

entertain the Bartons, Cotterels, Ashburnhams, Denhams, and a large circle of acquaintances. It was not a ball, not exactly a *conversazione*, but a sort of happy re-union, an assemblage of old friends and familiar faces, many of whom, had, to a certain extent, participated in the joys and sorrows that had attended their host and hostess from their youth upwards, and, as this pleasing picture fades from view, let us take a perspective glance through a pleasant vista of progressive years, at another equally interesting tableaux, whose back ground and surroundings are the same as the previous one. Vellenaux, that magnificent pile of buildings, with its beautiful and varied styles of architecture, embosomed, as it were, in the rare old woods of Devon, its parks and wondrous parterres, its fountains, marble terraces and statuary, all brought out in bold relief by the glorious golden light of a summer's setting sun.

On a spacious terrace of the western wing, whose broad steps of fine Italian marble led down to the clear, open, finely gravelled walk that surrounded a beautiful and well kept lawn, were grouped, in various positions, a number of ladies, gentlemen, and children, with all of whom, the juveniles excepted, the reader is already acquainted.

The Earl of Castlemere, with his beautiful Countess leaning lovingly on his arm, are pacing leisurely up and down among the assembled guests, exchanging here and there words of courteous pleasantry. Lounging over the back of a handsome *fautiel*, Colonel Snaffle, of the Lancers, is conversing with Pauline Barton, in his usual gay and lively manner, relating to some reminiscence which occurred to them while dwelling on the sunny plains of