

I had always been proud of my namesake, the Great Lexicographer, as we, not unnaturally, called him in the family. But I wondered if part of my life would not rather horribly reverse his. After all he had been *born* at Colney Hatch. But no, for the goal of my pilgrimage might easily make it Broadmoor ; I rather hated that : portmanteau of Dartmoor and Broad arrows, with a little insanity thrown in. No, locked in, locked in! William the Schoolman---how like an old war song!---was of that place, and, in spite of Rysbrach's statues of the first Lord King, it was charming. *Le couchant dardait ses rayons suprêmes et le vent berçait les nénuphars blêmes ; les grands nénuphars entre les roseaux tristement luisaient sur les calmes eaux.* Doctor Invincibilis, dear old Bill, he was no mean psychologist ; he had a razor. There I saw a hen and two sheep. It was a pity about Dickens' insane jealousy of chickens, and one could really almost weep at his morbid mistrust of sheep.

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