

Many acquaintances had indeed ridden out from Yass, and reinforced the spectators. Mr. Rockley had appeared at lunch—scarcely in the best of tempers—and had given vent to his opinion that it was quite time for this foolery to be over. Not that he made this suggestion to O'Desmond personally.

When the entrances were thrown open, and the spectators pressed into their seats with something of the impatience which in days of old seems to have characterised the frequenters of the amphitheatre, a cry of delighted surprise broke from the startled guests.

In order to reproduce the accessories of the imaginary conflict with fidelity of detail, O'Desmond has spared no trouble. The Bois de Boulogne had been simulated by the artifice of transplanting whole trees, especially those which more closely resembled European evergreens. These had been mingled with others stripped of their foliage, by which deciduous deception the illusion of a northern winter was preserved. A coating of milk-white river sand had been strewn over the arena, imparting the appearance of the snow, in which the now historical masqueraders fought their celebrated duel. By filling up the openings left for windows, and excluding the sun from the roof as much as possible, an approach to the dim light proper to a Parisian December morning was produced. As hackney-coaches appeared, one at either end of the arena, and driving in, took their stations under trees, preparatory to permitting their sensational fares to alight, the burst of applause both from those familiar with the original picture, and others who were overcome by the realism of the scene, was tremendous. And when forth stepped from one of the carriages a Red Huron Indian, and with stately steps took up his position as second, to so great and painful a pitch rose the excitement among the ladies that 'the boldest held' her 'breath for a time.'

Pierrot now, with elastic springing gait, moved lightly forward towards his antagonist, a reckless Debardeur, who looked as if he had been dancing a veritable 'Galop d'Enfer' before he quitted the 'Bal d'Opera.' Each performed an elaborate salute as they took their ground. The seconds measured their swords punctiliously.

As the enthusiasm of the crowd broke forth in remark