

The picture of the Old Mill at Bramley, with its medlar tree overhanging the water, its octagonal brick dovecot, and its sweet water grape vine, had not detained me the day before. I had groped for my first cigarette of the day, eyes hardly open, a few miles on. So easily were things forgotten! I found it difficult to realise that to-day had once been an English holiday, like that other fifth, and for much the same reason. James had got off, the Earl and his brother Alexander had emphatically not. But the whole thing was not clear to me, and I doubted if it was to anyone. The two smells, of the medlar and the vine, had been the two notes of a chord, venetian red and peridot, that bit one ear gently and the other hard---or did I mean loud and tenuous?---a monotone save for this variation : once it had been hard, gentle, hard, hard, gentle, gentle, gentle hard. It had been a pretty smell.

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