

throwin' yer eye over the firmament, always fix it on modesty as yer guidin' star. The review was splendid, I believe, (its little I know about army matters yet, but I'm larnin'), the King and ginirals wor highly delighted, the officers all plased, and I had no fault to find, so I suppose everything was correct and proper. Whin it was over, the King, turnin' round, smilin', ses to me, "Mr. O'Toole, this is a glorious day." "Heavenly weather, yer Majesty," ses I. (by the way I thought he was talkin iv the Elemints) "we'll have a beautiful day for the purcession. "I hope so," ses he, "but I'm not goin wid ye." "No? yer majesty," ses I. "No," ses he "me and the young prince is goin' back to Varsales, almost immadiately." "Between me and you, yer Majesty," ses I, "I think you're right, the Parishins is very fond iv makin' targets of kings and imperors, and if some deluded crature happened to miss ye and kill some one else, it might lie heavy on yer mind; so I think Varsales, where everything is dacent and quiet, and where you can get yer males comfortable, is the best after all, I'll slip down myself in the evenin' to see if everything is pleasant and agreeable. "Thank ye Mr. O'Toole," ses he, "bong swoir." "Bong swoir and God save ye kindly, yer Majesty," ses I. I'm gettin' on in the Frinch, Phelim. Lavin' him, I followed up the Ulanders, and about half-past two, we