

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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649381425

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

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

G. G. ALEXANDER

**DOCTOR VICTORIA: A
PICTURE FROM THE
PERIOD, IN 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.



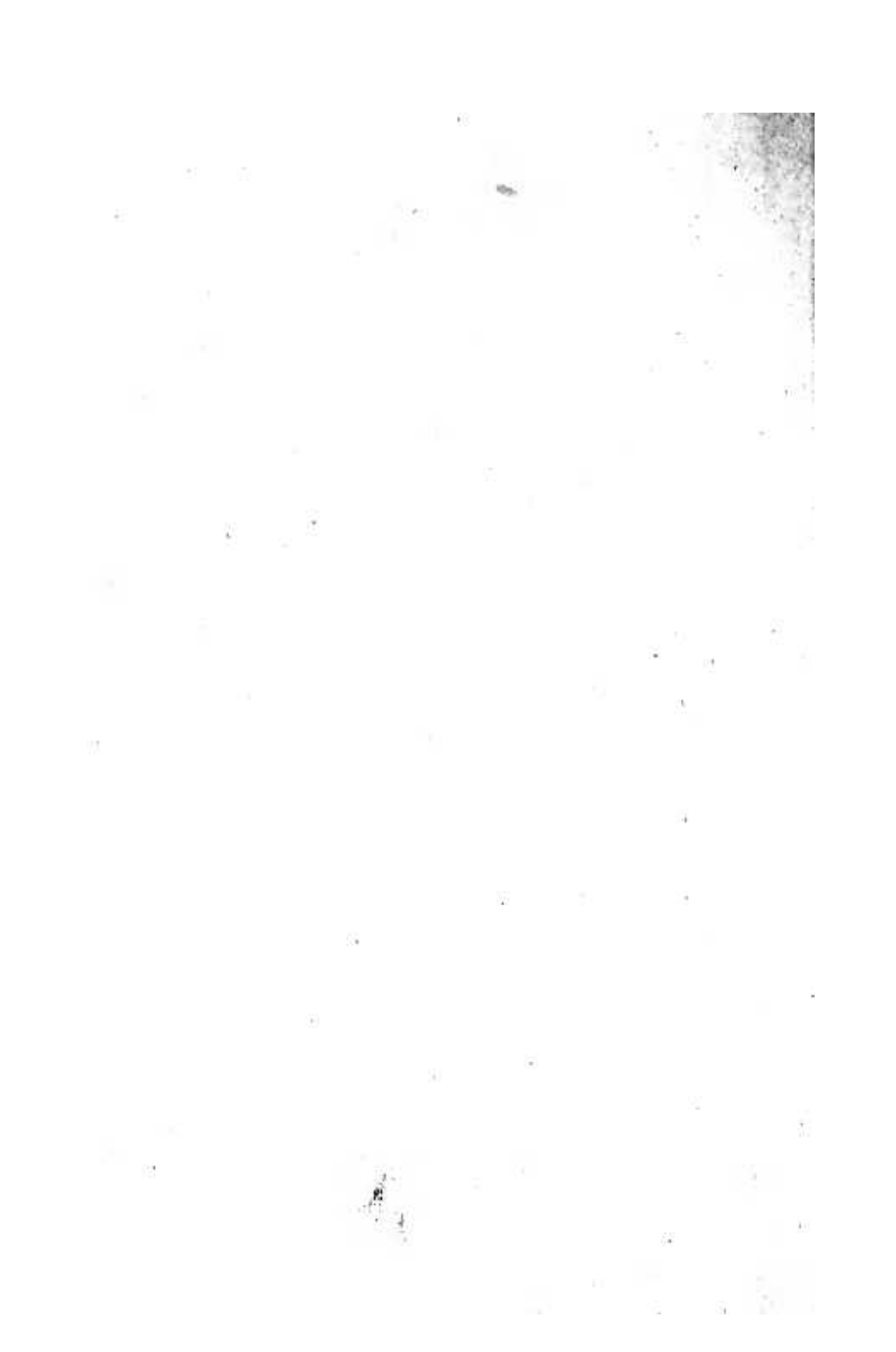
London:
SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.,
31, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.
1881.

[All Rights Reserved.]

823
AL263d
v.2

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. "A GOOD CHRISTIAN" - - - -	1
II. TRANSFORMATIONS - - - -	10
III. A FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIRS - - - -	31
IV. WOMEN IN COUNCIL - - - -	42
V. MUSINGS BY THE WAY - - - -	64
VI. THE BELLE OF THE SEASON - - - -	93
VII. THE TURN OF THE TIDE - - - -	123
VIII. WRECKAGE ON THE SHORE - - - -	160
IX. MADGE - - - -	186
X. POPS IS JEALOUS - - - -	201
XI. FRIENDS IN NEED - - - -	228



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

emotion that he was seen holding out his hand.

“Aye, they has shaken hands! Lor’, to have seen it! Well, he do be a good man—that he be! And the paarson, how he do preach! His words do be so foine!”

“Aye, do ye look at Miss Geldreen’s gownd! if its tail bain’t as long as the church is wide.”

A victor can afford to be generous, so Mr. Yorke walked by the side of Sir Francis as if nothing had happened, and in a few minutes any awkwardness which the latter may have felt had completely disappeared. Lady Arabella had come to church in her pony-chaise, but the rest of the family had walked, for it was against Mr. Yorke’s principles to have his horses out on Sundays—in fine weather.

They had not gone very far, when Mr. Yorke stopped to speak to one of his tenants, and Eva having lagged behind, for there was not an old woman or young child in the village to whom she had not some kind word to say, Sir Francis found himself alone with Geraldine.

“Of course I am glad that my father has gained the day,” said Geraldine, “but I am not the less sorry for you; and I tell you