

studying, appearing, however, in the hunting field when his health would allow, and showing himself then one of the boldest riders in the field, and taking, occasionally, part in public assemblies, where no great demand on his voice was necessary.

His was a very beautiful disposition, almost childlike in its guileless unworldliness, and boundless generosity, and though his frail health rendered his circle of acquaintance a limited one, he possessed a most extraordinary power of inspiring deep and devoted attachment. Heredity must have been responsible, for he was a marked contrast in character and disposition to both his parents. Aunt Marion was compounded of weakness and obstinacy, vacillation and self-will. In folly, when she seized on a determination, nothing would turn her from her course; in wisdom, nothing would hold her to her course. Wise counsels ran off her like water off a polished surface. She soaked in bad advice like a thirsty sponge. Her powers of action were, however, circumscribed in all directions, for a more cold, hard, unfeeling man than Colonel L'Estrange never existed. I believe he almost hated Conrad for his feeble health. His selfish vanity led him to represent his own inability ever to make the faintest mark upon the world as solely caused by unlucky circumstances, and he had hoped to point to the brilliant career of his gifted son as the result of ability inherited from himself, and developed under more favourable conditions.

There was constant intercourse between Wichborough Court and the Deanery, a light footbridge having been thrown across the river to facilitate communication. It was a charming stroll through the beautiful Deanery grounds and the finely timbered stretch of Wichborough Park, but I went there very little, as a child. I did not care for Aunt Marion, she was fussy and artificial, and much shocked at my gipsy ways. Finding her remonstrances roll back uselessly off the placid indifference of my mother, and the easy carelessness of my father, she delivered her own soul by lecturing me, in season and out of season, when she could catch me, which was consequently seldom. Colonel L'Estrange was a sort of embodied sneer, and not having the