

martial or resign his commission. He chose the latter alternative, and left the service, retiring into private life. But the monotony of civil life was ill suited to one who had been so actively employed for years, having still many friends in the country, on whose influence he could rely, he entered the company's service, and was immediately appointed a warrant officer with the post of riding master in a regiment of native cavalry, a position of great respectability, and one that he was well qualified to fill. Shortly after our return from the Southern Marratta campaign, their Regiment came to our station.

Oscar Pemberton and I had been invited to a ball at the military mess, and here we first met Clara Stanley; and I remember that my impressions at the time were that she was one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever met; scarcely seventeen, above the middle height, and graceful as a young fawn, delicate and regular in feature with a soft fair complexion, warming into a richer tint upon the cheeks and lips; with long jet black hair reaching to her waist; and with large long lashed dark eyes, with an ineffable grace in every glance and motion. She was attired in a pale Axureien satin dress, with an over-shirt of white crape, looped up with small bouquet of white convolvulus, her pretty little feet which peeped from beneath her dress, as she glided gracefully about, were encased in white satin slippers; a necklace of pearls encircled her swan-like neck, she wore no other ornaments, save an exquisitely wrought gold cross, set with rubies. A single white camelia was interwoven in the rich tresses of her luxuriant hair. I solicited and obtained her hand for a set of quadrilles, which she danced with exceeding grace, and was much charmed with her wit and gentle manners. During the evening I was introduced to her father, who, being an Englishman, and brought up in London, we had many topics of mutual interest, on which to base our conversation. He seemed pleased with my manners, and gave me a *carte blanche* to visit him at his pretty little bungalow, near the cavalry lines.

Pemberton, who had been waltzing with Miss Stanley, now came up and led her to a seat near her father, he also was included in the same courteous invitation, very much to the satisfaction of that gentleman; for it was quite evident that he had fallen head and ears in love with the little divinity, for he had neither eyes nor thoughts for any but her, the rest of the evening. I never saw a fellow so desperately in earnest, or so far gone in love on so short an acquaintance. He could think and talk of nothing else but the fascinating Miss Stanley. He declared to me, that come what might, he would never rest until she had consented to become his wife, though he had to fight every fellow in camp that might lay claim to her hand."

"Well," said I, laughingly, "as I am in no hurry to become a Benedict, and certainly have no inclination to be shot through the head for the love of the lady, charming though she be, you need fear no rival in me, but on the contrary, I shall be happy to afford you all the assistance in my power, to further your interest in this matter.

"Thank you, my dear fellow; of course, I count on your good nature to aid me in case of an emergency. I fancy there will not be any very great objection on the part of my enslaver; but her father, who is as proud as Lucifer, doubtless expects a much higher position in the social scale for his daughter, than I can, at present, offer her; but you know the old saying, a faint heart never won a fair lady, and I am resolved to carry the fortress either by stratagem or by a *coup de main*!"

We called frequently on our new acquaintances sometime together, and occasionally alone, and I was not long in discovering by the heightened color and sunny smile, with which she always greeted my friend, that she was not insensible to the gallant attentions and handsome person of young Pemberton. He at length made a formal application to her father for her hand in marriage, and was politely but firmly refused, and it was intimated that his presence at the bungalow hereafter would be considered as an intrusion! This was a sad damper to Oscar's hopes, but nothing daunted, he determined to proceed, well knowing that he had a powerful ally in the daughter who did not disguise her love, or willingness to receive his attention.

Mr. Stanley was an excellent chess-player, and always ready to meet an antagonist at that noble game, and finding that I had acquired considerable proficiency at the game, he regularly challenged me to test his skill for an hour or so whenever I made my appearance beneath his hospitable roof. This I did not fail to turn to good account on behalf of the lovers. Clara would watch the progress of the game for a short time, making comments on the various moves until her father was deep in the mysteries of check and checkmate. She would then take up a book and saunter out on to the verandah, for the ostensible purpose, of enjoying a quiet hour, reading her favorite author, but in reality to meet her lover among the rose bushes, that skirted her pretty flower garden. The trysting place was a quiet spot, screened from the bungalow and shaded from the heat of the sun by the over-hanging branches of some mangoe and custard apple tress. He had given her a code of signals, by which, from the back of the summer house, she could let him know, when I had succeeded in inveighing her father into some difficult problem at the chess board. A circumstance, which Oscar never failed to take advantage of, to urge his suit, and in this way their clandestine courtship was carried on for some weeks,

when an accident happened, which entirely changed for a time the aspect of things. Mr. Stanley while at riding drill in the Manage, received a kick from one of the troop horses, and died within a few hours after the unfortunate occurrence took place.

Clara left an orphan by this sad event, and having neither relations, nor connections in the country, thankfully accepted the proffered hospitality of Capt. and Mrs. Barrington, who having no child of their own, extended to Miss Stanley, their sympathising friendship, by affording her an asylum in their comfortable home, so long as she should desire to remain with them. Six months after the death of her father, Oscar Pemberton renewed his application for her hand, and with so much ardor, did he press his suit, that he overcame all the objections that she could raise, and she finally consented to become his wife. The good natured Quarter Master, and his amiable lady, seeing that both had set their hearts upon the match, and having no legal right to object to, or postpone their wedding, did all in their power to give the greatest possible *eclat* to the celebration of the marriage ceremony. There was a wedding breakfast at noon, and a ball in the evening, which proved one of the most brilliant of the season. I occupied the position of bridesman on this auspicious occasion. The happy couple left after a few days en route for Ahmedabad. Oscar and I had frequently met since his marriage, as his public duties often brought him to Bombay; but Mrs. Pemberton, I had not seen, since the morning I had wished her farewell, prior to her departure for the Goozeratt, and I was now called upon to seek an interview, which I felt would prove, not only distressing to her, but embarrassing to myself. I therefore delayed it, as long as possible, hoping that some circumstances might arise, that would obviate the necessity for my so doing.

(To be Continued.)

## BATTALION CORRESPONDENCE.

### FROM BROCKVILLE.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Military matters here are very dull, consequently there is but little to chronicle.

At a meeting of the Brockville Rifle Association a few days since, the Secretary was instructed to transmit \$40 to the Secretary of the Dominion Association as their affiliation fee. It was also decided to hold the usual annual match here, commencing on Tuesday, the 6th October.

The Volunteers in this section look upon the Dominion prize list as being altogether in favor of the city competitors, there being few ranges in the country where more than six hundred yards can be procured. I am frequently asked what system of signaling will be adopted, which question I trust the