

in the tone of French fiction ever since. The general corruption of Parisian society found its typical exposition in two novels published a very short time before the Revolution "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" and the "Memoires du Chevalier Faublas" by that Louvet, of whom Macaulay says that he is "well known as the author of a very ingenious and licentious romance, and more honourably distinguished by the generosity with which he pleaded for the unfortunate, and by the intrepidity with which he defied the wicked and powerful."

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

GENTLEMAN DICK.

THEY had, all of them, nicknames themselves, for in a Colorado mining-community it was not difficult to acquire a title, and they called him Gentleman Dick. It was rather an odd name, to be sure, but it was very expressive, and conveyed much of the prevailing opinion and estimate of its owner. They laughed when he expressed a desire to join the party in Denver, and Old Platte looked at his long, delicate hands, so like a woman's, with a smile of rough, good-humoured pity, mingled, perhaps, with a shade of contempt for the habits and occupation that had engendered such apparent effeminacy. But he pleaded so earnestly and talked with such quiet energy and confidence of what he could and would do, and moreover had about him so much of that spirit of subdued *bonhomie* that always captivates the roughest of the rough, that they relented, took his money and put it in the "pot," and informed him that he was one of them. Their decision was not altogether unconnected with the fact that he had given evidence of considerable surgical skill in his treatment of Mr. Woods, more familiarly known as "Short card William," who had been shot a week or so previously over a game of poker by an independent bull-whacker whom he had attempted to defraud. The sense of the community had sustained the act; and while the exhibition of his skill in dealing was universally condemned as having been indiscreet under the circumstances, still he was accounted a live man among them, and the discovery of a surgeon to dress his wound was hailed with a somewhat general feeling of relief. Had it not been for the fact that the sobriquet of Gentleman Dick was already conferred and accepted universally as his name, he certainly would not have escaped that of "Doctor," and as it was, Mr. Woods, who was profuse as well as profane in his gratitude, insisted upon so calling him. A doctor, or anything bearing even a resemblance to a member of that sadly-represented profession, was regarded with a certain degree of reverence among a community whose peculiar habits often gave rise to pressing and immediate need of surgical attendance. Consequently, Gentleman Dick rapidly attained an elevated position in their regard, and became a great favourite with Old Platte's party, although they still looked doubtfully at his slender figure and felt "kind o' bothered"