

If Henry had been there he could have told me what to do. His great voice, tuned and broken at the capstan bar, would have breezily put me right. Tears came to my eyes. I was, I supposed, an emotional old fool. So I came back and waited in Orchard, it ran through my head, where he cast up blinded that night, which were my true friend Ravager, which were always good to me since we was almost pups, and never minded of my short legs. Very emotional. But there was no need for me to weep just at the end of the second dog, nor would I. Henry had taught me a little of his trade, and this, curiously enough, was what had struck. After all the Grundy Sapphic of yesterday had described a more universal taking off in Ireland. I did not quite agree with de Quincey that murders in Ireland did not count. But perhaps it was an optimistic memory which told me that such things used not to happen when the queer old Dean was alive.

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## NOTES