

land, nor did I have a visit from the Duchess or from anyone representing her. My holidays were spent at the school or with one of the tutors. It is true that I was liberally supplied with pocket-money, and that any privileges which could be obtained by cash payments were mine; but the feeling of loneliness deepened as I grew older, and I began to compare my position with the happier lot of my companions.

Just about the time I had attained my eighteenth year I received a letter from the Duchess. It was a curt letter, beginning "Dear Oswald," and concluding "Yours truly." She asked me in a single sentence if I had formed any views as to my future career. In a postscript she added, "Would you like to go to Oxford?"

I remember my answer, or rather my answers, for I wrote many before I could decide on one. I wrote letters of indignant remonstrance, of pathetic appeal; I wrote sarcastic letters, indifferent letters. It was at a time when my feeling of isolation was very keen. Most of my friends and companions had left school in the usual course of events, and yet I remained alone and without a word or a sign to indicate what was to become of me. The letter I finally despatched was as curt as the one I had received, and couched