his hand, soon put an end to these conjectures, by reminding the assembly that the majordomo (Cayetano) was to commence the bull fight.

The toriles were deserted, except by one bull; it was the one I had seen mastered the day before. Cayetano, his face still agitated by rage and jealousy, took one of the garrochas and entered the arena alone. The bull was freed from the cords which bound him to the stakes, and rushed to meet the amateur toreador without requiring any stimulus. Cayetano like a consummate cavalier, made a few passes to avoid his first blows, and awaited a favorable opportunity of wounding the beast. This soon presented itself. As the bull stooped his head to collect his strength, and make another rush at his enemy, the garrocha entered the shoulder joint, and Cayetano's powerful arm kept him at bay. He glanced around him triumphantly, but the garrocha broke off in his hand, and he was unable in the first surprise of the moment to avoid the shock of the bull; Cayetano hastily rubbed his hand against his thigh, and a few drops of blood colored his white linen *calzoneras*. An oath caused by humiliation rather than pain, escaped his lips; he asked for a fresh garrocha, and regained the furthest extremity of the arena.

A few minutes elapsed before he could be obeyed; at last he again placed himself in front of the bull. His demeanor, however, betrayed singular hesitation. I knew Cayetano's bravery, too well to attribute his emotion to fear; I had seen him cool and calm in the most critical circumstances. This hesitation was soon succeeded by a look of languor still more inexplicable, for his blood did not flow.

At last, as he for the second time raised his garrocha to the height of the bull's breast, his frightened horse reared, backed, and without seeking to stop him, Cayetano, to the general surprise, allowed himself to be carried out of the arena. Screams, hisses, and shouts, greeted the flight of the toreador, who, insensible to these insults, disappeared, staggering like a drunken man, with a face of deathlike paleness.

"The chaplain, the chaplain!" exclaimed a few voices in a tone of irony; "there is a Christian in peril of death." And the hisses again followed the majordomo, who was the object of general hatred.

But the chaplain who had taken intense interest in the spectacle, did not appear anxious to vacate his place on the stand. He hesitated whether he should take this appeal to his functions in earnest; but on a sign from Don Ramon, he mounted his horse and followed the fugitive.

Availing himself of the tumult and the opening left him, the bull had escaped in the direction of the forest without any body's thinking of preventing it. This conclusion was not very satisfactory to the vaqueros, who had hoped for a longer amusement by the bull fight.—Unable to enjoy that, they performed a thousand equestrian feats, which would have interested me highly, had not the hero of the day always been present to my thoughts.

At this moment Benito was perhaps expiating a transient triumph by a cruel death. Far deeper agony was stamped on the countenance of the hacendero's daughter. In vain her father advised her to quit the stand, as all was over—her looks were fixed on the horizon, while her hand convulsively clutched the sumach blossoms.—The sun was rising slowly and began to scorch the ground without the smallest indication of Benito's return, yet more than an hour had elapsed.

At the last a deep sigh burst from the young girl's lips, and the color again rushed into them; unutterable joy shone on her countenance, for a slight cloud of dust appeared on the horizon, and her heart told her this dust was him whom she was expecting. It was indeed the horse-tamer arriving as swiftly as a cloud impelled by the wind. The vaqueros ceased their games, and had just time to form a double file to welcome their victorious comrade.

A glance sufficed to tell us that the untamable Endemoniado was at last mastered. His panting sides, glazed eyes, and body covered with dust and sweat, proved that the fearful animal was subjugated by the terror with which his master had impressed him. The latter, his face heated, and torn with long scratches, his hair tangled, and his clothes in tatters, shewed all the signs of a dearly-bought victory. As the last bounds of the Endemoniado brought him under the stand, Benito suddenly leant back and gave a short cry; the horse stopped at once; the voice of his conqueror was sufficient to lead him. An universal hurrah burst from the vaqueros.—With a chivalric grace, which the most perfect gentleman need not have disowned, Benito bent in his saddle as if to lay the homage of his victory at Maria Antonia's feet. Fresh acclamations burst forth, and as a mixture of confusion, pride and joy, crimsoned the young girl's lovely face, a cluster of sumach blossoms fell into Benito's hands. The young man was unable to conceal his emotion; he turned pale, stuttered, and as if overpowered by the contact of a flower thrown by a woman's hand the hardy cavalier appeared for the first time unsteady in his saddle. I approached to compliment him. At that instant my life was of inestimable value in his eye; was I not witness of his sweetest his most glorious triumph? Therefore, in the excess of joy, probably also to conceal his emotion, he pressed me in his muscular arms. Benito Goya had forgiven me.

A few hours afterwards, as I was returning alone to the hacienda, I fell in with one of the lesser heroes of the day, Juan, the happy possessor of the dolman he had won back the preceding day. Notwithstanding this success, he seemed plunged in the deepest melancholy. As I hesitated to question him, he spoke first.

"Confess, senor," said he, "that Benito Goya is a fortunate mortal, for if I am not mistaken, we shall have in a few before long, a new master in the hacienda."

"It will be justice," said I to Martingale; "for he is as handsome as he is brave. But is your sadness caused by this reflection?"

"Oh, no! it is that unfortunate majordomo!"

"Cayetano?"

"Alas, yes!" continued Juan, with an increase of melancholy grimaces; "he is dead!"

"But he was scarcely wounded!"

Juan put on a look of mystery.

"It appears," said he, "that the bull's horns had been rubbed with the juice of the *palo mulato*;* and the poor majordomo's death has been as horrible as it was sudden. You remember the man who met you dying of thirst, and told Benito to bring you some water? Well, that was Feliciano, the brother of a former friend of Cayetano's. This friend, the possessor of a secret which the majordomo would have torn from him with life, had confided to his brother the fatal secret, and communicated the alarm which Cayetano's well-known disposition caused him. This alarm was but too well founded. Feliciano's brother one day entered a boat with the majordomo, and was never seen again. Feliciano understood that his brother had been killed; and set out in pursuit of the assassin. Learning that Cayetano was amongst us, he repaired to the hacienda, which he reached in time to see him die. He then spoke to him of events long passed; and these revelations produced a fearful crisis in the dying man. He cursed and blasphemed God like a heathen, until horrible convulsions put an end to his sufferings. Certainly the majordomo died in a state of impenitence, since he would not confess. But who could have poisoned the bull's horns?"

* A species of poisonous sumach. It is a large tree with a yellow bark, covered over by a reddish epidermis, which peels off continually. Its milky juice is corrosive, and forms a very violent poison.

To be continued.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Compilations and Original Articles, by the Editor and others.

HILL-SIDE AND BORDER SKETCHES.

WITH LEGENDS OF THE CHEVIOTS AND THE LAMMERMUIR.

By W. H. MAXWELL, Author of "Hector O'Halloran," "Wild sports of the West," "Stories of Waterloo," &c.

The above is a work issued from the London Press in March last. It is unpretending an interesting, and as it abounds with spicy anecdote, and other excellencies of the well-known author's rattling and somewhat eccentric style, we shall run through it, pass such comments as we may think proper, and select such portions as will in our judgment, be most entertaining to our readers. We commence with the "Introduction," which we give entire:

"I am one of those persons who hold the exploded opinion that Great Britain—Ireland, of course, excepted—is the only country in Europe for a gentleman to reside in permanently. With all its faults I love it—and never waste a thought on the eternal encroachments upon English liberty, as "said and sung" over half-and-half by the tailors of Tooley Street. I disbelieve that patriotism and a begging-bog can be things co-existent—I have the gift of sleep, *à discretion*—, and, if in my transits to Brighton or Harrowgate, I should be unhappily cooped up in a railway carriage with a radical, on the first emission of a Jeremiade against military punishment and the abuses of the State, I recline my head comfortably in the corner, and for the remainder of the journey 'take mine ease.'

'I have been through life as a wanderer—and inns have been my abiding places. With West-end hostelries I am familiar as the house-cat—and had I the vulgar ambition of inscribing my name on glass, there is not a window ten years old in any house of entertainment from the Seine to the Neva, that would not bear my patronymic and Christian appellatives. I have smoked the night away in a Persian caravanserai—been martyred in a Spanish Venta—lived a week in an Irish shebeen-house—and survived the insolence and extortion of a Yankee Colonel in Kentucky. On every hotel varied—from the palace to the pest-house—I could discourse eloquently: but of all that I have honoured with my presence, give me the little roadside inn to be found nowhere on the surface of the earth, but in 'Merrie England' and 'the land of cakes.'

In such an hostelrie, gentle reader, have I commenced these rambling sketches which I design, and thou shalt confess, to be a right pleasant and instructive portraiture of the adventures which attend, and the scenes that are presented to one, who, like myself, may with more truth than compliment be designated a sporting vagabond. My *locale*, at present, is Northumberland. 'Mine inn,' overhung by an enormous ash tree, looks upon a mountain-lake with a high broken ridge of heath and rock beyond it. Evening is setting in—all that harmonizes with repose is around me—and Byron's sweet picture of soothing influences seems here to have reality. There is a mastiff chained beneath my window, and when I approached to nib my pen, he welcomed me with a flourish of his tail, and a friendly bark of "deep diapason." The hum of wearied bees—the tinkle of a sheep-bell—the distant low of cattle—all these are heard occasionally—while on the unruffled surface of the tarn* the coot is diving—the trout springing merrily at the passing fly—and, issuing from the reeds which fringe the banks, a wild duck sails proudly out with a brood of flappers,† which in a few days more will be able to take wing.

'I have closed the leaden lattice, and resumed my arm-chair. Did he of Auburn write his 'Deserted Village' in this chamber? The floor is unfortunately carpeted, not 'sanded,' but there stands identically, 'The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,' and in the corner opposite, a porcelain deformity in the shape of a tea-pot, with a cup and saucer in strict conformity, of no use whatsoever, and therefore 'wisely kept for show.'

'The mantelpiece is crowded with spar and pebbles collected among the neighbouring hills—preserved hawks and owls ornament the walls—and while Flora Mac Donald looks me full in the face, I am flanked right and left by 'The Prodigal Son' and 'The Young Pretender.'

'My dormitory is inside my chamber of state. All appertaining to it—sheets, counterpane, and curtains, snow-white as when they left the bleaching-field. A creeper, bearing berries of gorgeous scarlet, intermingled with a blue clematis, festoons the casement, which looks upon a little flower-garden and a row of bee-hives. Here, every thing but murder might sleep sweetly—and Saul himself find 'soft repose' without a harp accompaniment.

"I here is a gentle tap at the door—and the sweetest girl in Westmoreland comes in to lay the supper cloth. Susan is just eighteen, exchanging girlish prettiness for beautiful maturity. 'I wish I were as I have been,' when at Waterloo I crossed swords with the Imperial Guard, and, by every thing matrimonial, I would—

"Rein up, Colonel!" methinks I hear a snappish admirer of mine remark. "The event you alluded to occurred when 'George the Third was King.' 'Tis, if my computation be correct, some thirty-one years ago—and if you tilted with a French cuirasser, why, you could not exactly have been a chicken at the time. What the devil business have elderly gentlemen, with bald heads and 'spectacles on nose,' to think, speak, or write of youth and beauty? 'Setting your knighthood aside,' as Dame Quickly says to a brother of your order—fat Sir John—'I write you down a—'

"I pray you, Mr. Reader, for personal considerations, withhold the intended epithet. I confess that my *cranium* is beyond the range of Macassar—that I am extensively crow-footed—a little exuberant where the nether garments and the vest unite; and I also freely admit that the hirsute honours on my lips are the true *vieille moustache*, and equally removed from being re-established by dye or unguent. But I can still bag a couple of snipes out of three; and when my hand is steady after dinner, remove the bonnet from the knave of spades, four shots out of seven, at twelve paces—tolerably good pistol-practice for a quintigenarian you will admit. And why should I not admire in age, her whom in youth I worshipped? Can I forget that, when sun-struck on the Peninsula, as consciousness returned, I saw the jet-black eye that watched my fevered slumbers brighten, as she squeezed the orange into my parched lips? Shall I not remember, when wounded and a prisoner, that on the night before the convoy was to march, which was to bear me to captivity in France—God knows how lasting!—the keeper's wife whispered that she could not lock the side door, and expressed a hope that I would not take advantage of her husband's absence, and make my way to an outlying picket of our own, posted in a place she pointed out, and scarcely a mile beyond the cork wood? Oh no! While life exists I will own the superiority of nature's masterpiece; and when the last hour comes, may the hand of innocence and beauty smooth the pillow of him who, in the sweet form that hangs over him, will fancy he has angelic assurance that another and a better existence is about to open."

In the opening of Chapter I, the author thus expresses himself:—

"Men have different gifts, and to some, Dame Nature is more beautiful than to others. That I was originally designed by that beneficent lady for a traveller, is a truth indisputable; and whether by sea or land it mattereth not, my qualities for locomotion are so extensive. I have a small but ready appetite, can drink as becometh a Christian man, sleep, *ad libitum*, 'by day, or night, or any light;' and in philosophy I am an optimist. If benighted on the mountain side, obliged to 'lie with the larks,' and adopt a heathy pillow, at daybreak, I return thanks to the prophet for prompting the wise resolution of bivouacking in proper time, thereby escaping a practical lesson in the art of sinking in some neighbouring morass, or broken bones over the adjacent gully. At sea, if a spar be sprung, or the engine go amiss, I remain as much at ease as Diogenes at Sinope, leaving the reparation of damages to those most concerned in the same, and calling to memory the judicious remark of my excellent countryman, when informed that the vessel was sinking, 'Well, blessed be God! I am only a passenger.'"

Speaking of eminent travelers, "from Captain Noah down to Captain Cook," the author makes use of an expression which he certainly must have picked up on this side of the Atlantic. As a matter of course he bestows the palm on "The Wandering Jew," who, he says, "kept good company, and paid his way *like a brick*."

The Colonel prepared to embark at London in a Steamer for Berwick, bound on a fishing excursion. He met with the accident which has, at some time or other, befallen all travellers—he missed his passage by arriving too late. This incident, however annoying it might have been to the author, his readers cannot but be thankful for, as it procured him the acquaintance, and service (or rather the *patronage*) of a countryman of his own (Irlando), one of the most amusing and original characters of the book. The scenes through which this genius figures are scattered over the pages from beginning to end; we shall collect and connect them, and give our readers a sketch of

PETER CLANCY.

"My destination was Berwick-upon-Tweed—the best *point d'appui* in Britain for an angler—and no mistake. The day of sailing of the steamer thither bound, was duly announced; and I, having put my house in order, like a prudent tourist migrated eastward over-night, to be within pistol-shot of my packet in the morning. I reached my destination—and the leathern conveniency which 'carried Cæsar and his saddle-bags,' pulled up at an hotel opposite the docks.

"'Where's yer honour goin'?' inquired a red-headed rascal, who, had he held the gold stick in the Court of Timbuctoo, I should have identified at sight as a loving countryman.

"'To Berwick,' was the reply.

"'Ah! then,' responded red-head, 'yer honour's a trifle of time after the ship, for she sailed at eight o'clock this mornin.'

"'Impossible! The hour of sailing is advertised for to-morrow in 'The Times.'

* The name given to mountain loughs in the North of England.

† The sporting title for young wild ducks, before their wing-feathers are fully grown.

"'Feaks! and that same's likely enough,' and the scoundrel scratched his head. 'But you see they're so very punctual, that they sail the day before they say they will, to prevent disappointment, I suppose.'

"'Is that what you call punctuality?' I exclaimed, in a towering passion. 'My malison on you and punctuality both. What the devil are you doing with my luggage?'

"'What am I doin'? Jist puttin' ye up for the night, where ye'll sleep snug and comfortable.'

"'And why should I sleep here, you vagabond?'

"'Arrah! how asy it is to know a gentleman from the ould country, by the phisant way they talk to one! Feaks! and I'll tell ye why ye'll sleep here. Arn't ye opposite the Hull packet that sails to-morrow?'

"'And what is the Hull packet to me?' I responded.

"'Why, jist because I know from the guns and fishin'-rods, that yer only goin' on the *ran-tan*; and is it anything to the like of you, whether ye head to Hull or Berwick?'

"And, before I could exert free agency or enter a protest, the villain had every article appertaining to me abstracted from the cab, and regularly shouldered up-stairs by the porters

"'Hav'n't I, in less than no time, made yer honour snug for the night?' exclaimed the 'hereditary bondsman,' grinning with evident satisfaction at his own address, and bolting out his hand for the consideration which he calculated was to follow. He saw a shilling in my hand; and, as if the monetary transfer had been already legally effected, he lauded me for my liberality.

"'It's asy knowin' the raal gentleman,' said red-head. 'Arrah! bad luck to me! though maybe, you wouldn't believe it, but there's divils wid dacent coats upon them, that would put one off with a tanner, or a fourpenny—since Cromwell's heavy curse attend the inventors of the last! From the moment I twigged yer honour, says I quietly to myself, 'Stick to him, Peter Clancy, like wax, for he wouldn't condescend to reach an obligin' lad of your kind anything below a bob.'

'Now, although part of Peter Clancy's remarks were conveyed in terms with which I was not familiar, I comprehended that gentility consisted in giving shillings, and that sixpence was a vulgar coin,

"'Mr. Clancy, will you permit me, before we part, to ask you a simple question?'

"'Arrah! to be sure I will,' returned red-head. 'But, ye didn't mane we were to part. Troth! it's myself that would scorn to lave a respectable elderly gentleman like yerself, friendless and unpertected in the streets of London. I'll see your property safe aboard the boat, and take better care of ye than many a bad step-father would in the mornin'.'

"'Mr. Clancy,' I replied, 'will you favour me with the full particulars of the murder, which procured for the British capital the honour of your residence?'

"'Upon my sowl!' returned my loving countryman, 'it is not for committin' murder I am here. But, if yer honour must know the cause—why, it's jist for not committin' matrimony.'

"'Explain yourself, you scoundrel!

"'Well, when a man's spoken civilly to, he can refuse nothing,—and, feaks! I'll out with the whole to ye,' returned this specimen of the finest peasantry upon earth (*authoritate*, Daniel). 'I was goin' fair and asy along the road, about a month ago, when, from a *boreyeen*,* who falls upon me like a soot-droop at the corner of the hedge, but Father Denis Grady. 'Peter!' says he, drawin' up.—'Arrah! plase yer rev'rence,' says I, 'but yer lookin' fresh and well,—the Lord be praised for the same?'—'Peter!' said the priest, eyeing me mighty quare, 'I'm of opinion there's a rod in pickle for ye. *Tiggum?*† and he laid his finger on his nose.—'Arrah! what have I done, yer rev'rence?' says I.—'Peter,' says he, 'where were ye last Tuesday night?'—'Ah! the divil a one of me had anything to say to the scrimmages?' says the priest, 'Peter, ye're a patent rascal, and a most accomplished malefactor, I'm afraid. What brought ye across the bog wid Honor Donovan?'—'To convoy her from the dance, plase yer rev'rence as ye know she's a neighbour's child.'—'Peter,' says he, 'ye'll be hanged, as sure as the devil's in Galway.'—'Oh! may the Lord forbid!' says I.—'Troth! ye may make yer mind asy on it,' says he; 'ye're certain to spoil a market.—But, to cut a long story short, af ye don't make Biddy Donovan an honest woman betune this and Garlick Sunday, and that's the Sunday after nixt—be this book,' and he kissed the handle of his whip, 'I'll give ye such a lift from the altar, that after it yer own dog wouldn't keep ye company.'—'Oh! murder! murder!' says I. 'Doesn't yer rev'rence know well that Judy was off for a week with a recruitin'-party?'—'Why, ye hard hearted Samaritan,' says he, 'would you venture to give back an answer to your clargy? Be off! an' if ye don't behave dacent to the little girl, I'll make a world's wonder of ye!'—Wasn't I in a beautiful quandary? Divil a choice left but to marry a wife without a rag of character, or be cursed on Garlick Sunday. 'What's to be done,' says I to myself. 'Divil a thing but cut your stick, Peter Clancy,' says I to myself.—'Divil a thing but cut your stick, Peter Clancy,' says I, answering' my own question. Feaks! accordingly, I brushes next morning at daylight; and, after a week on the treadmill at Liverpool for an assault, I reached London in good health, and without a *scuttogue* in my pocket. Well, I goes for news to the Seven Dials, and sure enough, Bridget Lanigan had a letter from her brother the day before. It was all over with me. Father Denis, when he heard I had bolted, put the candles out on me, and my sister into convulsions—and here I am, yer honour, durin' life—for the divil a toe I dar turn to the ould country, ye know."

"'It is quite certain,' I replied, 'that London has got a valuable and a permanent addition to her population. Be off!' and flinging another shilling to the gay deceiver who had drawn down upon himself the ire of mother church, he vanished like a sharp-shooter, and I proceeded to my apartments for the night.

"By times next morning I was a-foot; and on descending the stairs I found Mr. Clancy in attendance. We proceeded to London Bridge—the false one, in addition to my personal property, having a bundle secured in a pocket handkerchief on the truck, and an oak sappling under his arm. My luggage was committed to the hold; my guns and fishing-rods carried to the cabin; the porter fully satisfied; and Mr. Clancy accommodated with half-a-crown—in return for which the excommunicated rascal had the impudence to favour me with his blessing.

"I hate greetings in the market-places; and cockney *adieux* I carefully eschew. The bell sounded its three alarums; and, to avoid the bustle attendant on departure, I ensconced myself below. Through the cabin-skylight, I heard 'the monarch of her peopled deck,' a personage whose countenance bore 'tokens true' of heavy wet and heavy weather, order the mooring-ropes to be hauled aboard. A preparatory grunt was given from the engine room; the wheels revolved slowly. 'Remember me affectionately to my Aunt Deborah,' from the gangway, was returned by 'Give my love to Cousin Francis' from the shore. 'Turn a-head!' screamed the attendant imp, who, like the repeating frigate of a fleet, gave language to the waved hand of the commander on the paddle-box—and off we went."

The author supposed he had got rid of Mr. Clancy on leaving London, the sequel, however, will show; he has still an eye for "charming woman," *elderly* as he describes himself, and was not long in singling out a pretty young French lady on board, 'going to *Yorkshire* in search of her English *chere ami*. (What

* A horse-path across a bog.

† Do you understand me?