HERO WORSHIP.

"He is not what Fame publishes of vulgar fellows,
Can we see the man Shakspere? or our own
Within our bosoms, where all the souls are prime
Shall sit in person, and in state defy
What malice if it would, and envy, if it durst,
Shall not come near to touch the glories, which
As laurel-wreths, do go that time
Unblasted, and unsing'd, to honour them we love?
Yet reason is unreasonable choice,
The two or three, possess with authentic voice;
Not thing that Shakspere wrote, but every voice
Proclaims the man; and his pen speaks
To mankind, in all ages, by virtue he rose
To believe what this and that poet hath spoke,
To love where souls seem full of loyalty.
To smile beneath where souls sell; shaping
Of shadows of his life, the form, the time,
The war, the court, the city, the country, the camp,
Not by Gods, but by men, he lives alone.
We do not modly think of him, and pass
The world wonder by, darkly; but have another
We view the man, and see the shadow there to him;
Before we can, we must let reality we know.
Then, whose shadow this is; seek we the substance
A crown to bright this, the world can view;
But is it not a Jubilee to join
The having heart's joy in hope?
Should our praise fall to all our hope and trust,
Should our fair market's rate be common deal,
Silent we lay the nail over the mouth,
And from our temple bear our dead away.

What is one false apology a thousand true—
A thousand confidences ere well begun?
He is no hero, who hath thing's say you.
Who, for a mistake, or two, can make him one.
Back, judge, to meet more of weighing, slow,
The dead ye judge to Fame's square above!
But leave ye to worship men below
With faith and hope, the living whom we love.

—CONSTABLE F. WOODSON, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER IX.

He left Dick Mortiboy fast asleep at madame's the blanchisseuse, in Greek street, Soho, at a late minute yesterday morning, on Thursday morning—slipping with his purse, his pistol, his bowie-knife, with the great too of his right foot commencing with the handle of the door. But his ingenious device was wrecked by the sudden slam of the second-floor chamber of madame's house as he would have been in the strong room of the Bank of England. The people were honest conspirators, not burglars, frequenters of the place.

Dick got up at half-past ten; breakfasted with Ladbury at eleven, at the Sablonnier, on oysters, grillades, watercresses, black coffee, and the little glass of white brandy. Then came the time of business. He completed his cabinet of specimens, and finished up the map of his Madagascar estate. Dinner at seven, at the Cafe Jacob Freres, just out of Leicester Square. Smoke till bed-time—winning instead of losing. On Friday, having completed his business in town, he took the afternoon train to Market Basing.

Saturday he whiled abroad, and found himself bankrupt.

His father had parted reluctantly from his long loan—from the money he had lent. Nothing but the urgency of Dick's London business reconciled the old man to his going.

When he came back after his short visit, old Ready-money allowed more delight than he had done when his son came back, and first introduced himself after a twelve years' absence.

Then, Richard Mellishy Mortiboy was as a shadow.

Now, "My son Richard," was a reality.

The old man showed his pleasure in many ways. He had—Dick's father—loved as good, all he told him: his name was for ever on his father's lips:

"Richard come back again to his old father. A credit to me. What things he's seen! Nobody likelier."

These were the things he said. And he would place his hands on Dick's shoulders, a dozen times an hour.

The sense of touch assured him of his reality.

He walked from Derngate to the bank that morning with his father. It was market day, and the little town showed its wonted busy aspect—an appearance it put on only once a week. Everybody stopped at him as a wonder. People had passed the time away in the town to look after old Ready-money and his newly-found son.

Dick's return was likely to be a wonder on Market Basing for much longer than days.

At the bank, Grimes and the old clerks welcomed him as the prince come back to his father's kingdom.

They bowed down their necks before the heir.

And Dick had a pleasure in their friendly recognitions, and, grasped all, whom he remembered in his mark kindly way, graciously acknowledging the homage they paid him.

After an hour's talk with his father, he said—

"It would be just as well if I looked up a few people to-day, and in the afternoon I shall go over to Bedford, and spend the evening with the Parkside people, I think."

"Very well,—Dick—very well. It's Grace's birthday, by-the-bye, Richard. I'm afraid Cousin Lydply isn't very glad you've come back. She's a fine, high, proud woman, and she might have had it perhaps; for blood is blood, my boy. Where else are you going, Dick?"

"Well, father, I shall look up Uncle Mellishy as well. I never had any grudge against him."

"Well—no. He is your uncle. But pride's going to have a fall, Dick—pride's going to have a fall; and peacocks' tails are going to lose their feathers."

"What do you mean, father?"

"Patience, Richard—patience. Not that I could help it if I would."

Dick did not question his father further.

The old man seemed to be the family, and his son spent an hour with Grimes. He showed himself so quick-witted, so ready and apt to comprehend, that Mr. Mortiboy's manager was startled.

"A pity, Mr. Richard—what a pity you did not stay at home, and be your father's right-hand man."

"Perhaps you fancy I'm better by going abroad."

"Perhaps you have. You know best. Anyhow, stay now you have come back. Your father's not so strong as he was." As sixty-five, head weight begins to tell upon a man. And I will say this for Mr. Mortiboy—he has never hankered after what he never knew. As for pleasure, he doesn't know the meaning of it."

"Pardon, pardon, Mr. Grimes—he does know the meaning of it. Every man must have pleasure in life, or he dies—or goes mad. You will do well to remember that when you have to deal with your clerks. My father's pleasure has been the money growing. It isn't a bad sort of pleasure, perhaps; though it isn't mine."

Old Ready-money had his pleasure—had driven to the foundry and the brewery in Sunset carriage; humbly up his beasts, harried his mortgagees, and enjoyed himself every day after his pleasure.

"My own life," Dick went on, with a sort of sigh, "has been one chiefly of hard work. But it has had some of the pleasure of one thing. There are vicissitudes—vicissitudes in business, Mr. Grimes. And over there" . . . he jerked his finger over his left shoulder, in the direction of the Apollo Pole, but Mr. Grimes understood, "there are vicissitudes" "over there the vicissitudes are very frequent."

"So I suppose."

"Yes. Fancy having your estate confiscated once a year, like the Apollo Pole, which only lasts till the old one picks up strength enough to spike opposition in, fancy riding down to the port with a caravan of silver, and seeing yourself stripped in a day of six months! Why, Mr. Grimes, there's pleasure, there's excitement in that."

Dick slapped him on the back, and laughed, showing all his white teeth, like a jolly good specimen of the slaughters the cattle beasts for mere pleasure and profit sport.

"You must be a fine fellow, Mr. Dick, in the West," said Mr. Grimes.

"So I will. You shall come in one evening. We are despitefully fine in those parts, the governor and I. . . . You drink gin?"

"Mr. Grimes—Mr. Grimes—Everybody in Market Basing knew of Mr. Mortiboy's weekly bottle of gin.

"Come and see me," he said, "and I'll get Frank Mellishy. By Jove! I have quite forgotten that boy. What sort of fellow is he?"

"A capital fellow," said Grimes, with enthusiasm. "Full of life and energy, and of cleverness too—though not, perhaps, like his father. One that will swipe the old bank, and double its work as sure as he goes into it."

"Yes! . . . Well, I'm off. Remember, Mr. Grimes, that you are to come to me."

"Not so well" . . . Grimes spoke on timidly. "But that will spoil the joke, Dick. Your uncle's proud. Hell thrive you back in his favour."

"Well, father, I shall look up Uncle Mellishy as well. I never had any grudge against him."

"Well—no. He is your uncle. But pride's going to have a fall, Dick—pride's going to have a fall; and peacocks' tails are going to lose their feathers."

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"Pardon, pardon, Mr. Grimes—he does know the meaning of it. Every man must have pleasure in life, or he dies—or goes mad. You will do well to remember that when you have to deal with your clerks. My father's pleasure has been the money growing. It isn't a bad sort of pleasure, perhaps; though it isn't mine."

Then he said to himself, "I see Emily again to-day."

"Looking for fortune."

"Looking for fortune. How comes it, as Horace asks, that no one is content with the lot which the gods have assigned him?"

"The gods assigned me a pound a week," said Dick, "as I somewhat derelicted, and made my way without further help from them."

Which was true—his path said that laid down for mortals by the Olympians having strayed from it.

"Have the Fates, then—you know we are all under the Will of the Fates—been kinder than they promised at first?"

"Yes—that is, I have forced my way."

"Like the old myth of the Titans' war. You know they defeated the gods."

"Indeed, sir, I know nothing of the sort."

"Well—I suppose your reading has been neglected in your travels. You really have done well! You are immensely improved—if you will permit an impertinence—more like your poor mother. You will dine with us this evening?"

"Not to-night, sir. I have another engagement. Next week, I shall be very happy. Here is Frank!"

"Well—he is over at Hunslope. And yes! I do nothing for you Dick? Do you want any money?"

"None, sir—none, thank you."

"Your father put a fine sum, unfortunately, on the best terms possible. Between ourselves, the bitter feeling is all on his part. Yes, sir, Dick!"—here Mr. Mellishy drop'd and whispered—"from jealousy at my superior good luck."

Dick started. What could this mean? He had heard from his father of his uncle's strange conduct on the day of the funeral.

"The years roll on, and bring only success to me, Richard. I am proposed—I am encumbered with my wealth. See here" . . . he opened a drawer in a safe, and showed a full of bonds. . . . "But that's nothing—nothing. This is but a trifle. But, my dear nephew, I am quite old, and I have no time. I have to negotiate with my agents in London about a loan which demands all my energies, and really nearly all my resources. Good-bye, my dear nephew—good-bye. And remember you are to dine with us next week."

Dick went away in a sort of amazement. What did his father mean by those mysterious hints about impending misfortune? Hard cash—a sum approaching £100 to a missionary society, offering him money, talking of his wonderful success, and mixing up with foreign loans.

In the afternoon he walked over to Hunslope, along the well-remembered road. Not a tree seemed changed in all the years he had been away.

For a mile Lord Hunslope's park wall skirted the road.

At a little door Dick had often ridden under in his hunting days, a young man was trying in vain to reach the latch with his whip-handle. His horse was shy and fresh, and troubled the young man. But the rider persevered without success. Dick pitying the young man, said—

"You are Lord Hunslope's son, I know," said Dick to himself.

But he was a stranger to Lord Lanston, who thanked him, apologized for his horse's impatience, and rode through the gate into the park.

In twenty minutes more, Dick was at Parkside. His uncle's house was in the winter's day was closing in. The door was opened by a tall, comely woman of twenty and thirty. The lamp was lighted in the hall, and as Dick came into the light—for it was now dark—he saw a flush on the fair face. The woman gave a little cry, and laid her hand on her heart. The flush became her fall in the face, and started back, mutt ering in his breath—

"Dick! Dick! Dick!—the same—"It's Polly?"

"Yes, Dick—it is you! I heard you were back again, and I knew you would come to see us long before you would be coming to look after your poor—"

"Shut the door, Mary," cried a voice from within. "The wind is blowing right through the hall. Who is it? Is Mr. Richard?"

"Meet me on Sunday," Polly had time to whisper, in his ear, "Sunday morning, at home. I'm going to Market Basing to see my cousin."

"The old place?"

"Ay, the old place. There will be nobody there. . . . Mr. Richard, I knew he gave his hand a wet, slobbering kiss, and opened the door for Mr. Richard's patron . . ." Master Dick Mortiboy, sir."

"Cousin Dick!" cried Mrs. Heathcote, emerging from the hall. "Dick's little Dick, indeed, Mary, to a big man like this!"

Dick believed a cousinly kiss alike on mother and sister, and greeted Frank Mellishy; then sat down by the fire, and they began to make much of him.

Years before, when Dick was a bright young lad of 17, he used to hear his mother Hunslope Farm was the place where alone he seemed to be free from the cold and hardness of a father with whom everything that was good or did was said or done wrong. But there was a time when Dick was a wild, reckless lad, who had run through his money, and she might have had it perhaps; for blood is blood, my boy. Where else are you going, Dick?"

"Well, father, I shall look up Uncle Mellishy as well. I never had any grudge against him."

"Well—no. He is your uncle. But pride's going to have a fall, Dick—pride's going to have a fall; and peacocks' tails are going to lose their feathers."

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"They haven't been doing well lately?"

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