

I had gone to sleep the night before after rereading Typhoon. It had always struck me as a remarkable work. Now was the hour when Charles Victor Hugo Renard-Beinsky had risen untimely for the sake of the investigating judge. But the very phrase struck chill like the slap of the Firth of Forth above the heart, wading out over the coal dust in the morning. I had investigated ; but who would believe an investigator who had not stirred from Baker Street? I was a judge, but with no sombre little cap, and no machinery to make my judgements effective. I felt I needed something. Would I be comforted by a Jew's lime and the concomitant odour? I tried, and felt relieved. Someone had advised me, a few days before, to read Conrad in search of his Youth, or in Search of a Father, was it? But I had always found Conrad unreadable, as far from English as the Poles, and did not mean to try again.

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