DELPHI CLASSICS

George Whyte-Melville

Collected Works

Series Fifteen

The Collected Works of
GEORGE WHYTE-MELVILLE
(1821-1878)

Contents

Version 1

The Collected Works of

GEORGE WHYTE-MELVILLE

By Delphi Classics, 2025

COPYRIGHT

Collected Works of George Whyte-Melville

First published in the United Kingdom in 2025 by Delphi Classics.

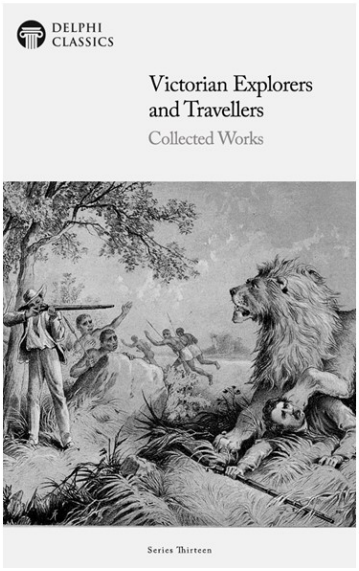
ISBN: 978 1 80170 266 9

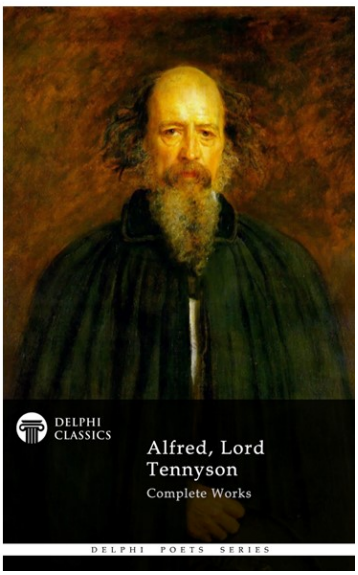
Delphi Classics
is an imprint of
Delphi Publishing Ltd
Hastings, East Sussex
United Kingdom
Contact: sales@delphiclassics.com

DELPHI CLASSICS

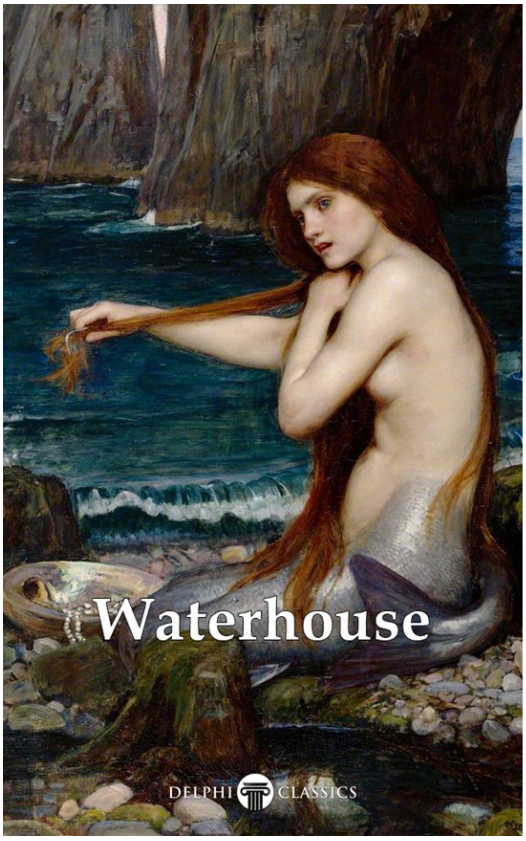
www.delphiclassics.com

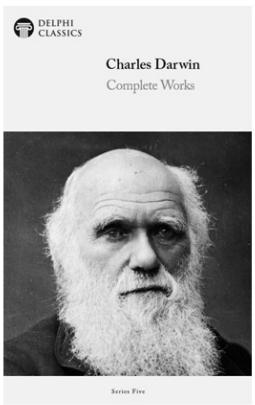
THE VICTORIANS

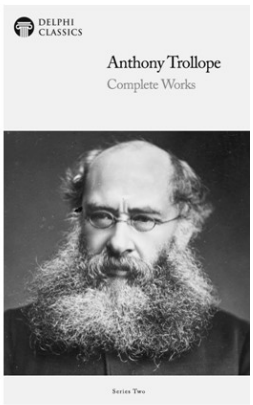


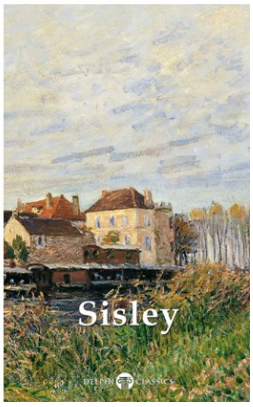


Explore the world of the Victorians…









The Novels

Mount Melville House, near St. Andrews, Scotland, 1825 — George Whyte-Melville's birthplace

Mount Melville House, today

Digby Grand (1853)

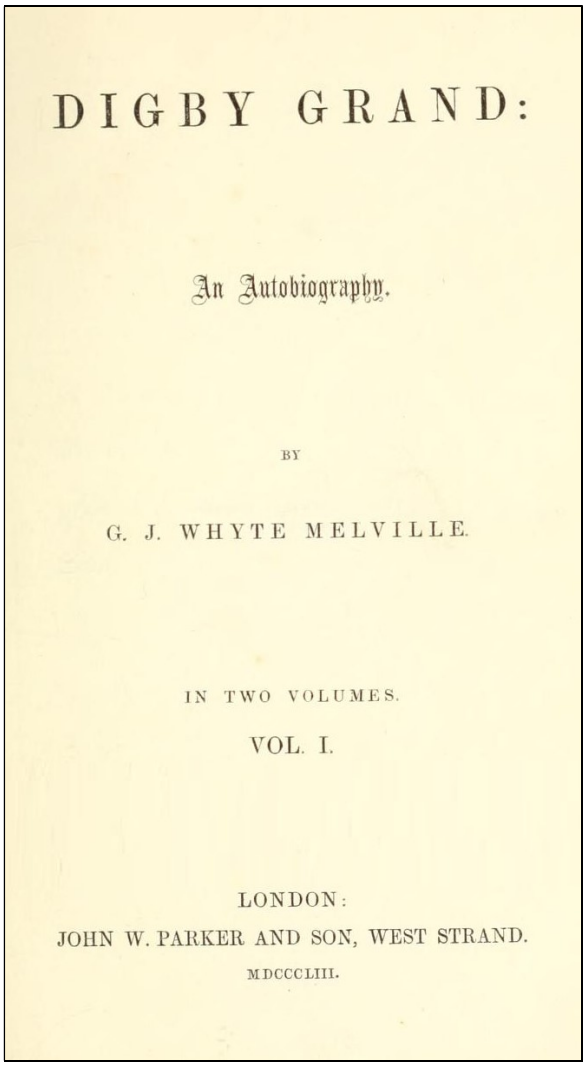
George John Whyte-Melville was born in 1821, at Mount Melville near St Andrews, Scotland, as the son of Major John Whyte-Melville and Lady Catherine Anne Sarah Osborne. His father was a well-known sportsman and Captain of The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews. George was tutored privately at home by the young Robert Lee, before being educated at Eton College. As a young man, he entered the army with a commission in the 93rd Highlanders in 1839. He exchanged into the Coldstream Guards in 1846 and retired with the rank of captain in 1849.

After translating some odes by the Roman poet Horace in 1850, Whyte-Melville turned to the writing of fiction and published his first novel, *Digby Grand* in 1852, which was a success. He went on to publish 21 more novels, cementing his status as a popular writer about hunting. Most of his heroes and heroines – Digby Grand, Tilbury Nogo, the Honourable Crasher, Mr Sawyer, Kate Coventry, Mrs Lascelles – ride to hounds, or are would-be members of the hunt. Some characters reappear in different novels, such as the supercilious stud groom, the dark and wary steeple-chaser or the fascinating sporting widow.

Digby Grand follows the adventures of its titular character, whose father, a gentleman owning a large but somewhat impoverished estate, longs for his son to achieve a prominent position in society. After completing his education at Eton, Digby is commissioned as an ensign in the British Army, where he navigates a life filled with gambling, social obligations and romantic misadventures. His experiences take him from Scotland to Canada and back to London, where he becomes entangled in a web of debt and relationships, particularly with Flora Belmont, a woman his father deems unworthy due to her lack of fortune.

The narrative is marked by its detailed description of military life, sports and the social circles of the time, reflecting the values of the early Victorian period. The protagonist's journey underscores themes of ambition, social expectations and the consequences of living beyond one's means. While often regarded as sporting fiction, the novel also opens a window into the society of the time and the superficial pursuits that dominates the lives of its characters. Through his inimitable humour and vivid use of characterisation, Whyte-Melville paints a lively, though at times shallow, portrait of a young man's quest for identity and acceptance within the constraints of his heritage and societal norms.

George Whyte-Melville, c. 1860


DIGBY GRAND:

An Autobiography.

BY

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

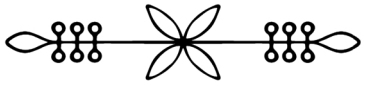
MDCCCLIII.

The first edition's title page

CONTENTS

The frontispiece for an early edition

NOTE



THE FAVOURABLE OPINIONS expressed of Digby Grand during its publication in *Fraser's Magazine*, have induced the author to present the work to the public in a complete form.

Feb. 1, 1853.

CHAPTER I. THE MORNING OF LIFE

"GRAND AND BUFFLER to stay!" says the "prepostor" of the Lower Remove-Remove, as he darts into our hall of learning on his humane errand. Right well do Grand and Buffler know what that simple sentence indicates; and ere the messenger of Fate, in the shape of a short and dirty lower boy colleger, or "tug," has departed, they evince by a simultaneous hitching of the waistband, and wistful expression of countenance, their very disagreeable anticipation of the discipline to follow. Gravely the construing proceeds, as it has proceeded from time immemorial within those classic walls, and whatever "Henry's holy shade" might think of it, I can imagine the pagan ghost of heathen Horace would be somewhat aghast could his repose in the realms of Pluto be disturbed by the blundering schoolboy's version of his polished stave.

Let us hear how Bullock-major renders the dreaded ode. *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*, begins the much-enduring master, giving to the thrilling stanza that harmonious roll which shows that much, and often as his favourite has been murdered to his unwilling ear, he still clings to him with all a scholar's devotion— "Justum," etc. "Bullock-major, go on!" Up starts the electrified disciple, with all the readiness of a professor, but deep are the misgivings at his heart, and clouded the impression on his brain; for Bullock-major, though as stalwart a stroke as ever feathered an oar round Lower Hope, and as straight a bowler as ever skimmed the emerald sward of the lower shooting-fields is yet modestly aware of his own deficiencies, and has a wholesome horror of being, like Grand and Buffler, "in the bill." At it he goes, however, with changeless intonation and nasal twang "*Virum, the man*" — pause— "*justum, just* — pause — *et tenacem, and tenacious*" — ("Bravo, Bull!" says the next boy on the form, a scapegrace of some eleven summers)— "propositi" — a solemn pause — dark grows the masters brow— "Go on, sir propositi" — Bullock grows desperate: "propositi, of his proposition." Hear him, melodious minstrel of Rome's palmiest days!— "Sit down, sir! — put him in the bill — next boy go on." And the unfortunate Bullock-major embarks in the same boat with Buffler and myself.

Ah! those were glorious days, notwithstanding the "bill" and all its horrors; some of the happiest hours that I, Digby Grand, have spent in my chequered career, were passed at dear old Eton; with just enough of school and school discipline to make the relaxation of play delightful, with every kind of amusement the heart of boy could desire — with boating, cricket, football, hocky, paper-chases, and leaping parties, or as we call them "levies" — and above all, with that abundance of congenial society, and those cordial friendships, so delightful to youth. No wonder that the old Etonian's heart still warms when he catches sight of the walls of College — no wonder that he remembers, with a vividness after years can never obliterate, each characteristic of the long past scene. The dreaded Hawtrey, "my tutor," by turns loathed and beloved; "my dame," an object now of ridicule, now of affection; Windsor Bridge, Mother Tolliday, the weary and well-informed Spankie himself; the "ticks-up-town," the sock-shop, the triumphs on the water, won with sculls and oar — the glories of the sward, when an Eton eleven sacked the second-best team of the Marylebone Club — all and each of these images are clung to and remembered in many a varied scene and distant land; ay, such early impressions as these will return to the imagination of the wanderer, even when the dearest and holiest ties of home are for a time forgotten. But let me

also look back through the long vista of years gone by — let me live once more in memory the joyous days of spring, when the heart was merry and the step was light, — when the breeze of morning kissed an open brow, as yet unseamed by care, and lifted clustering locks, unthinned, unbleached by time — when to-morrow was as though it would never be, and to-day was all in all — without a care, without a fear, save of the consequences of some youthful scrape, ending in the fatal catastrophe of corporal punishment.

I was brought up a "dandy" — that was the word in my younger days. From the time I left the nursery, the first lesson inculcated on my youthful mind was, "Digby, hold up your head, and look like a gentleman."

"Mister Digby, don't dirty your boots, like the poor people's children." I lost my mother when still a baby; so my ideas of her are chiefly drawn from her portrait in the dining-room — a fair and beautiful woman, with large melancholy eyes and nut-brown hair: I presume it was from her that I inherited those glossy locks, on the adornment of which I have spent so much time and trouble, that would have been far better bestowed on the cultivation of the inner portion of my skull. My father, Sir Peregrine Grand, of Haverley Hall, was what is emphatically called a gentleman of the old school; that is to say, his weaknesses were those of drinking a great deal of port at a sitting, swearing considerably even in ladies' society, and taking an inordinate quantity of snuff; but then he was adorned with all the shining virtues that so distinguished this same old school: he eschewed cigar-smoking as a vice filthy in the extreme. His morals were as loose as those of his neighbours, but his small-clothes were a great deal tighter. He had his hair dressed by his valet regularly every morning — and then he knew his position so well, and he took care everyone else should know it too. Nevertheless, though an ill-judging, he was an indulgent father to me; and I do believe his dearest wishes were centred in myself, his only child. Not that he thought much of my morals or my intellect, but he took care that I should be a good horseman and an unerring shot; and as some fathers would wish their children to be distinguished in the different walks of public life — as warriors, authors, orators, or statesmen — so was it poor Sir Peregrine's dearest hope that "Digby should be a man of fashion — by Jove! the sort of fellow, sir, that people are glad to see, and a man that knows his position, Dr. Driveller — that knows his position, sir. I recollect many years ago, when I was a young fellow, the women called me Peregrine Pickle; I could do what I liked then, anywhere, and with any of them, but I never forgot my position, sir — never forgot my position."

"Very true, Sir Peregrine," said the worthy doctor, who would have assented equally to the most preposterous proposition, if made by my father, "very true; when Digby leaves Eton, he must go into the army."

"But not the Line, papa! says the precocious urchin alluded to. "Fortescue-major, at my tutors, says the Line is very low, and most Eton fellows go into the Guards. I shall go into the Guards, papa."

"Hold your tongue, Digby, and hand me the biscuits. Doctor, ring the bell, and we will just peep into another bottle of port."

Such was the substance of our usual conversation after dinner when I was at home for the holidays, and such it might have remained, without ever approximating the desired end, had it not been for an accidental circumstance which procured me a friend whose energy urged upon my father the necessity of taking some steps with regard to my entrance into life, and through whose instrumentality I obtained a commission in Her Majesty's Service.

Everything at Haverley Hall was conducted upon a scale, to say the least of it, of lordly magnificence; and as during my boyhood I never knew a wish ungranted, or a request refused, which had for its object the further circulation of the coin of the realm, my boyish idea naturally was that my father's resources were inexhaustible, and that, to use a common expression, "money was no object." How could I tell the lengthy conferences in his private room — from which our old man of business, Mr. Mortmain, used to emerge with a darkened brow and a drooping chin — had for their object the furtherance of supplies, and for their argument the still-to-be-solved problem of making two and two equal to five? — how could I tell that from sheer mismanagement and love of display, year after year a goodly rent-roll was diminishing, and a fine property alienating itself from its natural possessor? Come what might, Sir Peregrine must have three servants out of livery, to say nothing of a multitude of giants in plush and powder. Though he seldom or never got upon a horse, the stables must be filled with a variety of animals, good, bad, and indifferent. Hating standing about in the cold more than anything, he was not by any means a constant attendant at Newmarket; and when there, wished himself anywhere else in the world; but that was no reason why every list of acceptances, for every doubtful event on the Turf, should not be adorned by the name of one of his racehorses, selected from a string which he never saw, but of whose length he might judge by that of his trainer's bill. One of my first scrapes as a boy was not remembering how Euclid was bred, having confounded that gallant animal with a mathematician of the same name. As for going out in a carriage with less than four horses, Sir Peregrine would rather have walked, gout and all, than compromised "his position" by such a proceeding; and as all his ideas with regard to dinners, entertainments, house-keeping, etc. were upon the same scale, it would have required, indeed, the fortune of a millionaire to support this style of magnificence.

From my father's increasing indolence as he grew into years, the management of the shooting and the stables came into my hands at an age when the achievements of most boys are limited to an occasional rabbit slaughtered by favouritism with the keeper's gun, or a stolen ride on the unwilling pony, that goes to the post, carries the game, and does the odd jobs; but long ere I had mounted the tailed coat and stiff cravat of incipient manhood, I could knock over wild partridges right and left, and ride my own line to a pack of foxhounds, as well as many who, although double my age, had perhaps less experience in these accomplishments. Before I left Eton, I used to make my own horses, as the term is; and as my father never grudged me anything I desired, in the way of extravagance, I had but to gain over the trainer, to obtain as a gift any of his thoroughbred horses, that in our united wisdom we should choose to condemn as too slow for racing. I always found this species of request, as involving no immediate outlay of ready money, to be granted most willingly; and it was after a gift of this description that I sallied forth one morning in early spring for the purpose of riding a four-year-old, fresh from Newmarket, over every fence that should come in my way, and thereby perfecting him as a hunter against the ensuing season. Oh! the delight of a glorious gallop over grass, on a fine morning, the easy swing of the free-going animal beneath you, to which every muscle and joint of the horseman instinctively adapts itself; the fresh and exhilarating breeze, created by the rapid motion; the constant change of scene as you scour along over upland and meadow; the middle-distance, as painters call it, wheeling into ever-varying beauty: then the reflective flattery, reciprocated by the flying pair; the "how well I ride *you,* and how well you carry *me*"; the association of ideas, and recollections of the many good runs you have seen, and the many more you hope to see, if you are a hunting man, — as,

ten to one, if you really enjoy this sort of thing, you are, — all this makes a morning gallop one of the pleasantest sensations experienced by youth and health; and it was with a full appreciation of its delights that I sent the four-year-old along on the morning in question, solitary, and, as I thought, unseen. I sped my flight like a sea-bird on the wing. Everything was most successful at first; my young horse was in the best of humours, and appeared to enjoy his lesson as much as his instructor. We bounded over the park-rails like a deer; we disposed of the ha-ha — an ugly obstacle enough, in our stride: we went in and out of a rough, tangled, double hedge, that skirted the plantation on the hill, as cleverly as if our united ages had been double their real amount; and when, flushed with success, I turned his head for the vale, a fine grass line of extensive pastures, I felt as if nothing could stop us. But horses, like men, may be somewhat too thin-skinned; and as I neared the highroad I spied a strong overgrown fence, through the thorns and briers of which we should have to force our way; and thick, tangled, and dark was the forbidden leap. I went at it fast, thinking the pace might send us through like a bullet; but, rapidly as we approached, my young horse, when within a stride of the fence, came round upon his haunches with a quickness all his own, and which might have unhorsed many a tolerable equestrian. One more chance I gave him, and then proceeded to coercive measures. The blood of his ancestors was roused, and the battle began in right earnest — the rider applying whip and spurs with sustained vigour — the animal backing, rearing, and plunging, in a manner that threatened soon to put a period to the contest in the downfall of one or both. At last I forced him into the fence; and as he fell upon his head into the road, and recovered himself without unhorsing me, I found myself face to face with an elderly man in undress uniform, whom I immediately recognised as General Sir Benjamin Burgonet, commanding the district, accompanied by a young aide-de-camp, likewise in the livery of Her Majesty.

"Well saved, my lad, and devilish well ridden too," said the jolly general, a large heavy man, with a red face and double chin, perfectly resplendent with good living and good humour. "Got a good horse there for a light weight; and I'll be bound to say, you make him go. I've been watching you," added he, as if that fact alone made me worthy of knighthood on the spot.

I took off my hat with my best Eton air, and introduced myself to the general as young Grand; adding, that I had the honour of meeting him at a review last year, and concluding by a cordial invitation to breakfast, at which meal I was sure Sir Peregrine would be delighted to see him. It turned out that the general was returning from some duty of inspection, and being an old friend of my father, was actually on his way to pay him a visit; nor, although he had breakfasted once, was the jolly commandant loath to indulge in a second morning meal.

As we rode into the grounds, I communicated to my companion the desire I had long entertained of entering Her Majesty's Service; and ere we reached the Hall, the old officer, who had taken a great fancy to me in consequence of the exploit he had so unexpectedly witnessed, made me a faithful promise that he would use all his influence with my father to induce him to consent to my leaving Eton immediately and entering the army, and that his own interest, which was great at the Horse Guards, should be strenuously exerted to procure me a commission.

His visit produced the wished-for effect, and instead of returning to Eton, I remained at home, nothing loath, as may be supposed. It was barely a month after the general's visit that his promises were redeemed, and his exertions on my behalf crowned with success. I shall not easily forget the day; it was one of our large dinner-parties, when the host of county neighbours came flocking to Haverley, like eagles to

the slaughter. My father was very great during these solemnities, and royalty itself could not be more magnificently condescending than was Sir Peregrine to his humbler guests. These dinners, like the tides, and other important evolutions of nature, depended chiefly on the moon, as our roads, like all county highways and byways, were most execrable, and the different tea-boys and helpers, who officiated as body-coachmen on these occasions, were apt to diverge into fancy-driving, after their liberal potations of Haverley ale, Heaven knows how many "strike to the bushel," to use a professional term for extreme potency. Then in order that the *convives* might get home before morning should appear, dinner was ordered at six precisely, at which hour the good folks would punctually assemble to go through agonies of shyness by daylight in the drawingroom. On the day in question, my father appeared earlier than usual in that apartment, and I saw by the care with which he was dressed, and his determination to be ready to receive his company — for the earliest guests had not yet arrived — that the character of courteous host was to be acted to perfection. He was still a fine-looking man, though bent and shrunk, and must have been very handsome in his youth. His thin white hair was powdered, and his deep white neckcloth folded with a precision it had cost his valet twenty years to acquire. His black pantaloons fitted tightly as a glove on those well-turned limbs, which had not yet lost their grace and symmetry. He was still vain of his foot, and huge bunches of black ribbon, tying the low-cut shoe, made its proportions appear even tinier than those which Nature had accorded. A voluminous white waistcoat covering a portly figure — for still the waist increases as the shoulders fall — and an enormous frill, completed my father's "get-up." And as he stepped forward from the hearthrug to welcome Mrs. Pottingden, the doctor's lady, with the air of a sovereign receiving a princess, he looked what he really was — a gentleman of the old school.

Mrs. Pottingden wore a turban, and was mightily afraid of my father. She rejoiced in six daughters, who went out two by two; and these were the two gawky ones.

My father says he is "glad to see Mrs. Pottingden looking so well, and her charming girls"; and being slightly deaf, does not hear the good lady's reply, that "the weather is beautiful," and "'Averley," as she calls it, "looking charmingly as she came up the approach"; for the sound of wheels going round to the stables is again heard, and our most pompous of butlers announces, "Major and Mrs. Ramrod! and Miss Arabella Ramrod!" and the same salutations are again exchanged, with this difference, that the new arrivals vote the weather cold and disagreeable, and ask after Sir Peregrine's gout. The latter inquiry is high treason, only Mrs. R. had forgotten it was so; but my father is courtesy and blandness itself, for the sound of wheels is continually heard from every description of vehicle, — landau, chariot, brougham, dogcart, and nondescript conveyance with a pair of shafts and a head; and Mr. Soames, the butler, is breathless with the numerous announcements he is compelled to make. The Hickses, and the Johnstons, and the Longs, and old Lady Daubeney, and Admiral Portfire, and Squire Harpole of "the Hills," and fat Mr. Sheepskin, the lawyer, and little Mr. Stubbles, the curate — in they pour, ready and willing to pay their court to Sir Peregrine, and make play at the good things with which his table is so well provided. Heaven defend me from marshalling such a party in to dinner; bad enough is it when the order of precedence is duly emblazoned on the veracious page of Burke or Debrett; but who shall endeavour to cope with the difficulty of giving satisfaction, when Mrs. Ramrod's indignation is roused at the affront put upon her in following Mrs. Hicks in to dinner, when everybody knows that Mrs. Hicks' uncle is only a barrister, whereas her (Mrs. Ramrod's) grandfather was a Master in Chancery (poor Ramrod! you will have it all to-night ere sleep visits your pillow)? then, again,

Admiral Portfire ought to have taken Mrs. Long, who is a baronet's daughter, instead of making a rush for Mrs. Johnston, whose only qualifications are youth, beauty, and good-humour, as that ancient mariner well knew when he secured her companionship at the dinner-table. In short, there was no end to the outrages on all the decencies of precedence; and as I knew my father piqued himself much on his management of proprieties on such occasions, and his knowledge of everyone's "position," I anticipated with dread the irritable discussion that would arise on the morrow, when we talked over the events of the preceding evening.

But they settle down, for the present, over soup and sherry; and, through the Babel-like confusion that prevails, I catch my father's courteous tones, as he bows his shining head now to deaf old Lady Daubeney, now to voluble Mrs. Long, while he slices the turbot, and dispenses the precious pearls of his condescension in due share to every guest. He is telling a story of the Prince of Wales and Carlton House to Lady Daubeney; and she thinks, good soul, that he is discoursing of an eminent firm in the city, which has lately failed, and sits — listening it can hardly be called in one so devoid of hearing — with an expression of interest and commiseration upon her countenance which is perfectly irresistible.

Sir Peregrine, though pompous, is seldom at fault, and he cleverly diverts his conversation to his fair neighbour on the other hand, leaving the old lady perfectly satisfied with the share she has borne in the dialogue. And now little Mr. Stubbles, commiserating her isolated position, and emboldened by sherry, hazards a remark across the table, to the effect that "the weather to-day was remarkably cloudy for the time of year." The attention of the company is forcibly arrested by her ladyship's loud and irritable interrogative, and poor Mr. Stubbles, in rising confusion, repeats his unfortunate discovery. Again the old lady "begs his pardon, she did not quite catch what he said"; and the victim, ready to sink with shyness, a third time publishes his meteorological observation. He has at length succeeded in exciting her curiosity, and, leaning back, she desires one of the stately footmen standing behind her chair to fetch her ear-trumpet out of the drawing-room. The instrument arrives and Stubbles is again placed on the rack. I never saw a man blush so blue. The old lady adjusts her acoustic auxiliary with the nicest care, and repeats her inquiry: and when Stubbles, wishing that the earth would yawn and swallow him, has stated, for the fourth time, his observation about the clouds, my well-bred father himself cannot resist a laugh at the "Humph" of disgust and disappointment with which the old lady receives the washy substitute for what she hoped would prove a real "bran-new bit of news." That dinner, which my young impatience thought interminable, at length came to a close; and as I was ruminating, half asleep, over my claret, and feigning an interest in the lively poor-law discussion carried on across me, by my neighbours on either side, Major Ramrod and old Hicks, the door opened, and Soames, walking gravely round the table, presented me with an important-looking missive, adorned with a huge official seal; above the address I read, with an indescribable thrill of excitement, the talismanic words, "On Her Majesty's Service." The whole thing flashed upon me in an instant, and long ere I had deciphered the formal announcement from the adjutant of the 101st Regiment of Foot, informing me that "the Queen had been graciously pleased to appoint me to an ensigncy in that distinguished corps," and that he, the adjutant, "had the honour to remain my obedient humble servant." I was aware that the transformation had taken place, and the bumper of '19, filled by a mere schoolboy, would be emptied by an officer in Her Majesty's Service. I passed the letter down to my father with an air of military carelessness, and strove to preserve a becoming bearing of unmoved stoicism during the congratulations that followed from

all present. They drank my health, and success to me in my profession; and I went to bed that night feeling more thoroughly "the soldier" than any veteran that ever obtained his long-expected medal as a receipt in full for the wounds and dangers of a hundred fights.

A gallant and distinguished regiment was the 101st Foot, and a well-drilled and efficient dépôt did they possess, then quartered in the north of Scotland, the regiment itself being scattered over some five hundred miles of frontier in Canada West; and as I drove into the barrack-gates, and marked the alert sentry, the lounging guard, and the smart non-commissioned officers hurrying about, my Eton impudence was impressed with a feeling of respect for my future corps; and with a bashfulness the fifth form had not totally eradicated, I walked up to a tall erect sergeant, who was pacing to and fro on the parade, and requested to be informed which were the adjutant's quarters. His quick eye had detected my name on the portmanteau, then being lifted off my post-chaise, and ere he replied, he drew himself up still more, and saluted his officer. That salute made a man of me; and I am convinced I grew two inches during my conversation with this respectful warrior, as he ushered me into the presence of my former correspondent and obedient servant, Lieutenant and Adjutant Tompion, who, with Major O'Toole, the commanding officer, was poring over a large interlined volume in the orderly-room. I took it all in at a glance; the boarded floor, the deal table, the stand for measuring recruits, the extreme bareness of walls and furniture, the few articles of necessity, looking, as in fact they were, capable of being packed up in five minutes, the only litter consisting of two or three single-sticks, a pattern knapsack, and the orderly-room clerk, a sort of knight-templar — half warrior and half scribe. From these my astonished eyes travelled over the persons of commanding officer and adjutant; the former a jolly-looking round little man, close-shaved and clean, in most unmistakable plain clothes, having nothing military-looking whatever about him; the latter a gaunt weather-beaten officer, with enormous hands and feet, clad in a threadbare blue coat, and much worn pair of scales, without sword or sash, or any offensive weapon, save a stupendous pair of brass spurs, and whose duty seemed to consist in keeping one of his huge fingers pressed on the folio before him, and agreeing cordially with the major in all his proposals.

"Oh, Mr. Grand!" says the major; "how do you do, sir? We expected you yesterday. Hope you have had a pleasant journey. Tompion, you wrote to Mr. Grand to say when he was to join?"

"Yes, sir; I wrote to inform Mr. Grand his leave would be out on the 31st."

I apologised for the mistake, saying I understood I was not to join till the 1st.

"Never mind," said the major; "when you have been with us a little longer you will find out we always get as much leave as we can, so you have only begun on the usual system. But I see my horses waiting. Good-morning, Mr. Grand; we shall see you at mess at half-past seven; no occasion to come in uniform, as I suppose your baggage is only just arrived. We shall not trouble you much with drill for a day or two, till you are fairly settled. Tompion, you will show Mr. Grand his quarters, and anything worth seeing about the barracks; I leave him in your hands. Good morning!" and the jolly major swaggered off for his afternoon ride.

"Come," thought I, "these are very pleasant people I have got amongst; I think I shall like it. And now to see what sort of a fellow Lieutenant and Adjutant John Tompion is." Accordingly as I walked across the barrack-yard with my new acquaintance, I endeavoured, by asking him a few questions as to the customs of the service, to gain some little insight into my new profession, but no; Tompion, though an excellent adjutant, and as steady a drill as ever overlooked the "awkward squad"

blundering through the “goose-step,” had not an idea beyond his own duty and that of the sergeant-major. I gave him a capital cigar, one of a lot that I had bought from Hudson, for the express purpose of joining with, and I thought he was disposed to look upon me in a more favourable light after this demonstration; but it was with a sort of dull surprise, as that of one who should see a child unbreeched handling a dice-box, or Tom Thumb struggling with an eighteen-foot salmon-rod; and I have no doubt that I must have appeared a mere baby in the veteran eyes of Lieutenant Tompion, who had been twenty-five years in the service, working his way, without friends or purchase-money, up to his present position. Be that as it may, he seemed relieved to hand me over to the attention of the quartermaster, a much fatter and more communicative individual, to whose good-nature and activity I owed the comfort of getting my things unpacked, and my bran-new goods and chattels shaken down, for the first time, in my own barrack-room.

“Dandy” Grand, as I had been at Eton, and still was, never in my life was my toilet for the dinner-table more carefully arranged than on that day. Boy as I was, I had shrewdness enough to know the advantage of first impressions; and I felt that from that evening I must take my position in the regiment I had entered. Accordingly, as I walked across the barrack-yard to what was termed the little mess-room — the apartment in which the officers met before dinner I glanced down at my neat and well-arranged toilet, and congratulated myself on having hit off the happy medium between foppery and carelessness that was most appropriate to a man-party. Long ere half the introductions to my new comrades were completed, the bugles marshalled us into dinner with the appropriate air of “The Roast Beef of Old England”; and it was with a most confused notion of the different individuals, owning the names of Smith, Brown, Guthrie, Random, Captain Levanter, and Dr. Squirt, that I took my place for the first time at the mess of the 101st Foot.

Cordiality, mirth, and jollity reigned paramount; later in the evening, perhaps, there was a shade of tipsy revelry; but in the presence of Major O’Toole, who sat at the right hand of Ensign Spooner, president for the week, and who told some most marvellous stories to his admiring audience, everything was conducted within the bounds of propriety. Constant were the calls— “Mr. Grand, the pleasure of a glass of wine,”— “Grand, a glass of wine with you”; and as all these convivial challenges had to be replied to, and my new comrades pledged in the standard mess-wines, strong port and sherry, a more seasoned brain than mine might be excused for owning, in a slight degree, the influence of so many bumpers as I was obliged to quaff.

Some of the officers, then quartered at the dépôt, had seen a good deal of service in India, the Peninsula, and elsewhere; and after Major O’Toole had taken his departure, which he forbore from doing until *we* had swallowed an infinity of his wonderful anecdotes, and *he* his full share of the “Prince Regent’s allowance” — as a certain quantity of the mess-wines is termed — a chosen few of us gathered round the fire, and ordering a fresh supply of port, proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for an extraordinary sitting in honour of a new companion-in-arms.

“He’s no flincher,” said old Brevet-Major Halberd, a veteran tanned into mahogany by hard service, and a most religious adherence to port wine and brandy and water in every climate of the globe— “he’s no flincher, that lad,” as he eyed, with marked approbation, the steadiness with which I filled my eleventh bumper of port.

“I think he’ll do, at least for a young one,” replied Ensign Spooner, a beardless warrior, some two years my junior, but whose six months’ seniority in the Army List gave him all the advantage of comparatively an old hand.

I marked his flushed countenance and wandering eye, as he made his remark, and thought to myself, “Dandy Grand will see you out, my boy, or his Eton education and his bill at the Christopher go for nothing.”

“But major,” said Captain Levanter, resuming a conversation that our move to the fireplace had interrupted “you never finished that outpost story; and I daresay Mr. Grand and some of our young ones would like to hear it.

“By all means, major,” was the unanimous cry; let us have a yarn of the Peninsula.”

If the proverb, *in vino veritas,* has any truth, the officers of the British army must be indeed devoted to their profession, as whenever they exceed their ordinary moderation in the pleasures of the table, their discourse invariably turns to what they call “pipeclay,” — a term which must be explained to the civilian to mean all and everything connected with the stirring scenes, the lights and shades of military life.

“Well,” said the major, “if you young fellows like to hear it, you are welcome to the story, though it tells sadly against myself, since I was outwitted, by Gad! — outwitted by a Frenchman! But this was the way it came off. You were all children then, except my old friend Squirt; and he looked older than he does now, for he had not mounted a wig in those days. But I was, even at that early period of history, a lieutenant in a regiment of light infantry; which, from one cause and another, was so short of officers, that I found myself, one fine morning, in command of an important outpost, close to the enemy’s lines. There was a mill near my position, and a rapid stream, pretty deep, too, which looked to me a tempting sort of a place to throw a fly — a sport, my boys, that, in my humble opinion, beats cockfighting! Well, I was smoking my weed, after a light and wholesome dinner off a piece of black bread and the outside of an onion, when a brown, dirty-looking fellow, who swore he was a miller, and who talked Spanish, and stunk of garlic like a true patriot, asked to have an interview with ‘my Excellency’; and with many compliments, and a great deal of translating by signs, — for my knowledge of Spanish was not equal to my taste in sherry, — he begged of me to allow him to place a couple of planks across the stream, to enable him to carry his sacks to the mill. I never suspected a plant of any kind, and gave the beggar leave to do what he wished, more particularly as I could see the men grinning at his cursed volubility, and my bad Spanish and queer gestures, and I was in a hurry to get rid of him. Off he went, apparently very well satisfied; and in an hour’s time I saw a couple of planks had been placed across the mill-stream, and a very commodious foot-bridge constructed by their means. Whether my old colonel thought me too young for the situation, or whether it was accidental, I know not, but I was providentially relieved that very evening by my own captain — poor fellow, I saw him afterwards killed at Badajoz, — and the very first thing he did, on reconnoitring his ground, was to kick the miller’s planks into the stream, and put two extra sentries within sight of the spot where he had made his footbridge. Would you believe it? — the very next morning his post was threatened by a squadron of chasseurs, who, finding themselves unsupported, retired, after exchanging a shot or two; and a large body of French infantry marched down to the exact spot where the foot-bridge had been erected, commanded by the Spanish miller in person, attired in the uniform of *capitaine of the Deuxieme Loger.* The clever rascal had disguised himself as a Spaniard, and a miller to boot, and having to do with a young one, almost succeeded in his ingenious plan of forming a means of transport for his company, which he hoped on the morrow to lead to victory, in a brilliant affair of outposts. That fellow was born to be an actor,” concluded the major; “and I daresay he is one by this time,

for a Frenchman can turn his hand to anything. Pass the liquor, Spooner; talking always makes me so devilish thirsty."

That evening, like many others in the 101st Foot, concluded with broiled bones, brandy and water, cigars, songs, and choral accompaniments, wofully out of tune. I have, even at this distant period, a dim recollection of an imposing war-dance, performed round the mess-table, to the heroic air of the British Grenadiers, and of our carrying Spooner to bed, in a sort of triumphal procession, in which, as the soberest of the party, I bore the huge silver candelabrum and its load of wax-lights. After parade at nine the following morning, I again met my comrades, Spooner included, clean, fresh, and merry, as though they lived on toast and water, and went to bed at ten o'clock.

Let me pass over the first two months of military life, taken up, as it was, with my initiation into all the mysteries of war, — goose-step, extension motions, manual and platoon exercise, and all the other intricacies of what is termed squad drill. My principal instructor was a stalwart sergeant of the light company, whose heart and soul were bound up in the profession he had adopted. "Carry the butt of your firelock half an inch more to the rear, Mr. Grand," would exclaim this warlike enthusiast; "half an inch, sir, makes all the difference; and no object in nature is more beautiful than a well-carried musket." How people's ideas of the picturesque must vary!"

However, the two months soon passed over, and I judged capable of being dismissed my drill, and asking my duty; but in the short period which I had spent in the society of my brother-officers, I had gained an insight into their several habits, and into the character of the regiment, which convinced me that "Dandy Grand" was destined for E higher flight than a marching corps in country quarters; and already I nourished hopes of obtaining an exchange into some crack cavalry regiment, or — summit of my ambition! — an appointment to the Guards. The fact is, the 101st was a slang regiment; even the best of them, as I considered him, Captain Levanter, the only officer who, in my secret heart, I deemed a fitting companion for Sir Peregrine's son, — even he was given to driving tandems, and such other vulgar accomplishments; and one of my first triumphs was the winning "a pony" of the captain, as to the feasibility of driving a pair of hired horses, harnessed tandem-fashion, in and out of the barrack-gate, a very awkward turn, placed at an acute angle with the street, a feat which I accomplished in a trot, according to the terms of the wager. Levanter never paid me, but was good enough to grant me his friendship ever after, — a boon of which I have no doubt he overestimated the value, — and we soon became inseparable companions. The older officers shook their heads at our escapades, but amongst the young ensigns and lieutenants we were perfect demi-gods. I bought two very clever horses, which he and I drove by turns, to the admiration of the High Street. I won a pigeon-match of Mr. M'Dookit, the sporting lawyer of that locality. I rode Major O'Toole's black mare, for a bet of half a crown, backwards and forwards over the gate that led to our parade-ground; and, as I was better dressed, smoked better cigars, and drank more wine than any member of the mess under the rank of a field officer, it is no wonder that I was considered rather "a great card" at the depot of a marching regiment in country quarters.

The weeks slipped away pleasantly enough: one day will serve for a specimen of the rest, as they varied but little in the nature of the pursuits and amusements they afforded. A struggle to get up and be dressed in time for parade at nine, was the invariable commencement. I buckle my sword-belt and tie my sash as I run downstairs, and make my appearance on parade in time to salute the major before the officers proceed to inspect their respective companies. The rear-rank of No. 2 is my

especial charge, and I walk down the front and up the rear with the air of a perfect martinet. Brown's knapsack is hung too high, Smith's pouch is put on too low, and Murphy is sent to drill for unsteadiness in the ranks. The major walks down, and compliments me on the progress I make in my duty. The bugles sound — the band plays — the four companies we boast of form, and march past, saluting Major O'Toole as if he were the Duke of York; the officers fall out, the parade is dismissed, and I go to breakfast. When that elaborate meal is finished, Levanter kindly accepts one of my cigars, links his arm in mine, and we proceed down the town to play out our match at billiards, in which he gives me five out of a hundred, and wins by a stroke. (Levanter can play billiards better than any man in England, and what I have learnt of this crafty game I owe to his tuition, though I must confess my instructor did not teach me gratis.) The admiring Spooner looks on, and in his regard and affection for myself loses a five-pound note, or, as he calls it, a fiver, to my antagonist. We return to the barracks to readjust our toilets before appearing at the gardens, where our drums and fifes will delight the fair admirers of the military with all the last year's waltzes and polkas, and an occasional quick-step or gallop; and here I devote my attentions to Miss Jones, the fort-major's daughter, a crafty young lady of two or three and thirty, with whom I fancy myself in love. Miss Jones hovers undecided between Levanter and myself, but thinks she has the most chance with the young one, and, as she herself would say, "rather inclines to Grand." Like all boys, I am not very good at love-making, and the more I find I care for Miss Jones, or Fanny, as I begin to call her to myself, the greater difficulty I have, notwithstanding much encouragement on her part, in telling her so. On the afternoon I am now describing, I got rather further than usual, and found courage to inquire "for what fortunate individual Miss Jones intended the small nosegay of violets she was carrying?"

"Oh, my! Mr. Grand, I'm sure I don't know. Pa asked me for one, and I wouldn't give it him. Are you fond of violets?"

Of course ere I escorted Miss Jones to her home, with its green blinds and brass knocker, one of the half-withered, earthy-smelling violets had found its way to the inside of my blue coat. But we had not yet got much further than this sort of harmless flirtation.

"Are you nearly dressed, Grand? — the trap is at the door, said Levanter, some half-hour after our return from the gardens, as he made his appearance in my barrack-room, got up most elaborately in plain clothes adapted for a very smart dinner-party. He was a fresh-coloured, good-looking man, above the middle size, and inclined to be stout, and as, with his dark hair immensely brushed, his whiskers curled to the very tips, a stupendous white neckcloth, gold-embroidered waistcoat, and blue coat with gilt buttons, he burst into my room, he looked a handsome fellow enough, but wanted a something I could not describe — a sort of finish, to give him the real air of a gentleman.

"Let me put on my driving coat," was the reply, "and then forward."

Another five minutes saw us bowling along outside the town with a pair of quick, high-stepping horses, my property, the leader at an easy canter, the wheeler trotting some twelve miles an hour, on our way to ex-Provost McIntyre's villa, to which we had been invited, on the occasion of one of that municipal grandee's great feeds.

"What snobs these fellows are," said Levanter to me; "you and I dine with this provost because it suits us, but he is a very vulgar dog, and I should cut him if I were to meet him in London."

"I do not agree with you," was my reply. "This man is an unaffected, business-like fellow, a good specimen, of a plain, hospitable Scotch tradesman, and he sets up for

nothing more. Where there is no pretension there can be no vulgarity, Levanter; and while I respect such a man as M'Intyre, there is nothing I have such contempt for as a fellow who likes to be thought a greater man than Nature and position have made him."

This, I fear, was an unintentional thrust that my companion did not half relish, as I saw the colour settle for an instant in his cheek, and his brow darken with a scowl I had before noticed when anything occurred to displease him; but he was a man of the most perfect self-command, and if my unlucky observation had made him an enemy for life, he would not have allowed his feelings to be discovered for an instant by the expression of his countenance. He was facetious and agreeable as ever during our drive, and ere we arrived at the ex-provost's villa, we were chatting in our usual familiar and unconstrained manner.

The dinner went off as dinners do when sped by Highland hospitality; and Levanter and I got into our tandem to drive home, with heated brains, and spirits somewhat too much exhilarated for that particular mode of progression. As we rattled along by moonlight on our way to the barracks, and smoked our cigars at an hour when a cigar is most enjoyable, the conversation unfortunately turned upon the merits of my leader, a high-bred impetuous animal, that I fondly imagined would be capable of distinguishing himself in a hunting country, and of whose jumping prowess I now boasted to my companion with intemperate eloquence. Levanter, who seemed more inclined to be argumentative, and less good-humoured than usual, rather nettled me by the taunting manner in which he doubted the powers of my horse, and, I imagined, by implication, the nerve of his owner. Young, reckless, and excitable, and more particularly now, when my blood was heated by the unusual strength of my potations, and my spirits half maddened by the exhilaration of the pace, the moonlight, and the night air, this was more than I could stand; and as I felt the devil rising within me, I only longed for some opportunity of giving vent to the wild excitement that was boiling in my veins. Hotter waxed our argument as we galloped on, and ere we neared the town personalities were freely exchanged, though with a sort of mock-civility that to a listener would have been inexpressibly ludicrous. At last, stung to the quick by the cool reply of Levanter to some proposition I made about the horse in question— "Perhaps he might, if you had nerve to ride him" — I burst out, "Nerve! will you have nerve to sit still if I drive him at the turnpike-gate? I'll show you whether he can jump."

I thought Levanter's cheek turned a shade paler in the moonlight, as he caught sight of the gate we were now rapidly approaching, looking most forbidding with its series of strong white-painted bars; but though his lip quivered for an instant, he only said, "Drive on, and try; but hold them straight." And ere the words were spoken, we were too near to be able to pull up at the pace we were going, even had we wished it. I shouted to my horses, and flogged the wheeler, who appeared inclined to waver in his desperate career; the calumniated leader pulling hard, and pointing his ears at the obstacle, which he seemed determined to overcome. We were close upon the gate, — I heard Levanter draw his breath hard, and felt the tension of the muscle of his leg against mine, I saw my leader's back, as he rose high in air, and surmounted the barrier; I heard a tremendous crash, and two fearful bangs against the bottom of the dog-cart as my wheeler strove to follow his example and in another instant I was lying in the middle of the road, the surface of which, white as chalk in the moonlight, seemed spinning round and round one grasp with my hands, to endeavour to keep my position on what appeared a sloping and revolving plane, and that is all I can recollect of my ill-advised attempt to jump a turnpike-gate in a tandem.

If there is a dangerous period for youth — if there is a time when the morbid feelings of a false and fevered passion — the creature of the imagination, and not of the heart — exercise their most unbridled sway, it is surely when the frame is languidly recovering from a violent and dangerous illness; when the brain has been excited by fever, the reason weakened by debility, and the affections roused by conscious helplessness. Heaven help the youth, if in addition to all this, his recovery should take place, as mine did, during the balmy sunny days of a late spring, and be attended, as mine was, by a handsome woman, who has made up her own mind on a subject, in the carrying out of which it requires two to constitute a quorum. Let the victim, besides all this, drink green tea and read Byron; let him find himself quoting largely from *The Giaour, Parisina,* and the *Bride of Abydos*, whilst he eschews with a conscious sensitiveness the bantering pages of *Beppo* and *Don Juan*, and we may safely vote him in that hopeless, helpless state which our astute brother Jonathan describes by the graphic title of a "gone 'coon." And so was it with me. Picked up by the turnpike man and Levanter, with a fractured wrist, a sprained shoulder, and a concussion of the brain, I was carried into the fort-major's house, which overlooked the scene of action, and to which the master happened to be returning from a late sitting at mess. My companion escaped, as was but just, with no greater injury than a black eye and a scraped shin; but the unfortunate wheeler was so much damaged that it was found necessary to destroy him; whilst the leader, the *teterrima causa* of all, kicked himself clear of everything, and galloped scathless home to his own stable. Of all these facts I was informed in due course of time; as my first attempt at consciousness was some six-and-thirty hours after, the smash, when I found myself lying bandaged and helpless on a sofa bedstead in the major's sitting-room; while Fanny's long dark ringlets trailed over my face, and I felt her breath upon my brow, as she busied herself about my couch. I was not sure that all this was real; nor was it till at least a week afterwards that I was able to recollect any of the circumstances connected with the accident, or, stranger still, the events that took place some hours before it.

By degrees, I got better, then stronger, and at last, thanks to Squirt's skill and Fanny's nursing, I was able to sit up; but healed as were the outward wounds in my attenuated frame, an internal injury had been inflicted during my recovery, which it took me many a long day to get over — ay, which embittering as it did my earlier years, was remembered as a gloomy warning in after life, to the stifling and destruction of the purest, holiest feelings of my heart.

I need not now be ashamed to confess that I loved Fanny Jones — ay, loved her with an energy, an infatuation, in my then state of weakness, which was little short of insanity. What was she? — an old barrack-master's daughter, a garrison flirt, hardly a lady by birth, and certainly no fitting mate for haughty Sir Peregrine's son. Good heavens! he would have sunk into the earth could he have but suspected the truth; and yet I loved her. With all the enthusiasm of boyhood — with all the sincerity and single-heartedness of a child — with the romantic adoration of a dreamer, I loved Fanny Jones. She managed it very cleverly. I have since learnt it was her last resource. But she was playing with edged tools, and came not herself scathless out of the unequal contest. In vain Major O'Toole, performing what he considered his duty, warned me repeatedly that I was "much too thick with Miss Jones." In vain old Halberd came to sit with me for hours after parade, and laughed at me for being "such a spoon." In vain the young ensigns quizzed, and whispered, as much as they dared, "What a flat Grand was, to be hooked by such a flirt as that!" The only person that

seemed to encourage me in my folly, and to assist me with his counsel and friendship, was Levanter; and I found out in time that his was no disinterested aid.

It was some weeks before I could return to my own quarters in the barracks; and as I sat with Fanny, drinking in the summer air at the open window, and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers she knew so well how to dispose about the room — as I watched her graceful head bending over the work that those long, drooping ringlets half concealed — as I noticed the smothered sigh that would sometimes break upon these long delicious silences — as I almost shrunk from that upward glance that thrilled to my very soul — the poison gradually but surely worked its insidious way into my being; and ere my convalescence was declared established — ere I was removed by the doctor's fiat from that cherished scene, I had poured my love-tale into no unwilling ear, and had plighted my faith (the faith of a scapegrace of eighteen) to Fanny Jones. Well might I have said, with the sluggard who so quaintly reproves the undue punctuality of his valet, "You have waked me too soon; let me slumber again." Well might I have wished to dream on, though ruin and disgrace had been the penalty, rather than be wakened so roughly, as was my lot, from that delirious trance.

I have said that Levanter assisted me much in arranging that my interviews with my ladye-love might be uninterrupted; and many a time did he detain the old fort-major over his eternal backgammon-board, while she and I enjoyed our lover-like tête-à-*têtes* in what was now considered my own apartment. The captain generally appeared after parade, and kindly relieved the tedium of my convalescence by a quiet game at écarté or lansquenet, which, in the impossibility of the billiard lesson, served well enough as a pastime to the instructor, who repaid himself to a very sufficient tune for his time and trouble. After this, he would good-naturedly devote himself to backgammon and the fort-major, by which means we were left in uninterrupted bliss, as my brother-officers, who would otherwise have kindly come to sit with me, thought I was in very good hands during the long visits of Levanter.

Things went on in this way prosperously enough. Fanny and I talked over our loves and our future *ménage:* I quite made up my mind to leave the army (having been a soldier about four months), and actually determined to apply for a fortnight's leave of absence, that I might visit Sir Peregrine, on the hopeless task of gaining his consent to our marriage, when the merest accident discovered to the infatuated victim the trap which had been so judiciously concealed, and so temptingly baited for his destruction.

After my thorough recovery left no excuse for remaining any longer under the fort-major's roof, I returned to my own barrack-room — now, how dreary a solitude! — but morning after morning, directly the parade was dismissed, I sped, like a bird to its mate, down to the well-known house, there to spend the long summer's day with Fanny in her boudoir; and how wearily passed the dull hours of that on which my duty as orderly confined me to the barracks, when my only consolation was a crossed and re-crossed epistle from my *fiancée.*

One bright May morning, it was again my turn of duty to remain a close prisoner within the barrack-gate, to see the men's dinners properly cooked, their rooms and passages properly cleaned, and dismiss their afternoon parade *inpropriâ persona*, when, as luck would have it, Spooner, whose expectation of some visitor would keep him all day in his quarters, kindly volunteered to take this irksome duty off my hands, and the major, contrary to custom, allowed the exchange to take place after guard-mounting at ten o'clock; consequently I was not expected at the fort-major's, and thither I sped with even more than my usual alacrity, as soon as Spooner was installed in my place. The birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and the fresh breeze blithesomely fanned my cheek, as I hurried down to the dwelling of my love. How happy I was! I

might have known by that very fact, by the exuberance, the bounding delight of my excited spirits, that a damper must be in store for this excess of joy. So has it ever been with me — so, I suppose, in this equally-balanced world, it ever is. Full of the happy surprise I should give Fanny, I stole noiselessly past the maid who was cleaning the major's white doorsteps, and who was so accustomed to my presence that she never remarked me, and on tiptoe I crept upstairs, and through the drawing-room, to the door of Fanny's boudoir. It was ajar, and on my startled ear broke the sob of my beloved one in distress. Another step in advance, and my young blood rushed to my brain, till I heard each pulsation like the stroke of a church-clock upon the nerve. My heart sickened; I gasped for breath; but I *would not* fall. With my hand grasping the back of a chair (her work) I steadied myself to gaze upon a sight that wellnigh broke my boyish heart. Fanny in the arms of Levanter! — her head upon his shoulder, and weeping as if in the bitterest anguish and despair! We have all a certain degree of energy — call it rather pluck — which, if we will but summon it, nerves us *to bear;* and, like an Indian at the stake, heedless of the dishonour that might be imputed to the act, — heedless of all but my burning, quenchless, eager thirst for *the truth*, to know the whole, to know the worst — I stood, unobserved, near the treacherous pair, and listened to her pleading voice. Sentence after sentence fell like ice upon my heart — sentence after sentence disclosed a scheme of guilt and perfidy, of which I, the devoted, the true, the faithful, was to have been the victim. Levanter's low tones would occasionally grate upon my ear in exculpation or commentary, proving him not only an accomplice, but the originator of the plot. Between her broken sobs and caresses, she told her guilty tale; and when, at the conclusion of a passionate appeal to his honour, to his love, to his better feelings, to marry her while there was yet time to save her from an alliance with myself — to let her stay with him, her first, her only love, in any place, in any climate, she added, with a touch of womanly feeling that half redeemed her perfidy, "Otherwise, dear, dearest Richard, I must marry him before it is too late. Poor Grand! poor fellow, so young, so handsome, and so devoted! Ah, Richard! had we never met I could have loved him dearly and faithfully; but now" —

I rushed from the house ere a burst of grief should unman and discover me, and speeding back to my barrack-room I locked the door, and threw myself on the bed in a passion of misery which well-nigh approached madness. The whole of that day and night appear to me now to have been passed under the influence of some horrid nightmare, and it was not till the bugles sounded the reveillée the following morning that I returned to a thorough consciousness of my identity and my position. The worldling may sneer at woes such as were then mine — the boarding-school miss, with her overwrought sensibility, may wonder that I ever recovered from them; but he who studies human nature carefully — who looks below the surface — while he appreciates and pities my boyish agony, will see in my very youth the best restorative, the most potent antidote to despair.

My brother-officers behaved most kindly to me in my distress. They saw I was afflicted, though they knew not, or only partially guessed, the cause. Major Halberd, whom I had the sense to take into my confidence, scouted the idea of calling out Levanter, which was the first intention of my inexperience; and ere long his judicious kindness and sympathy won from me the confession that I had had an escape for which I ought indeed to be thankful.

"Better hush it all up, my boy," said the old campaigner; "Levanter is gone on leave, and when you meet again, I advise you not to allude to this ticklish subject; take my word for it, *he* won't, and this will be a good opportunity for you to break off

your intimacy with him. I don't wish to say a word against a comrade, but Levanter *knows a good deal,* and you are just as well out of his hands. As for Miss Jones — whew!"

And here the major gave vent to his feelings in a prolonged whistle, which clearly showed his opinion of my faithless flame. But well meant as all this consolation assuredly was, I confess that I was not thoroughly cured till, having officiated at a board, which granted our drum-major his discharge from the service one fine summer's day, the next morning startled the town with the intelligence that that stout, well-whiskered, and musical individual had eloped with the fort-major's daughter. Fanny Jones, who might have been Lady Grand at some future time, became Mrs. Dubbs; and it is whispered that Dubbs, since he has left his harmonious command, has taken to drinking!

It cured me of love for many a day; and when I embarked with a draft to join the headquarters of my regiment in America, I was once more as devil-may-care an ensign as ever made a rally from sea-sickness at the commencement of his "life on the ocean wave."

End of Sample