

XXXIX

HE called on Sir Henry Stubbs, six miles out of Solway on the high moor, and watched him water his roses that grew in tubs of imported earth, for the moor soil was not friendly to roses, would nourish only squat firs and juniper, bracken and heather ; called also on Miss Fox and was entertained graciously in a room with old, exquisite furniture spindling with elegant Chippendale legs on its polished floors and rugs ; and old china glowing in its rare old three-cornered cupboards ; and was taken through the house by Mr. Fox to see old portraits and old, quaint prints, in hall and on stairs ; and into the study to see some Aldines and Elzevirs and quaint Hindoo and Chinese idols in jade-stone, incarnations of Brahma and Vishnoo.

He was gently censured for being so long about revealing his presence, and frankly explained his fear of introductions to " unknowns " when employed on a long piece of work. He had an internal horror all the while that he was a queer visitor, a queer person to be introduced by anyone : for Solway was on his nerves—his work was done—he had now but the desire to be gone—and now that