

CHAPTER IV.

THE progress of the novel was not so rapid as its author had been led to anticipate. Every now and then Richard's thoughts came to a full stop and his invention ceased to be. He had a nice sense of propriety in the matter, and a just abhorrence of mere fustian and unreason. The epic had taught him this; and though he did not exactly adopt the advice of the critic who recommends a young author to blot out all those passages which strike him as being particularly fine, he was careful to eliminate from his language the superlative nothings