

When I asked her why she was not getting her husband, she explained that her father-in-law was an old neophyte, that he had been a long time since they had met. Finally, she added, with a wistful look at the handsome attraction on his face to make me put an old woman.

“I have been on in half an hour, Dobby, till I can’t go on and flirt with the young ladies;” and away trotted the mercenary old woman, leaving me in that enviable state of stupefaction which is but faintly typified by the expression ‘thunderstruck.’ What to do or say next, I confess, was beyond me; and, after I had hazarded a vague remark upon the beauty of her gardens, and the fineness of the weather, our interview must have become highly embarrassing, and even painful, had it not been for the readiness with which Lady Bureonet relieved me of my share in the conversation, and the volubility with which she discoursed upon indifferent topics, as though we had been casual acquaintances of fifty years’ standing, during which period we had met once a week, and shared as little for each other as any two people that do so meet, in the uncomfortable middle which we mock with the name of society. Whilst I was bowing and stammering, and wondering what had become of my obs (the most reasonable supposition being that he had drunk himself to death), and recalling the golden days of spring, when she had nursed me in my illness—she, the calm, self-possessed, fashionable woman, now standing before me in her blonde and her thing of immovable hypocrisy,—and the dreadful morning that blasted my hopes (romantic young fool that I was!) when, an unwilling witness, I saw her weeping her part out on Levanter’s shoulder; whilst all my thoughts and recollections were boiling through my brain, and making me feel as painfully awkward as, with all my acquired swagger and London assurance, I doubtless had, Lady Bureonet walked me through the conservatory, chatted with me about literary promotions and appointments, gave me a geminum, and introduced me to an old woman in velvet, with as much nonchalance as if she had been my grandmother. What were my feelings as I contemplated, in bachelor security, the lady for whom I had once been prepared to sacrifice much? Was I grateful for my escape?

I philosophically amused with the bursting of the bubble, the fading of the illusion? Did I thank my stars that I was free of it, and shrug up my shoulders at the mental ejaculation of ‘Poor Sir Bureonet?’ Alas! no; in my heart of hearts, notwithstanding the lessons of experience, in defiance of the dictates of common sense, there was a pang of bitter regret—as I dwelt on impulsive boyhood, with all its folly and charms, there was a feeling of humility and self-reproach, as I thought I was incapable of the absurdities which then constituted the rapture of my existence, and the indulgence of which I would fain have bought all my worldly wisdom and experience, fain have bartered the sceptic’s knowledge and the philosopher’s smile for the unsophisticated faith, the more fresh confidence of a trustful, loving

nt, flowers, iced champagne, white
elongated tables, a great demand for
plates, and rather a scarcity of chairs,
but on the general rush and confusion
betokens a breakfast, as we rationally
an entertainment commencing at four
Those who could obtain seats wedged
elves in, and fed across each other's
s and draperies; those who were
to stand reached over the heads of
more fortunate neighbors; and, as re-
unobserved flirtations and mutual

did not, however, out of girl, engage the young
 Green, or the Lauwers. She used to ride
 with him every day, and the poor lad was
 faithfully in love with her. Luckily, his
 uncle heard of it in time, and put him on his
 own stall, in the West Indies; and Green
 soon after married a Creole—a black woman,
 Laity Bargonet calls her. Since then, lots of
 fellows have been smitten with her charms,
 and I have seen little cadeaux, “given me by
 that pretty Miss Jones,” in every out-of-the-
 way quarter of the globe that rejoices in the
 mutual presence of a subaltern’s guard.

‘For two or three years she disappeared altogether; some said she had gone into a convent, others that she was in a decline, whilst the more uncharitable averred she was no longer a proper person to associate with “regimental ladies,” and had retired permanently from the world—when, to my surprise, up she started again as Lady Burgoet, though when, where, or how she was married is an unpenetrable mystery. I conclude, however, that it is all right, as she is received everywhere, and talks of going to the Drawing-room, at which, I will answer for it, no greater lady in her own estimation will be present. She winks Sir Benjamin round her little finger, and must have a word in all his arrangements, professional as well as private. Luckily she does not go out with him, but is to follow next spring.

what a curious thing it is, Digby, that
 ld Burgeon, who was always the most im-
 rious man in England to the charms of
 the other sex, should be captivated at seventy
 y a faded garrison-flirt, with neither the
 freshness of a girl, the sobriety of a matron,
 or, between you and me, the manners of a
 dy!"

Without quite agreeing in Cartouche's derogatory opinion of my former love, I confess I could not help being struck with the peculiar unsuitableness of the General's helpmate, though, to do her justice, the way she managed the old warrior reflected considerable credit on her tact and discernment. All the delicate petits soins, all the little attentions which so seldom outlive the honeymoon, were received and responded to with liveliness and coquetry that kept the General's gallantry constantly at high pressure. I saw him give her a rare plant from the greenhouse, which she pressed to her lips, and pressed in her bosom with a tenderness that made the old man's eyes glisten, whilst Minnie might have taken a lesson in dignity from the cold severity with which she repelled even the commonest attention from the younger and better-looking portion of her retinue. Could she be acting a part, or was she really weary of the continual conquests in which the flower of her youth had so long spent—of the forced gaiety, the wailing and wailing, with which, like an actress on the stage, she had been labouring in her professional career?

freedom? Perhaps a little of both; perhaps the habits of her youth had now become a second nature, which it required some command to restrain; perhaps the position which she had attained was in her opinion too far exalted, the advantages she enjoyed far too valuable, to be risked for the passing amusement of an hour—the sacrifices offered by that empty homeliness of which she, of all people, knew to well real value. Be it how it may, the Burgonets certainly maintained a respect and decorum which contrasted marvelously with the former hilarity, the indulgent mood of the volatile Fanny Jones.

when were festivities held in the neighborhood of a cavalry regiment, and in presence of their band, ever yet known to conclude without a dance? Cold chickens, as we discussed, and lobster-salad, how-unconvenient may be its ulterior effects, easily packed at the time. The old proverb says, that "a spur in the shoe is worth two on the heel;" and although

in the seductive recesses. There had been
when the very act of dancing leavened
my blood, and raised my spirits to a pitch
that many a damsel of eighteen, enjoying her
first ball might have envied—but all that was
past and gone. I now belonged to a school
who deemed it expedient, not to say meri-
torious, to attend all such mirthful gatherings
as the present with an outward demeanor
that appeared expressly adapted for the pur-
pose of damping the whole proceeding, and
repressing the slightest indication of enjoy-
ment with an apathetic sneer, really formi-
dable to that numerous class of weak minds
who are afraid of being laughed at. In Lon-
don we went regularly to balls, but we stood
in the doorway; we were rigorous in our at-
tendance at the opera, but we talked the
whole time. We spared no expense, we
grudged no labor or inconvenience in the
pursuit of amusements which, when attained
we stigmatised as 'slow,' and voted 'a bore.'
That enivarious devotion to the other sex, of
which the last generation preserved at least
the outward semblance, had been completely
laid aside, and a studied carelessness adopted
in its stead, which was anything but flatter-
ing to their understanding or their charms.
The fine ladies, as we termed them, had per-
haps themselves to thank for this subversion
of all the acknowledged principles of polite-
ness, for it is a curious instinct of their order,
and one well worthy of the study of an ob-
server of human nature, which regulates
their own urbanity to an associate in an in-
verse proportion to the neglect he is at no
 pains to conceal; and any one who has wit-
nessed the nonchalance with which a fine
gentleman of the present day turns his back
upon a countess in her own house, as if she
were of no more importance than her draw-
ing-room fire, will allow that St. Helens was
not far wrong when he said to me, in allusion
to a fair ball-giver of my first London season,
'If you want her to take you up, depend upon
it, you must begin by taking her down.'
Accustomed in the habits of my class, and think-
ing, no doubt, that I showed my superior
breeding by my utter disregard of the many
pretty faces which surrounded me—a pitch of
refinement to which, for the credit of the
corps, I am bound to say my brother officers
of the K. O. Dragoons did not aspire—I had
no deserted partner, no appealing damsel to
distract my attention from the conclave to
which I was summoned by my friend Car-
michael, and consisting of that worthy, Sir Ben-
jamin, and myself. With a kind concern
for my welfare, and a fatherly consideration
of my interests, the old General, to whom his
military secretary had confided all he knew
of my peculiar position, frankly offered to
take me out with him to the East as his
cavalier-de-camp, an offer which, seeing at last
the opportunity of extricating myself from my
difficulties, I eagerly and unhesitatingly ac-
cepted.

Three short turns on the General's shaven
n—half-a-dozen sentences interchanged
the kind old commandant—a cordial
asp of the hand from Cartouch—and a
tely bow of congratulation, accompanied,
ugh, with a sunny glance, that reminded
of other days, from Lady Burgonet.
ned out to me prospects that were un-
und of when I rose that morning, point-
ut to me a path that I should never
e even thought of, had it not been for the
idental circumstance of my accompany-
a coachload of dragoons to an afternoon
fast-party.

These matters are easily arranged at the
these Guards when they encounter no oppo-
from the heads of departments, and
Colonel Bold and my brother officers I
with every facility in taking a step so
solutely to my future advantage. In one
week everything was arranged for my
future. For obvious reasons, it would
been the height of imprudence on my
to publish to the world my proposed mi-
sion to another hemisphere. If the jungle-

ing urchin, "when I saw two queer-looking fellows lounging about the yard, and I heard one of 'em ask the sentry which was Captain Grand's stables? The sentry, like a fool, was going to tell him, when I stepped up to him, and, making my best bow, volunteered him the information in my power. I saw a bailiff once, before I left Eton, and I was down upon these birds in half no time; so I took them to the doctor's loose box, where I kept Sawbones, and showed them the Roman-nosed screw as Cap-Grand's famous steeplechase horse Sanspareil; and whilst the old Sawbones, who went let any one go near him but his own bat-man, was dodging them about the box, and had got hold of the fattest one, who tried to make a caption, as the beggars call it, by the arm, I slipped off to your groom, and sent away your two chargers and the hack in some of my clothing up to the Major's training stables, so they are safe for the present. In the meantime — By Gad, Dandy! we're done! I told that fool of a sentry not to let any civilian into the officers' quarters, and if that's not the two tumblers walking upstairs, I'm a Scotchman," broke off Little Nell, as an ominous tramp was heard ascending the wooden staircase; and I became conscious that in a few moments more the writ would be served, and I should be no longer a free agent. What was to be done? The cornet's genius stood me in good stead. Rushing out of my room, he ran down one flight of steps to the passage, of which one bailiff had already possessed himself, and knocking loudly at the Major's door adjured him, by the name of Grand, to come out and speak to him on most important business. The Major, rapidly catching at the idea, kept his door bolted, and appeared to be parleying from within; and whilst the myrmidon of the law had his attention arrested by their conversation, I made a dash for the stairs, clad as I was in a heterogeneous costume of pilot-coat, wide-awake hat, and military trousers, rushed down the steps half-a-dozen at a time, and gained the door leading towards the hospital gate, just as the man of law, awaking suddenly to the deception practised upon him, started off in chase. I had the heels of him, encumbered though I was by a long pair of brass spurs; but in avoiding Scylla I well now met shipwreck on Charybdis, for the wily officer had planted his assistant at the door of the officers' quarters, leading towards the mess-room, at which he thought it probable I should break covert; and as I bounded across the barrack-yard at the open end, the aide-de-camp joined in the hue and cry. It was nearly dark, but I could see Jenny Jumps waiting for me, held by a huge monstached dragoon in stable attire, and straining every nerve to reach the pony, I leapt into the saddle some ten yards in front of my disappointed pursuers. As I moved the little mare her head—and she rang forward like an arrow from the bow—the last sounds I heard were the cheers "Little Nell," as he halloo'd to me from an upper window:—

Ride for your life, Dandy, through the open gate, and across the common; never mind the sunk fence, she jumps it with me every morning!

A couple of minutes more saw me well over the obstacle, emerging from the common into the lane beyond; and as 'Jenny Jumps' settled down from the furious gallop which she started into the easy swing of a well-taught one's stride, I was enabled to reflect my ideas, sadly scattered by the hurry-scurry of the last ten minutes—for it had taken little more than that brief space of time to bring about the siege, the coup-de-main, and the escape—and to arrange in my mind the wisest course to pursue under somewhat novel circumstances in which I found myself.

enny Jumps carried me gallantly. The
rest cross-country railway station was
point, and thanks to the enduring mettle.

day? The temptation was great, but I with-
stood it, and lighting a huge cigar to dull the
important cravings of a healthy appeti-
(the brandy-flask, alas I had been long
emptied), I betook myself the waterside; and
finding no difficulty, even at that early hour
in chartering a boat for my voyage, I con-
fided my person (for of luggage I was totally
destitute) to a crazy-looking craft, di-nom-
inated 'a dingy,' and plumped down into her
stern, opposite a venerable hump-backed
Triton, whose unassisted efforts were to pro-
pel us to our destination, in the undignified
manner with which a landsman usually ac-
complishes the feat.

Things is gone aboard, sir, I expect," said the Triton, in allusion to my unencumbered condition, as we opened the harbour and dipped over the short disagreeable swell of the Channel. "Going foreign in the Hyderabad, as I conclude?" added the old man, plying his oars vigorously, and refreshing himself with copious expectoration. I answered in the affirmative, and made a natural inquiry as to the position of my future prison, which was immediately pointed out to me, beyond a whole forest of masts, through which, to my inexperienced eye, it appeared we must necessarily thread our way. Not so, however; swinging round suddenly, and catching a sea that drenched me to the skin, we 'took the flood,' as my Charon expressed, and after passing close under the stern of a seventy-four, and shaving the bows of a tender throto belonging, we stretched boldly away, as it seemed to me, for the Bay of Biscay, to the two or three miles of ruffled water that foamed between us and the Hyderabad. As the Triton warmed to his work, he became vastly communicative, and although he declined the assistance which I felt bound to offer, I couldn't see that my proposal of taking one of the oars raised me considerably in his estimation. 'Comfortable ship, sir, the Hyderabad,' growled the veteran, "and we'll found, too, d'ye see! Taking her water aboard now; let alone stores and such like. She won't sail for two or three days yet, may be; howsomever, that's neither here nor there."

'She seems a fine ship,' said I, as we neared her enormous hull, and gained some idea of her bulk; 'better off a wind than on one, I dare say.'

'Right again, father,' said the veteran. 'Sail, can she?'—like a haystack. I know her. I come home from Madras in that identical ship twenty years ago, pretty nigh, and she ain't no smarter now than she was then. We made a precious run of it, I don't think; one hundred and seventy-five days, from first to last, and fair weather the whole voyage. Why, the Duck Lion—(query, Deucalion?)—the Duck Lion, Captain Baffler, spoke us off the Cape, and she came home, and cleared out, and was half-way to Bombay again afore we made the Needle. Hows'ever, as I said afore, she's a whole-some old bark, and I wish I might never have worse luck.—'Vast heaving, there, you yellows lubber!—where be you a-comin'?'—hundreded out the narrator, as the thread of what promised to be a long story was prematurely cut short by a crashing of timber behind him, and the startling apparition of a boat's sharp nose running right over our bows, and threatening to force us down into the forbidding depths of the sugry Channel, whilst a gruff voice exclaimed in a tone of triumph, 'Boarded them, by Jingol! it's all right; this here is the gent as we're a-looking for! Your servant, Captain Grand! Sorry to interfere with a pleaseur trip, but business is business;' whilst the persuasive accents of a voice that could only belong to a lawyer's clerk softened the infuriated boatman with reiterated assurances that 'all repairs should be made good and damages accounted for by Mr. Shadrack, or parties acting by his instructions,' a promise in which the sturdy old seaman put but little faith.

(To be Continued.)