THE DICTATOR, IN THREE VOLUMES, VOL. III

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The Dictator, in Three Volumes, Vol. III by Justin McCarthy

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JUSTIN MCCARTHY

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BY

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AUTHOR OF 'DEAR LADY DISDAIN' 'DONNA QUINOTE' ETC.

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TYPICAL AMERICANS-NO DOUBT

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Ur in Hampstead the world seemed to wheel in its orbit more tranquilly than in the feverish city which lay at the foot of its slopes. There was something in its clear, its balsamic air, so cleanly free from the eternal smoke-clouds of London, that seemed to invite to a repose, to a leisurely movement in the procession of life. Captain Sarrasin once said that it reminded him of the pure air of the prairie, almost of the keen air of the cañons. Captain Sarrasin always professed that he found the illimitable spaces of the West too VOL. III.

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tranquillising for him. The sight of those great, endless fields, the isolation of those majestic mountains, suggested to him a recluse-like calm which never suited his quickmoving temper. So he did not very often visit his brother in Hampstead, and the brother . in Hampsteid, deeply engrossed in the grave cares of comparative folk-lore, seldom dropped from his Hampstead eyric into the troubled city to seek out his restless brother. Hampstead was just the place for the folk-loreloving Sarrasin. No doubt that, actually, human life is just the same in Hampstead as anywhere else, from Pekin to Peru, tossed by the same passions, driven onward by the same racking winds of desire, ambition, and despair. People love and hate and envy, feel mean or murderous, according to their temper, as much on the slopes of Hampstead as in the streets of London that lie at its foot. But such is not the suggestion of Hampstead itself