

All the artist in me flared up. After all, my given name was world-famous as the inherited one of a bold, subtle and delightful painter. I was, perhaps, unreasonably proud of that ; took a sort of proprietary interest in "The Mumpers." Why not? It would have been absurd to concern myself with Hamlet's one, a thing of dreams only, or to have let my spirit flutter around Runymede. But that was far away, and instead was a quiet country town, gabled and venerable, unmodernised and unambitious, with a river, a Tudor ruin, a park of deer, heather commons and, on the E. V. Lucas a non Lucendo principle, immense woods. O the orator's joys! O trieste, trieste etait mon ame, to inflate the chest, to roll the thunder of the voice out from the ribs and throat a cause, a cause d'une femme. I rather relished my sandwich. But food and drink were so bad for the stuff. I remembered the place of my initiation behind the old Port at Marseille, the furtive plush, the little airless secret rooms hung round with

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