

canter, some glasses, and some biscuits. Are you sure the beds have been removed from the front parlor? Do tell me, is she as tall as you; thin or stout? Oh, you won't tell me anything." Off he flew again, unable to sit still an instant, to put the finishing touches to himself, as well as to his arrangements, and presently the three had met, coming forth later, calm, subdued, and happy and red about the eyes. Meanwhile late captains still appeared out of all sorts of unlikely holes and corners, with stockinged feet and broad, honest faces, sat over shrimps with "tay," or smoked and gossiped round the tiny space among the shells, the flints and palls, discussing Lloyd's, the reason of such a one throwing up his command at the last moment, the opinion of Green's on the tea race, the prospect of shipping off soon once more, and nautical matters of still more intimate nature. One was brisk, and burnt his mouth, laughing over the mishap, for was he not about to start for Sydney almost instantly, and had he not chosen his first and second officer from those in the harbor hard by?

"Katie, sure they're all done but old Bluffer, whose rheumatics are no better, though mine are. Take his tay and shrimps up to him in bed. He's cosy there, and bring me the poy; I'll make it here." And while some munched their toast at one end of the table, the O'Canikin settled herself at the other with a dish, green apples, board and rolling-pin complete, and proceeded to perform culinary prodigies, still in her drab drapery and red leather shoes. "There now, it's done. An illigant poy. I'll just put a mark on the crust outside, so that the baker mayn't disappoint us as he did last Sunday. Only fancy, I made a poy last week of great mogul plums, with such a crust of fresh butter with an egg in it, as a thing for Mrs. M'Faddle to remember the auld country by one far away. And would you believe it, it was changed at the baker's, who sent us back a common low thing made of dripping and mess, and we couldn't get our poy back anyhow, for the doctor's lady had it, and wouldn't give it up, saying that she made it herself. To think of such lies on Sunday too! So I made a poy yesterday, sending it privately to the ship, so that she will eat it when far out at sea, and think kindly of us all. Who knows? Perhaps she'll yet come back again."

And so she rambled on, putting away stray bits of paste, mumbling the shreds of apple, reforming a toilet in a corner of the dining-room at the same time, before a glass set on the inside of a cupboard door. She brushed up her hair into a loose knot, talking all the while, inspected her stock of jewellery, trying on several pairs of earrings before she was satisfied with the result, and departed, climbing over the shakedown now returned to their normal condition of stopping up the stair-well, to return presently in a gorgeous Sabbath dress of grass-green silk, with a narrow red stripe on it, and white bows. Her good-natured face dimpled all over into smiles as she observed my intent look of observation. "Green is my favorite color," she remarked, "in honor of the Immortal Oisile. I bought it for a friend in Melbourne who's very sandy and fat, and she sent it back again, saying it didn't suit her complexion. Well, it suits mine anyhow. Ah, now, I wish I could just run over to Erin: I've invested my money in houses about Dublin, and I've bought a little place. But I've never seen any of them, as I'm afraid of travelling by train, and the boat makes me sick, and so I know that if I got up courage to go, I should never come back again. I'm getting unwell; I do so run to flesh. I'm not stout to look at yet, but I'm mighty weighty." Indeed I could quite conceive that she was, judging of the way in which she caused the room to shake, and the stairs to wheeze and moan. "But if I went over there, and never came back, what would all the captains do at all? And where would I be without them? Mighty dull indeed. They're father, and mother, and children to me, and I love them all, every one. Where's that whisky? I must give a drop of it to the cook, who's dreadfully overworked just now. This glass is bulky, and she won't be satisfied if it isn't full," she continued, breathing on it, and polishing it up with her elbow, "Just fill it up with wather, chold." And presently we heard the rich brogue rising in trumpet-tones from down below. "Take care what you're after, it's awful strong, but it'll put the spirit into you to get the beef well basted, and the gravy browned. Katie, take those dirty sheets away; it's a scandalising sight upon a Sabbath, littering about the stairs. Who's that ringing at the bell? What! Captain Pottle, is that you come back? Well, you are welcome indeed. Come in, it's just our dinner time, and take a bit with us, and tell us all about it. How long have you been back? Why ain't ye staying here? I heard yesterday that your ship had been seen off Gravesend. Come in, you'll find the old man inside somewhere. He'll be delighted to see you. He's terrible deaf. Worse than ever. But come in and sit down. We'll find a place for you. There are nineteen at dinner. We had one-and-twenty yesterday. Come in, all the same."

CAPTAIN LEMONKYD.

AN ENGLISH YACHTING STORY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

In the well remembered yachting season of 186— (you will easily recall the particular year; it was that in which Commodore Pluggly of

the "Westweehaken" U. S. A. Squadron won, with his marvelous cutter yacht the "Pollywogg," the beautiful block-tin cup offered as a prize by Lord Tumbledown, owner of the schooner "Groggy") there was no more popular personage on the south coast of England than Captain Algernon Lemonkyd. A curious name—"Lemonkyd," is it not? It was settled on all sides that the Captain came of a very "high" family—as high as a brace of pheasants sent you just before Christmas by a friend per Great Beasty Railway, and which turn up about the middle of January: at all events the altitude of Captain Lemonkyd's extraction was so excessive as to be beyond ordinary human ken. Neither Burke nor Debrett contained any notices of any noble or landed Lemonkyds; but Tom Ferret, who knows everybody, and has a cousin in the Lord Chamberlain's office, was wont to say that he rather thought the Lemonkyds were an old Dutch family—"cinnamon plantations in Java, lots of niggers, and that kind of thing, you know," and that by rights the prefix "Van" should usher in their patronymics. It was certain that Captain Algernon had been presented at court so far back as 185—, his sponsor on the occasion being Sir John Clam Chowder, late lieutenant-governor of the Larboard Islands; and they're somewhere near Java, and the Chowders themselves are a Dutch lot," little Tom Ferret, who knows everybody, used to say. In point of fact the Larboard Islands—which were engulfed by a tidal wave the year before last—were many thousands of miles distant from Batavia; but Tom Ferret's geographical information was acquired long before the day of competitive examinations and before those detestable Civil Service Commissioners began to expect candidates for government appointments to be able to spell the word "Mediterranean" with accuracy.

About the family of a gentleman who has been presented at court there can scarcely be any mistake. He must either be an alderman or sheriff, or some City person of that kind, or he must be a "swell." Captain Lemonkyd had obviously and avowedly nothing to do with the City; and he was as obviously and avowedly a "swell"—thoroughly aristocratic in feature, stature, demeanor, and dress, a strong Conservative, presumably a military man (but of this anon), and wont to express himself on all occasions in terms of the strongest contempt and aversion with regard to individuals in any way connected with trade or commerce. Such despicable creatures he ordinarily designated as "cads."

With regard to his martial title, he was half frank and half mysterious about it. Of course he was in the habit of meeting on familiar terms during the yachting season numbers of military men; and if some half-fledged subalterns, as occasionally happened, asked him to what branch of the service he belonged, or had belonged, Captain Lemonkyd's reply was usually to this effect: "Never belonged to any branch of your Service at all. You may hunt up Har's 'Army List' for the last twenty years without finding my name in it." (Many curious impertinents of the rank of subaltern had indeed consulted the Military Register at their clubs with this intent.) "I've two commissions," the captain would continue, with a yawn, "which you shall see one of these days; and 'pon my word, I think I belong quite as much to the navy as I do the army." This explanation could not be taken otherwise than as satisfactory; and from the circumstances of the Captain's being an accomplished linguist (he spoke, with perfect ease and fluency, at least half a dozen languages), of his being a brilliant performer on the pianoforte, there were some of his acquaintances who were led to opine that Tom Ferret was mistaken, and that he was no Dutchman, but a Moscovite.

"And, by the way, Lemonkyd," an intimate was bold enough to say to him one day, "you have something of a foreign accent, you know." The intimate was afflicted with an inveterate lisp, and said, "thumthing of a fowleign accent." Captain Lemonkyd gave him (for such a remarkably placable fellow as he was) a remarkably ugly look. "Some fellows talk in one way, and others in another, Spoonbilly" (the intimate's name was Spoonbilly), "and some fellows talk like Tom Fools, as they are." This (said openly on Ryde Pier) was a terrible blow for Spoonbilly, who did not recover his spirits until Captain Lemonkyd, after winning a hundred and fifty pounds from him at Van John, the night afterwards told him that he freely forgave him the impertinence of which he had been guilty.

A touch of mystery does a man no harm; rather the contrary, when he has plenty of money. Captain Lemonkyd had large quantities of coin. He used to say so himself. "I'm as rich as a Jew," he would confess, laughingly; "perhaps they'll say I am a Jew, some of these days." He might have had a slight strain of the Moscovite Arab in him, certainly, for his hair was blue-black, and his eyes coal-black; his tint was somewhat sallow, and his nose aquiline. But his mouth was not that of an 'Ebrew; it was the mouth of Napoleon the Great—exceedingly beautiful in its symmetry, but in its every line eloquent of iron will.

He was the owner of an exquisitely beautiful steam yacht of considerable burden, named *La Couleuvre*—somewhat of an odd name—and during the yachting season, which with him began early and terminated late—was here, there, and everywhere with his craft, which carried a crew of thirty-five men. They were a picked crew, but were mainly foreigners: a good many Dutchmen and Spaniards among them. Lemonkyd (evidently a practised seaman) was his own skipper; but when he was absent on shore the

command was assumed by his first mate, a wary, battered old salt, English to the backbone; he came from Great Grimaby, I think, named Higginthorpe. He was an excellent officer, and, like his commander, could speak many languages, although to the whole of them he applied the pronunciation of "twe scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe," or rather of Great Grimaby.

It was not alone on the south coast that Captain Lemonkyd and *La Couleuvre* were known. He and his craft were as popular at Scarborough or in the Clyde as at Ryde, or Cowes, or in the Southampton Water. Then he would be heard of at St. Malo or Cherbourg, or up the Mediterranean, or in the Baltic at Swinemunde, or in Flensburg Fjord. "What a customer you must be to the coal merchants," the intimates would say, admiringly. "After all, there's nothing like a steamer for seeing the whole fun of the thing." Evidently Captain Lemonkyd thought so too. He would go out in the very roughest weather, but *La Couleuvre* was an admirable sea-boat, and never came to grief. Do you remember, for example, that terrible storm in 186—, in which the English brig *Endeavor*, Dempsey Master, bound from Southampton to Genoa with a very valuable assorted cargo, was totally lost? Only a few spars, and a portion of her stern, were picked up off Havre, a few weeks afterwards, to tell the tale. Even sadder was the fate of the *Ellen* and *Catherine* clipper from Buenos Ayres, and the *Luisa da Gloria*, a passenger steamer from the Brazil, both wrecked within a few hundred knots of shore. Captain Lemonkyd weathered that fearful gale, in which two life-boats were swamped, vainly endeavoring to reach the doomed ships—Captain Lemonkyd all but succeeded, he said, in boarding the *Ellen* and *Catherine*, but was baffled in his merciful attempt. As for the passenger steamer from Rio, she took fire during the storm; and all her crew, and the Dons on board, with all their diamonds and their gold dust, were burned or drowned with her. Captain Lemonkyd lay to as near as he could to the burning vessel; and lowered his boats, which were rowed all night round the wreck; but the crew of the Brazilian vessel were apparently too terrified to launch their boats, and not a soul was saved. It was the gallant Captain Lemonkyd who brought the melancholy tidings into Southampton. The honest folks there wanted to get up a testimonial to him; but he steadily refused the honor. Had he been enabled to save any lives, he said, the case would have been different. As it was he had only done his duty.

It was in August 186— that *La Couleuvre* and her gallant commander being, with a vast number of yachts of every grade of tonnage, at a port I will call Greymouth, Captain Lemonkyd gave a grand ball and supper on board his vessel. Of course all the *élite* of Greymouth rank, wealth, and fashion had been proud to accept the invitations lavishly sent forth by the Captain, whose hospitality was known only to be exceeded by his bravery. And by this time I may as well whisper in your ear a little secret, which will be kept, I have no doubt, with the inviolate strictness with which secrets confided to the readers of popular magazines usually are kept. Captain Algernon Lemonkyd was in love with Miss Lenore Fonteverard, commonly called the Beauty of Greymouth: at all events, whatever may have been the state of the captain's own feelings towards Miss Fonteverard, it was plain to the most casual observers—that is to say, to at least six hundred young (and disappointed) young ladies in Greymouth, that Miss Lenore Fonteverard was madly in love with Captain Algernon Lemonkyd.

She had no money—not a sou; but that did not matter the least in the world. She was an amazing beauty, high spirited, accomplished, and witty; and her family was as old as King Arthur's, which is saying a great deal, seeing that we have no means of telling how old King Arthur was when he founded that family, the most notable scions of which have been a number of stirring ballads, and a score of more or less epic poems of a wearisome description. In any case, history knew nothing of a period in which there had not been a Fonteverard family, of which all the sons were brave, and all the daughters virtuous (a compliment once applied in an after-dinner speech by the great Sir Robert Peel to the Orleans family, and which has always struck me as being one of the clumsiest and most wooden compliments ever paid, the implication inevitably being that in the majority of families the sons are cowards, and the daughters no better than they should be). Old Colonel Fonteverard, late of the Heavies, had nothing but his half-pay to bring up his numerous children upon; but he had been a terrible fire-eater in his time; was covered with wounds and medals; had been several times mentioned in the Gazette; to say nothing of his enjoying the personal friendship of his late R-y-I H-g-h-as the D— of Y—k. As for Mrs. Fonteverard, she had been a Miss Ironstone; and the Ironstones (or Ironzons) as all genteel people know, date from the Crusades, when they came over here as cadets of the princely Italian house of Sassoferatto; themselves descendants of the Sassoferatto, a Consular Family of the Umbrian Marches. The Fonteverards of Greymouth hadn't a penny piece between them, but they had blood by the bucketful.

Mrs. Colonel F. was slightly annoyed when Captain Lemonkyd proposed to her youngest daughter, Lenore, instead of to Isabeau, the eldest; nay, there were three other Miss Fonteverards, all beautiful, high spirited, accomplished, and witty; Berthe, Almond, and Renée to wit who were all entitled by the laws of seniority to pass before Lenore; but as she was the Beauty, tremendously so, passionately ad-

ed by her papa; as Captain Lemonkyd's suggestions respecting settlements were of a positively princely nature; and as there was some perilous probability, in the event of the Colonel and Coloneless saying "no," of the Captain's proposing to Miss De Fudgeville, orphan daughter and heiress of the late Rear-Admiral De Fudgeville, who, though she was as ugly as sin, and had something the matter with her spine, had a fortune of ninety thousand pounds, the gallant Colonel, late of the Heavies, and his wife, condescendingly agreed to accept Algernon as their son-in-law. All in good time, you know. It is to be presumed that the Captain fully satisfied his intended connections as to his family, his position, and his prospects in society. Certain it is that he was received in the Fonteverard family on the footing of an accepted suitor; and it was understood that when the yachting season was over an adjournment should be made to London, and the family lawyers set to work to prepare those needful settlements with which middle-class people seem to be able to dispense so comfortably; and the principal use of which, in high life, seems to be that they should be subsequently squabbled over in the courts of law and equity.

That ball on board *La Couleuvre* was a most gorgeous affair. Wagstyless, the "sensational" reporter—at eighteen shillings a week—of the "Greymouth Comet," said that it was to be a gorgeous affair for full a week before the actual occurrence of the event, at which he had been invited to be present. But Bulby, of the "Greymouth Beacon" who hated sensationalism, and had not been asked to the festival, spoke of it in anticipation as the "approaching High Jinks on board the 'Captain's' steamboat." He put "Captain" in inverted commas in order to vex Lemonkyd, who sent word to him to say that he intended to horsewhip him the morning after the ball. He never carried out his threat.

The ball and supper, which fully bore out Wagstyless' enthusiastic, although somewhat hyperbolic prognostications—the sensational reporter drank an enormous amount of champagne on the occasion, and fought with the waterman who conveyed him to shore—had come to a most brilliant conclusion, and the fashionable company had, with a solitary exception, departed. Who do you think this solitary exception was? Oh, folly! oh, infatuation! oh, dissimulation of womankind! the exception was Lenore Fonteverard. That beautiful and accomplished, but, unfortunately, romantic young woman—three volume novels from Miss Pibb's circulating library in Royal Crescent had done it all—forgetting her duty to her family, her sex, and herself, had consented to run away that very night with Captain Algernon Lemonkyd. The plot had been most artfully arranged. The whole Fonteverard family were to be, of course, at the ball. At an early period of the evening, Lenore was to plead slight indisposition, and, accompanied by her maid—who, with many other females of the humbler class, had been invited by the hospitable Captain to witness the grand doings on the quarter-deck—was to enter a boat for the ostensible purpose of being rowed to shore. The Fonteverard family resided at a distance of some three miles from Greymouth; so Lenore, always pleading her headache, was ostensibly to stay for the night, her faithful maid—the *minx*!—with her, at the house of her aunt, Miss Ironzon, an ancient spinster of laugthy mien who dwelt in Royal Crescent, in Greymouth itself. But the seeming shoregoers were to return to the steamer; and, shielded by night, and the noise and excitement of the proceedings aft, reboard her. This precious plot was carried out in all its integrity: and while the fond mother's enjoyment of a copious supper was ever so slightly dashed by the thought that her darling Lenore must be by that time in bed with a bad headache at her aunt's, Miss Ironzon, in Royal Crescent, the darling Lenore herself, with a waterproof over her ball dress, was with her maid, snugly ensconced in a cabin in the fore-castle. It was the first mate's cabin, and his name was Higginthorpe: a wary, salt old man from Great Grimaby. The foolish, foolish girl! when there were so many highly respectable conveyances in Lincoln's-lun-fields, London, all anxious to prepare the necessary settlements. Could she not bestow one thought, even, on the blood—the unsullied blood of the Fonteverards and the Ironzons: to say nothing of the parent Sassoferatto of the Marches of Umbria? My dear madam, when a girl has determined to make a fool of herself, do you think that the Pope and all the Apostolic College, assisted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, and the members of the Wesleyan Conference in a body would be of the slightest use in dissuading her from her rash resolve? Besides, had she not her faithful maid—the *minx*!—with her? and were not Captain Lemonkyd's intentions strictly honourable? Everything had been arranged. *La Couleuvre* would get her steam up before daybreak, and ere the flight could be discovered they would be on their way to Scotland to be married.

The last boat had left the ship a full half-hour since, and there was a great silence on deck and on the sea, which was perfectly calm, when the cabin door opened, and there stood before Lenore, not Algernon, with protestations of love upon his lips, but that wary, salt old mariner from Great Grimaby, Higginthorpe by name, the Mate of *La Couleuvre*. In one hand he bore a lantern; one tarry finger of the other hand he laid on his lip.

"It's Dead Silence, to begin with," he said, in a tone which was half a whisper and half a growl. "If you don't keep Dead Silence, you'll