

**THE RUBICON; IN  
TWO  
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649283729

The Rubicon; In two volumes, Vol. I by E. F. Benson

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**E. F. BENSON**

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THE RUBICON

THAT evening the Professor of Ignorance sat long with paper spread before him, and with a pen in his hand, but he wrote nothing.

The window of his study looked out into the street, which was lit by many gas lamps. At length he dipped his pen into the ink, and wrote this:—

'We should judge men by their best, not by their worst; by their possibilities, not by their limitations.'

Next morning he read what he had written the night before, and smiled to himself.

'I have seen that before,' he thought.

He took a book from the little shelf that stood close to his right hand, and referred to it.

'I am not quite sure that what I have written is true,' he said.

*The Professor of Ignorance.*

# THE RUBICON

BY

E. F. BENSON

AUTHOR OF 'DODO'

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

VOL. I.

**Methuen & Co.**

36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.

1894



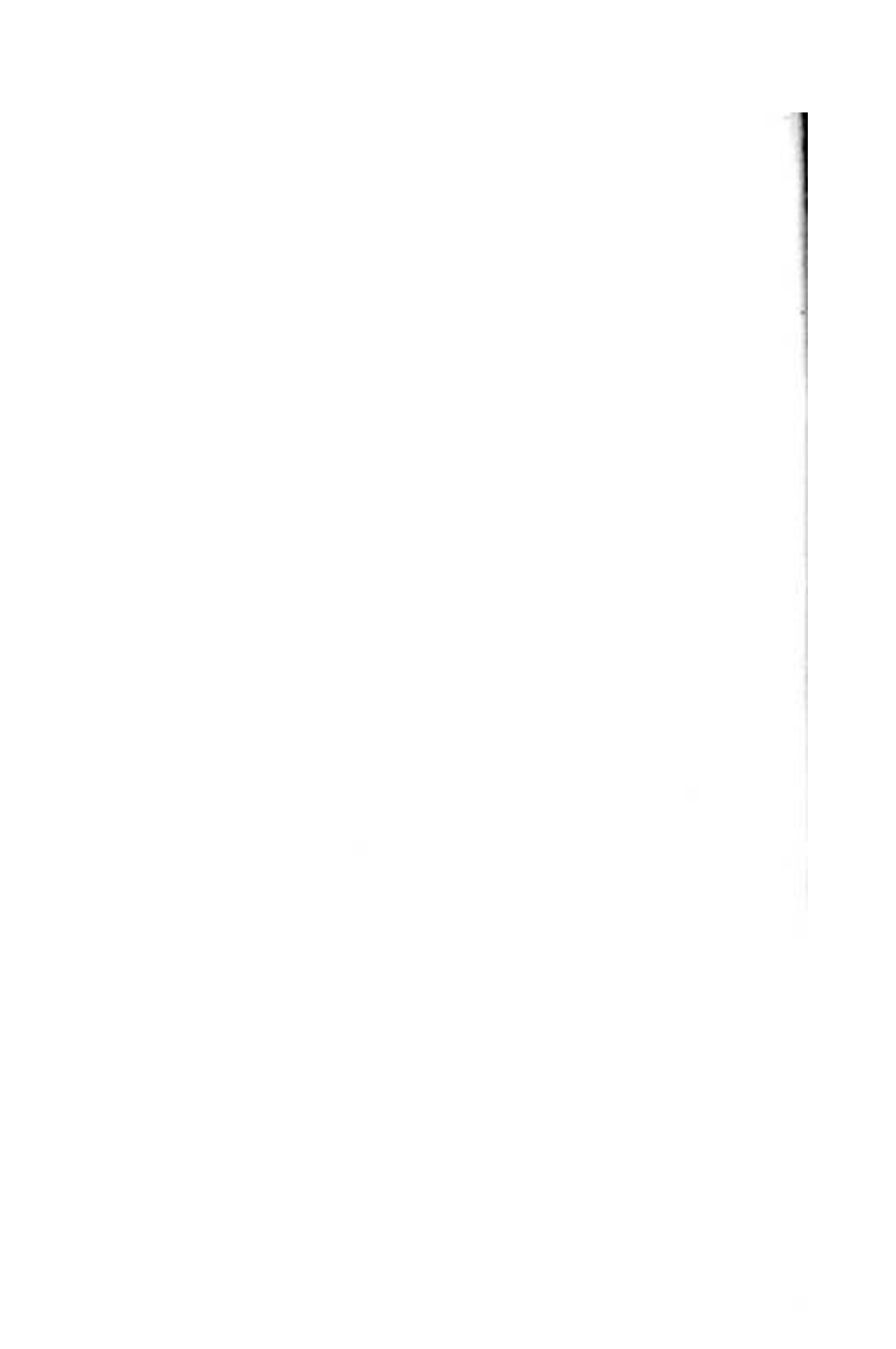


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# THE RUBICON



## CHAPTER I

THE little red-roofed town of Hayes lies in a furrow of the broad-backed Wiltshire Downs; it was once an important posting station, and you may still see there an eighteenth century inn, much too large for the present requirements of the place, and telling of the days when, three times a week, the coach from London used to pull up at its hospitable door, and wait there half-an-hour while its passengers dined. The inn is called the Grampound Arms, and you will find that inside the church many marble Grampounds recline on their tombs, or raise hands of prayer, while outside in the churchyard, weeping cherubs, with reversed torches, record other pious and later memories of the same family.

But almost opposite the Grampound Arms you