

Y, and Morumbidgee, as we had begun. 'They procured for me the newest books, and even read them to me aloud when I was unable to amuse myself in that way; and when I was too prostrated to rise, they came up into my room—of which they had made quite a flower garden—without their beloved cigars, and did me more good by their pleasant talk than I could have extracted from a whole medicine-chest. In vain I protested that such conduct was not in the bond; that they had undertaken to show me life, but not to tend me in hospital.'

'That is true,' admitted X; 'but then, on our own parts, we cannot afford to lose a new sensation. We are not accustomed to sick people.—Try a little lemonade; you can taste it, can you? Come, that shews that you're getting well—and you afford us a most curious and interesting study, I assure you. Don't he, Y?'

'Most certainly,' assented the other; 'it couldn't be better—unless, indeed, it were a surgical case. I have often been going to see an amputation, but I never did it. Perhaps, when he gets over this bout, he will be good enough to meet with a compound comminuted fracture of some sort or other. Ah, here are those strawberries come at last. There is nothing objectionable about them, as there was in the cherries.'

I coughed like a sick sheep at this, intending to laugh; for it was Y's theory that I was not really ill, but only disordered and thrown out of gear by finding everything in England contrary to what it was in Australia. I had not been able to eat certain cherries that had been provided for me, and he averred that I had set myself against them because the stones were not outside the fruit, as in Morumbidgee. He was always apologizing for the scent in the flowers, and for the song of a caged thrush that hung in a window opposite—Australian flowers being for the most part scentless, and the birds without song; and he insisted upon placing a cuckoo-clock outside my door, that I might hear that persevering note at night, as in the under-world.

As to thanks, these young gentlemen would have none of them, protesting that all kind offices of theirs were but my due, since in the *Tables of Atliny* the *Advertiser* occurred in the same

line with one's Brothers and Sisters; and indeed,' added Y, 'considerably before one's elder brother, if the property is entailed.'

I could not help getting rapidly well under such circumstances as these, nor did I regret the indisposition which had evoked such evidences of good feeling in those with whom I had so curiously cast in my lot.

'Morumbidgee,' said X, one evening as I was returning to my room, 'you are getting well and strong now, and it is time that we should commence our campaign. To-morrow is, for certain reasons, peculiarly suitable for a trip to Fairyland; the glass at last promises us fine weather; and——'

'Hush!' interrupted Y mysteriously; 'don't annoy him, or he won't sleep. The barometer ought to fall, you know, according to his reckoning.' He has been quite pleased with the weather lately, because it has been like winter, as June in all well-regulated climates ought to be. For goodness' sake, don't let him know that it's the longest day tomorrow, for it ought to be the shortest. It would quite spoil his pleasure.'

The next morning a barouche and pair conveyed us early through the south-western suburbs of London. Their amazing extent fatigued as much as they astonished me. However mean and vile the out-kirts of our colonial towns may be, at least one soon gets out of them. A poor man may there sleep in an alley, and yet breathe mountain air before breakfast. But here, were it not for the Parks, tens of thousands would never behold a tree or a blade of grass. We drove through miles of melancholy streets, where every other shop was either an emporium for tip-tops or for cheap literature; the principle, it was set forth in their wares, was Small Profits, and I should think that it must be their practice also. After a great while, however, we arrived at what seemed to be a country town (which, however, was London still), and eventually at the country. This country consisted not of open fields, but of great walls, over which, when lower than common, or through the bars of jealous iron gates, we caught occasional peeps of

•In Australia, the barometer rises before bad weather, and falls before good.