

tone of ironical compassion, "he was hardly in his right senses, I think, when he married."

"*Voilà du nouveau, par exemple,*" shouted another, with a burst of merriment. "I should like to know who ever did marry in his right senses,—except, indeed, that, like our gallant captain here, he was about to wed something like fifty thousand pounds as well as a charming girl. By-the-by, Salford, is the day fixed for your union with the beautiful Clara?"

"Not the day, exactly:—but let us talk of something else!"

"The fair maiden still demurs, does she?" persisted the questioner: "I had heard so. And, by the way, Ingolsby, who met our rashly married friend a day or two ago,—you are aware, I suppose, that he returned last week from Italy,—says it is plain the wound still bleeds, decorously as he strives to conceal it beneath his wedding robe."

"Bah!" exclaimed Salford; "time has a balm for all such griefs!"

"No doubt; only he is sometimes over tardy with his specifics."

"That which tickled me most," said another of the party, "was that delicious trick of Salford's in getting his pretended marriage inserted in the newspapers. I happened to call on the supposedly jilted swain, the very morning the paper reached him, and never saw I, before or since, a man in such a frenzy. By Jove, his fury was sublime, tremendous! and I really thought it would be necessary to pack him off to a *Maison de Santé*. Fortunately he recovered and married, out of hand to show his spirit—a less pleasant catastrophe, in my opinion."

"I wish you'd change the subject," said Salford, peevishly. "It bores one to death. Everything is fair in love and war; and if the poor devil was tricked out of— Ha!"

No wonder the glass fell from the speaker's hand, and that he leaped to his feet as if a bomb-shell had exploded beside him;—confronted as he suddenly was by the white face and burning eyes of Francis Herbert!

"Captain Salford," said a voice as cold and hard as if it issued from a statue, "allow me to return the favors which it seems you have bestowed upon me in the only way at present within my power." As the last words left the speaker's lips, he lifted a glass of wine and hurled it fiercely in Salford's face! "No uproar, gentlemen, pray," continued Herbert,—"no blustering endeavor, captain,—unless you are a coward as well as a liar and villain,—to attract the notice of the waiters, or of a passing gendarme. This matter can have but one termination, and it is well it should be a quiet one. *Monsieur le Capitaine Grégoire,*" he continued, stepping up to a French officer at the other end of the room, "a word with you, if you please."

Five minutes afterwards Captain Salford and Francis Herbert, accompanied by their respective seconds, were being rapidly driven towards the Bois de Boulogne. Pistols had been procured at the Rocher. "There would hardly be light enough," gruffly remarked le Capitaine Grégoire, but for the heavy fall of snow. As it is, we shall manage, I dare say." He then placed his man; Captain Salford's second did the same: and no

effort at accomodation being attempted, the signal was quickly sped,—the simultaneous crack of the two pistols rang through the air,—followed by a scream of mortal agony, and Captain Salford was seen to fall heavily, with his face upon the snow.

"It is finished with your antagonist," said le Capitaine Grégoire, approaching Herbert, who was apparently unhurt, though his eyes gleamed wildly. "And you?"

"Is—is—he—dead?" surged through the white, quivering lips of Francis Herbert.

"As Alexander," replied Grégoire. "Why is your hand there?" he added quickly: "You too are hurt."

"To death!" groaned Herbert, as he fell into his second's outstretched arms. "O God, forgive me!"

On the precise day two years that Francis Herbert was exiled from Oak Hall a parcel was delivered there by a servant in deep mourning. Mr. Merivale, to whom it was directed, opened it with trembling hands, and found that it contained a ring, which he at once recognised to have belonged to his daughter Clara; and a paper on which was written, in a feeble but well-remembered hand—"When you receive this, my probation will be accomplished. This is your work and mine. I forgive you as I trust to be forgiven. The ring is Clara's,—she, too, will be my last thought. Farewell. F. H."

Francis Herbert was buried at Père La Chaise, and on each anniversary of his death an English lady—upon whose sad, mild features, the angel-beauty of her youth still sheds a sun-set radiance—is seen to kneel and weep upon his grave. That lady is Clara Merivale.

A GLIMPSE OF FAIRY LAND.

1.

Last night in yonder hawthorn dell
There came o'er me a wondrous spell;
The moon shone bright on cliff and stream,
And a fairy rode on every beam.

2.

The Queen sat on a hazel bough,
And merrily danced the elves below;
Their music the love-lorn zephyr breeze
Kissing the coy-leaved aspen trees.

3.

And there were arch-eyed beauties flying,
And tiny lovers round them sighing;
And knights in tourney strove, I ween,
To win a smile from their fairy Queen.

4.

The squirrel their mossy table spread
With the filbert brown, and the strawberry red,
And mystic healths in the sweetest dew,
They quaffed from cups of the harebell blue.