

along the white road towards the glittering towers of Bevis, instead of going on to Whitebridge to look up Mr Burgoyne.

One morning, however, pressure came upon the Lodge from the Castle. The post brought an unexpected and unwelcome packet from Bevis. Colonel Sir Augustus Chawling wrote to say that his temporary mistress desired to wait upon Mr Burgoyne; and he enclosed a letter from Professor Jenner Cox, wherein, with the most flourishing compliments to all concerned in the transaction, the Professor promised that the visit would be highly grateful and comforting to his "distinguished *confrère*."

The years had not changed this Professor: the years had not yet burst the swollen envelope of the spurious reputation. When our correspondents called on *him*, he was always at home. Nay, if our correspondents failed to drop in now and then in a friendly way, he would come out of his house to seek our correspondents, to slap them on the back, and playfully to chide them for neglect. He was the friend of princes—he was the only man of science who was punctual in attendance at levees. He was always to be seen at the funeral of "a *confrère*": he looked solemn, but he must have been happy at funerals of the great, the really great workers—because dead men tell no tales.

"O Sybil! Bothering, tiresome fellow! . . . I will not see her. Really I cannot see her. You must write to this—Sir Augustus, with some polite excuses. . . . Say I am stone-deaf—anything. You will know how to put it cleverly and kindly," and Mr Burgoyne went on with his work.

"No, I could not support it." The pencil had stopped, and he looked round with a smile. "You know, it is a trick of these princes—it is a very vulgar trick that I believe is common to all princes—this desire to see any aged person who is in any manner notorious. It enables them to say afterwards: 'Oh yes, I saw him just before the end. He was very old, but he answered all my questions with propriety. There was, however, no evidence of the *cleverness* one had been led to expect,'" and Mr Burgoyne chuckled and then went on with his work.