

1. There was being held one of Mrs. Edward Blake's "At Homes," which took place on the Wednesday evenings in July and August of 1890. So that the "sound of revelry" was there ; but, what of warfare was the next day to bring ?

2. On the morrow we were to start on the march against, not Napoleon and his cohorts, but flies innumerable and trout and other wild beasts of unknown quantity and quality.

But the manly hearts beat high, and the manly feet beat merry ; and fair women made the hearts beat higher and the feet merrier. In the world's history, halls may have been more splendid, and dresses costlier, but the faces here needed no splendour of setting. The hours passed, but men and women, boys and girls, laughed at Tomorrow, until at last they danced into his fields. Press carefully in memory's pages the flowers of pleasure which have been worn to-night ; their scent and colour will die hard !

Early in the morning the sound of the Captain (W. H. Blake), and such of his men as were to come from "Mille Roches" was heard, and Mr. Cronyn, S.V. ("Sam") Blake and myself hurried to meet them. Our spirits, like a good many millions of others on occasions of a like kind, resembled an April day : all sun for the hope of jolly hours to come ; all showers for the sorrow of leaving our friends. With a royal shout and loud "Good-byes !" off we started. As we did so, two white figures were seen to issue stealthily from the top window of "Maisonrouge," and we began to imagine that already the house might boast of its family ghost (and indeed ghosts) and that (and indeed those) a summer one (and indeed summer ones). Thoughts of a possible Mrs. Henry Wood novel, with the scenes laid at Murray Bay, floated through our minds, but these were soon dissipated. These were not "The Bogie Man" and his double, habited in intangible garb. The clothing was the domestic night gown, and the figures were those of E. F. ("Ned") Blake and Gerald Fitz Gibbon.

Well, we are off, and this is our party :—

[*Note by the Professor.* This is, of course, where the list of the campers ought to come in, but the Author sends me a characteristic note, telling me that he has mislaid it, and that the names must be given at the end of the book, as the printing must go on. He concludes :—"perhaps after all it is better so." Why ? He does not state. Nor do I. Why