

named Sibylle, who had married the Baron de Montferrat; and at this juncture all her near relations begged her for all their sakes to marry a second time, and to marry some one who would bring strength to the family. Sibylle, however, if not extremely wise, was what excellent people in these days are accustomed to call unworldly. There happened at that time to be a young Frenchman in Jerusalem—a penniless member of a noble but unimportant family, who had little to recommend him but his face and his pleasant manners. To Sibylle, however, these had for some time recommended him, not only well but, if gossip said true, too well. When, therefore, she was thus importuned to marry, instead of turning her attention to the great barons of the realm, she horrified her friends by selecting this valueless, detrimental Guy, who was merely a second cousin of a Sire de Lusignan, in Poitou. With much wifely tact she at once made him independent, giving him the countship of Jaffa and Ascalon; and before long, with his wife, he ascended the throne of Jerusalem. How, after his wife's death, his position grew precarious, and after various vicissitudes Richard sold him the island of Cyprus for a sum about equal to 200,000*l.*, need not be told here; and I will end his story with one delightful touch, which shows that men, even in those far times, were our kindred. His brothers at home, when they heard of his splendid fortunes, instead of rejoicing in them, in that unnatural manner which our friends