

**GENERAL BOUNCE; OR,  
THE LADY AND  
THE LOCUSTS; IN  
TWO VOLUMES; VOL. II**

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General Bounce; Or, the Lady and the Locusts; In Two Volumes; Vol. II by G. J. Whyte Melville

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**G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE**

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THE LADY AND  
THE LOCUSTS; IN  
TWO VOLUMES; VOL. II**



General Bounce  
Or  
*The Lady and the Locusts*

By  
G. J. Whyte Melville



In Two Volumes

Vol II



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# GENERAL BOUNCE;

OR,

## THE LADY AND THE LOCUSTS

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### CHAPTER XIV.

#### *To Persons about to Marry.*

A LOUNGE IN THE PARK—THE NOON OF FASHION—THE  
FAIR EQUESTRIAN—A LOVER ON FOOT—BOUNCE'S  
COMFORTERS—THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER—A  
FRIEND'S ADVICE.

IT was high noon in the great world of London, that is to say, it was about half-past five, P.M., and the children of Mammon were in full dress. In the streets gay, glittering, well-appointed carriages were bowling smoothly along, with sleek horses stepping proudly together, and turning, as coachmen say, on a sixpence, guided by skilful pilots who could drive to an inch. Inside, shaded by parasols of the most gorgeous hues, sat fair delicate women, dressed to the utmost perfection of the art, with aerial bonnets at the very back of their glossy hair and dainty heads, bent down as they reclined upon their cushions,

till every upward glance shot from beneath those sweeping eyelashes bore a tenfold shaft of conquest against the world. Anon taper fingers in white kid gloves were kissed to a dandy on the pavement, and the fortunate dandy bowed, and sprang erect again, a taller man by an inch. 'Tis always judicious to *appear* on the best of terms with smart ladies in coronetted carriages. Bond-street was in a state of siege—'Redmayne's' looked like a beehive—'Hunt and Roskill's' resembled a flower-show—country cousins were bewildered and overcome—quiet old gentlemen like ourselves were pining for their strawberries and their roses—wearied servants meditated on the charms of beer—the narrow strip of sky overhead smiled blue as the Mediterranean, and the tide of carriages in Piccadilly was like the roar of the ocean. In the Park, though the space was greater, yet did the crowd appear no less—double lines of carriages blocked up the drive by the Serpentine, and unassuming broughams, with provokingly pretty faces inside, halted perforce amongst the matronage of England, defiant in the liveries and escutcheons of their lawful lords. In the Ride, the plot was thickening still, and half a country seemed to be gathering on 'the broad road'—we speak literally, not metaphorically—mounted on steeds worth a prince's ransom, we ought to say, but here our conscientious regard for verity compels us to stop short, and to remark, that although every now and

then our eye may be gladdened by that most beautiful of all spectacles, a handsome woman on a fine horse, yet in many sorry instances the gentlemen of England, who 'sit at home at ease,' effectually prevent their wives and daughters from enjoying a like sedentary composure, by mounting them on the veriest '*rips*' that ever disgraced a side-saddle, 'He'll do to carry a lady,' they say of some wretch that has neither pace, nor strength, nor action, for themselves, and forthwith gentle woman, blest in her ignorance tit-tups along, nothing doubting, upon this tottèring skeleton. Fortune favours her own sex, but *if* anything happens a woman is almost sure to be hurt. No—to carry a lady, a horse ought to be as near perfection as it is possible for that animal to arrive—strong, fast, well-shaped, handsome, and fine-tempered, his good qualities and his value should correspond with the treasure and the charms which are confided to his charge. But we have said there are exceptions, and Blanche's bay horse, 'Water King,' was a bright particular star among his equine fellows. Humble pedestrians stopped to gaze open-mouthed on that shapely form—the marble crest, the silky mane, the small quivering ear, the wide, proud nostril, and the game, wild eye,—the round, powerful frame, hard and smooth and well defined as sculptured marble, showing on the 'off-side' its whole lengthy proportions, uninterrupted save by girth and saddle-flap, and the little edge of cambric handker-