

have, moreover, erected a tablet on a cairn, 'To the memory of the brave Highlanders who died for their country and Prince Charlie,' but have said nothing about their having been beaten. The old woman in the farmhouse on the spot is grand-daughter of the woman who was there the day of the battle. The grand-mother was sleeping in the recess when a cannon ball passed through the wall just above the counterpane; it knocked a pot into the middle of the rooms, breaking it to pieces, and passed out at the opposite window. She pointed to another pot, and said it was boiling over the fire on the same day, when a Highland soldier rushed in with his hand blown off, and thrust the stump of his arm into the burning embers to stop the bleeding. She was a canny old body, and told me they often turned out bones with the field work all round her shieling. There was an idiot in the cottage, and the old wife called her 'an object,' and said, when I asked if it were a sick child, 'Nae, nae, she's just an object; but we must nae mind the Almighty; 'tis Himself does it a'.' At Glamis I heard the children of the late Lord Strathmore were never allowed in the castle till grown up, but lived in an adjacent building. There are swarms of ghosts at Glamis; pigmies are often seen, and there's a White Lady who warns you of your approaching death." . . . It's a trick worthy of Mr. Flack, of the *Reverberator*, to copy, without permission, private letters, and my only excuse, if it can be called an excuse, is that to be printed is an operation to which E. K. P. is very well used.

My correspondent's example will be followed, and the town will soon be empty, for everything of consequence is over, including the Public Schools Match at Lords' and the Silver Fête. As regards the former, it is always one of the most charming sights imaginable, and this year I think was exceptionally successful, owing to the brilliant ideal weather. Quantities of pretty young girls, little maids of fifteen or so, in flapping Leghorn hats, short skirts and wide sashes, were gallantly escorted over the grounds by bright-eyed Sixth Form lads in tall hats and magnificent ties and flowers, while their elders, unwilling to brave the heat, remained under white umbrellas on the top of coaches, in big barouches or landaus, or wandered slowly under the friendly shade of the trees. This is the place at which to see the beauty of youth to perfection, where every voice you hear rings with all sorts of excited careless happy tones, where nearly every face you see is fresh and round and blooming. Dress is always simpler than at any other London function, for no one puts on grand garments in which to watch cricket, and the consequence is that you are struck with the admirable effect it is possible to produce with just cotton, cambric or muslin, and a skilful arrangement of embroidery. And dress is so pretty this year, so becoming to these girls who, growing up under exceptionally careful conditions, with tennis, walking and riding *ad libitum*, have developed such an extraordinary length of limb. These wide shady hats, not unlike those affected by the charming old-fashioned young ladies Leech drew for us in the crinoline times, these narrow skirts and long ribbons knotted at the side, suit the majority of tall, lithe damsels, who have all adopted this style of costume as if it were a uniform. At the end of the match a handful of Harrow boys could not resist throwing themselves with a war whoop of triumph on to some Etonians, in spite of Dr. Weldon's order that there should be no fight, and for five minutes or so a whirlwind of umbrellas and sticks flew against "top" hats amid the yells of the vanquished and the hurrahs of the victors. Two of the Harrow masters being caught against their wish in the storm, the excitement was speedily and ignominiously stopped, and the aggressors, under arrest, were marched back to Harrow there and then, not being allowed to return to their respective homes for the customary *excuse*.

All day long the great balloon hovering above the gardens during the Silver Wedding Fête—quite the best affair of the kind, by the way, that has ever been seen in London—tempted adventurous folk, but comparatively few availed themselves of the privilege of a sail up into the air, the attraction of the conservatory proving too engrossing for most of us to leave. Here were charmingly arranged stalls suited for all our tastes. If you preferred flowers and the Quality, the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Gosport and Lady Forbes were ready to sell you Carnations at five shillings each, or sprays of Orchids for fabulous prices, and so much were these ladies in request, they had to summon a policeman to their aid as body-guard, who called "Pass on, please, pass on," to the laggards, at intervals, an order no one attempted to obey. Did you require Art, Sir Frederick Leighton was there to whom to apply, or Mrs. Du Maurier who, helped by her daughters and Miss Millais, successfully disposed of all manner of etchings, engravings, and Bartolozzis, good, bad and indifferent, a hundred guinea fan, on which eighteen of the principal English artists had drawn and signed beautiful little sketches, being raffled for at this stall in a spare half-hour. There were garden hats to be bought, work bags, china, screens, the usual medley of bazaar articles; fruit sent by the Queen from Osborne, a sketch of Princess Louise; Mrs. Bancroft, having as helper, Miss Ada Rehan amongst others, sold aprons and cuffs once worn by her on the stage; opposite, some staid white-capped nurses, belonging to the Victoria Hospital, for the benefit of which the fête was organized, gravely dispensed their wares. Fancy dress is never considered correct; no one who is any one, adopted any eccentricity of costume, beyond the light blue ribbon and silver badge, and though two or three dismal gentlemen, disguised as Pierrots, attempted to twang a little feeble music from their mandolins, on the whole they and their ridiculous garments were looked coldly on by the critical audience. Out in the gardens the cool air was refreshing after the scented stifling heat of the conservatory, and here the various entertainments, including a genuine roundabout, which seemed to be considered almost as good fun as the Switchback, and a delightful Richardson's show, were patronized by the smartest of smart crowds, who gravely rode the wooden horses to the tunes from the orchestra, or crowded the

first rows of the booth and applauded *The abduction of Bianca*, in the most spirited fashion. Little children, in many-hued flying skirts, twisted ribbons round the Maypole; older children had their fortunes told by necromancers, living, for the time-being, in a huge wedding cake; others again listened at the theatre to songs and recitations from Grossmith and Co. The scene on two of the four days was, owing to the weather, of the brightest, most picturesque description, and to the end, after Mrs. Bernard Beere had sold her last cigar, and Lady Randolph Churchill her last bottle of champagne, the aspect of the place was still that of a fashionable rout, and not at all that of an ordinary Fancy Fair.

I was told three pieces of gossip under the shadow of the blue and white hangings draping the stalls which by now I am afraid, you too will have heard. First, Mr. Whistler is going to marry Mrs. Godwin, widow of the architect, and daughter of Phillips the sculptor. Secondly, Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, Cambridge, is engaged to Miss Agnata Ramsey, whose wonderful triumphs of last year you will remember, and thirdly, Leighton is to be made a life peer, which I think—but, I am afraid, my advice will not be asked on the subject, so I shall refrain from giving it. Only, if Reynolds was content with a knighthood, surely Leighton's already won baronetcy should be honour enough for the painter of such faces signed by the President, which have hung on the Academy walls these many years.

The mention of Reynolds reminds me that some of Barry Cornwall's and Mrs. Proctor's books were sold the other day in the painter's great studio of his house in Leicester Square,—that comfortable old house which now belongs to Puttick and Simpson, the auctioneers, and which is well worth a visit. As you go through the hall you can see into the panelled dining-room, where you have often been in the spirit at those delightful hugger-mugger dinners of which Nollekins tells in the *Life of his Master*, and passing up the staircase with its wrought iron railing of uncommon design, you come to the little ante-room of which Miss Thackeray speaks in *Miss Angel*, and which leads to the studio. Over the door a copy of Nollekin's bust of Johnson still frowns down on the visitor, and inside the room, in the glare of the clear cool light, a hundred figures from that wonderful society which the enchanter, armed only with a mahlstick wand, a sceptre made of a paint brush, gathered about him, turn to look at you as you enter,—the wraiths of Lady Wentworth and Angelica flit from phantom portrait to phantom portrait as Sir Joshua, through his silver-rimmed spectacles, gazes, admiringly, at the sweet weak face of the sensitive little painter from over the seas. But, taking up more space than do the charming ghosts of the wits of long ago, are the frequenters of auctions, who are sitting in judgment over the bundles of books, none of them very valuable, over the autograph letters, none of them very interesting, belonging to the dead poet and his dead wife, and "going, going, gone," and the tap of the hammer are a cry and a sound harsh enough to scare into silence the talkative brilliant company from beyond the Styx, the great folk, by the side of whom, even the most ignorant, most flippant of us have stayed a moment, fascinated by the flashing glances of this one, listening to the bewitching eloquence of that. I remember seeing Mrs. Proctor one year at Whitby, and finding her a hard-faced old lady in a brown wig, full, at that time, of indignation at Carlyle and his slighting mentions of herself and her husband in the "Reminiscences" which Froude was then bringing out, the result of that indignation being a small pamphlet, written by the clever clear-headed lady herself, in which she set forth the real state of affairs between the uncouth disagreeable Scotchman and the London-couple who had helped him so much, and to whom, apparently, he had been so grateful. To-day we bargain over her volumes, and read her collection of letters, carrying off with us the first edition of that particular author whose talk happens to please us, or a sheet or two of writing from the hand of this painter or poet with whose work one has been tolerably familiar all one's life, and I don't think any of us remembered much about the late owners of these things. Then when the auction was over I wandered down the shallow stairs again into the sunshiny square and saw Sir Thomas Lawrence at his windows (who wants to find this unequal artist at his best should look at a fine portrait of his in the hall of Christchurch, Oxford) and Hogarth cutting jokes with Tothill and Forrest on his doorsteps, and yonder, at the gates of that there stood the chariot and outriders from the Court of Frederick, Prince of Wales. A canary flies from branch to branch of the limes, and poor Sir Joshua tries to catch his little friend in vain; if you listen you can hear the low talk of the chairmen as they lean over the railings and watch the crossing of the swords between Castlewood and Mohun. Personally I cannot imagine a much greater punishment than to be exiled from this wonderful city, where, as you turn from your books, the very houses continue the stories for you, a city in which the voices of our great writers are no stronger than the voices of the streets.

WALTER POWELL.

A LOVE of adventure is inherent in all, more deeply implanted in a coterie of bolder natures to whom the less highly endowed in this respect owe the voyages and explorations that have enlarged geographical bounds and extended a knowledge of animals and flora; that have colonized countries, built cities and widened commerce; that have created new people, new interests and all the infinite consequences of an expanded horizon. The love of change, chance of testing faculty and force, and of laudable curiosity are factors that, influenced and coloured by temperament, age, and condition occasion agitations in politics and religions that lead to national advancement and individual advantage. To them were due the knights-errant, crusades and minstrelsies of the mid-ages, and to them the reformations, revolutions, wars, discoveries, inventions, progress, culture and conquests of later eras are also indebted.—*The Current*.