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MR. WHITEHEAD'S WILL.

When the wealthy middle-aged bachelor, Samuel Scrope, entered the penniless young widow, Emily, who had one child of her first marriage living, a little boy of three years old, folks, as usual, expressed various opinions of the subject; while, of course, the happy couple, knowing nothing and caring less of what was said about them, in process of time shared the common fate, and, when gossiping had exhausted itself, were allowed to glide down the stream of time unheeded. Mrs. Scrope pursued her second husband likewise with a son, the nurse declaring that the child and his father were as like as two peas. This, perhaps, was not flattering to the baby, though the declaration might be based on truth—Mr. Scrope being a fat, white, flabby-looking personage, with half-closed eyes and a clean-shaven face, whereas baby lay never permitted to rest, presenting, in short, the resemblance of a huge overgrown "daddy dabby baby."

The likeness between father and son continued to increase, as the latter grew up, and long after Mrs. Scrope was left a widow for the second time continued to be pointed out by those who had known the deceased. And this likeness was not confined to outward appearance; for in disposition and character young Samuel greatly resembled his father—in excessive timidity, approaching to nervousness; in shy and embarrassed manner; in all sorts of old-fashioned propensities—such as putting his feet in hot water, and taking basins of scalding gruel to cure colds, which, so new-fangled, he was always catching in his fiery temper, and detestation of firearms and all offensive or defensive weapons—in these particulars he was indeed, as friends remarked, his father's own son. From his mother he inherited a love of money, of parsimonious saving and hoarding, a tolerable share of suspiciousness, and a large amount of prudence; a cold and perfectly unimpaired temper, calculating even his indulgences; and rather obtuse brain, were singularly combined; and what he wanted in sense, he made up in deliberation and wariness. Such was Samuel Scrope the younger, the heir of his father's large fortune, the idol of his dotting mother, and the pampered, spoiled boy of the household. She never could part with him for the purposes of education; he was too delicate for any school—it would kill Sam to be buffeted and rudely treated! So Sam had a tutor at home, whose situation was real science, so far as teaching went—the young gentleman having it much his own way when endow his lessons were to be acquired and repeated. Mrs. Scrope, like many weak mothers, cared not much for her son's requirements, except those which barely sufficed as a passport through society to general respect. What did it matter, she said, for Samuel to toil and mail over books, when he had a large fortune ready made to enjoy? It was all right and proper that her eldest born, Francis Erdley, should strive to win prizes and be a great scholar, because he had only his own exertions to depend upon; besides, Francis was high-spirited and a historian, had fine health and energy, and was altogether of a different nature from Sam. Of a different nature indeed!—brave, generous, self-denying, affectionate and warm-hearted. Francis as little resembled his younger brother in disposition as in person, for that was pre-eminently graceful and agreeable. Sam's cowardice and sluggish intellect presented such a contrast to the bold, daring and splendid abilities of Francis, that even Mrs. Scrope could not fail to see it, despite her partiality for the former; though why that partiality existed, it were hard to fathom, unless it arose from Sam's more closely resembling herself.

Francis was sent to a public school, and was a favorite with every one, making friends everywhere he went; but at home, the home where his younger brother reigned paramount, there grand faces always met him, there he was chided and rebuked by his mother, and avoided by the fat, pampered Sam, who looked askance on the fine youth, whose noble and manly bearing roused feelings of envy and dislike. What right had Francis to laugh and joke aside and sing and conduct himself in so off-hand a way, when he never had a farthing in his pocket!—for Mrs. Scrope kept poor Frank very low in pocket money, though she had a moderate life-insurance, and Sam, whose hands were always in his pockets, turning over his gold, which he seldom changed, skulked about, with nothing to do and nothing to say, and feeling quite ill at ease before his gay, handsome brother.

Among the visitors at Scrope Hall was a Mr. Whitehead, an elderly bachelor of grave and taciturn demeanor, reputed to be enormously wealthy, and of privileged eccentricity. A miser in the literal sense of the term; a miser, and prying nosily into the concerns of everybody and everything. Mr. Whitehead visited about from one house to another, living in clover at them all. It was rumored that he was not quite sound in his mind, and that an early love disappointment had turned his brain; however, those who now contemplated his dirty flaxen wig, and tall, lank form, arrayed uniformly in threadbare black, found it difficult to realize the idea of a romantic passage in such a life and in such a being! Mammon was the God of his worship now, at all events. Mr. Whitehead had been a croup of the deceased Mr. Scrope, and it was apparent that he transferred to the younger Samuel much of the approval and liking he had bestowed on the elder. At Scrope Hall, Mr. Whitehead was always a welcome and favored guest; his ways were in unison with their ways; and Samuel was so great a favorite with the sour-visaged old man, that Mrs. Scrope indulged pleasant dreams of an accession to her darling's fortune. As to Frank, he had become Mr. Whitehead's abomination, for he would neither bend, or fawn, or flatter or learn. There was another dwelling to which Mr. Whitehead had access, and whose inmates were of a different character from those of Scrope Hall; and yet, strange to say, these two domiciles were the old bachelor's favorite resting-places, and he restored from one to the other with infinite satisfaction. Many miles of hill and dale, rivers and woodlands, divided the hostile houses, and Miss Pamela Gordon, the late Captain Gordon's daughter, daughter of the late Captain Gordon, and Mary his wife; the said marriage to take place within twelve months after the testator's decease. In the event of the said Samuel Scrope refusing to ratify the said conditions, and rejecting the lady, he forfeited the fortune which then became Elsiebeth Gordon's. But if the lady rejected the gentleman, why then of course vice versa. Moreover, Mr. Whitehead had provided for every contingency. If the couple, by mutual consent, refused to fulfill the stipulated conditions, the many acres of thousands went to enrich various charities, almost unheard of even by the most philanthropic. As to Elsiebeth Gordon refusing Sam, that was a thing Mr. Whitehead never dreamed of; a penniless girl like the daughter of his late Mary to cast fortune away—two fortunes—was unheard of in the annals of romantic folly. So he secured her, as he considered, an excellent husband and a luxurious home. Then the idea of Samuel Scrope, prudent and money-loving as he was known to be, refusing a pretty girl and a still prettier dowry, for any whim short of insanity, was far too wild and improbable a conjecture to gain footing in Mr. Whitehead's calculations. Sam, unimpaired and good-tempered young creature, by marrying whom he would insure to himself the possession of nearly £10,000.

Elsiebeth Gordon had received an invitation to Scrope Hall, for the purpose of being introduced to her cousin; and Miss Pamela, to Mrs. Scrope's astonishment, had herself written to accept it in Elsiebeth's name, at the same time wishing good-speed to the wooing!

The eventful day arrived; Sam had thrown aside his flannel wraps, and arrayed in a bright new coat, with well-oiled hair, was surveyed by his admiring mother, with looks of unmitigated admiration.

"O mother," he said, "I'm all in a flutter; I don't know what to say to her."

"I dare say she is more in a flutter than you, Sam, my dear; so let that comfort you. She won't meet your eyes, depend upon it; girls are always shy on such trying occasions as these."

So endeavoring to rally her son's spirits, and to support his drooping courage, Mrs. Scrope remarked that she every moment expected to hear the sound of carriage-wheels approaching, and was rather beyond the hour fixed for the arrival of the guest.

"The sound of a carriage-wheels heard to the east; the door of the apartment was swung open, and a lady attired in a riding coat, rapidly entered, exclaiming: "down, down, down, down!" as two huge dogs leaped about her, creating confusion and dismay in all the beholders, for Mrs. Scrope and Sam hated one thing more than another, it was a dog.

With dismay and surprise painted on her countenance, Mrs. Scrope, turning to the domestics, said in a hoarse tone: "Turn them out! Turn them out those troublesome creatures immediately!" But Miss Elsiebeth Gordon—for it was she—peremptorily exclaimed: "I should strongly advise nobody to meddle with my dogs; they are savage, and will bite strangers, unless left alone, and never obey any one except me and Tom." Shrieking in contact with the unruly animals, and in the utmost consternation, Mrs. Scrope surveyed her young visitor. A tall, finely-formed, though slender figure, was set off by a tightly-fitting habit; while a pair of green spectacles, of antiquated make, aided by a slouching hat, concealed the upper portion of the stranger's face. The mouth, however, displayed a set of dazzling white teeth, although the voice proceeding from it was uttered wonderful things for a timid young lady, but with a remarkably soft and musical modulation. Turning suddenly around towards Sam, who had retreated to the further end of the room, the owner of the green spectacles, regarding him fixedly for a few moments, advanced with extended hand, saying: "We won't wait for a formal introduction, Cousin Samuel, will we? Come, don't be shy; shake hands and be friends. Now, Juno, now, Juno—here, let me introduce you to your new master."

But poor Sam was desperately afraid of large dogs and he looked so scared and miserable, that the gay lady indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter, which she vainly endeavored to control. Recovering her self with difficulty, she said with much civility and gentleness: "You'll get used to them in time, Cousin Sam; I cannot live without them!"

"And how did you come, my dear?" said Mrs. Scrope, willing to get away from the subject.

"Sam and I were listening for the sound of carriage-wheels, or the avenue, but we heard none."

"Carriage-wheels, indeed!" cried Elsiebeth Gordon contemptuously, and flourishing her whip; "as if I should come to see my intended in so stupid a fashion. Not I, indeed. I rode over on Vixen, my beautiful mare, with Tom at my heels, and Juno and Peto for company!" With uplifted hands and eyes, Mrs. Scrope repeated the words: "Rode over on Vixen! Why, it is a good eighty miles from hence to Miss Pamela's, and you rode over on horseback!"

"To be sure! what of that? Forty miles a day; and slept last night at the Ellisons. Bob and James Elliston rode part of the way with me to-day, but I didn't want them, even though hanging Wood; for look here, ma'am, never I travel without these; you and I will have a practice, Sam; and so saying, the young lady drew forth from a concealed pocket a pair of small elegantly finished pistols, pointing one in Sam's face. He recoiled, saying in a scarcely audible voice: "I hope, miss, they're not loaded!"

"Why, Sam, what would be the use of pistols if they were not loaded?" replied she, smiling; and adding in an under-tone "except to frighten fools with."

"I think, my dear," said Mrs. Scrope, coming between the pair, and gently turning aside the hand which grasped the offensive weapon, "that you had better lay them aside now, with your travelling dress; there are no robbers or ruffians here to molest you."

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you," quickly replied Elsiebeth; "I prefer wearing my habit; and if you've no objection, I'll return these pretty dears to my pocket—replacing the pistols—"It's all use, you know—all use."

Mrs. Scrope rose to something like self-possession, now replied with dignity: "It is unusual for a young lady, to carry fire-arms, and to wear a riding-dress in a drawing-room. Has Miss Pamela Gordon countenanced such proceedings?"

"Oh, my dear old soul!" interrupted Elsiebeth, laughing good-humoredly, "Miss Pamela and I think alike in all respects. You don't think Pd disobey her, do you? She told me to come here, and here I am. She told me to ride over on Vixen, and so I did. She told me to take the dogs for company, and they followed me. She told me to put the pistols in my pocket for protection, and here they are. She told me that I mustn't refuse to marry Cousin Sam, and I don't mean to. And, oh, if Cousin Sam will take me for better or worse, here I am—all

mockness and obedience! Let Mrs. Scrope, you don't know what a girl I am, and how I've been brought up; I mean to turn Scrope Hall out of windows when we are married. Did you ever follow the hounds, Sam? I'll tell you a story. Sam said "No," retreating further and further, pursued by the young lady, her dogs having quietly stretched themselves on the rug. At length matters reached their climax; for Miss Elsiebeth Gordon, pulling off her gloves, placed one lightly on Sam's shoulder, and with the other began patting his fat white cheeks, saying in a coaxing tone; "Ducky mustn't be frightened. Ducky will learn to leap a five-barrel, won't he? And to ride a side-saddle, won't he, please Elsiebeth?"

Blything scarlet, Sam eluded her gentle touch, and rushed from the room, while Mrs. Scrope, bewildered and miserable, persuaded her singular guest to adjourn to the chamber prepared for her reception. She re-issued thence in the same attire, merely having cast aside her slouched hat, and substituted a velvet cap of conical form in its stead, beneath which her hair was not visible, while the green spectacles rested on her nose as before. After the repast was over (a repast most uncomfortable to Mrs. Scrope and Sam, who scarcely tasted food or uttered a syllable, the young lady talking incessantly all the time about horses, dogs, fire-arms, her own wonderful feats, and what she would do when she became her own mistress,) Elsiebeth took out a cigar-case and handed it to Sam, smiling indifferently; "Do you smoke?" Too much astonished and embarrassed to reply, the young man looked at his mother, who with grave looks answered for her son; "No, miss, Sam doesn't smoke; and allow me to say, it is remarkable to see a lady carrying and offering such things as these."

"Let me, ma'am!" Aunt Pamela said to me; "Don't forget your cigar-case, Elsiebeth," replied the guest with simplicity; "and so you see I didn't forget it."

"I don't allow smoking on my premises, Miss," said Mrs. Scrope authoritatively.

"Well, well, ma'am, don't put yourself in a position," rejoined Elsiebeth sweetly; "I'll wait till they are mine, and then see if I don't smoke you out! If, ha, ha! But perhaps Cousin Sam is a snuff-taker," handing the wretched Sam a unique gold box full of "Prince's mixture."

"No, Miss, my son does nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Scrope, she alone being the speaker; "Samuel's heart was too full for speech—and allow me to remark, that snuff-taking is another singular habit for a young lady."

"Let me, ma'am," responded Elsiebeth, smiling imperiously; "Miss Pamela said to me; 'Don't forget your snuff-box, Elsiebeth; and you see I didn't forget it. I'll teach Sam to snuff famously when he's my husband. Won't we snuff and smoke, Sam? You should see our groom-Tom drink it!'"

"You're a water-drinker, I suppose, miss," said Mrs. Scrope slyly, by way of saying something.

Elsiebeth looked very sly, and smacking her pretty lips, replied; "Ah, I sinit thirsty to-day; you see me, sometimes!"

"And this is the young lady of Miss Pamela's Gordon's bringing up!" said Mrs. Scrope, when she retired for the night, tears of vexation ready to start from her eyes; "this is a wife for my poor Sam! She'll marry him for force; I see she will, she's so desperately in love with him already. They say opposites often fancy each other in this way; but if she had a million, instead of only forty thousand pounds, she'd never do for Sam. I see her eyes sparkle through those green glasses; she'll smother me out—to be sure!"

Mr. Scrope, in the habit of thinking aloud, did not remark that her maid Martha loitered in the room, as if desirous of speaking out something which burdened her mind; and unable to keep it any longer, the hand of old broke in with; "O mistress, excuse me, but, Tom, Miss Gordon's groom, as come with her, says—least he hints, which is much the same—that Miss Elsiebeth won't never do for Mister Samuel. She's a regular lass of spirit, he says, and he means more than he says. And he says outright with such a broad grin on his red face, that if Miss Elsiebeth ever marries Mister Sam, she'll horsewhip him to a dead certainty, and turn the old one out of doors. Yes, ma'am, she calls you the old one!"

"Alas!" thought Mrs. Scrope, as she laid her head that night on a restless pillow, "what is to be done! There is near forty thousand pounds at stake! What could Mr. Whitehead mean by making such a will? and knowing this odious miss too?"

For one whole week did Mrs. Elsiebeth Gordon turn Scrope Hall completely topsy-turvy; never was such a din and racket heard; the servants grined, and ran hither and thither, and Mrs. Scrope was nearly put of her mind with fright and vexation. Miss Elsiebeth also made such desperate love to Sam, that Sam flattered and bewildered, was inveigled out on a wet day to walk with the Amazon through the woods; and following her steps through brake and briar, fairly stuck in a dismal swamp, got soaked to the skin, and took to his bed at once, putting his nose out of the blankets only to ask "if that Jezebel had gone?"

"No, my dear," said his anxious mother, "your Cousin Elsiebeth is not gone yet; she wants to see you."

"To see me?" cried Sam. "What! would she have me even into my sick chamber, impudent busy-body! I'll never see her again, mother; you may tell her so—she'll kill me, tell her to begone. Oh—oh—what a twinge! I wish she had it, the Jezebel! And she laughed at me too. I'll never forgive that."

"But the forty thousand, Sam," said Mrs. Scrope, sighing deeply; "think of that Sam."

"I do think of that, mother," said the miserable Sam, "and it almost breaks my heart, it does, to give it up. I wish she'd give me up; I wish with all my heart that she had taken a dislike to me."

"Ah, my darling," said the fond mother, "you cannot wonder that she does not do that. The mortification will be severe enough when she has to return to that precious Miss Pamela with the tidings that you have refused her. But, after all, she may improve, Sam, dear, and perhaps it is worth while to try; for though you possess forty thousand pounds of your own, it would be very convenient to have as much more."

"Mother," replied Sam solemnly, "if you wish to see me in my grave, you'll marry me to this dreadful woman. Tom Hicks, Miss Pamela's groom, a most respectable man, has lived with Miss Pamela these twenty years, and whose wife is Elsiebeth Gordon. Tom Hicks told me that if ever Miss Elsiebeth

was my wife, he'd not give a brass farthing for my life. If she marries you, she'll worry you to death in a year; if you marry her, you'll get—

"But Tom Hicks, didn't I say what, though I guess he meant a Tartar? No, mother, my mind's made up; I'll have nothing to do with her, and you may tell her so at once. She laughs so wildly, too! I declare I'm over skerrick like when I hear it. Let her go! let her go!—and well rid of her at any cost."

"Do you really mean to tell me, ma'am, that Mr. Samuel Scrope, of Scrope Hall, absolutely refuses to marry me?" cried Miss Elsiebeth Gordon, in a voice of high indignation; "I'll not give him up so easily—no, that I won't, and the voice rose to a hysterical sob and laugh."

"Calm yourself, pray, miss," replied Mrs. Scrope with severity, she did not pare about keeping on terms with the chances had gone—"calm yourself, pray. My son's mind is quite made up; and allow me to say that the sooner you return to the protection of Miss Pamela Gordon, the better, as we desire a quiet house, now my poor son is so ill—an illness, miss, entirely brought on by your extremely improper and indecent proceedings."

"I'll tell Aunt Pam!" whimpered the young lady, taking out her emerald handkerchief. "I'm badly used by Cousin Sam—that I am. You ask me here to marry me to him; and now I've come, you send me off again, just because Cousin Sam don't like my green spectacles!"

"No, miss, you reject know that is not the reason why my son Sam rejects the honor of your alliance," responded Mrs. Scrope, bridling up and getting very red in the face; "and if you had ten thousand times forty thousand pounds in your hand to offer him for marrying you, he'd refuse the bribe, Miss!" Mrs. Scrope spoke very loud. "My son, Samuel Scrope, will never marry, for the sake of five only, a smoking, stuffing, horse-whipping, dog-baiting!"

"Go on, ma'am—go on with your persecution," sobbed the young lady, with her handkerchief at her face. "I'm very badly used—that I am; and I cannot face Aunt Pamela, and tell her all this. She'll never believe it, unless Cousin Sam writes her a letter all in my form, to say he won't marry me. I cannot tell her myself, ma'am—indeed I cannot," and Miss Elsiebeth began to blubber violently.

"Well, I'm sure if you'll go away in peace, miss, my son shall write the letter at once, and communicate, in formal terms, his rejection of your hand," interrupted Mrs. Scrope, only too glad to clear her nose on any terms.

"I'll go when you give me a letter—but I won't you let me see Sam?" said the green-spectacled damsel, in wheedling tone, sidling up to Mrs. Scrope, with her conical cap vibrating from some inward emotion. "Give my love to Cousin them; and if I may not see him, let the dear fellow that I'll be a sister in his heart, if he refuses me for a wife."

"Indeed I'll tell him no such thing, miss," said Mrs. Scrope with asperity; "he'd rather not have you in either character. You'd kill him, and the mischief your two dogs have done is incalculable. You shall have the letter in half an hour; so please to be in readiness for departure, miss, if it quite suits your convenience. Excuse my want of ceremony; but a sick house, miss, must plead for a man's want of time; so I bid you a very good morning, and wish you a very pleasant journey, miss; and, pray, present my compliments and Sam's compliments to Miss Pamela Gordon." As the impatient lady hurried out of the room, and upstairs to her son's apartment, what a wild cfin laugh rang in her ears! What could it be? It was doubtless the Jezebel in hysterics; and Mrs. Scrope hastened her steps in a fright.

Mounted on Vixen, prancing and curvetting down the avenue, and attended by Tom, with Juno and Peto bounding and frisking for joy, Miss Elsiebeth Gordon, provided with the latter, turned her head and waved an adieu to Scrope Hall; and as the little cavalcade receded in the distance, again the same clear wild laugh fluted past on the morning breeze.

It was not very long after these events, when Mrs. Scrope—who had never ceased to lament the loss of Mr. Whitehead's fortune, even going the great length of upbraiding Sam for having been too premature in rejecting the young lady—was informed by her elder son in person of his approaching marriage with Miss Elsiebeth Gordon. Mrs. Scrope was of course delighted to hear that the money, after all, was not going out of the family; but concluded her remarks by saying; "Well, Frank, I'm sure I wish you joy of your bargain; forty thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at, as I told Sam—(However, you have fine health and spirits, and may be able to manage her; but mind, I shan't be in the least astonished to hear that your bride has horsewhipped you before the honeymoon is over!)"

"Never mind, mother," cried Frank, gaily laughing; "if she horsewhips me, I'll flag her soundly. I promise you. I hope you'll command see us soon, and bring Sam with you. I'll promise that Elsiebeth shall behave herself."

"To Mrs. Scrope's dying day, she never could comprehend by what means her son Frank Erdley had wrought so wonderful a change in his wife and even Sam, who always remained a bachelor, was heard to declare, that if he could meet with an exact counterpart of Frank's wife, he too would marry."

"But who could guess," said Sam, "that matrimony would transform a mad woman in odious green spectacles and a sugar-loaf cap, into a mild, pretty, kind creature, who never laughs at a fellow because he's got a cold or a face ache?"

Remember, ye who ridicule a young man for his parsimony, and stigmatize him as "small," that by and by he can afford to be generous when you have nothing to give.

The word pity occurs but once in the Bible. Although the thing is enjoyed or understood on almost every page, the name is not mentioned. Inversely with us, the name is more frequent than the thing.—Christian Inquirer.

A priest of a Roman Catholic Church called at the office of the National Intelligencer Washington, on Saturday last, and handed in thirty dollars in gold, which he states had been delivered by a person in the confessional to be disposed of as above mentioned. The editor of the Intelligencer can remember no transaction which promised the unknown sender of the money to this act of conscience.

at both houses. Perhaps, unconsciously by himself, the child-like and lonely man found an attraction at Miss Pamela's pleasant home, which he vainly sought for elsewhere; for Miss Pamela had a young niece resident with her, whose laughing dark eyes brought memories to the old man's heart; he vainly sought to dispel; and Elsiebeth Gordon became to Mr. Whitehead a sort of lodestone, whose attraction it was not possible to resist. Yet, who played such pranks with the cross old miser as little Elsiebeth? Who cried him out of a silver crown so easily for the purpose of charity? Who said and did such impudent, and such tender and charming things as Elsiebeth Gordon, the orphan niece of the strong-minded Miss Pamela?

Miss Pamela Gordon was the half-sister of Elsiebeth's father, who had married the only sister of Mr. Scrope, to that gentleman's lasting and ineradicable displeasure. Captain Gordon died soon after his ill-fated marriage, leaving his broken-hearted wife and infant daughter ill provided for. Mrs. Gordon at length, in deep distress, appealed to her son's widow for assistance, but Mrs. Scrope returned a deaf ear to her request; she had Samuel to take care of, and Francis to educate and provide for. The dying woman then turned towards her sister-in-law, Miss Pamela, as a last resource, for help in her extremity. Miss Pamela was considered a person not to be imposed upon, and by no means self-heated. She lived on a handsome life-annuity, a fact which she took care to render public; "as it was better folks should all know," she said, "than to have her income." Miss Pamela and her half-brother had never been very good friends; they had squabbled and differed on every possible and impossible topic; moreover, Miss Pamela had strongly set her face against his alliance with Mary Scrope, and she was in the secret of Mr. Whitehead's romantic devotion to that lady, who, however, preferred the insignificant captain. Notwithstanding all these things, however, when she found that her sister-in-law was in such a state of distress, she was moved to pity, and she went to her aid, and she was in the secret of Mr. Whitehead's romantic devotion to that lady, who, however, preferred the insignificant captain. Notwithstanding all these things, however, when she found that her sister-in-law was in such a state of distress, she was moved to pity, and she went to her aid, and she was in the secret of Mr. Whitehead's romantic devotion to that lady, who, however, preferred the insignificant captain. 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