

after talking to Mrs. Lumley, the glass seemed to be only on the surface. She had told me enough of the company to make me fancy there must be some strange history belonging to each. Like the man that saw through the roofs of the houses in Madrid, thanks to the agency of his familiar! I thought that my demon on a side-saddle had taught me to see into the very hearts and secrets of the motley assemblage.

There was a handsome girl, with beautiful teeth, and neatly braided hair, and such a brilliant smile, attracting a crowd round her, as she sang piquant songs in a sweet, deep-toned voice that ought to have made her fortune on the stage, if it had been properly cultivated—sang them, too, with a look and manner that I have seen seldom rivalled by the cleverest actresses; and I thought what a face and form were wasted here to make profit for one knave, and sport for some fifty fools. As she accompanied herself on the harp, and touched its strings with a grace and expression which made amends for a certain want of tuition, I could not help fancying her in a drawing-room, surrounded by admirers, making many a heartache with her arch smile and winning ways. Without being positively beautiful, she had the knack, so few women possess, of looking charming in every attitude, and with every expression of countenance; and although her songs were of a somewhat florid school, yet I could not help thinking that, with those natural gifts, and a plaintive old ballad, English or Scotch, such as 'Annie Laurie,' or 'The Nut-brown Maid, to bring them out, in a pretty drawing-room, with the assistance of a good dressmaker—dear! she might marry a duke, if she liked.

And yet all this belonged to a dark, close-shaved ruffian, with silver rings and a yellow handkerchief, who scowled and prowled about her, and looked as if he was likely enough to beat her when they got home. But she hands up an ivory bowl for contributions amongst the young dandies on the roof of a neighboring coach, who have been listening open-mouthed to the Siren, and shillings and half-crowns, and a bit of gold from the one last out of the Bench, pour into it; and she moves off, to make way for three French glee-maidens, with a monkey and a tambourine, and the swells return to their cigars and their betting, and we are all attention for the next event on the card, because it is a gentlemen-riders' race; and the performances will consequently be as different as possible from what we have just seen.

'We'll secure a good place for this, Kate,' says Cousin John, edging his horse in as near the judges' stand as he can get; 'Frank Lovell has a mare to run, and I have backed her for a sovereign.'

'Dear, I hope she'll win!' is my ardent rejoinder.

'Thank you, Kate,' says kind Cousin John, who concludes I take an unusual interest in his speculations; and forthwith we proceed to criticise the three animals brought to the post, and to agree that Captain Lovell's Parachute is far the best-looking of the lot; or, as Sir Guy Scapegrace says to the well-pleased owner, 'If make and shape go for anything, Frank, she ought to beat them, as far as they can see.'

Sir Guy is chaperoning a strange-looking party of men and women, who have been very noisy since luncheon time. He is attended in a close-shaved hat (which he had the effrontery to take off to me, but I looked the other way), a white coat, and a red neckcloth, the usual flower in his mouth being replaced for the occasion by a large cigar. Captain Lovell hopes I admire his mare—she has a look of brilliant from here, Miss Coventry, 'Baby Larkins,' of the Lancers, is to ride; and 'The Baby' will do her justice if any one can—be so far the best of the young ones, now.

'Do you mean his name is "Baby?" said I, much amused; 'or that you call him so because he is such a child?' He looks as if he ought to be with his mamma still.'

told you so afore I got up; and putting on a tiny white overcoat like a plaything, disappears, and is seen no more.

What a confusion there is in getting away. Sir Guy Scapegrace has a yearling bet with the young Phaeton, who wanted to invite me on his box, as to which shall get first to Kersington on their way back to town. You would suppose Sir Guy was very happy at home, by his anxiety to be off; the two drags are soon bumping and rolling and rattling along the sward. The narrow lane through which they must make their way is completely blocked up with spring vans, and tax carts, and open carriages, and broughams and landaus, and every description of vehicle that ever came out of Long Acre, whilst more four-horsed coaches, with fast teams, and still faster loads, are thundering in the rear. Slang reigns supreme; and John Gilpin's friend, who had a 'ready wit,' would here meet with his match. Nor are jest and repartee (what John calls 'chaff') the only missiles bandied about; toys, knocked off the sticks for that purpose, darken the air as they fly from one vehicle to another—and the broadside from a well-supplied coach is like that of a seventy-four. Fun and good-humor abound, but confusion gets worse confounded. Young Phaeton's wheel is locked with a market-gardener's, who is accompanied by two sisters-in-law, and the suitors of those nowise disconcerted damsels, all more or less intoxicated. Thriftless has his near leader in the back seat of a pony carriage, and Sir Guy's off-wheeler is over the pole. John and I agree to make a detour, have a pleasant ride in the country, never mind about dinner, and so get back to London by moonlight. As we reach a quiet sequestered lane, and inhale the pleasant fragrance of the Hawthorn—always sweetest towards nightfall—we hear a horse's tramp behind us, and are joined by Frank Lovell, who explains with unnecessary distinctness that he always makes a practice of riding back from Hampton to avoid the crowd, and always comes that way; if so, he must be in the habit of taking a considerable detour, but he joins our party, and we ride home together.

How beautifully the moon shone upon the river as we crossed Kew Bridge that calm, silent, summer night—how it flickered through their branches, and silvered over the old trees; and what a peaceful, lovely, landscape it was! I thought Frank's low, sweet voice quite in keeping with the time, and the scene. As we rode together, John lagging a good deal behind (that bay horse of John's never could walk with White Stockings), I could not help thinking how much I had misunderstood Captain Lovell's character: what a deal of feeling—almost of romance—there was under that conventional exterior which he wore before the world! I liked him so much more now I came to know him better. I was quite sorry when we had to wish him good-night, and John and I rode thoughtfully home through the quiet streets. I thought by my cousin's manner, too, though I scarce knew how. His farewell sounded more constrained, more polite than usual, when he left me at Aunt Deborah's door; and whilst I was undressing, I reflected on all the proceedings of the day, and tried to remember what I had done that could possibly have displeased good-natured John. The more I went over it backwards and forwards, the less I could make of it. 'Can it be possible,' I thought at last—'can it be possible that Cousin John?'—and here I popped out my candle and jumped into bed.

## CHAPTER VI.

I really had not courage to take my usual canter the morning after Hampton Races. I did not feel as if I could face the umbrella and the cigar at the rails in the 'Ride,' and yet I rang the bell once for my maid to help me on with my habit, and had my hand on

those sources.

But let him have his hands entirely to himself, give him nothing to lay hold of, and he is completely dumb-founded on the spot. Here was Frank brushing and smoothing away at his hat till it shone like black satin, and facing my aunt with a gallantry and steadiness beyond all praise; but I believe if I could have snatched it away from him and hid it under the sofa, he would have been routed at once, and must have fled in utter bewilderment and dismay. After my aunt had replied courteously enough to a few commonplace observations, she gave one of her ominous coughs, and I trembled for the result.

'Captain Beville,' said my aunt; 'I think I once knew a family of your name in Hampshire; the New Forest, if I remember rightly.'

'Excuse me, said Frank, nowise disconcerted, and with a sly glance at me, 'my name is Lovell.'

'Oh,' replied my aunt, with a considerable assumption of stateliness, 'then, a-hem, Captain Greville, I don't think I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you before.'

And my aunt looked as if she didn't care whether she ever met him again. This would have been a poser to most people, but Frank applied himself diligently to his hat, and opened the trenches in his own way.

'The fact is, Miss Horsingham,' said he, 'that I have taken advantage of my intimacy with your nephew to call upon you without a previous introduction, in hopes of ascertaining what has become of an old brother officer of mine, a namesake of yours, and consequently, I should conclude, a relative. There is, I believe, only one family in England of your name. Excuse me, Miss Horsingham, for so personal a remark, but I am convinced he must have been a near connection from a peculiarity which every one, who knows anything about our old English families, is aware belongs to yours—my poor friend Charlie had a beautiful "hand"; you, madam, I perceive, own the same advantage, therefore I am convinced you must be a near connection of my old comrade. You may think me impertinent, but there is no mistaking "the Horsingham hand."

Aunt Deborah gave in at once. 'I cannot call to mind at this moment any relative of mine who is likely to have served with you' (nor was this to be wondered at, the warrior *aux blanches mains* being a fabulous creation of wicked Frank); 'but I have no doubt, Captain Lovell, that you are correct. I have great pleasure in making your acquaintance, particularly as you seem well acquainted with our belongings. Do you stay any length of time in town?'

'I seldom remain to the end of the season; but this year I think I shall. By the way, Miss Horsingham, I saw a curious old picture the other day in the West of England, purporting to be a portrait of the celebrated 'Ysende of Brittany, with the White Hand'—in which I traced a strong resemblance to some of the Horsinghams, with whom I am acquainted. Yours is, I believe, an old Norman family, and as I am a bit of an antiquary' (O Frank! Frank!) 'I consulted my friend, Sir J. Burke, on the subject, who assures me that the Le Montants—Godfrey le Montant, if you remember, distinguished himself highly in the second crusade—that the Le Montants claimed direct descent from the old Dukes of Brittany, and consequently from the very lady of whom we are speaking. Roger le Montant came over with the Conqueror, and although strangely omitted from the Roll of Battle Abbey, doubtless received large grants of land in Hampshire from William; and two generations later, we can trace his descendant, Hugo, in the same locality, under the Anglicised name of Horsengem, now corrupted to Horsingham; of which illustrious family you are of course aware—yours is a younger branch. It is curious that the distinguishing mark of the race should have been preserved in all its shapely beauty' (added Frank, with the gravest face

teapot, bumping when she trots, and wobbling when she canters, with braiding all over her habit, and a white feather in her hat, and gauntlet gloves (of course one may wear gauntlet gloves for hunting, but that's not London), and her sallow face. People call her interesting, but I call her bilious; and a wretched long-legged Rosinante, with round reins and tassels, and a netting over its ears, and a head like a fiddle-case, and no more action than a camp stool. Such a couple I never beheld. I wonder John wasn't ashamed to be seen with her, instead of leaning his hand upon her horse's neck, and looking up in her face with his broad honest smile; and taking no more notice of her sister Jane, who is a clever girl, with something in her, than if she had been the groom. I was provoked with him beyond all patience. Had it been Mrs. Lumley, for instance, I could have understood it; for she certainly is a chatty, amusing woman, though dreadfully bold; and it is a pleasure to see her canter up the Park, in her close-fitting habit, and her neat hat, with her beautiful round figure swaying gracefully to every motion of her horse, yet so imperceptibly, that you could fancy she might balance a glassful of water on her head without spilling a drop. To say nothing of the brown mare, the only animal in London I covet, who is herself a picture; such action! such a mouth! and such a shape! I coaxed Aunt Deborah to wait near Apsley House, on purpose that we might see her before we left the Park; and sure enough we did see her, as usual, surrounded by a swarm of admirers, and next to her, positively next to her, Frank Lovell, on the very brown hack that had been standing an hour at our door. He saw me, too, and took his hat off, and she said something to him, and they both laughed!

I asked Aunt Deborah to go home, for it was getting late, and the evening air was not very good for her poor cold. I did not feel well myself, somehow; and when dear aunt told me I looked pale, I was forced to confess to a slight headache. I am not subject to low spirits generally—I have no patience with a woman that is; but, of course, one is sometimes a little out of sorts; and confess I did not feel quite up to the mark that evening—I cannot tell why. If John flatters himself, it was because he behaved so brutally in disappointing me, he is very much mistaken; and as for Captain Lovell, I am sure he may ride with anybody he likes, for what I care. I wonder, with all his cleverness, he can't see how that woman is only laughing at him. However, it's no business of mine. So I went into my boudoir, drank some tea, and then locked myself in, and had a 'good cry.'

## CHAPTER VII.

It is wonderful how soon the London season comes to an end; and, in fact, it is difficult to say when its tide is really at the flood. Single men—and they are necessary ingredients for gaiety wherever there are young ladies—single men seldom go to town much before the Derby. Then comes Ascot, for which meeting they leave the metropolis, and enjoy some quiet retreat in the neighborhood of Windsor, taking with them many potables, and what they call a dog cook. After Ascot, people begin to think about going away; and before you know where you are, three more weeks have elapsed, and it is July. Dear, what a scatter there is then! Some off to Norway, some to Cowes, some to Caithness, and some to Galway. Those that remain for Goodwood are sure to go to Newmarket; and the man who sticks religiously to the pavement, and resists the allurements of all the above-mentioned resorts, only does so because he is meditating a trip to California, Kamtschatka, or the Rocky Mountains, and is so pre-occupied with portable soup, patent saddle-bags, bowie knives,

gering over his farewell as if he was on the eve of departure for China instead of the Fair, and joining me again in the Park, asking me if I was going to the Opera, and finding out all my engagements and intentions, as if he couldn't possibly have five minutes out of my sight, and then, perhaps never coming near us for days together, even my aunt wondered what had become of that pleasant Captain Lovell, and what he meets in the Park taking off his hat with civil bow, as if he had only been introduced the night before; all this I couldn't make out, and I didn't half like, as I told Lady Scapegrace one hot morning, sitting with her in her boudoir. I was a good deal of Lady Scapegraces now; and the more because that was the place of all others which I was least likely to meet Sir Guy. 'Men are so uncertain, my dear, said the ladyship, sitting in a morning dress with her long black hair curled about her neck; 'if you ask me candidly whether he means anything, I tell you I think Frank Lovell a shocking flirt.' 'Flirt!' I replied, half crying with vexation, 'it's not enough for him to flirt with me when I give him encouragement; but I don't like Scapegrace, nor I never will, I hope I'm too proud for that. Only when a man is ways in one's pocket wherever one goes when he sends one bouquets, and rides in the rain to get one's bracelet mended, and watches one from a corner of the room if happens to be dancing with anybody else, and looks pleased when one is dull, and when one laughs; why, he either does prefer, or ought to prefer, one's society to that of Miss Molasses and Mrs. Lumley, and that is why I tell you I can't quite make out Captain Lovell.'

'Don't talk of that odious woman,' claimed Lady Scapegrace, between who and Mrs. Lumley there was a polite feud some years' standing; 'she is really willing to jump down Frank Lovell's throat or any one else's for the matter of that, bold as she is, and so utterly regardless of such stories, my dear; but take my word, Kate, play that cheerful cousin of yours against Master Frank, I never knew it yet, if you only go the right way to work. Men are not only very vain, but very jealous; don't let him think you are going to marry your cousin, or he may consider it an arrangement, and a sort of matter-of-course affair, which is all in his favor. Master Frank always prefer other people's proposals, and I have no doubt, he would be craning his ears in love with you if you were single, so don't be going to marry Mr. Lovell, but just appeal to him about every thing you do or say, look after him when he leaves the room, as if you couldn't bear to be out of your sight. Get Frank to abstain if you can, and then fight his battles for him, and directly the latter thinks there is any in the field, he will be down on his hands; you mark my words—in two days' time the furthest. I think I ought to know the men are, my dear' (and to do Lady Scapegrace justice, she had studied that very the creation to some purpose, or she was much maligned); 'I know that there are any of them, see three yards before their noses, and that you can turn and twist in which way you will, if you only go by the principle—that they are full of vanity, self-conceit, and totally deficient in brains.'

'But I'm sure Captain Lovell's is a very man,' said I, not disposed to come to sweeping conclusions as those of my aunt; 'and—and—I don't mean to say I care about him, Lady Scapegrace; still, it mightn't answer with him, and—and—I shouldn't like to lose him altogether.'

(To be Continued.)

Favonious, the '72 Derby winner, died of typhoid fever. Restitution, another famous horse, winner of the Goodwood, succumbed also to the same disease.