

BLACK MAGIC

AN IMPRESSION OF ARTHUR MACHEN

I

LYING under a date palm in the desert country of Coachella Valley a few years ago, and listening idly to the talk of two young Englishmen, I heard mention of an unfamiliar name—Arthur Machen. Mr. Reginald Poel, just over from Cambridge, had been speaking of Algernon Blackwood and Montague James, and of their power to create creepy tales of horror and of the unseen. These names were familiar enough, but Arthur Machen was a challenge to ignorance. An old copy of *Who's Who* revealed nothing, and the book stalls yielded just three items—*Hieroglyphics*, *The Hill of Dreams*, and *The Great God Pan*. But they are enough to make a confirmed Machenite of any one.

Mr. Arthur Machen has been writing beautiful things for over thirty years. He has done more than a dozen precious volumes, written with the grace of a Pater and the inventiveness of a Poe. In the doing of these things he has found his life; in "the hateful business of journalism" he has eked out his existence. Now and again his work has been praised in reviews by such men as John Masefield; and Miss Dorothy Scarborough, in *The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction*, has mentioned

him in passing, but it remained for an American critic, Mr. Vincent Starrett¹ to provide us, for the first time, with a fitting introduction to the man and his books.

Like most English writers of the present day Arthur Machen is the son of a clergyman; unlike most he has distinction and genius. Born on the borderland of Wales, and coming from the region of Monmouth, it is not singular that the author of the *Chronicle of Clemendy* should bear some of the traditions of the *Mabinogin*, and some of the magic of Myrddin.

Reviewing, week by week, the outpourings of English and American story writers, one tires of the Chicago of *Sister Carrie*, the New York of *God's Man*, and the London of *Sylvia Scarlett* and *Pink Roses*. The moderns, following remotely after Gissing, seem intent upon reproducing dullness and covering their pages with the soot of the factory. None of this realistic nonsense for Arthur Machen! His books form so many oases in the deserts of photographic fiction. They suggest the richness of old heady wine in the ruby depths of which hides a kind of high intoxication. Along the streets of his London the Great God Pan walks with furtive step, and betimes holds his festivals in some sequestered park where his malignant myrmidons conspire with evil sorcerers to destroy this unbe-

¹ *Arthur Machen—A Novelist of Ecstasy and Sin*, by Vincent Starrett; Chicago, 1918.

lieving civilization. Out in some innocent suburb an alchemist bends over his crucibles and re-invests the world with the incredible. By dint of a furious necromancy men are reduced to their primal substances, or are made to become incarnate fiends; the little people of the fields forsake the mischievous for the diabolic; gold coins of Tiberius become symbols of the sinister, and old houses set back among still more ancient elms are wrapt about with mephitic fogs.

This infernal region is suggested rather than painted outright, for while Arthur Machen's imagination has some of the qualities that distinguished Edgar Allan Poe, he is more subtle than the great American. Moreover he is a better prose artist than the author of *The Gold Bug*. He is more at home with the masters of language. There are passages in *Clemendy* that are redolent of Malory and of Geoffrey Chaucer, and the adventures related therein read like the tales of a new Lucian; his lists of words now and then remind one of Rabelais.

Leaving *The House of Souls* or *The Terror*, and coming to *The Chronicle of Clemendy* is like escaping from the clutches of the ifrits in the *Arabian Nights* and going out for a jog with some hearty knight from *Le Morte d'Arthur* along a lane in Cornwall, or settling down in a quiet 15th century tavern for a draught of cool and foamy ale; like running away from a dark place where one has heard the sibilant hisses of dreadful serpents, and

coming upon a quiet spot where the susurrant whispers of the plane tree reassure us that life is good.

Nowadays one seldom finds a good book to browse in. Our literature is either too exciting or too serious. The sense of leisure is all too often absent from our men of letters. Now *The Chronicle of Clemendy* may be picked up at any time and will be found to answer the comfortable requirements of a right good "bed-book." It is brimful of the most savorious nonsense. Here in our arid land, where the flavor of mint julep is known no more, many a thirsty soul will read Master Perrot's *Discourse on Ale*, and want forthwith to be a Silurian and dwell forever at the Boar's Head. He will approve of that passage which puts to scorn the "reforming, couzening, amending, perfecting, leading-by-the-nose busy-bodies." He will willingly forsake his sharp-featured and insistent clergymen for Brother Drogo, the genial monk, who had a waist like a wine tub and whose delicious dreams arose from a red jar in the cellar at Uske. For in that land the drinking of water was a penalty for sin.

There are few more delightful stories than that of Griffith, the Delver, and of the wag who deceived him in his search for treasure; and Sir Payne's adventure with Mistress Alianor Bluet will compare well with anything from the Heptameron. Here and there also may be found little fragments of homely wisdom such as that arrived at by Sir Phillip Meyrick, who went about the country in

the search for good luck and found himself at last somewhat puzzled over what course to take. Profiting by the mistakes in the past, he became content to rest at ease while keeping his eyes alert for good fortune, for:

"It really is a very simple thing this finding of the golden cup at the foot of the rainbow, that cup I mean which delights our eyes, moistens our throats, and casts its own original radiance on the remnant of our lives. But somehow or other, most men bungle sadly over the search, and grumble horribly if they are not successful directly they have started on their journey. They forget, you see, that before there can be a golden cup there must be a rainbow, and a rainbow generally follows rain and driving clouds."

While Arthur Machen's style has reached a greater perfection in his more mature *Hill of Dreams*, there are passages in *Clemency* that might well serve as models of descriptive writing. Take, for example, the description of Bertha Fitz-Baderon whose beauty was such as to compel Sir Symon to leave his Lord and sail away on the Severn Sea:

"Understand then that her hair (to begin where one should begin) was like an old bronze medal that has been dipped a moment into *aqua fortis*, and shows here like red gold, there well-nigh black, and here, there and everywhere all manner of glints and shadows between the two extremes. Of forehead there was not much, for forehead we ask not, and

shall not cry 'gra'merci' if you exhibit to us one never so lofty and well-compacted; but what eyebrows and lashes, and below what eyes—black, or say rather, like two deep wells at noonday, with stars shining in them, and in these wells many were drowned, and all swore there's none such pleasant death as drowning. Her nose was a special nose, neither too long nor too short, too flat nor too high, too thin nor too thick, but had just that little turn at the end which virtuosi in noses declare to be desirable. For these gentlemen aver that this dainty button says as much as 'I'm a woman and not an angel,' and is a sure sign of those charming imperfections which make the ladies perfect. As for Bertha's mouth it was (to be honest with you) the only member of her that could be taxed or censured. Why? For that it was incomplete and not perfect nor sufficient in itself, being so choicely and rarely contrived with concave and convex parts that it was evidently devised to fit into another piece of like workmanship, if nature had turned out any at all comparable with it. Of her chin I must maintain that it was a chin dear, delicate, and intolerably precious, with dimples playing at Barley Break across it, as sunshine quivers across the rippling water of a pebbly brook when it has to pass through many leaves and lights now here, now there according as the breeze stirs the boughs high or low, to right or left."

Or take that passage a little further on in the

same tale where Sir Symon, beset by many difficulties, makes love to the Mistress of his heart in the "Forest of Phansy" and so lives in a world transformed:

"For how pleasant are the beginnings of love and the various wandering byways which all lead to the same place. Byways, do I say? Rather ladders, graduals to the Mount Marvelous and the Castle beyond Conceit, mounting through deep blossoming orchards, flowery closes, and boskages of solemn scent; and the way now illuminate and radiant, now dim and mystical; but all most lovely, sweet, unearthly, quite passing all compare. Here we cannot climb alone; to the solitary the gate is barred, and the bridge drawn up across the deep blackness of the moat of melancholy; but hither maiden hands do guide us, red lips entice, and a girl's eyes are lamps before us."

Among the fourteen stories that make up *The Chronicle of Clemendy* is little other than joyance and jollity. With the exception of the "Quaint History of a Lord of Gwent," whose wife desired to smell a rose, and who, together with her lover, met a similar fate to that of those unhappy persons in *La Grande Bretèche*, no gloom mars these pages, and, leaving out the story of the Wizard Torlesse, there is no sinister magic.

No, the magic of *Clemendy* is ale-magic and gives us the enchantments of the romantic in such a fashion as to place this book forever among the

classics. Some sort of prevision must have descended upon the author which made him say in the epilogue: "This is the Chronicle of Clemendy, and a curious piece. Master Leolinus, the Silurist, who was sometime Lord of Farre Joyaunce, wrote it; a painful man and mightily addicted to good letters, good ale, and good tobacco."

The Hill of Dreams is written in another key and is so filled with somberness that both Mr. Vincent Starrett and the author agree that it is "depressing." Despite this fact, however, the spell of its language is of such a quality as to make it deserve a place beside *Marius the Epicurean*, *A Night in the Luxembourg*, or the *En Route* of Huysmans. One fancies that Lucian Taylor is, in some respects, Arthur Machen, for Lucian lived in a medieval world and wrought painfully to fashion the beautiful; his manuscripts were refused by progressive publishers for the reason that between him and the modern world there floated fantastic visions. His books were not accepted, but fragments of them were filched by popular authors to adorn their novels of action.

Lucian Taylor was a sensitive lad, more alive to the fanciful pageantries that passed before him at the old Roman fort than to the factual people of the town. Modern London did not exist for him. All he saw there "was one gray temple of an awful rite, ring within ring of withered stone." He got little sympathy and less understanding from those about

him, having a father who put no faith in manuscripts, but who was greatly impressed by things in print, and being surrounded by people over whom "vulgarity and greasiness and squalor had come with a flood so that not only the good but also the evil in man's heart had been made common and ugly."

Against such a world he had no armor, and would not prostitute himself before the gods of success. He gave, at last, the everlasting nay to life and committed "the great refusal" by drinking death from the dark blue vial, which he always had about him. And what an irony there is in his death, where the house-folk find him sitting at the desk with a pile of manuscript and the woman says: "He'd got it into 'is 'ead he could write a book; he's been at it for the last six months."

One who lives on a "hill of dreams" may not hope to hear the delighted applause of the populace nor to be sought after by eager publishers. Yet someday, when Arnold Bennett shall have been forgotten, people will turn with delight to those rare descriptive passages in *The Hill of Dreams* and take quiet joy in one for whom:

"In the rose-garden every flower was a flame! He thought in symbols, using the Persian imagery of a dusky court, surrounded by white cloisters, gilded by gates of bronze. The stars came out, the sky glowed a darker violet, but the cloistered wall, the fantastic trellises in stone, shone whiter. It was

like a hedge of may-blossom, like a lily within a cup of lapis lazuli, like sea-foam tossed on the heaving sea at dawn. Always those white cloisters trembled with the lute music, always the garden sang with the clear fountain, rising and falling in the mysterious dusk. And there was a singing voice stealing through the white lattices and the bronze gates, a soft voice chanting of the Lover and the Beloved, of the vineyard, of the Gate and the Way. Oh! the language was unknown; but the music of the refrain returned again and again, swelling and trembling through the white nets of the latticed cloisters. And every rose in the dusky air was a flame."

The Great God Pan is a diabolonian book, and from the first story of that weird experiment whereby a woman is made to conceive of an evil deity, and her progeny take such vengeance as to render London a place of unending horrors, down to *The Inmost Life* where Dyson, a sort of super-Sherlock Holmes and dabbler in the marvelous, discovers the horrid secrets of Black, it reeks with demoniac atrocity. Yet what marvelous stories they are! One is given no hint of the actual operations behind the scenes and perhaps for that very reason they are the more appalling. Not by any obvious method, but by some infernal alchemy, this weird physician transfers the soul of his wife into the heart of a burning opal which "seemed aflame as if a fountain of fire rose up, and rose again with sparks like little

stars for drops." Discovering the secret of this incarnate stone, Dyson is unable to hold it in his hand but crushes it on the floor. Then: "There was an angry hiss, as of steam escaping under great pressure, as as he gazed, motionless, a volume of heavy yellow smoke was slowly issuing from the very center of the jewel and wreathing itself in snake-like coils above it. And then a thin white flame burst forth from the smoke, and shot up into the air and vanished; and on the ground there lay a thing like a cinder, black and crumbling to the touch."

In *The Three Imposters* one meets Dyson again and hears with him the story of "Vinum Sabbati" by means of which Francis Leicester is made for a while to live a Dionysian life, but is finally resolved into a hideous octopus-like mass of corruption and reduced to a foul deliquum. After reading this story one shudders at entering a dark chamber, and seems to see in every corner two fiery eyes, and to feel with every gust of air the tentacles of a monster.

Dr. Stiggins is a book particularly addressed to Americans, and contains some excellent satire on democracy. It purports to be a series of interviews with a very forward-looking clergyman who commends America as a model of applied Christianity. Dr. Stiggins says that:

"It is in America alone that one may observe the fine flavour of democracy, untainted, and unalloyed.

The great States have no history of rapine, plunder, adultery, and cruelty to dazzle their eyes under the specious name of chivalry. No 'kings' or 'knights' freed that happy country; but stern men of business with an eye to the main chance. Nay; let us go further back into history: in Mexico and in South America the poor Indian still survives to bear witness to the Popish cruelty which was exercised on his ancestors; but vainly will you seek for the nation of the Massachusetts in the neighbourhood of Boston; the Pilgrim Fathers scorned to use the 'devildoms of Spain,' and saw that swift extermination was the greatest mercy to the unhappy race of whose country they had taken possession. The Englishman blushes, unless he is a flunkey, at the 'Dieu et Mon Droit' which denies Democracy from the walls of every Police Station. How much nobler were the device: 'Simple Bible teaching and the London County Council'; how much nobler is the American motto: 'The Spoils to the Victors.' Ah, there are no murderous Edwards or Henrys, no tyrant Charleses or Jameses on the roll of American Presidents: there you see names like Jackson and Pierce and Buchanan, which make the cheek glow and the heart beat high. They talk of the statesmanship, of the power of kings: what statesmanship, what power can compare with Lincoln's great action when with a stroke of the pen he transmuted a race of ignorant, incapable, 'impossible' negroes into free American citizens with votes to give or to

sell, with heads which, though woolly, were as high as the heads of any white man? I know that there is a legend to the effect that the negroes turned the legislatures into orgies, and ruined the finances of the Southern States for years; but I need scarcely point out that this cannot be true, since if it were so, all men would not be equal—which is absurd."

This liberal clergyman is so zealous a champion of democracy that he would abolish history for the reason that the "trend of history is absolutely undemocratic; it falsifies modern and enlightened principles on every page"; he would also destroy the *Divine Comedy* and Shakespeare because they are neither protestant nor puritan. Sculpture would have to go on the same ground, and opera would give place to "such masterpieces of the true musician's art as 'Little Abe' and 'The Oiled Feather.' " Yes, America is the model for democrats and gives lessons to the world of the folly of exaggerated tolerance. In the United States, says Dr. Stiggins:

"I am told that there are not wanting certain instruments of coercion which can be applied, if need be, to those who deliberately set themselves against popular sentiment. It is not many weeks ago since I saw the very interesting account of the proceedings taken by Mr. Comstock and the Society for the Suppression of Vice against a certain Art Club which had committed the gross indecency of making studies from the nude. Now the American People (very wisely, in my opinion) does not approve of

Art, suspecting, and rightly suspecting, that the word in nine cases out of ten is used as a veil for obscenity; the consequence is that the disgusting publications of this self-styled 'Art Club' have been seized, and the members of the society bound over for prosecution. Again, you will have noted the case of Maxim Gorky. Sacerdotalists have said hard things about the American Marriage Laws, which indeed breathe the genial spirit of an advanced and liberalised Christianity, and are, therefore, naturally unacceptable to our friends the priests. Yet, there is a moral sentiment in America which puts us to the blush, and the Russian having outraged that sentiment, found himself homeless—in the freest country in the earth."

There are clever bits of satire all through Dr. Stiggins which, taken separately, are entertaining enough; but on the whole it is, I think, foreign to Arthur Machen. The satire, all in all, is too obvious and lacks the delicate touch of an Anatole France or an Ambrose Bierce.

Of his minor writings Arthur Machen dismisses *The Terror* rather contemptuously as a mere pot-boiler. But for all the author's modesty this last is a better yarn than most of Poe's mystery tales, and far more exciting than the inventions of Conan Doyle. The book was written during the late war and reflects the trepidations that then existed throughout the Old World. People moved about fearsomely, in dread of air-raids, submarines, and

secret agents. Humanity was stampeded by hate, and *The Terror* goes on to relate how the inhibitions were removed from the animal world, and how the contagion of loathing begot, even in the breasts of insects, a superior contempt for human beings. Finally the moths conspired together against men and came down upon the earth in great clouds to snuff out their lives. The timid reader will go about for some weeks dodging the little things that fly in the air. He shivers, but, lest I convey a false impression, I must tell you that he shivers with that thrill of delight which comes of expecting the marvelous.

The Great Return is also a book of dread, and chronicles strange doings at Llantrisant where bells are heard tolling from across the seas, and white forms float about the altar places and specters hover over the street. Here also one encounters more charming things and reads the language of a quiet mystic:

"For the sun went down and the evening fell as I climbed the long hill through the deep woods and the high meadows, and the scent of all the green things rose from the earth and from the heart of the wood, and at a turn of the lane far below was the misty glimmer of the still sea, and from far below its deep murmur sounded as it washed on the little, hidden, enclosed bay where Llantrisant stands. And I thought, if there be a paradise in meat and in drink, so much the more is there paradise in the

scent of the green leaves at evening and in the appearance of the sea and in the redness of the sky; and there came to me a certain vision of a real world about us all the while, of a language that was only secret because we would not take the trouble to listen to it and discern it."

One of the strangest things in the history of modern letters is the story of how *The Angels of Mons*, born of Mr. Machen's imagination and appearing in the *Evening News* became, by dint of repetition, very real to the readers of English newspapers and to the societies of occultists. People were so ready to believe in these marvelous appearances that they were incredulous when the author came forward to deny them. "What," asked Mr. Machen, "is the reason for this condition of the public mind?" Being both an un-puritan and a mystic, he answered his question in the introduction to this little book as follows:

"But, taking the affair as it stands at present, how is it that a nation plunged in materialism of the grossest kind has accepted idle rumors and gossip of the supernatural as certain truth? The answer is contained in the question: it is precisely because our whole atmosphere is materialist that we are ready to credit anything—save the truth. Separate a man from good drink, he will swallow methylated spirit with joy. Man is created to be inebriated; to be 'nobly wild, not mad.' Suffer the Cocoa Prophets and their company to seduce him in body and spirit,

and he will get himself stuff that will make him ignobly wild and mad indeed. It took hard, practical men of affairs, business men, advanced thinkers, Freethinkers, to believe in Madame Blavatsky and Mahatmas and the famous message from the Golden Shore: 'Judge's plan is right; follow him and stick.'

"And the main responsibility for this dismal state of affairs undoubtedly lies on the shoulders of the majority of the clergy of the Church of England. Christianity, as Mr. W. L. Courtney has so admirably pointed out, is a great Mystery Religion; it is *the* Mystery Religion. Its priests are called to an awful and tremendous hierurgy; its pontiffs are to be the pathfinders, the bridge-makers between the world of sense and the world of spirit. And, in fact, they pass their time in preaching, not the eternal mysteries, but a twopenny morality, in changing the Wine of Angels and the Bread of Heaven into gingerbeer and mixed biscuits: a sorry transubstantiation, a sad alchemy, as it seems to me."

Nor is Arthur Machen merely a delver in medievalism and magic. Among the works of creative criticism, *Hieroglyphics* must ever hold a high place. It fits well between Pater's *Renaissance* and Oscar Wilde's *Intentions*. As a masterpiece of writing it fulfills the definition given in *The Hill of Dreams*: "Literature is the sensuous art of causing exquisite impressions by means of words." It is an art born of ecstasy, an ecstasy that is above any language and yet requires, in some subtle sense, a magic trans-

lation of the unwordable into golden words. Despite those who would divorce prose from poetry, Machen sees that both must keep the same ideal, and "that the only essential, defining difference between the two is to be sought in the 'numbering' of poetry, in the fact that art, in its intensest raptures, in its most truly 'natural' moment, desires and obtains the strictest and most formal laws." Nor would this lend any sanction to the writers of "free verse," for in Mr. Machen's opinion "freedom is chiefly free when it is most bound and bounded by restrictions which we should call artificial, which are, in truth, in the highest sense, natural." *Hieroglyphics* is the creation of a man who knows the fine distinction between literature and clever writing, who knows the difference between a book and a pamphlet, and is not misled into placing the *Odyssey* beside *Evangeline*, nor George Eliot beside Cervantes. He has visioned the fixed gulf that exists between the artisan and the artist, and finds the secret of genius in ecstasy.

But modern society seldom finds a place for its artists, it demands that its stories be cinematographic, and without any sign of quidditation. It has no time to meditate over the curious, and it skips the beautiful for the sentimental. So one of the greatest artists of our time must become a journalist and "a past master in the Lodge of Disappointment."

II

Perhaps it was my familiarity with those shudderingly beautiful stories of the marvelous that made me a bit apprehensive when, one day in the summer of 1920, I first rang the bell at 12 Melina Place, St. John's Wood. But the charming woman who led me, a moment later, down the garden path so far removed from all suggestion of formidable London, quite dispelled my fears. Seeing her, one knew at once that her husband could be neither a black magician nor a sinister wizard. "Mr. Machen," she assured me, "would be very happy to receive an American admirer." And, happy or not, he entertained me, not once but many times during my stay in London, with a cordiality not to be excelled in all the Shenandoah Valley.

Arthur Machen looks the part of a very handsome and much idealized Doctor Johnson—a part, by the way, which he was called upon to act some time ago during the Johnsonian festivities in London,—united to the graciousness and hospitality of a before-the-war Virginia gentleman. Catholic, urbane, with a delightful sense of humor, he combines the qualities of an Anatole France and an English aristocrat. He talked in a caressing way of Charles Dickens, his favorite English novelist, and spoke wistfully of the passing of the old London. To him the nonconformist conscience, always busy at some diabolical reform, and "taking away our ale, sir," is

at once an alien and alarming phenomenon. Despite thirty-five years of neglect that has been the fate of this great writer, he is without bitterness and is as mellow and sweet as an old wine.

As he stood before his fireplace, my host would now and then punctuate his remarks with a courtly bow or illustrate them with some amusing quotation from Dickens, at which his wife would usually fetch the volume mentioned and open with incredible rapidity to the page from which the excerpt came. I got the impression that the two together might almost reproduce from memory the entire works of Charles Dickens.

It was curious, to an unmethodical American, to learn that on certain days and at a particular hour, Mr. Machen could always be found at a little pub. near Edgware Road, sipping his gin and biters with all the reverence of one who touches the blessed cup, and on another day and hour could be found at the old Yorkshire Stingo Tavern, sitting among his friends and telling of those better days when civilization and distinguished deportment obtained among men. It was in an out-of-the-way little café near Soho that he told me of his acquaintance with Oscar Wilde, and how that on an occasion this spoiled genius had lamented, over a glass of absinthe, his lack of fondness for the dream-provoking potion. "It is too bad, Arthur," he sighed, "for the drink lends itself so well to my style."

Speaking of Oscar Wilde, I am reminded of a

story related by Mr. Garnet Holme, manager of the Benson Company during the period when Machen was doing a minor part in *Richard III*.

Just before Wilde's downfall he had almost succeeded in transforming the somber apparel affected by London gentlemen into something approaching the picturesque. Men began to wear flowing capes, flowing locks, flowing ties, soft collars, and to carry canes with jeweled heads. Then, all on a day, with astounding suddenness, with almost hysteric haste, they hurled away their garments of beauty and resumed a costume more starched and rigid than ever before. Wilde, they misreasoned frantically, was now known as a pervert; to be thought righteous and respectable they must put on the outer symbols of a hard propriety. Men looked at one another suspiciously, coldly, and any warmth of expression, any affection in tone, any color in costume, was virtually a betrayal of secret sin. Now all this, Mr. Holme relates, was solemn nonsense to Arthur Machen, who could see no essential relation between a cape and a catamite, and who properly refused to join in a sartorial stampede. During this brief reign of terror it happened that one of Machen's friends was going on some errand to Norwich. The two went together to the station and, after purchasing a ticket, were embarrassed to find that well nigh every compartment in the train was fully occupied. Running down the platform, Mr. Machen spied out one compartment in which were a number of noncon-

formist clergymen, en route to some conference. There was a narrow space in one corner scarce affording room for a mouse. Here Machen—decked out in full esthetic array—stopped and, seized with sudden inspiration, turned abruptly to embrace his young friend, crying, "Here we are, my dear boy, farewell, farewell," and with that gently thrust him into the coach. Whereupon each clergyman, fearing to be outdone by the other in giving evidence of irreproachable purity, stood up forthwith; and Machen's friend, seated in solemn and solitary grandeur, surrounded by rigid and frowning monuments of righteousness, rode comfortably to Norwich, even as his wise caretaker had known and intended that he should.

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