

had ever happened to him—not Georgiana's sangfroid, not Gervase's cut with the whip—had humiliated him to this point. Humiliated? Ah, no—he was annihilated; he was as good as dead. And he was impotent: it was absurd even to be in a rage. He couldn't touch this arrogant chill-blooded bully, who could toss down a young man's bleeding heart and grind it under his heel. Before such atrocious cruelty as this the noblest under heaven must be still. Tears scalded his eyes as he left the House and walked unmarked or unrecognised into the dark. He pushed his way through the packed Palace-yard, through George Street, and into the Park. As he went on, he knew that he was beaten, and that he must leave England. He could never hold up his head here again while that tyrant lived to rule it with his whip and ramrod and intolerable silence. Here was a man with whom he could not measure himself. Your Poores he could shoot if they got in his way; your Hollands and such he could afford to despise. There were plenty ways of dealing with the likes of them. But this man despised him, Bendish, and didn't even trouble to show that he did. Nay—crowning injury!—he even forebore to show it. For Bendish knew that if he had thought it worth his while he could have used that cancelled preface with deadly effect. He had not cared to do it. He had not cared to pull him out of his ditch that he might shoot him. No. He had let him lie where he had rolled himself—lie there and starve and rot. Bendish knew that he was mortally