

Yesterday he got in another of his own kind, who agreed she'd done it all herself. He twiddled the polished knob and Mr. Hall came into the room again. I heard him muttering that it was appropriate the Human Comedy couldn't possibly have gone on beyond to-day. I, rather surprisingly, liked music. Surprisingly, that is, to anyone who did not know that my people came from the same place as the McCrimmons, that famous race of hereditary music makers. I was rather astonished to hear him saying something about someone who was by virtue first, then choice, a queen. Tell me, if she were not design'd th' eclipse and glory of her kind. So I pulled his sleeve. He pulled my ears, and said it was Wotton, which I didn't think it was, and that she had only just come to Falkland. I made a low noise and at once knew I had done the wrong thing. Usually he just said William Sydney Porter, which I offended ; but then he said something much worse.

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