

gatherings which brought together all the Scandinavians in Rome. I had been about a quarter of an hour in the room, and was standing close to the door, when it opened, and in glided an undersized man with very broad shoulders and a large leonine head, wearing a long black frock coat with very broad lapels, on one of which a knot of red ribbon was conspicuous. I knew him at once, but was a little taken aback by his low stature. In spite of all the famous instances to the contrary, one instinctively associates greatness with size. His natural height was even somewhat diminished by a habit of bending forward slightly from the waist, begotten, no doubt, of short-sightedness and the need to peer into things. He moved very slowly and noiselessly, with his hands behind his back—an unobtrusive personality, which would even have been insignificant, had the head been strictly proportionate to the rest of the frame. But there was nothing insignificant about the high and massive forehead, crowned with a mane of (then) iron-grey hair, the small and pale but piercing eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, or the thin-lipped mouth, depressed at the corners into a curve indicative of iron will, and set between bushy whiskers of the same dark grey as the hair. The most cursory observer could not but recognise power and character in the head; yet one would scarcely have guessed it to be the power of a poet, the character of a prophet. Misled, perhaps, by the ribbon at the buttonhole, and by an expression of reserve, almost of secretiveness, in the lines of the tight-shut mouth, one would rather have supposed oneself face to face with an eminent statesman or diplomatist.

He moved from group to group, exchanging a few words with this or that acquaintance, but never engaging in any long or animated talk. Not without trepidation, for I had heard legends of his unapproachableness and occasional harshness, I asked the President of the Club to introduce me. It was clear that my name conveyed nothing to him, and this relieved me not a little; for I had been guilty of an unauthorised adaptation of *Pillars of Society*, produced (for one perform-