

past the smugglers and out of their sight round a projecting rock.

I had still a weary distance to travel ; and the broad stream of the Nahr el Kelb to ford or swim, as my jaded horse happened to choose the way, of which I was profoundly ignorant. The sun rose as I entered Beyrout and dismounted from my horse, just twenty-five hours after I had mounted him the preceding day. The moment his saddle was removed, the poor brute lay down upon the sand ; but, after a few minutes' rest, when barley was offered to him, he stood up again, and ate heartily.

I had just flung myself on my bed, when I saw the foretopsail of the Vernon cast loose, the signal that she was going to sea. I ran to the shore, hailed a fishing-boat, and got on board in time to take leave of my hospitable and gallant friends and their noble ship, which had so long afforded me a home.