

his last, towards land, turned again, and the couple continued down the Cobb.

"And I wish to hear what passed between you and Papa last Thursday."

"Your aunt has already extracted every detail of that pleasant evening from me."

The girl stopped, and looked him in the eyes.

"Charles! Now Charles, you may be as dry a stick as you like with everyone else. But you must not be sticky with me."

"Then how, dear girl, are we ever to be glued together in holy matrimony?"

"And you will keep your low humor for your club." She primly made him walk on. "I have had a letter."

"Ah. I feared you might. From Mama?"

"I know that something happened . . . over the port."

They walked on a few paces before he answered; for a moment Charles seemed inclined to be serious, but then changed his mind.

"I confess your worthy father and I had a small philosophical disagreement."

"That is very wicked of you."

"I meant it to be very honest of me."

"And what was the subject of your conversation?"

"Your father ventured the opinion that Mr. Darwin should be exhibited in a cage in the zoological gardens. In the monkey house. I tried to explain some of the scientific arguments behind the Darwinian position. I was unsuccessful. *Et voilà tout.*"

"How could you—when you know Papa's views!"

"I was most respectful."

"Which means you were most hateful."

"He did say that he would not let his daughter marry a man who considered his grandfather to be an ape. But I think on reflection he will recall that in my case it was a titled ape."

She looked at him then as they walked, and moved her head

[13]

In that year (1851) there were some 8,155,000 females of the age of ten upwards in the British population, as compared with 7,600,000 males. Already it will be clear that if the accepted destiny of the Victorian girl was to become a wife and mother, it was unlikely that there would be enough men to go round.

E. ROYSTON PIKE, *Human Documents*
of the Victorian Golden Age

I'll spread sail of silver and I'll steer towards the sun,
I'll spread sail of silver and I'll steer towards the sun,
And my false love will weep, and my false love will weep,
And my false love will weep for me after I'm gone.

WEST-COUNTRY FOLKSONG: "As Sylvie Was Walking"

"My dear Tina, we have paid our homage to Neptune. He will forgive us if we now turn our backs on him."

"You are not very *galant.*"

"What does that signify, pray?"

"I should have thought you might have wished to prolong an opportunity to hold my arm without impropriety."

"How delicate we've become."

"We are not in London now."

"At the North Pole, if I'm not mistaken."

"I *wish* to walk to the end."

And so the man, with a dry look of despair, as if it might be

[12]