

**THE  
HAPPY EXILE**

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The happy exile by H. D. Lowry

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**H. D. LOWRY**

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EDITED BY  
H. D. LOWRY

*WITH SIX ETCHINGS BY E. PHILIP PIMLOTT*

JOHN LANE, *The Bodley Head*  
LONDON & NEW YORK

1898

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.  
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TO  
MRS. A. S. BOYD





## EDITOR'S NOTE

*THE papers here collected are the work of one who has long forgotten the period of youthfulness they chronicle. Once upon a time (let me explain to you) there was a group of young men who worked hard for little money, living gaily the while. They made a play of their work, and the responsibilities that come with settled incomes and positions of greater or less dignity, had not yet fallen on them.*

*Now among all these there was none so utterly unbound as the man whose experiences you are to read. He had a limitless affection for the society of the band, and enjoyed the inexpensive dissipations that came in the way of its members with a gusto never exceeded. Yet he was one whose presence could never be counted upon, unless a promise had been given; and it was the habit of his friends, at any meeting after a week during which*

## Editor's Note

they had not come across him, to inquire how he had been faring in Cornwall.

For, indeed, he was no less truly a dweller beyond the Tamar than in his London chambers near the sky. There, as here, he had his friends. The interminable journey he must take who would reach the real West Country,

*"Where roses grow that have no thorns,"*

daunted him not at all. He was a veritable lover, and would travel twenty dreary hours for the sake of scarce as many in the land of his desire.

I found these papers awhile ago in a drawer where he had bidden me search for an old article of his I needed to consult. By his permission I carried them away, and here you have them in print.

I had often wondered how he managed to content himself down there in the country, nor had I found much illumination in his frequent assurances that there was "always plenty to do." These notes of his experience gave me the explanation both of his contentment and of his inability to account for it—for he was the last man in the world to be altogether reconciled to life as he found it.

He did nothing in the West, yet, as he had told me