

laughter through the trim groves, improved and kept in shape by labor of the rank and file, and "the Fusileers and the Grenadiers" marched in or out with band and famous colors flying, and the regimental goat or dog, and shooting practice, officers' cricket and football matches, and mess dinners, kept the island lively and picturesque, St. Helen's was a theatre of unceasing charm to the citizens.

"Is she here yet?" I asked, eagerly grasping the hand of Grace, who, more exceedingly pretty than ever, had invited all their friends to meet them on the island, in the grove, "I am delighted to see you back. It is almost worth the absence."

"And I welcome you as Noah the dove, after the waste of waters," exclaimed she, laughing. "But I must answer your first question before it is repeated. No, *mon frère*, I am afraid she is not to be here to day. She is a little ill with fatigue."

"O my poor friend!" I exclaimed, and led Grace down the avenue of leafing trees in which we were; for this grove had been planted in regular walks by the garrison forty years before, and the turf had been sown with grass that sprang up at that season a vivid green. The dell had been a theatre of the gaities of days past. To me it was deserted loveliness—a scene prepared and not occupied.

"Is she very ill?"

"No; merely tired. You see she is a thousand times more industrious than I. Nothing could content her over there unless she was putting out her utmost. She said it was her ambition to improve, like the great men and women; that she was strong and ought to make up for some of her imperfections by greater diligence. I never saw anyone so anxious to do a thing perfectly. The great Bertini in Florence said of her—'She will certainly be greater than Angelica Kauffmann.'... 'Alexandra,' he said, 'will rank with men.' The egotism of the creature! You see there are others who admire her besides yourself."