

a trifling peculiarity was scarcely needed to assure a careful observer that this plainly-dressed personage was of gentle birth, and, in accordance with the customs of the time, habituated to the wearing of a sword. A few feet distant from him, engaged in directing the group of seamen at their sail-furling and other details of mooring, was an individual of decidedly grotesque appearance. Short of stature almost to the point of dwarfishness, and chunky enough in build to amply make up for the other deficiency, he furnished a living example of the possibilities in human corpulence. And yet his originality did not end here. In quick action and features a veritable Italian, in figure the personification of an ideal English tavern keeper, and in name a seeming Scotchman, Captain Glenbucket was neither one of all these three but an Irish refugee, bred up at the court of France. Moreover, like most men gifted with the extreme imitative faculty, he had acquired some habits in conversation and expression which were apt to astonish strangers.

"Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirra-arra-tra-la," he hummed in subdued accents, marching pompously towards his tall companion. These sounds were intended to convey the marching music of drum and trumpet, and in common justice to the performer it must be allowed that they were as near perfect as the limitations of the human throat permit.