

to take a seat at this point of the Bois and look at the people, and listen to the music, and observe the glare of the sunlight on the greensward beyond and on the crystal shoots of the fountains. And the plashing drops of the fountains have a music of their own. What is it they are singing and saying and laughing ?

'Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,  
On se damnera, larira !  
Tant qu'on le pourra,  
L'on trinquera,  
Chantera,  
Aimera  
La fillette.  
Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,  
On se damnera, larira !'

'How do you like being in Paris?' says Lady Sylvia, with a gentle smile, to her companion, the German ex-lieutenant.

'I do not like thinking of Paris at all,' said he, gravely. 'I have not seen Paris since I saw it from Versailles. And there are two of my friends buried at Versailles.'

And what was making our glad-faced Bell so serious too? She had not at all expressed that admiration of the thoroughfares we had driven through which was fairly demanded by their handsome buildings. Was she rather disappointed by the French look of New York? Would she rather have had the good honest squalor and dirt and smoke of an English city? She was an ardent patriot, we all knew. Of all the writing that ever was written, there was none could stir her blood like a piece that was printed in a journal called the *Examiner*, and that begins :

'First drink a health, this solemn night,  
A health to England, every guest ;  
That man's the best cosmopolite  
Who loves his native country best.'

Was it because she had married a German that she used to repeat, with such bitterness of scorn, that bitterly scornful verse that goes on to say :

'Her frantic city's flashing heats  
But fire, to blast, the hopes of men.  
Why change the titles of your streets?  
You fools, you'll want them all again !'

But it was surely not because she had married a German that, when she came to the next appeal, the tears invariably rushed to her eyes :

'Gigantic daughter of the West,  
We drink to thee across the flood ;

We know thee and we love thee best,  
For art thou not of British blood?  
Should war's mad blast again be blown,  
Permit not thou the-tyrant powers  
To fight thy mother here alone,  
But let thy broadsides roar with ours !

Hands all round !  
God the tyrant's cause confound !  
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,  
And the great name of England round and round !'

And was our poor Bell grieved at heart, now that she had crossed the three thousand miles of the Atlantic, to find that the far daughter of the West had forsaken the ways of her old-fashioned mother, and had taken to French finery and to singing—

'Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,  
On se damnera, larira !'

'My dear child,' it is necessary to say to her, 'why should you be so disappointed? They say that New York changes its aspect every five years ; at present she has a French fit on. London changes too, but more slowly. Twenty years ago every drawing-room was a blaze of gilt and rose-colour ; people were living in the time of Louis XIV. Five years ago Kensington and St. John's Wood had got on to the time of Queen Anne ; they fixed you on penitential seats, and gave you your dinner in the dark. Five years hence Kensington and St. John's Wood will have become Japanese—I foresee it—I predict it ; you will present me with a pair of gold peacocks if it isn't so. And why your disappointment? If you don't like Paris, we will leave Paris. To-morrow, if you please, we will go up the Rhine. The beauty of this Paris is that the Rhine flows down to its very wharves. Instead of taking you away out to Chalons, and whipping you on to Ear-le-duc and Nancy, and making you hop across the Vosges—the Vogesen, I beg your pardon—we will undertake to transport you in about twenty minutes for the trifling sum of ten cents. Shall it be so?'

'I am not so stupid as to be disappointed with New York yet,' said our Bell, rather gloomily.

She called it New York. And she still believed it was New York, though we went in the evening to a great hall that was all lit up with small coloured lamps ; and the band was playing Lecocq ; and the same young men in the straw hats were promenading round and round and smoking cigarettes, and smart waiters were bringing