

My old young acquaintance then, with marvellous rapidity, told me—— a great deal more than I may tell you, my reader. Suffice it to say, that she did *not* marry her "bowld sojer boy," after all the disagreeables she endured in the pursuit of him ; and her brother, whose blue serge suit once so well fitted her, having gone on some mercantile business to South America, she accompanied him, and married a Yankee, which same Yankee narrowly escaped coming to England in the same ship as his handsome wife's quondam queer acquaintance ; but I had actually secured the last vacant berths. I made his acquaintance, nevertheless, by chance, the very evening before we sailed, and a better informed, or more gentlemanly American, I have not yet met, though little he "guessed" *who* the gentleman was who played a "considerable tall game at billiards for a Britisher" on that occasion.