

The writer had the honour of driving with the Captain and Nicolas, "Billee" being Jehu. Many words might be written and yet come altogether short as a description of that day's drive. I do not attempt the task, but content myself with merely naming some of the "*motifs*" for pictures by brush and pen. The blue of distant hills : the shimmer of the lakes beneath the sun : the occasional village with its yelping dog and wide-eyed children : the walking on foot up the hills : the mad rush down them, "Billee" all on fire, his face, crinkled as an old walnut kernel, almost cracking with excitement : Nicolas with bronzed face, black eyes, blacker hair, and a cap of splendid red : the talk with the Captain, now on something brought from some recess of the mind, and now on something of the fashion of the moment ! If the others had an experience at all the equal of the writer's for enjoyment, the cavalcade was a happy one.

It may be my good fortune to speak of the Captain's ability hereafter, but I would here make the general remark that, throughout, the combination of officer and private was seen. A head to direct ; a hand to do at least its share : and, if I were to say that his head equalled his hand, my readers would congratulate us upon our Captain, had they seen him with his pack as we portaged.

At mid-day we stopped for an "al fresco" luncheon.

I have now the unpleasant duty to chronicle the first of a series of misconstructions which my conduct was subjected to during the camp. I had, of course, the consolation of the good boy who figures in the medicine-cum-jam story book, namely, that of Conscious Goodness enduring Undeserved Contumely ; but, notwithstanding that, the recollection still rankles in my mind. This first of the series fell out in this wise :—After the meats, which consisted of eggs and pork, we had fruit, and, with the last, milk warmly covered with a coat of cream. Well, as ill luck would have it, as I was helping myself out of the first bowl, this mantle of cream fell on to my plate, and those who followed me had the naked milk. Strangely enough, the same mishap occurred with each bowl, and I found myself a victim of the foul calumny of having of set purpose appropriated to my own personal use this more grateful portion of the lacteal fluid, and, indeed, of having a certain suspicious aptness of hand as of one who had aforetime so appropriated the same.