

before the bill swells to the value of the 'first instalment.'"

After satisfying our landlord's demands, we walked down to the pier to take a look at the rich merchant-ship. She had cast anchor, and her boat, with the passengers, was just putting off from her for the shore.

"She has lady passengers," said my companion.

"Let us walk down to the end of the pier," said I, "and assist them to land."

Why should I use circumlocution to make known that fact which the reader, if he has common sense, must see I am labouring with. My own sweet Mary was in the boat, more beautiful than ever, though a little thinner and paler. And beside her sat her father, even prouder than before—his manner ultra-official, and his dignity absolutely in a family-way. He had been nodded to by three earls, dined with a marquis, and played billiards with a duke, which I am sure is enough to turn any man's head. And yet, as he glanced his eye at the martial insignia which decorated my—handsome person, I could see that it was lit up with more benignancy than had ever filled it before; he became insufferably gracious. I suppose I ought to have told my readers all about the surprise and alarm manifested by the dear girl when her lover, supposed dead, made his appearance; but, in truth, I am driving to the end of my narrative in such fine style, that I cannot possibly "stop to take up." She trembled—leaned, I think, on me for support, but lived through the shock, I am sure.

I know not why it was that the judge persisted in walking up to our lodgings, when the coach employed to carry Mary had full space for two insides. And I am equally at a loss to say why he walked me through so many of the principal streets in going there. Danvers alleged that his motive was to show off Wolfe's aide-de-camp, a soldier six feet high, as an acquaintance. It certainly was not disreputable to be seen walking with me.

I had prepared him to meet his sister, but not his niece—that I left to one freer to discuss certain matters which the mention of her must introduce. When the parties had in some measure recovered from the delirium of joy which followed their meeting, Mrs. Shadwell drew her