

## Replacement: First line for Despard, page 87

Despard: Poor children, how they loathe me – me whose hands are certainly steeped in infamy, but whose hearts is as the heart of a little child. Oh Ruthyen, my elder brother if you had not died mysteriously in childhood, you would have been me. I should have been you and all would have been well. But what is a poor baronet to do, when a whole picture gallery of ancestors step down from their frames and threaten him with an excruciating death of he hesitate to commit his daily crime? But Ha! Ha! I even with them (mysteriously) I get my crime over the first thing in the morning, and then Ha! Ha! For the rest of the day I do good? I do good- I do good! (melodramatically) Two days since, I stole a child and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday, I fractured a skull and founded a hospital. Today, I carry off Rose Maybud and atone with a cathedral! This is what it is to be the sport and toy of a Picture Gallery! But I will be bitterly revenged upon them! I will give them all to the Nation, and nobody shall ever look upon their faces again!