Don't Stay Long.

A look of yearning tenderness
Beneath her lashes lies,
And hope and love unutterable
Are shadowed in her eyes,
As in some deep unruffled stream
Are clouds and summer skies.

She passed to early womanhood,
From dreamy, sweet girl life,
And crossed the rosy threshold but
To find herself a wife;
Oh! gently should he lead her steps
Along the path of life!

And she clasped her small white hands
Upon his arms so strong,
How often like a summer sigh,
Or a sweet pleading song,
She whispers with a parting kiss,
"Beloved one, don't stay long."

They're almost always on her lip,
Her gentlest parting words,
Sweet as the fragrance from rose leaves
When by soft zephyrs stirred,
And lingering in the memory
Like songs of summer birds.

And in his heart they nestle warm
When other scenes amid;
He stays not till she weary grows,
And her fond eyes are hid
In tears which lies in bitterness
Beneath each yielding lid.

And, oh, how many hearts are kept
By that love-uttering song!
There's scarcely one who on life's waves
Is swiftly borne along,
But what was heard from some dear lips
These sweet words, "Don't stay long."

NO RELATIONS;

A Story of To-day.

Stephen then began to narrate his own experiences. The commodore of the Confederate Navy sat in the attitude of listening, which was polite, because the pilot was prolix. After a quarter of an hour or so of patient pretence, he pulled up the narrator short.

"Say," he began, "what do you mean to do next?"

"Nothing," replied Stephen.

"What? Stay in this forsaken hole? Sit here and rot like an old hulk in a harbor?"

"Ay. Sit here is the word, cap'en. Time's come when I'm bound to lay up. I've got religion; I've got a dozen cottages; I collect the rents of a Saturday; I'm sixty-five years of age; there's no pilotin' to do; and as for black jobs, why I doubt whether that trade will ever again be worth what it used to be. Lord! sometimes, when the minister is a bloomin' away in the chapel, I sit and think of the droves of 'em bought for a song, as one may say, sometimes took for nothing, drivers and all, hurried over the Atlantic in a clipper that could show her heels to any British frigate afloat, and put up at New Orleans or Havannah for——" Here he stopped and sighed. "It's comfortin' to think of those times. It brings out the flavor of the hymns. You should get religion, cap'en."

"Some day, may be, Stephen. 'Spose there was piloting to do?"

"Ay, ay?" The old fellow sat upright and listened intently.

"'Spose I was to say to myself: 'I've got one that wants a light hand, a quick eye, and a knowledge of the coast?'"

"What coast?" asked Stephen.

"The coast of North Car'lina, and the port of Wilmington."

"He means blockade runnin'!" cried Stephen with enthusiasm. "Where there's danger, there's Cap'en Ramsay! Where there's money to be made, there's the gallant cap'en! Where there's fightin' and runnin' away, and a shootin' of six-shooters, there he is in the middle of it, whether it's filibusterin', or slavin', or the South Sea trade or runnin' the blockade! What a man! What a Nero!"

"You've guessed the job, old shipmate. Some men would ha' let me beat about the bush for an hour. But you've got a head upon your shoulders, Stephen, screwed on tight, right end up, and eyes in that head as can see straight. You've guessed it!"

"Go on, cap; go on." This sagacious flattery increased the good old man's desire to hear more. Blockade-running was next to piracy; therefore dear to his heart. For he was one of those perverse brethren who ever love the thing that is illegal, because it is illegal.

"I've been blockade-running since that little game began, and I haven't been caught yet. And I don't mean to be, though they've put on the coast some new and fast cruisers. For I've got, at Liverpool, loading for me, a craft, Stephen, as would make your eyes water. Yes, I reckon you would weep for joy that you had lived to see such a craft."

"Ah!"

"Such lines; such gracefulness; such lightness; such speed."

"Oh!"

"You shall see her, Stephen. Whether you fall in with my proposal or not, you shall see her and judge for yourself. Now, listen. In my last trip we did well; got in and out without a brush or a shot. Some of the boys aboard were pretty rough—that's a fact—and just before we sighted Nassau there was a little difficulty between the pilot and the chief officer. The chief officer didn't matter, because his sort, though he was a plucky one, air plentiful, and Nassau swarms with the young English chaps mad for a run; but when the pilot had to send in his checks too, and we heaved both overboard at once, it was a real loss, and rough upon us as was generaly felt. For pilots air like angels—they air skarse."

"Young men," said Stephen, "will be young men. I've drawed a bowie myself before now, and let daylight into the other chap. But for both to go at once! That seems a most extravagant waste."

"So, being at Liverpool, I remembered you, Stephen. I said: 'This is a chance which does not often happen. If Stephen Cobbledick gets it, he is a made man.'"

"I'm too old," said Stephen.

"Nonsense. You're as young as you feel. Your hand is firm, and your eye is straight and what's more, you know every inch of the coast."

"I do. No man better."

"Why, then, we're half agreed already. And now, old pal, you shall see what a thing it is I am goin' to give you a share of." He pulled some papers and the stump of a pencil out of his pocket. "First you shall have, for the double trip, seven—hundred—and—fifty pounds—nigh upon four thousand dollars."

"What?" Stephen jumped out of his chair. "How much?"

"Seven—hundred—and—fifty pounds sterling. Half paid down on the day you go aboard; the other half when we get back to Nassau. Stop a minute, I haven't done yet. Every man is allowed space for his own ventures. You shall have room for a dozen cases if you like. More than that, I've bought them for you, and they are shipped ready for you. I give them to you."

"If I could!" replied Stephen.

"Why not? What's to prevent?"

"There's that gell o' mine; my niece. Hanged if I don't think they kep' her alive a purpose to worry an' interfere."

"Leave her behind."

"I might do that."

"A dozen cases, all your own. They're full of the things that sell in Richmond and the other places. There's women's stays and kid gloves, tooth-brushes, Cockle's pills, lucifer-matches—man! whatever you take will sell, 'less it's raw cotton."

"Ay."

This good uncle was meditating a scheme for the happiness of his niece.

"As for danger, there's none. Not that you are the man to show a white feather. There's plenty at Liverpool could do it, but I want you. 'Steve Cobbledick,' I said, 'would enjoy the business. Steve Cobbledick, as I've known these twenty years and more, since I was little bigger than a boy.'"

"You were on'y next door to a boy," said Stephen, "when you came aboard as third mate. 'Twas at Havannah. You were then, you said, the son of an English gentleman, and you'd run away. You shipped in the name of Peregrine Pickle, which afterwards I saw in a printed book. That was the first"—he looked round him with admiration—"of his names and descriptions. Never any man had so many parents. And wicked? How a lad so young could pick up so much wickedness, the Lord knows. Yet there he was. And drink? Like a mermaid. And swear? Don't name it. And fight? Like Great Alexander; for the walloping of a nig, to get the work out of him, I don't suppose there was ever a lad, Spaniard, Mexican, or Yankee, could come within a mile of him. And the sweetest temper with it; not proud, not puffed up with vain conceits; easy and affable with all alike. And at a dignity ball, the cock of the walk, though Mexican yellow noses, which are well known to be more jealous than a alligator, were waitin' outside with knives sharpened on the door-step to have his blood."

"Then you will go with me?" said the hero of this praise, unmoved. "You will be my pilot? I'm part owner of the ship and cargo, as well as skipper."

"When do you want to sail?"

"In a fortnight."

"Give me three days. I think I can go, cap'en. It's only that cussed gell. She's cost me a thousand pounds a'ready, and I want to get that back. I think the job is as good as done. Three days, my noble cap'en."

In the evening Stephen produced an electrical effect in the smoking-room of the Wellington Arms by the introduction of his friend Captain Ramsay, who was, he added, Commodore in the Confederate Navy.

Now Captain Ramsay was, as has been explained, a familiar name with every man who was privileged to hear the conversation of Mr. Stephen Cobbledick. For whenever he had to tell of a deed of peculiar atrocity, an act of more than common treachery, a deed which made the flesh to creep and the blood to boil, a transaction more nefarious than is usually considered possible to humanity, he fathered it with every tribute of praise and admiration upon Captain Ramsay. And this heroic Viking actually stood before the peaceful folks of Boscastle in the flesh. A small, lithe, quiet-looking man, with quick bright eyes, who sat quietly beside Stephen, and for awhile said nothing.

The sexton, the blacksmith, and the shipwright stared mutely at the stranger, who presently began to talk and to smoke cigars.

"Yet he is a tiger, Jack," whispered the Poet, in answer to nothing.

Jack opened the conversation by asking if the commodore had left the States recently, and what he thought were the present prospects of the South.

"Sir," replied that officer, "the present prospect is certainty. The North is in her last throes; they've got through all their Irish and Germans; they can't raise recruits nor money; they have been—but they won't own up—already licked into a cocked hat; their generals air like whipped curs with their tails between their legs; their papers air clamoring for peace; and the South will be asked by the North, before very long, to be good enough to take Maryland and Washington, and go about her own business. Wal, we do not wish to bear malice; we will let them alone, provided they let us alone. But go we must, and go we shall. That is so gentlemen."

"Of course," said Jack, "you speak as a partisan. We hear other accounts from the North."

"You hear, sir, whatever lies the meanest press in the world chooses to tell you. What I tell you, sir, is fact."

Undoubtedly a very strong adherent to the Secession Cause. Salem a long way behind, clean forgotten. Pilot Cobbledick looked on in admiration.

Presently the commodore passed from Confederate matters, which, considering the way in which the end has falsified his predictions, together with those of a great many far-seeing English editors, would be stale in the repetition, and, backed up by his old comrade-in-arms, launched forth upon the sea of general experience and personal reminiscences. Like Stephen, he had been everywhere.

Stephen, for his part, was guarded. He said nothing, except to murmur applause, or to put a leading question.

"What do you think of him?" asked Jack, when the evening was over.

"What I said before, my boy; a tiger," replied the Poet. "He looks it."

Avis' reflections were exactly the reverse of the Poet's. She thought that if the man was a tiger, as according to the statements made by Stephen he most certainly was, he looked like a lamb. His voice, to her, was so gentle from the moment he saw her; his manner so mild, so caressing; his very attitudes so modest and unassuming, that she could not believe, from his appearance, the stories told about him. He a pirate? He a tiger? No; the imagination of Stephen must have invented all.

CHAPTER V.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

The way—which the wise man found marvellous in his eyes—when there are three together, and one of them is a maid, is that one of the other two must go away by himself. The Poet, therefore, went away. He adored Avis after the poetical manner. It is very well known how Petrarch found consolation. In like manner, this poet sat on a rock; thought of this girl's eyes and her wondrous face; made her immortal—at least, those of his friends who reviewed him said so—in undying verse; and presently, with tranquility of mind, married another woman. You never find a poet, mind you, going distraught with love.

As for the other two, they went about without him, happy with each other; they wandered afield or along the rough Cornish lanes, with cobbled walls on either side; they gathered the wild roses; they sailed in the boat; they climbed the steep sides of Tintagel. They were yet in the sweet misty time which comes before the spoken love; it is then that each to each puts forth invisible arms; ghostly embraces follow, which are but half felt; the very air seems rosy with the glow of sunrise; it is a time of imperfect joy, of sweet uncertainty, hopeful fear, tender doubt, and ever-growing faith. A woman, perfect of her kind, once told me that marriage, against which she had nothing to say, was not so happy as the time of plighted troth; and this, again, not so sweet as that uncertain time of undecided wooing, of admiration, and of attraction.

This time must have an end. That is most sure. Julie de Rambouillet marries M. de Montausier at last and Penelope is rewarded in the end. But it is pleasant while it lasts; and, in the opinion of some, the time which follows is more pleasant still.

It was a new and divine joy for Jack to read, day after day, the soul of this innocent, fresh, and beautiful girl, whose heart turned unto things good and beautiful, as the hemlock turns to the east. A girl's thoughts are mostly, when she finds expression, clad in the words of others; she is not good at finding words for herself, she stammers, when she tries; it is a shameful thing, in a way, for her to tell, in words all of her own, and directly, the things she feels rather than thinks. Therefore every girl is a mystery and an enigma. The better she is, the higher her aspirations, the more mysterious is she to the lover who would fain understand her deepest thought, her most secret hope and wish. Mostly, however, the talk of lovers seems, to the outer world, commonplace.

"Since Captain Ramsay came," said Avis to Jack, two days after the arrival of that worthy, "I hear of nothing but blockade-running. My uncle wants to go. He has got out charts and maps, and spreads them on my table; he pores over them, with his thumb on the places which he is interested in. And he has been throwing out hints—you know his hints are broad ones—about being able to go if I were not in his way."

"Perhaps," said Jack gravely, as if he believed what he was saying, "Stephen thinks he is getting old, and would like to make better provision for you, in case——you see, Avis, you are a girl, and have not been brought up to fight your way in the world, which is a place where, unless you are provided with cushions and hassocks stuffed with bank-notes, you find the sitting pretty hard."

"I do not think that Stephen cares much about providing for me," said Avis gently. She was not a girl who readily thought evil or ascribed motives. But it was ridiculous to imagine Stephen Cobbledick as anxious to work for the sake of herself. "I hope you have got easy cushions for yourself, Jack."

"Mine are easy enough for me," he replied gruffly. "The question is——Avis, will you marry a poor man?"

"Jack!" For, at the word "marry," all the possibilities of the situation rushed upon her mind.

"I am getting on, but an artist's life is uncertain. Still, if you love me as I love you, Avis——Darling, will you take me?"

She knew, she thought, when he spoke of love, that she already loved him: she felt that life would be intolerable without him, but she was ashamed; she could not, so surprised, accept him.

"Oh," she said, the tears starting to her eyes, "you ask me to marry you, Jack, out of your kindness; just as you forced your way to me, because you pitied me. You cannot love me."

"My dear," he said, taking her hand, "I have always loved you. I loved you, I think, from the very first, when you sat in the boat so sad and silent. Take me, my dear, and let your uncle go blockade-running, or blockhead-breaking, or anything he pleases, with his amiable pirate and murderer, Captain Ramsay. Avis, once more, can you love me? Will you send me away empty, after all our talks and walks and happy times, Avis? You called me your brother once; I will not be your brother any more. I must be your lover, Avis, or nothing."

She shyly put out her hand.

"I cannot give up my friend," she said, smiling through her tears; "and if he means what he says, and his handmaid has found favor in his sight, and he will take her for his sweetheart, who loves him——"

The noblest man in the world to marry the noblest woman! This is a dream which has always presented itself to me in the form of a nightmare. One can imagine the loneliness, the terrible isolation of a household so perfect as to be a standing and perpetual reproach to all the world, one may feel how husband and wife, after many months of keeping up an exhibition of the noblest virtues to each other as well as to all the world, would at last fly apart with execrations, and descend to a lower level and—separate. I have, besides, never met any whom I could call either the noblest man or the noblest woman. I have always found in the former certain failings due to vanity, jealousy, love of adulation, or even a passion for port; and in the other I have sometimes noted a tendency to positiveness, smallness, and inability to recognize in the world anything but what she sees. I am sure that Avis was neither the noblest nor the best of women. To begin with, she was not of the best educated, had few accomplishments, knew nothing of society at all, was imperfectly instructed in the fashions, and had little to recommend her except her beauty—an old fashioned quality, but uncommon in these days—her virtue and goodness. But, for an average pair of imperfect mortals, with a good average share of virtues, and a general leaning to what is good rather than to what is evil, and a power of unselfishness, and a belief in each other as well as in goodness as an abstract quality, I declare that Jack and Avis promised to be as well mated as Adam and Eve, who, as we know, were imperfect.

"Poet," said Jack, later on, with a strange light in his eyes and a little shaking in his voice. "I have asked Avis to marry me. She is good enough to take me."

"I congratulate you," replied the man of song. "My belief is that you have done the best thing you possibly could for yourself. Now that you are engaged, take her away as fast as ever you can; the sooner the better."

"We shall be married," said Jack—he repeated the word, as if it gave him gratification—"some time in the autumn. I've got to find a house and furnish it."

"Don't wait for the autumn. Take her away, out of this, as soon as you can."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the atmosphere is dangerous."

"If you will explain——"

"Well then, what I mean is that I have eyes in my head, even although I wear spectalces; that I have been using them; that I have been watching the piratical scoundrel who calls himself Commodore Ramsay—no more an officer of the Confederate States than of the British Navy. He is a tiger and a man-eater."

"Go on—go on."

"And I think he has cast eyes of affection on—on your fiancee."

Jack clenched his fists and swore a great oath.

"They are unholy eyes, Jack; take her away at once."

"He cannot run away with her under my very eyes," said Jack presently. "If he dares to say one word to her, by heaven——" Here he chocked.

In these days it is extremely difficult for an Englishman to threaten an enemy. He cannot make daylight through him with a revolver, as a Texan might or a gentleman of Colorado. He cannot call him out, with a choice of pistols or swords. He cannot even promise to punch his head, because it is undignified. He can do nothing. The law is to do everything. Yet, even in the most law abiding country in the world, there is always that possible return to the habits of the prehistoric man, who carried a stick, sharpened its point in the fire, and carved his flint axes, mainly for the purpose of enjoying himself upon his enemy, should he get the chance.

One thing Jack could do—which he did, and with surprising results. He would see old Cobbledick and tell him what he was going to do. Accordingly, he sought the worthy pilot, and, without thinking it necessary to ask the permission of Avis' guardian, which is a formality observed by most suitors, he informed him that he was about to marry her.

"Since," he said, "she is good enough to think me worthy of being a husband, we shall be married as quickly as possible. So you will be free of your charge and happy again. You will be able to live as you like, never open the windows, never clean the place, spread your dinner on the floor, and get as drunk as you please."

This, to be sure, was exactly what Stephen most wanted; but he was not going to let the girl go without getting what he could for himself. And when Jack used the word "worthy" in his humility, Stephen thought of the other meaning attached to the word "worth." Therefore, he replied.

"Easy a bit, young gentleman; soft and easy is the word. Now, before we go a bit further into this business, we must have marriage settlements laid down and agreed upon."

"The marriage settlements?"

"Just so, Mr. Davenant"—the old man looked unspeakably cunning—"just so, sir; the marriage settlements. Of course you don't expect that I am goin' to let Avis go with nothing."

Jack was rather surprised at this. Still, as a guardian, Stephen was perhaps justified in expecting something to be settled on Avis.

"I am not a rich man," he said; "and I cannot settle money upon my wife which I have not got But I will insure my life for her benefit, for any reasonable amount. That ought to satisfy you."

"Insure your life for her benefit!" Stephen was astonished at the young man's stupidity. "Well, I don't mind; that's just as you like. I was talking of marriage settlements, not insurin' of lives for her benefit. Who's a-talkin' of her benefit?"

"And I was saying that I will secure her from want by means of an insurance in place of a marriage settlement. That is quite a usual thing to do, believe me."

"Lord! Lord!" cried Stephen. "Why can't a man speak up plain and direct? When I said marriage settlement, I meant marriage settlement! If you want me to go and beat about—this tack and that tack—like a lawyer, say so; if not, answer me plain and straight. How much am I to have?"

"You to have? You?"

"Me, Mr. Davenant. Do you suppose that I've paid for that gell's education, as fine as if she'd been a duchess, sixty pounds—I mean ninety pounds a year, money out of pocket for eighteen years, for nothing. No, sir; I calculate not."

He added the last words for the sake of emphasis, and with due American intonation.

"Good heaven!" cried Jack.

"I think if you tot up that sum, Mr. Davenant, you will find it come to nigh upon one thousand and eight hundred pound. Then there's the interest, which would be—ah, I dessay a hundred pound more. That makes, altogether, pretty near two thousand pound. Now, the man who marries that gell has got to make a marriage settlement upon me of all that money as I have laid out upon her to make her what she is. She can play the pianner, I am told; she can sing, when she isn't sulky, like a angel; she can patter French, they tell me, in a way as would astonish you; she can dress up to make her husband proud; she can talk pretty, when she isn't in a temper; and [she can go along, holdin' of her petticuts in her hand, like a lady. That's what she is, a real lady to look at; besides belongin' to a most respectable family. It was for this that I laid out the money. 'Do not grudge it, Stephen,' I says to myself; 'it is a castin' upon the waters, it will be brought back 'ontoe you, like a runaway nig. And I make no charge for the love, nor for the affection, nor for the grief—which might settle on the chest, and be the death of a man, or turn to lumbago—at losin' of her; and as for——"

"Stop!" cried Jack, "you infernal old humbug and impostor."

"Mr. Davenant!" Alarmed at this response, Stephen began to wish he had put his figures a little lower.

"I know what you have done. How you went away and forgot all about the child; how the man who held your money went on paying for the girl and placed her in a respectable school; how you welcomed her back with reproaches and grumbling. Why, she owes you nothing, not even thanks. Now listen, and then shut up. I shall give you not one farthing; do you hear?"

"Not one fartnin'? Do you mean, Mr. Davenant, that you will not pay me back even the money I spent on her?"

"Not one farthing. That is my answer, You will do what you please; but beware of any harsh word or act to Avis."

Jack withdrew, leaving Stephen in a state of such disgust and disappointment as he had never before experienced. For the hope of getting back his money had grown in his mind during the progress of Jack's brief courtship, until he almost saw it within his grasp. It was because he felt so certain that he had allowed himself to multiply the amount by about three. It may be owned that if Stephen had been acquainted with the nature of geometrical progression, and its relation to compound interest, his claims would certainly have been far higher than they were. But to get nothing, absolutely nothing at all! Was that possible? Was it, this good man asked, just and Christian so to act? And how, if not by means of Jack, was this casting of the bread upon the waters to be returned to him?

As for Avis' marriage that was the very thing he wanted. Nothing could possibly suit him better. She would be off his hands and out of his house; he need not trouble about her when he was away. But the cruel disappointment, and when he had made quite certain that Mr. Davenant was a real gentleman, who would be only too pleased to pay for his fancy.

The conversation took place in the porch, while Avis herself was sitting on the cliff thinking over the wonderful happiness which had befallen her. So disturbed in mind was her uncle by Jack's ungentleman like and mean response to his proposal, that he was fain to have a tumbler of rum and water at once, and to load another pipe. The grog dispatched, he sat gloomily in his arm-chair, growling menaces, interjections, and expressions of discontent, as one who has believed too much in humanity, and now, like David, is inclined to say, in his haste, unkind things about all conditions of men.

While in this mood, he was joined by Captain Ramsay, who, without speaking, took a chair and tilted it against the wall so that he could sit back comfortably. As usual, he was provided with an immense cigar, which he smoked continuously.

After awhile, the commodore spoke.

"Well, mate, got an answer ready?"

"I'll go," said Stephen.

"What about the gal?"

"She may go—where she darn please," replied the pilot. "She may go to the devil. I wish I'd never seen her. I wish I'd never spent a farthing on her. Gratitude? Not a bit; whistle for it. She may marry who she likes. I don't care who she marries; she may——"

"Dry up, man," said Captain Ramsay. "There's more to be said. Let us understand one another. You will come with me?"

"There's my hand on it," said Stephen. "When I came home with my little pile I said I'd have nothing more to do with niggers. Besides, I've gut religion. And I never did love the blacks; not to feel kind o' hearty toe-wards their shiny skins; not even when I was shippin' of 'em across the pond for the Cuban market. Some skippers loved 'em like their own brothers and cowhided 'em like their own sons. Put their hearts, they did, into the cat-o'-nine-tails. I never did."

"As for your religion," said the commodore, "and as for your virtue—there." He made a gesture which implied that he believed Stephen's late born virtue to be, like other flowers of autumn, a pale ana scentless weed. "Well, that's settled. Half the money shall be paid to you before we ship, the other half when we get back to Nassau; the cases of notions I promised you shall be yours. Did I ever treat an old shipmate unfair, Steve?"

"Never, cap."

"Very well, then. "If we're caught—but that's unlikely—we shall have a taste of a Northern prison; if not, we'll have another merry run, and another at the back of that. And long may the war last, and happy may we be!"

Stephen sprang to his feet and waved his hat with a cheer.

"Now, Steve"—the captain was more han affable, he was affectionate to-day—'there's another thing. That gal of yours is as fine a gal as one would wish to see. I don't remember, nowhere any gal as comes nigh her for good looksand a straight back; and I conclude that she hasn't got any call to make that fine figure of hers look finer by stuffin' and things."

"No call whatsover," said her uncle; she is a Cobbledick, which accounts for her figure—where she takes after me—as well as her face. But if you come to gratitude——"

"Now, shipmate"—the commodore was still lying back in the chair, with his feet upon the back of another chair, and he spoke without taking the trouble to remove the cigar from his lips—"I've took a fancy to that gal o' yourn, and I tell you what I'll do for her—I will marry her."

[To be continued.]

Captain Boycott went to Amelia county, Virginia, recently, to visit an old friend, Mr. M. Blacker, a former Irish justice of the peace and deputy lord-lieutenant. Mr. Blacker is the owner of very large landed estates in Southside, Virginia. Half a million dollars or more have been invested by a colony of Irish gentlemen in Amelia county. It is thought that it is not unlikely Captain Boycott may decide, if he likes the country, to make his home in Virginia, where so many of his acquaintances have already settled.

The new Czar, whose integrity is highly spoken of, is said to have resolved to reduce the enormous expenditure hitherto incurred in the huge Winter Palace and its belongings. A St. Petersburg paper states that the expenditure of the Ministry of the Imperial household will be reduced from eleven to three million roubles, a difference of $4,000,000, being more than the entire amount of the English civil list.