

**THE FIRST VIOLIN: A  
NOVEL; IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649584277

The First Violin: A Novel; In Three Volumes, Vol. II by Jessie Fothergill

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JESSIE FOTHERGILL**

**THE FIRST VIOLIN: A  
NOVEL; IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. II**



# THE FIRST VIOLIN.

A Novel.

BY

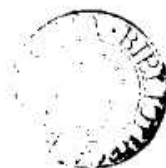
JESSIE FOTHERGILL,

AUTHOR OF "HEALEY," "ALDYTH," ETC.

"Entbehren sollst du : sollst entbehren !"

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON :  
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON.

1877.

(All Rights Reserved.)

251. d. 852





## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

### BOOK III.—*continued.*

EUGEN COURVOISIER.

CHAPTER					PAGE
III.	...	...	...	...	I
IV.	...	...	...	...	25
V.	...	...	...	...	38

### BOOK IV.

CHILDREN OF THE WORLD.

I.	...	...	...	...	57
II.	...	...	...	...	70
III.	...	...	...	...	100
IV.	...	...	...	...	126
V.	...	...	...	...	145
VI.	...	...	...	...	159
VII.	...	...	...	...	176

## BOOK V.

## V.B. VICTIS !

CHAPTER					PAGE
I.	...	...	...	...	184
II.	...	...	...	...	214
III.	...	...	...	...	232





## THE FIRST VIOLIN.

BOOK III.—*Continued.*

EUGEN COURVOISIER.

### CHAPTER III.

"The merely great are, all in all,  
No more than what the merely small  
Esteem them. Man's opinion  
Neither conferred nor can remove  
*This man's dominion.*"

**T**HREE years passed—an even way.  
In three years there happened  
little of importance—little, that  
is, of open importance—to either of us. I  
read that sentence again, and cannot help  
smiling: "to either of us." It shows the

progress that our friendship had made. Yes, it had grown every day.

I had no past, painful or otherwise, which I could even wish to conceal; I had no thought that I desired hidden from the man who had become my other self. What there was of good in me, what of evil, he saw. It was laid open to him, and he appeared to consider that the good predominated over the bad; for, from that first day of meeting, our intimacy went on steadily in one direction—increasing, deepening. He was six years older than I was. At the end of this time of which I speak he was one and thirty, I five and twenty; but we met on equal ground—not that I had anything approaching his capacities in any way. I do not think that had anything to do with it. Our happiness did not depend on mental supremacy. I loved him—because I could not help it; he me, because—upon my word, I can think of no good reason—probably because he did.

And yet we were as unlike as possible. He had habits of reckless extravagance—or what seemed to me reckless extravagance—and a lordly manner (when he forgot himself)

of speaking of things, which absolutely appalled my economical burgher-soul. I had certain habits, too—the outcomes of my training, and my sparing, middle-class way of living—which I saw puzzled him very much. To cite only one insignificant incident. We were both great readers, and, despite our sometimes arduous work, contrived to get through a good amount of books in the year. One evening he came home with a brand-new novel, in three volumes, in his hands.

“Here, Friedel; here is some mental dissipation for to-night. Drop that Schopenhauer, and study Heyse. Here is *Die Kinder der Welt*—it will suit our case exactly, for it is what we are ourselves.”

“How clean it looks!” I observed innocently.

“So it ought, seeing that I have just paid for it.”

“Paid for it!” I almost shouted. “Paid for it! You don’t mean that you have bought the book?”

“Calm thy troubled spirit! You don’t surely mean that you thought me capable of *stealing* the book?”