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TALES, ESSAYS, AND REVIEWS.

THE BACHELOR'S LETTER, OR, GRACE HART'S WORK.

BY MRS. A CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.—THE LION.

A pretty commotion there was in No. 10 St. Levy Street; from the top to the bottom of the house it looked unsettled and disturbed—not that it was so very large either, being only bachelor's quarters, but it was evident something unusual had taken place in it. The house-keeper looked troubled and flurried, the fat wheezy little dog, Boosy, moved restlessly from chair to sofa, and back again from sofa to chair, as if he understood all that was going on; and perhaps he did, for who will not say that when a man takes a dog for his sole companion, he does not educate his intelligence often almost to a par with his own. However, it might be in this case, the creature had his comprehensive qualities quickened just then by a sharp kick from his master for this restlessness, which sent him howling under the sofa breathless, there to wail and mourn over the dog's life he was leading. Still if Boosy *was* restless, and the house-keeper flurried, they were nothing to the appearance of the master himself. A perfect storm of vexation, annoyance, ill-humour sat on his round, full, whiskerless face, and the top of his smooth bald head was positively red from the amount of rubbing and scratching bestowed upon it. Whether the owner believed in the doctrine of counter irritants and was trying their effect upon himself we cannot say, but the tempting rolls, the hot coffee and the smoking steak, articles which usually seemed to give an amount of inward satisfaction to-day received no attention but silently smoked themselves cold. What had been the cause of the trouble? simply a letter.

Mr. Savoy as we have said, was an old bachelor, and bachelors in their crochets and twists are twenty times worse than old maids whatever may be said to the contrary. One of the crotchets of Mr. Savoy was to have