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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

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IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN AMERICAN WRITER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN INROAD ON PALE FACTS.

BUT we are not always to be preached at by this miniature Madame Solomon. We had not come three or four thousand miles to be lectured up hill and down dale. Even our stern teacher herself forgot her moralities when, after a long night's rain, Boston received us with breezy blue skies, cool winds, and a flashing sunlight that broke on the stirring trees. We breathed once more, after the heat of New York and the dust of Saratoga. We walked along the pavements, and, as we had always been told that Boston was peculiarly English, we began to perceive an English breadth of frame on the part of the men, an English freshness of complexion on the part of the women. We shut our eyes to the fact that the shops were more the shops of Brussels than of Brighton. Surely these were English clouds that swiftly crossed the sky; English trees and parks that shone fair in their greenness; an English lake that was rippling in waves before the brisk breeze?

And then, again, away down in the business part of the city, amid tall warehouses and great blocks of stores, how could we fail to notice that that was the Atlantic itself which we suddenly caught glimpses of at the end of the thoroughfares, just as if some one, tired of the perpetual gray and red of the houses, had taken a huge brush and dashed in a stroke of brilliant cobalt across the narrow opening?

'Ships go from here to England, do they not?' asked Lady Sylvia once, as we were driving by a bit of the harbor.

'Certainly.'

She was looking wistfully at the blue water, and the moored steamers, and the smaller craft that were sailing about.

'In a fortnight one could be back in Liverpool?'

'Doubtless.'

But here our Bell broke in, laying her hand gently on the hand of her friend.

'You must not think of going back already, Lady Sylvia,' she said with a smile. 'We have got to show you all the wonders of our Western country yet. How could you go back without seeing a buffalo-hunt?'

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