

quarters. "Surrounded" may have been mere lack of precision, but it serves my turn now, as you see. You once were—and I am precise here—a gallant swordsman: there are legends yet of your doings with a crack Dublin bully. Well, in the last chapter of this tale you shall find a duel which may recall those early days of this century, when your blood was hot and your hand ready. You would be distrustful of the details of this scene did I not tell you that though the voice is Jacob's the hand is another's. Swordsmen are not now so many, in the Army or out of it, that among them Mr. Walter Herries Pollock's name will have escaped you; so, if you quarrel, let it be with Esau; though, having good reason to be grateful to him, that would cause me regret.

My dear father, you are travelling midway between eighty and ninety years with great health and cheerfulness; it is my hope you may top the arch of your good and honourable life with a century keystone.

Believe me, sir,

Your affectionate son,

GILBERT PARKER.