

I always feel a bit dazed on these occasions, and was so then. But it was pleasant to collect oneself, and count one's burdens---above and beneath, and to one's hand as it were. I did so. Yet I felt dazed. As I have said, I always did. I was developing a bit of a yen for Henry, though this was my first introduction to him. I am a simple soul, and I must confess that I was rather thrilled. It seemed that here was a man of no ordinary fascination, with a chin cleft like the toe-cap of a satyr's boot, and a little group of show hairs behind each ear. Also he was doomed to destroy, for family reasons, and to keep on destroying. And I was still alone ; I could hardly expect otherwise in the circumstances. I echoed the words of the poet :

*Bring Palamabron, horned priest, skipping upon
the mountains,
And silent Elynittria, the silver-bowed queen,*