

What is the colorful cloud between the morning farewells

Phineas, though he had made his little speech in answer to Mr Turnbull with good humoured flippancy, had recorded his vote in favour of the seven boroughs with a sore heart. Much as he disliked Mr Turnbull, he knew that Mr Turnbull was right in this. He had spoken to Mr Monk on the subject, as it were asking Mr Monk's permission to throw up his office, and vote against Mr Mildmay. But Mr Monk was angry with him, telling him that his conscience was of that restless, uneasy sort which is neither useful nor manly. "We all know," said Mr Monk, "and none better than Mr Mildmay, that we cannot justify such a borough as Loughton by the theory of our parliamentary representation — any more than we can justify the fact that Huntingdonshire should return as many members as the East Riding. There must be compromises, and you should trust to others who have studied the matter more thoroughly than you, to say how far the compromise should go at the present moment." "I have seen better days than what I am passing through to-day," wrote an old salt, "but I have seen them a great deal worse also." "So you write books," he said, one day when, tired and sweaty, I finished my morning's work. "I do not know what he told me then; but I know that I told him that I was engaged; and I felt when I told him so that my engagement was a sorrow to me. And it has been a

sorrow from that day to this.”