

history. It serves to-day as a camp for five or six races,—enemies to each other, and, to crown the misfortune, our compatriots live but to quarrel among themselves. At the same time you see that, all miserable as we are, we live, while the others pass away. Who knows but a better future is for us.

His interlocutor heard with a distracted ear. He had preëccupations of another kind. In quitting Tauris he calculated on the chances of the voyage—on their common life as giving him an opportunity of explaining himself to Miss Blandemere on a subject which he had not yet been able to touch. Meantime, the days were passing. Each hour added to the power of the charm which subdued him, and less than ever dared he speak. In the reception which Lucy gave him there was nothing cold or severe, but she did not appear to suspect the nature of the affection which she inspired. She had a sweet, kindly, communicative manner. Entering into the many incidents of the journey, which evidently pleased her, she loved also to see her friends partake of the pleasure which she experienced. Yet she remained mistress of herself despite the delirium of the vagabond existence which she led, and she did not appear to care for sweets of any other kind. The lieutenant was very unhappy. Full of energy and activity when striving against the difficulties of life, he dreaded uncertainties of another order. He had a settled confidence in the superiority of the institutions and the excellence of the national habits of his country; he dreamed of happiness in the object of his choice, and in the peace of the domestic hearth. A wife, “distinguished and well born as his cousin,” a house filled with beautiful children, the regular advancement which his profession promised, he desired nothing more, and never thought that Miss Blandemere would be opposed to a lot so enviable.

Mrs. Morton felt little of the mental agitation of Stewart. The brave woman had in her youth travelled over the fourth of the globe in the company of her husband, charged with the commissariat of the army, and had seen many things without being much affected by them. Her husband one day, having adventured far from his books with the Colonel who pursued the Maoris, had been killed, and they say, eaten by savages. Mrs. Morton had returned to England, attached herself to Lucy, then a little girl, and had never quitted her. The thought of going to Persia did not affright her. The return voyage found her as placid as possi-