Chapter 1, *When the Duchess Was Dead*

No one, probably, ever felt himself to be more alone in the world than our old friend, the Duke of Omnium, when the Duchess died. When this sad event happened he had ceased to be Prime Minister **just two years**. **Those who are conversant with the political changes which have taken place of late in the government of the country will remember that when the coalition Ministry of which he had been the head was broken up, the old Liberal party came back to power under the leading of Mr. Gresham. That arrangement did not remain in force very long;—but at the present moment we need not allude to ministerial changes, except to say that the Duke of Omnium had not as yet returned to office.** During the first nine months he and the Duchess remained in England. Then they had gone abroad, taking with them their three children. The eldest, Lord Silverbridge, had been at Oxford, but had had his career there cut short by some more than ordinary youthful folly, which had induced his father to agree with the college authorities that his name had better be taken off the college books,—all which had been cause of very great sorrow to the Duke. The other boy was to go to Cambridge; but his father had thought it well to give him a twelvemonth's run on the Continent, under his own inspection. Lady Mary, the only daughter, was the youngest of the family, and she also had been with them on the Continent. They remained the full year abroad, travelling with a large accompaniment of tutors, lady's-maids, couriers, and sometimes friends. I do not know that the Duchess or the Duke had enjoyed it much; but the young people had seen something of foreign courts and much of foreign scenery, and had perhaps perfected their French **and added something to their German**. The Duke had gone to work at his travels with a full determination to create for himself occupation out of a new kind of life. He had studied Dante, and had striven to arouse himself to ecstatic joy amidst the loveliness of the Italian lakes. But through it all he had been aware that he had failed. The Duchess had made no such resolution,—had hardly, perhaps, made any attempt**; and her impatience had militated against his efforts**. But, in truth, they had both sighed to be back among the war-trumpets. They had both suffered much among the trumpets, and yet they longed to return. He told himself from day to day, that though he had been banished from the House of Commons, still, as a peer, he had a seat in Parliament; and that, though he was no longer a **British** minister, still he might be useful as a **British** legislator. She, in her career as a leader of fashion, had no doubt met with some trouble,—with some trouble but with no disgrace; and as she had been carried about among the lakes and mountains, among the pictures and statues, among the counts and countesses, she had once more felt that there was no

happiness except in that dominion which circumstances had enabled her to achieve once, and might enable her to achieve again, in the realms of London society. **And so they had both sighed to be again among the trumpets, without any free communication of their thoughts one to the other.**

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Had the heavens fallen and mixed themselves with the earth, had the people of London risen in rebellion with French ideas of equality, had the Queen persistently declined to comply with the constitutional advice of her ministers, had a majority in the House of Commons lost its influence in the country,—the utter prostration of the bereft husband could not have been more complete. It was not only that his heart was torn to pieces, but that he did not know how to look out into the world. It was as though a man should be suddenly called upon to live without hands or even arms. He was helpless, and knew himself to be helpless. Hitherto he had never specially acknowledged to himself that his wife was necessary to him as a component part of his life. Though he had loved her dearly, and had in all things consulted her welfare and happiness, he had at times been inclined to think that in the exuberance of her spirits she had been a trouble rather than a support to him. But now it was as though all outside appliances **and comforts** were taken away from him. **He was alone in the world, and** there was no one of whom he could ask a question.

For it may be said of this man that, though throughout his life he had had many Honourable and Right Honourable friends, and that, though he had entertained guests by the score, and though he had achieved for himself the respect of all good men and the thorough admiration of some few who knew him, he had hardly made for himself a single intimate friend **in the world,**—except that one **friend** who had now passed away from him. To her he had been able to say what he thought, even though she would occasionally ridicule him while he was declaring his feelings. But there had been no other human soul to whom he could **thus** open himself. There were one or two whom he loved, and perhaps liked; but his loving and his liking had been **almost** exclusively political. He had so habituated himself to devote his mind and his heart to the service of his country, that he had almost risen above or sunk below humanity. But she, who had been essentially human, had been a link between him and the world. **Now there was no longer a link, and he felt himself to be dissevered from the world.**

There were his three children, the youngest of whom was now nearly nineteen, and they surely were links! At the first moment of his bereavement they were felt to be hardly more than burdens. **The loss was so great that nothing remaining seemed to**

him to be of value. A more loving father there was not in England, but nature had made him so undemonstrative that as yet they had hardly known his love. In all their joys and in all their troubles, in all their desires and all their disappointments, they had ever gone to their mother. She had been conversant with everything about them, from the boys' bills and the girl's gloves to the innermost turn in the heart and the disposition of each. She had known with the utmost accuracy the nature of the scrapes into which Lord Silverbridge had precipitated himself, and had known also how probable it was that Lord Gerald would do the same. The results of such scrapes she, of course, deplored; and therefore she would give good counsel, pointing out how imperative it was that such evil-doings should be avoided; but with the spirit that produced the scrapes she fully sympathised. The father disliked the spirit almost worse than the results; and was therefore often irritated and unhappy. **How should he now control them, when she was gone?**

And the difficulties about the girl were almost worse to bear than those about the boys. She had done nothing wrong. She had given no signs of extravagance or other juvenile misconduct. But she was beautiful**,** [and] young**, and as full of life and energy as her mother had been**. How was he to bring her out into the world? How was he to decide whom she should or whom she should not marry? How was he to guide her through the shoals and rocks which lay in the path of such a girl before she can achieve matrimony?

It was the **singularity of the position** [fate] of the family that, with a world of acquaintance, they had not many friends. From all close connection with relatives on the side of the Duchess they had been dissevered, by old feelings **on her part** at first, and afterwards by want of any similitude in the habits of life. She had, when young, been repressed by male and female guardians with an iron hand. Such repression had been needed, and had been perhaps salutary; but it had not left behind it much affection. And then her nearest relatives were not sympathetic with the Duke. **There was an old Lady Midlothian and a young Lord Nidderdale with whom he and she had maintained but a very cold acquaintance.** He could obtain no assistance in the care of his girl from that source. Nor could he even do it from his own cousins' wives, who were his nearest connections on the side of the Pallisers. They were women to whom he had ever been kind, but to whom he had never opened his heart. When, in the midst of the stunning sorrow of the first week, he tried to think of all this, it seemed to him that there was nobody.

The friend whom he most trusted was a certain Mrs. Grey. She had been a distant cousin of his wife, and with her he had always maintained something like

real friendship. He and his wife, who on such matters were often at variance, had agreed in valuing the society of this lady, and in the early days of the Duke's married life she had been much with them; but any close social intercourse with persons so far above him in rank had hardly suited Mr. Grey's views, and he had somewhat discouraged the near intimacy which the Duchess certainly would have liked. But the poor widower, when he looked about thinking where he might find assistance, turned his mind more frequently to Mrs. Grey than to any other female friend.

There had been one lady, a very dear ally, staying in the house with them when the Duchess had died. This was Mrs. Finn, the wife of Phineas Finn, who had been one of the Duke's colleagues when in office. How it had come to pass that Mrs. Finn and the Duchess had become singularly bound together has been told elsewhere. But there had been very close bonds,—so close that when the Duchess on their return from the Continent had passed through London on her way to Matching, ill at the time and very comfortless, it had been almost a thing of course that Mrs. Finn should go with her. And as she had sunk, and then despaired, and then died, it was this woman who had always been at her side, who had ministered to her, and had listened to the fears and the wishes and hopes she had expressed respecting the children **in almost the last words she had spoken**. **Then death had come, and Mrs. Finn was still there with the bereaved family.**

At Matching, amidst the ruins of the old Priory, there is a parish burying-ground, and there, in accordance with her own wish, almost within sight of her own bedroom-window, she was buried. On the day of the funeral a dozen relatives came, Pallisers and M'Cluskies, who on such an occasion were bound to show themselves, as members of the family. With them and his two sons the Duke walked across to the graveyard, and then walked back; but even to those who stayed the night at the house he hardly spoke **a word**. By noon on the following day they had all left him, and the only stranger in the house was Mrs. Finn.

On the afternoon of the day after the funeral the Duke and his guest met, almost for the first time since the sad event. There had been just a pressure of the hand, just a glance of compassion, just some murmur of deep sorrow,—but there had been no real speech between them. Now he had sent for her, and she went down to him in the room in which he commonly sat at work. He was seated at his table when she entered, but there was no book open before him, and no pen ready to his hand. He was dressed of course in black. That, indeed, was usual with him, but now the tailor by his funereal art had added some deeper dye of blackness to his appearance**, some other outer sign of utter**

desolation which struck her eye at once. When he rose and turned to her she thought that he had at once become an old man. His hair **had already become** [was] grey in parts, and he had never accustomed himself to use that skill in managing his outside person by which many men are able to preserve for themselves a look, if not of youth, at any rate of **youthful** freshness. He was thin, of an adust complexion, and **in latter years** had acquired a habit of stooping which, when he was not excited, gave him an appearance of age **more advanced than his own**. All that was common to him; but now it was so much exaggerated that he who was not yet fifty might have been taken to be over sixty.

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"Of course not. But with one so young, where there is intimacy there will be guidance. **What I mean is that** there should be somebody with her. It was **I think** almost the last thought that occupied her mother's mind. I could not tell her, Duke, but I can tell you that I cannot, with advantage to your girl, be that somebody."

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After that there was another pause, and then the conference was ended by a request from the Duke that Mrs. Finn would stay at Matching for yet two days longer. **When she left the room he was almost harsh to her in his manner, saying little or nothing to thank her for her compliance, but showing plainly that he wished to be alone again.** At dinner they all met,—the father, the three children, and Mrs. Finn. How far the young people among themselves had been able to throw off something of the gloom of death need not here be asked; but in the presence of their father they were sad and sombre, almost as he was. On the next day, early in the morning, the younger lad returned to his college, and Lord Silverbridge went up to London, where he was supposed to have his home. **From a word or two that was said by Lady Mary, Mrs. Finn learned that the father and his eldest son had not parted altogether on pleasant terms with each other.**

"Perhaps you would not mind reading these letters," the Duke said to her, when she again went to him, in compliance with a message from him asking for her presence. Then she sat down and read two letters, one from Lady Cantrip, and the other from a Mrs. Jeffrey Palliser, each of which contained an invitation for his daughter, and expressed a hope that Lady Mary would not be unwilling to spend some time with the writer. Lady Cantrip's letter was long, and went minutely into circumstances. If Lady Mary would come to her, she would abstain from having other company in the house till her young

friend's spirits should have somewhat recovered themselves. Nothing could be more kind, or proposed in a sweeter fashion. There had, however, been present to the Duke's mind as he read it a feeling that a proposition to a bereaved husband to relieve him of the society of an only daughter, was not one which would usually be made to a father. In such a position a child's company would probably be his best solace. But he knew,—at this moment he painfully remembered,—that he was not as are other men. **Lady Cantrip when she wrote the letter had no doubt felt that he was by nature too gloomy, too little addicted to the softness and tenderness of life, to be left as the only companion of a young girl.** He acknowledged the truth of this, but he was not the less grieved and irritated by the reminder. The letter from Mrs. Jeffrey Palliser was to the same effect, but was much shorter. If it would suit Mary to come to them for a month or six weeks at their place in Gloucestershire, they would both be delighted.

"I should not choose her to go there," said the Duke, as Mrs. Finn refolded the latter letter. "My cousin's wife is a very good woman, but Mary would not be happy **there** with her."

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Then there was another pause. "I could not ask them," he said. "For his sake I could not have it put to her in that way. Perhaps Mary had better go to Lady Cantrip. Perhaps I had better be alone here for a time. I do not think that I am fit to have any human being here with me in my sorrow. **I would not be very loquacious, you know." This he said with a faint attempt at a most sorry smile.**

At last it was decided that Mrs. Finn should discuss the matter with Lady Mary **herself**, and that she should go to this discussion prepared to recommend a short visit to Lady Cantrip. **She was very eager in counselling the Duke to talk the matter over himself with his daughter; but in his morbid self-debasement he declared that were he to do so he would simply seem to dictate to his child. He thought it much better that she should hear what there was to be said from Mrs. Finn, and that she should make known her decision to that lady.**

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Chapter 2, *Lady Mary Palliser*

It may as well be said at once that Mrs. Finn knew something of Lady Mary which was not known to the father, and which she was not [yet] prepared**,—at any rate not as yet prepared,—**to make known to him. The last winter abroad had been passed at

Rome, and there Lady Mary Palliser had become acquainted with a certain Mr. Tregear,—Francis Oliphant Tregear. The Duchess, who had been in constant correspondence with her friend, had asked questions by letter as to Mr. Tregear, of whom she had only known that he was the younger son of a Cornish gentleman, who had become Lord Silverbridge's friend at Oxford. In this there had certainly been but little to recommend him to the intimacy of such a girl as Lady Mary Palliser. Nor had the Duchess, when writing, ever spoken of him as a probable suitor for her daughter's hand. She had **not in any of her letters** [never] connected the two names together. But Mrs. Finn had been clever enough to perceive that the Duchess had become fond of Mr. Tregear, and would willingly have heard something to his advantage. And she did hear something to his advantage,—something also to his disadvantage. At his mother's death this young man would inherit a property amounting to about fifteen hundred a year. "And I am told," said Mrs. Finn, "that he is quite likely to spend his money before it comes to him." **In answer to this the Duchess had said something of enormous wealth being no more than an enormous burden.** There had been nothing more written specially about Mr. Tregear; but Mrs. Finn had feared not only that the young man loved the girl, but that the young man's love had in some imprudent way been fostered by the mother.

Then there had been some fitful confidence during those few days of acute illness. Why should not the girl love the man if he were lovable? And the Duchess referred to her own early days when she had loved, and to the great ruin which had come upon her heart when she had been severed from the man she had loved. "Not but that it has been all for the best," she had said;—"not but that Plantagenet has been to me **the best husband which Providence could have given me** [all that a husband should be]. Only if she can be spared what I suffered, let her be spared." Even when these things had been said to her, Mrs. Finn had found herself unable to ask questions. She could not bring herself to inquire whether the girl had in truth given her heart to this young Tregear. The one was nineteen, and the other as yet but two-and-twenty! But though she asked no questions she almost knew that it must be so. And she knew also that the father, as yet, was quite in the dark on the matter. How was it possible that in such circumstances she should assume the part of the girl's confidential friend and monitress? Were she to do so she must immediately tell the father everything. In such a position no one could be a better friend than Lady Cantrip, and Mrs. Finn had already almost made up her mind that, should Lady Cantrip occupy the place, she would tell her Ladyship all that had passed between herself and the Duchess on the subject.

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On the afternoon of the day on which the young men had left Matching, Mrs. Finn made the proposition to Lady Mary in respect to Lady Cantrip's invitation. Lady Mary was very like her mother, especially in having exactly her mother's tone of voice, her quick manner of speech, and her sharp intelligence. She had also her mother's eyes, large and round, and almost blue, full of life and full of courage, eyes which never seemed to quail, and her mother's dark brown hair, never long but very copious in its thickness. She was, however, taller than her mother, and very much more graceful in her movement. And she could already assume a personal dignity of manner which had never been within her mother's reach. She had become aware of a certain brusqueness of speech in her mother, a certain aptitude to say sharp things without thinking whether the sharpness was becoming to the position which she held, and, taking advantage of the example, the girl had already learned that she might gain more than she would lose by controlling her words. **Those who knew the Duchess well and who would declare that the daughter was the image of the mother would generally add something to signify that both in manner and appearance the copy excelled the original.**

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Though there had been the closest possible intimacy between the Duchess and Mrs. Finn, this had hardly been extended to the intercourse between Mrs. Finn and the children. **The latter had now been more than twelve months abroad, and previously to that had been subject to governesses and teachers. And,** of Mrs. Finn, it must be acknowledged that she was, perhaps fastidiously, afraid of appearing to take advantage of her friendship with the Duke's family. She would tell herself that though circumstances had compelled her to be the closest and nearest friend of a duchess, still her natural place was not among dukes and their children, and therefore in her intercourse with this girl she did not at first assume the manner and bearing which her position in the house would have seemed to warrant. Hence the "Lady Mary."

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"It is not that he wants to send you away, but that he thinks it will be better for you to be with some friend. Here you must be so much alone! **He thinks that at present that will not be good for you.**"

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"I never heard her speak a word of Lady Cantrip **that I can remember**."

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"Then let him find some lady. You would be the best because he knows you so well. I, however, am not afraid of being alone. I am sure he ought not to be here quite by himself. If he bids me go I must go, and then of course I shall go where he sends me. But I won't say that I think it best that I should go, and certainly I do not want to go to Lady Cantrip." This she said with great decision, as though the matter was one on which she had altogether made up her mind. Then she added in a lower voice, "Why doesn't papa speak to me about it? **If he wants me to go away, why does he not tell me so himself? I don't think he ought to want me to go away because the boys have gone.**"

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Of course it was decided that she should not go to Lady Cantrip at once, or to Mrs. Jeffrey Palliser, and, after a short interval of doubt, it was decided also that Mrs. Finn should remain at Matching for at least a fortnight. The Duke declared that he would be glad to see Mr. Finn, **and spoke of our old friend Phineas as one of his established friends;** but she knew that in his present mood the society of any one man to whom he would feel himself called upon to devote his time would be a burden to him, and she plainly said that Mr. Finn had better not come to Matching at present. "There are old associations," she said, "which will enable you to bear with me as you will with your butler or your groom; but you are not as yet quite able to make yourself happy with company." This he bore with perfect equanimity, and then, as it were, handed over his daughter to Mrs. Finn's care.

Very quickly there came to be close intimacy between Mrs. Finn and Lady Mary. For a day or two the elder woman, though the place she filled was one of absolute confidence, rather resisted than encouraged the intimacy. She always remembered that the girl was the **only** daughter of a great duke, **of one who had been Prime Minister, and who was perhaps the richest nobleman in England;** and that her position in the house had sprung from circumstances which would not, perhaps, in the eyes of the world at large, have recommended her for such friendship. **No one was more fully aware than Mrs. Finn herself that there were rumours still afloat as to the manner in which she had made good her footing in the house of the Pallisers.** She knew,—the reader may possibly know,—that nothing had ever been purer, nothing more disinterested than her friendship. But she knew also,—no one knew better,—that the judgment of men and women does not always run parallel with facts. She entertained, too, a conviction in regard to herself, that hard words and hard judgments were to be expected from the

world,—were to be accepted by her without any strong feeling of injustice,—because she had been elevated by chance to the possession of more good things than she had merited. She weighed all this with a very fine balance, and even after the encouragement she had received from the Duke, was intent on confining herself to some position about the girl inferior to that which such a friend as Lady Cantrip might have occupied. But the girl's manner, and the girl's speech about her own mother, overcame her. It was the unintentional revelation of the Duchess's constant reference to her,—the way in which Lady Mary would assert that "Mamma used always to say this of you; mamma always knew that you would think so and so; mamma used to say that you had told her." It was the feeling thus conveyed, that the mother who was now dead had in her daily dealings with her own child spoken of her as her nearest friend, which mainly served to conquer the deference of manner which she had assumed.

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"Yes; all,—and Mr. Tregear spoke to her. And she said that papa ought not to be told quite yet." Mrs. Finn could not but remember that the friend she had lost was not, among women, the one best able to give a girl good counsel in such a crisis**, but of that she could of course say nothing to the daughter**.

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"I know all about that," said Lady Mary, with something almost approaching to scorn in her tone. "Of course I have to be—delicate. I don't quite know what the word means**, but I intend at any rate to do nothing to be ashamed of**. I am not a bit ashamed of being in love with Mr. Tregear. He is a gentleman, highly educated, very clever, of a[n] **very** old family,—older I believe **a great deal** than papa's. And he is manly, and handsome;—just what a young man ought to be. Only he is not rich."

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"Of course he must be told **at last**. But not now. He is nearly broken-hearted about dear mamma. He could not bring himself to care about anything of that kind **quite** at present. And then it is Mr. Tregear that should speak to him first."

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"Has he written since?"

"**Yes, once again.** You may see his letters. It is all about her. No one worshipped mamma as he did."

Gradually the whole story was told. These two young persons considered themselves to be engaged, but had agreed that their engagement should not be made known to the Duke till something had occurred, or some time had arrived, as to which Mr. Tregear was to be the judge. In Mrs. Finn's opinion nothing could be more unwise **than this**, and she said much to induce the girl to confess everything to her father at once. But in all her arguments she was opposed by the girl's reference to her mother. "Mamma knew it." And it did certainly seem to Mrs. Finn as though the mother had assented to this imprudent concealment. When she endeavoured, in her own mind, to make excuse for her friend, she felt almost sure that the Duchess, with all her courage, had been afraid to propose to her husband that their daughter should marry a commoner without **any immediate** [an] income **of his own, and almost without prospects**. But in thinking of all that, there could now be nothing gained. What ought she to do—at once? The girl, in telling her, had exacted no promises of secrecy, nor would she have given any such promise; but yet she did not like the idea of telling the tale behind the girl's back. It was evident that Lady Mary had considered herself to be **quite** safe in confiding her story to her mother's old friend. Lady Mary no doubt had had her confidences with her mother,—confidences from which it had been intended by both that the father should be excluded; and now she seemed naturally to expect that this new ally**, between whom and her mother there had been so much sympathy,** should look at this great question as her mother had looked at it. The father had been regarded as a great outside power, which could hardly be overcome, but which might be evaded, or made inoperative by stratagem. It was not that the daughter did not love him. She loved him, and venerated him highly,—the veneration perhaps being stronger than the love. The Duchess, too, had loved him dearly,—more dearly in late years than in her early life. But her husband to her had always been an outside power which had in many cases to be evaded. Lady Mary, though she did not express all this, evidently thought that in this new friend she had found a woman whose wishes and aspirations for her would be those which her mother had entertained. **It did not seem to have occurred to her that Mrs. Finn would commit the unwomanly crime of telling her secret to her father.**

But Mrs. Finn was much troubled in her mind, thinking that it was her duty to tell the story to the Duke. It was not only the daughter who had trusted her, but the father also; and the father's confidence had been not only the first but by far the holier of the two. And then the question was one **of such vital importance** [so important] to the girl's future happiness! There could be no doubt that the peril of her present position was very great. **Who was Mr. Tregear that so great a trust should be put in him? Mrs. Finn only knew of him that he was a young man of fashion without means, and Lord**

Silverbridge's particular friend. In this there was nothing certainly to justify Lady Mary's engagement and subsequent silence. It must be presumed that the Duke would object to the marriage, and if such objection were to be made and sustained it would certainly be better for the young lady that her father's purpose should be known at once. If, on the other hand, the Duke should show himself disposed to indulge his daughter's wishes and to give the young pair a start in life together, then certainly the sooner the engagement were made known to him, the greater would be his good-will. At any rate as father he was entitled to know. Mrs. Finn, as she thought of all this, already repented her prolonged sojourn at Matching.

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"**I do not know what I ought to do. I wish you had never spoken to me about it.** I am bound in honour to see that your father knows a thing which is of such vital importance to him and to you. Having heard all this I have no right to keep it from him. If Mr. Tregear really loves you,"—Lady Mary smiled at the doubt implied by this suggestion,—"he ought to feel that for your sake there should be no secret from your father." Then she paused a moment to think. "Will you let me see Mr. Tregear myself and talk to him about it?"

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This Mrs. Finn sent enclosed in an envelope, with a few words from herself, asking the gentleman to call upon her in Park Lane, on a day and at an hour fixed. **And this letter was directed to the Beargarden Club, that being the only address for her lover which the young lady knew. "Of course he has a residence," she said, with some touch of disdain in her voice. "When he is at home he lives at Polwenning where the Tregears have lived from before the Conquest. But a young man isn't always under his mother's apron string. No;—I don't know where he sleeps when he is in London. The Tregears have no town house. They don't come to town. I suppose they are not rich enough. I don't think they are a bit inferior because of that."**

"Certainly not; only I did not know whether you might not have a better address than the gentleman's club."

"I have no address, and had no intention of writing to him. But the name of the club is on the note which I got from him immediately after poor mamma's death."

Chapter 3, *Francis Oliphant Tregear*

He had been educated at Eton, from whence he had been sent to Christ Church; and both at school and at college had been the most intimate friend of the son and heir of a great and wealthy duke. He and Lord Silverbridge had been always together, and they who were interested in the career of the young nobleman had generally thought he had chosen his friend well. Tregear **had been at the top of the school, and had achieved a character for scholarship. And at Oxford, though he had done nothing very great, still as a young man of fashion he was supposed to have done well. He** had gone out in honours[,] **and had** [having] been a second-class man**, whereas his tutor and his college had expected a lower rank for him**. His friend Silverbridge, we know, had been allowed to take no degree at all; but the terrible practical joke by which the whole front of the Dean's house had been coloured scarlet in the middle of the night, had been carried on without any assistance from Tregear. The two young men had then been separated for a year; but immediately after taking his degree, Tregear, at the invitation of Lord Silverbridge, had gone to Italy and had there completely made good his footing with the Duchess,—with what effect on another member of the Palliser family the reader already knows.

The young man was certainly **abnormally** clever. When the Duchess found that he could talk without any shyness, that he could speak French fluently, and that after a month in Italy he could chatter Italian, at any rate without reticence or shame; when she perceived that all the women liked the lad's society and impudence, and that all the young men were anxious to know him, she was glad to find that Silverbridge had chosen so valuable a friend. And then he was beautiful to look at,—putting her almost in mind of another man on whom her eyes had once loved to dwell. He was dark, with hair that was almost black, but yet was not black; with clear brown eyes, a nose as regular as Apollo's, and a mouth in which was ever to be found that expression of manliness, which of all characteristics is the one which women love the best. He was five feet ten in height. He was always well dressed, and yet always so dressed as to seem to show that his outside garniture had not been a matter of trouble to him. Before the Duchess had dreamed what might take place between this young man and her daughter she had been urgent in her congratulations to her son as to the possession of such a friend.

For though she now and then would catch a glimpse of the outer man, which would remind her of that other beautiful one whom she had known in her youth, and though, as these glimpses came, she would remember how poor in spirit and how

unmanly that other one had been, though she would confess to herself how terrible had been the heart-shipwreck which that other one had brought upon herself; still she was able completely to assure herself that this man, though not superior in external grace, was altogether different in mind and character. She was old enough now to see all this and to appreciate it. Young Tregear had his own ideas about the politics of the day, and they were ideas with which she sympathised, though they were antagonistic to the politics of her life. He had his ideas about books too, as to manners of life, as to art, and even ethics. Whether or no in all this there was not much that was superficial only, **much that was mere tinsel,** she was not herself deep enough to discover. Nor would she have been deterred from admiring him had she been told that it was tinsel. Such were the acquirements, such the charms, that she loved. Here was a young man who dared to speak, and had always something ready to be spoken; who was not afraid of beauty, nor daunted by superiority of rank; who, if he had not money, could carry himself on equal terms among those who had. In this way he won the Duchess's heart, and having done that, was it odd that he should win the heart of the daughter also?

When he had taken his degree his friends were urgent with him to enter some profession. At that time there was but one profession open to him. Were he to submit to work at all he must work as a barrister. The church was out of the question. The whole tone of his mind and his mode of life made medicine and surgery impossible to him. It was already too late with him for diplomacy,—which he told his friends he would have liked; or at any rate for that regular entrance into the lower ranks by which alone, we are given to understand though not always made to believe, can the good things of the Civil Service be reached. For the army and the navy he was also too old, and, as he himself thought, by far too well educated. But to the bar he made many objections. He did not, he said, like the duplicity. He did not, in truth, like the labour. He liked to be a gentleman at large, having certain vague ideas as to a future career in Parliament; and he tried, very much in vain, to satisfy himself by thinking that he could be content to live among gentlemen as a poor man.

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Such was the young man who now, in lieu of a profession, had taken upon himself the responsibility of an engagement with Lady Mary Palliser. He was tolerably certain that, should he be able to overcome the parental obstacles which he would no doubt find in his path, money would be forthcoming sufficient for the purposes of matrimonial life. The Duke's wealth was fabulous, and as a great part of it, if not the

greater, had come from his wife, there would probably be ample provision for the younger children. And when the Duchess had found out how things were going, and had yielded to her daughter, after an opposition which **had** never had the appearance even of being earnest, she had taken upon herself to say that she would use her influence to prevent any great weight of trouble from pecuniary matters. Frank Tregear, young and bright, and full of hearty ambitions, was certainly not the man to pursue a girl simply because of her fortune; nor was he weak enough to be attracted simply by the glitter of rank; but he was wise enough with worldly wisdom to understand thoroughly the comforts of a good income, and he was sufficiently attached to high position to feel the advantage of marrying a daughter of the Duke of Omnium. **At this moment therefore he was somewhat elated, and was certainly very much in love. But with all his audacity he dreaded the Duke.**

When the Duchess was leaving Italy, it had been her declared purpose to tell her husband the story as soon as they were at home in England. And it was on this understanding that Frank Tregear had explained to the girl that he would not as yet ask her father for his permission to be received into the family as a suitor. Everyone concerned had felt that the Duke would not easily be reconciled to such a son-in-law, and that the Duchess should be the one to bell the cat. **Then the Duchess had been ill, and then, alas, the Duchess had died. Tregear had during this period twice written to the lady of his love,—as she had confessed to Mrs. Finn. No doubt the subject matter of these letters had been,—of the first hope as to the mother's health, and of the second grief; but in each there had been a word indicating that in the present circumstances this new affair should not be mentioned to the Duke.**

There was one member of the family who had hitherto been half-hearted in the matter. Lord Silverbridge had vacillated between loyalty to his friend and a certain feeling as to the impropriety of such a match for his sister. He was aware that something very much better should be expected for her, and still was unable to explain his objections to Tregear. He had not at first been admitted into confidence, either by his sister or by Tregear, but had questioned his friend when he saw what was going on. "Certainly I love your sister," Tregear had said. "Do you object?" Lord Silverbridge**, though he** was the weaker of the two and **very** much subject to the influence of his friend, [but he] could on occasion be firm, and he did at first object. But he did not object strongly, and allowed himself at last to be content with declaring that the Duke would never give his consent **to such a marriage**.

While Tregear was with his love, or near her, his hopes and his fears were sufficient to occupy his mind; and immediately on his return, all the world was nothing to

him, except as far as all the world was concerned with Lady Mary Palliser. He **and Silverbridge** had come back to England somewhat before the ducal party, and **as was not unnatural** the pleasures and occupations of London life had not abated his love, but enabled him to feel that there was something in life over and beyond his love; whereas to Lady Mary, down at Matching, there had been nothing over and beyond her love,—except the infinite grief and desolation produced by her mother's death.

She had not known what address to give to Mrs. Finn for her lover except that of the club from whence he had written to her, and had said that she did not know where he slept in town. He was in truth [Tregear, when he received the note from Mrs. Finn, was] staying at **her own father's** [the Duke's] house in Carlton Terrace. Silverbridge was there, and, on leaving Matching, had asked the Duke's permission to have his friend with him. The Duke at that time was not well pleased with his son as to a matter of politics, and gave his son's friend credit for the evil counsel which had produced this displeasure. But still he had not refused his assent to this proposition. Had he done so, Silverbridge would probably have gone elsewhere; and though there was a matter in respect to Tregear of which the Duke disapproved, it was not a matter, as he thought, which would have justified him in expelling the young man from his house. The young man was a strong Conservative; and now Silverbridge had declared his purpose of entering the House of Commons, if he did enter it, as one of the Conservative party!

This had been a terrible blow to the Duke. **The Pallisers had always been Whigs. He himself was doubly a Whig,—or rather doubly a Liberal. It was his family party, and therefore he was bound by that bond which generally constrains our aristocrats to follow this or that side in politics. But he also had opinions of his own, very strong opinions, and had thought the matter out. He could give his reasons for being a Liberal, believing that by fighting on that side he could do something, though it might be ever so little, to help his country and his countrymen.** It was very grievous to him that a Palliser, that the future head of the Pallisers, should desert the political creed of the family**; but it was a matter to him of most profound sorrow that his own eldest son should be so misguided**. And he believed that it all came from this young Tregear. Still he must do his duty, and not more than his duty. He knew nothing against Tregear. That a Tregear should be a Conservative was perhaps natural enough,—at any rate, was not disgraceful; that he should have his political creed sufficiently at heart to be able to persuade another man, was to his credit. He was a gentleman, well educated, superior in many things to Silverbridge himself. There were those who said that Silverbridge had redeemed himself from contempt,—from that sort of contempt which might be supposed to await a young nobleman who had painted scarlet

the residence of the head of his college,—by the very fact of his having chosen such a friend. The Duke was essentially a just man; and though, at the very moment in which the request was made, his heart was half crushed by his son's apostasy, he gave the permission asked. **At this moment therefore Frank Tregear was occupying a room in the Duke's London house.**

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"I think I have heard your mother speak of her as though she loved her dearly," said Tregear**, not as yet answering the last question**.

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"Nor even bite you;—nor will he abuse you. But he can look at you, and he can say a word or two which you will find it very hard to bear. My governor is the quietest man I know, but he has a way of making himself disagreeable when he wishes that I never saw equalled. **When that row came up at Oxford all that he said to me did not take two minutes, but it took the very life out of me for the time.**"

"I don't propose to do anything quite so absurd as that."

"But something quite as much opposed to his wishes."

Chapter 4, *Park Lane*

From the beginning of the affair Tregear had found the necessity of bolstering himself up inwardly in his great attempt by mottoes, proverbs, and instigations to courage addressed to himself. "None but the brave deserve the fair." "*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*." He was a man naturally of good heart in such matters, who was not afraid of his brother-men, nor yet of women, his sisters. But in this affair he knew that very much persistence would be required of him, and that even with such persistence he might probably fail, unless he should find a more than ordinary strength of constancy in the girl. That the Duke could not eat him, indeed that nobody could eat him as long as he carried himself as an honest man and a gentleman, was to him an inward assurance on which he leaned much. And yet he was conscious, almost with a feeling of shame, that in Italy he had not spoken to the Duke about his daughter because he was afraid lest the Duke might eat him. **He had no doubt been counselled by the Duchess to hold his peace at present,—but he had been so counselled because she also had been afraid of the Duke.** In such an affair he should have been careful from

the first to keep his own hands thoroughly clean. Had it not been his duty as a gentleman to communicate with the father, if not before he had gained the girl's heart, at any rate as soon as he knew he had done so? **And now it would be impossible even to feign that he did so.** He had left Italy thinking that he would certainly meet the Duchess and her daughter in London, and that then he might go to the Duke as though this love of his had arisen from, or at any rate had been confirmed by, the sweetness of those meetings in London. But all these ideas had been dissipated by the great misfortune of the death of Lady Mary's mother. **There could be no meetings now in London or in the country for some months, no probability of familiar meetings anywhere,—unless he could induce the Duke to accept him as a son-in-law.** From all this he was driven to acknowledge to himself that his silence in Italy had been wrong, that he had been weak in allowing himself to be guided by the counsel of the Duchess, and that he had already armed the Duke with one strong argument against him.

He did not doubt but that Mrs. Finn would be opposed to him. Of course he could not doubt but that all the world would now be opposed to him,—except the girl herself. He would find no other friend so generous, so romantic, so unworldly as the Duchess had been. It was **of course** clear to him that Lady Mary had told the story of her engagement to Mrs. Finn, and that Mrs. Finn had not, as yet, told it to the Duke. From this he was **to a certain extent** justified in regarding Mrs. Finn as the girl's friend. The request made was that he should at once do something which Mrs. Finn was to **ask him to do** [suggest]. He would hardly have been so requested, and that in terms of such warm affection, had it been Mrs. Finn's intention to ask him to desist altogether from his courtship. This woman was regarded by Lady Mary as her mother's dearest friend**, and very much might depend on her assistance as on her opposition**. It was therefore incumbent on him now **to do his best to win her good graces, and** to induce her to believe in him,—as the Duchess had believed.

He knocked at the door of Mrs. Finn's little house in Park Lane a few minutes before the time appointed, and found himself alone when he was shown into the drawing-room. He had heard much of this lady though he had never seen her, and had heard much also of her husband. There had been**,—so at least he thought he had understood,—**a kind of mystery about her. People did not quite understand how it was that she had been so intimate with the Duchess, nor why the late Duke had left to her an enormous legacy, which as yet had never been claimed. There was supposed, too, to have been something especially romantic in her marriage with her present husband. It was believed also that she was very rich. The rumours of all these things together had made her a person of note, and Tregear, when he found himself alone in the drawing-room, looked round about

him as though a special interest was to be attached to the belongings of such a woman. It was a pretty room, somewhat dark, because the curtains were almost closed across the windows, but furnished with a pretty taste, and now, in these early April days, filled with flowers.

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"I know that I am after mine,—a few minutes," said the lady. He told himself that though she **certainly** was not a young woman, yet she was **very pretty** [attractive]. She was dark, and still wore her black hair in curls, such as are now seldom seen with ladies. Perhaps the reduced light of the chamber had been regulated with some regard to her complexion and to her age. The effect, however, was good, and Frank Tregear felt at once **that she was a power in whom he was bound to be** interested [in her].

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"Of course I came when you sent for me. I am afraid the Duke felt his loss **very heavily** [severely]."

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"Yes;—in the Duke's house. Silverbridge and I have been very intimate. **I can't afford lodgings for myself and so he puts me up.** Of course the Duke knows that I am there. Is there any chance of his coming to town?"

"Not yet I fear. He is determined to be alone. I wish it were otherwise, as I am sure he would better bear his sorrow if he would go about among other men**, and at least attend to public business in the House of Lords**."

"No doubt he would suffer less," said Tregear. Then there was a pause. Each wished that the other should introduce the matter which both knew was to be the subject of their conversation. **The man had reason on his side in waiting, as the meeting had not originated with him. But the lady, who found that the task before her was difficult, hoped that her companion might feel himself bound to begin it if she abstained awhile from doing so.** But Tregear would not begin. "When I left them all at Florence," he said, "I little thought that I should never see her again."

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"We have never been enemies**,**" **said the young man laughing**.

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"That is it,—of course. Now, if you will allow me, I will explain to you exactly what my footing with her is. When the Duchess returned, and when I found her to be so ill as she passed through London, I went down with her into the country,—quite as a matter of course. **There had been that between us which made it a matter of course.**"

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"No. And therefore the position of the young lady is now one of great embarrassment. **No one, of course, at that time foresaw the death of my poor friend.** The Duchess has gone from us; and we must now make up our minds as to what had better be done. It is out of the question that Lady Mary should be allowed to consider herself to be engaged, and that the father should be kept in ignorance of her position." She paused for his reply,—but as he said nothing she continued. "Either you must tell the Duke, or she must do so,—or I must do so."

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"I don't quite see why," said Tregear**, who had now assumed a tone almost of anger**.

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"In order that she may not suffer**, he must be told**. I wonder you do not see it, Mr. Tregear. Perhaps you have a sister."

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"It was not so. The Duchess knew it. The present condition of things is altogether an accident **arising from her unfortunate death**."

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"I owe you an apology of course for meddling in your affairs at all. But as it will be**, I think,** more conducive to your success that the Duke should hear this from you than from me, and as I feel that I am bound by my duty to him and to Lady Mary to see that he be not left in ignorance, I think that I am doing you a service **by speaking as I have done**."

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He was very unwilling, but he would not confess so much. He gave various reasons for delay, urging repeatedly that the question of his marriage was one which he

could not press upon the Duke so soon after the death of the Duchess. And when she assured him that this was a matter of importance so great, that even the death of the man's wife should not be held by him to justify delay, he became angry, and for a while insisted that he must be allowed to follow his own judgment. But **the conference was** at last **ended by an assertion on his part that he was not afraid of the Duke, and by an assurance** [he gave her a promise] that he would **take steps to** see the Duke before a week was over. Nevertheless he left the house in dudgeon, having told Mrs. Finn more than once that she was taking advantage of Lady Mary's confidence. They hardly parted as friends, and her feeling was, on the whole, hostile to him and to his love. It could not, she thought, be for the happiness of such a one as Lady Mary **Palliser** that she should give herself **in marriage** to one who seemed to have so little **beyond his personal appearance** to recommend him.

He, when he had left her, was angry with his own weakness. He had not only promised that he would make his application to the Duke, but that he would do so within the period of a week. Who was she that she should exact terms from him after this fashion, and prescribe days and hours? **He was one who prided himself on being the master of others in the great affairs of life and on submitting himself to no masterdom. With the Duchess he had found that he could generally have his own way. Over Lady Mary his dominion had of course been supreme. And in his intercourse with Lord Silverbridge his influence had always been the more powerful of the two.** And now, because this strange woman had spoken to him, he was compelled to make a journey down to the Duke's country-house, and **to** seek an interview in which he would surely be snubbed! **And yet he told himself over and over again that he was not afraid of the Duke,—that the Duke could not "eat him."**

This occurred on a Wednesday, and he resolved that he would go down to Matching on the next Monday. **He would not allow himself to postpone his journey till the last day which his compact with Mrs. Finn would have allowed, because by doing so he would seem to himself to be in truth afraid.** He said nothing of his plan to anyone, and not a word passed between him and Lord Silverbridge about Lady Mary during the first two or three days. But on the Saturday Silverbridge appeared at breakfast with a letter in his hand. "The governor is coming up to town," he said.

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"There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question, my boy." At this particular moment Tregear felt that the Duke ought to be propitiated**, and thought that if**

it could be done by Silverbridge obeying his behests in this matter of politics the sacrifice made would not be very great.

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"I had intended to beard the lion in his country den; but now the lion will find me in his own town den, and I must beard him here. **I suppose I shall have to look out for other lodgings.**"

"If you are going to speak to him about my sister, I think you must," said Lord Silverbridge.

Then Tregear wrote a most chilly note to Mrs. Finn, informing her with great precision, that, as the Duke of Omnium intended to be in town one day next week, he would postpone the performance of his promise for a day or two beyond the allotted time. **He began the note by presenting his compliments, and did his best to make it stiff and almost uncivil. "Silly boy!" she said to herself as she read the effusion. "Even if he had money he would not be fit to marry her."**

Chapter 5, *"It Is Impossible"*

Down at Matching Lady Mary's life was very dull after Mrs. Finn had left her. She had a horse to ride, but had no one to ride with her; she had a carriage in which to be driven, but no one to be driven with her, and no special places whither to go. Her father would walk daily for two hours, and she would accompany him when he encouraged her to do so; but she had an idea that he preferred taking his walks alone, and when they were together there was no feeling of **mutual** confidence between them. There could be none on her part, as she knew that she was keeping back information which he was entitled to possess. On this matter she received two letters from Mrs. Finn, in the first of which she was told that Mr. Tregear intended to present himself at Matching within a few days, and was advised in the same letter not to endeavour to see her lover on that occasion**,—at any rate until after his interview with her father**; and then, in the second **letter** she was informed that this interview was to be sought not at Matching but in London. From this latter letter there was of course some disappointment, though also some feeling of relief. Had he come there, she might possibly have seen him **whether before or** after the interview. But **then** she would have been subjected to the immediate sternness of her father's anger. That she would now escape. She would not be called on to meet him just

when the first blow had fallen upon him**;—not at once, nor till time and consideration should have restored to him the habitual tenderness of his manner**.

She was quite sure that he would disapprove of the thing. She was quite sure that he would be very angry. She knew that he was a peculiarly just man, and yet she thought that in this he would be **most** unjust. Had she been called upon to sing the praises of her father she would have insisted above all things on the absolute integrity of his mind, **which would not allow him to swerve a tittle either to the left or right, even where by doing so he could serve his own dearest interests. She already possessed sufficient power of insight to see all this**. And yet, knowing as she did that he would be opposed to her marriage with Mr. Tregear, she assured herself every day and every hour that he had no right to make any such objection. The man she loved was a gentleman, and an honest man, by no means a fool, and subject to no vices. Her father had no right to demand that she should give her heart to a rich man, or to one of high rank. Rank! As for rank, she told herself that she had the most supreme contempt for it. She thought that she had seen it near enough already to be sure that it ought to have no special allurements. What was it doing for her? Simply restraining her choice among comparatively a few who seemed to her by no means the best endowed of God's creatures. **She was sick of lords and countesses;—so at least she told herself, instigated no doubt by her love for one who was no lord and the son of no countess.**

Of one thing she was very sure, that under no pressure whatsoever would she abandon her engagement with Mr. Tregear. That to her had become a bond almost as holy as matrimony itself could be. She had told the man that she loved him, and after that there could be no retreat. He had kissed her, and she had returned his caress. He had told her that she was his, as his arm was round her, and she had acknowledged that it was so, that she belonged to him, and could not be taken away from him. All this was to her a compact so sacred that nothing could break it but a desire on his part to have it annulled. No other man had ever whispered a word of love to her, of no other man had an idea entered her mind that it could be pleasant to join her lot in life with his. With her it had been all new and all sacred. Love with her had that religion which nothing but freshness can give it. That freshness, that bloom, may last through a long life. But every change impairs it, and after many changes it has perished for ever. There was no question with her but that she must bear her father's anger, should he be angry; put up with his continued opposition, should he resolutely oppose her; bear all that the countesses of the world might say to her,—for it was thus that she thought of Lady Cantrip now. Any retrogression was beyond her power. **She loved the man,—and as he also loved her, there was an end of all consideration on the matter.**

She felt herself, moreover, bound to obey him. She knew, as well as Mrs. Finn did, that her father ought to be told of her purpose without delay. She could make excuse for the delay, feeling that it had been caused by her mother's illness and sudden death. She wished, indeed, that there might be an end to this state of suspense. But it never occurred to her that she ought to disobey her lover's injunctions, or even to feel angry with him because he insisted on them. There was nothing in which she would not obey him,—nothing that would not touch her own honour. But she was glad when she heard that he intended at once to see her father, and again relieved when she heard that the interview would not take place at Matching.

She was walking with her father when she first heard of his intended visit to London. At that time she had received Mrs. Finn's first letter, but not the second. "I suppose you'll see Silverbridge," she said. She knew then that Frank Tregear was living with her brother**, but of him of course she said nothing**.

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"It is not that,—at present." He winced even as he said this, for he had in truth suffered somewhat from demands made upon him for money, which had hurt him not so much by their amount as by their nature. Lord Silverbridge had taken upon himself to "own a horse or two," very much to his father's chagrin, and was at this moment part proprietor of an animal supposed to stand well for the Derby. The fact was not announced in the papers with his Lordship's name, but his father was aware of it, and did not like it the better because his son held the horse in partnership with a certain Major Tifto, who was well known in the sporting world. **But, as he had said to his daughter, it was not that special extravagance which was irritating him now and forcing upon him a journey up to London.**

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She was going to express an opinion that the two parties might be supposed to stand as equal in the respect of the country when he interrupted her. "The Pallisers have always been Liberal. It will be a blow to me indeed if Silverbridge deserts his colours. **Of course if it came from conviction I could put up with it,—though I should be sorry to see him convinced by error. But when** I know that as yet he himself has had no deep thoughts on the subject, that unfortunately he does not give himself much to thinking, and that in this matter he is being talked over by a young man whose position in

life has hardly justified the great intimacy which has existed**, I own that I am most annoyed**."

This was very far from being comfortable to her, but of course she said nothing in defence of Tregear's politics. Nor at present was she disposed to say anything as to his position in life, though at some future time she might not be so silent. **The Duke went on, discussing the subject with its political bearings, and declaring how grievous it would be to him if he should find himself once and for ever dissevered from his son in public life.** A few days later they were again walking together, when he spoke to her about herself. "I cannot bear that you should be left here alone while I am away," he said.

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"I do not wish you to feel it, nor would you do so [long if] **when** you **had** had other people around you **for a short time**. With me it is different. I am an old man, and cannot look for new pleasures in society. It has been the fault of my life to be too much alone. I do not want to see my children follow me in that."

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"Do not drive me away at all, papa."

"But I think that you should be with somebody,—with some woman who would be kind to you. I like to see you with books, but books alone should not be sufficient at your age." How little, she thought, did he know of the state either of her heart or mind! **"I wish you would be persuaded to go to Lady Cantrip."**

"Oh, papa!"

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"I do not know her. I can't say that I dislike a person whom I don't think I ever spoke to and never saw above once or twice. But how can I say that I like her? And how could I learn to like anyone just now?" She did, however, know that Lady Cantrip was a countess all over, and would be shocked at the idea of the daughter of a Duke of Omnium marrying the younger son of a country squire. **Just then** nothing further was [then] said on the matter, and when the Duke went to town Lady Mary was left **there** quite alone; with a[n] **sort of** understanding that if he we[nt]**re compelled to go** into Barsetshire he should come back and take her with him.

He arrived at his own house in Carlton Terrace about five o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately went to his study, intending to dine and spend the evening

there alone. His son had already pleaded an engagement for that afternoon, but had consented to devote the following morning to his father's wishes. Of the other sojourner in his house the Duke had thought nothing; but the other sojourner had thought very much of the Duke. **As the thing was to be done would it not be better that it should be done at once?** Frank Tregear was fully possessed of that courage which induces a man who knows that he must be thrown over a precipice to choose the first possible moment for his fall. He had sounded Silverbridge about this change in his politics, and had found his friend quite determined not to go back to the family doctrine. Such being the case, the Duke's ill-will and hardness and general severity would probably be enhanced by his interview with his son. Tregear, therefore, thinking that nothing could be got by delay, sent his name in to the Duke before he had been an hour in the house, and asked for an interview. The servant brought back word that his Grace was fatigued, but would **certainly** see Mr. Tregear if the matter in question was one of **any** importance. Frank's heart quailed for a moment, but only for a moment. He took up a pen, and wrote a note.

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Of course the Duke admitted him. **Equally of course during the five minutes of interval before the meeting he was driven to consider what was the subject on which the young man wished to speak to him.** There was but one idea in his head [as to what was coming]. His son had taken this way of making some communication to him respecting his political creed. Some overture or some demand was to be preferred through Tregear. If so, it was proof of a certain anxiety as to the matter on his son's part which was not displeasing to him. But he was not left long in this mistake after Tregear had entered the room. "Sir," he said, speaking quite at once, as soon as the door was closed behind him, but still speaking very slowly, looking beautiful as Apollo as he stood upright before his wished-for father-in-law,—"Sir, I have come to you to ask you to give me the hand of your daughter." The few words had been all arranged beforehand, and were now spoken without any appearance of fear or shame. No one hearing them would have imagined that an almost penniless young gentleman was asking in marriage the daughter of the richest and greatest nobleman in England.

"The hand of my daughter!" said the Duke, rising from his chair. **Surely the young man was mad!**

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"I do not believe it." On hearing this Frank simply bowed his head. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Tregear. I do not mean to say that I do not believe you. I never yet gave the lie to a gentleman, and I hope I never may be driven to do so. But there must be some mistake in this. **What is it that you do mean?**"

"**I mean that** I am complying with Lady Mary's wishes in asking your permission to enter your house as her suitor." The Duke stood for a moment biting his lips in silence. "I cannot believe it," he said at last. "I cannot bring myself to believe it. There must be some mistake. My daughter! Lady Mary Palliser!" Again the young man bowed his head. "What are your pretensions?"

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"Of course it is impossible. **Of course it is out of the question.** You are not so ignorant but that you must have known as much when you came to me. **Perhaps I had better hear from her what is really the truth of this.**"

There was so much scorn in his words, and in the tone in which they were uttered, that Tregear in his turn was becoming angry. He had prepared himself to bow humbly before the great man, before the Duke, before the Croesus, before the late Prime Minister, before the man who was to be regarded as certainly **being** one of the most exalted of the earth; but he had not prepared himself to be looked at as the Duke looked at him. "The truth, my Lord Duke, is this," he said, "that your daughter loves me and that we are engaged to each other,—as far as that engagement can be made without your sanction as her father."

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"How did you think you were to live? But it is altogether unnecessary to speak of **any** such [a] matter as that. There are so many reasons to make this impossible, that it would be useless to discuss one as being more important than others. Has any other one of my family known of this?" This he asked wishing to ascertain whether Lord Silverbridge had disgraced himself by lending his hand to such a disposition of his sister.

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"I do not believe a word of it," said the Duke, becoming extremely red in the face. He was forced to do now that which he had just declared that he had never done in his life,—driven by the desire of his heart to acquit the wife he had **just** lost of the terrible imprudence,—worse than imprudence,—of which she was now accused.

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The Duke was almost beside himself with emotion and grief. He did know,—though now at this moment he was most loath to own to himself that it was so,—that his dear wife had been the most imprudent of women. And he recognised in her encouragement of this most pernicious courtship,—if she had encouraged it,—a repetition of that romantic folly by which she had so nearly brought herself to shipwreck in her own early life. If it had been so,—even whether it had been so or not,—he had been wrong to tell the man that he did not believe him. And the man had rebuked him with **firmness and** dignity. "At any rate it is impossible," he repeated. **"When I have said that, I do not think there is any more to be said."**

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The Duke, when he heard this, even in the midst of his wrath, which was very violent, and in the midst of his anger, which was very acute, felt that he had to deal with a man,—with one whom he could not put off from him into the gutter, and there leave as buried in the mud. And there came, too, a feeling upon him, which he had no time to analyse, but of which he was part aware, that this terrible indiscretion on the part of his daughter and of his late wife was less wonderful than it had at first appeared to be. But not on that account was he the less determined to make the young man feel that his parental opposition would be invincible. "It is quite impossible, sir. I do not think that I need say anything more." Then, while Tregear was meditating whether he would make any reply, **whether on the whole he had not better submit now, before he might be tempted to speak a word which might have been better left unspoken,** the Duke asked a question which **certainly** had better have been left unasked. The asking of it diminished somewhat from that ducal, grand-ducal, quasi-archducal, almost godlike superiority which he had assumed, and showed the curiosity of a mere man. "Has anybody else been aware of this?" he said, still wishing to know whether he had cause for anger against Silverbridge in the matter.

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Tregear saw the emotion but did not understand the cause of it. He had known how intimate the Duchess had been with that lady, and was now led to imagine that that intimacy had been disagreeable to the Duke. But the feeling now at work in the Duke's mind was very different from that. This was the woman whom he had prayed to remain awhile with his daughter after his wife had been laid in her grave, in order that there might be someone near whom he could trust! And this very

woman whom he had so trusted,—whom, in his early associations with her, he had disliked and distrusted, but had taught himself both to like and to trust because his wife had loved her,—this woman was the she-Pandarus who had managed matters between Tregear and his daughter! His wife had been too much subject to her influence. That he had always known. And now, in this last act of her life, she had allowed herself to be persuaded to give up her daughter by the baneful wiles of this most pernicious woman. Such were the workings of the Duke's mind when the young man told him that Mrs. Finn was acquainted with the whole affair. As the reader is aware, nothing could have been more unjust.

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"That will do, sir. **I do not think there can be any necessity that you should remain here longer. I do not deny that** I have been greatly pained as well as surprised by what I have heard. Of the real state of the case I can form no opinion till I see my daughter. You of course will hold no further intercourse with her." He paused as though for a promise, but Tregear did not feel himself called upon to say a word in one direction or in the other. "It will **at any rate** be my care that you shall not do so. **That the whole thing is impossible I imagine that you yourself must be aware.** Good-morning, sir."

Tregear, who during the **whole** interview had been standing, then bowed, turned upon his heel, and left the room.

The Duke seated himself **when he was alone,** and, crossing his arms upon his chest, sat for **nearly** an hour looking up at the ceiling. Why was it that, for him, such a world of misery had been prepared? What wrong had he done, of what imprudence had he been guilty, that, at every turn of life, something should occur so grievous **to him** as to make him think himself the most wretched of men? No man had ever loved his wife more dearly than he had done; and yet now, in that very access of tenderness which her death **would be sure to** [had] occasion[ed], he was driven to accuse her**, not only of gross imprudence, but also** of a great sin against himself, in that she had kept back from him her knowledge of this affair;—for, when he came to turn the matter over in his mind, he did believe Tregear's statement **made to him** as to her **cognisance of the matter and** encouragement. Then, too, he had been proud of his daughter. He was a man so reticent and undemonstrative in his manner that he had never known how to make confidential friends of his children. In his sons hitherto he had not taken **much** pride. They were gallant, well-grown, handsome boys, with a certain dash of cleverness,—more like their mother than their father; but they had not as yet done anything **quite** as he would have had them do it. But the girl, in the perfection of her beauty, in the quiescence of her

manner, in the nature of her studies, and in the general dignity of her bearing, **was,—or had appeared to be,—**[had seemed to be] all that he had desired. And now she had engaged herself, behind his back, to the younger son of a little country squire!

Chapter 6, *Major Tifto*

The engagement which prevented Lord Silverbridge from waiting upon his father immediately upon the Duke's arrival, and which thus enabled Tregear to undertake his task at once, was one which perhaps might have been postponed had the son been very anxious for the meeting. He was to dine with his friend Major Tifto at the Beargarden, of which club the Major, under his noble young friend's auspices, had lately become a member.

[Major Tifto had lately become a member of the Beargarden Club, under the auspices of his friend Lord Silverbridge.] It was believed, by those who had made some inquiry into the matter, that the Major had really served a campaign as a volunteer in the Carlist army in the north of Spain**, and that he had there held some command equal in rank to that of a major in the British army**. When, therefore, it was declared by some **who were his enemies** that he was not a major at all, his friends were able to contradict the assertion, and to impute it to slander. Instances were brought up,—declared by these friends to be innumerable, but which did, in truth, amount to three or four,—of English gentlemen who had come home from a former Carlist war, bearing the title of colonel, without any contradiction or invidious remark. Had this gallant officer appeared as Colonel Tifto, perhaps less might have been said about it. There was perhaps a little lack of courage in the title which he did choose. But it was accepted at last, and, as Major Tifto, he was proposed, seconded, and elected at the Beargarden.

But he had other points in his favour **over and beyond** [besides] the friendship of Lord Silverbridge,—points which had probably led to that friendship. He was, without doubt, one of the best horsemen in England. There were some who said that, across country, he was the very best, and that, as a judge of a hunter, few excelled him. Of late years he had crept into credit as a betting man. No one supposed that he had much capital to work with; but still, when he lost a bet he paid it. **He was well known upon race-courses, and it would be unjust to him to say that he was better known than trusted.**

Soon after his return from Spain, he was chosen as Master of the Runnymede Foxhounds, and was thus enabled to write the letters M.F.H. after his name. The

gentlemen who rode with the Runnymede were not very liberal in their terms, and had lately been compelled to change their Master rather more frequently than was good for that quasi-suburban hunt; but now they had fitted themselves well. How he was to hunt the country five days a fortnight, finding servants and horses, and feeding the hounds, for eight hundred pounds a year, no one could understand. But Major Tifto not only undertook to do it, but did it. And he actually succeeded in obtaining for the Runnymede a degree of popularity which for many years previous it had not possessed. Such a man,—even though no one did know anything of his father or mother, though no one had ever heard him speak of a brother or a sister **or a family friend**, though it was believed that he had no real income,—was felt by many to be the very man for the Beargarden; and when his name was brought up at the committee, Lord Silverbridge was able to say so much in his favour that only two blackballs were given against him. Under the mild rules of the club, three would have been necessary to exclude him; and therefore Major Tifto was now as good a member as anyone else.

He was a well-made little man, **and** good-looking **too** for those who like such good looks. He was light-haired and blue-eyed, with regular and yet not inexpressive features. But his eyes were small and never tranquil, and rarely capable of looking at the person who was speaking to him. He had small, well-trimmed, glossy whiskers, with the best-kept mustache and the best-kept tuft on his chin which were to be seen anywhere. His face still bore **all** the freshness of youth, which was a marvel to many, who declared that, from facts within their knowledge, Tifto must be far on the wrong side of forty. At a first glance you would hardly have called him thirty. No doubt, when, on close inspection, you came to look **close** into his eyes, you could see **something of** the hand of time. **But even then it was impossible not to admire his state of preservation.** Even if you believed the common assertion that he painted,—which it was very hard to believe of a man who passed the most of his time in the hunting field or on a race-course,—yet the paint on his cheeks would not enable him to move with the **marvellous** elasticity which seemed to belong to all his limbs. He rode flat races and steeple chases,—if jump races may still be so called; and with his own hounds and with the Queen's did **almost** incredible things on horseback. He could jump over chairs too,—the backs of four chairs in a dining-room after dinner,—a feat which surely no gentleman of forty-five could perform, even though he painted himself ever so.

So much in praise of Major Tifto honesty has compelled the present chronicler to say. **And it must be added also to the above good things that he had a way of making himself decidedly pleasant with young men. He could be authoritative about horses, as is required from a man who is a Master of Foxhounds and a pundit**

on race-courses, and at the same time could be short of speech, flattering in manner, and not dictatorial. He could yield when he knew himself to be right. At the same time, even when wrong, he could be very positive if he had the flower of his company with him. But whether yielding or insisting, he could do it with an easy air and with a certain amount of pleasant drollery.

But there were traits of character in which he fell off a little, even in the estimation of those whose pursuits endeared him to them. He could not refrain from boasting,—and especially from boasting about women. **It was the special pride of his life to be held to be a favourite with the sex. With a certain portion of the sex it was believed that he did prevail. But** his desire for glory in that direction knew no bounds, and he would sometimes mention names, and bring himself into trouble. It was told of him that at one period of his life, when misfortune had almost overcome him, when sorrow had produced prostration, and prostration some expression of truth, he had owned to **someone whom at that moment he could regard as** a friend, his own conviction that could he have kept his tongue from talking of women, he might have risen to prosperity **and comfort** in his profession. From those misfortunes he had emerged, and, no doubt, **being in many things a thoughtful man as must be he who has to live entirely on his wits,** had often reflected on what he himself had then said. But we know that the drunkard, though he hates drunkenness, cannot but drink;—that the gambler cannot keep from the dice**, or the opium-taker from his laudanum**. Major Tifto still lied about women, and could not keep his tongue from the subject. He would boast, too, about other matters,—much to his own disadvantage. He was, too, very "deep," and some men, who could put up with his other failings, could not endure that. Whatever he wanted to do he would attempt round three corners. Though he could ride straight, he could do nothing else straight. He was full of mysteries. If he wanted to draw Charter Wood he would take his hounds out of the street at Egham directly in the other direction. If he had made up his mind to ride Lord Pottlepot's horse for the Great Leamington handicap, he would be sure to tell even his intimate friends that he was almost determined to take "the baronet's" offer of a mount. This he would do even when there was no possible turn in the betting to be effected by such falsehood. So that his companions were apt to complain that there was no knowing where to have Tifto. And then, they who were old enough in the world to have had some experience in men, had perceived that peculiar quality of his eyes, which never allowed him to look anyone in the face**,—and they feared him accordingly**.

That Major Tifto should make money by selling horses was, perhaps, a necessity of his position. No one **at any rate** grumbled at him because he did so, or thought that

such a pursuit was incompatible with his character as a sporting gentleman **or his position as Master of the Runnymede hunt**. But there were some who considered that they had suffered unduly under his hands, and in their bargains with him had been made to pay more than a proper amount of tax for the advantages of his general assistance **and guidance**. When a man has perhaps made fifty pounds by using a "straight tip" as to a horse at Newmarket, in doing which he had of course encountered some risk, he feels that he ought not to be made to pay the amount back into the pockets of the "tipper," and at the same time to find himself saddled with the possession of a perfectly useless animal. In this way there were **many** rocks in the course through which the Major was called on to steer his barque. Of course he was anxious, when preying upon his acquaintances, to spare those who were **really** useful friends to him. Now and again he would sell a serviceable animal at a fair price, and would endeavour to make such sale in favour of someone whose countenance would be a rock to him. He knew his business **very** well, but **sometimes** [yet] there would be mistakes.

Now, at this very moment, was the culmination of the Major's life. He was Master of the Runnymede Hounds; he was partner with the eldest son of a duke in the possession of **a colt and of a filly, Prime Minister and Coalition, both of which stood high in the betting, one for the Derby and the other for the Oaks;** [that magnificent colt, the Prime Minister,] and he was a member of the Beargarden. He was a man who had often been despondent about himself, but was now disposed to be a little triumphant. He had finished his season well with the Runnymede, and were it not that, let him work as he would, his expenses always exceeded his means, he would have been fairly comfortable.

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"There is whist here generally. You'll find out all about it before long. Perhaps they are a little afraid of you**, you know**."

"I'm the worst hand at cards, I suppose, in England. A dash at loo for about an hour, and half-a-dozen cuts at blind hookey,—that's about my form. I know I drop a **good** deal more than I pick up **at the card-table**. If I knew what I was about I should never touch a card."

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"Horses, yes. They've pretty good claret here, eh, Silverbridge?" He could never hit off his familiarity quite right. He had my-Lorded his young friend at first, and now brought out the name with a hesitating twang, which **even** the young nobleman**,**

though not as yet much experienced in such matters, appreciated. But then the young nobleman was quite aware that the Major was a friend for club purposes, and sporting purposes, and not for home use.

"Everything of that kind is pretty good here, **I take it**," said the Lord.

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"Yes, you did. It isn't often that I take less than I ask. But the fact is, about horses, I don't know whether I shouldn't do better if I never owned an animal at all, but those I want for my own use. **Of course I don't give 'em away; but** when I'm dealing with a man I call a friend I can't bear to make money of him. I don't think fellows give me all the credit they should do for sticking to them." The Major, as he said this, leaned back in his chair, put his hand up to his mustache, and looked sadly away into the vacancy of the room, as though he were meditating sorrowfully on the ingratitude of the world.

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At the Beargarden there were,—I was going to say, two smoking-rooms**.**[;] **The rules of the house, however, did in fact allow gentlemen to smoke everywhere except in the dining-room. But it was the** [but in truth the house was a smoking-room all over. It was, however, the] custom of those who habitually played cards **at the club to take** [to have] their cigars and coffee upstairs. Into this sanctum Major Tifto had not yet been introduced, but now he was taken there under Lord Silverbridge's wing. There were already four or five assembled, among whom was Mr. Adolphus Longstaffe, a young man of about thirty-five years of age, who spent very much of his time at the Beargarden. "Do you know my friend Tifto?" said the Lord. "Tifto, this is Mr. Longstaffe,—whom men within the walls of this asylum sometimes call Dolly." Whereupon the Major bowed and smiled graciously.

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"That's all very well if you happen to be up **at that hour**. Well, Silverbridge, how's the Prime Minister?"

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There was something perhaps in the tone in which the last remark was made which jarred a little against the young Lord's dignity. At any rate he got up and declared his purpose of going to the opera. He should look in, he said, and hear a song from

Mdlle. Stuffa. Mdlle. Stuffa was the nightingale of the season, and Lord Silverbridge, when he had nothing else to do, would sometimes think that he was fond of music. Soon after he was gone Major Tifto had some whisky-and-water, lit his third cigar, and began to feel the glory of belonging to the Beargarden. With Lord Silverbridge, to whom it was essentially necessary that he should make himself agreeable at all times, he was somewhat overweighted as it were. Though he attempted an easy familiarity, he was a little afraid of Lord Silverbridge. With Dolly Longstaffe he felt that he might be **quite** comfortable,—not, perhaps, **quite** understanding that young gentleman's character. With Lord Nidderdale he had previously **had some** [been] acquaint[ed]**ance**, and had **always** found him to be good-natured. **There were two other men there who were very young, and did not seem to be frightful.** So as he sipped his whisky, he became confidential and comfortable.

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"She does not go about very much I fancy," said **one of the young men** [someone].

Chapter 7, *Conservative Convictions*

Lord Silverbridge had engaged himself to be with his father the next morning at half-past nine, and he entered the breakfast-room a very few minutes after that hour. He **had been made aware of the subject on which his father wished to speak to him, and had determined what he would say in reply** [had made up his mind as to what he would say to his father]. He meant to call himself a Conservative, and to **enter Parliament, if he did** go into the House of Commons**,** under that denomination. All the men among whom he lived were Conservatives**, or so called themselves**. It was a matter on which, as he thought, his father could have no right to control him. Down in Barsetshire, as well as up in London, there was some little difference of opinion in this matter. The people of Silverbridge declared that they would prefer to have a Conservative member, as indeed they had had one for the last session. They had loyally returned the Duke himself while he was a commoner, but they had returned him as being part and parcel of the Omnium appanages. That was all over now**, and they were allowed to elect whom they themselves might choose**. As a constituency they **were** [were not] endowed with **no peculiarly** advanced views, and thought that a Conservative would suit them best. That being so, and as they had been **allowed to understand** [told]

that the Duke's son was a Conservative, they fancied that by electing him they would be pleasing everybody. But, in truth, by so doing they would by no means please **their landlord,** the Duke. He had told them on previous occasions that they might elect whom they pleased, and felt no anger because they had elected a Conservative. They might send up to Parliament the most antediluvian old Tory they could find in England if they wished, only not his son, not a Palliser as a Tory or Conservative. And then, though the little town had gone back in the ways of the world, the county, or the Duke's division of the county, had made so much progress, **according to his views,** that a Liberal candidate recommended by him would almost certainly be returned. It was just the occasion on which a Palliser should show himself ready to serve his country. There would be an expense, but he would think nothing of expense in such a matter. Ten thousand pounds spent on such an object would not **in the least** vex him. The very contest would have given him new **and pleasant** life. All this Lord Silverbridge **in a good measure** understood, but yet had said to himself and to all his friends that it was a matter in which he did not intend to be controlled.

He was not afraid of his father,—who had in truth always been indulgent to him; but he had taught himself to think that fixed conversations with his father were disagreeable and should if possible be avoided. He had never been intimate with the Duke,—as are some sons and some fathers,—and would usually set himself to work to get through the business of a parental interview as quickly as possible. It was with some such determination that he entered the room this morning. There would be their breakfast to eat, but the Duke would probably not begin his political lecture,—for Silverbridge was sure that that would be the shape which the conversation would take,—till after breakfast. Of course he had no idea of the revelation that had been made to the Duke on the previous evening. He had declared to himself whenever that matter of his sister's love had been brought to his mind, and had declared also to Tregear whenever the question had been discussed between them, that the Duke would be found to be utterly impregnable on that question. But it was no affair of his. He had not encouraged Tregear. He had not been in confidence with his sister. In the one or two words which he had spoken to his mother on the subject he had opposed the idea of such a marriage. But at the present moment of meeting his father there was no special weight on his mind in reference to his sister's engagement.

The Duke had passed a very unhappy night. He had told himself **over and over again** that any such marriage [as that spoken of] was **of course** out of the question. He believed that the matter might be so represented to his girl as to make her feel that it was

out of the question. He hardly doubted but that he could stamp it out. Though he should have to take her away into some furthest corner of the world, he would stamp it out. But she, when this foolish passion of hers should have been thus stamped out, could never be the pure, the bright, the unsullied, unsoiled thing, of the possession of which he had thought so much. He had never spoken of his hopes about her even to his wife, but in the silence of his very silent life he had thought much of the day when he would give her to some noble youth,—noble with all gifts of nobility, including rank and wealth,—who might be fit to receive her. Now, even though no one else should know it,—and all would know it,—she would be the girl who had condescended to love young Tregear.

His own Duchess, she whose loss to him now was as though he had lost half his limbs, had not she in the same way loved a Tregear, or worse than a Tregear, in her early days? Ah yes! And though his Cora had been so much to him, had he not often felt, had he not been feeling all his days, that Fate had robbed him of the sweetest joy that is given to man, in that she had not come to him loving him with her early spring of love, as she had loved that poor ne'er-do-well? How infinite had been his regrets. How often had he told himself that with all that Fortune had given him, still Fortune had been unjust to him because he had been robbed of that. Not to save his life could he have whispered a word of this to anyone, but he had felt it. He had felt it for years. Dear as she had been, she had not been quite what she should have been but for that. And now this girl of his, who was so much dearer to him than anything else left to him **in the world**, was doing exactly as her mother had done. The young man might be stamped out. He might be made to vanish as that other young man had vanished**,—probably with less of absolute danger**. But the fact that he had been there, cherished in the girl's heart,—that could not be stamped out.

He struggled gallantly to acquit the memory of his wife**,—or at any rate to make excuse for her**. **And he found that he could best do that by leaning** [He could best do so by leaning] with the whole weight of his mind on the presumed iniquity of Mrs. Finn. Had he not from the first known that the woman was an adventuress? And had he not declared to himself over and over again that between such a one and himself there should be no intercourse, no common feeling? He had allowed himself to be talked into an intimacy, to be talked almost into an affection. And this was the result!

And how should he treat this matter in his coming interview with his son;—or should he make no allusion to it? At first it seemed as though it would be impossible for him to give his mind to that other subject. How could he enforce the merits of political liberalism, and the duty of adhering to the old family party, while his mind was entirely preoccupied with his daughter? It had suddenly become almost indifferent to him

whether Silverbridge should be a Conservative or a Liberal**,—so infinitely greater to him was that other misfortune**. But as he dressed he told himself that, as a man, he ought to be able to do a plain duty, marked out for him as this had been by his own judgment, without regard to **any** [personal] suffering **that he might be enduring**. The hedger and ditcher must make his hedge and clean his ditch even though he be tormented by rheumatism. **His son was his son and heir, and would be the future Duke of Omnium.** His duty by his son he must do, even though his heart were torn to pieces.

During breakfast he tried **even** to be gracious, and condescended to ask his son a question about Prime Minister. Racing was an amusement to which English noblemen had been addicted for many ages, and had been held to be serviceable rather than disgraceful, if conducted in a noble fashion. He did not credit Tifto with much nobility. He knew but little about the Major. He would much have preferred that his son should have owned a horse alone, if he must have anything to do with ownership**;—but partnerships he had been told were not uncommon**. "Would it not be better to buy the other share?" asked the Duke.

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"You see, sir, a man's political opinion is a kind of thing he can't get rid of **and take up another just as he may wish it**."

"You can hardly as yet have **had** any very confirmed political opinion. **You have never spoken to me on the subject in your life before.**"

"Nor you to me, sir."

This was true, or very nearly so, and the Duke felt that the reproach was just. "You are still very young, and I do not suppose that you have thought much about politics."

"Well, sir; I think I have. I've got my own ideas. We've got to protect our position as well as we can against the Radicals and Communists**, who no doubt would take away our property if they could get it**."

"His own, and his class. The people will look after themselves and we must look after ourselves. We are so few and they are so many that we shall have quite enough to do. **Besides if all your property was taken away, where would be the people who depend on you?**"

Then the Duke gave his son a somewhat lengthy political lecture, **which need not be repeated here, but** which was intended to teach him that the greatest benefit of the

greatest number was the object to which all political studies should tend. The son listened to it with **praiseworthy** attention, and when it was over, expressed his opinion that there was a great deal in what his father had said. "I trust, if you will consider **all that** [it]," said the Duke, "that you will not find yourself obliged to desert the school of politics in which your father has not been an inactive supporter, and to which your family has belonged for many generations."

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"I do not know how I can help refusing. If you wanted me to grow a couple of inches taller I couldn't do it even though I should be ever so anxious to oblige you. **If a man is of one way of thinking, he can't make himself of another.**"

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"You cannot but be aware that the political condition of the country is the one subject to which I have devoted **all** the labour of my life."

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"Then my opinion**, my convictions,** might go for something with you."

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"You believe that you must be right;—you, who have never given an hour's study to the subject. **You surely think yourself a very clever fellow!**"

"No, sir**;—that certainly isn't so**. In comparison with a great many men, I know that I am a fool. Perhaps it is because I know that, that I am a Conservative. The Radicals are always saying that a Conservative must be a fool. Therefore a fool ought to be a Conservative. **Therefore I'm a Conservative.**"

Hereupon the father got up from his chair and turned round, facing the fire, with his back to his son. He was becoming very angry, but endeavoured to restrain his anger**, which he himself knew to be in a certain degree unreasonable**. **In what way, however, should he proceed?** The matter in dispute between them was of so great importance, that he could hardly be justified in abandoning it in consequence of arguments so trifling in themselves as these which his son adduced. As he stood there for some minutes thinking of it all, he was tempted again and again to burst out in wrath and threaten the lad,—to threaten him as to money, as to his amusements, as to the general tenor of his life. The pity was so great that the lad should be so stubborn and so foolish! **If only he would go properly and quietly into political harness, everything would be**

granted to him. And the political harness need not entail heavy political work,—as it had done on himself. He would never ask his son to be a slave to the Liberal party, as he had been. But that a Palliser should not be a Liberal,—and his son, as the first recreant Palliser,—was wormwood to him! As he stood there he more than once clenched his fist in eager desire to turn upon the young man; but he restrained himself, telling himself that in justice he should not be angry for such offence as this. **To be a Conservative,—**to become a Conservative when the path to liberalism was so fairly open[,]**,—**might be the part of a fool, but could not fairly be imputed as a crime. To endeavour to be just was the study of his life, and in no condition of life can justice be more imperatively due than from a father to his son. **But yet he was sorely tried!** "You mean to stand for Silverbridge?" he said at last.

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This made it worse. It became now still more difficult for him to scold the young man. "**Of course** you are aware that I should not meddle in any way."

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"What is to become of Mr. Fletcher?" said the Duke, asking after the sitting, or rather, as it now was, the late member.

"There's to be some arrangement about him. If I stand he won't. I think, you know, the people there would rather like me to be the member." No doubt they would, many of them! No doubt the Conservative party would like it, and in order to seduce from his allegiance the heir of the house of Omnium would take care that arrangements should be made so that this family borough of Silverbridge should help him in his apostasy. The Duke could understand all that very well and could remember with increased bitterness of spirit that but for his own patriotic self-abnegation he might now send whatever Liberal he pleased to name to Parliament for the borough. "Of course if you say that you do not want me to stand for Silverbridge, I will look elsewhere," said the young man.

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"You wouldn't have me tell a lie **about my opinions**."

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"I believe it to be that most arrogant, ill-behaved young man who was with me yesterday who has done this evil." **Now his mind was reverting to that other and greater trouble.**

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"He's a Conservative of course. And of course he and I have been much together. **But I think it would have been the same if I had never known him.** Was he with you yesterday, sir?"

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If Silverbridge had been a sinner in this matter, then justice would not require the father to refrain from anger. But it was necessary that the fact should be ascertained before the anger was shown. "He has been speaking to me——" When the Duke had got so far as this he paused, finding himself to be hardly able to declare the disgrace which had fallen upon himself and his family. As he did tell the story, both his face and his voice were altered, so that the son, in truth, was scared. "He has been speaking to me—about your sister."

"Oh, indeed;—yes."

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"I knew there was something **up** between them."

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"And why did you not tell me? **In a matter of such moment to the family why did you not come to me?**"

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"My dear mother, sir, thought well of him." The Duke uttered a deep sigh and turned again round to the fire. "**I did not like to interfere much.** I always told him that you would never consent."

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"It has come **all** so suddenly. I should have spoken to you about it as soon as,—as soon as——" He had meant to say as soon as the husband's grief for the loss of his wife had been in some degree appeased, but he could not speak the words. The Duke, however, perfectly understood him. "In the meantime they were not seeing each other."

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"I do not see how it can have been so. **Of course it is possible.**"

"He told me so himself," said the Duke, unwittingly putting words into Tregear's mouth which Tregear had never uttered. **Then there was another pause after which he spoke again, very solemnly.** "There must be an end of this. I will speak to your sister. In the meantime the less, I think, you see of Mr. Tregear, the better. Of course it is out of the question he should be allowed to remain in this house. You will make him understand that at once, if you please."

"Oh, certainly," said Silverbridge**,—who after that was allowed to take his departure**.

Chapter 8, *"He Is a Gentleman"*

The Duke **on that very day** returned to Matching an almost broken-hearted man. He had intended to go down into Barsetshire, in reference to the coming elections;—not with the view of interfering in any unlordly, or rather unpeerlike fashion, but thinking that if his eldest son were to stand for the county in a proper constitutional spirit, as the eldest son of so great a county magnate ought to do, his **own** presence at Gatherum Castle, among his own people, might probably be serviceable, and would certainly be gracious. **Of course** there would be no question of entertainment. His **late** bereavement would make that impossible. But there would come from his presence a certain savour of proprietorship, and a sense of power, which would be beneficial to his son, and would not, as the Duke thought, be contrary to the spirit of the constitution. But all this was now at an end. He told himself that he did not care how the elections might go;—that he did not care much how anything might go. Silverbridge might stand for Silverbridge if he so pleased. He would give neither assistance nor obstruction, either in the county or in the borough. He wrote to this effect to his agent, Mr. Moreton;—but at the same time desired that gentleman to pay Lord Silverbridge's electioneering expenses, feeling it to be his duty as a father to do so much for his son.

But though he endeavoured to engage his thoughts in these parliamentary matters, **though he wrote to Mr. Moreton,—and indeed also to his son telling him that his expenses would be paid,—**though he tried to make himself believe that this political apostasy was the trouble which **now** vexed him, in truth that other misery was so crushing **a burden to him**, as to make the affairs of his son **of comparatively little effect**

[insignificant]. How should he express himself to her? That was the **reflection most constantly** [thought] present to his mind as he went down to Matching. Should he content himself with simply telling her that such a wish on her part was disgraceful, and that it could never be fulfilled; or should he argue the matter with her, endeavouring as he did so to persuade her gently that she was wrong to place her affections so low, **that her rank and position demanded from her a constraint to which another girl need not, perhaps, subject herself,** and so to obtain from her an assurance that the idea should be abandoned?

The latter course would be infinitely the better,—if only he could accomplish it. But he was conscious of his own hardness of manner, and was aware that he had never **quite** succeeded in establishing confidence between himself and his daughter. It was a thing for which he had longed,—as a plain girl might long to possess the charms of an acknowledged beauty**,**[;—] as a poor little fellow five feet in height might long to have a cubit added to his stature**,—but which seemed to be almost as impossible to him as the faintest of those other wishes would seem to them**. Though he was angry with her, how willingly would he take her into his arms and assure her of his forgiveness! How anxious he would be to make her understand that nothing should be spared by him to add beauty **and glory** and grace to her life! Only, as a matter of course, Mr. Tregear must be abandoned. But he felt of himself that he would not know how to begin to be tender **and caressing** and forgiving. He knew that he would not know how not to be stern and hard **to her**.

But he must find out the history of it all**;—how it had come to pass**. No doubt the man had been his son's friend, and had joined his party in Italy at his son's **invitation** [instance]. **There could surely be no mystery to him on that subject.** But yet he had come to entertain an idea that Mrs. Finn had been the great promoter of the sin, and he **really did think** [thought] that Tregear had told him that that lady had been concerned with the matter from the beginning. In all this there was a craving in his heart to lessen the amount of culpable responsibility which might seem to attach itself to the wife he had lost.

He reached Matching about eight **on that evening**, and **directed that he might have dinner** [ordered his dinner to be] brought to him in his own study. **Another man would have sent word home and would have dined with his daughter. He was so much in the habit of living alone that this did not occur to him.** When Lady Mary came to welcome him, he kissed her forehead and bade her come to him after his dinner. "Shall I not sit with you, papa, whilst you are eating it?" she asked; but he merely told her that he would not trouble her to do that. Even in saying this he was **almost more** [so

unusually] tender to her **than usual;—so** that she assured herself **for the moment** that her lover had not as yet **done as he had promised** [told the tale].

The Duke's meals were not generally feasts for a Lucullus. No man living, perhaps, cared less what he ate, or knew less what he drank. In such matters he took what was provided for him, making his dinner off the first bit of meat that was brought **to him**, and simply ignoring anything offered to him afterwards. And he would drink what wine the servant **would pour out for** [gave] him, mixing it, whatever it might be, with seltzer water. He had never been **much** given to the pleasures of the table; but this habit of simplicity had grown on him of late, till the Duchess used to tell him that his wants were so few that it was a pity he was not a hermit, vowed to poverty.

Very shortly **after he had sat down** a message was brought to Lady Mary, saying that her father wished to see her. She went at once, and found him seated on a sofa, which stood close along the bookshelves on one side of the room. The table had already been cleared, and he was alone. He not only was alone, but had not even a pamphlet or newspaper in his hand, or a book lying open near him**;—from all which she was sure that there was some special matter for conversation on his mind**. **If it were so,** then [she knew] Tregear must have told the story. As this occurred to her, her legs almost gave way under her. "Come and sit down, Mary," he said, pointing to the seat on the sofa beside himself.

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"Yes, my dear. **At least I suppose so.**"

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"I am afraid not. It is a cause of great unhappiness to me; but I do not know that I should be justified in any absolute opposition. A man is entitled to his own opinion, even though he be a very young man**, and a son**." **He was almost inclined to add,—"and though he be as ignorant as your brother,"—but he stopped himself.**

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"Yes;—that above all others**;—that first**. But life and death are in God's hands and even though we may complain, we can alter nothing. But whatever our sorrows are while we are here, we must do our duty."

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"I am not thinking about your brother **just at present**. I am thinking about you." The poor girl gave a little start on the sofa. "Do you know—Mr. Tregear?" he added.

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"I believe I did. I understood that he was there as a **sort of** friend of Silverbridge."

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"Yes, papa," she said, covered up to her forehead with blushes, and with her eyes turned down **onto her lap**. In the ordinary affairs of life she was a girl of great courage, who was not given to be shaken from her constancy by the pressure of any present difficulty; but now**, at this trying moment,** the terror inspired by her father's voice almost overpowered her.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have engaged yourself to that young man without my approval **and without my knowledge**?"

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"I should not have allowed him, papa, to go to you unless I had—unless I had loved him**—very much**."

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"Yes. I am sorry to use such a word to my own child, but it is so. If you will promise to be guided by me in this matter, if you will undertake not to see him any more, I will,—if not forget it,—at any rate pardon it, and be silent. I will excuse it because you were young and were thrown imprudently in his way. There has, I believe, been someone at work in the matter with whom I ought to be more angry than with you. Say that you will obey me, and there is nothing within a father's power that I will not do for you, to make your life happy." **It was in this way that he endeavoured to practice the lessons which he had been teaching himself.** It was thus that he strove not to be stern. His heart, indeed, was tender enough, but there was nothing tender in the tone of his voice or in the glance of his eye. Though he was very positive in what he said, yet he was shy and shamefaced even with his own daughter. He, too, had blushed when he told her that she must conquer her love.

She could not see his blushes, nor could she learn from his voice and manner so much of the workings of his heart and mind as an older woman might have done. That she should be told that she had disgraced herself was terrible to her. That her father

should speak of her marriage with this man as an event that was **quite** impossible made her very unhappy. That he should talk of pardoning her, as for some great fault, was in itself a misery. But she had not on that account the least idea of giving up her lover. Young as she was, she had her own peculiar theory on that matter, her own code of conduct and honour, from which she did not mean to be driven. Of course she had not expected that her father would yield at the first word. He, no doubt, would wish that she should make a more exalted marriage**;—one in which there would be more of wealth and rank**. She had known that she would have to encounter opposition, though she had not expected to be told that she had disgraced herself. As she sat there she resolved that under no pressure would she give up her lover;—but she was so far abashed **and beaten down** that she could not **at first** find words in which to express herself. He, too, had been silent for a few moments before he again asked her for her promise.

*****

It is not without a pang that anyone can be told that she who is of all the dearest has some other one who to her is the dearest. Such pain fathers and mothers have to bear; and though, I think, the arrow is never so blunted but that it leaves something of a wound behind, there is in most cases, if not a perfect salve, still an ample consolation. The mother knows that it is good that her child should love some man better than all the world beside, and that she should be taken away to become a wife and a mother **herself**. And the father, when that delight of his eyes ceases to assure him that he is her nearest**,** [and] dearest**, closest friend**, though he abandon the treasure of that nearestness and dearestness with a soft melancholy, still knows that it is as it should be. Of course that other "him" is the person she loves the best in the world. Were it not so how evil a thing it would be that she should marry him! Were it not so with reference to some "him," how void would her life be! But now, to the poor Duke the wound had no salve, no consolation. When he was told that this young Tregear was the owner of his girl's sweet love, was the treasure of her heart[,]**,—though he must have known that it was so from the moment in which Tregear had spoken to him,—**he shrank as though arrows with sharp points were pricking him all over. "I will not hear of such love," he said.

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"Say that you will obey me. **Say that you will never see him again.**" Then she sat silent. "Do you not know that he is not fit to be your husband?"

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"So is my private secretary. **So I suppose is the young man who acts as his assistant——**"

"I do not know whom you mean."

"**Well; not now, because he has gone.** There is not a clerk in one of our public offices who does not consider himself to be a gentleman. The curate of the parish is a gentleman, and the medical man who comes here from Bridstock. The word is too vague to carry with it any meaning that ought to be serviceable to you in thinking of such a matter."

*****

"You are not called upon to divide people. That division **is so difficult and** requires so much experience that you are bound in this matter to rely upon those to whom your obedience is due. I cannot but think you must have known that you were not entitled to give your love to any man without being assured that the man would be approved of by—by—by me." He was going to say "your parents," but was stopped by the remembrance of his **poor** wife's imprudence.

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"That is true," he said after a pause. "That is true. It has been a fault and I will mend it. It is a reason for forgiveness, **Mary,** and I will forgive you. But you must tell me that there shall be an end to **all** this."

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Then it occurred to him that this bargaining was altogether derogatory to his parental authority, and by no means likely to impress upon her mind the conviction that Tregear must be completely banished from her thoughts. He began already to find how difficult it would be for him to have the charge of such a daughter,—how impossible that he should conduct such a charge with sufficient firmness, and yet with sufficient tenderness! At present he had done no good. He had only been made more wretched than ever by her obstinacy. Surely he must pass her over to the charge of some lady,—but of some lady who would be as determined as was he himself that she should not throw herself away by marrying Mr. Tregear. "There shall be no writing," he said, "no visiting, no communication of any kind. As you refuse to obey me now, you had better go to your room." **Then she went to her room, and left him alone in his unhappiness.**

Chapter 9, *In Medias Res*

Perhaps the method of rushing at once *in medias res* is, of all the ways of beginning a story, or a separate branch of a story, the least objectionable. The reader is made to think that the gold lies so near the surface that he will be required to take very little trouble in digging for it. And the writer is enabled,—at any rate for a time and till his neck has become, as it were, warm to the collar,—to throw off from him the difficulties and dangers, the tedium and prolixity, of description. **For** this rushing *in medias res* has doubtless the charm of ease. "Certainly when I threw her from the garret window onto the stony pavement below, I did not anticipate that she would fall so far without injury to life or limb." When a story has been begun after this fashion, without any prelude, without description of the garret or of the pavement, or of the lady thrown, or of the speaker, a great amount of trouble seems to have been saved. The mind of the reader fills up the blanks,—if erroneously, still satisfactorily. He knows, at least, that the heroine has encountered a terrible danger, and has escaped from it with almost incredible good fortune; that the demon of the piece is a bold demon, not ashamed to speak of his own iniquity, and that the heroine and the demon are so far united that they have been in a garret together. **Unless indeed the demon's story be a lie altogether, and the lady has never been in the garret and never thrown out of the window! In which case the lie and the reader's belief in the lie will add much to the mystery and consequently to the interest of the story.** But there is this drawback in the ***in medias res*** system,—that it is almost impossible to avoid the necessity of doing, sooner or later, that which would **most** naturally be done at first. It answers, perhaps, for a half-a-dozen chapters;—and to carry the reader pleasantly for half-a-dozen chapters is a great matter!—but after that a certain nebulous darkness gradually seems to envelop the characters and the incidents. "Is all this going on in the country, or is it in town,—or perhaps in the Colonies? How old was she? Was she tall? Is she fair? Is she heroine-like in her form and gait? And, after all, how high was the garret window?" I have always found that the details would insist on being told at last, and that by rushing *in medias res* I was simply presenting the cart before the horse. But as readers like the cart the best, I will do it once again,—trying it only for a branch of my story,—and will endeavour to let as little as possible of the horse be seen afterwards.

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"Who told you that? I have said nothing about **his going** [it] to anybody."

*****

"You know that your awful governor**,—for of all men he is the most awful,—** won't let him stay any longer in Carlton Terrace."

*****

"If there were I should not talk about it," said Lord Silverbridge**, who was as yet too young, being of the male sex, to lie decently**. **"Nor, indeed, should I probably know about it."**

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"He was vexed**, I think**."

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"And never will, I hope. I always told papa that you would certainly be one of us." All this took place in the drawing-room of Lord Grex's house**, in which the two young persons were sitting alone at about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon**. **They were cousins, though only second cousins, and therefore perhaps did not require to be looked after specially.** There was no Lady Grex alive, but there lived with the Earl a certain elderly lady, reputed **also** to be in some distant way a cousin of the family, named Miss Cassewary, who, in the matter of looking after Lady Mab, did what was supposed to be absolutely necessary. She now entered the room with her bonnet on, having just returned from church. "What was the text?" asked Lady Mab at once.

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"No, I don't, my dear. How do you do, Lord Silverbridge? **I hope I see you very well.**"

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"I dare say it was different when your father was a young man. And your father, too, was, not very long since, at the head of a government which contained many Conservatives. I don't look upon your father as **being in the least given to radicalism** [a Radical], though perhaps I should not be justified in calling him a Conservative."

*****

"Leave that to me. I shall tell him you are coming. And Frank too. Of course you can bring him. Then he can talk to me when papa goes down to his club, and you

can arrange **the** [your] politics **of the nation** with Miss Cass." So it was settled, and at eight o'clock Lord Silverbridge reappeared in Belgrave Square with **his friend** Frank Tregear.

Earl Grex was a nobleman of very ancient family, the Grexes having held the parish of Grex, in Yorkshire, from some time long prior to the Conquest. In saying all this, I am, I know, allowing the horse to appear wholesale;—but I find that he cannot be kept out. I may as well **therefore** go on to say **at once** that the present Earl was better known at Newmarket and the Beaufort,—where he spent a large part of his life in playing whist,—than in the House of Lords. He was a grey-haired, handsome, worn-out old man, who through a long life of pleasure had greatly impaired a fortune which, for an earl, had never been magnificent, and who now strove hard, but not always successfully, to remedy that evil by gambling. As he could no longer eat and drink as he had used to do, and as he cared no longer for the light that lies in a lady's eye, there was not much left to him in the world but cards **and the race-course** [and racing]. Nevertheless he was a handsome old man, of polished manners, when he chose to use them; a staunch Conservative and much regarded by his party, for whom in his early life he had done some work in the House of Commons. **He had been honoured too by his Sovereign, having the Garter.** "Silverbridge is all very well," he had said[;] **to his daughter;—**"but I don't see why that young Tregear is to dine here every night of his life."

*****

Frank Tregear, having been known by the family as a boy, was Frank to all of them,—as was Lady Mabel, Mabel to him, somewhat to the disgust of the father and not altogether with the approbation of Miss Cass. But Lady Mabel had declared that she would not be guilty of the folly of changing old habits. Silverbridge, being Silverbridge to all his own people, hardly seemed to have a Christian name;—his godfathers and godmothers had indeed called him Plantagenet;—but having only become acquainted with the family since his Oxford days he was Lord Silverbridge to Lady Mabel. Lady Mabel had not as yet become Mabel to him, but, as by her very intimate friends she was called Mab, had allowed herself to be addressed by him as Lady Mab. There was thus between them all considerable intimacy**,—though with regard to Lord Silverbridge it had at present been but short-lived**.

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"Your father is a man in a hundred," said Frank, who in spite of his own little difficulties felt disposed to take the Duke's part.

"Perhaps he's ratting himself," said the Earl. "When a man lends himself to a coalition he is as good as half gone **already**."

"No indeed," said the son. "I do not think that in all England there is so thorough a Liberal as my father,[" said Lord Silverbridge. "]and when I say that he doesn't take this badly **of me**, I don't mean that it doesn't vex him. I know it vexes him. But he doesn't quarrel with me. He even wrote down to **his man of business in** Barsetshire to say that all my expenses at Silverbridge were to be paid**,—just as though I were standing in obedience to him**."

*****

"No; no; not that," said Lady Mabel.

When the ladies were gone the old Earl turned himself toward the fire, having filled his glass and pushed the bottles away from him, as though he meant to leave the two young men to themselves. He sat leaning with his head on his hand, looking the picture of woe. It was now only nine o'clock, and there would be no whist at the Beaufort till **nearly** eleven. There was still more than an hour to be endured before the brougham would come to fetch him. "I suppose we shall have a majority?" said Frank, trying to rouse him.

*****

"I consider myself to be **at any rate** one of the party; and so I say 'we.' " **To this the Earl condescended to make no reply.**

On this evening, the Earl having declined to go upstairs before he went to his club, the two young men joined the ladies without his company. On such occasions [Upstairs in the drawing-room] Miss Cassewary did her duty loyally. It was quite right that young ladies and young gentlemen should be allowed to talk together, and very right indeed that such a young gentleman as Lord Silverbridge should be allowed to talk to such a young lady as Lady Mabel. What could be so nice as a marriage between the heir of the house of Omnium and Lady Mabel Grex? Lady Mabel looked indeed to be the elder,—but they were in truth the same age. All the world acknowledged that Lady Mabel was very clever and very beautiful and **in all respects** fit to be a duchess. Even the Earl, when Miss Cassewary hinted at the matter to him, grunted an assent. Lady Mabel had already refused one or two not ineligible offers, and it was necessary that something should be done. There had been at one time a fear in Miss Cassewary's bosom lest her charge should fall too deeply in love with Frank Tregear;—but **now, though the two young persons were very intimate,** Miss Cassewary knew that

whatever danger there might have been in that respect had passed away. Frank was **quite** willing to talk to her, while Mabel and Lord Silverbridge were in a corner together.

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"Of course I feel an interest. Are not you one of us? **If you were standing as a Liberal I should not care so much about it.** When is it to be?"

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"The Earl may be mistaken**, you know**."

*****

"Not plunging. **I never do that kind of thing.** But I have a little money on."

*****

"Yes, I should. I should care very much **if you made a mess, as you call it**. I dare say you could lose a great deal of money and care nothing about it."

*****

"What would be a great deal of money to me. But **of course** you would want to get it back again. And in that way you would be regularly on the turf."

*****

"Of course I mean if you can afford it. I like a man to like pleasure. But I despise a man who makes a business of his pleasures. When I hear that this man is the best whist-player in London, and that man the best billiard-player, **and that another plays cricket like a professional,** I always know that they can do nothing else[,]**. That is the one thing they live for,—**and then I despise them."

*****

"What an old brute he is!" said Frank as they were walking home together along Piccadilly.

"Yes;—he doesn't make himself pleasant when he's cross. I was afraid you were going to cut up rough."

"I'm too fond of Mabel for that. We have known each other so long that she is almost like a sister to me. I sometimes fancy the Earl wants to quarrel with me, so

that I should not go there any more;—but I don't mean to let him. I can, perhaps, be of some service to her. Don't you call her very handsome?"

"Certainly I do."

"I look at her just as I would at a picture, and in that way I think she is the most beautiful thing to be seen in London. And then how clever she is!"

"I wonder she is not married."

"She never seems to think that she has found anybody good enough. Good-night, old fellow. No, I won't go down to the club now. I am a little out of sorts about my own affairs;—as you may understand."

Chapter 10, *"Why Not Like a Romeo, If I Feel Like a Romeo?"*

"Or that if I chose that he should I would let you stop me? He is in love with somebody else,—and perhaps I am too. At any rate we are two paupers**, and though we are the best friends in the world, we can't afford to be anything else**."

*****

"If you know what my Lord approves of and what he disapproves you understand him a great deal better than I do. And if you mind what he approves or disapproves, you care for his opinion a great deal more than I do. My cousin is here now to talk to me,—about his own affairs, and I mean to see him,—alone. **I shan't ask him to stay to lunch because papa might get up and come in.**"

"That is because you are afraid of my Lord."

"No I'm not;—not in the least. But I don't want to have Frank snubbed." Then she left the little room and went down into that in which Frank was waiting for her, without the company of Miss Cassewary.

"Do you really mean," she said, after they had been together for some **ten or fifteen** minutes, "that you had the courage to ask the Duke for his daughter's hand?"

*****

"As I am not acquainted with the young lady **myself**, I don't know how that might be."

*****

"Not especially**,—unless you like to take it so**."

*****

"But I doubt whether Romeo talked much to Rosaline of his love for Juliet. But you shall talk to me of yours for Lady Mary, and I will listen to you patiently and encourage you, and will not even think of those former **sweet speeches** [vows]."

"The former **sweet speeches** [vows] were foolish."

*****

"He swore that it was impossible. Of course I knew all that before. **It was a form which it was necessary to go through.**"

*****

"No;—because he is so soft in his manner, and often finds it easier to be led by others than to direct himself. **He stuck to his own opinion fast enough when his father wanted him to stand for the county.**"

Then she remained silent for a few seconds**, during which he stood with his back to the fire while she was seated in a low chair**. They were both thinking of the same thing, and both wishing to speak of it. But the words came to her first**, though the subject must have been more difficult for her even than for him**. "I wonder what he thinks of me**,**" **she said**. Whereupon Tregear only smiled. "I suppose he has spoken to you about me?"

*****

"Yes, I do. **You know that I do. It would suit me to be Duchess of Omnium and I believe that I should be to him a good and a loving wife.** Oh, yes; you may laugh; but if I did not think **so** [that I could be a good wife to him] I would not take his hand even to become Duchess of Omnium."

*****

"Do not think ill of me if you can help it, because you are almost the only friend that I trust. I almost trust dear old Cass, but not quite. She is old-fashioned and I shock her. As for other women, there isn't one anywhere to whom I would say a word. Only think how a girl such as I am is placed;—or indeed any girl. You, if you see a woman that you fancy, can pursue her, can win her and triumph, or lose her and gnaw your heart;—at any rate you can do something. You can tell her that you love her;—can tell her so again and again even though she should scorn you. You can set yourself about the

business you have taken in hand and**, if it be important to you,** can work hard at it. What can a girl do?"

*****

"Of course they do;—but everybody feels that they are sinning against their sex. Of love, such as a man's is, a woman ought to know nothing. How can she love with passion when she should never give her love till it has been asked, and not then unless her friends tell her that the thing is suitable? Love such as that to me is out of the question. But, as it is fit that I should be married, I wish to be married **as** well **as possible**. **And, having a conscience in the matter, I mean to do my duty by my husband whoever he be.**"

"And **to love him after a fashion** [you will love him,—after a fashion]?"

"Yes;—**to love him—**after a very sterling fashion. I will make his wishes my wishes, his ways my ways, **his ideas my ideas,** his party my party, his home my home, his ambition my ambition,—his heaven my heaven." As she said this she stood up with her hands clenched and head erect, and her eyes flashing. "Do you not know me well enough to be sure that I should be loyal to him?"

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"Yes, I think that Silverbridge would do. **And I think that I should do for Silverbridge.** You, no doubt, will say that I am flying high."

*****

"It is hardly the same thing, Frank. Of course there is not a girl in London to whom Lord Silverbridge would not be the best match that she could make. He has the choice of us all[.]**, does he not?**"

"Most girls would think twice **about it** before refusing him."

"Very few would **have to** think twice before accepting him. Perhaps he wishes to add to his wealth by marrying richly,—as his father did."

*****

"You are my friend**?**[,—but you are his too;]**"**

"Certainly I am."

"But you are his also?"

"And his too."

"And he, perhaps, is more to you than I am. As his friend it may be your duty to tell him all that I am saying. If so I have been wrong. **Perhaps you will put him on his guard against me.**"

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"Thanks for that **at any rate**, Frank."

"I shall tell him nothing of you **certainly** that can set him against you."

*****

"Going to be married, is he? Who is the fortunate woman?" **Had he said unfortunate, his meaning would have been the same, and his expression not a whit more clear.**

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The old Earl looked puzzled, but Lady Mabel's craft had been **in a great measure** successful. If this objectionable young second cousin had come there to talk about his marriage with another young woman, the conversation must **at any rate** have been innocent. "Where is Miss Cassewary?" asked the Earl.

"I asked her not to come down with me**," said Lady Mabel, "**because Frank wished to speak about his own affairs. You have no objection to his coming, papa?"

There had been objections raised to any intimacy with Frank Tregear; but all that was now nearly two years since. **The father had then been, if not satisfied, at least pacified.** He had been assured over and over again by Miss Cassewary that he need not be afraid of Frank Tregear, and had in a sort of way assented to the young man's visits. **But, still, he did not like his presence.** "I think he might find something better to do with his time than hang**ing** about here all day." Frank, shrugging his shoulders, and having shaken hands both with the daughter and father, took his hat and departed. "Who is the girl?" asked the Earl.

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Lady Mabel spent the greater part of that afternoon alone, endeavouring to recall to her mind all that she had said to Frank Tregear, and questioning herself as to the wisdom and truth of her own words. She had intended to tell the truth,—but hardly**, hardly** perhaps the whole truth. The life which was before her,—which it was necessary that she should lead,—seemed to her to be so difficult! She could not clearly see her way to be pure and good and feminine, and at the same time wise. She had been false now;—

so far false that she had told her friend that she had never been in love. But she was in love;—in love with him, Frank Tregear. She knew it as thoroughly as it was possible for her to know anything;—and had acknowledged it to herself a score of times.

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The reader may not approve of Lady Mabel. My female reader certainly will not do so. But I hope she will understand that with all her faults my heroine was a woman anxious to do her duty according to her lights.

Chapter 11, *"Cruel"*

For two or three days after the first scene between the Duke and his daughter,—that scene in which she was forbidden either to see or to write to her lover,—not a word was said at Matching about Mr. Tregear, nor were any steps taken towards curtailing her liberty of action. She had said **at any rate** that she would not write to him without telling her father, and the Duke was too proud of the honour of his family to believe it to be possible that she should deceive him. Nor was it possible. Not only would her own idea of duty prevent her from writing to her lover,—although she had stipulated for the right to do so in some possible emergency,—but, carried far beyond that in her sense of what was right and wrong, she felt it now incumbent on her to have no secret from her father at all. The secret, as long as it had been a secret, had been a legacy from her mother,—and had been kept, at her lover's instance, during that period of mourning for her mother in which it would, she thought, have been indecorous that there should be any question of love or of giving in marriage. It had been a burden to her, though a necessary burden. She had been very clear that the revelation should be made to her father, when it was made, by her lover. That had been done,—and now it was open to her to live without any secrecy,—as was her nature. She meant to cling to her lover. She was quite sure of that. Nothing could divide her from him but his death or hers,—or falseness on his part. **She belonged to him and could not in any way be made to belong to another.** But, as to marriage, that would not be possible till her father had assented. And as to seeing the man,—ah, yes, if she could do so with her father's assent! She would not be ashamed to own her great desire to see him. She would tell her father that all her happiness depended upon seeing him. She would not be coy in speaking of her love. But she would obey her father.

It was, at any rate, after that fashion that she made up her mind in her present emergency. But she had**, I think,** a strong idea that she would ultimately prevail,—an idea also that that "ultimately" should not be postponed to some undefined middle-aged period of her life. As she intended to belong to Frank Tregear, she thought it expedient that he should have the best of her days, as well as what might be supposed to be the worst; and she therefore resolved that it would be her duty to make her father understand that though she would certainly obey him, she would look to be treated humanly by him, and not to be made miserable for an indefinite term of years. **She owed him much, but she was fully aware that he also owed something to her. If he were inhuman, so perhaps might she be,—but yet obedient.**

The first word spoken between them on the subject,—the first word after that first discussion,—began with him and was caused by his feeling that her present life at Matching must be sad and lonely. **At present there was no lady there, nor was there any lady whom at the present moment he would wish to have as her intimate. But Lord Cantrip was with him for a day or two, having come to him chiefly in reference to certain political movements with which the reader's mind shall not be burdened quite immediately; and to Lord Cantrip he had told,—not his sorrow in regard to his daughter's misplaced affection, which was a disgrace which he could not bring his tongue to utter, at any rate to another man,—but his fears lest the life at Matching should be oppressive to his girl's spirit. Then there had been some discussion between them as to how relief had best be afforded.** Lady Cantrip [had again written that she] would be delighted to take her;—but Lady Cantrip was in London and must be in London, at any rate when Parliament should again be sitting. A London life would perhaps, at present, hardly suit Lady Mary. Then a plan **was proposed between them** [had been proposed] which might be convenient. The Duke had a house at Richmond, on the river, called The Horns. That should be lent to Lady Cantrip, and Mary should there be her guest. **Richmond was so nearly a part of London that the Earl, if sojourning there, might be at the same time sufficiently domestic, and sufficiently parliamentary.** So it was settled between the Duke and **the Earl** [Lady Cantrip]. But as yet Lady Mary knew nothing of the settlement.

"I think I shall go up to town **with Lord Cantrip** to-morrow," said the Duke to his daughter.

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"I have been talking **to him about you** [writing to Lady Cantrip]."

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"**But** I **was speaking to Lord Cantrip of** [have alluded to] the inconvenience of your position here."

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"It is very melancholy for you, and cannot be good for you **in any way**. They will go down to The Horns, so that you will not be absolutely in London, and you will find Lady Cantrip a very nice person."

"I don't care for new people just now, papa," she said. But to this he paid but little heed; nor was she prepared to say that she would not do as he directed. When therefore he left Matching **with his friend**, she understood that he was going to prepare a temporary home for her. Nothing further was said **at the moment** about Tregear. She was too proud to ask that no mention of his name should be made to Lady Cantrip. And he, when he left the house, did not think that he would find himself called upon to allude to the subject.

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"I hope he will never see her again anywhere," said the Duke. **"I have told her that there is to be no intercourse;—no possibility of intercourse."**

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"He was unfortunately intimate with Silverbridge, who took him over to Italy. **You know how young people do get together in that way.** He has nothing;—not even a profession." Lady Cantrip could not but smile when she remembered the immense wealth of the man who was speaking to her;—and the Duke saw the smile and understood it. "You will understand what I mean, Lady Cantrip. If this young man were in other respects suitable, of course I could find an income for them. But he is nothing;—just an idle seeker for pleasure without the means of obtaining it."

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"As for rank," continued the Duke energetically, "I do not think that I am specially wedded to it. I have found myself as willing to associate with those who are without it as with those who have it. **I feel no special regard for those who hold it.** But for my child, I would wish her to mate with one of her own class."

"It would be best**, certainly**."

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As this proposition was made in such a form and with such a tone as to demand an answer, Lady Cantrip had to pause till she should have resolved what answer she would give. "Was I not right?" demanded the Duke persistently.

"I suppose you were right."

"What else could I have said?"

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"It is indeed, indeed to be lamented,[—]**" said the Duke almost with eloquence. "**And I will own at once that the fault was not hers. Though I must be firm in this you are not to suppose that I am angry with her. I have myself been to blame." This he said with a resolution that,—as he and his wife had been one flesh,—all faults committed by her should, now that she was dead, be accepted by him as his faults. "It had not occurred to me that as yet she would love any man."

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The Duke as he went away thought very much of what Lady Cantrip had said to him;—particularly of those last words, "till someone else has made himself agreeable to her." Was he to send his girl into the world in order that she might find a lover? There was something in the idea which was thoroughly distasteful to him. He had not given his mind much to the matter, but he had felt that a woman should be sought for,—sought for and extracted, cunningly, as it were, from some hiding-place, and not sent out into a market to be exposed as for sale. In his own personal history there had been**, as he was well aware,** a misfortune,—a misfortune, the sense of which he could never, at any moment, have expressed to any ears, the memory of which had been always buried deep in his own bosom,—but a misfortune, in that no such cunning extraction on his part had won for him the woman to whose hands had been confided the strings of his heart. His wife had undergone that process of extraction before he had seen her, and his marriage with her had been a matter of sagacious bargaining. He was now told that his daughter must be sent out among young men in order that she might become sufficiently fond of some special one to be regardless of Tregear. There was a feeling that in doing so she must lose something of the freshness of the bloom of her innocence. Would not the aroma of her feminine purity be dissipated? How was this transfer of her love to be effected? Let her go here because she will meet the heir of this wealthy house who may probably be smitten by her charms; or there because that other young lordling would make a fit husband for her. Let us contrive to throw her into the arms of this man,—or **at**

any rate put her in the way of that man. Was his girl to be exposed to this? Surely that method of bargaining to which he had owed his own wife would be better than that. Let it be said,—only he himself most certainly could not be the person to say it,—let it be said to some man of rank and means and fairly good character, "Here is a wife for you with so many thousand pounds, with beauty as you can see for yourself, with rank and belongings of the highest, very good in every respect;—only that as regards her heart she thinks she has given it to a young man named Tregear. No marriage there is possible; but perhaps the young lady might suit you?" It was thus he had been married. There was an absence in it of "bloom," of "aroma," of that romance which, though he had never experienced it in his own life, was always present to his imagination. His wife had often ridiculed him because he could only live among figures and official details; but to her had not been given the power of looking into a man's heart and finding all that was there. Yes;—in such bargaining for a wife, in such bargaining for a husband, there could be nothing of the tremulous delicacy of feminine romance; but it would be better than standing at a stall in the market till the sufficient purchaser should come. It never occurred to him that the delicacy, the innocence, the romance, the bloom might all be preserved if he would give his girl to the man whom she said she loved. **That course did not for a moment recommend itself to him. That was, as he had said from the first, quite impossible.** Could he have modelled her future course according to his own wishes, he would have had her live a gentle life for the next three years[,]**,—a life chiefly among books and music,** with a pencil perhaps in her hand or a music-book before her,—and then come forth, cleansed as it were by such quarantine from the impurity to which she had been subjected **by her contact with this man**.

It filled his mind so completely that he had hardly heart enough to be made additionally miserable by his son's apostasy. Of course he saw Lord Silverbridge when he was in town, and asked sundry questions about the coming election. It was quite arranged that the young man should stand for the borough. Mr. Fletcher, who had sat for it, was required down in Herefordshire, his own county,—so that nothing could possibly be more convenient. There was some talk of an opposition. Mr. Du Boung, the brewer, thought of coming forward again, and had declared himself to be a supporter of the Duke. But the general opinion in the borough was that on the day of nomination there would be no second candidate, and that any second candidate, should there be one, would find himself nowhere. "You see," said Lord Silverbridge, apparently thinking that he would receive all his father's sympathy, "I have your influence and my own politics to support me."

"My influence ought to be worth nothing," said the angry Duke, "and your politics worth less."

"Less than nothing!" exclaimed the son.

"As belonging to you. The facts that you are my son and that being so you call yourself a Conservative ought, together, to debar you from receiving a single vote. But of course I shall not interfere."

"I thought it so good of you, sir, to tell Moreton to pay the bills."

"That is another matter entirely. It is right that you should go into Parliament and not right that your income should be crippled by doing so." After that nothing further was said between them on the matter.

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"**I am sure you would not.** I know I can trust you."

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"No, Mary."

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"I can never permit you to marry this man. It would be altogether improper. I cannot allow you to say that I am cruel because I do what I feel to be my duty. **How would it be—if—if the man were even something lower?**"

"He is a gentleman."

"But if he were not, then should I be cruel? The cruelty would be the same."

"That would be impossible, papa," she said proudly.

"**And so is this,—quite impossible.** You will see other people——"

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"Never. I will not forget him. I should hate myself if I thought it possible. What would love be worth if it could be forgotten in that way?" As he heard this he reflected whether his own wife, this girl's mother, had ever forgotten her early love for that Burgo Fitzgerald whom in her girlhood she had wished to marry. **"When do you want me to go, papa?"**

"Lady Cantrip will write to you."

"But about when? This is May Day. Shall I stay here a week longer?"

"She will hardly be ready at The Horns so soon as that."

"Then I may expect to remain here ten days. I am not the least in a hurry to go." When he was leaving her she called him back again. "There is one other thing I think I ought to say, papa. If Lady Cantrip speaks to me about Mr. Tregear, I can only tell her what I have told you. I shall never give him up." When he heard this he turned angrily from her, almost stamping his foot upon the ground, while she quietly left the room.

Cruel! She had told him that he would be cruel if he opposed her love. He thought he knew of himself that he could not be cruel,—even to a fly, even to a political opponent. There could be no cruelty without dishonesty, and did he not always struggle to be honest? Cruel to his own daughter! **And on what ground was the charge based? There was certainly some position,—a position possible at any rate to be thought of,—in which it would be absolutely, clearly, his duty to debar his daughter from marrying, let her pain in the matter be what it might. If the man were a murderer, or an idiot! These were cases, possible cases, in which he would have to do so, though she should die from the sufferings produced. And, if a duty, then it could not be cruel. No conduct can, at the same time, be good and bad. Yes;—though it would kill her, he would have to do it. If so, then it was clear that he could not be justly called cruel, simply because he debarred her from this marriage. The cruelty, if there were cruelty, must depend on the fitness of the man. He must make a line in his own mind, and declare that any man below that line should be regarded unfit, and that he would reject the charge of cruelty,—this most oppressive, wounding charge,—with reference to any such man. But such a line could not be made palpable to any eyes but his own. It must be a vague meandering line as to which, though he should see it and know it thoroughly, he would be unable to lay down any rules why it ascended here or descended here. But he was quite sure that Mr. Tregear was below the line, infinitely below it, and that he must be firm with his girl, allowing himself to be moved by no accusation of cruelty. If he were right he could not also be cruel,—and he was sure that in doing this he would be right.**

Chapter 12, *At Richmond*

The pity of it! The pity of it! It was thus that Lady Cantrip looked at it. From what the girl's father had said to her she was disposed to believe that the malady had gone deep with her. "All things go deep with her," he had said. And she too from other sources had heard something of this girl. She was afraid that it would go deep. It was a

thousand pities! Then she asked herself whether the marriage ought to be regarded as impossible. The Duke had been very positive,—had declared again and again that it was quite impossible, had so expressed himself as to make her aware that he intended her to understand that he would not yield whatever the sufferings of the girl might be. But Lady Cantrip knew the world well and was aware that in such matters daughters are apt to be stronger than their fathers. He had declared Tregear to be a young man with very small means, and intent on such pleasures as require great means for their enjoyment. No worse character could be given to a gentleman who had proposed himself as a son-in-law. But Lady Cantrip thought it possible that the Duke might be mistaken in this. She had never seen Mr. Tregear, but she fancied that she had heard his name and that the name had been connected with a character different from that which the Duke had given him. **She therefore gave herself the task of making some inquiry on the subject.**

Lady Cantrip, who at this time was a young-looking woman not much above forty, had two daughters, both of whom were married. The younger about a year since had become the wife of Lord Nidderdale,—a middle-aged young man who had been long about town, a cousin of the late Duchess, the heir to a marquisate, and a member of Parliament. The marriage**, however,** had not been considered to be very brilliant[;]**, as the greater part of the income necessary for the newly married couple had for the present to be supplied by the lady's father. But** [but] the husband was himself good-natured and pleasant, and Lady Cantrip was fond of him. In the first place she went to him for information.

"Oh, yes,**" he said, "**I know him. He's one of our set at the Beargarden."

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"Well,—I don't see so much of them **certainly** as I used to do. Tregear is not a bad fellow at all. He's always with Silverbridge. When Silverbridge does what Tregear tells him, he goes along pretty straight. But unfortunately there's another man called Tifto, and when Tifto is in the ascendant then Silverbridge is apt to get a little astray."

"Oh dear no;—quite the other way up. He's a severe, sarcastic, bookish sort of fellow,—a chap who knows everything and turns up his nose at people who know nothing. **The odd thing is that he and Silverbridge should suit each other.**"

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"Not much, I should say. If he had had any money he would have married Lady Mab Grex last year. **Don't you remember hearing it talked about?**"

Lady Cantrip **thought that she did remember hearing some gossip about it, and** was inclined from what she now learned to think that the Duke must be wrong about the young man. But before Lady Mary joined her she made further inquiry. She too knew Lady Mabel, and knowing Lady Mabel, she knew Miss Cassewary. She contrived to find herself alone with Miss Cassewary, and asked some further questions about Mr. Tregear. "He is a cousin of my Lord's," said Miss Cass.

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Then Miss Cassewary spoke her opinion very plainly. "If Lord Silverbridge had nobody worse about him than Mr. Tregear he would not come to much harm. **He is a very clever young man, and I know nothing evil of him.**"

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"What does he do then?"

"**Nothing, as far as I know.** But why are you asking about him, Lady Cantrip?"

"Nidderdale was talking to me about him and saying that he was so much with Lord Silverbridge. Lord Silverbridge is going into Parliament now, and, as it were, beginning the world, and it would be a thousand pities that he should get into bad hands." It may, however, be doubted whether Miss Cassewary was hoodwinked by this little story. **Miss Cassewary was a lady who generally saw things very plainly.**

Early in the second week of May the Duke brought his daughter up to The Horns, and at the same time expressed his intention of remaining in London. When he did so Lady Mary at once asked whether she might not be with him, but he would not permit it. The house in London would, he said, be more gloomy even than Matching. **It was his intention to resume his duties in the House of Lords. If he could be of any service to the country he ought not, he thought, to allow himself to be hindered by his personal sorrow from performing that service. On that same day he was even in his usual place on the opposition bench in the House of Lords,—in the place which had been usual to him when he himself was not in office.**

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"There is nothing I like so much as this place which your father has been kind enough to lend us. As for London there is nothing now to make me like being there. Both my girls are married, **you know,** and therefore I regard myself as an old woman

who has done her work. Don't you think this place very much nicer than London at this time of the year?"

"I don't know London at all**, hardly**. I had only just been brought out when poor mamma went abroad. **I seem to know much more about Florence than I do of London.**"

The life they led was very quiet, and must probably have been felt to be dull by Lady Cantrip in spite of her old age and desire for retirement. But the place itself was very lovely. May of all the months of the year is in England the most insidious, the most dangerous, and the most inclement. A greatcoat cannot be endured, and without a greatcoat who can endure a May wind, and live? But of all months it is the prettiest. The grasses are then the greenest, and the young foliage of the trees, while it has all the glory and all the colour of spring vegetation, does not hide the form of the branches as do the heavy masses of the larger leaves which come in the advancing summer. And of all villas near London The Horns was the sweetest. The broad green lawn swept down to the very margin of the Thames, which absolutely washed the fringe of grass when the tide was high. And here, along the bank, was a row of flowering ashes, the drooping boughs of which in places touched the water. It was one of those spots which when they are first seen make the beholder feel that to be able to live there and look at it always would be happiness enough for life. **Alas, it is a happiness which soon wears itself out. The joys of scenery will last a man his life, so that there be ever and again some novelty in it, or that some trouble be taken to reach it. But Alps and lakes, or rivers and plains, just before the window, will make no man or woman happy long. Lady Mary had that in her young heart which did suffice,—either for happiness or for sorrow. And as yet she had not so far recognised the difficulty of her position or the power of her father's opposition as to feel her love to be a cause for sorrow rather than joy. She could yet take pride to herself in the assurance of her constancy to the man she loved, and in her full conviction of his truth. To have a lover was all the world to her! To have one and never to have had another is all the world! To have had a dozen, even though one or two may still be left, is nothing. In this way Lady Mary's life was full enough; but before a week was over Lady Cantrip began to find that hers would be dull.**

At the end of the first week there came a visitor to see Lady Mary. A very pretty carriage was driven up to the door of The Horns, and the servant asked for Lady Mary Palliser. The owner of that carriage was Mrs. Finn. Now it must be explained to the reader that there had never been any friendship between Mrs. Finn and Lady Cantrip, though the ladies had met each other. The great political intimacy which had existed

between the Duke and Lord Cantrip had created some intimacy also between their wives. The Duchess and Lady Cantrip had been friends,—after a fashion. But Mrs. Finn had never been cordially accepted by those among whom Lady Cantrip chiefly lived. **There was a certain amount of mystery attached to the very close alliance between Mrs. Finn and the late Duchess, and also between Mrs. Finn and the old Duke. Lady Cantrip did not like mystery, and she had never opened her arms to Mrs. Finn.** When therefore the name was announced, the servant expressly stating that the visitor had asked for Lady Mary, Lady Cantrip, who was with her guest, had to bethink herself what she would do. The Duke, **who as the reader will perhaps remember** [who] was at this time very full of wrath against Mrs. Finn, had not mentioned this lady's name when delivering up the charge of his daughter to Lady Cantrip. At this moment it occurred to her that not improbably Mrs. Finn would cease to be included in the intimacies of the Palliser family from the time of the death of the Duchess,—that the Duke would not care to maintain the old relations, and that he would be as little anxious to do it for his daughter as for himself. If so could it be right that Mrs. Finn should come down here, to a house which was now in the occupation of a lady with whom she was not on visiting terms, in order that she might thus force herself on the Duke's daughter? Mrs. Finn had not left her carriage, but had sent in to ask if Lady Mary could see her. In all this there was considerable embarrassment**, which was not lessened by a consciousness on the part of the older lady that Mrs. Finn's husband had been, and still was, very highly esteemed by her own husband**. She looked round at her guest, who had at once risen from her chair. "Would you wish to see her?" asked Lady Cantrip.

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"And unfortunately one that has been far **indeed** from agreeable to me."

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"Yes;—it is about you. Had it not been altogether about you I would not have troubled you **with a matter so disagreeable**."

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"If your father has quarrelled with me, it would not be fit that you and I should be friends. Your duty to him would forbid it. I should not have come to you now did I not feel that I am bound to justify myself. **The charge against me is so heavy,** the thing of which I am accused is so repugnant to me, that I am obliged to do something and to say something, even though the subject itself be one on which I would so willingly be silent."

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"It was Mr. Tregear who first told me that your father was angry with me. **It had been talked of I think between him and your brother. But** he knew what I had done and why, and he**, I think,** was bound to **do as he did** [tell me] in order that I might have an opportunity of setting myself right with the Duke. Then I wrote and explained everything,—how you had told me of the engagement and how I had then urged Mr. Tregear that he should not keep such a matter secret from your father. In answer to my letter I have received—that."

"Shall I write and tell papa**;—or shall I talk to him**?"

"**I wish that** he should be made to understand that from the moment in which I heard of the engagement I was urgent with you and with Mr. Tregear that he should be informed of it. You will remember what passed."

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"Let him understand this. I do not wish to write to him again. After what has passed I cannot say I wish to see him again. But I think he should **write me to** acknowledge [to me] that he has been mistaken. He need not then fear that I shall trouble him with any reply. But I shall know that he has acquitted me of a fault of which I cannot bear to think I should be accused." Then she took a somewhat formal though still an affectionate farewell of the girl**, kissing her, and expressing strongly her wish for Lady Mary's future happiness**.

"I want to see papa as soon as possible," said Lady Mary when she was again with Lady Cantrip. **Of course** the reason for her wish was soon given and then the whole story told. "You do not think that she should have gone to papa at once?" Lady Mary asked. It was a point of moral law on which the elder woman, who had had girls of her own, found it hard to give an immediate answer. It certainly is expedient that parents should know at once of any engagement by which their daughters may seek to contract themselves. It is expedient that they should be able to prevent any secret contracts. Lady Cantrip **was quite well assured of that. And she was quite sure** [felt strongly] that Mrs. Finn having accepted**, as it were, from the father's hands** the confidential charge of the daughter could not **with any honesty**, without gross **fraud and** betrayal of trust, allow herself to be the depositary of such a secret. "But she did not allow herself," said Lady Mary, pleading for her friend.

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"She was not a fit recipient for your confidence, Mary. But I do not wish to accuse her. She seems to be a high-minded woman and I think that your papa has been **a little** hard upon her."

"And mamma knew it, always," said Mary. To this Lady Cantrip could give no answer. Whatever cause for anger the Duke might have against Mrs. Finn, there had been cause for much more against his wife. But she had freed herself from all accusation by death. **What a pity it was, Lady Cantrip thought, that the whole matter should not be settled and put an end to by a marriage. The Duke could give them ample money. Persons who are less rich always fancy that they who are more rich have super-abundant means for everything. Three or four hundred thousand pounds would be as nothing to the Duke of Omnium;—and then Tregear might go into Parliament and probably become a Speaker, and possibly a member of government. One of her own daughters was married to a commoner,—but then he fortunately was a man of large possessions.**

Chapter 13, *The Duke's Injustice*

No advantage whatever was obtained by Lady Mary's interview with her father. He persisted that Mrs. Finn had been untrue to him **and to the charge which she had accepted from his hands** when she left Matching without telling him all that she knew of his daughter's engagement with Mr. Tregear. No doubt by degrees that idea which he at first entertained was expelled from his head,—the idea that she had been cognisant of the whole thing before she came to Matching; but even this was done so slowly that there was no moment at which he became aware of any lessened feeling of indignation. **The fact at any rate remained that she had been aware of this iniquity while she was holding intercourse with him about his daughter, and that she had concealed it.**

No doubt there returned at this time to the Duke's mind something of the feeling towards this woman which had been strong with him when first his wife had proposed her to him as a friend. He too had thought,—he as well as Lady Cantrip and others,—that she had been in some degree mysterious and, in the same degree, objectionable. At any rate she was not one of his class. She had then been a widow, and even up to this day he had heard nothing of her first husband except that he had died leaving her a rich woman. She had no doubt behaved well in very peculiar circumstances. She might herself have been at this very moment a Duchess of Omnium, the old Duke having asked her to marry him. She had refused,—no doubt

very wisely in reference to her own happiness;—but there had seemed to be something noble in her refusal. The late Duchess had so regarded it, and had consequently opened her heart to the woman. He had gradually been carried along with his wife, and had submitted himself to an intimacy which had been contrary to his taste. Other matters also had acted much in her favour,—first and chiefly, no doubt, his own appreciation of a certain modesty on her part. Intimate as she had been in the house, she had never been familiar in her manner with himself. She had borne herself in those days as though there must always be something of a gulf between the Duke of Omnium and Madame Max Goesler, as she was then called. He was the last man in the world to tell himself that this was a recommendation; but he had felt it as such. Then it had chanced that she had married a man with whom he had close political relations. And then too there had been the matter of a legacy, a very large legacy, left her by the old Duke, as to which, though he had strenuously opposed her, still he had admired her conduct. Of what the old man had left her she would take nothing,—and even at this very day there was lying packed up in the vaults beneath the premises of the Duke's bankers near Charing Cross a collection of diamonds, said to be worth a very great sum of money, which was in truth the property of this woman but which she had hitherto positively refused to accept. These things had, after a fashion, reconciled even his stubborn nature to his wife's friend. He had become, if not absolutely intimate with her, at least so much more intimate than with any other woman, that he had asked her to remain with his daughter at Matching. Even when doing so he remembered that she had been the mysterious widow of an unheard-of old husband; but still he had asked her. And she had betrayed his trust! So he declared to himself; and he asked himself at the same time what else he had a right to expect from the mysterious widow of an unheard-of old husband.

To his thinking she had betrayed her trust, and he could not be got by his daughter to say that he would forgive her. He certainly could not be got to say that he would apologise for the accusation he had made. It was nothing less that his daughter asked; and he could hardly refrain himself from anger when she asked it. "There should not have been a moment," he said, "before she came to me and told me all." Poor Lady Mary's position was certainly uncomfortable enough. The great sin,—the sin which was so great that to have known it for a day without revealing it was in itself a damning sin on the part of Mrs. Finn,—was Lady Mary's sin. And she differed so entirely from her father as to think that this sin of her own was a virtue, and that to have spoken of it to him would have been, on the part of Mrs. Finn, a treachery so deep that no woman ought to

have forgiven it! **Each of them in this interview tried to avoid any special reference to Mr. Tregear;—but it was difficult.** When he spoke of a matter which deeply affected his honour,—**clearly implying that his honour was touched even by the thought of such an alliance,—**she could hardly refrain from asserting that his honour was quite safe in his daughter's hands, and when in his heat he declared that it should have been Mrs. Finn's first care to save him from disgrace, Lady Mary did break out. "Papa," she said, "there could be no disgrace." "That for a moment shall be laid aside," he said, with that manner by which even his peers in council had never been able not to be awed, "but, if you communicate with Mrs. Finn at all you must make her understand that as I regard her conduct as inexcusable**, I cannot apologise for what she thinks is the severity of my letter to her**."

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"I have seen papa, and he thinks that you ought to have told him when I told you. It seems to me that that would have been a cruel thing to do, and most unfair to Mr. Tregear, who was quite willing to go to papa and had only put off doing so because of **the circumstances of** poor **dear** mamma's death. As I had told mamma, of course it was right that he should tell papa. Then I told you, because you were so kind to me! I am so sorry that I have got you into this trouble; but what can I do? **I hope you will not be angry with me because papa is so severe.**

"I told him I must write to you. I suppose it is better that I should, although what I have to say is so unpleasant. I hope it will all blow over in time because I love you dearly. You may be quite sure of one thing,—that I shall never change." In this assurance the writer was alluding not to her friendship for her friend but her love for her lover,—and so the friend understood her. "I hope things will be settled some day, and **that** then we may be able to meet.

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Mrs. Finn, when she received this, was alone in her house in Park Lane. Her husband**, who had to look after his seat in the House of Commons,** was down in the North of England canvassing. On this subject she had not spoken to him, fearing that he would feel himself bound to take some steps to support his wife under the treatment she had received. Even though she must quarrel with the Duke[,]**,—and that now did seem to be altogether necessary,—**she was most anxious that her husband should not be compelled to do so. Their connection had been **not only personal, but political also;—**

and, indeed, political rather than personal. There were many reasons why there should be no open cause of disruption between them. But her husband was hot-headed, and, were all this to be told him and that letter shown to him which the Duke had written, there would be words between him and the Duke which would probably make impossible any further connection between them**, even of a political nature**. **She was, therefore, obliged to bear her trouble alone.**

And it troubled her very much. She was by no means not alive to the honour of the Duke's friendship. Throughout her intimacy with the Duchess she had abstained from pressing herself on him, not because she had been indifferent about him[,] but that**, having watched him closely and having thought much of his character,** she had perceived that she might make her way with him better by standing aloof than by thrusting herself forward. And she had known that she had been successful. She could tell herself with pride that her conduct towards him had been always such as would become a lady of high spirit and fine feeling. She knew that she had deserved well of him, that in all her intercourse with him, with his uncle, and with his wife, she had given much and had taken little. She was the last woman in the world to let a word on such a matter pass her lips**, even to her husband**; but not the less was she conscious of her merit towards him. And she had been led to act as she had done by sincere admiration for the man**,—and especially by admiration for his justice**. In all their political troubles[,]**,—and there had been such troubles in which the Duke and his wife had been concerned,—**she had understood him better than the Duchess had done. Looking on from a distance **and seldom having an opportunity of hearing much from himself**, she had understood the man's character as it had come to her both from his wife and from her own husband. **The man's honesty had specially endeared itself to her,—his honesty and strong sense of justice. And now she was being treated with the greatest injustice by this most just of men!**

That he was unjust to her,—cruelly unjust,—she was quite sure. He accused her of intentional privity as to a secret which it behoved him to know, and of being a party to that secrecy. Whereas from the moment in which she heard the secret, she had determined that it must be made known to him **without delay and had been successful in carrying out that determination**. She felt that she had deserved his good opinion in all things but in nothing more than in the way in which she had acted in this matter. And yet he had treated her with an imperious harshness which amounted to insolence. What a letter it was that he had written to her! The very tips of her ears tingled with heat as she read it again to herself. None of the ordinary courtesies of epistle-craft had been preserved either in the beginning or in the end. It was worse even than if he had called

her "Madam" without an epithet. "The Duke understands——!" "The Duke thinks——!" "The Duke feels——!" feels that he should not be troubled with either letters or conversation, the upshot of it all being that the Duke declared her to have shown herself to be unworthy of being treated like a lady! And this after all that she had done!

She would not bear it. That at present was all that she could say to herself. **Lady Mary's note certainly did not improve her position**. She was not **at all** angry with Lady Mary. She did not doubt but that the girl had done the best in her power to bring her father to reason. But because Lady Mary had failed, she, Mrs. Finn, was not going to put up with so grievous an injury. And she was forced to bear all this alone! There was none with whom she could communicate,—no one from whom she could ask advice. She would not bring her husband into a quarrel which might be prejudicial to his position as a member of his political party. There was no one else to whom she would tell the secret of Lady Mary's love. And yet she could not bear this injustice done to her.

On the day after that on which she received Lady Mary's note [Then] she wrote as follows to the Duke:

Chapter 14, *The New Member for Silverbridge*

Lord Silverbridge was informed that it would be right that he should go down to Silverbridge a few days before the election to make himself known to the electors. As the day for the election drew near it was understood that there would be no other candidate. **The young Lord had no doubt had some true insights as to the matter when he told his father that he would be supported both by his own politics and by the family interest. There could be no doubt but that** the Conservative side was the popular side among the tradesmen of Silverbridge. Silverbridge had been proud to be honoured by the services of the heir of the house of Omnium, even while that heir had been a Liberal,—had regarded it as so much a matter of course that the borough should be at his disposal that no question as to politics had ever arisen while he retained the seat. And had the Duke chosen to continue to send them Liberals, one after another, when he went into the House of Lords, there would have been no question as to the fitness of the man or men so sent. Silverbridge had been Liberal as a matter of course,—because the Pallisers were Liberal. **It had never occurred to the voters in the borough to look into their own minds and find out what were their own opinions. It was to them not at all a grievance that they were called on to return a Liberal.** But when the matter was remitted to themselves,—when the Duke declared that he would not interfere any more,

for it was thus that the borough had obtained its freedom;—then the borough **had scratched its head, had bethought itself, and had begun** [began] to feel Conservative predilections. "If his Grace really does mean us to do just what we please ourselves, which is a thing we never thought of asking from his Grace, then we find, having turned the matter over among ourselves, that we are, upon the whole, Conservative." In this spirit the borough had elected a certain Mr. Fletcher; but in doing so the borough had still a shade of fear**,—in spite of reiterated assurances from the Duke to the contrary,—** that it would offend the Duke. The house of Palliser, Gatherum Castle, the Duke of Omnium, and this special Duke himself, were all so great in the eyes of the borough, that the first and only strong feeling in the borough was one of duty. The borough did not altogether enjoy being enfranchised. But, when the Duke had spoken once, twice, and thrice, then with a hesitating heart**, and activated by causes which have been described elsewhere,** the borough returned Mr. Fletcher. Now Mr. Fletcher was wanted elsewhere, having been persuaded to stand for the county, and it was a **great** comfort to the borough that it could **in some sort** resettle itself beneath the warmth of the wings of the Pallisers.

Mr. Du Boung, who was a brewer, a native, rich and popular, and a Liberal, vainly endeavoured at certain meetings to make the borough understand that the Duke was honest enough in his politics to prefer a Liberal even to his own son, when he insinuated that the father was much offended by his son's apostasy, and would be offended with the borough, should the borough aid the apostate. The borough altogether refused to believe him. A landlord,—such a landlord at any rate as the Duke,—could not be offended with his tenants for sending his own son to Parliament. So they argued it among themselves, and Mr. Du Boung found that he would not have a chance. He retired therefore, putting forth a very graceful document in which he declared his opinion that no differences in politics could justify an opposition to a scion of the house of Palliser in the borough of Silverbridge. This he took care to send to the Duke,—who was fortified in his opinion by it as to the worthlessness of Mr. Du Boung as a politician.

So the matter stood when Lord Silverbridge was told that his presence in the borough for a few hours would be taken as a compliment. Hitherto no one knew him at Silverbridge. During his boyhood he had not been much at Gatherum Castle, and had done his best to eschew the place since he had ceased to be a boy. All the Pallisers took a pride in Gatherum Castle **and its vicinity**,**—**but they all disliked it. "Oh yes, I'll go down," he said to Mr. Moreton, who was up in town. "I needn't go to the great barrack, I suppose." The great barrack was the castle. "I'll put up at the inn." Mr. Moreton begged the heir to come to his own house, but Silverbridge declared that he would prefer the inn,

and so the matter was settled. He was to meet sundry politicians,—Mr. Sprugeon and Mr. Sprout, and Mr. Du Boung **himself**,—who **of course** would like to be thanked for what they had done. But who was to go with him? He would naturally have asked Tregear, but from Tregear he had for the last week or two been, not perhaps estranged, but separated. He had been much taken up with racing. He had gone down to Chester with Major Tifto, and under the Major's auspicious influences had won a little money there. And now he was very anxiously preparing himself for the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting**, on which occasion he intended to run a horse,—also under the Major's auspices**. He had therefore passed much of his time with Major Tifto. And when this visit to Silverbridge was pressed on him he thoughtlessly asked Tifto to go with him. Tifto was delighted. Lord Silverbridge was to be met at Silverbridge by various well-known politicians from the neighbourhood, and Major Tifto was greatly elated by the prospect of such an introduction into the political world.

But no sooner had the offer been made by Lord Silverbridge than he **acknowledged to himself that he had been guilty of an** [saw his own] indiscretion. Tifto was very well for Chester or Newmarket, very well perhaps for the Beargarden, but not very well for an electioneering expedition. An idea came to the young nobleman that if it should be his fate to represent Silverbridge in Parliament for the next twenty years, it would be well that Silverbridge should entertain respecting him some exalted estimation,—that Silverbridge should be taught to regard him as a fit son of his father and a worthy specimen of the **young** British political nobility. Struck by serious reflections of this nature he did open his mind to Tregear**, whom he met by chance at the club**. "I am very fond of Tifto," he said, "but I don't know whether he's just the sort of fellow to take down to an election."

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"He's a very good fellow, you know," said Silverbridge**, arguing as men are apt to do on such occasions against his own original proposition**. "I don't know an honester man than Tifto anywhere."

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"Nothing on earth. Therefore I advise you not to take him to Silverbridge. **The matter is important, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that it would be a very foolish thing to do.**"

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"That must be your look-out. In a political point of view I shall not disgrace you. I shall hold my tongue and look like a gentleman,—neither of which is in Tifto's power. **I don't suppose the Duke could be more offended than he is at present. He has no objection to me, I take it, except in so far as I am a suitor for your sister's hand.**" And so it was settled,—that on the day but one after this conversation Lord Silverbridge and Tregear should go together to Silverbridge.

But the Major, when on that same night his noble friend's altered plans were explained to him, did not bear the disappointment with equanimity. "Isn't that a little strange?" he said, becoming very red in the face. **He had said so much about this political movement that many of his second-class friends had almost been made to believe that he was going to become a member of Parliament himself.** "What do you call strange?" said the Lord.

"Well;—I'd made all my arrangements. When a man has been asked to do a thing like that, he doesn't like to be put off. **I know whose doing it is.**"

"Whose doing is it?"

"Never mind. I shall mention no names."

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"No doubt you'll do that," said Tifto, who, like a fool, failed to see where his advantage lay. "I can be useful at Newmarket and so you'll stick to me. **I like a friend who will stick to me all round.**"

"Look here, Major Tifto," said Silverbridge, "if you are dissatisfied you and I can easily separate ourselves. **You can go one way and I can go another.**"

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"Then don't talk as though you were. As to Silverbridge I shall not want you **to go** there **with me**. When I asked you I was only thinking what would be pleasant for both of us; but since that I have remembered that business must be business." Even this**, in which he ought to have found a compliment,** did not reconcile the angry little man, who as he turned away declared within his own little bosom that he would "take it out of Silverbridge for that."

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"Because I knew the governor would not have it. Money and rank and those sort of things are not particularly charming to me. **I believe that I think as little about them**

as most men. But still things should go together. It is all very well for you and me to be pals, but of course it will be expected that Mary should marry some——"

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"Yes I do," said Silverbridge, with considerable resolution. "You ought not to make yourself disagreeable, because you understand all about it as well as anybody. Chance has made me the eldest son of a duke and the heir to an enormous fortune. Chance has made my sister the daughter of a duke, and an heiress also. My intimacy with you ought to be proof at any rate to you that I don't on that account set myself up above other fellows. **I think a deal more of a fellow being clever than of his having rank or money.** But when you come to talk of marriage of course it's a **different** [serious] thing."

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"I want you to understand that nothing else will turn me away from my intention but such a marriage on her part as that of which you speak. **That is of course possible. I may be deceived about her. But** nothing that your father can do will turn me."

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"Well, yes;—in a sort of a way. She is the jolliest girl I know**;—but I should hardly think of talking to her about things of that sort**."

"**That is because you don't know her well enough.** Take her all round, for beauty, intellect, good sense, and fun at the same time, I don't know anyone equal to her."

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"We knew each other too early for that. And then she has not a shilling. I should think myself dishonest if I did not tell you that I could not afford to love any girl who hadn't money. A man must live,—and a woman too. **I don't think I'm at all mercenary. Such a girl as Mabel Grex is to me like the throne of the Sultan. Whatever place I may be able to get to, I know that at any rate I cannot get there.**"

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"And it was in compliance with that wish on the part of the borough, my Lord," said Mr. Du Boung,—"as to which my own feelings were certainly quite as strong as that of any other gentleman in the borough,—that I conceived it to be my duty to give way.

There are those in the borough who, thinking that they would have secured my return on Liberal principles, do not hesitate to tell me that I have been wrong. But it has been a matter of feeling, my Lord;—and I have obeyed my feelings."

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Whereupon Lord Silverbridge bowed**, perhaps not quite understanding the position even yet, and at the same time being unwilling, in so far as he did understand it, to express any gratitude to Mr. Du Boung for retiring from a position which would have been untenable**. **Whereupon Mr. Du Boung held his head a little higher than before, and put his hands into his trowser pockets. Mr. Sprugeon, very cautiously, just with a corner of his eye, winked at Mr. Sprout, and a gentleman who was in the corner of the room, a staunch Conservative and no less a person than the landlord of the George and Vulture himself, whispered to his neighbour, Mr. Cloral the chemist, that his Lordship seemed to have cut his eye-teeth**.

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"I'm up to anything," said Lord Silverbridge[;]**, "and am quite ready to express my gratitude to Liberals or Conservatives who will help to return me.** But of course everybody understands that I am a Conservative."

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"Though there are some in the borough who could have wished, my Lord, that you had stuck to the old Palliser politics," said Mr. Du Boung**, who found himself able to say an honest word as to his own opinion now that so poor a response had been made to his just claim for gratitude**.

"But I haven't stuck to the Palliser politics. **I couldn't for worlds let there be any misunderstanding.** Just at present I think that order and all that sort of thing should be maintained."

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"Then we'll go to Mr. Walker first," said Sprugeon. Now it was understood that in the borough, among those who really had opinions of their own, Mr. Walker, the old attorney, stood first as a Liberal, and Dr. Tempest, the old rector, first as a Conservative. **There had been a great deal of conversation in the borough as to priority between the parties,—both of which were to be represented by this new member; and now, when Mr. Sprout suggested and Mr. Sprugeon afterwards agreed that the first visit**

should be made to Mr. Walker, those around, with the exception of the two strangers from London, were aware that a sop was being offered to Mr. Du Boung. After what had passed he would not have accompanied them to Dr. Tempest's house, had Dr. Tempest been taken before Mr. Walker. But, as it was, with an ill grace, walking not behind but a little on one side so as to be very visible almost in the centre of the street, he did go with them.

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"We hope you'll propose Lord Silverbridge now," said Mr. Sprugeon. **This, too, was intended to propitiate Mr. Du Boung.**

"Oh; well;—yes. He's his father's son, and I never knew anything but good of the family. I wish you were going to sit on the same side, my Lord. **I don't like these new lights.**"

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"I'll propose you, my Lord. I need not wish you success, because there is no one to stand against you. **Good-morning.**"

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Then Mr. Du Boung took one further opportunity,—the last which probably would be allowed him,—of setting himself right with the borough. "I am sure Dr. Tempest," said he, "will agree with me in thinking that our chief duty at present is to maintain the kindly relations which have ever existed between his Grace and the borough." He paused for the rector's assent, but the rector only smiled. "That, at least, has been my feeling in the matter. That is the sentiment by which my conduct has been governed. I am a Liberal. I don't care who knows it. I am proud of my political creed. But the circumstances of this borough are very peculiar, and I think it to be for the advantage of the borough generally that it should be represented in Parliament by the son of the Duke of Omnium."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Lord Silverbridge. Then there was another pause, but as Dr. Tempest would not say a word in answer to Mr. Du Boung,—as he only smiled,—Mr. Du Boung led the way out of the room; and with a great shaking of hands that little conference was brought to an end.

There was nothing else to be done. They all went back to the hotel, and Mr. Sprugeon with Mr. Sprout and the landlord drank a glass of sherry at the candidate's expense, wishing him political long life and prosperity. **Mr. Du Boung was of course**

invited to join them, but excused himself. For the advantage of the borough he had come forward, but of gala doings in such company he would know nothing. There was no one else whom it was thought necessary that the candidate should visit, and on the next day he returned to town with the understanding that on the day appointed in the next week he should come back again to be elected. **He was not even asked to make a speech, which was a relief to him,—though in a certain way a disappointment also, as he had spent an hour or two in the composition of a few words in which he had intended to explain his politics. He thought he had done this rather well;—but at the same time he doubted his memory, and told himself that upon the whole it was as well that he should have been spared.**

"I can't conceive why you should have been so uncivil to that fellow Du Boung," Tregear said to him in the train.

"Because he told lies. Only I didn't think I was uncivil to him."

"Oh yes, you were. What lies did he tell?"

"He wanted to make out that if he had stood against me he would have been elected. Everybody knows that he did give up because he hadn't a chance."

"But when a man does give up, of course he expects to be thanked. He probably saved you six or seven hundred pounds."

"And himself too. I'm not going to thank a fellow when I'm not a bit obliged to him. I hate a fellow who talks trash to me about feeling. If he's a Liberal he ought to stick to his party and keep me out if he can. The only person I'm obliged to in the whole matter is my governor,—and to you, old chap, for coming down with me."

On the day appointed the two young men again went to Silverbridge, and **on this occasion,** after he had been declared duly elected, the new member of Parliament **was allowed to make his** [made his first] speech. There was a meeting in the town-hall, and many were assembled anxious to hear,—not the lad's opinions, for which probably nobody cared much,—but the tone of his voice, and to see his manner. Of what sort was the eldest son of the man of whom the neighbourhood had been so proud? For the county was in truth proud of their Duke. Of this son, whom they had now made a member of Parliament, they at present only knew that he had been sent away from Oxford,— not so very long ago,—for painting the Dean's house scarlet. **At no time of his life could the father have done such a thing as that.** The speech was not very brilliant. He told them that he was very much obliged to them for the honour they had done him. Though he could not follow exactly his father's political opinions,**—for in these matters, as they knew, there would be differences,—**he would always have before his eyes his father's

political honesty and independence. He broke down two or three times and blushed, and repeated himself, and knocked his words a great deal too quickly one on the top of another. But it was taken very well, and was better than was expected **by those who remembered that affair of the house-painting**.

When it was over**, and he had returned to London,** he wrote a line to the Duke.

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"I do not care very much for that Mr. Du Boung.

Chapter 15, *The Duke Receives a Letter,—and Writes One*

The Duke, when he received Mrs. Finn's note demanding an interview, thought much upon the matter before he replied. **She had simply desired him to go to her, declaring that it was essential to herself that she should see him; and he liked this simplicity.** She had made her demand as though the Duke had been no more than any other gentleman, almost as though she had a right to call upon him to wait upon her. He understood and admired the courage of this;—but, nevertheless, he would not go to her. He had trusted her with that which of all things was the most sacred to him, and she had deceived him! **That secret should not have been in her keeping for a moment before she brought it to him!** He wrote to her as follows:

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Mrs. Finn when she received this was **certainly** not surprised. She had felt **almost** sure that such would be the nature of the Duke's answer; but she was **quite** sure also that if such an answer did come she would not let the matter rest. **The more she thought about it the more certain she was that he was treating her badly. Mr. Finn was still away in the North of England, and she hardly went into society at all. She remained at home during these days, quite alone, thinking of all this. The matter was so present to her mind, with all its different hues and shades, that she had come to know exactly what words she would use to him if she should succeed in getting him into her presence.** The accusation was so bitter to her that she would spare nothing in defending herself,—nothing in labour**,** [and] nothing in time**, and nothing in effort**. She would make him know **at any rate** that she was in earnest. As she could not succeed

in getting into his presence she must do this by letter,—and she wrote her letter, **as follows, after** taking two days to think of her words.

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"As you will not come to me, I must trouble your Grace to read what I fear will be a long letter. For it is absolutely necessary that I should explain my conduct to you. That you have condemned me I am sure you will not deny;—nor that you have punished me as far as the power of punishment was in your hands. If I can succeed in making you see that you have judged me wrongly, I think you will admit your error and beg my pardon. You are not one who from your nature can be brought easily to do this; but you are one who will certainly do it if you can be made to feel that by not doing so you would be unjust. I am myself so clear as to my own rectitude **both** of purpose and conduct, and am so well aware of your perspicuity, that I venture to believe that if you will read this letter I shall convince you.

"Before I go any further I will confess that the matter is one,—I was going to say almost of life and death to me. Circumstances**, certainly** not **in the first instance** of my own seeking, have for some years past thrown me so closely into intercourse with your family that now to be cast off, and to be put on one side as a disgraced person,—and that so quickly after the death of her who loved me so dearly and who was so dear to me,—is such an affront as I cannot bear and hold up my head afterwards. I have come to be known as her whom your uncle trusted and loved, as her whom your wife trusted and loved,—obscure as I was before;—and as her whom, may I not say, you yourself trusted? As there was much of honour and very much of pleasure in this, so also was there something of misfortune. Friendships are safest when the friends are of the same standing **in life**. I have always felt that there was danger;—and now the thing I feared has come home to me. **From all this you will know how important to me is a matter which no doubt is trivial to you; and will understand why it is that I find it so necessary to defend myself and to demand from you a reversal of the verdict you have given against me.**

"Now I will plead my case. I fancy, that when first you heard that I had been cognisant of your daughter's engagement, you imagined that I was aware of it before I went to Matching. Had I been so, **I think** I should have been guilty of that treachery of which you **now** accuse me. **I fancy also that you have changed your opinion on that point. At any rate** I did know nothing of it till Lady Mary told me on the day**, as I think,** before I left Matching. That she should tell me was natural enough. Her mother had known it, and for the moment,—if I am not assuming too much in saying so,—I was

filling her mother's place. But, in reference to you, I could not exercise the discretion which a mother might have used, and I told her at once, most decidedly, that you must be made acquainted with the fact. **Up to that point at any rate I did my duty by you.**

"Then Lady Mary expressed to me her wish,—not that the matter should be kept any longer from you, for that it should be told to you she was as anxious as I was myself,—but that it should be told to you by Mr. Tregear. **That I think is generally the desire of a girl in such a position. She tells her own secret to her mother and expects that the man who has won her heart should ask her father's leave to take her hand.** It was not for me to raise any question as to Mr. Tregear's fitness or unfitness,—as to which, indeed, I could know nothing. All I could do was to say that if Mr. Tregear would make the communication at once, I should feel that I had done my duty. The upshot was that Mr. Tregear came to me, immediately on my return to London, and agreeing with me that it was imperative that you should be informed, went to you **at once** and did inform you. In all of that, if I have told the story truly, where has been my offence? I suppose you will believe me, but your daughter can give evidence as to every word that I have written.

"I think that you have got it into your mind that I have befriended Mr. Tregear's suit, and that, having received this impression, you hold it with the tenacity which is usual to you. There never was a greater mistake. I went to Matching as the friend of my dear friend;—but I stayed there at your request, as your friend. Had I been, **at the moment** when you asked me to do so, a participator in that secret[,]**,—as might have been possible,—**I could not have honestly remained in the position you assigned to me. Had I done so, I should have deserved your ill opinion. As it is I have not deserved it and your condemnation of me has been altogether unjust. Should I not now receive from you a full withdrawal of all charge against me, I shall be driven to think that after all the insight which circumstances have given me into your character, I have nevertheless been mistaken in the reading of it.

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"I find on looking over my letter that I must add one word further. It might seem that I am asking for a return of your friendship**,—or I might perhaps better say for a return of friendly relations with your family**. Such is not my purpose. Neither can you forget that you have accused me,—nor can I. **The very letter which I am now writing is itself sufficient to make friendly relations impossible.** What I expect is that you should tell me that you in your conduct to me have been wrong, and that I in mine to

you have been right. I must be **able at any rate** [enabled] to feel that the separation between us has come from injury done to me, and not by me."

He did read the letter more than once, and read it with tingling ears, and hot cheeks, and a knitted brow. As the letter went on, and as the woman's sense of wrong grew hot from her own telling of her own story, her words became stronger and still stronger, till at last they were almost insolent in their strength. Were it not that they came from one who did think herself to have been wronged, **or rather if, when writing them, she did not think that she had been most cruelly wronged,** then certainly they would be insolent. A sense of injury, a burning conviction of wrong sustained, will justify language which otherwise would be unbearable. The Duke felt that, and though his ears were tingling and his brow knitted, he could have forgiven the language, if only he could have admitted the argument. **The letter was a good letter, though the cause which it supported might be bad.** He understood every word of it. When she spoke of tenacity she intended to charge him with obstinacy. Though she had dwelt but lightly on her own services she had made her thoughts on the matter clear enough. "I, Mrs. Finn, who am nobody, have done much to succour and assist you, the Duke of Omnium; and this is the return which I have received!" **Words such as these he found interwritten between the lines.** And then she told him to his face that unless he did something which it would be impossible that he should do[,]**,—unless he begged her pardon and confessed that he had done wrong,—**she would revoke **that** [her] opinion of his honesty **which she had already formed**. He tried to persuade himself that her opinion about his honesty was nothing to him;—but he failed. Her opinion was very much to him. Though in his anger he had determined to throw her off from him, he knew her to be one whose good opinion was worth having. **Had it not been so she could not have written that letter.**

There were various other matters which disturbed his mind and for a time warded off from him the necessity of going into the very argument itself. Not a word of overt accusation had been made against his late wife. Every phrase alluding to her was full of love. But yet how heavy a charge was really made! That such a secret should be kept from him, the father, was acknowledged to be a heinous fault;—but the wife had known the secret and had kept it from him the father! And then how wretched a thing it was for him that anyone should dare to write to him about the wife that had been taken away from him! In spite of all her faults her name was so holy to him that it had never once passed his lips since her death, except in low whispers to himself,—low whispers made in the perfect, double-guarded seclusion of his own chamber. "Cora, Cora," he had murmured, so that the sense of the sound and not the sound itself had come to him from

his own lips. And now this woman wrote to him about her freely, as though there were nothing sacred, no religion in the memory of her!

"It was not for me to raise any question as to Mr. Tregear's fitness." Was it not palpable to all the world that he was **altogether** unfit? **Heavens and earth, to what was the world coming!** Unfit! How could a man be more unfit? He was asking for the hand of one who was second only to royalty,—who was possessed of everything, who was beautiful, well born, rich, who was the daughter of the Duke of Omnium, and he had absolutely nothing of his own to offer **in exchange for all this**. Fit indeed! **Within his own heart he almost thought that Mrs. Finn should have been so shocked by the proposition as to have sunk beneath the weight of it. And now she seemed to say that there might be a question on the subject!**

But it was necessary that he should at last come to the consideration of the actual point as to which she had written to him so forcibly. He tried to set himself to the task in perfect honesty. He certainly had condemned her. **In all that she had said on that matter she had spoken truly enough.** He had condemned her and had no doubt punished her to the extent of his power. And if he could be brought to see that he had done this unjustly, then certainly must he beg her pardon. And when he considered it all, he had to own that her intimacy with his uncle and his wife had not been so much of her seeking as of theirs. **And the services rendered had been from her to him and his, and not from him and his to her.** It grieved him now that it should have been so, but so it was. And after all this,—after the affectionate surrender of herself to his wife's caprices **which had been spread over some years before his wife's death** [which the woman had made],—he had turned upon her and driven her away with ignominy. That all was true. As he thought of it he became hot, and was conscious of a quivering feeling round his heart. These were bonds indeed; but they were bonds of such a nature as to be capable of being rescinded and cut away altogether by absolute bad conduct. If he could make it good to himself that in a matter of such magnitude as the charge of his daughter she had been untrue to him and had leagued herself against him, **despite the trust placed in her,** with an unworthy lover, then, then,—all bonds would be rescinded! Then would his wrath be altogether justified! Then would it have been impossible that he should have done aught else than cast her out! As he thought of this he felt sure that she had betrayed him. How great would be the ignominy to him should he be driven to own to himself that she had not betrayed him! "There should not have been a moment," he said to himself over and over again,—"not a moment!" Yes;—she certainly had betrayed him.

But had she leagued herself against him with that man? He did find himself compelled at last to ask himself that question. There might still be safety for him in

that confident assertion of "not a moment"; but had there been anything of that conspiracy of which he had certainly at first judged her to be guilty? She had told her story, and had then appealed to Lady Mary for evidence **here in her favour**. After five minutes of perfect stillness,—but five minutes of **great** misery, five minutes during which great beads of perspiration broke out from him and stood upon his brow, he had to confess to himself that he did not want any evidence. He did believe her story. When he allowed himself to think that she had been in league with Tregear he had wronged her. **She certainly was not lying to him in that.** He wiped away the beads from his brow, and again repeated to himself those words which were now his only comfort, "There should not have been a moment;—not a moment!"

Then he turned over that plea of hers as to the conventional position of a lover. The girl tells her mother, and then the lover applies to the father. He did not know much about such things, but he thought that he had heard that such was generally the fashion of their management. No doubt had this young man sought a bride for himself among his equals, all that would have been fit and proper,—though any prudent father, even of those who were his equals, would have rejected him. But was it possible that Mrs. Finn should have thought that this case should have been governed after that fashion? By parity of reasoning,—though no doubt with greater absurdity,—it might be argued that a beggar aspiring to the daughter of royalty should simply make known his wishes to the royal father. It was not for her, she had said, to raise a question of fitness! Her great fault had consisted in this,—that she had not seen that no such question was possible. "There should not have been a moment;—not a moment!"

In this way [It was thus and only thus that] he was enabled**, at any rate for a time,** to assure himself that there need be no acknowledgment of wrong done on his part. Having settled this in his own mind he **now** forced himself to attend a meeting at which his assistance had been asked and to listen to a complex debate on law reform. **Two or three ex-Lord Chancellors there present were very sure, each that the others were wrong, but were all unified in thinking that the Lord Chancellor who was not ex and who was not present was the most in error of them all.** The Duke endeavoured to give himself up entirely to the matter; but through it all there was the picture before him of Mrs. Finn waiting for an answer to her letter. If he should confirm himself in his opinion that he had been right[,]**,—as of course he had done and would continue to do, for should she not have told it to him without the delay of a moment?,—**then would any answer be necessary? He might just acknowledge the letter, after the fashion which has come up in official life, than which silence is an insult much more bearable. But he

did not wish to insult, nor to punish her further. He would willingly have withdrawn the punishment under which she was groaning could he have done so without self-abasement. Or he might write as she had done,—advocating his own cause with all his strength, using that last one strong argument,—there should not have been a "moment." But there would be something repulsive to his personal dignity in the continued correspondence which this would produce. "The Duke of Omnium regrets to say in answer to Mrs. Finn's letter, that he thinks no good can be attained by a prolonged correspondence." Such, or of such kind, he thought, must be his answer. But **had she not deserved better from him than this? Was this** [would this be] a fair return for the solicitude shown by her to his uncle, for the love which had made her so patient a friend to his wife, for the nobility of her own conduct in many things? Then**, as he sat there listening to a very strong argument in which Lord Weazeling was destroying Lord Ramsden and all the other law-lords, his mind reverted** [his mind reverted] to certain jewels,—supposed to be of enormous value,—which were still in his possession though they were the property of this woman. They had been left to her by his uncle, and she had obstinately refused to take them. Now they were lying packed in the cellars of certain bankers **near Charing Cross**,—but still they were in his custody. **He had always wished that she would take them, but still had admired her for refusing them.** What should he now do in this matter? Hitherto, perhaps once in every six months, he had notified to her that he was keeping them as her curator, and she had always responded that it was a charge from which she could **never** [not] relieve him. It had become almost a joke between them. But how could he joke with a woman with whom he had quarrelled after this internecine fashion?

What if he were to consult Lady Cantrip **on the subject**? He could not do so without a pang that would be very bitter to him,—but **any pang,** any agony would be better than that arising from a fear that he had been unjust to one who had deserved well of him. No doubt Lady Cantrip would see it in the same light as he had done. **She no doubt would feel and would exclaim that there should not have been a minute lost.** And then he would be able to support himself by the assurance that that which he had judged to be right was **felt to be right also** [approved of] by one whom **all** the world would acknowledge to be a good judge on such a matter.

When he got home **that evening** he found his son's letter telling him of the election at Silverbridge. There was something in it which softened his heart to the young man,—or perhaps it was that in the midst of his many discomforts he wished to find something which at least was not painful to him. That his son and heir should insist on entering political life in opposition to him was of course a source of pain; but, putting that

aside, the thing had been done pleasantly enough, and the young member's letter had been written with some good feeling. So he answered the letter as pleasantly as he knew how.

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"I am glad that you are in Parliament and am glad also that you should have been returned by the old borough; though I would that you could have reconciled yourself to adhering to the politics of your family. But **though there is something painful** there is nothing disgraceful in such a change, and I am able to congratulate you as a father should a son, and to wish you long life and success as a legislator.

"There are one or two things I would ask you to remember;—and firstly this,—that as you have voluntarily undertaken certain duties you are bound as an honest man **and a gentleman** to perform them as scrupulously as though you were paid for doing them. There was no obligation on you to seek the post;—but having sought it and acquired it you cannot neglect the work attached to it without being untrue to the covenant you have made. It is **especially** necessary that a young member of Parliament should bear this in his mind, and especially a member who has not worked his way up to notoriety outside the House, because to him there will be great facility for idleness and neglect.

"And then I would have you always remember the purport for which there is a Parliament elected in this happy and free country **of ours**. It is not that some men may shine there, that some may acquire power, or that all may plume themselves on being the elect of the nation. It often appears to me that some members of Parliament so regard their success in life,—as the fellows of our colleges do too often, **very improperly,** thinking that their fellowships were awarded for their comfort and not for the furtherance of any object such as education or religion. I have known gentlemen who have **clearly** felt that in becoming members of Parliament they had achieved an object for themselves instead of thinking that they had put themselves in the way of achieving something for others. A member of Parliament should feel himself to be the servant of his country,—and like every other servant, he should serve. If this be distasteful to a man he need not go into Parliament. If the harness gall him he need not wear it. But if he takes the trappings, then he should draw the coach. You are there as the guardian of your fellow-countrymen,—that they may be safe, that they may be prosperous, that they may be well governed and lightly burdened,—above all that they may be free. If you cannot feel this to be your duty, you should not be there at all.

"And I would have you remember also that the work of a member of Parliament can seldom be of that brilliant nature which is of itself charming; and that the young member should think of such brilliancy as being possible to him only at a distance. It should be your first care to sit and listen so that the forms and methods of the House may as it were soak into you gradually. **Even this is a study which many members have not diligence enough to pursue, thereby neglecting, as I think, their very first duty.** And then you must bear in mind that speaking in the House is but a very small part of a member's work,—perhaps that part which he may lay aside altogether with the least strain on his conscience. A good member of Parliament will be good upstairs in the Committee Rooms, good downstairs to make and to keep a House, good to vote, for his party if it may be nothing better, but for the measures also which he believes to be for the good of his country **when he has sufficiently educated himself to have an opinion respecting them**.

Chapter 16, *"Poor Boy!"*

The new member for Silverbridge, when he entered the House to take the oath, was supported on the right and left by **Sir Timothy Beeswax and Sir Orlando Drought,—the two men against whom his father would have been most prone to warn him, had any such warning in existing circumstances been possible. The Duke was too noble to say a word against men to whom his son must now be an ally, but who, as he thought, had been treacherously false to him; and they were too ignoble to be aware that they should have abstained from the triumph which they displayed in thus attaching themselves openly to the apostate child of the Pallisers. It did not much matter, as nothing of it could be known to the Duke. It was, after all, only the way in which the atoms of a crowd had formed themselves. But still there were those who saw it and who knew that it was not accidental** [two staunch old Tories].

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"I am sure nothing but a conscientious feeling would have separated you from your father's friends," said the old Liberal. And then they were parted, and the member for Silverbridge was hustled up to the table between the **baronet and the law-knight who had been members of the Duke's government, but had been the Duke's most bitter opponents** [two staunch Tories].

Of what else was done on that occasion, **or on the next day when two middle-aged young politicians in gorgeous apparel moved and seconded the address,** nothing shall be said here. For the present we will follow our young member, from whom at present no political work was required except that of helping for an hour or two to crowd the government benches. There were, however, one or two others quite as anxious as to his political career as **Sir Orlando and Sir Timothy** [any staunch old Tory],—at any rate one other. He had promised that as soon as he could get away from the House he would go to Belgrave Square and tell Lady Mabel Grex all about it.

When he reached the Square it was past seven but Lady Mabel and Miss Cassewary were still **sitting** in the drawing-room. "There seemed to be a great deal of bustle and I didn't understand much about it," said the member.

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"A persistent member will always find a seat," continued the patriotic old lady**, whose sentiments as to the duty of a legislator were almost as high as those conveyed in the letter which our young member at this moment had in his pocket**.

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"Oh, yes;—I've thought a good deal about it, and I mean to try. As long as a man isn't called upon to speak I don't see why it shouldn't be easy enough. **I mean to make a business of it.**"

"I'm so glad to hear you say so! Of course after a little time you will speak. **I wonder whether I shall ever hear you.** I should so like to hear you make your first speech."

"If I thought you were there, I'm sure I should not make it at all." Just at this period Miss Cassewary, saying something as to the necessity of dressing, and cautioning her young friend that there was not much time to be lost, **as there were people coming to dinner,** left the room.

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"I do so hope that you will do well," she said, going back to the parliamentary duties. **"I shall watch to see,—you may be sure of that."**

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"There never was anybody like him. I am always amusing myself, but he never cared about amusement. **I am an idle fellow, and I don't suppose he was ever idle for a moment in his life.**"

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"As far as I can learn he was just as he is now at my age. My mother has told me that long before she married him he used to spend all his time in the House**, and now he is always at work**. I wonder whether you would mind reading the letter he wrote me when he heard of my election." Then he took the epistle out of his pocket and handed it to Lady Mabel.

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"That makes no difference. I think my father is a very fine fellow**, though he is so hard and severe**."

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"Well;—I suppose not;—except that he advises me to hold my tongue. I think that I shall do that. I mean to go down there, you know, and I dare say I shall be much the same as others. **I don't suppose I shall ever go in for hard work.**"

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"No;—he never talks much**,—at least with me**. Every now and then he will give me a downright lecture, or he will write me a letter like that; but he never talks to any of us **much, I think**."

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"Of course I was very sorry for it,—though I hated Oxford. It was neither one thing nor another. You were your own master and yet you were not. **It was much more jolly at Eton.**"

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"He is not an elected legislator. It makes all the difference. I quite agree with what the Duke says. Lord Popplecourt can't help himself. Whether he's an idle young scamp or not, he must be a legislator. But when a man goes in for it himself, as you have done, he should make up his mind to be useful. **Don't you think so?**"

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"More than that;—much more than that**, I hope**. If you didn't care for politics you wouldn't have taken a line of your own." When she said this she knew **well enough** that he had been talked into what he had done by Tregear,—by Tregear, who had ambition, and intelligence, and capacity for forming an opinion of his own. "If you do not do it for your own sake, you will for the sake of those who,—who;—who are your friends," she said at last, not feeling quite able to tell him that he must do it for the sake of those who loved him.

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"Are you steady?"

"Yes;—when things really affect me."

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"I am not chaffing now **at any rate** in recommending you to go to work in the world like a man." As she said this they were sitting on the same sofa, but with some space between them**,—with space enough for a third person, had any third person been there to occupy it**. When Miss Cassewary had left the room Lord Silverbridge was standing, but after a little he had fallen into the seat, at the extreme corner, and had gradually come a little nearer to her. Now in her energy she put out her hand, meaning perhaps to touch lightly the sleeve of his coat, meaning perhaps not quite to touch him at all. But as she did so he put out his hand and took hold of hers.

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"I do care about it,—very much; I myself," said Lady Mabel, not blushing at all. Then there was a knock at the door, and Lady Mabel's maid, putting her head in, declared that "my Lord" had come in and had already been some time in his dressing-room. "Good-bye, Lord Silverbridge," she said quite gaily, and rather more aloud than would have been necessary, had she not intended that the maid also should hear her. **"If you do not let me know when you are going to make your first speech I will never forgive you."**

"Poor boy!" she said to herself as she was dressing. "Poor boy!" Then, when the evening was over she spoke to herself again about him. "Dear, sweet boy!" And then she sat and thought. How was it that she was so old a woman, while he was so little more than a child? How fair he was, how far removed from conceit, how capable of being made into a man,—in the process of time! What might not be expected from him if he

could be kept in good hands for the next ten years! But in whose hands? What would she be in ten years, she who already seemed to know the town and all its belongings so well? And yet**,—as she did not forget to tell herself,—**she was as young in years as he. He, as she knew, had passed his twenty-second birthday,—and so had she. That was all. It might be good for her that she should marry him. She was ambitious. And such a marriage would satisfy her ambition. Through her father's faults, and her brother's, she was likely to be poor. This man would certainly be **very** rich. Many of those who were buzzing around her from day to day were distasteful to her. From among them she knew that she could not take a husband, let their rank and wealth be what it might. She was too fastidious, too proud, too prone to think that things should be with her as she liked them! This lad was in all things pleasant to her. Though he was but a boy there was a certain boyish manliness about him. The very way in which he had grasped at her hand, and had then blushed ruby-red at his own daring, had gone far with her. How gracious he was to look at! Dear sweet boy! Love him? No;—she did not know that she loved him. That dream was over. She was sure however that she liked him.

But how would it be with him? It might be well for her to become his wife, but could it be well for him that he should become her husband? **In sober earnest and with anxious thought she turned all this in her mind.** Did she not feel that it would be better for him that he should become a man before he married at all? Perhaps so;—but then if she desisted would others desist? If she did not put out her bait, would there not be other hooks,—other and worse? Would not such a one, so soft, so easy, so prone to be caught and so desirable for the catching, be sure to be made prey of by some snare?

But could she love him? That a woman should not marry a man without loving him, she partly knew. But she thought she knew also that there must be exceptions. **Should she succeed in bringing him to her feet she would certainly love him.** She would do her very best to love him. That other man should be banished from her very thoughts. She would be such a wife to him that he should never know that he lacked anything. **It would, she acknowledged, be better for him that he should remain unmarried for a while; but as he was destined to be caught at once she thought that for his sake as well as for her own it would be best that he should be caught by her.** Poor boy! Sweet, dear boy!

Chapter 17, *The Derby*

An attendance at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting had unfortunately not been compatible with the Silverbridge election. Major Tifto had therefore been obliged to look after the affair alone. "A very useful mare," as Tifto had been in the habit of calling a leggy, thoroughbred, meagre-looking brute named Coalition **who, as she was unfitted by her proportions to be a mother of horses, and could never by any chance do anything useful**, was on this occasion confided to the Major's sole care and judgment. But Coalition failed, as coalitions always **will** do, and Tifto had to report to his noble patron that they had not pulled off the event. It had been a match for four hundred pounds, made indeed by Lord Silverbridge, but made at the suggestion of Tifto;—and now Tifto wrote in a very bad humour about it. It had been altogether his Lordship's fault in submitting to carry two pounds more than Tifto had thought to be fair and equitable. **Tifto, so he declared, had he been allowed to use his own judgment would never have dreamed of allowing the mare to run with such a crushing weight upon her back! Was Lord Silverbridge aware that two pounds extra would make all the difference in the world in such a match as this? But** the match had been lost. Would Lord Silverbridge be so good as to pay the money to Mr. Green Griffin**, the happy owner of the victorious horse,** and debit him, Tifto, with his share of the loss?

In giving Major Tifto his due, we must acknowledge that the **very** unpleasant tone of **his** [the Major's] letter was due quite as much to the ill usage he had received in reference to that journey to Silverbridge, as to the loss of the race. Within that little body there was a high-mounting heart, and that heart had been greatly wounded by his Lordship's treatment. Tifto had felt himself to **be shoved aside almost as though he had been** [have been treated like] a servant. Hardly an excuse had even been made. He had been simply told that he was not wanted**;—or worse even than that, that he was not quite fit for the occasion**. He was apt sometimes to tell himself that he knew on which side his bread was buttered**,—and seeing that he had begun the world with nothing, and that he had hitherto eaten very well-buttered bread, perhaps he had reason for such self-confidence**. But **yet** perhaps he hardly **did know** [knew] how best to keep the butter going. There was a little pride about him which was antagonistic to the best interests of such a trade as his. Perhaps it was well that he should inwardly suffer**,—perhaps well that he should determine inwardly to resent such injury as he had received** [when injured]. But it could not be well that he should declare to such men as Nidderdale, and Dolly Longstaffe, and Popplecourt**, and others** that he didn't mean to put up with that sort of thing. **And had he really known on which side his bread was buttered he certainly would** [He certainly should] not have spoken in this strain before Tregear. Of all men living he hated **Tregear the worst,** and **in truth** feared him the

most. And he knew that **of all men living,—that is, of all young men,—no one** [no other man] loved Silverbridge as did Tregear. Had he been thinking of his bread and butter, instead of giving way **most uncautiously** to the mighty anger of his little bosom, he would have hardly declared **before Tregear** [openly] at the club that he would let Lord Silverbridge know that he did not mean to stand any man's airs**;—nor would he have said even in the presence of Dolly Longstaffe that the young Lord's comb would want cutting before long**. But these extravagances were due perhaps to whisky-and-water, and that kind of intoxication which comes to certain men from momentary triumphs. Tifto could always be got to make a fool of himself when surrounded by three or four men of rank who, for the occasion, would **flatter him and** talk to him as an equal. **There was a moment in which** he almost declared that Coalition had lost her match because he had not been taken down to Silverbridge.

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"I know all about it," said Silverbridge, who had **received Tifto's letter and had also had [**had] an interview with his partner since the race.

"**He says that you have about ruined him.** If you don't take care he'll dismiss you."

Silverbridge did not care much about this, knowing that words of wisdom did not ordinarily fall from the mouth of Dolly Longstaffe. But he was more moved when his friend Tregear spoke to him. "I wish you knew the kind of things **which** that fellow Tifto says behind your back."

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"**I don't see that at all.** Do you care what every fellow says about you?"

"I care very much what those say whom I choose to live with me. Whatever Tifto might say about me would be quite indifferent to me because we have nothing in common. But you and he are **so** bound together **that people will naturally suppose that he knows what he is talking about**."

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"But that is a great deal. The truth is he's a nasty, brawling, boasting, ill-conditioned little reptile**, and the sooner you can get quit of him the better for you**."

Silverbridge of course did not acknowledge that this was true. **When does anyone acknowledge the truth of advice from a friend?** But he felt it, and almost repented **him** of his trust in Tifto. But still Prime Minister stood very well for the Derby.

He was second favourite, the odds against him being only four to one**; and at this very hour was supposed to be rising a little**. The glory of being part owner of a probable winner of the Derby was so much to him that he could not bring himself to be altogether angry with Tifto. There was no doubt that the horse's present condition was due entirely to Tifto's care. Tifto spent, in these few days just before the race, the greatest part of his time in the close vicinity of the horse, **down at Newmarket,** only running up to London now and then, as a fish comes to the surface, for a breath of air. **Some men said that he slept in the stable. He certainly saw Prime Minister take all his gallops.** It was impossible that Lord Silverbridge should separate himself from the Major,—at any rate till after the Epsom meeting.

He had paid the money for the match **and certain other sums for stable expenses** without a word of reproach to his partner, but still with a feeling that things were not quite as they ought to be. In money matters his father had been **very** liberal **to him**, but not very definite. He had been told that he ought not to spend **at the most** above two thousand pounds a year, and had been reminded that there was a house for him **always** to use both in town and in the country. But he had been given to understand also that any application made to Mr. Moreton, if not very unreasonable, would be attended with success. A solemn promise had been exacted from him that he would have no dealings with money-lenders;—and then he had been set afloat. **This had been on his withdrawal from Oxford, and from that day to the present time there had not been a word between him and his father about money.** There had been a rather frequent correspondence with Mr. Moreton, who had **on one or two occasions ventured to** [once or twice] submit[ted] a total of the money paid on behalf of his correspondent. Lord Silverbridge, who imagined himself to be anything but **an** extravagant **young man**, had **sometimes** wondered how the figures could mount up so rapidly. But the money needed was always forthcoming, and the raising of objections never seemed to be carried back beyond Mr. Moreton. His promise to his father about the money-lenders had been scrupulously kept. As long as ready money can be made to be forthcoming without any charge for interest, a young man must be very foolish **indeed** who will prefer to borrow it at twenty-five **or fifty** per cent.

Now had come the night before the Derby, and it must be acknowledged that **not only** the young Lord**, but Tifto also** [as well as Tifto]**,** was much fluttered by the greatness of the coming struggle. Tifto, having seen his horse conveyed to Epsom, had come up to London in order that he might dine with his partner and hear what was being said about the race at the Beargarden. The party dining there consisted of Silverbridge, Dolly Longstaffe, Popplecourt, and Tifto. Lord Nidderdale was to have joined them, but

he told them on the day before, with a sigh, that domestic duties were too strong for him. Lady Nidderdale,—or if not Lady Nidderdale herself, then Lady Nidderdale's mother,—was so far potent over the young nobleman as to induce him to confine his Derby practices to the Derby day. **Tregear had been asked to join the party, but he had flatly told Silverbridge that he would not willingly sit down in company with Major Tifto.**

Another guest had also been expected, the reason for whose non-appearance must be explained somewhat at length. Lord Gerald Palliser, the Duke's second son, was at this time at Cambridge,—being almost as popular at Trinity as his brother had been at Christ Church. It was to him quite a matter of course that he should see his brother's horse run for the Derby. **What chance was there that Silverbridge should ever again possess a favourite for the great race of the year? That he should see the race seemed to him to be so natural that he almost felt that his going would be a thing of course to the college authorities.** But, unfortunately, in this very year a stand was being made by the University pundits against a practice which they thought had become too general. For the last year or two it had been considered almost as much a matter of course that a Cambridge undergraduate should go to the Derby as that a member of Parliament should do so. **Indeed it had seemed to become a question whether the whole Derby week should not be regarded as a period devoted to Saturnalia.** Against this three or four rigid disciplinarians had raised their voices,—and as a result, no young man up at Trinity could get leave to be away on the Derby pretext.

Lord Gerald**, when he found that he must consider himself to be bound by this law,** raged against the restriction very loudly. He at first proclaimed his intention of ignoring the college authorities altogether**, and of dealing with his time as a man may do who is subject to no control**. Of course he would be expelled. But the order itself was to his thinking so absurd,—the idea that he should not see his brother's horse run was so extravagant,—that he argued that his father could not be angry with him for incurring dismissal in so excellent a cause. But his brother saw things in a different light. He knew how his father had looked at him when he had been sent away from Oxford, and he counselled moderation. Gerald should see the Derby, but should not encounter that heaviest wrath of all which comes from a man's not sleeping beneath his college roof. There was a train which left Cambridge at an early hour, and would bring him into London **quite** in time to accompany his friends to the race-course;—and another train, a special, **was arranged** which would take him down after dinner, so that he and others should reach Cambridge before the college gates were shut. **The day would be no doubt stolen from the University as far as any purposes of hall, chapel, or lecture-room**

were concerned;—but if a man even has a headache he cannot go to hall, chapel, or lecture-room. In fact it was considered that if he only slept each night within his college no great harm would come, although he would have done exactly what it was intended that he should not do in going to the Derby.

The dinner at the Beargarden was very joyous**, and after dinner the young men joined themselves to others**. Of course the state of the betting in regard to Prime Minister was the subject generally popular for the night. Mr. Lupton came in, a gentleman well known in all fashionable circles, parliamentary, social, and racing, who was rather older than his company on this occasion, but still not so much so as to be found to be an encumbrance. Lord Glasslough, too, and others joined them, and a good deal was said about the horse. "I never keep these things dark," said Tifto. "Of course he's an uncertain horse."

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"Just so, Mr. Lupton. What I mean is the Minister has got a bit of temper. But if he likes to do his best I don't think **there is anything** [any three-year-old] in England **at this moment** can get his nose past him**;—that is, of course, anything three years old**."

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"I've seen him 'ave his gallops," said the little man, who in his moments of excitement would sometimes fall away from that exact pronunciation which had been one of the studies of his life, "and 'ave measured his stride. I think I know what pace means **as well as any man out at present**. Of course I'm not going to answer for the 'orse. He's a temper**, and, like most other animals I've seen in training, his legs are not made of steel**. But if things go favourably no animal that ever showed on the Downs was more likely to do the trick. Is there any gentleman here who would like to bet me fifteen to one in hundreds against the two events,—the Derby and the Leger?" The desired odds were at once offered by Mr. Lupton, and the bet was booked.

This gave rise to other betting, and before the evening was over Lord Silverbridge had taken three and a half to one against his horse to such an extent that he stood to lose twelve hundred pounds **by the bets made then and there in that room**; but then he also stood to win over four thousand **on an event which at the present moment he conceived to be almost probable**. The champagne which he had drunk, and the news that Quousque, the first favourite, had so gone to pieces that now there was a question which was the first favourite, had so inflated him that, had he been left alone, he would almost have wagered even money on his horse. **He had told his father that he didn't**

bet much. He had assured her whom he regarded as the dearest of his friends, Lady Mab, that he did not and would not "plunge." Not a week since, he had informed Mr. Moreton in his good-humoured way that that gentleman need not be a bit afraid of his losing money on the turf. Now, in the midst of his excitement, there came to him a feeling that he was allowing himself to do just that which he had intended to avoid. But then the occasion was so peculiar! How often can it happen to a man in his life that he shall own a favourite for the Derby? **And when before had it ever happened to one so young as he?** The affair was one in which it was almost necessary that he should risk a little money. **In this way he consoled himself,—though as he got into bed he knew that he had been doing that of which he ought to be ashamed.**

Tifto, when he got into his bed, was altogether happy. He had added whisky-and-water to his champagne, and **was moreover so circumstanced in the world that an even chance of obtaining great pecuniary success was to him itself ground for triumph** [feared nothing]. If Prime Minister **could be made to** [should] win the Derby he would be able to pay all that he owed and to make a start with money in his pocket. And then there would be **at once** attached to him all the infinite glory of being the owner of a winner of the Derby. The horse was **being** [to] run in his name. Thoughts as to great successes crowded themselves upon his heated brain. What might not be open to him? Parliament! The Jockey Club! The Mastership of one of the crack shire packs! Might it not come to pass that he should some day become the great authority in England upon races, race-horses, and hunters? If he could be the winner of a Derby and Leger he thought that **Popplecourt and** Glasslough and Lupton would snub him no longer, that even Tregear would speak to him, and that his pal, the Duke's son, would not throw him aside again **when once he had invited him to go down into the country**. **Thinking of all this, Major Tifto was quite happy with himself when he went to bed.**

Lord Silverbridge had bought a drag with all its appendages. There was the coach, the four bay horses, the harness, and the two regulation grooms. **They had belonged to a certain sporting baronet named Sir Damask Monogram who had come to some grief in his money matters, and had been transferred wholesale to the young Lord.** When making this purchase he had condescended to say a word to his father on the subject. "Everybody belongs to the four-in-hand club, now," said the son.

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"Ah,—if I could be like you! **We can't all be statesmen when we are young.**" The Duke had said that he would think about it, and then had told Mr. Moreton that he was to pay the bill for this new toy. He had thought about it, and had assured himself that

driving a coach and four was at present regarded as a fitting amusement for young men of rank and wealth. He did not understand it himself. It seemed to him to be as unnatural as though a gentleman should turn blacksmith and make horseshoes for his amusement. Driving four horses was hard work**,—and the power of doing so a desirable accomplishment for a professional coachman**. But the same might be said of rowing. There were men, he knew, who would spend their days standing at a lathe, making little boxes for their recreation. He did not sympathise with it. But the fact was so, and this driving of coaches was regarded with favour**;—the only recognised objection to it being that of expense**. **On that score there was no reason why Silverbridge should not do anything that was not on other grounds objectionable.** He had been a little touched by that word his son had spoken. **"We cannot all be statesmen when we are young."** ["Ah,—if I could be like you."] So he had given the permission; the drag, horses, harness, and grooms had come into the possession of Lord Silverbridge; and now they were put into requisition to take their triumphant owner and his party down to Epsom **to see Prime Minister win the great race of the year**. Dolly Longstaffe's team was sent down to meet them half-way. Gerald Palliser, who had come up from Cambridge that morning, was allowed to drive the first stage out of town to compensate him for the cruelty done to him by the University pundits. Tifto, with a cigar in his mouth, with a white hat and a blue veil, and a new light-coloured coat, **new bright pantaloons, and a ruby-coloured silk handkerchief round his neck,** was by no means the least happy **or least confident** of the party.

How that race was run, and how both Prime Minister and Quousque were beaten by an outsider named Fishknife, Prime Minister, however, coming in a good second, the present writer, having no aptitude in that way, cannot describe. Such, however, were the facts, and then Dolly Longstaffe and Lord Silverbridge drove the coach back to London. The coming back was not so triumphant, though the young fellows bore their failure well. Dolly Longstaffe had lost a "pot of money." Silverbridge would have to draw upon that inexhaustible Mr. Moreton for something over two thousand pounds,—in regard to which he had no doubt as to the certainty with which the money would be forthcoming, but he feared that it would give rise to special notice from his father. Even the poor younger brother had lost a couple of hundred pounds, for which he would have to make his own special application to Mr. Moreton. **Prime Minister certainly had not done any good as yet.**

But Tifto **probably** felt it more than anyone. The horse ought to have won. **Nobody doubted that.** Fishknife**, of whom nobody had known anything,** had been favoured by such a series of accidents that the whole affair had been a miracle

performed in his favour. Tifto had **all** these circumstances at his fingers' ends, and in the course of the afternoon and evening explained them accurately to all who would listen to him. **I do not know that, if explained here, they would be interesting to the general reader.** He had**, however,** this to say on his own behalf,—that before the party had left the course their horse stood first favourite for the Leger. **As it happened Fishknife had not even been entered for the Yorkshire race.** But Tifto was **very** unhappy as he came back to town, and in spite of the lunch which had been very glorious, sat moody and sometimes even silent within his gay apparel.

"It was the unfairest start I ever saw," said Tifto, almost getting up from his seat on the coach so as to address Dolly and Silverbridge on the box**, and speaking after an interval of ten minutes**.

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"That's all very well. I can take my licking as well as another man. But one has to look to the causes of these things. I never saw Peppermint ride so badly. Before he got round the corner I wished I'd been on the horse myself. **He has the name of a jockey, but I never saw anything so awkward.**"

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"Well;—perhaps not. Only I did think that I was a pretty good judge of riding. **Perhaps you are better.**" Then Tifto again settled down into silence.

But though **a great deal of** [much] money had been lost, and a great deal of disappointment had to be endured by our party in reference to the Derby, the most injurious and most deplorable event in the day's history had not occurred yet. Dinner had been ordered at the Beargarden at seven,—an hour earlier than would have been named had it not been that Lord Gerald must be at the Eastern Counties railway station at nine p.m. An hour and a half for dinner and a cigar afterwards, and half an hour to get to the railway station would not be more than time enough. **And so the hour had been arranged for the young man.**

But of all men alive Dolly Longstaffe was the most unpunctual. He did not arrive till **nearly** eight. The others were not there till half-past seven, and it was **very** nearly eight before any of them sat down. At half-past eight Silverbridge began to be very anxious about his brother, and told him **more than once** that he ought to start without further delay. A hansom cab was waiting at the door, but Lord Gerald still delayed. He knew, he said, that **in fact** the special would not start till half-past nine. There were a lot of fellows who were dining about everywhere, and they would never get to the station

punctually by the hour fixed. It **soon** became apparent to the elder brother that Gerald would stay altogether unless he were forced to go, and at last he did **absolutely** get up and **almost** push the young fellow out. "Drive like the very devil," he said to the cabman, explaining to him something of the circumstances. The cabman did do his best, but a cab cannot be made to travel from the Beargarden, which as all the world knows is close to St. James's Street, to Liverpool Street in the City in ten minutes. When Lord Gerald reached the station the train had started**, and he was impeded in the frantic effort he made to jump onto the guard's brake as the carriages were passing away**.

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"They wouldn't give me one." After that it was apparent to all of them that what had just happened had done more to ruffle our hero's temper than his failure and loss at the races. **He had taken a good deal of wine, but, nevertheless, he was silenced. There was nothing to be done. It was impossible to waft the young lad down to Trinity during the night watches.**

Chapter 18, *One of the Results of the Derby*

On the following morning at about eleven Silverbridge and his brother were at breakfast at an hotel in Jermyn Street. They had slept in Carlton Terrace, but Lord Gerald had done so without the knowledge of the Duke. Lord Silverbridge[,] **had at one time, just** as he was putting himself to bed, [had] made up his mind to tell the **whole** story to the Duke [at once], but when the morning came his courage failed him. The two young men therefore slunk out of the house, and as there was no breakfasting at the Beargarden, they went to this hotel. They were both rather gloomy, but the elder brother was **certainly** the more sad of the two. "I'd give anything I have in the world," he said, "that you hadn't come up at all."

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"Who on earth would have thought that they'd have been so punctual? They never are punctual on the Great Eastern. It was an infernal shame.**" But what was to be done? "**I think I shall go at once to Harnage and tell him all about it**,**" **said Lord Gerald**. **Now** Mr. Harnage was Lord Gerald's tutor.

"But you've been in ever so many **scrapes** [rows] before."

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"**What an ass you must have been.** What sort of a fellow is he?"

"He used to be good-natured. **At least they all say so.** Now he has taken ever so many crotchets into his head. It was he who began all this about none of the men going to the Derby."

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"Yes**;—and he wouldn't give it me**. And when I told him about your owning Prime Minister **and all that**, he got savage and declared that was the very reason why I shouldn't go."

"You didn't tell me **all** that."

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At last it was decided that the two brothers should go down to Cambridge together. Silverbridge would be able to come back to London the same evening, so as to take his drag down to the Oaks on the Friday,—a duty from which even his present misery would not deter him. They reached Cambridge at about three, and Lord Silverbridge**, according to the plan which had been made,** at once called at the Master's lodge and sent in his card. The Master of Trinity is a man so great that he cannot be supposed to see all comers, but on this occasion Lord Silverbridge was fortunate. With much trepidation he told his story. Such being the circumstances, could anything be done to moderate the vials of wrath which must doubtless be poured out over the head of his unfortunate brother?

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"Yes, it does. But it is not that I mean. If you knew how this would,—would,—would break his heart." Then there came a tear into the young man's eye,—and there was something almost like a tear in the eye of the old man too. "Of course it was my fault. I got him to come **because I had a horse of my own running**. He hadn't the slightest intention of staying. I think you will believe what I say about that, sir."

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"I got into a row at Oxford. I dare say you heard. There never was anything so stupid. That was a great grief to my father,—a very great grief. It is so hard upon him because he never did anything foolish **in all his life** [himself]."

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"That is it. He has got over the affair about me. As I'm the eldest son I've got into Parliament, and he thinks, perhaps, that all has been forgotten. An eldest son may, I fancy, be a greater ass than his younger brother." The Master could not but smile as he thought of the selection which had been made of a legislator. "But if Gerald is sent down, I don't know how he'll get over it. **If you could do anything for my father's sake I should think so much of it.**" And now the tears absolutely rolled down the young man's face, so that he was forced to wipe them from his eyes.

The Master was much moved. That a young man should pray for himself would be nothing to him. The discipline of the college was not in his hands, and such prayers **ought not to avail and would not avail anything** [would avail nothing with him]. Nor would a brother praying simply for a brother avail much. A father asking for his son might be resisted. But the brother asking pardon for the brother on behalf of the father was almost irresistible. But this man had long been in a position in which he knew that no such prayers should ever prevail at all. In the first place it was not his business. If he did anything, it would only be by asking a favour when he knew that no favour should be granted;—and a favour which he of all men should not ask, because to him of all men it could **hardly** [not] be refused. And then the very altitude of the great statesman whom he was invited to befriend,—the position of this Duke who had **made bishops and who might so probably be called on to make them again** [been so powerful and might be so powerful again],—was against any such interference. He himself might know of himself that he had nothing to wish for,—that as Master of Trinity he would accept no bishopric;—but others could not know it of him. Of himself he might be sure that he would certainly have done this as readily for any Mr. Jones as for the Duke of Omnium; but were he to do it, it would be said of him that it had been done because the man was Duke of Omnium **and might so probably be again Prime Minister of England**. There are positions exalted beyond the reach of benevolence, because benevolence would seem to be self-seeking. "Your father if he were here," said he, "would know that I could not interfere **in this matter without doing wrong**."

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"Well;—I did not say so. And if you have been indiscreet I **certainly** can pardon that. I wish I could have served you; but I fear that it is not in my power." Then Lord Silverbridge took his leave, and going to his brother's rooms waited there till Lord Gerald had returned from his interview with the tutor.

"It's all up," said he, chucking down his cap and striving to be cheerful **as he entered the room**. "I may pack up and go—just where I please. He says that on no account will he have anything more to do with me. **And that means that I am to go down.** I asked him what I was to do, and he said that the governor had better take my name off the books of the college. I did ask whether I couldn't go over to Maclean."

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"Well;—I suppose I did mean to show him that I was not going to be exterminated by him. He will write to the governor to-day**, and he was kind enough to say that I might do what I liked about keeping my rooms for a day or two**. You will have to talk to the governor."

Yes! As Lord Silverbridge went back that afternoon to London he thought very much of that talking to the governor! Never yet had he been able to say anything very pleasant to "the governor." He had himself been always in disgrace at Eton, and had been sent away from Oxford. He had introduced Tregear to the family, which of all the troubles perhaps was the worst. He had changed his politics. He had spent more money than he ought to have done, and now at this very moment must ask for a large sum. And he had brought Gerald up to see the Derby, thereby causing him to be sent away from Cambridge! **Had ever a father more reason to be displeased with a son?** And, through it all, there was present to him a feeling that by no words which he could use would he be able to make his father understand how deeply he felt all this. **His father, who seemed to expect that he should all at once become a first-class member of Parliament,—which he knew to be impossible,—seemed to him to give him no credit whatever for the good qualities which he did possess.**

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"I suppose I know all about it."

"What is it?"

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"He has profited by your example at Oxford**?**[.]**"** **This he put as a question, but his son did not feel himself bound to answer it. Then another question was asked, the answering of which could not be avoided. "**Did you persuade him to come to these **wretched** races?"

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"I thought it was meant that he should not be away the night. **That was altogether an accident.**"

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"I thought there would be no risk if he got back the same night. I don't suppose there is any good in my saying it, but I never was so sorry for anything in all my life**. I didn't think very much about it. Of course Gerald wanted to be there, and I was anxious to please him. Now, as it has gone in this way,** I feel as if I could go and hang myself."

"That is absurd,—and unmanly," said the Duke. The expression of sorrow, as it had been made, might be absurd and unmanly, but nevertheless it had touched him. He was severe because he did not know how far his severity wounded**, but no father could be less willing to add to any sorrow that his son might feel**. "It is a great blow,—another great blow! **What he had better do I cannot say.** Races! A congregation of all the worst blackguards in the country mixed with the greatest fools."

"Lord Cantrip was there," said Silverbridge;—"and **I'm sure** I saw Sir Timothy Beeswax."

The stroke would have been a good stroke if Silverbridge had contented himself with quoting Lord Cantrip, who, as the reader knows, was a man much respected by the Duke. But the second venture was not so good. There was perhaps no man in England at the present moment whom the Duke both disliked and despised more thoroughly than he did Sir Timothy Beeswax. "If the presence of Sir Timothy Beeswax be an allurement to you, I pity you indeed. I have nothing further to say about it. You have ruined your brother." [He had been driven to further anger by this reference to one man whom he respected, and to another whom he despised.]

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"What am I to **do about him** [say]?"

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"Do you believe it possible that he should pass any examination? **I do not know what to do.** I think that my children between them will bring me to the grave. You had better go now. I suppose you will want to be—at the races again." Then the young man crept out of the room, and going to his own part of the house shut himself up alone for nearly an hour. What had he better do to give his father some comfort? Should he abandon racing altogether, sell his share of Prime Minister and Coalition, and go in hard

and strong for committees, debates, and divisions? Should he get rid of his drag, and resolve to read up parliamentary literature? **He might determine to do all this, but he found that he was not strong enough to keep to any such determination.** He was resolved upon one thing at any rate. He would not go to the Oaks that day. And then he was resolved on another thing. He would call on Lady Mab Grex and ask her advice. **No one could give him advice so good as Lady Mab Grex.** He felt so disconsolate and insufficient for himself that he wanted advice from someone whom he could trust.

He found Tifto, Dolly Longstaffe, and one or two others at the stables from whence it was intended that the drag should start. They were waiting, and rather angry because they had been kept waiting **for a quarter of an hour**. But the news when it came was very sad indeed. "You wouldn't mind taking the team down and back yourself; would you, Dolly?" he said to Longstaffe.

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"Not going!" said Tifto.

"Not to-day, Major."

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"Yes;—we've got the trap and the horses," said Dolly, "and I vote we make a start. **Silverbridge is wanted to make a House, no doubt.**"

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The poor Duke had no one to whom he could go for advice and consolation. When his son left him he turned to his newspaper, and tried to read it—in vain. His mind was too ill at ease to admit even of political matters. He was greatly grieved by this new misfortune as to Gerald[,]**. He was disappointed at finding that his elder son gave his mind to all mean things rather than to the House of Commons and to public matters. It was not that he had expected much immediate work from the young member, but that he had thought,—at any rate had hoped,—that the possession of the privileges of Parliament would have had an immediate if not a permanent effect on the young man's mind. As far as he could see, getting into Parliament had been no more to his heir than getting into some Beargarden Club might have been.** [and by Lord Silverbridge's propensity to racing.]

But though these sorrows were heavy, there was a sorrow heavier than these. Lady Cantrip had expressed an opinion almost in favour of Tregear,—and had certainly expressed an opinion in favour of Mrs. Finn. The whole affair in regard to Mrs. Finn had

been explained to her[,]**,—with perfect justice and truth,—**and she had told the Duke that, according to her thinking, Mrs. Finn had behaved well! When the Duke, with an energy which was by no means customary with him, had asked that question on the answer to which so much depended,—"Should there have been a moment lost?"—Lady Cantrip had assured him that not a moment had been lost. Mrs. Finn had at once gone to work, and had arranged that the whole affair should be told to him, the Duke, in the proper way. "I think she did," said Lady Cantrip, "what I myself should have done in similar circumstances. **I could not have made myself the informer, but I should have taken care that the gentleman should tell his own tale without delay. That, I take it, is the usual and the proper course.**"

This was altogether terrible to the Duke. In the first place it conveyed to him the opinion of this lady, whom he had been willing to trust in the matter, that Tregear was to be regarded as a suitor who had been entitled at any rate to make his suit. He himself had felt that the young man should have been regarded as having travelled as it were out of his own hemisphere in what he had done;—as an Ixion who had tried to fly into the heavens, as a Phaethon who had thought that he could drive the horses of the sun, as a Marsyas who had piped in emulation of the god,—and that the punishment of an Ixion, a Phaethon, or a Marsyas should befall the arrogant intruder. He was especially desirous that his daughter should be imbued with this idea;—but how could that be if Lady Cantrip, who had the charge of his daughter, would not allow herself to be so imbued?

And then how was he to answer that letter of Mrs. Finn's? If Lady Cantrip was right, then must his apology to Mrs. Finn be ample and abject. Perhaps it was this **latter** feeling which at the moment was most vexatious to him.

Chapter 19, *"No, My Lord, I Do Not"*

Between two and three o'clock Lord Silverbridge, in spite of his sorrow, found himself able to eat **a good** [his] lunch at his club. **He had not enjoyed his breakfast, and was hungry.** The place was **quite** deserted, **at any rate so far as his own friends were concerned,** the Beargarden world having gone to the races. As he sat **there** alone eating cold lamb and drinking soda-and-brandy he did confirm himself in certain **resolutions,—**modified resolutions, which**, as he had told himself,** might be more probably kept than those sterner laws of absolute renunciation to which he had thought of pledging himself in his half-starved morning condition. His father had spoken in very

strong language against racing,—saying that those who went were either fools or rascals. He was sure that this was exaggerated. Half the House of Lords and two-thirds of the House of Commons were to be seen at the Derby; but no doubt there were many rascals and fools, and he could not associate with the legislators without finding himself among the fools and rascals. He would,—as soon as he could,—separate himself from the Major. And he would not bet. It was on that side of the sport that the rascals and the fools showed themselves. Of what service could betting be to him whom Providence had provided with all things wanted to make life pleasant? **He would certainly give up betting.** As to the drag, his father had in a certain measure approved of that, and he would keep the drag[,]**.** [as he] **He** must have some relaxation**, and there could be no reason why that relaxation should not consist in driving four horses**. But his great effort of all should be made in the House of Commons. He would endeavour to make his father perceive that he had **read and** appreciated that letter. He would always be in the House soon after four, and would remain there,—for, if possible, as long as the Speaker sat in the chair. He had already begun to feel that there was a difficulty in keeping his seat upon those benches. The half-hours there would be **longer than he had ever known them to be elsewhere** [so much longer than elsewhere!]. An irresistible desire of sauntering out**, at any rate as far as the smoking-room,** would come upon him. There were men the very sound of whose voices **had** [was] already **become** odious to him. **Already** there had come upon him a feeling in regard to certain **habitual** orators, that when once they had begun **to speak** there was no reason why they should ever stop. Words of some sort were always forthcoming like spiders' webs**, and as for matter it could be spread out so thin that the smallest fragment of an idea might be made to last for an hour**. He did not think that he could learn to take a pleasure in sitting in the House; but he hoped that he might be man enough to do it, though it was not pleasant. He would **at any rate** begin to-day, instead of going to the Oaks.

But before he went to the House he would **endeavour to** see Lady Mabel Grex. And here it may be well to state that in making his resolutions as to a better life[,]**,—a life which might be better for his father's sake rather than his own,—**he had considered much whether it would not be well for him to take a wife. His father had once told him that, when he married, the house in Carlton Terrace should be his own. "I will be a lodger, if you will have me," said the Duke, "or if your wife should not like that, I will find a lodging elsewhere." This had been in the sadness and tenderness which had immediately followed the death of the Duchess. **It had been evident that the Duke had then thought that he ought to marry.** Marriage would steady him. Were he a married man, Tifto would of course disappear. Upon the whole he thought it would be good that

he should marry. And, if so, who could be so nice as Lady Mabel? That his father would be contented with Lady Mab, he was inclined to believe. **His father, he knew well, had no great respect for Lord Grex, who was a gambler and a roué, and had never attended much to his parliamentary duties in the House of Lords. But** there was no better blood in England, and Lady Mabel was known to be clever, beautiful, and, in her peculiar circumstances, very wise. **There was an attraction about Lady Mabel which he had found in no other girl.**

He was aware, however, of a certain drawback**, though he had never as yet succeeded in defining it to himself**. Lady Mabel as his wife would be his superior, and in some degree his master. Though not older she was wiser than he,—and not only wiser but more powerful also. **She might perhaps require of him more than he would be willing to give.** And he was not quite sure but that she regarded him as a boy. He thought that she did love him,—or would do so if he asked her,—but that her love would be bestowed upon him as on an inferior creature. **He could not bring the phrases to his mind by which he could explain all this to himself,—but he did not like to think that she should patronise him and be kind to him, and perhaps at last become his wife, partly because he was the eldest son of a duke and partly because she liked him as a boy.** He was already jealous of his own dignity, and fearful lest he should miss the glory of being loved by this lovely one for his own sake,—for his own manhood, and his own gifts and his own character.

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"Oh, yes;—that is a matter of course. **He has been down in the neighborhood since Wednesday. He comes up to-day to dinner.** Why are you a recreant?"

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"That's the kind of life I'm going to lead. You haven't heard **anything** about Gerald?"

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"Very terrible[!]**;—was it not?**"

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"Yes, he did. You have heard of all that**, I know**. Tregear told you."

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"Of course my father does not like it. **In fact he looks upon it as quite out of the question. I suppose Mary will not give it up.**"

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"Certainly I like Tregear. He is the friend, among men, whom I like the best. I have only two real friends **in the world,—two that I care for**."

"Who are they?" she asked, sinking her voice very low**,—feeling herself to be almost sure what his answer would be, but yet anxious to hear it**.

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"I hoped that I was one, **though I didn't know that there were only two,**" she said. "But if you love Tregear so dearly[,]**,—that is if you are so fond of him,—**why do you not approve of him for your sister?"

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"It is not exactly that. I don't like to talk of it in that way. I knew it would make my father unhappy. **It isn't as though he had got any money.** In point of fact he can't marry her. What is the good of approving of a thing that is impossible?"

"I wish I knew your sister. Is she—firm? **When she takes a thing in her head does she stick to it?**"

"Indeed she **does** [is]."

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"No," said he, after considering awhile; "nor am I. But she is not like Gerald or me. She is **much** more obstinate."

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"I think you would be."

"**Then you don't know me.** If I were in love with a girl I should be true to her."

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"Mary? No. That is just it. She will stick to it if he does. **And yet what is the use?**"

"I would if I were she. Where will you find any young man equal to Frank Tregear? **Do you know anyone? I don't.**"

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"That isn't a nice thing for you to say, Lord Silverbridge. Frank is my cousin,—as indeed you are also; but it so happens that I have seen a great deal of him all my life. And, though I don't want to cut your sister out, as you so prettily say, I love him well enough to understand that any girl whom he loves ought to be true to him." So far what she said was very well, but she afterwards added a word which might have been wisely omitted. "Frank and I are almost beggars**, and therefore, though we may be dear cousins,—the same as brother and sister almost,—we never could have been anything else**."

"What an accursed thing money is," he exclaimed, jumping up from his chair **with energy**.

"I don't agree with you at all. **I think it is a very blessed thing. I am sure** it is a very comfortable thing."

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"You must find that out. There is such a thing I suppose as real sympathy. **The rich people are loved, I take it, quite as dearly as the poor.**"

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"You are putting words into my mouth which I never spoke, and ideas into my mind which I never thought**, in a most unfair manner**."

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"That remains to be seen, Lord Silverbridge. The rich man will at any rate have to fall in love with me first. **What may happen then must depend on circumstances.** If you know of anyone you need not tell him to be too sure because he has a good income."

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"I can only think of one other;—but **I know** you wouldn't take him."

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"It's ever so much past five," said the legislator, "and I had intended to be in the House more than an hour ago. **Besides, I don't care about seeing your father. He would chaff me about that brute of a horse that did not win the race.** Good-bye. Give my love to Miss Cassewary."

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"I should so like to know her. Good-bye." **Then, as he was shaking hands with her, he stood for a moment as though he would say yet another word. But he went at last without saying it.**

As he hurried down to the House in a hansom he thought over it all, and told himself that he feared it would not do. She might perhaps accept him, but if so, she would do it simply in order that she might become Duchess of Omnium. **And yet he was far from accusing her of mercenary feelings.** She might, he thought, have accepted him then, had she chosen. He had spoken plainly enough. But she had laughed at him**,—had told him that he was too young, had reminded him that he was bound to his father, and had quizzed him about his parliamentary duties**. He felt that if she loved him, there ought to have been something of that feminine tremor, of that doubting, hesitating half avowal of which he had perhaps read in novels, and which his own instincts taught him to desire. But there had been no tremor nor hesitating. "No, my Lord, I do not," she had said when he asked her to her face whether she liked him well enough to be his wife. "No, my Lord, I do not." It was not the refusal conveyed in these words which annoyed him. He did believe that if he were to press his suit with the usual forms she would accept him. **All that she had said as to her want of money tended that way.** But it was that there should be such a total absence of trepidation in her words and manner. Before her he **trembled and** blushed and hesitated and felt that he did not know how to express himself. If she would only have done the same, then there would have been an equality. Then he could have seized her in his arms and sworn that never, never, never would he care for anyone but her. **But her coolness and self-command and badinage cowed him.**

In truth he saw everything as it was only too truly. Though she might choose to marry him if he pressed his request, she would never subject herself to him as he would have the girl do whom he loved. She was his superior, and in every word uttered between them showed that it was so. **She knew so much more of the world than he did,—was so much more confident of herself,—in fact so much older!** But yet how beautiful she was;—how much more beautiful than any other thing he had ever seen! **If he could seize her in his arms and kiss her, what an Elysium of happiness would it not be to him! And perhaps it might be fortunate for him that he should have a wife in some degree superior to him.** He sat on one of the high seats behind Sir Timothy Beeswax and Sir Orlando Drought, listening, or pretending to listen, to the speeches of three or four gentlemen respecting sugar, thinking of all this till half-past seven;—and

then he went to dine **at his club** with the proud consciousness of having done his duty. The forms and methods of the House were, he flattered himself, soaking into him gradually,—as his father had desired. The theory of legislation was sinking into his mind. The welfare of the nation depended chiefly on sugar. **That he had thoroughly learned.** But he thought that, after all, his own welfare must depend on the possession of Mab Grex.

Chapter 20, *"Then He Will Come Again"*

Lady Mabel, when her young lover left her, was for a time freed from the necessity of thinking about him by her father. He had returned from the Oaks **very early, but** in a very bad humour. Lord Grex had been very badly treated by his son, whom he **perhaps** hated worse than anyone else in the world. On the Derby day he had won a large sum of money, which had been to him at the time a matter of intense delight,—for he was in great want of **ready** money. But on this day he had discovered that **Lord Percival,** his son and heir**,** had lost **rather** more than he had won, and an arrangement had been suggested to him that his winnings should go to pay Percival's losings. This was a mode of settling affairs to which the Earl would not listen for a moment, had he possessed the power of putting a veto upon it. But there had been a transaction lately between him and his son with reference to the cutting off a certain entail under which money was to be paid to Lord Percival. This money had not yet been forthcoming, and therefore the Earl was constrained to assent. **Lord Percival put it in this way. I owe A.B. a thousand pounds. A.B. owes the same sum to C.D. C.D. owes it again to the Earl. The Earl owes that, and ever so much more, to me. To the extent of the thousand pounds, let us cry quits. There was some rounding off needed, but such was the nature of the suggestion generally. It was** [This was] very distasteful to the Earl, and he came home therefore in a bad humour, and said a great many disagreeable things to his daughter. "You know, papa, if I could do anything I would." This she said in answer to a threat, which he had made often before and now repeated, of getting rid altogether of the house in Belgrave Square. Whenever he made this threat he did not scruple to tell her that the house had to be kept up solely for her welfare, **and then he would say very nasty words about Miss Cassewary**. "I don't see why the deuce you don't get married **to somebody**. You'll have to do it sooner or later." That was not a pleasant speech for a daughter to hear from her father. "As to that," she said, "it must come or not as chance will have it. If you want me to sign anything, I will sign it." For

she had been asked to sign papers, or in other words to surrender rights. "But for that other matter, it must be left to myself." Then he had been very disagreeable indeed.

They dined out together,—of course with all the luxury that wealth can give. There was a well-appointed carriage to take them backwards and forwards to the next square, such as an earl should have. She was splendidly dressed as became an earl's daughter, and he was brilliant with some star which had been accorded to him by **his grateful Sovereign, or by** his Sovereign's grateful minister**,** in return for staunch parliamentary support. No one looking at them could have imagined that such a father could have told such a daughter that she must marry herself out of the way, because as an unmarried girl she was a burden[.] **too heavy to be borne! And yet something very like that had occurred.**

During the dinner she was very gay. To be gay was the habit,—we may almost say the work,—of her life. It so chanced that she sat between Sir Timothy Beeswax, who in these days was a very great man indeed, and that very **Mr. Longstaffe,** Dolly Longstaffe, whom Silverbridge in his irony had proposed to her as a fitting suitor for her hand.

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"Certainly not. I don't know enough about it to be personal." That, however, was again not quite true. "But I have the greatest possible respect for the Duke, and I think it **such** a pity that he should be made unhappy by his son. Don't you like the Duke?"

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"Is that all?"

"What more am I to say? He certainly is not a friendly man. He never could keep a Cabinet together. He is as cold as ice, you know;—and then he thinks so much of his own dignity."

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"I'm utterly smashed. **I don't know what I shall have to do to raise the money.** Then there's Percival."

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"Oh laws;—so he is. I always put my foot in it**, if it's possible**. Well;—he has lost a lot. And so have Silverbridge and Tifto. Perhaps you don't know Tifto."

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"Indeed he is;—a very dear friend, and a cousin. **I did not think that he ever betted.**"

"That's what I hear. He's very much with Silverbridge, you know. **All of them who went in for the Prime Minister have had a bad time of it.**"

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"But that is not Mr. Tregear's way of living **at all**. I can understand that Lord Silverbridge or Percival should lose money."

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"But don't you think that he does look clever?" There could be no question but that Tregear, when he disliked his company, could show his dislike by his countenance; and it was not improbable that he had done so in the presence of Mr. Adolphus Longstaffe**, who was a gentleman quite able to appreciate such signs of disfavour**. "Now tell the truth, Lady Mabel;—does he not look conceited sometimes?"

"He generally looks as if he knew what he was talking about;—which is more than some other people do **sometimes**."

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When all this was over she was very angry with herself for the anxiety she had expressed about Tregear **and his affairs**. This Mr. Longstaffe was, she thought, exactly the man to report all she had said in the public room at the club. But she had been annoyed by what she had heard as to her friend**,—that he should have been betting and losing money**. She knew that he of all men should keep himself free from such follies. Those others had, as it were, a right to make fools of themselves. **She would not have said that they were born to do so,—but she almost felt it.** It had seemed so natural that the young men of her own class should dissipate their fortunes and their reputations by every kind of **indulgence and** extravagance! Her father had done so, and she had never even ventured to hope that her brother would not follow her father's example. **That Lord Silverbridge should be one of the same set was natural too; but then it was almost impossible that he should injure himself very much. Losses that would ruin others' properties would hardly be felt by the wealth which supported the house of Omnium.** But Tregear, if he gave way to such follies as these, would soon fall headlong into a pit from which there would be no **extrication** [escape]. And if he did fall, she knew herself well enough to be aware that she could not stifle, nor even conceal,

the misery which this would occasion her. As long as he stood well before the world she would be well able to assume indifference**, almost to feel it**. But were he to be precipitated into some bottomless misfortune, then **she thought that** she could only throw herself after him. She could see him marry, and smile,—and perhaps even like his wife. And while he was doing so, she could also marry, and resolve that the husband whom she took should be made to think that he had **the most** [a] loving wife **in England**. But were Frank to die,—then must she fall upon his body as though he had been known by all the world to be her lover. Something of this feeling came upon her now, when she heard that he had been betting and had been unfortunate. She had been unable so to subdue herself as to seem to be perfectly careless about it. She had begun by saying that she had not believed it;—but she had believed it. It was so natural that Tregear should have done as the others did with whom he lived! But then the misfortune would be to him so terrible,—so irremediable! The reader, however, may as well know at once that there was not a word of truth in the assertion**;—that when Silverbridge had suggested to his poorer friend that he could "put a very good thing in his way," the poorer friend had absolutely refused to have anything to do with good things of that sort**. **Somebody had said at the club that Tregear had been carried away by the energy of the owner of the unfortunate horse, and hence had come Dolly Longstaffe's report. But at the present moment Lady Mabel did believe it, and the belief added much to her unhappiness.**

After the dinner she went home alone. There were other festivities to be attended, had she pleased to attend them; and poor Miss Cassewary was dressed ready to go with her as chaperone;—but Miss Cassewary**, in spite of the trouble she had thus taken,** was quite satisfied to be allowed to go to bed in lieu of Mrs. Montacute Jones's great ball. And she had gone to her bedroom **and had begun to strip herself of her finery** when Lady Mabel went to her. "I am glad you are alone," she said, "because I must speak to you."

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"Everything is wrong**,—everything**. Papa says he must give up this house."

"He says that almost always when he comes back from the races, and very often when he comes back from the club. **No doubt he wins sometimes, and then he says nothing about it.**"

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"About the dearest friend that ever a poor girl had. It is hard upon you,—and upon me. I have given up everything**;—as far as I can understand, everything**. And what good have I done?"

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"But after all I do not care much for all that. **I suppose papa and Percival will not become beggars altogether.** The thing has been going on so long that one is used to it."

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"He has lost a lot of money at these races. A man who sat next to me at dinner,—one of those stupid **gaping** do-nothing fools that one meets everywhere,—told me so. He is one of the Beargarden set, and of course he knows all about it. **How is Frank to pay a large sum of money?**"

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"How is he to pay anything? Of all the things that men do this is **I think** the worst. A man who would think himself disgraced for ever if he accepted a present of money will not scruple to use all his wits to rob his friend of everything that he has by studying the run of cards or by watching the paces of some brutes of horses! And they consider themselves to be fine gentlemen! A real gentleman should never want the money out of another man's pocket;—**should never think of it. He** should never think of money at all."

"I don't know how that is to be helped, my dear. **I have got to think of it, and** you have got to think of it."

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"Psha! You know what I mean. I might have had the feelings of a gentleman as well as the best man that ever was born. I haven't; **things have gone against me.** But I have never done anything so mean as gambling. Now I have got something else to tell you."

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"I don't think he did quite ask me, but he gave me to understand that he would **like to** do so if I would give him any encouragement."

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"He'll never get another half so good; and he'll be sure to get one before long. It is a sort of tenderness that is quite inefficacious**,—and indeed injurious**. He will become a prey, as I should have made him a prey. But where is there another who will treat him so well?"

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"If he was in earnest," said Miss Cassewary, throwing aside all this badinage and thinking of the main point[,]**,—than which nothing could be more important,—**"if he was in earnest, he will come again."

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"I shall not spare him again; no,—not twice. I felt it to be hard to do so once, because I so nearly love him. There are so many of them who are odious to me[,]**,—with whom I could not bear to think that I should be linked for a life,—**as to whom the idea of marriage seems to be mixed somehow with an idea of suicide."

Chapter 21, *Sir Timothy Beeswax*

At the time with which we are at present concerned the country was not, I think, very proud of its Ministry. Lord Drummond, the Prime Minister, sat in the House of Lords,—a man who in inferior offices had been much respected, but was now known to be a fainéant Premier, placed in that position because the man who had succeeded in making himself the most powerful politician of the day had not as yet quite succeeded so far as to grasp the name and dignity of the first place.

There had lately been a great Conservative reaction in the country, brought about in part**, no doubt,** by the industry and good management of gentlemen who were strong on that side,—but due also in part to the blunders and quarrels of their opponents. That these opponents should have blundered and quarrelled, being men active and in earnest, was to have been expected. Such blunderings and quarrellings have been a matter of course since politics have been politics, and since religion has been religion. When men combine to do nothing, how should there be disagreement? When men combine to do much, how should there not be disagreement? Thirty men can sit still, each as like the other as peas. But put your thirty men up to run a race, and they will **go at different paces and** soon assume different forms. And in doing nothing, you can hardly do amiss.

To rest and be thankful is easy, so that a man's disposition be that way inclined. But who ever did a great work,—or even a little one,—without finding that there were blunders for him to fall into on the right side and on the left? The Roman Catholics are apt to point with pride to their own unanimity, and with scorn to the dissevered sects of Protestantism. But the Roman Catholic who has to think of nothing in his religion may well be of the same mind with others who also have no need of thinking. Whereas the Protestant has no such rampart of security. He must think. And men who think will differ. [Let the doers of nothing have something of action forced upon them, and they, too, will blunder and quarrel.] The wonder is that there should ever be in a reforming party enough of consentaneous action to carry any reform. The reforming or Liberal party in British politics had thus stumbled**,—and stumbled**,—and stumbled till it fell. And now there had been a great Conservative reaction! Many of the most Liberal constituencies in the country had been untrue to their old political convictions**, desiring some change**. And, as the result, Lord Drummond was Prime Minister in the House of Lords,—with Sir Timothy Beeswax acting as first man in the House of Commons.

It cannot be denied that Sir Timothy had his good points as a politician. He was industrious, patient, clear-sighted, intelligent, courageous, and determined. Long before **the time when he first sat** [he had a seat] in the House, when he was simply working his way up to the probability of a seat by making a reputation as an advocate, he had resolved that he would be more than an Attorney- **or Solicitor-**General, more than a judge,—more, as he thought it, than a Chief Justice, but at any rate something different. **When by means of the law he had brought himself sufficiently forward for his purpose, he would take to politics as apart from law, and would bid high for the highest place in politics.** This place he had all but gained,—and it must be acknowledged that he had been moved by a grand and manly ambition. **When there is no such ambition in the heart of any citizen, the State must be at a low ebb indeed!** But there were drawbacks to the utility and beauty of Sir Timothy's character as a statesman. He had no idea as to the necessity or non-necessity of any measure whatsoever in reference to the well-being of the country. It may, indeed, be said that all such ideas were to him absurd, and the fact that they should be held by his friends and supporters was an inconvenience. **That there must be a certain amount of legislation was of course a necessity; but, to his thinking, the less the better.** He was not **at all** in accord with those who declare that a Parliament is a collection of windbags which puff, and blow, and crack **only** to the annoyance of honest men. **He fully believed in Parliaments, and talked quite as frequently as anybody in the British House of Commons of the glory of the four**

walls which contained him and his fellow members. But to him Parliament was a debating place, by having a majority in which, and by no other means, he,—or another,—might become the great man of the day. By no other than parliamentary means could such a one as he come to be the chief **governor** [man]. And this use of Parliament, either on his own behalf or on behalf of others, had been for so many years present to his mind, that there seemed **to him** to be nothing absurd in an institution supported for such a purpose. Parliament was a club so **aristocratic and** eligible in its nature that all Englishmen wished to belong to it. They who succeeded were acknowledged to be the cream of the land. They who dominated in it were the cream of the cream. Those two who were elected to be the chiefs of the two parties had more of cream in their composition than any others. But he who could be the chief of the strongest party, and who therefore, in accordance with the prevailing arrangements of the country, should have the power of making dukes and bestowing garters and appointing bishops, he who by attaining the first seat should achieve the right of snubbing all below him, whether friends or foes, he, according to the feelings of Sir Timothy, would have gained an Elysium of creaminess not to be found in any other position on the earth's surface. No man was more warmly attached to parliamentary government than Sir Timothy Beeswax; but I do not think that he ever cared much for legislation.

Parliamentary management was his forte. There have been various rocks on which **great** men have shattered their barks in their attempts to sail successfully into the harbours of parliamentary management. There is the great Senator who declares to himself that personally he will have neither friend nor foe. There is his country before him and its welfare. Within his bosom is the fire of patriotism, and within his mind the examples of all past time. He knows that he can be just, he teaches himself to be eloquent, and he strives to be wise. But he will not bend;—and at last, in some great solitude, though closely surrounded by those whose love he had neglected to acquire,—he breaks his heart.

Then there is he who, seeing the misfortune of that great one, tells himself that patriotism, judgment, industry, and eloquence will not suffice for him unless he himself can be loved. To do great things a man must have a great following, and to achieve that he must be popular. So he smiles and learns the necessary wiles. He is all for his country and his friends,—but for his friends first. He too must be eloquent and well instructed in the ways of Parliament, must be wise and diligent[;]**. It is not by love only that he can sit on that high seat. But** [but] in all that he does and all that he says, **and in every measure by which he strives to serve his country,** he must first study his party. It is well with him for a time;—but he has closed the door of his Elysium too rigidly**, and**

those **who are** without gradually become stronger than his friends within, and so he falls **and—becomes almost nobody**.

But may not the door be occasionally opened **and** [to] an outsider **admitted**, so that the exterior force be diminished **and brought down to a bearable quantity**? We **all** know how great is the pressure of water, how the peril of an overwhelming weight of it may be removed by opening the way for a small current. There comes therefore the statesman who acknowledges to himself that he will be pregnable. That, as a statesman, he should have enemies is a matter of course. Against moderate enemies he will hold his own. But when there comes one immoderately, forcibly, violently inimical, then to that man he will open his bosom. **In fact** he will tempt into his camp, with an offer of high command, any foe that may be worth his purchase. This too has answered well; but there is a **flabbiness about the proceeding which will not bear the wear and tear of much time** [nemesis]. The loyalty of officers so procured must **ever** be open to suspicion. The man who has **once** said bitter things against you will never sit at your feet in contented submission, nor will your friend**, who has been your friend all through,** [of old standing] long endure to be superseded **in favour of** [by] such converts.

All these dangers Sir Timothy had seen and studied, and for each of them he had hoped to be able to provide an antidote. Love **could** [can] not do all**,—if anything**. Fear may do more. Fear acknowledges a superior. Love desires an equal. Love is to be created by benefits done, and means gratitude, which we all know to be weak. But hope, which refers itself to benefits to come, is of all our feelings the strongest. And Sir Timothy had parliamentary doctrines, concealed in the depth of his own bosom**, beyond these and almost** more important [even than these]. The statesman who falls is he who **tries to do** [does] much, and thus injures many. The statesman who stands the longest is he who does nothing and injures no one. He soon **began to find** [knew] that the work **to** which **he had attached himself** [he had taken in hand] required all the art of a great conjurer. He must be possessed of tricks so marvellous that not even **those friends** [they] who sat nearest to him might know how they were performed**;—but these tricks should have nothing to do with either the executive or legislative business of the country**. [For the executive or legislative business of the country he cared little.] The one should be left in the hands of men who liked to work;—of the other there should be little, or, if possible, none. But Parliament must be managed,—and his party. **It was in this that the conjuring was so necessary.** Of patriotism he did not know the meaning;—**perhaps** few [perhaps] **men** do, beyond a feeling that they would like to lick **the French or perhaps** the Russians, or to get the better of the Americans in a matter of fisheries or frontiers. But **there would, he felt, be much need of** [he invented] a pseudo-patriotic conjuring by

phraseology which no one **should understand** [understood] but which many **might** admire[d]. [He was ambitious that it should be said of him] **It would have to be said,—if success were to be achieved,—**that he was far-and-away the cleverest of his party. He knew himself to be clever. But he could only be far-and-away the cleverest by saying and doing that which no one **else** could understand. If he could become master of some great hocus-pocus system which could be made to be graceful to the ears and eyes of many, which might for a while seem to have within it some semi-divine attribute, which should have all but divine power of mastering the loaves and fishes, then would they who followed him believe in him more firmly than other followers who had believed in their leaders. When you see a young woman read a closed book placed on her dorsal vertebrae,—if you do believe that she so reads it,—you think that she is endowed with a **very** wonderful faculty! And should you also be made to believe that this same young woman had direct communication with Abraham, by means of some invisible wire, you would be apt to do a great many things as that young woman might tell you. Conjuring, when not known to be conjuring, **must be** [is] very effective **indeed**.

There can be no doubt that much[, no doubt,] of Sir Timothy's power**, much rather of his opportunity,** had come from his **most** praiseworthy industry. Though he cared nothing for the making of laws, though he knew nothing of finance, **which should now have been his own peculiar business,** though he had abandoned his legal studies, still he worked **very** hard. And because he had worked harder in a special direction than others around him, therefore he was enabled to lead them. The management of a party is a very great work in itself; and when to that is added the management of the House of Commons, a man has enough upon his hands even though he neglects altogether the **more** ordinary pursuits of a statesman. Those around Sir Timothy were fond of their party; but they were for the most part men who had not condescended to put their shoulders to the wheel as he had done. Had there been any very great light among them, had there been a Pitt or a Peel, Sir Timothy would have probably become Attorney-General and **in due course** have made his way to the bench;—but there had been no Pitt and no Peel, and he had seen his opening. He had studied the ways of members. Parliamentary practice had become familiar to him. He had shown himself to be ready at all hours to fight the battle of the party he had joined. And no man knew so well as did Sir Timothy how to elevate a simple legislative attempt into a good faction fight. **And so he had been successful.**

His parliamentary career had been versatile. For, though it might be true, as he had once boasted, that he had never changed his political principles, he had more than once changed his political friends. Not having had political principles, he could

not but be consistent. He had been Solicitor-General to a Conservative minister, and had thence, with many other Conservatives, joined the coalition which had been made under the auspices of the Duke of Omnium. When that was broken up he remained for a while with the Liberals. But the Liberal government which was then formed by Mr. Monk had in it from the first so much of weakness that Sir Timothy did not see his way to remain. It would weary the reader were he to be called on here to read the remarkably clever explanation which he then gave of his conduct. It was, however, so clever that it enabled him without a blush to commence his attack upon his late colleagues from the very day on which he left them, and this he had done in a manner that had greatly assisted in producing their defeat. Now he was reaping his reward,—not so great a reward as he hoped might come in time, for he looked forward to the glory of making a duke or two out of his own bosom, and this could be done only when he should have succeeded in getting rid of the Lord who still was the Prime Minister of England,—but still a great reward. He had so mastered his tricks of conjuring that no one could get to the bottom of them, and had assumed a look of preternatural gravity which made many young members think that Sir Timothy was born to be a king of men.

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It had arisen partly from this cause that there had been something of a counter reaction at the last general election. When the Houses met the ministers had indeed a majority, but a **very** much lessened majority. The **great** old Liberal constituencies had returned to an expression of their real feeling. This reassertion of the progress of the tide, this recovery from the partial ebb which checks the violence of every flow, is common enough in politics; but at the present moment there were many who said that all this had been accelerated by a feeling in the country that Sir Timothy was hardly all that the country required as the leader of the country party.

In some of the counties the reaction had been as palpable as in the large towns. In West Barset, where, as the reader may perhaps remember, the Duke of Omnium had been anxious that his son should stand in the Liberal interest, a Liberal had been returned for the first time since the first Reform Bill. The fight had been very severe, and the Conservative party declared that the Duke's money had flown like water. In fact the Duke had spent nothing. Mr. Moreton, the Duke's agent, was a hot politician and had doubtless done all that he could; but he had scrupulously abstained from mentioning the Duke's name. At Silverbridge, as we know, a Conservative had been returned without a contest, and as this Conservative

had been the Duke's son a great deal was made of it;—but that could go but a very little way towards consoling Sir Timothy and his friends for the great blow which they had received.

Then it was alleged that there was some little disagreement in the Cabinet. Lord Drummond had been heard to express himself strongly, and his very words had been repeated. "I certainly shall not attempt to carry on Her Majesty's government without a good working majority,"—and it had been added that peculiar emphasis was given to the word "I,"—that emphasis which men are apt to use when they attempt to give strength to weakness by the tone of the voice. But the dictum of Sir Timothy in answer to this had also been repeated. "Drummond doesn't know what he's talking about. He seldom does." It was not at all probable that Sir Timothy had in truth committed himself by language so foolish as this. "The men who as ministers have the strongest party at their back must carry on the government. As far as I can see that is our position. If we are beaten on some particular point it may be necessary that we should go out. But everybody would know that we must come back again." That was said to be Sir Timothy's view of the present state of affairs; but we all know how easy it is to put words into the mouths of great men.

Chapter 22, *The Duke in His Study*

It was **not un**natural that at such a time, when success greater than had been expected had attended the efforts of the Liberals, when some dozen [unexpected] votes **more than anyone had ventured to hope** had been acquired, the leading politicians of that party should have found themselves compelled to look about them and see how these good things might be utilised. In February they certainly had not expected to be called to power in the course of the existing session. Perhaps they did not expect it **even** yet. There was still a Conservative majority **in the House of Commons**,—though but a small majority. But the strength of the minority consisted, not in the fact that the majority against them was small, but that it was decreasing. How quickly does the snowball grow into hugeness as it is rolled on,—but when the change comes in the weather how quickly does it melt, and before it is gone become a thing ugly, weak, and formless! **As increase does in itself produce increase, so does decrease decrease.** Where is the individual who does not assert to himself that he would be more loyal to a falling than to a rising friend? Such is perhaps the nature of each one of us. But when any large number of men

act together, the falling friend is apt to be deserted. There was a general feeling among politicians that Lord Drummond's Ministry,—or Sir Timothy's,—was failing, and the Liberals, though they certainly could not yet count the votes by which they might hope to be supported in power, nevertheless felt that they ought to be looking to their arms.

There had been a coalition. They who are well read in the political literature of their country will remember all about that. It had perhaps succeeded in doing that for which it had been intended. The Queen's government had been carried on for two or three years **without difficulty, and without inconvenience to anyone,—except, perhaps, to the poor ministers themselves**. The Duke of Omnium had been the head of that Ministry; **and he certainly** [but, during those years,] had suffered so much as to have become utterly ashamed of the coalition,—so much as to have said often to himself that under no circumstances would he again join any Ministry. **All this, I think, must be remembered by readers of our political literature.** At this time there was no idea of another coalition. That is a state of things which cannot come about frequently,—which can only be reproduced by men who have never hitherto felt the mean insipidity of such a condition. But they who had served on the Liberal side in that coalition must again put their shoulders to the wheel**, and now they must be true to themselves and to their party**. Of course it was in every man's mouth that the Duke must be induced to forget his miseries and once more to take upon himself the duties of an active servant of the State.

But they who were most anxious on the subject, such men as Lord Cantrip, Mr. Monk, our old friend Phineas Finn, and a few others, were almost afraid to approach him. At the moment when the coalition was broken up, he had been very bitter in spirit, apparently almost arrogant, holding himself aloof from his late colleagues**, and wrapping himself up either in silence or in solitude**. And since that, **great** troubles had come to him which**, as these men understood,** had aggravated the soreness of his heart. His wife had died**.**[,] **All the world knew that, and seemed to know also how hard to bear the loss had been.** And he had suffered much through his children. What Lord Silverbridge had done at Oxford was **of course** matter of general conversation, and also what he had not done. That the heir of the family should have become a renegade in politics was supposed greatly to have afflicted the father. Now Lord Gerald had been expelled from Cambridge, and Silverbridge was on the turf in conjunction with Major Tifto! Something too had oozed out into general ears about Lady Mary **and her lover**,—something which should have been kept secret as the grave. **It is the misfortune of greatness that even its littlenesses should be made public.** It had therefore come to

pass that **so much had been said of the Duke's sorrows past and present, political and private, that** it was difficult even to address **him** [the Duke].

There was one man, and but one, who could do this with ease to himself;—and that man was at last put into motion [at the instance of the leaders of the party]. **It is not here necessary to explain with accuracy how that idea went from Phineas Finn to Mr. Monk, and from Mr. Monk to Lord Cantrip, and so on to the man himself. But the result was that** the old Duke of St. Bungay wrote the following letter to the Duke of Omnium. The letter purported to be **rather** an excuse for the writer's own defalcation **than an incentive to the man addressed**. But the chief object of the writer was to induce the younger Duke once more to submit to harness.

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"How quickly the things come round! I had thought that **very probably** I should never again have been called upon even to think of the formation of another Liberal Ministry; and now, though it was but yesterday that we were all telling ourselves that we were thoroughly manumitted from **the** [our] labours **of governing** by the altered opinions of the country, sundry of our old friends are again putting their heads together**, and not unnaturally have addressed themselves to me**.

"**That they should put their heads together is a matter of course.** Did they not do so they would neglect a manifest duty. Nothing is more essential to the political well-being of the country than that the leaders on both sides in politics should be prepared for their duties. But for myself, I am bound at last to put in the old plea with a determination that it shall be respected**,—at any rate by myself**. '*Solve senescentem*——.' It is now, if I calculate rightly, exactly fifty years since I first entered public life in obedience to the advice of Lord Grey **and under the immediate tuition of Mr. Huskisson**. I had then already sat five years in the House of Commons. I assisted humbly in the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, and have learned by the legislative troubles of just half a century that those whom we then invited to sit with us in Parliament have been in all things our worst enemies. But what then? Had we benefited only those who love us, would not the sinners also,—or even the Tories,—have done as much as that?

"But such memories are of no avail now. I write to say that after so much of active political life, **and so much of passive endeavours,** I will at last retire **altogether**. My friends when they see me **anxiously** inspecting a pigsty or **assiduously** picking a peach are apt to remind me that I can still stand on my legs, and with more of compliment than of kindness will argue therefore that I ought still to undertake active duties in Parliament. I can select my own hours for pigs and peaches, and should I, through the

dotage of age, make mistakes as to the breeding of the one or the flavour of the other, the harm done will not go far. In politics I have done my work. What you and others in the arena do will interest me more than all other things of this world, I think and hope, to my dying day. But I will not trouble the workers with the garrulousness of old age.

"So much for myself. And now**, my dear friend,** let me, as I go, say a parting word to him with whom in politics I have been for many years more in accord than with any other living man. As nothing but age or infirmity would to my own mind have justified me in retiring[,]**,—me whose services have never risen above the second class, whose intellect has never been clear enough for the carrying out of any special work,—**so do I think that you, who can plead neither age nor infirmity, will find yourself at last to want self-justification, if you permit yourself to be driven from the task **which seems to have been appointed for you** either by pride or by diffidence.

"I **might perhaps** [should] express my **real** feeling better were I to say by pride *and* diffidence. I look to our old friendship, to the authority given to me by my age, and to the thorough goodness of your heart for pardon in thus accusing you. That little men should have ventured to ill use you, has hurt your pride. That these little men should have been able to do so, has created your diffidence. Put you to a piece of work that a man may do, you have less false pride as to the way in which you may do it than any man I have known; and, let the way be open to you, as little diffidence as any. But in this political mill of ours in England, a man cannot always find the way open to do things. It does not often happen that an English statesman can go in and make a great score off his own bat. But not the less is he bound to play the game and to go to the wicket when he finds that his time has come.

"There are, I think, two things for you to consider in this matter, and two only. The first is your capacity, and the other is your duty. A man may have found by experience that he is unfitted for public life. You and I have known men in regard to whom we have thoroughly wished that such experience had been reached. But this is a **subject** [matter] in which a man who doubts himself is bound to take the evidence of those around him. The whole party is most anxious for your cooperation. **There is not a leading man in it who if he were asked to construct a Liberal Cabinet would not put your name down among the three first.** If this be so,—and I make you the assurance from most conclusive evidence,—you are bound to accept the common consent of your political friends on that matter. You perhaps think that at a certain period of your life you failed. They all agree with me that you did not fail**, but served your country well, faithfully, and most usefully**. It is a matter on which you should be bound by our

opinion rather than by your own. **Where is the man that can ever see his own merits clearly?**

"As to that matter of duty I shall have less difficulty in carrying you with me **because I know well that in all your public life duty has been the mainspring of your actions**. Though this renewed task may be personally disagreeable to you, **though by undertaking it you can obtain nothing personally desirable by yourself,** even though your tastes should lead you to some other life,—which I think is not the case,—still if your country wants you, you should serve your country. It is a work as to which such a one as you has no option. **A demand equally strong cannot be made on many.** Of most of those who choose public life,**—as of myself,—**it may be said that were they not there, there would be others as serviceable. But when a man, such as you, has shown himself to be necessary, as long as health and age permits, he cannot recede without breach of manifest duty. The work to be done is so important, the numbers to be benefited are so great, that he cannot be justified in even remembering that he has a self.

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The Duke,—our Duke,—on reading this letter was by no means pleased by its contents. He could ill bear to be reminded either of his pride or of his diffidence. And yet the accusations which others made against him were as nothing to those with which he **daily** charged himself. He would do this till at last he was forced to defend himself against himself, by asking himself whether he could be other than as God had made him. It is the last and the poorest makeshift of a defence to which a man can be brought in his own court! **And then though he would accuse himself of pride, he would plead that in very truth the vice of which he was anxious was not pride. Was it his fault that he was so thin-skinned that all things hurt him, and that he shrank from being hurt?** [Was it his fault that he was so thin-skinned that all things hurt him?] When some coarse man said to him that which ought not to have been said[,]**,—as coarse men had done from day to day during that wretched time in which he had been Prime Minister,—** was it his fault that at every word a penknife had stabbed him? Other men had borne these buffets without shrinking, and had shown themselves thereby to be **much** more useful, much more efficacious; but he could no more imitate them than he could procure for himself the skin of a rhinoceros or the tusk of an elephant. And this shrinking was what men called pride,—was the pride of which his old friend wrote! "Have I ever been haughty, unless in my own defence?" he asked himself, remembering certain passages of humility in his life,—and certain passages of haughtiness also. **And yet, though he thus argued his own cause, he would not give himself a verdict of not guilty.**

And the Duke told him also that he was diffident. Of course he was diffident. Was it not one and the same thing? The very pride of which he was accused was no more than that shrinking which comes from the want of trust in oneself. **He knew that nothing could be more easy than his own manner when he was quite sure of himself;—but then it so often happened that he was not sure.** He was a shy man. All his friends, and all his enemies, knew that,—it was thus that he still discoursed with himself,—a shy, self-conscious, timid, shrinking, thin-skinned man! Of course he was diffident. Then why urge him on to tasks for which he was by nature unfitted? **Was it consistent that he should be told in one and the same letter that he was proud and diffident, and be told also that it was his duty to devote himself to a work for the performance of which pride and diffidence were peculiar disqualifications?**

And yet there was much in his old friend's letter which moved him. There were certain words which he kept on repeating to himself. "He cannot be justified in even remembering that he has a self." It was a hard thing to say of any man, but yet a true thing of such a man as his correspondent had described. His correspondent had spoken of a man who should know himself to be capable of serving the State. If a man were capable, and was sure within his own bosom of his own capacity, it would be his duty. **Such a man would not be justified in remembering that he had a self.** But what if he were not so satisfied? What if he felt that any labours of his would be vain, and all self-abnegation useless? His friend had told him that on that matter he was bound to take the opinion of others. Perhaps so. But if so had not that opinion been given to him very plainly when he was told that he was both proud and diffident? That he was called upon**,—imperatively called upon,—**to serve his country by good service, if such were within his power, he did acknowledge freely, but not that he should allow himself to be stuck up as a ninepin only to be knocked down! There are politicians**, so-called statesmen,** for whom such occupation seems to be proper,—and who like it too. A little office, a little power, a little rank, a little pay, a little niche in the ephemeral history of the year will reward many men adequately for being knocked down. **There had been a time when he himself had not much cared about such knocks. But that time had gone.**

And yet he loved power, and even when thinking of all this allowed his mind from time to time to run away into a dreamland of prosperous political labours. He thought what it would be to be an all-beneficent Prime Minister, with a loyal majority, with a well-conditioned unanimous Cabinet, with a grateful people, and an appreciative Sovereign. How well might a man spend himself night and day, **and how glorious would be his enthusiasm, if** [even to death,] in the midst of labours such as these **human nature should give way**.

He received [Half an hour after receiving] the Duke's letter **as he was sitting in his library in Carlton Terrace; and then, when he had been turning it over in his mind for half an hour,** he suddenly jumped up and sat himself down at his **writing-**desk. He felt it to be necessary that he should at once write to his old friend,—and the more necessary that he should do so at once, because he had **from the first** resolved that he would do so before he had **quite** made up his mind on the chief subject of that letter. It did not suit him to say either that he would or that he would not do as his friend advised him. **And yet the letter must be answered. The sooner such an answer was written the easier it would be.** The reply was made in a very few words. "As to myself," he said, after expressing his regret that the Duke should find it necessary to retire from public life,—"as to myself, pray understand that whatever I may do I shall never cease to be grateful for your affectionate and high-spirited counsels." **After that he put the subject away from him. There was no necessity for a decision to-day or probably to-morrow.**

Then his mind recurred to a more immediate and, for the moment, a heavier trouble. **It was now over a fortnight since he had received** [He had as yet given no answer to that letter] from Mrs. Finn **that letter** which the reader will perhaps remember**, and as yet he had given no answer to it**. It might indeed be passed over without an answer**.**[;] **By this time she would probably have learned to think that that was his intention.** But **he knew that** [to him] that was impossible **to him**. She had accused him in the very strongest language of injustice, and had made him understand that if he were unjust to her, then would he be most ungrateful. He, looking at the matter with his own lights, had thought that he had been right[,]**,—had at any rate hoped that he had been right,** but had**, in downright honesty,** resolved to entrust the question to another person. As judge in the matter he had chosen Lady Cantrip, and Lady Cantrip had given judgment **altogether** against him.

He had pressed Lady Cantrip for a decided opinion, and she had told him that she, in the same position, would have done just as Mrs. Finn had done. **After this there was no possibility that he should get a verdict in his favour from that judge, and he** [He had constituted Lady Cantrip his judge and] had resolved that **the** [her] judgment **of that judge** should be final. **He still thought that Mrs. Finn's conduct had been,—he would not say wrong, but the opposite of that which ought to have been esteemed right. There are in all such matters unwritten laws, and if she had obeyed those laws he could not justly demand more from her. The laws ought to have been different, but that was not her fault. What,—that anyone concerned with his interest should know that such a man as Francis Tregear was thinking of marrying his daughter, that any**

simply honest person, whether immediately concerned with his interest or not, should know this and not tell him at once! [He declared to himself that he did not understand it.] If a man's house be on fire do you think of certain rules of etiquette before you bid him send for the engines? If a wild beast be loose do you go through some ceremony before you caution the wanderers abroad? There should not have been a moment! But, nevertheless, it was now necessary that he should conform himself to the opinion of Lady Cantrip, and in doing so he must apologise for the bitter scorn with which he had allowed himself to treat his wife's most loyal and loving friend.

That letter also must be written. The few words to the Duke had not been difficult, but this letter seemed to be an Herculean task. It was made infinitely more difficult by the fact that Lady Cantrip had not seemed to think that the marriage was impossible. "Young people when they have set their minds upon it do so generally prevail at last!" These had been her **very** words, and they discomforted him greatly. **She would not have spoken them unless** she had thought the marriage to be **at any rate** possible. **Did it not almost indicate** [Had she not almost expressed] an opinion **on her part** that they ought to be allowed to marry? And if so would it not be his duty to take his girl away from Lady Cantrip? As to **that** [the] idea that young people, because they have declared themselves to be in love, were to have just what they wanted,—with that he did not agree at all. Lady Cantrip had told him that young people generally did prevail at last. He knew the story of one young person, whose position in her youth had been very much the same as that of his daughter now, and she had not prevailed. And in her case had not the opposition which had been made to her wishes been most fortunate **for everybody**? That young person had become his wife, his Glencora, his Duchess. Had **that argument been used in regard to her, had** she been allowed to have her own way when she was a child, what would have been her fate? Ah what! Then he had to think of it all. Might she not have been alive now, and perhaps happier than she had ever been with him? And had he remained always unmarried, devoted simply to politics, would not the troubles of the world have been lighter on him? But what had that to do with it? In these matters it was not the happiness of this or that individual which should be considered. **Even he or she who might have to make the decision should not think overmuch of his or her own happiness.** There is a propriety in things;—and only by an adherence to that propriety on the part of individuals can the general welfare be maintained. A king in this country, or the heir or the possible heir to the throne, is debarred from **a humble and** what might possibly be a happy marriage by regard for the good of his subjects. To the Duke's thinking the maintenance of the aristocracy of the country was second only in importance to the maintenance of the Crown. **And then** how

should the aristocracy be maintained if its wealth were allowed to fall into the hands of an adventurer! **That the wealth of the aristocracy should be recruited from time to time by the wealth of trade was well enough,—nay, was in the utmost degree desirable, as without such provision the grandeur of the aristocracy could hardly be preserved; but they among them who were alive to their duty would take care that nothing should be robbed from them by those who were without.**

Such were the opinions with regard to his own order of one who was as truly liberal in his ideas as any man in England, and who had argued out these ideas to their consequences**,—and had acknowledged that those consequences were desirable**. As by the spread of education and increase of general well-being every proletaire was brought nearer to a duke, so by such action would the duke be brought nearer to a proletaire. Such drawing nearer of the classes was the object to which all this man's political action tended. **It was to him the one desirable object of a liberal policy.** And yet it was a dreadful thing to him that his own daughter should desire to marry a man so much beneath her own rank and fortune as Frank Tregear.

He would not allow himself to believe that the young people could ever prevail; but, nevertheless, as the idea of the thing had not alarmed Lady Cantrip as it had him, it was necessary that he should make some apology to Mrs. Finn. **And it must be done at once. He had already put it off for some days, simply from unwillingness to do a thing that was disagreeable. But he was not a man who could do this with any internal comfort.** Each moment of procrastination was a prick to his conscience. He now therefore dragged out from the secrecy of some close drawer Mrs. Finn's **long** letter and read it through to himself once again. Yes—it was true that he had condemned her**,** and **true** that he had punished her. Though he had done nothing to her, and said nothing, and written but very little, still he had punished her **with the whole weight of his severe displeasure. Feeling this, he could not protect himself by pleading to himself that he had neither done or said anything** [most severely]. She had written as though the matter was almost one of life and death to her. He could understand that too. His uncle's conduct to this woman, and his wife's, had created the intimacy which had existed. **It had not come from any seeking on her part.** Through their efforts she had become almost as one of the family. And now to be dismissed, like a servant who had misbehaved herself**, must be grievous indeed to her**! **That she had been dismissed would become known to so many, who might only too probably have envied her her intimacy with a duchess**! And then her arguments in her own defence were all so good,—if only that which Lady Cantrip had laid down as law was to be held as law. He was **quite** aware now that she had had no knowledge of the matter till his daughter had

told her of the engagement at Matching. Then it was evident also that she had **taken steps to send** [sent] this Tregear to him immediately on her return to London. And at the end of the letter she accused him of what she had been pleased to call his usual tenacity in believing ill of her! He had been obstinate,—too obstinate in this respect; but he did not love her the better for having told him of it. **And now, how was he to put his apology to her into words?**

At last he did put **it** [his apology] into words.

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"My dear Mrs. Finn,

"Yours **very** faithfully,

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It was very short, and as being short was infinitely less troublesome at the moment than a fuller epistle;—but he was angry with himself, knowing that it was too short, feeling that it was ungenerous. He should have expressed a hope that he might soon see her again,—only he had no such wish. **Her presence could not be pleasant to him, because he had been proved to have done her a wrong!** There had been times at which he had liked her, but he knew that he did not like her now. And yet he was bound to be her friend! If he could only do some great thing for her, and thus satisfy his feeling of indebtedness towards her! But all the favours had been from her to him and his. **Now, at this moment, those gems, certainly worth a prince's ransom and which certainly belonged to her, were lying at his bankers'. He must at any rate take steps to free himself from the feeling that he had her property in his hands.**

Chapter 23, *Frank Tregear Wants a Friend*

Six or seven weeks had passed since Tregear had made his communication to the Duke, and during that time he had heard not a word about the girl he loved. He knew, indeed, that she was at The Horns **under the custody of Lady Cantrip**, and probably had reason to suppose that she was being guarded there, **and shut up,** as it were, out of his reach. This did not surprise him; nor did he regard it as a hardship. It was **of course** to be expected that she should be kept out of his sight. But this was a state of things to which, as he thought, there should not be more than a moderate amount of submission. Six weeks was not a very long period, but it was, perhaps, long enough for evincing that

respect **and awe** which he owed to the young lady's father. Something must be done some day**, or else nothing would come of his love**. How could he expect her to be true to him unless he took some means of showing himself to be true to her? **But then what means?**

In these days he did not live very much with her brother**, in regard to whom he entertained something like anger on account of the Major**. He not only disliked, but distrusted Major Tifto, and had so expressed himself as to give rise to angry words. Silverbridge had said that he knew how to take care of himself. Tregear had replied that he had his doubts on that matter. Then the member of Parliament had declared that at any rate he did not intend to be taken care of by Frank Tregear**,—all of which had led to some little coolness between the men**. In such a state of things it was not possible that there should be any close confidence as to Lady Mary. Nor does it often come to pass that the brother is the confidant of the sister's lover. Brothers hardly like their sisters to have lovers, though they are often well satisfied that their sisters should find husbands. **There still exists some half relic of the barbarous idea that a lover is improper. The father and mother are aware that the girl will not become a wife,—at any rate can hardly become a wife happily,—unless she be in love first. But the brother is apt to look upon the thing as being an impertinence on both sides.** Tregear's want of rank and wealth added something to this feeling in the mind of this brother; so that Silverbridge, though he felt himself to be deterred by friendship from any open opposition, **and though he had under his mother's influence, when the affair began, given a cold assent to it,** still was almost inimical. "It won't do, you know," he had said to his brother Gerald, shaking his head.

Tregear, however, was determined to be active in the matter, to make some effort, to speak to somebody. But how to make an effort,—and to whom should he speak? Thinking of all this he remembered that Mrs. Finn had sent for him and had told him to go with his love story to the Duke. **Since the death of his friend the Duchess there had been no moment so hopeful to him as that in which she had assured him that the affair should not be kept as a secret from the lady's father.** She had been almost severe with him, **but she had not made him understand that she thought the marriage to be impossible. He had** [and] during his interview **been** [he had been almost] angry with her, thinking that she was interfering with him;—but after the interview was over**, and from that time to the present, he had continued to assure himself** [he had felt] that she had acted well and wisely. He therefore determined that he would go to Mrs. Finn.

When he was shown up into her presence she had as yet received no answer from the Duke, though nearly a fortnight had elapsed since she had written her letter. During that time she had become very angry **with the man**. She felt that he was not treating her as a gentleman should treat a lady, and certainly not as the husband of her late friend should have treated the friend of his late wife. She had a proud consciousness of having behaved well **in all things** to the Pallisers, and now this head of the Pallisers was rewarding her by **very** evil treatment. She had been generous; he was **most** ungenerous. She had been honest;—he was deficient **now** even in that honesty for which she had **specially** given him credit. And she had been unable to obtain any of that consolation which could have come to her from talking of **the** [her] wrongs **she endured**. She could not complain to her husband, because there were reasons which made it essential that her husband should not quarrel with the Duke. She was hot with indignation at the very moment in which Tregear was announced.

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"A little warm;—but that was to be expected. A gentleman never likes to be interfered with on such a matter. **Upon the whole I thought that you bore it very well.**"

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"And I am bound**, now that I see you,** to acknowledge the very ready way in which you did what I asked you to do."

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"Nor did I. **It was not to be supposed.** Of course he would object to such a marriage. **I can understand that very well.** But a man in these days cannot dictate to his daughter what husband she should marry."

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"Hardly that. He may put impediments in the way; and the Duke**, no doubt,** will do so. But if I am happy enough to have won the affections of his daughter **in such a way as to keep them**,—so as to make it essential to her happiness that she should become my wife,—he will give way. **Do not you think so?**"

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"Not at all! No one less so!" As she said this she could not hinder the colour from coming into her face. **She did not intend to express her indignation to this young man, but the glow of it was then betraying, as she feared, her feelings.** "I was her friend,—Lady Glencora's; but with the death of my friend there was an end of all that."

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"I shall never stay with him again. But all that, Mr. Tregear, is of no matter. I do not mean to say a word against him,—not a word. But if you wish to interest anyone as being the Duke's friend, then I can assure you I am the last person in London to whom you should come. I know no one to whom the Duke is likely to entertain feelings so little kind as towards me." This she said in a peculiarly solemn way which startled Tregear. But before he could answer her, **almost as she was speaking,** a servant entered the room with a letter. **As she took it into her hand,** she recognised [at once] the Duke's writing. Here was the answer for which she had been so long waiting in silent expectation! **Again came the colour, and again she was sure that he saw it.** She could not keep it unread till he was gone. "Will you allow me a moment?" she whispered, and then she opened the envelope. As she read the few words her eyes became laden with tears. They quite sufficed to relieve the injured pride which had sat so heavy at her heart. "I believe I did you a wrong, and therefore I ask your pardon!" **That was all she had wanted,—that he should feel that her conduct to him had been at least honest, and that he should be honest enough to acknowledge his mistake in misjudging her. This he had done now completely. "I believe I did you a wrong, and I write to ask your pardon."** It was so like what she had believed the man to be! She could not be longer angry with him. And yet the very last words she had spoken were words complaining of his conduct. **She felt that she must in some way withdraw those words.** "This is from the Duke," she said, putting the letter back into its envelope.

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"No;—at least, not directly. I perhaps spoke more harshly about him than I should have done**,—as to his feelings I mean to myself**. The truth is I had expected a line from him, and it had not come. Now it is here; but I do not suppose that I shall ever see much of him. My intimacy was with her. But I would not wish you to remember what I said just now, if,—if——"

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"I do not know Lady Cantrip."

"Nor do I. She probably thinks as the Duke thinks."

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"It would be of no use. I should be a dragon in guarding her." **Of course as she said this she smiled, and this woman when she smiled was always charming.**

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"I did say so, but, as I have unsaid it since, you as a gentleman will not remember my words. **But whether he be my enemy or whether he be my friend, it must be the same.** [At any rate] I cannot help you in this."

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"It can be nothing to me. If you write she will show your letter either to her father or to Lady Cantrip**, and they will forbid her to answer it**."

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"Nor can I explain it, but it would be so. **As it is I should have no power of meddling if I wished to do so,—but I certainly do not.** I shall always be very glad to see you. And I do feel that we ought to be friends,—because I took such a liberty with you**, and because you bore it so well**. But in this matter I cannot help you."

When she said this he had to take his leave. It was impossible that he should further press his case upon her, though he would have been very glad to extract from her some **acknowledgment that the marriage was in her opinion at any rate possible** [kindly word]. It is such a help in a difficulty to have somebody who will express even a hope that the difficulty is perhaps not invincible! **If you have a book to publish and know that the chances against your success are a thousand to one, still there will be comfort if one dear one will tell you that the book ought to be successful!** He had no one to comfort him in this matter. There was one dear friend,—as a friend dearer than any other,—to whom he might go, and who would after some fashion bid him prosper. Mabel would encourage him. She had said that she would do so. But in making that promise she **had said also that she would not think of his former sweet speeches,—from which he understood only too well that those former sweet speeches would always be in her thoughts. She** had told him that Romeo would not have spoken of his love for Juliet to Rosaline, whom he had loved before he saw Juliet. No doubt she had gone on to tell him that he might come to her and talk freely of his love for Lady Mary,—

but after what had been said before he felt that he could not do so without leaving a sting behind. **There was no one to whom he could have recourse in his difficulty.** When a man's love goes well with him,—so well as to be in some degree oppressive to him even by its prosperity,—when the young lady has jumped into his arms and the father and the mother have been quite willing, then he wants no confidant. He does not care to speak very much of the matter which among his friends is apt to become a subject for raillery. When you call a man Benedick he does not come to you with ecstatic descriptions of the beauty and the wit of his Beatrice. But no one was likely to call him Benedick in reference to Lady Mary.

Among his friends, who were not very numerous, this young man was considered to be more than ordinarily self-confident and self-sufficient. And there was ground for this opinion as to his character, both in his manners and in his ways of life. But such manners and such ways of life come as frequently from outward effort as from inward disposition. He had taught himself to assert himself, thinking that men would rate him at his own value. And he was right. He who can assume dignity will be treated with respect whether he deserve it or not. But in spite of his manner, in spite of his apparent self-sufficiency, this man was very soft within. Less than two years back he had been willing to sacrifice all the world for his cousin Mabel, and his cousin Mabel had told him that he was wrong. "It does not pay to sacrifice the world for love." So cousin Mabel had **then** said, and had added something as to its being necessary that she should marry a rich man, and expedient that he should marry a rich woman. He had thought much about it, and had declared to himself that on no account would he marry a woman for her money**, and in so resolving had almost concluded that he had better not marry at all**. **But whilst he was coming to this conclusion** [Then] he had encountered Lady Mary Palliser. There had been no **conclusions** [doubt], no resolutions after that, no thinking about it;—but downright love. There was nothing left of real regret for his cousin in his bosom. She had been right. That love had been impossible. But this would be possible,—ah, so deliciously possible,—if only her father and mother would assent! The mother, imprudent in this as in all things[,]**,—in real truth, absolutely delighted with the imprudence,—**had assented. The reader knows the rest.

It was in every way possible. "She will have money enough," the Duchess had said, "if only her father can be brought to give it you." So Tregear had set his heart upon it, and had said to himself that the thing was to be done. **A man, he thought, should always have before him something difficult to be achieved, and this should be his destined achievement.** Then his friend the Duchess had died, and the real difficulties had commenced. From that day he had not seen his love, or heard from her. How was he

to know whether she would be true to him? And where was he to seek for that sympathy which he felt to be so necessary to him? A wild idea had come into his head that Mrs. Finn would be his friend;—but she had repudiated him**, and he could now see that such repudiation was a matter of course**.

He went straight home and at once wrote to the girl. The letter was a simple love-letter, and as such need not be given here. In what sweetest language he could find he assured her that even though he should never be allowed to see her or to hear from her, that still he should cling to her. And then he added this passage: "If your love for me be what I think it to be, no one can have a right to keep us apart**,—and no one can have the power to do so permanently**. Pray be sure that I shall not change. If you change let me know it;—but I shall as soon expect the heavens to fall." **This letter he addressed to her without any attempted secrecy, and entrusted to the post.**

Chapter 24, *"She Must Be Made to Obey"*

Lady Mary Palliser down at The Horns had as much liberty allowed to her as is usually given to young ladies in these very free days. There was indeed no restriction placed upon her at all. Had Tregear gone down to Richmond and asked for the young lady, and had Lady Cantrip at the time been out and the young lady at home, it would have depended altogether upon the young lady**'s wishes** whether she would have seen her lover or not. Nevertheless Lady Cantrip kept her eyes open, and when the letter came from Tregear she was aware that a letter had come. But the letter found its way into Lady Mary's hands **without any delay,** and was read in the seclusion of her own bedroom. "I wonder whether you would mind reading that," she said very shortly afterwards to Lady Cantrip**, handing to her Tregear's letter**. **Of course Lady Cantrip read it.** "What answer ought I to make?" **the girl asked before the elder lady had had time to speak.**

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"You had better **at any rate** keep your word to him absolutely."

"I am not afraid of doing so, if you mean that**, Lady Cantrip**. I cannot bear to give him pain, but this is a matter in which I mean to have my own way."

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"Certainly I do. I want you to understand so much! I suppose papa **could** [can] keep us from marrying for ever and ever if he pleases, but he never will make me say that

I will give up Mr. Tregear. **I should despise myself if I should think it possible.** And if he does not yield I shall think him **very** cruel. Why should he wish to make me unhappy all my life?"

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"But he will do it. **Mr. Tregear is a gentleman and that ought to be enough.**"

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Lord Cantrip came down to Richmond that evening, and his wife told him that in her opinion it would be best that the Duke should allow the young people to marry, and should give them money enough to live upon. "Is not that a strong order[?]**,**" asked the Earl[.]**, "considering the great aversion he has to the whole affair?"** The Countess acknowledged that it was a "strong order," but suggested that for the happiness of them all it might **quite** as well be done at first as at last.

The next morning Lady Mary showed to her a copy of the reply which she had already sent to her lover. **It was as follows.**

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"I put it myself into the pillar letter-box **yesterday**." Then Lady Cantrip felt that she had to deal with a very self-willed young lady indeed.

That afternoon Lady Cantrip **was going up to town and** asked Mary whether she might be allowed to take the two letters [up to town] with the express purpose of showing them to the Duke. "Oh yes," said Mary. "I think it would be so much the best. Give papa my kindest love, and tell him from me that if he wants to make his poor little girl happy he will forgive her and be kind to her in all this." Then the Countess made some attempt to argue the matter **with her young friend**. There were proprieties! High rank might be a blessing or might be the reverse—as people thought of it,—but all men acknowledged that **very** much was due to it. *Noblesse oblige*. It was **so** often the case in life that women were called upon by circumstances to sacrifice their **early** inclinations! What right had a gentleman to talk of marriage who had no means? All these things she said and very many more**. She talked for an hour**, but it was to no purpose. The young lady asserted that as the gentleman was a gentleman there need be no question as to rank, and that in regard to money there need be no difficulty if one of them had sufficient. "But you have none but what your father may give you," said Lady Cantrip**,—as though that argument must at least be conclusive**. "Papa can give it to us without any trouble," said Lady Mary. **Lady Cantrip found that the conversation was quite**

useless. This child had a clear idea of what she thought to be her own rights **in the world**. Being the child of rich parents she had a right to money. Being a woman she had a right to a husband. Having been born free she had a right to choose **a husband** [one] for herself. Having had a man's love given to her she had a right to keep it. "One doesn't know which she is most like, her father or her mother," Lady Cantrip said afterwards to her husband. "She has his cool determination, and her hot-headed obstinacy."

She did show the letters to the Duke, and in answer to a word or two from him explained that she could not take upon herself to debar her guest from the use of the post. **"But you need not be afraid of that," she said.** "[But] she will write nothing without letting you know it."

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"Ah; I don't know," said the Countess sorrowfully. "I thought so once. **But the more I see her the more I feel how determined she is.**"

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"I mean to say that it is the nature of her character to be obstinate. Most girls**, as far as I have seen them,** are **only too** prone to yield. They have not character enough **of their own** to stand against **any** opposition. I am not speaking now only of affairs like this. It would be the same with her in anything**, I should say**. Have you not always found it so?"

Then he **endeavoured to remember what he had found out in reference to his daughter's character, and had to** [had to] acknowledge to himself that he had never found out anything [in reference to his daughter's character]. She had been properly educated;—at least he hoped so. He had seen her grow up, pretty, sweet, affectionate, always obedient to him **on the few occasions in which he had exercised authority over her**,—the most charming plaything in the world on the **quite** few**er** occasions in which he had allowed himself to play. But as to her actual disposition, he had never taken any trouble to inform himself. She had been left to her mother,—as other girls are left. And his sons had been left to their tutors. And now he had no control over any of them. **That question from his friend made him very unhappy.** "She must be made to obey like others," he said at last, speaking through his teeth.

There was something in this which almost frightened Lady Cantrip. **She did not wish to give way, nor did she think it reasonable to ask him to do so. But** she could not bear to hear him say that the girl must be made to yield with that spirit of despotic

power under which **we are told that** women were restrained in years now passed. If she could have spoken her own mind **quite freely** it would have been to this effect: "Let us do what we can to lead her away from this desire of hers; and in order that we may do so, let us tell her **just at present** that her marriage with Mr. Tregear is **quite** out of the question. But if we do not succeed,—say in the course of the next twelve months,—let us give way**. As far as my own opinion goes, I feel sure that we shall have to give way.** And **therefore** [then] let us make it a matter of joy that the young man himself is so acceptable and well-behaved." That was her idea, and with that she would have indoctrinated the Duke had she been able. But his **seemed to be altogether** [was] different. "She must be made to obey," he said. And as he said it he seemed to be indifferent as to the sorrow which such enforced obedience might bring upon his child. In answer to this she could only shake her head. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Do you think we ought to **give way to her** [yield]?"

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"What can you do, Duke? If she be as firm as you, can you bear to see her **suffer? Can you see her become thin, and ill, and miserable,—absolutely pining** [pine] away in her misery[?]**!**"

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"Girls, like men, are very different. They generally will yield to external influences. English girls, though they become the most loving wives in the world, do not**, I think,** generally become so riven by an attachment**, before that attachment has been sanctioned,** as to become deep sufferers when it is disallowed. But here, I fear, we have to deal with one who will suffer after this fashion."

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"It may be so. We will try. But you see what she says in her letter to him. **She at any rate believes of herself that she can be obstinate.** She writes as though your authority were to be nothing in that matter of giving up**, though she adds that she does not wish to write to him lest she should displease you**. In all that she says to me there is the same spirit. If she is firm, Duke, you must yield."

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There was nothing more to be said **on that occasion**, and Lady Cantrip went her way. But the Duke, though he could say nothing more, continued to think of it hour after

hour. He went down to the House of Lords to listen to a debate **on some subject connected with the law reform of the day on which it was considered expedient to oppose Sir Timothy Beeswax, under whose direction some mistake had been made as to legal proceedings. Parliament during the year last past had carried some provision which would not work, and now it was thought that the government must be beaten or own itself to have been wrong. As a government can never be brought to do the latter, a victory was anticipated; and the Duke, though his politics generally were almost as troublesome as his domestic affairs, was eager in the matter. When things have so come round that the vanquished may hope again to be the victors, the struggle always becomes interesting, let the subject matter be what it may. But now, though Lord Weazeling really was very funny as he recapitulated the legal absurdities and forensic deadlock which recent legislation had produced,** [in which it was intended to cover the ministers with heavy disgrace. But] the Duke could not listen **to him** [even to his own friends]. He could listen to nothing as he thought of the condition of his children.

He had been asked whether he could bear to see his girl suffer, **and had been so asked** as though **it was thought that** he was indifferent to the sufferings of his child. Did he not know of himself that there was no father who would do more **than he** for the welfare of his daughter? Was he not sure of the tenderness of his own heart **towards her**? In all **this** that he was doing was he governed by anything but a sense of duty? Was it personal pride or love of personal aggrandisement? He thought that he could assure himself **safely** that he was open to no such charge. Would he not **willingly** die for her,—or **rather** for them,—if he could so serve them? Surely **then** this woman had accused him most wrongfully when she had intimated that he could **look on and** see his girl suffer without caring for it. In his indignation he determined,—for a while,—that he would remove her from the custody of Lady Cantrip. But then, where should he place her? He was aware that his own house**, whether in town or country,** would be like a grave to a girl just fit to come out into the world. **Now, in a month or two, when the mourning for her mother should have been mitigated, of course some gaiety must be provided for her.** In this coming autumn she must go somewhere,—with someone. He himself, in his present frame of mind, would be but a sorry travelling companion.

An idea had been hinted to him by Lady Cantrip,—not at their last interview but when they had previously conferred on the same subject,—[Lady Cantrip had said that the best] **that the chief** hope of escape would lie in the prospect of another lover. **When he came to pick this idea to pieces, and to look at it in and out and all around, he did not altogether like it;—but it was an idea which had led to safety in a**

previous case. He knew enough of the history of his own wife to be aware of that. [The prescription was disagreeable, but it had availed in the case of his own wife.] Before he had ever seen her as Lady Glencora M'Cluskie she had been desirous of giving herself and all her wealth to one Burgo Fitzgerald, who had been altogether unworthy **of her**. The Duke could remember well how a certain old Lady Midlothian had first hinted to him that Lady Glencora's property was very large, and had then added that the young lady herself was very beautiful. And he could remember how his uncle, the late Duke, who had seldom taken much trouble in merely human affairs, had **actually taken upon himself to say** [said] a word or two—"I have heard a whisper about you and Lady Glencora M'Cluskie. Nothing could be better." **That was all the Duke had said, but it had been efficacious.** The result had been undoubtedly good. His Cora and all her money had been saved from a worthless spendthrift. He had found a wife who he now thought had made him happy. And she had found at any rate a respectable husband. The idea when picked to pieces is not a nice idea. "Let us look out for a husband for this girl, so that we may get her married,—out of the way of her lover." It is not nice. But it had succeeded in one case, and why should it not succeed in another?

But how was it to be done? Who should do it? Whom should he select to play the part which he had undertaken in that other arrangement? **He did conceive of himself that** no worse person could be found for managing such an affair. When the idea had first been raised he had thought that Lady Cantrip would do it all; but now he was angry with Lady Cantrip. **And, at any rate, he must have some voice as to the man to be chosen.**

How was it to be done? How should it be commenced? **Then his mind was carried away to the consideration of what might have been the commencement of his own affair.** [How had it been commenced in his own case?] He did not in the least know how he had been chosen**, or who first thought of him as the lady's future husband**. Was it possible that his uncle, who was the proudest man in England, should have condescended to make a bargain with an old dowager whom **almost** everybody had despised? And in what way had he been selected? No doubt he had been known to be the heir-apparent to a dukedom and to ducal revenues. **But it seemed odd to him that anybody should in such a matter be able to come to an absolute decision. Yet** in his case old Lady Midlothian had begun the matter with him. It occurred to him that in royal marriages such beginnings are quite common.

But who should be the happy man? Then**, though he thoroughly despised himself for what he was doing,** he began to count up the requisite attributes. The man must be of high rank, and an eldest son, and the possessor of, or the heir to, a good estate.

He did despise himself when he found that he put these things first,—as a matter of course. Nevertheless he did put them first. He was rejecting this other man because he possessed none of these attributes. He hurried himself on to add that the man must be of good character, **and temper,** and such as a young girl might learn to love. But yet he was aware that he added these things for his conscience's sake. Tregear's character was good[,]**,—and temper also, very probably,—**and certainly the girl loved him. But was it not clear to all who knew anything of such matters that Mr. Francis Tregear should not have dared even to think of marrying the daughter of the Duke of Omnium?

Who should be the happy man? **Though some woman probably must take the management of the matter, though it would be left to him simply to signify his approval, still he might form an opinion on that matter.** There were so many who evidently were unfit. Young Lord Percival was heir **only** to a ruined estate and a beggared peerage. Lord Glasslough was odious to all men. There were three or four others of whom he **knew or** thought that he knew some**thing that was fatal** [fatal objection]. But when he remembered Lord Popplecourt there seemed to him to be no objection which need be fatal.

Lord Popplecourt was a young peer whose father had died **some** two years since and whose estates were large and **quite** unembarrassed. The late Lord, who had been a Whig of the old fashion, had **in early days** been the Duke's friend. They had been at Oxford and in the House of Commons together, and **though** Lord Popplecourt **had never been an active politician he** had always been true to his party. As to the son, the Duke remembered to have heard lately that he was **by no means** [not] given to waste his money. He drove a coach about London a good deal, but had as yet not done anything very foolish. He had taken his degree at Oxford, thereby showing himself to be better than Silverbridge. He had also taken his seat in the House of Lords and had once opened his mouth. He had not, indeed, appeared often again; but at Lord Popplecourt's age much legislation is not to be expected from a young peer. Then he thought of the man's appearance. Popplecourt was not specially attractive[,]**,—was not an Adonis,** whereas Tregear was a very handsome man. But so also had been Burgo Fitzgerald,—almost abnormally beautiful, while he, Plantagenet Palliser, as he was then, had been quite as insignificant in appearance as Lord Popplecourt. **So at least the Duke told himself as he thought of it all.**

Chapter 25, *A Family Breakfast-Table*

Lord Silverbridge had paid all his Derby losses**, and indeed most of those incurred also by Major Tifto,** without any difficulty. They had not been very heavy for a man in his position, and the money had come without remonstrance **from Mr. Moreton**. When asking for it he was half ashamed of himself, but could still find consolation by remembering how **very** much worse had befallen many young men whom he knew. He had never "plunged." In fact he had made the most prudent book in the world; and had so managed affairs that even now the horse which **he and Tifto owned between them** [had been beaten] was worth more than all he had lost and paid. "This is getting serious," he had said to his partner when, on making out a rough account, he had brought the Major in a debtor to him of more than a thousand pounds. The Major had **owned that it was serious, but had hinted** [remarked] that as he was half owner of the horse, his partner had good security for the money. Then something of an [unwritten] arrangement **in words** was made**,—which, however, even in words was not very accurately arranged**. Prime Minister was now one of the favourites for the Leger. If the horse won that race there would be money enough for everything. If that race were lost, then there should be a settlement**,—the settlement to be made by a** [by the] transfer of the steed to the younger partner. "He's safe to pull it off," said the Major**, to whose comfort it was essentially necessary that Lord Silverbridge should be of the opinion he had so expressed**.

At this time both his sons were living with the Duke in London. It had been found impracticable to send Lord Gerald back to Cambridge **with any good prospect**. The doors of Trinity were **certainly** closed against him. But some interest had been made in his favour, and he was to be transferred to Oxford. All the truth had been told, and there had been a feeling that the lad should be allowed another chance. He could not however go to his new Alma Mater till after the long vacation[.]**, and it had been decided that** in the meantime he **should** [was to] be taken by a tutor down to a cottage on Dartmoor and there be made to read,—with such amusement in the meantime as might be got from fishing, and playing cricket with the West Devon county club. "It isn't a very bright look-out for the summer," his brother had said to him, "but it's better than breaking out on the loose altogether. **If I were you I'd read like bricks, and** [You] be a credit to the family, and all that sort of thing. Then I'll give up the borough to you. But mind you stick to the Liberals. I've made an ass of myself. **I can see that already.**" However in these early days of June Lord Gerald had not yet got his tutor. **A gentleman had been found, after much inquiry,—the Rev. Somerset Lennox, an Oxford man of course, who was to have a hundred pounds and all his expenses paid for four months' attendance.**

Though the father and the two young men were **at this time** living together they did not see very much of each other. The Duke **always** breakfasted at nine and the repast was a very simple one. When they failed to appear, he did not scold,—but would simply be disappointed. At dinner they never met. It was supposed that Lord Gerald passed his mornings in reading, and some little attempts were made in that direction**, chiefly under his brother's direction**. It is to be feared they did not come to much. Silverbridge was very kind to Gerald, feeling an increased tenderness for him on account of that Cambridge mishap**, which had been primarily due to the fact that he had been tempted to the races to see Prime Minister run**. Now they were **very** much together, and occasionally, by a strong effort, would grace their father's breakfast-table with their company.

It was not often that he either reproached them or preached to them. Though he could not live with them on almost equal terms, as some fathers can live with their sons, though he could not laugh at their fun or make them laugh at his wit, he knew **very well** that it would have been better both for him and them if he had possessed this capacity. Though the life which they lived **as young men** was distasteful to him,—though race-horses were an abomination to him, and the driving of coaches a folly, and club-life a manifest waste of time,—still he recognised these things as being, if not necessary[,] **to them, at any rate** [yet] unavoidable costs. To Gerald he would talk about Oxford,—avoiding all allusions to past Cambridge misfortunes; but in the presence of Silverbridge, whose Oxford career had been so peculiarly unfortunate, he would make no allusion to either of the Universities. To his eldest son he would talk of Parliament, which of all subjects would have been the most congenial **to him** had they agreed in politics. As it was he could speak more freely to him on that than any other matter**, and was light and almost jocose when he spoke of the blunderings of Sir Timothy Beeswax**.

One Thursday night as the two brothers went to bed on returning from the Beargarden, at a not very late hour, they agreed that they would "give the governor a turn" the next morning,—by which they meant that they would drag themselves out of bed in time to breakfast with him **at nine o'clock**. "The worst of it is that he will never let them get anything to eat," said Gerald. But Silverbridge explained that he had taken that matter into his own hands and had specially ordered broiled salmon and stewed kidneys. "He won't like it, you know," said Gerald. "I'm sure he thinks it wicked to eat anything but toasted bacon before lunch."

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"Sometimes I do," said the young member, with a feeling almost akin to shame as he remembered **that on the last night or two he had spent more of his hours at the** [all the hours spent at the] Beargarden **than in the House of Commons**. "I have had Gerald there in the gallery sometimes. It is just as well that he should know what is being done. **Don't you think so, sir?**"

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"He won't change as I have done. He'll stick to your side. Indeed I think he'd do better in the House than I **ever** shall. He has more gift of the gab."

*****

"Eating is an occupation from which I think a man takes the more pleasure the less he considers it. A rural labourer who sits on the ditch-side with his bread and cheese and an onion has more enjoyment out of it **I fancy** than any Lucullus."

"But he likes a good deal of it**, I suppose**."

"I do not think he ever over-eats himself,—which Lucullus does. **All that wealth and luxury can add to the pleasure of eating seems to me to be very little, whereas appetite when it is genuine can add so much!** I have envied a ploughman his power,—his *dura ilia*,—but never an epicure the appreciative skill of his palate. If Gerald does not make haste he will be able to exercise neither the one nor the other upon that fish."

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"I should not mind trying them at all," said Gerald. "Only one never does have such things for breakfast. Last winter a lot of us skated to Ely and we ate two or three loaves of bread and a whole cheese at a pot-house! **Nothing ever was so good!** And as for beer, we **pretty nearly** drank the public dry."

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"Something of that kind, Gerald. Not to have money**,—not to have enough** for your wants;—that must be troublesome."

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"I should say so, my boy. But then there are a great many like you. Let their means be what they may they never have quite enough. To be in any difficulty in regard to money,—to owe what you cannot pay, or even to have to abstain from things which

you have told yourself are necessary **either** to yourself or to those who depend on you,—creates a feeling of meanness."

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"You do not quite understand me, I fear. The only case in which you can be justified in desiring that which you cannot afford is when the thing is **absolutely** necessary;—as bread may be, or clothes."

"As when a fellow wants a lot of new breeches before he has paid his tailor's **last** bill."

"As when a poor man," said the Duke impressively, "may long to give his wife a new gown, or his children boots to keep their feet from the mud and snow." Then he paused a moment, but the serious tone of his voice and the energy of his words had sent Gerald headlong among his kidneys**, while Silverbridge sat back in his chair prepared to listen with filial patience**. "I say that in such cases money must be regarded as a blessing."

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"As far as my experience goes the happiest man is he who being above the troubles which money brings**, or the want of money,** has his hands the fullest of work. If I were to name the class of men whose lives are spent with the most thorough enjoyment I think I should name that of barristers who are in large practice and also in Parliament."

*****

"A very great grind, as you call it. And there may be the grind and not the success. But——" He had now got up from his seat at the table and was standing with his back against the chimney-piece, and as he went on with his lecture,—**just** as the word "but" came from his lips,—he struck the fingers of one hand lightly on the palm of the other as he had been known to do at some happy flight of oratory in the House of Commons. "But it is the grind that makes the happiness. To feel that your hours are filled to overflowing, that you can barely steal minutes enough for sleep, that the welfare of many is entrusted to you, that the world looks on and approves, that some good is always being done to others,—above all things some good to your country;—that is happiness. For myself I can conceive none other."

*****

"Yes, books! Cicero and Ovid have told us that to literature only could they look for consolation in their banishment. But then they speak of a remedy for sorrow, not of a source of joy. No young man should dare to neglect literature. At some period of his life he will surely need consolation. And he may be certain that should he live to be an old man, there will be none other,—except religion**, except religion**. But, for that feeling of self-contentment[,]**,—and a man cannot be happy unless he be contented with himself,—you may be sure that** [which creates happiness—] hard work, and hard work alone, can give it to you."

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"As for money," continued the father, not caring to notice this interruption, "if it be regarded in any other light than as a shield against want, as a rampart under the protection of which you may carry on your battle, it will **certainly** fail you. I was born a rich man."

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"If a large fortune were really a bad thing," said Gerald, "a man could I suppose get rid of it. **But nobody does. I mean nobody tries to.**"

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"No one," replied the father almost angrily. "I did not say that anyone wished it. It all began about that breakfast which your brother had ordered. Though you add luxury to luxury you will not really gratify your taste."

"**I did enjoy the kidneys, sir.** [At any rate I have enjoyed the kidneys.]"

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"Then at any rate don't desire a third for show. But those comforts will cease to be joys when they become **to you** matters of course. That a boy who does not see a pudding once a year should enjoy a pudding when it comes **in his way** I can understand; but the daily pudding, or the pudding twice a day, is soon no more than simple daily bread,—which will or will not be sweet as it shall or shall not have been earned." Then he went slowly to the door, but, as he stood with the handle of it in his hand, he turned round and spoke another word. "When hereafter, Gerald, you may chance to think of that bread and cheese at Ely always remember that you had skated from Cambridge."

"I will, sir," said Gerald as the door was closed.

Immediately after this the two brothers [then] took themselves to some remote part of the house where arrangements had been made for smoking, and there they finished the conversation. "I was very glad to hear what he said about you, old boy." This of course came from Silverbridge.

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"There is lots for three or four of us. I do agree that if a fellow has as much as he can spend he ought not to want anything more. Moreton was telling me the other day something about the settled estates. I sat in that office with him all one morning **when I was down at Silverbridge**. I could not understand it all but I observed that he said nothing about the Scotch property. You'll be a laird and I wish you joy with all my heart. The governor will tell you all about it before long. **I'm sure of that from his manner.** He's going to have two eldest sons."

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"**According to his way of thinking!** He says that a property is no better than a burden. But I'll try and bear it."

Chapter 26, *Dinner at the Beargarden*

It was some three or four days after the breakfast scene described in the last chapter that a little communication on family political matters took place between the Duke and his eldest son in the galleries of the House of Commons. The Duke was in the gallery [of the House of Commons] which is devoted to the use of peers, and Silverbridge, having heard that his father was there, had come up to **shake hands with** him **from his own part of the enclosures**. It was then about half-past five, and the House had settled down to business. Prayers had been read, petitions had been presented, and ministers had gone through their course of baiting with that equanimity and **affectation** [air] of superiority which always belongs to a well-trained occupant of the Treasury bench. **At the present moment, Sir Timothy Beeswax was advocating the second reading of a bill which had come down from the House of Lords and was intended to remedy certain defects in legal reform, to which allusion has been already made. Sir Timothy, being a distinguished lawyer as well as Leader of the House of Commons, of course had the matter in his own hands,—not altogether to**

the grief of his Attorney-General, who was well aware that a mess had been made of this matter in the previous session.

In these days the Duke was very anxious that his son should attend to his parliamentary duties, but he was too proud a man and too generous to come to the House as a spy. It was his present habit always to be in his own place when the Lords were sitting, and to remain there while the Lords sat. It was not, for many reasons, an altogether satisfactory occupation, but it was the best which his life afforded him. He would never, however, come across into the other House without letting his son know of his coming, and Lord Silverbridge had on this occasion been on the look-out, and had come up to his father at once. "Don't let me take you away," said the Duke, "if you are particularly interested in your chief's defence[,]**.**" [for Sir Timothy Beeswax was defending some measure of legal reform in which he was said to have fallen into trouble.]

"I can hear it up here, you know, sir**,**" **said Silverbridge**.

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"To tell the truth it's a matter I don't care **very** much about. They've got into some mess as to the number of judges and what they ought to do. **There was something about it the night before, and** Finn was saying that they had so arranged that there was one judge who never could possibly do anything."

"If Mr. Finn said so it would probably be so, with some little allowance for Irish exaggeration. He is a clever man, with **much** less of his country's hyperbole than others;—but still, not without his share."

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"But he is a friend of yours? I don't mean an 'honourable friend,' which is great bosh**, I think**; but you know him at home[.] **as we used to say at Eton?**"

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The Duke paused a moment before he answered. "Yes I do. And in what I said just now perhaps I wronged him**,—or rather gave you a wrong impression of my feelings towards him**. I have been under obligations to Mr. Finn,—in a matter as to which he behaved **to me** very well. I have found him to be a gentleman. If you **happen to** come across him in the House I would wish you to be courteous to him. I have not seen him since we came from abroad. **Indeed I have seen nobody.** I have been able to see nobody. But if ever again I should entertain my friends at my table, Mr. Finn would be one who would always be welcome there." This he said with a sadly serious air as

though wishing that his words should be noted. **It was quite true that Mr. Finn had once done him a kindness, and true also that he had esteemed the man as a gentleman. But** at the present moment he was remembering that he owed recompense to Mrs. Finn, and was making an effort to pay the debt. "But your leader is striking out into unwonted eloquence[.]**, is he not?** Surely we ought to listen to him."

Sir Timothy was a **very** fluent speaker, and when there was nothing to be said was possessed of great plenty of words. And he was gifted with that peculiar power which enables a man to have the last word in every **little** encounter,—a power which we are apt to call repartee, which is in truth the readiness which comes from continual practice. You shall meet two men of whom you shall know the one to be endowed with the brilliancy of true genius, and the other to be possessed of but moderate parts, and shall find the former never able to hold his own against the latter**, even in the ordinary conversation of everyday society**. **And as the ordinary conversation of everyday society is the arena in which men are most generally seen,** then the man of moderate parts will seem to be greater than the man of genius. But this skill of tongue, this glibness of speech is hardly an affair of intellect at all. It is,—as is style to the writer,—not the wares which he has to take to market, but the vehicle in which **those wares** [they] may be carried. Of what avail to you is it to have filled granaries with corn **produced from your own land** if you cannot get your corn to the consumer? **The vehicle and the road are so much!** Now Sir Timothy was [a] **very** great **on roads and** vehicle**s**, but he had not in truth much corn to send. He could turn a laugh against an adversary;—no man better. He could seize, at the moment, every advantage which the opportunity **of the moment** might give him. The Treasury bench on which he sat and the big box on the table before him were to him fortifications of which he knew how to use every stone. The cheers and the jeers of the House had been so measured by him that he knew the value and force of every sound **that was uttered**. Politics had never been to him a study, but to parliamentary strategy he had devoted all his faculties. No one knew so well as Sir Timothy how to make arrangements for business, so that every detail **arranged** should be troublesome to his opponents. He could foresee a month beforehand that on a certain day a Royal concert would make the House empty, and would generously give that day to a less observant adversary. He knew how to blind the eyes of members to the truth **without making any assurance with words of which they could afterwards complain**. Those on the opposite side of the House would **again and again** find themselves checkmated by his astuteness,—when, with all their pieces on the board, there should be none which they could move. And this to him was government! It was to [these] purposes **such as this** that he conceived that a great statesman should devote himself! Parliamentary

management! That, in his mind, was under this constitution of ours the **art most** [one art] essential for **the well-being of the country** [government]!

In all this he was very great; but when it might fall to his duty either to suggest or to defend any real piece of proposed legislation he was less happy. On this occasion he had been driven to take the matter in hand because he had previously been concerned in it as a lawyer. He had allowed himself to wax angry as he endeavoured to answer certain personal criticisms **which had been made on his measure by Phineas Finn**. Now Sir Timothy was never stronger than when he simulated anger. His mock indignation**, which was of course altogether under control,** was perhaps his most powerful weapon. But real anger is a passion which few men can use with judgment. And now Sir Timothy was really angry, and condescended to speak of our old friend Phineas, who had made the onslaught, as a bellicose Irishman. There was an over-true story as to our friend having once been seduced into fighting a duel **since he had been a member of Parliament**, and those who wished to decry him sometimes **made a good deal of this** [alluded to the] adventure. Sir Timothy had been called to order **by some restive Irish members**, but the Speaker had ruled that "bellicose Irishman" was not beyond the latitude of parliamentary animadversion. Then Sir Timothy had repeated the phrase with **a good deal of** emphasis, and the Duke hearing it in the gallery had made his **little caustic** remark as to the unwonted eloquence of his son's parliamentary chief.

"Surely we ought to listen to him," said the Duke. And for a short time they did listen. "Sir Timothy is not a man I like, you know," said the son, feeling himself obliged to apologise **in some sort** for his subjection to such a chief.

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"Well, yes; he is so,—so awfully clever. We all feel that we could not get on without him**, you know**. When you were in, he was one of your party."

"Oh yes;—he was one of us. I have no right to complain of you for using him. But when you say you could not get on without him, does it not occur to you that should he,—let us say be taken **at once** up to heaven,—you would have to get on without him?"

"Yes, we should."

"And what then?"

"Then**, why,** he would be,—out of the way, **you see,** sir."

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"Of course **I am a very young hand at it and** I don't pretend to understand much about it; but they all **seem to** think that he does know how to keep the party together. I don't think we are **very** proud of him."

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"**But** he is awfully useful. A man has to look out so sharp to be always ready for those other fellows! I beg your pardon, sir, but I mean your side."

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"And it isn't everybody who will go through such a grind. **You see he never must forget anything. He always must be** [A man to do it must be always] ready. He has so many little things to think of. As far as I can see we all feel that we could not get along very well without him."

Upon the whole the Duke was pleased with what he heard from his son. The young man's ideas about politics were boyish, but they were**, he thought,** the ideas of **an attentive** [a clear-headed] boy. Silverbridge had picked up some of the ways of the place, though he had not as yet formed any sound political opinions. **He seemed to know something of the nature of the fight which was always going on, and to take an interest in it.**

Then Sir Timothy finished a **somewhat** long speech with a flowery peroration, in which he declared that if Parliament were desirous of keeping the realms of Her Majesty free from the invasions of foreigners it must be done by maintaining the dignity of the judicial bench. There were some clamours at this; and although it was now **nearly** dinner-time Phineas Finn, who had been called a bellicose Irishman, was able to say a word or two. "The Right Honourable gentleman no doubt means," said Phineas, "that we must carry ourselves with some increased external dignity. The world is bewigging itself, and we must buy a bigger wig than any we have got, in order to confront the world with proper self-respect. Turveydrop and deportment will suffice for us against any odds." **No one quite understood why the security of the Queen's realms, as against foreign aggression, was dragged into such a debate as this; but there came, as the result, great anger on the part of one side of the House against Sir Timothy, and on the other great anger against Phineas Finn.**

Then the House about half-past seven [the House] **suddenly** became very empty. "Where are you going to dine, sir?" asked Silverbridge**, who was still close to his father**. The Duke, with something like a sigh, said he supposed he should dine at home**, hinting with a muttered word or two that his dinner was not to him a matter of very much**

consequence. **His dinner was of no consequence to him, but his evenings after dinner were at this period of his life very sad. In former days, when his wife was alive, he had been accustomed to spend many hours after dinner alone,—but then he had always had the power of seeking her, or her friends, though it were but for a moment. Now there was no one to whom he could betake himself. If you have a book with you on a journey it is very possible that you may not look at it;—but how terrible a thing it is to come on a journey unprovided with any book! So it was with him. In those former days many a long evening he had passed all alone in his library, satisfied with blue-books, newspapers, and speculations on political economy, and had never crossed the threshold of his wife's drawing-room; but now, when there was no longer a threshold that he could cross, he felt himself to be deserted.** "You never were at the Beargarden;—were you, sir?" asked Silverbridge suddenly.

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"Well;—no; I don't know that it does. It seems to go on very well. I dare say there are some cads there sometimes.**"** **Then Silverbridge bethought himself of Tifto. "**But I don't know where one doesn't meet cads. There are plenty in the House of Commons."

"There is something in that, Silverbridge, which makes me think that you have not **quite** realised the difference between private and public life. In the former you choose your own associates and are responsible for your choice. In the latter you are concerned with others for the good of the State; and though, even for the State's sake, you would not willingly be closely allied with those whom you think dishonest, the outward manners and fashions of life need create no barriers. I **certainly** should not turn up my nose at the House of Commons because some constituency might send there an illiterate shoemaker; but I might probably find the illiterate shoemaker an unprofitable companion for my private hours."

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"Even if there were I would go and dine with you. I shall be **very** glad to see the place where you, I suppose, pass many **of your** hours."

"I find it a very good shop to dine at. The place at the House is so stuffy and nasty[.]**,—and they do cook so badly!** Besides one likes to get away for a little time."

"Certainly. I never was an advocate for living in the House. One should always change the atmosphere." Then they got into a cab and went **away** to the club.

Silverbridge was**, perhaps,** a little afraid of what he was doing. The invitation had come from him on the spur of the moment, and he hardly ventured to think that his father would accept it. And now he did not quite know how the Duke would go through the ceremony. "The other fellows" would all come and stare **so** at a man whom **he and** they had all been taught to regard as the most un-Beargardenish of men. But**, nevertheless,** he **was a little proud of himself, and** was especially anxious to make things pleasant for his father.

*****

Nothing especial occurred during the dinner, which the Duke appeared to enjoy very much. "Yes; I think it is very good soup," he said. "I don't think they ever give me any soup at home." Then the son expressed his opinion **very energetically** that unless his father looked about rather more sharply, "they" very soon would provide no dinner at all, and **went on to** remark[ed] that **his** experience had taught him that the less people demanded the more they were "sat upon." The Duke did like his dinner,—or, rather, **it might perhaps be better said,** he liked the feeling that he was dining with his son. A report that the Duke of Omnium was **dining** with Lord Silverbridge soon went round the room, and they who were justified by some previous acquaintance came up to greet him. To all who did so he was very gracious, and was specially so to Lord Popplecourt, who happened to pass close by the table **at which he was sitting**.

"I think he is a fool," whispered Silverbridge as soon as **the young Lord** [Popplecourt] had passed.

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"We **always** thought him an ass at Eton."

"He has done pretty well I **am told** [hear]."

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To this Silverbridge made no reply; partly perhaps because he had nothing to say,—but hindered also **in thinking of anything** by the coming in of Tregear. This was an accident the possibility of which had escaped him. Unfortunately too the Duke's back was turned, so that Tregear, as he walked up the room, could not see who was sitting at his friend's table. Tregear coming up stood close at the Duke's elbow before he recognised the man, and spoke some word or two to Silverbridge. "How do you do, Mr. Tregear," said the Duke, turning round.

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"You hardly would. I am quite a stranger here. Silverbridge and I came up from the House together and he has been hospitable enough to give me a dinner**.** I will tell you **a very** [an] odd thing for a London man, Mr. Tregear. **I don't think that** I have [not] dined at a London club for fifteen years before this."

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Then they went into one of the rooms upstairs to have coffee, the son declining to go into the smoking-room, and assuring his father that he did not in the least care about **having** a cigar after dinner. "You would be smothered, sir." The Duke did as he was bidden and went upstairs. **Silverbridge was in truth much more anxious to please his father than to gratify himself by smoking; but** there was, in truth, a **further** [strong] reason for avoiding the publicity of the smoking-room. When bringing his father to the club he had thought nothing about Tregear but he had thought **much** about Tifto. **There was nothing in the club which he feared to present to his father except Tifto.** As he entered **the room** he had seen Tifto at a table dining alone, and had bobbed his head at him. Then he had taken the Duke to the further end of the room, and had trusted that fear would keep the Major in his place. Fear had kept the Major in his place. When the Major learned who the stranger was, he had become silent**,** [and] reserved**, and stationary**. Before the father and son had finished their dinner, Tifto had gone to his cigar; and so that danger was over.

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"There has been no quarrel at all," said Tregear, who had then just entered the room. "Nothing on earth would make Silverbridge quarrel with his father, and I think it would break the Duke's heart to quarrel with his son. **They happen to have taken different sides in politics;—that is all.**" Tifto **was rather oppressed by this and** endeavoured to argue the matter out; but Tregear, having made the assertion on behalf of his friend **and his friend's father**, would not allow himself to be enticed into further speech. Nevertheless there was a good deal said by others, during which the Major drank two glasses of whisky-and-water. In the dining-room he had been struck with **absolute** awe by the Duke's presence, and had certainly no idea of presenting himself personally to the great man. But Bacchus lent him **foreign** aid, and when the discussion was over and the whisky had been swallowed, it occurred to him that he **owed it to his friend to** [would] go upstairs and ask to be introduced.

In the meantime the Duke and his son were seated in close conversation on one of the upstairs sofas. It was a rule at the Beargarden that men might smoke all over the house except in the dining-room;—but there was one small chamber**, absurdly enough** called the library, in which the practice was not often followed. **But** the room was generally deserted, and at this moment the father and son were the only occupants. "A club," said the Duke, as he sipped his coffee, "is a comfortable and an economical residence. A man gets what he wants well served, and gets it cheap. But it has its drawbacks."

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"A man who lives much at a club is **too** apt to fall into a selfish mode of life. He is taught to think that his own comfort should always be the first object. A man can never**, I think,** be happy unless his first objects are outside himself. Personal self-indulgence begets a sense of meanness which **still** sticks to a man even when he has got beyond all hope of rescue. It is for that reason,—among others,—that marriage is so desirable."

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"Unless a man has on his shoulders the burden of a wife and children he should, I think, feel that he has shirked out of school **as it were**. He is not doing his share of the work of the Commonwealth."

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"I would not recommend you to entertain **any such** [that] ambition. Pitt perhaps hardly had time for marriage. You may be more lucky."

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"I hope so."

"At any rate the pleasures of the Beargarden won't keep me single."

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But Silverbridge had thought very much of somebody. He was quite aware that he had almost made an offer to Lady Mabel**, and was, he fancied, ready to do so completely**. She certainly had not given him any encouragement; but the very fact that she had not done so allured him the more. He did believe that he was thoroughly in love with Lady Mabel. She had told him that he was too young,—but he was older than Lady

Mab herself by a week. She was beautiful;—that was certain. It was acknowledged by all that she was clever. As for blood, of which he believed his father thought much, there was perhaps none better in England**,—the Grex barony dating from the time of Richard II**. He had heard it said of her,—as he now well remembered, in his father's presence,—that she had behaved remarkably well in trying circumstances. She had no fortune;—everybody knew that; but then he did not want fortune. Would not this be a good opportunity for breaking the matter to his father? "You have never thought of anyone?" said the Duke,—again very sweetly, very softly.

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"Well;—yes; in part. She has not accepted me if you mean that. Rather the contrary." Now the Duke would have been very unwilling to say that his son would certainly be accepted by any girl in England to whom he might choose to offer his hand**, his coronet, and his fortune,—nor probably did he so think**. But when the idea of a doubt was suggested to him, it did seem **to be** odd that his son should ask in vain. What other young man was there who could offer so much, and who was at the same time so likely to be loved for his own sake? He smiled, however, and was silent. "I suppose I may as well out with it," continued Silverbridge. "You know Lady Mabel Grex."

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"Then I will raise no objection. Lady Mabel Grex! Her father I fear is not **altogether** a worthy man. I hear that he is a gambler."

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"That makes it worse, Silverbridge. A man who gambles because he has money that he can afford to lose is, to my thinking, a fool. But he who gambles because he has none, is,—— Well, let us hope the best of him. **I remember to have heard your dear mother say that Lady Mabel had in certain circumstances behaved very well. We are related to them, you know**."

"Oh, yes. We are always joking about being cousins."