

mechanically replied to the salute with his forefinger; the young lady bowed and waved her hand but by no means mechanically.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried the colonel, throwing up his open palms. It was for him a very slight expression of astonishment and annoyance. He very seldom mentioned his soul without condemning it to the infernal regions for an indefinite term of penal servitude, and when excited he generally doubled his fists.

"What's the matter, Uncle Gerald?" inquired his niece, coolly.

"Matter, begad? Well, I think it matter enough, when a young woman of two-and-twenty goes and throws herself at the head of a penniless scamp like that——"

"How do you know Mr. Landon is a scamp, uncle?" inquired Ella, in a tone rather of amusement than indignation.

It is Coleridge, I think, who says that no one can have a firm conviction who cannot afford to laugh at it himself; and this was Ella's case. She felt in her heart of hearts that Landon was no scamp.

"How do I know it? Why, because everybody knows every cadet is a scamp. As to means and marriage, they may have their hands to offer, but there is never a coin in them to pay the parson for performing the service."

"Still they have their honour, and their good swords," observed Ella, gravely.

"Their honour!" shrieked the little colonel; "ye gods, think of a cadet's honour! and as to their swords, they don't happen to wear them."

Ella broke into a long musical laugh, which seemed to disconcert her uncle extremely.

"I know, my dear girl," said he, in what was for him a tone of conciliation, "that you are as obstinate as the gout in one's heel, but it is quite useless even for you to set your heart upon that young vagabond. You might just as well fall in love with a drummer boy—you might, indeed!"

"Well, and why not, uncle? Then I could be vivandière to the regiment."

"That would be a dashed pretty thing," answered the other, scornfully.

"Well, I think I *should* look rather pretty in uniform," said Ella, with an air of reflection. "With a cap with a gold band, and a charming little keg of spirits, instead of a sabretache. Then, if Mr. Landon was wounded—as he would be sure to be in the first engagement, for he is as brave as a lion—I would give him a little glass of brandy, so;" and she turned her little hand bewitchingly in the air, in illustration of this piece of ambulance practice.