

time, I must 'fetch up all standing,' 'take a severe turn,' 'clap on stoppers,' 'nipper well,' and 'hold on hard.' I will only say that I am rejoiced that this person finds my 'counters' 'harmless,' which is entirely owing to my being a trifle over six feet (and I will add, perhaps, to my future benefit, well proportioned), and that I have not as yet learned to 'hit low.' But as he considers height a 'positive disadvantage,' he of course has no cause to fear. Yet I pray him to hold his hand a bit, as I find his smashers in the ribs to be, as he describes Sayers' hits, 'simply terrific!'

I wish to say 'under the rose,' O SPIRIT! that 'Morton's' *mortifying* insinuation, that I am not an adept at French, is simply scandalous—a libel upon my character—as I not only did eat, drink, and sleep in Paris, once upon a time (and a time it was) for more than a week!—Think of that!—and even passed through Brussels, where—as Sir G. F. B. ('the Baronet') says of gentlemen from the United States of America—'they pitch it in considerable smart'—but more than all that (as if anyone would require more), I most undoubtedly resided—had a *carte de residence*, which was obliged to be had at that time there—at Tahiti, subsequent to its military occupation by *Le Grand Nation*, where, you must know, the language of their conquerors is jabbered in all its native purity by barefooted and breech-clouted 'Kanakas.' And in all these localities, as in many others in various parts of the globe—which I can swear is round, having encircled it twice (would you believe it?) in the course of ten years' ramblings—I have verified the words of another, who in speaking of the Spanish (it is applicable to all languages) says: 'The Castilian tongue may easily be acquired without a master;' but as far as my individual experience goes, no study is comparable to its acquisition with a *tutoress*, who, with the charms of bright eyes, rosy lips, and clear natal enunciation, renders the task not only facile, but pleasurable. *Au revoir!* "VERITAS."

In the earlier part of my story I promised my readers a description of a *marble store*, they (the readers) possibly may think had I employed an artist to sketch one, and printed the same, as a frontispiece to my book, I might have saved myself a world of trouble. Not so, reader; no