shocking—and excessively human. Indeed, the fact is
that Rachel is as human as Beatrix, though in a different
way. You may not only *love* her less, but—in a different
sense of contrast from that of the Roman poet—*like* her
a little less. But you cannot, if you have any knowledge
of human nature, call her unnatural. And really I do
not know that the third lady of the family, Isabel Marchioness
of Esmond, though there is less written about her, is not as
real and almost as wonderful as the other two. She is
not so fairly treated, however, poor thing! for we have her
Bernstein period without her Beatrix one.

As for my Lords Castlewood—Thomas, and Francis
*père et fils*—their creator has not taken so much trouble
with them; but they are never ' out '. The least of a piece,
I think, is Rachel's too fortunate or too unfortunate hus-
band. The people who regard Ibsen's great triumph in
the *Doll's House* as consisting in the conduct of the hus-
band as to the incriminating documents, ought to admire
Thackeray's management of the temporary loss of Rachel's
beauty. They are certainly both touches of the baser side
of human nature ingeniously worked in. But the question
is, What, in this wonderful book, is *not* ingeniously worked
in—character or incident, description or speech?

If the champions of ' Unity ' were wise, they would take
*Esmond* as a battle-horse, for it is certain that, great as
are its parts, the whole is greater than almost any one of
them—which is certainly not the case with *Pendennis*.
And it is further certain that, of these parts, the personages
of the hero and the heroine stand out commandingly,
which is certainly not the case with *Pendennis*, again.
The unity, however, is of a peculiar kind: and differs
from the ordinary non-classical ' Unity of Interest ' which
Thackeray almost invariably exhibits. It is rather a
Unity of *Temper*, which is also present (as the all-per-
vading motto *Vanitas Vanitatum* almost necessitates) in
all the books, but here reaches a transcendence not else-