

leisurely as the old horse chose to walk in the August sun, and then a little way to the left, and up to the King's Road, by way of Cheyne Walk and Bramerton Street, past the very house of Carlyle, and so near Leigh Hunt's old home that I could have changed the time of day with him had his kindly ghost been leaning from a window. And I thought of these men as I sat, placid and drunk with pride, on the tailboard of the van. Pipe after pipe I smoked, and the floating blue clouds hung peacefully in the air behind me, like the rings in the water made by a steady oarsman. Their frequency was the only circumstance that betrayed my nervousness.

We turned into the King's Road, that was made to save King Charles's coach horses when he drove to see Nell Gwynne. We followed it to the World's End, where I thought of Congreve's "Love for Love," and having the book with me in the van, I glanced, for pleasure, in the black print, though I knew the thing by heart, to the charming scene where Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Foresight banter each other on their indiscretions; you remember: Mrs. Foresight taunts her sister with driving round Covent Garden in a hackney coach, alone, with a man, and adds that it is a reflection on her own fair modesty. whereupon sprightly Mrs. Frail retorts:

"Pooh! here's a clutter, why should it reflect