

# STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION.—SHAKS"

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

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## THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens culled with care."

## WHEN THE HEART OF THE MINSTREL IS BREAKING.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

When the heart of the minstrel is breaking  
With sorrows by others unknown,  
And he hears from his young harp, sweetening  
In darkness, no calm-breathing tone,  
Let him look to the splendors that cluster  
Around the bright Land of his Birth,  
And forget in their glorious lustre,  
The dark rolling griefs of the Earth!

Oh! who where the blue-beaming river  
Dashes on to its home of the deep,  
Like an arrow let loose from the quiver,  
Could pause on its margin and weep,  
When a vision so lovely and splendid,  
Like Liberty, bursts on the eye,  
And it seems that the sun had ascended  
The blue-girdled halls of the sky?

What grief, though the heart may be broken,  
Should fret his soul when he sees,  
Like a brilliant meteoric light,  
Our banner unroll'd to the breeze,  
While the Phœnix that shone thro' Creation,  
But lost from their homes in the blue,  
Seem met on the flag of his nation,  
And give again to the view?

When the wing of the morn is unfurling  
Its rosy light o'er the vale of the deep,  
Or the cloud of the temple is curling  
Like the banner of God on the gate,  
Oh! who would permit in that hour  
The life of his lot to be shade,  
The thought of Columbia's power,  
Thus in sunshine and darkness displayed?

Then bring forth the Harp so long darkening  
Beneath the remembrance of wrong,  
And give out its melody sparkling  
All o'er with the star-burst of song,  
As I sing with a spirit unshaken,  
By the tempests of sorrow and ill,  
And see the bold Patriot awaken  
To the words of its melody still.

## THE REPOSITORY.

### A Stranger I met at my Club.

A TALE OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

At the club of which I am a member, "the Whitechapel Athenæum," we were allowed to bring strangers with us to dinner—a very great convenience, every one must allow, to our friends. I live in that neighborhood; I am not ashamed to confess it. In fact, I have been so long in business, and have seen such a variety of things in my life, that I am too old to be ashamed of anything. At any rate, I am above the paltry affection of many of my neighbors, who consider it something mighty ungentle to remain in town at this season of the year, and give out to all their friends that they are gone to Margate or Gravesend, when I know for a certainty that they have never budged from their own homes. One of them—I don't choose to mention names; a dry-salter by trade, a leading member of our club—in fact, the only one who endeavored to exclude me when I was a candidate for admission—put a ticket in his window with "Gone to Brighton for the season" written on it, when I declare, I have seen him almost every day slinking through by-lanes and alleys into his back shop. All this, I say, I am above. I stay in town the whole year round, and dine at my club every day. The club, however, it must be confessed, has a very desolate appearance all August and September: piles of uncut newspapers, blocking up every table, windows badly cleaned, floors scarcely sanded above once a week, and if by any chance a member does come in, he looks as if he were detected in a forgery. The steward of the club has gone on leave of absence; the butler is never to be found; dear me! the very waiters seem asleep, and you have to wait at least half an hour for your pint of wine. However, in spite of all these inconveniences, it is better to dine there than at a chop-house; and, accordingly, every day, summer and winter, punctually at five o'clock, I took my seat at the little square table, up at the middle window, looking directly opposite into the London Hospital.

One day last week I had dined—mutton chop, I remember, and pot of porter—and was picking my teeth very leisurely to give William time to get me my pint of sherry, when my attention was called to the other end of the room, by a gentleman making a speech. He was a stranger; a stout man, about my own age—fifty or thereabouts—and he had been brought in by a friend, a member of the club with whom I am not acquainted. They had dined together very quietly—cold beef and pickles, William said, exactly at three—and, in fact, so little noise had they made, that I was not aware of their presence in the room. All of a sudden I heard a speech proceeding with the most amazing volubility. I was so far off that I could not catch a word of it, but I perceived from the gestures he made use of, and the risings and fallings of his voice, that he was an accomplished orator. His whole audience was his friend—a mercer from Cornhill—a very quiet respectable man, who certainly looked amazed at the performance. It lasted, I should think, twenty minutes; at the end of which time, the gentleman sat down and knocked very loudly with both hands on the table, and kicked with all his might upon the floor. Shortly after that he volunteered a song, "twas 'Will watch the bold Smuggler," and very well he sang it, bestowing at the end the same hearty marks of approbation on it that he had formerly done on the speech. My wine was now put before me, and I placed my tooth pick in my pocket. Before I had finished one half of the decanter—I drank very slowly—the mercer from Cornhill slipped off, and I thought I perceived, by the doggedly determined manner

with which he fixed his hat on his head, that he had no intention of returning. The stranger waited very patiently for some time, but at last looking all around, and seeing nobody but me, he carried his decanter—I declare to Heaven it was entirely empty—up to the table I was sitting at, and making me a very polite bow, proposed, as we were both enjoying our wine, that we should do so in company.

"Company, my dear sir," he continued, drawing his chair, and filling up his glass out of his decanter; "company, sir, is indispensable to me. 'Tis even recommended for my health."

"Indeed, Sir," I said, keeping a firm hold of my wine, for he had finished his glass in a moment, and looked very dangerously at the decanter again.

"Yes, Sir; I am liable to low spirits. I have such a lot of sensibility; 'tis quite distressing to see me sometimes. Nice club this is."

"Very—"

"I think of belonging to it myself. 'Twill be a charming resource against the agonies of recollection, the woes of memory, and the grief of a too sensible, too sympathizing heart. You don't help yourself to the wine."

"I have had enough, Sir," I said, as respectfully as I could.

"Nonsense! Enough? why you've had nothing. Let me help you." So saying, he fairly got possession of my pint decanter, and divided the contents of it equally between us.

"This is the fine tree and easy way I like to see things carried on in clubs. What are clubs? Confraternities of congenial souls. If I belonged to a club, there is not a member in all whose woes I would not have a share."

"And in his bottle, too," I said with a sneer.

"Good! good! Well, that does deserve something. Waiter, a bottle of port. Ah, sir! how charming it is to meet with a good humored, pleasant, agreeable, witty companion, such as you! 'Twas a capital hit about the bottle—I took it at once."

"So I saw, Sir, You took every drop of it."

"Good again! Waiter, why the devil don't you bring that bottle of port? Alas! Sir, you must excuse me. I am dreadfully subject to low spirits. But, thank Heaven, here comes William with the wine."

He poured out a glass, and after looking at it for some time, swallowed it off in a twinkling.

"Medicine, Sir—purely as medicine I drink it. It enables me to bear up. I should die without it—ennui—blue devils—hypochondriasis—"

"And thrust, Sir?" I said; but somehow the extraordinary familiarity of the man's manner disarmed my dislike, and I filled up my glass, and accompanied my observation with a smile.

"Capital again! You have said three very witty things. I declare to Heaven Sir, I am ashamed of myself, but I can't laugh. No, Sir; the effort would choke me. I have one fatal remembrance, or sorrow, but you know the lines—"

"Indeed, Sir?" I asked inquiringly.

"True. I have thought of suicide, but 'tis so common 'tis become vulgar; my shoemaker cut his throat last week. I will tell you my story, Sir; after that, judge if I have no cause for regret."

"Happy to hear it, Sir."

The stranger drew his chair more confidentially close to the table, filled up our glasses, and then said—

"Do you know the Isle of Wight, Sir?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of old Sniggs, of Waterlane?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of Captain Hoskins, of Harridon Lodge?"

"No."

"Good Heavens! what a man you must be! The Isle of Wight is the loveliest place in the world, sir. All the Undercliff is a slice out of Eden, hundreds of people go there every year, pretending to be in bad health—'tis only to enjoy the scenery and cat prawns. Dr. Clarke calls it the British Madeira; 'tis the only home-brewed I ever heard of which is better than the original. Ah! 'tis indeed a charming spot, and five-and-twenty years ago, 'twas still more beautiful than now. I was young then; thin, elegant, genteel—grief had not swelled me; nor tears reddened the point of my nose. And then, old Sniggs—you never heard of old Sniggs?"

"No, sir, never."

"Curious, a d—d old hunk as ever was, but such a sweet creature his daughter! Ah Julia! How playful she used to be at church. We always flirted immensely all the time of the palms. And Hoskins—you never heard of Hoskins?"

"Never."

"Odd again;—a dog sir. A handsome, laughing, jolly, swearing, whiskered, infernal fellow, sir. He was six feet two—without a shilling—he had spent two fortunes—and, as bad luck would have it, went down to the Isle of Wight."

"To eat prawns, sir?"

"No—to catch gudgeons, sir. He caught me—the rascal! That's my story, sir."

"What is, sir? I have heard no story yet."

"No! How slow you must be. Don't you see it all? But I'll tell you it, sir, word for word. Pray, sir, do you ever lend money to a friend?"

"This was too much, and I determined to stop the man's impertinence at once. The idea of asking me for a loan after ten minutes' acquaintance! I could not help thinking he was a swindler."

"No, sir," I said; "I would not lend a shilling to the dearest friend I have in the

world; no, not to keep him from starving. And as to trusting a stranger with a sixpence, sir, I should consider he was insulting me if he hinted at such a thing."

"Give me your hand," exclaimed the stranger, "give me your hand. I am proud to have met you—you will be a happy man all your days—you are a wise man. Would to heaven I had always thought as you do! Ah! sir, you shall hear. Old Sniggs was worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, Julia his only child. I, sir, lived next door to them in Finsbury Square, and flirted with the daughter every Sunday at Church. Somehow or other we never could scrape up an acquaintance. A she dragon, in the shape of an old housekeeper, always guarded that fairest of Hesperian apples—plums, I should say, for you perceive she was heiress to a plum and a half—and nothing I could do could get the better of her vigilance. I worried, and teased, and fretted myself to such a degree, that I nearly tormented myself into a consumption. Change of scene—mild air—were recommended to me by the faculty, and I set off by the Portsmouth coach for the village of Steephill, at the back of the Isle of Wight. I got a charming bedroom and parlour at a farmer's cottage—oh, 'twas Paradise! and the hostess made the most delicious ham in the world. Every morning at breakfast I had magnificent slices—sometimes hot, sometimes cold—exquisite prawns, with an occasional lobster. My health grew gradually better, but I still missed a great deal about Julia. Even then, sir, solitude was my aversion, and you may guess my gratification when one day I was visited by a tall handsome young man; dressed in a style that had once been fashionable; trousers slightly patched about the knees—coat not quite entire about the elbows, for the benefit of the fresh air; and yet his *tout ensemble* showing he was a gentleman—a perfect gentleman. He was romantic, and had stationed himself at the "Crab and Lobster," a delicious retreat from the cares of life, just under St. Boniface Down. He begged the honor of my acquaintance. I went of course and dined with him that very day—cold lamb and salad—and vowed eternal friendship, as I was assisted on my homeward way at half past eight. He was certainly a delightful fellow; no ceremony—no reserve—full of jokes. He came into my bedroom one morning before I was up, and clapped on my new coat, an olive green, I remember, with bright brass buttons, and all I could say, I never could get it back again. Oh! he was full of fun! He did the same with my trousers—upon my soul, 'twould have killed you with laughing to have heard him how comically he spoke about the trick. I love him yet—the rascal!—though he has been the cause of all my misery. 'Twas Hoskins; I need scarcely tell his name; you guessed who it was, did it not?"

"No, Sir; I had no idea."

"Well; he and I for about a week were happier than any two men since the fall. We rambled about the sweet vales of Bonechurch—dived into the coves of Ventnor;—we were seldom separate for an hour in the day. Would to Jupiter we had never been separate a moment! Of course we had no secrets with each other. I was come to the island to recover the tone of my mind and stomach, after a disappointment, in love; he had come to those deep solitudes and awful dells to avoid the impertinence of his duns. We nearly succeeded in both. I became ruddy as a pæoni rose, and was hungry five times a day, and he lost the very recollection of wine-merchants and tailors. How he rallied me about Julia! how he laughed at the name of Sniggs! But he always particularly impressed on me the necessity of never despairing. We formed together a plan of the campaign by which I was to obtain my wishes. He was to come up and live with me in London; to drive about in my phaeton—cabs are a new invention—and, if possible, obtain an introduction to her himself; then trust to him for pleading the case of his friend! Nothing could be nicer—I was only anxious to proceed to work, and to return to London immediately. As a preparatory step, I wrote to several of his creditors, and became responsible for his debts. Couldn't do less, you know, for a gentleman who was to get me a wife with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It seemed very odd to me all this time that Hoskins—gay, lively, handsome fellow; had never been in love. It seemed to give me too much the advantage over him, but he didn't seem to mind it much. He was proud of himself as if he had been in love with a dozen. At last, one day—'twas the sixth of our acquaintance—he came to me and said, "Teddy," said he, "will you make my fortune?"

"Certainly, Hosky, my boy," said I; "but how?"

"Lend me twenty pounds. The oddest thing in the world has just happened to me."

"I happened to have only twenty-five pounds left; gave him four fives without a word; and kept the other."

"What is it?" I said.

"Why, as I was just rambling below Grove's Inn, there passed me a carriage containing two or three ladies. They were evidently strangers; 'twas a Newport fly; and after they had passed me about twenty yards, the driver stopped, and one of the ladies, rather demure-looking, and somewhat doddily dressed—came up & spoke to me."

"Did you know her?" I asked.

"Never saw her in my life before, but she said to me, 'I take the liberty of addressing you, Sir, perceiving you to be a gentleman—'"

"By Jupiter, Hosky! my coat and trousers—"

"To inform you," continued the old woman, "of our dilemma. We are living at present in Southampton; we have come over here for a two days' tour, and unluckily, we have just this moment discovered that we have brought no money with us."

"And what did you say, Hosky, my boy?" I asked.

"Say? why, that I was delighted to have the opportunity of being useful—that I would wait direct to my hotel and bring them whatever sum they required. They have gone on to Shanklin, and as they return this way, I shall present them with the twenty pounds you have given me."

"Didn't you better let me do it myself?" I asked; for I thought, sir, as the money was mine, I might as well have all the merit of helping those damsels in distress. But Hoskins was resolved; and insisted on giving me a note of hand for the amount, in order, as he said, that he might hand it to the ladies with a safe conscience. Noble fellow Hoskins—wasn't he? Well, sir, when I asked him what more he intended to do, what do you think he told me, sir? Why, that he intended to marry the old woman!"

"The old woman, Hosky!" says I.

"Why do you fix on her?"

"Because she is dowdily dressed, and asked me for money; she *must* be rich."

"Why?" says I, in surprise. "Because she is ill-dressed and hasn't a farthing in her pocket?"

"Exactly," nodded my friend Hoskins—oh, he was a knowing dog. "If she were really poor, she would be finely dressed, and have rather sunk thro' the earth than have confessed her poverty to a stranger. She must be rolling in money—at least I'll marry her on the chance."

"So I laughed at him, and he rubbed his hands. You never saw two fellows so jolly in your life. Hoskins with the pockets of my trousers stuffed with my bank notes, and buttoning up the bosom of my olive green coat. Short sighted mortal! Confound me if I ever laugh again! Let me fill your glass again, sir."

"You had better, sir," said I; "for you've emptied it this moment—by mistake, of course."

"Good again!"

"But now my miseries begin. Sir, there is a land ship just below a place called Undermount Cottage, leading down to a beautiful beach. Never was so sweet a spot. High hills frowning above, rugged rocks, shelving glass, quite made for lovers to play hide-and-seek in. Well, sir, that smooth expanse of sand, that rich-wooded shore, that quiet, blue retirement, that soft decline, that is, friend to all who are laboring in a consumption, sir—that scene, I say, was the witness of my distraction. Hoskins was a famous sailor, and had hired a boat, which I paid for at the rate of a guinea a week. By way of passing off the time till the old lady's return, we resolved to row out and lift up the prawn-pots. No amusement can be so delightful, sir, as catching prawns in the midst of the finest scenery in the world; for

"O if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this, it is this!"

"When we were returning out at the rate of sixty miles an hour—sad work pulling against such a racer. But when we had got within a few yards of the shore, who should Hoskins see, just peeping over the cliff, but the identical old lady that had spoken to him in the morning. She waved her hand; he kissed his return; when—excuse me, sir, I'll swallow this bumper—just at her elbow, smiling and smirking exactly as we used to do at church, appeared Julia, my Julia, 'twas indeed, Miss Sniggs. My heart jumped into my mouth in a moment, and filled it so completely that there was no room for the tongue to move. Indeed I believe there was no room for it in the mouth at all, and that it hung out like a dog's in the hot days of July. How I panted, to be sure! for you will observe that Hoskins was a capital steersman; and always when we rowed out I held the oars and he the helm, but whether my panting proceeded most from the exertion of rowing against tide or from seeing Julia so unexpectedly, I cannot at this distance of time, exactly remember. The silence lasted for some time, and nothing was to be heard but the prodigiously long kisses that Hoskins kept constantly impressing on the palm of his hand. At last I pulled my tongue within my lips.

"Heavens! I cried, 'that's my Julia!'"

"Your Julia?" says Hosky—"which? the old lady in the cotton shawl, straw bonnet, and dingy colored gown?"

"No, no; the angel looking over her shoulder in the pink silk scarf—the old one's the housekeeper."

"That's she, is it?" said Hosky. "And a devilish nice angel she is too. Then my dear Teddy, that alters the whole business; but here we are ashore, my boy. Give me the oars; you stay in the boat and I'll jump to land and keep her steady."

Saying this, Hosky—fine active fellow—tossed the two oars ashore, and leaped himself to land, but, instead of keeping the boat steady by the rope in the bow, what do you think he did? I must really have some brandy and water. Why, he gave the boat an infernal kick with his prodigiously long leg, and hallooed as the tide caught hold of the Naiaid—that was its name, sir—and ran off with it like a runaway hunter.

"Pleasant voyage to you, Teddy! I hope to tell you some news of the fair Julia when you come back."

"What could I do, sir? Nothing. I swore a little; but it did me no good. Every minute the tide seemed to go faster and faster; and the boat, being left entirely to itself—for you remember, Hosky threw the oars ashore, tossed and tumbled so horribly among the little short waves, sometimes turning its side,

sometimes its stern, that I began very rapidly to become sick. In the mean time Hosky joined the party on the cliff: I saw him lift off his hat as if he had been a prince: I saw my bright buttons glancing in the sun: I saw him put his hands in my breeches pocket and pull out my five! Gracious Heavens! fancy my feelings! And just as I had to turn aside to conceal the emotion that the unusual jorking of the boat had produced in my interior I caught a glimpse of the party winding slowly up the landship—Hosky between the two ladies, and Julia leaning on his arm!"

"It was very awkward, sir," I said, as the stranger endeavored to bury his recollections in another bumper, "but, of course, you explained every thing on your return?"

"Return, sir! I never returned; at least it was fourteen years before I came back again. The tide, sir, I tell you, was running like Eclipse, and I was as sick as a dog. I lay down sir, at the bottom of the boat, I raged—I raved—I swore; and, at last, when evening came on, I was in the middle of the sea, half mad with sickness and vexation; and, at last, I fell asleep. I wakened, sir, perishing with hunger and thirst—my tongue gets parched when I think of it—fill up, sir, a Welch rabbit at this club, sir; but what was I to do? I was still weltering in the pathless deep, and expected every moment to be run down by a ship or swallowed up by a whale. Nothing would do, sir. I shut my eyes and tried to sleep again. At last I was fairly awakened by a thwack across the shoulders with the flat end of an oar—'twas daylight, sir; I saw several little boats all round me, and a place before me which I imagined was St. Helen's. 'Hallo, my boy!' I cried to a huge fellow, dressed in a hairy cap, who had the oar uplifted in act to fall again, 'don't strike so hard, but lend me a couple of oars and I'll give you half a guinea when we get to the Salvation.' By heavens, sir, I never was so surprised in my life. I had fallen among a fleet of French fishermen and the little town I had fancied was St. Helen's was Dioppe. Nice fellow Hoskins was to play me such a trick! Napoleon and all the marshals I suppose, were deceived alarmed at such an invasion, for they clapped me into prison directly; and there I was, sir—only imagine my condition—till the year eighteen hundred and fifteen. This happened, sir; in eighteen hundred and one. There was I, sir, kept in close confinement; little to eat; nothing to drink; not a soul to speak to—for I could never pick up the language; and all because I went to the Isle of Wight to recover my good spirits, and lent money to a friend."

"At a beef stakes and drank porter the first half year without a moment's intermission night and day. At the end of that time I went into St. Dunstan's, and shed a few tears over my mother's grave. She had died of a fit of apoplexy and a broken heart about a year after my disappearance; and the sight of the old pulpit and the pew where I had such fun, laughing to Julia, in my younger days, brought the whole scene back into my memory; but not that had never left it: I thought of her incessantly, and wondered what had become of her. If she is still Miss Sniggs, thought I, all may be well yet, but how was I to hear of her? Her old father had died or the trade in Water lane had been sold; for he was nowhere to be found in the Directory. I then tried to huddle out Hoskins, I went carefully to the Fleet and the King's Bench, as the most likely places to discover him; but he was not there. I looked back at all the cases before the magistrates, and all the convictions at the Old Bailey; he nowhere was to be found. Years and years passed on, and the search was still useless; when, at last—your glass is empty, sir—the appalling truth burst upon me: I was a ruined man, sir—happiness destroyed for life, and the Pleasures of Hope a *liber expurgatus*—Miss Sniggs was married! The way I discovered it was this: it had struck me very forcibly that a pilgrimage to the scene of my misery would be a pleasing occupation for a man of my musing and melancholy turn of mind. I mounted once more, sir, the Portsmouth coach; crossed over to Ryde; jumped into one of the open flies that are always kept ready at the pier; traversed the island, and arrived at the old place—the dear little cottage where I had smoked so many pipes with Hosky, the Crab and Lobster. The whole journey took but nine hours—think of that, sir. Fleet street at night; but there I was, sir, after an absence of more than five and twenty years. Wyl'd, the landlord, sir, had no idea I was an old friend with a new face, or rather with a face newly done up—for I had neither red nose nor wrinkles when I had seen him last. Ah! 'twas indeed a melancholy retrospect; but the prawns were charming as ever, and the scenery—no, not improved, that's impossible—but just the same as when I left it. How I rambled all that evening till it was time for supper. What news I heard from my host!—a town built at Ventnor; a castle built at Steephill; a fairy palace built at East End; villas rising like poetical dreams every week upon Bonchurch. Ah! thought I, as I tumbled into bed, why the deuce should I build a villa? Next morning I revisited the Landship—fatal spot—and determined to rear my modest mansion on some gentle promontory commanding the whole scene. When once I resolve on a thing, sir, 'tis half done already. A gentleman by the name of Page, a builder at Ventnor, showed me all the grounds. We agreed about terms. Such a heavenly place I chose! just under the jutting cliff, two hundred and fifty feet high, buried amidst a profusion of plants of all scent, and flowers of every hue; and that very day I had fifteen men employed in clearing out the foundation. When I was standing superintending their operations I

was delighted—patriotic, I own, at the same time—to see a gentleman and lady approaching me from behind a clump of magnificent magnolias, at the moment in full bloom.—The gentleman seemed about three or four and twenty years old; the lady—fair as the first that fell of woman kind—about eighteen. What a nice pleasant fellow was the gentleman! what a charming creature was the wife! Who do you think they were, Sir! Let me propose their healths in a bumper—the bottle's done. Why they were the Marquis and Marchioness of Marylebone. They were living in the upper cottage—a fascinating couple! In a few minutes we were as intimate as possible—real marquises are always so good humored—they invited me to dine with them that day. I went. Pretty little dinner—soup, fish, lamb, and a pudding—quite rural, you perceive; and after a few turns of the wine, I began to tell the marquis and his lady—the story of my misfortune. Gracious Powers! in the most pathetic part of all, her ladyship went into a fit—a positive, veritable, *bona fide* fit! Thank Heaven! 'twas only of laughter. The marquis nearly burst, sir—he had to unbutton his waistcoat. I paused; I looked at the beaming face of the marchioness—what splendid white teeth she had! The reddened face and swelled eyes of the marquis! I could not understand it.

"How delighted," she cried, "mamma will be to see you! Oh, we have heard the story a hundred times from papa!"

"Mamma—papa!" I exclaimed. "Your ladyship is very good—may I ask—"

"My good sir," said the Marquis, "are you not aware that that lady was Miss Hoskins, the daughter of your old friend?"

"And her mother, my Lord Marquis?"

"Miss Sniggs."

"Do you hear that, sir? The Marquis actually looked at me with a smile upon his face when he told me that most diabolical fact."

"So Hoskins married my Julia?" I exclaimed, in my despair; "got all the old gentleman's money, has a marquis for his son-in-law—and all those things ought to have happened to me—would have happened to me, no doubt, if I had never gone to the island, or lent twenty pounds to a friend! 'Madam,' said I to the marchioness, 'I am enraged more than ever against your father, when I perceive he has robbed me of so fair and exquisite a daughter.' She laughed. 'But,' I continued, 'nothing is left for me but to bury myself in this desert, and mourn over the unlikelihood of my destiny.'"

"You shall see, sir, that the Marquis and his mother, when your new house is finished. Captain Hoskins and my fair mother-in-law will accompany us; he is adding a new wing to Harridon Lodge and will be glad to leave his work-pedagogue."

"Well, then, my lord," said I, "it will be ready by October. I have ordered the cellar to be finished first, and wrote off this morning to old Gibberno in Broad street, to stock me with good wine, and if you do come, I will do all I can to make you happy."

"Will you take us out in a boat?" inquired the marchioness, with a malicious smile.

"No, I'm—but I never swear; or if I do, I will have an extra couple of oars chained to the thwart."

"If you can come down and join us, sir, about the 10th of October, I shall be delighted. I am but a silent hypocondriac; but I will do every thing to make it pleasant for you. Are you fond of shell-fish, sir? Bathing? Sailing? Shooting? Riding? Driving? We have them all, sir, but my grief is getting the better of me again, sir, I must ring for another bottle."

While the stranger was giving his orders to William, and ordering in a couple of lobsters for supper, I took the opportunity of following the example that had been given to me by his friend, the mercer from Cornhill, and getting, very quietly, possession of my hat and stick, I wended my way home. If he persists in wishing to be a member of the Whitechapel Athenæum, I will blackball him to a certainty. Strangers are not allowed to pay for anything they eat or drink; and I found, next day, a bill scored up against me, the mercer having cautioned them that he would not be responsible; for two bottles of port, three glasses of brandy-and-water, fourteen cigars, two lobsters and six dozen pandores, in all thirty-two shillings and sixpence. I am going to propose, at the next meeting, that no member be permitted to bring a friend, or, if he does bring him, that he shall be answerable for his expenses.

"John," said a traveller to a farmer's boy who was hoeing in the field, "your corn is small." "Yes, we planted the small kind."

"But it looks dwarfish and yellow." "Yes—we planted the yellow sort." "I mean you will not get more than half a crop—do you understand me?" "O yes, sir—I understand—we don't expect to, for we planted on shares."

"Who goes there?" said an Irish sentry of the British Legion at St. Sebastian. "A friend," was the prompt reply. "Then stand where you are," cried Pat, "for you're the first I've met with in this murderin' country."

A schoolmaster, on being asked the meaning of the word "fortification," replied, "Two Twentifications make one fortification."

INTERESTING TO SMOKERS.—An article has been invented which very much enhances the enjoyment of a cigar. It consists of a tube with a bulb in the centre for the reception of cotton, which absorbs all the oil of the weed, leaving the smoker the pure and unalloyed flavor of the cigar.