

**THE HARVEYS, IN
TWO
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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The Harveys, in two volumes, vol. II by Henry Kingsley

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HENRY KINGSLEY

**THE HARVEYS, IN
TWO
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

THE HARVEYS.

BY

HENRY KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "HENRY," "OLD MARGABRY," "GEOFFRY HAMLIN,"
"RAVENSKOB," ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE HARVEYS.



CHAPTER I.

OUR MECHANICAL SYREN.

HEALTH, freedom, and, in prospect, honour and a grand position! After all these weary years, what a prospect for me! As I sat on the deck of the old *Soho*, as she was going down the river, I said to myself that only one thing was left for me to desire in this world, and that one thing was personal beauty. Like the young cub which I was,

I once or twice was sorry that I was not handsome.

What worthless, selfish prigs many boys are. I don't claim to be worse than the majority of clever boys, but at this very time, when by a stroke of fortune the world was at my feet, when I was starting on my first holiday journey to new lands, with every chance of relieving the man I loved best in the world—my father—from all future difficulty, I remember that I was jealous of the personal beauty of a lad of my own age, who was on board. It is painful to write oneself down a fool, but I fear I must do so on this occasion.

Before we got to Gravesend I had out my water-colour box, and had sketched the man at the wheel, I think successfully; I

was nearly finishing, when a voice in my ear said, "I envy you."

I turned, and I saw a handsome lad. I replied, "I envy you; for what do you envy me?"

"Your art," he said. "For what do you envy me?"

"Your beauty," I said; "sit there and let me paint you." And he sat down wearily and quietly.

"Am I, then, so handsome?" he said.

"You are very handsome," I replied.

"It is almost a pity," he said, rather wearily, "because I am going to Nice."

"What are you going to do there?" I asked.

"To die. The English doctors have given me over, and will not even allow me