

or the last *on dit*. Arabs, Mogulls, Persians, and Hindoos, dashed past in splendid equipages. Their rich and varied oriental costumes tended much to heighten the gay and picturesque appearance of this great moving panorama. As the bright orb of day sank beneath the watery horizon, casting its golden and purple shadows on rock and tree, the devout Parsee knelt, and bent reverently their heads to the sand at the edge of the water on Back Bay Beach, and paid their daily homage or worship to the glory of the setting sun, for they were disciples of Zoroaster, the fire worshipper.

I had reined in my horse to listen to one of my favorite operas, when, my orderly advanced, and gave me a piece of blank paper, which he took from the folds of his turban. Then said in a low voice, "Brown Shigram; Bay Horses; just in front of your horse's head, Lady from Shingle Para." I handed the paper back, saying, "No orders at present." He saluted, and then retired. I presently glanced in the direction indicated; but, could only make out the outline of a lady's figure. The Venetian blinds of her vehicle being so arranged as to admit of the occupant seeing as much as she wished of what was passing around without being subject to the scrutiny of those she might wish to avoid. Not wishing to be recognized by her, at that time, I cantered on towards the Apollon Bunder, to give some orders to the police on duty there, I had put off my interview from time to time with the lady, and was still cogitating as to when it should take place, when my reverie was interrupted by some well known voices, exclaiming,

"Hollo! old fellow! are you going with us? Don't say, No. We will show you some capital sport, I promise you!"

"Where are you going?" I inquired, as my eye fell upon some hampers, guns and fishing tackle, that were being carried down the steps, and placed on board of a large bunder boat.

"We are going for a three day's excursion up Pen River. Will you not join us?"

"Who is that lying at full length on the cushions in the cabin?" said I, without seeming to notice the question.

"That is Sandhurst of the Civil Service; a first rate shot, I am told. It was he, that got up the party. Will you not come?"

I politely declined their invitation, and wishing them success, turned my horse's head homeward; for I was determined to take advantage of the absence of Sandhurst, to pay the promised visit to Mrs. Pemberton, alias Clifford, which I resolved to do on the following day.

The retreat chosen purchased and presented to Clara by Sandhurst as her future home, was indeed a beautiful place, and one, once, she might find it a desirable place, the

were worth. It was a large, handsome bungalow, with a deep varandah running completely round it, on to which the long French window of the drawing room opened. The chandeliers, pictures, statues, and other elegancies, were of the most costly description. No expense had been spared. The grounds were beautifully laid out, and were filled with Dahlies, Roses, and other flowers. A grove of stunted date trees, run along the whole of one side; and a tall prickly-pear hedge on the front, which sheltered the house, to a considerable degree, from the dust, heat and glare of the public road. The other side of the garden was separated from the adjoining grounds, by a closely trimmed hedge of milk bushes, over which from the drawing room windows, there was a fine view of Love Grove, Breach Candy, and the gilded cupolas of the far famed Hindoo Temples of Mahluximee, all very picturesque and pretty. Leaving my horse in charge of my Syce, I entered the bungalow, and passed into the drawing room. Directed the Puttawalla, who was dozing on the verandah, to announce to his mistress that a gentleman wished to see her. For a few minutes I walked up and down the spacious apartment, which, like most others in this class of bungalow, was separated from the dining room by a rich silken screen set in an elaborately carved black wood frame with moveable sides or wings. In one part of the room, stood a handsome grand piano; in another, a harp, a guitar, and a roll of music was lying on one of the lounges. While engaged in looking over some fine engravings, I heard one of the dining room doors open, and in another minute, Mrs. Pemberton entered through the folding screen.

"Oh! Fortescue," she exclaimed, "Is it indeed you?" as she advanced quickly toward me, extending, as she did so, both her hands; but she stopt short, ere she reached me, and said, "No, no, I had forgotten you were his friend, his brother in arms!" and sank pale and agitated on the nearest Ottoman.

She was but a girl, scarcely eighteen, her then budding charms were now fully developed in the surperbly handsome woman before me; her foreign tour, and moving as she had done in the best European Society, had imparted to her, a deportment, at once elegant, graceful and bewitching; yet, it was sad to think, that one so young and lovely, had fallen from that position she was so well calculated to adorn! With an effort she controlled her emotion, and said

"Oh Fortescue, do not upbraid me, with my wretched infatuation! I cannot bear it from you, who in happier years was my most valued friend."

"Believe me, Mrs. Pemberton, I came on no such errand," I replied kindly. "At the urgent request of Oscar," as I mentioned his name, she trembled violently; turned deadly pale, and gasped out hurriedly,—

"Is he here? Does he already know?"

"He is not here," I continued,—but *has been*, and is aware of your arrival in Bombay. "He has commissioned me to say that he is willing to forget the past, and receive you to his heart again, if you will but return home. Believe me, he is too attached to you, to reproach you for anything that has transpired since you left him."

"She remained silent for a few minutes, and then said with a forced calmness."

"It can never be—it is too late—I can never again return to that home which I am so unworthy to enter. I know his generous and forgiving nature, but do not attempt to dissuade me from my purpose, it will be worse than useless. No! I would sooner perish by my own hand than meet the husband whose feelings and whose honor I have so grossly outraged. No! I have taken my fate in my own hands, the die is cast, and I must bear the burden which I have brought upon myself. But tell me in what way Oscar became acquainted with the fact of my dishonor. Speak out!" she said, seeing that I hesitated. "Do not spare me I have nerved myself to hear all, and she sank back among the cushions of the Ottoman, and hid her face in her hands."

I then related to her Oscar's visit to my office; his application for my service to ascertain her whereabouts; the exertion of the police to trace her, and the surveillance she had moved under. At the word, *surveillance*, she started up; the crimson flush of anger, or offended pride, and her magnificent eyes flashed with some of their usual fire, as she drew herself proudly up.

"Clara," said I seeing, that she was about to speak, "hear me out. Were it not for the steps that had been taken by the police, in at my instigation, your real position, in spite of your seclusion, would long ere this, have become the talk of the whole Island. It was for your own and Oscar's sake that I have taken these precautions, which will prevent the intrusion of those who would force themselves upon you, and from whose society you would turn with loathing and abhorrence. I have, at least, saved you from that degradation. Only a very few—those immediately concerned—are aware that the wife of Oscar Pemberton is in Bombay."

"Oh! Fortescue forgive me for my unjust suspicions of your motives; accept the thanks of one, who must have lost the esteem of so valued a friend."

I felt much embarrassed, both on her, as well as on my own account; especially, as I had failed to accomplish the object of my visit, and shortly after I rose to depart, but before I did so, I obtained from her a brief account of her entanglement with Sandhurst prior to her leaving England. It appears they had met at the house of a mutual acquaintance. He was struck by her exceeding loveliness and charming manners, and as they moved in the same circle, he had every opportunity of making himself