

hardly put their little ones to sleep in their new quarters, when my wretched domicile was invaded by several snakes of repulsive and malignant aspect, which had been similarly dispossessed of their heritage in the rafters. Dropping, one by one, with a splash on the flooded carpet, they crept stealthily along, in quest of any hole or crevice in which to lurk and coil their abominable forms !

Appalled at the bare thought of *night* in such a *House of Refuge* for *criminal destitutes*, I seized my stick, bade "good evening" to "Spif" and "Nosey," and pressing down my "tile" until the circumference thereof rested in depressed security (like myself), I sallied forth into the centre of that ruthless storm, and obtained a temporary habitation in the nearest hotel that lay in my path. This establishment was presided over by a so-called Christian, named Ramchunder Borax, in whom I found that *dry comfort* which had been denied me in the "*Dove's Nest*," (horrid misnomer !)

Being *just* in time for dinner, I had the pleasure (and fun) of "showing off" a little to two or three "unappropriated spinsters," who had put up there for a few days before proceeding to the *mofussil*.† They were of the masculine, full-power type (registered), and had evidently "struck their colours" in despair, as they bore manifest traces of having gone over a considerable distance of the measured pilgrimage allotted to man. Next morning, as they took their seats in the *Dawk Gharree*,‡ *en route* to Bangalore, I had ample opportunity for contemplating the costumes of the previous generation ; and the picture (as I viewed it) was one which impressed me deeply with the transient, fleeting character of all things human ! Looking at those antique memorials of the past—those faded coiffures and the stunted streamers that flew from their lofty crests—and then giving a passing glance at the curious profiles beneath them—I felt transfixed in contemplation of the scene before me ! And *then* I was reminded of the old and favorite college parody on Moore's *Cavaliers of Old* :—

" Oh ! for the bonnets of former time,
Oh ! for the girls that wore them ;
When deck'd with flowers, they look'd sublime,
And lovers fell before them !"

(To be Continued.)

KATE'S ALBUM—"COUSIN GEORGE."

BY MISS H.

It is one of the accepted usages of modern society to amuse, or try to amuse, our visiting friends, by placing before them at suitable moments the most select of the photographic albums which adorn our drawing-room tables.

Unquestionably, people *do* find pleasure in looking over strange "collections,"—not that the occupation is always interesting, but that

† Anywhere in the country, beyond the Presidency towns.

‡ Stage-coach.