

**DOCTOR VICTORIA: A
PICTURE FROM
THE PERIOD; IN
THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Doctor Victoria: a picture from the period; in three volumes, Vol. II by G. G. Alexander

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G. G. ALEXANDER

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PICTURE FROM
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THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

DOCTOR VICTORIA.

A PICTURE FROM THE PERIOD.

BY
MAJOR-GENERAL G. G. ALEXANDER, C.B.

"Fiction is a fabric woven by Fancy with threads of Truth."

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. II.



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DOCTOR VICTORIA.

CHAPTER I.

“A GOOD CHRISTIAN.”

MR. YORKE bears his triumph meekly, though he, somehow or other, appears within the last few days to have become wider across the chest, and to require a larger waistcoat. His speech, thanking his supporters, is a model of what such speeches should be ; he has no end of sweet words for his supporters, and he refers to his late opponents in such touching terms, it is impossible to read it without tears.

“Ah, that is what I call a truly good man,” said old Miss Praggles, as she took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes. “Whilst he will always remember the kindness he has

received from his friends, he promises to forget and forgive those who have fought against him. I am sure no man could say more. Those are the words of a true Christian."

Never was the church so full as it was on the following Sunday. The whole parish, and many from the adjoining parishes, were there, to gladden their eyes with a sight of the great man of their own making. And when Mr. Yorke walked up the aisle, with his blue tie and spotless—and ample—white waistcoat, the excitement was intense, so that an apple was heard to fall in John Lorie's orchard, although the tree from which it fell must have been at least six hundred yards from the church-door. As Mr. Yorke prayed, in the depths of his well-brushed hat, many people wondered in what form of words he was expressing his gratitude for the great honour that had been done him. And when he sat down, with the back of his head—beginning to show signs of baldness—exhibiting itself over the edge of the high-backed pew, the children of the schools, whose ordinary amusement, when opportunity offered, was to pinch, or tickle, or kick their neighbours, became suddenly so quiet and

good that Miss Mudge, the schoolmistress, thought they must be ill, and was frightened. The fact is, they had heard so much of the election, and of Mr. Yorke being made an M.P., that they thought something very strange must have happened to him, and so they sat with eyes and mouths opened as wide as possible, it may be in the expectation that the somewhat sparse hairs, which stood out in the sunlight from that bit of bald head, would before long develop themselves into some kind of glory, such as the saints had round theirs in the great picture with which the Rev. St. John had lately decorated the chancel, and the meaning of which he had been very careful to explain to them in the most incomprehensible manner.

But they wondered still more when Sir Francis came into the church, looking much as usual, and not as if he had been crying; for they had heard that he had been beaten dreadfully.

If, however, the excitement had been great before, it reached the highest point of intensity when, on the termination of the service, Mr. Yorke, as he stepped into the churchyard, was brought into contact with Sir Francis, and it was with a thrill of