

**A BARTERED HONOUR:  
A NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

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A Bartered Honour: A Novel. In Three Volumes, Vol. III by Robert Harbrough Sherard

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**ROBERT HARBROUGH SHERARD**

**A BARTERED HONOUR:  
A NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. III**



*BY THE SAME AUTHOR.*

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BY

ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHEARD.

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# A BARTERED HONOUR.

A *Novel*.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD.

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VOL. III.

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Quae medicamenta non sanant, ferrum sanat,  
Quae ferrum non sanat, ignis sanat.

HIPPOCRATES.

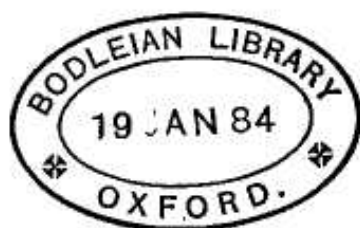
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# A BARTERED HONOUR.

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## CHAPTER I.

### CHARLES IS ARRESTED.

WE left Charles grinding away at the review, which at the orders of his employer, the editor of the *Clapham Mercury*, he was preparing on the book of poems by James Mangles. Grinding, aye, for no work is less sympathetic to a man, himself an author, who, wishing to be just, has to review the work of a contemporary. We find him six hours later burning the midnight oil over his unfinished task. He had finished his critique on the "Cherry Leaf," and was now entering upon the "Will-o'-the-Wisp" department. It need hardly be said that these *poems* were not worthy of the name of poems, or anything but imbecile and weak strings of rhymes, which were often no rhymes.

In the first part of the book the author had imitated Swinburne, in the second Wordsworth. Charles had little sympathy with the poetry of the Lakes. In his mind, and to his thinking, poetry, the hand-maid of music, ought to appeal to the

higher senses and not to the reason, should charm but not weary, intoxicate but not fuddle. Philosophical studies he had always avoided; to him philosophy seemed a big note of interrogation, which never got an answer, or like the eight-armed pieuvre, ever stretching out new feelers without ever attaining anything, and thus fruitless and discouraging and wearying. Poetry should not breed weariness, he thought, and as the poetry of Wordsworth seemed to him here to convey botanical *memoria technica*, there metaphysical theses, he eschewed Wordsworth and his followers.

It was therefore with some weariness that he entered upon the second part of the book, prefaced by the author—

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,  
Who "uttered nothing base,"  
THIS DEPARTMENT (*sic*)

is

DEDICATED  
By the AUTHOR.

The first poem, "The Blooming Daisy," he passed over—it called for no comment. The second, third, fourth and fifth were on the well-known topics "On Seeing a Puppy Wag his Tail," "The Dying Swan," "On Receiving a Musical Box from a Young Lady of Eight," "The Penultimate Rose of Summer," "The Baby's Awakening." The sixth, however, took his attention. It was a set of rhymes to Mildred M—, composed at Sorrento, and as amatory as a writer of Simple