

**ELIOT THE YOUNGER; A
FICTION IN FREEHAND. IN
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649141814

Eliot the younger; a fiction in freehand. In three volumes. Vol. II by Bernard Barker

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

BERNARD BARKER

**ELIOT THE YOUNGER; A
FICTION IN FREEHAND. IN
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

ELIOT THE YOUNGER.

A Fiction in Frechand.

BY

BERNARD BARKER.

Have I liked several women
"For several virtues

Were most impertinent."
"Without the which, this story

Tempest (Act iii., sc. 1.—Act i., sc. 2).

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



London:

SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.,
10, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1878.

(All Rights Reserved.)

PR
4063
B172
v12

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.



CHAPTER	PAGE
I. A SUNDAY OUT	1
II. "PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE"	24
III. WHAT THE WORLD SAID	46
IV. "THRO' DEPTH TO DEPTH MORE BLEAK AND SHADY"	70
V. DICK'S CHRISTMAS	88
VI. WITH FRIENDS AT "THE LEAS"	112
VII. AN ORTHODOX APPARITION	131
VIII. UPPER STOREY STREET, SOHO	137
IX. ART IN EXTREMIS	158
X. FRIENDS IN NEED	165
XI. DALE'S FIND	171
XII. EVENTS IN AN ATTIC	184
XIII. FROM THE LEAS TO THE MANOR	195
XIV. GODFATHER AND GODSON	206
XV. MARGARET AND DICK	217



ELIOT THE YOUNGER.



CHAPTER I.

A SUNDAY OUT.

IN the early October Dick Eliot returned to Oxford; came home at Christmas; went back in March; and was once more released from his studies in July.

A portion of the Long Vacation he spent at the houses of certain of his fellow-colle-gians; the remainder with his own people. Another summer passed into another autumn,

and again Dick was at Oxford. The history of this year, so far as it immediately concerns our hero, we shall give in as few words as may be.

In resuming his career as a student, after the first break, it was with two distinct and opposing influences at work within him, each originating with a woman. Moreover, to these two, as time passed, there had gradually been added a third, also of feminine establishment; and thus, like some Hellenic hero of old, Richard Eliot lived out his days beneath the spell of the Fateful Three, whose names, erst Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, were here modernised into Lydia, Margaret, and Phœbe.

And first of Lydia—Mrs. Drummond, *née* Brooke.

The rebuff to Dick's boyish passion for the ex-governess, and the disillusion attending thereon, had engendered in him a certain spirit of revolt and recklessness, and had

fostered that perilous tendency to lawless excitement which was an inherent weakness of his nature. This spirit, as we have before hinted, had found early expression in his indulgence in dubious society, quasi-respectable pastimes, and the like.

Returning to Oxford, he had almost insensibly seceded from his former associates to another and faster set of men—a set that preferred billiards to boating; that studied cards (the devil's books), rather than those specially recommended by the authorities; that kept unholy hours (burning, not indeed the midnight oil, but the candle at both ends!) and inclining to what Lamb grimly calls "wet damnation." *Mais on peut tout pardonner à la jeunesse.* "The passions of youth," says Longfellow, "like unhooded hawks, fly high. They are musical with bells upon their jesses, and we forget the cruelty of the sport in the dauntless bearing

of the gallant bird." Which, *en passant*, is a pretty enough piece of sophistry, but scarcely what one would have expected from the pen of a professor.

As a set-off against this unfortunate impulsion to evil which possessed our hero, there was the remembrance of Margaret Oglevie. The influence her words and example exercised over his mind was an altogether pure and elevating one, and the thought of her frank, virginal eyes, her gracious speech, and gentle loyalty of regard, was an ever-recurring check and reproach to him in the perverse course of his backsliding. Always prone to idealise, Dick Eliot had made Margaret to typify for him the higher life his better nature aspired to. His feeling for her was a complex one, made up of simple reverence for her goodness, gratitude for the help, actual and imaginary, he got from her, and a profound admiration of her intellect. He acknow-

ledged her his superior in every respect, as well mentally as morally. His belief in her was unbounded; she became one of his cherished articles of faith; and pursuing his literary loves and ambitions, he seldom penned a line or stanza without secretly thinking of her as his critic, without hoping her approval, fearing her condemnation.

But although the spirit was thus willing to be worthy her approbation, the flesh was most wofully weak. Again and again, seeking his ghostly couch in the still small hours, after a night of many bumpers, of high play, of chaotic folly, he would vow to give up sack and live cleanly, as a gentleman should; and again and again would cards be dealt, corks be drawn, and money squandered. The hackneyed Ovidian confession — *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*—might well have been made his own; for mortal rarely at once respected and relinquished,